

lowed, such as Italy, Amadeus, the University, Cervantes, Andalusian women, bulls, Dante, and travels,—a course, in fact, of geography, literary history, and the customs of the two countries; then a glass of Malaga and a friendly clasp of the hand.

Oh, *caballeros*, so pleasantly remembered, frequenters of all the cafés, guests at all the table d'hôtes, neighbors at the theatre, traveling companions on all the railways in Spain; you who so many times, moved by kind pity for an unknown stranger, who glanced with a melancholy eye over the *Indicatore delle Ferrovie* (railway guide) or the *Correspondencia Española*, thinking of his family, friends, and distant country, you offered him, with amiable spontaneity, a *cigarrito*, and, taking part in a conversation which broke up the train of sad thoughts, left him calm and cheerful; I thank you. Oh, *caballeros*, so pleasantly remembered, whomsoever you may be, whether Carlists, Alphonsists, followers of Amadeus, or liberals, I thank you from the depths of my heart, in the name of all the Italians who travel and all those who shall travel in your dear country. And I swear upon the everlasting volume of Michael Cervantes, that every time I hear you accused of ferocious souls and savage customs by your most civilized European brothers, I will rise and defend you with the impetuosity of an Andalusian and the tenacity of a Catalan, as long as I have voice enough left to cry: "Long live hospitality!"

A few hours afterward I found myself in the carriage of a train going to Madrid, and the whistle for departure had scarcely ceased, when I struck my forehead in sign of despair. Alas! it was late; and at Valladolid I had forgotten to visit the room where Christopher Columbus died!



## CHAPTER V.

MADRID.

IT was day when one of my neighbors cried in my ear:

“*Caballero!*”

“Are we at Madrid?” I asked, waking up.

“Not yet,” he replied; “but look!”

I turned toward the country, and saw at the distance of half a mile, on the slope of a high mountain, the convent of the Escorial, illuminated by the first rays of the sun. *Le plus grand tas de granit qui existe sur la terre*, as it is called by an illustrious traveller, did not seem to me, at first sight, the immense edifice which the Spanish people consider the eighth marvel of the world. Nevertheless, I uttered my *Oh!* like the other tourists who saw it for the first time, reserving all my admiration for the day when I should have seen it from a nearer point of view. From the Escorial to Madrid the railway traverses an arid plain, which reminds one of that at Rome.

“You have never seen Madrid?” my neighbor asked.

I replied in the negative.

“It seems impossible,” exclaimed the good Spaniard, and he looked at me with an air of curiosity, as if he were saying to himself:

“Oh, let me see how a man is made who has not seen Madrid!”

Then he began enumerating the great things which I would see.

"What promenades! What cafés! What theatres! What women! For any one having three hundred thousand francs to spend, there is nothing better than Madrid; it is a great monster who lives upon fortunes; if I were you, I should like to pour mine down its throat."

I squeezed my flabby pocket-book and murmured:

"Poor monster!"

"Here we are!" cried the Spaniard; "look out!"

I put my head out of the window.

"That is the royal palace!"

I saw an immense pile on a hill, but instantly closed my eyes, because the sun was in my face. Every one rose, and the usual bustle of

"Coats, shawls, and other rags"

began, which always impedes the first view of a city. The train stops, I get out, and find myself in a square full of carriages, in the midst of a noisy crowd; a thousand hands are stretched out toward my valise, a hundred mouths shriek in my ear. It is an indescribable confusion of porters, hackmen, guards, guides, boys, and commissioners of *casas de huéspedes*. I make way for myself with my elbows, jump into an omnibus full of people, and away we go. We pass through a large street, cross a great square, traverse a broad, straight street, and arrive at the *Puerta del Sol*. It is a stupendous sight! It is an immense semicircular square (surrounded by high buildings), into which

open, like ten torrents, ten great streets, and from every street comes a continuous, noisy wave of people and carriages, and everything seen there is in proportion with the vastness of the locality. The sidewalks are as wide as streets, the cafés large as squares, the basin of a fountain the size of a lake ; and on every side there is a dense and mobile crowd, a deafening racket, an indescribable gayety and brightness in the features, gestures, and colors, which makes you feel that neither the populace nor the city are strange to you, and which produces in you a desire to mingle in the tumult, greet every one, and run here and there, rather to recognize persons and things than to see them for the first time.

I get out at a hotel, leave it instantly, and begin roaming about the streets at random. No great palaces nor ancient monuments of art meet the eye ; but there are wide, clean, gay streets, flanked by houses painted in vivid colors, broken here and there by squares of a thousand different forms, laid out almost at random, and every square contains a garden, fountain, and statuette. Some streets have a slight ascent, so that in entering them one sees at the end the sky, and seems to be emerging into the open country ; but on reaching the highest point another long street extends before one. Every now and then there are cross roads of five, six, and even eight streets, and here there is a continuous mingling of carriages and people ; the walls are covered, for some distance, with play bills ; in the shops there is an incessant coming and going ; the cafés are crowded ; and on every side there is the bustle of a large city. The street Alcalà, which is so wide that it seems almost like a rectangular square, divides Madrid in half, from the *Puerta del Sol* toward the

east, and ends in an immense plain, that extends all along the side of the city, and contains gardens, walks, squares, theatres, bull-circuses, triumphal arches, museums, small palaces, and fountains. I jump into a carriage and say to the coachman : "*Vuela!*" I pass the statue of Murillo, reascend the street Alcalà, traverse the street of the Turk, where General Prim was assassinated; cross the square of the Cortes, in which the statue of Michael Cervantes stands; emerge on the Plaza Major, where the Inquisition lighted its pyres; turn back, and in front of the house of Lopez de Vega, come out on the immense square of the Orient, opposite the royal palace, where rises the equestrian statue of Philip IV in the midst of a garden surrounded by forty colossal statues; climb again toward the heart of the city, crossing other broad streets, gay squares, and cross-roads filled with people; then finally return to the hotel, declaring that Madrid is grand, gay, rich, populous, and charming, and that I should like to stay there some time, see everything, and enjoy myself as long as my purse and the clemency of the season would permit.

