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THE COLLEGE OF WILLIAM AND MARY

VELASQUEZ AND HIS ART

A THESIS

SUBMITTED IN CANDIDACY FOR THE DEGREE OF
MASTER OF ARTS

DEPARTMENT OF MODERN LANGUAGES

by

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WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA

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VELASQUEZ AND HIS ART.

1599, 1660.

The fair city of Seville keeps a famous birthday. Within her walls on a certain day in June long ago, Spain, the old Iberia, Spain the land of tremendous contrasts, the land of rugged mountains and savage, burning, solitary plains, Spain, the land of the olive, the pomegranate, the orange and the palm; a land alike coveted and conquered by the Carthaginian, the Roman, the Goth and the Moor, each of whom left the imprint of his racial characteristics upon her people, her superstitions, her manners and her customs,-----Spain gave birth to the man who is, perhaps, the world's greatest portrait painter, Diego de Silva Velasquez-----the man who like her great writer, Cervantes, the Shakespeare of Spain, held up a magic mirror to her, in which was reflected the daily life, the chivalry, the intellect, the heart, the unique quality of her composite race! A race at once sombre, gay, haughty, genial, rugged, swave, full of shadow and of sunshine, capable of the utmost pathos and the lightest mirth, the most cruel cruelty and highest heroism; a race in which extremes met, fused and were blended into a whole----not unlike the rugged ore from the mines of her great mountains, ore, which when tempered in the furnace, was wrought into the marvellous sword----the Toledo blade! A race surely like none other on the soil of Europe, for to it the fair Goth from the frozen North gave the power of his young idealism, the Basque gave his independence and individuality, the Celt his poetic imagination, the Carthaginian his lust for wealth, the Roman his love of order, and the Moor, burning with the fiery genius of the East, made hotter and more burning still by the lurid mystery of his contact with the desert sands of centuries old Africa,----brought his intellectuality and his romance!

Such a combination made for an original people and a representative of such a people was Velasquez, a man who dared to be himself, to work out his own principles

of art!

Truly fortunate in his birthplace was Velasquez! Seville, in the province of Andalusia, in Southern Spain, picturesquely situated on the beautiful Guadalquivir, a city whose romantic history and treasures of art and architecture render it one of the most interesting places in Europe.

In the time of Velasquez Seville was at the height of its prosperity, it was known as the "pearl of Spain", it then carried on a great trade with the new world, besides being a vigorous centre of literature and art. At a time when Italy was the Mecca of the artist, it had fostered its own native school of painting; and it was indeed a happy chance for an artist to have been born in such a city!

Both Velasquez and his famous pupil Murillo sprang from this native school of painting, and the former added to it his own indomitable will, matchless genius and superb individuality, and so became "the painter's painter" of the world.

Who can tell how much his early impressions of the picturesque scenes around him may have contributed to make him the great artist, or as Sir David Wilkie, writing in 1828 called him, "the presence of a new power in art" that he became in after years! The boy Velasquez saw quaint things around him daily; even to-day the people of Seville have preserved many of the curious old customs which have tended to die out in other large cities of Spain. They continue to wear the bright colored costumes which suit well the sunny climate of Andalusia; and they are gay, witty and graceful in person and in manner. His early life in Seville must have been to Velasquez in great contrast to his later life in Madrid, for there he met with a stately reserve and formality in society which are almost unknown in the land which was once under the Arab dominion, which still feels the glamour of his romantic spirit, the spirit which yet lingers round the halls of the Alcazar, the stately palace like none other in interest and mysterious beauty, save only the Alhambra of Granada.

The artists' full name was Diego Rodriguez de Silva Velasquez, though according to a common Spanish usage, he was called by his mother's name, Velasquez, he being the son of one Rodriguez de Silva, a lawyer in Seville, who was descended from a noble

Portuguese family. How distinguished is the line of the De Silvas we read in the *Hermani* of Victor Hugo, in which we are told of the long line of noble ancestry from which the De Silvas had sprung. In that wonderful scene in the portrait gallery Don Ruy Gomez, the reigning duke De Silva pauses before the picture of each ancestor and proudly recapitulates the noble deeds of his heroic sires, whose feet he tells us "rested on the heads of nobles," and whose "Heads touched the feet of kings"; and in the name of all his sires, he defies the warrior king, Charles V, to force him to yield up *Hermani*, his guest, and to break the laws of hospitality sacred to his proud race.

