

with considerable alarm, acquainted him with the disastrous failure of a plan which had been eighteen years in preparation, and on which the King had spent upwards of a hundred millions of ducats.

Philip listened without the slightest appearance of emotion, and then replied, "I thank God for having given me means to endure such a loss without embarrassment, and power to equip another fleet of equal magnitude. A stream can afford to waste some of its water, so long as its source is not dried up!" After this grandiloquent speech, he quietly resumed his occupation.

In the Sacristy is a picture by the Portuguese painter Claudio Coello, described by our guide as "very important." The scene represented took place at the Escorial, where the half-witted King, Charles II., surrounded by priests and courtiers, knelt before the "Miraculous Wafer," which (according to the popular belief) shed drops of blood when on one occasion it was profaned by heretical hands.

The hall of the Chapter contains the first picture we had yet seen by Velazquez. It has for its touching subject Jacob receiving from the hands of his elder children the blood-stained coat of Joseph, "the son of his old age."

In the face of the old man grief and anger struggle for mastery, as he recognizes the coat which he had himself given, and which his sons now unfold before his weeping eyes.

This is one of the few sacred subjects painted by

Velazquez, and deserves a better light than it has here.

In the Refectory is still left the picture of the Last Supper, on which Titian spent seven years of his life, and which Philip II. (in spite of his appreciation of art) ordered to be cut, being too large for its destined place! It is inconceivable that this grand picture should not have been removed to the Madrid Museo, but here it remains in the dark, and on a damp wall.

From the Church we proceeded to the library, where is the picture of Philip—frigid in expression, with hard stern lines about the mouth, and a cold lustreless eye which freezes you. Charles V. is also here, in armour, with closely-cut hair and beard, and protruding jaw; a face once seen, never to be forgotten. Philip III. and Charles II. are likewise represented; the melancholy face of the last arrests the eye, and recalls to the mind the scene in the vault below. In the library are whole shelves filled with Bibles, amongst which, perhaps, is to be found the Polyglot Bible of Cardinal Ximenes, the first ever published, but so little known or read by Spanish Catholics.

Here are also many curious manuscripts—many of the writings and letters of St. Teresa treasured up by Philip II.—letters said to be “full of cheerfulness and sweetness of nature.” We were not permitted, however, to examine anything, and were hurried on to the Palace, which is rich in tapestry, from designs by the great Flemish masters; but which hardly

compensated for the fatigue of passing through endless suites of rooms, devoid of any especial interest.

Occasionally the Imperial Bee appears on some worthless piece of furniture, to remind the visitor that Joseph Buonaparte once reigned in Spain.

Without the Palace, looking in the direction of Madrid are terraces with formal box hedges, quaint and wintry. It was in these gardens that our Prince Charles bade farewell to Philip IV., after having spent six fruitless months as a wooer at Madrid. Charles had promised his sister Elizabeth, the unfortunate Queen of Bohemia, that he would regard her interests as his own: and here at the Escorial he made a last effort to influence Philip in favour of his brother-in-law; and received from Philip an assurance that he would do his utmost to obtain the restitution of the Palatinate, and present it as a marriage gift from himself to Charles—words of duplicity, uttered with that imperturbable gravity, which Philip IV. cultivated as “one of the most sacred duties of a sovereign.”

Before leaving the Escorial, we walked again to the Grand Portal, with the figure of St. Lawrence facing the mountain.

A French gentleman stood near us, and with hand extended towards the building, exclaimed, “C'est farouche—c'est le mot—c'est Philippe II.!” and truly Philip set at defiance both nature and art, when he fixed upon the tempestuous Guadarrama as the site, and an iron gridiron as the model, on which he would build the Escorial.

The ESCURIAL to MADRID.—The evening train reaches the Escorial Station at five o'clock, and from thence to Madrid is but two hours and a-half. The train was very crowded. We were placed in the same carriage with the old Frenchman whom we had met at the Escorial, with ruffles to his sleeves, and in look and manner evidently cleaving to the "vieille cour," rather than to the present age. It was amusing to listen to the easy flow of words, the gay volubility with which he entered into conversation with our Spanish fellow-travellers. Full of intelligence, and eager to gain information, without, however, knowing a word of Spanish, he managed to make himself understood by dint of gesticulations. On this occasion he was fortunate enough to find that one of the party could converse, after a limited manner, in his own tongue, and before many minutes had elapsed we heard him put a question as interesting to us as to himself—"Y a-t-il quelque danger à courir, Monsieur, en se rendant maintenant à Seville?"

