

them, he was sly, mischievous, and spiteful, and would invite my caresses by rubbing his back against my leg, or playing with the tails of my coat, only when he wished to share my dinner or be allowed to warm himself on the brasero.

Of my own mode of life and occupations in Madrid it is unnecessary to speak, since they had little connexion with the customs of the country. It may, however, be proper to say something of the city and of the public spectacles and amusements, which have so much to do with forming, as well as elucidating, the manners and character of a nation.



*Costume of Madrid.*

## CHAPTER VI.

## NEW CASTILE.

Kingdom of Castile.—Situation and Climate of Madrid.—Its History.—General Description of the City.—The five royal Palaces.—Places of public Worship.—Museum of Painting.—Academy of San Fernando.—Museum of Armour.—Charitable and Scientific Institutions.—Royal Library.

NEW CASTILE occupies the centre of the Peninsula, and is enclosed on every side by the kingdoms of Arragon, Old Castile, Cordova, Jaen, Murcia, and Valencia. It is subdivided into the provinces of Madrid, Guadalaxara, Cuenca, Toledo, and La Mancha. Its surface consists chiefly of elevated plains, intersected by lofty mountains, notwithstanding which its rivers are few and inconsiderable; and as it rains seldom, the country frequently suffers from drought, particularly in La Mancha, where the potable water is of very bad quality. The cold is often severe in winter in New Castile, especially in Cuenca; but the air is very pure and the climate healthy. This kingdom possesses mines of calamine at Riopar, in La Mancha, and of quicksilver at Almaden, in the same province, and near the celebrated shrine of our Lady of Guadalupe. The mines of Almaden produce annually twenty

thousand quintals of this precious mineral. The mountains of New Castile supply the inhabitants of the plains with charcoal for fuel, and are covered with noble trees, suitable for ship-building. They likewise afford pasture to horses, cows, mules, and swine, and to large flocks of wandering merinos, which come in summer from the warmer plains and valleys, to crop their tender herbage. The level regions produce wheat and wine of excellent quality; some oil, honey, saffron; a plant called alazor, useful in dying; and sumach, barilla, and glasswort. With the exception of manufactures of cloth at Guadalaxara, of silk at Toledo and Talavera, and such rude fabrics as are necessary for domestic use, New Castile possesses no industry\*.

The city of Madrid is the capital of New Castile, as of the whole Spanish empire. It is situated upon the left bank of the small stream of Manzanares, on several sandy hills, which form the last declivity of the mountains of Guadarrama. It stands in latitude forty north, at an elevation of two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and almost mathematically in the centre of the Peninsula. It is the highest capital of Europe; for its elevation is fifteen times as great as that of Paris, and nearly twice that of Geneva. The neighbour-

\* Antillon.

ing country is of very irregular surface, and broken into an infinite succession of misshapen hills, so that, although there are near two hundred villages in the vicinity of the capital, not more than four or five can ever be discovered at once. The soil is of a dry and barren nature, producing nothing but wheat, which yields only ten for one, but which is very sweet and of excellent quality. Madrid has no immediate environs, no country seats of the rich inhabitants, none of those delightful little colonies which are usually found clustering round the walls of a great city, and which combine the convenience of a town residence with the enjoyments of rural life. If you wander a hundred yards from the gates of Madrid, you seem to have taken leave of civilization and the haunts of men. Nor are there any forests or orchards to make up for the absence of inhabitants, if indeed you except the valley of the Manzanares, and to the east a few scattering olive-trees, as sad and gloomy in appearance as their owners, the monkish inmates of San Geronimo and Atocha. In former times, however, the country about Madrid was covered with forests, abounding in wild boars and bears; and hence it is that the city derives its arms of a bear rampant, with his fore paws resting against a tree. The total disappearance of these forests can be accounted for only

by that singular prejudice of the Castilians which has already been noticed.

The climate of Madrid, though subject to great variation, is, nevertheless, healthful, and has ever been a stranger to epidemic diseases. Its sky is almost always transparent and cloudless, and its air so pure, that the carcasses of cats and dogs, which are often allowed to remain in the streets, dry up beneath the ardent sun with scarce any signs of putrefaction. The ordinary extremes of temperature in Madrid are ninety of Fahrenheit in summer, and thirty-two in winter; but there is scarcely a year that the thermometer does not rise above a hundred, and fall below fourteen; for, though the inclined position of the city facilitates its ventilation, it likewise exposes it more fully to the unintercepted rays of a powerful sun; and in winter the neighbouring mountains of Guadarrama send down from their snowy reservoirs such keen breezes, that perhaps in few places is the cold more pinching than in Madrid. This was especially the case during the winter I resided there, which was the most inclement that has been known in Europe for many years. Several sentinels at the royal palace were frozen on their posts along the parapet in front, overlooking the ravine of the Manzanares, down which the north-west winds descend

with accumulated violence. Two soldiers of the Swiss brigade were among the number; and though they were relieved at short intervals, and might have been supposed no strangers to cold in their own Alpine country, they were nevertheless found in their sentry-boxes stiff and lifeless. Several washerwomen, too, going as usual to the Manzanares—for, being poor, they could not well lie by for the weather—were overtaken by a similar calamity; so that the police was obliged to place sentinels to prevent others from pursuing their ordinary occupation.

I have said that the climate of Madrid was healthful in the extreme. This, however, like every general rule, has its exception. There is in winter a prevailing disease, called *pulmonia*, a kind of pleurisy, which carries off the healthiest people, after four or five days' illness. I was one evening, in the month of November, at the house of a marquis, a very fat man, who in his early days had been an officer in the navy, and had even made a six weeks' cruize in a *guarda-costa*. Though he had retired to Madrid, decorated with a variety of crosses, to live upon the income of extensive estates which he possessed in Murcia, his tastes were still altogether naval, and his rooms were hung round with plans of ships, dry-docks, and sea-fights. A short time after, I met him in the Puerta del Sol, as fat

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and smiling as ever; but at the end of three days I was told that he was ill of a pulmonia; on the fourth he received the viaticum and extreme unction; and the next day the poor marquis was no more. This was not a solitary case; for during the months of November and December this disease carried off its hundreds in a week. The Madrileños have a mortal dread of a still cold air which comes quietly down from the mountains, and which, they say, "*Mata un hombre, y no apaga una luz*,"—"kills a man, and does not put out a candle." In such weather you see every man holding the corner of his cloak or a pocket-handkerchief to his mouth, and hurrying through the streets, without turning to the right or the left, as though death, in the shape of pulmonia, were close upon his heels. For myself, I never felt the cold more sensibly. It seemed to pierce like a shower of needles, and I found there was no way of excluding it, but to get a cloak as ample as John Gilpin's, and roll myself in it like the Spaniards.

Such are the situation and climate of Madrid. As for its antiquity, the pride of its inhabitants would carry us back to a period anterior to the foundation of Rome, when some foolish Greeks came, passing over the fair regions of Andalusia or Valencia, to found in this cheerless waste, and among the savage Carpitians, a city to which

they gave the name of Mantua. If such were indeed the case, these colonists could only have been members of some Stoic sect, whose chief ambition it was to reject ease and comfort for self-denial and mortification. The first mention that is any where found in history of Madrid is in the tenth century, two hundred and twenty-five years after the Moorish invasion, when Don Ramiro II., king of Leon, fell upon the Moors of the town of Magerit, entered the place by force of arms, threw down its walls, and committed all sorts of ravages. Hence, it probably owes its foundation to the Moors.

Don Enrique III. was the first king of Castile proclaimed in Madrid. The court continued still to fluctuate between Valladolid and Madrid, until the accession of Philip II., who finally settled it in the latter place, where it has remained ever since, with little interruption. He is said to have been chiefly attracted by the salubrity of its climate, the excellence of the water, and the vicinity of the mountains of Guadarrama, which furnished abundance of game. At the same time, the principal nobles removed to Madrid, in order to be near the court, and the city began to acquire the magnificence becoming a capital which was the focus and rallying point of the whole Spanish monarchy. The arts and sciences were soon in a flourishing condition, and churches and convents rose in every direction,

to bear testimony to another age of squandered wealth and mistaken piety.

Notwithstanding the civil wars which disturbed the accession of Philip V. to the throne, he found means to increase and embellish the capital, by establishing the royal library and various academies. He constructed the bridge of Toledo, and commenced the building of the palace. But it is to Charles III. that Madrid owes all its present magnificence. Under his care the royal palace was finished, the noble gates of Alcala and San Vincente were raised; the custom-house, the post-office, the museum, and royal printing-office were constructed; the academy of the three noble arts improved; the cabinet of natural history, the botanic garden, the national bank of San Carlos, and many gratuitous schools established; while convenient roads leading from the city, and delightful walks planted within and without it, and adorned by statues and fountains, combine to announce the solicitude of this paternal king. In the unworthy reign of Charles IV., of his wicked queen, and of Godoy, Madrid was the scene of every thing that was base and degrading, until the nation, wearied of such an ignominious yoke, proclaimed Ferdinand VII. at Aranjuez, and the populace testified their joy by plundering the palace of the Prince of Peace. Very soon after his accession Ferdinand left Madrid

on his infatuated journey to Bayonne, and Murat took possession of the city at the head of thirty thousand French. The occasion of the departure of the remaining members of the royal family for Bayonne first gave vent to the indignation of the Madrileños. The gallant partisans, Daoiz and Velarde, turned two pieces of cannon upon the usurpers, and fell gloriously in the cause of their country, whilst the populace, rushing forth with their knives, assassinated the defenceless French wherever they met them. The vengeance of Murat was terrible. Sending patrols into every street, he seized all such as were found with knives, drove them into the neighbourhood of the Retiro, and fired upon them by volleys. This is the celebrated *Dos de Mayo*, second of May. The news of the atrocity spread like wildfire throughout the Peninsula. The Spaniards flew to arms, and the war of independence was commenced. After the shedding of rivers of blood, and the loss of hundreds of thousands of lives, Ferdinand at length returned to his capital, to which he was chiefly restored by the fierce energies of his subjects.

