the hum of the wheel, as, whirled by the hand of a spinner the thread is spun from the distaff. The composition surpasses the colouring and finish of this picture. Velazquez's pencil, pampered by princely patronage, seems to have quickly wearied of the uncourtly subject. Many of his works have this look of incompleteness. His capacity of producing relief and illusion by a few bold strokes of his brush, seems to have tempted him at times to slight work which would have endured the longer if better fortified against impairing agencies. Or, if he understood fully the importance of substantial underwork for the final overlay of colour, he had not patience to await the influence of time—of air, light, warmth, dryness, moisture, in tempering, toning, and establishing the preliminary strata, necessary to give effective and enduring being to the finished picture. Some others whose works adorn this gallery, appear to have known better or appreciated more fully the value of careful and patient colour-blending, its action and reaction, neutralizing, strengthening, or modifying effects. Titian, Rubens, Juanes, Murillo, Andrea del Sarto, Paul Veronese, Van Dyck, have high standards of comparison here, by which to measure the art-claims in this particular of other masters.

No. 1058—*Los Borrachos*—in the same saloon. In this drinkers' revel, Velazquez again has failed to match extraordinary composition and expression by corresponding finish. Nevertheless it is probably the most veritable scene of a vulgar carouse ever put on canvas. No words can tell it, but you can see it all at a glance. And so real seems the besotted sensualism, so utter

the debasement and complete the triumph of drunkenness, that a "Maine liquor law" missionary would be thrown by the sight of it into a frenzy of zeal to arrest the vine-culture of the Peninsula. Revolutions are rife enough just now without this one to hamper freedom in putting an end to the maddened efforts of a dying dynasty for rule *and* ruin. The Yankees must wait awhile. Intemperate zeal and zealous intemperance are apt to come to the same end, though travelling different roads. Velazquez has done more good by holding this "mirror up to nature" and showing "vice her own folly," than thousands of blatant teetotallers who, by the tyranny of intolerant legislation, array against them a power which will make no terms with despotism in any shape.

The picture represents an assembly of drinkers—drunkards is a fitter name—in the open air. One of the number nearly entirely naked, a simple cloth being thrown across his lap, sits throned upon a cask. He is the God of the Vintage, and presides over the revel; not by right of seniority, for others look older, but by unquestioned claim of self-sacrifice in the service of Bacchus; as is manifest from that suety and cadaveric looking skin, and bloated, bloodless, and stolid face, indicative of having passed the limit where recuperation ceases, and the hob-nail-liver epoch begins. His head is bound by a vine chaplet, and he is about to confer a similar laureate of distinction on a brigand-looking sot, who, with a knife stuck in his belt, kneels for the coveted honour. Two others wearing bacchanalian wreaths are behind the king of the carousal; one of them, naked, lolling in the shade of a thickly matted

vine, and holding on high a goblet of golden hued juice; the other in act of drawing from the king's cask another libation. Behind the kneeling candidate, a cloaked toper awaiting his own decoration, stands ready to pledge him in a brimming bumper when he shall have received the drunkard's baccalaureate. A little further still, one of the pale bilious sots in whose veins no longer flows a ruddy life-stream, but where the poisoned tide is fast stagnating, is gaping idiotically at another, who, with lifted slouch and outstretched hand sillily apes the beggar who is his better. Two other topers of a group of five, complete the number of those who await the drunkard's decoration. One of these looks with leering eye at the other, who, with bowl in hand is about, to quaff the blood-red Valdepeñas. These, are not veterans. That wine's tint still paints their skin, and they are responsive to its fiery appeal. Fun and frolic are theirs—secondary of course, not specially sought, but from love of the wine. *Mirth* cannot be restrained, and need not be helped; it comes to them now as a necessary consequence. *Misery* is to follow, when sense shall have become seared, and reason dethroned by delirium and its alternate stupidity. Velazquez has here spread out so vividly the various stages and effects of intemperance, that, while looking on the revolting scene, moral lessons come with admiration of the high art which has so truthfully put it before us. A knowledge of low character not less thorough than that of higher station, enabled the master to do this without calling in the aid of fancy. It was a piece of realism well suited to his talents. As before said, there is perhaps no such powerful

picture as this, of vulgar debauch—its customs and consequences. It possesses wonderful associated expression: and yet such marvellous relief and detachment of figures, as makes one feel that he can walk between the persons composing it.

The above are Velazquez's great works. A few of his religious paintings may be mentioned to show his incapacity to handle such subjects.

No. 1056—*The Coronation of the Virgin*—is the stereotyped composition of that subject, known to all, and drawn and daubed by the meanest art-pretenders since Mary's elevation to celestial sovereignty by ecclesiastical decree. She is seated, and about to be crowned by God the Father and the Son, conjointly—one on either hand—the Holy Ghost, as a dove, shedding rays from above upon *all* participants in the ceremony. This picture is beneath the dignity of religion, and is unworthy of art. Shrivelled dotage with lack-lustre eye, toothlessness, sunken cheeks, and grizzly beard; and sensual-looking mid-age with purplish face, and long, shaggy hair; are in act of wreathing the brow of a seeming Cyprian, whose mock-modest look is contradicted by rouged cheeks and slattern dress. Beneath her feet, several half drowned little angels are struggling up to their necks in what better represents water, than cloud—as proposed. The drawing, modelling, and colouring of this entirely common-place composition, are faulty. The lines are sharp, and the whole thing cold, hard, and coarse. Even if Velazquez had possessed ideality and sentiment for such a subject, his heart was plainly not in the work. It was painted by command, for the oratory of the Queen in the royal

palace. But, he must be held answerable for woeful defects of mechanical execution, however excusable for lack of merit in conception; in which, of course the ecclesiastical fashions and fancies of that age had to be followed by all who had not an idealism of celestial beauty like Murillo; who, with one exception, won approval even from clerical self-conceit and dogmatism. Were it not for the seeming sacrilege, one would laugh at the ridiculous substitution of a shrunken dotard for the Incomprehensibly Infinite. But reprehension is due to the vanities of priests and monks, who, not content with having their own heads painted on apostolic shoulders, a common piece of ecclesiatical ambition, would invade even heaven itself, and insult *its* Sovereignty by likening it to their perishing selves. Painting like poetry has limits, beyond which it cannot go in the treatment of such themes without irreverence. Something is due to the respect, if nothing more, with which the founders of the Christian religion, to say nothing of the Deity, should be treated by those who profess it. It is an insult to the mother of Christ to present her in the semblance of a wanton; and an unpardonable caricature of St. Peter and St. Paul to mask them with the faces of fools, whatever high-sounding titles the latter may have. Art may, and should be made a handmaid of religion, not only to inculcate reverence for sacred things, and awaken pure and holy sentiments, but to teach lessons of truth, and love of the beautiful and good. When not thus used, it is abused.

