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THE SPANISH SERIES

THE PRADO

THE SPANISH SERIES

EDITED BY ALBERT F. CALVERT

SEVILLE

MURILLO

CORDOVA

THE PRADO

THE ESCORIAL

SPANISH ARMS AND ARMOUR

In preparation—

GOYA

TOLEDO

MADRID

VELAZQUEZ

GRANADA AND ALHAMBRA

ROYAL PALACES OF SPAIN

LEON, BURGOS, AND SALAMANCA

VALLADOLID, OVIEDO, SEGOVIA,

ZAMORA, AVILA, AND ZARAGOZA

THE PRADO

A DESCRIPTION OF THE
PRINCIPAL PICTURES IN
THE MADRID GALLERY, BY
ALBERT F. CALVERT AND
C. GASQUOINE HARTLEY,
WITH 220 ILLUSTRATIONS

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To

H.R.H. PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG

Who has given to Spain

The Beautiful Queen

Who Reigns in Every Spanish Heart

This Volume is Dedicated

With a Respectful Assurance

Of Admiration and Esteem

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A. F. C.

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THE PRADO

I

INTRODUCTORY

THE Gallery of the Prado has escaped the error of trying to imitate other museums of Art. And, as we walk among its pictures, we become conscious of a special character, which, if we except the Hermitage in St. Petersburg, a gallery allied very closely to it by reason of its origin, places it alone among the art collections of Europe, and gives it so singular a distinction. Often has it been called a congress of masterpieces, rather than a treasure-house for the art of the world—such, for instance, as the Louvre or the National Gallery. And this is so true that one finds it difficult to think of any other estimate that as fittingly summarises its character—a character, let it be remembered, that has not been decided by chance, but rather by predestination, and has created that atmosphere we feel around us

in the Prado, wherein we find the secret why the art lover is so specially at home among its pictures.

A royal collection, called into life in large measure by the munificence of personal patronage, it shows many of the distinctive characteristics of a private collection. Certainly, the choice of its pictures has been largely an expression of individual taste; and for this reason the dominating impression we receive is of a collection of superbly beautiful works, and these must be regarded as the adornments of a palace rather than as examples of the works of any particular school. In fine, the Prado is the gallery of a collector, or, to be more exact, of a group of connoisseurs.

The actual building, the *Real Museo de Pintura del Prado* is, on the whole, well designed, and worthy of its contents. Charles III. began it in the eighteenth century as an Academy of Natural History; the portrait of his architect, Villanueva, painted by Goya, hangs in the gallery. The building was long in coming to completion. It owes its foundation as a gallery of pictures to Ferdinand VII. He acted under the advice of his wife, Maria Isabella of Braganza, who herself advanced £40 a month towards

repairing the gallery for the reception of the royal pictures, which, stored away in garrets and corridors, were fast perishing and disappearing. In November 1819 three rooms were hung with three hundred and eleven pictures. Another gallery was opened in 1821; others followed in 1828, 1830, and 1839 respectively. Then, in 1890, under the regency of the Queen-Mother, the most satisfactory room in the building was re-lighted, re-decorated, and newly arranged. This is the Sala de la Reina Isabel, a long spacious gallery, standing in the same relation to the Prado as the Salon Carré to the Louvre, the Tribuna to the Uffizi. The pictures, with few exceptions, are the property of the Crown; having been drawn from the palace in Madrid, from the Escorial, and from other royal residences, as well as from the numerous monastic houses whose property was confiscated to the state early in the eighteenth century. Quite recently the collection has been enriched by many pictures brought from the Academia de San Fernando, and from the collection of the Duke of Osuna. At present the pictures number more than two thousand.

It is a splendid patrimony that is enshrined in the Prado. Spain in the sixteenth and seventeenth

centuries, was very closely allied with the courts that were then the great centres of art. The inter-marriage of the royal houses of Burgundy and Hapsburg united the Netherlands first with Portugal, and afterwards with Spain. And one result, a result difficult to overestimate in its effect on the life of the then new-born Spanish school of painting, was the visit, in 1428, of Jan van Eyck to the Peninsula. But of this influence of the Flemish master we shall speak again. The artistic growth is curiously interbound with political and economic life, and the second note in the artistic chronicle of Spain during the reign of Charles V. and Philip II. was directed by the union which bound her interests with those of Italy. In 1504 Naples had been conquered; at the same time the Sicilies had become an appanage of the House of Aragon; and, almost at once, a thriving trade communication arose between the rival cities of the two countries. This resulted, of necessity, in a corresponding interchange of culture. Spain, always more assimilative than creative in her art, was quick to respond; her imagination glistened with the glories of the Italian Renaissance.

· In these years began the accumulation of the masterpieces that are the supreme glory of the

Prado. It is true that neither Charles v., nor his much less sympathetic successors, were ideal patrons of art, as, for example, was Francis I. of France, with his high ideal of artistic responsibility—that instinct not only to gain and to hold great works of art, but to foster and sustain a thirst for beauty, and in this way to transplant into his own soil the ripe growth of art. In Spain, art patronage was the pastime of kings; not an utmost effort towards the perfection of life. Yet the Catholic sovereigns had a passionate taste for art, and abundant means wherewith to gratify it. Isabel la Catolica was a generous collector of the religious art of her epoch: Charles v., the emperor, was the patron of Titian, and accumulated not only his priceless masterpieces, but many notable pictures by other painters, including a large number from the hand of Antonio Moro, one of the first of Dutch portrait-painters. Philip II. not only inherited his father's admiration for the Venetian Master, but he added very many important Italian and Flemish works to the royal collection. This ardour for accumulating beautiful things abated in the reign of Philip III., but it was resumed with new ardour by Philip IV., himself a painter and a tireless searcher after the master-

pieces of Italian painting. Philip's interest in art knew no bounds; it is said that he spent more time in the painting-room of Velazquez than in the council-chamber of Castile; disastrous as a governor, he was perfect in his relations with his painters. It was for him that the Spanish ambassador in London, Alonso Cardinas, attended the sale of the pictures of Charles I., purchasing the 'Perla' of Raphael, and many important pictures. Foreign powers knew that no gifts were more welcome to this sovereign than pictures by great painters; and to this we owe some of the best things in the Prado. In Flanders the king's brother, Don Fernando, secured for him many valuable pictures of the Flemish school. When Rubens came on an embassy to the king he brought with him famous pictures, among other gifts. He remained for nine months in Spain, during which time his activity in the service of art was as great as his service to the court. Then Philip had the harvestings of two journeys made by Velazquez to Italy, though the result here was poorer than the occasion would lead us to hope.

Titian is superb at Madrid. A chance meeting between the painter and Charles v., and an almost equally chance employment bound the

greatest of the Venetians to the Spanish Court. Of this friendship the Prado bears magnificent record: Titian is the spiritual father of the Gallery. How many of the great painters here own him as master?—Velazquez, Rubens, Van Dyck, Poussin, not even Watteau, the latest of his disciples, is absent. The beauty of his own work is the sunlight of the Prado. We learn to know the poetic passion of his 'Bacchanal'; the bewitching and joyous grace of his 'Garden of the Loves'; the sweep and majesty of his 'Charles V. at Mühlberg'; the distinction of his portraiture in the standing Charles V. in white, and in the full-length of Philip II. (two of the grandest of his portraits); the Giorgionesque beauty of his early 'Madonna with St. Bridget and St. Ulphus'; the passion of his late 'Entombment'; the beauty and the fancy of the 'St. Margaret'; and in all the two-score of his works the matchless glow of his joyous colour. Nowhere else in Europe, not in the Louvre, not in Venice, do we understand so well the variety of his endeavour, the completeness and sweetness of his vision, the wide range of his success. It is in Madrid that Titian draws us most deeply into the secret of his spirit of delight.

The Prado is, in a very special way, the home

of the exquisite art of Velazquez. No other nation has been so supremely fortunate in preserving almost intact the work of her greatest painter. Step by step we can watch his development from the sincere pictures of his youth, when he was still fettered by the domination of his model, through a long discipline of patient and arduous study, to his later works of supreme restraint, in which he shows Spain, and the world, the reality of impression, so much greater than the reality of objects, always idolised by his countrymen. No picture is wanting to the complete interpretation of his wonderful art, and the lover of pictures journeys to Madrid that he may study Velazquez, as the pilgrim journeys to the shrine of his saint.

Then the Prado is rich in the pictures of Rubens, and, as is the case with Titian, we find him here in a mood we do not readily meet with elsewhere. This passionate and dexterous recorder, this master of glowing colour, is here occupied wholly with the grace and the joy of his art. The wonderful 'Three Graces,' the 'Rondo,' the 'Garden of the Loves,' and the exquisite unfinished portrait of 'Maria de' Médici' are among the chiefest treasures of the Prado.

The lover of beautiful things will regret the

almost entire absence of the Italian primitives; but here, again, it is the work of masters that confronts us. Giorgione, the almost fabulous painter, who created a new spirit in art, is represented by one lovely 'Madonna, enthroned between St. Anthony and St. Rocco.' Fra Angelico is here in all his sweetness in the 'Annunciation'; Mantegna, in his strength, in the wonderful 'Death of the Virgin.'

Passing on to Raphael, we find a group of pictures still catalogued as the work of the most loved painter of the Renaissance, and though time and criticism have robbed these pictures—'La Perla,' 'La Spasimo,' and the 'Holy Family del Lagarto'—of so much of their fame, we have still the supremely beautiful 'Portrait of the Young Cardinal,' and the exquisite and playful 'Holy Family with the Lamb.'

Right and left the art lover will find beautiful pictures by other painters. The impassioned art of Correggio finds a lovely expression in the 'Noli me Tangere,' one of the rare treasures that are here, as well as in a smaller, less interesting, but original 'Madonna.' 'The Virgin, St. John, and the Angel,' catalogued as the *Asunto Mistico*, is one of the really fine things by Andrea del Sarto—perhaps his masterpiece.

Here we see the influence of Raphael at its highest. Quite different, but not less good, is the portrait of the fascinating Lucrezia de Borgia, in which for once Sarto, who disappoints us so often, is quite sincere—happily himself. Tiepolo charms us with his easy, facile work. There are pictures by Tintoretto, by Veronese, and Bassano; and of course the usual accumulation of the lesser Italian painters, but among them some interesting canvases for those who like to find beauty for themselves.

Of the Spanish school it will be time to speak when, in the later chapters, we come face to face with the pictures themselves. El Greco's strange, whimsical, but fascinating creations are here; Ribera is seen in all his great strength, if also in his limited accomplishment. Murillo has a room devoted to his Madonnas, and pleasing child Christs. Goya astonishes us with his wonderful art. Then there is an interesting, though in no way complete, collection of the early Spanish painters. But here, among the world's masterpieces, these will interest the student rather than fascinate the art lover.

In the Northern schools we find this same congress of rare works; but the collection, in Madrid, is important by the merit of a few of

its pictures, rather than by reason of their number or historical sequence. In a later chapter we shall speak again of the debt, already touched upon, which Spanish painting owes to the Flemish school, always so akin to her own temper, that from it she could learn and absorb without loss of personality. And in the Prado we witness this indebtedness in a group of fine pictures, among which the place of beauty must be given to Memlinc's joyful 'Adoration of the Magi.' The attribution of many of the early Flemish pictures here has been questioned; the Van Eycks, for instance, are good copies, and variations on the pictures of the brothers elsewhere; the 'Deposition' of Rogier van der Weyden is a fine sixteenth-century copy of the picture at the Escorial. But these decisions of the critics do nothing to detract from the beauty of the pictures themselves.

As is the case in the early German schools, the Prado is rich in at least three great pictures. We pause in delight, held by the perfect problems of Albrecht Dürer, the perfect realism of Holbein. Here are three of the world's greatest portraits—the likeness by Dürer of himself; the wonderful portrait of 'Imhof'; and the not less wonderful 'Man with the Deformed

Nose,' the work of Holbein. In truth we are in the presence of masterpieces.

Then the work of the lesser masters of the Northern schools is so good that it calls for a passing notice. In many of the rooms, right and left, we are faced with really fine work of Joachim Patinir, of Antonio Moro, of Jordaens, and other men, to whom a warmer admiration than is usual might well be accorded. Only in the Dutch school does disappointment face us. Rembrandt is the one supreme master unrepresented at Madrid; for the 'Artemisa,' his only picture, tells us nothing of the magic of his art.

But we have not exhausted the wealth of the Prado; there are still the pictures of Van Dyck. Three of his finest pictures are in Madrid: the magnificent 'Betrayal of Christ,' the 'Crown of Thorns,' and the 'Brazen Serpent,' catalogued as the work of Rubens. Not often does Van Dyck again touch the beauty he reaches here. The vivacious 'Countess of Oxford' and 'Lanière the Lute-Player' are wonderful portraits; they silence the criticism with which we are apt, perhaps too apt, to approach this gifted master.

The collection of French pictures in Spain is smaller than might be expected, remembering the close union of the two countries. But here,

again, the work of masters confronts us. The series of paintings by Nicolas Poussin, eighteen in number, is unrivalled outside the Louvre ; all are stately, a little pompous perhaps, but always scholarly. There are many Claudes for those who admire his built-up classical scenes ; there are pictures by Rigaud, by Jean Ranc, by Philippe de Champaigne, and by Courtois. But far more interesting are the two Watteaus : the ' Fête dans le Jardin de Saint Cloud,' and ' Accordée de Village.' They carry us backwards to Titian's Venetian pastorals, but, at the same time, they bear us onwards, singing to us of dreams of a beauty not yet attained.

II

THE SPANISH SCHOOL

PAINTERS BEFORE EL GRECO

MADRID is not the place in which to study the early painters of the Spanish school. In the Prado is no example of the fourteenth and early fifteenth century altar-pieces, such, for instance, as we see in Seville Cathedral, in Valencia, and in many churches of other cities. The aim of the royal gallery has never been historical completeness.

Spanish painting was, in a very true sense, an art made for churches and convents—for the glory of God, not for the delight of man. 'The chief end of works of art is to persuade men to piety and bring them to God,' wrote Pacheco the artist-historian, as late as the seventeenth century. And for this reason, the first works of Spanish art rest undisturbed in their original positions, where they must be sought in the unaccommodating gloom of sacristies and side-chapels.

In Madrid is no picture by Alejo Fernandez, the first great painter of Seville, in whose work we find a new, purely human delight in colour and ornament, quite un-Spanish in its joy. His 'Virgin de la Rosa,' in the Church of Santa Ana, in the suburb of Triana, is his sweetest Madonna and Child, a picture which reminds one afresh of the strength and naïve beauty of early work, when the painter, less burdened with tradition, was able more readily to express himself. There are other pictures of Fernandez in Seville, in the Cathedral and in the Church of San Julian, but they have not quite the fresh charm of the Madonna of Santa Ana. He saw beautifully and strongly, and from no appraisal of Spanish painting can his work be omitted.

Then, to see the pictures of Antonio Rincon, called the founder of the Castilian school, we must not go to the Prado, but to the desolate village of Robledo de Chavela, two leagues from the Escorial. It is the same with the Catalan painter, Luis de Dalmau, whose great altar-piece still hangs where it was painted, in the old chapel in the City Hall of Barcelona. The one picture of Pedro de Cordoba must be sought in the Mosque of Cordova. Madrid has no picture of Juan Sánchez de Castro, of his contemporary

Pedro Sánchez, his pupil Nuñez, or of the much better painter, his successor, Pedro Villegas Marmolejo.

In the work of these painters we find a curious, almost humorous simplicity, born of the childhood of art; and especially are we conscious of this in their delight in telling a story—always a Spanish gift. Each painter was deeply influenced by the prevailing Flemish ideals; while, at times, an unusual delicacy in the drawing, as, for instance, in the pictures of Luis Dalmau, seems to point to the influence of France. Later, in the work of Marmolejo, the art has changed. His pictures speak the suaver language of Italy, quietly enough, at times almost with charm, but without originality.

These echoes from the art of other schools meet us continually in these early pictures. Spanish painting in its dawn was little more than an adaptation of borrowed ideas. Native painters would copy and follow, but rarely could they stand upon their own feet; and it was only in the resistless force of El Greco that Spanish art became initiative. The distinctive Spanish gift is that it stamps with the seal of its idiosyncrasies all that it learns from without.

And there are other omissions among the

Spanish pictures in the Prado. It is difficult to understand why we find no pictures of the Dutch painter, known in Spain as Pedro Campaña, who in his extravagance was more Spanish than the Spaniards; none of his imitator, Luis de Vargas. But here the loss is not great. Navarrete, known better as *El Mudo*, the dumb painter, is represented only by two pictures. Morales and Joanes are seen at their best in their native provinces. Roelas, *el clerigo*, has one inferior picture; the overpraised Herrera has no work in Madrid. Murillo and Zurbarán cannot be appraised except in Seville. It is the same with El Greco, and with Goya; we gain splendid hints of their power, but we do not learn all there is to know of their genius. Velazquez and Ribera alone can be studied here as they can be studied nowhere else.

But this summary of pictures that must be seen in other cities than Madrid has carried us away from the collection in the Prado. And again let us say that the interest of these early paintings will be greater to the student who wishes to learn the last word about the Spanish school, than to the lover of beautiful things.

But we remember the pictures of Pedro Berruguete, and hesitate, as we are conscious that less

than justice has been done here to a painter who, although not great, was yet, within certain limits, a sincere and capable worker, saying what he had to say quite simply for himself.

It is worth while to linger with his pictures. Quite recently they have been brought, with all the Spanish primitives, from the rooms in the basement, and now hang in the first half of the long central gallery. There are ten canvases, illustrating scenes in the lives of St. Peter Martyr, Thomas Aquinas, and Santo Domingo de Guzmán. Look at the faces in these pictures; each is a portrait. Note how vividly the story is told; every detail emphasised with sometimes an almost awkward kind of simplicity; each scene presented as drama. For it is in this we find the interest of these pictures, an interest which is wholly Spanish, having its birth in the temperament of the people. And yet these pictures remind us, in a curious left-handed manner, of the work of Carpaccio.

The attribution of these pictures to Berruguete has been questioned. Once they were in the Church of Santo Tomás in the old Moorish city of Avila; the great retablo, that tells the story of the life of St. Thomas Aquinas, is still in the church. It is more than a pity that these pic-

tures have been separated; but we would far rather the Prado pictures were taken back to Avila than that the altar-piece be brought from Santo Tomás. Spanish pictures—the exceptions are very few—do not seem at home in a crowded gallery. Painted for the Church by men to whom God and the Saints were more than art, being, indeed, a part of life, they seem to ask with very special insistence for their own environment of church or cloister.

In the group of pictures attributed to Fernando Gallegos, a painter born at Salamanca in 1475, we find this Spanish intensity of expression even more developed. The pictures illustrate the life of St. John the Baptist. Best of the series is the scene of the Prophet's death. Indeed, a painter with a much greater talent than we are able to accord to Gallegos might have conceived the figure of the maiden, with the elaborately arranged hair, very decorative, as it falls away from a face in which the expression suggests an understanding in the action very new at this time; and hardly less real is the servant by her side. But in each picture is the same sincere attempt to present the scene to us just as it might have happened. It is a curious, Spanish, very personal kind of treatment, that

makes us forget almost the insistent Flemish influence in the actual painting of the pictures.

Juan de Borgoña, whose claim to remembrance rests mainly on his frescoes in the Sala Capitula of Toledo Cathedral, belongs to quite another category of art and sentiment. In the Prado are a series of early pictures, entered in the catalogue as the work of an unknown painter, which, by their likeness in design, in colour, and in treatment to Borgoña's work in the retablo of the Cathedral of Avila would seem to be from his hand. There are seven of these pictures: 'The Salutation of the Angel to Mary,' 'The Visitation,' 'The Adoration of the Kings,' 'The Presentation of the Boy Jesus in the Temple,' 'Christ's Circumcision,' 'The Death of the Virgin,' and, the most interesting of them all, 'The Catholic Kings adoring the Virgin and Christ.' Contrast these pictures with those of Gallegos, of Berruguete. The difference so marked will be seen at once. No longer is the story depicted as drama; no longer is each incident emphasised to that end; no longer is the characterisation of the faces so strong, the gestures so striking. The design is simple, more decorative; the painter has thought more of his art and less of his subject. For Borgoña was profoundly under

the influence of Italy. And here, in these separate groups of pictures, we find very clearly the two influences that moulded Spanish painting—the Flemish, always beneficial, because at one with the temperament of the people; and the Italian, very different, giving at first a more sensitive expression of beauty, but leading soon to mannerism and affectation.

And what tedious record of the first-fruits of this neo-Italianism the Prado gives us in the pictures of Gaspar Becerra, of Diego Correa, and Luis de Carbajal. We read with amazement in Pacheco's *Arte de la Pintura*, published in Seville in 1649, of Gaspar Becerra as 'an extraordinary man who banished the barbarism that still held its ground'; and again, 'he left behind an eternal memorial, after choosing the way pointed out by Michael Angelo and Raphael.' How blind, then, as now, was contemporary criticism!

Of these 'improvers' of the national painting only Blas del Prado can claim our interest. In 'The Virgin with Jesus, St. Joseph, and various Saints,' his one picture in Madrid, we find the special Spanish manner speaking, if haltingly. And Blas del Prado leads us forward to Luis de Morales; and again we are face to face with a painter almost wholly Spanish who evolved

his art for himself from a very eclectic training. In his early pictures, the 'Virgin Caressing her Son' and the beautiful 'Presentation of Jesus in the Temple,' both in the Prado, we find a curious mingling of Raphaelesque sweetness with great realism. Then, in later pictures, the colours darken, the composition is harder, and the dry brown flesh and attenuated anatomy bring us back to the old Flemish models. And in such pictures as the 'Ecce Homo' and the 'Vierge de los Dolores,' Morales has found the way he was seeking for himself. Everything here is sacrificed to express the one emotion of sorrow; and this sacrifice, without restraint, defeats the truth by its over-emphasis. And, instead of personality, we have a still more hopeless mannerism.