Such are some of the events of which Madrid has been the theatre. When the stranger, newly arrived within its walls, looks round in search of the local advantages which led to its foundation, he is at a loss to conceive how it should have become

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a great city. The surrounding country is so little adapted to pastoral and agricultural pursuits, that butcher's meat, and fruits, and almost all the necessaries of life, are brought from the extremities of the kingdom. Thus, supplies of fish come on the backs of mules from the Atlantic and Mediterranean, cattle from Asturias and Galicia, and fruit from the distant orchards of Andalusia and Valencia. With these disadvantages, manufactures can never flourish in Madrid; and as to commerce, the mountains which form its barrier on the north and west check its communications with half the Peninsula; whilst the inconsiderable stream of Manzanares furnishes no facilities of transportation; none of any sort, indeed, except supplying water to accommodate the washerwomen.

Though accident or caprice have alone given existence to Madrid, and though a city thus raised to wealth and power must necessarily relapse into insignificance when the interests of the whole, and not the will of one, shall govern the concerns of Spain, yet it is not the less a great city. It is nearly eight miles in circumference, of square figure, and contains a population of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, living in eight thousand houses; so that there are about eighteen persons to a house, each house containing, in general, as many families as floors. Madrid has one hundred and

forty-six temples for worship, including collegiate and parish churches, convents, *beaterios*, oratories, chapels, and hermitages. Among this number are sixty-two convents for monks and nuns. It has, besides, eighteen hospitals, large and small, thirteen colleges, fifteen academies, four public libraries, six prisons, fifteen gates of granite, eighty-five squares and places, and fifty public fountains which supply the inhabitants with delightful water brought from mountain springs thirty miles from the city.

The water is conveyed from the fountains to the houses of the inhabitants by several thousand Gallegos and Asturians, who are the exclusive water-carriers. Indeed, a Gallego who has established an extensive custom, when he has made a little fortune of two or three hundred dollars, wherewith to retire to his native mountains and rear a family, has the privilege either of selling his business or of bequeathing it gratuitously to a relative. To lay up money on their scanty earnings of course requires the most narrow economy. Accordingly, we find them doing menial offices for a family, for the sake of sleeping on the entry pavement, or else clubbing together, a dozen or twenty, to hire a little room in the attic. As for their food, they buy it at a *taberna*, or from old women who keep little portable kitchens, or rather furnaces, at the corners, and either eat it on the spot, or seated on their water-

kegs about the fountains; two or three messing together, and helping themselves with wooden spoons from the same earthen vessel. Others there are, who, instead of carrying water for domestic use, parade the streets, taking due care not to infringe the domain of a brother, and sell it by the glassful to those who pass. They carry simply an earthen jar, suspended behind the back by a leathern sling. The mouth of the jar has a cork with two reeds; one to allow the water to pass out, the other to admit the air. When asked for water, they take a glass from the basket on their left arm, and stooping forward fill it with great dexterity. They do not wait, however, for the thirsty to find them out, but deafen one with cries in badly pronounced Spanish of—" *Agua! Agua fresca! Que ahora mismo viene de la fuente! Quien bebe, señores? Quien bebe?*" "Water! fresh water! fresh from the fountain! Who drinks, gentlemen? who drinks?"

In stature the Gallegos are low, stout, and clumsy, as different as possible in form and figure from the Spanish in general, and equally different in manners and in dress. They wear a little pointed cap; jackets and trousers of brown cloth, extremely coarse; heavy shoes, armed with hobnails, and made to last a lifetime; a large leathern pocket in front to receive their money, and a pad of the same on the right shoulder to protect the jacket.

They are but a rough set, and little mindful of the courtesies in use among their countrymen. They even take the right-hand side along the narrow walk, and never turn out for man or woman. One day Don Diego came up to my habitation to give the customary lesson, with his hat in hand, endeavouring to restore it to shape, and cursing a Gallego who had run against him at the turning of a corner. He had undertaken to lecture him; but the Gallego, putting down his keg, and drawing himself up with dignity, said to him, "I am a noble!"—a thing not uncommon among his countrymen—"you, may be, are no more!"—"Soy noble! usted acaso no sera mas!" Notwithstanding their bluntness, however, they have many good qualities, and are trusty and faithful in a rare degree.

They and the Asturians act as porters; in which capacity they are even employed to deliver money and take up notes. Such is the unshaken probity of these rude sons of the Suevi.

The streets of Madrid are in general straight and wider than those of most cities in Europe; a fact which is probably owing to its being almost entirely modern, and having been built under royal patronage. They are all paved with square blocks of stone, and have side walks about four feet wide, and on a level with the rest of the pavement. In order to avoid contention for this narrow footway, it is the custom

always to take the right side; and you may thus, in a crowded street, notice two currents of people going in opposite directions without interfering with each other. This has, however, the inconvenience, that a person cannot choose his own gait, but must move at the pace of the multitude.

Some of the palaces of the high nobility are built in a quadrangular form, with a square in the centre. The dwelling-houses, generally, however, are built much in our way: they are three or four stories high, with a door and small entry at one side, and balconies at the upper windows. They have rather the look of prisons, for the windows of the first floor are grated with bars of iron, whilst the stout door of wood, well studded with spike heads, has more the air of the gate of a fortified town than of the entrance to the dwelling of a peaceful citizen. The outer doors of the different suites of apartments indicate the same jealousy and suspicion, nor are they ever opened without a parley. These precautions are rendered necessary by the number and boldness of the robbers in Madrid, who sometimes enter a house in the middle of the day, when the men are absent, and, having tied the female occupants, plunder the dwelling, and make off with their spoil. This is of no uncommon occurrence. Indeed I scarce became acquainted with a person in Madrid who had not been robbed one or more times. The

greatest danger is, however, at night in the streets. I knew a young man, a native of Lima, who was encountered in a narrow street, on his way to an evening party, by three men, who dragged him into the concealment of a doorway. One of them held a knife to his throat, whilst the two others stripped him of his clothes and finery, until nothing was left but his shirt and boots. Then giving him a slap on the *traseiro*, and the parting benediction, "God be with you, brother"—"*Vaya usted con Dios, hermano!*" they gathered the spoil under their cloaks, and made off in another direction. ✕

By far the noblest building in Madrid is the royal palace. It is built on the same site where formerly stood the old Moorish Alcazar. Philip V., who caused it to be erected, conceived originally the idea of a palace which was to have four *façades* of one thousand six hundred feet by one hundred high, with twenty-three courts and thirty-four entrances. A mahogany model of the projected palace is still shown in Madrid, and must of itself have cost the price of as good a dwelling as any modest man need wish for. This palace was to have lodged the royal body guard, the ministers, tribunals, and indeed every thing connected with the machine of state. Though this stupendous project was never realized, the present palace is, nevertheless, every way worthy of a prince who had been born at Versailles.

It consists of a hollow square, four hundred and seventy feet on the outside, and one hundred and forty within. Within is a colonnade and gallery, running entirely round the square; and without, a judicious distribution of windows, cornices, and columns, unencumbered by redundant ornament, except, indeed, in the heavy balustrade which crowns the whole, and hides the leaden roof from view. The construction of this palace is of the noblest and most durable kind, being without any wood, except in the frame of the roof and the doors and windows. The foundation stands entirely upon a system of subterranean arches. The first floor is occupied by the officers and servants of the court. A magnificent staircase of marble, on which the architect, the sculptor, and the painter have exhausted their respective arts, leads to the second floor, which is likewise sustained upon arches. Here is a second colonnade and gallery, which looks upon the court, and which is paved with marble. This is always filled with groups of body guards and halberdiers on service, and with people in court dresses ready to go before the sovereign. This gallery opens upon the apartments of the different members of the royal family, the chapel, and audience chamber. Their different ceilings are appropriately painted by the pencil of Mengs, Bayeux, Velasquez, or Giordano; whilst the walls

are hung round with the best productions of Rubens, Titian, Murillo, Velasquez, and Spagnoletto. The small oratory of the king is, perhaps, the most beautiful apartment of the palace. It is adorned with rich and finely variegated marbles found in the Peninsula. A single glance at them is sufficient to convince one that the marbles of Spain are surpassed by none in the world. The clocks, furniture, tapèstry, beds, dressing-tables, and glasses are in the highest style of magnificence. It will give a sufficient idea of this to mention, that in one room there are four mirrors one hundred and sixty-two inches high by ninety-three wide. They were made at the royal manufactory which formerly existed in San Ildefonso, and, with some others cast in the same mould, are the largest ever known. This palace, whether it be viewed with reference to its architecture or decoration, is, indeed, a noble one. I have heard it said, by those who had visited the chief capitals of Europe, that they had seen none superior to it, and, though Versailles may excel in detail, as a perfect whole the palace of Madrid may even claim pre-eminence.