No. 1054—*The Adoration of the Kings*—is another painting by Velazquez akin in style to the last, and

probably produced under like constraint. The Virgin's eyes are closed, as if she had no pleasure in looking at the uncomely little bead-eyed baby, swaddled with cruel tightness, she is holding bolt-upright on her lap; and who is staring with surprise—possibly at his queer advent, and at the questionable company, both bronzed and black, who have come to do him reverence. Spanish bandits of darkest mixture of Moorish blood, and such negro kings as Theodore and Koffee, might have been the models for the Magi. But however pious their posture, their looks are strangely sinister, and it might readily have been believed that the presents brought by such specimens of humanity, had not been come by honestly. The scene is so clothed in darkness as to hide accessories—if it had been intended to introduce any as illustrative of place and purpose. This shrouding of surroundings in blackness is an easy way of abridging labour, but one not compatible with fidelity and completeness. An uniform background may do for a portrait, but not for a comprehensive composition, embracing varied incidents, and many details. The example of such high authority may have fostered the tendency of the French school to exclude light and treat subjects in low colours, without well defined objects and shadows.

No. 1057—*St. Anthony visiting St. Paul in the Desert.* We refer to this painting because it is named by some as Velazquez's greatest work in the line of sacred art. Though there are others who think that it is the worst even of the bad; however they may admit, that if he had had as much practice in delineating them, he might possibly have painted Christian saints as well as he did Court sinners.

Toward the end of the third century, the Roman Empire, though still held together by the cohesion of tyranny, had imbibed the poison of corruption which was destined to destroy it. In its distant provinces, arbitrary and irresponsible government not only failed to give security to life and property, but itself actually endangered them. The religious persecutions by Paganism, and the dissensions already arising among Christians themselves, added to the calamities of political oppression. To flee from fellow-men, and take refuge in desert solitude with God alone, offered, as some thought, the sole chance of safety to soul and body. Thus it was that under the persecutions of the Emperor Decius, the youthful Paul of Thebes fearing for his faith, fled from the allurements, as from the oppressions, by which he was encompassed: and sought a desert cave for his home, with wild dates and water for sustenance. He was the founder and the first of the religious recluses called hermits; as Anthony, who is said to have sought and found him in the desert, and made known to the world his virtues and penances, was the first and the founder of monks, religionists living in communities. St. Jerome visited Anthony in the seclusion of his cloister on an island of the Nile; and thence it was, that, becoming imbued with the spirit of the recluse, he carried monachism into Italy and Gaul. The first monks took no vows, and as elsewhere stated, many of them wandered about in companies, mingling with the people they sought to influence by their crude notions of piety, and unenlightened thoughts, passions, and impulses. The evils of this undisciplined manner of life were also referred to, and, as a consequence, the

introduction of monastic reformation in the fifth century. The absurd legend of Anthony's reputed visit to Paul, furnished Velazquez with the subject he has *most literally* represented; showing that, whatever the praises of his over-zealous admirers, he was singularly incapable of throwing over a fanciful subject a charm of touching sentiment, or the graces of poetic expression. In one part of the treatment a raven is seen flying with a loaf of bread in its overburthened beak, to two badly drawn and basely coloured religieux, at the mouth of a very queer cave, which, like a tunnel has both ends open. And in another division of the picture are shown two *pitiful* looking lions, in make and mien, digging with their claws a grave for Paul; who managed to hold on to life for nearly a hundred years, and until his friend Anthony could be moved to come and minister to him, with the aid of the lions, the last rites of Christian burial. This picture has not a redeeming feature of art about it to reconcile us to the absurdity of the tradition. It is matter of regret that Velazquez compromised somewhat his character for technical excellencies by this, and the last beforenamed two paintings. His execution was far from being equably meritorious. This may have proceeded from his being overtasked by the Austro-Spanish Royal family, who subsidized his time and talents to gloss their infirmities. He certainly failed to find in the saloons of sovereignty the models of beauty scattered broadcast for Murillo in the streets and market-places of Seville. And it might be supposed that he would have had less happiness from that fact. Yet there are those who think that his tastes in art did not seek the

influences of the gentle and lovely. He was in Rome with Domenichino, Guercino, Guido, Albani, Poussin, Claude, as companions; but he does not appear to have worshipped with them. Speaking of the "Forge of Vulcan," a picture now in the Madrid collection, painted by Velazquez at Rome, Stirling says—it "shows how closely Velazquez adhered to his original style! overawed perhaps by Raphael and Michael Angelo, and choosing rather to display his unrivalled skill in delineating vulgar forms, than to risk his reputation in the pursuit of a more refined and idealized style."

Velazquez and Murillo standing at the head of the Spanish School, it may be supposed by those unfamiliar with their works, that their qualifications were akin, and that a parallel of comparative ability might be established between them. This would be a mistake. Their tastes and their styles were altogether different. And this is the more remarkable from the fact, that at the outset of Murillo's career, he was for a time in intimate relation with Velazquez, then at the height of his fame, and in situation to influence most of those about him. They will perhaps always be judged according to a man's own tastes, theories, and mental bias.

The lives of Spanish painters afford instructive lessons to the aspiring of our day; and are especially encouraging to the humble and self-dependent student. Morales, Cœllo, Navarrete (el Mudo, the deaf-mute), Theotocopuli (el Greco), Vargas, Juanes, Castillo, Pacheco, Ribera, Cano, and above all Velazquez and Murillo, who gave to Spanish art her claim to highest distinction in the times that gave it being, were all poor and unaided when means and help were most needed. Those who

gave Spanish painting its glory were not nurtured in effeminate enjoyments. Even in Murillo's day, when Juan de Castillo was his instructor, artists had not in Seville a national academy of statuary and paintings for study. Nothing but a mere school of design with a few casts, and heads and limbs sketched by the master for copying. If a model could not be procured, a very usual thing for want of *reals* to pay him, students stripped in turn for the study and copying of their fellows. Fish, flesh, flowers, and fruits, also furnished models for practice; and street scenes of course were put to profitable account by the earnest tyro. Murillo soon painted as well as his master; who, going elsewhere, left him earning his daily bread by selling hastily got up pictures to any chance purchaser he fell in with. But his subsistence was precarious; and desiring steadier employment and surer reward, he sought patronage of an established artist; who, either from ignorance of the youth's merits, or from a mean instinct to disparage services he really wanted, but at small cost, pooh-poohed his pretensions, and being called from the studio at the moment, left Murillo alone. He, seeing an unfinished portrait on the easel, picked up a pencil and quickly painting a fly on the face, as his P.P.C., went his way. On the artist's return to resume his work, noticing the fly, and attempting to brush it off, he found that the perfection of the counterfeit had deceived him. The success of the trick was Murillo's triumph. But a still greater awaited him, when at a later day, preparing to make his way to Italy or Flanders to study the great works of their great masters, he rejected that same artist's offer of employment. He