"Pas du tout; tout est paisible," was the somewhat short reply.

In no way discouraged, our Frenchman elevated his shoulders in that peculiarly expressive manner common to his nation, and in a soothing tone, lingering over his words, remarked—

"Cependant . . . il me semble . . . que l'on . . . parle . . . des républicains . . ."

"Sans doute," broke in the Spaniard, "mais dans l'Andalousie c'est, du reste, comme à Naples, comme partout dans le sud, on parle des républicains, mais



dès que l'on aperçoit des troupes, on s'enfuit. Il y a une armée de 15 à 20 mille hommes au sud."

"Pensez-vous," rejoined the Frenchman, in a deprecatng tone, "Pensez-vous, Monsieur, que la république s'établira en Espagne?"

"Oh que non!"

"Don Fernando a donc définitivement refusé la couronne?"

"Oui."

"Et le Prince des Asturies, Monsieur, a-t-il . . . quelques . . . chances?"

This was said in the most dulcet voice. We were touching on very dangerous topics in a railway carriage, and the answer came quick and decided—

"Certes non; point de Bourbon, nous en avons eu assez!"

Here the train stopped, and the Spaniard withdrew.

"Qu'est-ce donc qu'ils veulent, ces Espagnols," soliloquised the old Frenchman, "ni république ni monarchie, ma foi, je ne sais ce qu'ils veulent!" and with these words he composed himself to sleep till the train reached Madrid.

The city is hardly seen till you are close upon it, and nothing can be more dreary and waste than the country which surrounds it. It stands on a plateau exposed to every blast of wind from the different sierras, and with no one beauty to recommend it.

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HOTEL DES PRINCES, MADRID.—On awaking the first morning it is difficult to believe that you are not

in Paris ; the same confused sounds, the same trembling of furniture from the constant passing to and fro of the heavy omnibuses beneath ; you look down from your window on the Puerta del Sol, the far-famed centre of Madrid life, but it might be a French Place ; there is nothing Spanish about it, and when you see the " Prado," it is but the Champs Elysées on a small scale. To us Madrid seemed but as a small Paris, without its river, without its exhilarating atmosphere, without its fine buildings, but with a gallery which surpasses the Louvre in interest.

In Madrid we have again Philip II. It is his capital ; built on a table land\* without verdure, and on the banks of a river without water ; scorched by heat throughout the day, and chilled by the keen blasts from the Guadarrama after sunset. Such is Madrid.

In the streets no graceful " Mantillas" meet your eye ; but on the heads of the dark-eyed Spanish women Paris bonnets of the last fashion ; no picturesque " mantas" on the shoulders of the men. Nothing (with the exception of the beggars) that can be called Spanish is to be seen in the crowded streets. One feature, however, must be recorded, equally *un-Spanish* in its character, but for which there is abundant cause for thankfulness : in the booksellers' shops were displayed in large numbers Spanish Bibles and Testaments for sale, *no man forbidding*.

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\* The elevation of Madrid is said to be nearly double that of Arthur's Seat—the hill which overhangs Edinburgh.

There is a deep religious movement going on in Spain. The work of Evangelisation has been carried on for several years past, but secretly, for fear of the Government. Considerable personal hazard attended it. Nevertheless, men were found willing to become agents of a Society formed for the distribution of the Bible, and through their courage, and the liberality of those connected with this Society, the Scriptures have been circulated, and the doctrines of the Reformed Church made known in all parts of Spain. Steadily, but quietly, these Spanish Reformers carried on their work; but with the Revolution arose the hope of religious toleration, and they at once boldly came forward and claimed the protection of the Government.

On turning to the early pages of Spanish history, we find that in the fifth century Gothic Spain possessed a translation of the Bible in the vulgar tongue, and it may well strike us as strange that the Spanish people should be denied in civilised times, a privilege which they enjoyed in a barbarous age.

It was not till the eleventh century that the old Gothic Ritual and Bible were superseded by the Roman Mass Book.

