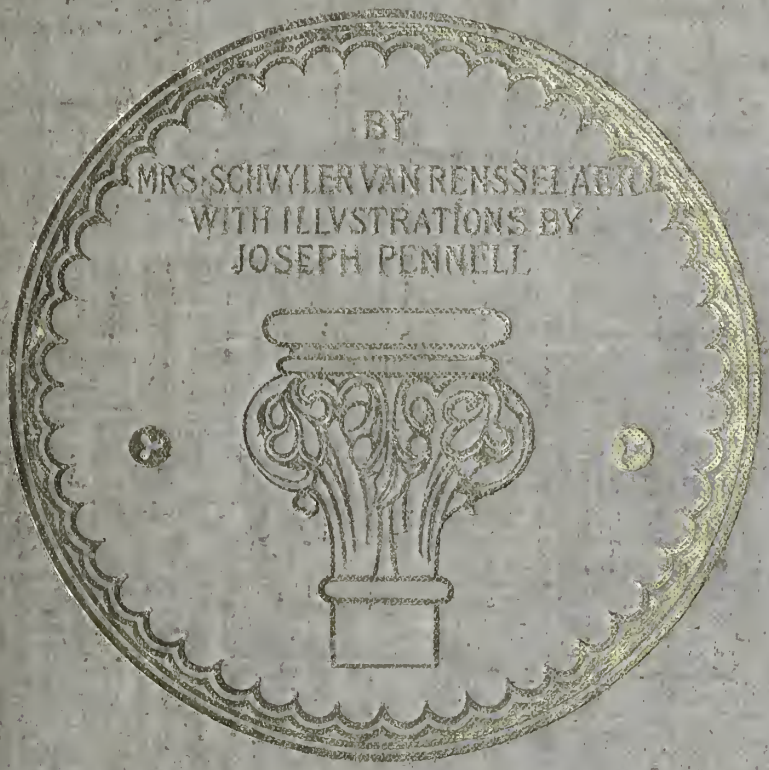
ENGLISH CATHEDRALS

BY
MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JOSEPH PENNELL

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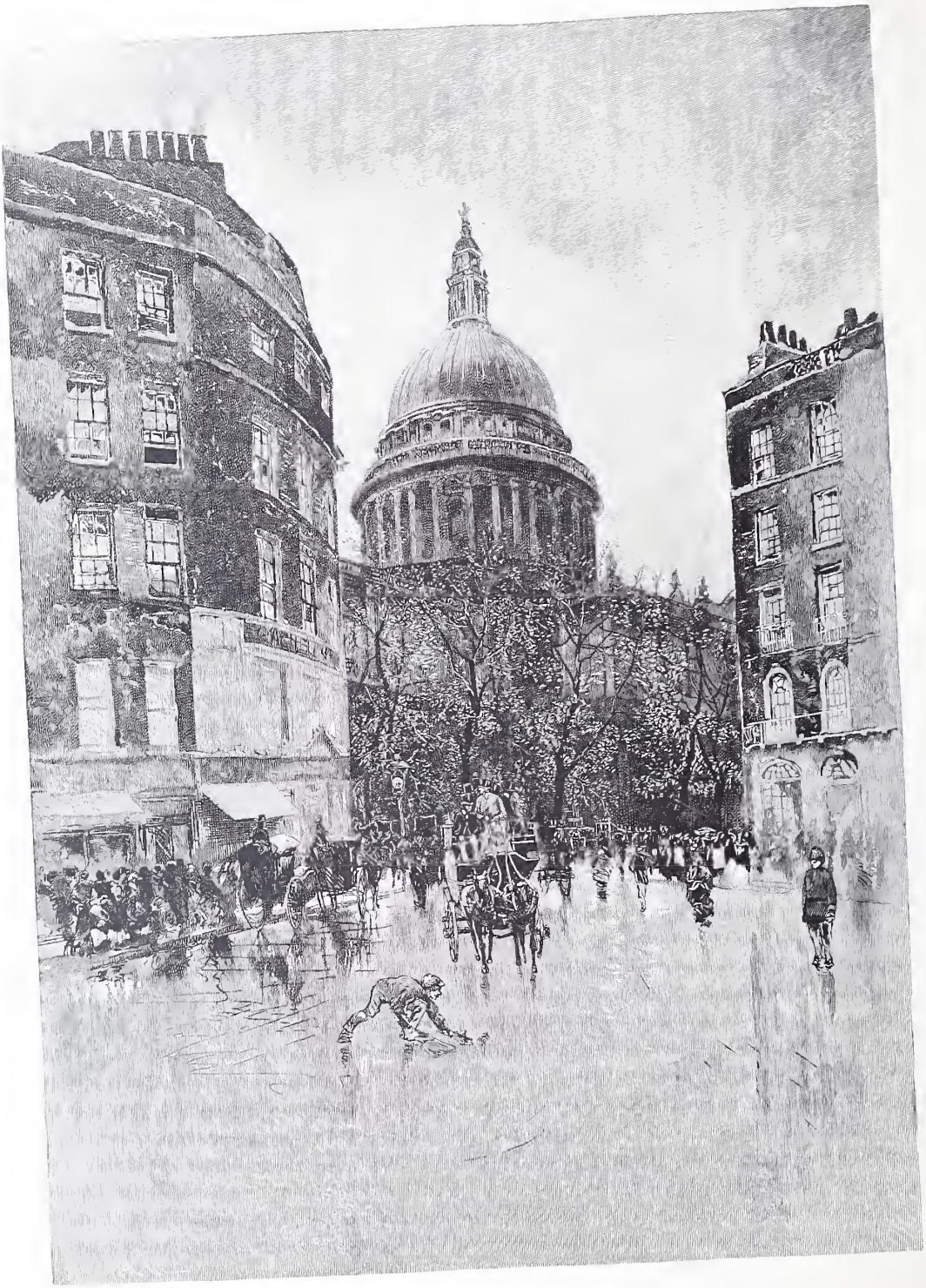


ST. PAUL'S, FROM CHEAPSIDE.

ENGLISH CATHEDRALS

CANTERBURY · PETERBOROUGH · DURHAM
SALISBURY · LICHFIELD · LINCOLN · ELY · WELLS
WINCHESTER · GLOUCESTER · YORK · LONDON

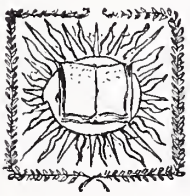
BY

Mrs. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

AUTHOR OF "HENRY HOBSON RICHARDSON AND HIS WORKS" "SIX PORTRAITS" ETC.

ILLUSTRATED
WITH ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FOUR DRAWINGS BY
JOSEPH PENNELL
ALSO WITH PLANS AND DIAGRAMS

"All which may be more clearly and pleasantly seen by the eyes than taught in writing; but this much was said that the difference between the old and new work might be made manifest."
Gervase: On the Burning and Repair of the Church of Canterbury.



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TO
THE MEMORY OF MY FATHER
GEORGE GRISWOLD
IN WHOSE COMPANY I FIRST SAW THE BUILDINGS
OF THE OLD WORLD

INTRODUCTION

Some years ago I was asked to write descriptions of twelve of the English cathedrals for "The Century Magazine," and was promised the invaluable help of Mr. Pennell's drawings. A summer in England was the immediate result, and the final result is this book, the text of which, although not much extended, has been largely rewritten since the chapters severally appeared in the magazine. This revision, forced upon my conscience by a wider acquaintance with French architecture than I previously possessed, has, I believe, made the critical passages more instructive, and increased the trustworthiness of my estimate of English mediæval architecture as a whole. France—as I always knew, but never thoroughly realized until I traveled through all its provinces three years ago—held the cradle of Gothic art, and nursed it to its fullest stature and noblest strength; and no account of the Gothic styles of any other land can be clear or just which does not constantly keep in the reader's mind French aims, expedients, and achievements.

An amateur myself, I need hardly confess that this is a book for amateurs, not for architects. It is for those who love, rather than for those who want to study, architecture. Yet I have tried to make it a book such as architects would be willing to put into the hands of ignorance. That is, while dealing only with those broad, obvious, and chiefly æsthetic aspects of the art which can be made plain to any eye, however unversed in structural science, I have tried to show, keeping as far as possible from technical language, that, in architecture, the æsthetic is based upon the practical ideal; that we cannot appraise the one without understanding the character of the other, at least in a rudimentary way; that we cannot ask *What?* in pres-

ence of any architectural feature or general effect without also asking *Why?*; and that, if an effect or feature is to please a cultivated taste, it must give a good account of itself to a reasoning mind. We have had many books about English mediæval architecture written for professed students, many handbooks concerned simply with local matters of fact, and many charming accounts of the impression which beautiful buildings made upon eyes that did not stop to analyze either their architectural peculiarities or their historical affinities. I have tried to do something a little different. My book is meant for the untraveled unprofessional American who wants to understand in a general way why the great churches of the Old Country deserve to be admired, and for his traveled brother who wants to realize a little better why he himself admired them. It is not a history of English architecture, and it is not a full and faithful picture of the churches it professes to describe. It is simply a sketch of English cathedral-building, based upon such evidence as twelve typical examples could supply. But I have tried to make it an architectural rather than a pictorial sketch; and I hope it may awaken, in the audience to which I appeal, the feeling that architecture is extremely interesting, not only as a record of changing æsthetic moods, but also as one of the truest records of the general development of human intelligence, and of the general course of national and international history.

It was not an easy task to select the twelve cathedrals which would best enable me to make plain the story that I wished to sketch. It is true that no marked provincial manners of building complicated the question in England as they would have done in France, where, in passing from district to district, architectural history must be studied afresh from the beginning. Yet the English cathedrals present varied pictures when they are contrasted with each other, and also when the different parts of one are compared among themselves. During the long mediæval period, partial rebuilding was practised in England much more constantly than in other lands. No English cathedral remains intact as built by any single generation of men

except the Renaissance cathedral of St. Paul in London. No other is throughout in the same style; many of them show major parts of the most striking dissimilarity; and there are some which it is impossible to credit chiefly to any special epoch. Thus I could not simply take up one church after another, and use each to illustrate a certain phase of mediæval art. Sometimes, as with Salisbury, I could find one which, in almost all its parts, represents such a phase. But even the witness of Salisbury had to be collated with that of other Lancet-Pointed structures; and sometimes one or two conspicuous parts of a cathedral, rather than its aspect as a whole, dictated its selection. This means, of course, that I have always been forced to describe a style by speaking first of a portion of one church and then of a portion of another, and usually to describe a church by touching upon several styles. This was the only method by means of which I could trace the thread of English architectural history from its beginning in the hands of the Normans to its ending in the hands of Sir Christopher Wren. And therefore, in spite of their nominally independent character, my chapters are not well-rounded monographs. None of them will seem quite clear unless the preceding ones have been read, and some of them will seem very incomplete indeed until later ones assist their words. Moreover, in writing for the magazine, it was needful to keep my chapters of about equal length; thus, all desirable explanations could not be given at the first desirable moment; and, in revising the book, I found I could not alter the original arrangement without making quite a different book.

Another question increased the difficulty of my first choice. Had I thought only of the stones of England's cathedrals, and not at all of their written records, I could not even have hinted at the whole of their significance. Architectural interest preponderates upon one cathedral site, historical interest on another; and both had to be weighed together before my selection could be made. The cathedrals of Canterbury, Peterborough, and Durham, Salisbury and Lichfield, Lincoln, Ely, and Wells, Winchester, Gloucester, York, and London,

were chosen partly because of their typical importance as buildings, and partly because of the length and richness of their lives as cathedral buildings.

Yet this list includes almost all the English cathedrals of highest architectural rank. St. Albans, Norwich, and Exeter are the others which most loudly cried for mention. But St. Albans has no cathedral record at all—it was raised to cathedral dignity only a few years ago; and Norwich, architecturally, is close akin to Peterborough and Ely, neither of which could possibly be left out; so it is only Exeter Cathedral whose voice sounds very reproachfully in my ears. This, I confess, found no place simply because the available places were only twelve. But I hasten to add that my decision to exclude Exeter rather than any of the present twelve was approved by so competent a judge as Professor Freeman. As he said that a better list of twelve cathedrals than ours could not be compiled, I hope my readers will be content with the road I have taken to sketch for them the development of English architecture and the importance of English cathedral establishments.

A word now as to the meaning of the word cathedral, which may not be perfectly plain to all American ears.

This term is not a synonym for a church of the first architectural importance, or for the most important church in an important town. Architecture has really nothing to do with it, nor have municipal conditions; and it is an adjective etymologically, a noun only by virtue of long usage. A cathedral church is a church, large or small, old or new, which holds a bishop's chair,—his *cathedra*,—and is thus the ecclesiastical centre of a diocese. With the setting up of this chair the title comes, with its removal the title goes; there is no other cause or definition of it.

Of course men always felt that architectural splendor should express and enhance ecclesiastical rank; yet the mere abbey or collegiate church often equaled the cathedral church in all except dignity of name and service. Sometimes such a church was raised to cathedral rank at a day long subsequent to its erection. Sometimes it

was shattered into fragments by that hammer, called "Reform," with which the sixteenth century warred against monasticism. And sometimes it has remained intact to our own day as a non-episcopal, non-monastic temple.

Among the churches of this last-named class a few are architecturally the peers of the cathedrals; and one of them—Westminster Abbey—is perhaps the finest church in all England. But a cathedral has an historical significance which even Westminster lacks; or, more truly, the historical significance of Westminster is different from that of the cathedrals. And I am the more content to have had my examples confined to the cathedrals as the design of Westminster is semi-French, not typically English.

If, as I hope, this book gives some readers their first knowledge of mediæval architecture, they may wish to know how such knowledge can best be increased. I am sorry to say that no architectural history which has been written in English seems to me broad and fair enough in its point of view—impartially international enough—for the right instruction of transatlantic students. An inspiriting account of Norman architecture may be found in Vol. V of Freeman's "History of the Norman Conquest"; and such a general history as we desire might well have been written by Freeman in his later years. But the one that he did write dates from his undergraduate years, when he had never been out of his own country; and while it has great interest for those who can test and appraise its statements, it is valuable to the beginner chiefly as laying stress upon the historically interpretative character of architectural developments. The most popular of all general histories, Fergusson's, is precious for its pictures; but its text is often as eccentric in judgment as misleading with regard to matters of fact. Lübke's "History," too, is neither rightly philosophical in mood nor always reliable in statement. And as it is with general histories of architecture, so it is with treatises on mediæval architecture, and so it is with treatises on English architecture.

In short, I know of only one book in the English language which to

me seems really good for beginners' use. This is an American book —Charles H. Moore's "Development and Characteristics of Gothic Architecture." We may object a little to the narrow significance which Mr. Moore constantly gives to the term "Gothic," feeling that he might better have used, instead, some term like "the best Gothic" or "complete Gothic." But this is a mere matter of verbal taste, easily understood and overlooked. His volume is a wonderfully good brief exposition of the fundamental characteristics of the mediæval styles; and what it tells us of their comparative excellence in different lands is wholly true. If a reader has mastered this book, and especially if he has also made acquaintance with the principal articles in Viollet-le-Duc's great "Dictionnaire raisonné de l'architecture," and with some such consecutive historical treatise as Chateau's "Histoire et caractères de l'architecture en France," he will be in a position to profit by the information contained in English works, without suffering from their insular points of view. But before Mr. Moore wrote I could not have pointed to a really "safe" book in our language upon mediæval art, while, good as French books are with regard to French architecture, and therefore with regard to the noblest mediæval developments, they give scarcely a side-glance of attention to English developments.

Even Mr. Moore's book only touches upon English developments in subsidiary fashion; and, moreover, it is not a history but an analytical sketch. A complete and impartial history of Romanesque and Gothic art still remains to be written; and, I believe, no one but an American will ever write it. National prejudices seem phenomenally strong when architecture is in question—a proof of its intimate connection with national life and national temperaments. But we Americans have no inborn ineradicable preference for any given form of mediæval art, no innate instinct to defend, against all aggressors, the fame of any local development. As Mr. Moore's is the first good sketch of Gothic aims and results that has been written in the English language, so one of his countrymen may be expected to write the first good general history of mediæval architecture. May its coming not be long deferred!

As regards particularly the English cathedrals, I am glad to confess my own great indebtedness to Murray's "Handbooks," and to say that they are indispensable to the tourist. Compiled by different hands, they vary somewhat in excellence; and they are simply descriptive of local facts, not critical or broadly historical. But they point out facts with regard to the structure of the cathedrals not easily to be learned elsewhere; they give the salient points of local history; and they include instructive biographical lists of bishops and other local dignitaries. All the other good monographs which I have been able to find relating to the cathedrals on my list are noted at the beginning of the respective chapters.

M. G. VAN RENSSELAER.

MARION, MASSACHUSETTS,
August, 1892.

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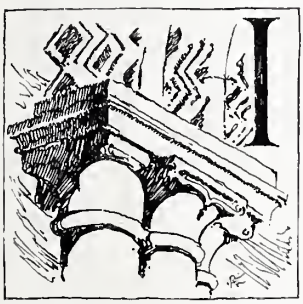
For the illustrations "Two Bays of Choir, Peterborough Cathedral" (page 8), and "Two Bays of Nave, Winchester Cathedral" (page 15), we are indebted to Sharpe's "Seven Periods of English Architecture," and for the illustration "White Hart, Badge of Edward II." (page 292), to "Records of Gloucester Cathedral."

In two cases changes in the initial letters have rendered the references to them in the text inexact. The Early English capital from York, referred to on page 42 as illustrating Chapter I, now forms the initial to Chapter XII, while the capital from the Galilee-chapel at Durham, mentioned on page 89 as illustrating Chapter IV, now stands at the head of Chapter I.

ENGLISH CATHEDRALS

Chapter I

THE CATHEDRAL CHURCHES OF ENGLAND



IN no country should the ecclesiastical importance of a church be confounded with the civic importance of its site. In Continental countries, indeed, the chair of a bishop or archbishop was always set in some local centre of secular power, and often secular as well as ecclesiastic authority was intrusted to him. But even there the two kinds of dignity — episcopal and municipal — were theoretically distinct, and in England there was seldom a close connection between them. In England we must be very careful not to picture a cathedral church as standing, of necessity, in a town which has at any time been great; and this fact is extremely interesting, for, after a lapse of many centuries, it illustrates the two most important chapters in English history. It shows how the English people possessed themselves of the land of Britain, and how the Christian faith was established among them.

1

THE earliest island Church, of course, had not a drop of English blood in its veins. It was British and Roman in a union whose elements we cannot now definitely balance. When the Romans went and the English came (those Jutes and Saxons and Angles whom we usually call the Anglo-Saxons), their heathen triumph swept Briton and Church away together — not wholly out of the island world, but out of most of those districts which now form England proper. Sparks of Christianity may

have lingered here, dimmed, confused and scarce perceived amid British serfs and bondwomen, but a Christian Church persisted only in Ireland and in those portions of the larger isle which lay beyond the conquered north or bordered on the western sea.

Later on, this elder Church threw out fresh shoots and played a distinct part in the reëvangelizing of the land. But the main influence toward this result, the stock which budded first when the land was a land of Englishmen, and afterward absorbed and assimilated all the potency of the ancient sap, came at the end of the sixth century direct from Rome, sent by Pope Gregory the Great and brought by St. Augustine and his forty monkish missionaries.

In the constructive times which were then beginning, the state of England was very different from the state of Gaul, or Italy, or the Rhine provinces at the time when their Churches had been given coherence of form and fixity of feature. The destruction of Roman or semi-Roman civilization—wreck and ruin unparalleled elsewhere—had meant the disappearance of all but a few of the largest towns and the establishment of a number of petty rulers who were merely rulers of tribes, and, far from basing their authority on preëxisting civic authority, often had not an even nominal capital.

So when English bishoprics were laid out[1] the first thing considered was the demarcations of these tribal settlements, the limits of the little kingdoms into which the land had been divided. In accordance with political boundaries diocesan boundaries were established, and then the best spot was chosen for the planting of the bishop's chair. Sometimes the choice fell naturally upon one of the few remaining ancient burghs, as on London or on York, but sometimes it fell upon a town, like Canterbury, which had never been very conspicuous, or upon an isolated foundation which missionary hands had set and watered in the wilderness.

Of course the voice of time did not everywhere indorse the early arrangement. With changing conditions came many changes of cathedral station. Certain southern sees, defenseless in their rural solitude against the Danish devastator, were shifted to more easily protected spots; and when the Norman conqueror lifted his strong hand, the Church of England proved as plastic as the State beneath it. Yet many of the cathedrals still stand where they stood at first, and the aspect of all, when collectively considered, is extremely characteristic.

It is totally unlike the general aspect of the cathedral churches of

[1] Theodore of Tarsus, as Archbishop of Canterbury, did much of this work in the later years of the seventh century.

Continental lands where a multitude of cities had ruled encircling districts for centuries before Christianity was preached. There it was first preached to these cities, first accepted by their indwellers; and they naturally added the new ecclesiastic to the old temporal supremacy. French dioceses still follow the lines of Roman districts, and their present cathedral towns are the old Roman centres. In the origin of the word "pagan" we read the history of the evangelizing of the Continent, but it is a word which could never have been evolved in England. Here there were no great municipal centres of authority, neither in the earliest English times nor at any later day. The land was long divided, but it was not split up between rival towns. It has often been torn asunder since, but no part has ever been the prize of civic duels. And these facts, with their still persisting influence upon English life and sentiment, speak very clearly from the cathedral churches. The Conqueror tried hard to bring about a state of things more like the one he knew at home, and even England has not been unaffected by the general modern impulse toward centralization of all kinds of power. Yet many episcopal chairs still stand where the early missionaries put them; and though one of the new bishops of our day is at home in the large modern town of Manchester, he has still younger brothers at Southwell and St. Albans—two spots where, to Continental eyes, nothing but the great church itself can seem to deserve the cathedral name.

Thus the cathedrals of England show not only a general unlikeness to their foreign rivals, but also a delightful diversity among themselves. Now we find the great fanes of London, Lincoln, and York standing in towns which were notable at the dawn of history. Again, as beneath the towers of Durham, we see a town which has considerable size and independent importance, but which owed its origin to the setting up of its *cathedra* and still visibly confesses the debt. And yet again there are cathedral cities[1]—Wells and Ely are the extreme examples—which are but little parasitical growths around the base of the church, living only, even in these latter days, because the church is itself alive.

The most clearly and typically expressive of English cathedrals do not hold a strong military position, or rise close above the steep steps of a city's roofs, and are not pressed upon by the homes of laymen and the crowds of street and market-place. They are set about with great masses of foliage and isled in wide peaceful lawns, the very norm and

[1] In accurate parlance a "city" in England is any cathedral town, however small, and no other town, however great.

model of England's verdure, although the fragmentary walls and crumbling gateways which keep distant guard around them testify that they were not built in such piping times of peace as ours. But even when there is a nearer approach to such stations as are common across the Channel, it is charming to see how the cathedral site still does not wholly misrepresent national characteristics. Even St. Paul's has some shreds of dusty foliage to show; and though the huge façade of Lincoln looks out on a small paved square, and our first glimpse of York shows the long south side through the narrow perspective of an ancient street, as we turn their mighty shoulders we find broad grassy spaces to prove we are in England still. Therefore there is one thing that cannot be disputed: we may do as we like on the Continent, but an English pilgrimage must be made when the tree is in leaf and the sward in flower.

II

As the focus of the religious life of the diocese, and at first the hearthstone of a bright missionary fire, a cathedral needed a staff of clergy specially devoted to its wide-spread work, specially charged and enabled to be the bishop's helpers. In a large town this staff, this "cathedral chapter," scarcely required organization. But the peculiar state of early England naturally brought about an intimate union between the cathedral establishment and some great collegiate or monastic body. Sometimes such a body was formed to meet the cathedral's requirements, but often its prior existence had dictated the position of the bishop's chair. The union once accomplished, both parties waxed great by mutual aid. The "house" was exalted by the episcopal rank of its head; the bishop's arm was strengthened by the wealth and influence of the house; and the great church-edifice was the work and the home and the glory of both.

In some cases, I say, the cathedral chapter was collegiate and in some it was monastic. That is, its members were sometimes "secular" priests bound by no vows save those which all priests assumed, living as members of a collegiate foundation but not living in common, each one having his own individual life and home which often meant in earliest times his own lawful wife and children; and sometimes they were monks, bound by monastic vows, and called "regulars" because they lived in common according to the rules of a monastic order.

Many chapters were disturbed and reorganized in many ages according as those in authority above them gave preference to the monkish

or the secular life. But it is only needful to note the interference of the Reformation which has left its traces in a nomenclature that may easily confuse a foreign ear. The merely collegiate chapters were allowed by Henry VIII. to survive. The Catholic priest eventually became a Protestant clergyman, and thereby his life and functions were conspicuously altered; but the chapter as such was not annihilated, and so a cathedral whose chapter was collegiate at the time of the Reformation is known to-day as a cathedral "of the Old Foundation." But the monkish chapters were dissolved and done away with in the clean sweep that Henry made of all monastic things. With one or two exceptions, due to the abolition of the see itself, they were reorganized with new blood in another shape; and a cathedral whose history reads thus is one "of the New Foundation," while the same name is given to all those which were first established in Henry's day with Protestant bishops, deans, and chapters, or have been thus established at any later time.

So, we see, a cathedral of the New Foundation is not of necessity new in anything but the character of its chapter. It may be a church like Peterborough or Gloucester, each of which boasts a very ancient fabric but was first raised to cathedral rank in the sixteenth century. Or it may be a church which has held cathedral rank since such rank was first given in its district—it may be Rochester, or Worcester, or even Canterbury, the hoary mother-church of all.

These arid definitions have more than a merely historic bearing. As we pass from one cathedral to another we shall see how radical were the architectural differences that resulted from the existence here of a collegiate chapter and there of a monastic. And the general fact that such chapters existed in so dignified an estate and so intimate a union with the episcopal power is another great cause of the general unlikeness in aspect between English cathedrals and their rivals over-sea.

I have spoken of the wide lordly spaces in which they usually stand, and which show that they were first and the cities second in importance. But within these spaces they did not stand in grave hierarchic isolation. They stood side by side with the homes of those who served their altars, and labored for their interests, and dispensed their bounty, and swung their spiritual, and sometimes, too, their temporal, sword; side by side with chapter-houses and dormitories, cloisters, refectories, and libraries, with schools and infirmaries, bishops' palaces and canons' dwellings—yes, and warriors' castles also. Keeping within the

precincts of England's cathedrals, we may study the traces of nearly every kind of mediæval architecture, from the most gorgeously ecclesiastic to the most simply domestic, most purely utilitarian, most frankly military. And the fact, I say, is characteristically English: no series of cathedrals in any other land is so all-embracing, so infinitely diversified. There is nothing on the Continent which resembles, for instance, those wide green shaded acres amid which Salisbury stands, or matches the palace beyond embowered in its fairy-land of garden. There is nothing abroad with a great cathedral church as its central feature which reveals the cloister-life of the middle ages as does the ruined monastic establishment at Canterbury—ruined because it was monastic; and there is nothing which reveals the collegiate life of the same epoch as does the group of still existing homes at Wells—still existing because they were not monastic.

III

Almost every step in the development of English architecture may be read in the cathedral churches. The only blank their record leaves is at the very beginning: their only lack is of pre-Norman relics. This lack is not due to any want of early effort, but in part to Danish torches and in part to Norman energy in reconstruction. When architecture was a vital art, growing from year to year, developing from hand to hand, altering logically and inevitably to meet each new requirement and suit each generation's novel taste, small reverence was felt for earlier work that seemed out of touch with the current time. Long before the Conquest there had been large cathedral churches in England, often of wood but sometimes of stone. But they melted like snow beneath the hand of the Norman, in whose virile soul zeal for religion and love for building were as potently developed as rage for battle, dominion, and earthly pelf. Although English cathedrals sometimes stand on the sites they consecrated at the dawning of Christianity, they nowhere show above the level of the soil a single stone of ante-Norman date. Architectural history, as these churches tell it, begins with the coming of the Normans. But thence it may be traced through every age down to that of the classic revival; and this age, too, fortunately found its best expression in the cathedral of St. Paul in London, which is not so much a type of English Renaissance effort as its one and only splendid flower. With St. Paul's our survey may contentedly close, for since St. Paul's was built English ecclesiastical architecture has seen no development of a genuinely vital and creative kind.

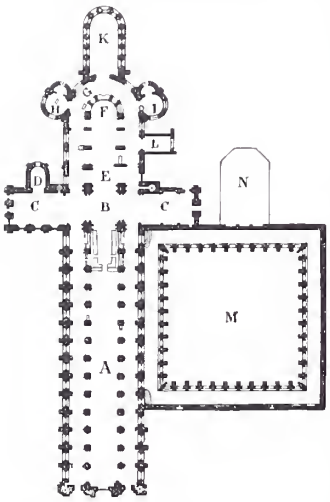
As new civilizations based themselves upon the decaying elements of Roman life, so the architectural styles which we call Romanesque were evolved from the Roman manner of building. Roman halls of justice supplied an excellent model for Christian churches; and the round arch and the column, which the Romans had used side by side but had never united, furnished elements which early Christian builders could combine in a novel way. They threw aside the entablature which classic columns always carried, and placed the arch directly upon the capital. This apparently simple innovation marked the birth of a new art in the widest sense of the word. In it there lay in embryo all those varied and magnificent developments which we understand by mediæval architecture. From it gradually sprang the lofty slender clustered pier, the pointed arch, the wide-spread traceried window, and the vaulted ceiling, for it meant not only that a new architectural expedient had been found, but that old canons of proportion and relationship had once and for all been broken through.

At the time of the Conquest every Christian land practised some form of Romanesque. The one that ruled in England, and is commonly called the Saxon style, is explained to us by still surviving small examples. It was a very primitive form, not only because rudely wrought, but because close akin to the earliest forms which had been developed in the south of Europe. Naturally it was displaced by the form which the Normans had developed on the mainland, since this was much more highly organized and was worked with a much more skilful hand. Even before William's coming the change had begun with the influx of Normans to Edward the Confessor's court and his building of Westminster Abbey in what was called "the new Norman way." And after William came it gradually gained possession of the whole land, though for a long time yet the Old English manner seems to have survived in lowly structures and remote localities, and though its influence somewhat modified even the greatest buildings. Insular work soon became Norman, but it was not precisely the same as Continental Norman.

That cruciform ground-plan for a church which was slowly evolved from the Roman basilican plan was already well established in Norman architecture. The cut on page 8 of the plan of Norwich will show its principal features — the long nave with aisles to right and left, the transept forming the arms of the cross, and the choir forming its upper extremity which always pointed toward the east. This was the plan of a large church in the eleventh century; and it survived

through all later ages, although with modifications which were nowhere more conspicuous than upon English soil.

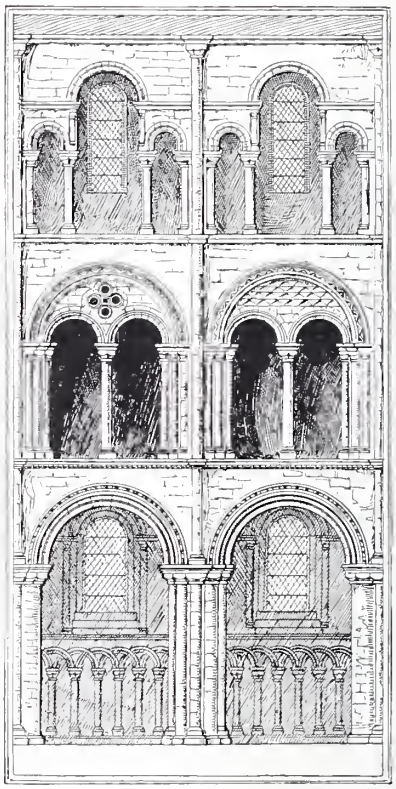
In the next illustration we have the interior design of a great Norman church — the pier-arches supported by massive piers or pillars marking off nave from aisles; then the triforium-arcade opening into a second story above the aisles; and then an upper range of windows standing free above the aisle-roofs and expressively called the clearstory. By the end of the eleventh century all parts of great churches in Normandy were covered with vaults of stone; but only the aisles of Anglo-Norman cathedrals were vaulted. Their wide central areas were covered with flat painted wooden ceilings, above which, of course, as above all stone vaults, rose more or less steeply pitched outer roofs of timber sheathed with lead. Should we lay this divergence to mere timidity arising from the incompetence of those native workmen who must have labored for the foreign architect and had had no experience with vaulted ceilings in Old English work? Perhaps; but perhaps in part at least to the influence of a strong taste native to the soil. In all after times, a love for wooden ceilings characterized English builders. They could not but yield largely to the nobler titles of the vault. But even in the finest Gothic period we sometimes find them imitating its lithic forms in wood, and in the latest Gothic period (which, mechanically speaking, was the cleverest of all) they frequently built open timber roofs — not, indeed, in their greatest churches, but in their smaller ones and their vast and splendid civic halls.



PLAN OF NORWICH CATHEDRAL.

NORMAN STYLE.

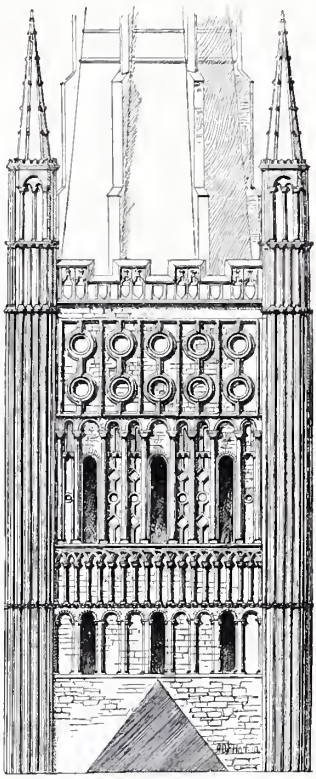
A. Nave. B. Crossing under central tower. C, C. Transept. E. Constructional choir. F. Apse. G. Eastern aisle. K. Site of Lady-chapel (destroyed). D, H, I, and L. Chapels. M. Cloister. N. Site of chapter-house (destroyed).



TWO BAYS OF CHOIR, INTERIOR, PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

NORMAN STYLE.

The great length and relative narrowness of Norman churches is even more conspicuous in England than in Normandy; and as a love for immense length only increased with the development of English architecture, we may recognize it, I think, as another sign of native taste. Such immense extension joined to inconsiderable height would have given Norman churches a very monotonous aspect had it not been for the semicircular shape of the eastern end, the great square tower which rose above the crossing of nave and transept, and the two smaller towers which usually flanked the west façade. Norwich is the only cathedral in England that keeps its Norman east end and tall central tower; and no spire from so remote a day survives.



CENTRAL TOWER, NORWICH CATHEDRAL.

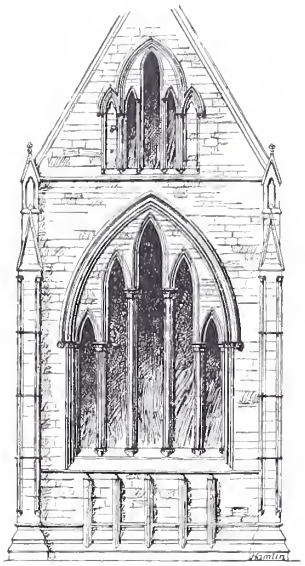
NORMAN STYLE.

Inside, the central tower was open as a "lantern" far above the level of the other ceilings, and was sustained by four huge angle-piers joined by lofty arches at the inner ends of the four arms of the cross. Ornamentation was more profuse in the later than in the earlier periods of the style, but was never so profuse in these great cathedrals as in smaller works. Their vast proportions and the sturdy grandeur of their mighty features seem to have been thought effective enough without much carven decoration. Effort of this sort was concentrated chiefly upon the doorways, where rude but picturesquely telling figure-sculpture and thickly woven leaf and basket-like designs often mingled in rich luxuriance. But though within the church the strong capitals and huge arches are either severely plain or are emphasized by great bold simple zigzags, rolls, and billet-mouldings, we must not forget that the whole interior, now scraped to a stony whiteness, was originally plastered and clothed with painted patterns.

IV

With the dawning of the thirteenth century the round arch gave place to the pointed, and what the world with obstinate incorrectness calls Gothic architecture started on its splendid course. This is not

yet the place to discuss the why or the how of the advent and adoption of the pointed arch. It may suffice to say that though it was first used in France[1] as the basis of a new form of art, and though the idea of such use came without a doubt from France to England, yet England employed it for a time after a fashion of her own. Her early treatment of the pointed arch was so different from that which prevailed elsewhere, and also from her own later treatment, that she claims she has one more Gothic style to show than any other land. In France Romanesque art passed into the typical form of Gothic art without a pause upon any clearly defined intermediate station. But the Lancet-Pointed or Early English style of the thirteenth century was such a station, marked by buildings quite distinct in aim and expression from those which came before and after; that is to say, it was long before England used those compound lights, united into one window by geometrical traceries, which were used in France almost from the very beginning of Gothic effort. For a time she built her pointed windows very tall and slender, and grouped them together without actually uniting them to form a single complex opening. Lancet-windows were used in other countries, and in Normandy there was some little approach to a consistent Lancet-Pointed style. But they were nowhere so long and variously and exclusively employed as in England; it is only here that a genuine Lancet-Pointed style developed and prevailed.



LANCET-WINDOWS, CHESTER CATHEDRAL.

EARLY ENGLISH STYLE.

CLUSTERED PIER, WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

EARLY ENGLISH.

All features now grew in grace and slenderness. The massive square or circular pier became lighter, and was set about with smaller shafts in more or less intimate union. The capital abandoned its square top,

[1] In the eleventh century "France" did not mean at all what it means to-day. The name then belonged only to the Ile-de-France, that district lying around Paris which was the domain of the Capetian kings themselves, not of one of their great vassals or rivals. And this district, this old *domaine royal*, with adjacent portions of surrounding provinces, has always been France in an architectural sense. The styles which developed in the various other provinces that now form France are properly to be called by their respective provincial names. It was only in late mediæval days that, with the growing power of the monarchy, true French Gothic spread itself abroad through districts each of which in earlier periods had worked after a manner of its own.

or abacus, for a circular one. The chisel showed new skill and a novel choice of motives in the succession of deep-cut mouldings which defined the outline of the arch, and in the crown of quaint non-natural but lovely curling leaves that was set around the capital. And pointed vaults replaced the flat wooden ceiling.

CLUSTERED PIER, EXETER CATHEDRAL.
EARLY ENGLISH.

Conspicuous, too, with the advent of the thirteenth century was the alteration of the ground-plan. In the first place, the eastern arm of the cross became much longer,—a change which was due in part at least to the growth of saint- and relic-worship. No great house was too poor in history to supply some local sainted founder, patron, bishop, martyr, when the popular love of pilgrimages was at its height; and none was so blind to the chance of spiritual and temporal profit but that it could perceive the obligation to give him noble sepulture. The crypt beneath the choir had sufficed for all burials at an earlier day; but now behind the high altar in the church itself holy bones were laid in greater state, famous relics were shown in a more splendid pageant, and miracles were performed in presence of far vaster throngs of the devout. Thus the eastern arm was obliged to stretch itself out to a length which has of course become wholly useless under the changed conditions of a less emotional time and faith.

CAPITAL, WELLS CATHEDRAL.
EARLY ENGLISH.