had divided a large quantity of canvas into squares of various sizes, primed them for the pencil, and proceeded to strike off with rapid hand, saints, shrines, and Andalucian scenery, for the traders to the Spanish colonies in America. Thus put in possession of moderate means be started for Madrid, where arriving weary and footsore, Velazquez, pleased with his genius and ambition, encouraged him, and obtained for him access to the art galleries of the capital and the Escorial. The result of his study, and especially his reflection of the style and exquisite finish of Van Dyck, made him conscious of his own powers. He had circled with the eagles who had made their eyry in the capital, and he felt fitted for his own flight whithersoever he listed. There was that within which told him to rely upon inherent gifts and seek not foreign guidance, and he returned to gather immortal laurels in the sphere where his inspiration was born, and among a people to whom his works became an inheritance of honour. As said by Kügler —"Velazquez little thought that the needy young man whom he then patronized, was destined to acquire a name, and to execute works which would be more popular, and more widely known, than his own." Sir David Wilkie rightly remarks that—"No painter is so universally popular as Murillo; without trick or vulgar imitation, he attracts everyone by his power, and adapts the higher subjects of art to the commonest understandings. Perhaps that very power tells to his prejudice amongst painters, who suppose the great qualities of art can be appreciated only by the few; but unless art can affect the uninstructed it loses its influence upon the great mass of mankind. . . . Velazquez

and Murillo are preferred with reason to all the others, as the most original and characteristic of their school. These two great painters are remarkable for having lived in the same time, in the same school, painted from the same people (and it might have been added for the same people), and yet to have formed two styles so different and opposite, that the most unlearned can scarcely mistake them." After what has been said of Velazquez's patronage of the young Murillo, nothing can better illustrate the independence of the latter's peculiar genius and tastes than this fact. And their force and beauty, are truly stated by Sir Edmund Head, in his edition of Kügler's "Handbook of Painting," when he says—"In Italy the revival of art under Caracci had borne its fruits; great men yet lived at Bologna. Domenichino's death took place in the same year as that of Van Dyck; Guido's in 1642; but Albani lived until 1660; and Guercino until 1666. Admirable however as the latter master sometimes is, I cannot bring myself to rank any of his works as high as the best of Murillo's; the original taint of the school—the conventional tone of the Eclectics—joined occasionally with a naturalist tendency, adheres to many of his productions; and where we miss this fault we find colour and handling not superior to those of the great masters of Seville. It is not in such men as Tiarini, Leonello Spada, or Sassoferrato, that rivals of the Spanish painters can be found. The naturalists had put forth vigorous schools in southern Italy, and though Ribera died in 1656, Salvator Rosa lived till the year 1673. Still the gentleness and vigour of Murillo cannot be matched by anything which Italy could at this time show.

. . . At the time of Velazquez and Murillo no European school could contest the palm with that of Seville."

The distinguished editor from whom the above extract is made, should have specified, "no European school could contest the palm" *with Velazquez's technical excellencies,* the delight undoubtedly of all artists—for they are means of convincing expression, whatever the subject; *neither with Murillo's, not less technical excellencies; nor with his creative imagination, pure taste, graces, and exquisite finish, and his power of adapting the highest subjects of art to the plainest understanding—which made him of all painters the most universal favourite.* Velazquez's mechanical execution was extraordinary, and manifestly under the direction of an active and original mental bias. But nothing can more vividly show his restricted range of spiritual power, his incapacity to lift himself to the height of elevated art-taste and conception of the beautiful, than the evidence given by Marco Boschini that he had not been able to appreciate the genius of Raphael. When asked in Rome by Salvator Rosa, what he thought of Raphael? Velazquez's answer is thus given by Boschini—

> The master stiffly bowed his figure tall
> And said—"For Raphael, to speak the truth—
> I always was plain spoken from my youth—
> I cannot say I like his works at all."

The explanation of his want of appreciation of the great Italian is in the fact, that he and Raphael were not cast in the same mould of moral sentiment. Raphael was a painter-poet. Velazquez a painter merely. The former was a creator. The latter a

copyist. The one could image forth airy nothing. The other picture alone the material presence before him. The Italian could "find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing." The Spaniard naught but size, colour, and relative distance; light, shade, and shape. Birds there are of rare plumage and gift of imitation which cannot reach the realm of the eagle.

Velazquez and Murillo are said to have been alike amiable and conciliatory; gentle, generous, and friendly; making them great favourites and giving them controlling influence with others. Coincidences of early life were theirs, and similar fate awaited their remains after death. Velazquez was buried in the parish church of San Juan at Madrid. When that edifice was destroyed by French soldiery in 1811, his tomb, like that of Murillo at Seville, was not spared. Thus the French are chargeable with the crime against civilization, of scattering to the winds the ashes of those who lifted European art of the seventeenth century to its proudest place. The only public tribute which Madrid has paid to the memory of her peculiar artist, is a bas-relief representing him receiving the Order of Santiago from Philip IV, which is inserted in the pedestal of that king's equestrian statue in the Plaza de Oriente near the royal palace. A tribute to Philip's vanity, rather than to the merits of Velazquez.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

RIBERA—MARTYRDOM OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW—HERMIT SAINT. ZURBARAN—THE YOUNG JESUS. JUANES—LIFE AND MARTYRDOM OF ST. STEPHEN—THE LAST SUPPER—COMPARED WITH LEONARDO DA VINCI. ROELAS AND ALONZO CANO. MADRID—THE FOCUS OF ART-GLORY. TITIAN—VENUS AND DANAE—SALOMÉ—LA GLORIA—ECCE HOMO—LA DOLOROSA—EMPEROR CHARLES V. TINTORETTO—JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES. ITALIAN ARTISTS GENERALLY. RAPHAEL—EL PASMO DE SECILIA—MADONNA DI SISTO IN DRESDEN—THE VIRGIN OF THE FISH—HOLY FAMILY—HOLY FAMILY DEL AGNUS DEI—HOLY FAMILY OF THE ROSE—LA PERLA.

Ribera—born in the town of Jativa—province of Valencia—in the year 1588, was somewhat the senior of Velazquez and Murillo, and though cotemporary in later life formed his peculiar style before their works could have exercised any influence upon it. He went to Rome early in life, where he was known as *Il Spagnoletto*—the little Spaniard—a name which stuck to him ever after. There, destitute, clad in rags, and living on crusts and Trevi water, he sought improvement by copying palace façades, and street-corner shrines and frescoes. His daring and impassioned nature, soon led him to imitate the bold handling and

powerful light and shade of Caravaggio; but he also studied closely, still later, the masterpieces of Correggio in northern Italy. Notwithstanding the influence of foreign example, his own genius became his chief guide, and afterwards going to Naples he ruled that school. It was at this time that the partizan jealousies and intrigues of Neapolitan artists drove Guido from that capital; and it has been surmised, rather than affirmed, that some of these in which the Spaniard was implicated led to the death of Domenichino. However this may be, it is certain that he was not himself exempt from misfortune. For when Don John of Austria, Charles V's bastard son, clothed with *power* by his Sovereign half-brother Philip, and with *sanctity* by the Pope, came to Naples on his way to Lepanto, he was entertained by his countryman Ribera. Becoming enamoured of the artist's daughter Maria Rosa, who was remarkable for grace and beauty, Don Juan by impassioned pledges of devotion and honourable purposes, wrought her ruin. Carrying her to Sicily clandestinely, when weary of her importunities to save her from shame, he put her in a convent; and according to his half high-born privilege went his way of favour, to triumph over the Moslem and gain the applause of Church and Court; leaving the soul-stricken father, whose hand had lost its cunning, and his heart its hopes of joy, to die soon after in retirement.