The palace of Buen Retiro, where the court lived before the completion of the new palace, is at the eastern extremity of Madrid, overlooking the Prado. It consists of a variety of ancient and disjointed edifices rapidly falling to ruin. The progress of

decay would have been assisted, and the whole pile long since demolished, were it not for some paintings in fresco which still cling to the mouldering ceiling, and are in Giordano's best style. The most remarkable one is allusive to the institution of the Golden Fleece, in which Hercules is seen offering the prize to Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy. This order of knighthood, which has preserved its splendor better than any other in Europe, has the King of Spain for its head, as Duke of Burgundy, one of the many titles attached to the crown since the time of Charles V. In another room are some scenes from the wars of Grenada, in which the Moors are, of course, represented as vanquished.

The garden of the Retiro is of great extent, but its situation is high and exposed, and the walks are by no means agreeable. The present family has directed the different improvements, if indeed they may be so called, which are in process here, and perhaps nowhere has there been so much labor expended and so little produced. In one place is an artificial mound, with a Chinese temple perched upon it; in another, a little cottage, with an old woman of wood sitting by a painted fire, and rocking her baby in a cradle: overhead are wooden hams and leathern sausages; whilst in an adjoining room the good man of the house is ill and in bed, with a pot of soup beside him, and rises by ma-

chinery when strangers enter. In another part is an oblong lake, enclosed with a wall of cut stone and a rich railing of iron. On one side of it is a small building surmounted by naval emblems and a flag-staff, and beneath it is a dock or cove for the royal galley. The elevation of the Retiro is an obstacle to the bringing of water in pipes to fill the lake, and the object is therefore effected by the labor of a mule, who turns a wheel hard by, and is hidden under a rustic shed adorned with Egyptian pagods. Sometimes the royal family take a water excursion upon the lake. The basin is then filled, the gilded barge, which is truly classic in its construction, is floated to the stairs of the navy-yard, and the august individuals enter and put forth, with an air of perfect contentment and unaffected complacency, to the great admiration of the beholders, which is evinced by waving of hats and handkerchiefs. If you happen to be near the wheel-house, the creaking of the machinery, the *Arre!* of the muleteer, and the grunting of the mule, furnish a suitable musical accompaniment to this raree show.

They are likewise constructing here a new house for the royal menagerie; and it is not a little singular, that, at a moment when the debts of interest, honor, and gratitude are left unpaid, at the very time when money is wanting to buy horses for a train of artillery, waiting to depart for the frontier of

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Portugal; a considerable sum is remitted to foreign countries for the purchase of wild beasts. There is one thing, however, in the garden of the Retiro which any man may admire. It is a bronze statue of Philip IV., cast by Taca, a Florentine sculptor, after a painting of Velasquez. Though the figures are four times as large as life, and the enormous mass, weighing no less than nine tons, is supported on the horse's two hind feet, yet the beholder is not struck with astonishment; for there is a harmony in the parts and perfection in the whole that prevent it from appearing cumbrous or unwieldy. This beautiful colossus stands in an elevated situation of the Retiro, and looks the modern gewgaws into insignificance. And yet the prince thus immortalized by the hand of genius was even less than an ordinary man. He never did any thing to promote the interests and add to the honor of human nature. He was imbecile in character, and mean in appearance.

The Casino is a mimic palace, on the scale of a private dwelling. It is situated in a populous part of the city, and is decorated with taste and elegance. The last queen took great delight in this little retirement, and spent much of her time there; but since her death it is rarely visited by any of the family. The Casa del Campo is another royal mansion, which stands low in the valley of the

Manzanares, and directly in front of the palace. Its gardens offer shade and seclusion, but their chief ornament is a bronze statue of Philip III., the joint work of Bolonia and Taca, which, though weighing twelve thousand pounds, was sent from Florence as a present from Cosmo de Medicis. In its present situation it is scarcely ever seen, and there are doubtless many persons in Madrid who are ignorant of its existence. There is yet a fifth royal mansion in the environs of Madrid. It stands upon a hill, and overlooks the valley of the Manzanares and the grove of the Florida.

Although Madrid contains in all near one hundred and fifty places of worship, yet it cannot boast a single one of superior magnificence. In those days when most of the Gothic cathedrals which we meet with in the older European cities were erected, Madrid was but an inconsiderable place. Even now, though the political capital of Spain, it still belongs to the diocess of Toledo, and is not so much as the see of a suffragan. Most of the churches are small, of mixed Grecian architecture, and many in their exterior appearance are hardly distinguishable from the dwelling-houses which surround them. The interior, however, is usually decorated with much architectural ornament, and with a profusion of paintings and statues. The Jesuits have by far the largest and most imposing church

in Madrid. This order is the most enlightened of the Spanish clergy, and I took much pleasure in going to hear them preach, especially during the Carnival. As it was the winter season, the pavement was covered with mats, upon which the multitude kneeled during the exhibition of the host. When the invocation was over and the sermon commenced, the women assumed a less painful and a more interesting posture, sitting back on the mats with their feet drawn up beside them. If pretty, as was generally the case, one foot was allowed to peep out from beneath the *basquiña*, presenting itself in its neat thread or silken stocking, and little shoe of prunello, in the most favorable position for display. The men stood intermingled with the women, or apart in the aisles and chapels, or reclined against the columns, making altogether a very singular scene, not a little augmented in interest by the deep obscurity, approaching indeed to darkness, which generally prevails within the walls of the churches.

Some of the preachers were very eloquent, and the strong yet graceful language in which they spoke gave additional force and beauty to every sentiment. By far the greatest treat, however, is the music performed on these occasions. Nowhere indeed, perhaps not even in Italy, is the luxury of church music carried to a greater extent than in

Madrid. The organs are played in perfection; and, in order to procure fine tenor voices, a practice is still continued here which has been abolished in Italy since the domination of Napoleon. In the Musical College of Madrid, vulgarly called the Colegio de los Capones, the mutilated victims of parental avarice are received at an early age, and their voices carefully cultivated. Some are admitted to holy orders, evading the strict canon of the church, which requires physical perfection in its ministers, by a most whimsical artifice. Others earn their bread easily as public singers, living in the world, or rather enjoying a negative existence, readily recognised by the unnatural shrillness of their tones, and by the heavy expression of their beardless, elongated, and unmanly visages. One or two of these miserable beings are employed in the choir of the royal chapel. The maintenance of worship in this establishment costs Spain annually one hundred thousand dollars, no small part of which is for singers and musicians. A solemn mass witnessed in this chapel is, indeed, one of the greatest musical treats in the world. The structure is of octagonal form, and surmounted by a dome, not dissimilar, nor altogether unworthy of being compared to the dome of the Invalids. Here architecture, statuary, and painting have lavished their beauties in a narrow compass. The organ, with a choice selec-

tion of bassoons and viols, and the full choir are placed in a hidden recess beside the dome. Thence the music follows the sacrifice, through all the sad symbols of the Saviour's passion; and when the expiation is made, and man is reconciled to his Maker, the circling concave rings with exulting peals, which the entranced listener is almost ready to ascribe to the hosts of angels which he sees in the hollow hemisphere above, surrounding the throne of the Eternal.

The museum of statuary and painting at the Prado is a modern and admirably contrived building, which extends its front along the public walk, and adds greatly to its elegance. No building could be better adapted to the exhibition of paintings than this, which was commenced under Charles III. with an express view to its present object. The collection of paintings in the Prado was made in the better days of the Spanish monarchy, when the gold of America could command the presence and services of living artists, and purchase the productions of such as were dead. It is said, in the illustrious names of the contributors and the excellence of the pieces, to be inferior to no other; and when the additions which are now making from the different royal palaces shall be completed, it will probably be the first in the world. To give an idea of the Italian school, it will be

sufficient to name some of those great men who are here represented by their finest productions. Such are Guercin, Tintoret, Poussin, Annibal and Augustine Carracci, Guido Reni, Luca Giordano, Leonardo da Vinci, Paul Veronese; Michael Angelo, the head of the Florentine school; Titian, the prince of Venetian painters; and Raphael of Urbino, the great father of all, who is here represented by his painting of Christ carrying the Cross, which is esteemed second to nothing but the Transfiguration. It was originally painted on wood, but with the lapse of three centuries the wood became rotten, and there was a danger of its being entirely lost. This was of course among the immense number of paintings carried away to Paris by the French. It was likewise among the smaller number of those which returned after the final overthrow of Napoleon. In this case the voyage was a serviceable one; for the French artists were so fortunate as to succeed in transferring the painted surface from the wood to canvas, and have thus saved it from premature destruction.

Nor are the Flemish masters without their representatives in the Prado. It is there, however, that one may study and appreciate the Spanish school, which had scarce been known in Europe until the invading armies of Napoleon carried off some of the best pieces to constitute the brightest

ornaments of the Louvre, and to form several private collections. Witness the undisgorged plunder of the Duke of Dalmatia\*.