Palomino says of Velasquez that he was educated in the fear of God by his parents who intended him for a learned profession and that it was for this reason that he received a good training in languages and philosophy. Like the poet who is "born not made" and closely akin to him in inspiration, the boy, Velasquez early showed that he had a royal heritage and that he was "nobly dowered"---his "golden *dime* with golden stars alone" being in the fair and happy realm of art. Thus his parents recognizing his bent, placed him under the instruction of a remarkable man, the elder Herrera, to whom Velasquez probably owes more than to any other mortal. For this rugged, crabbed, old Herrera was a vigorous and effective painter and one staunch enough to disregard the seductive spirit of the day, the Circean influence of the early Italian school.

Strange to say Seville boasts no work of Velasquez; but Herrera's works are still to be seen, in them we mark the hand of a leader. Unfortunately his temper alienated his pupils and Velasquez only remained in his studio, under his nerve wracking tuition one year, although the influence of Herrera remained with his his life long.

It is thought that from this early master, Velasquez learned to use the long bristled brushes with which he seemed to float his colours on the canvas, with a touch, light and flowing that none of his successors has been able to attain and which constitutes their despair.

The next master of Velasquez was a certain Pacheco, a man learned and pedantic we are told, the author of a heavy work on the art of painting, an artist who, while

preaching the cult of Raphael to others, painted in his own fashion, a fashion in which he sometimes showed a rare freedom of handling, and a simple and direct realism which he bequeathed to his pupil. A portrait by Pacheco, showing his full power and interesting to us as throwing light on the art ancestry of Velasquez may be seen at Burlington House, where it was exhibited by the owner, Sir Frederick Cook, in 1907; for England was the first nation to take an interest in Velasquez and his teachers and to recognize his extraordinary merit. After Spain, England owns the largest share of his works; even the United States owns several.

Velasquez was for five years in the school of Pacheco, studying hard on proportion and perspective, perhaps the glamour of the,-----

"Light that never was on land or sea," brightened his path, for it was here that he, like Jacob of old, fell in love with his master's daughter, the young Jwana, a maid who afterwards became his wife.

In 1618, Velasquez and Jwana were married. It is no little praise to say of him, that both as artist and as man he was admired and beloved by his father-in-law, who claims with pride the credit of having made him.

Velasquez has left three portraits supposed to be those of Jwana. The first picture painted in the first year of their happy marriage was formerly in the possession of Lord Dudley; the second in which Jwana holds a drawing tablet is in Madrid. Outside of the royal house of Spain, there are only three portraits extant of Spanish women from the hand of the great artist and for every one of these Jwana sat. In the first picture which bears the title of the "Sybil" and which is described in the Saint Ildefonso inventory of 1774 as that of a woman in profile holding a tablet, Jwana appears as a heavy faced girl with a blunt nose and a thick chin, not pretty; but she is alive. Her chief beauty is her hair, the "glory of woman", which is black and abundant and falls to her shoulders. The third portrait which also bears by tradition the name of "Jwana de Miranda", wife of Velasquez, is that of a middle aged woman, and her large figure has lost the slender lines of girlhood. Just three por-

traits of women and all these are portraits of his wife, such was our faithful Velasquez! A man of sweet, strong harmonies; of gentleness and strength; of tenderness and truth. But Velasquez did not begin with portraits. He set himself to study the ordinary, every day things around him, evidently believing as did Goethe, who tells us,-----

"That is best which lieth nearest,
Shape from that thy work of art,"

and so he took as first models the "earthenware jars of the country people, birds, fish, fruit and flowers of the market place". He tried from the first to paint well and thoroughly what he saw, hence with deliberate purpose he painted bodegones (tavern pieces), saying that he would rather be the first painter of common things than the second in higher art. Afterwards he began to make an especial study of the human face, engaging a peasant boy for his servant and model and catching his every expression by making innumerable studies of him in charcoal and chalk.

The lad was probably the laughing boy of the Hermitage "Breakfast", or the youngest boy in the "Musicians" of the British Museum. We are told by Palomino, one of his biographers, that it was in such careful painstaking work as that that Velasquez laid the foundation broad and deep of his subsequent mastery of expression, of penetration into character, the delineation of the individual hidden life of the sitter. There is an anecdote told of Rosa Bonheur, the famous French painter, that a poor old Indian chief, who had been taken to the Exhibition in Paris, was willing to sit to her for his portrait saying that she "saw as the great master sees". Borrowing the illustration we may say that it was thus that Velasquez learned to see.

