

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

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

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

### No. 672.—JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES.

(*Tintoretto.*)

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

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

### No. 813.—THE ENTOMBMENT. (*Titian.*)

Joseph of Aramathea and Nicodemus hold the body of the Saviour. The Virgin bends down, and with both hands supports the lifeless arm; behind is St. John; whilst an angel with uplifted hands gazes on this mystery of divine humiliation.

### No. 851.—ST. MARGARET. (*Titian.*)

*From the collection of our CHARLES I.*

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

As she grew up, her beauty attracted the notice of the Governor of Antioch, who desired to make her

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

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

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

No. 634.—SAN SEBASTIAN. (*Guido.*)

There is another beautiful picture of San Sebastian in this Gallery by Carducci, a contemporary of Guido (No. 715), well worth seeking out and comparing with No. 634.

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

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

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

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

Diocletian commanded him instantly to be seized, and

beaten to death with clubs. This order was carried out, but his body was recovered by his friends and buried in the Catacombs.

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

Carducci was a Florentine, born in 1560, and a pupil of Zuccherò, whom he accompanied to Madrid. He painted much for Philip II., who employed him at the Escorial. He died in 1610.

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

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

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

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

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

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

In the reign of Philip II. of Spain, the Turks resolved to eject the Knights from Malta. Then took place the memorable defence of the Island, organised

by their grand master, La Valette. Calling all his knights together, he told them that "The great battle was now to be fought between the Cross and the Koran," and he adjured them as "soldiers of the Cross to be ready to sacrifice their lives in defence of their holy religion." The siege lasted four months, and ended in the Turkish fleet being withdrawn.

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

No. 695.—Portrait of TITIAN, by Himself.

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

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

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

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

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

Near the centre of the Long Gallery is—

No. 685.—Equestrian Portrait of CHARLES V. (*Titian.*)

The Emperor Charles V. (Charles I. of Spain) was the son of "Crazy Jane," and grandson of Ferdinand

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

As one looks at the proud, defiant face of Charles, one recalls the words he uttered when urged to violate the safe conduct he had granted to Martin Luther—"If honour were banished from every other abode, it ought to find refuge in the breasts of kings!" Neither, in after years, would the emperor allow the tomb of Luther at Wittemberg to be destroyed, saying to those who advocated its destruction, "I fight against the living, not against the dead."

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

No. 752.—LA GLORIA. (*Titian.*)

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

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

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

On the other side of the Gallery is --

No. 854.—THE VICTORY OF LEPANTO.

(*Titian.*)

This picture is allegorical, and was painted when

Titian was ninety-one, in commemoration of the Battle of Lepanto. Philip II. is presenting his infant son to fame, after the great Naval victory in 1571, when the Turkish fleet was totally destroyed by Don John of Austria, in command of the combined fleets of the Pope, Spain, and Venice. In the foreground is a prostrate Turk, with hands bound, and turban rolling in the dust.

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

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

Don John was the illegitimate brother of Philip, and the favourite son of Charles V. The hero of Lepanto may be said to be unrepresented in this Gallery, a doubtful portrait (No. 1,737), by an unknown artist, being the sole memorial of a prince as distinguished for his personal beauty as for his chivalrous bravery. The allies encountered the Ottoman fleet at the mouth of the Gulf of Lepanto. Before giving the signal for action Don John addressed the fleet in words of glowing enthusiasm. Holding on high the Crucifix, he then knelt in prayer on the quarter deck of his ship, and at the blast of the trumpets the prince's vessel sailed forth from the centre of the line, till she lay alongside the Turkish flag ship. At sunset the standard of the Prophet no longer waved, and from that quarter-deck where at noon the crucifix had been raised aloft, the Christian fleet beheld affixed to a pole the turbaned head of the Turkish admiral. When Pope Pius V. heard of the defeat of the Infidels, he exclaimed in a transport of joy, "There was a man sent from God, and his name was John."

We come now to the celebrated Raphaels.

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

This picture was painted for a Church in Sicily, and was shipped for Palermo. The vessel foundered, but the case containing the picture was washed on shore at

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

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

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

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

On the opposite side of the Gallery is—

No. 726.—LA PERLA. (*Raphael.*)

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

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

Next to El Pasmó is hung

No. 834.—THE VISITATION. (*Raphael.*)

The name "Raphael Urbinas" is inscribed in letters of gold. The first impression of this picture is perhaps not pleasing, but wait awhile, and it will be engraven

on the memory. The Virgin, "great with child," takes with timid downcast face the extended hand of St. Elizabeth. She sees in dim vision the baptism on the banks of the Jordan, and the Heavenly host above. On her ear has fallen the voice out of the distant cloud—"This is my beloved Son"—and she bears the wondering gaze of her aged cousin with the meekness and gentleness of one who knows that "the Lord is with her."

On the other side of "El Pasma" is

No. 772.—THE HOLY FAMILY.

(*Andrea del Sarto.*)

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

No. 837.—THE SACRIFICE OF ABRAHAM.

(*Andrea del Sarto.*)

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

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

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

\* This picture is now in the Dresden Gallery.



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

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

On the left as you enter is—

No. 1607.—THE BETRAYAL. (*Van Dyck.*)

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

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

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

No. 116.—JACOB'S DREAM. (*Ribera.*)

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

Ribera was an Italian painter, though a Spaniard by birth. At sixteen he left Spain for Naples, then under

Spanish rule, and became the pupil of Caravaggio early in the seventeenth century. He is well known in Italy as Spagnaletto, or the little Spaniard.