When speaking architecturally we cannot help calling this eastern arm of a church the "choir." But in Norman days it did not hold the true choir—the "ritual choir" or "singers' choir," the place set apart for those who performed the complicated choral service. This true choir was an inclosure, fenced off on three sides from the lay congregation but open toward the east, which extended across the transept beneath the lantern and often into the nave, leaving the short east limb, dominated by the altar near its end, as the presbytery for the higher clergy. This disposition has in certain cases been preserved. But usually, in one Gothic period or another, the singers' stalls were moved back into the eastern arm, the lateral screens running between pier and pier and leaving the aisles free on either hand, and the west-

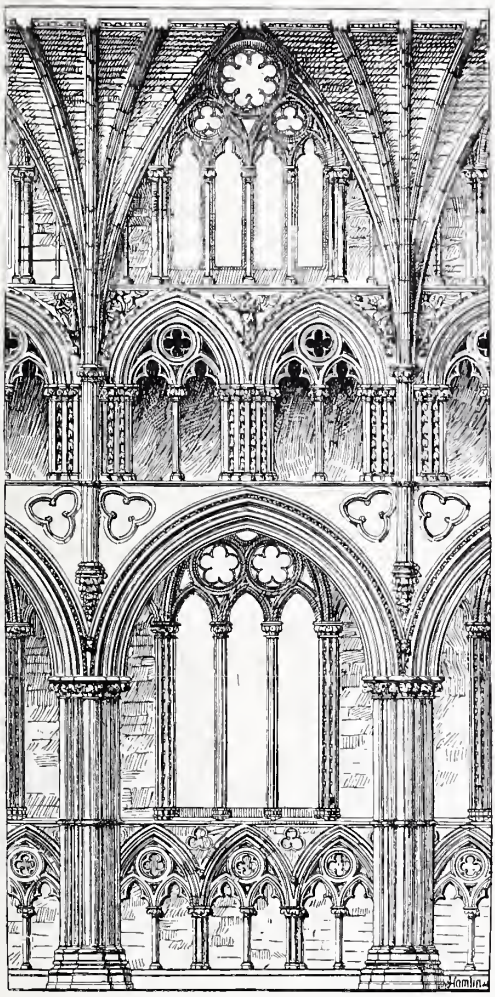
ern one standing between the angle-piers eastward of the crossing; and thus the ritual choir became part of the constructional. A second transept—a feature we never find except in England—was then sometimes built to the eastward of the main one, perhaps to give fresh architectural voice to the ecclesiological distinction between choir and presbytery. These arrangements all show in the plan of Salisbury Cathedral in Chapter V; and there we also see still another English innovation, and a most important one. The semicircular end, or apse, with which the Norman finished the eastern limb, and often the transept-ends as well, was retained all through the middle ages in all Continental countries, though sometimes altered to a polygonal shape and sometimes surrounded by a range of chapels. But in the early thirteenth century the English abandoned it in favor of a flat east end with great groups of lofty windows; and this form of termination was ever after as persistent, as characteristic, in England as was the apse elsewhere.

Whither must we look for the explanation of so marked a difference in times when a single faith prevailed, and when no nation built in self-contained privacy but each helped the others with ideas and inventions, and often with exported artists too? Doubtless once more to the persistence of ante-Norman tastes, to the strength of preferences native to the soil, inherent in the air, partly suppressed so long as the dominating Norman was still an alien in the land, but quick to reassert themselves when his acclimatizing had been brought about. Indeed, if we may believe the seemingly logical conclusions of certain careful students, this ante-Norman influence was ante-English even; the true first birth of the flat east end, they tell us, must be sought in those little Irish chapels which are the only relics in the whole island realm of the days when its Church was British.

The characteristic love of the English builder for longitudinal extension does not show merely in the length of his naves, or of his choirs as compared with his naves. Beyond his unusually long choirs he almost always threw out further chapels of considerable size. "Lady-chapels" they were most often, dedicated to the Holy Mother whose cult, like that of all lesser saints, developed so enormously during the twelfth century. Sometimes this chapel is of the same height and width as the choir itself, forming part and parcel of it in an architectural sense. But more often it is a lower building into which we look through the pier-arcade of the flat choir-end, while above its roof this end rises far aloft, with vast windows and gable finishing the true body of the church.

But, as we see again on the plan of Salisbury, all the minor terminations are flat as well as the main one. The apse has disappeared altogether, only to be resuscitated now and then in places where, as at Westminster Abbey, foreign influence is plainly perceived.

Gradually—nay, rapidly, in less than a century—the Lancet-



ONE BAY OF THE "ANGEL CHOIR," INTERIOR, LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

DECORATED STYLE.

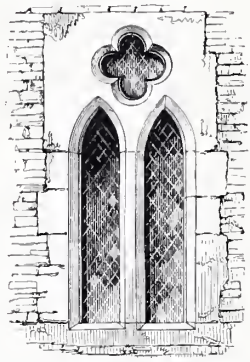
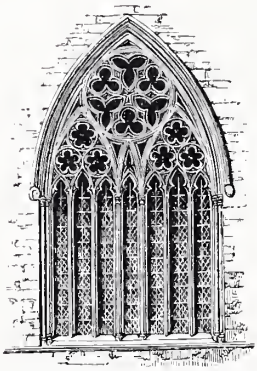


PLATE TRACERY.



GEOMETRICAL TRACERY, RIPON CATHEDRAL.

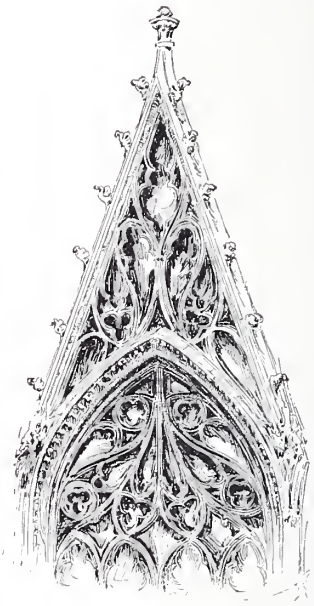
Pointed gave place to the full-blown Gothic style, which in England is commonly but not very sensibly called the Decorated style. Window-traceries were now developed, passing through successive stages as "plate" and "geometrical" and "flowing"; and the sculptor went

FLOWING TRACERY, WELLS CATHEDRAL.

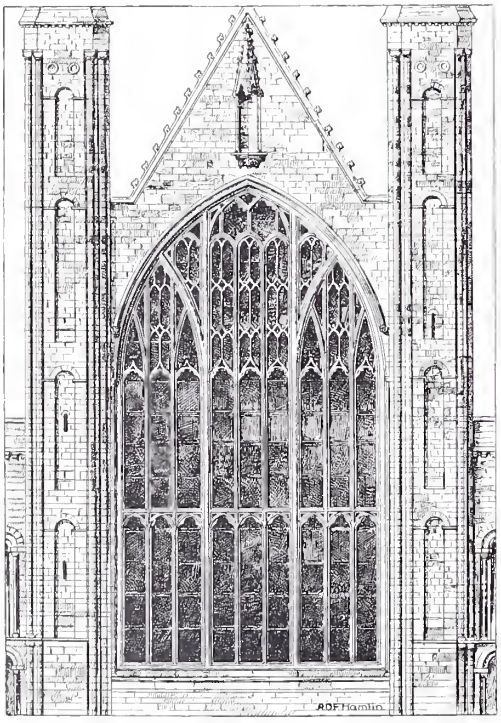
DECORATED STYLE.

more directly to nature for the more varied patterns of his leafage. Now the scheme of the island architect resembled that of his foreign brother. But his peculiar ground-plan persisted, and in certain important respects he was still conspicuously himself.

And when the purest time of flowering was over, when each great building nation entered upon a period which, though vigorous and admirable, was nevertheless a period of exaggeration and a



FRENCH FLAMBOYANT TRACERY, ROUEN CATHEDRAL.



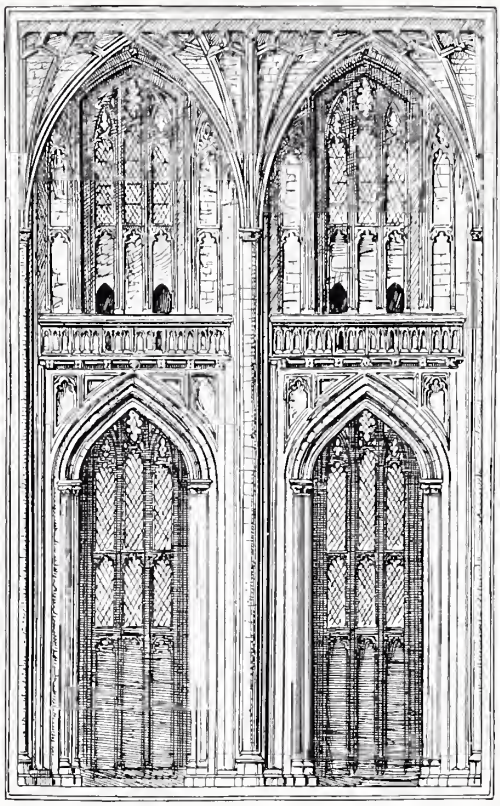
PERPENDICULAR WINDOW, WEST FRONT, NORWICH CATHEDRAL.

INSERTED IN NORMAN WALL.

pushing to extremes and therefore of incipient decline—then the English architect became again more individual in his mood. Then, indeed, insular peculiarities were more strongly marked than ever before, and a style was evolved which is the only one that can boast an undisputed claim to English origin.

Late French Gothic became incomparably exuberant and unfettered; it twisted and wove its traceries, for instance, into such flame-like, wavy, stone-denying forms that its name, Flamboyant,

is picturesquely lucid. But late English Gothic stiffened into a fashion which is just as well named Perpendicular.[1] The mullions of its windows almost abandoned their curves, and were cut across by strong horizontal transoms; and the panel-like forms thus produced were carried over, as superficial decoration, upon the wall-spaces between. In both countries the arch took on a variety of complex shapes; but its most characteristic shape in France was the reversed or ogee curve, and in England the low four-centred curve—the former somewhat too free, the latter somewhat too rigid in expression.



TWO BAYS OF NAVE, INTERIOR, WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

PERPENDICULAR STYLE.

V

Contrasting Perpendicular and Flamboyant work, we seem to see in England architectural prose and in France architectural poetry. The prose is very clever and impressive, and sometimes truly majestic; but it lacks that purely æsthetic feeling and that rich sensuous beauty which breathe from the work of France, always seductive, imaginative, full of passion and fire, though now run a little wild, grown over-daring, fanciful, and almost freakish. And the same qualities which come out so strongly in this latest, least reserved and temperate, most individual and therefore most perfectly expressive period, are clearly if less conspicuously marked in the developments that had gone before. Nothing is more characteristic of English Gothic architecture than its love of lowness, its persistent neglect of those effects of vertical extension which French Gothic loved beyond all else. Extreme elevation means, of course,

1 Here we find the converse of the facts noted regarding lancet-windows. Flamboyant windows may be found in English Decorated work, but a homogeneous Flamboyant style was never used in England. On the other hand, there is nothing away from England's shores which at all resembles her Perpendicular work.

very daring constructional processes; and may we not read a national instinct against it as proof of a national spirit of caution, timidity, self-restraint—as proof of a prosaic temper in the race? Remember that we cannot judge Gothic as we should classic architects. Self-restraint, balance, and repose formed the essence of classic art, and success with it was greatest when these qualities were most perfectly achieved. But the spirit of Gothic art was audacious, emotional, imaginative, mobile, and aspiring. In one word, it was romantic; and we all know that romantic means the very opposite of classic. As the poetry of Greece differs in character and ideals from the poetry of the Teutonic races, so Greek architecture differs from the architecture which bloomed when Teutonic blood had leavened and transformed the heritage of classic civilization. To be relatively cautious, unimaginative, unambitious, unaspiring, meant, with Gothic builders, not to show the highest æsthetic meaning latent in the elements of their art. And this, I think, despite all the grandeur and the beauty that they wrought, was the case with the architects of England. The imaginative power of this race expressed itself best in poetry, while that of the races which blended in the lands we now call France expressed itself best in art. The fact is as clearly proved by the decorations as by the main fabric of mediæval churches. The wealth of imaginative resource and of manual skill shown by the carven ornaments and especially by the figure-sculpture of all the provinces of France is not even remotely paralleled in England, while the English feeling for color, as revealed in painted glass, is not nearly on a par with the French.

It is impossible to realize this difference unless one has studied the Gothic work of both these lands. Westminster Abbey, for instance, with its one hundred and one feet of height, is the loftiest church in England, and, revealing everywhere a strong French influence, it cannot be taken as a type of national effort. York measures only ninety-two feet, and all the other cathedrals are lower still. Now ninety, or eighty, or even seventy feet of height may sound tremendous in transatlantic ears, may look tremendous to transatlantic eyes taking their first lesson in the magnificence of mediæval work. But imagine what such a height must mean if actually doubled; or go to France and see, or to Cologne, which, again, is really a French church though standing on German soil. See the extraordinary beauty, the extraordinary sublimity of such proportions; feel their mystery, their poetry, their overwhelming impressiveness—spiritual, emotional, not coldly intellectual in quality. Then you will realize that these were the truest Gothic

builders, and that their power came from poetic audacity, from strength of imaginative impulse; for height, in an interior, is the great enchanter, the great poetizer and soul-subduer. Length is seen and understood and valued at its worth. Height is felt, and the longer we submit ourselves to its influence the more bewildering and supernal it remains. One argument, indeed, is sometimes urged in favor of the vast length of English cathedrals and that wide spread which their narrowness permits in the transept-arms, as compared with the broader, shorter, compacter, if taller, area of French cathedrals. In France we most often see the total effect of a great church as we enter; we receive a tremendous impression which we know will be developed and enhanced from future points of view, but will not be succeeded by others of different kinds. But in England we enter what seems a treasure-house of impressions that may prove ever new and various as our steps extend. Of course the realization of this idea is helped by the diversity in date between part and part which is so conspicuous in English cathedrals, and therefore the traveler often votes them more interesting than their rivals. But does not such a decision imply that he cares less for pure architectural beauty than for mere picturesqueness, or for the gratification of mere curiosity? However large it may be, a church is a single building. Therefore, should we not rate its excellence just in proportion to the unity of the impression it makes? In fine French churches, I may add, this unity means no lack of minor parts and features to gratify the natural desire that absolutely everything should not be revealed at the first broad glance. What I want to explain is simply that the typical French interior strikes us as a single body composed of many parts, and the typical English one as a compound body. I think the question of true superiority is settled by these facts; and I am sure it must decide itself as they decide it if the traveler stays long enough near French and English cathedrals for the prickings of curiosity to be dulled and the worth of first impressions to be tested by familiarity. It may be more interesting to explore a church like Winchester or York. It is surely more satisfying to sit day after day in one like Amiens or Rheims.

Of course such a difference in interior effect is translated by an equal difference in external aspect. The contrast is very great between the compact broad tall body of a French church, with its ranks of flying-buttresses, and the long low narrow self-sustaining body of an English one; and the claim of the latter to superiority is far more often pleaded than that of the interior it covers. But if English cathedrals

were judged apart from their lovely surroundings, I think such pleading would be less emphatic.

The greatest merit of the long low English sky-line is the way in which it permits an extraordinary dignity in the towers. During the Romanesque period the main external feature of a church was almost always a central tower. As the Gothic body grew tall in Continental countries, this tower inevitably shrank into a mere lantern or spirelet, or disappeared altogether, while its former subordinates, flanking the western front, usurped its vanished glory. But in England the central tower kept all its early preponderance and grew to greater than its early size, while, for a time, the western ones remained its lesser but still magnificent neighbors. The narrowness of the church compelled the transept-arms to spread far beyond the line of nave and choir, and thus the eye was assured of the stability of the tower above the crossing; and the lowness of the roofs quickly disengaged all the towers and gave them immense apparent size even when they were not really very tall. Thus, through the spreading of his transept and the soaring of his central tower, the island architect gave his exterior a pyramidal shape in which all parts and forms led up to a common centre. The charm of his arrangement is undeniable, but its grandeur is less than that of a church like Notre Dame in Paris, for instance, where we have no central tower but two great western ones, a magnificent circular sweep at the eastern end, and light yet sinewy lines of flying-buttresses to support the lofty clearstory. And how is it as regards expressional truth? On the Continent the west front is the part most conspicuously accented, and in England the crossing of nave and transept. Accentuation of the former sort is more appropriate, of course, where a cathedral faces a crowded city square than where it stands apart in wide green lawns of its own. Here, if we consider superficially, it seems as though it must be best to emphasize most strongly the centre of the composition. But if we think a little deeper, did this architectural centre represent the ecclesiological centre after Romanesque arrangements had been altered? And if not, was its accentuation logical — really expressive and emblematic? In earliest Christian times the high altar stood at the intersection of nave and transept; and in Romanesque times it still stood close at hand, while the singers' choir, where the service was performed, lay beneath the central tower, so that this covered the very heart of the edifice. But when the singers' choir and the altar were pushed back into the eastern limb, did not the tower express a vanished fact?

VI

THE lowness of an English cathedral and the small service it consequently asks from the flying-buttress are often praised for the repose of aspect they confer. Nor is this repose a quality to be wholly condemned, given the usual character of English sites. But I have already said that repose, as distinct from strength and stability, is not the typical expression of Gothic architecture. This typical expression is one of aspiring yet easy effort, of vitality and the almost conscious exercise of uplifting force.

If we ask the reason why, we are brought at once to the study of constructional facts. Thus far I have merely spoken, from the broadly æsthetic point of view, of such superficial effects as appeal to every eye. But it is very important to learn that, in architecture, a radical unlikeness between effects is always born from a difference in constructional processes, and that all æsthetic judgments must take this difference into account. The typical expression of Gothic churches simply translates the fact that the beginning of Gothic art meant the dawning of a new constructional ideal which, by the aid of newly adopted practical expedients, was gradually brought to full and perfect realization.

The radical change which came about when Romanesque builders used arch and column in a novel way was followed by another when early Gothic builders discovered the constructional potency of the pointed arch. As the form of churches, determined by the disposition of their ground-plans, did not greatly alter, this second change is less apparent to uncritical eyes than the one effected by the substitution of the church-plan for the temple-plan (which meant the shifting of colonnades from the exterior to the interior), and by the placing of the arch directly on the pier. But in one sense it was a change of even greater significance. A classic temple is a system of sturdy walls and colonnades all helping to sustain a solid roof. So is a Romanesque church, and, in consequence, perfect repose is a quality common to both. But it is not a quality proper to a Gothic church, because this is a highly organized framework of piers, arches, and buttresses, so disposed that the spaces of wall and roof between them merely serve for enclosure. A Romanesque church, like a Greek temple, stands by virtue of inertia; but a perfect Gothic church stands by virtue of a skilfully balanced system of thrusts and counter-thrusts concentrated upon special points of support. The Gothic constructional scheme could never have been developed without the pointed arch; but this is only one element in the scheme, and the simple fact that

it is used does not make a building Gothic. Arabian mosques have pointed openings, but their constructional scheme is really the same that we find in Grecian temples and Romanesque cathedrals. According as the general Gothic scheme is consistently and logically used, a Gothic church is architecturally poor or fine, no matter what may be its claim upon our feeling for picturesqueness or for grandeur; and the further this scheme has been carried, without a loss of either the fact or the air of stability, dignity, and grace, the nobler has been the architect's success.

Let me once more assert these facts: *A Romanesque church stands by virtue of inertia, a perfect Gothic church by virtue of a system of concentrated thrusts and counter-thrusts;* for they are absolutely fundamental and explanatory, prescribing that the two kinds of buildings must be judged by different sets of canons. We cannot test the true architectural excellence of any mediæval church unless we apply the proper set to all its forms and parts, although, of course, other considerations constantly come in play to settle questions of beauty in the widest possible sense. We shall see, as our study extends, how a knowledge of the true criteria of Gothic art may affect our judgment with regard to all the points of difference hitherto noted as distinguishing English Gothic from French, and especially the vexed questions of relative height and the development of flying-buttresses. Now I will only say in passing that if these criteria were always remembered when English Gothic is judged, its claims to equality with French would find less hearty support. They would prove that while the French architect was more poetic in his results, he was also more logical in his aims, more consistent in their realization. They would show, indeed, that it was just because he most clearly conceived the æsthetic ideal proper to the new system of construction and most unflinchingly expressed it, that he put a higher degree of poetry into his results. It was because Frenchmen were the most logical of Gothic builders that they could dare to be the most imaginative and ambitious.

VII

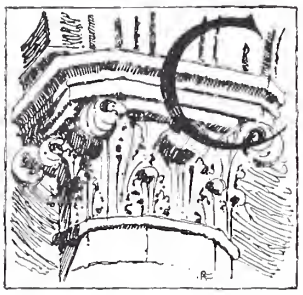
I HOPE all this will not read as though my admiration for English cathedrals were small. It is really so great that I despair of finding a vocabulary rich and telling enough to express it. But unreasoning praise is not the truest sort. One cannot rightly admire without understanding, or love without appreciating; and the only way to under-

stand and appreciate is through processes of comparison. And if, in learning the varied charm and majesty of the great churches of England, we likewise learn that those of another land are in some ways still more wonderful, need we be distressed by the fact? It should simply deepen our sense of the superb ability of mediæval builders, and heighten the pleasure we feel in any chance to study the actual work of their hands.

Moreover, although to enjoy all diversities in architectural beauty we must recognize them as diversities, of course we need not always be trying to hold a critical balance true between them. There is no more stupid mood for student or traveler than one which refuses to delight itself in anything but the very best. The second best—yes, the twentieth best—produced in the noble days of art is good enough to give a wise man pleasure, and the wiser he is the more pleasure he will be able to take in it. We want to learn in which respects English cathedrals surpass those of France and in which they are inferior. But it would be very foolish, during an English pilgrimage, always to defer to French ideals, never to submit ourselves to the special charm of insular developments. Why indeed should we, pilgrims from afar whose fathers bought us better blessings by the sacrifice of our artistic heritage, feel always bound to carp at the fact of its rich diversity? Unless we are pedants or puritans in taste, or responsible professors of the art of building, or architects forced to choose texts for our own new efforts in the vast stone cyclopædia written by dead generations, we need not always be asking, Which is better, this or that? Most often we may feel that, whether French or English churches are the finer, it is well for us that French churches are tall and English ones are low; that some were reared on narrow ancient streets and others on broad verdurous lawns; that we have there the circling apse, with its arching chapels and its coronal of flying-buttresses, and here the great flat eastern wall—at Ely with its lancet-groups, at Wells with its vista into lower further spaces, at Gloucester with its vast translucent tapestry of glass. Surely the more variety the better, for us who have not to teach or to build but only to enjoy.

Chapter II

The Cathedral of Christ's Church, Canterbury



CANTERBURY Cathedral was entirely rebuilt by the Normans, but it now retains so little Norman work that we must go elsewhere to understand how a Romanesque church was designed. The tourist who wishes really to study the development of English architecture will be wise if he comes to Canterbury only after he has been at Norwich, Peterborough, and Durham. But when history's claims are considered with those of art, the long cathedral tale commences in the Kentish capital. Here the conversion of the English was begun; here the first Christian shepherd of the English had his seat; it was not the chair of a bishop merely, but the throne of a primate; and in it the Primate of All England still sits to-day. Whatever we may do when we travel, we should read first of the cathedral which is the mother-church of England by the double title of earliest birth and constant rule.[1]

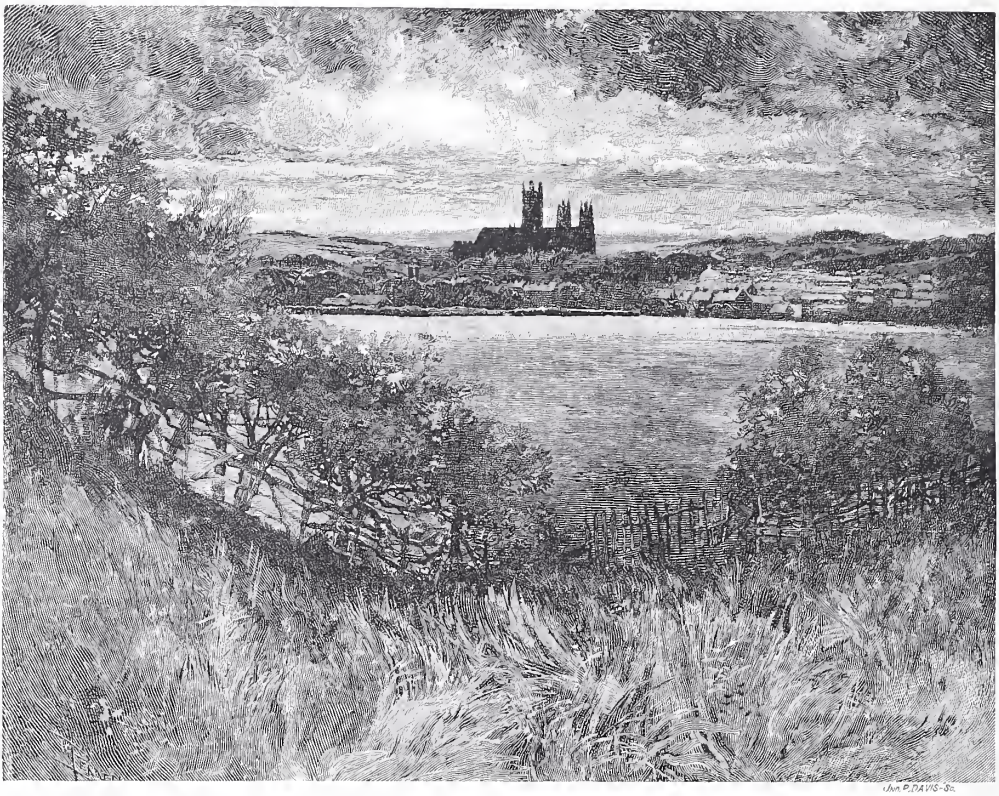
I

In this delectably little island the same *mise-en-scène* has often served for the playing out of various dramas. The soil is everywhere rich with buried history and set thick with the artistic relics of all eras, and the air is never free from mighty memories. Britain among the lands is as Rome among the cities: the story of any one of her districts

[1] The chief authority for students of this church is Professor Willis's "Architectural History of Canterbury Cathedral," published in 1845, but now unfortunately out of print. It contains translations from all the ancient writers who mentioned the building, chief among whom were Eadmer the Singer, who was a boy in the convent school in the time of Lanfranc, and Gervase, who was a monk of Christ's Church when the Norman choir was burned and the present one erected. A mass of varied and interesting information is contained in Dean Stanley's "Historical Memorials of Canterbury," while the cathedral of Sens is described in Naudin's "Fastes de la Sénonie" and, of course, in Viollet-le-Duc's "Dictionnaire."

is as difficult to tell in brief as the story of any Roman site. Rarely indeed can we say, For this reason is this place of interest. There are usually a score of reasons, a dozen interests of successive date; and we often come upon historic repetitions of so happy a sort that they seem to have been planned by some great cosmic playwright in the interest of artistic unity, of dramatic point and concentration. There were, for instance, many spots along the coast where St. Augustine might have landed when he was on his way to Canterbury and the court of Ethelbert. But the spot where he did land chanced to be on the Isle of Thanet at the mouth of the Thames, just where the first of those heathen English whom he came to convert had disembarked a century and a half before.

The cathedral which he soon established with archiepiscopal rank has always remained the mother-church of England; but in one sense the term is still better deserved by little St. Martin's high above it on the eastward hill. Look narrowly at these ancient walls and you will find embedded in them fragments more ancient still,—bits of Roman brick which tell that when St. Augustine came in the year 597 there stood on this same site a tiny British church. Somehow it had weathered the storms of pagan years and now was the private oratory of Queen Bertha, who had been taught Christianity in her early home at Paris. Here St. Augustine held his first service under an island roof, here he baptized his first convert,—King Ethelbert himself,—and hence he passed as consecrated primate with banner and silver cross and pomp of singing down through the beautiful valley of the Stour to the royal town beneath. Although it is very old, St. Martin's has certainly been rebuilt since the sixth century, and none but the most easy-going of sentimentalists will believe quite all he is told about its furniture and tombs. But, disinherited of gray memorials by the accident of birth across the sea, we find it interesting enough to stand upon a spot where such tales can be told with any color of likelihood; and besides, from the shadow of St. Martin's dusky yews, which represent the first tiny rootlet of English Christianity, we get the finest possible outlook upon that greater church which typifies the full-grown faith. Gazing across the broad valley to its far-off western hills, we see the town in the low middle distance with the remains of the great suburban monastery founded by St. Augustine and named for him, and, in the very centre of the picture, the cathedral that he called Christ's Church uplifting its gigantic towers and showing in the mere spread of its transept a length so great that it may easily be mistaken for the length of nave and choir instead. If an



CANTERBURY FROM THE NORTHEAST.

American could see but one English landscape, he might well choose this; and if he could choose his hour, it might well be from one of those summer afternoons when the witchery of sloping light enhances the charms of color, and shines through the perforations of far-off pinnacle and parapet until their stone looks like lace against the sky and their outlines seem to waver in harmony with the lines of cloud above.

Sentiment in the traveler means, I think, something close akin to the love of symbolism. It asks for correspondence between body and spirit. It demands that sight and imagination shall be gratified together, that a town shall keep to the eye the tacit promise conveyed by the sound of its name. As we travel, sentiment is disappointed, alas, how very often! But Canterbury keeps its promises with unusual fidelity.

From afar it seems not so much a town as a great solitary church standing on a slight elevation and backed by higher hills. And a humble town it is in fact, low-roofed and narrow-bordered, with no touch of municipal dignity and no evidence of private wealth, breathing

a breath of almost country air, basking sleepily in a mood of almost rural quiet, resting meekly at the foot of its mighty church, guarding tenderly the ruins of its great monastic houses. But in all this we find no disappointment, for the greatness of Canterbury was never material. It was spiritual, or, if I try for the truest term, it was emblematic. Canterbury's power was simply the power of those great men who, taking their name from her, were less often within her gates than far away, helping or hindering kings and parliaments in their ruling of the land; and the authority she delegated to them stood not upon temporal but upon

CANTERBURY FROM THE WEST.

ecclesiastical might. So it is fitting that she should have been small and modest in street and square, great and beautiful only in the body of her splendid temple.

In mediæval days her walls were of course complete; the Conqueror's castle, now a wreck, was haughtily conspicuous; and sleepiness was certainly not her mood while she witnessed the sumptuous living and parading of bishop, abbot, priest, and knight, and the bloody wrangling of each with the others, and felt the pulsing of that vast pilgrim-tide which brought from every English shire and every foreign land its motley myriads to the wonder-working shrine of Thomas Becket. But, nevertheless, the city itself must have been so nearly the same in general effect that we can easily people it anew with its tumultuous shows of faith and superstition, force and fraud, humility, luxury, pride, licen-

tiousness, and greed. Modern growth has not burst its ancient body asunder and reworked it into a larger shape. Nor, on the other hand, has modern life gone wholly from its streets and left them to

MERCERY LANE.[1]

solitude and death. Canterbury is alive despite the long cessation of the ecclesiastical industries of old; she is not dead, but merely dozing in a peace unbroken by the rushing secular traffic of to-day.

II

The main approach to the cathedral has always been through Mercery Lane, which took its title from the arcades of booths where

[1] The house to the left of the picture stands on the spot where stood the Checquers Inn of Chaucer's time, and the old vaulted cellars still exist beneath it.

mementos of pilgrimage were sold. Christ's Church Gateway, which now marks its termination, is a fine bit of Perpendicular work dating from the early years of the sixteenth century. Underneath it we pass into a broad turfed space, still called the Churchyard, which was once the burial-ground for pilgrims who had died at their goal; and from here the western front of the cathedral and its long south side show in a perspective of lordly picturesqueness.

CHRIST'S CHURCH GATEWAY FROM MERCERY LANE.

On this spot too, as well as on the eastern hill, St. Augustine found a surviving British church which he reconsecrated and repaired. It is said to have been a basilica imitated from old St. Peter's in Rome, without a transept, but with an apse at either end. Unchanged, it seems to have served the archbishops of England until the tenth century; and thereafter, largely rebuilt and with heightened walls but still essentially the same, it housed them for a century more. Hither

Dunstan, the mightiest of ante-Norman prelates, came to begin his rule of the Church while persisting in his efforts to rule the State. Here he warred against his political enemies and the great enemy of mankind, but with peculiar vigor against the secular clergy.

The story of such old ecclesiastic fights is interesting by virtue of its departure from what seem to us properly ecclesiastic methods of combat. There is a mine of strange suggestiveness in Dean Milman's phrase: "It was not by law, but by the armed invasion of cathedral after cathedral, that the married clergy were ejected and the Benedictines installed in their places." Yet did not "the dove which erst was seen of John in Jordan" hover over Dunstan in a burst of celestial light at the hour which made him primate? Was he not a visible child of heaven and a miracle-worker while he lived, and a saint and still greater miracle-worker after death? Archbishop Alphege, who accepted murder from the Danes rather than rob his people and live by the gold which he knew would but bribe to further rapine and bloodshed, was also canonized and also wrought marvels with his bones; and these two saints, whose fame reposed on such very different grounds, were supreme in the archiepiscopal storehouse of relics—lying on either side of the great altar in which was enshrined the head of St. Wilfrid of Ripon—until St. Thomas arrived with a higher title still. True saint or not, however, Dunstan was a mighty artist before the Lord, working with pen and brush, in gold and silver and brass and iron, in the casting of bells, in the making of musical instruments, and the making of music upon them. Richer clay than modern nature uses must have formed the substance of these famous men of old, meddlers in every department of human effort and easily masters in all.

Twenty-three years after Dunstan died there happened, in 1011, the murder of Archbishop Alphege and the sacking of the cathedral by the Danes. Canute repaired it as best he could, and hung up his golden crown in vicarious atonement for his fellow-countrymen's sacrilege. But the last archbishop to stand within its shattered, patched-up walls was that Stigand whose figure shows so vividly on the striking page where Freeman has painted Harold struggling with the Conqueror. When William came to Harold's throne and Archbishop Lanfranc to Stigand's, Norman fires had completed what Danish fires had begun. Lanfranc was compelled to build an entirely new church, and naturally began it in the "new Norman manner," after the pattern of St. Stephen's church at Caen on the Norman mainland; and in the short space of seven years he had raised it "from the very foundations and rendered

it nearly perfect." Only a few years afterward, however, during the primacy of Anselm, Lanfranc's choir was pulled down and reconstructed on a much larger scale. Ernulph and Conrad, successively priors of the convent, were the architects of this new choir, which was consecrated in the year 1130, when Henry I. of England was present with David of Scotland and "every bishop of the realm," and so famous a dedication had "never been heard of since the dedication of the temple of Solomon."

This was the church — Lanfranc's nave and Anselm's choir — in which Becket was murdered on December 29, 1170. But four years later it was half ruined by a great catastrophe described in graphic words by Gervase, an eye-witness. He gives Anselm's reconstruction the name of one of its architects. The "glorious choir of Conrad," he says, caught fire in the night, cinders and sparks blowing up from certain burning dwellings near at hand and getting, unperceived, a fatal headway between "the well-painted ceiling below and the sheet-lead covering above." But the flames at last beginning to show themselves, "a cry arose in the churchyard, '*See, see, the church is burning!*'" Valiantly worked monks and people together to save it. The nave was rescued, but the whole choir perished, and "the house of God, hitherto delightful as a paradise of pleasures, was now made a despicable heap of ashes."

Monks and people then addressed themselves to lamentation with true mediæval fervor. They "were astonished that the Almighty should suffer such things, and, maddened with excess of grief and perplexity, they tore their hair and beat the walls and pavement of the church with their heads and hands, blaspheming the Lord and his saints, the patrons of the church. Neither can mind conceive nor words express nor writing teach their grief and anguish. Truly, that they might alleviate their miseries and anguish with a little consolation, they put together, as well as they could, an altar and station in the nave of the church, where they might wail and howl rather than sing the nocturnal services."

Is not the value men set upon their work a reflex of the amount of enthusiasm they have put into its making? Should we not know, without further witness, that an age which could lament like this must have been an age of mighty builders? And indeed these Canterbury folk went mightily to work when the first spasm of rage and grief and fear had passed. French and English architects were called in to give advice, and a Frenchman, William of Sens, "on account of his lively genius

and good reputation," was chosen to begin the rebuilding.[1] Though he had labored only four years when a fall from a scaffold forced him to relinquish his task, he had finished the walls of choir and presbytery, and was preparing to turn their vaults. His successor—also "William by name" though "English by nation, small in body but in workman-

CANTERBURY FROM THE NORTHWEST.

ship of many kinds acute and honest"—constructed the retrochoir for Becket's shrine and the circular terminal chapel now known as "Becket's Crown."

The goodly work of these two Williams still stands as when they wrought it, to the glory, one cannot but confess, rather of St. Thomas than of God. Lanfranc's nave and transept, being in "notorious and evident state of ruin," were rebuilt in the fourteenth century, in the earliest version of the Perpendicular style. The southwestern tower was replaced in the middle of the fifteenth century, and about 1500 the great central tower was raised above the crossing, while the north-

[1] Sens was in intimate relations with Canterbury during a long period, and Becket himself had spent much time there while in exile. His episcopal robes are still preserved in the treasury of its cathedral.

western tower survived as Lanfranc had left it until 1834, when, alas, it was pulled down and rebuilt to "match" its Perpendicular companion.

III

To understand the cathedral as it is to-day we must understand St. Thomas's posthumous part therein. We must know the rôle that relic-worship played, more or less through many centuries and in every part of Christendom, but with especial architectural emphasis in the twelfth century and on English soil.

Then and there the fame and frequentation, the wealth and power of a church depended chiefly upon the relics it possessed or could lay plausible claim to owning. From the armed hand to the lying mouth, the bribing ducat and the secret theft, there was no device which holy ecclesiastics scorned or feared to use in their great task of enriching their churches with the blood and bones and heterogeneous relics of departed sainthood. For many years the neighboring monastery of St. Augustine outranked the cathedral establishment of Canterbury in every way except in dignity of name, because, in deference to an old law forbidding intramural interments, the bodies of St. Augustine himself and his immediate successors had been placed in its suburban keeping. But Cuthbert, the twelfth archbishop, says Gervase, "sought and obtained from Rome the right of free burial for Christ's Church. He was the first who, by the will of God, the authority of the high pontiff, and the permission of the King of England, was buried in Christ's Church, and so also were all his successors save one alone, named Jambert." The profit to house and church was immediate, for almost every archbishop of Canterbury seems, in those days, to have been canonized. But what immense gain might result from such an innovation was more clearly shown when Becket went bleeding to his tomb and, as St. Thomas of Canterbury, became the most famous intercessor in all Europe.

Before this time the custom of burying saints behind the high altar instead of in the crypt beneath had been well established; and when Anselm pulled down Lanfranc's new choir simply that he might build a larger, it was certainly in deference to the growing need for proper sepulchral space. It is true that Becket himself was first buried in the crypt. But the reason and manner of his death, with the haste, terror, and intimidation which followed, were the choosers of his grave. When, four years later, Anselm's choir was burned, Becket was already canonized and world-renowned; and when it was rebuilt his due enshrine-

ment was the main concern. Often hereafter we shall see how the choir of a cathedral grew to its enormous size through its ownership of some saint's dust, but nowhere is a saint's dominion so plainly petrified as at Canterbury.

Rarely has so honorable a monument been decreed a mortal; and rarely has a mortal who stands well within the borders of authentic history been so diversely judged. Unfortunately, most of our early ideas about Becket came to us as part of our Puritanical inheritance, dictated in utter oblivion of the unlikeness of his time to ours. And still more unfortunately, the most brilliant account of him that appeals to adult eyes is Mr. Froude's, written by a pen which brought to the task of an historian the methods of a prosecuting attorney.

Of course the most obvious thing to say about Becket is that he was fighting against the Crown and for the Church and a foreign head of the Church; and Church against State in the world of to-day would of course mean menace to men's liberties. But the twelfth century was not the nineteenth, or even the sixteenth, and when its own perspective is understood it shows us Becket in a very different light. It shows that he was no saint as we count saints to-day, no churchman or statesman of a pattern we should praise to-day, and perhaps not consciously a champion of the people while an opponent of the king; but nevertheless a great, almost an heroic, Englishman, in every way a brave man, in many things a wise man, after current lights a conscientious one, and, whether designedly or not, a mighty agent in winning the long fight for English liberty. It is here his name should be enrolled, in the narrative of that long struggle which began with the very birth of the English people—before the actual birth of the English nation—and by no means closed on the scaffold of King Charles. With all its faults, the Church of Becket's day was the only possible helper of the people. With all his tyrannous intentions, the Bishop of Rome was just then a less dangerous shepherd than Henry, the Angevin king. When we read the signature of a later archbishop on the Great Charter of freedom—when we find Stephen Langton heading the list of those who compelled King John to do the nation's will, and defying at once the despotisms of royalty and of Rome—it is but just to remember that Becket, defying royalty in the name of Rome, combating a ruler far more powerful than John, had taken the first step which made Langton's step secure. A later Henry saw this truth. "Reforming" the Church less with the wish to purify religion than to extend the royal power, Henry VIII. had St. Thomas's shrine destroyed, his body

THE CATHEDRAL, FROM CHRIST'S CHURCH GATEWAY.

burned, his face obliterated from painted glass, and his name stricken from calendar and mass-book, more because he had been a "traitor" than because he had become a fosterer of superstition. The blood of a martyr was in Becket's case the seed of wealth and power to the Church and of some more or less pious kind of piety, as well as of that frightful dissoluteness which the old poets paint as the result of Canterbury pilgrimages. But its greatest interest for us is as one of the germs of that splendid stock of English freedom to which Americans, as well as Englishmen, are the fortunate heirs. The archbishop who gave his life to uphold the standard of the Church against the blows of the king, and the Puritan who beat down king and Church together beneath the standard of liberty, had more in common than either in his day could possibly have understood. We may stand with reverence by the now shrineless centre of Canterbury's retrochoir, as well as by the vacant chapel in Westminster Abbey where the bones of Cromwell briefly lay.

