young officers and of the nobility upon their fiery barbs, or English bloods, spurred towards the grand entrance of the Prado, intent upon saluting the royal party on its return, and gracing their fair regent's departure from the spot. This was the signal for throngs of fashionables—vehicles of every size and colour,—riders and walkers, to press towards the same point; and after obtaining as close a glance of the blooming, smiling, and really beautiful and good-natured young dowager as they could, the whole concourse of the Prado, as if seized by one spontaneous movement,—dispersing like clouds of mist before the sunny smiles of their sovereign lady,—as quickly followed her example, leaving the world to me and to my German Achates, who stood at my elbow; for he had promised to show me not only the lions of Madrid, but to join me in my excursion to the city of Toledo.

The lofty palace and gardens of the Buen Retiro rose more dimly in the gathering shadows above us. The murmur of the trees and of the glittering waters began to be heard amid the lessening din; and far along the shallow vale of the Prado, and up the hill to the gate of Alcalà, the vistas grew gradually more circumscribed:—the long avenues, the broad walks, rows of trees, statues, and every object but the sparkling of the jetting fountains contrasted with the flickering shadows of the leaves upon the ground, began to be lost upon the eye. Though sheltered by the surrounding hills from the sudden blasts which sweep across the high plains of Castile, and shut in
from the barren prospects around, the air soon became chill, and the breeze rose into a louder note from the gardens of the palace and the more elevated grounds around. The three noble openings from the principal streets could be no longer discerned;—the heights of the Retiro, the view stretching from the gate of Saint Barbara to that of Atocha, and the old avenue of trees reaching as far as the new canal and the banks of the Manzanares.

It is towards this hour that the deep mournful sounds of the angelus falls upon the ear with a strange and solemn power; and there is something singularly striking in the awe-inspiring effect which it so instantaneously throws over a vast assemblage of human beings,—especially on the Prado,—when the vast moving concourse stops, as if struck by an invisible hand. However earnestly or passionately engaged in the most absorbing of topics—love, argument, politics; malice, envy, the most cutting repartee, all alike yield to the overpowering sense of the one great necessity—the last supporting hope—the refuge of calamity,—prayer; without which the human mind withers and dies in the thick fogs and darkness of its own terrestrial atmosphere. Reason may try to combat, or impiety to deride, a custom hallowed to its observers by the religious impressions of centuries; but not even the most philosophical can be present at the sight, mark the short interval thus dedicated to Heaven, and the as sudden resumption of every word or thing at the precise point it left off, without mingling surprise with his respect.
Our first visit, next morning, was to the royal palace, erected on the site of that consumed by fire in the year 1734. The architect Giuvara supplied the first model,—still in existence; but, on account of its immense extent, never carried into execution. It was designed by his pupil, Sachetti, after his master's death, and the edifice may perhaps be said to have neither gained nor lost by the exchange. *Par nobiles fratres*, they might have consulted with advantage the works of the Italians, to say nothing of Vitruvius and his successors. Chasteness, dignity, and grandeur lie buried under an unwieldy mass of ornament and unmeaning capricious forms and combinations, which, like Gray's long story, can boast of "passages which lead to nothing." Simplicity and beauty are both lost in the study of the gorgeous and the light. It is built of white stone.

Each front extends four hundred and seventy feet, and one hundred high; the whole pile, from its lofty situation, commanding an ample prospect of surrounding plains and distant hills. As you enter, it has more the appearance of some stupendous fortress than a royal residence removed hundreds of miles from the frontiers of the land. The confusion of windows, pilasters, and decorations, with ranges of vast glazed arches round the interior court, give it the aspect of some huge manufactory,—a want of architectural taste the less excusable, from the number of admirable models in the old Alcazars—in particular that of Toledo—almost before the designer's eyes. The elegant colonnade, and the circular court
of the Moorish edifices, ought to have suggested happier combinations, without reference to the splendid progress of the art in Italy; but perhaps, as it has been justly remarked by an enlightened traveller, the very existence of such a thing was then a secret at Madrid. The design itself appears to have involved contradiction and inefficiency in the execution; for the grand staircase, formed upon the plan of a double flight, had subsequently one of the entrances closed up, the other being deemed of “ample room and scope enough” for every earthly purpose. It is only to the interior, then, and the treasures which it enfold, that the traveller can look for that gratification which so vast but shapeless an edifice promised to the eye; and the moment you are surrounded by the gorgeous beauty and magnificence of the upper saloons, you cease to feel disappointment and to blame the architect’s want of knowledge and skill.

Having ascended by the elegant marble staircase, with its richly decorated balustrade, we were astonished at the imposing dimensions of the halls, and the height and splendour of the ceilings which struck our view. On first entering the grand Salon de los Reynos, my companion could not conceal his admiration, although he had visited most of the capitals of Europe and become familiar with all “the pomp and circumstance” peculiar to royal residences, and the miracles of art which the Parisian, Dresden, and Bavarian galleries can boast. Here is the throne; the ceiling is one of the chef d’œuvres of the Venetian
Tiepolo, who has appropriately decorated it with the different costumes of Spanish royalty. Splendid marbles fill the cornices and socles, and form the frames of the doors and windows.*

A profusion of antique vases, statues, and busts give animation to the massy decorations and the spacious dimensions of the saloon. The rich furniture, of Spanish workmanship; the brilliant mirrors, nowhere excelled in size; the tapestry, also of native manufacture; the allegorical figures, representing provincial deputies attended by eminent citizens, each in the exact prevailing dress of the day; the triumphs of the Spanish arms,—present altogether a picture of times, character, and costume, as curious to the artist as it is interesting to the general beholder. I left the German busily noting and sketching, while I entered the dining hall, in which Mengs figures with all his might upon the ceiling, surrounded by half Olympus,—the graces of the goddesses and the terrors of the gods being equally obedient to the magic touches of his pencil. Portraits of two Philips

* These rich marbles are wholly the produce of Spain, and there is little doubt that not only the Moors, but the Romans drew the splendour of their temples and palaces from the same inexhaustible source; the ruins of Roman and Moorish magnificence,—alabaster, porphyry, and the richest jasper, being alike found in different parts of the country. Porphyry was brought from the neighbourhood of Cordova, jasper from Aracena, green marbles from the mountains of Granada, the brown from Zorlosa, Leon and Malaga supplied alabaster; Toledo, Talavera, Badajoz, and Murviedro abounded in variegated colours. Jasper is found in different places; and for the amethyst and its radix, Spain has always been more particularly celebrated.
adorn the walls, with the consort of Philip III., the Count of Olivarez, all on horseback, the work of Velasquez; and two of very inferior character, Philip V. and Queen Isabella Farnese, by Charles Vanloo. Velasquez was fond of representing the Spanish princes on horseback; and the inimitable grace and spirit which he threw into the attitudes of the steed, no less than of the rider, made him celebrated in this line even more than for his finer productions, in particular during his life-time;—the vanity of kings, like that of other people, being one of the most liberal patrons in the world.

The audience chamber next exhibits the Apotheosis of Hercules, by Mengs; and that fine picture of the Annunciation, upon which he was last employed at Rome when surprised by death. The expression of modest tenderness in the countenance of the Virgin is inexpressibly beautiful; though that of the angel Gabriel, and the attitude in which he delivers his mission, have been pronounced not so appropriate by some critics. His Homage of the Shepherds is remarkable for its natural grace and expression, and it is one of the most highly finished by this interesting master. So attached was Charles III. to his productions, that he ornamented his chamber with them; and if we may judge from a single specimen,—the Descent from the Cross, in which the sorrow of the beloved disciple, the deep anguish of the Virgin, and the touching grief of the Magdalen,—still beautiful amidst the last wreck of their hopes,—are all told with so much pathetic truth, the Chevalier
Azara was not so far wrong, when he declared that he could stop and gaze upon his works day after day, without their losing a particle of their original charm.

But how proudly pre-eminent appeared to me, and the German artist re-echoed the sentiment, those master-pieces of Italy, in the adjoining hall! How the Titians shone upon you with the vividness of fresh creations,—still clear, rich, and full-toned,—as if glowing with young life, and producing the same impression compared with Spanish, Flemish, or any other, as lately the portraits of Reynolds put by the side of Lawrence, and the exhibition of our modern historic painters contrasted with our gallery of the old school! Look at the Venus blindfolding Cupid, and its counterpart, the Group of two beautiful Women, with a Warrior standing between them; a Venus at her Toilet, a Lysippus, a Prometheus, and that exquisitely finished Adam and Eve; and then turn to its counterpart, the copy executed by Rubens, and you must at once admit the unapproachable excellence of the great original. Others, by Paolo Veronese, by Bassano, Tintoretto, Giordano, and one by Spagnoletti, though positively excellent, convince you of the immeasurable distance between the few great masters of Italy and their followers in their own and in every other land. One would rather suppose that Raffaello, Titian, and Michael Angelo had been pupils of some Parrhasius or Apelles, those shadowy wonders of elder Greece, than that those who followed them had been theirs, and children of the same studio, the same genius-teeming land. But while he
MASTER-PIECES.

219
criticised, my friend did justice to native Spanish
worth, pointing out in the next apartment the Vul-
can’s Forge, by Velasquez; and a Spanish General
receiving the Keys of a conquered Town.

On going through the adjoining chambers, we
were equally struck with two exquisite productions
of Coreggio, and others by Vandyke, Titian, and
Raffaello himself. Of the last, Christ bearing the
Cross is one of the most wonderful emanations of
intellectual majesty and beauty which ever sprung
from a painter’s soul, and it cannot be contemplated
for many moments without filling the mind with
unspeakable emotion, and the eye with tears. The
mingled pathos and sublimity of the expression, as
the Saviour of the world bends beneath the weight
of his cross,—the divine calmness and lofty sorrow
with which he looks upon his fierce persecutors;
and, regardless of his own grief, seeks to console the
afflicted mother and his followers, seemed to us as
we gazed more like the effect of inspiration, than
the mere tracings of a mortal hand. The Homage
of the Kings, by Rubens, displays all the richness
and magnificence which he knew how to throw into
his composition and colouring; the majestic air and
action of the kings is shrouded by the knowledge
that a greater King, to whom all thrones must bow,
is come upon the earth; their genius stands rebuked
before the awful tribunal that shall try them as other
men, and the only grandeur and dignity of sentiment
which raises them in your eyes seems borrowed from
the mission on which they are sent,—delegates from
mankind to hail the advent of one before whom all power not founded on justice shall be condemned. I shall pass over other apartments adorned, like most palaces, with works of a less perfect, as well as a less elevating and moral kind; some of the Italian, others of the Flemish school. The rapid Giordano, Lanfranc, Poussin, Paolo Veronese, each are assigned their sphere, till at length you reach the native masters, scarcely heard of beyond Spain,—Navarrette, Cano, Zurbaran, Zerezó, Cabezaleró, Blas de Prado, Joanes, who, next to the great men already commemorated, there at least enjoy their share of fame.

My companion would have lingered in these rooms for hours; but time passed, and with the good nature characteristic of his nation, he walked with me to the botanic garden, close to the Prado, of which it forms one of the most pleasing features, being separated from it only by a slight enclosure. It is a delightful summer retreat, affording abundance of shade, and regaling the eye with plants of the greatest rarity and variety, brought from every clime and arranged according to the Linnean method, in squares. With the opportunities of enriching it, such as only kings of Spain possessed, it might have been rendered still more wonderful and valuable; for it might once be said, in the words of Piron,—

"Et l'Espagne est partout, où luit l'astre du jour!"

Yet years elapsed without the slightest attempt to improve such advantages, and it was not till the dominion of the monarchy was much circumscribed, that
the attention of the government was directed to the subject. The institution was most indebted to the minister of the Indies, Galvez; since whose time no year has elapsed without bringing some curious specimens or other in the form of new trees, plants, bulbs, or seeds. It is creditable to the former government also, that men of science were sent with instructions to the different colonies to collect facts connected with the properties, growth, and culture of exotics; the discovery of new varieties, and the best manner of introducing them into Europe. The learned director, Cavanilles, ably seconded the views of the ministry; and it is to him that the stranger from every part of Europe, no less than Spaniards, are indebted for the pleasure which the arrangement affords in examining the different departments of this splendid collection. For general information, the names of the plants are inscribed on tickets, enclosed in little tubes of tin and placed at the foot of each of them. Numerous experiments were publicly tried by the professors and their pupils, illustrated by a series of lectures; and frequent meetings were held, which had the advantage of leading to the discussion of other sciences, and subjects connected with them.

