**Zurbaran**

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I

LONG ago, in the dim past of the thirteenth century, when Alfonso the Wise was King of Castile, some herds­men were guarding their cattle near a place called Halia in Estremadura. One of them missed a cow that belonged to him and went to look for her, but after vainly ranging the plain for three days, he thought it well to pursue his search in the mountains, and there, not far from the River Guadalupe, he found her lying dead in a great grove of oak trees. He was surprised that the wolves had not mangled the carcase, and bewildered when he found no wound or injury to account for the creature’s death. To make the best of a bad job, he took out his knife to skin it and, as the custom was, began by making two cuts on the chest in the form of a cross; upon which the cow rose to her feet, and the herdsman, terror-stricken, started away from her. As he did so Our Lady St. Mary the Virgin appeared to him and spoke as follows:

‘Have no fear, for I am the Mother of God, through whom the race of mankind was redeemed. Take your cow and put her with the others, for from her you will get many more in memory of the apparition which you now see. And when you have put her with the others, go back to your dwelling-place and tell the priests and the people there to come to this place where I have appeared to you, and let them dig and they will find an image of me.’

The Blessed Virgin vanished from his sight, and the herdsman took his cow and put her with the others and told his companions what had happened to him. They jeered, but he answered and said:

‘My friends, do not believe what I say, but believe the sign on the chest of the cow.’

Then they, seeing the sign in the form of a cross, believed him. He left them to return to his village, and as he went told whomsoever he met of the strange thing that had occurred to him. The cowherd was a native of Caceres, where he had a wife and children, and when he came to his house he found his wife weeping because her son was dead, whereupon he said:

‘Do not be troubled nor weep, for I promise him to St. Mary of Guadalupe if she will restore him to me alive and well, and I will give him to be the servant of her house.’

And at that moment the boy rose, alive and well, and said to his father:

‘Father, get ready, and let us go to St. Mary of Guadalupe.’

They that were there were amazed and believed all that the cowherd told them of the apparition of Our Lady. Then he went to the priests and said to them:

‘Gentlemen, know that St. Mary the Virgin appeared to me in the mountains near the River Guadalupe; and she bade me tell you to go to that place and dig there, and you would find an image of her, and that you should take it from there and build her a house. And she told me further that those who were in charge of her house should give food once a day to all of the poor who came to it. And she told me further that she would make many people come to her house from many countries on account of the many miracles she would perform all over the world both on sea and on land. And she told me further that there, on that great mountain, she would cause a town to be built.’

No sooner had the priests, and others, heard these things than they betook themselves to the place where Our Lady had appeared, and when they got there they dug and found a cave like a sepulchre and they took the image of Our Lady which was there, and they built a little house of dry stones and of green wood for her, and they roofed it with cork because in that district there were many cork trees. Then the sick, suffering from various ills, came to that spot, and when they prayed to the image of Our Lady they were healed; and they returned to their own countries praising God and his blessed Mother for the great marvels and miracles she had performed. And the cowherd remained with his wife and children as guardian of the shrine, and his descendants as servitors of St. Mary the Virgin.

The attentive reader will have noticed that the cow­herd, when he came to tell his story to the priests, some­what enlarged upon the instructions which tire Blessed Virgin had given him, and thus secured for himself a position of honour and perhaps of profit. The inhabi­tants of Estremadura have the reputation in Spain of being as canny as they are adventurous.

Notwithstanding that the sanctuary was in a wild and almost inaccessible place pilgrims came from afar off to do reverence to the image on account of the miracles and marvels which by means of it St. Mary performed. In course of time the little sanctuary fell into decay, and Alfonso XI, grandson of Alfonso the Wise, built in its place a great church so that all who came might find room to worship. At about this time he fought a desperate battle with the Moors, and in danger of defeat placed his cause in the hands of St. Mary of Guadalupe, who thereupon granted him a glorious victory. From then on, the Kings of Castile, and afterwards the Kings of Spain, showed great devotion to the sanctuary. They endowed it with lands, as also did private persons, and gradually it acquired great wealth. Houses were built for the priests, hospitals for the sick, dormitories for the pilgrims; and since their needs had to be provided for, Jews and Moors, in whose hands trade then was, lured by the prospect of gain, settled in the town which was built to accommodate diem. Guadalupe underwent various vicissitudes, for its vast estates, its immense herds, the privileges which had been accorded it, excited the jealousy of neighbouring feudal lords, lay and ecclesiastic, and more than once it had to resist the assault of armed bands. Notwithstanding, by means of pious donations and die ability of its priors, its wealth increased. Towards the end of the fourteenth century the monks of the order of St. Jerome were charged with its custody and administration. Succeed­ing priors erected buildings of great splendour and spent enormous sums on their decoration. Kings continued to visit and befriend it. Christopher Columbus before his first journey went there to ask for the protection of the Blessed Virgin; later, Cortez, Pizarro and Balboa, all natives of Estremadura, went to thank Our Lady for the favours she had conferred upon them.

Now, early in the thirties of the seventeenth century, Philip IV being then King of Spain, Fray Diego de Montalvo, the prior, decided to build a sacristy more magnificent than any in Spain, and he engaged a painter called Francisco de Zurbaran to paint pictures to adorn its walls. He chose him doubtless because he had already won reputation for his paintings of monks, especially those who wore a white habit, as did those of St. Jerome, and perhaps also because he was a native of Estremadura. He was born in fact in a tiny village called Fuente de Cantos not very far from Guadalupe.

The date of Zurbaran’s birth is unknown, but his certificate of baptism still exists, and this is dated November the seventh, 1598. His father was a peasant in easy circumstances and, like the peasant in Fuente de Cantos to this day, had, it may be supposed, a two- storey house in the village street, with unglazed windows, and he kept his cow and his pigs, his goats and his donkey on the ground floor, and lived in the upper one. While he attended to his land, the boy of a morning led the livestock to the pasture, and it is related that one day, when he was but twelve, some gentlemen who were hunting saw him drawing on the trunks of trees with a piece of charcoal, and struck by his cleverness took him to Seville. But stories more or less similar have been told of various painters, of

Giotto among others, and are merely an expression of the surprise laymen must feel when they discover talent in someone whose birth and antecedents give no reason for it. Talent is a mysterious gift of nature for which there is no accounting.