The rumours of fame acquired by Ribera in Italy reaching Madrid, led Velazquez to visit Naples ere the occurrence just referred to. Murillo afterwards saw a few examples of his manner which had been carried to Spain. But neither of them appears to have fancied

his subjects, his tremendous energy, and what some timid spirits thought his daring discords; but which, in his case, and by his marvellous power, were constrained into a wonderfully effective expression. A boldly contrasted light and shade is certainly a marked feature of Ribera's pictures—one that attracts instantaneous attention. But it is invariably united with anatomical accuracy, and distinct muscular development, not forced and gratuitous, but incident to action —the outward expression of the inner spirit, the speechless sign of feeling and passion, giving to them extraordinary emphasis of meaning. His paintings are, in the sense of physical expression, like Michael Angelo's sculpture — unmistakeable. Bony process, fleshy fulness, and clearly defined outline; sinew and sinuous blood-channels; contour and cavity, as significant of buoyant health and vigour on the one hand, or of consuming sorrow, wear and waste, on the other; are all there as striking features of his subject. The agonies of martyrdom, pains and deprivations of penance, self-denials of asceticism, and sufferings of persecution, have by none been shown with such startling power; compelling pity for the self-inflictions of fanaticism, and horror at the cruelties of frenzied intolerance. Two pictures by Ribera in this collection will sufficiently illustrate these remarks.

No. 989—*The Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew.* This Christian Marsyas, of whom, little being known from history, tradition has said much, is seen naked and about to be flayed alive. His hands are bound to the ends of a movable cross-beam, which is being drawn up by two half nude, stalwart executioners, pulling at cords

rove through the upper end of a strong upright timber. The lower limbs of this saint, not yet lifted from the ground, are semi-flexed, both legs and thighs, showing a muscular effort to raise at the threatening command of another brutal executioner. Lookers-on of both sexes give life-like expression to this fierce scene of passion. Powerful drawing, colouring, and modelling, characterise this work of Ribera, which was painted at Naples shortly after he reached that city in the prosecution of his studies. It was so frightfully truthful of such a scene of savagery, that, when exposed to public view, it caused a feeling of horror among the sensitive and passionate Neapolitans. The Viceroy, Duke of Ossuna, seeing the picture, bought it. Through him it reached Madrid. He also appointed the master his court-painter, which of itself at that time was sufficient to make Ribera's fame and fortune.

No. 1006—*A Hermit-Saint.* With naked body and arms, and coarse mat-covering of the hips, he kneels before an open book on which is a skull. A bare loaf, and a hempen rope, tell of fasting and self-inflictions—a needless signification, where such are seen in emaciation and other signs of suffering. Few artists, then or since, could have risked reputation on the anatomical portraiture of a part of the human body so full of fleshy and facial, osseous and ligamentous, details, as the back. But Ribera's accurate knowledge of structure, not only enabled him to portray truthfully, vertebral and scapular prominences, with their complex apparatus of connection and motion; but his peculiar style of art-mannerism, if it be right so to call it, fitted him so to clothe them with revealing lights and shadows, that

every elevation and depression, however trivial, is as palpable as if laid bare by an anatomist's scalpel. The bony hands of the ascetic saint, with veins unseen where channels were scarcely needed for lacking blood-streams; and their darker hue, as also that of the face, from greater exposure; together with the webs of wrinkles in parts of redundant skin and free motion, show Ribera to have been a most faithful reporter of nature.

Other paintings by this master, in the Long Gallery —St. Peter, St. Andrew, St. Simon, and another St. Bartholomew, may be specified—are as well worthy of study, as those of like treatment by the same master in the Spanish saloon to the right of the Rotunda. In none of them will the "glass of fashion" be found reflecting the styles of others. But the "mould of form" is there, drawn by the hand of a bold and accurate master, and clothed and modelled with a depth of demi-tints, tone, and final colour, giving them a powerful expression of truth. Ribera did not slight his work; but, with the *aid of time*, he seems to have laboured for the *fame of immortality*. And such has been his reward. His right to rank as one of the great trinity of Spanish artists cannot be questioned.

Zurbaran was becoming renowned when Ribera, having found that fame gave no security against misfortune was passing to the peace he longed for. Though not strictly speaking an imitator, he was greatly influenced by the style of Il Spagnoletto. Zurbaran's best paintings are in Seville. They are striking examples of contrasted light and shade, judiciously tempered at times by neutralizing tint and tone.

No. 1133—*The Young Jesus*—sleeping on a cross, with a crown of thorns at his side, is the best of his pictures in the Madrid Collection. It is an exception to his usual mode of treatment, the flesh-tint being that of Titian, warmed by a more southern sun; while the purple robe reminds us of Roelas; and the colour-blending bears traces of another whose genius was then about to give a new charm to Spanish art. But his friars and monks are his best works. They are much after the manner of Ribera's in decided drawing and shadow, but differ in the facts that they are habited in the dress of their respective orders, and are usually seen in placid, prayerful, or contemplative attitude. It suited him better, in every regard of taste and talent, so to represent them. He had no pleasure in portraying either self-inflicted or imposed penance. The path to paradise did not seem to him bordered by brambles, and paved with scorpion-stings. Probably it would not have been wise to risk his growing reputation by attempting to interpret the mysteries of passion; to delineate the voiceless revelations of the human machine. To do so required an *intimate* knowledge of physical organism, and Zurbaran has left no work authorising the belief that he possessed it. Painters and sculptors, now, much more than of old, overlook the advantage in giving truthful expression to being, of familiarity with its means of utterance. How often do we see drapery hung on a bean-pole, or on an equally shapeless manikin, for a model—well suited 'tis true to the grovelling mind that is content with it! There was a day when the true interpreters of nature sought first the hidden lineaments with the scalpel; the frame-

work and its complex wrappings; then faithfully sketched the form over which they intended to throw robes of flowing grace. There was fitness in results. Nature recognized her own. And her worshippers have wreathed with immortelles the brows of the high-priests, who thus, in truth and trust, served at her shrine.