Under Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic the translation of the Scriptures into Spanish was attempted, but immediately prohibited by the newly-established Office of the Inquisition. When, however, the Reformation advanced with rapid stride throughout the Spanish dominions in the Netherlands, its footprints soon became visible also in the

Peninsula, and translations of the Psalms and other portions of Holy Writ were widely disseminated.

In 1543 Francisco de Enzinas dedicated a Castilian translation of the Bible to the Emperor Charles V., who accepted it, provided the book met with the approval of the Church. It was pronounced "heretical," the Bible was burnt, and Enzinas cast into prison.

From this time forth Moors and Jews ceased to be the principal victims at an *auto de fe*. "Lutheran heretics" were now hunted out, and the progress of Gospel truth was stayed by the flames of the Inquisition. The Grand Inquisitor Valdés was keen in the pursuit of such victims; he discovered error in the teaching of the Emperor's favourite preacher, Cazalla, who for ten years had ministered to him; and also in that of his Confessor. Cazalla and Ponce were accordingly seized and thrust into the dungeons of the Inquisition—the one ended his days by being strangled; the other was burnt in effigy, having died in his prison.

Even Borgia, the great Jesuit Saint, was at one time suspected of holding "justification by faith," and Carranza, the Primate of Spain, was for years incarcerated in a dungeon for his supposed leaning to the "Melancthon heresy." Brantôme even asserts that the Inquisition actually proposed that the body of the Emperor himself should be disinterred and burnt, for having given ear to heretical opinions! Perhaps it was the recollection of this which led Philip II. on his death-bed to exhibit the blood-

stained scourge, and solemnly attest the Emperor's orthodoxy.

During the reign of Philip IV. Cromwell demanded of the Spanish Government, that all Englishmen trading with Spain should have liberty of conscience. "Such a liberty," said Oliver, "as that they might keep their Bibles in their pockets. To this the Ambassador of Philip IV. made answer: "That he might as well ask his master for his two eyes."\*

"Give light, and the darkness will disappear of itself;" such were the words of Erasmus; and we can only trust that the nation which originally received Christianity by the preaching of an Apostle, † may be permitted, in this nineteenth century, to retain its hold of the Book of Life, and that from within the Spanish Church itself light may arise.

Every day was spent by us at the Museo, and in our daily walk down the Calle de Alcalá we passed the statue of Cervantes in the Plaza de las Cortes. The author of "Don Quixote" died in the same month and year as our Shakespeare, April, 1616, and were it not for the difference between the new and old style the very day would correspond.

It is said that a friend having congratulated him on the success of his great work, he whispered in his ear, "Had it not been for the Inquisition, I should have made my book far more entertaining."

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\* See Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, by Carlyle.

† St. Paul is said to have preached the Gospel in Spain. (See Romans xv. 28.)

“ Don Quixote ” was the one book of which Philip III. was fond, and the only thing which brought a smile to his face ; nevertheless, the author was allowed to go unnoticed and unrequited by the Court.



JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

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CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

## EL MUSEO.

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SPAIN is probably the only European country which has not been overrun by tourists. Whilst the Galleries of Italy, Germany, and perhaps even of St. Petersburg, are familiar to English travellers, the Royal Museum at Madrid, which contains one of the finest collections of Pictures in the world, is comparatively unknown.

To understand how it is that Spain possesses such a Gallery, we must recall her as she was—mistress wellnigh of the world. Italy, Naples, the Netherlands, England, were all at one period under Spanish rule or influence, whilst she had at her command the wealth of the New World. Charles V. was a munificent patron of art; his son Philip II. inherited his artistic tastes, and added greatly to the treasures collected by the Emperor; whilst Philip IV., whose portraits are so numerous in this Gallery, contributed still more largely to the Royal Collection. He commissioned Velazquez to buy works of the great masters in Italy, and ordered the Spanish Ambassador in London to purchase a great part of the fine collection of our Charles I., forty-four of whose pictures are now in this Gallery.

The gift of a picture was a sure way to royal



D. DIEGO VELAZQUEZ B. SILVA:  
*Pintor del Rey FELIPE III. conside-  
rado como el Principe de los Profesores  
Españoles. Nació en Sevilla en 1599.  
y murió en Madrid en 1660.*

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favour, and in the days of Spanish ascendancy monarchs and subjects gladly proffered their gems of art to the Spanish king. Such is the history of this Royal Collection.