The Spanish school is chiefly celebrated among painters for perfection of perspective and design, and the vivid and natural carnation of its coloring. One of the first painters that became celebrated in Spain was Morales, who began his career about the time that Raphael's was so prematurely closed, in the early part of the sixteenth century, and whose heads of Christ have merited him the surname of Divine. Morales was a native of Estremadura, but the art in which he so greatly excelled made more rapid progress in the city of Valencia, where a kindly soil and kindlier sky seem to invite perfection. Juan de Juanes is considered the father of the Valencian school, which in the beginning was in imitation of the Italian, but which afterwards assimilated itself to the Flemish, and to the manner of Rembrandt and Vandyke, until, under the name of the school of Seville, the Spanish painters had acquired a distinctive character.

Under Ribera, better known at home and abroad by the singular surname of Spagnoletto, the Valencian school attained the highest perfection. The subjects of Spagnoletto are chiefly Bible scenes,

\* Soult, whose collection is readily seen at Paris.

taken indifferently from the Old or New Testament; but his most successful efforts have been the delineation of scenes of suffering and sorrow, such as are abundantly furnished by the lives of our Saviour and the saints. In describing the extremes of human misery, a macerated wretch, reclining upon a bed of straw in the last agony of starvation or infirmity, he is perhaps unequalled; and he has been able to give such a relief to the perspective, such a reality to the coloring, that the deception, at a first glance, is often irresistible. Indeed my memory became so strongly impressed with some of his pieces, that I can still call them up at will in all their excellence. He was, however, a gloomy painter, giving to his works the sad coloring which he borrowed from the religion of his day; a religion which was fond of calling up reflections of despondency, and of representing Christ as the bleeding and the crucified.

Another great painter, who, like Spagnoletto, flourished at the beginning of the seventeenth century, was Diego Velasquez. Velasquez is sometimes an imitator of his great contemporary; at others his style is materially different, and he is generally allowed to be superior to Spagnoletto in correctness of design and fertility of invention. His portraits, for furnishing accurate representations of individuals, are perhaps superior to those

of Titian and Vandyke. They are not, indeed, highly wrought, but have about them the strong strokes of a master.

Bartholomew Murillo, who was born in Seville, studied at Madrid under the direction of Velasquez, and never travelled out of Spain. There is in his manner all the correctness of Velasquez, all his truth to nature, which he seems to have studied thoroughly, and at the same time a more perfect finish, and a warmth and brilliancy of coloring to which the pencil of Velasquez was a stranger. Nothing indeed can be so true and palpable as Murillo's scenes of familiar life, nothing so sweet and heavenly as his Virgins. Murillo brought the school of Seville, or more properly of Spain, to the height of its glory. He seems to have combined the excellences of Vandyke and Titian, the truth of the one and the warm carnation of the other; and though Raphael be looked on by painters and connoisseurs as the most perfect of known artists, yet if the chief excellence of the imitative art consist in showing nature, not as it ought to be, but as it is, and in producing momentary deception, this excellence belongs to none so entirely as to Murillo.

The decline of painting throughout Europe during the past century has likewise extended itself to Spain, with, however, some honorable exceptions, such as Bayeu in the past century, and

Maella and Lopez in the present. The last is a living artist, whose portraits are admirable.

The cabinet of natural history stands beside the stately edifice of the Aduana or custom-house, and with it constitutes one of the principal ornaments of the noble street of Alcala. Here is a fine collection of birds, quadrupeds, and fishes, arranged in elegant cases of plate-glass and mahogany. The collection of minerals is, however, the most perfect, especially in whatever relates to the precious metals, so abundantly found in the former possessions of Spain. There is also a small cabinet of marbles, brought from every corner of the Peninsula, and which can scarcely be surpassed for variety and beauty. The cabinet of natural history is open twice a week to the visits of the public; and the learned and ignorant may there pass in review the whole realm of nature, compare the narrow shades of distinction between those animals that are most similar, and then admire the immense disparity between the extremes of creation.

In the same building are the school, library, and museum of San Fernando, where the three noble arts, painting, statuary, and architecture, are taught gratuitously. In the academy of San Fernando, excellent masters are provided, who superintend the labors of such persons, whether children or adults, as choose to turn their attention

to either of these arts; and by a happy arrangement the school is only opened in the evening, when the ordinary studies or labors of the day are over. Every three years premiums are distributed to such of the students as are most distinguished; and when a young man of great promise is discovered, he is sent to Rome to study at the public expense.

Lectures on descriptive geometry are given in the academy for the advantage of the students; and there is likewise a library, which, beside a general collection of books, is very rich in such as relate to the arts. The most remarkable part of the institution, however, is a museum of paintings, intended as a study for the scholars, and which contains some of the finest in Spain. The stolen benediction of Jacob by his father Isaac is the most perfect thing I have seen from the pencil of Spagnoletto; and in a private room, which is seldom shown to any one, are some interdicted paintings of singular merit. Here one is surprised to see a full-length portrait of Napoleon in his imperial robes, a copy of the celebrated portrait of Gerard, which the emperor sent to Madrid at the time he was alluring the royal family to Bayonne. There are likewise some naked beauties by Rubens, water-nymphs closely pursued by greedy satyrs, whose ill-made legs and clumsy ankles are perfect prototypes of

his own Dutch models. Such is not the case with the blooming mistress of King Philip II., whom Titian has represented with so much truth of design and reality of carnation as to bring the beauty and the spectator into the presence of each other. But he is not admitted to the privilege of a *tête-à-tête*; for on the foot of the silken couch upon which she reclines, half sleepy, half voluptuous, sits young Philip playing on a piano. His head is turned to gaze upon the unveiled charms of the beautiful creature behind him; his thoughts seem to wander from the music, and his fingers are about to abandon the keys of the instrument. That a young man should have been willing to place himself in such a situation is not incredible; but that he should have been willing to be seen in it, and even thus to appear before posterity, is a thing of more difficult reconciliation. This, too, was the prince who afterwards became so bigoted and so blood-thirsty, and though not the murderer of his own son, at least the persecutor, and it may be the destroyer, of his brave brother Don Juan of Austria. The most remarkable painting, however, of this collection is Murillo's picture of Saint Isabel, the good Queen of Portugal, so celebrated in regal annals for benevolence and charity. She is represented washing the sore of a beggar. At one side is an old man binding his leg, whom one might almost fancy

living; on the other a ragged boy scratching his head, with his face screwed up into a whimsical expression of pain. The subject of this painting is disgusting enough. It will, however, offend less, if it be remembered that Murillo painted it in Seville to hang in the Hospital of Charity.

The academy of San Fernando deliberates on the plans of all public buildings proposed to be erected; a censorship whose good effects are evident in all the fine monuments with which Charles III. has ennobled the capital. Institutions similar to this, and which like it bear the name of San Fernando, are found, since the time of the same beneficent monarch, in all the larger cities of Spain; and though checked and counteracted by a hundred obstacles, their effect cannot be other than beneficial to national industry. There is, indeed, scarce a station in life in which a knowledge of drawing and design may not be turned to good account. The builder will make a handsomer house, the cabinet and coach maker will turn out more elegant furniture and equipages, and even the tailor will cut a neater coat, from possessing the principles of the art. As for men of leisure, their perception of beauty, whether it exists in the productions of art or nature, must by it be sharpened and developed, and new avenues thus opened to pleasure and happiness. One would think that no great

city which has an eye to the advancement of industry within its walls should be without an institution like this of San Fernando.

Another museum is that of artillery. It contains a large collection of models of gunpowder manufactories, cannon founderies, and of all such machines and weapons as are useful in warfare. The most remarkable objects to be seen here are models of the fortresses of Cadiz, Carthage, and Gibraltar, made of clay, and colored to imitate more closely the reality. The scale of these models is so large that all the streets and public buildings are laid down in them; and perhaps a better idea may be formed of the whole of one of these places from looking down upon the model, than from any single view that could be caught of the place itself. Gibraltar is so accurately represented, that the plan of an attack could be as well or better devised at Madrid, than before the fortress, by a general who should be without such assistance.

The museum of the armory, in front of the royal palace, is of a similar but far more interesting character—at least in the eye of poetry; for in it are arranged the armor of all the illustrious warriors which Spain has produced, of many whom she has conquered, and a variety of trophies, arms, and banners, which have been won in battle. On entering the hall, you first see, without knowing why, the

funeral litters in which the remains of Charles IV. and his queen were brought from Rome to be interred in the Escorial. Here is likewise the coach of Joana the Foolish, which was the first used in Spain since the fall of the Roman domination. It is oddly carved and fashioned; not much more so, however, than some that are still seen of a feast-day on the Prado. Near this is the litter in which Charles V. used to make his journeys and excursions. It was carried like a sedan-chair by two horses, one going before and the other behind, between shafts which were supported on their backs. Before the seat within is a moveable desk, which could be adjusted in front of the occupant. Here the emperor transacted business as he travelled, in order to economize time, so valuable to one who took care of the affairs and bore the burdens of so many people. The remainder of the large hall is full of armor, either hung in detached pieces against the wall, or arranged collectively in standing postures, or mounted on wooden horses.