Juanes was the oldest of the Spanish painters. Many of his pictures are found in Valencia; unhappily, with others of old masters, badly shown in the wretchedly lighted rooms of a temporarily appropriated edifice. A few of his works in Madrid will repay careful inspection. They mark an epoch in Spanish art; for, from his time its great achievements date. He was the first of the school whose glory culminated in Murillo. Clearly defined and correct in drawing, a result of his Italian studies especially of the works of Raphael, Juanes, nevertheless, did not, like Raphael, sufficiently subdue sharpness of outline. But his colouring was varied, rich, and deep; and his composition was often characterized by fertility and force. His pencil was dedicated solely to religion and the church. His love of art was an inspiration of devotion, painting a sacred duty, and his studio a chapel where fasting and prayer shaped his feelings into conformity with the solemnity of his subjects. His style was severe; and although his compositions were varied and vigourous, and often remarkable for colouring, they are characterized by too much stiffness. Guided by the active and uncompromizing religionism of his day, his subjects and treatment often presented impassioned expression. This is seen in the paintings—Nos. 749, 750, 751, 752,

753—representing the *Life and Martyrdom of St. Stephen;* and embracing his Ordination, Dispute with the Doctors in the Synagogue, Preaching, Stoning, and Burial. The stubbornness of unbelief of the Jews, and their hate and fierce persecution, are forcibly set forth; as are also the fearless rebukes and admonitions of the follower of Christ, as "cut to the heart, they gnash on him with their teeth, stop their ears, and cast him out of the city and stone him." The hardness of some of the outlines, and absurd richness and elaborate details of Stephen's dress, so much at variance with his simplicity of life and character, may be overlooked in the spirited action of the compositions, and the beauty of their colouring.

No. 755—*The Last Supper*—though departing from the gospel description of that simple and symbolical feast, by representing the Saviour holding up a transubstantiated wafer, is nevertheless thought a graphic picture. The room in which the supper is served is too elaborately architectural, and too richly hung with tapestry, for the simple "upper room" in which Christ "desired to eat the passover" with his disciples. The dramatic expression given to the scene, is due to the saying of the Master—"Take eat, this is my body." He is seated in the midst of the twelve, at a long table on which are a dish, knives, salt, fragments of bread, a goblet, and wine in a decanter. Clad in a violet tunic and scarlet mantle, he holds up in his right hand a white wafer of bread, his lips closed, as if he had just made the above declaration. The extraordinary character of it awakens a general feeling of surprise among his followers, shaped into expression by their differing

spiritual and mental characteristics. Peter, first on the right of the Master, in greenish blue tunic and with gray hair and beard, fixes his eyes on the "blessed" element, and with arms crossed on his breast, believes, while he wonders. Next, sits James the greater, in red tunic, with chesnut hair and beard; a rather languid look betraying unquestioning acceptance of what his well-nerved arm indicates ability to maintain, if muscular oratory then, as now with many, were the chief means of argument. Standing behind him and Peter, is Andrew, in green tunic and violet mantle, gray hair and beard, his upraised hands closed as if supplicating an explanation of the mystery. A short distance to the right stands in shadow, Bartholomew, in crimson mantle and blue tunic, dark hair and beard, his right hand raised in sign of astonishment, while the left presses his breast to still the doubts that shake his soul. Matthew next, in crimson tunic and violet mantle, and much bald, extends both of his open hands in questioning amazement—"how can this be?" While Thaddæus in crimson tunic, colourless mantle, and yellow sleeves—the last disciple on the right—kneels at the corner of the table, leaning with both arms on it, his hands joined in pious acceptance of the mystical means of salvation. Nearest to the Master on his left, sits John, beardless, with long hair, greenish brown tunic, and a look of sleepy credulity which confirms the miraculous penetration of the Author of the Museum Catalogue—who says, "it seems that a few moments before he had been resting on the breast of Jesus." According to this Juanes' art was twofold—it revealed past and present. James the less, with chesnut

hair and beard, and in pinkish violet tunic and scarlet mantle, looks at Thomas on his left, excitedly directing his attention, with outstretched arms and pointing forefingers to the "identical body" of Christ, which his *other* "real presence" is upholding. And which Thomas, with brown, curly hair, and in green tunic, with closed hands, adores in *unquestioning* faith—whatever his *doubts of the supernatural at a later day.* Simon, somewhat bald and gray, in scarlet robe; and Philip in violet tunic and blue mantle, with upraised hand; stand in astonishment at the asserted mutation, which made a thing what it was not, yet left it palpably as it was; literally taken, a "stumbling-block" certainly to others than "Gentiles," and "foolishness" to many besides "Greeks." Judas, in yellow robe, and red hair and beard, near the extreme corner of the table to the left, is seated so as to present a profile of prominent and repulsive features, as he looks toward the Saviour with startled curiosity as to the next development of what, to him is a drama pregnant with grave results. His right hand grasps a purse on the stool upon which he is seated. This is a sign of his apostolic stewardship, not, as some have said, of the price of his treason. He had not yet received the "thirty pieces of silver." But his left hand firmly clenched upon the table indicates his resolute purpose of betrayal, which the significance of the passover, and its associated new-covenant feast, had not shaken. On the foreground floor are the pitcher and basin, the signs of that example wherewith the Saviour taught—"ye should do as I have done to you."

This picture of the Last Supper was painted on wood

by Juanes for a church in Valencia. In its changes of ownership it has been damaged by careless handling; and the attempts at restoration have not improved its condition. But making largest allowance for bad usage, it may be confidently asserted, that the Handbook judgment which has lifted it to a level of merit with Leonardo da Vinci's immortal work at Milan, is simply ridiculous. Whatever praise its correct drawing and brilliant colouring deserve, its reduced proportions—the figures being scarcely half natural size—forbid any comparison with the grandeur of a scale which places a seeming realism instead of a pigmy picture before us. Further, the moving causes of emotion in the two works are of equally disproportioned power. Juanes selected for elucidation the utterance—when "Jesus took bread and blessed it," and said "Take eat—this is my body." It was an institution of a feast of "remembrance of (him)," and the expression was doubtless used in conformity with Oriental custom in the symbolic sense usual in his teachings; as was also the associate passage, in which Christ calls the "cup" his "blood of the new testament;" and of which he says—"I will not drink henceforth of *this fruit of the vine*, until that day when I drink it new with you in my father's kingdom." Can *silliness and sacrilege* surpass those of dogmatists and their dupes who persist in a literalism, which makes Christ *drink his own blood*, or *this fruit of the vine, in the kingdom of heaven?*

But, giving to the passage "this is my body" the interpretation of Juanes' Roman Catholicism, the one feature of wonder he has given expression to, with modifications of emotional nature, at what otherwise

would have been but passive reverence, falls immeasurably below the powerful revelations of passion in Leonardo da Vinci's transcendent exposition at Milan, of the Master's declaration—"Verily I say unto you that one of you shall betray me." What could as strongly awaken amazement, and startle mind and heart? Arousing the suspicion and indignation of the faithful and resolute; moving the grief of the gentle and true; agitating the timid; and alarming the guilt of goading avarice and secret treason? The portraiture of these workings of the human soul on the walls of the refectory of the Convent of Santa Maria delle Gratie—Milan—although a wreck of its former self, remains the wonder of the art-world, as it has been to painters the model of a hopeless ambition. And when, added thereto, we look on the divine dignity, love, and pity, mingled with human tenderness and sorrow, of the Saviour's face, form, and posture, though now but a fading away of the vision revealed by the inspired Italian, we are inclined to think, that the like, certainly not since produced by art, will not be looked upon again. In the picture by Juanes, the Redeemer's face is without the expression of knowledge and benignity demanded by the subject. Nor, except in the great work to which we have referred, have we found these, united with tender sentiment, so touchingly shown as in an engraving—now photographed—taken from a seal said to have been cut in "emerald by order of Tiberius Cæsar; and which emerald the Emperor of the Turks, later, took from the treasury of Constantinople, and gave to Pope Innocent VIII for the redemption of his brother, who had been made a prisoner by the Christians."