It was Philip IV. who first conceived the idea of establishing an Academy of Art at Madrid; but the design was not carried into effect until long afterwards; and it is only within the last fifty years that the present Museo has been opened. In 1837 the banishment of the monastic orders brought to light pictures till then hidden in convents. These are now collected together with those from the royal palaces, and are placed in the Museo, making it a perfect treasure-house of art.

A sense of intense satisfaction, such as can hardly be defined, spreads itself through every chink and corner of the mind as this Gallery is traversed.

The eye is not fatigued; the light admitted from the centre of the vaulted ceiling is pleasant to the sight, and perfect as regards the pictures. The colour of the walls in the "Long Gallery" is red, and in the "Sala de Isabella" green. The effect of both is excellent as a background. I know but of one drawback to the thorough enjoyment of this Museum: it is the want of a published catalogue.

The keen sense of this want in my own case first induced me to write these sketches; the descriptions being for the most part from rough notes taken as I stood before the pictures; and, slight as they are, they may perhaps serve as a remembrance of the "Museo" to those who *have* visited it, and as

a help to those who have this pleasure in contemplation.\*

As there are upwards of two thousand pictures in the collection, time would fail to tell of all, and I have therefore confined myself to those which appeared to me the most important, and the most likely to interest travellers unable to devote many days to the Gallery.

The pictures are not hung in numerical order. I have therefore endeavoured, as far as possible, to notice them in the order in which they come, BEGINNING WITH THE ITALIAN MASTERS.†

Upon entering the "Long Gallery," you have on each side the great painters of the Venetian school—Paul Veronese on the right, Tintoretto on the left; then follows Titian, forty-three of whose works, unsurpassed in beauty even in Venice, are found in this Museo.

I notice first—

No. 896.—THE FUGITIVE CAIN. (*Paul Veronese.*)

This picture, with its angry sky, is full of pathos and grandeur. None can look without pity at the "fallen countenance" of Cain, and the beseeching

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\* The legends here noticed and the brief lives of the painters have been principally collected from Butler's "Lives of the Saints," Lord Lindsay's "Christian Art," Mrs. Jameson's "Legendary Art," Stirling's "Artists of Spain," Cumberland's "Anecdotes," and Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters."

† The usual entrance was then closed, so that the Gallery was entered at the end devoted to the Italian Masters.

gaze of his wife, powerless to smooth the brow of the man-slayer. The infant has turned away from its mother's breast, and looks up frightened at its father, who has "gone out from the presence of the Lord," hard and impenitent, a wanderer for ever.

No. 433.—THE WOMAN TAKEN IN ADULTERY.  
(*Paul Veronese.*)

The Saviour is here represented as turning towards a vociferating Pharisee, coarse in form and sensual in expression, whose hand is specially directed towards the offending woman. The Saviour seems to address the words to *him*, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast the stone at her."

As we look at those faces, we wonder not that "they went out one by one, leaving the woman in the midst"—mercy and misery left alone together.

No. 453.—THE MARRIAGE OF CANA IN GALILEE.  
(*Paul Veronese.*)

This picture belonged to our Charles I. Philip IV. had ordered the Spanish envoy in London to purchase Charles's pictures from the Commonwealth. He was most eager for the arrival of these treasures at Madrid, but a difficulty arose, owing to the English ambassadors from the exiled Charles II. being resident at the Spanish court. One of these was Lord Cottington, who, twenty-six years before, had accompanied Charles I. (then Prince of Wales) to Madrid. Philip was determined to get rid of these envoys, and without further ceremony dismissed them, on the pretext

that "their presence in Madrid was very prejudicial to his affairs." No sooner had the ambassadors withdrawn than eighteen mules laden with the pictures of the murdered king entered the city.

Lovers of art may rejoice, however, that these treasures found their way out of England, as an order had gone forth from the Puritan Council "that all representations of the Second Person of the Trinity, or of the Virgin, *were to be burnt forthwith.*"

On the left of the "Long Gallery" are fine portraits by Tintoretto, worthy of the inscription written over his studio:—

"Il disegno di Michel Angelo,  
Il Colorito di Tiziano."

No. 672.—JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES. (*Tintoretto.*)

The Hebrew woman, young and beautiful, had vowed to deliver her country from the Assyrians. She goes forth with her maid to the Assyrian camp. She gains admittance by her beauty and address to the tent of Holofernes, captain of the Assyrian host. After four days she accomplishes her design, and kills Holofernes when he was "filled with wine."