After a few days a kind friend found me a *casa de huéspedes* (boarding-house), and I established myself there. These guest-houses are nothing more than families who furnish board and lodging to students, artists, and strangers, at different prices, be it understood, according to one's accommodation; but always more reasonably than the hotels, with the inestimable advantage that one enjoys a breath of home life therein, forms friendships, and is treated more like one of the family than like a boarder. The landlady was a good woman in the fifties, the widow of a painter who had studied at Rome,

Florence, and Naples, and had retained throughout life a grateful and affectionate recollection of Italy. She, too, quite naturally, evinced a lively sympathy for our country, and displayed it every day by being present when I dined, recounting to me the life, death, and miracles of all of her relations and friends, as if I were the sole confidant she had at Madrid. I heard few Spaniards talk as quickly, frankly, and with as great an abundance of phrases, *bons-mots*, comparisons, proverbs, and as large a choice of words as she. During the first few days I was disconcerted by them; I comprehended very little, was obliged to beg her to repeat every moment, could not always make myself understood, and became aware of the fact that in studying the language from books I had wasted much time in filling my head with phrases and words which rarely occur in ordinary conversation, while I had neglected many others that are indispensable. Therefore, I was obliged to begin by collecting, noting down, and, above all, straining my ears in order to profit as much as I could from the conversation of people. And I persuaded myself of this truth—that one may remain ten, thirty, forty years in a foreign city, but that if one does not make an effort in the beginning, if one does not continue to study for a long time, if one does not always keep—as Giusti said—“the eyes wide open,” one never learns to speak the language, or will always speak it badly. I knew at Madrid some old Italians who had lived since their youth in Spain and spoke Spanish atrociously. In fact, it is not, even for us Italians, an easy language; or to express myself better, it presents the great difficulty of easy languages, which is, that it is not permissible to talk them badly, because it is not in-

dispensable to speak them well in order to be understood. The Italian who wishes to speak Spanish with cultivated people, all of whom would understand French, must justify his presumption by talking it with facility and grace.

Now the Spanish language, especially because it resembles ours more closely than the French, is decidedly more difficult to speak quickly, and, so to express myself, by ear, without making mistakes, because one can say more easily, for instance, *propre, mortuaire, délice*, without running the risk of letting *proprio, mortuario, delicia* escape one, than the words *propio, mortuario, delicia*. One drops into the Italian involuntarily, inverts syntax at every instant, and has his own language continually in his ear or on his tongue, so that he stammers, becomes confused, and betrays himself. Neither is the Spanish pronunciation any less difficult than the French; the Spanish J— so easy to pronounce when alone, is exceedingly difficult when two appear in a word, or several of them in a proposition; the Z which is pronounced like S, is not acquired save after long and patient practice, because it is a sound which is disagreeable to us at first, and many, even knowing it, will never permit it to be heard. Yet if there is a city in Europe where the language of a country can be well learned, that city is Madrid; and the same may be said of Toledo, Valladolid, and Burgos. The populaces speak as the cultivated write; the differences of pronunciation between the educated class and the common people of the suburbs are very slight; and setting aside those four cities, the Spanish language is incomparably more spoken, more common, and for this reason more forcible, and consequently more efficacious in the newspapers.

theatres, and popular literature, than the Italian language. There are in Spain the Valencian, Catalan, Gallician, Murcian dialects, and the ancient language of the Basque provinces; but Spanish is spoken in the Castiles, Arragon, Estramadura, and Andalusia, that is to say in the five great provinces. The joke enjoyed at Saragossa is enjoyed at Seville also; the popular phrase which pleases the pit in a theatre at Salamanca, obtains the same success in a theatre at Granada. It is said that the Spanish language of to-day is no longer that of Cervantes, Quevedo, Lopez de Vega; that the French tongue has corrupted it; that if Charles V were to live again he would not say that it was the language to speak with God; and that Sancho Panza would no longer be understood or enjoyed. Ah! Any one who may have frequented the eating-houses and miserable theatres of the suburbs, reluctantly reconciles himself to this conclusion!