Every kind of information is given to the visitors, and from the rector to the subordinate authorities the same courtesy and attention are experienced, which make the examination of this excellent institution, its spacious walks, its delicious shady alleys, the varied and beautiful disposition of the grounds, so much an object of curiosity and so inviting to the traveller. Nor
are other inducements wanting to excite your admiration, and win your steps into this region of bloom and beauty, on a day such as it was our fortune to behold it. The pure fragrant air, the bright blue sky, the clear far prospect, and the soul of life and gaiety which animates the picturesque groupes of every class, in their best peculiar dress, passing or repassing before the eye.

Among the days we spent at Madrid, none afforded us a richer treat than our visit to the royal Museum in company with Señor M., a brother artist of my German friend, who kindly introduced me to him. He was a man of the most affable manners, well informed, intelligent beyond his age, and profoundly acquainted with the principles of his art. In point of courtesy and hospitality he vied with those chivalrous times, when a Spaniard never saw you without placing his house and all it contained at your disposal. He had given my friend admission at any hour to the Museum during his stay; he paid me the same compliment, and moreover gratified us both by accepting our invitation to join in our excursion to Toledo, which we proposed as a little break upon the continued succession of sights, which in a place like Madrid, soon becomes almost as wearisome as the description itself, besides the risk of a sight-fever,—and then, after a respite, to return with renewed resolution to the charge. In short, I was quite bewildered with the splendid collection which now burst upon my view; my eyes refused to wander even over the catalogue; and the master-pieces of Spanish art, the famous Flemish
school, and the diviner creations of Italy, all equally began to pall upon the eye and the mind. Yet the Titians are allowed to be some of the finest which that magic genius ever drew: I was vexed that I could not feel pleased; and observing me to be fairly worn out, my good German—though fresh as a lark himself—absolutely pulled me away, jocosely proposing a visit to the bull-ring, and in the evening to the grand opera, to hear three famous singers, at the principal theatre in Madrid.

In returning to our hotel, we witnessed one of those popular traits which show that the Spanish, with all their faults and disadvantages, have some sense of honour and of right conduct left. There was a group of women, two of whom of a class called manolas had a quarrel, and drew knives. Some officers, who happened to be passing by, interfered; and one of these, from his extreme likeness, was mistaken for the handsome cavaliere servente, Muños. The parties interested, as well as the spectators, began to load him with all manner of uncomplimentary epithets. “Please to let honest people alone, sir!” was the cry. “Let the ladies fight it out, Señor Servidor! Go home, Sir Cavallero, and attend to your own business!”
CHAPTER IX.

MADRID.


Nothing can exceed the infinite diversity of scene and character to be met with in Madrid; a succession of changes and contrasts, which renders the traveller's sojourn, if he have the wit to vary his amusements according to his humour, one continual feast. Be the said traveller composed of what qualities he may, the most strange and contradictory in the world, he will find food for each and all at Madrid. It was this happy tact of varying his objects of pursuit, that kept my German friend, to speak in the vulgar tongue, from being bored, and what is equally to be avoided, from becoming a bore,—a sin I at least could not lay to his charge. He agreed with me, on the other hand, that to run the gauntlet, without stopping, through a whole series of exhibitions and spectacles of every kind, such as this city has to offer, is only less intolerable than to inflict a "full and particular
AN UNPLEASANT ANECDOTE.

account" of them, in the language of our public criers, without allowing breathing time, upon the unfortunate and unoffending reader.

For the interest of the tourist individually therefore, no less than as a caterer for the pleasure of others, it is very advisable that he should be merciful in his descriptions, moderate in his use of comparatives and superlatives, and judicious in the choice and distribution of his topics. It was with this view, then, after visiting some of the grander institutions and public places, that I now preferred to join my friend in his quiet walks, in search of the picturesque, to different spots, taking the Post-office in our way; for I had observed, during the last day or two, the visible anxiety of the good German to hear from some of his friends,—and, as I subsequently learnt, also from his banker at Munich. And not without reason; for it appears, that on his way from Seville to the north he had fallen in with an Englishman,—a man of the most affable manners and winning address, but who, I regret to say, not appreciating the excellent qualities of my friend, his noble, enthusiastic nature and generous disposition as he ought, sought to render them subservient to his own sordid views. By degrees the swindler,—for it was found in the end that he was no better,—contrived to make himself so agreeable, and appeared from letters and other documents he exhibited to be a man of such fashion and connexions, that the unsuspicious G. hesitated not a moment, when requested, to advance some hundred pounds, and to take in exchange a fictitious order upon a well-known banker...
at Madrid. His ready cash had thus become nearly exhausted, and he had been several days at Madrid before he cared even to present his cheque, so very confident did he feel of all being right with a man of birth and fashion.

His surprise and perplexity upon being undeceived may well be imagined; and it was honourable to his character, and to the high-minded motives and feelings which I believe to have actuated him, that he could so soon admit to his confidence—nay, to his friendship, a countryman of one who had even now so basely imposed upon him. That the inconvenience was temporary is no mitigation of the crime, for such it was, which the impostor committed, it may almost be said, against the laws of nations as well as of society. Yet not a word of this reached my ears till after my honourable friend, as I may justly term him, had received his new letter of credit from Germany. Fortunately it was a post-day; and not only a letter, but letters, some from his family, made my kind companion's countenance radiant with a serene and grateful joy, in which I could not but sympathize for many reasons. Absence from home and country seems at once to make friends of those who meet upon a foreign shore; they form a new social compact, a community of kindred spirits, and hence the idea of a citizenship of the world,—when men shall learn how to appreciate one another's claims to an intellectual brotherhood, to one great commonwealth of Christian love.

In this pleasant mood, we first bent our steps
through the grand street of Toledo, thronged with groupes of country people and suburbs of a better class, hurrying to their favourite exhibition of a bull-fight, while we proceeded on the gentler mission of sketching the noble bridge and a picturesque-looking water-mill, which had before struck the German's fancy as he passed by. Proceeding afterwards towards the palace and along the banks of the river, we caught a view of some cattle and figures, very pleasingly grouped, and offering a tempting foreground for one of his many delineations of the neighbouring palace, and these he immediately transferred, with unexampled rapidity—for the air was somewhat sharp—to his port-feuille. But though cool, the weather was delightfully clear and invigorating, such as to induce us to extend our walks over the entire circuit of the city, above three leagues and a half in circumference, and three quarters at least in length, or breadth. This brought us within view of the cemetery beyond the walls, from which we could command a more general and complete view of the capital, towards which the villagers were yet hastening to the grand fiesta,—its broad straight streets, its gates, squares, and numerous churches and public edifices, which my companion could now observe and criticise at his leisure. He remarked the extreme want of taste,—a want not yet supplied by the labours of its academies of learning and art,—so observable in its public monuments, the patchwork of barbarous relics, extending no less to the gates, to the ancient fountains, the statues, and embellishments of public places, than to the churches and palaces themselves. It is to this
combination of heterogeneous parts we may attribute the unpleasant and imperfect effect of so many monuments and public works upon the eye; a censure, however, from which we ought to exempt, I think, the gates of Alcalá and St. Vincent, in some measure the new palace, and assuredly the noble edifice you see beyond the gardens of the Retiro, bordering on the Prado,—the work of the able Villanueva: I need not mention the royal Museum. How few besides are worth the attention of the classic student and man of taste! It is a pity; for you see the capital, as a whole, well laid out, not half so crooked as most other metropolitan streets, exceedingly well policed, neat and clean, and not deficient in handsome quarters, as the avenues of the Prado, the Plaza Mayor, the long piazzas, and the broad squares, sufficiently attest.

I suppose it is its historical associations,—the grand autos-da-fé, and the bull feasts, which make the great square such a favourite with the Spaniards, especially when illuminated for some solemn procession, the wild festivities of their carnival—fiestas reales, as they are magnificently termed. You hear yonder arena, now overflowing with countless thousands, how it rings with the tumult of savage exultation, deemed exceedingly glorious and gratifying to the eyes of their patron saint to witness the death-struggle between man, the generous steed, and the bold-hearted father of the herds. Think of the description given of him by Virgil, and turn your eye to the sanguinary scene where all his noble energies, his dauntless heart and sinewy frame, are made worse
than sport of—tormented, maddened, torn,—till every nerve and pore are alive only to pain, and he falls slain, but often unconquered to the last. Yet the same people who can delight in exhibitions like this, hold their scientific and literary meetings in the very amphitheatre appointed for its celebration—the Academy of History, its library, its museum, collections of manuscripts and medals, being situated in the Plaza Mayor. And as I believe there is philosophy even in a bull-fight, and wisdom to be extracted from the worst passions,—being good moreover for the eye to witness sudden peril, dexterity, fortitude, and escape in extreme need, we will even go to the bull-ring, though detesting a sight of horror and details that will not bear description, as I know we both do.

"But enough, my friend, of sketches for to-day: I have got three of the old fountains, the mill, two of the water-drawers, the observatory, the grand altar of St. Isidore, this group of cattle and figures; in short, I have most ample materials to make half a dozen volumes of illustrations, if you will only supply the letter-press. And what a field before us!—it is all one grand landscape! The sight of these wild bulls will conjure up ideas of green hills, the old forests, the fragrant flowery meads, the clear limpid streams, and all those forest joys which my beloved Virgil or Sannazaro sung so well, and it would make you weep to hear them celebrate their loss, and the fate of the noble animals so doomed. Besides, we can study the whole costume, the character, and all those little manners and peculiarities best, when the vast concourse is greatly
excited, full of natural looks and action, and not imagining, as in church or at a procession, that they are the "observed of all observers," which of itself induces artificial modes and affectation in every thing. We will then go and peep at the grand opera, and the play,—Don Quixote let it be,—and the masquerade, and the carnival on the river, and high mass at the great altar of St. Isidore, where you shall sit almost next to the queen,—and all this will improve your philosophy of travel that you mean to publish, and make you ready for being heartily ennuied, and going your little visit to see the old-fashioned Toledo."

I had now, listening to the good-natured gossip of my companion, joined the stream of population bearing towards the gate of the Sun, thence to the Prado and the noble spreading street of Alcalá, up to its very outlet presenting one continued chain of processions of the most grotesque and ever-varying character, with vehicles of every size, antique and modern, drawn by horses, mules, and donkeys, from the old don's family coach to the neat calesine, and the go-carts, bearing the dignity, the fashion, and the sweepings of stalls and alleys, alike to participate in the excitement of the eventful scene. Mounted on lively Andalusians, or the small palfreys of Xeres and Cordova, the majos and young officers, scions of the aristocracy, each in their characteristic attire, were seen gallantly escorting their fairer counterparts of the lordly creation. The rich-dressed majas and the lively manolas played off their best airs from their fine-footed amblers, or the pillion in the old style,
the open barouche and the neater calesine; while shoals of villagers and citizens lined the foot-ways, passing their opinions, betting, laughing, full of skits and proverbs aimed at the foibles of their superiors, often borrowed from the great Don's squire, or at each other, as if they had suddenly become another people, and put off their national dignity and gloom with their every-day clothes.