On the right is the body of the Assyrian; on the left is Judith's maid, holding the bag in which they place the head of the murdered man, and "the twain pass through the camp to their own city."

No. 813.—THE ENTOMBMENT. (*Titian.*)

Joseph of Arimathæa and Nicodemus hold the body of the Saviour. The Virgin bends down, and

with both hands supports the lifeless arm ; behind is S. John ; whilst an angel with uplifted hands gazes on this mystery of divine humiliation.

No. 851.—ST. MARGARET. (*Titian.*)

*From the Collection of our CHARLES I.*

St. Margaret lived in the third century. She was of Antioch, and had been instructed secretly in the Christian faith by her nurse. From a child she determined to dedicate herself to the service of Christ.

As she grew up, her beauty attracted the notice of the Governor of Antioch, who desired to make her his wife. She refused, and declared herself a Christian. Forsaken now by all, she was subjected to the most cruel torments in order to make her abjure her faith, but her courage did not falter. At this point commences the legend which forms the subject of this picture.

St. Margaret, undismayed by human foes, is thrust into prison, where she is assailed by Satan in the form of a dragon, with open jaw, ready to devour her. By the power of the Cross she overcomes the great adversary, who lies dead at the feet of the youthful saint—sin vanquished by faith.

Her trials were ended by the sword, and she was led forth to die, rejoicing that she was counted worthy to suffer for His sake who had redeemed her.

No. 634.—SAN SEBASTIAN. (*Guido.*)

There is another beautiful picture of San Sebastian

in this Gallery by Carducci, a contemporary of Guido (No. 715), well worth seeking out and comparing with No. 634.

St. Sebastian lived in the third century, and was born at Narbonne. He commanded a company in the Prætorian Guards, and was high in the favour of the Emperor Diocletian. Secretly, however, Sebastian was a Christian, and ready, if need be, to lay down his life for the faith.

He was at length charged with being "an insulter of the gods," and having boldly confessed the faith of Christ crucified, was condemned to be shot to death with arrows. The archers having performed their task, left him, believing him to be dead; but when his friends came at midnight to take down his body they found that he still breathed.

They conveyed him to the house of a poor Christian woman, who bound up his wounds, and took such care of him that he recovered.

Sebastian, however, lamented that his life had been thus saved, and boldly denouncing the emperor's cruel persecutions, he again avowed himself a Christian.

Diocletian commanded him instantly to be seized, and beaten to death with clubs. This order was carried out, but his body was recovered by his friends and buried in the Catacombs.

Guido Reni lived in the sixteenth century. He was born at Bologna, and studied painting under the Caracci.

Carducci was a Florentine, born in 1560, and a

pupil of Zucchero, whom he accompanied to Madrid. He painted much for Philip II., who employed him at the Escorial. He died in 1610.

No. 776.—SALOME BEARING THE HEAD OF THE BAPTIST. (*Titian.*)

This beautiful face is that of Titian's daughter, Lavinia, whose death deprived him of his best model, and made the home of his old age desolate.

Salome holds aloft the dish, with face turned towards the spectator, unmindful of all, save her own grace and beauty.

No. 740.—A KNIGHT OF MALTA. (*Titian.*)

These knights took the name of Hospitallers of St. John the Baptist, and, as their name indicates, dedicated themselves especially to the service of the sick. Their order dates from the eleventh century, the time of the first Crusade.

They took upon them a vow to defend the Holy Sepulchre, and to wage perpetual war against the infidel. They established themselves in the Island of Rhodes, from whence they sent forth their galleys over the Levant, capturing any richly-laden Turkish vessel which fell in their way. In 1522, the Turks fitted out an expedition against Rhodes, and expelled the knights from the island. The Emperor, Charles V., then gave them the Island of Malta, which was at that time a Spanish possession. They soon made Malta vie with Rhodes in fertility and strength,

and became once more formidable to the Ottoman Empire.

In the reign of Philip II. of Spain, the Turks resolved to eject the knights from Malta. Then took place the memorable defence of the island, organised by their grand master, La Valette. Calling all his knights together, he told them that "The great battle was now to be fought between the Cross and the Koran," and he adjured them as "soldiers of the Cross to be ready to sacrifice their lives in defence of their holy religion." The siege lasted four months, and ended in the Turkish fleet being withdrawn.