It was at this time of his life that our Velasquez painted "El Aguador" (the water carrier), which is in the Apsley house at London. In this picture he simply gropes after effects mastered later on, using a harmony of colours red, blue, and brown that remind one of his country man, Ribera.

About this time also he painted his sacred subjects "The Adoration of the Magi"

(1619) at Madrid and the "Christ and the Pilgrims of Emmaus" in Zurich, both examples of his realism. His little peasant lad, transformed into a saint, appears again in his "St. John in the Desert", and we welcome him!

It is Palomino (1653-1726), a Spanish painter and later a writer on art who gives us this interesting quotation about Velasquez's manner of painting which might well be imitated by every ambitious young artist,

"Velasquez, in his early days, took to representing with a singular fancy and notable genius, birds, beasts, fishes, fish-markets, and toppling houses, with a perfect imitation of nature, as also beautiful landscapes and figures of men and women, differences of meats and drinks, fruits of every sort and kind, all manner of furniture, house-hold goods, or any necessary articles, which poor and beggarly people and others in low life make use of, with so much strength of expression and coloring that it seems to be nature itself."

Such was the apprenticeship of the world's great painter. He won his mastery through the drudgery of simply painting bodegones, such as the "Christ in House of Martha" which hangs in the Apsley House in England.

And how by the way, did the bodegones get into the Apsley House so far from the scenes in which they were painted? Well! that belongs to history, and the story of the "Iron Duke", for here, by the chances of war, Velasquez and the old Spain of the seventeenth century touch hands with the military history of the nineteenth century of modern times, with Joseph Bonaparte, King Ferdinand VII and Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington. Just as by his birth in the same year as Vandyke in Antwerp, Velasquez touches hands with Holland and her contemporary artists, for these great old masters are world-people and belong to all the ages! Did not Columbus bridge the hemispheres for us and find again the lost Atlantis of the ancients? And did not Balboa "standing upon a peak of Darien," claim the great ocean that washes the shores of the Orient (for Spain?) They were "strong in soul" and "men of might" these

conquistadores in art as well as in adventure. We are told that the Duke of Wellington, himself, as we might say, had been doing some practice work, painting military bodegones behind the heights of Talevera in Spain, training Spanish guerillas into warriors, getting ready for the field of Waterloo, which must come two years later. It is the year 1813, the Battle of Vittoria has just been fought, the French army is fleeing and with them King Joseph Bonaparte more glad to get out of Madrid than he was to come into it. He is carrying with him in his travelling carriage the Bourbon jewels and pictures cut from their frames, rolled up and secreted under the seats. The Duke of Wellington captures the carriage, tosses the spoils of war out by the roadside, does not, however, think much of the pictures, which he says are not in any way "remarkable", and never the less, he sends them to England. When the pictures reach London they are inventoried with the intention of restoring them to Spain, but Ferdinand VII has, like the fish in the Fairy tale, "a grateful heart," and in recognition of the services of the Duke of Wellington, he presents the pictures to "the Iron Duke." They are cleaned, restored, and framed, a gallery at the Apsley House is built to contain them; and the bodegones are at rest once more and form the nucleus of the collection at Apsley House. So the "Water Carrier," the favorite picture of the artist, which he carried with him to Madrid as the best specimen of his artistic prowess at nineteen years of age, came to be in England. It is a simple subject dark and dim, a street scene in Seville, a water carrier leathery faced and stout, hands a brimming glass of water to a boy. It is a picture that at first one hardly notices, but which like all the works of Velasquez, gradually insinuates itself into favor. The Italian pictures hanging near seem illusions, but this with the light falling upon the boy's face, sparkling upon the glass of clear water which he clutches, touching the great earthen jar, and illuminating the linen sleeve revealed by the torn doublet of the water carrier, this is reality! For the values are correct!