Passing from the tongue to the palate, a little good-will is needful in order to habituate one's self to certain sauces and gravies peculiar to the Spanish kitchen,—but I accustomed myself to them. The French, who, in the matter of cooking, are as difficult to please as badly-trained children, cry out against it; Dumas says he has suffered from hunger in Spain; and in a book on Spain which I have before me, it is stated that the Spaniards live on nothing but honey, mushrooms, eggs, and snails. This is all nonsense; the same thing may be said of our cooking. I have seen many Spanish who were made sick by the sight of macaroni with sauce. They mix things a trifle too much, abuse the use of fat, and season too highly; but really not enough to take away Dumas' "appetite." They are masters,



among other things, of sweets. Then comes their *puchero*, a national dish, eaten every day by the Spaniards, in every place, and I tell the truth when I say that I devoured it with a voracious enjoyment. The *puchero* is, in regard to the culinary art, what an anthology is to literature : it is a little of everything and the best. A good slice of boiled meat forms the nucleus of the dish ; around it are the wings of a fowl, a piece of *chorizo* (sausage), lard, vegetables and ham ; under it, over it, and in all the interstices are *garbanzos*. Epicures pronounce the name of *garbanzos* with reverence. They are a species of bean, but are larger, more tender, and richer in flavor ; beans, an extravagant person would say, which had fallen down from some world where a vegetation equal to ours is enriched by a more powerful sun. Such is the ordinary *puchero* ; but every family modifies it according to its purse ; the poor man is content with meat and *garbanzos* ; the gentleman adds to it a hundred delicious tid-bits. At the bottom, it is really more of a dinner than a dish, and therefore many eat nothing else. A good *puchero* with a bottle of *Val de Peñas* ought to satisfy any one. I say nothing of the oranges, Malaga grapes, asparagus, artichokes, and every species of fruits and vegetables, which every one knows are most beautiful and delicious in Spain. Nevertheless the Spaniards eat little, and although pepper, strong sauces, and salted meat predominate in their kitchen, although they eat *chorizos*, which, as they themselves say, *levantan las piedras*, or, in other words, burn the intestines ; they drink little wine. After the fruit, instead of sitting and sipping a good bottle, they ordinarily take a cup of coffee with milk, and rarely drink wine even in the morning. At the

hotel's tables d' hôte I have never seen a Spaniard empty a bottle, and I, who emptied mine, was looked at in surprise as if I were a veritable brute. It is a rare occurrence in the cities of Spain, even on a fête day, to encounter a drunken man, and for this reason, when one takes into consideration the fiery blood and very free use of knives and daggers, there are many less fights which end in bloodshed and death than is generally believed out of Spain.

Having found board and lodging, no other thought remained than that of roaming about the city, with my guide-book in hand and a cigar worth *three cuartos* in my mouth; a task both easy and agreeable.

During the first few days I could not tear myself away from the square of the *Puerta del Sol*. I stayed there by the hour, and amused myself so much that I should like to have passed the day there. It is a square worthy of its fame; not so much on account of its size and beauty as for the people, life, and variety of spectacle which it presents at every hour of the day. It is not a square like the others; it is a mingling of salon, promenade, theatre, academy, garden, a square of arms, and a market. From daybreak until one o'clock at night, there is an immovable crowd, and a crowd that comes and goes through the ten streets leading into it, and a passing and mingling of carriages which makes one giddy. There gather the merchants, the disengaged demagogues, the unemployed clerks, the aged pensioners, and the elegant young men; there they traffic, talk politics, make love, promenade, read the newspapers, hunt down their debtors, seek their friends, prepare demonstrations against the ministry, coin the false reports which circulate through Spain,

and weave the scandalous gossip of the city. Upon the side-walks, which are wide enough to allow four carriages to pass in a row, one has to force his way with his elbows. On a single paving stone you see a civil guard, a match vender, a broker, a beggar, and a soldier, all in one group. Crowds of students, servants, generals, officials, peasants, *toreros*, and ladies pass; importunate beggars ask for alms in your ear so not to be discovered; cocottes question you with their eyes; courtesans hit your elbow; on every side you see hats lifted, handshakings, smiles, pleasant greetings, cries of *Largo* from laden porters and merchants with their wares hung from the neck; you hear shouts of newspaper sellers, shrieks of water venders, blasts of the diligence horns, cracking of whips, clanking of sabres, strumming of guitars, and songs of the blind. Then regiments with their bands of music pass; the king goes by; the square is watered with immense jets of water which cross in the air; the bearers of advertisements announcing the spectacles, troops of ragamuffins with armfuls of supplements, and a body of employés of the ministries, appear; the bands of music re-pass, the shops begin to be lighted, the crowd grows denser, the blows on the elbow become more frequent, the hum of voices, racket, and commotion increase. It is not the bustle of a busy people; it is the vivacity of gay persons, a carnival-like gaiety, a restless idleness, a feverish overflow of pleasure, which attacks you and forces you around like a reel without permitting you to leave the square; you are seized by a curiosity which never wearies, a desire to amuse yourself, to think of nothing, to listen to gossip, to saunter, and to laugh. Such is the famous square, the *Puerta del Sol*.

An hour passed there is sufficient to enable one to know by sight the people of Madrid in its various aspects. The common people dress as in our large cities; the gentlemen, if they take off the cloak which they wear in winter, copy the Paris models; and are all, from the duke to the clerk, from the beardless youth to the tottering old man, neat, adorned, pomaded, and gloved, as if they had just issued from the dressing-room. They resemble the Neapolitans in this regard, with their fine heads of hair, well-kept beards, and small hands and feet. It is rare to see a low hat; all wear high ones, and there are canes, chains, trinkets, pins, and ribbons in their button-holes by the thousand. The ladies, with the exception of certain fête days, are also dressed like the French; the women of the middle class still wear the mantilla, but the old satin shoes, the *peineta*, and bright colors,—the national costume, in a word, has disappeared. They are still, however, the same little women so besung for their great eyes, small hands, and tiny feet, with their very black hair, but skin rather white than dark, so well formed, erect, lithe, and vivacious.