Valetta, so well known to English soldiers and sailors, was founded by the brave old grand master, and his tomb is still to be seen in the cathedral.

No. 695.—PORTRAIT OF TITIAN, *by Himself.*

Titian was the personal friend of the Emperor Charles V., who bestowed upon him the Order of Santiago, and created him a Count Palatine of the Empire.

Whether Titian ever visited Spain is a disputed point. Some good authorities assert it, and account for the vast number of his works in this Gallery, by an alleged residence of three years at the Spanish court.

This great painter, certainly the greatest portrait painter that ever existed, died of the plague at Venice, in 1576, at the age of ninety-nine.



No. 878—THE EMPRESS ISABELLA, Wife of Charles V., PRINCESS OF PORTUGAL. (*Titian.*)

The empress had the same leaning as her husband towards a conventual life, and they had mutually agreed that as soon as their children were grown up they would retire into religious houses. She died, however, when her son, Philip, was only twelve years old. It was before her picture that the Emperor sat, lost in thought, when attacked with his last illness at the Convent of Yuste. Charles was passionately fond of the empress, and on his death-bed held in his hand the Crucifix which had belonged to her.

Near the centre of the long gallery is—

No. 685.—EQUESTRIAN PORTRAIT OF CHARLES V. (*Titian.*)

The Emperor Charles V. (Charles I. of Spain) was the son of "Crazy Jane," and grandson of Ferdinand and Isabella. He is clad in armour, lance in hand. Underneath the raised vizor you see the set mouth, projecting chin, pale face, and grizzly beard, as that face appeared to Titian at Bologna, in 1529. It was when riding through the streets of Bologna that Charles placed Titian on his right hand, saying: "I have many nobles in my empire, but only one Titian."

As one looks at the proud, defiant face of Charles, one recalls the words he uttered when urged to violate the safe-conduct he granted to Martin Luther —"If honour were banished from every other abode,

it ought to find refuge in the breasts of kings!" Neither in after years would the Emperor allow the tomb of Luther at Wittenberg to be destroyed, saying to those who advocated its destruction, "I fight against the living, not against the dead."

Must we believe that in his last hours at Yuste, when the lance was exchanged for the Crucifix, the warped conscience of the dying Emperor deemed it sinful to have allowed Luther to escape?

No. 752.—LA GLORIA. (*Titian.*)

To pass this picture by without comment would be impossible, its fame having gone through all the world of art. It was said to be Titian's masterpiece, and was painted by him for Charles V.

It was so great a favourite with the emperor that it accompanied him to Yuste, and he left directions in his will that it should adorn the Church in which his body should be interred. The picture represents Charles V. and the empress, with their son, Philip, and his sisters, appearing before the Court of Heaven in the midst of patriarchs and saints.

There is but little of the master's hand to be seen now in this once celebrated picture.

On the other side of the Gallery is—

No. 854.—THE VICTORY OF LEPANTO. (*Titian.*)

This picture is allegorical, and was painted when Titian was ninety-one, in commemoration of the Battle of Lepanto. Philip II. is presenting his infant son to Fame, after the great naval victory in

1571, when the Turkish fleet was totally destroyed by Don John of Austria, in command of the combined fleets of the Pope, Spain, and Venice. In the foreground is a prostrate Turk, with hands bound, and turban rolling in the dust.

Fame offers the child a plume, which he receives with a doubtful expression, not unmixed with fear.

The figure of the King in theatrical attire is strangely unlike the Philip history portrays, receiving with impassive countenance the news of the victory, whilst kneeling in his stall at the Escorial.

Don John was the illegitimate brother of Philip, and the favourite son of Charles V. The hero of Lepanto may be said to be unrepresented in this Gallery, a doubtful portrait (No. 1737), by an unknown artist, being the sole memorial of a prince as distinguished for his personal beauty as for his chivalrous bravery. The allies encountered the Ottoman fleet at the mouth of the Gulf of Lepanto. Before giving the signal for action Don John addressed the fleet in words of glowing enthusiasm. Holding on high the Crucifix, he then knelt in prayer on the quarter-deck of his ship, and at the blast of the trumpets the prince's vessel sailed forth from the centre of the line, till she lay alongside the Turkish flag-ship. At sunset the standard of the Prophet no longer waved, and on that quarter-deck where at noon the Crucifix had been raised aloft, the Christian fleet beheld affixed to a pole the turbaned head of the Turkish admiral. When Pope Pius V. heard of the defeat of the Infidels, he exclaimed in a

transport of joy, "There was a man sent from God, and his name was John."