This same Spanish note, striving for expression, struggles with even less success in the dull neo-Italianised art of Juan Joanes, whose work is almost contemporary with that of Morales. Joanes learned his art in Italy, not, as Palomino tells us, from Raphael, who died in 1520, two years before the birth of the Spaniard, but probably from one of his pupils. And this training, quite unsuited to his temperament, made a skilful painter insincere. Rarely does

Joanes present his scenes as he saw them himself; always he is a Spaniard trying to paint as an Italian.

In the 'Last Supper,' a theme he repainted so often that it became associated with his name, we see all his inequalities at a glance. The colour is good, as is usual with Joanes, and we like the small landscape in the background; but the painting is flat, the smooth texture is unpleasant, and we are annoyed by the spectacular gestures of the figures. They seem to be concerned with what we are thinking of them, not like the people in the dramatic scenes of Gallegos and Berruguete, with what is happening. Every detail has been realised skilfully, but there is a self-consciousness in the art which prevents us feeling the scene has been painted for its own sake—not to show off Joanes. The 'Coronation of the Virgin' is a finer picture, in which we find Joanes at a level to which he does not often attain.

Like so many of his countrymen, Joanes had skill in portraiture; and the portrait of Don Luis Castelivi, also in the Prado, is a sincere effort after nature. And in the group of pictures depicting the accusation, trial, death, and burial of St. Stephen, this painter is a realist. The

crowd, who in fury revile the saint, are Spanish people.

But how soon we feel the tedium of this art—this multiplication of pictures in which the sacred scene is a peg on which to hang some accepted ideal of beauty. We remember the deep piety of Joanes—a piety which we note in his work; but it is over-conscious, and a little irritating; and though we wish to admire, we find it difficult to accord any measure of that praise he gained among his contemporaries.

It is with relief we pass on to the pictures of Juan Fernandez Navarrete, *El Mudo*, the dumb painter of Navarre, who learned to draw in order to express his wants as other children learn to speak. His clearly-painted 'Baptism of Christ,' executed to prove his skill to Philip II. when summoned, in 1568, to work at the Escorial, is now in the Prado. The Baptist, with his hands raised, pours the water on the Christ, who stands in an attitude of great simplicity. In the heavens, God the Father is revealed among the clouds with bands of waiting angels. The picture is beautiful; the colour, though missing the glow of his later work, is pure and delicate; while a new, and, in Spain, unusual gladness is revealed in the flowing lines of the figures.

Yet, when he painted this picture Navarrete had not discovered himself. He was nearly fifty when he became Titian's disciple; for it was while painting for Philip II. at the Escorial, surrounded with the immortal art of the great Venetian, that he set himself to learn with the humility of the true artist. Now he abandoned his former manner; his timid sense of colour grew warmer, more expressive; and we are surprised at the strength of his art in his later pictures; such, for instance, as the portraits of the Apostles, with hilly landscapes, his last work, painted for the side-altars of the church in the Escorial.

Two similar pictures of St. Peter and St. Paul, probably studies for the large compositions, are now at Madrid. As the Apostles stand, the one with his keys, the other leaning upon his staff, the pose of the figures is very quiet, very simple. Then how warm is the colour; what beauty in the delicately-painted background! Navarrete takes a very special place in the art of the early Spanish school. But he died in 1579, with his work unfinished, and in Castile there was, as yet, no painter strong enough to bear forward the torch he had lighted at Titian's fire.

III

THE SPANISH SCHOOL

THE ART OF DOMENICO THEOTOCÓPULI, KNOWN
AS EL GRECO, AND HIS PICTURES IN THE
PRADO

A STUDY of Spanish painting brings many surprises to the art lover and to the student alike; and, indeed, whenever we have tried to classify the special notes or characteristics of this art, we are faced by contradictions that of necessity make us pause. And, assuredly, one of these surprises is the Græco-Venetian painter, Theotocópuli, known as El Greco from the reported country of his birth. For this foreigner, whose pictures in the Prado are still catalogued among the Italian school, was in his art more Spanish than the Spaniards. And, with his advent, Spanish painting, for the first time laying aside every trace of provincialism, steps forth, and compels the interest of the world.

But though no Spaniard, it was in Spain that El Greco discovered himself; in Spain he developed the style that seems to be an epitome in

art of the Spanish character ; with its passionate personality, its extravagance, its surprises, and its strange contradictions. And to those who know Toledo, it will, perhaps, not be straining a figure of thought too far to liken this painter's aptitude for what was personal and singular to the character of the city itself. Set in the midst of the blue sierra, content to wait unchanged through the slow centuries upon its rocky throne, Toledo grips you with an individuality second to that of no other city in all Spain. Its craggy, rising streets, each with its own surprise ; everywhere, in every building, a suggestion of great things—that penetrating distinctiveness of aspect, a beauty that at once is new although so old. Ah, it is difficult in words to describe Toledo ! Then, its colour—the rocky soil is cold, grey, and austere, but the colours are clear and sharp, with an incomparable delicacy of shades ; greys that shimmer to pink, then just melt into faint greens. Yes, Toledo gives us the very colours of El Greco. Where, out of Toledo, could so strange yet fascinating a landscape have been painted as that 'Bird's-eye View of the City,' still to be seen in the Museo Provincial ; and by whom could it have been painted, except, indeed, Theotocópuli ? And just as Toledo

seems to stand apart among all other cities, having its own appeal, which forces one, as it certainly does, to reconsider one's standard of beauty, and to form a larger idea of those things that are desirable in a city; even thus El Greco speaks to us in a new language, and at first we hesitate, we cannot perfectly understand.

This man painted as if he had learned nothing at all from those who had painted before him. His pictures are a series of experiments, challenges of personal egotism almost; they miss the measured restraint of perfect attainment, and at times there is something so fundamental as to be almost startling in their art. For El Greco's work has, of course, the defects of its qualities; and here the Spanish intensity, so often absent from the Spanish pictures, burns with Spanish extravagance. His genius was a rejection rather than a creative force; a restless refusal of limitations, not an acceptance and a triumph.

But El Greco's place in the world's art, as well as in that of Spain, is an assured one; disowned for many centuries, still often misjudged—for it is as easy to dislike as it is to overestimate his art—he assuredly will appeal more and more as a great, even if unbalanced, painter. Hating the commonplace, avoiding the obvious, he spent the

years in an over-emphatic search to find for himself an expression of form and colour. And herein we touch the secret of the strong appeal of his art. El Greco is modern ; his spirit is of to-day.

Theotocópuli came to Toledo in 1577, fresh from the impulse of Tintoretto and the Venetians ; and at first his imagination, though eloquent, and even fantastic, was held in balance. In his early pictures—the ‘Expolio de Jesus,’ in Toledo Cathedral, for instance, the most Venetian of his works, or the fine early ‘Ascension,’ lent to the Prado since 1894 by the Infanta Cristina—he is quite excellent, yet the excellence is less individual, if more careful, more thoroughly worked out. All the pictures of his first manner show a fine mastery of form and colour, as the Venetians understood them. The variety in the human types is richer, more arrestive ; the dramatic composition—always one of El Greco’s gifts—is still in control ; there is even a consciousness of tradition in the flowing use of the paint. Then the colours are more brilliant—crimson, lilacs, orange of many shades, blues, and a free use of green ; with no hint of the hard white and black of his later manner.

But the restraining influence of tradition was

forgotten in the fascination of experiment; and in an exaggeration of himself El Greco's brain became possessed with visions of the impossible. He saw figures of startling length; the forms and faces harden, limbs are twisted into strange contortions, while a leanness seems to devour his flesh. There is a haunting foretaste of Blake in these long bony figures, all in attitudes of such unrest. And what strange experiments of colour are tried!—his palette was restricted; warm colour was abandoned for cold, blacks grow livid, whites are ashen, blues become hard and steely, the yellows remind one of a sky of sulphur, the use of greens seems almost a passion. And we see these colour-effects in patches, as if revealed by some sudden illumination; for now light is used as a kind of emotional appeal, scattered here, focused there, in a wild magic, tending to nightmare.

These experimental notes—so to speak—first found expression in the 'Martyrdom of San Maurizo,' painted in 1550, for Philip II., as an altar-piece for the Escorial. What wonder that the King refused to accept the picture! Always it is difficult to recognise what is new.

And hardly less strange is the painter's other picture at the Escorial, 'The Dream of

Philip II.'; a drama of death, in which action seems in some strange way to have become motionless. Here, indeed, we are startled. It is as if El Greco challenges us and himself; and criticism hesitates. Visions born in a fettered brain, these pictures bespeak, perhaps, a disease of the artist's eyes; or may they not be a first determined effort of a will to be inspired and original at any sacrifice? These are mad pictures, impossible ones, if you like, but assuredly their interest is great.

In the animated Gospel scenes, as we see them at Toledo, in many private galleries, and perhaps best at the Prado, we find this unchecked individualism more responsibly carried out, but still restless, still insistent. Yet there is one point of union in the drama of all these scenes, painted so often; it is a new point for accentuation, and the accent falls upon the rhetoric of movement. The special qualities of these pictures are swift life and vivid action. Think of the wonderful 'Assumption,' in San Vicente at Toledo, a picture which gives, with more truth than perhaps any other, the very sensation of figures ascending through the air. Pass in review the pictures here: note the concentration with which this central impression is conveyed, the

supreme value given to movement. In the 'Baptism of Christ' we see this movement at its highest point of restlessness; and how fine is the treatment of the heavens, where groups of angels, half lost in a flood of vehement clouds, swirl like waves around the figure of God. Again, what delight in wild movement is expressed in the 'Descent of the Holy Spirit,' called also in Spain the 'Virgin and the Apostles.' The picture claims our admiration, first by its flame-like aspect, and then by its complete forgetfulness of all other presentments of the same scene. But in each picture we find this search after what is new, and finely expressive. In the 'Crucifixion' and the 'Ascension' all the extravagances of the painter are outdone. Light is expressed by strange thin streaks; angels rest on clouds of cold blue-green; the bony figures seem taller, the flesh is livid, painted with strange lilacs. But what beauty of imagination in places!—in the figures, for instance, of the women in the former picture, who catch with white cloths the drops of blood as they fall from the body of the great tall Christ.

'Jesus Christ dead in the Arms of God the Father' is a calmer, more responsible work. Here the colours are more varied, brighter, and

there is a different use of the paint, nearer to the early flowing manner. The group of divine figures rest on rolling clouds of white; and the lover of beautiful things is charmed into joy by the wonderful yellow flood that pours down from the heavens, lighting the great wings of God. The angels of splendid womanhood remind us of the beauty that El Greco, careless so often of his types, at times achieved. We see this same feeling for the beauty of women in the Virgin of 'The Sacred Family.'

It would be vain to expect from El Greco the restrained, perfect beauty of Velazquez, or even the consistent strength of a Ribera, or a Zurbarán; nor had he the gift of profound observation we find in Goya; but what he did see has never been seen more clearly by any one else. And what a singular beauty we find in these tempestuous pictures. They hold, and silence us; the longer we gaze the more our admiration is compelled. And how Spanish they all are: these pictures could hardly have been painted out of Spain.

One picture, that which is accounted his best work, the 'Burial of Gonzales Ruiz, Count of Orgaz,' of which a poor replica hangs in the Prado,—the picture itself being still in the Church

of Santo Tomé at Toledo, where it was painted in 1584,—seems to summarise the entire impression of that passionate, conscious individualism so characteristic not only of El Greco, but of Spain. No one can forget this picture, which haunts one as few other pictures have the power to do. The art-lover can spend hour after hour in the silence of the small mosque-like church, examining the vivid heads in this picture of living portraits. Such lean, sharp faces, with deep, restless eyes; such over-delicate, nervous hands; men of a dignity almost defiant in its self-absorption, yet not without humour; and all having that cold ardour—a very Spanish trait—which is the refinement of passion. What force is here in restraint; what a profound gift of *characteristic* beauty. Yes, in these cold, fervent faces the spirit of Spain seems to find reincarnation. We recall the few facts we know of the life of El Greco; so meagre when compared with the mass of beautiful work he has left in this city, which is the museum of his effort. We remember especially the conversation recounted by Pacheco—which does so much to explain his perplexing art—when he spoke of the supreme value of tone, and told the historian-painter the truth, then so new, that in painting, colour was

the one aim of the artist. We think of all his experiments to render the whole colour-impression of each scene as it appeared to him in a first swift glance. Was it not for this he suppressed details, sacrificed drawing? Then we muse further on the strange irritable force that was his genius—that mind ever devising new things. And we realise that his spirit is still living; still speaking its message to the world.

In portraiture, the especial gift of Spain, El Greco is always excellent. He is a realist in the wonderful portrait of Alonso Covarrubias in the Museum of Toledo; painted with all the modern mastery of means; true to every personal quality of the sitter. And equally fine is the portrait of Juan de Alava, also in the Museum; and that of Cardinal de Tavera in the Hospital de Afuera. These are portraits of intense life. A few portraits of pale female heads are supremely interesting; they give us El Greco's ideal of woman. One of his best pictures is a lovely group of angels—really portraits—a fragment of a large canvas perhaps burnt in one of the royal fires, which was shown in the Prado, in 1892, at the special exhibition of the painter's work. The round heads are very beautiful, thrown back a little on the long full necks with dreamy eyes,

and almost pouting lips. Somehow, one would expect these to be the women El Greco would have loved.

The Prado has a magnificent group of El Greco's portraits of men—portraits of searching analysis. Look at them carefully, then compare each with the others. A curious likeness—it seems to be almost a *family likeness*—reappears in each face; and again, in some of the portraits and in the beautifully painted nervous hands. And those who know the portrait of the painter in the Museum of Seville, or that older portrait, the property of Señor Beruete, which was seen in the exhibition of 1892, will trace that likeness back to El Greco himself. These faces, nervous, even whimsical, of such spiritual delicacy that the flesh seems to be absorbed by the refining spirit, draw us still deeper into the secrets of this strange temperament. What a contrast these portraits are with the perfect, sumptuous faces of Titian, of Rubens, or with the quietly realised life that Velazquez gives us. Individuality is a little strained; but it is a convention in which is no hint of affectation, an unpremeditated—yes, a natural mannerism, though this may sound a paradox. To this personal interpretation of his sitters El Greco subordinates everything—the

details of costume, the background — trusting alone to the head, and also to the hands to mark personality. And this is another reason why his portraits are so modern; often they give us a curious forevision of Manet.

And how effective is the use he occasionally makes of accessories. Take, as an instance, the landscape-background, with the cloud-flecked sky, very beautiful to the art-lover, in the presentment of San Basilio, or the admirable white mitre in the same portrait; or, again, the finely painted sword in the wonderful picture of a Spanish gentleman, who stands with his sensitive hand open upon his breast. Has race ever been more searchingly painted? We think not.

IV

THE SPANISH SCHOOL

EARLY PORTRAIT-PAINTERS

THE art of portraiture, which has known so many masters in all schools, and throughout the ages, from the Primitives down to the painters of to-day, has never found more constant or surer interpreters than in Spain. A country, not supremely gifted in things artistic, wanting, as it certainly does, that continuity of the instinct for art which has been the gift of some countries — Italy, for example — it has, nevertheless, produced almost without a break a long line of portrait-painters, men whose work, if it misses the original genius of the great psychological portraits of El Greco, of Velazquez, and of Goya, is at least frankly sincere. For the Spanish temperament, with its intense individuality, its desire to express its art as drama, was specially adapted to portraiture. And even the less eminent portraitists surprise us with a certain

sureness of handling; a serious skill, that, in spite of a dulness that must be acknowledged, has nothing of the false display of exaggerated emotion which so often spoils Spanish pictures, when her painters attempt ideal compositions. Portraiture was the one expression of art unfettered by the restrictions of the Church; and by portraits the secular art of Spain is almost wholly represented.

The Prado is a museum of portraits; and, since the recent admirable changes in the arrangement of the pictures, made by Señor Villegas, the present eminent director, the truth of this statement can be appreciated almost at a glance. The chief of these have been collected in the Sala de Retratos, the group of small rooms to the left of the Rotunda. And amidst this amazing show of master-portraits, by Titian, by Rubens and Van Dyck, by Dürer and Holbein, by Antonio Moro and Jordaens, the examples by the Spanish masters are quietly at home. And here we have not the Velazquez, which, with two exceptions—the portrait of the sculptor Montañes, and the superb head of Philip IV.—still hang in the Sala de Velazquez.

No other royal house has inherited the pictorial immortality of the sovereigns of Austria. Each

king had his favourite portrait-painter, the *pintor de cámara*, of the court. And to these chosen painters the royal friendship was unstinted; it rivalled the patronage that the Church extended to the painters of religious pictures. Many are the stories that illustrate the intimacy of this relationship; maybe they are untrue, yet their existence is in itself significant. Never was the king's painter suffered to remain unrewarded, even if his work was disapproved. El Greco received full payment for his despised 'Martyrdom of San Maurizo.' When Zucarro, leader of the second-rate Italians summoned by Philip II. to work at the Escorial, was dismissed from Spain, he was amply paid for all work he had done, while a royal gift was added by way of a solatium. Lucrative posts both in the Church and in the State were given to artists. Philip III. even allowed his tenderness to his painters to cloud his judgment of good art. Again and again words of compliment are recorded, spoken by the sovereign to one of his artists: 'Painter of the King, and King of Painters,' Philip IV. greeted Zurbarán. Then, this monarch silenced the canons of Granada, conservatively indignant at the promotion of Alonso Cano to a canonry, with the often-

quoted rebuke, 'I can make any number of canons, but God alone can fashion an Alonso Cano.'

The painter-in-ordinary was lodged in the royal palace; the king had free access to his studio, and he was on terms of friendship with all the members of the royal household. It is said that Philip IV. passed more hours in the painting-room of Velazquez than he did in the council-chamber of Castile. And this friendship must not be forgotten, for to these relations certain marked tendencies in the royal portraits may assuredly be traced. Think for a moment what this favour entailed. It bound the painter to the interests of the Court with bonds that might not readily be broken. And how little licence was granted to the expression of his art. Throughout his life he was the depicter of his master; he painted the king, his wives, his children; maybe his brothers and sisters and other royal models; occasionally he painted the Court favourites. In this way he became steeped, as it were, in one family, and the expression of his art was of necessity moulded by this limitation.

Any painting of the nude was forbidden. Pacheco denounces such study as 'impossible

for a Christian painter.' 'The arms and hands of the model alone are to be painted from nature,' he writes, 'in which, in my opinion, there is no danger.' Titian, indeed, painted Philip II. gazing upon the Venus; Velazquez, too, has given us his chaste and beautiful Venus; and from Goya we have the painting of the 'Nude Maja,' so amazing in its superb daring. But these pictures were exceptions. It is even recorded that Philip II. employed a native painter to add several inches to the robe of Titian's 'Virgin' in the Escorial! All the undraped models of the great Venetian and of Rubens were guarded in a secret cellar, and only shown by the permission of the king. Even to-day, the copies by Rubens of Titian's 'Loves of the Gods,' which should add yet another glory to the Prado, wait hidden in this cellar—a last tribute to this false modesty in art.

Spain owes the tradition of her royal portraits to the Fleming, Antonio Moro, who was summoned to Spain in 1550 by Charles v., upon the excellent advice of Cardinal Granvel. Of his work it will be time to speak when we come to consider the Flemish school; enough to say here that, even among the rare treasures in the Room of Portraits, we are held by his

sane, fine work, with its serious, well-balanced knowledge.

Moro's example was significant. And the portraits of Alonso Sánchez-Coello, his disciple, come to us as a compound of the painter's own uniform qualities, and of his remembrance of the portraits of his master, weakened a little, yet with the same significant, quiet appeal in the rendering of character. Sánchez-Coello was a man of real talent, endowed with strong qualities, the peculiarly Spanish qualities of directness and simplicity, while his aim was the Spanish aim of lucid interpretation of character. With sound knowledge and a certain style, he has little personality; his creative gift was small. It is probable he has suffered from being unable to escape from the influence of another. Always he seems trying to reach the point at which Moro left off; the shadow of the Fleming comes between us and his work. We should like Sánchez-Coello better if we had never seen the portraits of his master.

His work is singularly uniform in merit. We know not which of his portraits to select: that of Don Carlos, its companion the Infanta Isabella, the full-length of a Princess of the House of Austria, or the portrait of the Infantas Isabel Clara

Eugenia and Catalina Micaela, standing side by side, very stiffly—yet there is no woodenness in the difficult pose. All the royal portraits are painted with the same methodical certainty, a monotony of perfection almost. Note the sobriety of the execution, as, for instance, in the restrained painting of the jewels; in the expressive hands of Don Carlos and his sister; in the quiet taste in the costumes that triumph in spite of ugliness. The appeal of these portraits lies in their extreme reticence, which is almost disconcerting. There is a more personal note in the portrait of a Knight of the Order of Santiago, supposed to be either Don Antonio Pérez or Don Francisco de Herrera y Saavedra.

Sánchez-Coello's subject pictures—'The Marriage of St. Catherine' is one—although of less interest, have fallen into a hardly merited oblivion. But as a portrait-painter he takes a high place, perhaps the highest, among the early painters of the Spanish school.

Coello died in 1590. He handed on the same tradition of royal portraiture to his successors, Pantoja de la Cruz and Bartolomé Gonzalez. The Prado has many portraits by these formal face-painters. We see Pantoja de la Cruz at his best in the 'Portrait of a Lady'; not again does

he rise to this level ; yet there is a certain merit of quietness, at least, in his likeness of Philip II. ; and there is more merit in the two portraits of the king's wife, the beautiful Princess of Valois. The portraits of Gonzalez need not detain us. Here, and still more in 'The Nativity' and the 'Virgin with Christ,' the work of Pantoja de la Cruz, in which royalties are the actors in the drama, we see to what dull, meaningless formality the realism of Moro had come in the hands of his successors.