Upon reaching the square, the glory of Castile appeared to gain its parhelion; glittering cuirassiers of the old guard were drawn up in double lines, with a precision and boldness of look that would have struck the stoutest Carlist, ready to receive the court and its retinue with all due military honours. The royal equipage dashed boldly on; the fair regent, infantes, ministers of state, courtiers, and jockeys, alike sparkling in the fresh glossy liveries they had just won, desirous, it would seem, of showing off to our astonished eyes while the sun of their prosperity shed its morning beams. This was the signal for a sensation of the most exciting kind, quite characteristic of the Spaniard, in which he takes a lively revenge on his habitual apathy and gravity, richly repaying himself by those moments of extreme exultation. The extent of the movement beggars all description; it was a simultaneous thrill—a murmur—growing into voice and action like the rising of a simoom, till it took expression in vivas bursting from the vast concourse assembled within and without,—the ten thousands that filled the rows of the amphitheatre, in that peculiar agitation of the individual and the whole mass, as if
just electrified. Nothing but the waving of shawls and kerchiefs, hats, * vibrations of fans, till the amphitheatre and the surrounding streets, and the palace gardens re-echoed the tumultuous din.

We had obtained seats, (by special interest,) near the sombra, or that part of the Plaza protected by awnings from the burning rays of the sun and where the queen and court were seated, so as to command a complete view of the scene. The united bands first struck up a pealing prelude to the terrible encounter of man and bull. The coup d'œil at that moment, while the music filled the air, was singularly impressive; nor was the effect diminished when, as suddenly ceasing, a dead silence ensued. Next came sounds of eagerness and impatience, just as in the galleries of our theatres, soon growing very unruly and tumultuous, when the royal signal was seen waving from the hand of the corregidor, and the alguazils, as I have before described them, paced the arena on their prancing barbs in the old Moorish fashion; and having saluted the court, they performed their duty of introducing at one side of the lists the picadores, mounted in their peculiarly gay and gallant trim, and at the

* In some of the former lists regularly issued with an account of an approaching bull-feast, notice was given that people were permitted to flap their hats in the sun. In consequence of a revolt in Madrid, all hats were ordered to be worn cocked up wherever the court resides; and the common hangman was enjoined to wear his slouched, that others might not be tempted to let down theirs, for fear of being mistaken for him,—a precaution highly characteristic of the Castilian dignity, and the jealousy of risking the slightest loss or concession of rank.
other the matadores, who, with their chulos, crossed themselves on entering the ground.

The verdugo, or common hangman, is the master of the ceremonies pitched upon to introduce the bulls; and the moment he has opened the huge toril door he scrambles up into the gallery, leaving the horsemen stationed opposite to receive the first salute. For sometimes the wily beast will stop short in coming out, and make a home thrust at Señor Verdugo, amidst the plaudits of the commonalty, who seem to have an instinctive horror of his sight, and logically reason, that if he fall by the horns of the bull, he will never live to mount on their shoulders, or fasten a screw about their throats. At other times the more spirited will bolt forth, as now, directly at the horseman, and often stop to reconnoitre the position of his enemies, when loud plaudits are heard at this manifestation of his generalship; grand things are expected of him; the picador is on his guard, and even the chulos prick up their ears. Such a leader of the herd was he, who on this occasion first opened the ball. He was circumspect, and measured horse and rider from head to foot. The picador brought the head of his horse directly in front of the bull, and in making the plunge, it seemed as if they would come right against each other; but on reaching the spear, while the bull bears to one side, the nimble steed, by a sudden evolution, avoids the shock by wheeling to the other. The shout now rose in favour of the cavalier, who boldly planted himself in the centre of the arena, while his adversary drew to one end, and looked dogged and
sulky, which not all the hisses and reproaches of the spectators succeeded in rousing him from, till the light-footed chulos began to toss their darts. In a moment, maddened by the curled banderillas, he charged the enemy's infantry with the utmost impetuousity, compelling them to seek shelter by jumping over the first parapet, or in the recesses of the palisades.

But I shall not again describe the entrance of the matador with his Toledan blade, and the revolting details of the closing act, when the mules, decorated with streamers and bells, galloped into the arena, and with the same celerity bore away the dead and the wounded from the bloody field. Like most others who witness this detestable spectacle for the first time, I was heartily sick, and would have withdrawn from it much earlier; but perceiving that my companion was a comparative veteran in the sport, I repressed my nausea as well as I could, and forbore all expression of it, lest I should be laughed at by some fashionable lady at my elbow. But never was a captive more glad to be set free than I, when my companion declared that it was the hour to think of preparing for the grand opera.

This species of killing the time was long a rarity at Madrid; for when first introduced by the court, it did not take kindly to the soil. It was an exotic, and from Italy; and the public at first did not perceive the meaning of it—very odd if they could,—or why it should usurp the place of the old national comedies, teeming with Spanish intrigue and wit. They even preferred the Comicos de la Legua of the strolling players; for though covered with rags, the heroes of
Scarron are at least amusing; and Ferdinand IV. was obliged to humour it as a weakly court bantling, which actually expired along with its patron, and the old national theatre resumed its honours without a rival. On the death of Charles III., the Marquis de Grimaldi made another effort to naturalize the ballet and the song, but his opera also followed him into retirement. When again set upon its legs, it could scarcely perform a *pas seul*, till the hospitals charitably took the sickly bantling under their care; but instead of getting any fees, as they ultimately expected, they were delighted to get rid of it by transfer into the hands of wealthier patrons—the grandees of Spain. Not even the wealth of the aristocracy sufficed to keep it alive more than a few years, at a very considerable sacrifice, which led to its speedy dissolution. While it lasted, both serious and comic operas were performed; the decorations were aristocratically superb, the ballets very passable, and the dresses the pink of magnificence. The Spanish actors subsequently had these models, and they appeared to approve of them; but notwithstanding the representations of their best pieces, they have gained nothing. For a considerable period, then, the Spanish opera was considered a national failure, altogether incurable; and how at length it gradually gained a footing by more liberal adaptation to the feelings and prejudices of the people, is a matter of more general notoriety.

The same want of success attended the best and most judicious exertions to support a single French theatre; nor could we wonder at the result, when we
witnessed the style in which two of Molière’s best plays were travestied,—the inimitable Tartuffe and Le Malade Imaginaire, and heard the performances extolled as perfect master-pieces. Much the same may be averred of another afterpiece, for it hardly deserved the name of entertainment, founded on the adventures of the renowned knight and his squire; but it may have been excellent in its way, for national wit, something like the colours of the chameleon, is not a fair mark for criticism. It is of a piece with the old dramas,—de capa y spada, of the cloak and sword; the dulness of which in our eyes,—though highly edifying to the audience,—made us, on all occasions, long for the hour of the opera. Even here we were not carried away by any superlative skill, enthusiasm, or power of melody, if we except one or two solos of the prima donna; the powers of her three coadjutors, like their voices, were certainly rather on the wrong side mediocrity. But the sound of the castanets, and the music of grace and motion which accompanied them, we found infinitely more pleasing than any higher intellectual representations more feebly executed, which I dare say might be accounted for upon philosophical principles. Half Moorish and half Gothic, like themselves, the Spaniards are fond to idolatry of a species of music and dancing, now become strictly national, into which they throw all their soul, and in which they appear constitutionally formed to excel. But deprive them of their native measures and movements, and their vivacity and grace at once disappear; foreign airs and motions sit uneasily on
them, and no exotic charm can flourish in their burning soil. The Roman writers allude to this fact, and Martial eulogizes the peculiar lightness and flexibility of their forms and gestures. The majas and manolas of their respective class still bring to mind the Andalusian dancers, so admired by the Romans; and not only at home did the ladies, accomplished in the art, smite the hearts of Rome's proud consuls, but in the provinces and the capital laid siege to the dignity of her gravest senators. Nor from the specimens we saw, have the Spanish beauties of the south at all degenerated from the worth of their famed progenitors.

We have said, that it is only in their native dances that they excel; and though they can vie with the English and French in the new galopades and mazourkas, dance you down in a country dance, or figure in a minuet,—a part of the education of a modern Madrid belle,—the grave airs with which they acquit themselves in the latter by no means consort with the natural ease and energy of their motions. At the balls and masquerades it was often amusing, and almost ludicrous, to mark the introduction of figures, turns, and windings, which had really nothing to do with the genuine dance of the old minuet,—a piece of absurdity and affectation for which they are indebted to those bungling masters, who think there is something fine in making their pupils ape foreign fashions and perfections.

How tired we were of seeing the eternal round of set figures,—the glory of these fashionable displays of modern imitation, or rather travestie, in the opening
minuet, the quadrille,—nay, the exploded country
dance,—instead of at once striking the eye and the
fancy by the free, full, natural development of the
charms and graces of feminine action in the bolero,
or the fandango, as little exceptionable, after all is
said, to the eye of the true critic, as the contempla-
tion of the undraped forms of Hellenic chasteness
and pure ideal beauty! We thought them at least an
agreeable relief to the Italian operas performed at both
the theatres, El Principe and La Cruz, on alternate
nights, after the usual Spanish plays. They were not
less welcome, perhaps, for following those tiresome
afterpieces, oddly enough considered entertainments,
more full of ribaldry than wit; and you turn with
pleasure from the miserable imitations of the French
school to the first lively sound of the castanets and
the singular accuracy of the hand and foot movements,
which give harmony and spirit to the dance. Upon
the stage the bolero is assuredly the best thing after
the French ballet. But imagine the exquisite absur-
dity, to say no worse, of the idea, in private parties,
of veiling the beauties of the dance by the ingenious
substitute of children,—innocent but soul-less beings,
who repeat the unmeaning lesson as do imprisoned
birds,—the human sounds they cannot understand.
It gave us pleasure, therefore, to find on one occasion,
that on its being whispered about, if there were any
thing improper in the matter it was still more objec-
tionable to lead children into the way of it, the
young women of the party, in a good national spirit
highly commendable, took up the gauntlet for the
innumerable lady-generations that had gone by, after
dancing fandangos to their hearts' content; and, on
another occasion, actually vindicated the reputation
of their great-grandmothers, by dancing as good a
bolero as the genius of the land could infuse into
their souls and forms. We observed that the national
dance, like other nationalities, was only losing ground
in the higher circles,—not at festivals, or upon the
stage, which, in the aspiring spirit of the times, is
ambitious of representing inferior imitations of foreign
operas and plays—nay, sometimes attempts at Olympic
honours; about as like Astley's as the celebrated
Punch, or the performances at Rag-fair.

Besides this serious innovation upon the vivacity
of the old Spanish dance, modifications of the disci-
pline of the ball-room were also attempted; but I am
rejoiced to add that, in some respects, they signally
failed. The ancient masters of the ceremonies still
consist of two of the guests, selected by the visitors
themselves,—namely the bastoneros, and who, with
hat under their arm and cane in hand, arrange the
important details of the evening. One, we hope it is
not the cane, presides over the ladies; the other, we
suppose the hat, over the gentlemen; and it is the
office of these masters to fix upon the dances, and
who is to dance, and whether minuets, quadrilles, or
fandangos. Precedence and etiquette are the laws on
which their conduct is based; add to which, a lau-
dable desire to promote the acquaintance of those
who sigh to become acquainted. The lady invited to
dance first rises agreeably to antique custom, though
it appeared strange to us, crosses the room alone, and places herself on the spot where she is to begin, without being indebted to her partner's gallantry and assistance; and when the dance is danced, the said partner makes his bow to her in the middle of the room, without giving himself any further concern about one who seems to be so well able to take care of herself. This custom, however, now only prevails, as it ought, in the provinces. The distinction in ranks, especially as regards females, is by no means so strict in Spain as elsewhere; and at no distant period, persons of condition might have been seen dancing in the public market-places and squares, and mingling in all the diversions of the people: in Biscay, Navarre, and parts of Catalonia, the custom continues to this day. It is there, too, we saw some lively specimens of the carricadanza, an old favourite dance performed to the musical beat of the drum. But in Castile I was better pleased with the guaracha, danced by a single female to the sound of the guitar. It becomes the soft, serious look and graceful step, while the dancer, with motionless arms, often accompanies herself on some light instrument or other. Two other dances, peculiar to some districts in Catalonia, exhibit the same slow, solemn, and rather monotonous motion. In the first, a number of women begin with a stately measured step, one behind another, and one gentleman only at the commencement,—another at the close of the file. The first leads, the second follows; but at every turn they change places, and he who was last gets first. The file sometimes stops, and forms into
forms and figures.

a circle. In a little while the file is broken; other gentlemen mingle in it, and each lady takes her partner. The whole dance next goes into a sort of circle; the men move through it backwards, each dancing before his partner, who fairly jumps him back into the set. The circle, the file, the crossings and backings alternately succeed; the men sometimes playing the castanets,—those who have none snapping their fingers. The second is much more lively, but still somewhat tedious and uniform; and both are danced in turns to the sound of the bagpipe, the drum, a flageolet, and flutes made like a hautboy. We remarked that the dances of Cerdagne, Ampurdan, and the bordering province of Roussillon, do not much differ, and are performed to the same kind of instruments.