IV

If one comes from the Continent, it is a surprise to find only a single little unused doorway in the west façade at Canterbury, and to see the main entrance in a great porch projecting from the southern side of the southwestern tower. This, however, is the most characteristically English position for the main entrance to a church, as is proved by very many of those rural churches which, more wholly than their vaster sisters, were the outcome of local tastes and old traditions. In a huge church like Canterbury's, great western portals are indisputably better from an architectural point of view. Yet for once we may be glad to find so English a feature as the southern porch, because it alone speaks a word to remind us of the original cathedral. All that survives to suggest the church of the British-Roman Christians, of St. Augustine, Dunstan, Alphege, and Stigand, is this successor of that great "Suthdure" where, says an old English writer, "all disputes from the whole kingdom which cannot legally be referred to the king's court or to the hundreds or counties do receive judgment."

Passing through it into the extreme west end of the church, we see the nave as Chaucer's pilgrims saw it, only now it is bare and then it was clothed. Five centuries have wrought a great change, but only a superficial one—a decorative, not an architectural change. I need hardly explain why and how all beauty save that of the stones them-

selves has vanished. The chartered havoc of King Henry's delegates and the lawless havoc of Cromwell's are among the most familiar scenes of history; and every tourist knows enough to take account, as well, of eighteenth-century neglect and whitewash and of modern "restoration." In the old days an interior like this was covered in every inch of wall and floor and ceiling with color and gold in tints that charmed the eye and figures that warmed emotion, and was lighted by windows like colossal gems and tapers like innumerable stars—color and light and incense-smoke mingling together to work a tone of radiant depth and strength. It was furnished with altars, tombs, chantries, trophies, statues, and embroidered hangings, trodden by troops of gaudily dressed ecclesiastics, and filled with a never-lessening crowd of worshipers. To-day it is bare and cold and glaring, scraped to the very bone, stripped of all except the architect's first result, and empty even of facilities for occasional prayer; for at Canterbury, as in many another English church of largest size, only the screened-off choir is put to use, while the nave is abandoned to the sight-seer's undevoutness. Protestantism, from an artistic point of view, is not a very successful guardian of Catholic cathedrals.

Even in its present state, the effect of Canterbury's nave is majestic and tremendous as we enter, although on the ground-level we can see only the nave itself, and, higher up, above tall barriers of central screen and iron aisle-gates, only dim vistas of upper arcades and arched choir-ceilings. In certain other cathedrals all the old barriers to foot and eye have recently been swept away, and the change is usually considered happy; but it is a question whether, given the peculiar elongated plan of English churches, the realization of magnitudes thus secured is not too dearly bought.

To decide this question, it is certainly best to put French ideals out of mind. In a long, low, and narrow English church, with its far-projecting transepts, great mystery and impressiveness spring from the old arrangement—a mystery as of holier holies beyond the first, an impressiveness as of endless spaces extending from this space already so enormous, a suggestion not of mere magnitude but of infinitude. These have a potent charm; and why not preserve this charm to the full, since, with such a ground-plan, no degree of openness can produce the French effect of colossal unity? In fact, these English churches were meant to be divided, and the historic as well as the artistic sense is hurt by opening them out. They were not intended first of all for laymen's accommodation, as were the cathedrals built by the communes of

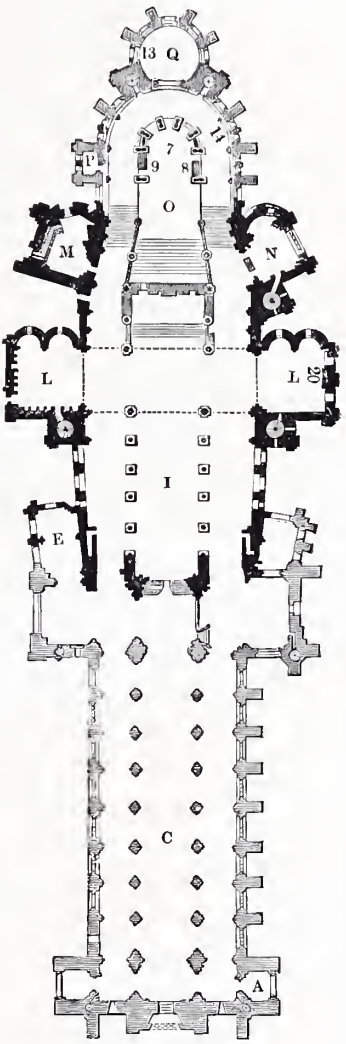
France to meet their civic no less than their religious needs. They were special places of worship for the cathedral chapter. The people were given free access to the nave, and at proper times were admitted within the eastern limb to gaze upon its crowning glories and to pay reverence to its holy dead. But they did not belong there, and the old screens express the fact.

The peculiarity of the Canterbury arrangement is that the choir-screen, standing betwixt the piers to the eastward of the crossing, is at the top of a flight of steps which rise from a high platform that fills the whole of the crossing and is itself approached by another flight ascending from the nave.[1] If from the balustrade of this platform we look down into the north arm of the transept, we see the very spot where Becket fell, and even some of the very stones that saw his fall. In the reconstruction of the fourteenth century there were left undisturbed a fragment of the eastern wall of the transept against which he braced himself when the hot hand-to-hand fight was nearly over, and a piece of the pavement on which his brains were scattered by the point of Hugh de Horsea's sword, while the doorway through which he had entered from the cloister was not wholly destroyed. All the rest of the Norman transept-arm is gone, including the pillar, supporting an upper chapel, to which he clung for a moment, and the stairs by which he sought to reach the altar. But the exact situation of these last is shown by a corresponding flight which still exists in the south transept-arm; and altogether it needs scarcely an effort to bring the whole tragedy back to mind exactly as it passed in that dim December twilight.

Few tragedies in history or in story have been so grandiosely mournful as this which shows us a great leader ensnared by generous confidence, with a cursing band of royal bloodhounds at his throat, and all his monkish friends save three in howling flight; retreating step by step and growing prouder and sterner with each, not for an instant demoralized into flight himself; fighting with voice and hand till fight showed itself vain, and then accepting death with noble composure and meek words of prayer, falling beneath the cruel thrusts so calmly that the folds of his clothing were undisturbed. If it was not the death of a

[1] The steps which lead up to the platform between the western piers of the crossing are not marked on our plan. While Lanfranc's nave existed an altar stood on the platform, and another screen — the true rood-screen, bearing a great crucifix and the figures of the Virgin and St. John — rose between the platform and the nave. As a Lady-chapel then filled the opening from the north nave-aisle into the transept, pilgrims visiting the scene of the martyrdom could approach only through a passage leading underneath the platform from the south transept-arm — greatly, of course, to the increase of dramatic effectiveness.

martyr, it was surely the death of a man who believed in the virtue of his cause. The thrilling tale is told with such exceptional fullness by contemporary mouths, and the place where we recall it is so appropriately impressive, that we can hardly turn our thoughts to the hundred other memories which haunt the cathedral's air. Nor has it even yet dropped out of the popular mind. A shabby, grimy personage—a tramping artisan by his bag of tools—spoke to me one morning in the deserted nave while service was being read in the choir, and after a very confused preamble asked whether I could show him the spot where Becket died. I do not think he mentioned Becket's name, but he wanted to see "the place where they beat him down on his knees and dashed his brains out on the stones"; and he shifted his bundle as he spoke, and punctuated his phrase with a sweep of the arm that showed his imagination had been touched indeed. It might have been interesting to inquire whether he thought Becket a traitor or a martyr, whether sympathy or hatred had prompted his quest. But though one may walk in the nave while service goes on in the choir, good manners and the verger object to conversation, and my artisan remains as mysterious to me as the great prelate probably does to him.



PLAN OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.[1]

FROM MURRAY'S "HANDBOOK."

A. South porch. C. Nave. D. Transept of the martyrdom. E. Dean's (formerly Lady) Chapel. I. Choir. LL. Eastern transept. M. St. Andrew's Tower. N. St. Anselm's Tower. O. Trinity Chapel. Q. The corona. 2. The spot where Becket fell. 7. Position of Becket's shrine (destroyed). 8. Monument of the Black Prince. 9. Monument of Henry IV. 13. Monument of Cardinal Pole. 24. Monument of Archbishop Stephen Langton.

V

Few English cathedrals will give you pleasant ideas of Protestant hospitality. The restrictions that will meet you are many, and savor more of commercial than of ecclesiastic cause. Almost everywhere you must write your name

[1] The internal length of Canterbury Cathedral is 514 feet, and the spread of the transept is 148 feet 6 inches. The cloister is 134 feet square, and the chapter-house is 87 feet long by 35 feet in breadth and 52 in height.

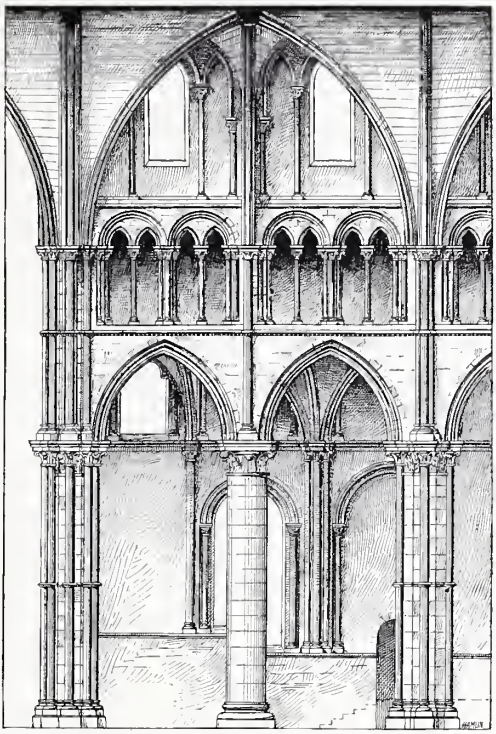
in a big book like a hotel register and pay a sixpence before you can enter the choir. But nowhere except in Westminster Abbey will your subsequent steps be so hampered as at Canterbury. Nowhere else does the verger shepherd his tourist flock so sternly, or so quickly turn it out into the nave again when his poor, parrot-like, peregrinating reci-

THE CATHEDRAL, FROM THE SOUTHWEST, AT SUNSET.

tative is finished. Some sort of a safe-conduct, preferably a written permit from the dean, is essential if you would see Canterbury's choir with pleasure or profit.

The first thing that strikes even a slightly practised eye is the unlikeness of the choir to the usual English type either of its own date or of any other. The second transept, lying far to the eastward of the first, has its parallel in three or four other great churches. But instead of a long level floor, broken only by a few steps in front of the altar, here is a floor raised higher and higher by broad successive flights, giving an unwonted air of majesty and pomp. The lines of the great arcades and of the aisle-walls are not straight, but, beyond the second

transept, trend sharply inward; an almost straight-sided space succeeds; and then the far-off termination is neither the broad semicircular Norman apse nor the flat east end of later days. The walls sweep around as though to form a simple apse, but toward the centre of the curve they open out again into a slender lofty chapel almost circular in plan. All these peculiarities give an individual accent and a special beauty to the choir; and all have a curious historic interest.



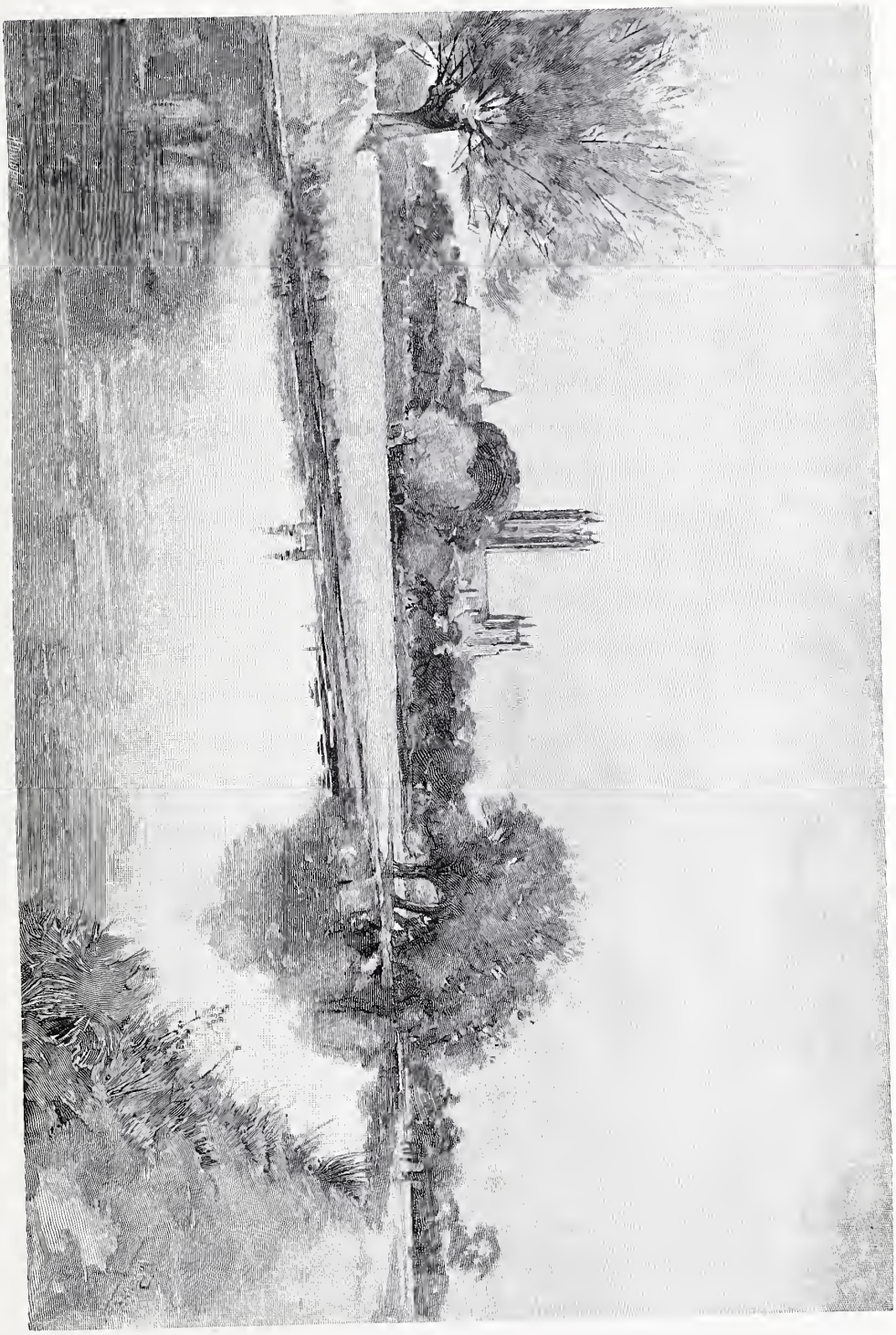
TWO BAYS OF THE CHOIR.
SHOWING THE WORK OF WILLIAM OF SENS.

The Norman choir of Anselm, Ernulph, and Conrad so nearly perished in the great fire of 1174 that almost the whole of the interior now shows the touch of the two Williams. But the lower portion of the outer walls survived, together with two circular chapels, named for St. Anselm and St. Andrew, which had projected from the sides of the apse. From the centre of the old apse-line there had also projected to the eastward a square chapel dedicated to the Trinity, and this, says Gervase, was the place assigned for the new shrine of St. Thomas, "where he celebrated his first mass, where he was wont to prostrate himself with tears and prayers, under whose crypt for so many years he was buried, where God for his merits had performed so many miracles, where poor and rich, kings and princes, had worshipped him, and whence the sound of his praises had gone forth into all lands." A mere isolated chapel could no longer serve the demands of his fame—he needed a dignified open space with circumambient aisles to receive a thousand pilgrims at once; and yet sentiment required some witness to the existence of the ancient chapel. So, partly to preserve the old walls and lateral chapels, and partly to retain in the central alley of St. Thomas's resting-place the dimensions of Trinity Chapel, that inward trend of columns and walls was adopted which at first we may think a beautiful but merely wilful device. There has been more doubt with regard to

the exact reason for the round terminal chapel. The architectural name of such a feature is a "corona"; this was easily translated as "Becket's Crown," and legend interprets the translation to mean that here stood a separate shrine for the scalp which was severed from Becket's head by De Brut's fierce final blow. It is certain that somewhere in the church this scalp was long exhibited in a jeweled golden box, but actual witness to the association of relic and chapel does not exist, and a better explanation is given by Viollet-le-Duc, who believes that the cathedral of Sens had been finished in precisely the same way, although its corona was afterward destroyed by fire.

It is impossible to separate by a clear line the handiwork of the two Williams in the choir of Canterbury, but from end to end it is so consistent, and so distinctly French, that we must believe that the first one designed as well as planned it all; and in design it so closely resembles the cathedral in his own town of Sens that we can hardly doubt that the same brain conceived them both.[1] It has the very greatest value in the student's eyes, for it marks the introduction of the Gothic style into England, and it also serves as a standard by which he may measure the difference between the Gothic ideals of England and France. Of course it is not as serviceable in this respect as the later churches of France itself where the Gothic scheme is fully developed; yet it shows us a true French Gothic effect, and explains the factors which compose it. Although the new ideal is not yet matured, elaborated, and refined to its complete expression, it has found clear expression; and we realize that it cannot be identified with the mere adoption of the pointed arch, the entire suppression of the round one. If such a scheme as we see, for instance, in the cut on p. 8 were to be carried out with pointed arches only, it would still be Norman in feeling and air. But here the feeling, the character, is quite different, although the semicircular shape is retained in some of the arches. This radical change in effect is partly due, of course, to the change in most of the arch-forms and in the decorative features, but it is largely also a matter of proportions; it means a new scale of relationship between the height and diameter of all constructional features. But this itself means something still more fundamental—that change in the constructional ideal of which I spoke in the previous chapter. The new desire has been to build not solid walls pierced by openings, but a framework of supports which shall sustain both walls and roof. This desire is still very modestly conceived, yet we can read it in the slenderness of the piers (which,

[1] The cathedral of Sens was finished in 1168, seven years before the choir of Canterbury was begun.



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL, FROM THE RIVER STOUR.

indeed, are columns rather than piers), in the treatment of the minor shafts which bear the ribs of the vaulting, in the larger size of the windows, in the generally increased accentuation of vertical lines, and the general suggestion of a grouping of parts.

We shall see how the typically French character of the work is shown by the vaulting-shafts when we come to speak of true Early English Gothic. But another un-English point—and one which influences much more strongly than might be thought the whole effect of the interior—is found in the character of the capitals. In truly English work, as soon as a capital loses its Norman form and feeling it assumes an elongated cup-like shape, is topped by a round abacus, and is ornamented either with a succession of mere mouldings or with a peculiar blunt and knotted kind of foliage. These Canterbury capitals are quite different from Norman types, but equally different from Early English types. They are low and broad, the abacus is rectangular, and the rich, varied, and delicate ornamentation shows forms which are palpably classic in their origin, and often distinctly Corinthianesque.[1] In short, these are early French capitals in the full sense of the term. We seldom see their like in England, and never so profusely and consistently used as here. As his execution of French William's design progressed, English William altered his constructional as well as his decorative details a little, but throughout the upper church he adhered to the French capital and its square abacus. In truth, the whole choir of Canterbury is a work which we must contrast with English buildings, which we can compare only with Gallic ones. The contrast will be more clearly pointed in later chapters.

The comparison shows that, after all, William of Sens was somewhat influenced by the soil and the site on which he built. There are some round arches at Sens also, but their different disposition at Canterbury seems to show a desire to harmonize the new work with the remaining portions of the Norman walls. Four occur in the pier-arcade (two on either side) just where Becket's shrine once stood; and though the lights of the triforium-arcade are pointed, they are grouped in pairs beneath comprising semicircles. The clearstory, however, shows only the pointed arch, and the use of both forms in the vaulting is not a local peculiarity. The great length of the choir is of course an English feature; but the com-

[1] The initial which begins this chapter shows a capital from the choir of Canterbury, and it may be compared with the true Early English capital from the transept of York Cathedral which is reproduced at the head of Chapter I.

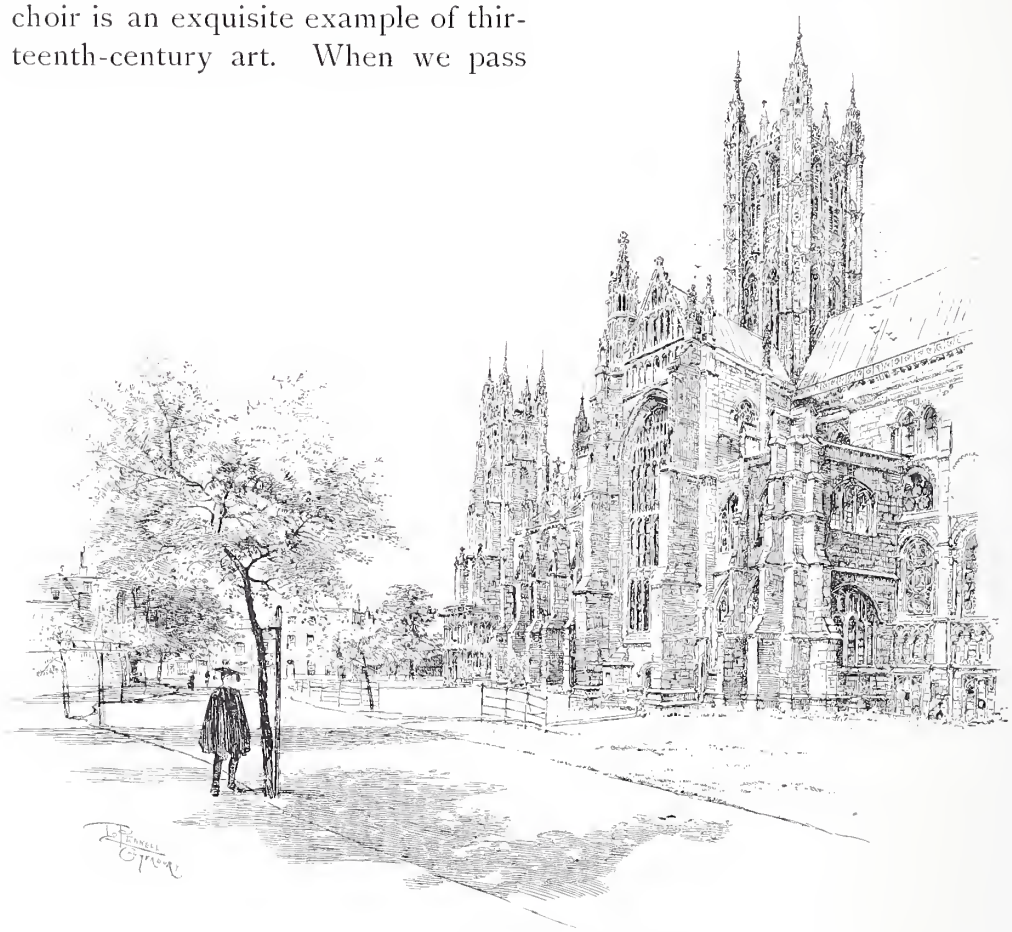
parative lowness of the eastern part, while it strikes us at first in the same way, is the outcome less of any great divergence from contemporary French proportions than of the gradual elevation of the floor. English, again, is the use of dark marble for the minor shafts, contrasting sharply, now that all the old paint has vanished, with the pale-yellowish stone.

On the other hand, not only the capitals but also the piers which bear them are French, being sometimes composed, as at Sens, of a pair of great twin shafts; and French once more are the arches, modeled in two orders with square sections, and the bands encircling the vaulting-shafts as well as the shafts themselves. But the increased importance assumed by these bands in the corona, where English William deserved his name a little better than in the retrochoir, predicts that they were afterward more conspicuously used in insular than in Gallic work.

Like the nave, the choir now owes its beauty almost altogether to the architect. A few of the tall windows still keep their gorgeous figured glass, and the array of tombs—once as long and varied as that in the Westminster of to-day, and infinitely more artistic—is still suggested by a noble if fragmentary sequence. We may still see the sepulchre of Henry IV., and those of Cardinal Pole and other famous primates; and, touching the chords of sentiment more strongly, the one where the rusting armor of the Black Prince hangs above his recumbent figure. Nevertheless it is difficult to conceive what must once have been the crowded picturesqueness, the eloquent story-telling of this choir. Nor does the tramping verger with his apathetic band of Philistines very well represent that enormous throng which once ascended the stairways on its knees, pausing by the various chapels to pay homage to the arm of St. George, to a piece of the clay from which Adam was moulded, to the bloody handkerchief of Becket, and to four hundred other relics of equal cost and authenticity. It is hard to picture this throng kneeling at last around the lofty shrine of St. Thomas, in awed awaiting of the moment when its wooden cover should be raised and all its blaze of gold and jewels shown—scintillating in the midst that priceless gem, the Regale of France, which had leaped from the ring of Louis VII. to fix itself in the shrine when he refused to donate it. The solemnity and dazzle and incomparable pomp of such a show are as impossible to conceive as the mental mood of philosophers and princes who could thus revere a saint like Becket while ignoring the one great service that he really rendered to his race.

VI

THERE are only fragments of Norman work above the ground in this cathedral, there is not a bit of genuine Early English work, and the Decorated period has left no trace in its actual construction, although the screen which surrounds the singers' choir is an exquisite example of thirteenth-century art. When we pass



THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE CATHEDRAL.

from the choir out into the nave again, we go at one step from French twelfth-century work to Perpendicular of the fourteenth century. The change is great indeed. There we had strong simple piers supporting the vaulting-shafts but not combined with them; square capitals, conspicuous and elaborate; a high and open triforium-arcade; and a clear-story with three tall arches in each compartment. Here the pier-arches are much loftier, and so, of course, are the aisles beyond them; the pillars are like vast bundles of reeds, and their capitals are so small

that they pass almost insensibly into the ribs of the vaulting; and the triforium has lost its old individuality—it is merely the continuation over a solid background of the traceries of the clearstory windows, each of which fills a whole compartment of the upper wall. But, as Monk Gervase asks, "who could write all the turnings and windings and appendages of such and so great a church as this?" So much work of the wonderfully prolific Perpendicular period will meet us elsewhere that at Canterbury we may quickly pass it by. In a late version of this same style is the Lady-chapel, now called the Dean's, lying eastward of the Transept of the Martyrdom.

No crypt in the world, I imagine, is larger than Canterbury's, or so

THE EAST END OF THE CATHEDRAL.

rich in historic associations. It begins, as crypts in England always do, just eastward of the crossing, leaving the four great piers that support the tower to be assisted by the solid earth; and thence it extends under the whole of the long east limb, following the same outlines with transept and chapels of its own. All the part which underlies the choir proper and the transept was built in the Norman style by Ernulph, Anselm's first architect, who doubtless worked into his fabric the remains of the earlier Norman crypt. Romanesque architecture shows, of course, at its heaviest and sternest in such subterranean constructions, which

could have no great height, which asked for little ornamenting of their dark expanse, and which bore the weight of the upper church on their shoulders. But there is a truly cyclopean impressiveness about Ernulph's crypt, with its perspectives of low semicircular arches, massive stumpy columns and plain cubical capitals; it has a further architectural

THE CENTRAL ("BELL HARRY") TOWER, FROM THE "DARK ENTRY" IN THE CLOSE.

interest as preserving the exact extent and shape of the choir which he and Conrad built above it; and through it we look eastward into a labyrinthine columned space, much airier and lighter, growing higher and higher with the gradual rise of the floor of the retrochoir above, and showing sharply pointed arches and slender shafts, some of which

prove that a rich scheme of decoration was begun though never carried out. This portion, in the early Gothic style, underlies the retrochoir and chapels built by William the Englishman; and, whether he designed it himself or not, it is much more English in execution than the structure above it, the national round abacus being used on all the capitals. With its high ceiling and its many windows open to light and air, this part of the crypt hardly deserves its name, typically illustrated by the Norman part—dark, low, heavy, and sepulchral. It is more properly an undercroft or lower church. But, whatever we may call it, admiration is instant; the rising levels of Canterbury's floor are as fortunate in effect below as above the ground.

NORMAN STAIRWAY IN THE CLOSE.

The Norman crypt was dedicated to the Virgin, and her chapel still remains within it, now inclosed by a rich late Gothic screen. Not far off, in the south transept-arm, is the chantry endowed by the Black Prince on his wedding-day. And just where the Norman work meets English William's, under the former site of Trinity Chapel, we see, as Gervase tells us, the spot where Becket was first interred. Here lay King Henry during his abject night of penance, here he bared his body to the monkish lash, and hither came the early pilgrims until, in the year 1220, the body was translated to its new tomb overhead. Stephen Langton was then at home again from exile, and he worked with the young son of his adversary John to organize a spectacle of unrivaled pomp and uncalculating hospitality. Princes bore the pall, bishops followed by scores, and the Archbishop of Rheims said mass at a temporary altar set up in the nave, where the vast concourse could be accommodated best. So magnificent a pageant had never been seen before even in that age of shows, and it saddled the diocese with a

THE CATHEDRAL, FROM THE "GREEN COURT" IN THE CLOSE.

debt that could not wholly be discharged till the time of Langton's fourth successor.

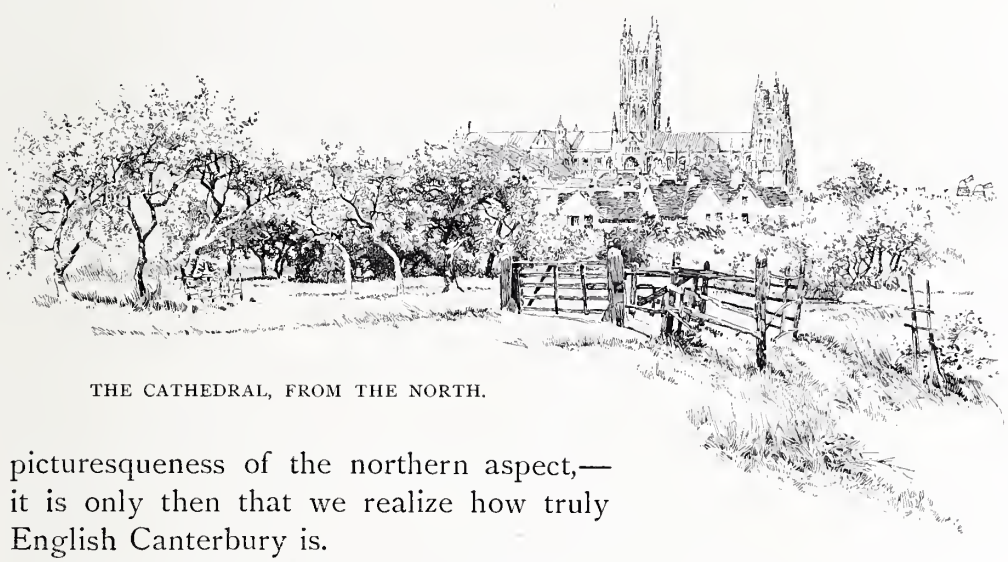
But passing years brought very different figures into this crypt. In the sixteenth century Queen Elizabeth gave the whole of it for the use of a colony of French and Flemish Huguenots; the wide central spaces were filled with their silk-looms, and the south aisle, around the Black Prince's chantry, was screened off for their church. It is interesting, but not surprising, to find the descendants of these old-time refugees still worshiping in the same place; for, when untempted by the desire for liberty or ducats, Englishmen are phenomenally constant to the past.

VII

THE west front of Canterbury is a poor English imitation of the fine French type, showing little evidence of well-thought-out design. The towers do not harmonize with the huge Perpendicular window that fills the whole space between them, and the poverty of aspect which always results when doors are unduly small is exceptionally apparent. Nat-

urally the east end is more French in expression, but the very low pitch of its roof gives it local character; and almost everything else in the exterior is English: the two transepts, the tremendous length of the choir, the insignificance of the buttresses, the size of the central tower, the comparative smallness of the western ones, and the design of all the three and of the nave as well.

But it is only when we follow along the whole south side (noting on our way that rich Norman work in the eastward transept and St. Anselm's chapel which explains the style of the burned interior), when we round the tower-like eastern end and find the wonderful



THE CATHEDRAL, FROM THE NORTH.

picturesqueness of the northern aspect,— it is only then that we realize how truly English Canterbury is.

To the south the cathedral close was narrowed by the impact of the city's streets, and so the dependent structures could not be placed in this, their customary place. But on the north the domain of the monastery extended to the far-off city-wall, and here Lanfranc and many later archbishops and priors made a great and splendid sequence of green quadrangles and conventual buildings. Henry VIII. suppressed the convent, deposed the prior, scattered the hundred and fifty monks, and replaced them with the dean and dozen canons whose successors still bear rule. The buildings were somewhat damaged at that time, were left for years to neglect, and then were beaten into pieces by Puritanical hands.

Now it needs careful study to trace what they all must have been — the two immense dormitories; the great infirmary with its nave and

aisles and its chapel to complete the resemblance to an imposing church; the vast guest-houses, here for noble, there for more plebeian, and there again for wandering pauper pilgrims; the tall water-tower, the library, the treasury, the refectory, the stables, granaries, bake-houses, breweries, and all the minor architectural belongings of so numerous a brotherhood devoted to such comfortable living and such lavish hospitality. To-day, the great square of the cloister still stands contiguous to the church itself, chiefly as rebuilt in the Perpendicular period, but the same in plan and in occasional stones as when Becket passed along it to his death. The adjoining chapter-house is also preserved, a large rectangular room, partly in the Decorated and partly in the Perpendicular style; a beautiful room, but much less individual in its interest than the polygonal ones we shall find elsewhere. Near by, again, are the old water-tower and a maze of connecting passages and rooms. Then at a distance from all of these, far off to the northward, are a couple of Norman gateways, and a charming external staircase, the only one in all England which remains as built by Norman hands; and scattered everywhere are fragments large and small of many kinds and dates, sometimes rebuilt to serve an alien purpose, sometimes ruins merely.

But ruin in an English spot like this does not mean desolation or the loss of loveliness. It means a consummate pictorial beauty which, to all eyes except the serious student's, well replaces architectural perfection. These casual-seeming columns, these isolated tall arcades, these unglazed lonely windows and enigmatical lines of wall, all alike are ivy-covered and flower-beset, embowered in masses of foliage and based on broad floors of an emerald turf such as England alone can grow. And above and beyond rises the pale-gray bulk of the cathedral crowned by its graceful yet stupendous tower, telling that all is not dead which once was so alive, speaking of the England of our day as reconciled again to the England of St. Thomas. If, within the church, we protest against Protestant guardianship, without we are entirely content. Ruined or rebuilt though they are, the surroundings of Canterbury seem much more living, as well as much more lovely, than the undisturbed accompaniments of many a Continental church where a lingering Catholicism has kept the mediæval charm of the interior; for nature is always young, and the Englishman knows how to make good use of her materials. Even the modernized dwellings in which dean and canons live — partly formed of very ancient fragments, partly dating from intermediate times—have a pleasant, homely, livable look which

one rarely finds abroad. And if there is tennis on the old monks' turf, or a tea-party under the ancient elms, we are glad as of another item delighting the eye, and another link binding actual life to the life of long ago.

But, architecturally speaking, the best proof of the English aspect of the cathedral itself is gained from some spot a little further off. Here we fully understand its incredible length and the triumphant dominance of the great "Bell Harry" tower. Nowhere out of England can we see a Gothic central tower in such supremacy, or any tower of just this shape—four-square in outline through all its two hundred and forty-five feet, finished with a parapet and tall angle-pinnacles, and never intended to support a spire. Such a tower, accompanied by lower brethren to the westward, overtopping so long and low a church set amidst such great conventual structures and above such masses of verdure, apart and distinct enough from the dwellings of laymen for dignity but not for isolation of effect — this we can see in England only, and nowhere in England in greater perfection than here.

VIII

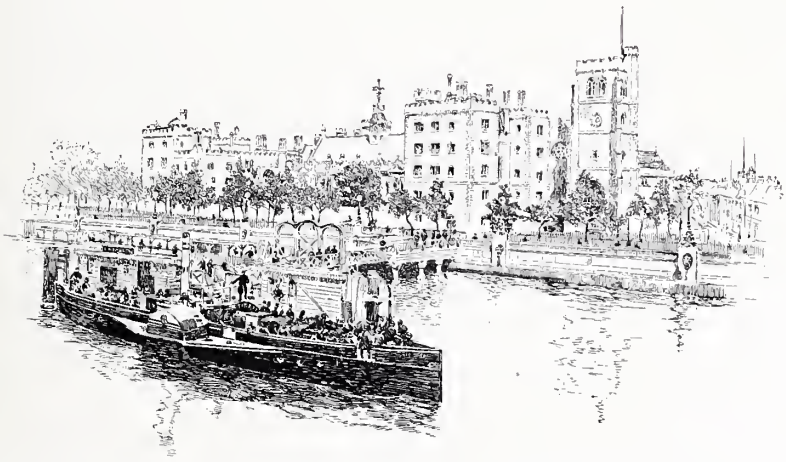
A HUNDRED other points of peculiar interest might be noted in Canterbury Cathedral, and a hundred other facts of curious historic flavor might be quoted from its chronicles. I am especially tempted to dwell upon the proofs of Becket's phenomenal renown — to tell how for centuries no royal Englishman omitted homage, and how royal strangers also came to pay it, kings and princes many times, more than once an emperor of the West, and once at least an emperor of the East; to recite how Henry V. journeyed hither fresh from Agincourt, how Edward I. hung by the shrine the golden crown of Scotland and was married in the Transept of the Martyrdom, and how Charles V. of Germany, going nowhere else on English soil, yet came here with Henry VIII., each in the springtime of his youth and pride, to pay the king-defier reverence just before the day of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. And as a set-off to such tributes I should like to describe the visit of the skeptical but philosophic Erasmus and the equally skeptical but far franker Colet; and the final spoiling of the shrine ordered in his later years by the same Henry who had made the pilgrimage with Charles, when two great coffers, needing each some eight strong men to bear it, could hardly hold the gold and gems, while the lesser valuables filled a train of six-and-twenty wagons. Then is there not

that long list of archbishops whose beginning was with St. Augustine himself and whose end is not even yet? Were not its representatives for many ages not only first in the ruling of the Church but scarcely second to the king in the ruling of the State — treasurers, chancellors, vice-regents, guardians of princely children, or leaders of the people, or cardinals of Rome, or teachers or martyrs of the new anti-Roman faith?

THE CENTRAL TOWER, FROM THE NORTHEAST.

I may explain, however, that in later mediæval and still more in modern times the archbishops of Canterbury have often had little to do with Canterbury itself. At the beginning the tie between the archbishop and his titular church and town was close indeed. He was not only primate of England, but bishop of the Kentish land and prior of Christ's Church convent too; and his life was intimately intertwined with local happenings. But as his power grew and his duties expanded, he was forced to think ever more and more of England, ever less and less of Canterbury. The office of prior was conferred on another, and even diocesan matters were practically in humbler hands. Lambeth Palace in London became the primate's chief residence, and when not there he was much more apt to be in some splendid country home than in his Canterbury dwelling. This separation between the spiritual and the civic centres of the realm was often declared useless and even harmful; a demand for greater centralization was often heard even before London's supremacy was achieved, while Winchester was still the royal town; and to London the seat of the primacy would certainly have been transferred had not a single occurrence fixed Canterbury in its rank. This occurrence was the murder of Becket, bringing about his canonization and wonder-working and the sudden rise of Canterbury from a humble provincial town to a place of world-wide fame and peculiar sanctity. When Henry VIII. made his new ecclesiastical

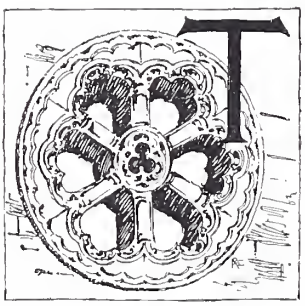
arrangements Canterbury's title was too well established to be taken away. Since the Puritans destroyed the old buildings there has, indeed, been no archiepiscopal palace at Canterbury; but this is an unimportant detail. As the Kentish capital was from the first, so it remains—the city of the mother-church; and so it very surely will remain as long as there is an England and a Christian faith. Had all other monuments of Becket perished as utterly as the Reformers meant they should, this greatest monument, carved from the very constitution of the English State, would still bear him its conspicuous witness.