V

THE SPANISH SCHOOL

THE LITTLE PAINTERS

THE seventeenth century witnessed in the art of the Spanish school one of those surprising outbursts of successful life that meet us, now and again, in every department of enterprise, in this country of fascinating contradictions, which give so strange a denial to the usual limit of her attainment. It was the century of Velazquez, of Murillo, of Ribera, of Zurbarán; and also of other painters associated with them, but now forgotten, who, out of a mass of pain, experiment, and research, accomplishing little that has survived, yet helped to cast out the tradition of neo-Italianism, and to bring a late renaissance in Spain.

Their work need not detain us long; yet let us wait for a short time as students of Spanish painting, and maybe we shall find some beautiful things to reward our patience.

But this spirit of passionate, if ineffectual, effort was not felt by every painter. Now, as always, the transition from an old ideal of thought to another took place unnoticed by the crowd of workers. And the mannerists on the one hand, and the naturalists on the other, worked together in the same schools, and at the same time. Such a spirit of the past as Pacheco, the very type of the neo-classical tradition, was the trainer and father-in-law of Velazquez, the great exception in Spanish art; Juan del Castillo, the worst painter the school of Seville can boast, was the master of Murillo, while the little-known Pedro de Moya was the influence that first directed his ambition. The eclectics Alonso Cano and Juan de Valdés Leal, both mannerists with a new accent, were the contemporaries of Zurbarán and Murillo, working with them in Seville; while Herrera *el Mozo*, in whose work neo-Italianism struggles in a last degradation, was the son of the elder Herrera, whose virile Spanish temperament has gained for him, in Spain at least, however mistakenly, the credit of anticipating the true Spanish school.

Pacheco and Herrera *el Mozo*, both have pictures in the Prado. There is a certain quietude—a gentle reticence, in Pacheco, which,

in spite of cold, unpleasant colour, and a complete absence of life, saves his work from the declamatory untruth of Herrera's 'Triumph of San Hermengildo.'

Eugenio Caxés, trained in the Italian manner in the school of his father, Patricio Caxés, painted many pictures for the Alcázar and for the churches of Madrid. Two of these are in the Prado, 'The Repulse of the English at Cadiz' and a 'San Ildefonso'; both have some merit. A certain measure of praise we may give to Fray Sánchez Cotán, the pupil of the really sound painter, Blas del Prado; and even more to Pablo de San Leocadia and to Juan Escalante de Sevilla. These were sincere painters, but their work should be studied in Granada, not in Madrid.

Alonso Cano, like so many of his countrymen, architect and sculptor as well as painter, has more talent, and more interest; in his work we see all that Rome could do for Spanish art. His facile pictures—the two renderings of the 'Virgin adoring her Son,' and the 'Christ at the Column,' are good examples—showing him possessed of certain, rather meaningless, charms. The influence here is Raphael and the painters of his school, crossed with memories of Correggio, of Baroccio, even

of the Venetians, and of Rubens. For Cano was an eclectic, and assimilated a mixed diet of art. Perhaps he is the least Spanish of all the painters of Spain. His gentle Madonnas and Child Christs are the very ideals of softness; far, indeed, from the Spanish spirit. The most beautiful is 'Our Lady of Bethlehem,' in Seville Cathedral: not elsewhere does Cano rise to this level. And yet, once or twice, Cano is entirely Spanish. His curious, almost caricature, portraits of the Visigothic kings in the Prado contradict his other work; if we except his rendering of the 'Last Judgment' in the Museo of Seville, a very Spanish picture. Here we find originality in an unoriginal painter. Cano's pupil, Fray Atanasio Bocanegra, has one picture in the Prado, the 'Virgin and Jesus, with St. John and St. Anna'; the painter is quite unknown, but his art is stronger than that of his master.

In the facile, but vapid, work of Juan de Valdés Leal, whose life was almost contemporary with that of Cano, we have one of those outbursts of florid sentiment that cross so strangely the customary grave mood of Spanish painting. His pictures are declamatory and tricky; even in the best, 'St. John leading the three Maries to Calvary,' in the Museo de la Merced

in Seville, the movement is too conscious, and the painting will not stand scrutiny. His sincerest work is his earliest picture, the altar-piece in the Church of the Carmen at Cordova. In the two famous pictures of 'La Caridad' in Seville, the morbid, extravagant realism of Spain is strained to its final and most disagreeable expression. Valdés Leal has two pictures at Madrid—the 'Presentation of the Virgin' and 'Jesus disputing with the Doctors in the Temple': neither are above nor below his usual level. Fortunately this painter has given us some portraits of real merit; but these must be seen in Seville.

The Spanish painters were by temperament realists; for a peculiar independence, coarsely fibred enough, it is true, was the predominant trait of the Spanish character. Think of her painters, Alejo Fernández, Antonio Rincon, Gallegos, Luis de Dalmau, Juan de Borgoña, Berruguete—all the early painters were, at their best, realists. Sincerity is the strongest characteristic of Sánchez-Coello, the first Spanish portraitist. This note of personal expression was overclouded in Luis de Vargas, in Morales, and Juan de Juanes, but it was not lost. Then Navarrète incurred the censure of the Church for secular

interludes—a cat quarrelling with a dog was one—introduced into scriptural scenes; and the truth of his landscape backgrounds speak a lover of nature. The genius of El Greco was his vindication of personality in art. Even the mannerists were not without this indelible stamp of Spanish individuality; Alonso Cano varied his Italian manner with Spanish interludes; the faults of Valdés Leal arose largely from a mis-directed desire for personality.

Thus realism in Spain was no sudden growth; it was the outcome of the national character; an awakening in her art was the inevitable result of six centuries of work. And, at the opening of the seventeenth century, the freedom of the external world was already re-won for art. The body with its mysteries of form and motion was studied with a new joy; prescribed theories, conventional treatment alike were abandoned, and the painter, taking delight in the common things around him, began to rend his inspiration from nature. This was the secret of the realists; this is the reason of their interest to us to-day.

In the pictures of Juan de las Roélas, called in Seville *el clerigo*, this strength turns to sweetness, the result of a Spanish character tempered by a Venetian training. Unfortunately, the Prado does not represent his art. His one picture,

'Moses striking the Rock,' tells us little or nothing of his power; and outside Seville he is unknown. The fate of the pioneer in art is hard enough; his work is to carry his message on to a new generation of toilers, and his own interpretation rarely gains a separate hearing. Roélas, anticipating, as he does, Murillo and Zurbarán, is still hidden by one or other of them; while his more original work is too often merged in the violent art turned out by Herrera *el Viejo*; for Roélas spoke the language of Herrera in an accent of more restraint.

These two painters—Roélas and the elder Herrera—lead us on to a group of men who were stirred about the same time by the same strong breath. The pictures of the Cordovese, Antonio de Saavedra y Castillo, and those of Francisco Collantes, the pupil of the Italian Carducci, are really landscapes with scriptural accessories. Both painters have pictures in the Prado.

A group of pictures illustrating the history of St. Joseph, also in the Prado, are catalogued as the work of Pedro de Moya. Professor Carl Justi doubts the attribution. These pictures have interest in their landscape backgrounds.

Juan Bautista Mayno, the pupil of El Greco, follows the types and traditions of Spanish painting. The 'Adoration of the Kings,' in Madrid,

has real qualities; here we are reminded in a curious, cross-sided way of the first style of Caravaggio. We touch a higher level in the art of Luis Tristan, also the pupil of El Greco, from whom he drew the wherewithal to enrich his own outfit. His haunting, finely-coloured 'Portrait of a Man' which hangs near to the portraits of his master, speaks very clearly of his strength. And we can understand that the man who painted it could paint also the eloquent presentment of the 'Trinity,' in Seville Cathedral; attributed to El Greco until quite recently, when Luis Tristan's signature was discovered upon the canvas.

To this period, or a little earlier, date the works of the Valencian painter, Francisco Ribalta, whose Spanish temperament was quickened by an Italian training. His work, which can be studied best in his native province, unites the Spanish qualities with the Spanish faults. The Prado has six of his pictures. In the 'St. Francis of Assisi consoled by an Angel,' 'The Dead Christ in the Arms of Two Angels,' and 'Christ Crucified,' we see his debt to Caravaggio and Schidone. He is more himself in the portrait-head, 'A Soul in Punishment,' a more sincere work than its companion picture, a 'Soul in Blessedness.' His other picture is a dramatic presentment of St. John and St. Matthew.

Ribalta had many pupils, and his claim to our remembrance rests mainly on his having been the first master of Ribera; but of Ribera we shall speak in the next chapter. And of his other pupils what can we say, except that they repeated the art of their master with a varying measure of success? His son Juan, who died young, in 1628, the same year as his father, has one picture at Madrid, a 'Portrait of a Musician,' which seems to show that had he lived, he might have developed a more interesting and personal art. Jacinto Espinosa, versatile, facile, and prolific, gives us of his best in the 'St. Mary Magdalene in Prayer.' Pedro Orrente, called, in Spain, 'the Spanish Bassano,' is represented by many of his dull pastoral scenes. They need not detain us. And this is true, too, of the extravagant battle-pieces of Estéban March. But in two pictures, 'The Companion Drinkers,' we see the last painter in a quieter mood. And here, in these portraits of disfigurement and age, we find a new note in the message of the pioneer naturalists. All subjects are for the painter; and beauty rests in the truth of his conception, in the reality of his execution. This was the cry of the seventeenth century in Spain; this was the lesson spoken by the realists.

VI

THE SPANISH SCHOOL

RIBERA AND ZURBARÁN AND THEIR PICTURES IN THE PRADO

JOSEF DE RIBERA was born at Játiva, a small town in Valencia, in 1588, eleven years before Velazquez and twenty-nine years before Murillo. The place and date of his birth rest upon the testimony of Cean Bermudez, not always a very safe foundation, but such evidence as there is confirms, rather than discredits, the received tradition; one fact seems certain, Ribera was of Spanish origin as well as Spanish in temperament.

Ribera owes little to his biographers; so far he has gained either a mistaken reputation, or none at all. Velazquez, neglected through two centuries, is still in a golden noonday of fame; Murillo's secular-divine Madonnas, Child Christs, and Saints have been stamped so sharply and deeply upon the popular mind, that even the

deluge of modern criticism has done little in rooting out the almost idolatrous homage; El Greco is already coming into his own; Goya is hailed as the first of the moderns; even Zurbarán has gained some measure of esteem. But Ribera, known to us only through the hostile and untrustworthy accounts of the Neapolitans, has been mistakenly thrust aside, almost indeed with a shudder, as a painter in whose art naturalism becomes brutality; and, worse still, as a man, ambitious and conceited, an envious intriguer, plotting at the head of a disgraceful cabal against his contemporaries. It is well that Ribera's work remains to convince the world of his greatness.

And the word 'great' is not written without consideration, because, allowance being made for certain school-pictures in which he relies too obviously upon his models, the praise is not exaggerated. At his best Ribera is a great master, and if his art at its worst, even at its average, is sometimes monotonous, wanting in sensitiveness and taste, it is never coarse, never vulgar, while technically it can claim comparison with the finest painters of his century. It is the expression of a serious and noble outlook upon life, though Ribera, like all his countrymen—

except Velazquez and Goya—saw life in its shadow and sadness rather than as a whole.

Spain gained her share of the Renaissance too late, when the counter-reformation of the Catholic revival had darkened the joy of life with its pain.

But in Italy itself taste had undergone a profound change; and it is at this point, when, under the influence of Caravaggio, the orbits of Italian and Spanish art intersect, that we meet with Ribera. This new realism was founded upon passion—that almost brutal sense of the strong fibre of things, the result of vehement natures, delighting in movement and in sharp contrasts. And this art cared little for ideal beauty as an object in itself, but expended its power in expression and strong workmanship. It was an art that Spain was able to understand, nay, further, one she was specially endowed to interpret. Thus Ribera, answering to the call of his Spanish temperament, and developing himself by a patient study of the late Italians, outstripped his contemporaries in the department of naturalism, and became the leader of the Italian *Naturalisti*. Spain, in Ribera's art, draws her last debt from Italy, and in this instance the coin is good.

In the Prado Ribera is hardly less at home than Velazquez; and, in the room given up to his

work, we can study to the full his great, but unequal, faculties.

The large and imposing 'Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew' is one of the finest works that he painted. It is all the more to be regretted that the theme has been copied and multiplied by his pupils, in works which too often have been passed as his own. In this picture the grouping is well planned; the execution is rapid, but masterly. There is the clash of movement, for Ribera could paint his figures in acute motion. Look at the picture. How one feels the stretched sinews of the men as they strain to raise the body of the tortured saint. Gaze long enough upon the canvas and the figures will appear to move; the effort represented is so united and so real that involuntarily one pictures the result. The fluency of the lines and the balance of the colours—black shadows and warm browns contrasted with the ivory of whites and the pale quality of blues—give this work a high place among Ribera's compositions. Equally fine in their drawing, though far behind in their colour, are his 'Prometheus chained on the Summit of the Caucasus,' and 'Ixion on the Wheel.' Both are pictures eminently characteristic of Ribera.

It is not easy to explain that, in spite of their realism, these pictures are not wantonly repulsive. Ribera had no unholy delight in ugliness *as ugliness*. He is never vulgar—it seems necessary to repeat this—though he may be accused of lapses of taste; when unpleasant, even coarse, details—dirty limbs or untended sores—are represented, they are painted seriously as necessary to the story, and without suggestion. The realism of his work is the expression of himself, quite simple, quite sincere. We see this in the picture of ‘Two Women Fighting,’ in the Prado; and again in the fine ‘Pied de Botte,’ in the Louvre, a picture that, without exaggeration, may be called a classic of realism. In the breadth of the treatment, and the sincerity of the characterisation, it challenges Velazquez, not unworthily, in the mood in which he painted his marvellous dwarfs.

Then, these pictures are only one side of Ribera’s art; many of his works are marked by noble feeling. His human type is a fine one in the two pictures of the Magdalene. The radiant Virgin in ‘The Conception,’ at Salamanca; the ‘Virgin of the Assumption,’ in the Académie de San Fernando at Madrid; the gentle and melancholy ‘St. Agnes’ of the Dresden Museum;

the 'Adoration of Shepherds,' in the Louvre; the tender and unaffected 'Holy Families,' at Cordova, Toledo, and elsewhere; the well-known 'Escala de Jacob,' and the 'Child Jesus with St. Joseph,' both in the Prado—all speak for themselves; they are pictures that need no defence. And we see this same delicacy in the figures of the Virgin and St. John in the fine 'Entombment' of the National Gallery. These were the pictures Ribera painted to please himself; the scenes of martyred sainthood were painted at the call of the fashion of the day. And, indeed, these pictures of quiet mood are more truly a revelation of the painter than the tortured St. Bartholomew or the Ixion.

It is not possible even to enumerate all the pictures in the *Sala de Ribera*. The 'Entombment of Christ' is remarkable for the characterisation of the figures grouped around the grave; 'St Peter delivered from Prison by an Angel,' 'St. Paul the Hermit,' and three presentments of 'St. Jerome,' are all strong pictures. In the 'Trinity' we see how fresh were Ribera's reminiscences of Parma; while in the pictures of saints, that surround us to the right and to the left, we recall the debt he owed to his first master, Ribalta—a debt not forgotten throughout a life-

time spent in Italy. These pictures may be left to say what they have to say for themselves. Then there are a few excellent portraits. 'The Blind Sculptor Gambazo in the act of modelling the Head of Apollo' is a finely characteristic portrait; sightlessness has never been more truly painted.

Ribera has left us his own portrait; it would be well if this work could be obtained for the Prado. The face is handsome—a small oval, shrouded with masses of dark, curling hair; eyes of feverish brightness that bespeak the restlessness of the temperament. The features are sharply modelled and excitable, with an excitement that has been ruled to quietness—a Spanish countenance, beautiful, cold, and dramatic.

The contrast between Ribera and Zurbarán is as great as can well be imagined, and this is true in spite of the many points of contact in their art. For in looking at the work of Ribera we can never forget that he has learned the dignity and strength of his art in the company of the great Italians. He knows the inspiration of a fine tradition, and understands, even when he neglects the lesson, how to act in difficult places.

Zurbarán, on the other hand, has none of this elaborate artistic breeding, if the phrase may be pardoned. He is a self, or rather a locally trained painter, and, with all his patient, formal care for outline and expression, gained, alas! so often, at the sacrifice of colour, he has attained realism without attaining life. And this is true of the great mass of his work, though it may seem unjust, as we remember the strong, finely-coloured 'Adoration' of the National Gallery; or his rendering of the same subject, until recently in the Palace of San Telmo in Seville; or, though here the injustice is less, the 'Kneeling Monk' of the National Gallery; or the beautiful 'Sleeping Child Jesus,' in the Prado; or again, and perhaps most of all, the three Crucifixions, in Seville Museo—a subject in which he found a theme precisely suited to his art, and rises to a level higher than himself. Always his pictures interest us, often they arouse our admiration by their sincerity, but, at the last, they leave us unmoved.

In Zurbarán we have less art, but more truth, than in his greater predecessor. The word truth is, of course, used in a restricted sense. He understood nothing of the inner suggestiveness of art; to him it meant *facts*, not *vision*, as, for example,

it had done to El Greco. And he understood no better the magnificent audacity of Ribera; this, too, was remote from his character of earnestness and sobriety. Zurbarán was a painter who had made up his mind to paint only what he saw; his efforts were restricted to this. From the very first he followed one course with the limited, but intense, zeal of the fanatic. And he attained his object even when such realism resulted in incongruities bordering upon the ludicrous. Herein rests his weakness, but also his strength. The spirit in which he painted was more devout, more passionate, than was that of Ribera; he was more Spanish—his pictures have been called ‘all Spain’—but the shadows of Spain rest upon them. To sum up, his art has a one-sided earnestness that almost causes us impatience, its range is so narrow, with so little knowledge of joy. Yet, let us not forget that painters are saved by their limitations more often than we are apt to realise.

This deficiency in artistic perception explains such pictures as the ‘Santa Casilda’ of the Prado, the ‘St. Margaret,’ recently purchased for the National Gallery, or the series of severe and lady-like saints in the Hospital de la Sangre in Seville; pictures that, catalogued as saints, are

really portraits of the society beauties of Seville. Truly, Zurbarán was Spanish! And when he tries to paint emotion, emotionally—that is, without the most direct simplicity—he fails, and the emotion is exaggerated into unreality. ‘Santa Catalina,’ a picture belonging to the Infanta Isabella de Bourbon, which was shown last year in the Prado, in the special exhibition of Zurbarán’s work, portrays an extravagant female saint, sitting in self-conscious ecstasy.

Zurbarán is more himself when he paints men. His male saints are strongly individualised portraits, which give us an unexampled record of monasticism, with a downright directness of statement that goes far to disarm our criticism. The ‘Vision of San Pedro Nolasco,’ and the ‘Apostle San Pedro appearing to San Pedro Nolasco,’ two pictures of monkish passion in the Prado, show this phase of his art. A finer example, the ‘Ecstasy of St. Benedict,’ is in the Académia de San Fernando. In the same collection is a series of ecclesiastical portraits, very strong, and very quiet.

But Madrid is not the city in which to estimate Zurbarán, a painter, very interesting, for all his limitations. To do this we must go to Seville. The Museo de la Merced contains his

largest and most notable pictures. In the 'Apoteosis of St. Thomas Aquinas' we see his strength and his weakness in an important allegorical scene, in which, for once, he has caught a reflection in his colours of the glad warmth of Roélas. Three monkish scenes, painted for the Cartuja of Santa Maria de las Cuevas—'The Carthusians visited by San Hugo in their Refectory,' 'St. Bruno conversing with Pope Urban II.,' and the 'Virgin de las Cuevas,' speak the direct message of Zurbarán. The pictures are thinly painted and without atmosphere, the execution is hasty; but how simple is the rendering, what almost startling realism is here! And yet we feel, almost unconsciously, that these monkish figures, all painted with such passionate truth, do not live. We see each face, each emaciated form, as if reflected in a mirror—a congealed image upon its canvas.

Once only did Zurbarán paint scenes that were not scriptural or monkish. In 1650 he was summoned by Philip IV. to Madrid, tradition says, at the suggestion of Velazquez. As a result, we have the ten compositions illustrating the labours of Hercules, painted for the decoration of the *sanoucette* in the Buen Retiro, that are now in the Prado. They show how his art failed when he

stepped outside his own limitations. Zurbarán was never a secular painter ; he was the exponent of the religious temper of his country in its gloom and dramatic aspect, and with him passes the shadow cast upon art by the formidable restrictions of the Inquisition.

VII

THE SPANISH SCHOOL

VELAZQUEZ AND MURILLO AND THEIR PICTURES IN THE PRADO

VELAZQUEZ is the great exception in Spanish painting. Reticence and distinction are the qualities that distinguish his art from the sincere, emphatic, often exaggerated work of his countrymen.

But this manifestation of a delicate and independent genius in a race never specially endowed in her art need cause no surprise. All who know Spain must come to understand that the first characteristic of the people is individualism. Her successes in literature, in art, in warfare, have been isolated achievements, due to great personalities. And this explains Velazquez.

Of course a painter must put into his art the spirit of his race; no one is so free as to be free wholly from tradition. And there is a sense in which Velazquez, distinct, as he seems to be,

both from his contemporaries and from his predecessors (if we except El Greco), was, in truth, the painter of his race and of his age. The impulsion towards naturalism that was re-animating the art of Spain made self-utterance possible. The early pictures of Velazquez speak in the language of painting the same message as the Picaresque literature that abounded, especially in Seville, in the seventeenth century. The appeal of both is to nature: both raise the same protest against convention. Individualism is as strong in his art as in that of El Greco, or of Ribera—the two painters of his country from whose art he learned some lesson—but he differs from them in his restraint.