In order to hold a review of the fair sex of Madrid, one must go to the promenades of the *Prado*, which is to Madrid what the *Cascade* are to Florence. The *Prado*, properly speaking, is a very broad avenue not very long, flanked by minor avenues, which extends to the east of the city, at one side of the famous garden of the *Buen retiro*, and is shut in at the two extremities by two enormous stone fountains, the one surmounted by a colossal Cybele, seated upon a shell, and drawn by water-horses; the other by a Neptune of equal size; both of them crowned with copious jets of water, which cross and grace-

fully fall again with a cheerful murmur. This great avenue, hedged in on the sides by thousands of chairs and hundreds of benches belonging to water- and orange-venders, is the most frequented part of the *Prado*, and is called the Salon of the *Prado*. But the promenade extends beyond the fountain of Neptune; there are other avenues, fountains, and statues; one can walk among trees and jets of water to the Church of Nuestra Señora di Atocha, the famous church, overloaded with gifts by Isabella II after the assault of February 2, 1852, in which King Amadeus went to visit the body of General Prim.

From here one takes in, with a glance, a vast tract of the deserted country about Madrid and the snowy mountains of the Guadarrama. But the *Prado* is the most famous, not the largest or most beautiful of the city. On the extension of the *Salon*, beyond the fountain of Cybele, stretches out for nearly two miles the promenade of *Recoletos*, flanked on the right by the vast and smiling suburb of Salamanca, the suburb of the rich, the deputies, and poets; on the left, by a very long chain of little palaces, villas, theatres, and new buildings painted in bright colors. It is not a single promenade, but ten, one beside the other, and each more beautiful than its predecessor. There are carriage drives, roads for equestrians, avenues for people who seek a crowd, avenues for those who desire solitude, divided by endless hedges of myrtle, flanked and interrupted by gardens and groves, in which rise statues and fountains, and mysterious paths intersect each other. On fête days one enjoys an enchanting spectacle there: from one end to the other of the avenues, there are the processions of people, carriages, and horses; in the *Prado* one can scarcely walk; the

gardens are crowded with thousands of boys ; the orchestras of the day theatres are playing ; on every side one hears the murmur of fountains, the rustling of dresses, the cries of children, the tread of the horses. It is not alone the movement and the gaiety of a promenade, but the luxury, noise, confusion and feverish joy of a fête. The city, at that hour, is deserted. At twilight all that immense crowd rushes back into the great Street Alcala, and then from the fountain of Cybele to the *Puerta del Sol* nothing is to be seen but a sea of heads, ploughed by a line of carriages as far as the eye can reach.

As regards promenades, theatres, and spectacles, Madrid is, without doubt, one of the first cities of the world. Beside the Opera House, which is very large and rich ; beside the theatre for comedy, the theatre of the *Zarzuela*, and the Madrid Circus, all of which are of the first order in regard to size, elegance, and the concourse of people, there is a collection of minor theatres for dramatic and equestrian companies, musical associations, *Vaudevilles*, drawing-room theatres, and those with boxes and galleries, large and small, aristocratic and plebian, for every purse, for every taste, and for all hours of the night, and there is not one among them which is not crowded every evening. Then there is the Cock-Circus, the Bull-Circus, the popular balls and the games ; some days there are twenty different entertainments, beginning from mid-day until nearly dawn. The opera, of which the Spanish people are very fond, is always superb, not only during the Carnival, but throughout all seasons. While I was at Madrid, Fricci sang at the theatre of the *Zarzuela* and Stagno at the Hippodrome, each supported by fine artists, excellent orchestras and magnificent properties. The

most celebrated singers in the world make every effort to sing in the capital of Spain; the artists there are sought after and fêted; the passion for music is the only one which equals that for the bulls. The theatre for comedy is also much in vogue. Stanzembuch, Breton de los Herreros, Tamayo, Ventura, D'Ayala, Guttierrez, and many other dramatic writers, some dead and some living, noted even out of Spain, have enriched the modern theatre with a great number of comedies, which, even though not possessing that true national stamp which rendered immortal the dramatic works of the great century of Spanish literature, are full of fire, wit, and spiciness, and incomparably more healthful in tone than the French comedies. Yet though the modern dramas are represented the old ones are not forgotten: On the anniversaries of Lopez de Vega, Calderon, Moreto, Tirso de Molina, Alarcon, Francesco de Rojas, and the other great lights of the Spanish theatre, their masterpieces are represented with great pomp. The actors, however, do not succeed in satisfying the authors; they have the same defects as ours, such as superfluous movement, ranting, and sobbing,—and many prefer ours, because they find in them greater variety of inflection and accent. Beside the tragedy and the comedy, a dramatic composition, thoroughly Spanish, is represented, *i.e.*, the *zainete*, in which a certain Ramon de la Cruz was master. It is a species of farce, which is, for the greater part, a representation of Andalusian costumes with personages taken from the country and lower classes, and actors who imitate with wonderful cleverness the dress, accent, and manners of that people. The comedies are all printed and read with great avidity, even by most ordinary persons; the

names of the writers are very popular ; the dramatic literature, in a word, is still to-day, as was the case in former times, the richest and most diffuse.