The story told of Zurbaran cannot be true, since there is a document extant which proves that he did not go to Seville till he was between fifteen and sixteen. This is an agreement, signed by his father towards the end of 1613, whereby he apprenticed his son for three years to a certain Pedro Diaz de Villanueva, who is described as an *imaginero,* a maker of images, and who by affixing his signature to the document early in January undertook to teach Francisco de Zurbaran his art such as he knew it without concealing anything from him, for which he was to receive sixteen ducats, half payable at once and the other half at the end of eighteen months. The ducat was worth about ten shillings, but ten shillings then was equivalent to five pounds or more today, so that the total sum paid would amount now to something between eighty and a hundred pounds. The agreement stipulated that for this the image-maker should provide his apprentice with board and lodging and pay for his treatment in sickness so long as this did not last longer than two weeks, in which case the expense was to be borne by the boy’s father. His father was besides to provide him with clothes and foot-wear. A further condition was that if‘the said Francisco’ during the three years of his apprenticeship chose to work on feast-days and holidays his earnings should belong to him.

Some surprise has been occasioned by the fact that the lad should have been apprenticed not to one of the famous painters who were then living in Seville, but to an image-maker of so little repute that nothing is known of him but that he was Zurbaran’s master. I should have thought the explanation was simple. It is true that the image-makers were often painters as well, Alonso Cano, for instance, was as highly esteemed for his polychrome statues as for his paintings, and though Pedro Diaz de Villanueva was chiefly occupied in carving the images, large and small, which were not only placed in churches but were also sought after by the laity for their private devotions, it is likely enough that he painted pictures; but if so, not one has survived. Francisco de Herrera, Juan del Castillo and Juan de las Roclas, who had studied with Titian, were at this time well-known teachers in Seville, and their paintings were highly thought of; it is not unreasonable to suppose that they would have refused to take a pupil for the modest sum Zurbaran’s peasant father was prepared to pay. If he apprenticed the boy to an insignificant artisan it is surely because he was cheap.

The most interesting thing we know about the three years of Zurbaran’s apprenticeship is that he became friends with Velasquez, who was studying with Herrera el Viejo. For long the influence of the Italian schools had been paramount, in Spain, but about this time the paintings of Ribera began to be known, and because they appealed to marked idiosyncrasies of the Spanish character grew popular. Ribera was a Spaniard, but at an early age, after studying for some time with Ribalta at Valencia, he made his way to Rome. There he worked with Caravaggio, the head of the naturalistic school and a master of chiaroscuro. The violent contrasts of light and shade, the dramatic power, the sombre tones with which Ribera painted gruesome scenes of martyrdom were very much to the taste not only of the public, but also of the young painters who were impatient of the conventionality of masters who were still practising an art that had lost its savour. So great, indeed, was Ribera’s influence on the young Velasquez and on the young Zurbaran that several of their early pictures have at various times been ascribed first to one and then to the other. For example, the *Adoration of the Shepherds* in the National Gallery, long considered to be by Velasquez, is now Attributed to Zurbaran.

The Church frowned on the use in schools of the nude model, so the student, as exercises to prepare himself to paint the human figure, which was then the artist’s only subject-matter, painted still-lifes and flower- pieces, but anything of the kind Zurbaran may have produced during this period has perished, and his first extant painting is an Immaculate Conception dated 1616. He was then eighteen. It is a hard, careful portrait of a young girl standing in space on the heads of eight cherubs, and it owes its composition very obviously to Italian influence. At about the same time he must have painted the *Virgin as a Child in Prayer,* for he has used the same homely, fat-faced wench as a model.

II

Zurbaran lived obscurely, and little can be told of him that is more than conjecture. That is not to be wondered at, for there is of necessity a great deal of monotonous regularity in a painter’s life. His occupa­tion is physically exhausting, and after his day’s work is done he is unlikely to have much inclination to indulge in the kind of adventures that provide matter for a biographer. In Zurbaran’s time a painter did not, as now, paint pictures because he had a mind to and trust to finding a patron to buy them; he had no money to buy colours and canvases, the appurtenances of his art, and painted on commission. His social position was humble, on a level with the goldsmith’s and silversmith’s, the cabinet-maker’s and the book­binder’s. He was a craftsman who led a modest and straitened life, and no one thought it worth his while to record its vicissitudes. If he had love-affairs they were no one’s business but his own, and his comings and goings were of little interest to anyone but himself. But when an artist has won fame the world is curious to know what sort of man he was; it is hard to believe that someone who has produced work of a rare and original quality should have been to all seeming a very ordinary person whose life was no more exciting than a bank-clerk’s. It happens then that legends arise and though there is no evidence for them they may so accord with the instinctive impression his work furnishes, or, if there are portraits of him, with the look of him, as to have a certain plausibility.

So it has happened with Zurbaran. The story goes that before he left Fuente de Cantos, never to return, he drew a vicious caricature of a gentleman of property who lived there. This gentleman, named Silverio de Luerca, on hearing of it, went to the boy’s house and asked for him. His father told him that he had gone away, but refused to say where he was, upon which the incensed young man hit him so violent a blow on the head that within five days he died of it. Luerca fled to Madrid, where owing to influential friends he escaped the consequences of his crime, and in course of time came to occupy posts of some importance under Philip IV. Many years passed. Zurbaran went to Madrid, either because he had work to do there or because he was looking for work, and one night orchis way home he came across two men who were taking leave of one another. One said: ‘Good night, Luerca, see you tomorrow’; and walked away. Zurbaran went up to the man who had been thus addressed and asked him: ‘Are you by chance Don Silverio de Luerca, a native of Fuente de Cantos?’

‘I am.’

‘Then draw your sword, for the blood of my father cries out for blood, and his life demands yours. I am Francisco de Zurbaran.’

They fought. The conflict was brief. Silverio de Luerca fell to the ground crying: ‘I am a dead man,’ and Zurbaran fled from the scene.

The story is certainly characteristic of the period, when the point of honour was an obsession with the Spaniards and everyone, not only gentlemen and soldiers, but haberdashers and lackeys, carried a sword and was quick to resent affront. There is in the gallery at Brunswick a portrait, said to be of Zurbaran, which gives a certain likelihood to the legend. It is that of a man of a swarthy complexion, with a head of untidy black hair, a black moustache and a black goatee, dark eyes and a stern, harsh look. You would not have said that this was a man to forget or to forgive an injury. There is in Madrid a drawing which is also presumed to be a portrait of Zurbaran, but when he was much older. The hair is thin and white, the expression mild. In neither case, however, are there better grounds for the ascription than that it has for a long time been made. He is said to have painted himself in one or other of his large compositions, in the great *Apotheosis of St. Thomas Aquinas,* for instance, and in the picture at Guadalupe of Henry III offering a bishopric to the prior. This again is mere guess­work.