LAMBETH PALACE, LONDON. RESIDENCE OF THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY.

Chapter III

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER, ST. PAUL, AND ST. ANDREW, PETERBOROUGH



THE claims of history took us first to Canterbury Cathedral, and if we followed their leading again we should go next to Winchester. But as our main purpose is to understand the development of English architecture, it will be best, now that we have glanced at the beginning of the ecclesiastical story, to follow the artistic story by consecutive steps. Therefore I must speak now of some church where Norman work has been largely preserved amid the alterations of later days; and although the cathedral of the West-Saxon capital, like that of the Kentish capital, was once altogether Norman, Winchester has been as thoroughly transformed as Canterbury, and to-day its principal portions are in the Perpendicular style. The Norman style is represented best at Peterborough and Durham. Durham Cathedral is the more splendid structure of the two, but it is also the more individual. It stands only for itself and a few smaller churches, while Peterborough is a typical example of Anglo-Norman work.[1]

I

In the eastern part of England the Normans built three great sister-churches, similar in dimensions and design. All three are now cathedral churches — Norwich near the coast, Ely in the centre of the fen-lands, and Peterborough on their western skirts. But Peterborough

[1] Thomas Craddock's "General, Architectural, and Monastic History of Peterborough Cathedral" gives a more trustworthy analysis of this church, I think, than Murray's "Handbook," which is based on Paley's "Remarks on the Architecture of Peterborough Cathedral"; and as it is published at Peterborough, it may easily be procured by the tourist.

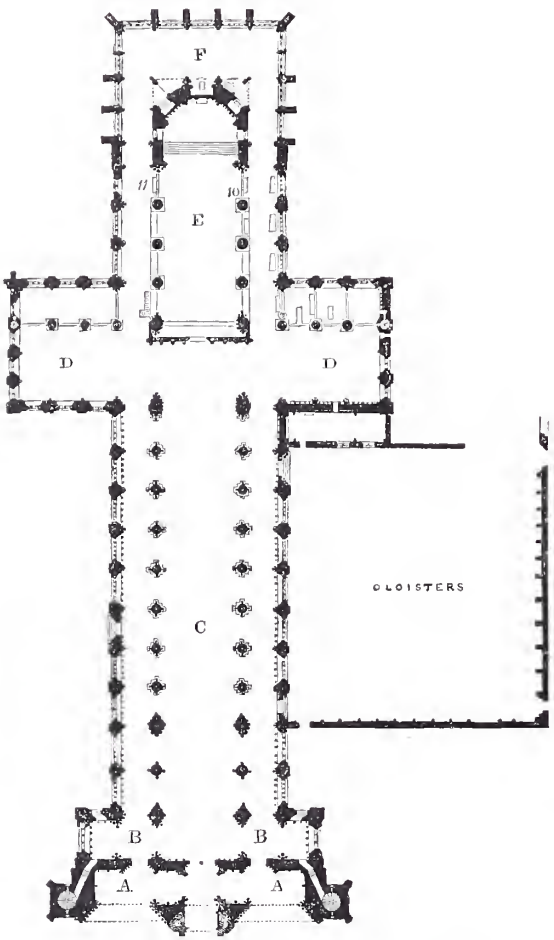
was not a cathedral till long after it had assumed its present aspect. For centuries it stood apart from the main currents of national life; its influence, though great, was distinctly local; and its annals were marked by few famous names or conspicuous happenings. Through many centuries it was built and rebuilt and enlarged as a mere abbey-church, a private place of worship for a house of Benedictine monks. Yet architecturally it bears comparison with the greatest of cathedrals, and therefore it has peculiar interest as proving the enormous extent and long duration of monastic wealth and pride and power.

The abbey, then called Medeshamstede, was founded by Peada, the first Christian king of Mercia, less than sixty years after the landing of St. Augustine. Its church was finished by his successor, and dedicated to St. Peter. The pope granted the brotherhood extraordinary privileges, the king endowed it with some four hundred square miles of land, and for two hundred and fifty years it lived and prospered greatly. Then its buildings were utterly swept away by Danish rovers, and the eighty-four brothers were slaughtered to a man. A full century passed before, in 972, the monastery was refounded, re-endowed, and rechristened Peter's-borough. Edgar was then king and Dunstan primate, and the Benedictines whom they so greatly favored were naturally placed in the new establishment.

This second church was also troubled by the Danes. But the most interesting chapter in its history tells of those later days when Danes and Englishmen joined in a last resistance to the Norman interloper, and when Hereward ruled the "Camp of Refuge" in the neighboring Isle of Ely. Hereward's story, made so familiar by the touch of modern romance-writers, rests only on long subsequent and dubious traditions. Yet their survival in such richness of detail proves at least that he must have been a valiant leader and one whom the popular heart held very dear; and our own mood grows so sympathetic when we read that we hardly care to ask for history's exact decisions. We like to believe in Hereward's midnight vigil at Peterborough's altar; and we are probably right in believing that a little later he came with his band of outlaws,—monks, peasants, and soldiers, Englishmen and Danes,—and despoiled that altar and the whole church of St. Peter, carrying off its treasures to prevent their falling into the grasp of the advancing Norman. The local monks were inclined to favor Englishmen, not Normans; yet so high-handed an act could not fail to seem sacrilegious in their eyes, and they resisted it as best they might. Hereward burned their homes and drove them forth,

but, it seems, without needless cruelty; for when William's fighting abbot came in his turn, he found the hospital still standing over the head of a single invalid old brother.

This Norman abbot, Thorold, chastised Peterborough as vigorously as William had expected. He ruled for twenty-eight years, "a master of the goods of the abbey and a scandal to the Church." And, "being a soldier by choice and a monk for convenience and emolument," and knowing himself well hated within his own walls, he brought in a troop of men-at-arms and built them a castle close by the church's side. When this castle was destroyed is not exactly known; but its site is traced in a mound, called the Tout-hill, which rises, overshadowed by great trees, to the southward of the cathedral and to the eastward of the bishop's — once the abbot's — palace.



PLAN OF PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.[1]

FROM MURRAY'S "HANDBOOK."

A. A. Portico. B. B. Western transept. C. Nave. D. D. Transept. E. Choir. F. Retrochoir, or "New Building." 10. Place of Mary Stuart's tomb. 11. Tomb of Catherine of Aragon.

In 1107 Ernulph, whom we have known as prior at Canterbury, was promoted to be abbot at Peterborough. Later he was made bishop of Rochester, and in all times and places was a mighty and persistent builder. But here he speaks only through tradition: the dormitory, the refectory, and the chapter-house he built have utterly disappeared.

The second Old English church stood unchanged by Norman hands until 1116, when, like its predecessor, it was wholly swept away by fire.

[1] Peterborough Cathedral is 480 feet long outside the walls, and 426 feet inside; its transept measures 203 feet outside and 185 feet inside; and the breadth of its façade is 153 feet.

In 1117 the present structure was begun. John of Sais was abbot, but whom he had for architect we do not know; nor are the later chronicles of Peterborough anywhere illumined by those citations of an artist's name which give to Canterbury's such a vivid charm.

Under John of Sais the choir was built in part, and it seems to have been finished under Martin of Bec; for he brought his monks into the new structure "with much pomp" in 1143, and a consecration implies that the choir at least is complete. The central tower was erected soon after 1155; and this in its turn implies that the transept and a portion of the nave must have been standing to support it. Thereafter the work seems to have gone on slowly westward. Slight differences in construction and design mark its successive stages. Though the same general scheme persists till we come almost to the western wall, it is easy to see that more than once the original plan was altered for the increase of size and splendor. The nave had already been given two bays more than was at first intended when a second ambitious impulse added still another space, which, as it has a lateral projection beyond the main line of the aisle-walls, is called a western transept. In this the pure simple Norman style is no longer used, but a later lighter, richer version of round-arched design,—that "Transitional" style which served to prepare the way for Gothic. And when we cross the threshold and look at the outside of the western wall, we see still another step in development. I do not yet mean when we look at the huge arched portico, but at the veritable wall of the church behind it as seen through the portico arches on page 65. This wall shows the pure Early English style, though its inner face is built almost entirely with round arches. Evidently the great change of style had come about while it was being raised; and its constructors, true to the mediæval spirit, had abandoned the old manner as quickly as they could. For the unity of their work as a whole they did not care — only for the harmony of such portions as a single glance might cover.

Their idea was evidently to build some such façade as we shall see at Wells and Salisbury, with tall towers on either hand and projecting buttresses in front. But before the task was accomplished a new hand once more took control. Again the design was changed, and again for the sake of greater grandeur. One of the towers was finished no further than necessity compelled for the safety of the front; the other, though now conspicuous with four corner pinnacles, is still much lower than it should have been; and the buttresses remained unbuilt while

a second entire façade was thrown out—the great portico with its three majestic arches, its small flanking towers, and its pointed gables.

II

The contrast is very striking as we pass through this portico and the elaborate late Norman western transept into the earlier Norman nave. It is very striking, and very impressive in its proof that what we vaguely call mediæval art was in truth a succession of many arts widely unlike each other in proportions, features, and details, aiming at very different constructional and decorative ideals, and inspiring very different emotions in the modern mind.

In this nave we find neither the grace, the lightness, nor the aspiring lines which show themselves outside, no elaboration of minor parts, and very little sculptured ornament. The plainly fluted capitals and the boldly treated mouldings give scarcely a faint prediction of that "cut work and crinkle-crankle" which to John Evelyn in the seventeenth century summed up the characteristics of mediæval work. This Norman work is strong to massiveness, plain almost to baldness. It is Titans' work, immense, austere, and awful. To the men of Evelyn's day, and also to the men of late mediæval days, it doubtless seemed barbaric. But it is not barbaric, and it is not even primitive, archaic, though so sternly simple and severe. It is too grand in its air for barbaric work, which is never more than grandiose; it is too dignified, and too refined in its feeling for proportions and relationships despite its lack of delicate detail; and it has that air of entire success, of the perfect realization of an aim, which always marks a complete and never a tentative stage in architectural development. It does not seem tentative when compared with Gothic work, any more than Egyptian temples do when compared with those of Greece. It proves that its builders knew precisely what they wanted to accomplish, and were able to accomplish it with precision. We may call the design primitive, remembering the more audaciously and subtilely constructed work that later centuries produced; but it is really the final, perfected effort of a style which had been developed by generations of able architects. It exactly and completely expresses the aims and ideals of the Norman race at the apogee of its power.

I confess that we cannot help thinking the nave much too narrow for its length. Only 79 feet wide, and extending, with its eleven huge bays, for 226 feet, we may feel that it looks more like an avenue of

entrance than a cathedral nave, more like the approach to some huge sanctuary than an integral part of the sanctuary itself. But this merely proves that our taste differs from Norman taste. It does not imply any such lack of architectural competence as would be implied did we find a want of balance and harmony in the arrangement or proportioning of the various features which compose the design. The Anglo-Norman chose a ground-plan which to us seems less nobly impressive than that of other mediæval builders; but we can find no fault with the way in which he constructed his building upon the lines thus prescribed. We feel that his design might have been more beautiful had it been more richly decorated by the chisel, but we remember how much it was once enhanced by paint; and as a design, even now in its nakedness, it is admirably complete—excepting only as regards the roof of its central space. The aisles are vaulted with stone, but the broader main alley is covered with a board ceiling which once lay quite flat, although in later days, to make room for the pointed arch which now helps to sustain the central

TWO BAYS OF THE NAVE.[1]

[1] See also the drawing of two bays of the choir, on page 8.

tower, its middle portion was raised a little and the side portions were slanted. Its painted decoration still survives from an early though uncertain day—small figure-designs enframed in lozenge-like patterns of black. When the walls were painted too it looked better, of course, than it does to-day, contrasted with the stony whiteness of everything below. But even then it must have seemed a pauper finish to such strength of arch and pier and wall. Only a huge and massive barrel-vault with mighty semicircular ribs could properly have carried out the ideal achieved in the great series of semicircular features beneath it. Yet we must believe that its builders found this ceiling satisfactory, or knew, at least, that they could not compass anything better; for there is no preparation for a possible future vault. The starting-point for the ribs of a vault must lie much lower than the cornice of the clearstory wall; but here the great supporting shafts, which rise from the floor between bay and bay, run straight up to this cornice: they are not anticipatory vaulting-shafts, but must have been built simply to bear the rafters of the wooden ceiling.

Turn back now into the western transept, and we shall be still more thoroughly convinced that, except as regards their ceiling, the builders of the nave had perfectly expressed the Norman ideal. Here the constructional features are almost altogether the same, but their proportions are all changed. The result is light, graceful, rich, and aspiring, as compared with the solidity, simplicity, solemnity, and reposefulness of the nave. Yet we do not feel that the new qualities have been perfectly achieved. We feel that a struggle is going on between the new ideal and the old constructional means. From our far point of historical vantage, we can clearly see that the time for new constructional means was near, that the advent of Pointed architecture was at hand. And so this Transitional work may in one sense be considered more primitive than the pure Norman which antedates it, for it is tentative work; it seems to be groping toward a development which later generations were to carry to perfection.

There is a good deal of such late Norman or Transitional work in England, but there is comparatively little work that resembles it in France. There early Gothic followed immediately upon perfected Romanesque. There the pointed arch was used constructively before it was introduced as an ornamental or subordinate feature, as it is introduced on the western wall of the Transitional transept at Peterborough. There novel constructional desires preceded, predicted, and inspired the broad new ideal which was to realize itself in Gothic architecture,

while in England this ideal seems to have stirred men's minds before they had felt structurally cramped by the limitations of the round arch. In France the desire to build great vaults well was the beginning of the new development; the pointed forms thus imposed on the builder quickly spread to all parts of his construction, and his ideal transformed itself by a natural, logical process. But we know how little, in comparison, twelfth-century builders in England thought of their vaults. When their style altered, it seems to have been rather by reason of a change in taste than of a development in constructional desires. So it seems fair to assume that their taste had been influenced by a knowledge of what was being done across the Channel. We feel like saying that they turned to Pointed architecture, not that they evolved it.

And a comparison of dates will support such a conclusion. The choir of Canterbury was begun in 1175 and finished in 1184; I have told how nearly pure Gothic it is, and there are earlier structures in France which are purer still. The nave of Peterborough was begun in 1177 and was not finished till near the end of the century; but if we compare it with the adjacent choir (which was built between 1117 and 1143), we see exactly the same constructional scheme, and only a few changes in decorative detail. The mouldings and ornaments of the pier-arcade are different, but are still thoroughly Norman; the only hint of the coming revolution speaks from the pointed hood-mouldings above the semicircular clearstory arches.

An exact date for the western transept cannot be given, but it must have been built about the beginning of the thirteenth century; its western wall was of course the latest, and it is only on this wall that the Transitional character of the whole is emphasized by the use of a few pointed features.

III

As is frequent in England, the transept at Peterborough has an aisle only along its eastern face. The semicircular apse with which the central alley of the choir was finished still remains; but its main apertures have been altered to a pointed shape and, like the round-arched windows above, have been filled with rich Decorated traceries; and through them we look into a great and elaborate eastern space. This was added during the Perpendicular period, between 1438 and, probably, about 1510.

Very boldly and beautifully certain nameless architects then went to work to meet the need for more altar-accommodation in the already gigantic church. The aisles of the choir seem to have been stopped

flat by their Norman builders parallel with the beginning of the curve of the apse, but in Early English days square chapels had been thrown out from their ends. Now chapels and aisle-ends were all torn down to give free sight and passage into a single great undivided one-storied apartment which was built across the whole width of the church and as high as the aisle-roofs, and which, after the lapse of four centuries, is still called the New Building. But the central apse was preserved, the

WESTERN TOWERS OF THE CATHEDRAL, FROM THE CLOISTER.

massive sweep of its upper stories rising high above the roof of the New Building, while the lower story projected into it, and the great pier-arches, with their fringe of Decorated tracery, allowed the eye to pass from the old work to the new. Stand within the New Building now, and you will be interested to see that its architects were so sure of the fundamental success of their bold scheme that they did not care to obliterate all signs of the piecing they had done. The projecting Norman wall was flanked by slender Perpendicular pillars, was partly remodeled in detail, and was overlaid with Perpendicular ornament. But a Nor-

man string-course was allowed to remain; also many traces which the weather had made on the wall while it was still an external wall, and even one or two of the iron fastenings which had held the shutters when its arches were still windows.

In construction and details, as well as in the daring good sense of its conception, the New Building is a very fine example of Perpendicular art, while its rich fan-vaulting[1] seems particularly clever in contrast to the work of those early builders who scarcely ventured upon vaults at all. But we are not yet on the true birthplace of the Perpendicular style and once more may pass it briefly over.

The ceiling of the choir is an elaborate vault, also of Perpendicular design, but it is not built of stone. Singular, indeed, seems the persistence of that ancient instinct which, in the lavish and ambitious fifteenth century, could impel an architect thus to imitate with wooden ribs and panels the forms he was eminently able to construct in stone. Once the deception is discovered, we almost feel that the flat boards of the Norman were a dignified device: at least they did not profess to be what they were not. And very far superior to a simulated vault seem those open wooden roofs, with their splendid series of sculptured beams and ties and traceries, which, at this same time, the English architect was using in his secular structures and smaller temples.

The fact that all the apertures in the apse had been filled with traceries during the Decorated period, long before the New Building was thought of, is only a type of the constant retouching that went on for centuries throughout the church. Art grew too vitally and vigorously in those centuries for any one to be quite content with what his ancestors had bequeathed, and if nothing important could be built or rebuilt there was always something which might be manipulated into harmony with current tastes. At one time or another almost every window in Peterborough was altered in shape or filled with traceries, so that now we may see Early English, Decorated and Perpendicular lights everywhere contrasting curiously with each other and with the old Norman walls.

IV

COME now outside St. Peter's,[2] and let us look at that western portico which is the most famous feature in any of England's famous churches.

1 For the character of fan-vaulting see the illustration of the cloister at Gloucester in Chapter XI.

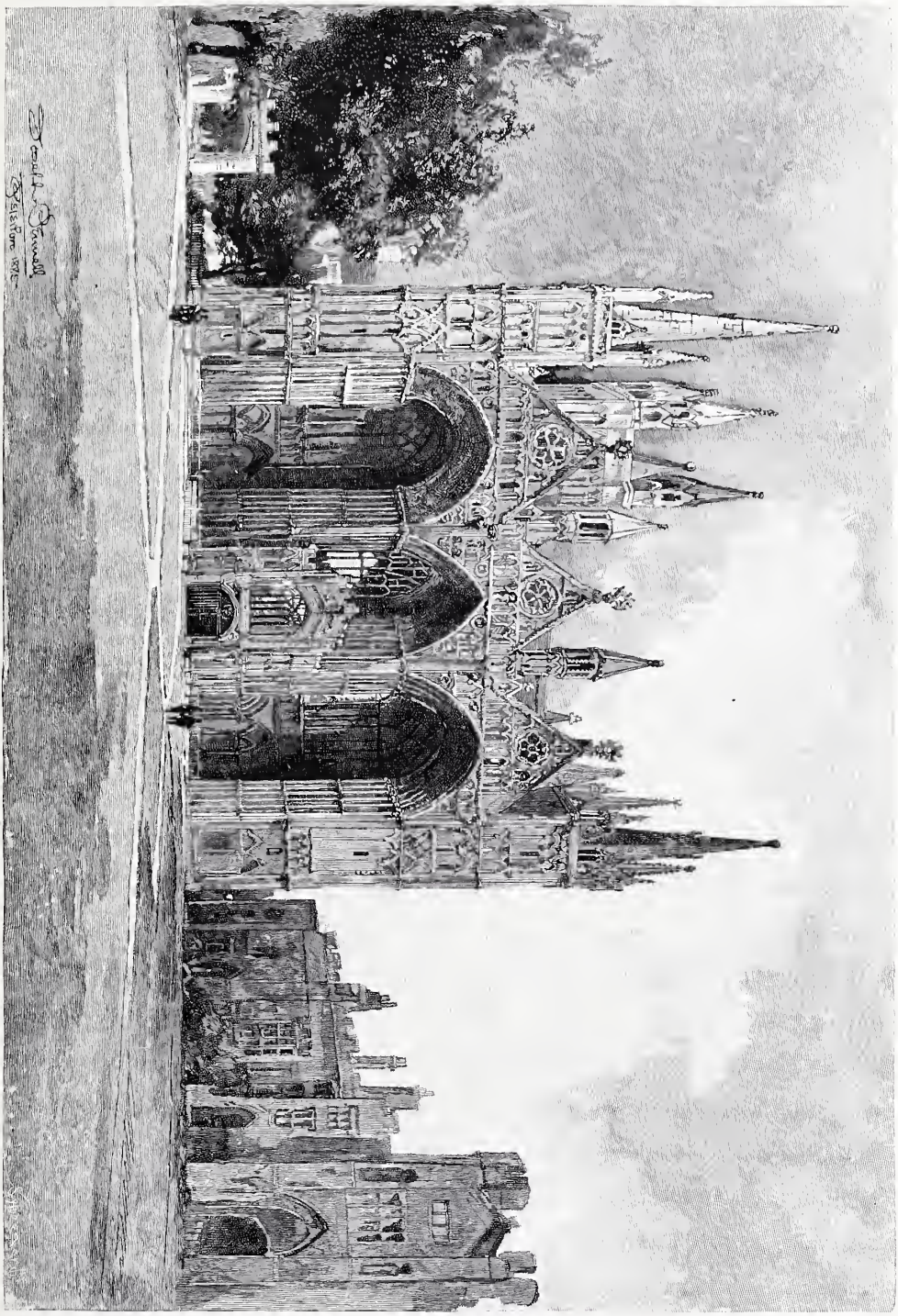
2 In the year 1237 the Council of London issued a decree that all churches "not having been consecrated with holy oil, though built of old," should receive consecration within the space of two years. Accordingly Peterborough was dedicated in the name of St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. Andrew, and

There is nothing like it in England or elsewhere, and there are few parts of a church in any land which so surprise and dazzle us and seem at the first glance so supernaturally effective and imposing. Is it really as beautiful as it is striking? Is it as good in an architectural sense as it is amazing and delightful to the eye that loves grandeur and picturesqueness?

A little examination will show that its builder committed many sins in working his ambitious purpose.

To begin with, this "majestick front of columel work" does not strengthen the main fabric of the church as buttresses would have done; there is no structural connection between them. Of course, the vaulted ceiling of the portico rests on the west wall of the nave; but the tall clustered piers, if unassisted, could not even bear the weight of this ceiling and of the three huge arches. Arches and pillars so vast as these seem, indeed, well able to sustain their own weight and a great deal more, even though they rise eighty feet from the ground. They look like mammoth branching trees, and appear to stand as a tree does, by natural cohesion and elasticity. But their stones are as subject to the laws of gravity and pressure as though differently arranged. An arch will not break in at the apex as a lintel breaks down in the centre; but it will burst outward, it will give way at the haunches, unless properly reinforced. Every one knows that the vaults of a tall Gothic nave would burst out the clearstory walls but for the inward thrust of the arches that are called flying-buttresses. But just as surely would these arches fall were they not held at one end by the buttresses of the aisle-walls, and at the other by the outward pressure of the nave-vaults themselves. No one part sustains the other — all are kept in equilibrium by the opposite pressure of other parts. The Arab rightly says that "an arch never sleeps," and the bigger it is the more sturdily it must be built and abutted if its perpetual pressure is not to tear it in pieces. These piers and arches at Peterborough could not have stood at all without the help of the flanking towers. Even with that help they were unable to stand. Only a hundred and fifty years after they were built they had to be strengthened by a porch, or parvise, built within the central arch up to half its height. This is a charming feature in itself, and was very scientifically used, but, of course, it injures the effect of the portico; and despite its introduction, and the fact that all parts of the fabric have at other times been braced and tied together with

the figures of its patrons stand in niches, one in each of the gables of the portico. But we can hardly help calling the church simply by the name of the saint who occupies the central gable, and for whom the abbey and town had been called centuries before.



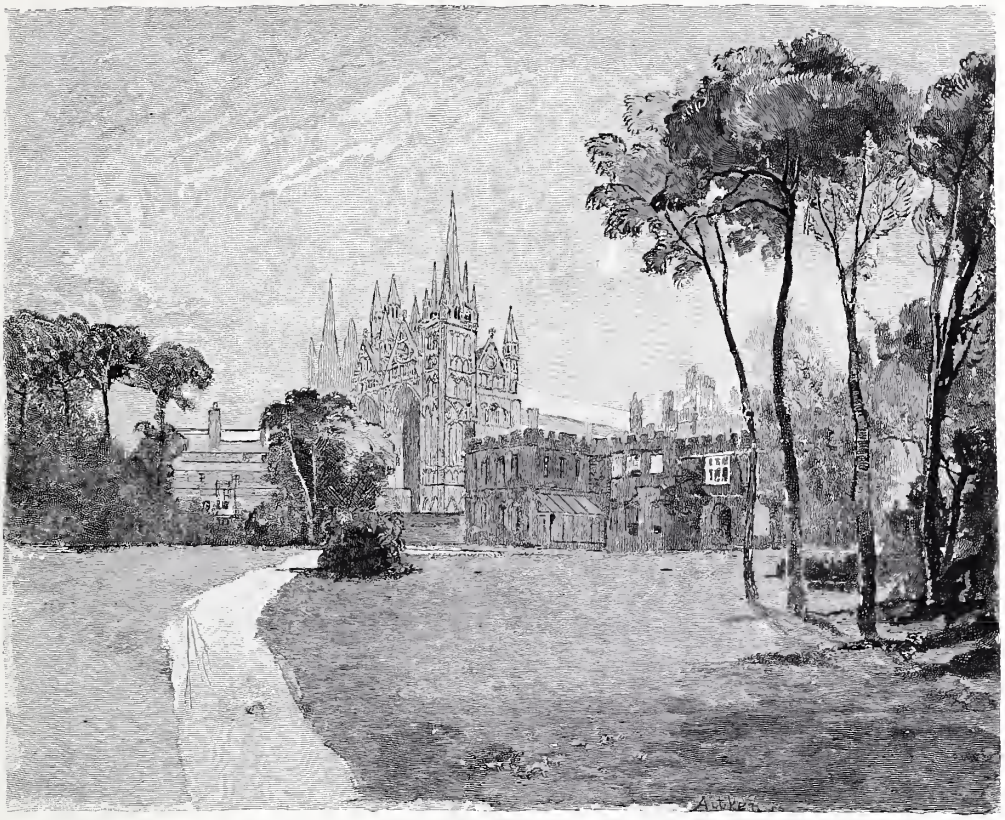
PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.—THE WEST FRONT, AND BISHOP'S PALACE.

iron bars, the arches and piers are now conspicuously awry. Indeed, more than once it has been said that they should all be taken down and reconstructed.

But had it been solidity itself, this portico would still have been an irrational piece of work. It lacks not only structural connection with the church, but structural affinity with its design. It deliberately misrepresents the forms which lie behind it, and to which it pretends to be an introduction. Its three arches profess, of course, to represent the three longitudinal divisions of the nave, and they lead us to think that the aisles lie some sixty-five feet apart instead of only forty-six. This implies, of course, that the arches are not, like those of Rheims or Amiens, a true development and glorification of the doors which stand within them. They are as independent in station as in structure, and have absorbed all the dignity they should have shared with the portals proper. In fact, this front is not a true front or even a true portico; it is merely a screen, and a screen which bears false witness to the work that lies behind it. Moreover, if we consider it simply in itself, we see that the general design has been sacrificed to the magnificence of the arches—the gables are too small and delicate to match with them, and the flanking towers too insignificant. In truth, no doors, no gables, and no towers could have been built to keep such arches fitting company. Given piers and arches of this size, it was inevitable that the rest of the composition should suffer, and that the church behind should be misrepresented;—any possible accompanying features would seem too mean for their vastness, any possible interior would seem too small and low for their grandiose predictions. And finally we can find a fault even in the arches themselves. Judged either intrinsically or as a frontispiece to a nave with narrower aisles, it seems unfortunate that the central arch should be the narrowest of the three.[1]

These facts certainly prove that the portico lacks that rational, logical character which every architectural work must have to be really excellent, whether we appraise it from a constructional or from a purely æsthetic point of view; and the fact that no other qualities can quite make up for a lack of real excellence may be proved by the test of thorough acquaintance. This front could never seem unimpressive, no matter how long we might dwell face to face with it; but once we have measured the source of its magnificence, understood its character as a piece of design, it never again makes quite the same impression that it did at first. However we may be thrilled by the colossal charm of its vast

[1] The wheel-window in one of the gables of the portico is shown in the initial at the head of this chapter.



THE CATHEDRAL, FROM THE BISHOP'S GARDEN.

tripled curves, and by the play of light and shadow around its lofty clustered piers, the eye protests against the insignificance of its other features, and the mind against its want of a logical reason for being. It always looks very splendid, but it never looks even approximately right; and if the observer does not feel distressed by this conflict between pictorial charm and structural significance, he should confess, in all humility, that architecture is not the art he was born to love. What he really loves are such things as appeal to the pictorial sense, to the poetic sense, to the imaginative faculty, and to the emotional chord. Architecture appeals to all of these—but to something else besides; and only when a work of architecture satisfies everything to which it can appeal may we pronounce it absolutely fine.

Yet I, for one, am very glad that this illogical, faulty piece of work was built. It is worth while, now and then, to have the imagination powerfully thrilled even though the reason may not be contented, to have the eye astonished even though it be not satisfied; it is worth

PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL—THE NORTH SIDE IN 1885.

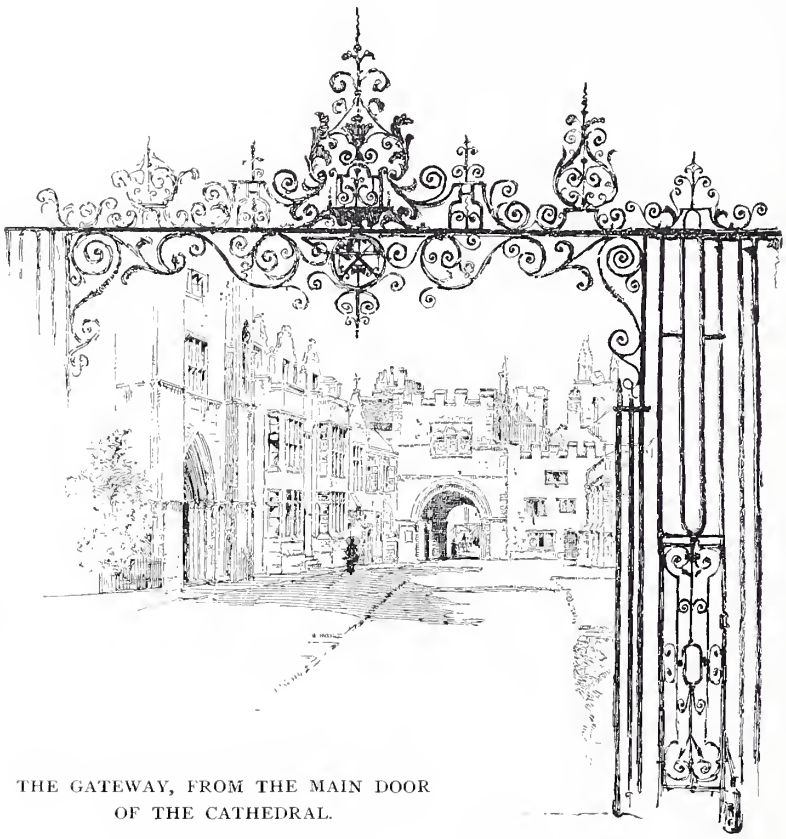
while to sit in front of Peterborough and dream what the church would have been, could any one indeed have built it to match with these supernally majestic arches. In a more prosaic mood we confess that Gothic art would never have reached its full nobility, power, and beauty did this portico reveal its truest temper; yet we are interested to see how splendid a thing it could produce even when ambition so far o'erleaped itself. And, finally, while there is always pleasure in looking at a splendid thing which we know to be unique, in this case there is great instruction too. Peterborough's portico makes us realize what temptations lay latent in the materials of Gothic art; we feel that where one man ventured to build like this a hundred men must have been assailed by ideas as illogically grand. So, when we remember that there is nothing like this portico in character, either among the porticos or among the other features of Gothic churches,—that nothing else reveals so great a talent led so far astray from the paths of architectural righteousness,—keen indeed grows our sense of the general self-restraint and wisdom of mediæval builders.

Strangely enough, not only is the name of the architect of this portico unknown, but even that of the abbot who employed him. Nothing dates the fabric except the voice of its Early English style, which indicates the first half of the thirteenth century. Some think that French genius must have been at work upon it; and certainly it bears more likeness to current French than to current English conceptions. But all its details are English in character, and they are less richly applied and less skilfully worked than they would have been by Gallic hands; and, besides, one cannot really believe that any thirteenth-century Frenchman, even far away from home, would have designed in so illogical, unscholastic a way. The portico seems to me rather the work of some exceptionally brilliant Englishman who had seen the great portals of France and had wished to surpass them, but, led on by an imagination that was more poetic than architectural in quality, ended by creating something wholly new—something superior to his models in bigness, audacity, and pictorial effect, but far inferior in good sense, constructional excellence, decorative finish, and true architectural beauty. He must have been a great artist; but there were much better architects, much greater artists, then alive in France.

V

Outside, the east end of Peterborough is very picturesque, with the old Norman apse raising two ponderous round-arched tiers above the

light, low, square mass of the Perpendicular New Building, crowned with a rich parapet and statues. As thence we pass along the north side of the church, through the beautifully planted churchyard thickly sprinkled with old stones, we find a succession of pictures which could



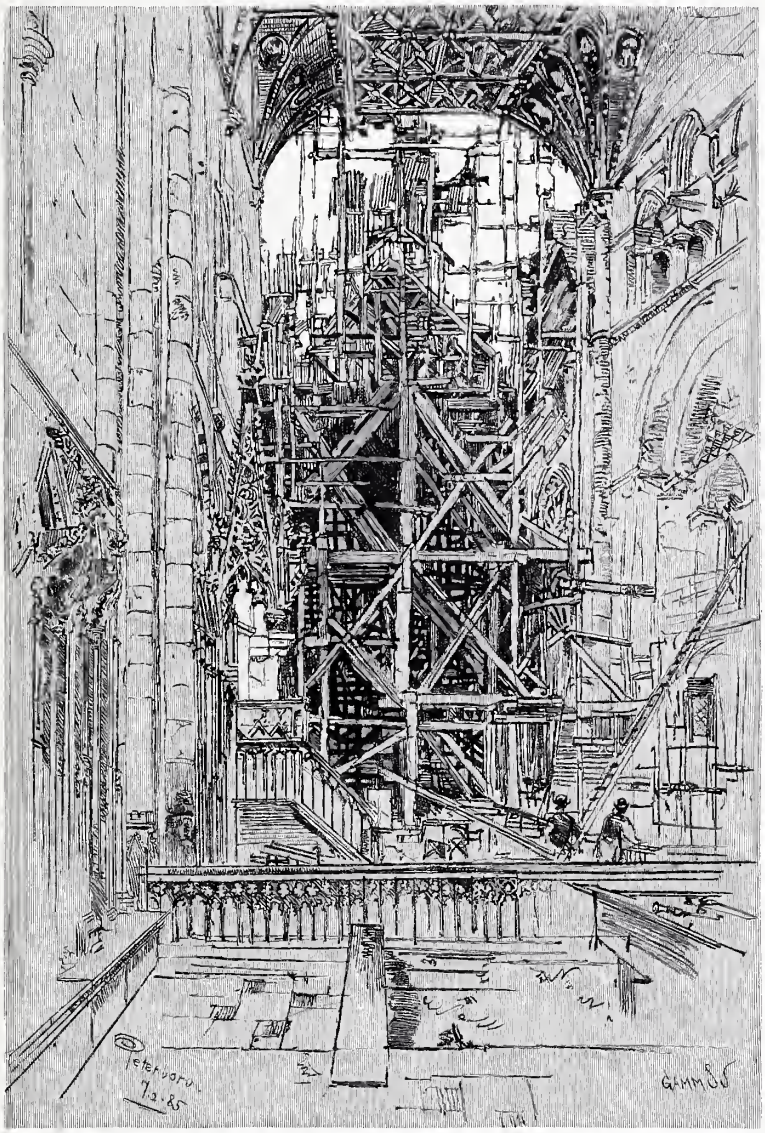
THE GATEWAY, FROM THE MAIN DOOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.

hardly be surpassed. And at the west the front rises superbly above a broad green lawn, or, if we stand further away in the market-place of the town, above a beautiful gateway built by the Normans but largely altered by later hands.

But it is only such near views as these which are really fine at Peterborough. The town lies flat, and gives only a flat site to the church; and the church itself is so low, its central tower is so stunted, and its group of western turrets is so insignificant, that from a distance it does not make a very grand effect.

Seven years ago, when our pictures were drawn, there was no central tower at all. The great man who built the portico was not the

only Peterborough architect who knew more, or cared more, about effectiveness than about stability. The Norman tower was raised on such inadequate supports that at least as early as the year 1300 it



RECONSTRUCTING THE TOWER, 1885, FROM THE CHOIR.

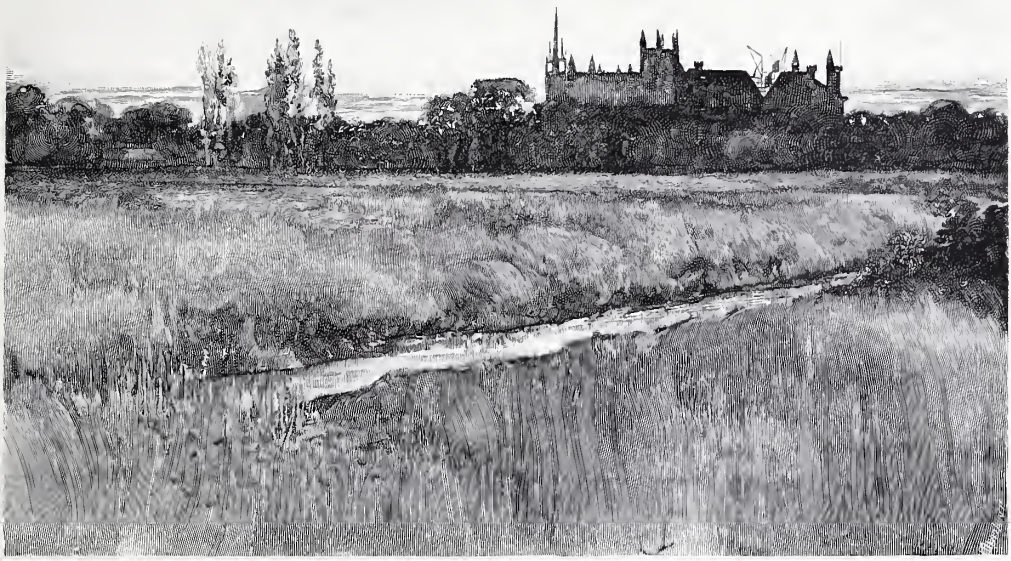
cried aloud for reconstruction. So it was taken down, and its substructure was strengthened. The great arches which opened from nave and choir into the crossing were rebuilt in a pointed shape; and though

the other two, opening from the transept-arms, were left intact, pointed relieving-arches were built solid into the walls above them. Then a lower tower was constructed, finished by a wooden lantern which was removed in the eighteenth century.