And this brings us to another point we must not forget; that is his race. His father, Juan Rodriguez de Silva—Velazquez was his mother's name—came of an ancient Portuguese family, a northern stock known for its strength and sobriety. This Portuguese admixture in his blood seems to have given a control and direction to the passion of his temperament. Certainly there is much in the balanced temper of his art that is northern, not southern, in its inspiration. His appeal is so quiet and, in one sense, so simple, that often the

supreme quality of his work is overlooked ; and the spectator gazing for the first time upon one of his masterpieces—‘ Las Meniñas,’ or ‘ Las Hilanderas ’ for instance—might be tempted to ask—Is that all? His portraits of people, not very interesting in themselves, who seem to live and step out of their canvases in the Prado, have often disappointed the man in the street, who has learned no response to his genius. Each figure fills its allotted space so naturally that the skill of the composition is forgotten ; the perfection of the colour, stating, as it does, with such consummate understanding, the, then new, science of values, is so true that the art is lost sight of ; the searching psychology is too reserved to be noisy. Velazquez is the painters’ painter ; he fascinates by a gift of reticence more unusual even than the creative gift ; it is what is left unsaid almost more than what is said that is marvellous. Thus there is one statement that at the outset we would make concerning his art. Its first characteristic is rejection. Velazquez is great by what he has learned to leave out.

There is little the historian can relate to-day of the details that marked the calm life of Velazquez ; for what there is to know is known already, and if it needs to be repeated, is soon told.

We shall not re-traverse the familiar ground. Sufficient to say that from the dawning of life, Fortune greeted Velazquez, and by placing him in circumstances which combined full opportunity with freedom from pecuniary cares, furnished him with all that was necessary to his artistic development.

And this was no rapid attainment. Like most great men, the work of Velazquez underwent a gradual evolution. He had as his inspirers Titian and Rubens, two of the world's greatest painters. A passionate student of the work of others, it was from the former master he learned his deepest lessons—he is the inheritor of Titian's dignity. The appeal of Rubens was less strong; and we come to understand the strength of the young Velazquez, when we remember he remained undisturbed during the visit of the Antwerp Master to Madrid, although at the time, as he was himself fully conscious, he had much to learn. 'Los Borrachos,' the most Spanish of his pictures, was painted at this time—it is even said under the direct supervision of Rubens. Yet nowhere does the Spanish personality of Velazquez speak more clearly than in this canvas. Of his actual teachers, Pacheco—for we may dismiss the error that he owed

anything to the exaggerated, over-violent art of Herrera—if from his own narrow limits could teach little, he encouraged at least that capacity for taking pains, which, if not genius, is the soil in which the good seed comes to harvest.

The manner which we see in the early pictures of Velazquez—in the scriptural scenes, such as the ‘Epiphany’ in the Prado, which recalls the lessons of Pacheco in its timid design ; in a few portraits, of which the small head of a man in the Prado is one ; or, more often, in some *bodégone* or kitchen piece, painted from a scene watched in his home or in the streets of Seville—all are akin in their method to the art of Ribera and Zurbarán. They are characterised by precision and some hardness ; often they are dull in tone. Then gradually Velazquez adopted a freer and more painter-like style of execution ; a style which developed with each new effort, as he learned, always by experiment and patient revision, the exact light and shade of objects under the influence of distance and atmosphere. And how quiet, how distinguished, is this progress from the unflinching piecemeal realism of his first manner, onwards through a second period, which gives us, together with other works, the great equestrian portraits, the hunting-scenes,

and the unmatched 'Surrender of Breda'—all marked off from the early work by a greater flexibility of style, a brighter use of colour, a more luminous atmosphere replacing the hard light of the studio—to the masterly, even summary handling of the later portraits, with their illusion of life, and to 'Las Meniñas' and 'Las Hilanderas,' the pictures in which we seem to gaze into light and air. Here, indeed, Velazquez forestalls the great saying of Manet, 'Light is the principal person in a picture.'

Roughly speaking, these three manners of Velazquez are separated with sufficient accuracy by the first and second visit to Italy, in 1630 and 1650.

It is his love of reality that makes Velazquez such a supreme portrait-painter. In Madrid, portraiture had been a declining art since the time of Sánchez-Coello, and it was in the capacity of portrait-painter that Velazquez was summoned, in 1623, to the Court of Philip IV. From the first his love was for real people; he painted his royal patron, the ladies and the children of the Court, as well as many outside people—exclusive of his dwarfs and buffoons; presenting all with a skill and insight as wonderful, if not as catholic, as that of Titian, the master he

admired so passionately. Like all great portraitists, Velazquez wanted to get at the soul of his sitter. He added to these royal characters hardly a touch of himself, letting each one appear to us as he, or she, really was; and his own personality is revealed to us only by accident. In this we may contrast him with Rembrandt, who, with a deeper gift of imagination, was more haunted by the vision of his own spirit. Velazquez treats his models more frankly, trying, above all, to tell us the truth about them. Here we catch another hint of his Spanish temperament.

And yet it is not as a realist that Velazquez interests us most. Realism, whether it be the first insistent realism of his youth, or the truer reality of impression found in his later work, was but one element in his genius; and in analysing his merits it must take a secondary place. This is not the occasion to lay stress upon his methods of work—his wonderful economy of means, his masterly understanding of technique—nor can we note all the experiments he made to gain this knowledge. Nor is it necessary; for more unusual than this knowledge is the temperance with which he used it, and in that temperance lies the real secret of his style. And thus we are driven back to the point from which we

started—Velazquez gained his goal by the rare process of denial.

There is only one way of getting to know the marvellous art of Velazquez: that is, to stand in front of his pictures. Mr. Lewis Hind speaks of first seeing his pictures in Madrid as 'an immense emotional and intellectual adventure,' and, though possibly we may desire a change in the choice of his words, there is no exaggeration in his statement. The Prado is the shrine of Velazquez; and the art-lover cannot enter the room where his name is written—a word of magic—above the door, without some consciousness of treading upon holy ground.

Few changes have been made here during the recent re-hanging of the pictures. Two portraits—that of the sculptor Martinez Montañéz and the wonderful head of Philip Old—have been removed to the Room of Portraiture; three or four doubtful pictures have been hung in the long gallery outside the Sala, with other *quasi*-Velazquez; where, too, are the fine equestrian portraits of Philip III. and his Queen, begun by Bartolomé Gonzalez, but finished by the master himself. And lastly—and in this case the change is supreme gain—two full-lengths, one certainly an original, have been added to the Sala Velaz-

quez; the former representing Don Cristóbal del Corral, the other his wife and child. Both portraits are a gift from the Duquesa de Villahermosa:

The difference of seeing Velazquez at the Prado and elsewhere is this: in other places you see two, three, maybe half a dozen of his masterpieces; here you have every phase of his genius. All around you are different expressions of his art. To which picture of the great collection shall we award the palm—that supreme historical painting, the ‘Surrender of Breda’; the boy portraits of Prince Baltazar Carlos, so charming in their bright, brave childhood; or the great open-air pictures of Philip and Olivares, with that touch of idealisation in the more decorative composition that places these works apart; or the intense character-studies of Mœnippus and Æsop; or again, those triumphs over deformity and positive ugliness that astonish us in the wonderful group of the dwarfs, with their vivid psychology? Shall it be those two late works, the ‘Coronation of the Virgin,’ perhaps the most un-Spanish of his pictures, not specially religious in its feeling, but fine in its colour, and very interesting from the unusual dry crumbly quality of the paint; or the ‘St. Anthony visiting St. Paul,’ a last picture, which is also without religious significance, but

very beautiful for its exquisite and noble landscape; (how far Velazquez had travelled from painting the early Epiphany!) or shall it be those other landscapes of the *Villa Medici*, where the colour is like Constable, and the touch light as Corot? Then, again, shall we study that group of early portraits—that of Don Luis Góngora painted in 1623; the bust-portrait of Philip painted at the actual sitting on August 30 in the same year, and the full-length executed from this picture; the portraits of the Infante Don Carlos and the Infanta Doña Maria; of Juana Pacheco, his wife, and of two children, probably his daughters; all scrupulous and careful in detail, each figure admirably spaced, but with hard studio-effects as regards the lighting? And then shall we pass on to the ‘Forge of Vulcan’ and the much greater ‘Topers,’ and in this way review the pictures through each of the three manners, so that we may learn his art as the historian or the student learns?

It is impossible to decide between the merits of these pictures;—we are carried away; choice becomes impossible. Right opposite to us, in a direct line as we stand at the door of the Sala, is the ‘Surrender of Breda,’ and we look, fascinated, as our eyes ever discover new beauties:

there is the characterisation, the restraint of sentiment in the expression of the idea, the exquisite taste that marks the grouping of the figures, the fine passages of colour. In this picture we see a fascinating and strong use of colour ; and at once a question is answered for us. It is said in England that an over-zealous cleaning has destroyed, or at least marred, the fine colours of the Velazquez at Madrid. This picture gives answer. Velazquez is a perfect master of colour—this may be added to his other gifts. Another presentment of this scene—a picture hung in the basement of the Prado, by José Leonardo, a painter of third-rate merit, to whose credit it must be said he died young, helps us to understand the greatness of Velazquez. Contrast the two pictures—the early work is the ordinary official record of a court-painter, executed to order ; the other is a perfect work of art, one of the greatest—no, *the greatest*, historical picture in the world.

More than any painter Velazquez bears the test of close acquaintance. His pictures hold you in Madrid ; they lure you from Titian, from Rubens, from every master in the Prado. Do you wander away for a time, their call, so quiet, yet so strong, will draw you back. And as you sit before each canvas, one by one, each

in turn will hold your homage. One day it will be the glamour and sunlight of 'The Tapestry Weavers' that will engross you; and this picture, although the most cleaned of all the over-cleaned canvases here, will seem to tell you the last word Velazquez had to say about light and colour. Sometimes you will be charmed by black and white effects, like those of 'Pablillos of Valladolid'; at others more brilliant colours will claim your love,—such as you see in the picture of 'Antonio el Ingles,' the dandy-dwarf, very brightly dressed, as he stands by the side of his superb dog. Again and again you will be charmed by fine portraits of animals. It is certain that Velazquez loved dogs and children. And you will come to regard him as the supreme painter of childhood, when you know the wonderful portrait of the 'Infanta Margarita, in Red,' that glad lyric of colour; or its companion picture, the boy Baltazar on horseback, the gayest portrait in the world. It is difficult to decide between the merits of the three equestrian portraits of the young Prince, of Philip, and of Olivares. And there is the same uncertainty with the hunting scenes, with the group of portraits of Philip, with the character studies of the dwarfs and buffoons—in fact with all the pictures. Day by day as

you study each canvas anew it will suggest a new point of admiration. Each picture is as beautiful, as true, as are all the rest ; yet each is alone in the freshness of its appeal. This is the charm of Velazquez : he is a perfect companion ; he never wearies you, never cloys.

But we may not wait with the Great Master. For a moment look at 'Las Meniñas,' still popularly known in Spain as *La Familia*. The picture hangs in the small annexe that opens upon the right of the Sala Velazquez, and, for once, even the art-lover will be glad that a great work is hung dramatically. We look upon a magic tableau from the Court life of Spain. Velazquez is painting the portrait of the King and Queen, whose figures are reflected in the mirror at the far end of the State chamber. During an interval the little Princess Margarita has entered with her dog, her dwarf, and two serving-maids, *las meniñas*, who give their name to the picture. Velazquez has realised it all, and imprisoned it, just as it happened, upon the canvas. He painted the scene for the spectator to view as it must have appeared to the royal parents. We gaze with them through the luminous twilight of the deep-spaced room to the sunlight-flooded spot where the child-drama is

enacted. The illusion is complete. But the picture is too well known to need any further description ; any further praise. It may be said to concentrate, in a fascinating and specially typical form, the essence of the art of Velazquez.

To turn from these pictures of Velazquez to those of Murillo, as they are seen gathered together in a large room in the Prado, is like passing from some beautiful statue, strong and quiet with the restraint of great art, to a Catholic image adorning the altar of some church—the counterfeit of a saint, its form hidden in draperies and lace and jewels. But in making use of this far-fetched simile, the intention is not to belittle Murillo ; simply to mark, as clearly as possible, the difference which separates the popular Spaniard from his great contemporary—a separation so complete that the comparison, too often mistakenly drawn between their art, is absurd. Murillo was not an exception like Velazquez, like El Greco, like Goya ; his work has not as wide a significance as that of Ribera. Perhaps no other painter has ever expressed so continuously a local ideal ; he carries us right back into Spain, back into Andalusia ; and with him Spanish painting falls to a different level, again becomes parochial.

We see his genius in the shadow of a long line of tradition; and we think back quite naturally to the pictures of *el clérigo* Roélas, to those of Pedro Villegas Marmolejo, which lead us to the beautiful early art of Alejo Fernandez. But while we look back to Roélas, much of his inspiration may be found latent in the pictures of Pedro de Moya: take, as an instance, de Moya's small, but beautiful 'Conception of the Virgin' in the collection of Don Lopéz Cepero. Then his debt to Baroccio is great; he also owed something to Zurbarán, and more to Van Dyck; yet his art is certainly his own.

In Spain Murillo has been transfigured in a mist of popular love; he has been translated from a painter almost into a personification of painting. In this he is akin to Raphael. And in Seville, where he rendered the Catholic faith—a faith, let it be remembered, which, tempered by the new spirit of the seventeenth century, became agreeable, almost operatic—into the common language of the people; his painting has been regarded as divine; his pictures have been credited with qualities believed to be inspired by God. To this day a picture of surpassing merit in Seville is termed a 'Murillo.' During his life his popularity was unprece-

dented ; and upon his death he was eulogised until his name echoed through Europe as the great painter of his country ; and the magnitude of his message for Andalusia was mistaken for a universal utterance. This makes it difficult to appraise his work, even to-day, when no frankness is called for in saying he holds no longer the exalted place accorded to him by a past generation which was more in sympathy with the easy, trifling sentiment of his art. The truth seems to lie in the fact that in Murillo, in spite of his gift of realism—a gift expressed with a self-assurance and facility that too often becomes vacant—we are in contact again with an art which, for all its seeming newness, is conventional in its essence ; formed on one pattern ; repeating the old mistakes of emphasis and mannerism, under a new local disguise, in which the Spanish exaggeration has turned to sweetness. Is this statement, in part, unjust to Murillo, who, within limits, certainly had a genuine gift of personality, even if its quality was commonplace ? Perhaps no one who is not Spanish can appreciate Murillo ; unless, indeed, he has penetrated very deeply into the spirit that is Spain. Mr. Somerset Maugham, in *The Land of the Blessed Virgin*, chooses Murillo as the fit type of Anda-

lusia, expressing perfectly its emotional, sensuous life. Mr. Arthur Symons, in whose knowledge of Spain is also understanding, writes thus of Murillo's work in Seville:—'But in all these pictures, so unequal, and only gradually attaining a completely personal mastery of style, there is the very energy of life, Spanish life, burning at the points of its greatest intensity.' Murillo understood the ecstasy of Catholic Spain, better even than Zurbarán, better than Ribera. It is precisely because his Madonnas and his saints are so Spanish, expressing such Spanish unnatural naturalism—if the expression may be pardoned—that we dislike them. No one except a painter whose temperament is pure Spanish could so translate them, without mystery, without dignity. Directly the Spaniards' sense of beauty is not centred upon facts, it loses itself in sentiment, over-emphasis, and even in affectation. And in seeking to realise a dual counterfeit of natural life and heavenly ideal, Murillo lost dignity and universal truth. If men would paint visions they must keep in training, and Murillo was never a student as Velazquez always was. He strove hard to make impressive his saintly scenes, peopled with the common types of Andalusia, and it must not be forgotten his

natural gift was great ; but in these scenes all the fine dramatic elements have disappeared—melted away in a pervading atmosphere of rose-pink sentiment. This is the art of Murillo, in which the main appeal is to the emotions when reason has deserted to the opposite camp.

Bartolomé Estéban Murillo was born in 1617, and died in 1682, twenty-two years after the death of Velazquez. Few incidents of any importance stand forth from the calm record of these years. The details—his early training under the bad painter Juan del Castillo, the years spent in painting rough pictures on sagg-cloth in the Feria of Seville, the firing of his ambition by Pedro de Moya, the journey to Madrid, his discovery of himself, the return to Seville, the long years of success ending with his dramatic death—all these are familiar.

But this life leads us very simply to his work. Seville is the home of Murillo ; and only there, where you see around you the types in his pictures, where the churches seem to repeat his message, where his soft warm colours are the colours you see each day, can you enter into the heart of his work. And in the great cathedral, where his 'Vision of St. Anthony of Padua' is seen in a light, not glittering or bright, but warm,

soft, and completely sympathetic; or in the voluptuous atmosphere of La Caridad, where the three great pictures that are left are so completely a part of the building itself; or in one or another of the churches in the southern city, almost each of which has its Murillo, if only a head of the Virgin or a rapid sketch of the Christ, one must feel sometimes how unjust is our Northern, modern condemnation of the painter.

At the Prado Murillo must remain an enigma. A painter, so essentially Spanish, so indelibly Andalusian, is uneasy, out of place, among these rare things—treasures gathered from the world—like a country beauty transplanted into the surroundings of a city.

Yet Murillo's complete self-assurance and easy ability give a remarkable uniformity to his work; almost more than any painter, he may be judged upon a single picture. Beyond a doubt, this is one reason why the pictures are so difficult to remember.

Eminently characteristic of Murillo, as it is also of Spain, is the 'Charity of St. Elizabeth of Hungary,' a picture painted for La Caridad, and deservedly famous among his work. Until lately the picture hung in the Académia de San Fernando; it now occupies a prominent place in

the Sala Murillo. The scene enforces a Spanish lesson, the grace and virtue of ministering to the poor, and the sharp contrasts in the figures afford a true picture of Spanish life. For once the expression of the saint is not trivial, even if her type is commonplace; but the swarming groups of beggars are over-dramatic, and we are annoyed by their tendency to pose. The one exception is the boy scratching his head and looking out at the spectator; he alone seems intent upon his own action. The picture is, indeed, effective; but we feel, in spite of all our desire to admire the work, that it was painted for effect.

And this may be said of so many of the pictures. Is it necessary to name them—'San Ildefonso receiving the Chasuble,' 'La Porciúncula' (unfortunately much re-painted), 'The Mystical Ascension,' the different renderings of 'The Conception,' 'The Martyrdom of St. Andrew,' in which a freer handling of the paint gives some interest, 'The Two Dreams of the Roman Senator and his Wife,' 'The Angel cooking in the Kitchen,' the 'Little St. John,' the 'Jesus, Shepherd,' where the slight, and even playful, treatment of the subject suits Murillo's facility—and how many others? There is much of the temper of Zurbarán in these early

realistic pictures—in the ‘St. Ildefonso’ and ‘St. Bernard,’ for instance, both portraits of churchmen. Another early picture, ‘The Holy Family,’ commonly called *del Pajarito*, as well as a still earlier ‘Virgin and Child,’ both painted in the first ‘cold’ manner, are truthful, and full of tender human feeling. In the ‘Adoration of the Shepherds,’ in which we see the debt Murillo owed to Ribera, there is a quite sincere attempt to tell the story, with simple, loving care in the rendering of the details. And this same very Spanish power, of painting a scene as drama, is the secret of the popularity of the ‘Rebecca and Eleazar,’ painted just before the ‘Adoration’ and the ‘del Pajarita.’ This early work is often without accent or special meaning; but, at least, it is free from the vapid facility of the later work. And stronger than these early pictures at Madrid are certain pictures in Seville—the early ‘Annunciation’ in the Museo, for instance, and ‘The Last Supper’ in Santa Maria la Blanca, with its passionate energy of characterisation. These pictures must not be forgotten in appraising Murillo.

Then later, as Murillo gained facility, he lost his hold, always slight, upon reality. To his second and third manner belong the many

pictures in the warm style, and the still greater number in the vaporous style, by which he is best known. In this last artificial phase of his art his tones become unreal, giving a haze, like yellow smoke, to his pictures. Here, however, his facility increases, picture follows fast on picture in an accomplishment remarkably equal. Each canvas is effective, but it says nothing to our imagination; even the technique, though, in almost all instances, accomplished, is not interesting. There are none of those beautiful passages, delightful in themselves, that so often charm us out of criticism in even the failures of a great master. The emotion of Murillo speaks always in these pictures, and the over-sweetness cloys. With every wish to admire, we are left criticising. Yet again we are reminded that this emotion is of Spain.

Murillo is at his best in portraiture and in landscape. And this is said in full remembrance of all his more popular pictures. But, note also that in this work, in which all thought is concentrated upon reality, his technical accomplishment, for some reason, is less certain. Only in these pictures does his extraordinary facility seem, in part, to desert him. The Prado has one good portrait, that of 'Cavanillas, a monk,

dressed in the habit of his order.' In London we have, among other portraits, the 'Old Woman known as the Mother of Murillo,' and the 'Youth bearing a Pestle and Mortar,' supposed to be his servant; the full-length of 'Don Andres de Andrade,' standing by the side of a magnificent hound, all in the Northbrook Collection; the fine portrait of Murillo himself at Althorp, and the portrait of the beautiful woman supposed to have been his mistress. Then there are pictures that are in reality portraits, the 'Galician Woman counting Money' and the 'Woman Spinning' in the Prado, for instance, or the strongly characterised portraits of 'St. Leander and St. Isidore' in the Cathedral of Seville. And there are so many others that it is difficult to choose between them; but the pictures of 'Two Women talking at a Window,' the 'Boy playing a Guitar,' and the 'Baby Asleep,' all in Vienna, may be taken as examples. These portraits give us another expression of Murillo, sincere and grave; each one is, as it were, a hint of what he might have achieved in a different atmosphere of art.

In his landscapes Murillo again surprises us by a new use of colour—pale greys, so much truer than the sunlight of melting yellow in which he loved to steep his religious compositions. Once or

twice we are held, charmed at last from criticism, by a suggestion of coming rain in some sky ; by the cool dark-green in the vegetation.