Roelas and *Alonzo Cano* cannot be studied in Madrid. Their best works are in the churches at Seville. Roelas was a physician, whose love of the fine arts led him to quit the practice of his profession, and devote himself to painting. He visited Italy where he pursued his studies. His return to Seville, where he was born, was at too early a date for his style to be influenced by the manner of the great Spanish masters. The fame won by Juanes doubtless stimulated his ambition. Some of his works show great power of conception and execution. Alonzo Cano, though somewhat the senior of Murillo, yet lived for a time while he was ennobling art and robing it in richness; and catching a beam of his inspiration, he left it glowing in Sagrario and on shrine.

The Italian, Flemish, French, and German paintings in the Madrid Museum, are numerous. Apart from the fact that the royal connections of Spain with those countries, favoured the getting possession of many of their highly prized works, the ambition to make Madrid the focus of art-glory, and the pride of patronage of several of the Spanish monarchs, led to the sending of agents abroad to purchase at any cost famous pictures, and to subsidize the genius of Europe for further creations. England now remembers with mortification, and a keen sense of irretrievable loss, the Covenanter bigotry and narrow-mindedness, stimulated by cupidity, which sold "Satan's crafty inventions" of sainted pictures, as well as pictured Saints, for fear they should again sink the regenerated isle "by the Grace of God" into the depths of priestly perdition. True, King Charles's head was off. But who knew that

he would not come back with it in his hands, in the manner of St. Denis, and by the contrivances of the Devil seek to re-establish his Kingdom of Darkness?

Even Venetia's magician, who awakened awaiting canvas to radiant being, was enticed for three years from the sunsets and breezes of his Adriatic home, to the cheerless skies and blasts of Castile, at the bidding of Austro-Spanish Princes, who sought to enthrone European Art in their capital. Of forty-two paintings by *Titian* in this collection, most of them bear the impress of his truthful delineation and passionate colour, the grace and glow of his genius. But some of them do not reach the conceded perfection of similar works elsewhere. His Venuses No. 459 and No. 460, and Danae No. 458, have not the fullest measure of that mysterious tint and tone, which gives to his imaging of sensual loveliness seen in the Tribune of the Uffizzi, surpassing charm. The proportions also are heavier. There is too much of Duchess plumpness, verging on pulpiness to win favour with devotees of classic symmetry. This excess of fleshiness, it is said, gave pleasure to Rubens when he was in Madrid. That is not surprising, considering his tastes, which in that line of art were gross. However varied his conceptions and vigorous his compositions, and whatever his breadth and brilliancy of colouring, Rubens lacked the purity of sentiment, refinement and delicacy of feeling, necessary to conceive and fashion the highest type of physical beauty, or to select models of it. His crowds of mythological courtezans met with in some continental galleries, are caricatures of person and ofttimes insults to decency; frequently deformities, in truth, such as cannot be

found outside of a hospital for the treatment of spinal curvatures and other malformations. The Directors of the Madrid Museum have banished several of these coarse effigies to a dimly-lighted room of the basement.

No. 461—*Salomé*—bearing on a tray the head of John the Baptist. This is said to be a portrait by Titian of his daughter Lavinia. A model of form and attitude, with exquisitely artless face, translucent flesh-tint, and drapery fitted and folded by the fingers of the graces, she is truly the twin-sister of that other fairy, Titian's vestal-priestess of the art-temple of Florence. It is not surprising that this daughter's early death desolated her father's heart, and the home of his old age.

No. 462—*La Gloria.* The subject of this painting is the Emperor Charles V and his family as suppliants before the Court of Heaven. It is large, the figures numerous, and many of them of life-size. Above and beyond, are obscurely seen the Trinity, enthroned on clouds, amid a vast choir of Cherubim and Seraphim. The Virgin—blue mantled—stands somewhat lower, to the right, as the intercessor for the imperial penitents. The Emperor, with crown at his side, kneels opposite to the Virgin; himself, wife, son Philip, and Doña Maria of Hungary, wrapped in winding sheets, and with upraised hands and eyes, supplicating for Divine favour, amid a crowd of equally necessitous courtiers, intermingled with attendant guardian-angels. Still lower, forming the foreground of the picture, are grouped, patriarchs, prophets, and evangelists; Noah, known by a miniature ark; Moses, by the tables of the law, and

his horns—*rays of light* escaping upwards from under the "vail on his face;" Job, by his prostration in affliction; David, by his psaltery; Matthew and contemporary recorders of biblical events, by various types of authorship; the Magdalen by posture of humility and penitence; and others known to holy-writ. Still lower the landscape is of earthly things, from which prophets and kings, and the whole company of just and unjust seen above, have passed away.

This picture, on which Titian lavished time, genius, and skill, for the gratification of an imperial vanity, which could not, despite a pretence of piety, be hidden from the scrutiny of truth, however varied and studiously elaborated its details, cannot be justly regarded as *the highest example* of Titian's invention, drawing, modelling, and colouring. The Emperor himself, pleased with the tribute to his piety, so pronounced it, and panderers to royal conceit echoed the judgment. But there were difficulties in the way of the master, inherent to the subject, which even his ability could not overcome; and being insurmountable, served, as it seems to some, to have partially paralyzed his powers. Omnipotence, Omniscience, Omnipresence! Can a finite being comprehend and portray The Infinite? Who shall declare the mystery of a *Trinity*, save as *taught by Jesus Christ* to his apostles when he had finished the work which God gave him to do, and prayed—"Holy Father, keep through *thine own* name those whom *thou hast given me*, that they may be one as we are . . . . . as *thou* art in *me*, and *I* in *thee*, that *they also* may be *one in us?*" Who can place on canvas the *divinity of truth, love, mercy, and all goodness?* And