But during many years of the present century it was plain that the tower had again grown insecure. Its pillars were bent and bulging, and the arches of choir and transept were visibly strained. To prevent such a catastrophe as befell the tower of Chichester Cathedral in 1861, the whole work was again pulled down, and more completely than in 1300. When I saw the church in the summer of 1885, the four great angle-piers with their connecting arches were again erect. They had been rebuilt from a lower point than they had touched before,—from the very rock beneath the treacherous fen-land soil,—and the old stones, carefully kept and numbered, had been replaced with as much fidelity as perfect firmness would permit.

Shrinkage of the soil, consequent upon the draining of the adjacent fens, had contributed toward that dislocation of the fabric which ruined the tower, and which, even at the very ends of choir and transept, is visible to the most careless eye. But a great deal of the blame must also be laid to the account of the first builders' want of thought or want of knowledge. It was singular to hear from the architect in charge of the repairs how superficial had been the foundations of so vast a work as the tower. And it was surprising to see how poor was the actual substance of the apparently titanic piers of the arcades. Portions of the casing of the choir-piers had been removed for needful patching. Under so vast a weight of wall, would "good builders" have constructed piers 11 feet in diameter with a skin of cut and cemented stone only 9 inches thick, and a core of uncemented fragments which deserved no finer name than rubbish? One could well believe the architect when he said that but for the extraordinary toughness of the white Barnack stone the whole fabric must long ago have twisted, torn, and wrenched itself asunder.

And such a poor kind of construction seemed doubly daring when one noted the proportions of the old tower-supports. At Norwich the Norman tower still stands; but the great angle-piers beneath it are 10 feet in diameter and only 45 feet in height, while the arches between them have a span of only 23 feet. Is it any wonder that the tower of Peterborough fell, since the span of its arches was 35 feet, and the height of its piers was 52 feet while their diameter was only 7 feet—4 feet less than the diameter of the arcade-piers in the choir?



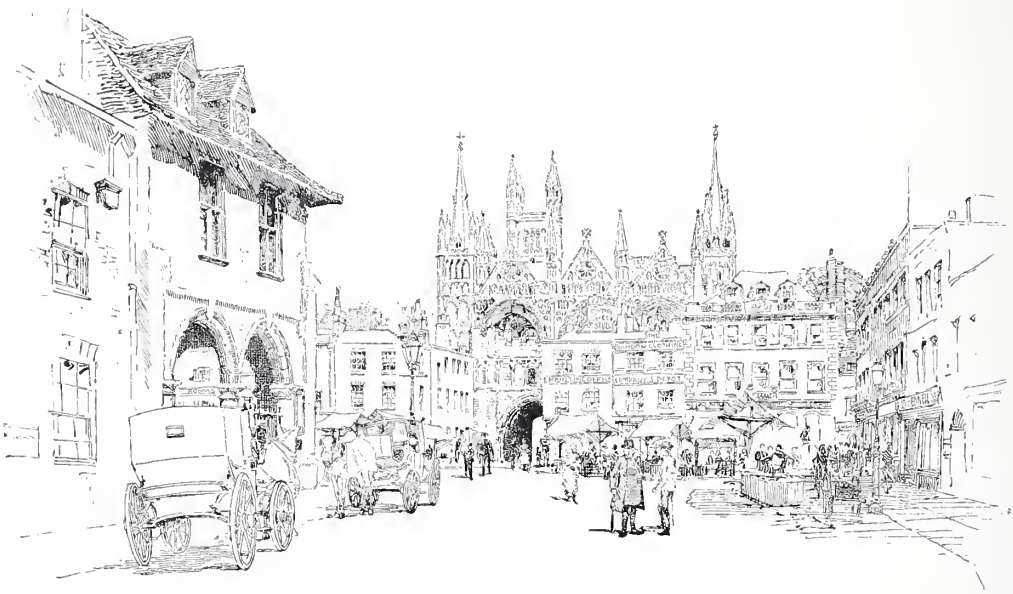
THE CATHEDRAL IN 1885, FROM THE SOUTH.

VI

It would be hard to exaggerate the wealth or the renown of this monastery during all those ages when it was called the "Golden Borough." The Pope had decreed that any "islander" who might be prevented from visiting St. Peter's at Rome could gain the same indulgence by visiting St. Peter's here; and so great in consequence grew the sanctity of the spot that all pilgrims, even though of royal blood, put off their shoes beneath the western gateway of the close. Many precious relics, too, the monastery owned — chief among them the famous "incorruptible arm" of St. Oswald, the Northumbrian king.

But the irreverence of Reforming years was as signal as had been the reverence of Catholic generations. Henry left the church intact, divided its revenues with the new cathedral chapter he established, and made its time-serving abbot the first bishop of the see. But the Cromwellites nearly obliterated the monastic buildings, and nearly ruined the church itself. Its splendid glass was shattered, its great silver-mounted reredos was broken into fragments, and its monuments and carvings were mutilated or wiped out. The vast picture of Christ and

the apostles on the ceiling of the choir was used for target-practice, and the soldiers did their daily exercising in the nave. Even the actual fabric of the church was attacked, and one arch of the portico was pulled down. Later, this arch was rebuilt with the old stones, and the whole church was repaired. But repair meant further ruin too.



THE CATHEDRAL, FROM THE MARKET-PLACE.

Materials were taken from the domestic buildings to patch the walls of the church, and a beautiful Early English Lady-chapel which projected from the northern transept-arm was destroyed with the same end in view.

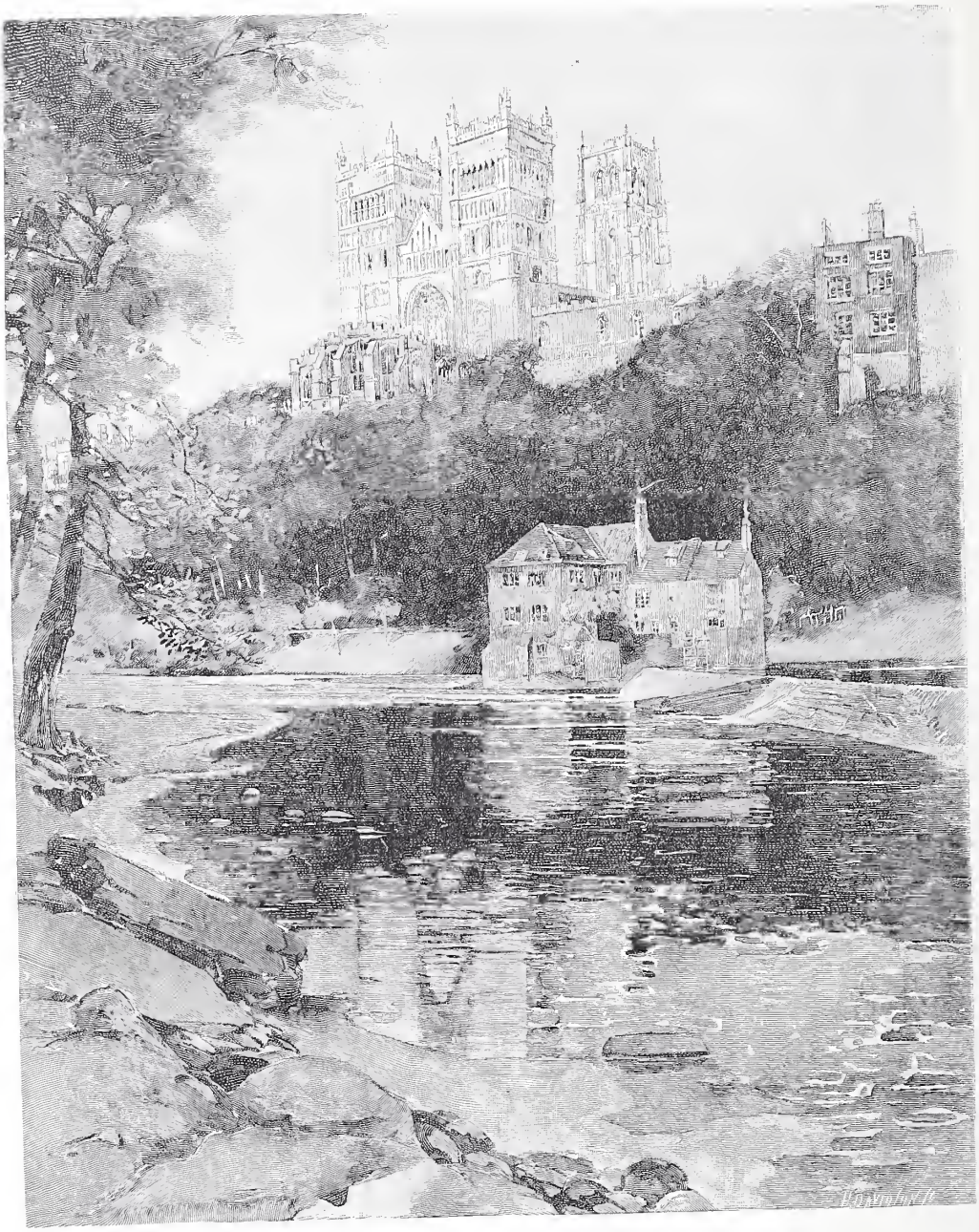
Little now remains within St. Peter's to give it an interest apart from that which its architecture offers. Yet we can still find two tombs which vividly bring back the past. Singularly enough, they are the tombs of two discrowned queens. Mary Stuart was beheaded at Fotheringay, eleven miles west of Peterborough, and was buried beneath the pavement of the south choir-aisle; and as we stand over her empty grave she seems a more real figure than in the crowded mausoleum at Westminster, whither her son removed her bones. The other tomb, under the flagging of the north choir-aisle, still holds its tenant, Catherine of Aragon. Thanks to the Puritan, nothing does her honor except a simple name and date—unless, indeed, we may credit the tale which says that Henry raised St. Peter's to cathedral

dignity in answer to her dying prayer that she might be given a monument befitting a queen.

The monastic buildings once covered a space four times as great as that occupied by the church itself. But sadly few are the fragments which now bear witness to them. A splendid Early English gateway gives access to the bishop's palace on the right hand of the western close as we approach. The dwelling itself is largely modernized, yet it is picturesque, and preserves some portions of the old abbots' home. Opposite, across the close, built into the modern grammar-school, is a charming apse—all that remains of the Norman chapel of St. Thomas of Canterbury. South of the church the cloisters are but fragmentary, many-dated ruins. The vast arches of the old infirmary stretch uselessly across a narrow path, or are built, very usefully, into the walls of the canons' modern houses; and over a wide distance other relics may be studied with some interest when one is on the spot. Ruin was a great deal more complete at Peterborough than at Canterbury; and though Peterborough's picture of united old and new is very charming, it is not half as beautiful as the one that the mother-church of England offers.

The town of Peterborough, offspring and creature of the monastery, has no independent civic history to tell. Nor has it any great interest for the eye, being a commonplace little provincial centre of some ten thousand inhabitants. On market-days, however, its streets are agreeably full of life and bustle, and the market-place, opposite the cathedral, is prettily carpeted by a hundred white and blue umbrellas.

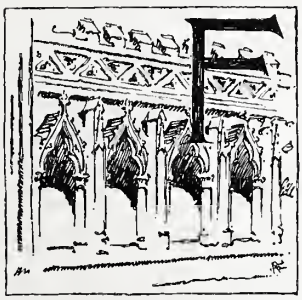
The most interesting of the neighboring villages is Castor, which reveals its Roman origin by its name as well as by the relics of its camp. Castor is not cozy and green and shady like most of its neighbors. But on top of its low bare hill stands one of the finest small Norman churches in England, cruciform in plan and still bearing its central tower. This tower seemed to me more beautiful in design than the great one at Norwich; and it has peculiar interest if we are right in believing that it was built by the same hands which constructed the neighboring cathedral, and may show the pattern which the cathedral's own tower showed in its earliest days.



DURHAM CATHEDRAL, FROM THE SOUTHWEST.

Chapter IV

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. CUTHBERT—DURHAM



FROM the east let us go now to the northeast of England where we shall find another great Norman cathedral, but one differing widely from the sister-churches that were built at Peterborough, Ely and Norwich.

Durham is the most imposing of English cathedrals, and it stands on the finest of English sites, while structure and site agree and harmonize so well that nature seems to have built a great work of her own just that man's work might complete and crown it. Here we have no steep-pinnacled hill which architecture might adorn but could not really improve. We have a broad promontory with tree-clad sides and a level top, where a great building of some sort was required by the eye, and where the largest and lowest of churches would seem neither too large nor too low. Durham's site, in fact, is a lordly pedestal, upon which the cathedral sits as a king sits upon a throne made splendid to enhance the royal splendor. No English site except Lincoln's is so grand as this: and on the hill of Lincoln natural beauty does not aid and soften grandeur as it does on St. Cuthbert's promontory.[1]

I

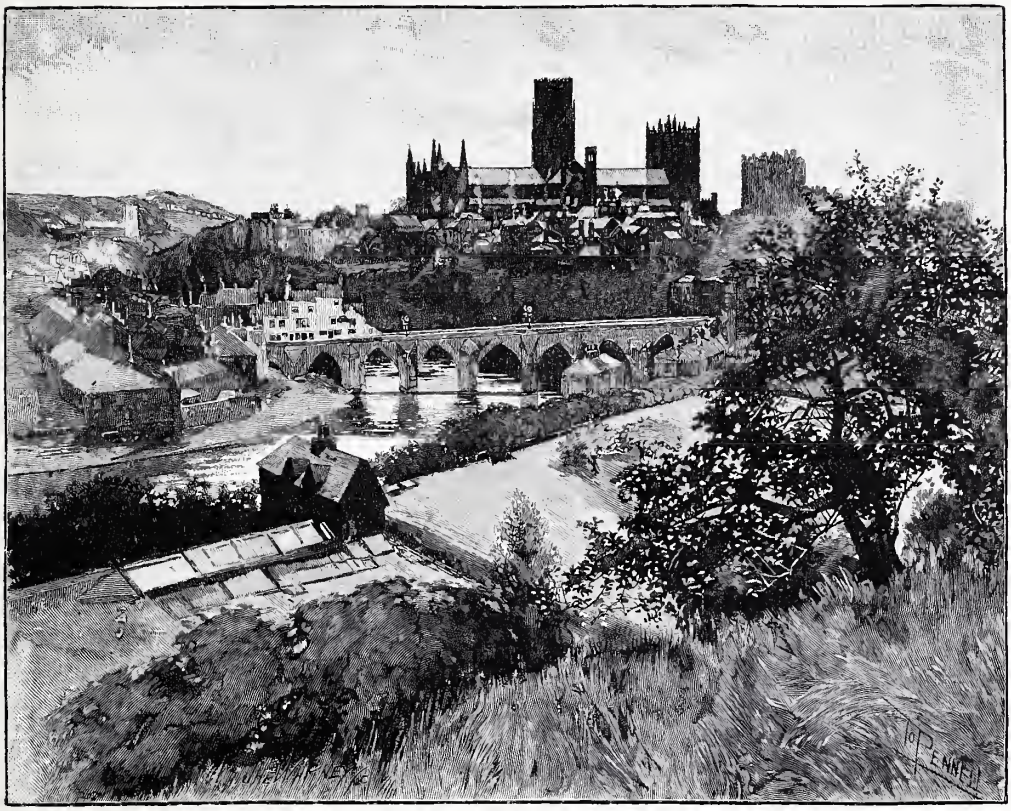
I HAVE spoken of that early Church which had Christianized a great part of the British Islands under Roman rule but had been driven out of the southern districts during early Anglo-Saxon years. When the

[1] The best guide to this church is a small volume called "Durham Cathedral," which contains an address delivered in 1879 before a local society of architects and antiquaries by the Reverend William Greenwell, one of the canons of the cathedral and one of the most learned archæologists in England. This volume can be obtained in the book-shops at Durham, and it seems to have formed the basis of the treatise included in Murray's series of "Handbooks."

good seed sent from Rome began to bear fruit among the heathen English, this old Church sent its missionaries also. Ireland had been its nursing mother for two centuries; but Irish monks were constantly at work in Scotland, and no early monastery was more famous than that which St. Columba established in the sixth century upon the island of Iona off the western Scottish coast.

The Northumbrian land seems not to have been christianized during the British-Roman period. So far as we know, the gospel was first accepted there by any conspicuous body of adherents when Paulinus, one of the emissaries of Rome, came from Kent, early in the seventh century, with Ethelbert's daughter, the bride of King Edwin of Northumbria. And even this evangelization was not final. In 633 Edwin was slain by Penda and Cadwalla, heathens of vigorous arm; Paulinus was obliged to fly, and the district was left again to paganism. But when Oswald conquered in his turn, he brought back the Christian faith which he had imbibed in Scotland, and sent to Iona for priests to help him teach it to his people. One of these priests was Aidan, whom he made the first bishop of the new diocese which he established—the diocese which is now of Durham but was then called of Bernicia and had its first centre at Lindisfarne. From Scotland too, a little later, came Cuthbert, the great patron saint of Durham. A shepherd in the valley of the Lauder, an evangelist who preached far and wide in a savage and desolate country, then prior of the Abbey of Melrose, then for twelve years a simple monk at Lindisfarne, and for nine years a hermit in a rude cell on the island of Farne, then bishop at Hexham and at last, in 685, bishop at Lindisfarne, Cuthbert shares with Oswald and Aidan the honor of the final conversion of the northeastern land; and thus we see that it owes its faith of to-day, not to St. Augustine's mission, but to the old pre-English Church.

Cuthbert, Oswald, and Aidan were all canonized by Rome, and in their case at least the halo was worthily given; for Oswald was a truly Christian and kingly king, and Aidan and Cuthbert were saints of a true saintly type. Aidan's name is less well remembered now, but St. Oswald the king and St. Cuthbert the monk are still alive in men's minds, not only at Durham which is their monument, but wherever the outlines of Christian history are read. Oswald was slain by Penda, and his head and arms were exposed on stakes on the battlefield. But they afterward came into ecclesiastical keeping; one of the "incorruptible" arms we have heard about at Peterborough, and the head was buried in St. Cuthbert's coffin at Durham.



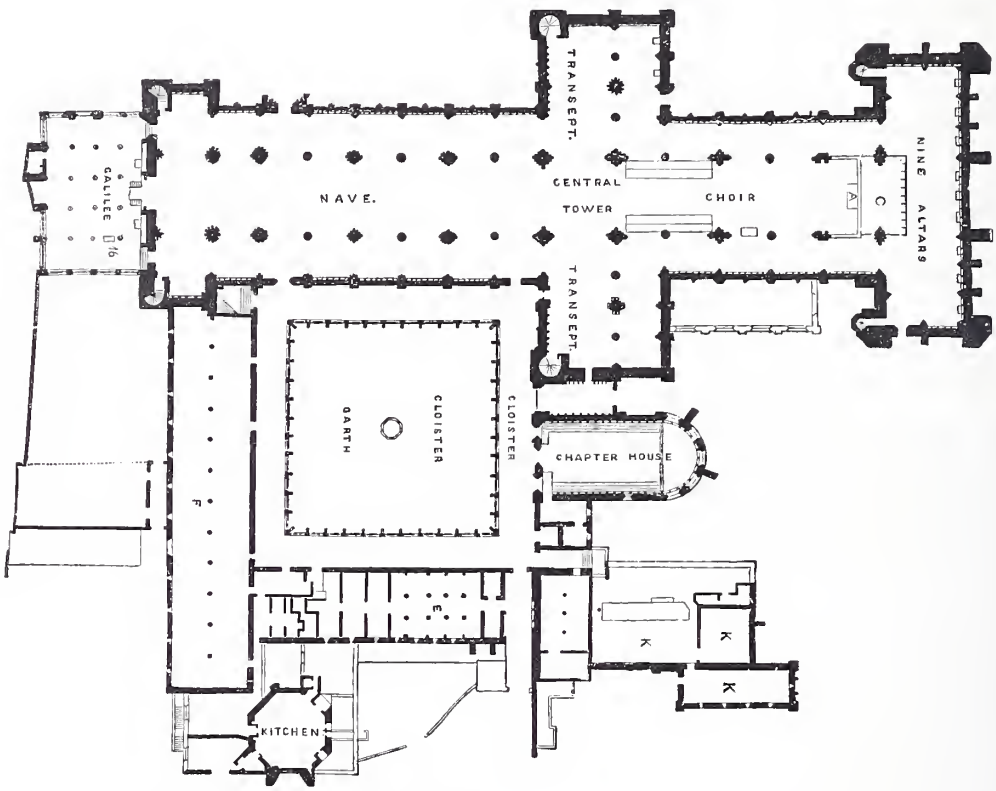
THE CATHEDRAL AND THE CASTLE, FROM THE NORTH.

To Northumbria, as well as to the fen-lands, the Danes in the ninth century brought their swords and torches. The monks of Lindisfarne fled before them, carrying the holy coffin. For eight years they wandered, until, in 883, they settled at an old Roman station — Chester-le-Street — which was given them by a christianized Danish king. Thence they removed again, and again for fear of the rovers, about a century later. First they sat at Ripon for a few months, and then they turned back northward, doubtless encouraged to think once more of Chester-le-Street. But when they reached a spot a little to the eastward of Durham, St. Cuthbert caused his coffin to remain immovable for three days, and finally made known his wish to be sepultured where the cathedral now stands.

The first church here was built of wood; but at the end of four years it had already been replaced by one of stone, and this stood until after the Conquest, while some of its materials, perhaps, now form a part of the Normans' reconstruction.

II

THERE were times and places when the first thought of a monastic colony was for comfort and retirement, for fertile surroundings and facilities of access. But in the north of England in Danish days inaccessibility, impregnability, was the thing to be desired; and St. Cuthbert



PLAN OF DURHAM CATHEDRAL[1] AND MONASTIC BUILDINGS.

FROM MURRAY'S "HAND-BOOK TO THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND."

A. High altar. C. Site of St. Cuthbert's shrine. E. Refectory. F. Dormitory. K. Prior's (now dean's) house. 16. Bede's tomb.

showed wonderful posthumous wisdom in selecting the final home of his perplexed, itinerant "congregation."

There is a large town now where there was then a wilderness; a wide-spreading, busy town overhung by that gray smoke-cloud which is the invariable sign in England of commercial life; a town so modern in mood that it is hard to think of it as only an alien growth from an old

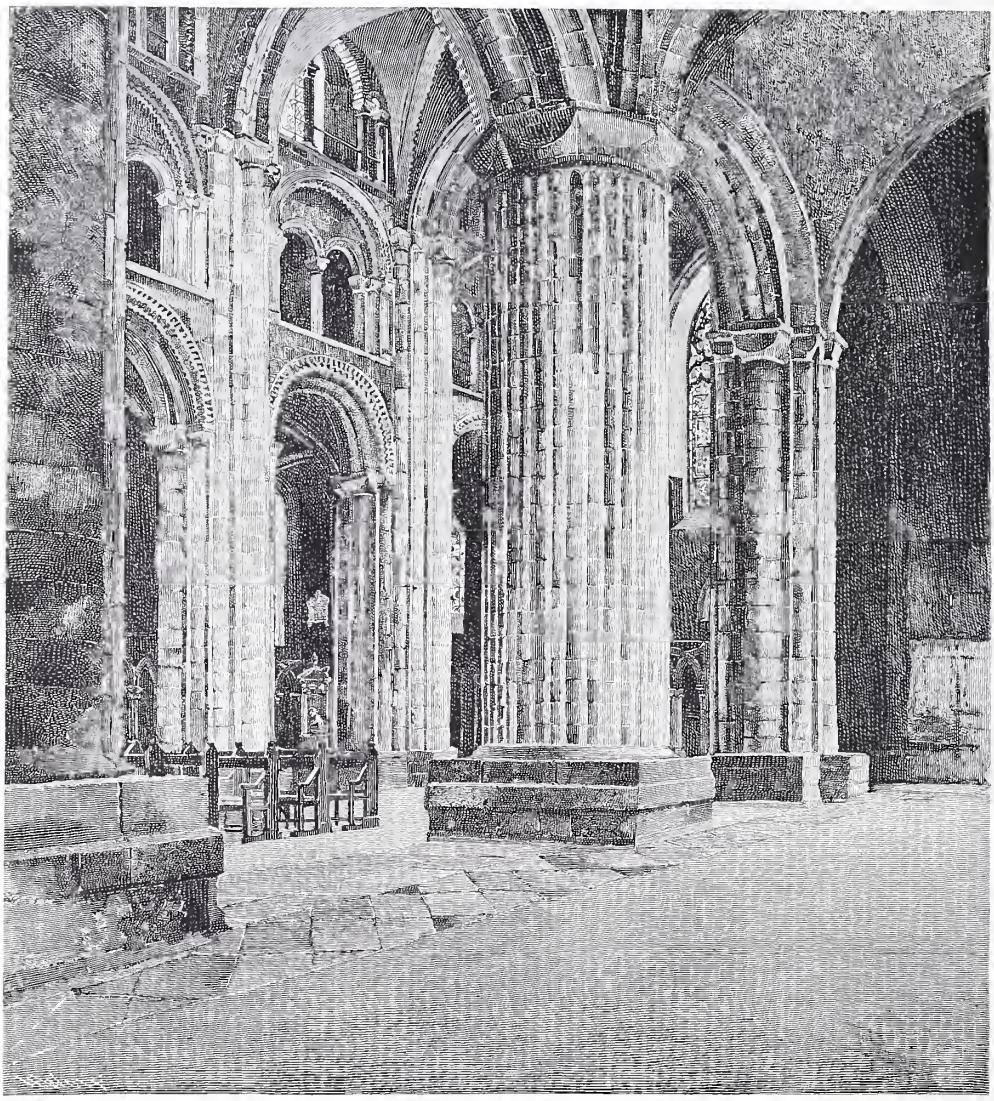
[1] Durham Cathedral measures 420 feet in length inside the walls, and 172 feet across the transept. The Galilee-chapel is 76 feet 6 inches long and 48 feet wide.

monastic root. It lies chiefly to the eastward of the church, stretching out far to north and south, and divided again and again by the quick S-like curves of the River Wear—a stream which is not a sluggish canal like the Ouse at Ely, but even to American eyes a fine little river bordered by woods that have the true forest look. All along the western bank these woods extend, and up the face of that great steep rock on the eastern bank which supports the church, jutting out like a bold cape and clasped on three sides by a horseshoe sweep of the stream. Where the cliff is steepest toward the west rises the front of the cathedral, close above thick clambering trees; to the south its long side overlooks the monastic buildings and the shady gardens which touch the Wear; and to the northward, at some distance but still on the same plateau, springs sheer with the face of the rock a great castle founded by the Conqueror. Castle and church together form a group and hold a station to which we may find parallels on the Continent but not in England. And I think there can be nothing else in England, or in all the world, quite like the walk which we may take along the river's opposite bank, following its many bends, passing its high arched bridges, having the forest on the one hand and on the other the matchless panorama that man has worked from nature's brave suggestions.

The usual approach to the promontory is, of course, from the town behind it. Through a steep narrow street we come up near the castle, and thence, beyond the broad flat Castle Green, we see the north side of the church filling the whole view from left to right—from the crowding houses about its eastern to the crowding trees about its western end.

The old monastic "congregation of St. Cuthbert" had lapsed into "secular" ways before the Normans came. But the second Norman bishop, William of Carilef, made radical changes, bringing in monks from Wearmouth and Jarrow, and establishing a great Benedictine house at Durham. On his return from a three-years exile—the price he paid for his share in the rebellion against William Rufus—he set about building himself a new cathedral too. Its foundation-stones were laid beneath the eastern end of the choir in 1593, and in the four short years which remained to him Carilef seems to have completed the choir, the eastward wall of the transept, the crossing with its tower, the adjacent first bay of the nave-arcade, and the two long outer (aisle) walls of the nave.

Three years after his death Ralph Flambard, William Rufus's famous chancellor, was appointed bishop. During these years the monks had



THE WEST END OF THE NAVE, FROM THE NORTH DOOR.

nearly completed the transept, and Flambard completed the whole of the nave and its aisles (excepting the roofs), and the western towers up to the same height as the walls. During another interregnum, which followed his death in 1128, the monks roofed-in his nave and aisles; and the western towers were finished in the Transitional period.

The windows throughout the church have been enlarged from time to time. The east end of the choir was conspicuously changed in the thirteenth century, and the vaulting of its central alley was renewed. In the fifteenth century the central tower was injured by lightning, and

its upper portions had to be rebuilt. But with these exceptions the whole vast Norman body remains as at first constructed.

III

Approaching the church across the Castle Green, we enter by what has been the chief doorway since the thirteenth century — a doorway toward the western end of the north aisle; and we see at once how greatly the interior design of Durham differs from that of the typical Norman church.

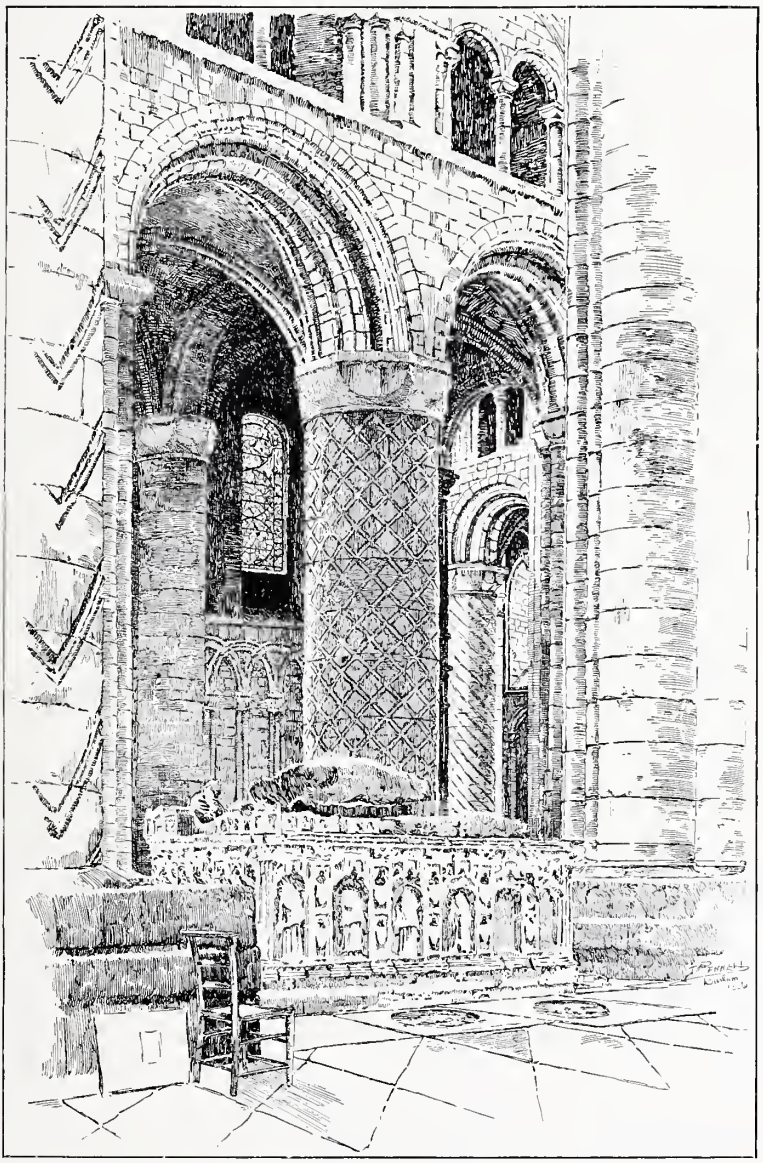
The vertical proportioning is quite unlike what we have found at Peterborough; the pier-arcade is much higher and the triforium-arcade relatively lower. Instead of a uniform succession of rectangular piers with attached semi-shafts, we find such piers alternating with immense cylindrical ones, not shafted or moulded, but decorated with deep incised lines forming various patterns — spirals, flutings, and reticulations. From end to end the scheme is the same; Flambard merely carried on the design of St. Carilef with minor constructional improvements and a richer amount of detail.

Round pillars occur in the early mediæval work of every land, varying from slender columns to much sturdier but still columnar forms such as we see in Notre Dame at Paris, and to still more massive shapes where the column is no longer suggested, but the immense body, built up of a multitude of small stones, may be described as a circular piece of walling, and the relatively insignificant capital as a mere cornice curved around it. The Durham piers are of the last-named type, and no others of the type are so magnificent. They cannot anywhere be matched for immense size, for fine proportions, or for the wonderful effectiveness of their incised decoration. With their aid Carilef and Flambard created the most imposing interior of the time. The unusual height of the pier-arcade, which involves of course the same height in the aisles, prevents the tunnel-like effect which distressed us a little at Peterborough and gives a much nobler air of space and freedom, while majesty and beauty are increased by the contrasting outlines of the alternated piers. This interior has not only a titanic solemnity, but a titanic pomp which takes us back to the colonnades of Egypt. But there is none of the grace of Egyptian columns (which are true columns despite their size) in the cylindrical piers of Durham, and the design as a whole is less refined and self-possessed than that of Peterborough; in its audacious immensity it does not so plainly seem to be the per-

fected result of a long and consistent development. We are half tempted to say that Durham is almost barbaric as compared either with the more reposeful grandeur of Egypt or with the soberer dignity of typical Norman work. Yet its good proportioning and the reticent nature of its decoration, so boldly yet so sparingly applied, speak of cultivated, practised builders, clever of hand and sensitive of eye. In fact, it looks just as it should look,—it seems the work of men born near the centre of contemporary civilization but transplanted to a fresh soil on its outskirts, breathing the air of the adventurous north, and all aflame with pride and vigor from the recent conquest of a realm. Certainly we would not exchange Durham Cathedral, on the spot where it stands, for any other church in the world, and when possessed by the spell of its awful beauty we can hardly remember that any other church in the world is so fine.

In one way it is certainly the finest of all the great Anglo-Norman churches. All its parts are vaulted. The choir-vault was renewed in the latter half of the thirteenth century, but the nave-vault is still as it first was built, with the main or transverse arches of pointed shape but the diagonal arches round, and the great ribs adorned by Norman zig-zags. The character of the shafts which flank and rise above the rectangular piers shows that some sort of a vault was contemplated when the walls were raised. But it is a question whether this vault was actually built at once or whether a flat ceiling was used for a time, as we know to have been the case in the south transept-arm. Some authorities affirm that it was built at once and give its date, therefore, as about 1130, while others believe it was not constructed until near the middle of the following century. In the latter case it would belong to a period when the Early English, or Lancet-Pointed, style was fully developed. Mediæval architects seldom abandoned current fashions for the sake of harmonizing their work with their predecessors', so it seems unlikely that such vaults—Transitional in form and Norman in decoration—can have been erected after the complete triumph of the Gothic style. Yet this is not half so hard to believe as that Transitional vaults can have been built by Anglo-Norman architects as early as 1120, ten years before the construction of the choir of St. Denis, where the first perfect Gothic vaults were achieved, and in the very year when the Transitional vaults of the famous portico of Vézelay were being raised. Perhaps we may conceive it possible that some French architect gave Durham's vaults their present shape at this phenomenally early day. But, if so, they must be looked upon as anomalies in the

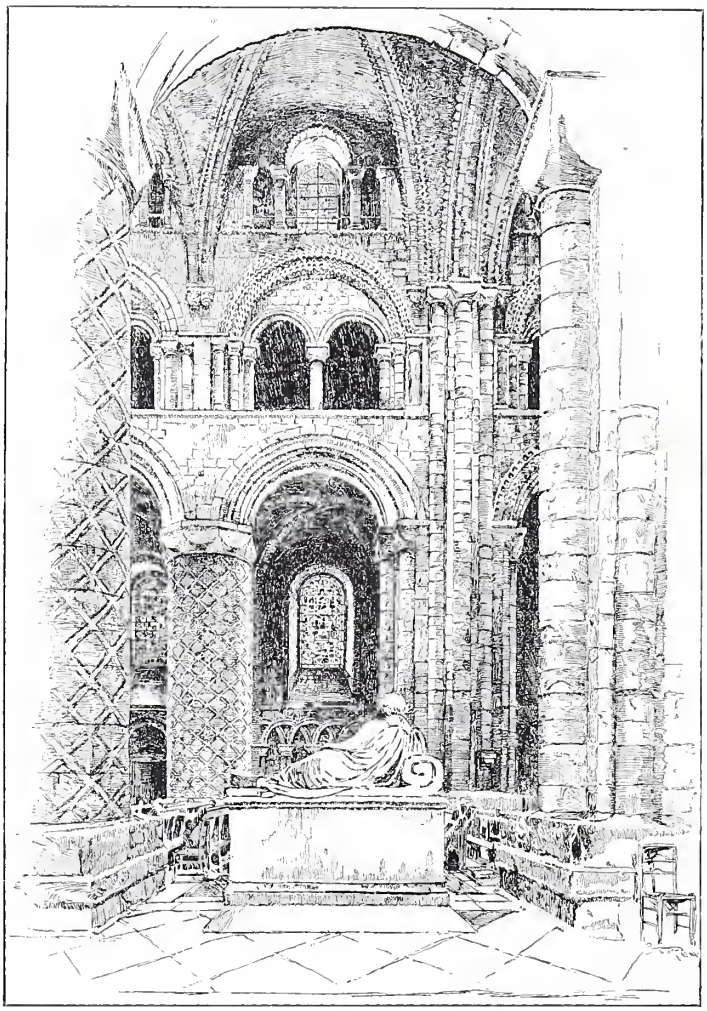
history of the English transition from Romanesque to Gothic art, not, like the vaults of St. Denis, as representatives of a general tendency, as a stage in a consistent course of development. As late as



VIEW FROM THE NAVE INTO THE NORTH ARM OF THE TRANSEPT.

the very end of this century, we know, Anglo-Normans were roofing all their other great naves with wood, and not even preparing for future vaults, while the round arch still ruled the whole constructional scheme.

Of course such a ceiling as Durham's is not only grander in itself than a flat one, but makes the whole effect of the church much grander, giving added height, greater unity, and a far nobler look of strength. An impression of "rocky solidity and indeterminate duration" is what



THE NAVE, FROM THE NORTH AISLE.

Dr. Johnson said he received in Durham Cathedral when starting on his Scottish tour; but all his most sesquipedalian adjectives could not have translated the impression which it really produces.

It is worth noting that its effect must always have been pretty nearly as it is to-day. So few remains of paint have been found on the walls that it seems improbable that any general scheme of chromatic adorn-

ment was ever applied to them. Nor is the eye impelled, as in so many other cases, to clothe them with imagined hues. Nakedness is the last word which suggests itself; color could hardly add to the beauty of this soft warm yellowish stone accented by the bands of carving and the strong incised patterns on the circular piers. It is wonderful to see what decorative emphasis is given by so simple a device as this incising—what an amount of richness and vivacity it brings into the seriousness of the immense design. We are sometimes told that the lines were probably once filled with metal or with colored pastes. But no traces of such fillings have been found, the incisions are much deeper than would have been required to hold them, and, again, the eye does not imagine them desirable. No colored lines, however brilliant, could be so effective as the inky, velvety black lines of shadow which now contrast with the gradually shading pale-yellow tones of the rounded surfaces. "The maximum of effect with the minimum of means" is always a sentence of praise, and one rarely sees it quite so well deserved as by these singular decorations at Durham.

IV

The main entrances to the church were originally three western doors opening from the flat margin of the cliff. But soon after 1150 Bishop Hugh de Puiset (who was a nephew of King Stephen, and is commonly called Bishop Pudsey) covered this part of the rock, quite out to the embowering trees which thence descend the steep slope to the Wear, by a large Galilee-chapel a single story in height.

The porch, or narthex, of the earliest Christian churches sometimes survived in England as a large low portico, projecting in front of one of the principal doors, which was called a Galilee-porch to explain that, like the ancient narthex, it was a less sacred spot than the interior of the church itself. Such a porch was the architectural expression of the biblical term "Galilee of the Gentiles"; but while Durham's Galilee was this, it was something more as well. It was a true porch, lying in front of the main entrances with a door of access in its northern side; but it was a Lady-chapel also. This peculiar composite character is explained by the single fault which tradition fastens upon St. Cuthbert. He had a very pronounced dislike for women; or, to give gentler explanation to the foible of so gentle a saint, we may fancy that he had a very godly fear of them, for which, deep down in his holy bosom, he felt some good human excuse. Centuries after his death his suscepti-

bilities were respected by the builders of the present church. Far away from his shrine, near the west end of the nave, they worked a line of blue-stone across the pavement, and with almost Mohammedan scorn forbade a feminine foot to cross it. And when in later days men threatened to outrage his feelings, the saint himself remonstrated. When Bishop Pudsey tried to build a chapel for the Blessed Virgin in the usual place — eastward of the choir — the foundations refused to bear their load, and this, of course, was "a manifest sign" that the work "was not acceptable to God and his servant Cuthbert." So Pudsey began again westward of the nave. As the foundations now rested upon rock, no supernatural mandate checked him, and, seeming to have thought the ewes of his flock hardly treated, he made his Lady-chapel in Galilee as well, "into which women might lawfully enter." We feel that he did no more than his duty by the sex when we read that the first person interred in the new chapel was an illegitimate son of his own.