But these portraits, these landscapes, stand alone among Murillo's achievements. They show us that he could see and follow Nature ; the rest of his work proves that he was more devoted to sentiment.

VIII

THE SPANISH SCHOOL

THE FOLLOWERS OF VELAZQUEZ—GOYA AND HIS PICTURES IN THE PRADO

VELAZQUEZ was dead. Spanish painting had gained its crown of achievement. And, in the aftermath of the great inspiration, imitation seemed inevitable to his successors. Caught in the ebbtide of what the master had achieved, these painters strove to reach his genius, and, in so doing, lost their own gift of expression. Thus, of the lesser lights that circled around the Velazquez luminary, few demand more than a passing tribute to their arrogance.

Juan Bautista del Mazo, who became the son-in-law of Velazquez, like many another painter, has grown rich of late by confiscations from his master. 'It is the fashion,' writes Mr. Ricketts, 'to murmur the name of Mazo till the authenticity of a masterpiece by the great Spaniard has been proved.' Señor Beruete gives him so

great a work as the 'Admiral Pulido Pareja' in the National Gallery. We recognise his touch in many pictures attributed to his master. Yet Mazo's own authenticated portraits in the Prado are sombre and somewhat dull, and without style, if pleasing and harmonious in colour; the brushwork is quite unlike the touch of Velazquez, and there is a vagueness in the drawing, notably in the delineation of the features. The portrait of Don Tiburcio de Redin y Cruzat represents the highest of which Mazo was capable.

In his landscapes Mazo stands more firmly upon his own feet. Though his early pieces are founded upon Italian models, later he reaches greater originality; for it is to him, and not to Velazquez, that in all probability we owe the 'Fountain of the Tritons.' In the large 'View of Zaragoza' we have a painstaking, rather self-conscious effort to reach Velazquez. Probably it is for this reason the figures in the picture have been attributed to the master; but the touch, the colour, bespeak the hand of Mazo.

It is even less worth our while to wait with Juan de Pareja, servant and colour-grinder to Velazquez—the interesting Moor, who, as is well known, taught himself to paint in secret, and astonished his master and King Philip one day

by producing a portrait—a good one, it is said—from his own brush. This agreeable legend and the personality of Pareja, as we see it in his well-known portrait in the Carlisle Collection, have lent quite a fictitious interest to his work. In truth, it has nothing to recommend it, as 'The Calling of St. Matthew,' his one picture in the Prado, testifies only too plainly. We find the hand of no master, of even second-rate talent, in this conventional and laboured work.

The Court portrait-painter of Charles II., Juan Carreño de Miranda, had once a reputation, which has sunk to-day into a somewhat unjust oblivion. With less force than Mazo, he certainly understood the lesson of Velazquez better; he also learned much from the art of Van Dyck. In the well-planned portrait of Charles II. we find the qualities of both these masters; but Carreño has failed to realise his conception with sufficient force to quite convince us. He is nearer to Velazquez in his female dwarf, a conscientious portrait in which the likeness is well accentuated. The really admirable full-length of Pedro Iwanowitz Potemkin, the ambassador of the Czar of Moscow, who stands by a white horse caparisoned in blue, is the best work of Carreño in portraiture. Here he challenges comparison,

not unworthily, with Van Dyck. Claudio Coello was the last Court portrait-painter of the Hapsburg kings. Painstaking labour was the basis of his art. He was seven years painting his great scene of 'The Santa Forma' for the Escorial. Perhaps it was just this excess of pains which is responsible for his failure. His art is a matter of rule, of learned recomposition; thus he remains equally careful and equally vapid in whatever work he has left.

If portraiture was a declining art, what can we say of the religious pictures of the period? In Fray Juan Rizi, called, with over-praise, 'The Castilian Zurbarán,' and Antonio Pereda we see the last dark glow of the fire of the Spanish Inquisition, burning a little feebly as it expires. Both painters have canvases in the Prado. The religious pictures of Mateo Cerezo, the pupil of Carreño, and those of Sebastián Muñoz, his contemporary, scarcely call for comment. And it is the same with the more accomplished work of Francesco Rizi, the brother of the truthful Fray Juan. All these painters had facility; not one had personality. There is more merit in the *bodégones* of Lewis Menéndez.

Even less interest awaits us in the work of the pupils and imitators of Murillo; for in Seville,

as well as in Madrid, imitation was the death-blow of personality. Miguel de Tobar gives us, in the Prado, a portrait of his master, interesting for its subject, if not for its art. Pedro Nuñez de Villavicencio's 'Muchachos playing a Game of Dice,' is a good piece of *genre*, carefully repeating Murillo; while the lightly-painted religious and saintly scenes of Antolinez y Sarabia have an appearance of being studies for his pictures. A certain interest rests in the work of Ignacio de Iriarte as the only professed landscapist in Spain. But only Sebastian de Llanos y Valdés remained true to the realism of Zurbarán; and he has no picture at Madrid. What purpose is served by devoting further consideration to this ineffectual art?

In the wake of the Bourbons came an invasion of the academic theory,—the disease that rotted so effectually eighteenth-century art. And against the weary formulas of its great apostle, Raphael Mengs, who surely lost his art in a too laboured following of his artistic conscience, even the bright genius of Tiepolo, the last of the Venetians, could do nothing. Spanish painting sank deep in a slough of artistic axioms that denied personality. Again the art-lover has nothing to record. The portraits of Mengs, and

those of his disciples, Bayeu and Maëlla, fill with dispiriting tedium their places in the Prado.

But it is just at this time of mechanical stagnation that we are surprised suddenly by the remarkable and spontaneous art of Goya. Again a great personality fills the Spanish stage, forcing a reversal of our judgment. We forget the usual level of Spain's achievements; we remember only Goya. Certainly, no estimate of Spanish painting can ignore his bitter and emphatic message. With him we are face to face with a new force in art; Spain challenges the world again; and she gives it its most personal, its most daring genius.

Like Velazquez, Goya is a magnificent exception; like him, too, he is a painter's painter. Yet here the likeness ends; and how separate is their art!

To Velazquez the world appeared as beautiful vision, before Goya it passed as drama—I am almost tempted to write, as farce; only the spring was bitterness, not amusement. It was a separation initial and radical. Goya failed to reach, or, more truly, he disregarded what Velazquez invariably sought and found. For him that attitude of the patient scholar, always

at attention to learn, was impossible; the refinement, the self-restraint, were foreign to his temperament. In the one painter we see the Spanish characteristics, modified, balanced, taken from the field of sentiment into the field of reason; in the other we find the whole scale from laughter to horror, both extremes of the Spanish temperament, expressed in a very Spanish kind of mocking contempt. Think for a moment of Goya's picture, 'Saturn devouring his Son,' painted for his own home, where it was with him always; then turn, in sharp contrast, to such a vivid and convincing scene of laughter as 'The Maypole,' to take but two instances from his many moods. Yes, Goya epitomises the gamut of the passion of Spain.

In the Prado one comes upon his art as upon something new, surprising, revolutionary even—a sudden commotion in a world of quiet. We wait, carried out of ourselves. For it is the characteristic of his art that it has the power to attract strongly, and at the same time to repel. His utterance is too searching in its truth, too contemptuous often, ever to become the password of the crowd. So great an influence in modern art—Manet, Courbet, Baudelaire, Delacroix Whistler, and how many others? have

answered to his appeal—Goya is, in England, still hardly known. But, assuredly, when his appeal is heard, it will be heard with an intensity that will make the voices of many others sound a little dull, a little artificial. In this he resembles his greater countryman, Velazquez. Is not this the Spanish gift—a power very hard to explain—the genius of great personality? Goya's very defects are, as it were, the natural result of his qualities, and throw his excellences into higher relief. We shall be disturbed, maybe we shall withhold praise from some part of the great range of his production; but we shall ask for no change. We would rather have him as he is, in his audacity and rebellion, than in any robe of grace that would ameliorate his crudities.

It is in his etchings that Goya gives of himself the most and the best. Never had the medium of paint the fascination for him that it had for Velazquez. It is when he takes the pen or the point that he seems freest to work his will. His prints contain all his gifts of bitter and profound observation, all the mastery he had of line and design; to which they add a balanced and careful effect that we do not always find in his paintings. The studies for some of his scenes of the bull-fights, his 'Caprichos,' and his terrible 'Disasters

of War,' hang in the Prado. Each should be studied with care. They will give the answer to any who doubt Goya's place among the great masters of design.

That Goya takes his rank also among the great portraitists, no one can possibly doubt who has seen his work in the Prado. Here again his personality stands out in relief, without any disguise, tumultuous, boisterous, genial; while his art is one of sudden contrasts, with a perpetual search after character.

In the Prado portrait of his brother-in-law, the painter Bayeu, and in that of Dr. Valjean, now in the National Gallery, we see him a painter as devoted as Velazquez—here is refinement in painting and in characterisation alike. Then there are, at Madrid, the famous group of royal portraits; that marvellous 'Family of Charles IV.' in which we know not whether to admire most the skill of the execution or the saturnine faithfulness of the likenesses; the admirable portrait of the 'Queen in a Mantilla,' and its companion picture of the 'King in Uniform'; and the great equestrian portraits of the King and Queen, the most scholarly of his works. In painting them, if Goya thought of the traditions of his predecessors, it must have been the best traditions of Titian, of

Velazquez. We see yet another aspect of Goya's power in the 'draped Maja'; and this power is even more marked in the wonderful 'nude Maja.' The modelling is firm and delicate, all the fullest value of colour and texture is given in this daring revelation of the beauty of flesh. For finish in the sense of elaboration Goya cared nothing: a work was complete when it reflected the idea in his mind. Perhaps the most pleasing of his portraits in the Prado are those four vivid heads painted as sketches for the royal group. Not often does Goya touch so near to perfection. They give justification to the comparison of his portraits with those of Gainsborough. Inequality is always meeting us in Goya's work; and there are portraits of his, washed in with strange impatience, almost as if he had tired of his sitter, and disliked to complete his work. The contrast afforded by these portraits is astonishing; again and again we are challenged by some new surprise, as a fresh portrait causes us to recast our judgment of Goya. He is at once tender and brutal; careless, he is yet painstaking. In some canvases the brushwork is rough, while in others it is smooth, light and expressive. At times his colour is crude; and here and there is a dull heavy tint difficult to understand. But side

by side with these darkly-coloured canvases, hang portraits that are luminous with colour—shimmering greys, and lovely glowing yellows. There is no criticism that can be offered upon one portrait that might not be contradicted by reference to another. Apart from results, work had, for Goya, no virtue. ‘A picture is finished when its effect is true.’ And in these portraits he proves that this is right.

The Goya collection in the Prado now contains the designs for the tapestries of the royal palaces. They were Goya’s first work in Madrid, after his return from Italy in 1776. And how delightful are these pictures, painted with such ease; and so full of the laughter of life! That scene, for instance, of the children blowing a great bladder in the air, or still more, the *Merienda* on the banks of the Manzanares. What irresistible gaiety! We are charmed to forget the bright heavy colour, which is certainly unpleasant. With these tapestry designs the group of small pictures in the Académiá de San Fernando must be placed, ‘The Procession of the Viérnes Santo,’ ‘El Entierro de la Sardina,’ ‘Las Corridas de Toras,’ and ‘El Auto de Fé.’ They were painted just after the tapestry designs, although they are so characteristic of his qualities they might well

have been painted later. They are full of truth and mocking humour.

Goya was passionate in everything—in his life of wild-living in the midst of a conservative court, as well as in his work ; indeed, the one was, in all probability, the result of the other. A revolutionist, he was yet the servant of kings ; an unbeliever, he painted pictures for the Church ; a volcanic lover, he seems to deride the folly he called into existence. Always he was the quizzical onlooker at the life of the Madrid Court. It was not difficult for him to transfer his loyalty from the Bourbon King to Joseph Buonaparte ; he was equally ready to re-welcome Ferdinand the Desired to the Court. What did such changes matter ? The Church desired his pictures, because he was the favourite painter of the Court. Well, he would paint what the Catholic fathers commissioned. The chapter of Seville Cathedral wished a representation of Santas Justa and Rufina, the chosen protectresses of the city. Goya painted the picture, and took for his models two well-known women of the town. ‘ I will cause the faithful to worship vice,’ was his grim remark. If Queen Maria Luisa and the Countess of Benavente, if Charles IV. and Ferdinand chose to favour him, he would accept their benefits and

deride their folly. His portraits and his caricatures are witness to his estimate of their characters.

It is not possible to understand Goya unless we remember these things. The very force and variety of his gift makes it difficult to estimate his art. On account of the ardour and tenacity with which he went about the conquests of life, he is the real forerunner of the modern mood in art and thought. 'In Goya's grave, ancient Spanish art lies buried,' said Gautier; the statement has the picturesque force we find always in his writing. Yet it is rather the passion of life than any stillness of death that here confronts us. And, for most of us, it is a new life that we find in the hours spent with the Goyas of the Prado; a throbbing, very personal life, different from any that we have seen elsewhere.

I X

THE ITALIAN SCHOOLS

THE PRIMITIVES: ANDREA DEL SARTO, RAPHAEL,
CORREGGIO: THEIR PICTURES IN THE PRADO

AT the time when the collection of Italian pictures in the Prado was made, the reaction which now sways public love in favour of the joyous youth of art had not set in. Thus it chanced, that in all the numerous Italian rooms to the right and left of the Rotunda as well as in the basement galleries, the Primitives are almost absent. And even the work of Titian, here so splendid in its glory and abundance; still less the group of Raphaels—to-day robbed in such large measure of their fame—cannot compensate the art-lover for this loss. There is no Italian picture of the fourteenth century; there is nothing of the fifteenth century earlier than 'The Annunciation' by Fra Angelico. We find no sequence in the choice of the pictures; here, again, the Prado is a gallery of masterpieces, giving us no historical record of Italian art. Apart from the Titians and the Raphaels, we have one of the few

unquestioned pictures of Giorgione, some half-dozen fine Venetian canvases, a charming group of Tiepolo's facile art, the Fra Angelico, Mantegna's 'Death of the Virgin,' two or three works by Andrea del Sarto, two by Correggio—that is about all; and with them, of course, the usual ineffectual canvases, taking up more room than they are entitled to on their merits. We have nothing by Botticelli; nothing by Franceschi; nothing by the Venetians before Giorgione.

Yet, let us not complain, for, in truth, what rare things are here. And first, it seems that the gladness of a world awakening to the laughter of beauty speaks in the picture by Fra Angelico, the 'Angel Painter,' who dreamed so continually of God that for him the flowers of heaven grew upon the fields of earth. Here, in Spain, the picture is a little strange; a child of joy in a land of strength. Then, all at once, as we wait, spring seems to be around us: this 'Annunciation' carries our thoughts to Italy. We remember the fresco on the same subject in San Marco; the design is the same; the details, the colour are different, less deeply realised, perhaps; and we have an addition, on the right of the canvas, of an 'Expulsion from Paradise.' But in no picture of the Tuscan master are we more

conscious of the glamour of his art; that blithe and delicate spirit that somehow carries us out of our dull grown-up selves, and wafts us back to the hours of childhood, when angels really lived for us, and the world was full of the sounds of music and very fair.

Fra Angelico and Mantegna are at two opposite poles of emotion and thought. Now we touch, as it were, the responsibility of childhood, so passionate in its struggle to learn, so earnest in its duty—it is just this we discern in the really profound work of the great Paduan. Here, in his 'Death of the Virgin'—a small panel once in the collection of Charles I. of England, and lost to us by the errors of Puritanism—we see the simplicity, the inwardness, and the deep humanity of Mantegna's art. Painted during the first years at Mantua, and allied in manner as well as by outside evidence to that other early work, the Florentine triptych, we do not here see all the painter's strength. A student always; in each picture he set himself some new problem to learn; yet here, in the Prado, as at Florence, he is already himself; in full possession of his special gift of combining a real pageant of beautiful detail with intense dramatic feeling. The canvas is faded and cracked—does this account for its

rejection by Morelli?—and it hangs in the gloom of the basement rooms of the gallery. But there are passages of beautiful and vigorous colour; it is one of the gems of the Prado; a work of quiet and exquisite charm. And we understand, as we look at, and linger lovingly with, these two pictures of the Primitives, how noble was the spirit that ruled the makers of the Renaissance.

Then, to turn to the pictures of Andrea del Sarto is to discover how ineffectual, after all, facility always is. For, of a sudden, we seem to pass out from the sunshine into the artificial light of some over-sumptuous church. A glamour of romance has always haloed Andrea *senza errori*—did he not most faithfully love a most faithless wife?—and the right mood in which to approach his work would seem to be one of apology. But the truth is, genius does not call for apology; and the failure of Sarto rests not in circumstances but in the painter himself. Faultless? Yes!—he seems to be incapable of fault. Facility is satisfied so easily—here is the reason alike of its popularity and of its emptiness.

Of the group of pictures at Madrid attributed to Sarto we need concern ourselves with only two; for the others, they are good examples of the large class of work which was produced, perhaps in the

painter's studio ; repetitions, school copies, and lifeless imitations. Such, for instance, is the popular 'Sacrifice of Abraham,' of which the original is at Dresden. But in two pictures we are fortunate ; they require no apology. First, as well in date as in merit, is the damaged, yet still lovely, portrait of Sarto's wife Lucrezia. For once, we see the painter quite sincere, with no hint of affectation ; and moreover, with a distinction—yes, a haunting truth, in striking contrast with the empty facility in treatment one sees in the types of so many of his Madonnas, in the Uffizi, at Berlin, and in how many other places ? And, indeed, we do not find this distinction again except in those rather sad portraits of himself. Yet the second picture, at Madrid, the famous 'Madonna and St. John,' catalogued as the *Asunto Mistico*, also shows Sarto at an unusual height of power. The grouping is managed with much more than his wonted thought ; and the whole composition breathes an air of restraint that compels a sincere tribute to its beauty. Then, despite retouching, we can appreciate in its cool and luminous colours, and especially in the beautiful landscape, that mastery of the oil medium with which the painter astonished the Florentines.

In the Prado we have a whole room full of Raphaels; world-famous pictures, which are known to us by numerous engravings and have been eulogised by many generations of teachers. And alas! only two of them can to-day claim the beloved name of Raphael—the little ‘Madonna of the Lamb,’ and the unnamed portrait of the Cardinal, which, however, takes its place proudly in the *Sala de Retratos*; surely the greatest portrait collection in the world.

Of the other pictures, the famous ‘Perla,’ the still more celebrated ‘Lo Spasimo,’ as well as the ‘Madonna del Legarto,’ and ‘The Visitation’—in which we marvel that the hand of a master can ever have been seen—and the three or four other pictures, still catalogued as ‘Raphael’s,’ are now universally thought to have been painted by his pupils and assistants, Giulio Romano, probably, and Francesco Penni; sometimes from the master’s cartoons, sometimes from his drawings, or even from more slender help. Yet in some of these discredited pictures—in ‘La Perla,’ certainly, and in the ‘Spasimo’—we may, if we care to, catch hints, as it were, of Raphael himself. But for all its perfection of beauty, there is a helpless soullessness about Umbrian art which often wearies and exasperates us.

'The Holy Family with the Lamb' is dated 1507, and, like most of Raphael's smaller pictures, belongs to the happy Tuscan period, when he was his own master, not yet enslaved by an overburdening popularity. It is a delicious playful picture; a lyric that has caught the laughter of the Renaissance.

But it is in his portrait of the young Cardinal that we find at last the one perfectly satisfying expression of Raphael's most perfect art. What felicity, what subtlety of balance, what control! Here, indeed, we are face to face with a masterpiece; and what more can be said in praise of any great work?

Between Raphael and Correggio, the great master of the North Italian schools of Bologna, Ferrara, and Parma, there is a wide gulf; and life comes joyfully into all this dream paradise of perfection. Correggio's chief work here, in Madrid, a 'Noli me Tangere,' belongs to the period between 1522 and 1524, when already he was in complete possession of those special gifts, which either make so direct an appeal to one's love, or none at all. Think for a moment of the scene as it is described in the Gospels, as it has been painted, once perfectly by Rembrandt, so often by others, then look at Cor-

reggio's rendering. All his message is here ; his rejection of things as they are ; his dream of a life wherein all things are young. How completely he discards the old tradition of the tragedy of memory. Truly the picture is pagan ; a thrill of love caught out of the dull ache of life—a moment too delicate for any other to see. And the story is told with a masterly comprehension that is Greek. The picture has been restored ; the harsh colour speaks of repainting ; but still it holds us fascinated. Yes, Correggio was one of the first to discover light ; perhaps he is the only Italian who would have had nothing to learn from Velazquez.

A small picture, the 'Virgin with the Child Christ and St. John,' is, indeed, a Correggio ; it is so dark as to seem to have suffered as much from neglect as from restoration. It is obviously a first, or at least an early work, in a manner the painter was just entering ; a way, apparently, too narrow yet for the growing impulse of his genius. This picture may be passed lightly by. The other works that pass under his name are copies of well-known originals.

For a moment we wait with Baroccio's one picture, 'The Nativity' ; we note the closeness of his dependence upon Correggio ; and in a

curious left-handed way we look forward to Murillo, in whom emotion, grown too sweet, dies in sentiment. We pause again to notice the fine portrait group of Parmigianino. Then pass, as quickly as may be, the work of the eclectics—for the Carraccis must not be judged by their pictures in the Prado—and with even more goodwill we hurry by the decadent painters who were their followers. The message of Correggio has spoken, and nothing now can hold back from the joy of the Venetians.