We come now to the celebrated Raphaels. There are ten pictures, including three portraits, by this great painter in this Gallery.

No. 784.—EL PASMO DE SICILIA. (*Raphael.*)

This picture was painted for a Church in Sicily, and was shipped for Palermo. The vessel foundered, but the case containing the picture was washed on shore at Genoa, and this great work of Raphael was taken out uninjured. It was restored to the Sicilian Church for which it was painted, but was subsequently removed to Madrid by Philip IV. What this picture *was* we learn from books on art—a masterpiece of colouring as well as of design. What it is now can only be described as disappointing.

The subject is the Bearing of the Cross. The Saviour has sunk beneath its weight. With one hand He grasps the Cross, with the other He seeks to support Himself. His face is turned towards the women, to whom He seems to say, "Weep not for me."

The whole tone of the picture strikes one as coarse and red, and however sublime the conception of the central figure, the attitude of the women savours more of rebuke than sympathy.

Some have imagined that the figure with arms outstretched represents Veronica, the cloth having been obliterated in some of the many restorations which this picture has undergone.

On the opposite side of the Gallery is—

No. 726.—*LA PERLA.* (*Raphael.*)

The Virgin and Child, and St. John the Baptist, the latter offering fruit to the Infant Saviour. St. Anna (the Virgin's mother) and St. Joseph are in the background. Again one is struck by the red hue which pervades this picture. It was formerly in the collection of the Duke of Mantua, and was bought by our Charles I., to whom we owe the commencement of true artistic taste in England.

Philip IV. exclaimed, on beholding it—"This is the pearl of my pictures," from which royal exclamation its present name is derived.

Next to *El Pasmó* is hung

No. 834.—*THE VISITATION.* (*Raphael.*)

The name "Raphael Urbinas" is inscribed in letters of gold. The first impression of this picture is perhaps not pleasing, but wait awhile, and it will be engraven on the memory. The Virgin, "great with child," takes with timid downcast face the extended hand of St. Elizabeth. She sees in dim vision the baptism on the banks of the Jordan, and the heavenly host above. On her ear has fallen the voice out of the distant cloud—"This is my beloved Son"—and she bears the wondering gaze of her aged cousin with the meekness and gentleness of one who knows that "the Lord is with her."

On the other side of "*El Pasmó*" is

No. 772.—THE HOLY FAMILY. (*Andrea del Sarto.*)

Let us look at the angel. To have painted that head, one fancies that Andrea must have sought inspiration from above, not from the earth, as was his wont. This picture was in the collection of our King Charles.

No. 837.—THE SACRIFICE OF ABRAHAM. (*Andrea del Sarto.*)

This is a repetition of the original picture which was in the collection of Francis I., and which was sent by the painter to Paris after his return to Florence in 1519.\*

The French King had been a generous patron to Andrea del Sarto, loading him with presents, and assigning him a pension during his stay at the French court; but at the summons of his unworthy wife he returned hastily to Italy, taking an oath before leaving Paris that he would ere long return and bring the beautiful Lucrezia with him. Trusting to this promise Francis I. confided to him a large sum of money to be expended on works of art. Andrea broke his word; Lucrezia spent the money; and the picture was sent as a propitiatory offering to the French king.

In the centre of this picture is seen the figure of the youthful Isaac, meek and unresisting, his hands bound, yielding himself up to the will of his father.

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\* This picture is now in the Dresden Gallery.

The hand of the Patriarch is stretched forth: looking up to Heaven, he seems to invoke God's aid, and attest even now his faith in the divine power to raise his son from the dead. An angel stays the outstretched hand. Far off in the distance are Abraham's bondsmen, awaiting the return of their master and his son.

Diverging from the "Long Gallery" we pass into the Sala de Isabella.

On the left as you enter is—

NO. 1607.—THE BETRAYAL. (*Van Dyck.*)

Judas approaches to give the appointed token. "Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is he."