We saw some of the Valencian dances, on the other hand, executed much in the manner of the old ballets, which evinced considerable dexterity and address. To display their precision of step, they place a number of eggs at short intervals from each other. Through these they fly around with extraordinary skill, without touching a single one of them. In a still more favourite dance the performers are furnished with a little stick, two feet and a half long: by striking them sharply together, they contrive to beat time instead of each other; and still, throughout the continued rapidity and complexity of their motions,—in every possible position, they always manage to sound them at the same moment, and the music of the sticks, now quick, now slow, invariably hits the time, and falls on the ear in perfect concord. Still none of the
dances peculiar to the provinces can rank in the estimation of the public with the antique fandango, the modern bolero, and the seguidilla, a sort of ballet intended to represent the best points of the other two. The poet Martial, to be sure, launches his invectives against the dancers of Cadiz, meaning the ladies, for rendering this favourite of the people too soft and voluptuous, at the expense of its native vivacity and force.

Like their passion for all festivals, solemn or simple, that of the Spaniards for the dance is carried to the highest degree of enthusiasm. Just as at their *festas de toros*, no sooner is the prelude to the evening's joys struck up, than a murmur of delight runs through the rooms, the whole frame seems to vibrate, the eyes and face glow with delight; and I could not help repeating to my companion the remark of an English divine,* that if any one were to come suddenly into a church or a court of justice playing the fandango or the bolero, priests, judges, lawyers, criminals, audience, one and all, grave or gay, young or old, would quit their functions, forget all distinctions, and all set themselves a dancing.

The observation is doubtless amusing, and was most probably suggested to the reverend traveller by a little Spanish piece, the humour of which turns on the proposed suppression of the fandango. The decision is referred to the conclave at Rome; a consistory was formed; the cause of the fandango was tried according to all the rules of canon law. Sentence was going to be pronounced, when one of the judges very judi-

* The Rev. Mr. Townsend.
ciously observed, that a criminal ought not to be condemned without being seen and heard. The observation was approved, and a Spanish couple was introduced, who to the sound of instruments displayed all the graces of the fandango. The severity of the judges was not proof against this appeal; the austerity in their faces soon began to relax; they got up; their knees and arms soon recovered their juvenile suppleness; the hall of the consistory was transformed into a dancing-room, and the fandango is acquitted. Its triumph must be supposed from thenceforth to be complete; and though French models, here as in other matters, have recently been proposed for popular imitation, I was convinced, from all I saw both at Madrid and in the provinces, that their reign would be transitory; and that, as with the French opera, national taste and long-engrafted custom would still maintain with the fandango their pristine influence, and that Spaniards would live and die Spaniards to the end of the chapter.

The fandango is graver than the bolero, but more expressive; and the former is the greater favourite in the capital, the latter in the provinces. We saw them in both, danced in couples to the sound of the guitar and the noise of castanets, which are employed for the occasion with equal skill and sportiveness to mark the time and animate the gestures. In the bolero, the man and woman went through the same motions, those of the latter being more lively and expressive, the feet never for a moment still; and with rapid and continually varied steps, there was the utmost precision and correctness. Her arms, unequally
extended, sometimes half held out, at others a little=bent, alternately raised and depressed, assumed a=variety of positions never seen elsewhere, but full of=grace and attraction. The head, sometimes upright=sometimes hung negligently on one side, accompanied=the motion of the arms; while inflections of the form,=equally varied, succeeded each other with rapidity.=The variety of motions, action, and position, forms a=whole which cannot be described, but which excites=a most singular emotion, amounting almost to vertigo,=while the power of captivation throws a spell over the=senses and the sight.

When the play is over, the stage usually changes=into a handsome saloon; the orchestra begins to play=again; and at the sound of the castanets, from each=side of the stage a male and female dancer make their=appearance, both dressed in the Andalusian costume,=which belongs to the dance. But a truce to these sal-tatory exhibitions,—to the old national dances which=we like, and to the new-fangled pirouettes, pigeon-wings, and harlequin feats we do not like, so unsuited=to the genius of Spain, and to the soft graceful move-ments of her wild and captivating daughters. We=cannot do better than complete our sketch by some=graphic lines from a contemporary tourist, whose=pictures of every-day life, and all other life in Madrid,=display a characteristic pathos and truth with which=Hogarth himself would not have quarrelled. "After=the dance," says this amusing writer,* "we had a de-lightful farce, called The Enraged Chestnut Women.=

* The author of Spain Revisited.
Two rival sellers of chestnuts are discovered roasting their wares at the opposite corner of a street, and deafening all who pass by with their shrill cries of *Calientes y gordas*. They quarrel about a lover, whom they equally claim; are accused by an old fellow who lives near of being common scolds; the alguazils are introduced to keep the peace; and after various adventures, in which watermen, porters, and other characters such as are daily seen in the streets of Madrid are brought forward, the play, which does not last more than an hour, finishes with a ball in the house of the widowed wife of a carpenter, who is recently dead, leaving his relict wherewithal to amuse herself. Here the parties dance boleros to music furnished by two or three guitar-players, who sing seguidillas, and are the same people who are employed in the real frolics of the manolas. The whole scene was just such, indeed, as one might see any day among the lower classes of Madrid, and was not so much a copy of manners as the very reality."

We were not, however, so fortunate on the night of our last visit to the Madrid theatre, for we saw nothing half so entertaining. Unfortunately for us, a taste had just began to revive for the heroic comedy; all the heroism employed against the Moors, and in the civil wars for the succession, being put into requisition once more, as a grand example for the present day. Indeed it displayed modern Spanish chivalry to the life; and we could not help laughing heartily at seeing how admirably the whole action of the piece applied,—though in a manner not intended; while both Moors
and Spaniards were far more intent on belabouring one another with scurrilous epithets, rich in eloquent abuse, than with blows. The open extravagance and the covert satire could not well be carried farther; and when one of the Moorish generals, not being able to get in on any side towards the enemy, to whom he had a most menacing challenge to deliver, took the pit in the rear, and there making his appearance on horseback proceeded to harangue the Spaniards, the resemblance of his language to that of the modern bulletins was as striking as it sounded heroic and exciting.

In the mechanical department of the theatre, changes for the better have taken place. The scenery at least is better understood, the costume is more generally studied, and we no longer see, as the French wit observed, upon the stage, "Orosman in a morning gown, and Zaira in a pel du l'air." There are some peculiarities, however, not so easily to be rooted out, although open to ridicule; the actors still like to direct their eyes to the boxes, to smile and even nod at the persons they know; and when at the close of an harangue they receive the plaudits of the audience, they will stop and survey the applauders, not much unlike those noble animals in the amphitheatre, and evince their gratitude by ducking their heads. We observed still less signs of improvement in the saynetes, or intermes, pieces of one act, as simple in their plot as the old comedies are intricate and perplexed, and for the same reason too monotonous. Here the prevailing humours and topics of the day, with all the petty interests, the intrigues and quarrels, are so closely
IMITATED, that you imagine they must be the identical characters themselves before your eye, just as if the fruit-women or the porters had stepped from the street upon the stage. It is the remark of a clever traveller that they are too like; and it is certainly possible that simple nature may be embellished without ceasing to be true,—and in here lies the real merit of imitation. The same observations have been made on the productions of the greatest masters of the Spanish school of painting. When we look at the shepherds, the young peasants of Velasquez, or even of Murillo, they appear to higher painting what the homely saynetes are to the dramatic art,—very characteristic, and almost as disagreeable. To make the illusion perhaps more real, the actors would not unfrequently leave the stage altogether, and go and seat themselves in one of the boxes, from whence they commence an active dialogue and repartees with the other characters.

With regard to their music, modern innovation has made less inroads upon its national genius and character, than on most other possessions of the Spaniards. Unlike their more lively neighbours, they consider the French as too languid and unvaried, and preferred patronising the Italian—even the Italian operas, at Madrid as well as at Cadiz and Barcelona, which last city alone, by virtue of a special permission, continued to preserve its Italian operas and ballets. For their best airs, however peculiar to the country, they are indebted to their generous conquerors who, instead of rooting every thing up, were content to graft the best part of their own sciences and institutions upon such as
they found in existence. They established schools to teach it scientifically, wrote upon the elements, the higher grades and varieties of the art, with the best means of advancing it. That of Cordova produced pupils who became the delight of Spain, no less than of Asia and Europe. Several excellent treatises on the subject from the pen of Abi Zelti, who flourished in the fourteenth century, became the study of the learned and connoisseurs of the art; while Alfarabi cleared the more thorny way to its intricacies and beauties by his *Elements of Music*, in which the principles of the union of voices and instruments, and different kinds of musical composition, with the addition of Arabic notes and drawings of more than thirty kinds of instruments, are fully treated. This work, and another by Alhassani, containing a large collection of tunes, the lives of fourteen celebrated musicians, and of four eminent female singers, favourites of the khaliphs, are still preserved in the Escurial. The Spaniards, having the same taste, were induced to imitate their masters, and a choir of music was established at Salamanca, which still subsists. It was followed by the establishment of two other schools, at the college of San Leandro in Murcia, and in the King’s College at Madrid, for the purpose of forming pupils for the royal chapel.

In the fifteenth century appeared the musician Ramus, an Andalusian. He became the professor of music at Salamanca, was invited by Pope Nicholas V. to fill that at Bologna, where he published a treatise on music, which was twice printed in 1484. Calderon of Madrid, Angela Siga, a lady of Toledo, wrote upon
the same subject; and Salinas, though blind from the age of ten, distinguished himself greatly in the art; while more recently the Spanish poet Yriarte has written a poem on the subject. We often heard Moorish airs, some of them exceedingly soft and tender, sung by one or more voices, and accompanied by the lute. They were the same that are to be found in Ali Ben Alhassani's collection; and from Alfarabi's work it appears that they were acquainted with the fourth, fifth, and eighth concord, though ignorant of the third. It is remarked, also, that there is no vestige of semitones to be found in them. Like that of the Moors, from which it chiefly sprung, the national music of the Spaniards is for the most part confined to detached airs, such as seguidillas, tiranas, and tornadillas, which may be sung by one or more voices, and accompanied by the guitar. They bear some resemblance in the tunes to the French vaude-villes; all of them, we thought, more or less lively, but with too little variety in their modulations; and while at times they were grave and pathetic, they had an air of too great monotony. It is a sort of music also adapted to the stage for the afterpieces; but the more modern has been from time to time Italianized, in so far as to be hardly recognised for that of either people.