X

THE ITALIAN SCHOOLS

THE VENETIANS: TITIAN: HIS PICTURES IN THE PRADO

IN coming quite naturally, as we do, from the 'Noli me Tangere' to the Venetian paintings—certainly, apart from Velazquez, the crowning glory of the Prado—we realise first, and very forcibly, that no longer are the claims of the spiritual life all-powerful. The true Venetian's choice is the choice of this life—of earth and not of heaven; he was permeated, enamoured, with the spirit of beauty that is everywhere, in himself, as in the wonderful city of his birth. And, for good as for evil, we feel the Renaissance is accomplished.

The first picture in point of date, as in importance, is, of course, the Giorgione. And if we miss any work of Carpaccio, of Jacopo Bellini and his two sons, Gentile and Giovanni—for we turn sadly from the so-called Bellini, not a work of the last most lovable master, but a copy, with variations, of his picture in the Academy

in Venice—we forget our disappointment, as we stand charmed, as only Giorgione can charm us, before the lovely panel of ‘The Virgin and Child between St. Anthony and St. Roch.’ Here is, indeed, the dawn that brings us to Titian’s day. We see the early Virgins of Bellini grown human, more burdened with sainthood; the design is in the same spirit as the ‘Madonna and Doge,’ at Murano, though the result is different enough. The mother sits with the child in a robe the long sweep of which falls upon the pavement, and behind is a happy ‘note’ in the piece of white brocade—a note repeated in the white lily fallen upon the ground, very characteristic of Giorgione, as is also the unexplained piece of rough marble beneath the foot of St. Roch. She holds the child standing upon her knee, a little languidly; seeming to brood in melancholy over a destiny she knows not quite how to encounter. Two figures, St. Anthony and St. Roch, stand, quite unrelated to each other, on either side of her throne; but we find here the same delicate, slightly fettered, sense of telling pattern, that we note in the famous altar-piece at Castelfranco, at the Uffizi, in all the few pictures of Giorgione. There is always the same delight in ornament and in colour, just for the mere beauty of the things

themselves; that new influence, making towards the earth and the worship of all lovely things, which the actors themselves seem to feel, with a little sadness perhaps, as they are drawn from heaven into a new world of suggestion. And it is precisely this quality that holds us, this brooding sense of something beyond the actual situation, which we find so rarely, so seldom quite perfectly, except in the pictures of this one painter: now so few in number, when modern criticism has robbed him of the lovely 'Concert' in the Pitti, of the 'Æneas and Evander' at Vienna, and of so many more beautiful things. But, here in Madrid, at least, we understand, without surprise, the magnetism of Giorgione, that influence of suggestion, so much greater even than the genius of his own accomplishment.

Not elsewhere, not in the Louvre, not even in Venice herself, is the splendour of Titian more dazzling and ample than it is at Madrid. Here, chiefly in the last compartment of the large room to the right of the Rotunda, where the 'Bacchanal' and 'the Danaë' challenge the 'Rondo' and the 'Three Graces' of Rubens are to be found, and in the upper story of the basement, the Titians have been gathered. Other pictures are there in beauty—the Mantegná, for instance, the joyous canvases

of Correggio and Giorgione—but Titian is on his throne. Broadly speaking, you will find examples of the work of his whole long life; many marvellous things, and, it must be owned, some very bad ones. Is not the portrait of Isabella, Charles V.'s consort, always a disappointment? Is not the 'Allegory of Philip II. offering his son to Heaven' an instance of the great failures of great men? Yet in these pictures there are touches of colour that charm us; passages of fine execution that bring them within the range of the accomplishment of the painter who was the 'King and the truth.'

We see Titian first in the 'Santa Conversazione,' one of the loveliest works of his early years. And this picture is almost perfect in preservation, among so many canvases that have suffered more grievously; though the restorer's hand has been here also in the face of St. Bridget, and in a few patches and re-touches of lesser evil. The picture hangs as a pendant to the Giorgione, and by some strange mistake the frame bears a new label with the name of the Master of Castelfranco. Yet how unmistakable is the difference which separates the two pictures. The dream of the older painter has been mastered and added to by the disciple; for the truth is that from the first Titian had the strength to seize the beauty

which Giorgione suggested. Here, the splendid work in the painting of the flesh, in the hair, and in the draperies, all proclaim the sure hand that gave us the 'Sacred and Profane Love,' in the Borghese Gallery in Rome; the work where the last notes, as it were, are heard, of the Giorgionesque music played by Titian.

In passing from this picture to the 'Bacchanal,' and the 'Garden of Venus,' both painted soon after 1516, the year in which Titian paid his first visit to Ferrara, and entered into relations with Alfonso I., for whose palace this group of pictures was executed, we find Titian entirely himself, exulting, for a moment, in the hot joy of manhood, intoxicated almost, with the material pleasure of life. And if this mood, as it certainly does, finds its most finished expression in our own 'Bacchus and Ariadne,' in the National Gallery, it has its glad, strong echo in these pictures at Madrid, which even a brutal process of restoration has done little to silence. And, were it not for this re-painting, which has literally skinned some parts of the picture—the sky, for instance—it would be difficult for any picture to hold its own against the 'Bacchanal.' No subject can be thought of better fitted to express Titian, in this new mood of laughter, than this joyous

pageant of audacious abandonment to life. The picture calls for no description; it speaks too eloquently for itself. Its magnetism seizes us, and, forgetting all the irritating controversies as to the exact meaning of the scene—we cannot care whether the figure in the foreground is Ariadne, or another, what we feel is her ripe and exquisite beauty; and speech, even thought, grows dumb in admiration.

The 'Garden of Venus,' also called the 'Garden of Loves,' painted earlier, is more delicate, but the charm has less grip. The subject is taken from the *Imagines* of Philostratus; but again, the subject of the scene matters very little. The surprise here is the movement—it is so glad, as if something unexpected were about to happen. Again, you forget, almost, the flayed, damaged condition of the canvas. Both these pictures are, in truth, Pagan and Greek; and this by no effort of imitation, but by a natural understanding of the sanctity of beauty, broad as Nature herself. And, as we look upon the immense joy of the 'Bacchanal,' as we hear the laughter of these dear, romping Loves at their play, we come to know something of Titian's gift for beauty and delight.

Yet Titian was already forty-six when he painted these passionate pictures; so full of a

profound understanding of the gladness of youth. Ten years of life have passed before again we meet Titian here, at Madrid; ten years of work which gave to the world the altar-piece of Ancona, the Brescia altar-piece of the Vatican, the 'Madonna de Casa Pesaro' of Venice, the 'Assumption' of Verona, the 'Entombment' of the Louvre, the now lost 'Battle of Cadore,' and the great, burnt 'Martyrdom of St. Peter the Dominican,' as well as other works which it is not necessary here to enumerate. And now his art has passed its summer, and entered into a rich autumn, a period that found its greatest expression in portraiture. Did it not give us the Charles V. in white, the great equestrian portrait of the Emperor at Mühlberg, the portrait of Philip II.? It was in these years that the friendship was formed with Pietro Aretino; a friendship whose influence has too often been exaggerated—genius does not ask for certificates of moral conduct. Again, it was a few years later that Titian came for the first time in contact with Charles V.; and it was at Bologna, at the close of the year 1532, that the Emperor first sat to the 'Incomparable Painter,' to give Titian the name by which he was now acclaimed. Two portraits were painted:

one of these perished later in Spain in one of the numerous fires that from time to time have devastated the treasures of the royal palaces; the other is the beautiful full-length of Charles v. that to-day hangs in the Prado, in the *Sala de Retratos*, where it takes its place fittingly, the inspiration, as it is, of so many beautiful things that are gathered there. It is a matter of common knowledge that Velazquez, Rubens, Van Dyck, and then later, Watteau, studied Titian with patient and passionate love. And nowhere outside the Prado can one realise how splendid was the lesson from which they learned. We see Charles v. in a gala costume of white; his right hand rests upon a dagger, his left is placed upon the collar of a great hound; and how intimate and soul-searching is the summing up of the personality of that great, tired life. Deep, delicate, and deliberate, this portrait is one of Titian's triumphs; it ranks among the greatest portraits of the world.

To the years between 1533 and 1548 belong a group of pictures now in the Prado. The historical picture of the 'Marchese del Vasto addressing his Troops,' commonly known as the 'Allocution,' is one; then we have the flayed portrait of Isabella of Portugal, and the 'Ecce Homo,' so disappoint-

ing, we could wish to find it the work of another. All these pictures may be passed quickly, without regret. Here is so much that is great that it would be a superfluous effort of presumption to make apologies for pictures which, burnt, restored, and repainted, to-day, at any rate, are failures. Let us rather remember, then, that in these years was painted the marvellous 'Young Englishman,' the portrait of Cardinal Ippolito de Medici, in Florence; while in the 'Presentation of the Virgin,' in Venice, we see a return to an earlier and more charming mood.

It was in 1548, just after the memorable visit to Italy, that Titian, already seventy—an age when most men are old—travelled, at the command of the Emperor, over the snowbound mountains in midwinter to Augsburg, there to meet the German Court. And this visit, as well as a later one about the same period, are commemorated to-day in the Prado, even after the fires at the Alcázar, by the great equestrian Charles v., and by the 'Prometheus' and the 'Sisyphus,'—two of the four large decorative canvases done for Mary, Queen-Dowager of Hungary. The 'Ixion' and the 'Tantalus' are lost to us, as well as other forgotten pictures. We think sadly of the once famous portrait of the Emperor,

as we see its shadow in the poor copy by Pantoja de la Cruz. But it is a thankless task to remember all this loss, when the superbly-designed and strangely-haunting 'Charles v. at the Battle of Mühlberg' awaits us. This world-famous portrait, through copies, engravings, and books, is as well known as any picture in the world; to describe it again in detail were, indeed, a waste of time. Nowhere, except in the early standing portrait of the Emperor, and—though with less certainty—in the seated full-length at Munich, has Titian probed deeper into the psychological and æsthetic interpretation of his sitter. And it is this dignity of characterisation that seems to be the first great impression that one gains of the picture; and in this truth one forgets almost the magical quality of the art. The picture, up to the time of the recent alterations, hung in the Long Gallery, where, coming upon it suddenly, as one did, just after visiting the Sala Velazquez, one understood, very forcibly, that really this portrait is the beautiful base on which all other equestrian portraits stand. Now the picture has been removed to the small room at the right of the Rotunda, where the lighting comes from the side; and, for this reason, what one may lose in pleasure

by the change from being able no longer to make this comparison, is probably gain.

The two immense pictures, the 'Prometheus' and the 'Sisyphus,' for so many years passing mistakenly as copies by that cautious and cold colourist, Sánchez-Coello, to-day are really seen for the first time, now that they are cleaned and brought down from the height at which for so long they were hidden. And we are charmed into gladness by a beauty re-found, now that we are brought face to face with the pictures themselves. In the 'Prometheus' we have really fine painting, certainly from Titian's own hand. If the 'Sisyphus' is less strong, less impressive, technically it does not fall below its companion; and, in truth, its colour, so suggestive in its exquisite quality, already carries us onwards to the superb 'St. Margaret.'

To the second visit to Augsburg, in 1550, we owe the splendid and beautiful portrait of Philip II. This is the original canvas which was sent to Mary of England at the time when the Spanish Marriage was arranged. And this portrait, too, remains among the finest portraits in the world. Again Titian surprises us with fresh truths about his sitter; he throws a new light of revelation upon the Recluse of the

Escorial. He carries our thoughts, quite naturally, to that sad and mighty building, where the sun seems darkened and laughter is silenced; where the King, old with the disappointment of failure, lived in such egotistical and passionate subjection of himself. To some it will seem that this portrait should be taken to the Royal Monastery where all seems touched with the frost of a petrified death.

To pass from this quiet, perfect group of royal portraits to the 'Gloria' is a little strange. The picture was painted, we know, to illustrate a cherished thought of the Emperor; and we detect the Spanish idea, always so extravagant in its seriousness, in which an over-passionate absorption in the human life passes very readily into a mystical absorption in the divine life, in this royal company, kneeling under the protection of the Virgin before the throne of the Trinity. Much that is strange is here; also much that is fascinating—the figure of Moses, for instance, that recalls the great dreams of Michael Angelo, Noah, with his Ark as the type of the salvation of life, and the very human Mary Madonna. Then, Titian has painted the picture, and the beautiful passages of colour and the charm of the actual texture, in places, holds our admiration.

Among the group of *poesies*, painted in these years, under the patronage chiefly of Philip II., Titian is represented poorly in the Prado. The magnificent pictures, 'Diana and Calisto,' 'Diana and Actæon,' are at Bridgewater House; the original version of the 'Venus and Adonis' is said also to be in England; other pictures are elsewhere—the florid 'Europa' is in America, for instance; only the late 'Danaë' is at Madrid. And this picture, in spite of the superb painting, very beautiful and sensitive in its quality, repels us a little; not perhaps for its coarser realism, but because we miss that suggestion of joyous passion that lives perfectly in the painted poems of the 'Garden of Venus' and the 'Bacchanal.'

And for this reason we turn, too, from the so-called 'Farnese and his Mistress,' and from the 'Venus with the young man playing an Organ,' once in the collection of Charles I. of England. And here there is no magic in the paint itself to charm us; these pictures were painted for money, and are poor variations of the 'Venus of the Tribune.' And there are other pictures we have purposely left out of count, such as 'Spain coming to the Rescue of Religion,' the two 'Mater Dolorosas,' the damaged 'Knight of Malta,' the fragment of the 'Noli me Tangere,'

the 'Christ,' the 'Salome'; in these pictures we find little of Titian.

But, in the sacred pictures of 'St. Margaret' and the much greater 'Entombment,' one finished two years before the other in the same period as the 'Danaë,' we find again the Titian of our love. In the solitude of a lovely landscape St. Margaret waits for a moment, in a passionate attitude of hope, as she flees from the dragon over the rocks. We have here an epitome of Titian's rarest qualities—his passion, breathing the very spirit of life, and his superb unconsciousness of effort. There is about the scene a haunting magic quite impossible to describe in words, a magic which seems to lose itself in reproduction; and this is true also of the earlier 'Christ bearing the Cross,' a picture which for long passed mistakenly as the work of Bellini and Titian.

A more living passion informs the scene of the 'Entombment.' How well Titian has succeeded in enwrapping the figures, as it were, in the atmosphere of their own sorrow, without robbing them at the same time, as a less great painter would have done—Tintoretto, for instance—of any strength of mind and will! This picture ranks with the 'Crown of Thorns' at Munich, though technically it is even more interesting.

Mr. Ricketts calls attention to the 'singular affinity in workmanship with the late painting of our great contemporary, G. F. Watts.' And if you compare the picture for a moment with the early 'Entombment' in the Louvre, you will understand all the distance Titian has travelled. Beautiful the first picture is, a rhythmical poem of sorrow; but the aged Titian knew that pain is one with passion. And something of this knowledge seems to speak to us, too, in the dignified and beautiful portrait of himself, which closes with such fitting dignity his work in Madrid. Titian has been more than a spectator in the battle of life, and we feel here, looking upon his face, serene, brooding in the dusk of life over the burden of memory, perhaps of remorse, that he has come through, like his own image, with indomitable courage. Yet the face is sad; it is as if the shadow had fallen already of that too tragic death; the penalty called for by Justice, at last, for the joyousness of that long life.

Titian has held us, perhaps too long, from the other Venetian pictures in the Prado. Yet Lorenzo Lotto, self-centred and decadent, has so often been overpraised, that we can pass without regret his picture, 'A Married Couple

united by Cupid'; which is typical enough, though it is not one of his best works. The characters are quite absorbed in themselves; like all Lotto's creations, they are self-conscious, very unsatisfying. A 'St. Jerome,' once burdened upon Titian, is now given to Lotto.

Madrid is not the place in which to estimate the fascinating but uneven art of Tintoretto, or the monotonous pagan beauty of Veronese; two painters it seems necessary to couple together, although, in truth, their aims were wide apart. More remarkable even than Tintoretto's power was the triumphant egoism of his art. In the fine 'Sea Fight' of the Prado we see first the boldness with which he departs from tradition, afterwards we note the resources which enable him to do this with brilliant success. And how well he has solved for himself the problem of colour. We understand El Greco's debt to the Venetian. Two fine portraits, one of which, the 'Portrait of a Man,' taking its place fittingly with the 'Lady in Black' at Dresden, and a large sketch for the 'Paradise' in the Ducal Palace, give us enough to show what an original figure Tintoretto is in the wide field of Italian art. Veronese is a painter whose power, on account of his beauty, we are apt to underrate. We

remember his pictures in the Academia in Venice, his 'Marriage at Cana' in the Louvre; certainly, he paints wonders as if he hardly realised how wonderful they were. Is this the reason why so often his pictures grow monotonous? In Madrid, it is impossible to determine the merit of the numerous nondescript pictures attributed to his brush. They lack his grace and ease of mastery, though, here and there, a light delicate scheme of colour is akin to his; in all probability they belong to the group of pictures produced in the master's studio which we owe in part to him, in part to his assistants. But in the 'Finding of Moses,' a small picture attributed to Veronese, we have a work of exquisite quality which takes its place quite worthily with the small 'Battle of Lepanto' at the Academy in Venice. It shows how charming the art of this painter can be. Here, in the light, silvery scheme of colour, so fascinating in its faultless harmonies of blues, greens, rose, and orange, whose beauty overcleaning has not marred, and in the delicacy and daintiness of touch there is a quality that seems to carry us onwards to the delight of Watteau.

XI

THE NORTHERN SCHOOLS

THE EARLY FLEMISH PAINTERS : ANTONIO MORO, JORDAENS, ALBRECHT DÜRER, HOLBEIN : THEIR PICTURES IN THE PRADO

THE lover of early Flemish art must anticipate at once pleasure and disappointment in the Prado. If the general level of these pictures, still hung chiefly in the basement rooms—for here few changes have been made—is a high one, as it certainly is—did not the very nature of the school tend towards the realisation of an average?—there is nothing of outstanding merit; beyond a few works of great charm and one masterpiece, the ‘Adoration of the Magi,’ attributed to Memlinc. These are the only pictures that justify their attribution in the catalogue to the greatest names in the early history of the Northern schools. Yet, what sincerity is around us here; and, after all, sincerity counts for so much more than we think in our enjoyment. This we can

say for certain, that the desire of these painters was not to escape from their subject, but to approach it and identify themselves with it.

The real strength of Flemish painting begins, of course, with the Van Eycks: and of pre-Van Eyck painting, even in Flanders, only enough remains to force into relief the extraordinary revolution effected by the brothers Hubert and Jan; for recent discoveries have reinstated the elder brother, giving to him his own at last. We have already referred in the brief introductory chapter to the visit of Jan Van Eyck to Spain; and of the Flemish influence, always so beneficial for Spanish art. It is more than a matter for sincere regret that no painting of the great Flemings remains in the Peninsula.

The Prado Van Eycks have suffered the fate which so many pictures experience; they have lost the prestige of their authorship, while retaining much, if not all, of their interest. In the case of the 'Marriage of the Virgin,' beautiful in its colour, very sincere in design, we have a really fine work of a skilled hand, but one it is not easy to identify. Mr. Ricketts holds that it may well be by some unknown painter who stands midway between Hubert Van Eyck and Rogier Van der Weyden. Another picture, which still bears the

now great name of Hubert Van Eyck, shows the Virgin, Christ, and St. John beneath a florid canopy of gold, and, above, an angel in white. This is an adaptation of the great altar-piece of Ghent, the work of no less a painter, it would seem, than Gossart de Mabuse; unless we refuse the testimony, here so unusually clear, of the scheme of colour, with its cold browns and cool lights, the careful workmanship of the hands, and, indeed, the whole character of the work.

Few pictures have been more often and more searchingly discussed than the famous 'Fountain of Life,' catalogued at the Prado as the work of Jan Van Eyck. But the picture is really a good and careful sixteenth-century copy of a lost and priceless work by the more delicate artist, Hubert. Forget the picture is a copy; the design is noble, and again, it recalls the altar-piece of Ghent. Here is that idealism, amounting to a poetic inspiration, that was the special gift of Hubert; a gift which finds its sweetest, if not its strongest, expression in the lovely 'Holy Women at the Sepulchre,' the property of Sir Frederick Lucas Cook, and so recently shown to London at the exhibition in the Guildhall.

Petrus Cristus, Jan Van Eyck's one acknowledged pupil, shows the capacity and also the

limitations of Flemish art at a lower level. He is well represented in Madrid by a triptych of unquestioned beauty. Its authenticity has been doubted; yet, it would certainly seem, if by the scheme of colour alone—deep reds and browns—to be one with the many pictures always given to this painstaking, if sometimes uninteresting painter.

It is fatally easy and sometimes enticing to contradict traditional attributions of pictures. But modern critics are agreed that the two large 'Depositions' in the Prado, given to Rogier Van der Weyden, are fine sixteenth-century copies of the picture now at the Escorial. Again we would ask, forget that these pictures are copies. For the spirit of the impassioned painter of Tournai speaks to us here, in these scenes interpreted as dreams, in which each detail of anguish has been emphasised, until it forces upon us a vivid realisation of what the painter conceived.

The glory of the early Flemish pictures in the Prado is the triptych of Memlinc, whose art, always sweet and devout, is sometimes lacking in the strength which satisfies us so perfectly here. Memlinc is the most lovable of all the Flemish painters. And in this late work, though it misses

the exquisite jewel-like quality of the paint itself, as we find it in his early pictures—in the Chatsworth 'Triptych of the Donne Family,' for instance—the delight of the design is not less. The picture ranks with that other picture of the same scene, the 'Adoration of the Kings' at Bruges; of which work it is a repetition, or rather an elaboration. It is difficult to leave this delicious work, with its naïve delight in the simple, human telling of a story, in which, for a moment, we catch the dream of that blithe temperament for whom the world existed only as beauty.