Among the antiques are many shields and helmets, curiously and beautifully worked into relief, representing land and sea engagements, charges of cavalry, and contending galleys. There is one helmet, however, of more than ordinary beauty, worthy in all respects to have covered the head of Julius Cæsar, to whom it is said to have belonged. In

answer to all my inquiries concerning the way in which this precious piece of antiquity came into the possession of his catholic majesty, I could get nothing but "*Es de Julio Cæsar, y no hay mas.*" — "It's Julius Cæsar's, and that's an end of it." There is likewise a shield of one of the Scipios. The armor of the Cid has nothing remarkable about it but the having belonged to him. The same may be said of the suit of Guzman the Good, the royal governor of Tarifa, so celebrated in the annals of Andalusian chivalry. At the extremity of the room is a chapel of Saint Ferdinand, the conqueror of Cordova and Seville, the sainted king, of whom it was disputed whether he was most distinguished for valor, or piety, or good fortune. The armor of the saint is so arranged that he seems seated on a throne in his proper person, having on the left side his good sword, and on the right a list of the indulgences which the father of the church grants to such as shall there say a *Pater* or an *Ave*.

In one of the most conspicuous stations is the suit of armor usually worn by Ferdinand the Catholic. He is seated upon a war-horse, with a pair of red velvet breeches, after the manner of the Moors, with lifted lance and closed visor. There are several other suits of Ferdinand and of his Queen Isabella, who was no stranger to the dangers of a battle. By the comparative heights of their

armor, Isabella would seem to have been the larger of the two, as she certainly was the better. Opposite to these is the armor of Abou-Abdallah, or Boabdil, whom the Spaniards have surnamed Chico, the last of the Grenadian kings, and who was by turns the friend, the enemy, and the captive of Ferdinand and Isabella. His armor is of beautiful finish, in all respects like the other suits, except that the helmet, instead of being in the form of a Grecian casque with a visor, having apertures in it to close down from above, is made of a solid piece, of great thickness in front, and screws upon the cuirass. Instead of sight-holes in front, it has a broad gap, like a skylight, running across the top above the eyes, the lower part overlapping so as to keep out the point of a lance. On the right side is a small window, which swings upon hinges, and is fastened with a steel button. This may have served to take in refreshment, or for the purpose of a parley. I was at a loss to conceive what could have been the object of this unwieldy head-gear, and the explanation of the keeper was not very satisfactory. According to his account, it was to protect the head against the iron maces used in duels. It is, perhaps, as likely that casques such as this were used in the tilting-matches and tournaments so frequent among the Grenadian chivalry, as offering more effectual resistance to a splintered reed or the point

of a lance than the visor of a common helmet. Though a cavalier might be safer from harm with this box upon his head, he would be less fitted for action, for it could not have weighed less than twenty pounds. If he should fall from his horse thus accoutred, he would never be able to stir, but must lie and be trampled upon by friendly and hostile feet, like poor Sancho sweating between two shields. I was generally struck with the great weight of these suits of armor, and saw in it an explanation of instances that more than once occurred in the Spanish wars, of valiant princes falling from their horses and fainting to death upon the field of battle.

Gonsalo Fernandez of Cordova, and Hernan Cortez, stand forth in full array. The armor of Philip I., surnamed the Handsome, shows him to have been a giant, certainly not less than six and a half feet high; nor could Charles V. have been less than six feet. There are many splendid suits, which the great emperor received from foreign princes and from the cities of his vast empire. Philip II., too, though he never came within reach of a blow, was no less abundantly supplied than his father with the means of warding one off. The helmet of one of his suits is covered with a variety of figures, so beautifully executed as to compare with those on the antique shields and helmets.

Beside the suits of his father and brothers is the giant armor of Don Juan of Austria, the natural son of Charles V. and the hero of Lepanto.

Such are some of the suits of armor arranged in standing attitudes around the hall; and in which one may almost fancy the cavaliers they once enclosed still keeping guard over their trophies. In the middle of the room are a variety of weapons, ancient and modern. Among the number is an old machine, mounted like a field-piece, which was used to project iron balls, upon the principles of a crossbow. On each side of the shrine of Saint Ferdinand are glass cases, containing a variety of scimitars and fire-arms, the handles of which are profusely inlaid with gold and precious stones. These, with some splendid housings, the bits and broad stirrups of which are of gold or silver, came as a present from the Turkish sultan. It is a singular instance of the changing destinies of nations, that mention should be found in the Arabic historians of the caliph of Spain receiving rich presents some eight centuries before from the christian emperor of Constantinople.

In these are also the swords of the Cid, of Gonsalo, and Cortez. They are all straight, long, and two-edged, with plain scabbards of red velvet, and hilts in the shape of a cross. Thus armed, a cavalier carried with him at once the em-

blem of his faith and the instrument of his valor; and if mortally wounded on the field of battle, he could, like Bayard, kneel and pray before the emblem of the crucifixion\*. Here are likewise some swords of immense length, made at Rome, and consecrated by the Pope, who sent them to be used in the crusades against the Saracens. In those wars of the faith, they were borne by bishops in the midst of the array, together with the bones of a saint, or some favored statue of the Virgin. Thus sustained, the Christians were sure to conquer, for they carried with them the pledges of victory. Overhead hang the banners taken in battle. Many have doubtless been removed, with the sword worn by Francis at Pavia; but many still remain. The whole hall is surrounded by large leathern shields, taken from the Turks at Lepanto.

The cabinet of armory furnishes a great historical record, in which the Spaniard may come and read of the better days of his country, and, amid these pledges of departed greatness, lose sight of her present degeneracy. Here the Cid still stands forth, the unequalled cavalier; Ferdinand frowns upon Boabdil; Cortez strikes terror into the trembling Montezuma, whose feathery armor still flutters

\* There is at Grenoble, the native place of Bayard, a bronze statue of very noble execution, in which the dying hero is seen reclining against a tree in this attitude of devotion.

to the breeze ; whilst Don Juan of Austria may see around him the three tails and the bloody turban of the Pasha Ali, whom he slew with five and twenty thousand of his followers in the bloody battle of Lepanto.

There are a vast number of charitable institutions in Madrid, and it would be an endless task to enumerate the different hospitals, three of which alone receive annually twenty thousand patients or paupers. Among them are houses of refuge for old men, poor gentlemen, sick priests, and worn-out players ; also one or two houses for pregnant women, in the principal of which such persons of respectable connexions as have come into this situation by accident are shut up with great secrecy, and may be supposed absent in the country. There are also several hospitals for foundlings ; one of which, the *Inclusa*, receives annually a thousand infants. It has an open porch, with a shrine that is illuminated in the night by a single lantern. Here infants may be deposited in front of the altar, and are taken in at stated periods during the night. From that moment they are consigned to the care of mercenary hands, and sink into the condition of orphans. There are likewise two houses of refuge for public prostitutes. The first, called *Recogidas*, is under the invocation of Mary Magdalene. Its inmates are well lodged and fare sumptuously, but they cannot leave the

walls of the building, except to become nuns or be given in marriage. Under the same roof is a room of seclusion, where women are kept in confinement at the desire of their husbands.

Such are some of the institutions, called charitable, to be found in Madrid. They are supported on the rents of houses that have been entailed upon them by their founders, or by assignments on the income of the theatres, on lotteries, and bull-fights. Many similar establishments have degenerated from their primitive destiny into hermitages and oratories, where a few monks say mass, and fatten from year's end to year's end, under the pious title of *Arrepentidos*, *Afligidos*, or *Agonizantes*. Those which still exist are for the most part appendages of vice and misery, which they probably tend more to promote than to check or alleviate. The same may not be said of the *Monte-de-Piedad*. This is an establishment the object of which is to alleviate the necessities of the poor by lending them money upon pledges. These pledges are preserved a year, and then, if they remain unreclaimed, are publicly sold. The loan being liquidated, the balance is returned to the borrower, who, though he may have saved but little from the wreck, has at least escaped the greedy clutches of the pawnbroker.

Nor are the learned institutions of Madrid less numerous than those of which the object is benevolence. The first of these in rank and name is the *Real Academia Española*, the object of which is to refine and perfect the national language. The academy has published a grammar, in which every thing is defined by invariable rules, conformable, in an unusual degree, to reason and the soundest logic. It has also produced a dictionary, which is considered the most perfect of any known. The Spaniards, doubtless, owe no little of that rare and admirable symmetry for which their language is conspicuous to the labors of this learned society.

The *Real Academia de Historia* undertakes to inquire into the past and record the present history of Spain. The society of *Amigos del Pays* was instituted to investigate all subjects relating to agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, to suggest the means of raising them from their fallen condition, and to stimulate and direct the dormant energies of the nation. Similar societies are found in all the cities of Spain. There are likewise royal academies of surgery, veterinary surgery, botany; of roads and bridges, of cosmography, and even of stenography. In each of the thirty-two *barrios* into which Madrid is divided is a school for boys and another for girls. The children whose parents

are unable to pay the small charge for tuition are taught gratuitously, and the teachers are recompensed by the Junta of Charity.

Madrid had formerly an academy for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, and claims the high honor of having originated this noble art. It was invented towards the commencement of the seventeenth century, by Don Juan Pablo Bonet, and was put in practice, under his direction, by Father Bernardino Ponce. Bonet, being secretary to the Constable of Castile, was led to turn his attention to the subject by the grief which he felt at seeing the brother of his patron deprived of the use of speech. This wonderful art is a triumphant proof of what man is capable when guided by the noble desire of alleviating misery. It is one of the proudest efforts of the human mind.