But there is a small picture, recently acquired by the Prado, which one must be of a very sceptical temper not to accept as an authentic portrait of the artist in his old age. It is entitled *Jesus Christ with St. Luke in the guise of a painter.* Christ is on the Cross, and standing by his side, with a palette on his thumb and brushes in his fingers, is a painter. He is thin and worn, with a great Adam’s apple protruding from his skinny neck, bald except at the back of his head, from which lank grey locks hang to his shoulders. He has the same high cheek-bones as in the Brunswick picture, but the cheeks are sunken; he has a bold, hooked nose, a long upper lip and a somewhat receding chin partly concealed by a sparse and straggling beard. He wears a loose brown smock such as Zurbaran or any painter today might wear to paint in. It is the portrait of a man broken by the years, by poverty, neglect and disappointment. His right hand is pressed to his heart and he looks up at his dying Lord with the humble, pathetic adoration of a dog unjustly beaten.

After finishing his apprenticeship Zurbaran seems to have gone to Llerena, a prosperous town in Estrema­dura not far from his birthplace, and there, according to Dona Maria Luisa Caturla, who has spent laborious years in a study of the artist’s life and works, he married a certain Maria Paez. Her father had a large family and was by calling a gelder. Zurbaran was then eighteen and his wife some years older. Since the marriage brought him neither cash nor credit it must be supposed that it was a love match. A son was born to the couple in 1620 and a daughter in 1623. Maria Paez appears to have died about then, perhaps in child­birth, and in 1625 Zurbaran married Beatriz de Morales, a widow, who was a native of Llerena, and, again according to Dona Maria Luisa Caturla, hard on forty years of age. It is curious that he should twice have married women much older than himself. Beatriz de Morales bore him a daughter. She died in 1639 and five years later he married Dona Leonor de Tordesas, a widow of twenty-eight and the daughter of a gold­smith. By her he had no less than six children.

Strangely enough, with the exception of the two pictures I have mentioned, there is no trace of any of Zurbaran’s paintings for something like eight years after he went to Llerena; yet he must have been slowly acquiring a reputation, for in 1624 he was commissioned to execute nine large compositions dealing with the life of St. Peter for the cathedral of Seville. This done, he went back to Llerena and is supposed to have spent two or three years more there; he was then invited by the monks of a convent in Seville to return to the city to paint for their new cloister a series of pictures con­cerned with the life of St. Peter Nolasco. He agreed to do this and after finishing his task he painted a Cruci­fixion for the convent of St. Paul. These works excited so much admiration that a petition was presented to the town council by certain gentlemen praying that ‘in view of the consummate art he had shown in these productions, and taking for granted that painting is not the least ornament of the state,’ he should be solicited to take up his residence in Seville, ‘if not on a salary or with a contribution to his expenses, at least in language that would gratify him, since such an approach would effect the purpose.’ The town council, having considered the matter, charged the author of the petition, Don Rodrigo Suarez, to inform Zurbaran ‘how much the city desired that he should dwell there on account of the favourable opinions they had formed of him, and the city would take care to favour him, and to assist him on all occasions that presented them­selves.’ Zurbaran accepted the flattering invitation and, as a statement he made later indicates, sent to Llerena for his wife and children.

But this was not the end of the matter. The local painters were incensed that one whom, since he came from Estremadura, they looked upon as a foreigner should be settled among them in such an honourable way. Since for the most part the only commissions to be secured were to paint for churches and convents, the market was limited, and the competition of a stranger was resented. Alonso Cano presented another petition to the council protesting against the resolution they had passed and calling upon them to have Zurbaran inter­rogated to determine his qualifications. The town council seem to have been strangely amenable to petitions, for they agreed that what Alonso Cano asked was reason­able, and to Zurbaran’s indignation the heads of the painters’ union (for so I translate *alcaldes pintores),* sup­ported by other members of the craft, with a scrivener and a policeman to accredit their authority, forthwith went to inform him that he must within three days submit to examination. He immediately called the council’s atten­tion to the fact that they themselves had invited him to stay in Seville on account of his eminence as a painter and for the glory of the city, whereupon at great personal inconvenience he had transferred his residence from Llerena to Seville, and he requested them therefore to declare that he was under no obligation to comply with so insulting a demand. It may be presumed that the town council saw the justice of his claim, for he remained in Seville, and continued to execute the numerous com­missions he received from all parts of the peninsula.

In 1634 he was bidden to Madrid by Velasquez at the order of Philip IV to paint pictures for the palace called El Buen Retiro which the favourite, the Count- Duke of Olivares, was building to divert the King’s attention from the unhappy condition of the country and the disastrous wars with Holland, France and England, for all of which the obstinate folly of the

Count-Duke was responsible. Velasquez had been settled in Madrid for some years. At that time if an artist did not paint religious pictures he could only make a living by painting portraits, and since such money as there was in Spain was to be found at Court, it was by repairing thither that the portrait-painter was most likely to meet with patrons. It is possible that Velasquez was unable to get commissions for religious pictures in his birthplace, where, as is shown by the efforts made by the painters of Seville to drive Zurbaran from the city, the competition was keen, or it may be that his astute father-in-law, Pacheco, saw that his great gifts would better serve him in Madrid; the fact remains that he went there, and there, as we know, he soon gained the King’s favour and so entered upon his triumphal career. The commission offered to Zurbaran was to paint a series of canvases illustrating the labours of Hercules. I shall have something to say about them later; here I will only relate a charming anecdote that has come down to us. He had been given the honorary title of the King’s Painter, either for the work he was then engaged on or for the decoration of a boat which the nobles of Seville had presented to Philip so that he might take his ease in it on the placid waters of the pleasure-grounds which surrounded his new palace. One day, having finished one of these pictures, he affixed his signature: Francisco de Zurbaran, the King’s Painter. Someone touched him on the shoulder. He turned round and saw a gentleman in black standing behind him. a gentleman with long fair hair, a long pale face, pale blue eyes, and a long chin. It was the King. With a smile His Majesty of Spain, with the courtesy for which he was famous, pointed to the signature and said: ‘The King’s Painter and the Painters’ King.’