From the poetic spirit of this idyll we have to travel far to the sincere portraits of Antonio Moro, to the realism of Jordaens, painters too long neglected and misunderstood. Moro was a master of characterisation. His clever, quiet, and strong portraits at Madrid make it difficult to understand how he has been ignored alike by the general public and the art-lover. A certain monotony in the designs of the portraits, due, it would seem, to the restrictions of royal portraiture—conditions upon which we have commented in an earlier chapter—may be the explanation. Then, for long his pictures have been overcrowded, and hung where the light catches the polished surfaces disagreeably. Now, in the *Sala*

de Retratos, Moro takes his place, quite worthily, among the great masters of portraiture. The 'Queen Mary' speaks for itself. Note how the painter has succeeded in impressing us with the refinement and dignity of his sitter; without robbing her at all of the truth—her unattractive ugliness. Moro here surpasses not only himself but almost every one else—of course, within his own well-defined limitations—in the searching realism and sincerity of the likeness. Yet hardly inferior to this picture is the less-known portrait of the Princess Juana of Austria. The extraordinary strength of these portraits lies not only in their execution, which is worthy of a master, but also in the exact characterisation of the sitters. Thus the really marvellous picture of the Buffoon of the Count of Benavente expresses wonderfully the brutality of his origin; just as the other two portraits emphasise the reticence, the dignity of birth. The other portraits are all good, if their effect is less striking.

Jacob Jordaens was born in 1592; he died in 1678. Thus, painting for sixty years, he produced a vast quantity of work, some very good, and some, it must be owned, bad. Here, perhaps, is the reason why the solid qualities he possessed as a painter and a draughtsman have fallen into

disrepute. His pictures in Munich, Brussels, Paris, and Dresden speak to his great, if unequal, power. The exhibition of his works held in Antwerp last year came to many students as a great surprise: his art was so sane, so stimulating; his colouring so powerful. In Madrid we are fortunate; the average of his work is high, and we have one masterpiece, 'The Family Group,' in which we see the painter at his best, obsessed by reality and strength, trying to find a character absolutely modern. Here is real life, with colour full and complete. This picture ranks with the magnificent full-lengths of a man and his wife at Devonshire House. Jordaens' recollection of Rubens caused him to paint such pictures as the 'Meleager and Atalanta.' In the mystic 'Marriage of St. Catherine' we see an early mood and method of Van Dyck. On this point Mr. Ricketts writes: 'The picture is so singularly like Van Dyck's work that one hesitates in accepting the attribution to Jordaens in the catalogue of the Prado.'

Turning back to the early German schools, we find them richly represented, if not in the actual number of the pictures, in the importance of a few examples of the great masters. Albrecht Dürer here takes his due place; Holbein has one great portrait. In the unerring analytic portrait

of himself Dürer has given us of his art the most typical and the best; not only is this picture an original—the panel in the Painters' Portrait Gallery of the Uffizi being a good copy—but it is one of the painter's masterpieces, taking rank with the 'Oswold Krell' at Munich, and as truthful and essential as that other portrait of himself, dated some years later, also at Munich. Against a dark panel, relieved upon the right of the canvas by a landscape very modern in feeling and effect, as, curiously, so many of Dürer's landscapes are, we see the beautiful head, grave but alert, perfect in physical and intellectual charm. The folding of the expressive hands should be noted as an example of Dürer's keenness of observation. The large panels of 'Adam and Eve,' though they have the usual great technical qualities of design, are not among Dürer's most original or attractive creations; as much as these give us might have been done by another. But in the portrait of 'Imhof,' the strong man in hat and furs, who holds a scroll in his left hand, Dürer again rises to the full height of his genius. Words are really powerless to express the haunting reality we find here. Fortunately, this picture is in a state of perfect preservation. It is worth while

to notice the difference between Velazquez and Dürer, between Titian and Dürer; all three worked wonders in portraiture, the Italian and the Spaniard making a few carefully-chosen traits reveal the whole impression of the model; while Dürer, using his paint analytically, like language almost, attains an effect equally true by an accumulation of perfectly blended facts. If he had been more of a colourist he would probably have been less of a realist; as it is, he brings us face to face with his sitters, as if we saw them ourselves, and they speak to us directly, and not through the medium of another mind.

We find the same searching sincerity in the 'Portrait of an Old Man,' now assigned to Holbein, but once given to Dürer. The absolute and unrelenting truth of this portrait, the minute and subtle accuracy of the characterisation, and the earnestness of the work, all unite for our delight. Certainly we feel we know this Northern Merchant.

The Dutch school makes but slight demand upon our attention.' Among the rich treasures of the Prado the magic of Rembrandt is sadly lacking from the 'Artemisia,' a picture that might, in truth, have been painted by his pupil and imitator,

Ferdinand Bol. Then Terboch has nothing to charm us; instead, we have picture after picture by Teniers, Brughel de Vellours, and others of the school; and, though interesting enough for those who like such things, these pictures are not unique. In fact the Dutch masters of the second rank have little apart from their technical dexterity to recommend them. What they gain in perfection they lose in variety; and, all too soon, we cease to wonder that what is done so often should be done so well. Let us look but pass; we have still before us the glowing art of Rubens, the finished art of Van Dyck.

XII

THE NORTHERN SCHOOLS

RUBENS AND VAN DYCK: THEIR PICTURES IN THE PRADO

RUBENS is the third great master of the Prado, taking his place in our admiration, if not in our love, with Titian, with Velazquez. For one's attitude to Rubens is swayed by more personal considerations than is the case with any other master of equal fame. In proportion as we enter into that community of feeling with the Primitives, which is the secret of their understanding; in proportion as we are drawn to the fastidious, exquisite art of Velazquez, to the experiments of El Greco, the suggestions of Goya; and, in some degree also, to the great Venetian colourists; we seem to drift apart from Rubens. This is due, perhaps, in great measure, to the impossibility of any one soul being so catholic as to include, in one great admiration, such opposites.

If we try to measure and set down our appre-

ciation of the positive qualities of this great master, we find ourselves compelled to give expression to superlatives, which are out of proportion to our love of the work itself. Reflection for a moment gives us the key to this seeming paradox. Rubens' work astonishes by its dexterity, its sheer skill and mastery of the most frightful difficulties. It is like the architecture of the Empire at its most gorgeous moments; indeed, it is to this his work is the fitting corollary. Here there is absolute mastery of mass, and the easy conquest of detail. In line he is supreme, and in colour, if he has not said the last word, within his limits, he gave the most glowing and luscious passages—radiant passages which touch perfection. Many of his portraits are exquisitely beautiful, and some of his women haunt us—the portrait of his first wife, Isabel Brant, in the Pitti Palace, for instance, and all the wonderful portraits of Helen Fourment; we remember these portraits long after we have left the canvases. His flesh-painting is his own, and no master ever painted so easily the glow of rosy health; the nude in all its fine human beauty and perfect joyousness. His work is almost the apotheosis of the Greek delight in the human form; only he superadded some-

thing modern, which destroys the Attic quality, and carries him one step nearer to what in modern painting has become almost a sensual and animal presentation of the body, in the name of realism. But there is a certain frankness in his work which saves it; a certain simplicity of statement, which redeems so much that was on the verge of the degrading in his age. Yet withal Rubens was pre-eminently the master of the grand manner. No painter ever had a more riotous imagination; no other let it work more at its will. His art is the expression of one mood—a mood of triumphant joy; and, if we have wished for something that seems to strike deeper; something more experimental, more personal, probably the fault is our own. We must not forget that he who sees life sanely sees it whole. Sanity was the dominating factor of Rubens' life, and his life was certainly as great as was his art.

In Munich, in Paris, and, of course, in Antwerp, Rubens is on a grander scale than in Madrid; but nowhere else is his special quality of vivid joy greater than here, where he seems to have painted not so much for us as for himself, quite naturally, as a bird sings. The quality and range of his power are shown to the full in his three masterpieces in the Prado, in the 'Rondo' and the

'Garden of Love,' with their riot of movement and colour, and, yet more, in the wonderful 'Three Graces,' very beautiful in its frank and passionate delight. The three figures stand side by side, alike in contour, alike in features, different only in the colour of the hair—fair, deep brown, and copper-red; the central one is turned from the spectator the other two are seen in profile. The lovely, shimmering flesh stands out in exquisite harmony against the blue sky, and against a landscape background wherein a herd of stags are feeding. The drapery of dark green hangs on the left, the waters of a fountain fall into a marble basin on the right; above, roses are climbing; and the turf is embroidered with flowers. All these three pictures take their place, quite worthily, among the rare beauties of Titian, near whose works they hang. And this is true, too, of the 'Fury of Progne,' painted a little after, and about the same time as the 'Martyrdom of St. Louis' and the 'March to Calvary' at Brussels; it is a picture in which Rubens astonishes us with a new strength of expression, and a violence of colour, which, in all its profuseness, he is strong enough and subtle enough to keep within bounds of harmony. In these pictures we find the real Rubens. They belong to the most brilliant period of his genius,

the years which followed his marriage with Helen Fourment—years in which his colours found more joyous bloom, his handling more marvellous subtlety, more expression. These *feasts of the flesh* are true lyrics of love, of which Helen is the inspiration. We see her in the fair and lovely central figure of the 'Three Graces'—the dark figures are variations on the same theme; we find memories of her movements, her dress in the 'Garden of Love,' and her features occur in one of the figures. This was Rubens' period of light and life.

The portrait of Maria de' Medici in the Prado, in part unfinished, is traditionally held to be a sketch made in preparation for the Medici series in the Louvre, but Mr. Ricketts believes it was painted at a later date, during the Queen's voluntary exile in Brussels. Nothing in the whole range of Rubens' portraits surpasses this for the marvel of its characterisation and its art alike. It teaches us more than a whole volume could do about this queen; and, before it, we are conscious that our impressions of her as a foolish and vain woman must be wrong. It is one of the finest portraits of women in the world.

The remaining pictures at Madrid are less beautiful, less important. The 'Heraclitus' and

the 'Democritus' were painted during the painter's first mission to Spain in 1603, to replace certain damaged pictures sent by Vincent of Gonzaga to Philip IV. Forcible and accomplished, but mannered, they need not detain us. Then, we have the large group of pictures, part of a decorative scheme for a hunting pavilion, the Torre de la Parada, situated near to the Buen Retiro. It is difficult to judge how much of these pictures was painted entirely by Rubens' own hand. Philip IV. was impatient for their completion, which seems to suggest that in the less important work the commission would be intrusted to his friends and pupils. Mr. Ricketts thinks that such pictures as the 'Saturn' and the 'Venus' in the series of the Planets, are his throughout; while others, the 'Rape of Proserpine,' the 'Centaur and Lapillus,' the 'Orpheus and Eurydice,' show evidence of the collaboration of Gouwi, the most facile of his imitators. In the large composition of 'Diana and Calisto,' and the popular 'Judgment of Paris,' we again can trace the work of assistants—of Cornelius de Vos, for instance, and perhaps of De Crayer.

But questions of attribution are more interesting to the student of pictures than to the lover of beautiful things. The general effect of these

pictures is one of haste, but in almost every canvas there are magnificent passages.

We may well end with the well-known eulogy of Delacroix, who so greatly admired the great Fleming's art, that he acknowledged his defects, and then, in them, found a fresh pretext for even greater imagination :—

‘What a magician! I am sometimes angry with him, and quarrel with his coarse forms, his lack of refinement and elegance. But how he rises above the small qualities that are the whole baggage of the others! Rubens does not correct himself, and he does well. I notice that his chief quality, if it is necessary to put one before another, is his extraordinary vividness, that is to say, his extraordinary life. There is no great artist without this gift.’

Less than a score of years ago, so quickly does fashion in art change its fickle mind, a handbook on the Flemish Painters, edited and in part written by Sir Edward Poynter, speaks of Van Dyck thus: ‘Van Dyck shows in his pictures that feeling which is wanting in the works of Rubens. It is infinitely more pleasant to gaze on a Crucifixion or some other sacred subject from the pencil of Van Dyck, than to examine

the more brilliant but soulless treatment of similar works by his master.' To-day this sounds absurd ; an echo of ideas that have lost meaning. Think for a moment of the art of the two painters ; stand before a portrait of the one, then before a portrait of the other—that of 'Maria de' Medici' and that of 'The Countess of Oxford,' for instance, as they hang side by side in the Prado. At a first glance we are inclined to like the Van Dyck : it is the great painter who presents his art in a form that deceives the public ; but in proportion as our sympathy responds to the amazing vigour of Rubens, will his great pupil seem, by contrast, a supreme artificer — a contriver of wonderful tricks. Rubens' attitude to life and art was larger than that of any painter, unless that painter were Titian.

Yet this comparison of Van Dyck's relation to Rubens is certainly unfair, as such comparisons almost always are, to Van Dyck. The truth is, our loves in art are directed by so many prejudices. If we misunderstand Van Dyck and can find no answer to his charming appeal, it is because the language he speaks, accomplished, facile, happy in its easy similes, its polished periods, is not the rough language of to-day ; a

language which thinks first of what it has to express, and leaves the words, the style, pretty much to take care of themselves. We must judge Van Dyck's art according to its own, and not according to foreign standards ; then it has little need of apology. His supreme gift was just this style—the expression with the least possible exertion of that which gives the greatest possible effect. And we need to remind ourselves of this : a strong man may ignore style, yet he would be a still stronger man did he possess it. Van Dyck's personal gifts were many : ' facility ' is not the last word to be said about his art. Some of his great pictures are unmatched ; and his average is always fine. After all, there is something to be said for pleasant manners in art. And again, if Van Dyck's art holds us less than does that of much inferior, less-accomplished painters, and fails, too often, not only to outstrip, but to reach the mark of Titian, of Velazquez, of Rubens, of Rembrandt—the great masters ; we have, opposed to this, Van Dyck the etcher, who, if we except Rembrandt, is without a rival ; here he is really equal with the greatest. In the history of black and white his achievement is of incomparably greater consequence than it is in the history of oils.

It is not as a painter of portraits that Van

Dyck appeals to us most in Madrid. Here among the portraits of Velazquez, of Titian, the 'Maria de' Medici' of Rubens, and the portraits of other masters, we are inclined again to afford him less praise than is certainly his due. His three finest portraits are the exquisitely painted 'Countess of Oxford'—a good Van Dyck, but not of his best; the portrait of 'Lanière the Lute-player,' which stands quite beyond our criticism; and, at a lower level, there is his too charming, too dainty portrait of the 'Marquesa de Loganés.'

But we are supremely fortunate in having in the Prado three of Van Dyck's less-known subject pictures, all masterpieces—the superb 'Betrayal of Christ,' and the less fine 'Crown of Thorns,' which formed, with the portrait of Isabella Brant, now at St. Petersburg, part of a magnificent gift of pictures to Rubens from his pupil. The third picture, 'The Plague of Serpents,' catalogued as the work of Rubens, is a magnificent interpretation of a subject painted by the pupil. Mr. Ricketts gives the picture entirely to Van Dyck.

These masterpieces speak for themselves; they demand praise; they are impatient of excuse. Standing face to face with them, we realise anew the emptiness of criticism.



SCENE IN THE LIFE OF SANTO DOMINGO DE GUZMAN,
PEDRO BERRUGUETE.



THE DEATH OF ST. PETER, MARTYR.
PEDRO BERRUGUETE.



AN AUTO DE FÉ PRESIDED OVER BY
SANTO DOMINGO DE GUZMAN.

PEDRO BERRUGUETE.



THE BEHEADING OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.
FERN. GALLEGOS.



THE CATHOLIC KINGS ADORING THE VIRGIN.

JUAN DE BORGONA.



THE ADORATION OF THE KINGS.
JUAN DE BORGONA.



THE VIRGIN AND CHILD.

LUIS DE MORALES.



THE PRESENTATION OF THE CHILD JESUS IN THE TEMPLE.

LUIS DE MORALES.



ECCE HOMO
LUIS DE MORALES.



THE CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN.
JUAN DE JUANES.



THE VISITATION.
JUAN DE JUANES.



ST. STEPHEN IN THE SYNAGOGUE.

JUAN DE JUANES.



ST. STEPHEN ACCUSED OF BLASPHEMY IN THE COUNCIL.
JUAN DE JUANES.



THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. STEPHEN.

JUAN DE JUANES.



THE INTERMENT OF ST. STEPHEN.

JUAN DE JUANES.



THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST.
NAVARRETE.



ST. PAUL.
NAVARRETE.



ST. PETER.
NAVARRETE.



PORTRAIT OF DON CARLOS, SON OF PHILIP II.
ALONSO SÁNCHEZ COELLO.



THE INFANTA ISABEL CLARA EUGENIA, DAUGHTER OF PHILIP II.
ALONSO SÁNCHEZ COELLO.





THE INFANTA CATALINA MICAELA, DAUGHTER OF PHILIP II.
ALONSO SÁNCHEZ COELLO.



PORTRAIT OF A LADY.
ALONSO SÁNCHEZ COELLO.



THE MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE.
ALONSO SÁNCHEZ COELLO.



ISABEL OF VALOIS, THIRD WIFE OF PHILIP II.
PANTOJA DE LA CRUZ.



PORTRAIT OF PHILIP II.
PANTOJA DE LA CRUZ.



PORTRAIT OF A LADY, PROBABLY AN ATTENDANT OF THE
PALACE IN THE REIGN OF PHILIP II.

PANTOJA DE LA CRUZ.



THE ANNUNCIATION.

EL GRECO.



THE HOLY FAMILY.

EL GRECO.



THE VIRGIN. (NOT CATALOGUED.)

EL GRECO.



JESUS CHRIST DEAD IN THE ARMS OF GOD THE FATHER.
EL GRECO.



THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST.

EL GRECO.



THE COMING OF THE HOLY GHOST.
EL GRECO.



THE CRUCIFIXION.
EL GRECO.



THE RESURRECTION.

EL GRECO.



SAN BASILIO.

EL GRECO.



ST. ANTHONY.
EL GRECO.



SAN BASILIO.
EL GRECO.



PORTRAIT OF A DOCTOR.
EL GRECO.



ST. PAUL.
EL GRECO.



PORTRAIT OF A MAN.

EL GRECO.



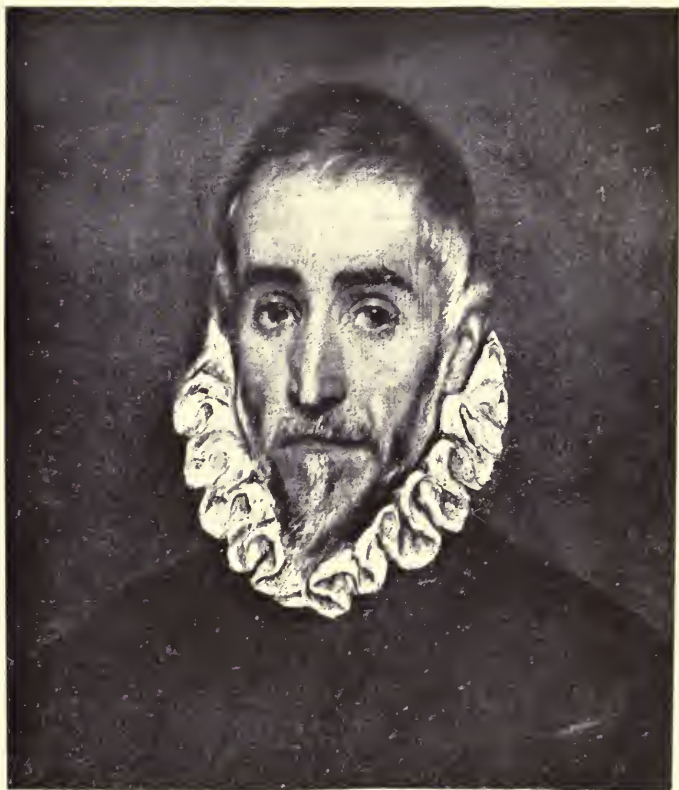
PORTRAIT OF A MAN.

EL GRECO.



PORTRAIT OF A MAN.

EL GRECO.



PORTRAIT OF A MAN.

EL CRECO.



PORTRAIT OF A MAN.

EL GRECO.



PORTRAIT OF A MAN.

EL GRECO.



DON RODRIGO VAZQUEZ, PRESIDENT OF CASTILE.

EL GRECO.



PORTRAIT OF A MAN.

LUIS TRISTAN.



THE VIRGIN, WITH JESUS AND VARIOUS SAINTS.

BLAS DEL PRADO.



CHRIST AT THE COLUMN.

ALONSO CANO.



THE VIRGIN ADORING HER SON.
ALONSO CANO.

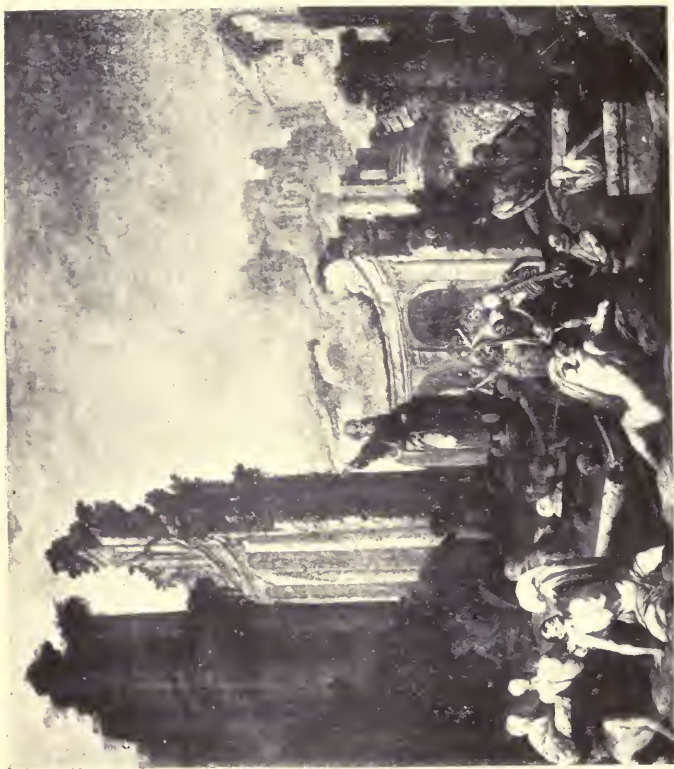


A GOTHIC KING.