There is, too, a great rage for the *Zarzuela*, which is usually represented in the theatre to which it gives its name, and is a composition something between comedy and melodrama, between the opera and *Vaudeville*, with a pleasing alternation of prose and verse, of recitation and song, of the serious and comic; a composition exclusively Spanish in character and most entertaining. In other theatres they represent political comedies, intermingled with song and prose in the style of Scalvini's review; satirical farces are the subjects of the day,—a species of *autos sacramentales*, with scenes from the passion of Jesus Christ, during Holy Week; and balls, silly dances, and pantomimes of every description. At the small theatres three or four representations are given during the evening, from one hour to another, and the spectators change at every representation. In the famous *Capellanes* theatre they dance every evening of the year a *kan-kan*, scandalous beyond the most obscene imagination, and there gather the fast young men and women, old libertines with wrinkled noses, armed with spectacles, eye-glasses, opera-glasses, and every kind of optical instrument which serve to bring nearer, as Aleardi would say, the forms advertised on the stage.

After the theatre, one finds all the cafés full of people, the city illuminated, and the streets filled with carriages, just as at the beginning of the evening. Upon coming out of the theatre, in a foreign country, one is a trifle sad. So many beautiful creatures have we seen, not one of whom deigned to bestow upon us a glance! But an Italian at Madrid



finds one comfort. Italian operas are almost always sung, and in Italian, so that on returning home you hear hummed in the words of your own language the airs which have been familiar to you since your infancy; you hear a *palpito* here, a *fiero genitor* there, a *tremenda vendetta* further on, and these words produce the same effect as the greeting of a friend. But in order to reach home, what a thick hedge of petticoats you must pass! The palm is given to Paris, and undoubtedly she merits it; but Madrid is not to be laughed at, and what daring, what words of fire, what imperious provocations! Finally you arrive at your house, but you have not the door key.

“Do not give yourself any uneasiness,” says the first citizen whom you meet. “Do you see that lantern at the end of the street? The man who is carrying it is a *sereno*, and the *serenos* have the keys of all the houses.”

Then you cry out: “*Sereno!*” The lantern approaches, and a man with an enormous bunch of keys in his hand, after giving you a scrutinizing glance, opens the door, lights you to the first-floor, and wishes you good night. In this way, every evening, by the payment of one lira a month, you are relieved from the annoyance of carrying the house keys in your pockets. The *sereno* is an employé of the municipality: there is one for every street, and each carries a whistle. If the house takes fire, or thieves break in, you have only to rush to the window and cry: “*Sereno! Help!*” The *sereno* who is in the street whistles; the *serenos* in the neighboring streets blow their whistles, and in a few moments all the *serenos* in the quarter run to your assistance. At whatever hour of the night you wake, you hear

the voice of the *sereno*, who announces it to you, adding that the weather is fine, that it rains, or that it is going to rain. How many things the night-watchman knows, and how many he never reveals! How many subdued farewells he hears! How many little notes he sees drop from the window; how many keys fall on the pavement; how many hands, making mysterious motions, in the air; how many muffled lovers stealing through little doorways; lighted windows suddenly obscured, and dark figures gliding along the walls at the first streak of dawn!

I have only spoken of the theatres. At Madrid there is a concert every day, one might say: concerts in the theatres, in the academy halls, in the streets, and then a crowd of straggling musicians, who deafen you at every hour of the day. After all this, one has a right to ask how it happens that a people, so infatuated with music that it is as necessary to them as the air they breathe, I might say, have never given any grand master to this art. The Spanish refuse to be comforted on the subject!

Much paper could be covered in attempting to describe the great suburbs, gates, promenades outside the city, the squares, and historical streets of Madrid; and any one not wishing to omit anything would speak of the superb cafés: the *Imperial* in the square of the *Puerta del Sol*, the *Fornos* in the street *Alcalà*, which are two immense halls in which, if the tables were removed, a squadron of cavalry could exercise; and innumerable others, that one meets at every step, in which a hundred couple could easily dance. Then the gorgeous shops that occupy the ground-floor of immense buildings, among which are the stores of Havana tobacco (a rendezvous for the aristocrats) filled with cigars, small, large, huge,

round, flat, pointed, shaped like snakes, arches, and hooks, in every form, suited to every taste and purse; enough, in fact, to content the wildest fancy of smokers and intoxicate the entire population of a city. Then there are spacious markets, barracks for an army, the great royal palace, in which the Quirinal and Pitti could hide themselves without fear of discovery; the great street of Atocha, which crosses the city; the immense garden of the *Buen Retiro*, with its large lake, its heights crowned with kiosks, its thousand birds of passage. But above every thing else, the Naval Museum and those for arms and paintings merit so much attention that one might dedicate a volume to each of them.

The Madrid armory is one of the most beautiful in the world. As you enter the immense hall, your heart gives a leap, the blood surges through your veins, and you stand as motionless as the portal as one who has lost his reason. An entire army of cavalry, clad in armor, with swords in their hands, lances in rest, gleaming and formidable, dash toward you like a legion of spectres. It is an army of emperors, kings, dukes, in the most superb armor that has ever issued from the hands of man, upon which falls a torrent of light from eighteen enormous windows, and this draws from the metal a gleam of rays, sparks, and colors that fairly make one giddy. The walls are covered with cuirasses, helmets, bows, guns, swords, halberds, tournament lances, immense muskets, and gigantic lances, which reach from the floor to the ceiling; from the ceiling hang the banners of all the armies of the world, trophies of Lepanto, San Quintino, the War of the Independence, and those of Africa, Cùba, and Mexico; on every side there is a profusion of glorious ensigns, illus-