It is said that Velasquez's motto was "Truth, not Painting" and his aim to

render,---"a unity of vision,"--that is to unify the impression which the eye received, and his efforts towards this unity of vision can be traced in all his works. In his "Adoration of the Shepherds" (National Gallery), which he painted before he moved to Madrid you are convinced that Velasquez lacked the saving sense of humor which a native of Seville should have possessed. The picture represents the Holy Family in quaint old Spanish dress, stately and cumbersome. The scene seems to be a palace and not a stable. The blessed virgin appears as a dignified matronly mother, holding upon her knee the holy child, who although so young, rigid with a purely Spanish etiquette and regal dignity, sits up as tall and straight as if he were twenty years old; he looks disapprovingly at the shepherds of whom exactly five (for one is tempted some how to count them) appear in the picture, ceremoniously offering gifts. The shepherds look so much like the dignitaries of the old world Spanish bourgeoisie that we must pity the unfortunate sheep that were in their charge. One feels sure that they must have had to stand mightily upon their "p's" and "q's" and to act in a fashion trying to "silly", simple sheep, as being more courtly than pastoral; naturally these poor sheep must have been of the breed called merinos, a stock of sheep dull of intellect, and not noted for adaptability to any customs save those inherited from their sires. But what ever they were, the shepherds had thought best to leave them, at home and outside of the religious duties on this occasion; possibly because they had no court costumes!

In 1622, Velasquez, who was eager to see more of the world, visited Madrid, carrying letters of introduction to Fonseca, who held a good position at court. Here he spent some months and painted the portrait of the poet Gongora, a commission from his father-in-law, Pacheco. There still exists a portrait by that name in Madrid, but it has been thought more probably to have been painted by **B**urbaran, as a great many of Velasquez's pictures were burnt in the various fires which have occurred in the royal palace. That Velasquez made a favorable impression in Madrid we gather from the fact that he was summoned to return by

Olivares the minister of Philip IV, who was his countryman. Next year 1624 the king gave him three hundred ducats to defray the cost of bringing his family to Madrid, which he did at once remaining there the rest of his life. It was at Madrid, also, that he was buried in the parish of St. Juan, though we are told that when the church of San Juan was destroyed by the French in 1611 his ashes were scattered to the four winds of heaven.

When Philip IV (1621-65) ascended the throne at the early age of sixteen Spain was at war with England, France, and Holland and her prestige was beginning to wane. This unfortunate prince was both weak and worthless as a king, and to him is attributed the loss of the power of Spain, though the causes reached back through the centuries, and were evidently cumulative and far beyond the ability of a really capable ruler to control even had he possessed great power.

Philip was a man of greater mental and physical energy than his father. His character, like that of all other men, was not "all of a piece", but had its lights and shadows. Austere, he was yet immoral, and from this last reason most probably resulted his gloomy temperament, since the source of happiness is in purity of heart. We are told that Philip was not seen to laugh more than three times in his life. Like Lord Chesterfield, who disapproved of laughter, he usually maintained an air of rigid solemnity in public life. Like his contemporary James I of England, he was governed by favorites and Olivares, the fellowtownsman of Velasquez, was the first of these, though it is probably ^e that he was of all the Spaniards of his time most fit to be prime minister. Olivares filled this office well as long as Philip was a boy, but unfortunately he had not the tact to resign when Philip became a man nor had Philip the strength to throw off his rule. And when in 1643 repeated disasters to the monarchy compelled the dismissal of the favorite, the king had not the moral stamina to devote himself to hard work. His intentions were good, as is proved by the existence of a treas-

lation of Guicciardini which he made with his own hand, in order to qualify himself for governing by the study of political history. Still, Philip's character was not all shadow; and we are told that among his good qualities he had inherited the art-loving propensities of his race; and since he himself was proud to be considered a poet and a painter, he encouraged all the arts. He is even thought to have had a share at least, like Cardinal Richelieu, in the composition of several comedies. In his reign the drama of Spain, encouraged by the King, who loved scenic display, reached its golden age; poets were honored, and the King's love of letters is shown by his favor of Lope de Vega, Calderon and other dramatists of the day.

Philip's artistic taste displayed itself in his patronage of Velasquez, and the best feature of his character is the fact that he was for thirty six years his faithful and attached friend, recognizing his merit and calling him "my only painter". He declared that no other artist should paint his portrait. It was by his equestrian portrait of the king, painted in 1623, that Velasquez secured admission to the royal service, with a salary of twenty ducats per month, besides medical attendance, lodgings and payment for the pictures he might paint. Philip also gave Velasquez a studio in the vast, dim, old Alcazar, and there, having kept for himself an especial chair, the king visited the artist daily. The king also showed his friendship for the painter by promoting him as fast as he could. He doubled his emoluments and increased his dignity. Velasquez was made usher of the Court also and finally apresentador, or Lord Chamberlain.