the Last Judgment! The revelations of "that day and that hour" of which Christ said "knoweth no man," no, not the angels, *neither the son, but the Father!*" Who can paint by words, or work, the veiled scenes of that dawn of eternity when the mortal shall put on immortality? Titian grappled with difficulties too great to be overcome by human effort. Visions of classic mythology, sung in strains flowing from fountains of music glossed with beauteous images, none could clothe in rarer colouring. Forms of light, and life, and loveliness, beings of dreamy sentiment, and it may be of delicious sin, were his to create. But the theme here chosen was overweighted with the incomprehensible on one hand; and on the other, with superstition and human inventions whose trammels he dared not discard, and yet whose tyranny was subversive of the freedom which gives genius its legitimate power. He could not hope to triumph over them. And conscious of this, his impatient pencil lost much of its habitual grace and brilliancy. Nevertheless, the picture pleased the imperial bigot for whom it was painted, and he ordered that it should be always kept in the church wherein his body should be buried. When his remains were removed from the Monastery of Yuste where he died, to the royal tomb at the Escorial, Titian's picture of the "Last Judgment" was also carried to that palace-monastery. There, it was called "La Gloria," which name it retains since its removal for greater safety and preservation to the Madrid Museum. Posterity have had as little respect for the wishes, as for the self-delusion of the monarch-monk; who sought a cloister only when a shattered frame and infirmities,

unfitted him for the fatigues of camp and court; but who, even in his conventual cell, still clung to the sceptre of power until the "passing bell" announced that it had fallen from his grasp.

No. 467—*Ecce Homo*, No. 468 and No. 475—*La Dolorosa*. These are masterly renderings of patient suffering and sorrow. In both the pictures of the Mother's grief, Titian has not sought to awaken sympathy by a saddened youthful beauty. He was above that too customary treatment of this subject; as unworthy of true art, as it is violative of truth and common sense. The Mother is represented by Titian of an age rightly indicated by that of the Son at his crucifixion. And he has given an expression of such deep affliction, associated with meekness and submission, to face and form, that the heart is moved by the speechless appeal to pity. Simplicity of dress and blue mantle are in keeping with the expression. Titian's pictures of the Sorrowing Mother are second in conception and execution, only, to Guido Reni's Mater Dolorosa in the Corsini Gallery at Rome, and Murillo's in Seville and Madrid.

No. 684—*The Emperor Charles V* on horseback. This equestrian painting shows the Emperor armed and mounted as he was at the battle of Muhlberg. Although somewhat damaged by smoke, and by rough handling to save it when cut from its frame and thrown from a window of the Royal Palace, on the burning of that building in 1734, it is still the finest equestrian picture known to art: and never has historic pencil put before us such a marvellous embodiment of sovereignty—such an emphasis of being. In armour of steel, inlaid with

gold, the original of which is in the Armoury at Madrid; with lance in hand, and the visor of his plumed helmet raised; the knightly monarch, pale and grizzled from illness and oppressive cares, reflects from his thoughtful and unbending brow, eye of impenetrable coldness, and lip of inflexible purpose, a spirit, which, with a New World acknowledging his rule, sought to make Europe also subservient to his purposes of power and dominion. The dark chestnut steed, with frontlet of steel, and plume and cloth of crimson; proud of the ambitious monarch he bears, and resentful of curb, leaps forward to the encounter and overthrow of obstacles. While looking at this picture, with its background of sunset effulgence—a glorious type of the passing away of Titian, who was ninety years old when he painted it—one can well understand why Charles, when riding through the streets of Bologna, placed the great Venetian on his right hand and said—"I have many nobles in my empire, but only one Titian."

Tintoretto's pictures wherever seen, whether abroad, where carried as mementos by those who honoured the pencil that dared to rival Titian's; or at his home, in the shadow of San Marco's golden domes; have become so darkened and indistinct, that the rambler through Spain is surprised and gratified, when, in the Italian side-saloon of this Museum, he recognizes a gorgeous painting by that master.

No. 436—*Judith*—a very portrait of seductive beauty, artfulness, and unshaken resolution, is standing in a tent by the headless body of Holofernes—the enemy of her race; and, with averted face, in act of throwing over it a dark cloth, is speaking to her stooping maid,

who is putting the ghastly head into a bag, to carry it from the camp of the Assyrians to the awaiting Israelites. The crimson curtains of the gold embroidered couch, throw a red glare abroad in keeping with the bloody deed—the chosen hour of night shading somewhat the hideous spectacle. Undue warmth of colour is likewise tempered by the blue bodice and cool skirt of the Jewess, and almost colourless attire of the maid. The drawing, colour, and expression of this picture are perfections of art. And its exceptional preservation makes it specially attractive to the admirers of Tintoretto's unquestionable genius. But it is hung too high, and is inadequately lighted—requiring frequent changes of position, and a good glass, to appreciate its great merits.

Another Judith and Holofernes, and quite a number of portraits and other paintings—including a Christ disputing with the Doctors—in this collection, illustrate Tintoretto's great accuracy of drawing, rich colouring, and powerful expression. In the Italian side-saloon are also works of Guercino, Giordano, Cignaroli, Gentileschi, Bolonesa, Carlo Maratta, A. Carracci, Bassano, Cigoli, Vaccaro, and Gagliardi, well worthy of examination, if impatience to reach the Long Gallery should not have disqualified one for the task. But their best works, and those of greater Italians, must be looked for at their own homes; where they have been so highly appreciated as to be held, with few exceptions, beyond purchase. *Paul Veronese's* powerful portraiture and gorgeous drapery; *Andrea del Sarto's* blending hues and exquisite finish; *Guido's* virgin tints, and eyes of celestial fervour and blissful visions; and *Sassoferrato's*

tender traces of maternal sorrow; though enthroned in this collection, will be found in rarer excellence in Italy. *Bernardino Luini*, who relit religious art, is better seen in Milan; but Madrid has in No. 291—*The Daughter of Herodias*—in the Sala Ovalada; and in No. 290—*A Holy Family*—in the Long Gallery; two precious pictures of that gifted painter. As to *Correggio* it should not be believed that any creations of his are here. His illumination, having birth in inspired sentiment; that chiaro-scuro, which bringing light out of darkness, is the expression of divinity, and the symbol of the resurrection; is not to be seen—rendered by him—in Spain. It is a libel on the memory of Correggio to impute to him either of the four pictures credited to him in the catalogue. The best of them—No. 132—*Christ and Mary Magdalen*—is a wretchedly dramatic conception, inaccurately drawn, and meanly painted. Will any one acquainted with that master's sublime works in Italy and at Dresden, ascribe to him such faults? One of the weaknesses of the Great Frederick was confidence in his own judgment of the old masters, when he really knew no more about art than an ass does of astronomy. Hence he became the most resolute dupe of that rarest race of rascals the picture-dealers of Europe; and the Berlin Gallery for a time was but little better than a lumber-room of trash. The Spanish Sovereigns were wiser, and sought the aid of such as Velazquez in the selection of paintings. He twice visited Italy to add to the Madrid collection—under royal commission. But honesty and competency do not always fill responsible positions. And to a limited extent somebody has been wanting in duty here also.