With some modifications, Spain has also adopted the musical instruments of other nations, besides retaining many peculiar to the older times. The guitar and the far-famed castanets, are now in every body's hands; for they are by no means adapted to give grace and
spirit only to the dances of the Spaniards. Madrid is of course supplied with all of the choicest kind, some of them peculiar to the provinces. The bagpipe of Galicia has a dull and heavy sound, something even more comfortless than the sharp lugubrious wail of the Scotch highlander's. In Catalonia I have heard almost the same; but there the sort of cut-throat melancholy sounds it breathes were deadened by a large flageolet and a small drum. The Biscayan shepherd, like most mountaineers, uses a short flute, which has four holes, three above and one below; and he also plays a small drum, sometimes holding the flute with his left hand and beating the drum with his right. The sounds are sharp and rapid. Valencia delights in the dulzayna, a kind of flute with a mouth-piece, which gives out sharp and dissonant tones, which you might also mistake for long, shrill, and piercing groans. It has a true title to the first syllable of its name, and the emphasis should certainly be laid on that, notwithstanding the inhabitants doat upon this crying evil; for such it really seems to any one first condemned to hear it, though it is probable the Valencians may fancy it for the very quality which distracts the ears of foreigners, and even of some Spaniards. They perhaps fancy that they hear the lamentations of a conquered enemy in those horrible guttural squeaks, and moans, and rattles, which convince them they have nothing more to fear, for that he must surely be giving up the ghost. Castile boasts two instruments peculiar to itself, which are the zambomba and the pandero; the first of which is merely an earthen pot, the large
opening covered by a tightly strained parchment, in the centre of which is fixed a stick which reaches to the bottom, and rises five or six inches above the parchment. The fingers are moistened, and rubbed sharply up and down the stick, producing a harsh, obscure, and monotonous sound. To this they sing, running about the streets at night, and, especially the common people, are very active on the return of any festival from All Saints to Christmas; for during the rest of the year it never annoys you. It has been heard in some country places, I am told, in Holland, more particularly so about the neighbourhood of Rotterdam. But it is there used only on one day in the year, and is known by the name of the Rummelspot. There is reason to believe that it was imported into the country by the Castilians, during the period of its occupation by the Spanish kings. The pandero, which we also heard, is an oblong frame of wood, over which two parchments are stretched, one on each side; it is often adorned with ribands and bells, and the parchment is played upon by the fingers, much like the tambour de Basque. Its tones are more sonorous than those of the zambomba, but are still low and insipid. Most frequently it is introduced in the singing which accompanies the dancing of the seguidillas, and many other national figures.

At no distant period, when the love of processions, and of those sacred autos in which monarchs sometimes figured, reigned in all its glory, the more serious national music was held in high estimation, and at solemn festivities, and the celebration of high mass, and the Te Deums of victory,—as now in most
Catholic chapels,—it assumed a loftier character, impressing the audience with feelings of mingled awe and delight. Unfortunately the rage for splendid exhibitions in the case of the *autos sacramentos* ran to such an extreme, that Charles III. was induced to forbid their continuance, much to the dissatisfaction of the people and of a large portion of the clergy. The magnificent processions of angels, saints, and all the virtues, are no longer to be seen, except occasionally on the stage, and in the singular compositions of that capricious genius, Calderon, who shed over them all the fascinations of his exuberant imagination. In the present state of society at Madrid, it would hardly be credited that such pieces as the *Zelos de San Josef*, and *El Diablo Predicador*, were the favourite sacred exhibitions of their day; in which ingenious writers threw away their wit and fancy in adorning subjects with what their successors consider puerile conceits, and a sort of burlesque not altogether free from profanity; but which, by the public of that period, were looked upon with a degree of seriousness and respect amounting to veneration. It is not for me to presume to decide between them.

But enough of plays and processions, music and dancing, as they were and are; for it is time to return to the living drama, moving with the resistless impulse of no feigned passions, as the thousand motives which impel men on their various career amidst the anxieties and tumults inherent in the pursuits of almost all capital cities, presented its actors to the eye. And my German companion was no less eager to quit the
crowded theatre, the ball-room, and the still closer labours of the easel, to enjoy the fresh air once more, and take another pilgrimage to enrich his collection of sketches. The day on which we sallied forth was fine, and it was a saint's-day, the patron saint of the whole city; and we might witness a procession well worth seeing, and the celebration perhaps of high mass in the church dedicated to his name,—the noble edifice of San Isidro. It need not be said that a saint's is always an idle day at Madrid, and that it has invokers of all classes sincere enough in doing honour to it in that behoof. So, as idle as other idlers, we first proceeded to the garden of the Retiro, determined to take our station and behold whatever sights were to be seen from the summit of the Observatory, which my friend was anxious to sketch,—with a view, I had little doubt, of delighting the world, in due course of time, with a finished specimen of his interesting labours.

While the artist was making his sketch, I took the opportunity of making a reconnoissance, and setting down a few notes for brief description. It stands near the gate of Atócha, and presents a specimen of the modern, if not improved taste, as regards the architecture of the capital. A handsome circular dome supported by light columns, with an airy graceful appearance and over-topping all neighbouring objects, surrounded by trees, gardens, and the clear light atmosphere,—never purer in fine weather than round this eminence or the high Castilian plain,—affords you a delightful look-out, and so perfectly transparent in the bright noon-light, as very greatly to diminish the
apparent distance of every thing you see, as compared with the same distance and objects viewed through a different medium. You looked upon the city, spread like a giant with all its strength, and dignity, and beauty, lowly at your feet; beyond and on every side you discerned the fine bronzed portals, the openings into the elegantly-disposed streets and squares,—yet withal so little apart and broken into distant sections, that you not only take in the whole picture with your eye, but may as pleasantly take the entire route, or even circuit of all with your feet, without half the labour it must take you to go a tithe of the ground occupied by the British or Parisian metropolis. It is this, enriched with the clear air, and brilliancy of the reflected sky and sunny atmosphere, which enables you to distinguish both animate and inanimate objects, and to watch the whole stir and busy moil of civic life, the variegated costume, the different motion, and action, and progress of all, even more distinctly than you could watch a nest of ants close under your eye; and it almost puzzles one, till we calculate the latitude and the height of the table-land above the sea, to think why we never looked upon things in so clear a point of view before. The fine chain of hills seems scarcely to form a back-ground to the grand architectural picture,—the bold natural blending of spires, domes, golden pinnacles, and towers,—the noble perspectives its long wide streets and piazzas thus seen presents to the eye; while the prospect of the unbroken fields, of one unvarying colour since the harvest-tide, with as few trees or hedges as there were seen houses and
villas,—stretching in one uniform monotony,—a lifeless solitude beyond that gaudy dress and busy stir of life close around you, offered a contrast as marked as it was new and surprising. Here and there, from some distant hollow, peered the dim tower of a village-church,—the dark tracings of the paths across the plain; and when we next turned our eyes upon the gayer spectacles within our reach, the sense of loneliness and melancholy inspired by the country round was as suddenly changed by seeing the glittering arms, sparkling from rank and file of the regiments of national guards passing in review,—an honour, we presumed, due to San Isidro and all saints, militant or otherwise; to commemorate whose merits, throngs were now gathering from the different gates and quarters of the city, bending their steps towards the street of Toledo as to a common centre. The sight was picturesque and characteristic in the highest degree. Though no longer so splendid as in some of the chief towns of the provinces, the processions of the capital, shorn as they are of their antique glory and magnificence not less than of their awe-inspiring influence over the popular mind, have yet, in time of carnival, votaries of all ranks and ages, eager to share in the imposing exhibition of a triumphal procession (for such it is) from motives of custom and fashion, if not the old zeal and terror of the papal supremacy and high inquisitorial sway.

To disregard the service of the patron saint at the opening of the exhilarating season of a carnival at Madrid, and to permit the hour of celebration, still
sounded with as scrupulous exactness as in the days of the Moors, to fall unheeded on the heretical ear, would be deemed, in a native, something far worse than profane swearing; and in the stranger who doffed not his hat, or bent his knee before the raising of the Host, as a national slight,—not to say a more serious offence. It is for this reason foreigners of all grades, especially the embassies and their suite, almost vie with the court itself in exhibiting testimonials of respect, and assist in throwing the charm of fashionable illusion over an ancient Christian custom, which has lost much of its sacred authority and discipline. Besides ushering in the carnival with the imposing duties of religion, of which it forms a part, it was the celebration of one of Rodil's victories,—such as it was,—when Te Deums were to be sung after the performance of high mass in presence of the queen and court. The houses of the ambassadors, of the ministers and public offices, were decorated for the occasion; even the hotels and private mansions were not remiss in showing that something above common was expected from every body and nobody, on the serving up the opening course of festivals, as a first dish, with the great feast of San Isidro.

Soon after midnight, indeed, the voice of the old watch was heard, evidently pitched in a higher key, and he rejoined with peculiar emphasis, after telling you how time went, his Viva la Reina Isabella! which he had just taken up instead of his old cry, Viva el Rey Absoluto! or which we may best render by “Long live King Absolute!” who has assuredly
had a pretty long life of it in Spain. Near rivals of the watch and city officers were "mine hosts" of the different inns and hotels, especially those over whose portals hung the royal chains, now freshly decorated, as a token that regal heads had rested within their walls; and they were ready, as the symbol of their willing service gave forth, to become again their loyal hosts, and receive, as soon as possible, the ample recompense.

In its progress through the street of San Bernardo, the sacred procession passed the house of Mr. Villiers, a handsome building on the right, and some vivas were heard from the mass of people who closed the rear, and stopped to give ebullition to the prevailing spirit of the day, or, it may be said more justly, of the hour,—such was the capricious temper of the popular mind. This appeared by the groans and execrations that burst forth on reaching the mansion once belonging to the favourite Godoy, who in the insurrection at Madrid so narrowly escaped with his life, while all the elegancies and luxuries he had enjoyed became a prey to the indignant passions of the people. No longer the abode of the Prince of Peace, it was now more appropriately devoted to a school, or rather a museum for engineers, where there is a good collection of the means offensive and defensive, scientific models and specimens of the art,—altogether presenting a very different sort of establishment to that which had obtained under its former master.

To those who have witnessed the impressive manner in which the rites of Catholic worship are performed, and the strange influence exercised over the
mind by the combined power of religious sanctity, the pealing anthems, the gorgeous beauty of the scene, and the almost divine melancholy inspired by the dim and shadowy light, the spreading aisles, the richly painted walls and ceilings, the effect of the retreating columns, the whole exterior vastness and nobleness of aspect,—as if striving to do most honour to the infinite and incomprehensible glory and greatness unseen,—not any apology will be thought requisite for joining a procession of our fellow-beings, in whatever Christian land one may be, bearing in solemn guise the incense of their worship to the throne of grace. And who but One shall judge the heart of a mighty throng, such as now filled the streets and avenues from the remotest gate to the farthest point of the street of Toledo, and the noble temple it contains! The appearance of such a host, preceded by the sacred banners, with all those beautiful and majestic symbols of a religion for which millions of their ancestors have bled, has in it something startling and almost overwhelming to the eye and the mind, as you behold, in long succession, the dark-clad figures of different ranks, ages, and sex, moved by one simultaneous impulse, entering the precincts, passing the solemn porches, and winding along the far-spread aisles of the temple of the living God.

The coup-d'œil on entering the majestic edifice was one of the most extraordinary and impressive that could well be imagined, infinitely surpassing what I had been led to anticipate, both in point of external grandeur, imposing display, and richness of decora-
tions, and the really soul-exciting ceremonials which they are intended to illustrate and to honour. The picturesque character of the scene, the elegant and varied costume, the blending and harmony of the countless throng filling the spacious body and sides of the most splendid of the churches of Madrid, the innumerable chapels, all profusely decorated and sparkling with gold and precious gems, paintings, statuary urns and monuments, dazzled the eye, till it at last rested, bewildered and lost, in the deep concentration of illuminated beauty and majesty of the edifice round the high altar.

The metropolitan church of San Isidro is favourably distinguished from all other edifices of the same kind in Madrid by its superior architecture. Its noble-looking portico,—once the boast of the Jesuits to whom the church belonged,—though not free from defects, has much to recommend it. Besides its proud display of treasures and lavish luxuriance of ornaments, fretwork, carving, and elaborate workmanship to the most curious and minute degree, the interior possesses other wealth more valuable in the eye of taste in the works of Mengs and Titian, which truly adorn the walls. When once within them, you may be almost said to have visited all the churches in the capital, so great is the general resemblance however superior some may be to others, if ornate architecture, gilding and carving round every recess, niche, or corner as richly embellished with saints and fathers of the church, can be entitled to the distinction of superiority. Chaste grandeur and simplicity appear
to have been long unknown in the church architecture of Spain.