The compliment was gracious, but does not appear to have been followed by the offer of further employ­ment, for when Zurbaran had executed this com­mission he returned to Seville. He painted then for the Charterhouse at Jerez de la Frontera the fine pictures which are now in the museum at Cadiz. In 1638 he went to Guadalupe. Of the work he did there I shall also have something to say presently.

Zurbaran was paid small sums for his paintings and with a large family to support he can have had little chance to save money. Merely to pay his way he needed constant orders. The artist depends on the favour of the public. He spends years learning his craft and developing the personality which will give the peculiar tang to his work which is his originality; and it may be long then before he assembles a sufficient number of patrons to provide him with means adequate to his needs. But too often it happens that though he is still in full possession of his talent a younger man appears on the scene who has something new to offer which, even if inferior in quality, by the attraction of its novelty captures the fickle fancy of the public. What pleased before pleases no longer. This is what befell Zurbaran. People grew tired of the sort of pictures he painted and turned eagerly to the productions of a man still in his twenties who was supplying them with some­thing that appealed to their emotions as perhaps the honest, sober work of Zurbaran had never done— Murillo. He was facile and graceful, his colour was rich and harmonious, and about the time of Zurbaran’s third marriage, when he had adopted what is known as his ‘warm’ style, he was the most popular painter in Seville. He combined realism with sentimentality and so responded to two marked traits of the Spanish character. Zurbaran received fewer and fewer com­missions. He docs not seem to have signed a single picture between 1639 and 1659, and one can only suppose that if he painted any he did not think them important enough to affix his signature to them. In 1651 he went once more to Madrid, perhaps to see Velasquez, who had just returned from his second visit to Italy, and through whose influence, it may be, he hoped to get another commission from the King; but if this was his object, he failed, and shortly afterwards he went back to Seville. Things seem to have gone from bad to worse, for in 1656, because he had not paid the rent of his house for a year, his effects were seized and put up at auction; but so wretched were they that not a single bid was made.

Two years later he went to Madrid again, but this time for good, and so far as anyone knows he spent the rest of his life there. He was then sixty. He was old to attempt a new manner. Such communication as an artist has to make is primarily to his contemporaries. He may have curious and unusual things to tell them, but he speaks to them in the idiom of his day. Another generation adopts another idiom. There is one thing that is fairly certain, an artist can only develop on the lines which nature has marked out for him, his mode of expression is of the essence of his personality and the attempt to assume a new one is futile. If the language he speaks is no longer understood he must be content to remain silent and trust to the amends which time may have in store for him. Time sifts the significant from the trivial. Posterity is unconcerned with the fashions of a bygone era; it chooses from the mass of material that has come down it what responds to its immediate needs.

But Zurbaran had to live, and to live he had to paint the sort of pictures people wanted. They wanted the sort of pictures that Murillo painted. This is what Zurbaran set himself to do. It was an unfortunate experiment. The pictures he painted had little of his own strength and none of Murillo’s charm.

He was still alive in 1664, for in that year he was engaged as an expert to decide the value of a collection of pictures, fifty-five in all, after the death of their owner, a certain Don Francisco Jacinto de Salcedo. It is perhaps significant of the conditions which then prevailed that on the list that has come down to us the names of the painters are not given, but only the subjects and the dimensions of the canvases. The highest value was put upon the largest. It represented the Adoration of the Kings and was ten foot long and just under eight foot high. It was valued at fifteen hundred reals. The real, according to Cotgrave, was equivalent to the English sixpence; so that, including the frame, which was then apt to be elaborate, highly decorated and costly, the picture was estimated to be worth thirty-seven pounds, ten shillings. The average value of full-length portraits of saints and monks seems to have been about five hundred reals, which was fifteen pounds. It is no wonder, if such were the prices paid, that Zurbaran was reduced to penury, and Murillo, his successful rival, died without leaving enough money for his burial.

III

Velasquez died before Zurbaran and in his place other artists were officially created Painters to the King, Mazo first and then Carreno. The dynasty of the Hapsburgs came to an end, and with the Bourbons the eighteenth century entered Spain. Zurbaran’s art had nothing to say to a public that admired Van Loo and his sons, Rafael Mengs and Tiepolo. The nineteenth century knew nothing of him, and it was not till certain historical events occurred that his own countrymen thought to remember him. After the disasters of the Spanish-American war in which Spain lost the last remnants of the great empire upon which, Charles V could boast, the sun never set, the Spaniards, humiliated by the crushing defeat, sought by looking back on the glories of their Golden Age to find something in which they could still take pride. Cuba and the Philippines had gone, but nothing could rob them of the magnifi­cence of their cathedrals and palaces, the genius of their writers Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Calderon, Quevedo, and the splendour of their painters.

Velasquez was already world-famous, and the dis­cerning throughout Europe after some hesitation were succumbing to the enigmatic lure of El Greco, but it was left to the Spaniards themselves to rescue Zurbaran from oblivion. And when at last they took cognisance of him I think they must have felt, as we may all feel now, that he was the most Spanish of the three. He lacked the dazzling, air-fraught brilliance of Velasquez, the passionate intensity of El Greco, but he was of the soil as was neither of the others. He had the qualities which the Spaniards recognised in themselves. He had the honesty, the sobriety, the deep religious feeling, the self-respect, the hardihood, which, notwithstanding the misrule of three centuries, the profligacy of courts, the amiable frivolity of the eighteenth century, the dull stupidity of the nineteenth, they felt were deep-rooted in their being. His want of imagination did not offend them, for they were not creatures of ardent imagina­tion, and his realism was agreeable to them, for they were inveterately realistic. They were not romantic, for romance is more at home in the misty north and thrives ill under a southern sun, but they were passionate, and in Zurbaran’s pictures they dimly felt a passion held in check by force of will and by self- respect.

In 1905 the Spaniards collected as many of his pictures as they could procure and gave an exhibition of them in the Prado. I do not know what impression it made on the public; I cannot discover that it made any on the rest of Europe.