No. 200.—Portrait of PHILIP IV.  
(*Velazquez.*)

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

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

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

We have before us the pallid face, unmeaning eye, full red lip, thin stiffly curled moustache, and the elongated chin peculiar to his race; but in this, as in all his portraits, he is stately and prince-like.\*

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

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

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

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

No. 1407.—LORD BRISTOL, English Ambassador at Madrid. (*Van Dyck.*)

No. 177.—CONDE DUQUE DE OLIVARES.

*In the "LONG GALLERY."*

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

No. 198, to which the "Handbook for Spain"\* calls attention as the portrait of

THE INFANTA MARIA,

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

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

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

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

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

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

\* "Handbook for Spain," 1869, page 43.

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

the stiff brocaded dress strained over a prodigious hoop, on which rest small white hands, but the "comeliness" we cannot see; and in spite of the high authority of Mr. Murray, the conviction is forced upon us that this is *not* the portrait of Charles's Infanta. On close examination it will be found to bear a strong resemblance to the INFANTA MARIA MARGARITA in Las Meninas, and is far more likely to be the daughter than the sister of Philip IV.\*

We turn now to No. 1407, Lord Bristol, the patron of Van Dyck, who stands beside him in this picture. A florid, full blown diplomatist, who hated Buckingham, and whom Buckingham treated with studied insolence during his stay in Madrid, cutting asunder, with his sharp tongue, the threads of the ambassador's negotiation with the Spanish court.

When Bristol was recalled by James I. to London, he was offered a Spanish dukedom by Philip IV. He declined it. Olivares then privately urged his acceptance of a large sum of money, assuring him that it should never be known in England. "Yes," replied Bristol, "one person would know of it who would be certain to reveal it to the king, and that person is the Earl of Bristol."

Let us go now in search of Olivares in the "Long Gallery."

#### No. 177.—DON GASPAR DE GUZMAN CONDE DUQUE DE OLIVARES. (*Velazquez.*)

The unscrupulous minister of Philip IV. is on horseback, thrust forward on a high crouped saddle. A red scarf over his cuirass, his back turned to the spectator, but showing in profile, under the shadow of a capacious hat, an olive face, coarse and unpleasant in expression, and a shaggy moustache. Bitter was the animosity which sprung up between the two royal favourites during Prince Charles's stay in Madrid.

Buckingham had been outduped by the crafty

\* A confirmation of this opinion is found in the "Catalogo" of 1845, where this portrait is stated to be that of the Infanta Doña Maria de Austria *hija* de Felipe IV.

Spaniard, and, openly renouncing his friendship, quitted the court with the fixed determination to put an end to the Spanish match. Charles himself, wounded in vanity, weary of his protracted courtship, and conscious that he had been made a tool in the hands of Spanish bigots, spoke out boldly at the last to Olivares. "You have broken your word with me, my lord duke, but I will not break my faith with God." Weak and wavering, driven with the wind in all else, Charles was firm in his attachment to his Church, and never swerved in heart from the reformed faith.

We return now to the Sala de Isabella.

No. 335.—LAS HILANDERAS. (*Velazquez.*)

Another Velazquez is before us: no longer court life, but that of the weaver is here set forth.

A woman is at her spinning-wheel, old and worn. A girl winds the spun wool. Other young girls are grouped around—idlers, playing with a cat. In the background a lady of the court is examining some tapestry held up for her inspection by the women of the manufactory.

No. 798.—A HOLY FAMILY. (*Raphael.*)

A miniature in size—a gem in feeling. The Infant Saviour is riding on a lamb. His tender form is upheld by the kneeling Virgin. His arms encircle the neck of the lamb, whilst with a look of child-like innocence and love He gazes up at St. Joseph.

A few steps further is—

No. 1251.—THE LIFTING UP OF THE SERPENT  
IN THE WILDERNESS. (*Rubens.*)

It is touching to observe the woman over whose eye is stealing the film of death, as she tries with struggling energy to look at the serpent of brass and live.

The great Flemish painter was forty-one years old when he came on a special mission to Philip IV. The talent of the young Velazquez was fully appreciated by

Rubens, and he at once made him his companion and guide to all the Galleries of Madrid.

The unenvious nature and sweet temper of Velazquez won his affection, and a close friendship was formed between them which it is pleasant to remember.

No. 87.—ST. PAUL AND ST. ANTHONY.  
(*Velazquez.*)

This picture gives us incidents in the lives of the two great Hermit Saints. In the third century, during the persecution of the Christians under the Emperor Decius, Paul of Thebes fled from the beautiful Egyptian city to the sandy desert of the Nile. For long years his dwelling place was a cave, his food the dates from a palm tree, his drink water from the brook, his raiment the leaves of the palm.

Anthony of Alexandria likewise fled, not from man's persecution, but through dread of the world's temptations. Having bereft himself of all his possessions, he bent his steps with staff in hand to the desert, but there was no peace for him there. Haunted by evil suggestions, tormented by a morbid imagination, it was in vain that Anthony strove to quell the anguish of his soul by fasting and mortification of the body.

But deliverance came at length. The "still small voice" fell on his inward ear, as he wept mournfully in the desert, bidding him go work in God's vineyard: and he arose and went forth to tell men of the love of the Saviour, to speak comfort to the sorrowful, and to preach peace and purity of life. Multitudes went out into the Egyptian desert to hear him, and adopted the hermit life. This life was divided between work and worship; so that they have been described "as a hive of bees; each occupant of a cell having in his hand the wax of labour, and in his mouth the honey of praise."

Then sprung there up in the heart of Anthony a fresh root of bitterness. Self-righteous thoughts assailed him; he thought no hermit in the desert was more perfect than himself; but in a dream by night, the patient endurance of the aged hermit Paul was revealed to him;