ALONSO CANO.



TWO GOTHIC KINGS.
ALONSO CANO.



THE VISION OF EZEKIEL.
COLLANTES.



ST. MARY MAGDALEN IN PRAYER.

ESPINOSA.



THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.
ORRENTE.



AN OLD TIPPLER.
ESTEBAN MARCH.



AN OLD WOMAN.

ESTEBAN MARCH.



THE WATER FROM THE ROCK.
JUAN DE LAS ROELAS. *EL CLÉRIGO.*



THE DEAD CHRIST IN THE ARMS OF TWO ANGELS.
RIBALTA.



A BLESSED SOUL.
RIBALTA.



A SOUL IN PAIN.
RIBALTA.



THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW,
RIBERA.



JACOB'S DREAM.
RIBERA.



THE MAGDALENE.

RIBERA.



THE PENITENT MAGDALENE,
RIBERA.



THE CONCEPTION OF THE VIRGIN.

RIBERA.



JACOB RECEIVING THE BLESSING OF HIS FATHER ISAAC.
RIBERA.



ECSTASY OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

RIBERA



ST. JOSEPH WITH THE CHILD JESUS.

RIBERA.



ST. ANDREW.

RIBERA.



THE BLIND SCULPTOR GAMBAZO.
RIBERA.



A WOMAN, FRAGMENT OF A LARGER PICTURE.

RIBERA.



THE CHILD JESUS ASLEEP ON THE CROSS.
ZURBARÁN.



VISION OF ST. PETER NOLASCO.
ZURBARÁN.



VISION OF ST. PETER THE APOSTLE TO ST. PETER NOLASCO.
ZURBARÁN.



SANTA CASILDA.
ZURBARÁN.



THE ADORATION OF THE KINGS.

VELAZQUEZ.



LOS BORRACHOS.
VELAZQUEZ.



THE FORGE OF VULCAN.
VELAZQUEZ.



THE SURRENDER OF BRED.
VELAZQUEZ.



PHILIP IV.
VELAZQUEZ.



QUEEN ISABEL OF BOURBON.
VELAZQUEZ.



DON BALTAZAR CARLOS.
VELAZQUEZ.



PHILIP IV. IN HUNTING COSTUME.
VELAZQUEZ.



DON BALTAZAR CARLOS IN HUNTING COSTUME.

VELAZQUEZ.



DUKE OF OLIVARES.
VELAZQUEZ.



THE INFANTA MARIA THERESA OF AUSTRIA,
DAUGHTER OF PHILIP IV.

VELAZQUEZ.



PABLILLOS DE VALLADOLID, BUFFOON OF
PHILIP IV.

VELAZQUEZ.



DON CHRISTOVAL DEL CORRAL.
VELAZQUEZ.



WIFE AND CHILD OF DON CRISTOVAL DEL CORRAL.
VELAZQUEZ.



THE FOOL OF CORIA.
VELAZQUEZ.



ÆSOP.
VELAZQUEZ.



MENIPPUS.
VELAZQUEZ.



GARDEN OF THE VILLA MEDICI AT ROME.
VELAZQUEZ.



ST. ANTONY ABBOT VISITING ST. PAUL.
VELAZQUEZ.



LAS HILANDERAS.
VELAZQUEZ.



LAS MENINAS.
VELAZQUEZ.



REBECCA AND ELEAZAR.
MURILLO.



THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.
MURILLO.



THE VIRGIN WITH THE INFANT JESUS IN HER LAP.
MURILLO.



THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. ANDREW THE APOSTLE AT PATRÁS.
MURILLO.



EL TIÑOSO: ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY TENDING THE
SICK IN HER HOSPITAL.

MURILLO.



ST. ALPHONSUS RECEIVING THE CHASUBLE FROM THE
HANDS OF THE VIRGIN.

MURILLO.



ST. ANNE INSTRUCTING THE VIRGIN.
MURILLO.



THE INFANT JESUS ASLEEP ON THE CROSS.
MURILLO.



THE GALLICIAN OF THE COIN.

MURILLO.



FATHER CABANILLAS.
MURILLO.



THE CHILD JESUS AS SHEPHERD.
MURILLO.



VIEW OF ZARAGOZA.
DEL MAZO.



DON TIBURCIO DE REDIN Y CRUZAT, KNIGHT OF ST. JOHN
AND MASTER OF THE SPANISH INFANTRY IN
THE REIGN OF PHILIP IV.

DEL MAZO.



MARIANA OF AUSTRIA, SECOND WIFE OF PHILIP IV.
DEL MAZO.



CHARLES II.
CARREÑO DE MIRANDA.



FRANCESCO BAZÁN, BUFFOON OF CHARLES II.
CARREÑO DE MIRANDA.



A GIGANTIC CHILD.
CARREÑO DE MIRANDA.



THE MARQUIS AMBROSIO SPINOLA RECEIVING THE KEYS OF BREDA.
JOSÉ LEONARDA.



ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI RECEIVING THE SACRED TOKENS OF
THE PASSION OF CHRIST.

FR. JUAN RIZI.



ST. JEROME.
ANTONIO PEREDA.



LANDSCAPE.
I. IRIATE.



THE DRINKER.
GOYA.



BLIND MAN'S BUFF: DESIGN FOR TAPESTRY.

GOYA.



CHARLES IV.

GOYA.

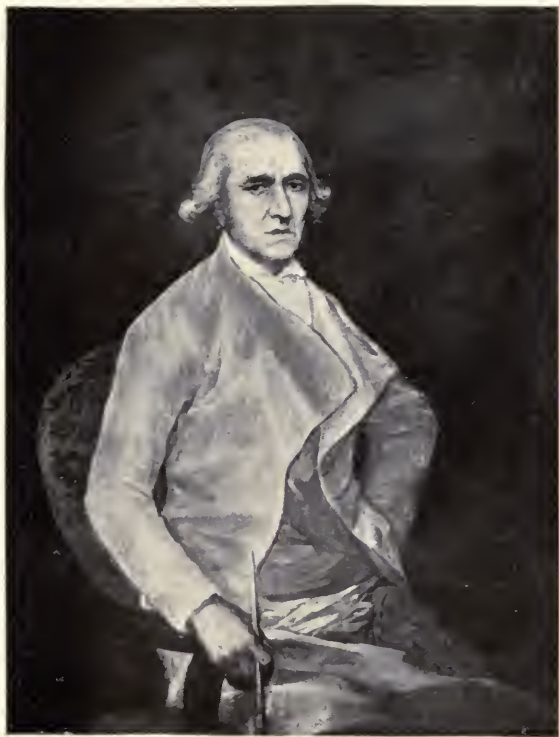


QUEEN MARIA LUISA
GOYA.



THE FAMILY OF CHARLES IV.

GOYA.



FRANCISCO BAYEU.

GOYA.



JOSEFA BAYEU.

GOYA.



SATURN DEVOURING HIS SON.

GOYA.



THE DRAPED MAJA.
GOYA.



THE NUDE MAJA.
GOYA.



TWO WOMEN LAUGHING.

GOYA.



GOYA AT THE AGE OF 80.

V. LOPEZ.



THE ANNUNCIATION
FRA ANGELICO



THE DEATH OF THE VIRGIN.
MANTEGNA.



THE VIRGIN, CHILD JESUS, AND ST. JOHN
ANDREA DEL SARTO.



LUCREZIA.
ANDREA DEL SARTO.



JESUS AND MARY MAGDALENE.

CORREGGIO.



THE VIRGIN, WITH JESUS AND ST. JOHN.

CORREGGIO.



THE HOLY FAMILY, WITH THE LAMB.

RAFAEL.



A CARDINAL.
RAFAEL.

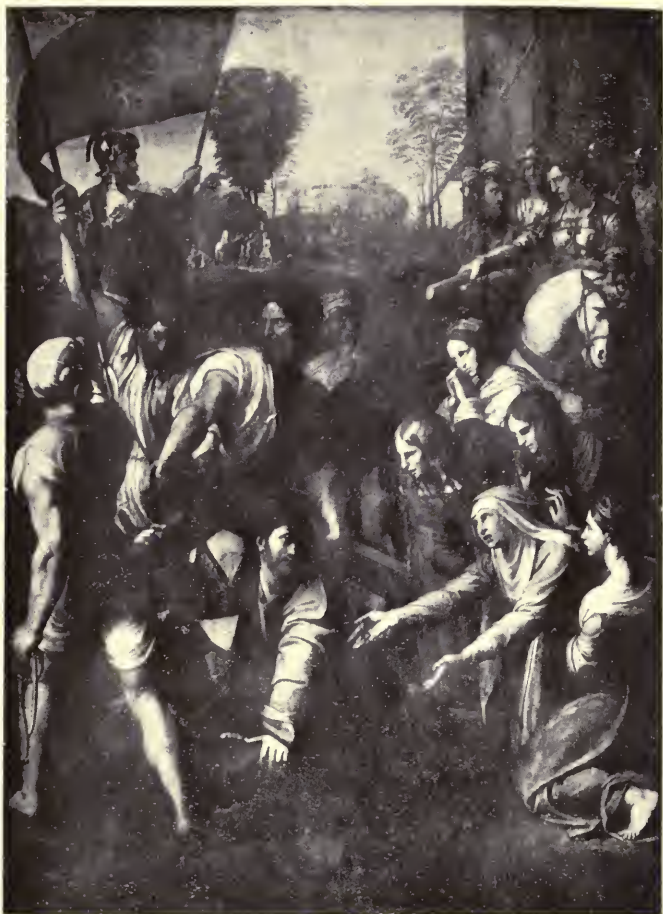


THE HOLY FAMILY OF THE LIZARD.
GIULIO ROMANO (CATALOGUED AS A RAFAEL).



THE VIRGIN DEL PEZ.

RAFAEL (DOUBTFUL).



CHRIST CARRYING THE CROSS, EL PASMO DE SICILIA.

RAFAEL. (DOUBTFUL.)



THE HOLY FAMILY (KNOWN AS LA PERLA).
RAFAEL (DOUBTFUL).



A MARRIAGE.
LOTTO.



A LADY WITH THREE CHILDREN, FORMERLY CALLED THE CONDESA
DE SAN SEGUNDO, PROBABLY RECCARDA MALASPINA,
WIFE OF LORENZO CIBO.

PARMIGIANINO.



PORTRAIT, ONCE CALLED THE CONDE DE SAN SEGUNDO, PROBABLY
LORENZO CIBO, COUSIN OF CLEMENT VII., AND
CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD.

PARMIGIANINO.



THE BIRTH OF JESUS.
BAROCCIO.



THE VIRGIN AND CHILD JESUS, WITH ST. ANTHONY AND ST. ROQUE.
GIORGIONE.



MADONNA AND CHILD, WITH ST. BRIDGET AND ST. HULPUS.

TITIAN.



THE BACCHANALS.
TITIAN.



THE GARDEN OF THE LOVES.
TITIAN.



THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.
TITIAN.



THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.
TITIAN.



KING PHILIP II.
TITIAN.



EMPRESS ISABELLA OF PORTUGAL.

TITIAN.



LA GLORIA.

TITIAN.



THE ENTOMBMENT OF CHRIST.
TITIAN.



VENUS AND ADONIS.
TITIAN.



DANAË RECEIVING THE GOLDEN SHOWER.
TITIAN.



VENUS LISTENING TO MUSIC.
TITIAN.



ORIGINAL SIN.
TITIAN.



THE BATTLE OF SEA AND LAND.
TINTORETTO.



GENERAL SEBASTIAN VENIERO.
TINTORETTO.



PORTRAIT OF A MAN.

TINTORETTO.



MOSES SAVED FROM THE WATERS OF THE NILE.
VERONESE.



CHRIST'S AGONY IN THE GARDEN OF OLIVES.

DOMINGO TIEPOLO.



CHRIST AT THE COLUMN.
DOMINGO TIEPOLO.



THE CROWN OF THORNS.
DOMINGO TIEPOLO.



THE DISROBING OF JESUS.
DOMINGO TIEPOLO.



CHRIST WITH THE CROSS.
DOMINGO TIEPOLO.



THE CRUCIFIXION.
DOMINGO TIEPOLO.



THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS.
DOMINGO TIEPOLO.



THE ENTOMBMENT OF CHRIST.
DOMINGO TIEPOLO.



THE CONCEPTION.

GIOVANNI BATTISTA TIEPOLO.



THE EUCHARIST (FRAGMENT).
GIOVANNI BATTISTA TIEPOLO.



THE CARRIAGE OF VENUS.
GIOVANNI BATTISTA TIEPOLO.



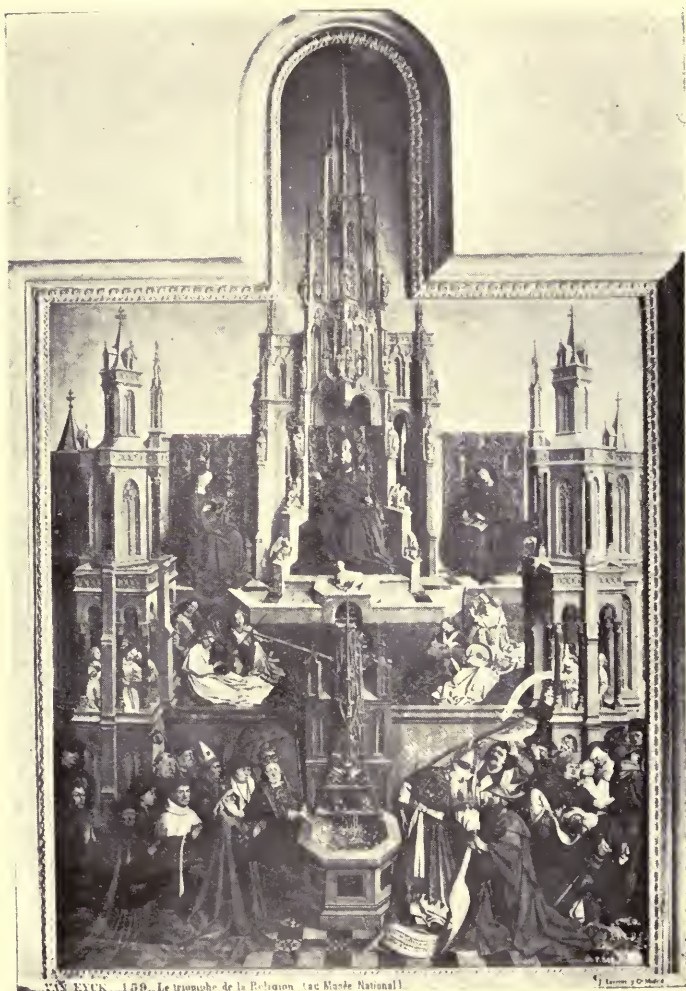
THE VIRGIN READING.
ATTRIBUTED TO JAN VAN EYCK.



A CLERIC IN PRAYER TO ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.
ATTRIBUTED TO JAN VAN EYCK.



THE SAVIOUR, THE VIRGIN, AND ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.
ATTRIBUTED TO HUBERT VAN EYCK.



THE TRIUMPH OF RELIGION.
ATTRIBUTED TO JAN VAN EYCK.



THE ADORATION OF THE KINGS (CENTRE OF TRIPTYCH).
MEMLING.



THE BIRTH OF CHRIST (RIGHT DOOR OF TRIPTYCH).
MEMLING.



THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE (LEFT DOOR OF TRIPTYCH).
MEMLING.



THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS (COPY OF PICTURE AT THE ESCORIAL).
ATTRIBUTED TO ROGIER VAN DER WEYDEN.



THE APOSTLE ST. JOHN AND FAITH.
ATTRIBUTED TO ROGIER VAN DER WEYDEN.



THE ADORATION OF THE KINGS (RETABLO IN FOUR COMPARTMENTS).
PETRUS CRISTUS.



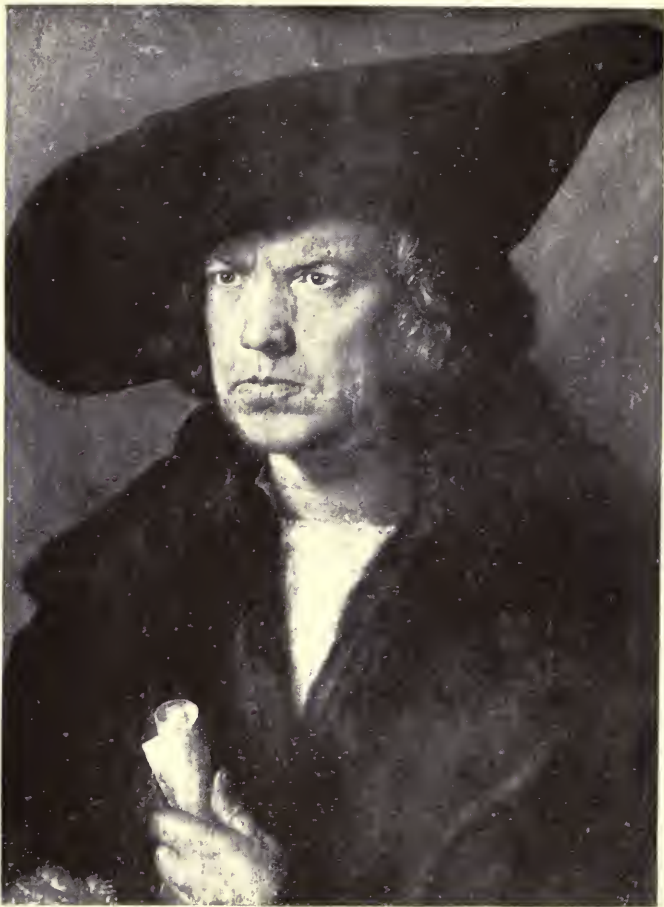
THE VISITATION: THE BIRTH OF CHRIST (RETABLO IN FOUR COMPARTMENTS).
PETRUS CRISTUS.



THE ANNUNCIATION (RETABLO IN FOUR COMPARTMENTS).
PETRUS CRISTUS.



PORTRAIT OF THE PAINTER.
DÜRER.



HANS IMHOF.
DÜRER.



PORTRAIT OF A MAN.

H. HOLBEIN.



QUEEN ARTEMISA.
REMBRANDT.



MARY, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

MORO.



PEJERÓN, BUFFOON OF THE COUNTS OF BENAVENTE.
MORO.



PHILIP II.
MORO.



A LADY (PROBABLY A ROYAL PERSONAGE).

MORO.



PORTRAIT OF A LADY.
MORO.



PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

MORO.



PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

CRONENBURCH.



A FAMILY GROUP.
JORDAENS.



THE THREE STREET MUSICIANS.
JORDAENS.



THE TEMPTATION OF ST. ANTHONY.
PATINIR.



FÊTE IN A SMALL TOWN.
TENIERS.



GALLERY OF THE ARCHDUKE LEOPOLD IN BRUSSELS.
TENIERS.



THE THREE GRACES.
RUBENS.



THE GARDEN OF LOVE.
RUBENS.



THE RONDA.
RUBENS.



MARIA DE' MEDICI.

RUBENS.



ANDROMEDA AND PERSEUS.

RUBENS.



DIANA AND CALISTO.
RUBENS.



THE HOLY FAMILY.

RUBENS.



THE KISS OF JUDAS.

VAN DYCK.



THE CROWN OF THORNS.

VAN DYCK.



THE BRAZEN SERPENT.
VAN DYCK.



THE COUNTESS OF OXFORD.
VAN DYCK.



A MUSICIAN.

VAN DYCK.



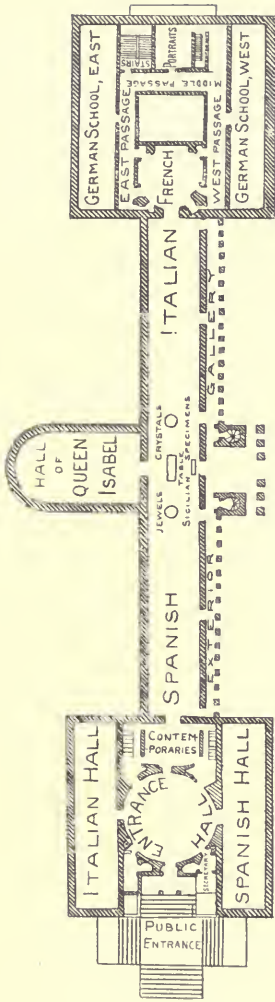
VAN DYCK AND COUNT BRISTOL.
VAN DYCK.



BETROTHAL AND RUSTIC DANCE.
WATTEAU.

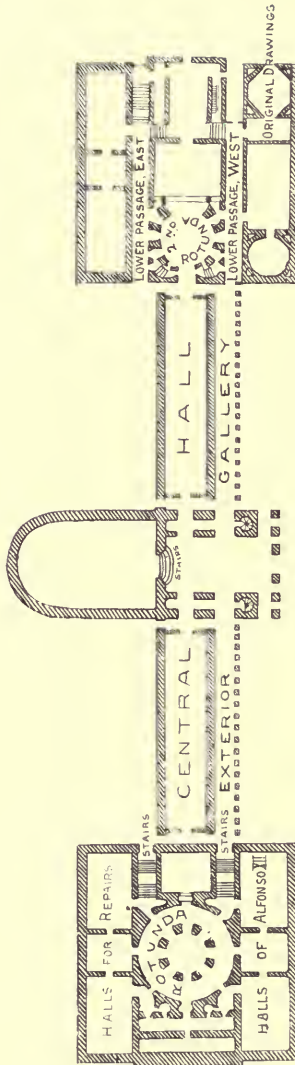


VUE DU JARDIN DE ST. CLOUD.
WATTEAU.



CHIEF PLAN

MADRID PICTURE GALLERY



LOWER PLAN

MAIRD PICTURE GALLERY





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