The paintings Zurbaran did for the Buen Retiro have been an embarrassment to his admirers, and for long they threw doubt on their authenticity, but that per­severing searcher of the archives, Dona Maria Luisa Caturla, has within the last few years discovered a receipt for them signed by Zurbaran. They are poor. The subject doubtless was ungrateful, and it may be that it could only have been treated, as for example Piero da Cosimo might have treated it, with fantasy, as a decoration enlivened by little fauns disporting on the green, gaily coloured birds and mythological animals; but such a treatment could scarcely have occurred to Zurbaran. He was of a literal disposition. There was no place in his earnest realism for caprice. There is nothing heroic in his Hercules, nothing to remind you that he was the son of a god and of a princess of Mycenæ; he is but a Spanish peasant, naked but for a loin-cloth, muscular, coarse and ill-favoured; he might be no more than a professional strong man in a fair. The industrious lady performed an equivocal service to Zurbaran when she proved beyond question that he was their author.

But an artist has the right to be judged by his best work. This he generally produces within a compara­tively few years; with Zurbaran this seems to have lasted from 1626 to 1639. Now, the *Labours of Hercules* were painted in 1634, when he was at the height of his powers. What is the explanation? The only one I can suggest is that like every other artist Zurbaran had his limitations, and when he attempted something out of their compass he could fail worse than one with lesser gifts would have done. I think he was a modest, sensible man, and he was accustomed to carry out the wishes of his patrons; one cannot suppose that, even if he had been able to afford it, the thought of refusing a royal commission crossed his mind. He was given a job to do, and he did it to the best of his ability. In this case he made a mess of it. There can be little doubt that the instructions which his ecclesiastical patrons gave him were precise, and he was obliged to follow them. Though they ordered pictures to adorn chapels, churches and sacristies, their aim primarily was not to acquire a work of art, but a work of edifica­tion, and also, and this frequently, one that should serve to glorify the community that had commissioned it by portraying for the devout and generous public its eminent members, the miracles they had performed, the graces of which they had been the recipients, and even the martyrdom one or other of them had suffered. On occasion their demands rendered it impossible for the painter to contrive a satisfactory composition. There is in the Prado a picture of Zurbaran’s represent­ing the Vision of St. Peter Nolasco. The Heavenly City, which an angel points out, is inset in the upper left-hand comer with a very disturbing effect. The angel reminds you of a lecturer delivering a travelogue, and you expect him at any moment to give the operator a nod, on which with a jerk the slide will display another aspect of the city.

Zurbaran had no great skill in composition and little ingenuity of invention; he is at his best in single figures or, if he has to deal with more, in very simple arrange­ments.

What he could do in favourable circumstances one may judge for oneself from the eight huge pictures he painted for the sacristy at Guadalupe. They may be seen in the place they were painted for, and therefore to their best advantage, and one may accept the tradition in the convent that he designed the poly­chrome frames and advised upon the decoration, some­what fussy to the taste of today, of the walls and ceiling.

They represent notable events in the lives of certain monks of the order. Four are signed by Zurbaran, and four, of less importance, are not, so it has been supposed that, though begun by Zurbaran, they were finished by another hand. It was while he was engaged on this task that his wife contracted the illness from which she died, and it may be that he left it incomplete to be with her at her death.

Common opinion holds that Zurbaran’s masterpiece is the *Apotheosis of St. Thomas Aquinas* which is now in the museum at Seville; I should have said rather that his masterpiece was the eight pictures, taken collec­tively, which I am now considering. They exhibit all his merits and none of his defects. In some of his paintings, in those at Grenoble for instance, his personages are distressingly wooden; they arc lay figures, not human beings. The personages of the pictures at Guadalupe are of flesh and blood. They have the animation of life. They are convincingly real. Zurbaran was a very good draughtsman, and he seems to have had something of a dramatic sense which enabled him to arrange the set and choose the properties so as to give verisimilitude to the scene he was depicting. The backgrounds are pleasing, but conventional, and it is evident that his main interest was in the characterisa­tion of his sitter. His models, I may add, were the monks who happened to be in the convent when he was there. One of the most impressive of these productions is the portrait of Father Gonzalo de Illescas, who was prior of the monastery about the middle of the fifteenth century. He is shown at his desk, a pen in his raised hand, looking up as though there had been a knock on the door and he were waiting for someone to come in. The face might be that of any business man of today, thoughtful, able and guarded. As I tried to explain to the reader at the beginning of this essay, such an establishment as Santa Maria de Guadalupe, with its widespread estates, its feudatory towns, its immense herds, with its hospitals and hostels, was a great business undertaking, and the prior, who was during his term of office in absolute control, had to be, though certainly of a piety sufficient to command respect, a very active man of affairs. Zurbaran’s colour, though sober, hard, harsh even, and a trifle cold, was sumptuous. Such of the pictures in the sacristy as face the windows have been exposed to the violent light of the Spanish summer for three hundred years and the colour has faded to the soft tints of pastel. This has deprived them something of their force, but for all that there is a nobility about them which is imposing. There is in them the easy power of a craftsman who knows his business.

The *Apotheosis of St. Thomas Aquinas* is of vast dimen­sions and the figures are more than life-size. St. Thomas is standing on a cloud, with a pen in one hand and an open book in the other, and on each side of him, seated on clouds presumably, are four doctors of the Church magnificently attired. Below, on each side of a column behind which is a charming view of a street, arc two kneeling groups, in one of which is the Emperor Charles V with three of his courtiers, and in the other, accompanied by three monks, the archbishop who built the church for the altarpiece of which this huge production was designed. Above, in the clouds, are Jesus Christ, carrying the Cross like a gun, the Blessed Virgin and two other inhabitants of the celestial region who have been identified as St. Paul and St. Dominic. The picture is impressive by its size, the vigour of its execution, the proficiency of its draughtsmanship and the brilliance of its colour; but you cannot fail to notice the awkwardness of its composition. It is divided into three sections so that the eye cannot survey it comfort­ably as a whole, and the lowest part, which should surely be the least important, is the most attractive. The name of the model who sat for St. Thomas has come down to us. He was a canon of the Cathedral of Seville, bon Augustin Abreu de Escobar, and a friend of Zurbaran’s. In portraiture, when the sitter is a person of eminence, it is less necessary that a portrait should resemble him than that people who know him only by hearsay or through his works should feel that that is exactly how he must look. This is even more so when a painter sets out to represent someone who is long since dead. But in his portrayal of St. Thomas Aquinas, Zurbaran has painted a man who can scarcely have resembled him. You cannot persuade yourself that the Seraphic Doctor was a spry, plump young man of undistinguished appearance.