There is another institution more remarkable than those just enumerated. It is called the Hidrografica, and its object is to collect information relative to naval affairs. For this purpose the principal of the establishment is in constant correspondence with the officers of government in Spain and the colonies, and with men of science in every country, in order to receive the earliest information of newly discovered land or dangers in the ocean, or of corrections in the positions of such as are already known. These are forthwith inserted and made

public in the charts, which are, from time to time, published by the Hidrografica. Connected with the establishment is a press; a shop where all the books and charts published by it are sold at cost; and a well-selected library, in which one may find all books, in whatever language, of mathematics, astronomy, navigation, voyages, and travels; in short, every thing which in any way relates to the nautical art. Of two draftsmen employed in the Hidrografica, I found one occupied in correcting a map of Cuba, the other in making a new chart of the coast of the United States. It was curious to see a Spaniard, in the heart of the Peninsula, laying down the soundings of Chesapeake Bay, which is scarcely visited once a year by the flag of his country. The execution of such charts as were finished was as good—nay, better, than that of any that are published in France or England. Don Martin Fernandez de Navarrete is at the head of this establishment; and in this character he has lately published a collection of Spanish voyages and discoveries, which contains the journal of Columbus. He is a veteran sea-officer, who has a high character for science; and the admirable order visible in the Hidrografica speaks greatly in his favor.

There are in Madrid four public libraries, which are constantly open from nine until two o'clock,

with the exception of feast-days. Of these the *Biblioteca Real* is the principal. It has been lately removed to a building erected for the purpose, which is finely situated on the square beside the palace. The reading tables are placed in three noble rooms, corresponding to as many sides of the edifice, which is built round a court, and has a fine staircase in the centre. These rooms are carpeted with straw mats, and in the middle are files of tables with pens and ink, and comfortable chairs beside them. Against the walls are the bookshelves, numbered and tastefully ornamented. In each corner of these rooms are persons reading at their desks, who rise instantly to hand down such books as are asked for. The catalogues are kept in a smaller room apart, where there are two or three persons to answer the inquiries of the stranger, and to give the number and shelf where any particular work may be found. The attendants are generally well-bred respectable men, apparently literary persons, who find here a maintenance and leisure to follow their pursuits. Beside these attendants, ten in number, there were a porter, who lived in a small room upon the lower court, and whose business it was to kindle and place the braseros of burning embers in the different rooms; a gardener, who cultivated a small spot adjoining the edifice; and over all an aged chief, decorated with three or

four ribbons and crosses, and who came and went every day very quietly in a low-hung carriage drawn by two fat mules, and driven by an ancient postilion. Thus there were no less than thirteen persons attached to the royal library, without counting a picquet of the Spanish guards, who kept sentry at the door to see that every one doffed his hat and unrolled his cloak before entering this sanctuary of learning.

Besides two hundred thousand printed volumes, the Royal Library contains a number of Arabian, and an immense quantity of Spanish manuscripts, that have never seen the light. This fact is not conclusive as to their want of merit, but shows the barrier which has for centuries been maintained here against every species of publicity. I have even heard it said, that in Spain, the manuscript was well nigh as valuable as the printed literature. The *monetario*—cabinet of medals—is arranged in one of the most beautiful rooms I have anywhere seen; and indeed it well deserves the care taken of it, for it contains an extensive series of Greek, Roman, Gothic, Arabic, and modern coins and medals in excellent preservation, and is considered the third in the world, being estimated at two hundred thousand dollars.

Few establishments of the kind are on an equal footing, for convenience and comfort, with the Bib-

lioteca Real. Its rooms have a pleasant exposure, are well furnished, and appropriately ornamented. They are kept warm in winter, and silent at all times. Indeed, the most fastidious reader, as he sinks into one of their ample chairs, glances round upon the well-filled shelves, and thence upon the busy people about him, each intent upon his book, and at length lets his eye fall upon the volume of his choice spread out before him, could not possibly find any thing to desire. This prosperity is doubtless owing to the library's drawing its support from sources which are independent of the necessities of the state. It is one of many institutions which awaken the admiration of the stranger in Spain, as being at variance with the pervading decay.

Such are some of the claims which Madrid possesses to be called a great city. So great, indeed, is the enthusiastic opinion which the inhabitants entertain of it, that they will even tell you, with the bombast in which they are apt to indulge, that "Madrid alone is a capital," and "where Madrid is, let the world be silent."—"Solo Madrid es Corte," say they, and, "*Donde esta Madrid Calle el Mundo!*"

## CHAPTER VII.

## NEW CASTILE.

Social Pleasures in Madrid.—Drama.—Tragedy.—Sainete.—Theatres.—Actors.—Bolero.—Bull Fight.—Ancient Fight.—Modern Fight.—Corrida de Novillos.

THE period of the Constitution was, in Madrid, a season of jubilee. The public mind, so long shackled by despotism, and held in check by inquisitorial dread, was at once allowed free exercise and unrestrained expression. The people, intoxicated by indistinct notions of liberty, evinced their joy by crowding to the places of public amusement, and by festive entertainments, given in the open promenade of the Prado. This, however, had its end, like the season of stupor by which it had been preceded. The French were admitted to an easy conquest of Spain, and Ferdinand having exchanged one set of masters for another, returned once more to his capital. Fury and fanaticism came with him. Robberies, murders, and public executions took the place of rejoicings; and the Spaniards who still continued to think and feel sought to conceal it under a cloak of apathy. The effect of such a change on public manners is perfectly obvious. Friends no longer cared to meet friends,

where every topic of discourse might lead insensibly to something that was proscribed, and when no man was willing to trust his security to the keeping of another. Each person sought his amusements within the well-bolted door of his own apartment, and festivity no longer gained by participation. As the storm passed over, and the panic abated, the intercourse of society was partially resumed; but, in general, it still confines itself to meeting at the theatres, public walks, or in the evening tertulias, when the ladies remain at home and receive the visits of their male acquaintance, who circulate until a late hour from house to house. In the most distinguished class, consisting of the higher noblesse and the diplomatic corps, the French usages are so entirely adopted, that, when they occasionally come together, even the national language is partially superseded. With the French customs, however, the French fondness for society has not been adopted, or else it is restrained and counteracted by political dissension.

Notwithstanding the stagnation of public festivity, brought about by the counter-revolution, those who cater for the Spanish nation in all matters, whether of politics, information, or amusement, still continue to provide certain diversions, to give employment to the public mind. Of these, the most prominent is the drama.

X The Spanish theatre is said to possess the richest fund of dramatic literature in existence, and to have contributed abundantly to the other theatres of Europe. It counts upwards of twenty thousand comedies, of which Lope de Vega alone furnished near two thousand. Lope de Vega is by far the most prolific dramatist that ever lived, and a line of his own has been quoted to show, that the same day has frequently witnessed the writing and performance of his comedies. They are not, however, so much esteemed as those of Calderon de la Barca, who wrote less and better. Calderon is remarkable for a fruitful invention in developing a plot and in bringing about unexpected coincidences; for nobleness of sentiment, too, and harmony of diction; but his compositions are wanting in attention to general effect, abound in plays upon words and in equivocal, mix together pathos and buffoonery, and sometimes set all moral at defiance. They are chiefly copies of Spanish manners as they existed in the more chivalrous days of the nation, abounding in romantic actions of courage and patriotism, of disinterested generosity and of revenge, the consequence of that easily offended honor which distinguished the old cavaliers. They likewise show the intrigue which passionate love suggested in a country where the obstacles to female intercourse, the bolts and bars, bequeathed by the Moors, which

compassed the Spanish women about as in a seraglio, served to inflame desire and awaken ingenuity. Scarcely one of them but has a lover, meaning no harm, yet caught by accident in the apartment of his mistress, and forced to resort to concealment. The brother of the lady enters and discovers the supposed delinquent. A duel ensues, and, without time for explanation, he is left dead on the pavement. The lady is casually saved from a similar fate by the interposition of a third person, and presently after her innocence is manifest. Sometimes there are three or four duels, and as many dying men crying out, "*Muerto soy!*" in the very first *jornada*. This furnishes abundant perplexities for the heroes and heroines, of whom there are usually two or three sets, and the plot becomes entangled in such a knot of trouble, that to cut off the whole *dramatis personæ* would seem the only means of extrication. But the ready wit of the females generally saves all; the entanglements are all dexterously unravelled, as if by magic, and the whole *dramatis personæ* are commonly linked in couples, ready to be married, at the falling of the curtain.