His duties were never humiliating, and they were only such as were suitable to his profession consisting of the arrangements for pageants and the designing of state properties; to all of these duties Velasquez attended with consummate skill. He was known to have said on one occasion that he never painted save for his own pleasure and that of his royal master; who treated him as the great painter of Spain. And it was Olivares, who said in praise of Velasquez, that

, he considered that the king's portrait had never been painted at all, until it was painted by him.

We are told that Charles I visited Spain in this year as Prince of Wales, and that he sent for his portrait to Velasquez; the pity of it is that the picture has disappeared, for Vandyke, who was born in the same year as Velasquez, also painted the portrait of Charles I, at a later date. How interesting it would have been to compare the two!

When other distinguished painters visited Spain, Velasquez was appointed their host, and he showed them the king's Gallery and the Escorial with all its treasures. Rubens, who had had a commission from Olivarez was one of these painters, and it was at this time that he painted the large pictures which are now shown in the Grosvenor House (London). Rubens was a very great admirer of Velasquez but he was powerless to change his style, though the Flemish painter did impress him with a desire to see Italy and the works of her mighty painter. In 1629 Philip gave Velasquez permission to visit Italy, without loss of salary, giving him besides a gift of four hundred ducats, to which Olivarez added two hundred.

Thus Philip had, at least, with all his many faults, one indispensable element of true greatness, appreciation of the greatness of others. He showed this appreciation generously by word and deed; and, due to his kindness to Velasquez, we must feel sorry for Philip himself, who had many calamities and disasters both public and private. His people had been exhausted by a hopeless struggle with Holland, France and England. In his reign Portugal revolted and regained her independence, and Naples threw off her yoke. But bitterest of all, the young prince Balthasar Carlos, the daring child horseman of Velasquez's famous picture, was led to evil courses and from them died young! Philip too died and, as it is said, of a broken heart, expressing the wish that his second son, Don Carlos, would be more fortunate than himself! I feel about Philip that he was sinned against by his forebears, like poor old James I of England, who gave us the Bible in our own tongue, who even if he were a "bookful blockhead", conferred a boon upon the race; so with Philip, who gave the world of art Velasquez! He must have had at least, a spark of the deathless fire of genius, for he appreciated genius and fanned

Velasquez's flame! In the mysterious ways of Providence, even the poor blockheads have, their work and nothing lives in vain!

When Velasquez paid his first visit to Italy he sailed from Barcelona in company with the Marquis de Spinola, the conqueror of Breda, who was then on his way to take command of the Spanish troops at that point. In after years Velasquez painted one of his most famous pictures an historical work, the "Surrender of Breda", often known as "Las Lanzas" in which Spinola is depicted accepting the keys of Breda from the vanquished Justin of Nassau, the commander of the Dutch Troops. The picture is fine both in conception and in execution and it was during this voyage that Velasquez must have heard the details of the surrender and made for it the sketch of the head of Spinola. "Las Lanzas" shows the perfection of the work of Velasquez as a colorist, as well as of the "master of unities".

Velasquez was abroad until 1681, visiting Venice, where he made copies of the "Crucifixion" and the "Last Supper" of Tintoretto as presents to the king, and in Rome, where he copied the pictures of Michael Angelo and Raphael. Here, too, he painted his own "Forge of Vulcan" and "Joseph's Coat" which are now in the Escorial. But though Velasquez painted these pictures in Italy, they show no Italian influence, the painter remained true to himself. In Rome he painted two beautiful landscapes of the gardens of the Villa Medici showing himself a master of the landscape art. Then after working for a while with his countryman, Ribera, at Naples he returned to Madrid.

Upon Velasquez's return to Madrid he seems to have devoted himself to portrait painting. He was now coming to his second manner of painting, and his coloring was warm and bright; light and air pervading every corner. It was now that he painted the first of the many portraits of Balthasar Carlos, the young prince, his father's idol, who was fated to die a sad and early death. Both the king and the prince were noted horsemen and in this first picture the young prince is caracoling on a prancing steed. The figure of the boy reigning in his white nosed pony is superbly placed and drawn. One feels the truth of the saying that after his father he was the best horseman in

Spain! The gripping of the boy's hand on the bridle rein, the intelligent eye of the horse, the wonderful lights and shadows of the picture, all show the master's hand. For Velasquez as at once the Rembrandt and the Landseer of Spain! This picture is now in the Grosvenor House in London.