Zurbaran seldom made mistakes like this. There is in the museum at Seville a large picture of Pope Urban II in conference with St. Bruno. St. Bruno was the founder of the Carthusian order and was come to Rome from his retreat in the valley of the Chartreuse at the request of Urban II. Zurbaran has caught with his accustomed skill the characteristics of the Pope, who was a temporal as well as a spiritual ruler, and of the ascetic monk. Bruno is looking down, his hands modestly concealed in the sleeves of his habit. His face is emaciated, and there is in the expression, not­withstanding the humility of his bearing, the strength of purpose, the obstinacy with which according to history he fought simony and corruption in the Church. The Pope looks out at the spectator with a hard, shrewd look, a man accustomed to command and accustomed to be obeyed, but yet with a certain anxiety in his expression, as though, face to face with this austere, obdurate monk, whose pupil he had been, he did not, for all his great station, feel quite sure of himself.

At about the same time that Zurbaran painted this fine picture he painted for the same convent a picture representing St. Hugo, Bishop of Grenoble, visiting the convent which with his assistance St. Bruno had founded. The seven monks who constituted the new order are seated at their meal in the refectory. The white habits, which Zurbaran painted so admirably, have a curious stiffness. This is said to be due to the fact that whereas Zurbaran painted the heads from nature, he painted the clothes from lay figures. It is an old tradition; but I cannot sec why, though he disposed the habits on a lay figure, they should not have hung in natural folds; it seems more plausible that if in many of his pictures the habits hang in folds that no material could assume, so that they appear to be of cardboard (as for example in the St. Antony with the Infant Jesus), it is owing to his early training as a wood-carver with the *imaginero* who was his master. He never quite lost his fondness for the stylised folds of material. It is, indeed, a fine simplification which gave him opportunity for the chiaroscuro in which he delighted, and to my mind it gives a dramatic value to the figures of many of the innumerable monks he painted.

When I said that Zurbaran lacked imagination I exaggerated; it would have been more accurate to say that he lacked fancy. Portraiture, and Zurbaran was pre-eminently a painter of portraits, is to some extent a collaboration between the painter and his sitter; the sitter must give something; there must be something in him which excites the painter’s sensibility sufficiently to enable him to portray somewhat more than his model’s outward seeming. The painter must have a faculty resembling the novelist’s by virtue of which he can slip into the skin of the characters he creates and think their thoughts and feel their feelings. This faculty is imagination and this Zurbaran possessed. His sitters are so sharply individualised that it requires little perspicacity to discern their dispositions and idiosyncrasies. In the great array of his monkish portraits Zurbaran has depicted most of the humours to which men are prone. In this array you may recognise in turn the idealist, the mystic, the saint; the fanatic, the stoic, the autocrat, the precisian; the self-seeker, the sensualist, the glutton and the clown. For it was not only the love of God that induced these men to adopt the life of a religious. Sometimes it was frustrated ambition or a disappointment in love, some­times a longing for peace and security and sometimes a desire, natural enough, to rise in the world, since if he was not inclined to seek fortune in America or in the wars, the Church offered the only means whereby a poor but clever boy of humble origins could hope to achieve distinction.

Zurbaran painted few secular portraits of men, but on the other hand many of young women, mostly beautiful, and dressed in the handsome clothes of the period. Since the young do not in the general cast of their features often display character he was unable to exhibit his peculiar gift for characterisation, and since the young women of his day, like those of ours, smothered their faces with paint and powder, thereby making themselves look as much like one another as they could, he satisfied himself with giving them good looks, and painting with a wealth of colour the silks and satins of their dress, their pearls and jewelled brooches. Of those I have seen the most striking is that of Santa Casilda. It is in the Prado. She has little of the youthful charm that marks the others, but a face in which there is, with a certain homeliness, an air of the somewhat severe distinction which we are apt to call aristocratic.

The interesting thing about these female portraits is that they purport to represent saints, but if you trouble to look into the lives of the various persons named you discover that, saintly as they were, they could never have worn such gorgeous clothes nor possessed such costly ornaments. There is evidence that at the period during which Zurbaran was active a fashion arose in Spain to have portraits painted either of the daughters or wives of noblemen, or by gentlemen of the objects of their affection, with the attributes of certain saints. Lope de Vega had a lady, with whom, from what we know of him, we may guess his relations were far from continent, painted as the Chaste Susanna, and it is recorded that a Prince of Esquilache caused his mistress to be portrayed with the insignia and in the costume of St. Helena. These saints of Zurbaran were the ladies of Seville. Spanish women of position, owing to the Moorish influence still in some respects prevalent, lived in seclusion, and it seems to have been thought un­becoming, unless they were of the blood royal, that they should allow themselves to be painted as themselves; but by the exercise of this ingenious subterfuge they managed without offence to their delicacy to gratify a natural desire and by presenting their likeness to church or convent at the same time perform an act of piety. It can hardly have failed to be a source of satisfaction when they attended Mass in the chapel of their pre­dilection to see a picture of themselves hanging on a wall or decorating an altarpiece. There were no private views of the Royal Academy nor *vernissages* at the Salon, to which they could go to hear the comments of all and sundry on the portrait that hung on the line; but we may surmise that it was with just such a mingling of pride and apprehension as obtains today that these ladies listened to the congratulations of their friends who came to the chapel to see, to admire, to criticise, to decry the picture of their intimate acquaintance as St. Agnes, St. Rufina or St. Marina.

In speaking of the paintings of Zurbaran I have mentioned his masterly draughtsmanship, the felicity, the variety, the depth of tone with which he repre­sented the white of his monks’ habits, the opulence of colour in the habiliments of princes of the Church and the dresses of great ladies; I have dwelt on the sincerity of his workmanship, his honest craftsmanship, his dignity, his sobriety; and I have laid stress on his con­vincing portraiture, his keen appreciation of character and the persuasiveness of his representation of persons long since dead; I have pointed out how impressive these huge canvases are and how on occasion they have a striking nobility. I cannot expect the reader to have noticed that I have not claimed that any of the pictures I have spoken of had beauty. Beauty is a grave word. It is a word of high import. It is used lightly now—of the weather, of a smile, of a frock or the fit of a shoe, of a bracelet, of a garden, of a syllogism; beautiful serves as a synonym for good or pretty or pleasing or nice or engaging or interesting. But beauty is none of these. It is much more. It is very rare. It is a force. It is an enravishment. It is not a figure of speech when people say it takes their breath away; in certain cases it may give you the same suffocating shock as when you dive into ice-cold water. And after that first shock your heart throbs like a prisoner’s when the jail gate clangs behind him and he breathes again the clean air of freedom. The impact of beauty is to make you feel greater than you are, so that for a moment you seem to walk on air; and the exhilaration and the release are such that nothing in the world matters any more. You are wrenched out of yourself into a world of pure spirit. It is like falling in love. It *is* falling in love. It is an ecstasy matching the ecstasy of the mystics. When I think of the works of art that have filled me with this intense emotion I think of the first glance at the Taj Mahal, the St. Maurice of El Greco, seen again after long years, the Adam with his outstretched arm in the Sistine Chapel, Night and Day and the brooding figure of Giuliano on the tombs of the Medici and Titian’s *Entombment of Christ.* Such an emotion I, for my part, have never received from the highly com­petent, well-painted, well-drawn, dignified, thoughtful canvases which Zurbaran painted for the altars of churches and the sacristies of convents. They have great qualities, but they appeal to the mind, to the intelligent appreciation, rather than to the heart and nerves which are thrilled and shattered by the rapture of pure beauty.