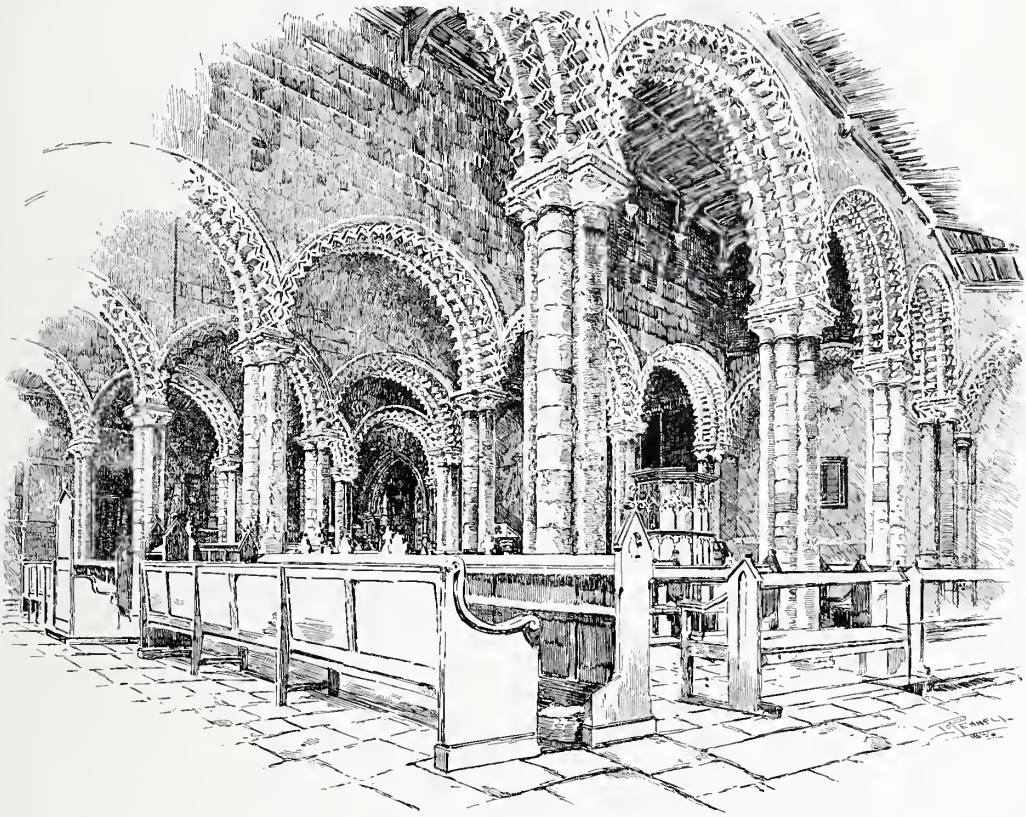
But the most famous tenant of this chapel is the Venerable Bede. Few men who lived so long ago are of such vital interest and value now as Bede, and by the graves of few can we feel so well assured that they really rest within. Bede was a monk at Jarrow, and his bones reposed there from the eighth to the eleventh century, when they were most piously stolen by the sacrist of Durham and placed in Cuthbert's hospitable coffin. Pudsey built them a separate shrine which, two hundred years later, was removed into his chapel. The Reformers destroyed it, but reburied the bones beneath a plain square tomb; and here they were searched for and found in the year 1830. Then was cut the epitaph which we now may read:

"HAC SUNT IN FOSSA BEDÆ VENERABILIS OSSA."

But its words are of high traditional antiquity and, of course, not of a mere man's inditing. When the early sculptor paused to find a fitting adjective, an angel suggested the one which is still commonly coupled with the old historian's name.

The chapel in which he sleeps is very singular and charming. It was built in the Transitional period, with round-arched arcades dividing it into five aisles of almost equal height, the elaborately moulded arches, carved in many rows of zigzags, resting on coupled columns which were joined by their bases and capitals while their shafts of dark marble stood free. To-day the effect is not so light and delicate as

when the eye could pass between these coupled shafts; for in later years two other shafts, not of dark marble but of stone, were added to each group, forming a solid moulded pier. But the forms are so slender and fragile and graceful that, despite the round arches and the zigzags, the effect is not characteristically Norman. It certainly is not Gothic either, and the simple scheme of arcades without upper stories or vaults



THE GALILEE-CHAPEL.

makes it seem quite unecclesiastic. It is an effect which was never exactly reproduced, either in or out of England, but which, by a scarcely strained comparison, more than one writer has called "almost Saracenic."[1]

The side-walls of the Galilee have been raised and its windows have been enlarged and fitted with traceries. No west window gives an unobstructed outward view, but by a little effort we may get partial glimpses of the splendid panorama that stretched in front of the

[1] The cut at the head of this chapter shows one of the capitals in the Galilee-chapel.

doorways of the church before the chapel was constructed. For the sake of this panorama the chapel came nigh to perishing a hundred years ago. The thrice notorious "restorer" Wyatt then proposed to pull it down and run a driveway around the cliff; and the dean had no thought of objecting until the Society of Antiquaries interfered.

In this Durham Galilee, as before the portico of Peterborough and beneath the lantern which we shall find at Ely, we learn why English architecture has a singular charm for almost every tourist: it often shows him something that no knowledge of other things has led him to expect,—something quite individual, apart and fresh. No one can anticipate how an English builder may have planned or designed any part of his construction. What his neighbors were doing was no bond upon him, as such bonds were usually felt in mediæval years; nor did he always stop to think whether the fundamental laws of good construction or of good design would sanction his impulses. Sometimes he made a magnificent mistake, as in the Peterborough portico; sometimes he made a magnificent success, as in the Ely lantern; and sometimes, as in this Galilee at Durham, he produced a work which, although by no means a mistake, charms us rather by pictorial beauty than by serious architectural merit. These facts must stimulate the interest of all travelers; but they deepen the satisfaction rather of the uncritical than of the critical eye. This Galilee, for instance, is a lovely thing to look at and remember—a surprising delight when we see it, a unique picture to store away in the mental gallery we are gathering. But it teaches us little with regard to the general history of mediæval architecture. It tells us nothing of what went before or after, and nothing of what was being done elsewhere. It does not help to solidify our conception of that steady stream of progress which led from the tentative round-arched work of the eleventh century to the perfected Pointed work of the thirteenth. It has small value as a link in that marvelous chain of logical development which we must want to understand if we care for architecture on its noblest side. Often, as we travel through England, we have these same words to say; and more and more the impression deepens that this is not the best place to study mediæval art from the historic standpoint. More and more we feel that, as Anglo-Norman art was an importation, so, for a long time after its death, the impulse toward fresh developments came from external sources. We feel this, without studying dates and historic facts, simply because we see no such consistently, harmoniously advancing current of art as meets the eye in France, but, instead, many proofs that the

great guiding principles of Gothic architecture were not firmly grasped and many signs that clever individuals worked pretty much as personal impulse dictated.

THE CATHEDRAL,
FROM THE SOUTHEAST.

SHOWING THE EXTERIOR OF
THE NINE ALTARS.

V

THE next addition to Durham cathedral was the eastern transept, or Chapel of the Nine Altars, begun in the Early English period and finished in the Decorated. Like the New Building at Peterborough, it is a vast rectangular apartment lying across the east end of the church. But its arrangement is different in many ways. It is considerably broader than the church; instead of rising only as high as the aisles, it is as lofty as the choir proper; and three vast pointed arches connect it with the church, the old central apse as well as the choir-ends having been torn down to make room for it. No rows of columns break this wide and

soaring space, and the simply designed but delicately enriched vault sweeps overhead in magnificent great curves. The long eastern and the shorter southern wall are divided into bays of different widths by great clusters of shafts which bear the vaulting-ribs; in the broad bay that forms the centre of the long east side stands a group of three lancet-windows, with a large rose-window, ninety feet in circumference, above them; and in each of the narrower bays is a single lancet surmounted by another single light. The north side, completed at a later day, is filled by one vast Decorated window with beautiful geometric traceries.

Face to the westward now, and see how the chapel is connected with the choir-end by the three great arches. The floor of the choir proper lies considerably higher than that of its aisles, but even these lie higher than the pavement of the chapel, so beneath each of the lateral arches is a flight of steps leading up into the aisles. Above these arches, which rise to the same height as the aisle-ceilings, are triforium-arcades and then clearstory-windows looking out above the aisle-roofs, while on either side, where the chapel stretches beyond the aisle-walls, are tall lancet-windows in double ranges. The central arch rises as high as the choir-ceiling, and below is blocked by the end of the choir-floor, projecting as a raised platform; and upon this platform, within the choir but visible from the chapel, stood St. Cuthbert's shrine.

All around the chapel, beneath the windows and across the face of the platform, runs a graceful arcade with trefoiled arches and dark marble shafts, its rich details having grown from lovely Early English to lovelier Decorated as the work grew from east to west; and under this arcade against the eastern wall stood the nine altars from which the structure took its name.

It would be hopeless to try to paint the beauty of this chapel, where the simplicity of the design was so exquisitely adorned, yet so well preserved, by the decorations. The ancient figured glass has perished and the ancient painted color. Many of the lancets still keep the traceries with which they were filled in the Perpendicular period, and the rose-window — clearly seen through the great choir-arch from the very west end of the church — was rebuilt by Wyatt. But the traceries do not really hurt the effect save to a purist's eye. The modern glass is unusually good, except in one window where it is phenomenally bad. Most of the sculptor's work remains, and all the striking color which the architect produced by setting against his pale-yellow stone great shafts and capitals of black polished marble beautifully flecked with fossil shells. To the modern architect the most remarkable points

THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE NORTHWEST.

about the chapel are the way in which the vaulting-ribs were made to unite and harmonize the alien western and eastern walls, and the way in which the end of the church was altered, so that the transition between plain massive Norman and light elaborate Gothic work might not be too abrupt. Among all the examples of constructive ingenuity and of artistic feeling that I saw in England there was none which impressed me quite so forcibly as the management of this transition.

The Nine Altars was proposed and prepared for by Bishop Le Poore, begun in 1248 by Melsanby, the prior of the convent under Bishop Farnham, and finished probably under Bishop Robert of Holy Island, about forty years having gone to its perfecting. Who was its actual designer cannot be said, but the name of one architect concerned with it has been accidentally preserved. Local documents always call it the *nova fabrica ;* and in one such document, a real-estate conveyance now in the chapter-library, a witness is written down as *Magister Ricardus de Farinham tunc architector novæ fabricæ Dunelm.* It is probable that

this Richard Farnham was a relative of Bishop Farnham. But whoever he was, and however great or small his share in the chapel, we are glad for him that he has thus emerged from that mediæval limbo which is filled by so many great artists' nameless shades.

VI

THE picture made by Durham's rocky pedestal and rock-like church and castle is as interesting to the mind as to the eye, for it clearly expresses a combination of temporal with ecclesiastical grandeur which was unique in the kingdom of England.

In Norman days the bishops of Durham were made palatine-princes as well, and allowed to rule over a wide surrounding district with almost autocratic powers and privileges. Thenceforward during four hundred years they were the judicial and military as well as the spiritual lords of their people. They owed the king feudal service, but they owed him little else. Those who did wrong within their borders were said to have broken, not the peace of the king, but the peace of the bishop; and with the bishop rested the power of life and death even when murder or treason itself was in question. The bishops of Ely were the only other prelates in England to whom palatine powers were given; and at Ely these powers meant very much less in practice than they did among the successors of Cuthbert. No English lords save the palatine-counts of Chester equaled in degree of independent authority and local influence the palatine-bishops of Durham. Far from the centre of royal rule, the king was content to let them do as they liked with their own, asking in return that they should keep a keen eye and a strong hand upon the ever-threatening, often flaming, Scottish Border. As a consequence, the bishops of Durham figure on history's page more like great military than like great ecclesiastical rulers. Sometimes they were high-placed functionaries at the court of the king; but more often they remained in their own diocese, lording it in that great castle which served them instead of a palace, or fighting the Scotch, now single-handed and now beneath the banner of the king.

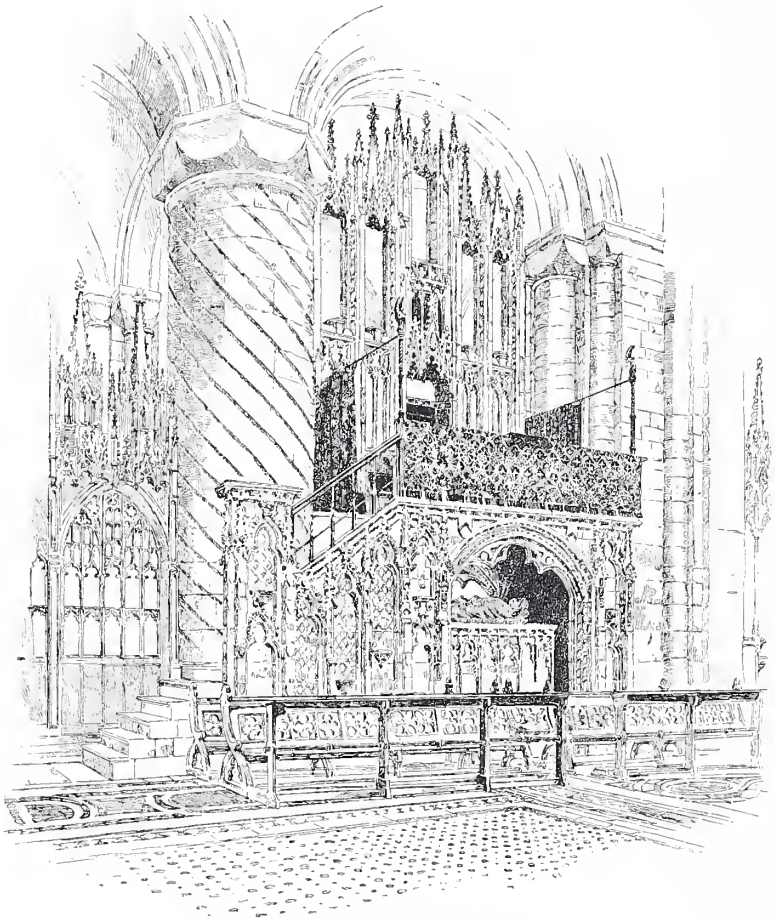
The most powerful and splendid of them all was Anthony Bek, who died in 1310. He was called "the proudest lord in Chrestientie," and we can well understand why when we read of him as prince-bishop of Durham, king of the Isle of Man, and Patriarch of Jerusalem; when we hear how he went with Edward I. to Scotland with twenty-six standard-bearers and a hundred and sixty-four knights as his private following,

and with fifteen hundred soldiers of the Palatinate who were also bound to do his personal bidding; and when we learn how the "court of Durham" exhibited in his day all the pomp and etiquette of a royal household. "Nobles addressed the palatine sovereign kneeling, and instead of menial servants, knights waited in his presence-chamber and at his table bare-headed and standing. . . . . His liberality knew no bounds, and he regarded no expenses, however enormous, when placed in competition with any object of pleasure or magnificence." Even the great king Edward was moved to fear or envy by his wealth and power and, perhaps, ambition. But Edward II. took him back into favor, and he remained bishop and prince till his death. He spent much on buildings as well as in every other way, yet he left greater riches behind him than any of his forerunners; and despite his extravagance and pomp he is described as an active, industrious, and singularly temperate man.

It is impossible here to hint at even the most remarkable bishops who filled this powerful chair, or at even the most important wars in which they played conspicuous parts—wars which sometimes eddied about the very foot of the pedestal where their church and castle stood. Even the private history of the monastery might furnish forth a long and lively chapter, for the monks of Durham seem to have been almost as turbulent as the people of the Border, or else the bishops ruled them with a hand made heavy by long wielding of temporal weapons. Feuds within the convent were constantly occurring, and long and bitter disputes about the episcopal succession; and more than once there was riot, if not bloodshed, within the very walls of the church.

History and poetry have done even more than constructive art to make the name of this cathedral famous. "Half house of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot," it is constantly pictured by bards and chroniclers from those of the earliest time down to that modern singer who interweaves its grandeur with the tale of Marmion. And whenever, wherever, we find it referred to, it is not as the mere resting-place of some saint beloved of pilgrims, or as the mere sponsor of some prelate whose life was largely separated from its own, but as the veritable home of mighty rulers, as itself a mighty stronghold and the centre of local military life. Truly the records of these English sees are as diverse among themselves as each in itself is picturesquely varied. Far more than was the case with any other English see, the power of Durham made the power of the men who sat on its throne. For a parallel to the rôle which it played in history we must look abroad—to the great episcopal fortress-towns of France or to the great electoral bish-

oprics of Germany. Thus, I repeat, its admirable position—set on its truculent rock and supported by its frowning castle—has an even greater historic than pictorial value.



THE BISHOP'S THRONE.

VII

At Canterbury primate and abbot, warrior, prince, and king, were sepultured close about St. Thomas, the posthumous association being thought to honor and to profit them and in no way to dishonor or displease the martyr. It was thus at Westminster, too, around the shrine of Edward the Confessor, and in almost all mediæval churches in all countries. But it was very different at Durham. Never was a dead saint so "exclusive" as St. Cuthbert, who had been so meek and humble

while alive. Not only all feet of living women but all bones of departed men were strictly forbidden to approach his thrice-holy shrine, or even to rest beneath the wide-stretching roof that covered it. Naturally no king or prince sought burial at Durham; and local dignitaries, even though as mighty as Flambard himself, were interred outside the church, the chapter-house being the most honorable place assigned them.

This rule was enforced until great Anthony Bek came to die. He was buried in the Nine Altars; but a tradition (which architectural evidence proves false, but which is significant none the less) says that even his body might not be carried through the church, and that a break was made in the chapel-wall to admit it. Thirty years later the first layman was interred in the church—Ralph, Lord Neville, who had commanded the English at the battle of Neville's Cross. But even in subsequent centuries burials were rare in Durham, and the only monument which now stands in its choir is that of Bishop Hatfield, who died in 1381.

This monument was built by Hatfield himself, and is surely one of the most self-asserting of all such anticipatory memorials. The tomb proper is low and modest enough—a mere sarcophagus upon which lies an alabaster figure of the prelate. But above it, forming a vast structure which seems to exist simply to protect and honor it, rises the episcopal throne. Here every subsequent bishop has sat, and with each must have seemed to sit the spirit of Hatfield. No such splendid *cathedra* was ever built elsewhere in England; but its splendor was wholly appropriate as expressing the paramount temporal power of Durham's incumbents. This was the throne, not of a bishop merely, but of a prince-palatine as well. Now that the old palatine powers and privileges have gone to the crown, one may think, perhaps, that Queen Victoria has a better right to sit upon it than the ecclesiastic who preserves so scant a shred of temporal authority.

But despite the lack of tombs, this throne was not the only thing which in earlier ages made Durham's choir magnificent. An immense fourteenth-century reredos, elaborately carved with niches containing more than a hundred figures, rose behind the high altar. Lines of carved stalls encircled the singers' choir. At the end of the north aisle, near the Nine Altars, "was the goodliest fair porch, which was called the Anchorage, having a marvelous fair rood with the most exquisite pictures of Mary and John, with an altar for a monk to say daily mass, being in ancient times inhabited with an anchorite. . . ." Opposite, at the end of the south aisle, was a screen "all adorned with fine wainscot work and

curious painting," in front of which stood the "Black Rood of Scotland," taken from King David at the battle of Neville's Cross, made of silver and "being, as it were, smoked all over." At the western end of the north aisle stood another "porch" and rood; and, of course, the chief screen of all shut off the choir proper from the rest of the church, standing just west of the crossing, flanked by the great Neville chantry.

English Puritans seem to have spared the furnishings as well as the body of Durham. But much damage was done by Scottish prisoners who were confined within it in 1650, more was done by renovations in the last century, and still more by "restorations" in the first half of our own. Everything has gradually been swept out of the choir except the throne which has lost its color and gilding, the reredos which now lacks its hundred figures, and the stalls which were sadly cut and altered some forty years ago. At this time too was ruthlessly destroyed a splendid Renaissance choir-screen built by Bishop Cosin in 1660 to replace the ruined ancient one of stone. Its superb carvings of black oak seemed to modern purists out of keeping with a mediæval interior, though in reality they must have harmonized well with the heavy Norman forms about them; and modern eyes thought it a pity that there should not be a "clear view" from end to end of the great church, though no such view would have been tolerated by its builders, the choir being the monks' and the nave the laity's place of worship. The present screen is a fragile, undignified tracery of silvered metal—"pure" pseudo-Gothic, very likely, but very certainly a more inappropriate feature than was the massive wooden structure of which a few fragments may be studied in the castle.

But the supreme ornament of Durham's choir was St. Cuthbert's shrine. This stood, as has been said, in the choir behind the high altar, on a floor raised above the level of the aisles and projecting like a platform into the Nine Altars. Steps for the use of pilgrims led up from the aisles, and doors in the reredos admitted the ecclesiastics. The shrine, as we read of it, was rebuilt in 1380. A base of green marble was worked into four seats where cripples or invalids might get rest and healing, and upon this base stood a great work of enamel and gold sprinkled with princely jewels, containing "the treasure more precious than gold or topaz," and shadowed by that banner of St. Cuthbert which went so often over the Border, and by many another flag dedicated by an English or captured from a Scottish hand.

At the time of the dissolution of the monasteries, Henry's "visitors" broke open the shrine and within it found St. Cuthbert "lying whole, uncorrupt, with his face bare, and his beard as of a fortnight's growth,

and all his vestments about him." They destroyed the shrine, but respected the body and reburied it beneath the floor—and this by express order of the king, the saint of Durham having incited to superstition merely, and not, like the saint of Canterbury, to treason also. In 1827 the tomb was again opened, and in the presence of more

THE NORTH SIDE OF THE CATHEDRAL, FROM DUN COW LANE.

scientific observers. In it was found the coffin which was made by Henry's officers in 1542; within this the successive fragments of two other coffins, proved by their decorations to be those of the interment at Durham in Flambard's time (1104), and of the original interment at Lindisfarne in 698; and then an entire skeleton wrapped in the rags of once-rich robes, and a second skull. The bones were reverentially re-

placed, but the other objects found in the tomb may now be seen in the chapter-library: an ivory comb; a tiny oaken portable altar plated with silver; an exquisitely embroidered stole and maniple of Old English workmanship; another, later, maniple; part of a girdle and two bracelets woven of gold and scarlet threads; a gold cross set with garnets, at least as ancient as St. Cuthbert's own time; and pieces of rich figured robes of Byzantine or Sicilian origin. The altar and the comb agree with a description given of the contents of the coffin when it was examined in 1104; and the more ancient embroideries have been identified by the lettering they bear as those which Athelstan is recorded to have given to the shrine when he visited it at Chester-le-Street in the year 934. Can the most skeptical tourist think that either here or by the tomb of Bede such sentiment as he may have to spend will be wasted on mendacious bones? Surely here beneath the pavement of Durham's choir must veritably sleep the body of St. Cuthbert the monk and the head of St. Oswald the king.

VIII

The west front of Durham is one of the finest in England. Its rich yet simple Norman and Transitional features are enlivened but not disturbed by the great middle window which was inserted in the Decorated period; and the low projecting Galilee does not seem at all out of place, as the nearness and the steepness of the cliff premise that here the main entrance will hardly be found.

The huge imperial majesty, though not the beauty, of the building is best realized from the Castle Green, where the whole north side lies unshrouded before us. But here too we most clearly see, on near approach, how fortunate it would have been had Wyatt and others like him never lived. In ignorant distrust of the effects which the weathering of seven centuries had wrought, they flayed and cut and pared the mighty surface with a pitiless hand, removing in many places several inches' depth of stone, and actually casing the central tower with cement. As much as possible has been done in recent years to repair their ravage. But the beautiful color and texture which time alone can give have perished, and the planed-off inches have left the mouldings and window-jambs so shallow that the old accent of massiveness and force is hopelessly impaired.

No one but an Englishman, and no Englishman born earlier than the Perpendicular period, would have built a great church-tower like this central one at Durham — so tall and massive yet so simple in out-

line, and finished by a parapet with no thought of a spire or of any visible sort of roof. The earlier western towers had been given wooden spires covered with lead; but in the seventeenth century these were removed, and in the eighteenth the turreted battlements were added. Continental critics would tell us that such a group as we now behold has far too military an air to be ecclesiastically appropriate. The question is one for taste, not argument, to decide. But I may say that if spireless battlemented towers can ever be appropriate upon a church, they surely are upon Durham's. If ever a house of God could lawfully assume a semi-military, half-forbidding, wholly uncompromising air, it was surely the one where the palatine-bishops were throned.

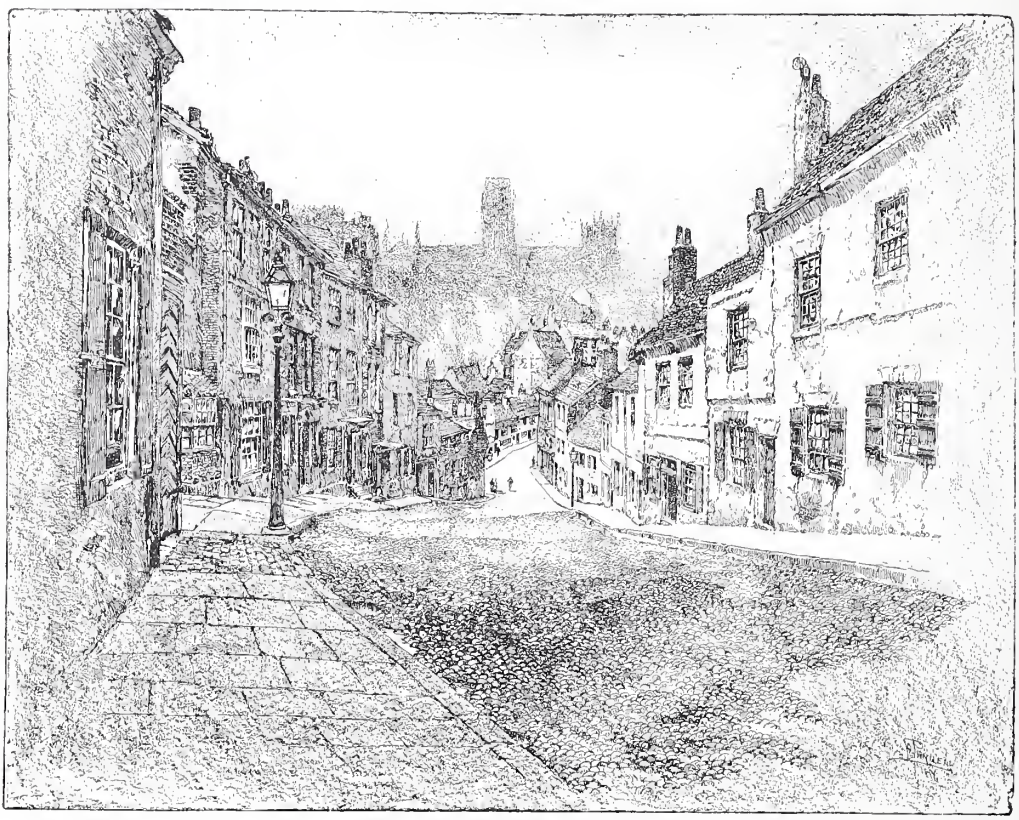
Yet this church held the shrine of the peaceful Cuthbert as well as the chair of the warlike Bek, and in its far-off greatest years it played a rôle of gentle ecclesiastical ministrance as well as of stern ecclesiastical control. Many a blood-stained foot has fled wildly toward it over the broad Castle Green, and many an innocent foot hounded by accusing cries. It was a famous "sanctuary" where any culprit charged with any crime could find inviolable shelter, kindly entertainment for thirty-seven days, and then, if still unjustified or unpardoned, safe transportation to the coast and passage over-seas—paying only by a full confession and a solemn oath never to return to England. From a chamber over the north porch a monk watched ceaselessly to give immediate entrance; and even before entrance was given, as soon as the knocker on the door was grasped, "St. Cuthbert's peace" was won. The chamber was destroyed by Wyatt, but the knocker hangs where it has hung since late-Norman days. The empty eye-sockets of the grotesque yet splendid mask of bronze were once filled, perhaps, with crystal eyeballs; or, perhaps,—and this is what we prefer to fancy,—a flame was set behind them that even he might not go astray whose flight should be in the darkness.

High up on the northern end of the Nine Altars stand the sculptured figures of a milkmaid and a cow. The group is comparatively modern, but it perpetuates a very ancient legend. It was a woman seeking her strayed beast who guided the bearers of St. Cuthbert's coffin when they could not find the "Dunholme" where he wished to rest.

IX

On the south side of the cathedral we find the great aggregate of once-monastic buildings in a singularly complete condition. When the

monastery was "resigned" to King Henry VIII. its last prior peaceably became the first dean of the newly constituted chapter, and in the time of Cromwell his successors peaceably kept their homes with all their precious contents. In consequence, there is no place in England



THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE NORTH.

where we can so well understand what a great monastery looked like in pre-Reformation days, or how its populous colony lived.

We should find the picture still more complete but for the demon of last-century renovation. The chapter-house, for instance, kept its Norman form uninjured until the year 1791—a great oblong room finished toward the east with a semicircular apse, vaulted throughout, paved with many sepulchral slabs bearing famous ecclesiastical names, and encircled by a tall arcade with intersecting arches, below which was a stone bench for the monks in council, and at the east end a stone chair where the long line of prelate-princes had sat for consecration. No other Norman chapter-house as fine as this remained in England, and

no other building whatsoever to show how the Normans had vaulted their apses. Yet, to make things more comfortable for modern dean and canon, the apse and the adjacent walls for about half the length of the room were pulled down, and the mutilated remainder was inclosed and floored and plastered so that not a sign of its splendid stones remained. A few years ago, however, these stones were again exposed to view, and the ground outside, once covered by the apse, was carefully examined. Several very ancient tombs were then identified, and in the library may now be seen three episcopal rings which were found within them — one, set with a great sapphire, having been Ralph Flambard's.

Our plan will show how the chapter-house opens upon one side of the cloister and how its other sides are built against the church itself, the dormitory and the refectory. From the earliest ages the arrangement was the same; but almost all parts of the buildings were more than once renewed. The cloister-walks, now greatly modernized, date from the Perpendicular period, and so also do the dormitory and the refectory, though each of them is raised upon a much older vaulted basement. The dormitory formed for many years part of a canon's house, but has now been brought back as nearly as possible to its old estate. The wooden partitions which divided it into separate sleeping-cells have disappeared, of course; but one hardly regrets their absence, as it leaves free to the eye the whole vast interior, — 194 feet in length, — lighted by ranges of noble traceried windows and covered by an oaken ceiling, rude yet massive and grand in effect, the great tree-trunks which form its beams scarcely having been squared by the axe. The room now holds a portion of the large and valuable chapter-library, and sundry other interesting collections — of brilliant episcopal vestments, of coins and seals, and of Roman, Celtic, Old English, and Norman antiquities of Northumbrian origin.

The main portion of the library, including a collection of illuminated manuscripts which has hardly a superior in England outside of the British Museum, is housed in the old refectory. Here, too, are kept the relics which were found in St. Cuthbert's grave and the fragments of his earlier coffins. He who wishes to understand the far-off roots and the first crude growths of mediæval art in the north of England finds his best place of study in these richly filled and wisely administered libraries at Durham.[1]

[1] I should be very ungrateful did I forget to note that in one important respect Durham stands at the head of the English cathedrals. Here, of all places, the tourist feels himself a welcome guest, and one for whose pleasure and instruction infinite pains are willingly taken by all dignitaries and officials, from the highest to the humblest. I find I am by no means alone in remembering one of the vergers, Mr. Wea-

Many minor rooms and buildings lie around or near this cloister, chief in interest the old priors' kitchen. I think there is but one other kitchen of the sort still intact in England, and that one—at Glastonbury—now stands isolated in a field and never knows the warmth of useful fires; while this one still serves the household of the dean. It is a great octagonal structure, with a steep roof which covers a remarkable vaulted ceiling—so stately a structure that a passer-by, used to modern ways of living and modern architectural devices, would (but for its chimneys) surely think it a baptistery or a chapel, never a kitchen. The old priors' house also remains as the dwelling of the modern deans, but altered in the usual practical irreverent way, the private chapel forming now three chambers.

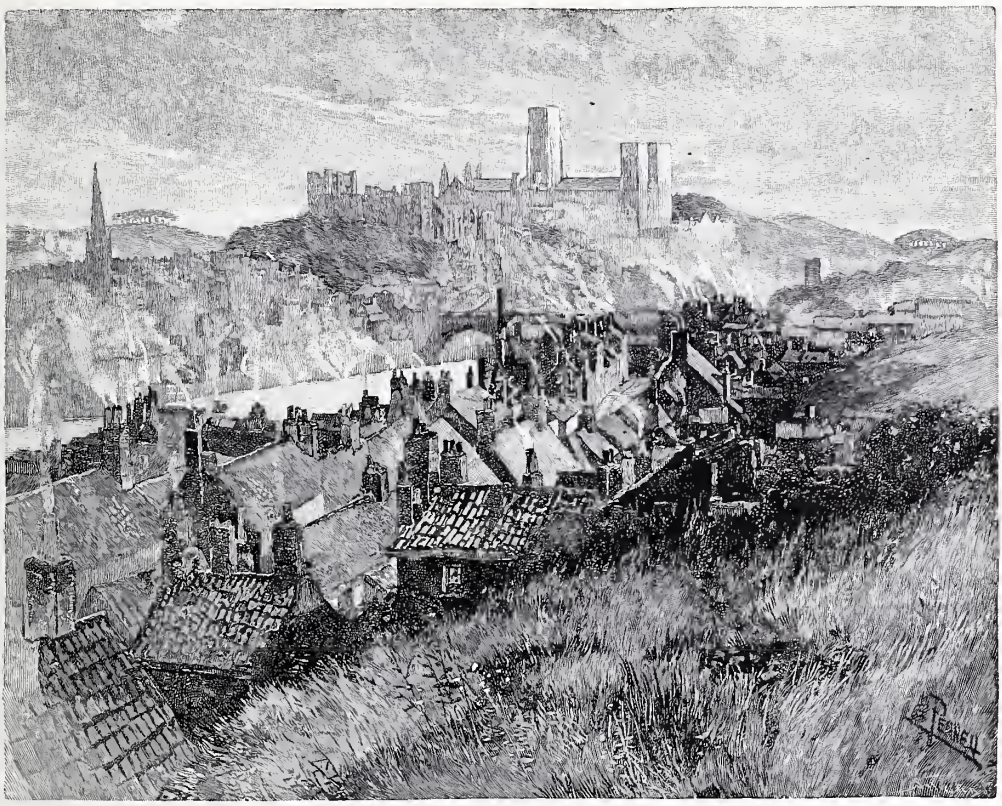
Beyond all these stretch the dean's lovely gardens, the quiet circle of the canons' houses, and the quiet sweep of their own outer gardens looking down upon the Wear. So much remains at Durham, in short, that it is hard to remember that certain things have perished even here, among them the great hall of the monastery and its church-like hospital.

The picture is not quite so lovely as that which greater ruin has wrought at Canterbury. But it is as beautiful in a soberer fashion, and it has the added charm of a lifted outlook over a splendid landscape. Surely there can be nothing like it in all the world—nothing at once so homogeneous yet so infinitely varied, so old in body yet so alive and fresh in mood. There is no class or kind of building which is not represented between the castle on the northern and the garden-walls upon the southern verge of this rich promontory. There is scarcely a year of the last eight hundred which has not somewhere left some traces upon it. There is no sort of life which it has not seen, and the sort which prevails to-day is as wholly different from the ancient sorts as fancy could conceive. Yet nowhere can we choose a date and say, Here the old life ceased and the new began. Nowhere can we put finger on a stone and say, This was to serve religion only, or material existence only, or only war or ostentation; or, This was for use alone, or for beauty alone. All times are here and all things are here, and all aims and motives have here found expression; but all things are intertwined in one great entity, and all times join in one vast historic panorama.

And this means that *this* is England. Not in some new Birmingham,

therall, as a pearl of his kind. More than one widely traveled architect has cited him in my hearing as the best guide he had met in Europe—fully and correctly informed, patient and clear in exposition, interesting to the ignorant yet instructive even to the professional sight-seer, and filled with an enthusiasm as wise and discriminating as it is warm and contagious.

hot with money-making fires, black with art-destroying cinders, and deaf to the voice of long-dead years; and not in some old deserted Kenilworth or Fountains, beautiful only, useful no longer, a monument of death and destruction, a milestone to show how wide a space may lie between the currents of mediæval and of modern life — not there do we find the real England really pictured; but here in this Durham, which



DURHAM, FROM THE RAILROAD STATION.

was once military and monastic and feudal, and is now commercial, collegiate, domestic, and in politics boldly Liberal, yet where there has been neither sudden change nor any forgetting, and very little abandonment or loss—only slow natural growth and development, and the wear and tear and partial retrogressions which all growth, all development must involve. Modern life standing upon ancient life as on a worn but puissant and respected pedestal; learning alive despite the hurry of trade; religion alive despite the widening of the moral horizon; Protestantism grown from Catholicism, yet not harshly dissevered from its rituals or

traditions nor scornful of its artistic legacy; things monastic supplanted by things domestic within the Church, yet the Church still served with reverence, dignity and grace; the aristocrat, the soldier, and the prelate still keeping some shreds of civil power notwithstanding the upgrowth of the plebeian layman's power — this is what England means to those who see her land and her living as a whole. This and all of this is what Durham means to those who study its stones and its records together. And all this is typified in that splendid throne of its bishop-princes, in which a bishop still sits but a prince no longer. As this throne still stands in use and honor, so the old order of things is still revered in the land, while the loss of the color and gold which once adorned it may seem to tell of the gradual perishing away of England's old artistic gift, and the mutilation of the effigy it covers may seem to speak of the shorn authority of that class which once had no rivals in its ruling.

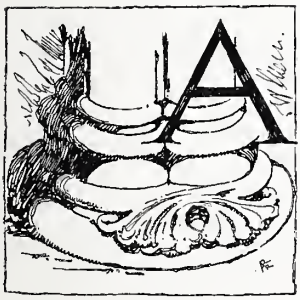
X

It is hopeless to try to tell which are the best points for seeing Durham from a distance — they are so many, and each in turn seems so supremely good. Some of the very best, moreover, we are sure to get, as from the railroad station which lies a little out of the town to the northwest, and from the road which thence brings us over a great bridge near the castle.

It is hopeless also to try to describe the outward view which may be had from the cathedral's central tower. It is not a very pleasant task to climb to the top of any such old construction. Mediæval builders had little care for the life or limbs of sight-seers; or perhaps mediæval sight-seers did not seek for views as we do to-day. It is like a bad dream to clamber up this tower — up a narrow winding staircase to the church's roof, and then up a still narrower and steeper and darker one to the roof of the tower, turning about on exiguous steps uneven from the tread of centuries, and feeling our way by the rough convex stones. But it is like another sort of dream to come out at last, after more than three hundred painful mountings, upon the broad parapeted platform and see the magnificent wide panorama undulating away into the hilly distance and enlivened beneath the church's feet by the silver twistings of the Wear. Standing here we can see where the battle of Neville's Cross was fought; and here the monks crowded to see it, in terror, doubtless, lest defeat might mean an instant siege within their home.

Chapter V

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. MARY — SALISBURY



FTER seeing Peterborough and Durham we may best go southward to Salisbury, where we shall find an explanation of that Early English, or Lancet-Pointed, style which succeeded the Norman.