Olivarez was the early and constant patron of the painter, and in return the artist has left us two portraits of the powerful minister painted with surpassing excellence, an excellence which well repays the debt of gratitude he owed to his first friend at Court. Again, we may remark, in passing, that here the painter showed his capacity for friendship, for he stood staunchly by Olivarez without regard to the fear of incurring the anger of the jealous Philip. However, Philip, faithful in few things, was faithful to Velasquez to the very end. The king never wearied of standing for his portrait, and Velasquez painted him in many attitudes, as a huntsman with his dogs; as a warrior in command of his troops; and even on his knees at prayer, the king's face wearing always the same dull uninterested look. In all forty portraits of the king! There are portraits, too, of Philip's wife, Isabella of Bourbon, and her children, but besides the royal family and Velasquez and wife, Juana, there are no portraits of women. This is probably due to the Spanish feeling of reserve about their women; queens and infantes may be painted, but ladies rarely. Dwarfs and buffons he often painted, and "seeing as the great Father" saw, he treated them kindly just as he did the dumb animals. He looked below the surface and saw the pathetic yearning for expression; he saw and understood thus his pictures live---touch hearts!

Charles Whilby in the "Tercentenary of Velasquez" says----

"When you look at the great works of the great Italians, you feel that they were painted; when you gaze at the master pieces of Velasquez you only know that he saw. In other words, his portraits are not so much pictures as veritable personages, but personages purged of failure and stupidity, personages set in such an atmosphere as only a clairvoyant could imagine, and posed with a dignity only possible to a great master of the ceremonies."

I quote from the same writer another interesting passage concerning the portrait which Velasquez painted of himself---

"Velasquez's own portrait which he painted several times reveals to us a true Spaniard of rare intelligence and native aristocracy. Spanish in dignity, Spanish in pride, Spanish in reserve---such was Velasquez; and this impression, suggested by our own scanty knowledge, is heightened by his familiar aspect. The hair brushed wide over his ears, the noble forehead, the strongly marked eyebrows, the arrogant mouth these were the tokens of a hero rarely endowed, a man whom we may worship with humility----who after three centuries still confers glory upon his father-land, and wins for a country humiliat-ed in war, the constant respect of the whole world."

Velasquez's success in portraiture, after his power to see, "lay in his ability to seize a speaking likeness." He was no servile imitator; "his supreme talent was largely self-formed." He was independent, and, like Cervantes, "he was racy of the soil." In him was the culmination of many varied influences, the flower of far reaching thought.

Some of the most beautiful and touching portraits which Velasquez painted are those of little children. There is an ineffable something in the faces of the children that he painted that makes us feel,----

"That with trailing clouds of glory do we come

From God who is our home:

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy!"

For something of the light of the "imperial palace" is still about them, and we recall the little child of Galilee whom Christ set in the midst of the disciples, saying, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

Had Velasquez not painted portraits in such a rare and unique way, his fame might well have rested on his painting of animals. In the picture of Prince Prosper, the boy's pet dog is lying in the arm chair beside him with his tiny dog chin resting on the arm of the chair, and looking upon the expression of wonderful love with which the dog eyes

his little master, you feel the great heart of the painter beating in sympathy with the deep pathos of nature " in all her visible forms".

Philip had long wished to found an academy of art in Spain, which, though rich in pictures, was weak in statuary. In 1649 he sent Velasquez to Italy to make purchases. Velasquez remained in Italy until 1651, when Philip grew so weary of his absence that he recalled him. He returned bringing with him many pictures, Titians, Timoreetos and Veroneses, and three hundred pieces of statuary, which he afterwards arranged and catalogued for the king. But unfortunately the Spanish church did not approve of undraped sculpture, and Velasquez's work was all in vain, for after Philip's death, the statuary gradually disappeared we know not whither!