From the deep universal silence which now prevailed; the almost total exclusion of day-light,—yet sufficient to cast a lurid glare round the numerous lamps burning over the different shrines before which were prostrated fair and penitent devotees, preparing themselves to pour their confessions into the bosom of their father confessors, while a sigh was at times heard, or the deeper groan, not to be repressed, burst from the breast of some wretched being, as he bent lowly before the image of his favourite saint,—you might imagine yourself in presence of one of the old religious tribunals of past times. You saw the richly decorated chapels, open on either side, as you drew near the high altar, with the costly shrines which each and every one contains; one sentiment of deep devotion seemed to absorb all hearts; the exquisite works of art cast a melancholy beauty round the scene; and as you gazed upon the monuments of ages, accumulated round you by the pious care of hands which had lost their cunning, you could not repress a feeling of awe well calculated to give effect to the approaching solemnities of a religion which retains its hold over the mind by so many appeals superior to the dictates of reason and the freedom of thought. As I contemplated the stately magnificence of its edifices, its enormous revenues, its concentrated power of ages over the national mind, I could no longer wonder at the influence it exercised, through its priests, over a whole people. To exterior decoration and the
splendour of costume was attached the sacred aspect of the various shrines and of their ministers, the effect of which was heightened by impressing into their service the noblest performances of the sister arts, and that irresponsible power, embracing the system of confession, to bind or to loose which holds the conscience in its grasp. It is the potent spell which has hitherto kept, and will continue to keep a nation like Spain, even for centuries perhaps, behind the civilization of the other nations of Europe.

In the high altar of the church of San Isidro we beheld the most perfect specimen of the kind, if we except, perhaps, those of the more ancient cathedrals of Seville and Toledo. During the performance of mass the whole altar appeared in a blaze of light, the wax tapers by which it was illuminated being of prodigious size. The gigantic candelabra which contained them were of solid silver, inlaid with the most exquisite workmanship;* while the flood of light which now illuminated every part of the edifice was the gift of pious individuals, who bequeathed a sum of money to be laid out in the consumption of these enormous wax-lights in perpetuity. Not only the body of the church, the porticoes, and every entrance were thronged to excess, but the street of Toledo itself, and the great

* Some of these, as at Seville, are made from twenty-five to thirty English feet in height, and are almost as large in circumference as an English alderman's corporation. A person is constantly required to trim the wick, and to receive the wax that flows over in a large silver ladle. This is done by means of a moveable scaffold on which the priest stood, and which is raised or lowered as the occasion requires.
square leading into the Calle Mayor, lined with companies of the royal guard, overflowed with country people eager to catch a glimpse of the grand solemnities, to hear the roll of the full-choired anthems and pealing organs burst forth on the elevation of the Host, before which the whole court, the ancient grandees, and the assembled masses prepared to prostrate themselves beneath the symbolic majesty of Deity, veiling their faces as they worship at the foot of his awful shrines. And now, in the impressive pause which ushered in the moment, and seemed to thrill through the imagination of the coldest devotee, the high priest of God, followed by the officiating clergy magnificently robed, proceeded from the sacristy, heralded by the choristers, and boys bearing torches, banners emblazoned with the gorgeous symbols of their holy office, and before all the plain, unadorned, tremendous cross. There was something unearthly in the sudden universal chant which rung through the air as they swept along the receding aisles and entered the choir; while the chosen minister of the Most High appeared in the centre of the grand altar, surrounded by the full effulgence of light which rested on his head like a glory as he stood with outstretched arms in the act of blessing the assembled multitudes, seen everywhere prostrate and bending towards the external balustrades of the great altar, as if the dews of Heaven's grace must there fall more abundant upon their heads. But it was at the instant of the appearance of that awe-inspiring sign that mortal beings bow in adoration to the dust before the actual presence of that infinite Majesty and
Power which created them, which gives to the last grand rite of Catholic worship all its resistless and plenary power, when the spirit, no longer doubting, breathing another atmosphere, trembling yet supported in its terrors, feels the conviction that every spiritual pore is open to the searching eye in the actual presence of its Creator.

It is then, after a solemn pause, when the awful impression still haunts the imagination and dwells on the heart, that the power of music exercises its supreme sway over the feelings,—pathetic, soothing, and benign, striking successively all the chords of our human passions, till the soul, in calm and heavenly frame from the discharge of its loftiest and holiest duties, partakes of a peace softer than infant slumbers, and which passeth the understanding. Such was the imposing exhibition of the Catholic service in the church of San Isidro, and such the result of the doctrine on which its worship is founded, as explained to us by an aged monk of St. Francis, whom we fell in with as we retired from the celebration of a religion which, he assured us, must be seen and felt to produce a lasting impression which it ought. Undoubtedly it thus takes a powerful hold of the imagination; and I will candidly confess, as did my German friend, though a Lutheran, that if I did not wish to become a Catholic, I should not willingly enter into argument with one of that faith, like the aged deeply-read monk of St. Francis, or go frequently to hear him in the church of San Isidro after high mass.
The singular contrasts to the above picture in the daily mode of life, in the character of the amusements, and in the manners of Madrid society, which so easily adapted themselves to all changes and varieties of temperature in the carnival thermometer during that life-stirring season, offered inexhaustible materials for good humour, wit, and untiring bon hommie, no less than philosophical observation, to my excellent German guide,—for he was at once "my guide, philosopher, and friend," in the strictest sense of the word. Without him I had been a comparative cipher, a drop in the ocean of gaiety and splendour that surrounded us, unable to make my way in one half at least of the best society of the capital, like a one-sided argument, as he observed, that only takes in the least half of a question. He it was who opened the way for me,—nay, who strewed it with roses, to the various public exhibitions, to private parties and to balls; who seemed to have at once a key and a safe-conduct that brought us into correspondence with, and into the presence of political men, and social men too, of all grades and parties. There were few private dances, masquerades, and more interesting supper-parties, of which he did not command the entrée, affording us ample opportunities of studying characters, and comparing our ideas of men and measures with those which we had previously been taught by public report to indulge.

The entertainments given by the different ambassadors were conducted in the superior style which characterises the wealth and the good taste both of France
and England, and we were more than once heartily amused to observe the amazing efforts of a few of the patriotic marquises and condes of the court,—bent on surpassing every thing which had been before seen,—attended often with ludicrous failures and disappointments perfectly horrifying to their sense of etiquette; and on some occasions with less pleasing results, when beauty and gallantry in richest costume, and even the supper-tables and chandeliers themselves left the duties assigned them, and with mechanical vulgarity, obedient only to its own laws, reproached the grand host's want of care or skill by tumbling before his face, to the infinite dismay of the beholders, and the damage of all surrounding things. But peace and happier arrangements be to the marquis, and to all private as well as public parties at Madrid!

Nor were the revels, religious or gay, confined solely to the streets and squares of Madrid; the neighbouring scenery came in for a share, emulating the lords of misrule in the interior,—non passibus aquis indeed,—but with no lack of enthusiasm and zeal. From the gate of Toledo to the great street of Alcalà, and along the Prado to the banks of the Manzanares, the whole surface was covered with as wild and gay a population,—as busied in all manner of national sports and pastimes, and bandying words, witticisms, and more substantial ware with one another, and even with their betters, who at times leave the madder orgies of the city to look peacefully on, as though they were not the most cold-visaged, grave, and automaton-like mortals in the least, whom you
had seen half asleep and idling in every corner but yesterday.

With a feast, and a new comic spectacle just got up in double-quick time upon the river; the fair thronged; the fandango and the guitar briskly at work, and all other means of killing time being put in requisition; modern sleight of hand instead of miracles* daily performed;—thus religiously employed we left both town and country. Yet with all their love of pastime and their faults, the Spaniards are not an avaricious or ungenerous people when treated fairly; for at the close of their fêtes champêtres, their fortune-telling and revelling of all kinds, they made a collection for the poor prisoners in the common gaol, which put my German companion quite in good humour with them, —and speaking ill of nobody, we returned to prepare for our little excursion.

* The last of its kind is said to have been a voice heard from the vaults below the Pantheon where Ferdinand was interred, calling out lustily, from the lungs of a jolly friar instead of a ghost, “Carlos, Carlos, hasten to the succour of my people!” But instead of the people going to listen to the voice of their beloved Ferdinand, a couple of alguazils made search and brought forth from the royal cemetery a monk of the order of St. Jerome.
CHAPTER X.

TOLEDO.


Our curiosity having been indulged almost to satiety in the capital, we were not altogether sorry to escape from its bustle and noise, to enjoy again the more healthful and scarcely less exciting pleasures of the road. Nothing, indeed, sooner tires than spectacles, theatres, concerts, palaces, &c. when visited in rapid succession almost as a matter of business, accompanied by a set of gossiping half-witted guides, who have long ceased to be haunted by a solitary sensation of genuine delight in the midst of the finest objects. Besides, to confess the truth, though fond of art, I am still fonder of nature; and, in moving southward, I expected to find, what after all is extremely rare,—lovely landscapes overcanopied by warm skies, where it would not be necessary to study the picturesque wrapped in cloaks and furs.
The journey to Toledo, though somewhat short of forty miles, had been rendered formidable to our imaginations by the many inauspicious stories related to us by our friends at Madrid. Every inn, whether one should sleep there or not, would, we were kindly assured, be found, in the literal meaning of the term, a *coupé-gorge*; and there was not a bush on the road which did not conceal a formidable gang of banditti. One might, at first thought, imagine that relations of this kind are unpleasant preludes to a journey. But experience teaches us a totally different lesson. They are, in every way, exceedingly beneficial. If in reality there be robbers, the traveller is put on his guard, expects the rencontre, and is in some degree prepared for it: if there be not, an air of adventure and romance is cast over his movements, and he enjoys much of the excitement without the danger of falling among thieves.

Be this as it may, it was with fancies strongly possessed by robbers that we quitted Madrid through the gate of Toledo. At the same time, we had most inconsistently deferred our departure to a rather late hour in the day, an arrangement which would involve us in the necessity of passing one night at least in one of the coupé-gorges before commemorated,—perhaps two, as there were many things on the way that must be visited by every traveller with the least pretensions to taste, which unfortunately was our case, more particularly since the accession of my German friend to our party.

This excellent man, who appeared to be a near
relation of Semler, stopped us on the bridge of Philip the Third over the Manzanares, and entered into a most learned dissertation, founded on Sulzer's theory of the fine arts, the object of which was to show that the architect had aimed more at utility than elegance; that the structure, though well calculated to resist the attacks of time or sudden floods, had neither airiness nor grace; and that the ornaments which crowded the parapets would have been infinitely more tasteful, had they been in any way suited to the place. To my unlearned apprehension all this appeared self-evident at first sight; but it was some satisfaction to know how much could be advanced to prove that one ought not to be pleased with that which does not interest one!

If there was little to be said for the bridge, the country was undoubtedly a still more unpromising theme. It was bare, bleak, and hungry. Not a tree could anywhere be seen; nor was there anything else to make amends for their absence till we arrived at Getane, formerly a place of some consequence inhabited by twelve thousand Castilians, but now dwindled to a small town with fewer than half that number within its walls. But the church, which has not diminished along with the population, is a fine gothic edifice, with three spacious aisles separated by large majestic columns, of which the central ones appear isolated. The high altar excited our admiration, notwithstanding that we had of late been accustomed to so much greater magnificence in objects of this kind. But here was extraordinary simplicity, both in the architecture and embellishments; and in this consisted
its charm and its recommendation. The pictures with which it was adorned,—the work of Alphonso Caro,—represent the several eras of the life of Mary Magdalen. From the treatment of these pieces we conjecture that the artist had not adopted, perhaps had never heard of, the theory of Dr. Lardner, which supposes that Mary Magdalen had not at all been a remarkable sinner, but a person of exemplary life, whom habitual religious feelings led to be one of the earliest proselytes to Christianity. On the side altars are two pieces by the same painter: the one an Infant Christ, the other the Virgin of Peace.

After discussing, with much learning and animation, the merits of these various productions, we adjourned to the posada, where we found a good stew, with the requisite proportion of saffron, and some very delicious Val de Peñas to terminate the repast. Having thus refreshed our exhausted energies, we continued our route and in about four hours arrived at Illescas, a small town with a retrograding population, lying nearly half way between Madrid and Toledo. Of the country traversed in reaching this place, it would be impossible to relate any thing of a flattering nature. In fact, we here sighed in good earnest for the flat between Olmedo and Segovia, where there was fertility, if nothing else, to refresh the eye. But had the country been picturesque, we should have been totally deprived of the satisfaction to be derived from having something to grumble at, which, occasionally perhaps, is as good as any other pleasure.