The history of this cathedral church is unmatched in England. Its foundations were laid upon a virgin site in the year 1220; thirty-eight years later it stood complete to the top of the first stage of its tower; and time respected the unity thus achieved—no great calamity brought ruin upon any part of the structure, and no new needs provoked its alteration. A single style rules it from end to end, inside and out, from foundation-course to roof-crest. Only the spire and the upper stages of the tower were added in a later century, and to most observers even these look of a piece with all the rest.

It was by means of an act of transplantation, however, and not of new creation, that its thirteenth-century builders made Salisbury Cathedral all their own. The body of their church was new and the spot upon which it stood, but in name and soul it had already long existed.

I

About the year 705 the great diocese of Winchester was divided, and its western portion became the diocese of Sherborne. In the tenth century this in its turn was cut into two or three, one being called of Ramsbury or Wiltshire. At the time of the Conquest Bishop Herman occupied the chairs of both Ramsbury and Sherborne. As he was a foreigner by birth, William did not dispossess him; and when William's council decreed the removal of isolated rural chairs to places of more

importance, Herman planted his at Old Sarum, and the names of the two earlier dioceses were lost in that of Salisbury.

Old Sarum we say to-day, when speaking of the site of Herman's cathedral, and Salisbury when speaking of the place where the new one was built in the year 1220. But the names are the same, one being the mediæval Latin and the other the modern English form of the earlier English Searobyrig or Sarisbyrig, itself derived from the Roman Sorbiodunum.

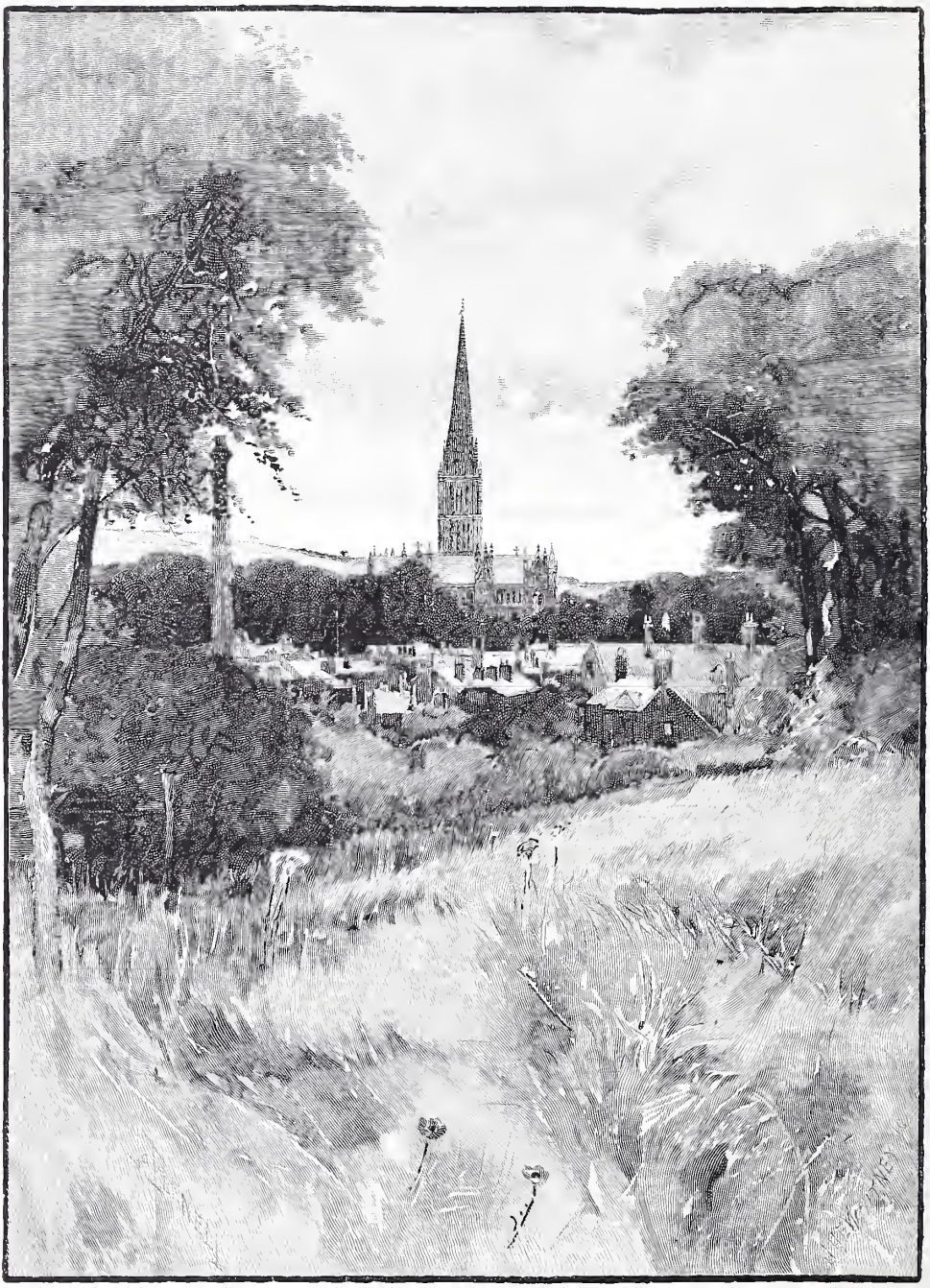
From prehistoric days Old Sarum was for centuries a strong and famous place. No spot in all England is of more curious interest now. Who expects in this crowded, living little land to hear of a city wiped utterly from sight, turned into such a "heap" as those cities of the plain whose punishment the prophets foretold? Who expects to see sheep feeding and ploughshares turning where there were once not only Roman roads and ramparts but a great Norman castle and cathedral? Yet this, and nothing but this, we see at Old Sarum.

Its broad, desolate hill lies isolated in a valley near the river Avon,[1] not very far from the skirts of the wide table-land called Salisbury Plain. Even the roadway leaves it at a distance. First we pass through an inn-garden, then cross a long stretch of slightly rising ground, and then climb successive steep and rugged though grassy slopes. These show in scarcely broken lines the trend of the ancient walls and fosses. Their main portions are of Roman origin, but, if we may believe tradition, the outermost line was added by King Alfred when the Danes were on the war-path. Once on top of the hill we find it a broad, rolling plateau, bearing here and there a group of trees, but nowhere a building, and only in two places any relic of man's handiwork—two shattered, ragged bits of wall. Most of it is covered with rough grass, very different from the fresh turf of English lowlands, but far off to the westward there are signs of agricultural labor. This is where the great cathedral stood; and much else once stood where now is an almost Mesopotamian solitude—all the adjuncts of a cathedral, ecclesiastical and domestic; all the parts of a stronghold that was a royal residence as well; and all the streets and structures of a considerable city, stretching down the hill and out into the valley. Hence, as from an important centre, once radiated six Roman roads. Here Briton and Saxon fought, and the victors held their parliaments, and were in their turn assaulted by the Dane. Hither were summoned all the states of the realm to do homage to William the Norman, and, a

1 This is not Shakspere's Avon, but another of the name which flows southward to the Channel.

century later, all its great men to pay reverence to that young son of Henry I. who was to perish in the wreck of the White Ship. Here was drawn up the "Ordinal of Offices for the Use of Sarum" which became the ritual rule for the whole south of England. Here, in a word, for several centuries and under the dominion of five successive races — British, Roman, English, Norman, and again in the new sense English — was a great centre of ecclesiastical and military power. To-day it is nothing but a heap. Citadel and lordly keep, royal hall and chapel, cathedral, chapter-house, and close, convents, parish churches, municipal buildings, burghers' homes and streets, and the mighty walls which once inclosed them, all have been swept away, and their very stones removed for use in distant spots. The colossal earthworks which once bore the walls are not greatly damaged; the little village of Stratford-under-the-Castle marks, perhaps, the site of a valley-suburb; and the two forlorn patches of wall may still stand for generations. But above ground nature has reclaimed all else to barren unity. Below ground a long passage is known to exist, though its entrance has been closed for a century; and in 1835 a band of antiquaries laid bare for a moment the foundations of the cathedral church. It was 270 feet in length, and had two western towers with a great Galilee-porch between them a transept and aisles, and a deep choir which, as was usual in later English but not in Norman days, ended in a flat east wall. It was consecrated in the year 1092, and was begun by Herman, finished by his successor Osmund, a companion of the Conqueror, and much altered and enlarged by Roger, the warrior-bishop of King Stephen's time. It seems to have been inclosed by the fortifications of the castle, and in this fact we have the reason for its eventual abandonment.

From the beginning the close association of ecclesiastical and military power was a source of trouble. At Durham the bishop had been the first comer and was indisputable head of the community, and the might of the sword always assisted the might of the staff. But the Bishop of Sherborne and Ramsbury came to Sarum, so to say, as the guest and dependent of its military chief. Some of his successors united both titles, as was the case with the bloody and potent Roger. But from Roger's day onward church and castle were at feud, and the burghers of Sarum, who were tenants in part of the one and in part of the other, fed and fanned the discord. Municipal disputes were then not settled by words. Hand-to-hand struggles were frequent in Sarum, and naturally the priests did not often have the best of the matter. In the reign of Richard I., for instance, "such was the hot entertainment



THE SPIRE OF SALISBURY.

on each part" over certain disputed boundaries "that at last the Castellanes, espieing their time, gate between the cleargie and the towne and so coiled them as they returned homeward that they feared any more to gang about their bounds for the year." Moreover, the cathedral establishment was sadly cramped for space; the town "wanted water so unreasonably as [a strange kind of merchandise] it was there to be sold"; the hill was cold and cheerless, and the wind blew over the lifted church so that often "the people could not hear the priests say mass." And then, on general principles, "What," as one of its canons exclaimed, "has the house of the Lord to do with castles? It is the ark of the covenant in a temple of Baalim. Let us in God's name," he added, "descend into the level. There are rich champaigns and fertile valleys abounding in the fruits of the earth and profusely watered by living streams. There is a seat for the Virgin patroness of our Church to which the whole world cannot afford a parallel." Times had changed since that distraught eleventh century when such spots as Durham and Sarum had seemed the best for churchmen's homes. What they wanted now was not convenience of defense but freedom of access and the chance to live well, since anywhere they could live in safety. So, in the reign of Henry III. and the bishopric of Richard Poore, the first stones of a new cathedral were laid in the valley.[1] As it stood more than a mile away from the old one, we can perhaps as readily believe that the Virgin showed the spot to the bishop in a dream as that he marked it by an arrow shot from the ramparts of Old Sarum.

With the ecclesiastics went most of the burghers of the hill-town. At once its importance departed and, more slowly but as utterly, its very life. The stages of its decline cannot be traced with surety. But the mere fact that after the time of Bishop Poore history refers to it very seldom and as though by chance, proves how quickly it died. A writer who visited it in 1540 says that not a house then remained, that the castle was a heap of "notable ruinous building," and that in a chapel dedicated to Our Lady burned the only lights which proved man's presence. Yet nominally Old Sarum existed as a town until the year 1831. Until then two so-called representatives of its chimerical inhabitants sat in the Parliament of England.

As it gradually dwindled, the new city of the priests waxed and grew, absorbing its life-blood, stealing away the stones of its body.

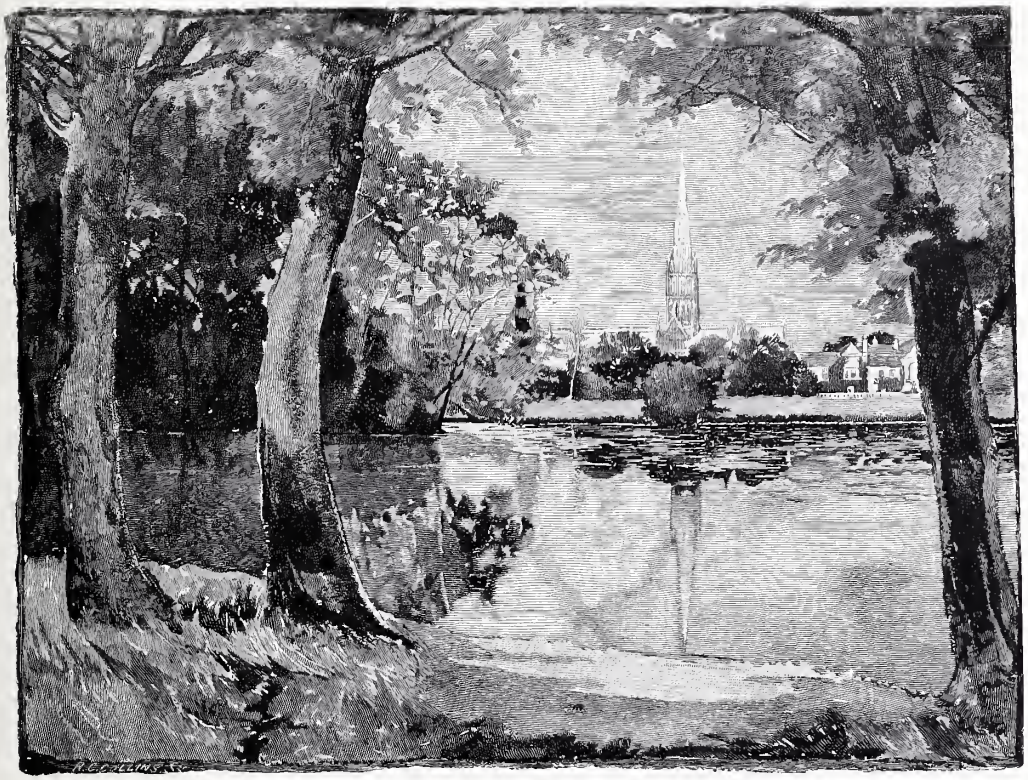
[1] This is the same Richard Poore who, a little later, as Bishop of Durham, founded the Chapel of the Nine Altars.

Peace dwelt within the borders of New Sarum, and the only ramparts it needed were the low walls which still fence in its close—signs not of anticipated conflict, but merely of the Church's separation from the world.

II

Apart from its great central feature, modern Salisbury is not an interesting town. The main streets are commonplace, though in out-of-the-way corners we find picturesque bits of domestic work and a Perpendicular church or two; and while the chief square is spacious, it has scarcely more architectural dignity than that of some New England city of the second rank. But doubtless it was once more interesting; the scene-painter bids us think so when "Richard III." is being played, and the time comes for Buckingham's execution. And beyond the suburbs, out in the valley of the Avon, the England of to-day is as lovely as ever, and from here the town seems a pretty enough base for the splendid spire which soars above it. All possible adjectives of description and nouns of comparison have been worn threadbare in the attempt to paint this spire. But no words can do the work. To call it a titanic arrow weakly pictures the way it lifts itself, seemingly not toward but into the blue of heaven. To liken it to the spear of an angel does not figure the strength which dwells in its buoyant outline. We may speak of it for the thousandth time as a silent finger of faith pointing to the home of the faithful, and not hint at the significance it wears to the imaginative eye, or may cite with emphasis the four hundred feet it measures and not explain the paramount place it holds in the landscape—how it is always the centre and finish of every scene, whether we stand far away or near; how it persists in our consciousness even when our backs are turned, or when the blackness of night shuts it out from corporeal vision. Standing just beneath it, we cannot but keep our eyes perpetually lifted to its aërial summit, to mark how the clouds appear to be at rest and it appears to move, like a gigantic lovely dial-hand actually showing us for once the invisible revolution of the globe. When we are far away, on the desolate levels of Salisbury Plain, we see its isolated slender stateliness for miles after town and church have vanished beneath the plateau's edge; and when it also disappears it still seems to be watching us; it is still the one thing with which imagination takes account until we are finally in presence of that huge circle at Stonehenge, in comparison with whose age Salisbury's

spire is modern. The whole of architectural progress lies between the forms of these two famous monuments. Here are rough uncouth monoliths, raised by brute strength and standing by the force of mere inertia —there, delicately chiseled blocks piled in myriads one upon another to a dizzy height, the utmost science and the subtilest art creating and maintaining them. Here is the impressiveness of matter subdued by



THE CATHEDRAL, FROM THE BISHOP'S GARDEN.

mind into positions full once of a meaning that now is lost, but not subdued into the remotest semblance of grace or beauty. There, a strength infinitely greater is combined with the last word of grace and beauty, and expresses meanings, faiths, emotions which are still those of our own world. Yet there is no undecipherable stage in the long sequence which lies between. The steps are close and clear— not, indeed, in England, but in other lands that we know as well— which lead from men who were content to set two great stones over against each other, lay a third on top and call them a temple, to men who caressed their stones into exquisite forms and surfaces, raised them

in complicated harmonies of outline, and crowned them with pinnacles —as light as air, as strong as iron—which all but touched the clouds.

It is interesting, too, to remember that, new as Salisbury seems when compared with Stonehenge, the one can boast no earlier name than the other. The Druids may very well have built Stonehenge, but the barbarians whom the Druids ruled must have camped before the Romans on the hill of Sarum. Perhaps from this same spot, indeed, went forth the constructors of the undated temple as well as those of the thirteenth-century church.

One can easily understand how attractive their new site must have seemed to the emigrating priests—low and level, warm and fertile, and close to the silver Avon's banks. But its tempting unlikeness to their old position brought them new discomforts. The land lay so low as to be almost swampy, and the river ran so close that in times of flood it ran into the church: an even worse visitor than the wind of the hill-city, as it could enforce the discontinuance of services for days together. Even until comparatively recent years local grumblers called the cathedral close the sink of the city, and the palace the sink of the close. But no hint of such discomforts appears to the eye. The close is simply one of the greenest, freshest, and sweetest of earthly spots; and outside of fairy-land there can be nothing lovelier than the palace and its gardens, except the garden and palace at Wells. If Durham seems the petrified interpretation of the Church Militant, Salisbury is the very type and picture of the Church of the Prince of Peace. Nowhere else does a work of Christian architecture so express purity and repose and the beauty of holiness, while the green pastures which surround it might well be those of which the psalmist wrote. When the sun shines on the pale gray stones, the level grass and the silent trees, and throws the long shadow of the spire across them, it is as though a choir of seraphs sang in benediction of that peace of God which passeth understanding. The men who built and planted here were sick of the temples of Baalim, tired of being cribbed and cabined, weary of quarrelsome winds and voices. They wanted space and sun and stillness, comfort and rest and beauty, and the quiet ownership of their own; and no men ever more perfectly expressed, for future times to read, the ideal that they had in mind.

The cathedral stands upon a great unbroken, absolutely level lawn which sweeps around it to west and north and east, while close beyond it to the south rise the trees of the episcopal garden. Cloisters and chapter-house lie also to the south, and upon the other sides nothing is visible except the lawn itself, the magnificent trees which circle at a

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL, FROM THE NORTHEAST.

distance, the low wall of the close, and beyond this the rows of the canons' vine-wreathed homes. The chief approach is through a gateway at the northeast angle of the close, whence a path leads to the main door in the north side of the nave. Approaching thus, we see the whole church standing free and see it at its very best. For, as is often the case in England, the west front is the least beautiful part of the structure.

III

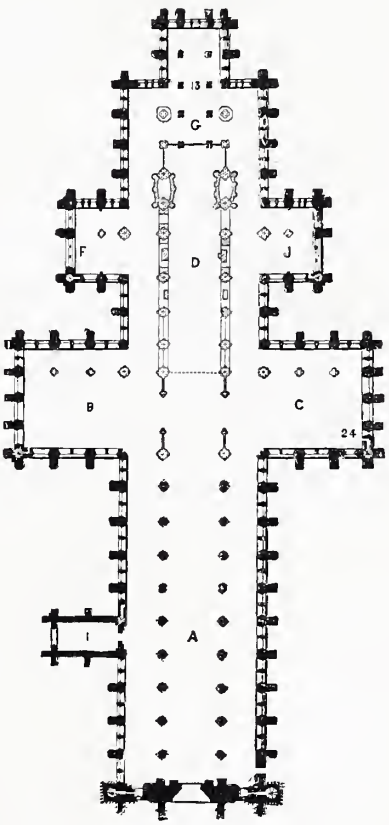
As this chances to be the only homogeneous cathedral church in England, we may be very glad that it was built in the earlier years of the thirteenth century. When the corner-stone of its choir was laid the

NORTHEAST GATEWAY TO THE CLOSE

Early English, or Lancet-Pointed, style had just thrown off the last trace of Norman chisels, and when its west front was finished this style was just beginning to develop certain ornamental motives which became characteristic of the Decorated period. If Salisbury had been built with the express desire to show what, in its plainest form, the Early English style implied, its witness could not be fuller or more precise. And this style is more truly national than either the Norman which preceded or the Decorated which followed it, although not so wholly, thoroughly national as the Perpendicular style which finished the long course of mediæval art.

The plan is the ideal plan of a great English church, free alike from Norman and from contemporary foreign influence. The great length

of nave and choir (480 feet) and their relative narrowness, the two transepts each with only one aisle, the shallow buttressing, the square terminations of all the six limbs and of the lower eastern Lady-chapel —all these are characteristically English features. And just as English are all the features of the great body raised upon this plan—the tall narrow lancet-windows, the dominant central tower, the comparative lowness of the walls, the paucity of flying-buttresses, the elaborateness of the mouldings and the absence of ornamental sculpture, the low pitch of the roofs and, alas, the mistaken design of the western front.



PLAN OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.[1]

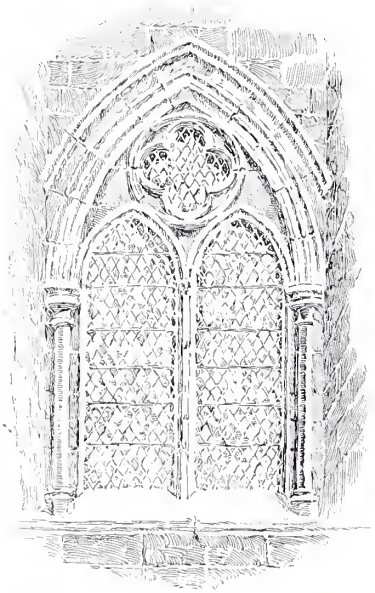
FROM MURRAY'S "HANDBOOK."

A, Nave. B, C, Main Transept. D, Choir. F, J, Minor or Eastern Transept. G, Retrochoir. I, North Porch. 13, Lady-chapel. 24, Entrance to Cloisters.

The beauty of Salisbury results from the composition of its immense and varied body—from the harmonious contrasting of its square masses and simple horizontal and vertical lines. We must put French Gothic types quite out of mind if we would appreciate it. We must not ask for imposing grandeur or for lines which everywhere conspicuously aspire. We must not demand a full expression of that Gothic constructional ideal which meant "an intelligent combination of pressures always in action, and referring themselves to certain points of support disposed to receive them and transmit them to the ground." We must not look for decoration that charms the eye and excites the imagination. And we must not even expect to see a composition which, if counting many parts, results in a great entity like Notre Dame or Amiens. If our eyes have been trained abroad, Salisbury may look more like an aggregate of related buildings than like a typical church. Then it is so low and solid and, but for its spire, so lacking in vertical emphasis, that, notwithstanding its pointed windows, it expresses

[1] The external length of Salisbury Cathedral is 480 feet and the internal length 450 feet; the transept is 230 feet long outside and 206 feet inside; the chapter-house is 58 feet in diameter and 53 feet high; and the cloister is 182 feet square.

rather a Romanesque than a truly Gothic ideal. And when its construction is examined we see indeed that the true Gothic ideal did not direct its builders. But take it for what it is and we think it beautiful indeed. Nothing could be more charmingly proportioned and arranged than its rectangular masses of different heights and sizes, or more telling than the broad effects of light and shadow which they produce; nothing could be more appropriate to the altitude of the walls than the slope of the roofs, or more gracefully shaped and disposed than the windows. Those in the main story, like the capitals of the shafts which flank them, are merely moulded. In the upper stories traceries are employed, but sparingly and in simple patterns. The few flying-buttresses add an accent of combined lightness and strength. The cornice is an inconspicuous line of arcading; and the lower walls are relieved by boldly projecting water-tables. The whole effect is strictly architectural. No other mediæval cathedral is so entirely devoid of sculptured decoration. This fact alone would deprive it of the right to be called a typical mediæval church; yet it gives it special interest as an example of the beauty which mediæval architects could compass even when depending solely upon themselves.



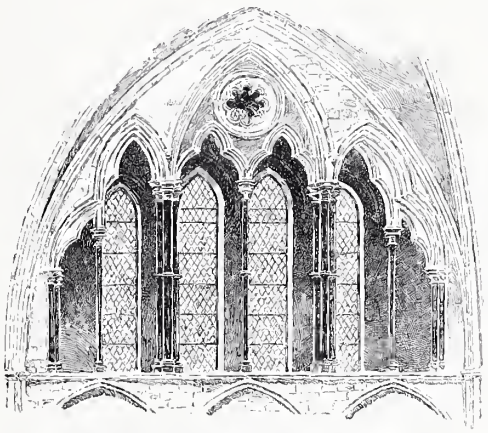
EXTERIOR OF TRIFORIUM-WINDOW, NORTH ARM OF TRANSEPT.

In the lowness of the wide-spreading structure we find the cause of the superb impressiveness of central tower and spire. Tall though the spire of Salisbury is, two or three others surpass it. At Amiens, for instance, the *flèche* above the crossing rises 22 feet higher than Salisbury's apex. But at Salisbury the roof-ridge lies very near to the vaulted ceiling, and this is only 84 feet high, while at Amiens the roof-ridge is 208 feet above the ground.[1] So, as compared with Salisbury's, the spire of Amiens makes the effect of a spirelet only. Yet the enormous spring of the Salisbury steeple does not crush or overwhelm the church, thanks to those wide-spreading limbs which on all four sides sustain its far vertical lines. In fact, no better church than Salisbury could be fancied as a base for one of the greatest spires in the world.

[1] I have not been able to discover the exact height of the external roof at Salisbury.

Its successive portions so build themselves up toward the centre that we feel it would be incomplete did a less imposing pinnacle surmount it.

The beauty of this church is the beauty of grace, not of power. It is the least masculine-looking of English cathedrals. Yet no one should call it feeble or effeminate; it is feminine, but feminine like a daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair. Were the same scheme repeated in a smaller way it might degenerate into pettiness or prettiness. But scale in architecture plays a very vital part in determining the impression produced, and just as important a part in determining the real excellence of a design. The enormous size of Salisbury gives its design a force, dignity, and nobility which cannot be at all appreciated from a picture. If when we see it we do not receive a powerful impression, this will be because we need what the French call *emphase* to make strength and majesty apparent. There is no strong emphasis about Salisbury. It is not only the most simply treated of Gothic cathedrals; it is also the most reposeful and idyllic. No other is more individual; its union of vast size with simplicity and feminine loveliness sets it apart from every other church in the world. It expresses a very different phase of mediæval art from those we find expressed in France, or in such rich yet masculine buildings as Canterbury and Lincoln. But it voices its own ideal with perfect fullness and clearness, and this was not the conception of any cleverly eccentric individual, but the general ideal of English art in the first half of the thirteenth century. Thus Salisbury, though not in the widest sense a typical mediæval church, has yet a typical national interest. It is *par excellence* the characteristic church of England, for there is no complete large church in the Perpendicular style. And its architectural significance is enhanced, of course, by the ultra-English nature of its site, and the perfect according of site and structure. Put Salisbury on a "tall mountain citied to the top" like Lincoln's, or in the centre of a close-built Continental town, and it would look out of place, weak, ineffective, and undignified. But what Continental cathedral, what other



INTERIOR OF CLEARSTORY-WINDOW, NORTH ARM OF TRANSEPT.

English cathedral even, would look so well in this wide green solitude, separate, quiet and dreamful amid velvet acres and thick swaying elms? Imagination can hardly dissever it from its environment; it seems to have grown as naturally from the grass as the elms themselves.

IV

When we are praising Salisbury, however, the west front must be left out of mind.

The façades of England offer a singular subject for study. I have said that as churches grew tall and broad in France the central tower disappeared and the west front profited by the fact. The western towers became of chief importance, and their combination with the tall middle field of wall and with the principal doorways resulted in designs of extraordinary force and splendor. In England, where the body of the church remained low and narrow and the central tower was retained, no such magnificence of façade was logically possible. But Englishmen did not do even as well as they might have done with their west fronts. Often they pauperized them still further by removing the chief entrance somewhere else; and often, on the other hand, they tried to ape foreign grandeur by illogical mendacious expedients. At Salisbury, for instance, three doors exist in the façade; but they are so much too small for their places that it hardly needs the corroborating witness of the great porch on the north side of the church to make them seem a mere concession to precedent or to French example. And then above them the wall rises almost as high in front of the low aisles as in front of the taller nave, standing free as a useless screen crossed by rows of simulated windows. The whole structure is a falsehood as plainly as the Peterborough portico, though in a very different and a much less splendid way. It is a mask designed to make the church look greatly larger than it is. When seen directly in front it accomplishes this aim; but, of course, from every other point of view the cheat is apparent. Strictly judged, for the underlying constructional idea, this façade has no greater merit than a thing we may find in any small American town—a house-front a couple of stories high surmounted by another story or two of blank wall behind which, if we stand a little to one side, we see the roof sloping away. Surely they were a singular race, these English architects; now, as in Salisbury's spire and the Nine Altars at Durham, designing like angels, and again, as in the front of Salisbury, like children who have been impressed

by a certain object but have not realized to what factors its impressiveness was due.

Nothing can please us in this façade except its details. Even apart from its fundamental untruthfulness it has no merit as a composition. The lateral divisions are too wide for the central one, and the great triple window is too large for its place; the cornices are deplorably weak, and the rows of blank windows are a cheap device to give the wall a semblance of utility. It is less a composition in the true sense than a mechanical assemblage of unconnected features. But it must

THE CLOSE AND A PART OF THE WEST FRONT.

have had great decorative charm when it stood intact. It was very rich as compared with the great plainness of the rest of the church, and was peopled by a multitude of statues. Time and the Reformation, however, made away with these, and the modern ones which now stand in their places can hardly be called works of art.

It is delightful to turn from such a front to the tower and spire which call for unstinted praise. The upper parts are just a century later than the lower, and belong to the Decorated period. But there is a general agreement in the design of the windows, and the richer aspect of the new work harmonizes well with the simplicity below. The tower groups

and assorts with the body of the church as a full-blown rose groups and assorts with buds; it seems the same idea brought to more luxuriant development. But not merely size, or appropriateness to the substructure, makes this steeple famous. No other in the world, I think, joins such noble proportions to so aspiring an expression, so graceful an outline, and so felicitous an arrangement of features and of decorative details. Even the earlier of the two spires at Chartres seems heavy in comparison, while the greater elaboration of the later one and of the Strasburg steeple is purchased by a loss of purity in outline and of buoyancy in spring. Still less pure and spire-like are very late spires like those of Antwerp and Mechlin, which hardly possess a silhouette deserving of the name. And if the open lacework of Freyburg's tall pinnacle has a greater picturesqueness, we may still prefer the solid, pure and noble slightness of the great English example, while it alone, among mighty spires, is the central feature of a church which looks as though it might have been erected especially for its support.

But this splendid piece of work was not completed without some sinning against constructional good sense. It is supposed that the thirteenth-century builders meant to carry their tower much higher than the single stage which they accomplished; but their foundations, set on spongy soil, showed signs of weakness, and the recent fall of the great neighboring tower at Winchester warned against temerity. Strong abutments had to be added in the upper stages of the church before the fourteenth-century architect could complete the tower and erect the spire. In itself the latter is very daringly yet scientifically constructed. To a height of twenty feet its walls are two feet thick, but above that they are only nine inches thick, while the scaffoldings on which the masons stood were allowed to remain within them, hung to the capstone by iron rods, and serving by their cross-bars to brace the fabric. Even thus, however, the soil refused to bear the enormous load with steadiness, and in the fifteenth century great braces were inserted between the four supporting piers inside the church to prevent them from bulging outward to their fall. The point of the spire is now twenty-three inches out of the perpendicular, but the fact is scarcely perceptible; and though signs of settlement show much more plainly within the church, they have not increased for centuries, while modern skill has done its best to guard against further movement. Whatever the thirteenth-century designers had in mind, it was surely no such giant pinnacle of stone as this; yet, as the event has

proved, their successors were not altogether too daring; and who can regret that they dared as they did?

V

The interior of Salisbury is much less satisfying than the exterior. Few churches in England seem colder and barer, for it was greatly injured during the Reformation, and again by Wyatt in the eighteenth century. We may possibly forgive this licensed vandal for having rearranged many surviving monuments after a scheme of his own, placing them upon a low plinth which runs between the columns of the nave-arcade; for, although their historic interest is thus largely destroyed, the general effect they make is not bad. But how can we forgive him for shattering the ancient glass, and throwing it "by cartloads into a ditch," so that now only two or three windows are filled with a patchwork of fragments, and the church is lighted by a hard white glare? In the choir and the terminal Lady-chapel there are many more tombs, ancient and modern, large and small, simple and elaborate. Among them is one supposed to commemorate Bishop Roger and to have been brought from Old Sarum, and another in which lies a woman whom a poet's lines, more imperishable than brass or stone, have made forever famous — "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother."

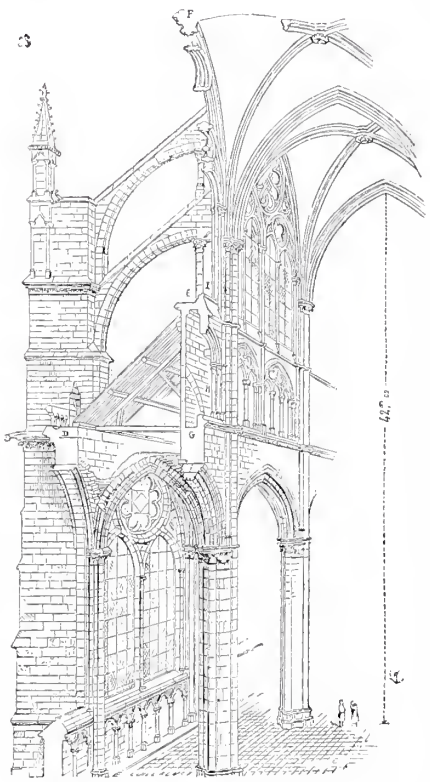
The great old choir-screen has been removed, as in so many other English churches, and the eye now passes without hindrance from one end of the long perspective to the other. Or, more exactly, it would thus pass but for the huge braces which were built in the fifteenth century between the piers that support the tower. Each is formed by a strong low arch surmounted by a straight beamlike piece of wall.[1] The four great openings are thus divided, so to say, into two open stories, and the Perpendicular decoration on the lower story strikes the only note of discord in the vast architectural unity of the church. The device was clever; but it takes all the remembered beauty of the spire to reconcile us to the need for its adoption.

But even if Salisbury's interior could be seen in its original estate it would not satisfy an eye acquainted with other great churches of its time. This I can best explain by saying that it is contemporary with Amiens, and pointing to our drawings of one bay in the nave of each.[2]

1 Similar braces, I may note, prescribed by a similar necessity, exist beneath the tower at Canterbury.

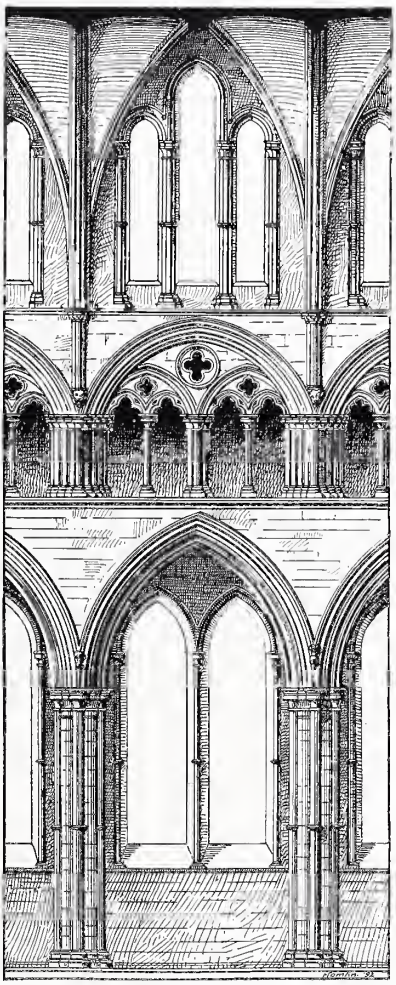
2 These two drawings are not upon the same scale, and therefore at first sight do not show the most conspicuous point of difference between the two interiors. The highest point of the ceiling of Amiens is 142 feet above the floor, and the highest point of the ceiling of Salisbury is only 84.

Even if we do not compare proportions, but accept the English type of church as an individual type entitled to be appraised by a special æsthetic standard, even if we grant that length and lowness may be beautiful as well as height and breadth,— even so there can be no question with regard to the inferiority of the Salisbury scheme. Whatever its proportions, we must judge a Gothic building by Gothic canons. We must ask how it is constructed, and whether its features are so imagined and disposed as to express that great underlying architectural idea which differentiates Gothic from Romanesque art. A Romanesque church, let me say once more, is composed of solid walls and a solid roof, all parts contributing their share toward the stability of the whole; and so it stands by virtue of mere inertia. A Gothic church is an organic framework of active members upon which all the weight is concentrated while the connecting portions merely play the part of inclosing screens. Everything but the piers with their vaulting-shafts, the main arches, the buttresses, and the vaulting-ribs might be torn out of a perfect Gothic church and the church in its constructional essence would still exist — in its fundamentals the architect's conception would be intact. Look at the drawing of one bay of Amiens, and you will see why. Look at one bay of Salisbury, and you will feel that here the Romanesque constructional ideal still largely persists. Take away the curtain of wall between the arches of this pier-arcade, or between those of this triforium-story, and everything that is above them would fall. There are no great vaulting-shafts rising from the floor and, aided by strong external buttresses, competent to sustain the ceiling; the vaults rest on corbels in the triforium-stage and are largely supported by the wall. Stone beams, playing the part of small flying-buttresses, do indeed span the triforium-gallery, rest on the shallow external buttress-strips, and help to resist the pressure of



ONE BAY OF THE NAVE,
CATHEDRAL OF AMIENS.

the vaults. There is this much realization of the Gothic principle; but it is a partial and also a concealed realization, not such a frank and full one, wrought to effects of noblest exterior beauty, as we see in the boldly buttressed nave of Amiens. And as much progress as this toward Gothic construction had been made in Norman years; there are concealed buttress-arches in the triforium at Durham as well as at Salisbury.



ONE BAY OF THE NAVE, SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

Appreciating how the English thus failed to design in accordance with the true Gothic scheme, we are better able to understand why they built their churches so low. A novel constructional scheme is never inspired by the desire for a novel effect. It is the other way — the scheme is developed for practical reasons and the novel effect naturally results, although, once its beauty is perceived, it may be still further pursued for its own sake. Desiring to build their vaults easily and well, and to economize labor and cost in the other parts of their fabric, French Gothic builders conceived a scheme which permitted walls to be carried to enormous heights. They were quick to see and profit by the æsthetic possibilities of this fact, but it was not these possibilities which gave birth to the great Gothic principle. Conversely, we may believe that English architects kept their churches low rather because they failed to understand or feared to cope with the fundamental principle of Gothic construction than because they consciously preferred lowness to height. A low and narrow church could be built without an elaborately scientific scheme of vaulting-shafts and flying-buttresses forming an organic framework, even though its walls were largely transformed into windows; but a very tall and broad church could not be.

Look once more at the drawing of Amiens and see how quickly the

adoption of Gothic methods of construction brought about the enlargement of the windows. This was the real sequence of cause and effect: a desire for larger windows did not, as we are so often told, force a concentration of weights upon piers and buttresses, but this concentration permitted the enlargement, and the æsthetic advantages of the change were quickly perceived. See, too, how a more complete structural development also means greater artistic unity and a more typically Gothic— a more aspiring — expression. It is not only because Amiens is so much taller than Salisbury that it looks more aspiring. The vertical accen-

THE CLOISTER

tuation of its design would preserve this look to a great degree even were proportions as low as in the English church. Moreover, this accentuation brings all the stages into a homogeneous composition. From floor to vault-apex everything at Amiens is related to everything else, while at Salisbury each story is separate and distinct. Again, at Amiens windows and walls are integrally united, but at Salisbury the windows are almost as truly mere piercings as they had been in Norman churches. And again, all the arch-forms harmonize at Amiens, while at Salisbury there is a want of concord between the shapes adopted in the three successive stories. In short, even to an

eye which thinks of æsthetic effect but does not recognize that this depends upon constructional ideals, Salisbury seems an aggregate of almost independent parts, while Amiens seems the logical expression of a single coherent architectural idea.