trious arms, marvellous works of art, effigies, emblems, and immortal names. One does not know where to begin to admire, and runs, at first, here and there, looking at every thing, and seeing nothing, and really weary before having fairly commenced one's task. In the centre of the hall is the equestrian armor, with horses and cavaliers ranged in a row, by twos and threes, all turning in the same direction, like the column of a squadron; and one distinguishes, at first sight, among others, the armors of Philip II, Charles V, Philibert Emanuel, and Christopher Columbus. Here and there, on pedestals, one sees helmets, casques, morions, collars, and bucklers, belonging to the kings of Arragon, Castile, and Navarre, finished in fine relief of silver, representing battles, scenes from mythology, symbolical figures, trophies, and grotesque garlands; some of them of inestimable value, the work of the most distinguished artists of Europe; others of strange shapes, overladen with ornaments, tufts, vizors, and colossal crests; then small helmets and cuirasses of young princes, together with swords and shields, donated by popes and monarchs. In the midst of the equestrian armor, one sees statues clothed in the fantastic costumes of Indians, Africans, and Chinese, ornamented with feathers and bells, with bows and quivers; frightful warlike masks; costumes of mandarins of woven gold and silk. Along the walls are other pieces of armor; that of the Marquis of Pescara, the poet Garcilaso of Vega, the Marquis of Santa Cruz, the gigantic one of Frederick the Magnanimous, Duke of Saxony; and among one and another Arabian, Persian, and Moorish banners, that are falling to pieces. In the glass cases is a collection of swords, which make

you shudder when you hear the names of those who wielded them : such as those belonging to the Prince of Condé, Isabella the Catholic, Philip II, Ferdinand Cortes, the Count Duke of Olivares, John of Austria, Gonzalvo of Cordova, Pizarro, the Cid ; and, a little farther on, are the helmet of King Boabdil of Granada, the buckler of Francis I, and the camp-chair of Charles V. In a corner of the room are ranged the trophies of the Ottoman armies : helmets studded with gems, spurs, gilded stirrups, the collars of slaves, daggers, scimitars in velvet sheaths, circlets of gold, embroidered and covered with pearls ; the spoils of Ali Pacha, who was killed on the flagship, at the battle of Lepanto ; his caftan of gold and silver brocade, his belt, sandals, and shield ; the spoils of his sons, and the banners torn from the galleys. On another side are votive crowns, crosses, and necklaces, belonging to Gothic princes. In another compartment are objects taken from the Indians of Mariveles, the Moors of Cagayan and Mindano, and from savages of the most distant oceanic islands : such as necklaces of snail shells, pipes of wooden idols, reed flutes, ornaments made from the feet of insects, slaves' robes made of palm leaves, written leaves which served as safeguards, poisoned arrows, and executioners' hatchets. And then, on every side one turns, there are the saddles of kings, coats of mail, culverins, historical drums, sashes, inscriptions, mementos and images of all times and countries, from the fall of the Goths to the battle of Teuan, from Mexico to China ; a collection of treasures and masterpieces, which one leaves dazed, moved, and exhausted, to return to self-consciousness later (as if coming out of a dream), with one's memory wearied and confused.

If on some future day a great Italian poet shall desire to sing of the discovery of the new world, in no place can he obtain more powerful inspiration than in the Naval Museum of Madrid, because in no place does one feel more deeply the virginal atmosphere of the wild America and the mysterious presence of Columbus. There is a room called the cabinet of the discoverers: the poet, on entering it, if he really possess the soul of a poet, will uncover his head in reverence. In whatever portion of the room the eye falls, one sees some image that stirs the heart; one is no longer in Europe, nor in the present century, but in the America of the 15th century; one breathes that air, sees those places, and feels that life. In the centre is a trophy of arms taken from the natives of the discovered territory; shields covered with the skins of wild beasts, javelins of cane with plumed notches, wooden sabres in osier scabbards, their hilts ornamented with manes and hair falling in long bunches; canes, poles, and enormous clubs, great swords indented like a saw, shapeless sceptres, gigantic quivers, clothes of monkey skin, daggers of kings and executioners, arms belonging to the savages of Cuba, Mexico, New Caledonia, the Carolinas, and the most remote islands of the Pacific, black, strange and horrible, which awaken in one's mind confused visions of terrible struggles, in the mysterious obscurity of virginal forests, within interminable labyrinths of unknown trees. And round about these spoils of a savage country are the images and mementos of the conquerors: here the portrait of Columbus; there, that of Pizarro; beyond, that of Ferdinand Cortes; on one wall the map of America, drawn by Giovanni de la Cosa, during the second voyage of the Genoese,

on a broad canvas covered with figures, colors, and signs, which were intended to serve as a guide for the expeditions into the interior of the territories; near the canvas, is a piece of the tree under which the conqueror of Mexico reposed during the famous "*Notte triste*," after he had opened his path through the immense army which awaited him in the valley of Otumba; then a vase taken from the trunk of the tree near which the celebrated Captain Cook died; imitations of boats, barks, and rafts used by the savages; a collection of portraits of illustrious navigators. Then, in the middle portion, there is a large picture which represents the three ships of Christopher Columbus,—the *Nina*, the *Pinta*, and the *Santa Maria*, at the moment in which American soil appears, and all the sailors, erect on the poops, waving their arms, and uttering loud cries, salute the new world and give thanks to God. There are no words which express the emotion that one experiences at the sight of that spectacle, nor tears worth that which trembles in one's eye at that instant, nor human soul which, in that moment, does not feel itself more grand!