Yet he did paint a few pictures, in size or importance of subject of no great consequence, which to my mind have a rare and moving beauty, and of these I propose presently to speak. But before I do this I must deal with another topic.

When the Spaniards re-discovered Zurbaran and hailed him as one of the glories of their country they claimed that he was a mystical painter. Nothing could be further from the truth, and it is to the great credit of Don Bernardino de Pantorba, author of a very sensible, though too brief, essay on Zurbaran, that he has pointed out how mistaken they were. It is true that for the most part he painted pictures of religious subjects; as I have pointed out, Churchmen were his chief patrons, and there can be little doubt that this serious, simple-minded man was a good Catholic. The Spaniards have always been of a religious turn—after their fashion, and in the seventeenth century they were intensely devout. The Council of Trent was still fresh in their minds and the Inquisition was alert to punish any suspicion of heresy. But it was a devotion at once fervid, sentimental, grim and brutal. To see to what extravagance it could be carried one need only read Calderon’s play, *La Devocion de la Cruz.* We may be pretty sure that Zurbaran performed his religious duties with unction. It has seemed to me that one can get some inkling of the nature of his religion from one of the pictures he painted for the convent at Guadalupe. It represents St. Jerome being chastised by two angels because of his excessive predilection for secular litera­ture. He is on his knees, naked but for a loin-cloth, and the two angels with whips in their hands are belabouring him with might and main, while Jesus Christ sitting on a cloud a little way off, with one hand upraised as though he were counting the strokes, wears an expression of mild complacency. Since it is stated that the Saint’s particular transgression was to read the works of Cicero to the neglect of the inspired Word of God, an irreverent person might suggest that he owed this castigation to a rival author’s annoyance that another author’s works should be read as well as, or in competition with, his own. But the significant thing is that the Saint is evidently deeply conscious of his sin, and his attitude of supplication indicates not only that he prays for forgiveness, but looks upon the hiding he receives as well-deserved. I think we may hazard the surmise that Zurbaran thought so too.

In his various representations of Christ Zurbaran surrendered to a sentimentality that was alien to his temperament. He gives him the offensive smugness of the self-satisfied rector of a fashionable church. This is not the compassionate yet stem and virile teacher who delivered the Sermon on the Mount. But on the other hand his Crucifixions display a sombre power that was all his own. He does nothing to palliate the horror of the tragic scene. A dark and stormy back­ground emphasises the solitude of the sufferer. In one, with the head downcast, the face in deep shadow, there is, strangely, a moving expression of despair. The body has already the cold greyness of a corpse. In another the agony of the uplifted face, appealing, you would have said in vain, to a deaf God has a hanowing intensity. It could hardly have failed to exacerbate the emotions of a people who found such a dreadful fascination in the spectacle of their Saviour’s anguish.

It may be that Zurbaran’s religious pictures accorded with the religious conception of the Spaniards of his day and aroused the feelings of devotion which they were designed to do. I don’t think they can do that now. I have a notion that by his time faith had been rendered too formal, too rigid, too chartered for a painter to feel, and so portray, the artless emotion which makes the works of the early Sienese painters so simply and naïvely religious. The observances of religion were a method by which you escaped the tortures of hell and won the regard of eternal bliss, and your spiritual advisers were there with their cut- and-dried rules to point out your way for you and, if necessary, to indicate a short cut.

And of course it is a mistake to suppose that mysticism is necessarily religious in character. The mystic experi­ence is a specific thing. It is true that it may arise from the practice of religion, and then it is generally the reward of prayer and mortification, but it may also arise through the influence of a drug, opium, for instance, or the mescal bean, and in rare instances from the hypnotic suggestion of running water (as with St. Ignatius Loyola), and sometimes from the impact of beauty on a soul of peculiar sensibility. So many people have described in terms so similar the ecstasy of illumination that there can be little doubt of its reality. I do not know that they who experience it through the effects of a drug or the impact of beauty draw the same inferences as do they who experience it through the practice of religion, but the sensations are the same, a sense of liberation, a sense that they are united with something larger than themselves, a sense of exhilara­tion, a sense of awe and of detachment from all that is base, idle and transitory.

Is it rash to suggest that when the artist, poet or painter, is mysteriously seized with that curious humour which is known as inspiration, so that notions come to him he cannot tell whence and he finds himself aware of things he never knew he knew, he enjoys a condition indistinguishable from that of the mystic in rapture?

It is absurd to call Zurbaran a mystic. He was, as a matter of fact, a downright, literal fellow, who was given a job to do and did it as well as he could. It is true that, like other painters of religious subjects, he painted various saints and monks in ecstasy. But he used the common formula. He painted them with their mouths gaping and their eyes turned up towards heaven so that little is seen but their whites. You are disconcertingly reminded of a dead codfish on a fish­monger’s marble slab. The mystical state is probably something that the painter cannot represent, and it is not by attempting to do so that he can arouse in the spectator the mystical emotion which art can some­times induce. I have seemed myself to feel it when I have contemplated the painting of the flesh in El Greco’s *Crucifixion,* in the Louvre and in one or two of Chardin’s still-lifes. It is quite a different feeling from that which you get from the ingenuous and heart-felt pictures of the Sienese Primitives. Kant, as we all know, claimed that the sublime does not exist in nature, but is introduced into it by the sensibility of men of a considerable degree of culture. So it may be that mysticity does not reside in pictures, but that some pictures have in them a potentiality which enables a beholder of a peculiar disposition, of some aesthetic training, to infuse them with a magic which excites in him the mystical experience. They have then a beauty deeper than the beauty which takes your breath away, they have a beauty which is tremulous and animating so that for a brief moment you experience the same ecstasy as the saints experience in communion with Divine Reality.