While Velasquez was in Italy he painted two portraits of the Duke of Modena which are now in the Dresden gallery, and his famous portrait of the pope, Innocent X, in the Doria palace at Rome. Sir Joshua Reynolds pronounced this picture to be the finest picture in Rome, and the pope was so pleased with it that he presented the artist with a medal and gold chain. Velasquez had now reached his third style----the power of representing what he saw by simpler means and with more absolute truth, what the Spaniards call the manera abreviada. At Rome he painted also his negro slave Pareja, whom he had taught to be a good painter. This is probably the picture in the Radnor collection.

In 1644, Isabella of Bourbon, the King's first queen, had died, and the king had married Mariana of Austria, who had been the betrothed of the dead prince, Bathasar Carlos. Velasquez painted the portrait of this princess many times. He was now chosen by the king, apostador major, an office which imposed upon him the duty of looking after the quarters occupied by the court whether at home or in their journeys--a very responsible function and one which was later the cause of his death. Yet in spite of his many duties at this time he painted many pictures and they are among the highest examples of his work. One of the most famous pictures of this period is *Las Meniñas* (The Maids of Honour) now in the Madrid gallery, paint-

ed in 1656. It represents Margarita Maria, the eldest daughter, of the new queen, In this picture Velasquez painted a portrait of himself standing at his easel, which is the very finest portrait that we have of the great painter, for it represents him with a face of much dignity, power and sweetness, a face unruffled by care. The picture Las Meniñas is wonderful from its beautiful execution, but the true portrait of Velasquez makes it even more valuable still. It was for this picture that Velasquez received the red cross of Santiago which he wears in the portrait, and it is said to have been added later by the hand of the king himself.

In 1660, a treaty of peace was made between France and Spain. This treat was consummated by the marriage of the Infanta ~~Maria~~ Maria Theresa, daughter of Philip's first wife Isabella of Bourbon to Louis XIV. The spot chosen for the marriage ceremony was the Isle of Pheasants, or Isle of Conference, in the Bidassoa River, between France and Spain. This island, at that time, was 500 feet long and 70 feet broad, but has now shrunk to a tiny sand patch. As aposentador, Velasquez was charged with the decoration of the Spanish pavilion and scenic display. It was summer and the island was swampy. The festivities of the marriage caused Velasquez seventy two days of labor. When he returned to Madrid he was stricken with fever, and on the 6th of August 1660, he died, in the full possession of his powers, as all would die----" a sudden undecaying death." He was buried in the Fuensalida vault in the church of St. John, and within eight days ~~Jvana~~ his wife, was laid beside him. This church was destroyed by the French in 1811.

In the archives of Simancas there is a document relating to the salary of Velasquez as Palace ~~M~~ Marshall, and on the margin is written in the hand writing of Philip IV "Quedo adbatido" ("I am over come"), so we see the Philip grieved for the loss of the friend who had made him and his family, his court, and his reign, famous by the paintings that he left hanging on the walls of the palace.

Then for a hundred years Velasquez was forgotten. For another hundred years he was sometimes remembered. There was a fire in the palace in 1734 and some of his works were burnt and the titles of others were forgotten or mislaid; and like the princess in the fairy tale, the fame of Velasquez soundly slumbered. It slept, it slept quietly, but it was not dead, Spain was little visited at that time, and Raphael was king in the world of art. Sir Joshua Reynolds alone of Englishmen of that date spoke of Velasquez, but what he ^{said} was telling!

"What we are all attempting to do with great labor Velasquez does at once."

Rabens had praised the modesty of Velasquez. He had simply done his duty: he had never sought fame and now his fame waited---

"All things come to those who know how to wait."

The world grew gradually up to Velasquez, until to-day he is accounted the first painter in the world, as Henri Regnault, writing from Madrid in 1868, described him. For a long time there was only the world of those ignorant of Art around his works, but but finally the day came when there were painters to see him, and by the painters he was reinstated!!

Well nigh forgotten for two hundred years, toward the end of the nineteenth century, he became one of a great triumverate.

Rembrandt, Titian and Velasquez":

Elizabeth Barrett Browning says that----

"Every common ~~Man's~~ ^{Bush's} affair with God,

But only he who sees takes off his shoes."

Thus "pure in heart" to catch the vision, like Moses, the great seer of Israel, so Velasquez, the Spanish painter, saw!----

Saw, toiled patiently, endured quietly, waited faithfully and achieved immortality!

VELASQUEZ AND HIS ART

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