How little the moral is sometimes regarded by Calderon may be seen in the tragedy entitled *A Secret Agravio*, *Secreta Venganza*, which I saw represented at Madrid. It begins with the story of one Don Juan, who, having killed a rival for giving

him the lie at Goa, escapes in a ship to Lisbon. At Lisbon he is publicly pointed at as an insulted man, and at once puts to death this new assailant of his honor. These two preliminary deaths are introduced for no other purpose than to prove that an affront is often remembered when its reparation is forgotten. On his arrival at Lisbon, Don Juan finds his old friend, Don Lope de Almeyda, newly married to Doña Leonor, a lady of Toledo. This Doña Leonor had been affianced to Don Luis de Benavidas, who, being at the wars in Flanders, is, through some mistake, reported to have been slain in battle. Doña Leonor, believing her lover dead, becomes indifferent to life, and is easily prevailed upon by her father to give herself away to Don Lope de Almeyda. Scarcely, however, had she contracted this unhappy tie, when her former lover—the only lover of her choice—returns from Flanders, and appears before her in Lisbon. The first surprise over, she reproaches his delay as the cause of her misfortunes. Then, yielding to the necessities of her situation, and to the new obligations which bound her, she grants him an interview, that they might make their peace and bid adieu for ever. For this purpose, Don Luis is admitted into the house of Leonor. As bad luck, or the will of the poet, would have it, he is there discovered by Don Lope in concealment. The latter, however, dreads

the stain which his honor would suffer from public scandal, if a fatal affray should take place in his own house. He, therefore, affects to believe the evasive explanations of Don Luis, and conducts him secretly to a door, whence he makes his escape; consoling himself with the reflection, that a man who seeks revenge must await the occasion, and, until it be found, suffer, dissemble, and be silent. At length, chance throws the husband and the lover together into the same boat, embarked upon the Tagus. There, Don Lope grapples with the supposed destroyer of his honor, and throws him into the stream. Thus much of his revenge accomplished, Don Lope returns to land, as if shipwrecked; and, having told Doña Leonor that his companion had perished in the destruction of the boat, he affects to receive her grief at the death of her lover as if excited by his own danger. In the dead of that very night he fires his country-house upon the banks of the Tagus, and murders his wife. Fire and water have thus combined to cleanse his honor of its stain, and he consoles himself with the reflection, that his secret is in good keeping, and that they will not proclaim his affront who cannot proclaim his revenge. The story is only related to King Sebastian, who observes, that a secret injury calls for secret revenge, and they all set off to fight for religion in Africa.

The Spanish *sainetes*, or farces, are very different from these long-winded old tragedies of *capa y espada*. The scene, instead of passing in the capital, is always laid in some obscure village; and the personages, instead of being princes or nobles, are of the lowest class. The stage is alternately trod by a gipsy, a courtesan, an alcalde or alguazil, a robber, a contrabandista, or a sexton. The plot of the *sainete* is always perfectly simple, and turns more frequently upon the passing interests of a moment, than upon matters which concern the future happiness of the parties. The inside of a dwelling or *posada*, or the public square of a village, is laid open to the audience. A few of the worthies of the place come together and talk for half an hour, uttering equivoques, and sometimes saying things that are not at all equivocal. They at last begin to quarrel, and get by the ears; the chairs and tables are overturned in the confusion, and the parties fall to beating each other off the stage with pasteboard clubs, which make a loud report, and gratify the audience, without breaking the bones of the comedians.

There is no people who have more in their manners of the grotesque and amusing than the people of Spain. For this reason, the *sainete*, which, like *Gil Blas*, is a copy and not an invention, is always full of amusement. The play upon words,

and the lively sallies of the *gracioso*, so offensive in serious pieces, are here no longer amiss. One has to laugh, not only at the wit of the sainete, but often at its very absurdity. The name of the piece, too, and the list of personages, often suffice of themselves to promote merriment. At one time it is *Saint Antonio's Pig*, in which the characters are a peasant, his wife, an alcalde, a *castrador*, and a sexton, the latter of whom makes love successfully and talks Latin. At another, it is the *Cause of a Jackass*, pleaded by his driver and an innkeeper, before some worthy alcalde, who administers justice much after the manner of Sancho in his island of Baritaria. The interlude of Olalla is a good specimen of the Spanish sainete.

Olalla is a country lass, sadly perplexed by the solicitations of several equally detested suitors. One of them is a sexton, another a soldier, and a third no less a person than the village doctor. In order to rid herself of their entreaties, she determines to set them all by the ears together. When, therefore, the sexton comes to see her, she promises to grant his most unreasonable request, if he will dress himself as a dead man and lay himself out in the church at midnight. From the soldier she next obtains a promise that he will go at the same hour and keep watch over the corpse; and the doctor is persuaded to assume the attributes of the devil, and

go to turn the dead man out of his coffin. Last of all, she gives notice to the alguazils—constables—of the expected disorder. At the appointed hour, Rinconete, the sexton, goes to the church, wrapped from head to foot in a white sheet, with a light in his hand, and with his face covered with flour. Having stretched himself out in the place where the funeral mass is performed, he puts the candlestick on his breast, and commences a soliloquy on the wonder-working power of love. Presently the soldier appears, and takes his post tremblingly, with shield and buckler. The sexton is greatly alarmed at the soldier, and the soldier much more so in finding himself in private with a dead man, who presently begins to talk with him and tell him that there is no jest about it, but that he is really dead. Upon this the doctor enters, covered over with little bells, having a pair of horns on his head and a long tail behind. He is the least frightened of all, and finds that the guise of the devil lends him courage. The soldier, unused to face such foes, is greatly dismayed, and the dead man believes that the devil has indeed come for his own. Meanwhile the devil advances, catches the corpse by the feet, and pitches it over upon the pavement. The dead man resents the blow. He falls upon the devil; and the soldier, gaining courage as the strife grows warm, begins to lay about him furiously. As a finale, they are

all pounced upon in the midst of the affray, and carried off by the justicia.

In addition to the tragedies, comedies, and farces, they have in Spain short musical pieces, called *tonadillas* and *seguidillas*, which are sung, danced, and recited by two or three performers. The music is entirely national. One may find in these primitive little pieces the earliest stage of the opera. As for the theatres of Madrid, they do not confine themselves to Spanish productions; but more frequently represent tragedies, comedies, and melodramas in the modern taste, chiefly translated from the French. They likewise have very fair Italian operas once or twice a week, which are given in the two theatres alternately.

There are at present in Madrid two public theatres, the *Teatro de la Cruz* and the *Teatro del Principe*. Their decoration is neat, though plain, and their scenery very good. Each is capable of containing about fifteen hundred persons. In arrangement these theatres cannot well be surpassed for comfort and convenience. The half of the pit immediately behind the orchestra is divided into rows of seats, each with a back and arms. They are likewise numbered, so that a person may, late or early, find his place unoccupied. These seats are called *lunetas*, and are either hired for a month or for the evening. They cost twelve reals, or

about three shillings. The remaining half of the pit contains seats of inferior price and convenience; and, still farther in the rear, are people who stand up and see the play, mixed with royalist volunteers, who are present to keep order. The boxes are either hired for the season or the night. The pit is entirely occupied by men. For the exclusive accommodation of the women, there is a large gallery directly in front of the stage, known by the whimsical name of the *cazuela*, or *stew-pan*. Here no gentlemen are admitted. To look on the pale faces, black mantillas, and blacker eyes of the assembled damsels, one might almost believe them a party of nuns, such as may be seen in the chapel of a convent, peeping through a grating upon some solemn ceremony, and casting now and then a furtive, I have sometimes fancied, a wistful glance, upon the assembled multitude. This deception, however, is but momentary; for the inmates of the *cazuela* are, many of them, any thing but nuns. It is somewhat unfavorable to the gentler sex to remark, that, whilst every thing goes on orderly in the *lunetas*, the *cazuela* is often the scene of scolding and contention. This, however, may proceed from their being more crowded together than the men, and being, furthermore, left entirely to themselves; whilst the men are watched and taken care of by sundry fierce-looking *realistas*.

Be it as it may, the cazuela often afforded me as much amusement as the stage; for, what with the confusion of voices, adjusting of hair and mantillas, nods, glances, and agitation of fans, it had the turmoil and flutter of a rookery.

The two companies of Madrid are of pretty equal force. If there be any difference, it is in favor of the Principe. At the Cruz, the first parts are filled by Garcia Luna; at the Principe, by La Torre, who is the first Spanish tragedian of the day. La Torre is a pupil of the celebrated Maiquez, who must, from all accounts, have been a wonderful actor. Maiquez had formed himself under the eye of Talma, and played for a while with great success in Madrid. But being infected with liberal notions, he found a difficulty in smothering his feelings, and allowed himself on several occasions to direct his indignant declamations towards the king, who used to come frequently to the theatre during the lifetime of his last queen. For this or for some other reason, he fell into disgrace, and was driven from the capital. Being unable to delight other countries with those talents which could only be appreciated in his own, he languished in poverty somewhere in Andalusia, where he at last pined away and died, just before the return of the constitution. As for La Torre, he is above the middle size, and finely proportioned, but his face is far from handsome. His features are

too large, and his face is deeply pitted with the small-pox. La Torre is, on the whole, a good tragedian, equal, perhaps, to the best on the French stage. He has, to a certain extent, shaken off that forced, declamatory, and inflated style too general among Spanish players, and which they doubtless borrow from the exaggerated and bombastic character of their national drama. Though following nature rather than the rules of critics, La Torre is still a long way from perfection, and is entirely a stranger to those quiet, those wonder-working touches, which gave such a charm to the acting of Talma.

Nor should I forget to mention Guzman, who likewise plays at the Principe, and who is far better as a gracioso than is La Torre as a tragedian. As for the female performers, they are equally poor in both theatres; a singular fact, which may, perhaps, find a cause in the disreputable character of the dramatic profession in Spain, which excludes educated women from the stage; and in the looseness of morals, which soon leads such as are beautiful to abandon an ungrateful profession. In private life the Spanish females are remarkable for tact and sprightliness in conversation, and for that natural courtesy which gives a charm to social intercourse. When they step upon the stage, they seem to leave all their fascination behind them.

Their manner is at times inflated and unnatural; at others they exhibit symptoms of weariness by gaping, or of inattention to the business of the scene by exchanging glances of recognition and smiles with their acquaintances among the audience.