It was somewhat late in the afternoon when we reached Illescas; but, as some portion of the day still
remained, we made diligent inquiry concerning the 
respectables, and learned, to our infinite contentment, 
that the place still boasts of five churches, two con-
vents, a hospital, and a promenade, which, for a town 
of two thousand souls, may be regarded as considerable. 
In fact, a man of moderate appetite in vertu might find 
sufficient employment for a week in five churches, to 
say nothing of the convents and the hospital, which 
may, perhaps, derive its curative powers rather from an 
image of the blessed Virgin, supposed to have been 
brought thither from the oratory of Saint Ildefonso, 
than from any drugs or medical skill to be found in it. 

This palladium of Illescas we did not, however, see, 
not having at the time a touch of the gout, or any 
other patrician disease, for the removal of which we 
might have invoked its aid. Our first visit was to the 
church of the Franciscans, celebrated for a fine picture 
of the Virgin, and two monuments erected in honour 
of Gedeon Kinojosa, and his wife Catherine Velasco, 
founders of the convent. Memorials of this kind have 
always a peculiar interest for me. I love to approach 
any spot hallowed by the ashes of piety, valour, or 
munificence; and the impression assuredly is not 
diminished when, as in the present case, it happens 
that the affections have united with devotion in per-
petuating the memory of an act of piety. The tombs 
of this religious pair occupy a prominent position in the 
church which owes its erection to them. Besides the 
usual appendages of frontispiece and pilasters, we dis-
cover the statues of the founders as large as life, in a 
kneeling posture, beautifully executed in marble. They
are the works of a man of genius, whose fame has been most incommensurate with his merits,—I mean Domenico Theocopoli, popularly known in Spain by the appellation of the Greek, and there equally admired as a painter, a sculptor, and an architect. Another monument of the genius of this distinguished foreigner are the six altars in the church of the Hospital of Charity, remarkable for the simple classic elegance of the architecture. The high altar has, however, the defect of uniting the Doric and the Corinthian orders of columns, but so admirably arranged, so harmoniously blended together, that the eye scarcely detects the discrepancy. This church contains other monuments also of Theocopoli's genius,—several beautiful statues of prophets, executed with a delicacy borrowed from Myron or Lysippus, and a portrait of St. Ildefonso, with a suite of allegorical paintings of the Virgin, all breathing of that high feeling for the beautiful which was of old the inheritance of his illustrious countrymen.

On returning to our posada, possessed by ideas of dirt and discomfort, we were agreeably disappointed at finding a substantial and agreeable supper laid out for us in the kitchen, with three or four pretty waitresses, the daughters of mine host, whose family was a prodigy of beauty for this part of Spain. He himself was a jolly old Castilian, with ruddy cheeks and laughing eyes, which, as he recommended his stews or his wine, glittered through the clouds of his cigar like the moon through the last remains of a fog. He had lost his wife, which he evidently considered a real misfortune; for more than once during the evening he complained of
feeling like a man who has had his right hand cut off by the Barbary corsairs. "But what is to be done?" said he. "I am creeping after her, with my cigar in my hand; and when these young ladies,"—such were his very words,—"when these young ladies are provided for,—why, to confess the truth, I care not how soon, by the blessing of the Virgin, I overtake her."

The reader who feels desirous of supping at the table of this sentimental innkeeper, need only inquire for Don Jose Gañeda—every man in Illescas knows him—and he will be well served and civilly; and the pretty Hebès, if he be at all musical, will chaunt him some of the sweetest airs to be heard in Spain.

Next morning, after breakfasting on the best fare Don Jose could furnish, we resumed our journey, and passing through two or three villages whose names are not worth remembering, made a brief halt at the town of Olias, which, though not remarkable for its dimensions, is prettily situated in the midst of groves of fruit trees. The country, as we approach Toledo,—from which Olias is not more than six or seven miles distant,—begins visibly to improve. In fact, much of the district called Sagra, extending from this little town to the walls of Toledo, is fertile, and not altogether unpicturesque; which is strongly opposed to the conceit of those etymologists who would trace to an Arabic root the name of the Toledan gate of Visagra, by which the city is entered from Madrid. It may, they imagine, have been called Bab-Sahra, which they translate "the Gate to the Fields," but which should be rendered, "the Gate to the Desert;" and the Sagra,
as we have above remarked, is by no means a desert, but the reverse. They who derive Visagra from Via Sacra, have much greater probability on their side; though why this should be termed the "Sacred Way," as if it led to some second Eleusis, is more than I can pretend to explain.

Having thus disposed of the etymology of the name of the gate, let us proceed to enter it. We obtain the first view of Toledo from the summit of an eminence overlooking the rugged valley in which it is situated; and, certainly, it is not one of those objects whose appearance immediately captivates. If we ever get fond of the place, it must be from habit and long acquaintance. Its exterior is particularly rude and uninviting. From the height above mentioned, the eye rests on a collection of unshapen buildings, seemingly piled up and accumulated one upon another; nor, as you advance, does its aspect improve, the place having grown up to its present extent gradually, without plan, or any reference whatever to the picturesque.

As, however, we descend the valley, which though of great length is exceedingly narrow, the imagination becomes interested in the features of the landscape. The weather was gloomy; heavy clouds, filled with rain and ready to burst, hung over the mountains; yet beneath this dark canopy the sight extended far along the vega, discovering or shaping to itself features of considerable grandeur. We soon ceased to regard the city, and before we reached it had become so deeply interested in the surrounding scene, that we felt no desire to arrive at the termination of our day's journey.
MAGNIFICENT PROSPECT.

Every person who has travelled must be aware, that the finest landscapes are not always those which most powerfully strike the fancy. It is often difficult, indeed, to penetrate to the root of your emotions, and say why certain peculiar combinations of objects are preferred to others, more admirable, perhaps, and calculated to form a superior picture. Yet so it is, and I was never more impressed by the inexplicable sources of interest in scenery than on the day of our approach to Toledo.

On both sides of us the mountains, invested with that singular character always assumed by vast masses of granite, shot up to a height which, from the extreme narrowness of the valley, appeared prodigious. Here and there likewise, their peaks, piercing the superincumbent stratum of clouds that prevented our conjecturing to what elevation they soared, recalled to mind the alpine ridges which hem in the gorge of Lauterbrunn; though on the morrow, when the atmosphere was unclouded, I missed half the majesty of the view. The very absence of trees upon the cliffs, their stern barrenness, their steep, rough, over-jutting faces, heightened the effect of the whole; and, undoubtedly, during my whole travels through Spain, there is no one day to which my fancy more frequently recurs, or with more delight, than to that in which I rode silently and thoughtfully down the Vega of Toledo.

Before reaching the gates, we entered on a splendid promenade leading from the gate of Visagra to the manufactory of cutlery, near the banks of the Tagus.
Here, I presume were produced in former times those

"Tranchant blades, Toledos trusty,"

armed with one of which Sir Hudibras sallied forth against the spoilers of his native land. The sword-blades manufactured at this city were little less celebrated in the West than those of Damascus throughout Asia, and are supposed partly to owe their peculiar temper to the waters of the Tagus in which they were cooled.

The promenade extends nearly a mile from the city gate, and consists of three straight alleys, intersected at irregular distances by transverse paths, ornamented with stone seats, and planted with noble trees. Here, notwithstanding the coolness of the evening, all the rank and fashion of Toledo appeared to be assembled; and, scattered in small knots among the trees, or driving in their old-fashioned carriages up the broad avenues, imparted an animation to the scene in striking contrast with the savage mountains encircling the valley.

As Toledo itself stands on a lofty isolated rock in the middle of the hollow, we had no sooner entered the gates than our vehicle had to toil up a very steep and difficult eminence, through a succession of tortuous, narrow, and somewhat dirty streets, where the odours which assaulted the nostrils certainly did not proceed from attou of roses. However, on went the mules, and on went we, till the open door of the welcome parador received us. Here the steams of sundry savoury dishes, proceeding from the kitchen and filling the whole court-yard like the effluvia of a pagan sacri-
office, gave fresh edge to our appetites; and in a few minutes we had forgotten both fatigue and the picturesque amid the good things which crowded the hospitable board of the Moro.

Next morning, on issuing from our enchanted castle, we began to study the general aspect of the city, before we should devote our attention to any particular edifice. It will be remembered that its external appearance threw us into no raptures, when we first viewed it from the eminence on the road from Olías. The interior is quite in keeping with the outside. Setting entirely aside all reference to situation, the ground-plot of Toledo reminded me frequently of Lausanne and Genoa, where the same irregularity, roughness, and general squalidness of aspect are observable. Assuredly no architect was consulted in laying the foundations of this city, which, if I could forget the determination very sagely made at Burgos, I would not for a moment suffer, at least in my own estimation, to maintain a rivalry with that capital of Old Castile. From the nature of the ground, the place has assumed the amphitheatrical form; but, instead of taking advantage of this arrangement to create a series of magnificent terraces rising one behind the other, the houses are crowded and thrust one against another, as if for mutual support; and the unpaved streets, reeking with every description of uncleanness, are rough, crooked, and narrow. 'No where can two carriages pass each other, nor is there in the city a single street of uninterrupted level. It is, in fact, the purgatory of horses, mules, and foot
sand represents a whole republic, one can credit,—for the dispeopled city remains,—that one hundred and twenty thousand brave and active human beings once existed there. But the ancient population of Toledo has doubtless been exaggerated, though it cannot be denied that vestiges of its departed grandeur and magnificence on all sides meet the eye. Where whole streets once stood, we now find nothing but heaps of earth; bricks, and tiles, proving how far the dwellings once extended. Below, almost at the foot of the mountain, are the walls erected by the kings of Castile, extensive indeed and flanked with small towers, but built in such a manner as to seem intended rather to support the soil, than to contribute to the defence of the city.

The old Moorish town comprehended little more than the highest part of the city. It was encircled by lofty walls, supported by vast buttresses and round towers, with battlements and loop-holes. Fragments of these towers still remain, together with the foundations of the city walls. Though greatly reduced in extent, the inhabited portion of Toledo is still said to contain,—for I certainly did not count them,—seventy-nine churches, thirty-nine or forty convents, fifteen hospitals, with a great number of beautiful edifices of other descriptions.

The history of Toledo is in a great measure the history of its archbishop, who, in the days of Gil Blas, piqued himself upon the elegance of his homilies, and an income amounting to one hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds per annum. At present the.
passengers; in short, of all who cannot doze away life in a carriage. For this reason people of fortune, who have three hundred yards to ride on a visit, perform the journey, a very serious business, with six horses; and if it happens to be night, must be preceded by a troop of link-boys with supplements to the lamps, which, dim and feeble, represent the waning fortunes and genius of Spain.

I have already remarked the propensity of Spaniards to take refuge in the past, when the present wretched condition of their country, and every thing it contains, spontaneously forces itself upon their notice. Their patriotism flows in the same current at Toledo.

If you inquire concerning the population of the place, the question is almost construed into an insult. Where is the necessity of demanding what it is now? Ask what it was formerly, when two hundred thousand individuals thronged its streets, its marts, its churches, its promenades! You should have seen it then, when the whole space enclosed by the walls erected under the kings of Castile was covered with dwellings, and all those dwellings inhabited. At present it is the mere ghost of its former self; twenty thousand souls, if so many, occupy the place of nearly a quarter of a million, and the dulness and inactivity of death pervade its streets.

Such is the account of the vicissitudes of Toledo which one obtains from a native. But it is difficult to believe that two hundred thousand persons were ever congregated within the walls of this city. In the Tuscan Pisa, where a population of fifteen thou-
revenue, I imagine, is greatly shrunk, and I have never heard any thing remarkable of his homilies, which, though they should rival those of St. Chrysostom, would never, perhaps, be heard of beyond the Pyrenees. He is still, however, considered the richest priest in Christendom, excepting the bishop of Rome; and has under his command a clerical multitude sufficient to subdue all the heretics in Europe, were they half so expert in wielding syllogisms as they are in dealing forth the censures of their church.