As the traitor's face is raised, the Saviour looks upon him with calm dignity and pity. The hand of the betrayer touches that of his Divine Master: his sacrilegious foot rests on "the robe without seam woven throughout."

Fierce hands raise the cord wherewith to bind and hold Him fast. The eager rabble with spears and lanterns press forward, and St. Peter's sword is already uplifted. The rugged trees, under whose shadow the Saviour had erewhile knelt and prayed, are lighted up by the glare of torches, whilst the bird of wisdom sits on the topmost branch, wakeful and wailing ready to take flight.

NO. 116.—JACOB'S DREAM. (*Ribera.*)

This is hardly one's idea of the smooth-faced Jacob, but a Spaniard dark and swarthy. The sun has

gone down, night is closing in, and the homeless Jacob has laid him down to sleep against the rude trunk of a tree, with rough stones for his pillow. Above the sleeper's head rises a silvery mist, within which appears a soft vision of angels ascending and descending, sent as dew to revive the parched spirit of the lonely wanderer, and tell him, what he knew not, that "God was there."

Ribera was an Italian painter, though a Spaniard by birth. At sixteen he left Spain for Naples, then under Spanish rule, and became the pupil of Caravaggio early in the seventeenth century. He is well known in Italy as Spagnaletto, or the little Spaniard.

No. 200.—PORTRAIT OF PHILIP IV. (*Velazquez.*)

Don Diego Velazquez de Silva was court painter to Philip IV., and rose to favour early in life.

In 1622, when only twenty-three years of age, he left Seville for Madrid, and was before long taken under the protection of the Duque de Olivares, the favourite minister of Philip IV., and by him brought to the notice of the youthful king. Unlike most favourites, Velazquez retained through life his royal master's confidence and friendship, and when he died, in 1660, funeral honours were paid to the great artist by order of the king.

This portrait of Philip IV., with his dog and gun, was painted in his early youth.

We have before us the pallid face, unmeaning eye, full red lip, thin stiffly curled moustache, and the



elongated chin peculiar to his race; but in this, as in all his portraits, he is stately and prince-like.\*

As a king, Philip IV. was indolent and incapable, but he was an ardent sportsman, and a passionate lover of the arts. Insatiable in the acquisition of pictures, he was indifferent to the loss of provinces. Portugal, Holland, Roussillon were gone; he cared not; he had Calderon to write plays, and Rubens and Velazquez to paint portraits. In the sluggish veins of this patron of art lingered that taint of insanity transmitted to her posterity by "Crazy Jane."

There are two portraits in this Gallery, which, from historical association, should be viewed next to Philip IV.

One is on the opposite side of this same Sala de Isabella.

No. 1407.—LORD BRISTOL, ENGLISH AMBASSADOR AT MADRID. (*Van Dyck.*)

The other is

No. 177.—CONDE DUQUE DE OLIVARES, in the "Long Gallery."

Near the picture of Lord Bristol, is another *Velazquez*, which at once awakens our English interest and curiosity.

† No. 198, to which the "Handbook for Spain"

\* There are no less than eight portraits of Philip IV. in the Museo, all by Velazquez.

† "Handbook for Spain," 1869, page 43.

calls attention as the portrait of

THE INFANTA MARIA,

the heroine of the Royal romance which startled England and Spain in the time of our first Stuart.

The object of our Prince Charles's ride to Madrid was to see, woo, and win for himself the sister of the Spanish king. Strange that this Gallery should contain no likeness by Velazquez of a prince who was six months in Madrid, the observed of all observers.\*

On the 7th March, 1623, Charles and Buckingham, having ridden post through France as John and Thomas Smith, reached Lord Bristol's house at Madrid, taking the Ambassador completely by surprise, and overwhelming him with anxiety on the prince's account.

A few days after, Charles saw the Infanta for the first time. Spanish etiquette forbade their speaking, but she wore a blue ribbon round her arm that the prince might distinguish her. Let us look now at the portrait, No. 198.

Truth was the characteristic of all that Velazquez did, and truth in this instance stifles romance.

Can this be the princess of whom Buckingham wrote, "Without flattery, I think there is not a sweeter creature in the world?" We seek in vain the "very comely lady, fair-haired, with a most pure mixture of red and white in her face." We see, indeed, the light colourless hair parted on one side,

\* In the room devoted to Flemish artists is a picture of Charles by Van Dyck.