I have spoken of Zurbaran as though he were a plodding, industrious, competent painter who painted pictures as a cabinet-maker might make a *bargueño* or a potter turn out an Hispano-Moorish plate. And so he was. He was no genius. And yet, perhaps because he was so honest, so sincere, because he had the sensi­bility which enabled him to paint the white of his monies’ habits with such an admirable subtlety, some­times, very rarely, he was able to surpass his limitations. Sometimes he excelled himself. Not in those huge canvases with their figures life-size or over, not in those representations of miracles or in those portraits of noble ladies masquerading as saints, but in certain small pictures which, when you survey his many works, you may easily overlook. There are in the museum at Cadiz pictures of Carthusian monks, one of St. Bruno, another of the Blessed John Houghton, which are of such beauty, which have in them so much emotion, that you feel that here at all events he was inspired. Of these to my mind the most moving is that of the English Carthusian. I have written about this picture before and I can only repeat what I have already written. I cannot but believe that it was an English monk and not a Spanish one who served Zurbaran as a model, and I have asked myself idly who was this unknown compatriot of mine who sat to the painter for a portrait of another Englishman. There is here the well-bred refinement, the clean-cut, shapely features that you sometimes find in a certain sort of Englishman of gentle birth. The hair, the little of it that is left round the shaven skull, appears to be of a reddish- brown; the face, emaciated from long fasting, has a tension that is restless and eager. A hectic flush mantles the cheek. The skin is darker than ivory, though with the warmly supple hue of ivory, and paler than olive, yet with something of that colour’s morbid delicacy. Round his neck, fastened by a knot, is a rope. One wasted hand is clasped to his breast and in the other he holds a bleeding heart.

I have had the curiosity to learn who this beatified monk was, and this is what I have found out. He was bom of an ancient family in Essex about 1488. After his education had run its course his parents arranged a marriage for him suitable to his condition, but, deter­mined to embrace a state of celibacy and to dedicate himself to the service of God alone, he secretly left his father’s house and hid himself in the house of a devout cleric. There he stayed till he was ordained. For four years after this he exercised the functions of a parish priest. But at the age of twenty-eight, aspiring to a way of life still more perfect, he entered the Carthusian order. In 1530 he was chosen to be prior of the Charterhouse in London. Three years later Anne Boleyn was crowned Queen of England, and John Houghton was required by the Royal Commissioners to declare that Henry’s marriage with Catherine of Aragon was invalid. He refused and was sent to the Tower. A somewhat casuistical compromise was effected and he was released; but in the following year a subservient parliament enacted that the King was supreme head on earth of the Church of England, and pronounced every person who repudiated the statute to be a traitor. John Houghton, with two of his brother-priors, refused to take the oath which acknowledged its validity and the three of them were indicted for high treason. The jury hesitated to con­demn such holy men as malefactors, but were com­pelled by Cromwell, the King’s Vicar, to bring in a verdict of guilty. They were sentenced to be hanged and quartered. John Houghton ascended the scaffold first. A thick rope was placed round his neck which it was thought would not produce strangulation so quickly as a thin one. He addressed the populace and the ladder was dragged from under him. The rope was cut while he was still alive, and he fell to the ground. They dragged him away from the scaffold, stripped him of his clothes, and his heart and entrails were tom from his body and thrown into the fire.

No one can know whether Zurbaran was unwontedly moved by the pathos of this story or whether there was some characteristic in the model he chose that peculiarly appealed to him: when he painted this young monk, by some happy accident he achieved beauty. On this occasion he was no longer the sensible, level-headed, practical craftsman, but a great painter. On this occasion, inspired, he painted a picture in which there is the mystical exaltation which throbs through the lovely verse of St. John of the Cross.

But it was not alone then that he reached a height you would never have expected him to attain. I mentioned earlier that in his student days Zurbaran, forbidden to work from the nude, is presumed to have painted a number of still-lifes. They have disappeared. But it is plain that throughout he held in peculiar affection the inanimate objects which constitute the subject-matter of still-life. In the picture of St. Hugo visiting the Carthusian monks in their refectory, for instance, the loaves of bread on the table, the bowls containing their food, the earthenware jars for the water are painted with an intimacy so sensitive, with an insight so penetrating, that they appear to symbolise something other than themselves. Now and then, perhaps as a change or a rest, Zurbaran painted a still- life. There is one in the Prado. It shows two bowls and two pitchers in a row on a table against a dark background. The two bowls stand on plates. That is all. It is as simple and straightforward as all Zurbaran’s work; yet it is of a staggering beauty. It is as beautiful as the picture of the blessed John Houghton and it fills you with an emotion as intense. One of the things that must strike the sojourner in Spain is the tenderness with which the Spaniards use children. However tiresome they are, however intrusive, wilful, noisy, they seem never to lose patience with them. Well, it seems to me that it is with just this tenderness that Zurbaran painted these modest household utensils. It renders them wonderfully touching. It gives them indeed the same mystical quality which, if you but have the temper to see it, pervades the pictures of those monks at Cadiz. It is for these pictures, for this still-life, for the Christ Crucified, with the painter, old, worn and haggard, looking up at his Saviour that I think one can claim Zurbaran to be a master.

Perhaps that is not very much when you think of his vast production. It is enough. The artist has no need to carry heavy baggage to find his way to posterity. A few pictures, a book or two, suffice. The artist’s function is to create beauty, though not, I believe, the mainspring of his productiveness, and not, as some think, to reveal truth: if it were, a syllogism would be more significant than a sonnet. But it is not often that the artist can do more than suggest it or approximate to it, and the layman should be satisfied if he can attain the agreeable. It is only by a rare combination of technique, deep feeling and good fortune that the artist, be he painter or poet, can achieve that beauty which in its effects is akin to the ecstasy which the saints won to by prayer and mortification. Then his poems or his pictures give the sense of deliverance, the exaltation, the happiness, the liberality of spirit which the mystics enjoy in union with the Infinite. To me it is wonderfully moving that Zurbaran, this laborious, honest, matter-of-fact man, should on a few occasions in his long life have been, none can tell why, so trans­ported out of himself as to have done just this. It is as though the grace of God had descended upon him.