But by far the most objectionable appendage of the Spanish stage is its prompter. He sits in a kind of trap-door in front of the stage, immediately behind the lights, concealed from the audience by a tin box or screen. From hence he reads the whole of the piece, for the guidance of the players, who seldom commit their parts to memory. His book and hand usually project upon the boards, and are seen pointing from one to another of the actors, to indicate whose turn it is. His voice is always audible, and, occasionally, in a pathetic part, his declamation becomes loud and impassioned, and he forgets where he is until called to order by the audience. Since the prompter precedes the actor, you frequently know in anticipation what the latter is to say, and the idea is conveyed by the ears before you see the action which is meant to accompany it. After a while the actor draws himself up in a mysterious way, to repeat to you a secret which is already in your possession. This is even more monstrous than the custom which prevailed in the infancy of the Greek drama, of having one man to speak and another to gesticulate. Hence all de-

ception is destroyed, and the chief pleasure of the drama, that of making one forget that he has actors before him, instead of persecuted orphans, hapless lovers, or heroes bearing up under misfortune, is lost entirely. It is an excellence, which, with one or two solitary exceptions, is absolutely unknown to the Spanish comedians. They are all players.

At all events, this is true of them considered as tragedians. In the *sainete*, the case is different, where the men, throwing away cloak and sword and kicking off the buskin, appear in the every-day garb of peasants, gypsies, and contrabandistas; and the women, laying aside their assumed and ill-worn look of innocence, step forth loosely and boldly as coquettes and courtesans. The jokes and equivoques call down unremitting bursts of laughter, and the finale of breaking each other's heads with clubs of paper is the signal for shouting and uproar amidst the dispersing audience. That the Spaniards should fail in tragedy and succeed in farce, may clash with all those received notions of lofty bearing and Castilian gravity which the reader may have formed to himself. Such is, nevertheless, the case; and I describe things as I found them, not as I expected to find them.

But I had well nigh forgotten to say something of the dancing, usually performed as an interlude between the play and the farce. Who has not

heard of the fandango?—a dance which has been bequeathed to Spain by the Arabs, together with the guitar and the castanet; and which, though now banished from refined society in Spain, still prevails in all the cities of South America. The fandango is danced by two persons, who stand opposite to each other, and who, without touching so much as a finger, still contrive to interest each other by alluring postures, by advancing, retreating, and pursuing; the female flying for a time before her partner like a scared pullet, and showing at last evident symptoms of languor, hesitation, and approaching defeat. No one can deny that the fandango is a most fascinating dance; and there is even a story told of it which would set the matter beyond a doubt, and which is, perhaps, as true as many other very good stories.

The holy see, it appears, being incited by the solicitude of the Spanish clergy to attempt the reformation of public morals in Spain, issued a decree forbidding the exhibition of bull-fights, and sent a Roman bull to drive all the Spanish ones out of the arena. This triumph paved the way for another. The fandango was presently attacked in form, as having a tendency to excite unchaste desires. But as the reverend consistory of cardinals was too just to pass sentence unheard, even upon the fandango, a couple were brought before the grave assemblage

to exhibit the delinquent dance. The dancers made their appearance in the usual costume, took out their castanets, raised their voices, and commenced the fandango. The venerable fathers first received them with the look of sages, determined to hear in patience and decide justly. When the dance began, however, they contracted their brows and looked on frowningly, as if each would conceal his own secret satisfaction. But at last nature overcame dissimulation, their hearts warmed, their countenances brightened, and, flinging their long hats and scull-caps at each other, they began to caper over the floor in vain imitation of the fandango.

The fandango having thus successfully pleaded its own defence, continues to appear nightly upon the Spanish stage, but the progress of refinement has gradually stripped it of all indecorum. The bolero is neither more nor less than a new edition of the fandango, which contains all the beauties of the original, curtailed of every thing which might offend the most scrupulous delicacy. There are several varieties of the bolero, known by distinct names, and which may be danced by two, four, six, and even eight persons. To my taste, however, the most beautiful version of all is the cachucha. It consists of a natural succession of movements at once easy and graceful, and has been well defined

“ a just and harmonious convulsion of the whole body.” You are not astonished, as at the French opera, by the execution of feats of force and agility, which you would deem impossible did you not see them, nor by a combination of intricate movements in which the art consists in reducing confusion to order; but you are led along, delighted by a series of motions and attitudes, which succeed each other so naturally that the dancers seem to be on the floor rather for their own amusement than for the purpose of exhibition. The Andalusian bolero dances, not only with her feet, but likewise with her arms, with the graceful inflexions of her body, and with her speaking eyes. X

I have seen the cachucha danced in many Spanish cities, but never so well as one night in the theatre of Malaga. On that occasion the couple could scarce have been surpassed, either for good looks or good dancing. Of the young man it is but small praise to say, that he was of fine size and perfect proportions;—for how could it be otherwise, when he had been selected from a whole nation of well-made men to do the honors of his country? All this nature had given him; nor had art failed to lend it assistance. He was dressed in the gala costume of Andalusia, which is known all over Spain under the well received name of *majo*, or dandy. His long hair was combed backward and X

plaited with ribbons, whilst his luxuriant whiskers were trimmed into the true Andalusian curve. Over a shirt, richly worked at the breast, sleeves, and collar, he wore a green velvet jacket, too narrow to meet in front, and trimmed at the lappels and cuffs with abundance of dangling gold buttons of basket-work. Under this jacket, and indeed forming part of it, was a waistcoat of the same material, richly embroidered with gold, and which served to tighten the outer jacket to the body. The collar of his shirt was confined by a narrow scarf of yellow silk, which descended along the bosom, and his waist was girded with many turns of a sash of the same material. He wore small-clothes of green velvet, studded with buttons from the hip to the knee; white silk stockings and black shoes; and an embroidered handkerchief peeped from each pocket of his jacket. Such was the *majo* of Malaga.

But how shall I give the reader an adequate idea of the charms of the *bolera*? for though here, too, art had been busy, nature had done more, and had even surpassed herself. Though taller than women usually are, she was still of perfect conformation, with just enough of fullness to remove the imputation of being lean, and to indicate the perfection of agility and grace. Her appearance offered one of the best comments upon the character of the

bolero; for her form had not suffered by the nature of the exercise, and was neither cramped nor emaciated by painful exertion. Her head wore no other covering than its own luxuriant tresses of jet black hair, parted in the middle and decorated by a single red rose. As for her complexion, it was of a ripe and ruddy brown, with features dignified enough, but rather laughing and complacent; white teeth, well-arched eye-brows and flashing eyes, such as are only to be met with in the mellow region of Andalusia. There was, in fact, about this lovely girl the air of one who had inherited even more than a woman's share of soul and feeling.

The dress of the maja was of green silk trimmed with gold, and the lower half was entirely surrounded by a loose tassel work of glittering gold fringe. When she stood still, it hung in rich and heavy folds around her; but when turning rapidly in the windings of the dance, it would expand into a golden halo. Though her dress rose high in the neck, it left the arms at liberty, and their healthy hue was relieved by black ribbons tied above the wrist and elbow, whilst a string of the same confined a castanet to either thumb. Over stockings of white silk she wore a light slipper, partially covering a foot that did but touch the ground, as if unwillingly, at the heel and toe, and seemed to spurn it.

At a preparatory flourish of the music the well-matched couple dart from behind the scenes, rattling their castanets. They are evidently well-pleased with themselves, and their eyes beam with good humor towards each other and the audience. As for the bolera, she salutes us with a laughing eye, a retreating step, a backward motion of the arms, and a single stroke of her castanet. They are, in fact, only waiting for the murmur of applause to pass away, that they may begin the entertainment. I would willingly make the reader follow them in this trial of grace, but to give an idea of any dance where so much depends on the motion, the attitude, or the look of the moment, is an ungrateful task. I will, therefore, merely tell him, that here, as in most Spanish dances, there was implied a simple story of rural courtship and coquetry, upon which to found a pantomime. The dancers alternately advanced, drew back, pursued, retreated, passed and repassed each other, keeping time all the while with their arms and castanets, nay, with the whole body to the peculiar music, which was sometimes gay, sprightly, and animating, sometimes wild, plaintive, and reproachful; expressing now contentment and happiness, now the poignant sorrow of unrequited love. Sometimes there would occur an abrupt break in the music, and they would remain an instant in the attitude in

which it left them. At others the bolera alone would pause, look with a satisfied air upon the performance of her partner, and, not content with striking the castanets in her extended hands, would mark the time for him by a skilful motion of her heel. At this critical moment the curtain descended, and interposed its dingy folds. The interruption was most unwelcome. I thought I could have gazed for ever. Nor was the impression merely momentary; for never since that time have I heard the sound of the castanet without a quickened motion of my blood, and a full recollection of that lovely Maligueña.

The bull-fight is, however, the great national amusement of Spain; an amusement which, though it may be stigmatized as cruel and brutalizing, is, nevertheless, unequalled in deep and anxious interest. It has furnished matter of much learned discussion whether the Spaniards derive their bull-fights from the Romans or the Moors. It is, however, pretty well established that the *Taurilia* of the Romans were similar to those of modern times\*. It is equally certain that the bull-fight held an important rank in the chivalrous sports of the Arabian Spaniards. Having adopted this custom of the conquered country, they carried it to great perfection;

\* Clarke, Letters concerning the Spanish Nation.