As in many pagan cities of antiquity, the grandeur of the temples and other public edifices forms a striking contrast with the general meanness and poverty of the private dwellings; but, though not indisposed to admire, I could discover no structures which, as a very respectable writer conceives, would bear a comparison "with the monuments left us by the Romans;" unless, indeed, he means to exclude from the parallel the greatest and noblest of those memorials. There is, notwithstanding, no necessity to resort to any absurd approximations of this kind to enhance the magnificence of the public fabrics of Toledo, which, though in a barbarous taste, exhibit much originality of design, with splendour and vigour of execution. The ornaments and accompaniments also, which often, in buildings of this description, exceed the structures themselves in curiosity and value, are here numerous and often in good taste.

It would be endless to attempt an enumeration of all that, in this city, deserves notice. There are, as might be supposed, many churches of great merit, of which
I can mention but few; though, perhaps, the ones I pass over possess no less claims to be described than such as I have noted in my journal. These, however, are, the church of the Convent of Grand Carmelites; the church of St. Juan de los Reyos; that of the Capuchin nuns; of Peter the Martyr; the ancient church of the Jesuits; and the church of Silos, belonging to the Bernardine nuns. Of others I shall speak hereafter, in describing buildings of a mixed destination, with which churches were united.

There is at Toledo one structure, which, though it may be regarded as a private house, exhibits more magnificence, even in its decay, than the palaces of many sovereign princes. It reminded me of the Doria palace at Genoa, though far more imposing externally, and erected on a finer site. This is the Casa de los Vargas; in other words, the hotel or palace of Vargas, a superb monument of private taste and grandeur. It was erected, about the end of the sixteenth century, by Diego de Vargas, secretary of state to Philip the Second; and is situated on the ramparts, near the gate of Cambron, in a very commanding position, from whence you enjoy an extensive view over the Tagus and the whole vega, or diminutive plain, which occupies the level portion of the valley. It at present belongs to the family of Mora, if there be still any of that name; but has long lain neglected, and is falling fast into ruins. The façade is constructed entirely of fine marble, according to the rules of the rich Corinthian order, with an elegant portico supported by two fluted Doric columns, the pedestals of which are
adorned with bassi relievi, representing military trophies. The ornaments of the frieze consist of morions, taurocephalæ, and medallions. Above, upon the cornice, are two female statues of the size of life, bearing a coat of arms. The structure and arrangement of the spacious court resemble those of an Eastern caravanserai. Two tiers of light and beautiful galleries, one above the other, extend round the whole; and of these the first is supported by columns of the Doric order, the second by Ionic. A staircase of extreme elegance leads to the apartments, where the chief ornament now remaining is a series of deep cornices covered with rich decorations in basso relievo.

The castle, or palace, still known by the Arabian name of Alcazar, may however be considered the most remarkable building in Toledo. This splendid structure, the founding of which has escaped the researches of the Spanish antiquarians, was rebuilt by Alphonso the Tenth, and repaired by Charles the First; but, about the beginning of the last century, narrowly escaped being reduced to ashes during the wars of the succession; by the barbarism of the Austrian and Portuguese troops, which, upon the conclusion of the treaty, wantonly set fire to the city, and left it enveloped in flames. With the same odious spirit of Vandalism they sought to destroy the beautiful bridge of Alcantara, in Estremadura. In fact, of the Alcazar of Toledo by far the greater part was destroyed or much damaged; the only portions which escaped their fury being the principal walls, the court, the grand staircase, and the chapel which was partly unroofed.
with a few other apartments. The more stately and spacious halls were left in ruins, exposed without roof or floor to the devastations of the elements. Nor was any effort made to restore the Alcazar, whose ruin every revolving year was rendered more and more complete, until Cardinal Lorenzana, with patriotic munificence, devoted a large portion of his princely revenues to its reparation.

The site of the castle is in the most elevated part of the city, where it has been erected in an oblong area, sheltered by a lofty mound, from whence the eye commands a fine view over the city, the valley, and the surrounding mountains. About fifty years ago two statues in terra cotta, of two celebrated Gothic kings of Spain were placed one on either side the gates of the Alcazar; and there they still remain on their freestone pedestals, though the white paint with which they have frequently been garnished has now been suffered to grow very dingy.

Like most other celebrated Spanish structures it presents, in all its parts, a mixture of the magnificent and the grotesque, which, when we are rather in search of impressions than notions, interferes comparatively little with our enjoyment. Contrary to the principle upon which the Escurial is erected, there is a degree of proportion observed between the length and the height of the façade; the whole extent of the front not exceeding one hundred and seventy feet, while the elevation is considerable. There are three rows of eight windows, each of which is surmounted by a gable-shaped attic, adorned at the apex by a head;
and so inventive and fantastic was the imagination of the artist, that, of the whole twenty-four no two heads correspond with each other. At either extremity of the façade a lofty mass of architecture projects in the form of a square pavilion, entirely destitute of embellishment.

The principal gateway forms an arch in the centre of the front, and is adorned with four columns of the Ionic order, raised on pedestals. Above is a cornice, surmounted by the arms of Spain and Austria. Through this lofty gateway we entered into a magnificent vestibule, supported by massive double columns; and were shown the spot where formerly stood two marble statues, now entirely destroyed.

We next passed into a capacious square court, surrounded by two richly ornamented galleries, resting upon seventy-four columns of the Composite and Corinthian order. Here, however, with the exception of the great staircase, terminates the whole grandeur of the pile; for the interior by no means answers to the idea formed of it from a view of the external magnificence.

Toledo, every traveller will confess, is a dull place, for even the guides, those never-failing resources elsewhere, are here infested with taciturnity, and drawl out their legends and antiquities as if they believed not the one and despised the others. They remember little but dates; in what year, for example, such or such an archbishop died, or such a king was born, which one might discover without travelling so far as Toledo. With such companions we toiled.
through the hospital of Santa Cruza, founded, as they assured us, in 1495, by Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoza, archbishop of course. It is said to occupy the site of the palace of the Gothic and Moorish kings, and certainly may be considered its equal in grandeur or utility. Magnificence, however, heals no wounds; and the poor who obtain medical aid in this establishment might, perhaps, prefer enlightened treatment and rapid cures, to gorgeous ornaments which they neither admire nor understand.

The same remark may no doubt be applied to the hospital of St. John the Baptist, which, though uselessly superb, if its destination be considered, is in itself a structure worthy of more than ordinary admiration. It is indeed a masterpiece in its kind for the regularity of the architecture, the richness and variety of the accessories, the extreme delicacy observable in their finishing, and the air of dignity that breathes through the whole. It was erected about the middle of the sixteenth century, at the expense of Cardinal Juan Tavera, archbishop of Toledo; and occupies an agreeable site beyond the city opposite the gate of Visagra, where, being surrounded by the country, it enjoys the advantage of a pure salubrious air.

Externally this building was at first totally plain; and the attempts since made to disfigure its simplicity by absurd decorations, only prove how much better it would have been to suffer the original design to remain untouched. All the taste and magnificence of the pile appear; however, the moment you have
passed the vestibule and entered its spacious courts, where very graceful and elegant piazzas, archways, columns, galleries, burst at once upon the eye, harmoniously blended together so as to produce an unmixed and most pleasing effect. At the extremity of the piazza which separates the two courts stands the church, with a Doric façade of white marble, gates flanked by fluted columns, and rich and elegant cornice, above which are seen two statues in military garb, supporting the arms of the founder. The symbolic designs, in allusion to the beheading of John the Baptist, consist chiefly of scimitars and chargers, representing that patera in which the daughter of Herodias brought in the head of the prophet to the royal banquet. Within, our admiration is principally commanded by the dome, of extremely beautiful construction, which springs to an elevation of nearly two hundred feet above the pavement. The high altar, though disfigured by several superfluous and tasteless embellishments, is yet a fine piece of Ionic architecture. It is surmounted by a tabernacle of open-work, of singular lightness and elegance; and in the niches at the side are paintings by artists of distinguished abilities. Directly beneath the centre of the dome is the mausoleum of the founder,—a massive tomb resting on a basement covered with ornaments, and bearing a recumbent figure of the cardinal.

But the chief merit of this hospital consists in the great number of large airy apartments which it contains for the accommodation of the sick, some adapted for warm weather, and others for winter. Those de-
signed for the men are on the ground floor, and consequently less airy and healthy than those above, which are appropriated to the women.

Of the other remarkable edifices of Toledo, my account must be very brief; for, to say all that each, if it stood singly, might deserve, would require a volume considerably larger than *The Landscape Annual*. But in architectural details, unvivified by moral pictures, there is little interest; and even if to these we add a history of the founders, the dates of their birth and death, relate who destroyed or repaired their labours, and conclude with an eulogium on their piety or munificence, we only heap lead upon lead. Let us, therefore, pass over with a bare mention the archiepiscopal palace, the town-house, and other objects of a less striking character, and pause a moment at the cathedral, which, though it may bear no comparison for architectural beauty with that of Burgos, excels it far in the reputation of antiquity, which is more valued in Spain.

In fact, if we may credit certain authorities,—which it is very hard to do,—this church was founded in the primitive ages of Christianity. Its consecration, however, goes no farther back than the year 630, at which I somewhat marvel, seeing the figures 63 can be written as easily. The inscription proving this date was dug up in 1581, in clearing the foundations of the church of St. John of Penitence; but the reader will perhaps remember the famous inscription of *Siganfu*, also dug up, by which the Jesuits established, I know not how firmly, the early preaching.
of the Gospel in China. If the demonstration was designed for the native eruditissimi, they might as well, while they were digging up inscriptions, have discovered one that would have proved it was then preached by the Jesuits; for the era of Ignatius Loyola was little known to the Mandarins.

However this may be, if the Toledans ground upon the grandeur of their cathedral the superiority of their city over Burgos, they can have seen but one of the two buildings. For, though in itself a striking and venerable pile, the church of St. Mary will not bear to be brought by the imagination into juxtaposition with that most chaste and sublime structure—the cathedral of the old Castilian capital, rich and ornate within, towering, airy, graceful, and full of beauty without. Here, on the contrary, every ornament, small or great, breathes of antiquity indeed, but still more of ignorance of the art of building; and the effect of the whole,—clumsy masses, and elaborate, intricate, rude, unmeaning decorations,—is anything but that of a work of art. Whatever pleasure it affords arises from the religio loci, not from any combination or harmony of parts; or, perhaps, from cumbrous and vast proportions, which fling their images, like so many dark clouds, over the traveller's mind.

This judgment is equally true when applied to the works of Berruguete and Philip de Burgoyne, which adorn the choir and the chancel; though, in the midst of confused masses of sculpture and painting, the eye occasionally alights upon a well-conceived and tasteful piece. Two statues in the chancel deserve mention
as historical monuments, honourable to the feelings and character of the Castilians of other days; the one, that of the humble shepherd who was guide to Alphonso the Eighth to the battle of Las Navas de Tolosa; the other, that of the Moor Alfagni, who, overlooking the apparent and temporary interests of his religion, had the nobleness of soul to become the intercessor with Alphonso, in favour of Queen Constance and Archbishop Bernard, at whose instigation the mosque had been converted into a church, contrary to the articles of capitulation, and in violation of the royal word. But if the Moor deserves our admiration for his disinterested generosity, so also do those Toledans who could overcome the force of their prejudice against a hostile creed so far, as to place the statue of one of its greatest ornaments among those of their own people, and in their holiest temple.

The interior of this cathedral is, however, a vast museum, filled with curiosities and works of art, badly arranged indeed, but for that very reason, perhaps, apparently more numerous. I by no means pretend to describe them. Even Caymán and Le Ponz would here find their industry at fault, and be compelled, sometimes, to plead guilty to the sin of omission. Among the most incongruous objects of the whole are two hexagonal pulpits, opposite each other, decorated with the figures of satyrs and the four evangelists,—a real emblem of catholicism!

Another remarkable feature in this extraordinary edifice is the series of scriptural subjects represented on the painted windows of the transepts. Being of