The other rooms, which are ten in number, are also full of valuable objects. In the room next the cabinet of the discoverers, are gathered the mementos of the battle of Trafalgar; the picture of the Holy Trinity, which was in a little room in the poop of the ship *Real Trinidad*, and which was taken from the English a few moments before the ship sank; the hat and sword of Gravina, admiral of the Spanish fleet, who died that day; a large, complete model of the ship *Sant' Anna*, one of the few which came out of the battle; and banners, portraits of admirals, and pictures representing incidents of that

tremendous struggle. Besides the mementos of Trafalgar, there are many others which do not appeal less strongly to the soul, such as a chalice made from the wood of a tree called *Ceiba*, under whose shade the first mass was celebrated at Havana, on the 19th of March, 1519; the cane of Captain Cook; Indian idols, and stone chisels with which the Indians of Porto Rico fashioned their idols before the discovery of the island. Beyond this room is another large one, upon entering which one finds one's self in the midst of a fleet of galleys, caravelas, feluccas, brigantines, corvettes, and frigates,—boats, in fact, of every country and every century, armed, beflagged, and provisioned, that only seem to be waiting for the wind to set sail and scatter over the world. In the other rooms, there is a collection of engines, tools, and naval arms; of pictures representing all the maritime enterprises of the Spanish people; of portraits of admirals, navigators, and sailors; of trophies from Asia, America, Africa, Oceanica, piled up and crowded together, so that one ought to pass them on a run in order to see every thing before the night overtakes him. On coming out of the Naval Museum, it seems like returning from a voyage around the world, so fast has one lived during those few hours.

Besides this, there is, at Madrid, a large Artillery Museum, an immense Museum of Engineering, an Archeological Museum, and a noteworthy Museum of Natural History; then there are a thousand other things worth seeing, but one must sacrifice the description of them to that of the marvellous picture-gallery.

The day on which one enters for the first time a gallery like that of Madrid, becomes a marked one



in the life of a man ; it is an important event like marriage, the birth of a child, or the coming into an inheritance ; for one feels the effects of it to the day of his death. And this is the reason why galleries like those of Madrid, Florence, and Rome, constitute a world in themselves ; a day passed among their walls is like the year of a life, a year stirred by all the passions which vary a real life, such as love, religion, love of country, and glory ; a year for that which is enjoyed in it, for that which one learns in it, for that comfort which is extracted from it for the future ; a year in which a thousand volumes are read, a thousand sensations are experienced, and a thousand adventures encountered. These thoughts revolved in my mind as I rapidly approached the picture-gallery, situated at the left of the Prado (for any one coming from the street Alcalà) ; and such was the pleasure I felt, that on reaching the door I stopped and said to myself : “ Let us see ! what have you done during your life to deserve the privilege of entering here ? Nothing ! Very well ; on the day when some misfortune comes to you, bow your head and feel that you are quits with Fate.

I entered, and involuntarily raised my hat : My heart was beating and a shiver ran from head to foot. In the first rooms there are only a few large pictures of Luca Giordano. I passed on. In the second room *I was no longer myself*, and instead of beginning to look at the pictures one by one, I postponed the examination until later, and made the tour of the gallery almost running. In the second room are the pictures of Goya, the last great Spanish painter ; in the third, which is as large as a square, are the masterpieces of the great masters. On entering, you find, on one side, the Virgins, of Murillo ; on the other, the Saints,

of Ribera; a little farther on, the portraits of Velasquez; in the centre of the room are the pictures of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Andrea del Sarto, Titian, Tintorette, Paul Veronese, Correggio, Domenichino, and Guido Reni. Turn back; enter a large room on the right, and you see at the end other pictures of Raphael; on the right and left Velasquez, Titian, and Ribera; near the door Rubens, Van Dyck, Fra Angelico, and Murillo. In another room the French school: Pousin, Duguet, Lorrain; in two other large ones the walls are covered with pictures of Breughel, Téniers, Jordaens, Rubens, Dürer, Schoen, Mengs, Rembrandt, and Bosch. In three others, of the same size, are a quantity of pictures of Joanes, Carbajal, Herrera, Luca Giordano, Carducci, Salvator Rosa, Menendez, Cano, and Ribera. You roam around for an hour, and you have seen nothing; for the first hour it is a struggle—the master-pieces dispute the space in your soul; the *Conception*, of Murillo, covers with a torrent of light the *Martyrdom of Saint Bartholomew*, of Ribera; the *St. James*, of Ribera, crushes the *St. Stephen*, of Joanes; the *Charles V*, of Titian, fulminates the *Conte duca Olivares*, of Velasquez; the *Spasimo of Sicily*, of Raphael, casts into the shade all the pictures around it; the *Drunkards*, of Velasquez, disturb with a reflection of bacchanalian joy the faces of the neighboring saints and princes. Rubens overthrows Van Dyck, Paul Veronese outdoes Tiepolo, and Goya kills Madrazo; the conquered take their revenge upon their inferiors; elsewhere they supersede, in their turn, their conquerors. It is, in fact, a rivalry of miracles of art, in the midst of which your restless soul trembles like a flame stirred by a thousand breezes, and your heart expands in a feeling of pride for the power of human genius.

When the first enthusiasm has passed, one begins to admire. In the midst of an army of such artists, each one of whom might claim a volume in himself, I confine myself to the Spaniards, and among these, to four who aroused my profoundest admiration, and whose canvases I remember most distinctly.