It is only necessary to recall to memory *Domenichino's* immortal "Last Communion of St. Jerome," in the Roman Vatican, to protect him from the impeachment of incompetency in all points of art, implied by calling him the author of No. 148—*The Sacrifice of Abraham.*

There is one Italian whom it is not sufficient merely to name in this connection. Raphael has ten pictures in this collection.

No. 366—*El Pasmo de Sicilia*—so called from having been painted for the Convent-Church of Santa Maria della Spasimo at Palermo in Sicily. It hangs in the Long Gallery, and represents Christ on his way to Calvary, fallen from the weight of his cross and the cruel inflictions of his persecutors. The vessel in which this painting was shipped from Italy to Sicily was wrecked; and the picture having been boxed floated ashore near Genoa. Sent thence to its destination, it was afterwards taken to Madrid by Philip IV, who bought it from the convent for a pension of one thousand crowns. The French, when masters of Spain, carried it to Paris, where it was transferred from board —on which it had been painted—to canvas. The treaty of peace of 1812 returned it to Spain. But there is reason to think that it sustained much injury from shipwreck and transfer; and that subsequent attempts at restoration, so far from improving its condition, have increased its defects of colour and expression; and as some believe, added thereto faults of drawing and perspective. The composition of course remains that of the master, with its few dramatic extravagances—in which he sometimes, though not often, indulged.

The foreground of the picture shows Christ of life-

size, supporting himself in fallen posture on his left hand, the right still clinging to the cross on his shoulder; which Simon of Cyrene, with ill-drawn herculean arms, and brigand visage, is striving to lift from him. A hugely developed, brutal looking soldier, drags at a rope fastened round the Saviour's waist; while another soldier, and a mounted centurion, complete the left hand group. The opposite group of the foreground is formed of the Mother, three other Marys, St. John, and a soldier. The Mother is passively kneeling with outstretched arms toward the son, in look and gesture of reproach; rather than moved by impassioned impulse to lift from the ground her prostrate son, and seek to bear his burden—as to some, it seems, would have been a more natural expression. John and Mary Magdalen give assistance to the Mother, whose posture, rubicund face, and robust person, manifest anything but the want of it: the Magdalen looking at the same time toward the Saviour with a mingled expression of sympathy and censure, as if saying—"Behold the consequences of your going up to Jerusalem against your mother's urgent protest." A second Mary adds to the artificial character of the composition by an utter indifference to the startling spectacle before her, and occupying herself in posturing, and raising with fastidious finger an end of the Mother's veil without conceivable purpose—unless that of theatrical effect. She reminds one of the dramatic kneeling and pointing figure in the foreground of the famous "Transfiguration" in the Vatican. The third Mary in El Pasmo, standing with clasped hands as if paralyzed by what is passing, and a mounted Roman, complete this group. The perspective of

Calvary, beyond, is wanting in truthful lines, tints, and shades. We do not agree with some who go into raptures over everything bearing the name of Raphael, however faded or changed in colour, or blurred by restorers, that this picture—*as now seen*—is his masterpiece. His La Perla, Madonna of the Rose, and Madonna of the Lizard, in this gallery, though less comprehensive in conception, are higher examples of correct drawing, colouring, expression, and finish. Nor should El Pasmo be named in comparison with that sublime work of the master, the Madonna di Sisto at Dresden.

Those who believe that the senses are given for use, and so thinking have stored up observations of face and form; who have studied human passions and their physical expressions; who have delved often and familiarly beneath the surface of that organism, which is the teacher, and the utterance, of Painting and of Sculpture; who have become imbued with some of the truth and taste taught by the great oracles of art, before whose works, day by day, they have stood in rapture and reverie; and who have preserved something of the consistent and independent thought befitting honesty and self-respect; cannot profess a like admiration of the sublime, and the ridiculous; of the vision of inspiration, and the dream of dullness. We have spoken candidly of El Pasmo, and certainly correctly in intimating that it is infinitely beneath the high art-merit of the Madonna di Sisto. There is something about the latter, not in its material creation however pure and perfect that, but in its seeming spiritualism of virtue and goodness, commanding absolute reverence. The

commonly expressed opinion—that of very common people, and often derived solely from copies, engravings, and photographs—that the Madonna di Sisto is expressionless, is quite erroneous. Some who have seen the original, speak of the Mother's face as "that of a child, pretty, doll-like, without thought or meaning." It is not wonderful that people talk thus, who go into the Dresden Sanctuary of Art, as they often go into the Sanctuary of God, without any susceptibility of emotion, or any feeling of earnest interest but impatience to get out as soon as soulless ceremony, and stupid criticisms of each other, are gone through with? During two hours I sat spell-bound before this *truly immaculate conception*, hundreds of people came into the saloon devoted to it alone, took a hasty glance, said something as senseless as if they had been in a Swiss toy-shop, and hurried on to stare in wonder and envy at the Crown-jewels in the Green Vault. In this picture the Mother is seen in act of stepping—shall I say from cloud to cloud? Or rather from one ethereal billow to another,—for so they seem, so light, and fleecy, and floating, is the unfolding atmosphere on which she treads? Murray—in his "Northern Germany"—is surely wrong in saying she "is soaring up to heaven." She is not looking upward, as the act of ascension would imply. Besides, the mission of the Child she holds is to man—a gracious gift of God, with *first* an *earthly* destiny, to be *followed* by a *heavenly*. Hence the *mortal* could not have been contemplated by the great master as *putting on immortality*, until *after the crucifixion and resurrection*. The person, dress, and posture of the Mother, are eminently expressive of

purity—not to say modesty; for a knowledge of sin is not seen in her sweet, innocent face, to warrant the use of a word implying *thoughtfulness* of the graces of virtuous deportment. But the face is not meaningless. There, is read knowledge of the celestial gifts of the child Jesus; who is held by her, not in the embrace of mere maternal affection, but offered to mankind as a means of salvation; whose sinlessness possessing their own souls, shall secure the happiness of time, and the blessings of eternity. Her look is appealing, also; tenderly, earnestly, penetratingly, and almost sorrowfully so; winning its way into the heart to mould it into conformity with that love, whose incarnate being, as contemplated by the master, is the offspring of the Divine will. It has been said that the Madonna's eye lays hold of human sympathy by its burthen of solicitude—its anxious seeking to penetrate the *mystery of her own and her child's being and destiny.* I did not so read the revelation which gives the sublime solution of her yearning. Expressive it is of anxiety. But it is not that of *selfishness.* There is nothing seen of longing after "forbidden fruit." The "fall," and the disobedience which caused it, are merged in the *means of salvation.* The seal of *faith* is hers, in its fullest sanctity of *comprehension and acceptance.* On her prophetic face is foreshadowed the answer given by Christ to his disciples when they asked him "Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" "And Jesus called a little child unto him and set him in the midst of them; and said, Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble