

peacock finery, whose brilliant colouring and bedizen-
ing, make mental imbecility more manifest. What
could he do with a king who had not sense enough to
understand, and of course could not fulfil the duties of
sovereignty? With a queen who chose to present her-
self dressed in the uniform of a Colonel of the Guards
and bestriding a horse, in disregard of the delicacy of
her sex, and the decency of her own court? And with
a set of princes and princesses, too numerous to men-
tion, who look as if they had just been made in a lace
and ribbon factory? Francisco Goya—the artist—was
born in Aragon—1746. In 1789 Charles IV appointed
him his painter in ordinary. These kings without
brains have a great fancy for canvas. It helps them
amazingly to perpetuation—if the painter happen to
have fame. The notorious Maria Louisa of Parma was
Charles's queen. She had many episodes of affection
for ephemeral adventurers. Goya was undoubtedly the
most scathing satirist with the pencil of his day; and
rarely equalled in any day. The Church, or rather its
priests and their practices, suffered severely at his
hands; autos, monks, and mummery; with all eccle-
siastical puerilities about nothing, being held up to
derision and contempt by his fearless brush. And it
may be that a vein of sarcasm runs through the gaud
and trappings of his royal patron and family.

“Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.”

On the piers of the arch between the vestibule and
the long gallery, besides several sketches by Murillo,
will be found—No. 895—a surpassing *Ecce Homo*, and

—No. 896—a rarely equalled *Mater Dolorosa* like that in the Capilla Real of the Seville Cathedral. This long gallery, and its offshoot the oval saloon, contain the greatest works of most of the old Spanish masters, and many also of renowned Italians. For gems of art it is not surpassed, and some think it is not equalled by any European collection. Those devoted to the old schools will stand and marvel long before them. It is not proposed to attempt to give a critical description of them. Impressions will not be withheld, coming of long lingering before those whose hold was a charmed thrall. And incidental remarks upon others, will, if erroneous, deserve at least the pardon due to honest judgment.

Before proceeding into the holy of holies of this art-temple, it may be said, that the Spanish masters herein referred to followed each other in this order of time—

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|---------------------------|---------------|------|-------------|------|
| Juan de Juanes | was born A.D. | 1505 | and died in | 1579 |
| Juan de las Roelas | " | 1558 | " | 1625 |
| José de Ribera | " | 1588 | " | 1656 |
| Juan de Ribalta | " | 1597 | " | 1628 |
| Francisco de Zurbaran | " | 1598 | " | 1662 |
| Velazquez de Silva | " | 1599 | " | 1660 |
| Alonzo Cano | " | 1601 | " | 1667 |
| Bartolomé Estéban Murillo | " | 1618 | " | 1682 |
| Francisco Goya | " | 1746 | " | 1828 |

The last named was as a mere meteor flash across a sky whose great lights had long gone out.

Of the leading Italians whose works contribute largely to the wealth of the Madrid gallery, Titian was born in 1477, and died in 1576; and Raphael was born in 1483, and died in 1520. And the fertile Fleming—Rubens—lived, unwearied by his great labours, and unabashed by his great grossness, from 1577 to 1640.

The Spanish school of painting, founded by Juanes and attaining perfection in Murillo, was the third in age; and in many respects the equal in merit, of the Italian; which, perhaps because better known, is usually considered first. While it has produced masters whose conception and execution are powerful and finished, there is a showing forth of truth and nature of surpassing excellence, and pleasing alike to the learned and unlearned. The glowing land that inspired Lucan, Seneca, Trajan, Hadrian, Marcus Aurelius, and Averrhoes—Roman and Arabian alike—might well give life to, and shape the genius of Velazquez and Murillo.

Spanish art, like her nature, is peculiar, and distinguished from that of other schools in being almost exclusively religious—the expression of the national faith. Unlike the Italian, which drew inspiration from the fountains of a classical mythology, it drank, with but rare exceptions, of streams to which it was led either by pious sentiment or priestly dictation. Over Spanish painters was long held that rod of terror, the Inquisition, which checked every tendency they might naturally have felt to wander into other fields than those opened to them by the Holy Office. Sobriety of subject, and strictest chasteness in the mode of dealing with it, probably results of this stern surveillance, are seen to have been characteristics of Spanish art—however some works of *foreign* production in the Madrid collection may be thought to invalidate the opinion of this tribunal's control over these matters. It is indisputable that decrees did exist in relation to artistic subjects, and prohibitory of immodest pictures. Punishment followed the treatment of a sacred subject in a

manner deemed by the Inquisitorial Censor, unorthodox or indecorous. Pacheco, the Spanish art-historian, relates instances of what he calls "deserved chastisement" for such offences. We have already stated, that Murillo only escaped punishment by taking refuge in the Capuchin Convent at Seville, for having dared to expose the pretty foot of one of his Virgins from under her drapery. Although it is but simple justice to say, that the distinguishing gravity of the Spanish people, and their superstitious reverence for things deemed holy at that day, precluded any marked tendency to violations of artistic delicacy and refinement. Religious devotion imbued with uncompromising bigotry, was not likely to violate its own inculcations: while it served to direct the earliest efforts of art in the choice of subjects. Artists passively educated in childhood by the decorations of church and convent walls, fashioned still further the dreams of their manhood's faith into adornments of sanctuary and shrine, with truer composition, line and colour, finding their reward in the purses, as well as in the praises, of approving prelates. The Church was the readiest, as well as the richest patron of those who glorified its professed piety and strengthened its power. Thus art in Spain became essentially religious; and with an ignorant population was made to take the place of letters, instead of becoming, as better befits it, a handmaid. Under ecclesiastical patronage, however fettered by ecclesiastical restrictions, painting flourished: and royalty, impelled by ambition of precedence in Europe for possession of its riches, added further inducements to excellence. But like all else in Spain, evil days but awaited its achievement of

crowning triumph. The rapid growth, and no less speedy decay of Spanish power, are among the most striking features of history. Battling during long ages for being, and against sternest adversity, the tide of disaster finally turned and bore Spain on with scarce a check in her progress until Ferdinand and Isabella asserted for her the first place among kingdoms. Through the sixteenth, and until the close of the seventeenth century, her national greatness continued; when shadows began to fall upon the brightness of her political being. So too, during this period, was born, grew and perished, her literary and art renown. Art especially, struggled for a time against the baneful influences, which, in the reign of Charles II, were sapping alike national genius and virtue. But it was of short duration. The brilliancy of Murillo's fame, which served for a time to light the way of his immediate followers, soon ceased to awaken responsive tokens. With the coming of the Bourbon race of rulers, the true Spanish standard of art was overthrown, or vitiated beyond recognition of national pre-eminence by corrupted taste and foreign fashions. Despite the efforts of Muñoz, Valdes Leal, Cœllo, Villavicenzio, Palomino—who died in 1725—to arrest the tendency to degeneracy, it effected its work. After the death of Murillo the pall fell on the tomb of art, shutting in darkness the glorious presence.

We shall not examine the paintings of this great gallery in the order of time of their production. Indiscriminately hung, as they are, to do so would prove a difficult and laborious task. We have come here for pleasure, not for toil. And with Murillos challenging

attention immediately to the right on entering, one feels no disposition to go in pursuit of other works.

No. 855.—*Rebecca, and other Mesopotamia Damsels, at the Well*, are as attractive as they were to Eliezer when he was searching for a wife for his master Abraham's son. Like him, we do not feel inclined to pass hurriedly such loveliness of form, feature, and manner taught of nature; and such as a lovely nature, above and beyond, might well look on in joy of its beings. No wonder Eliezer quaffed long and deeply of the draught held to his lips by the fair maiden; like that more spiritual which thenceforth was to fill the heart of Isaac with happiness. The warmth of complexion and costume, the curiosity, artlessness, yet natural dignity of the group, give fresh charm to the Biblical narrative. Drinking from the well-bucket makes the scene more picturesque. And the camels and turbaned attendants in the distance, add to the Orientalism of the picture, while they are truthful of the story.

No. 886—*The child Jesus lying asleep on a Cross*. Murillo here shows, not the sleep of infancy irradiating smiles, but the slumber burthened with gathering evils.

No. 1133—*The same subject*—treated by Zurbaran. Repose, unconscious of trouble, it is not. But dreams of coming trial and tribulation are there. And the robe of mockery and crown of thorns at his side, also foretell awaiting persecutions. The flesh tints have more of the sunny tone of the south than Murillo's, deepened by the shadowy surroundings of the picture.

No. 864—*El Niño Dios*—the Divine child-pastor, is apt to draw attention from a group of other Murillos—including Annunciations, Martyrdom of St. Andrew,

Murillo

San Fernando, and Head of John the Baptist, which anywhere else would challenge careful study. The young shepherd is seated upon a fallen freize of classic sculpture, behind him a shattered shaft—symbols of prostrate pride and perishing vanities. With staff in his right hand, the left rests on a companion lamb—type of kindred guilelessness, guiltlessness, and gentleness; and beyond graze the sheep of his care. His face is a mirror of thought, his brow the throne of a noble nature, and his simply draped form is beautifully symmetrical. The cool sky contrasts with the warm earth, and shrub, and other near objects, and thus takes its rightful distance. Señor Cepero of Seville has a duplicate of this picture, by Murillo.

No. 878—*The Conception of the Virgin*, called by some of its admirers "La Purisima;" a name, however, not known to the catalogue, and coming of its child-like innocence, startled by an incomprehensible realization. The Virgin stands on unfolding clouds, in a luminous ethereal haze, with hands in act of supplication, and amid encircling cherubs fluttering abroad on tiny wings in joy of a coming Messiah. Her maiden form is robed in white, with a blue mantle floating loosely about her; the colouring of all accessories having those rich velvety tints, transparencies, and shifting reflections, as if the shadows were only softened lights. And there is something in the pure, artless, and timidly virgin face—scarcely daring to look above—exceedingly captivating to an impressibility, easily touched by gentle, confiding, and child-like qualities. But bearing in mind that this event was of Divine Will, foretold, and of which the Virgin had knowledge,

according to the record illustrated by the artist, it might justly be supposed that the consciousness of the fact when it occurred, would inspire an emotion akin to rapture, mingled with submission, to what, otherwise, and in view of a merely human occurrence, would awaken a sense of wrong and remorse. As it seems to us, there is something too startled and apprehensive about this Virgin in view of the previous revelation. For Murillo's altogether unexceptionable rendering of an Immaculate Conception we must study.

No. 880—This painting, like the last named, is of natural size, and the most sublimely poetic of all artistic interpretations of that supernatural event. The Virgin, here also, stands enthroned on clouds, in loveliness of face and form, chaste and graceful drapery, and transcendent colouring. Atmosphere and infant angels, too, are brightness and beauty; the one, golden hued; the others, lustrous and exultant, making the gazer feel as if he were quaffing gladness, and had flung on him sweetness of peace and purity, as palms, myrtles, lilies, and roses, are waved and tossed abroad by the fluttering throng of innocents. While in recognition of Divine purpose by the heavenward look, in transported sense and soul told alike by a face of yearning submission, and by the folded hands on the breast, there is seen the beautifully tender and gentle; trustful and rapturous; the sublimely spiritual. Her hands have the grace of her answer to the Angel of Annunciation—"Be it unto me according to thy word." And her face the glory of her rejoicing exclamation—"My soul doth magnify the Lord." In La Concepcion Purisima there is insufficiently uplifted

face and eyes towards heaven, showing imperfect recognition—although before declared—of heavenly plan and purpose. A consciousness is shown of something strange and unlooked for, startling to virgin timidity, and causing a feeling of alarm, the expression of which is heightened by the upraised hands in posture of petition. Submission should have been the expression, not supplication. A transporting sense of immaculate purity, and of instrumentality in sublime events, not a foreboding coming of human infirmity and ignorance of Supreme Design. Nor is this supplication shown in any other of the master's great paintings of the Conception. Not in either of the two at Seville; nor in those of Santa Catalina and the Cathedral at Cadiz; neither in that of the Louvre at Paris. In this masterpiece of Murillo in the Museo del Prado, is seen his deliberate and oft-repeated judgment of preferable posture. It is the work of a poet-painter, a revelation of genius and sentiment, not of a mere mechanical draftsman and colourist. There is something about it so expressive of seraphic obedience, so much less of earth than heaven in the pure and pious fervour of the face; something so marvellously happy, yet so humbly passive, in the folded hands stilling the glad tumult of the heart; something so exquisitely spiritual about this revelation; that one lingers long at the art-shrine; and the longer, the stronger he clings to—blending lines, and tints, and tones, which make a thing of truth and beauty. Presented as the Virgin here is, if a knowledge of the Passion and its pangs was hers, she looked beyond them at the Glory of God, and the Grace of his Redemption.

No one comprehended better than the great Andalusian the power of woman in shaping the religion of mankind, even to the drawing of worship to herself. He fitly clothed her strength in weakness, and made gentleness her greatest grace, and most potent means of good. And how like to Raphael's his appreciation of her purity and its influence!

Among Spanish painters of religious subjects and ecclesiastical personages, Murillo holds the same pre-eminence that Velazquez does in the line of Court portraiture. His masterpieces have given him abroad the highest place in public estimation. Drapery, distant views, diaphanous nature, transparent colouring, and rich, harmonious tone, are in fullest perfection in his works. His ideal grace placed him beyond reach of rivals in his day, or since; and gave him a power of awaking at will, deepest sympathies and tenderest emotions. And his claim to exalted rank as a genius is the greater, for he never visited foreign countries, nor studied classic art in Italy—its classic home. His, was a self-culture; his ideas, of inherent growth. The dogma of the Roman Church, originating in, and dear to Spanish theology, that the Virgin was born sinless, and incapable of sin, gave him a theme which he treated with unapproached poetic sentiment, and a purity that seemed borrowed from the immaculateness of the subject itself. None can dispute his pre-eminence as painter of the Conception of the Virgin. If tradition speaks truth, Murillo was most happy in possessing a daughter, than whom no one was a fitter model in all the charms of person and graces of manner, for his Conception of the Angels at Seville, and that greatest of all at Madrid.

As to his celestial attendants of the Virgin they are the most precious buds of beauty that ever wreathed canvas with form, and face, and posture, of grace. In the portraiture of female and infantile beauty, he may be called the Correggio of Spain; as all will grant, who having gazed on the Italian's garlands of spiritual loveliness in Parma, come to marvel here too at the creations of kindred genius.

In looking at the pictures of this gem-room we have reversed the order of time, and begun with the works of the last, as he was the greatest of the mighty line of Spanish painters. As before intimated, it is not possible to pass Murillo's, sown like pearls along one's path, without stopping to garner treasures of delight. These great works hung near the entrance, attract and fasten attention, and one follows up the line of their high art, as he would a flower-bordered garden walk, without turning aside to notice obtrusive pretentiousness. Nor would historical knowledge of art be gained by a study of the paintings according to their consecutive hanging. The latter seems to have been guided by caprice. And as to the former, the Madrid gallery, great as it is for the number of its works of high art, does not illustrate the origin and history of painting. It sprang into a beautiful being as if touched by a wand of enchantment. Products of European art in its palmiest period, were sought and gained for its foundation: and the genius of the days of Charles V and the Philips, was subsidized by the wealth of two worlds to make Madrid the treasury of its creations. How far the efforts of these monarchs were successful, may be judged of by the fact, that the catalogue of this collection for 1873, names ten

works by Raphael, forty-two undoubtedly by Titian, and two attributed to him, thirty-three by Tintoretto, twenty-one by Paul Veronese, eight by Andrea del Sarto, sixty-six by Rubens, eighteen by Juanes, fifty-eight by Ribera; sixty-one by Velazquez, forty-six by Murillo, fifty-three by Teniers, and twenty-one by Van Dyck. These alone make a magnificent gallery. But even with the nearly two thousand others, they do not represent footprints of earliest painting, and serve but in a limited sense the purposes of historical study. Hence no disadvantage results from following one's own inclination in examining this collection. And if *more* than a mere *gallery promenade* be proposed, perhaps the taking of the masters in whom particular interest is felt, successively, will answer as good a purpose as any other. Continuing then, in the manner incidentally commenced, attention will next be given to

No. 874—*Christ crucified*.—Of less than natural size. As an after-death scene, when the face of nature was covered with deep darkness, it is a masterly rendering of the solemn event by Murillo. Lifelessness is shown by relaxation; drawing stands the test of strictest anatomical examination; the flesh tints, pale from stilled blood-streams, and borrowing no colour of surroundings, are convincingly truthful; and the face is not so much hidden in shadow—sometimes done—as to shut out all sign of the soul's repose, but the expression is seen of that submission to sacrifice with which the Saviour "bowed his head and died."

No. 868—*The Virgin Mary suckling St. Bernard*.—One of her most devout idolaters and defenders. This rendering of the Church tradition shows the saint

kneeling in worship of the Virgin ; who, with exposed breast from which the welcome stream is leaping toward the saint, the Infant in her arms, and surrounded by cherubs, is enthroned in a golden atmosphere. The Virgin in this case has not a tithe of the Roman daughter's disinterested love in nourishing her father in prison. Some of the lines of the picture are unwontedly sharp for Murillo, who doubtless felt the pressure of ecclesiastical dictation in this work. Yet a close examination of many details may repay the technical student.

No. 854—*Holy Family*.—Murillo has here pictured the child in the home industrial circle, holding a little bird beyond the reach of a dog, whose longing look makes one listen expectantly for his whine. The child's face beams with a precious look of tenderness and protection. It is the foreshadowing of that later divinity of love and pity which said—"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Birds and babies, fit companions of the artist's dreams! And who could picture them like him whose pure and happy heart loved so well to fashion gentleness, grace, and innocence? The mother is shown engaged in household industry; reeling thread, while looking tenderly at the budding divinity of love and mercy. And Joseph, her spouse, in pleased and pleasing manhood—against whom the child is leaning—is oblivious of his carpenter's bench and tools, in interest of the passing scene. Murillo was capable of conceiving another, and to the lover of the simple and sensible, a more acceptable composition of holy attributes, than that stereotyped for centuries of papal supremacy, which represented imaginary bene-

dictions scattered from a pair of uplifted baby-fingers. He knew that lessons of goodness were to be learned from the *practices* of the pure. Such are better than "all forms and shows;" they are positive *benefactions*.

No. 872—*St. Anne Teaching the Virgin*—is another and familiar picture of every day English and American domestic life—where love is the prompting, and virtuous inculcation and example the measure, of daily duty toward children. And yet Murillo must have known some such in Spain also. St. Anne, a plainly clad, modern looking matron, is seated, soberly intent on explaining some passage of a volume lying open on her lap, to a maiden of tender years standing at her side, with finger on the book, and earnestness of gaze, as if drinking deeply of instruction. A Hand-book art critic says that the maiden's dress is in "imitation of Roelas," overlooking the—otherwise—universally admitted fact that Murillo's style was singularly his own. If in this case he copied another, it was unfortunate. His correct conception and good taste, would have been better teachers of his pencil. The young Mary's drapery certainly has too much fashion of maturity about it; too little of the simplicity of childhood suitable to her age. Yet the picture taken as a whole is pleasing, and instructive of duty. The great master seems always to have had a point at which he aimed—a lesson clothed attractively.

No. 890—*San Francisco de Paula*—in brown tunic,

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and leaning on his staff—with the word RI

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faintly lettered on one of Murillo's far-off effulgent atmo-

spheres. The old friar is gazing at the vision of celestial significance in posture of such touching supplication, that one unconsciously puts his hand in his pocket in search of a peseta.

Impressed, as a rambler through Spain becomes from all he hears, with a conviction of the crimes and curses of monasticism, he is apt to look upon this picture as a prophetic forecast of results to come, when mankind, even in the fiercest realm of bigotry and superstition, wearied with ecclesiastical corruption, and conspiracies against human rights as against true religion, should resolve either to uproot the causes of their ignorance, enslavement, and wretchedness, or to destroy the throne which had become the Church's instrument of evil. Then, the Monk, though not in name, was in fact, the Monarch; and in Spain, revelled in power and plunder. Now, his palatial edifices, with a few exceptions from motives of well-judging philanthropy, being demolished to give place to public improvements, or devoted to necessary uses, he has become a dependant on the bounty of others; or on that personal labour once scorned, when secular toil was by him considered payment meet to be made for priestly help on the way to heaven. A way which—ecclesiastically considered—God had strangely made so difficult to the millions most needful of His care, as not to be found save through the guidance of a well-fed and favoured few. The look of lowliness and want of this friar, taken in connection with events past and passing, might prove suggestive to false disciples everywhere, to remember the words of their master—"With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

But whatever lesson of forbearance, mercy, and mutual dependence, may be gathered from a glance at this expressive picture, it in fact was intended by Murillo, to portray an event in the life of St. Francis of *Paola*—in the south of Italy—a worthy namesake of him of *Assisi*. This devout and benevolent friar—one of the few whose purity and piety gave character and influence to conventual institutions, and contributed to perpetuate their existence when they had unhappily and too generally ceased to fulfil the useful designs of their founders—was so filled with thoughts and purposes of good, so imbued with the desire of discharging faithfully his mission of Christain duty, that in an earnest prayer for divine direction, he is said to have had presented to his longing sight a vision of *charity*. We may at least commend the holiness of life which thus gave an answer of faith, however fanciful, to his aspirations. That one word became the law of his brotherhood.

The great painter, true to the teachings of his art, seized the moment of spiritual revelation in which to present, in lines of most tender and appealing truth, the precept that "never faileth . . . though tongues shall cease, and knowledge shall vanish away." The tone of this picture, given by a powerful and patient underlying of demi-tints, modelled into form by a marvellous evolution of shade and colour, knows no damaging touch of time. It is worth more than a waggon-load of the chalk and rouge portraits of Spanish royalty in this gallery, by a master whose time might have been spent more reputably, if not as profitably, on other works.

No. 865.—An eloquent rendering of the young *St. John the Baptist's* offering of soul to him who was to come after—the “latchet of whose shoes (he was) not worthy to loose.” Seated on a rock amid nature's wildness, with one hand on his breast, and the other resting on a lamb and grasping a cross from which floats the fillet of the “*Ecce Agnus Dei*,” he looks upward as the sunburst of inspiration falls upon him, and seems to say with expression of touching pathos, I go to “prepare the way of the Lord.” This picture, the young pastor-shepherd, and Rebecca at the well, before referred to, with others yet to be named, show that Murillo had penetrated nature's secret, so powerfully unfolded by Claude Lorraine at a later day, of making relative warmth and coolness of colour and tone, the measure of relative distance. The drawing of the young John's left leg is somewhat faulty—probably tampered with by a restorer. But in judging of the extent of this, allowance must be made for the effect of its partial covering, and extended position compared with the flexion of the right. Form and size, are greatly modified by muscular contraction or inactivity.

On the opposite side of the Long Gallery to the pictures of which we have been speaking, hang three others by Murillo which should not be overlooked.

No. 870—*The Virgin of the Rosary*—represents Mary seated, and embracing the child as he stands upon her lap. Maternal love, and filial trust, are prettily shown; though the latter is mingled with a somewhat too sternly expressed childish curiosity. The Rosary held by the mother involves an anachronism, which detracts as much from the spiritual graces as it does from the

consistency of the picture. However beautiful the composition, drawing, and colouring, it is nevertheless to the eye of religious sentiment, of the earth—a creation merely of material art. A Madonna and child by the same master in the Dresden gallery, far surpasses it in the expression of a tender and holy sentiment. Before that picture, one stands transfixed by a feeling almost of worship. The mother, in appropriately plain apparel, sits with upturned eyes and parted lips, as if asking aid of heaven in the fulfilment of her duty to the child entrusted to her care, whose arm—the more fully to express the artist's meaning—she gently touches with the fore-finger of her right hand, the left supporting the infant; yet not with that clinging embrace which would betoken maternal affection alone, apart from the sacred mission with which her soul seems charged. The babe, unconscious of the upheavings of the mother's spirit, is a personification of infantile beauty, illumined by the mysterious transition lights of countenance that captivate our hearts, when a bright infant flashes its first intellectual beams from a cherub face. The tiny hands rest naturally and instinctively, on the maternal bosom, the fountain of love, as of life—always held too sacred by the *great* masters who have treated this subject, to allow a pandering, by needless exposure, to unchaste tastes. A merit of the Dresden picture is the absence of anachronism; no adventitious person or thing being obtruded, to withdraw attention from the chief and sufficient claims upon the eye and thought. Nor is any striving after the supernatural; something impossible to conceive and present in this connection, without trenching on the ridiculous, or the sacrilegious. This

art-gem bears traces of injury—probably from injudicious cleaning.

No. 879—*A Conception of the Virgin*—demi-corps—with hands compressing the heart, and upward look of reverential submission. Though of great beauty of execution, yet from its half-length, and less breadth of accessories, this picture fails to fasten attention, after enthralment by Murillo's greater masterpieces opposite. It is of the calido style, and a great favourite with copyists. But this entire end of the gallery is like a basilica, every work of Murillo being a shrine, before which devotees worship daily.

No. 869—*St. Ildefonso receiving the Casulla*—the chasuble—from the Virgin, is a painting of great celebrity, half way down the gallery, on the same side with the last named. It is very large, of the best time of Murillo, and represents the traditional event with which those have become familiar, who, stopping at Toledo, have been shown the spot in the Cathedral to which the Virgin descended from heaven to testify her appreciation and approval of St. Ildefonso's maintenance of her enduring maiden purity; which had by some been questioned. Ildefonso was Archbishop of Toledo from A.D. 657 to 667, and wrote a book in defence of Mary's *perpetual* virginity; although St. Matthew tells us that "Joseph did as the angel of the Lord had bidden him, and took (her) unto him, his wife. And knew her not, *till* she had brought forth her *first-born* son." Although the logical inference from the apostolic statement is against Ildefonso, the Virgin seems according to the tradition to have been flattered by this self-delusion of the simple-minded archbishop,

whose celibacy, accounting for his ignorance of "good and evil," was probably a practical fulfilment of a very rare ecclesiastical virtue in the Spanish Church; and she determined, according to the embroidered-slipper-fashion of doing these things, to give her devotee a signal mark of favour. One early morning—so goes the story—on entering the Cathedral, the archbishop found the Virgin seated amid a blaze of light, on his episcopal throne, surrounded by angels, chanting the Matin service. When that was ended the "Blessed Vision" bade him approach, and receive a vestment she had brought from the celestial wardrobe. Whereupon he knelt, and she threw over his shoulders a heaven-embroidered chasuble. Murillo, instructed by the genius, rather than the creations, of classic art, bodied forth this dream of the archbishop's imagination, and gave "to airy nothing a local habitation and a name," of such wondrous charm, that one pardons even the silly superstition, or the priestcraft, whichever it was, in which it had birth. The Virgin, enthroned under a curtained canopy, assisted by two angels, is in act of investing Ildefonso, who kneels before her, with the splendid vestment. Other angels stand at the right hand of the "Queen of Heaven," interested spectators of the scene; an old nun, with lighted taper, typical, it may be, of the vestal-flame, which had known no flickering or failing, either in herself or her "Sovereign Lady," kneels behind the Saint, in humble attestation of faith in the celestial presence; and cherubs, bursting through the rent veil of heaven, hover above, charmed and charming witnesses of what is passing below. One turns from the graceful composition of this picture as

a whole, to its exquisite details; from the faithful drawing, to the perfect finish; from the cool blues, and greys, and whites, to the warm and glowing crimsons, yellows, pinks, and browns; from the bronzed and wrinkled brow, angularity, sharpness, and stiffness of age, to the fair faces, flowing forms, and graceful attitudes of angelic and virginal youth and loveliness; and wonders at the achievements of the great master of Spanish art. And this amazement is increased, when, considering the lavish commendations heaped on Velazquez, one passes on the way to this picture, an Adoration of the Magi, and a Crowning of the Virgin, by the latter, which, in the immediate presence of this painting by Murillo, look like crudities of some centuries before, instead of nearly contemporaneous works.

Two more paintings by Murillo should be named before referring to the works of others. They are in the room formerly called Saloon of Isabella II; but in these days of overturning and out-turning of Spanish royalty, better known as the *Sala Ovalada*—the Oval Saloon—from its shape. It is entered from the left side of the Long Gallery, half way down.

No. 859—*The Adoration of the Shepherds*, deals with a subject so commonly handled, and handled so commonly, in a word so hackneyed, that the stroller through art-galleries feels an impulse to pass on, when a newborn baby is seen in the humble lying-in-ward of a stable, displaying his nude charms to a contemplative ox, and a philosophic ass. It shows unusual composition, or rare touches of the pencil, when one's footsteps are arrested before such a picture, and a glance becomes a gaze. This is the case when sauntering through the

Oval Saloon, a kneeling peasant's, naked legs and begrimed feet, are obtruded on our attention in such a way as to cause an apprehension that we may fare the worse if we come in contact with them. The significant intimation challenges attention; in yielding which we are rewarded—for nowhere, not even in Dresden before Correggio's *chiaro-scuro* Nativity, nor in the Corsini Palace at Rome before that of Batoni, will one be more charmed by masterly treatment of this subject. The infant is a precious babe; the perfection of form, face, and complexion. The grace and gentleness of the mother's sweet face are akin to those of her child, as leaning over him lying on a simple, straw-covered bench, she lifts the covering that others may look on the divinity of innocence. Her crimson vest, and yellow mantilla falling from the back of the head on her shoulders, give to her kneeling form harmonious warmth with the irradiation of the child, and the borrowed illumination of her own face and neck—tempered however by the blue mantle thrown loosely about her. A peasant in brown coat and breeches, and sheep-skin apron, in keeping with bronzed lineaments and limbs; and feet looking as if they had never deigned dependence on sandals; is kneeling in the foreground in passive adoration, with clasped hands—from which a pair of fowls tied together, have just fallen, well pleased at their chance of freedom, and the part one of their kindred is to play with the chief of the apostles, in the dénouement of the drama of life just opening. A shepherd stands behind the central group—embrowned almost as his cap and cape—who has brought within the stable sanctuary a firstling of his flock; an offering

of humble faith, which thus signalized a primitive and simple worship. Such it was, the service of the heart in humility and true devotion; although preaching, the oft-times "windy suspiration of forced breath" and nothing else, and even formulary, and, oh! how commonly now unfelt prayer and praise, were *not* there. Symbol *was* there; that dumb show of Satan in the eyes of a puritanical piety, which, as the Master said, "loves to pray standing in the synagogues and corners of streets that they may be seen of men," and using "vain repetitions thinking that they shall be heard for their much speaking." It was *appropriately* put there by the great artist, in its significance of the sinless one the shepherds came to hail. Shall the soul, unable to tell its fullness of faith and feeling in words, be scoffed at for showing them by tokens appropriate and truthful? Shall the dumb be denied the use of signs? Symbol was there, in the lamb typical of the Saviour; and telling of the offering meet to make to God—a heart void of offence, "meek and lowly" like Christ's own. An old woman also looks on, happy in the fulfilment of the promised Advent. What a picture of whole-hearted devotion is hers! What a bounteous gift she brings from the homestead! What a tale of latent being is told by her unstinted basket of eggs! How expressive of the Gentiles to be born anew through the vivifying power of Truth! And of the Resurrection to Life! A more dignifiedly grave, yet not less interested person of the group, is Joseph; wrapped in dark brown mantle, and leaning on his staff, as he reverently realizes the presence of the promised infant, "Emmanuel, which being interpreted is God with us." With cha-

Characteristic good taste, Murillo has not too conspicuously obtruded the stabled ox and ass. Their presence is necessary to the portraiture of the narrative. But that is a crude art, which—as sometimes done—makes them chief objects in the picture. This Nativity, as the Adoration is occasionally called, is the finest of which we have knowledge; not merely in composition, drawing, and colouring, but in associated Biblical truth, typical suggestiveness, and poetry.

No. 866—*The Children of the Shell*—also in the Oval Saloon—represents the child Jesus giving to the young St. John, drink, of the waters of eternal life. Much admired wherever copies have gone—and where, in cultivated society are they not found? yet does the original of Murillo here enshrined, possess a charm of expression beyond the power of pencil to repeat. It draws thought from the trials of time to the blessedness of better things. The child, wrapped about the hips by a simple pinkish scarf falling loosely from his left arm, stands in nearly naked grace, and with a dignity of youthful divinity such as is nowhere else seen on canvas; and with left hand slightly lifted heavenward, he holds with the right a shell to the lips of the young St. John. The latter, “with a girdle of a skin about his loins,” and bearing the bannered cross of his mission in his left hand, on bended knee takes with his other hand the draught, and drinks of it in assurance of life everlasting. The infant Saviour’s face, it may not be too presumptuous in a mere amateur to say, bears the sweetest expression of tenderness and loving promise known to Art. Angels look on the scene through the opening skies, in rejoicing sympathy. The *personnel* of

Murillo's pictures are so perfect in all points of moral inculcation, as of physical delineation: they seize so instantly, and hold so firmly the attention, that surroundings are apt to be overlooked, unless there is something about them to tell of life and action. To these he gave a veritable eloquence, however lowly the one, or limited the other. It is not to the listless, or hurried sight-seer that the accessories of a great art-theme, secondary as they are usually considered, become revealed in their real importance and significance, or are appreciated even for perfection of finish. And it is deeply deplored by those who honour conscientious labour, that from the lips of such careless observers often fall judgments, upon which hangs the fate of patient, meritorious, and—how sadly frequent! impoverished artists. By close study alone, can one even of some fitness for the task, see, and unravel, and put together again, the iris-threads woven by genius in harmony of composition, tint, and tone, for the instruction and delight, of present and succeeding generations; and before which, devotees from age to age—as here seen—linger and learn, and long for a like immortality with that of their great creators. The accessories of the children of the shell; the lamb, patient, peaceful, and trustful; the stream bathing banks of shrubbery, and bestowing on leaf and blossom the baptism of new life; the grand old tree throwing abroad its deep shadow, in solemn significance of the darkness that had been, but which was to disappear before the light of righteousness symbolized by the dawn seen through floating clouds, and soon to flush all things with effulgence; all, are of such beautiful type and truth, as to

need no further touch of the enchanter's wand to complete their charm of spiritual as of natural beauty—save that flung over the whole in a seeming veil of vapour; a warm, transparent haze, impalpable and dreamy, the last expression of Murillo's genius; whose grace is that of the unseen mist, which tones into harmony the splendours of the setting sun.



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CHAPTER XXXII.

VELAZQUEZ—CHRIST CRUCIFIED—LAS MENINAS—PRINCE BALTASAR—DOÑA JUANA PACHECO—PRINCE BALTAZAR CARLOS—CONDE DUQUE DE OLIVARES—DOÑA ISABEL DE BOURBON—ÆSOP—MÆNIPPUS—SURRENDER OF BREDÁ—THE SPINNERS—LOS BORRACHOS—CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN—ADORATION OF THE KINGS—ST. ANTHONY AND ST. PAUL OF THEBES. VELAZQUEZ'S AND MURILLO'S TASTES AND STYLES DIFFERENT. THOSE WHO GAVE SPANISH PAINTING ITS GLORY, NOT NURTURED BY WEALTH AND ITS VICES. IN THE DAYS OF VELAZQUEZ AND MURILLO NO EUROPEAN SCHOOL COULD RIVAL THAT OF SEVILLE. ART EXCELLENCIES OF VELAZQUEZ AND MURILLO, CONTRASTED FURTHER.

BEYOND the paintings of Murillo on the west side of the Long Gallery, is No. 1055—*Christ crucified*—one of many works by *Velazquez* (pronounced *Velathketh*) for which the Madrid collection is distinguished. The Christ is placed, with separated feet upon a board, in such erectness and stiffness of pose, as to give an appearance of voluntary standing, in contradiction of the expression of head and neck. The last agony being over, hanging heavily on the arms, bending of the knees, and settling downward in the relaxation of death should have been represented. The face is hidden on one side by long locks straying from the

back of the head, which could not have been the case. bound backward as they were by a crown of thorns, The locks are hideously blood-stained, straightened and stiffened. And the light colour of the insufficiently muscular body and limbs for the prime of manhood, is in such marked contrast to the absolute blackness of all else, without even a pretence of twilight from any source to account for seeing the enamelled body and the *smoothly planed and polished* cross on which it hangs, as to draw instant and disapproving attention to the inexplicable art-phenomenon. Velazquez is considered by some the prince of naturalistic painters. He required a model, and his conscience stood in the way of his getting one. In the treatment of this subject he was without the correctness of imagination, or knowledge of anatomy and cadaveric phenomena, to enable him to portray it rightly. It is simply nonsense to call this the masterpiece of crucifixions as a few have done, without assigning reasons for the judgment. At least it seems so to many who have seen those by Guido, Rubens, Murillo, Cano, Van Dyck, and El Greco.

As was done with Murillo, so we shall do with Velazquez—dwell on certain of his works in the Madrid Gallery, to give a general idea of his style and talents, so far as that may be done by unprofessional criticism. Velazquez's was not the genius of invention, but the talent of imitation. He was a copyist, not a creator. Not a copyist of other men's works, and in the abject meaning of the word, but a technical copyist and mechanic nevertheless; looking at things about him, shaped by circumstances extrinsic to himself, and with a skilful handiwork putting their

likeness on canvas, as fashioned for his eye. And being among men—and those not the lofty minded, morally elevated and elevating, however high their station—not with nature; among the base, sensual, and unprincipled, who from Sovereign, through all phases of official and social rank, made merchandise of men and their interests; he failed to have revealed to him by the handmaid of the pure and beautiful, an idealism and elevating sentiment, so characteristic of him of whom we last spoke. And thus living at a time of no really noble deeds and aspirations, and among those living themselves on the memories of a dead past; and having skill to give cheap perpetuity to princes, Velazquez became pampered by them, while he pandered to their vanities; and thus took position chiefly as a portrait-painter by the square rood of royal insignificancies.

No. 1062.—*Las Meninas*, nearly opposite to the crucifixion, has been praised by some handicraftsmen of the art as Velazquez's masterpiece. It puts before us the Spanish Infanta Doña Margarita, five or six years old, in a room of the palace, attended by her two little maids of honour, and as many dwarfs. Behind the latter, Doña Marcela de Ulloa a lady of the household, and a *guardadamas*, are in conversation. In the middle distance an open door shows the Queen's *Aposentador* retiring. One of the dwarfs is teasing a large dog in the foreground. The noble animal's indifference to the petty annoyance, is a lesson to some who flatter themselves they are his betters. The Infanta's crinoline blown up to the dimensions of a balloon, may have served to hide some ricketty inheritance. The dwarfs are not more wretched-looking specimens of humanity

than the Doña. They are likenesses of things that were, and were thus grouped. Place and persons, looks and acts, are of a scene in which Velazquez had part; it is therefore a *fac-simile*. You see the artist as he there stood at his easel in the zenith of his fame, bearing the traces of thought and toil, and with pencil in hand putting on canvas the portraits of Philip IV and his wife, who are supposed to be standing where stands the spectator, *as shown by the reflection of their persons in the mirror at the back of the room*. This agrees with the history of the painting. The error of the statement made by an author, generally better informed, that it represents Velazquez in act of taking the likeness of the Infanta is seen in their relative positions, in which he appears behind the Infanta and her associate group, instead of facing them. He knew too much of surfaces, planes, perspective, and the art-mysteries of lines, lights, shadows, all essential premises, to leave thus upon record an impeachment of his own understanding, if he had intended to represent himself taking the Infanta's portrait. But he *did* intend, after painting the King and Queen, to perpetuate this incident of his work—this scene of a moment passing under his eye—to show the customs of the time. As a historical memorandum, as well as for its art-fidelity, it may be studied. But regret will be felt nevertheless, that Velazquez's talents were diverted from worthier themes, and laid under such heavy contribution of service to royal vanities and weaknesses. Even his high technical art could not add to the dignity of such subjects, however photographed the scene, and life-like the modelling of persons and things, which make us feel that we can move among and around

them. An instructive point of the picture is the immobility of the recumbent dog, kicked by the insignificant Nicolasito. It was a witty sarcasm of a Hibernian—heard by a bystander—who, when noticing this indifference of the dog to petty annoyance, said "*Egad, he well knows who is tasing him!*" There is no rebuke of contemptible rudeness so cutting as an avoidance of notice.

When Velazquez finished this picture he is said to have asked Philip IV if anything was wanting to make it satisfactory. The King took the artist's pencil and traced the red cross of the Order of Santiago on the breast of the figure of Velazquez in the picture. We are not of those who think that this daub of a decoration added anything to the dignity of the master, although it marked the conceit of the royal blockhead who thought so; and may have aided in diverting Velazquez from loftier pursuits than those dictated by court patronage. Those who consider this decoration of Velazquez as "the highest compliment ever paid to painter," forget that of the same coxcomb king when he greeted Zurbaran, as "Painter to the King and King of Painters:" and that of the Emperor Charles V, when at Bologna, placing Titian on his right hand, he said "I have many nobles in my Empire, but only one Titian:" and the fact of special envoys sent by royalty to bring the gorgeous Venetian, and the creative Fleming, to Madrid to give lessons to the masters of that Spanish epoch. And they likewise overlook the fact that when Charles II sought Murillo as court painter, the great Andalucian honoured himself and his noble art, by refusing to become a place-man for the gratification and flattery of king and courtiers. His was a genius for which the palace and its

corruptions had no charms. It preferred the communion of its own creations, the guarantees of its owner's immortality, to the slavery of immortalizing court dunces, dolls, and dwarfs. But a higher compliment still, one significant not merely of individual, but of national appreciation and pride of Murillo's art-genius, was the passage under Charles III of a decree, declaring—"Whereas certain foreigners are buying and sending abroad all the pictures of Bartolomé Murillo that come in their way, his Majesty taking into consideration the dishonour and detriment therefrom resulting to the character and taste of the nation, signifies his pleasure that the practice shall cease; and that persons detected in the traffic shall be punished by pecuniary fine, as well as by the confiscation of the paintings." This edict was enforced until the succeeding reign, when it became ineffective in preventing the grievance during the struggle for rule in the Peninsula; as French Marshals at the head of Trans-Pyrenean Vandals took what they pleased, and English picture-dealers following the fortunes of Wellington laid hold of whatever was left, that guineas—to sooth conscience and secure safety—*aided by a little pressure*, could bring to light. Murillos, *alone*, needed to be guarded against the covetousness of foreign taste and judgment.

No. 1076—*Prince Baltasar*, aged six years, in shooting dress, with dog, and gun, and gaze of astonishment and childish delight at being shown off as a sportsman.

No. 1066—*Philip IV*—mounted on a steed of such clumsiness that one wonders how he made the effort to rear.

It is not our purpose even to name each of the *thirty* pictures of the Spanish royal family and their minions by Velazquez—one half of all his works in this gallery. He must have had many a heart-ache, as well as hand-ache, from dealing with specimens of humanity every way curtailed of fair proportions. Whatever the pleasure of royalty in looking on personal hideousness, professional good taste should have claimed a privilege of selection of subjects, and not put its existence in question by perpetuating monstrosities, instead of realities or inspirations of the beautiful. The royal portraits are probably good. They are ugly enough to be likenesses of the Austro-Spanish product, which for a time proved curb and curse to the Peninsula. Costume, too, doubtless, was that of the day. It is sufficiently inflated for a bloated arrogance. As to colouring and expression, essentials of portraiture, Velazquez generally falls below Titian and Van Dyck. Or was it because his originals were degenerate? He certainly had not the splendid and high-toned Venetian of the former to deal with, or the comely and spirited Englishmen of the latter—whose portraits, see them where we will, maintain pre-eminence for fidelity of feature, revelation of inner being, and faultless finish. Velazquez certainly was unfortunate also in the fashions of his time—the long-waisted corset, as stiff and unbending as a cuirass, and enormous hoops destructive of the symmetry of woman; with the hair twisted, platted, and plastered in hideous shapes, or bushed into bushels of frizzle. And then as to rouge, it dyed, not cheeks alone, but oftentimes ears, forehead, and chin. Red as roses they were, and redder. Letters may have lied as to the characters of Spanish

princes and princesses; but Velazquez's pencil certainly left their lineaments in truthful repulsiveness. For that he deserved credit. Those who want to know what those of his day looked like, can be fully gratified. Especially does this apply to Philip IV, whose passion to see himself multiplied on canvas amounted to insanity. One sees him served up in every form in the Madrid Gallery; on horse, and on foot; in armour, court costume, and shooting jacket; as boy and man; at pic-nics, and prayers; there is no mistaking his dull, sleepy eyes; long jawed, heavy mouthed, red lipped, moustached, vapid, senseless, yet self-satisfied face; and when, after having seen it repeated *ad nauseam* here, one meets with it as he sometimes will elsewhere, he feels an impulse to run as from an unwelcome apparition.

Having twice visited Italy, and seen the art-treasures of Milan, Parma, Venice, Bologna, Florence, Rome, and Naples, it seems passing strange that Velazquez, could resist a temptation to seek other glories of authorship than those, quite questionable, of handing down a stupid personal portraiture—with but few exceptions. It was worse than shameful that one capable of better things, should have become a mere palace servitor of art; and finally too, by Philip's appointment—who thought he honoured him thereby—a setter of chairs, and remover of cloths, for the sovereign sot; and a provider of bed and board for king and courtiers, in royal progresses!

No. 1086—*Portrait of Doña Juana Pacheco*—wife of Velazquez. The charm of intelligence and tenderness, and beauty of feature and colouring, are here. This picture was in the line of his special province of art.

The subject was visible and tangible. If the record of Velazquez's life is fuller, and the exaltation of his works higher than those of other Spanish painters, it is due to the partiality and affection of Francisco Pacheco, Doña Juana's father—the artist chronicler of Spain. Indeed but for the favoritism of Pacheco's chronicles, from which foreign writers have freely drawn, little would be known of Velazquez's talents by those who have not visited Madrid; for the few works of his found abroad have but moderate merit. Philip's favour gave him fortune at home. Pacheco's gave him reputation in other countries: we will not say to the *disparagement*, by silence, of him who perfected the glories of Spanish painting; for Murillo's works, found wherever highest art is most highly appreciated, are to all Europe his eloquent and convincing historians. He needs no other chronicler of his triumphs.

No. 1068—*Prince Baltasar Carlos*—between six and seven years old—riding a rather big-bellied pony at a gallop, looks more natural than when seen, as a sportsman. Boy and beast seem both alive, and as if they were leaping through the frame of the picture. Velazquez must have painted this picture when away from the palace precincts, and the constraints of court etiquette. One is apt to think he was where he could whistle "Yankee Doodle" and rejoice in the freedom of shirt-sleeves, without weighing the propriety of one or damning himself by indulgence in the other. The whole thing bears an air about it of liberty broke loose. While awaiting the lighting of the pony on the ground, a regret was felt that the artist had not snapped royal leading strings for all time, and gone in search of sub-

jects as inclination led him. He would have touched the hearts of the people with more appealing truth. They, he should have known, were to become in the long future the depositories of his fame. Somebody's fine engraving of young Highlanders on their wind-winged Shetlands, may have been borrowed from this dashing picture of Velazquez. The nature thrown round about is not very Claude-like. It is rather too gusty and Castilian for that. The greater the reason for the pony scouring at the top of his speed, to get away from it.

No. 1069—*The Conde-Duque de Olivares*, Premier of Philip IV. This equestrian portrait of the Count Duke of Olivares doubtless drew forth Velazquez's greatest talents, to put his powerful patron before the world as became the artist's sense of the Statesman's personal merits, and political ability. Doubtless the likeness is faithful. But putting the Prime Minister on a horse in fashion of a Field Marshal was surely an odd fancy. And such a horse! True, a gifted Scotch writer, who must have forgotten his points of a mettled steed, burlesques the blood of the south by calling him "a prancing bay stallion of the Andalucian breed." And Palomino provokes laughter by the pompous silliness with which he describes him as "drinking from the Betis, not only the swiftness of its waters, but also the majesty of its flow." As it strikes most sight-seers Velazquez's models in this case must have been, *pony for fore*, and *brewer's dray-horse for hinder parts*. The Emperor Charles V near by, rightly poises his lance to toss aside this caricature. And the Count-Duke deserves to be pitched over his head—as he seems about

to be—for bestriding the clumsy beast. Some think he would be well put in the lumber-room in mercy to the memory of the draughtsman, did he not serve as a foil to that greatest of all equestrian pictures—just referred to—by Titian. Happily, those who seek to estimate rightly Velazquez's powers, will find here far higher examples of his excellencies; even humbler subjects, and of less pretension and careful finish than the last, and before which many persons pause in admiration.

No. 1067—*Doña Isabel de Bourbon*, is not one of these, for notwithstanding the richly caparisoned nag, and the elaborately embroidered skirt of the Queen, the eye quickly turns to

No. 1100—and gazes long at the few bold dashes of the brush with which Velazquez has put *Æsop* before us in characteristic indifference to opinions fashioned by knaves for fools. Face, attitude, act; bare breast, and crumpled, threadbare, buttonless coat—belted round the waist with a handkerchief; shoes guiltless of torture, familiar with mud and mould, and scorning dependence on strings, buckles, or blacking; and dingy book, long acquainted with thumb and thought; all show the apostle of what is called *common-sense*—which, when and wherever found, is the companion of *uncommon honesty*. Who has not received delight from *Æsop's* truth? This picture is an epitome of it in colours, and equally convincing.

No. 1101—*Menippus*—a true portrait of a Spanish beggar, however dignified in name. Proud as he is poor; presumptuous as he is ignorant; contemptuous as he is conceited; wrapped in his ample and amply

threadbare cloak, à la Hidalgo; and with slouch aside on his head, in characteristic Castilian assumption of importance, which disdains to do anything like other people, even to the covering of the habitation of sense with those, but which in his case best exemplifies that which nature is said to abhor; he seems to say—"if you have a *real*, or if it be but a *cuarto*, you wish to get rid of, I will do you the honour to receive it." A scroll and book indicate his honorary pursuit of art-student; pitcher and bench in his garret, are abundant proofs of independence of domestic cares, and of the luxury of unhindered solitude; and the stump of a cigarette between his fingers shows his solace in a supperless condition—that, which others would call wretchedness, who know not the compensating glories of Spanish birth and heritage.

No. 1060—*The Surrender of Breda*—in Holland—to the Spaniards under Spinola, has perhaps done as much as any of Velazquez's works to establish his high reputation as a realistic painter. There are but very few who have not been disappointed at the first glance at this master's works, so high have they generally been rated by writers. They do not instantly impress one very favourably. His subjects are not usually attractive; and his colouring especially is somewhat puzzling. You find little in it of what you have elsewhere seen in art, and hence it seems of questionable correctness—cold and lustreless. In studying his greater works you must be patient. Look, compare, weigh, and look again, and again; by-and-bye you will feel, if you do not find out, the secret of his power. He cannot be called an apostle of the pure and perfect line, he cared little

about style, and was wholly without the ideal. He sought not effect by brilliance and adventitious aids: nor did he deal in strong contrasts to startle attention, and please unthinking novelty-seekers. He was not of opinion that the realism of fact was improved by a livery of falsehood. Velazquez was too truthful to be sensational. He reproduced things as they were. In this he was a master-workman. If he attempted to idealize, he failed utterly, as we shall see further on. But with the Surrender of Breda he was dealing with persons, and places, and things, that had being, and were to give physical expression to an event of which Spain was proud, and determined to put before the world in an imposing form. Entrusted with the task, Velazquez executed it in a way, which gives point to these remarks.

The scene of arrested strife is before us, in the self-possessed and dignified Spaniards grouped on the right of the observer, their banner and long tapering lances sporting with the breeze, and looking in lofty approval on the condescending and chivalric familiarity with which their chief receives the submission of Prince Justin of Nassau, who had conducted the defence. Velazquez rightly estimating nobility of kindness, and desirous of distinguishing that of his countryman, makes him take from his foe any sense of disgrace by a manner of deference and compliment to his valour—always a passport of equality whatever the fortune of war. On the left of the picture the Flemish leader, in act of handing the key of Breda to Spinola the Spanish commander, is in advance of his body-guard; who, contrasted with Spanish bearing, arms, and

discipline, form a heavy and motley group, in whom defeat has produced an expression of sullen indifference. The perspective of the armed host beyond, and of receding earth and sky still farther off, is presented in great truth of line and light. But, whatever praise is due to the colouring of the foreground figures, both man and horse, it must be said that the distant greens seem too brown, and the blues too grey and green, Velazquez's tawny landscapes have been thought by some to have come of his long residence in parched Castile. But even here, nature in spring clothes herself in green. And Velazquez was not without knowledge of Andalusian emerald and azure; nor was he ignorant of the luxuriant vegetation of the valley of the Tagus, especially at Aranjuez where he oft revelled with royalty. This martial scene, from its representation of the men, dress, and armament of a time when the Low Countries were struggling to throw off an intolerant foreign yoke, must ever remain a precious historical picture: one devoid of affectation for scenic effect; and as free as is consistent with the nature of man, from signs of the warping influence of national prejudice, and of a passing vanity harmless in its results while history lives with her record of achievements which finally illustrated Flemish valour and virtue, vindicated truth, and dignified human right.

No. 1061—*The Spinners*—in the Oval Saloon, is an admirable scene in a tapestry factory. One woman is spinning, another reeling, and a third carding wool. Two girls—assistant operatives—are near at hand; and an unfinished tapestry is being examined by three ladies as it hangs on the wall. One fancies he hears

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