The most recent is Goya, born toward the middle of the last century. He is the most thoroughly Spanish painter of *toreros*, peasants, smugglers, massacres, thieves, the War of the Independence, and that ancient Spanish society which was dissolved under his eyes. He was a fiery Arragonese, with an iron temperament, passionately fond of bull-fights, so much so that, during the last years of his life, while residing at Bordeaux, he went once a week to Madrid for no other purpose than that of witnessing these spectacles, and he left there like an arrow, without even saluting his friends. He was a robust, sharp, imperious, and fulminating genius, who, in the heat of his violent inspirations, covered in a few moments with figures a wall or a canvas, and gave the effective touches with whatever happened to fall under his hand—sponges, besoms, or sticks; who in tracing the face of a hated person insulted it; who painted a picture as he would have fought a battle. He was a very bold designer, an original and a powerful colorist, a creator of an inimitable style of painting, of frightful shadows, mysterious lights, and of extraordinary but veritable semblances; he was a great master in the expression of all terrible emotions, of anger, hatred, desperation, and sanguinary rage; an athletic, warlike, and, indefatigable painter; a naturalist, like Velasquez; fantastic, like Hogarth; energetic, like Rembrandt; the last flame-colored flash of Spanish genius.

There are several of his pictures in the Madrid gallery, among which is a very large one, representing all the family of Charles IV ; but the two into which he threw all his soul are : the French soldiers shooting the Spaniards on the second of May, and a struggle of the people of Madrid with the Marmadukes of Napoleon I, all life-size. They are two pictures which make one shudder. Nothing more tremendous can be imagined : one can give no more execrable form to power, nor frightful aspect to desperation, nor a more ferocious expression to the fury of a fray. In the first one, there is a dark sky, the light of a lantern, a pool of blood, a pile of bodies, a crowd of men condemned to death, and a line of French soldiers in the act of firing ; in the other are horses, with their veins cut, and horsemen dragged from their saddles, stabbed, trodden upon and lacerated. What faces ! what attitudes ! one seems to hear the cries, and see the blood running ; the veritable scene could not cause more horror. Goya must have painted those pictures with his eyes glaring, foam at his mouth, and with the fury of a demoniac ; it is the last point which painting can reach before being translated into action ; having passed that point, one throws away the brush, and seizes the dagger ; one must commit murder in order to do anything more terrible than those pictures ; after those colors, comes blood.

Of the pictures of Ribera, whom we know under the name of *Spagnoletto*, there are a sufficient number to form a gallery ; the greater part of them are figures of saints, life-size ; a massacre of St. Bartholomew, containing many figures, and a colossal Prometheus, chained to a rock. Other pictures of his are to be found in other galleries, at the Escorial,

and in the churches, as he was fruitful and laborious, like all the Spanish artists. After seeing one of his pictures, one recognizes, at a glance, all the others ; and it is not necessary to have the eye of an expert to do this. There are old, emaciated saints, with bald heads, who are perfectly nude, and whose very veins can be counted ; they have hollow eyes, fleshless cheeks, wrinkled foreheads, sunken chests, which allow the ribs to be seen, and arms that are only skin and bones ; attenuated and decaying bodies, clothed in rags, yellow with that deathly hue of corpses, terribly covered with sores, and bleeding ; they are carcasses that seem to have been dragged from the bier, bearing on their faces the imprint of all the spasms of illness, torture, hunger, and insomnia ; they are figures of the anatomical table, from which one could study all the secrets of the human organism. They are admirable ; yes, for boldness of design, vigor of color, and for the thousand other virtues which procured for Ribera the fame of a powerful painter, but this is not true, great art ! In those faces one does not find that celestial light, that *immortal ray of the soul*, which reveals, with sublime suffering, sublime aspirations, and the *secret flashes, and immense desires*, that light which draws the eye from the sores, and raises the thoughts to heaven ; there is nought but the cruel pain which inspires repugnance and terror ; there is only weariness of life, and the presentiment of death ; there is nothing save human life, which is fleeing away, without the reflection of that immortal one which is beginning. There is not one of those saints whose image is recalled with pleasure ; one looks at them, is chilled to the heart, but the heart keeps on beating ; Ribera never loved. Yet in passing through

the rooms of the gallery, despite the intense feeling of repugnance which many of the pictures aroused in me, I was forced to look at them, and could not take my eyes from them, so great is the attraction of the true, even though it be displeasing; and Ribera's pictures are so true to life! I recognized those faces; I had seen them in the hospitals, mortuary chambers, and behind the doors of churches; they are faces of beggars, dying persons, and of those condemned to death, which appear before me at night, even to-day, in going through a deserted street, passing a cemetery, or climbing an unknown staircase. There are several of them at which one cannot look; a hermit, quite nude, who is stretched on the ground, and seems a skeleton with skin; an old saint, to whom the wasted skin gives the appearance of a flayed body, and the Prometheus, with his bowels starting out of the chest. Blood, lacerated members, and agony pleased Ribera; he must have enjoyed representing pain; he must have believed in a hell more horrible than that of Dante, and in a God more terrible than that of Philip II. In the gallery at Madrid he represents religious terror, old age, suffering, and death.

The great Velasquez is gayer, more varied, and more superb. Almost all his masterpieces are there. They are a world in themselves; everything is depicted: war, the court, the cross-road, the tavern, and paradise. It is a gallery of dwarfs, imbeciles, beggars, buffoons, drunkards, comedians, kings, warriors, martyrs, and deities; all living and speaking, in novel and bold attitudes, with serene faces and a smile on their lips, full of frankness and vigor. There is a large portrait of Count Duke d'Olivares