These are all questions as to the clearness and breadth with which the great Gothic principle was conceived in England and in France, not questions of priority in development, Even if we knew that Salisbury were a century older than Amiens we should not be reconciled to its imperfections; we should feel that out of this scheme a pure and complete Gothic scheme was not likely to develop; we should see that this interior might almost be rebuilt with round arches without essential alteration; and we should remember that even in many Norman churches there had been a nearer approach to Gothic principles, as there we do find great vaulting-shafts running from floor to ceiling and binding the stages of the composition together. But these two naves were, in fact, contemporaneous; and when we know this, when we recollect that the choir of Canterbury (designed by a Frenchman fifty years before Salisbury was begun) is more Gothic in construction than Salisbury, and yet that Salisbury is quoted to explain the true English Gothic ideal as often as Amiens is quoted to explain the true French Gothic ideal —then indeed we realize the essential inferiority of the English constructional scheme.

To sustain the claims of English Gothic to equality with French, however, many modern commentators lay stress upon certain minor elements. Ignoring main constructional questions, they dwell upon the way in which mouldings and capitals were treated. We are told that even in their best days Frenchmen moulded their arches in a simple manner which contrasts most unfavorably with the infinite richness and diversity of section that the English gave to theirs; and that the square abacus (which is declared to be classic in feeling and appropriate only to Romanesque work) was preserved in France while from the first Gothic days Englishmen used that round abacus without which, so we are assured, no work can be "pure Gothic."

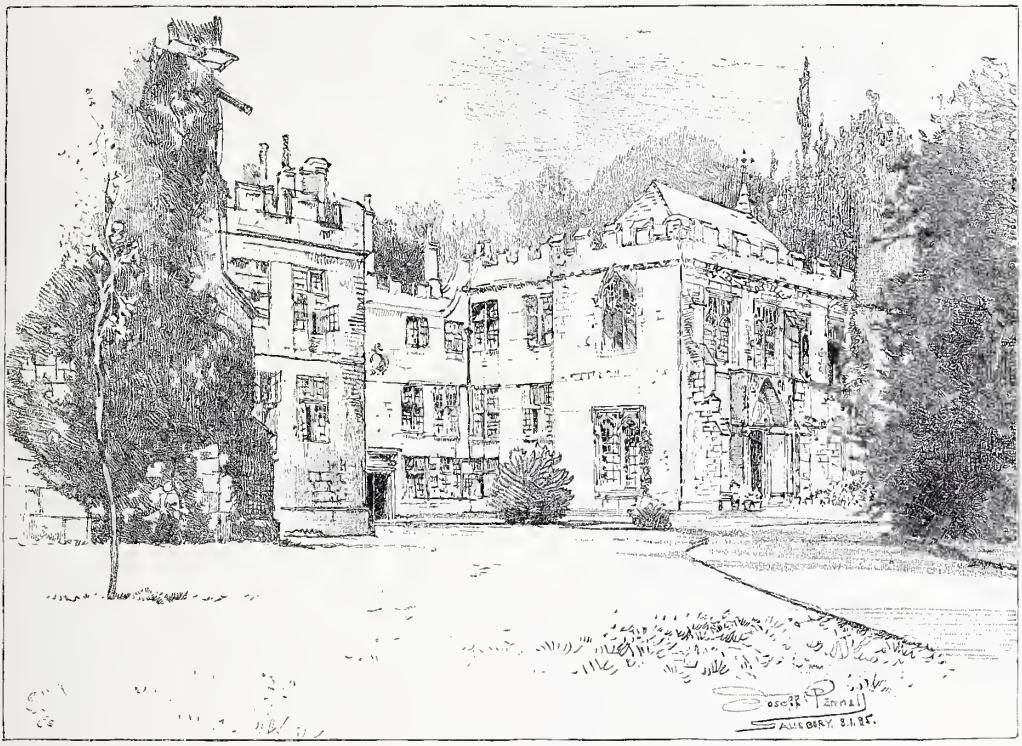
Such claims as these cannot so easily be settled by a process of reasoning based on constructional principles as can claims with regard to structural development. They must be settled largely as questions of taste. The eye as well as the mind must play a great part in deciding whether the lines of a rectangular abacus detract from verticality of effect, or whether an arch moulded with a score of very delicately varied and calculated rolls, hollows, and ridges seems more truly Gothic than

one of much simpler, bolder section. With the judgment of no one's taste do I wish to quarrel. But I may at least report the judgment of my own, which is that the square abacus does not injure verticality of effect at all, but brings into a scheme where vertical lines predominate just the right accent of relief—just that touch of contrast and exception which is needed to make the general aspiration impress us. Its discreet emphasizing of stability comes as a welcome masculine note in the great upward sweep of the main lines and the luxuriance of the decorative details. Beauty must be granted to the marvelously elaborate English arch-moulding; beauty, and the proof of a delicacy in eye and hand which nothing else in English work so plainly demonstrates. But to my taste, I may say again, they seem effeminate and overdone compared with the greater simplicity of French examples. We admire them for their lovely contrasts of light and shadow, but we crave a little more vigor and restfulness, and a little more look of necessity.[1]

In truth, if we want to find a scheme where every feature plays a needful part in a great architectural entity, we must look to France, not England. Fully developed French Gothic work is absolutely logical. Every shaft, for instance, in a clustered pier has a part to play as corresponding to something above it—as a special support necessary for the eye's satisfaction, if not for actual stability. And the same is true of all other shafts and ribs and capitals. No professedly structural feature, however small, exists for the sake of superficial beauty only. Where they are needed, there they always are; and where they are not needed, there they never were placed. In England, on the other hand, we often find minor shafts, connected with the main piers or introduced in the upper parts of the building, which have no functional life;[2] while, as we have seen, such great functional features as the vaulting-ribs are not supported from below, but are based on corbels clinging to the upper wall. Note, too, in the Amiens picture how the deep strong capital of the pier proper is flanked by smaller, shallower ones crowning the attached shafts. Is not this a finer piece of

[1] It is impossible here to discuss these questions adequately. I can only remark that there was, of course, a natural relationship between the square abacus and the simply treated arch-mouldings of France, and between the round abacus of England and the very complex mouldings from which square sections were entirely banished. In the later days of French Gothic art, arches were more complexly moulded than they had been during the great thirteenth century, and the abacus then assumed a polygonal form; and the fact that this form likewise prevailed in late English Gothic was due to the fact that English mouldings then exchanged their rounded contours for sharper ones. The bases of piers and columns always harmonized, of course, with the design of their capitals. The cut at the head of this chapter shows the base of a small Early English pier from one of the monuments in Salisbury Cathedral.

[2] See the grouped shafts in the triforium-stage in the picture of the Angel Choir at Lincoln, in Chapter VII.



THE BISHOP'S PALACE.

design because more logical and expressive, because more organic, than the group of equal capitals on the Salisbury pier? And thus we find that, after all, while the eye has much to say as regards such things as mouldings and capitals, it has not everything to say. It enables us to measure their superficial beauty; but we must also appraise their architectural meaning, and when meaning is in question, then the mind must help the eye's examination.

The best thing about Salisbury's interior is the design of the eastern end. Here three tall arches, the lateral ones extremely slender, are surmounted by a group of five, and again by another group of five. This is the end-wall of the choir proper, and its upper ranges of openings look out over the roofs of retrochoir and Lady-chapel, and are filled with glass. But through the three large lower arches we see into the retrochoir and chapel, where slender isolated shafts make exquisite perspectives, changing in effect with every step we take. These outlying spaces, thus seen as through a tripled frame, are the English substitute for the sweeping apse of France with its

encircling aisles and chapels, and for the unaisled polygonal apse of Germany. The prize for grandeur, for organic unity, for impressive beauty and for constructional skill must be given to France. Yet the English arrangement has an infinite charm, and, as I have said, there is no need for Americans to quarrel with the rich diversity developed by differing national prepossessions. Here, at all events, we do not see the same scheme that was evolved in France treated in a less successful way. We see an entirely different scheme, beautiful in itself and very beautifully developed.

The interior as well as the exterior of Salisbury is devoid of sculptured decoration. The capitals, like the arches, show elaborate mouldings merely. Certain other great interiors of the time are almost as plain, yet nowhere is the effect so severely simple. We have already seen in the Nine Altars at Durham that Early English architects could lavishly adorn their work if they chose, and we shall see it often again as our journey continues. Salisbury, therefore, should be accepted as the type of an Early English church chiefly with regard to its plan and construction. The greater richness of other examples must be borne in mind when we appraise the style as a whole.

VI

The chapter-house and cloister at Salisbury, like the church itself, stand to-day as at first constructed, and date from the Early English period. They were built just after the church was finished and resemble the west front, being richer in feature and detail than the nave, against the south side of which they lie. Every cathedral chapter needed, of course, a chapter-house for its assemblings; but only monastic houses needed cloister-walks for the daily recreation of the monks who led their lives in common. Salisbury is a cathedral of the Old Foundation: its chapter was always collegiate. Its cloisters, therefore, were a piece of pure architectural luxury. The fact speaks plainly through the absence of other structures for life in common. Nothing more than the quadrangle itself and the chapter-house ever stood at Salisbury, except a lofty bell-tower on the north side of the church. This was "multangular in form, surmounted by a leaden spire, with walls and buttresses similar to the chapter-house and cloisters, and a single pillar of Purbeck marble in the centre, supporting bells and spire." It was destroyed by Wyatt, apparently for no reason, but with full consent of dean and chapter.

The cloister-walks, with their coupled windows, bold traceries, and groined roofs, are very charming, and the priests well gave the name of Paradise to the central square of turf with its group of dusky cedars. The chapter-house is of the typical English form: an octagon with

A GATEWAY TO THE CLOSE.

great windows filling the spaces between its buttresses, and an overarching ceiling supported by a clustered central pier. But it is not as satisfactory as certain sister-structures which we shall find elsewhere. Its forms and proportions seem a little thin and poor, cold and mechanical; and modern attempts to restore its painted color have resulted in a dismal tawdriness. If we want to see it at its best we must stand outside, a little to the southward, beyond the door which leads from the cloister into the episcopal garden. Here its polygonal outline and

the low walls of the cloister group wonderfully well with the varied masses of the church itself. The composition is one of great purity, loveliness, and soft grandeur, immeasurably enhanced by the wide stretch of idyllic garden about it.

Passing around the church once more we are delighted by the perfect finish of its masonry and the beauty of its color—pale ashy gray, conspicuously stained below with broad patches of red and yellow lichens. We are delighted, too, by the lack of emphatic treatment in the foundations. Here, where nature gave no rocky base, we might have expected to see a rock-like base of man's workmanship; but the walls rise nearly straight from the deep emerald turf. The church seems rather to rest upon the surface of the ground than to send out massive roots beneath it. Yet the effect is admirable. With a smaller structure there might be a look of slightness and insecurity; but Salisbury is so immense, its lateral arms stretch out so boldly, and its square angles are so calm and steady in expression that it has no need to proclaim its foundations with more distinctness. Indeed, we feel that such proclamation would injure that general look of quiet elegance and grace which so peculiarly distinguishes this cathedral.

The wall around the close was not built until the fourteenth century, when Edward III. gave permission to "embattle" the cathedral precincts and to use for the purpose the stones of the church at Old Sarum. On the north the barrier lies so far away from the church, and on the west it comes so much nearer that the secondary importance of the façade is again explained to the eye. It is nowhere a very lofty wall, and in some parts is very low. Here and there among its stones may be seen bits of Norman carving which are the only existing witness to the style and finish of the ancient hill-town church.

Beyond the wall to the west runs a row of canons' homes, each set back in its luxuriant little garden, and beyond it to the north is another expanse of green and then more houses. Most of them are of Elizabethan design, or of one of those Queen Anne or Georgian patterns which in this country we call Colonial. In size and shape they constantly remind us of things which we have seen at home, but in substance and color they are wholly English. They have fine red-tiled roofs, and their walls are of brick, or of brick and plaster, or of stone and flint; and where the stones have been patched with ruddy bricks there is no effort to conceal the disparity in material which gives so beautiful a variety in tint. Vines cover, trees embower, and flowers encircle them. The color-effect as a whole is enchanting, and the air

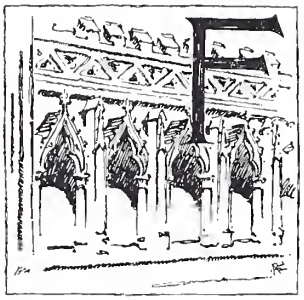
of mingled dignity, unworldliness, and peace which broods over the church itself broods over the dwellings of its ministrants as well.

Although Salisbury was a cathedral church from very early times, much of its history is as void of great prelatical names as is the history of Peterborough, which was merely an abbey church until the sixteenth century. After the days of Old Sarum not the bishops but the earls of Salisbury, whose cross-legged effigies may be seen in the nave, made the name of their town a power in the world.

THE SPIRE, FROM THE AVON.

Chapter VI

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. MARY AND ST. CHAD, LICHFIELD



FROM the Norman cathedrals of the eastern part of England it was a natural step to the cathedral of Salisbury, which explains the earliest Gothic style. From Salisbury it is as natural a step to Lichfield, where the next succeeding style, the Decorated Gothic, rules. But even if there were no such close historic sequence, memory would take us the same road. When we think of the unequaled single tower at Salisbury, we naturally think of the unrivaled group of three at Lichfield; and when we remember the majestic air of most great English churches, we instinctively recall by contrast the lovelier, more feminine character of these two.

Lichfield is not a large and busy nor yet a rurally attractive town. It is of medium size, and is mediocre in its aspect also. Its site shows no striking natural features, and the country through which we approach it pleases by placid greenness only. Its history is equally uninteresting. The guide-book tells us, indeed, that it is "rich in associations with Samuel Johnson"; but this means little more than that we may see the house where he was born, and may find a monument to him in the market-square which, for artistic imbecility, is the most remarkable work in England. Those who really care about their Johnson can walk much more closely with his spirit in London than in Lichfield. The same may be said of Garrick, who also chanced to be born here, and of Addison, who studied at the grammar-school; and the attractions of a dismal hostelry are not vividly enhanced by the information that it was the scene of Farquhar's play, "The Beau's Stratagem." In short, the literary associations of Lichfield are of a third-rate musty sort; it never made dramatic appearance before the world except in the sieges of Cromwellian times; and these sieges concern the history

of the cathedral, not of the town itself. The cathedral, and the cathedral only, makes Lichfield worth visiting or remembering. And the fact is typified by the station of the church, which does not stand in the middle of the city, but beside it, a broad stretch of water called the Cathedral Pool dividing its precincts from the torpid streets.

LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL, FROM THE EAST.

I

Lichfield lay of old in the centre of Mercia — the Middle Kingdom — and thus lies to-day in the very centre of united England. As we find so frequently, a church first marked the site and then a town grew up around it. Tradition says that the name is derived from the Old English *lic* (a dead body), and perpetuates the martyrdom of a thousand Roman or British Christians who suffered under Diocletian on the spot where the cathedral stands. But it is a far cry from Diocletian's time to the time when the light of actual history first falls on Lichfield and shows Christianity existing. It was not until half a century later than the landing of St. Augustine that the Middle Kingdom had a baptized

prince and a consecrated bishop. In 669 Ceadda, or St. Chad, a holy man of extended fame, succeeded as fourth bishop to the still unlocated chair. He fixed his seat at Lichfield, and the cathedral church still bears his name conjointly with the Blessed Virgin's. In the eighth century the bishops of Lichfield were given archiepiscopal rank with jurisdiction over six sees, all but four being taken away from Canterbury. But another pope soon undid the act of his predecessor; and in the eleventh century Lichfield was left without even the episcopal name. The unprotected little town in the middle of its wide flat country seemed to William the Conqueror no proper prelatical seat. The first Norman bishop migrated to Chester, and the second moved again to Coventry, being attracted, it is said, by the riches of the monastery which had been founded by Godiva and her repentant earl. Lichfield, however, still preserved its prominence; its church seems to have been again a cathedral church in the earlier years of the twelfth century; and—apparently without special decree, by mere force of its central position—it gradually overshadowed Coventry until the latter's rôle in the diocese became nominal only. At the time of the Reformation the bishops of the see still styled themselves "of Lichfield and Coventry," but for generations no one had questioned where their chair should stand.

Coventry's house was monastic, Lichfield's was collegiate, and there were hot jealousies between them. Just before the year 1200 Bishop Hugh determined to drive out the monks from Coventry, and succeeded by force of arms, being wounded himself as he stood by the high altar. A few years later they came back again, and jealousies grew to bitter quarrels, especially when a bishop's election occurred. But the story of such wranglings grows duller in proportion to the growth of civilized manners; and dull, too, it must be confessed, are the stories of most of the prelates who filled this chair. Walter Langton (1296–1321) led a stormily picturesque life as an outspoken enemy of Edward II.; Robert Stretton, a *protégé* of the Black Prince, had a certain queer prominence in his day as a bishop who could not read or write; and Rowland Lee is even yet remembered, because he assisted Cranmer at the marriage of Anne Boleyn, and as President of Wales secured the franchise for its inhabitants. But most of their fellows were inconspicuous at Lichfield, and only after the Reformation were many of them translated to more prominent chairs.

II

THE little church of St. Chad stood on the other side of the Pool, at some distance from the site of the present cathedral. When this latter site was first built upon we do not know; but a Norman church preceded the one that we see to-day. No great misfortune seems to have overtaken it; it was simply pulled down piece by piece until not a visible stone of its fabric remained. Eastward it ended in a semicircular apse. Beyond this apse a large chapel was erected in the Transitional period, and soon afterward the Norman choir and apse were removed, and the whole east limb was brought into architectural concord. In the first half of the thirteenth century the transept was reconstructed in the Lancet-Pointed style, and in the second half, the nave and west front in the Decorated style. Then, about 1300, another chapel was thrown out to the eastward; and finally the Transitional chapel, and for the second time the choir, were demolished and rebuilt. These last alterations also befell in the Decorated period, so that the whole longer arm of the cross illustrates this style — westward in its earlier, eastward in its later phase — while the shorter arm is still Early English. In the latest days of Gothic art Perpendicular windows were freely inserted in the choir and transept, and the central tower, which perished in the Civil War, was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren after the Restoration.

Deplorable indeed must have been the condition of the church when the second Charles came back to his own. The wildest havoc wrought elsewhere by the Civil War was little to the ruin wrought at Lichfield. Bishop Langton — he who was so long at feud with King Edward II. — had seen fit to embattle the close, around which the town lay flat and defenseless. But as a knight of old was sometimes slain by the weight of his protecting armor, so the walls of Lichfield worked its undoing. When Lord Brooke, with his Puritans, was coming from Warwick in 1643, the Royalists threw themselves into the close, manned the causeways across the Pool, pierced the ecclesiastical houses for cannon and musket-barrels, and made the church itself their citadel. Brooke prayed fervently in front of his troops that God would assist him to destroy the house of God which man had now made a stronghold of tyranny as well as a haunt of superstition. His prayers were answered by a shot from the spire which ended his own life; but on the next day the spire and tower fell into the church, and on the next the close was surrendered. Then for a month there were riot and ravage. Every-

THE SPIRES BY MOONLIGHT.

thing breakable was broken, everything valuable was purloined. The organ was shattered, like the windows, the seats, the monuments, and even the floor which had been curiously paved with lozenge-shaped blocks of cannel-coal and alabaster. In the tomb of a bishop some lucky thief found a silver cup and a crozier; and this meant, of course, that no other tomb remained unpillaged, no saint's ashes undisturbed. But in the midst of the sacrilegious revelry, word came that Prince Rupert was near. Again there was a siege, this time lasting for ten days; again a surrender, and an occupation by the Royalist troops when King Charles tarried with them for a moment after his defeat at Naseby; and then a third and still longer siege, and final possession by the Parliamentary army.

John Hacket was the first bishop after the Restoration. He found the roof of his cathedral almost gone, its exterior scarred by iconoclastic axes and pock-marked by cannon-ball and musket-shot, and its interior a mass of rain-washed rubbish — piled with the fragments of the furniture and the great stones of the spire. Its piteous appeal for immediate action fell upon a sympathetic ear. The very next morning after his arrival Hacket set to work, and the very first work

was done by his own episcopal fingers. From year to year he contributed generously in money too — some ten thousand pounds in all — while the canons gave up half their income, and King Charles sent timber from his forests. In eight years the whole work was accomplished, including Sir Christopher's spire; and just before his death, in 1675, the doughty bishop joyfully reconsecrated his cathedral. The days of Romish consecrations and of Gothic art were of course long since past; but even a Catholic may have rejoiced to see the havoc of the Puritan thus partially made good.

III

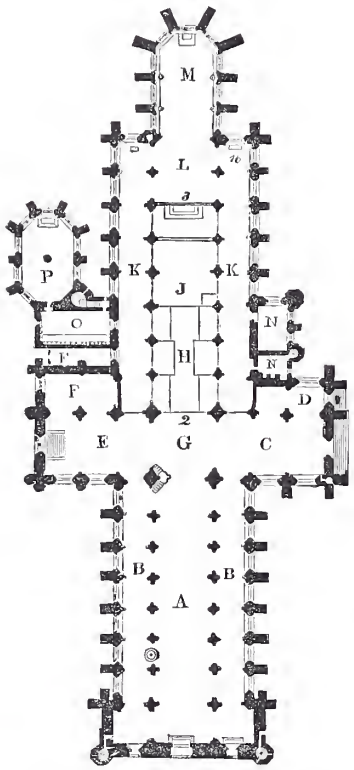
THE essays of the great Renaissance architect with what we may call posthumous Gothic were not always successful; but his Lichfield spire is singularly good, and the church as he left it goes far to satisfy one's wish for an illustration of what the Decorated style could achieve.

It is not a style which interests us so much in England as those which came before and after — the Lancet-Pointed and the Perpendicular. It is not less beautiful; indeed, it is the most beautiful of all Gothic styles, the truest, completest Gothic; but it is less characteristically English, alike in its forms and in the quantity of the work which it has left us.

The lines of architectural effort, as we know, ran pretty close together in all the north of Europe during the Norman period. Then for a while they diverged, Germany still clinging to her Romanesque and England developing her Lancet-Pointed manner, while France began at once to master the difficulties of traceried Gothic. Then they converged again, through the nearer approach of Germany and England to the ideals of France; and finally once more they parted, England creating the Perpendicular and France the Flamboyant Gothic. The height of the Decorated style thus means in England the least individual manifestation of national taste. Lancet-Pointed and Perpendicular work we can study nowhere but here; pure full-blown Gothic we can study elsewhere, and, it must be confessed, to better advantage.

Then, as I have said, the Decorated work of England does not equal in quantity the work bequeathed by other epochs. The era during which it reigned — 1300 may stand as the central date — was not a great church-building era. Such an one had opened with the coming of the Norman, and had lasted until the middle of the thirteenth century. By this time enough great churches had been built to satisfy a

generation whose minds and purse-strings the Church no longer undisputedly controlled. It was the time of the first vague stirrings of Protestant sap, and the time of the first strong consciousness of national unity and of its correlative, national independence. It was the time of the first Edward—the first truly English king since Harold—and of his two namesakes, marked by splendid and expensive wars, legislative and social innovations, and a half-revolt against the dictatorship of Rome. The military and the domestic spirit now began to play a greater part in directing architectural effort. Not since the reign of the Norman Williams had there been so great a castle-building reign as that of Edward I.; but it saw the founding of no cathedral churches, and the most prolific time of church alteration did not begin till later. A few cathedrals show more or less conspicuous portions in the Decorated style; but none comes so near to being wholly in this style as Lichfield, nor is there any Decorated non-cathedral church which rivals it except Beverley Minster in Yorkshire. This is as large as Lichfield Cathedral, and, except for its lack of spires and its prosaic situation,—two very large exceptions,—it is perhaps more beautiful. Certainly its interior has a vaster, grander air, more in accord with the sound of the word cathedral.



PLAN OF LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.[1]

FROM MURRAY'S "HANDBOOK."

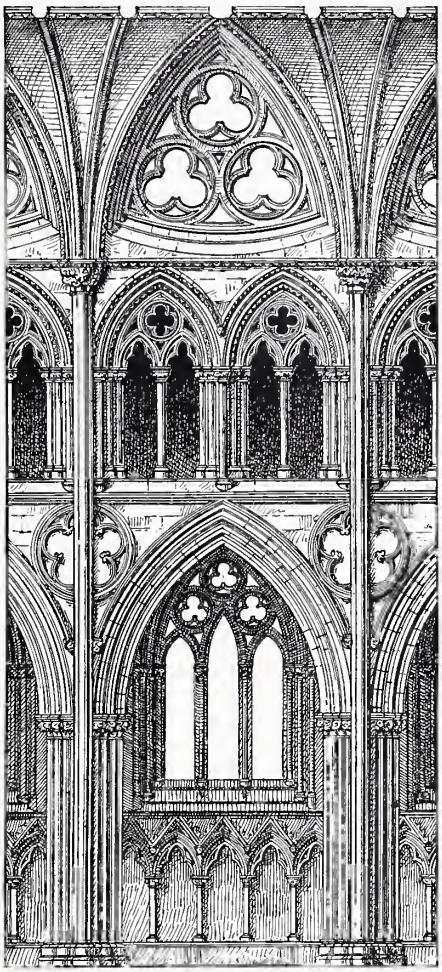
A, Nave. B, B, Aisles. C, E, Transept. D, F, Transept-aisles. G, Crossing under central tower. H, Choir. J, Presbytery. K, K, Choir-aisles. L, Retrochoir. M, Lady-chapel. N, N, Sacristy and Treasury. O, Vestibule of chapter-house. P, Chapter-house. 2, Choir-screen. 3, High altar. 16, Chantrey's "Sleeping Children."

IV

Lichfield is the smallest of the English cathedrals—115 feet shorter than Salisbury, for example, and some 50 feet less in the spread of its transept. Outside it looks larger than it is, but inside still smaller. Even a length of 336 feet will still be enough, we imagine, to give great spaciousness and majesty. But on entering the west portal it is

[1] The internal length of Lichfield Cathedral is 371 feet, and the spread of its transept is 149 feet. The chapter-house is 40 feet 3 inches by 27 feet 5 inches in diameter.

charm, not size, that strikes us. We see a beautiful, noble, dignified church, but the words immensity, power, magnificence, do not occur to us. It takes us some time to realize how long a reach of choir lies beyond the crossing and the screen, a longer reach than that of the nave itself; and when we realize it, the structure still lacks majesty, for its breadth is only 66 feet and its height is barely 60. Moreover, this height is decreased to the eye by the character of the wall-design. Individually considered, the three stories of Lichfield's nave are beautiful; but considered all together, as a composition, they fail to satisfy us. The slender vaulting-shafts which rise from floor to cornice do not suffice to bring them into unity, for their relative proportioning is not good. The triforium is too important for the pier-arcade; and though the singular clearstory windows are well imagined for spaces of this shape, the traceries which fill them are boldly out of scale with everything below; even the ingenious device of repeating these traceries in the spandrels of the pier-arcade has not wholly served its purpose. It is common in England for the apexes of pier-arches and triforium-arches to touch the string-courses above them; but nowhere else, I think, is the effect so unfortunate as at Lichfield; nowhere else does it seem to say so plainly that want of altitude cramped the designer's hand. Low as Lichfield is, it would not appear so low had its walls been built by a great master. Now we are glad to turn from a thought of its proportions to a study of its lovely triforium, the richness of which is in interesting contrast to the severity of Salisbury's features. Here, instead of merely moulded capitals, we have round clusters of graceful overhanging foliage, while along the hollows of



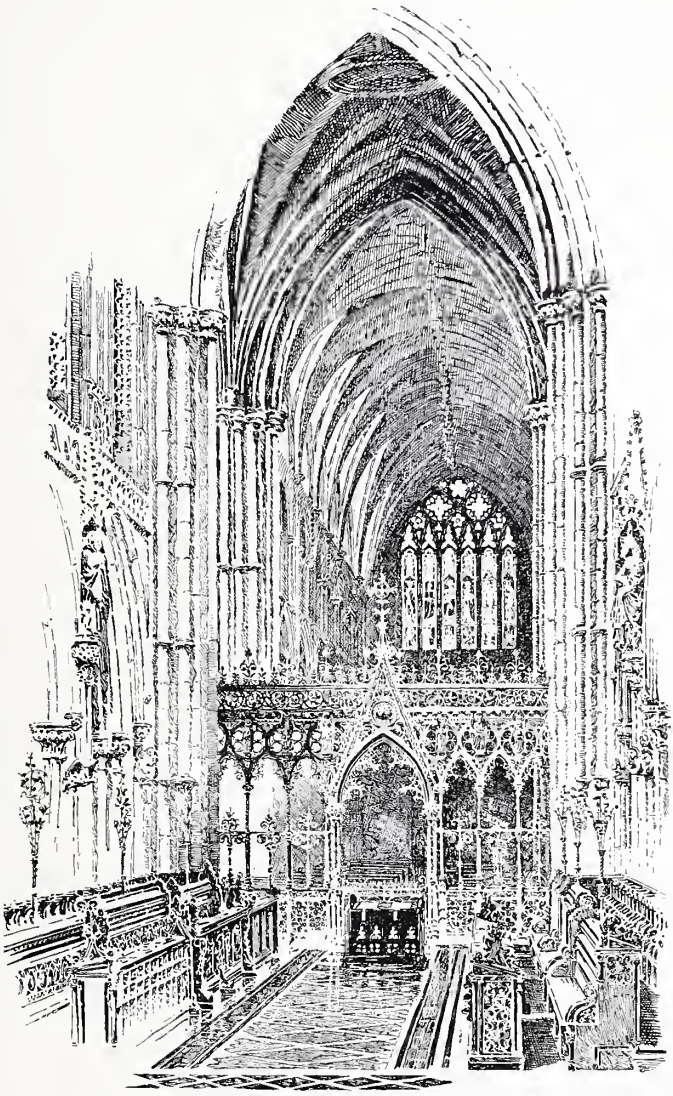
SCHEME OF THE NAVE.

the arch-mouldings run repeated rows of that dog-tooth ornament which was the happiest decorative device invented since the days of Greece — rows of delicate little quatrefoiled pyramids shining as bright gleams of light against the dark deep cuttings behind them. The traceried heads of the triforium-arches and of the aisle-windows suggest the character of Decorated as distinct from the earlier form of Gothic art.

Of course no such strong line separates the Decorated from the Early English style as divides the Early English from the Norman. There was no radical departure from old constructional expedients when it was born; it was a natural, indeed an inevitable, development from its forerunner. The chief change was in the treatment of the apertures, single windows of many integrally united parts being substituted for groups of more or less independent lancets. And this change, as the pictures of the windows of Salisbury show, had begun while the Early English style still ruled. But, to keep pace with the greater richness of effect thus produced in the apertures, all parts of the construction were more lavishly and variously adorned; and now the most characteristic mediæval type of sculptured foliage was evolved. The decorative traditions of classic art, persistent all through the Norman period, had been cast aside with the birth of Gothic; but so too now, in a great degree, were the conventionalizing practices of Early English sculptors. Instead of stiff-leaved non-natural foliage we now find a more direct yet very artistic rendering of a diversity of natural forms, usually studied from the local flora. Figure-sculpture, too, now reached the highest level it attained in England; but this level was not so high as that attained in France, and was reached at a much later day.

In constructional as well as in ornamental features some development is also to be noted. The piers are more closely, organically grouped, the absolute isolation of minor shafts being abandoned; the window-area is widened and the wall-area proportionately decreased; the concentration of weight and thrust is carried somewhat further than before, and the flying-buttress is more often used. But despite this advance toward the perfect Gothic ideal, it is not completely achieved: height does not increase, and individual parts are not brought into more organic relationship. The vaulting-shafts are still sometimes united with the piers, but sometimes merely borne by corbels; and, however they may be supported, no keen feeling for architectural logic shows in their design. They are not subdivided in correspondence with

the number of ribs that they bear, and are not integrally united with the capitals and string-courses through which they pass. In England mere taste seems to have guided the treatment of these features, while



THE NAVE AND THE WEST END FROM WITHIN THE CHOIR, SHOWING DECORATED WINDOW.

it is a commonplace to say that in France the vaults "rule the construction" from the floor to the apex of their own curves, making of the whole fabric a logical and complete constructional and æsthetic unit.

V

To follow the development of the true Gothic traceried window from the simple window of the Normans is the prettiest of all architectural problems — the points of starting and arriving lie so far asunder, yet the steps between them are so clear and in retrospect seem to have been so inevitable.

Fancy first a plain tall window with a round-arched head;[1] then the round exchanged for a pointed head; then two of these pointed windows set close together; and then a projecting moulding in the shape of an arch drawn around them, including them both, and thus including, of necessity, a plain piece of wall above their heads. Then fancy this piece of wall pierced with one or more small apertures, and we have a group of connected lights in which, as a plant in its embryo, lies the promise of all later developments. But we have not yet a true compound window — a single great window of many parts all vitally fused together. A process of gradual accretion has brought its elements together; a process of gradual change in the treatment of these elements now does the rest of the work.

The small lights in the upper field enlarge and multiply until they form a connected pattern which fills its whole area, and the jambs of the main lights diminish into narrow strips or very slender columns. The great arch, which in the first place merely encircled the windows, thus becomes itself the boundary of the window — of that "plate-traceried"[2] window which was richly developed in early French Gothic, but less richly in English, owing to the persistent local love for mere groups of lancets. Then all the stonework shrinks still farther — the columnar character of the uprights is lost, and the flat surfaces between the upper apertures change into mouldings of complex section. Thus the original tall lights and upper piercings surrender their last claim to independence; the uprights are no longer jambs or bits of wall but mullions, the arch-head is filled with genuine traceries, and all the elements of the design are fused together within the broad sweep of the window to form its multiple yet organic beauty.

At first, simple geometrical patterns were adhered to in the traceries: such combinations of trefoiled circles, for example, as we see in the aisle-windows at Lichfield and on a larger scale in the clearstory-

1 See the cuts in Chapter I.

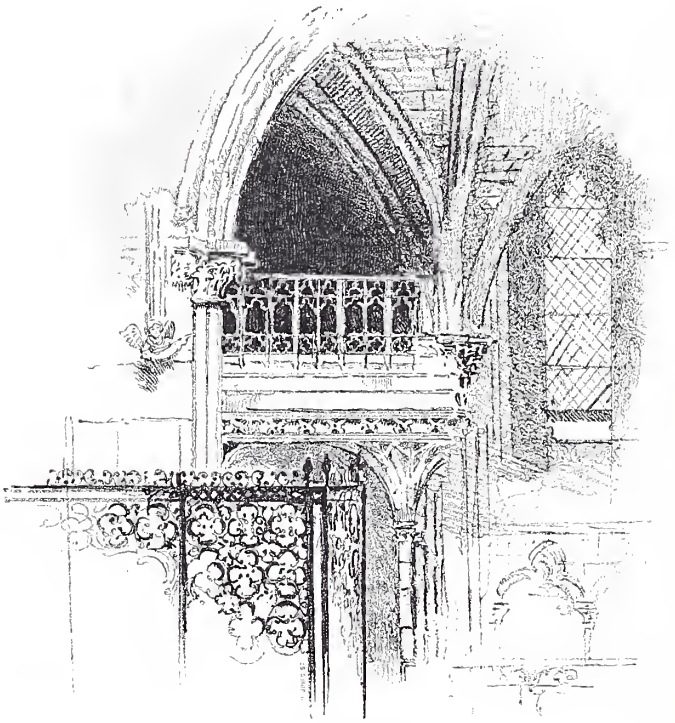
2 This term is unfortunately compounded. "Plate" clearly expresses the character of the upper part of the window — a flat surface pierced with apertures; but there are no true "traceries" while "plate" remains appropriate.

windows; and the integrity of the mouldings which formed each of the openings was strictly respected. But as time went on "geometrical" developed into "flowing" tracery. The lights were multiplied and their shapes more widely varied; and the mouldings were given freer play — were treated as plastic strips which might be bent in any direction, and were carried over and under each other, so that we may choose a line at the window-sill, follow it thence to the arch-head, and find it forming part of the boundary of several successive lights. This was the noblest, most imaginative, most beautiful period of window-design, and by gradual steps it passed into the latest, the Perpendicular period.

As we thus trace in words the genesis of Gothic windows, it seems as though the most important step was taken when the including arch and the pierced tympanum were imagined. But when we study all the successive steps in the stone itself, we find that the step from plate to geometrical tracery meant the most radical change; for it meant a complete reversal of the conception of a window's character considered as a piece of design, considered not for its utility but for its effect upon the eye. Originally, I may say, it was the lights as such which made the window, while later on it was the stonework enframing the lights. Look from the inside at any early window (whether it is quite simple or has well-developed plate-traceries), and the form of the apertures will attract your eye: you will not notice the forms of the stonework around them. But look thus at a Decorated window, and your eye will dwell upon the stonework itself,— upon the delicate lines of the upright mullions and of the circling mouldings in the head, joining and parting, and projecting into slender points to define the pattern,— and will take small account of the shape of the apertures themselves. That is, in the first case you will see the window as a group of bright spots upon the shadowed wall, as a pattern cut out in light upon a darker surface; but in the second case you will see it as a tracery of dark lines upon a wide bright field, as a pattern done in black upon a lighter background. The difference is radical, for it means a difference not of degree but of kind. To study its genesis, therefore, teaches us an architectural truth of broad and deep significance. It teaches us that a process of slow gradual experiment may mean a change from one artistic idea to another of an opposite sort — may mean a revolution while appearing to be no more than a process of development.

VI

In the transept of Lichfield we find beautiful Lancet-Pointed work, but so altered by the insertion of great Perpendicular windows that the general effect is hardly more the effect of the earliest than of the latest Gothic style. The lower portions of the three choir-bays next the tower are the oldest fragments of the cathedral, remaining not

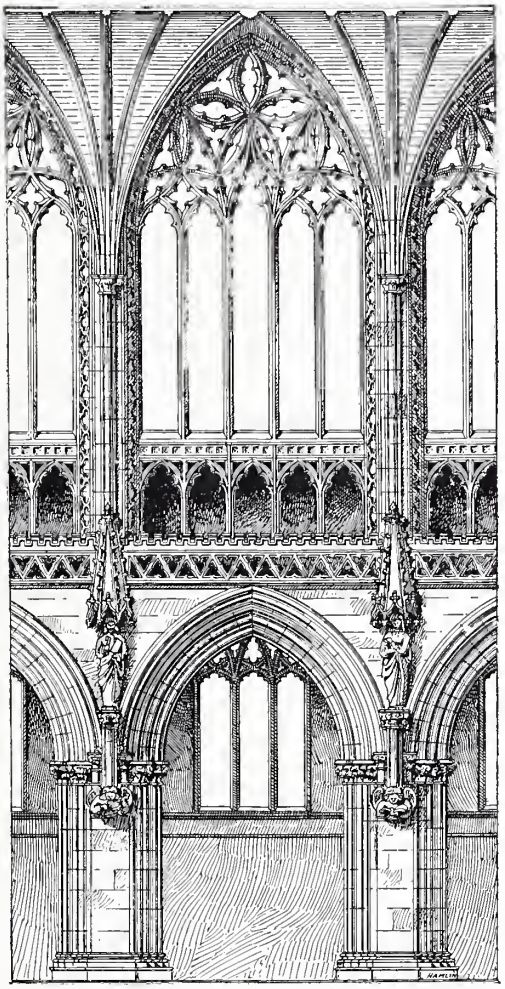


WATCHING GALLERY OVER THE SACRISTY DOOR.

from the original Norman choir, but from that later Transitional one which was likewise swept away. Even a few bits of the decoration of this period still exist,—as in the arch which leads from the aisle of the north transept-arm into the adjoining choir-aisle. On the face of the arch toward the choir-aisle there is a large zigzag moulding of the real Norman sort; the capitals of the piers toward the transept are of a Norman scallop-shape, and the square Norman abacus, shown in our picture of the Watching Gallery, alternates very curiously with the round Early English form.

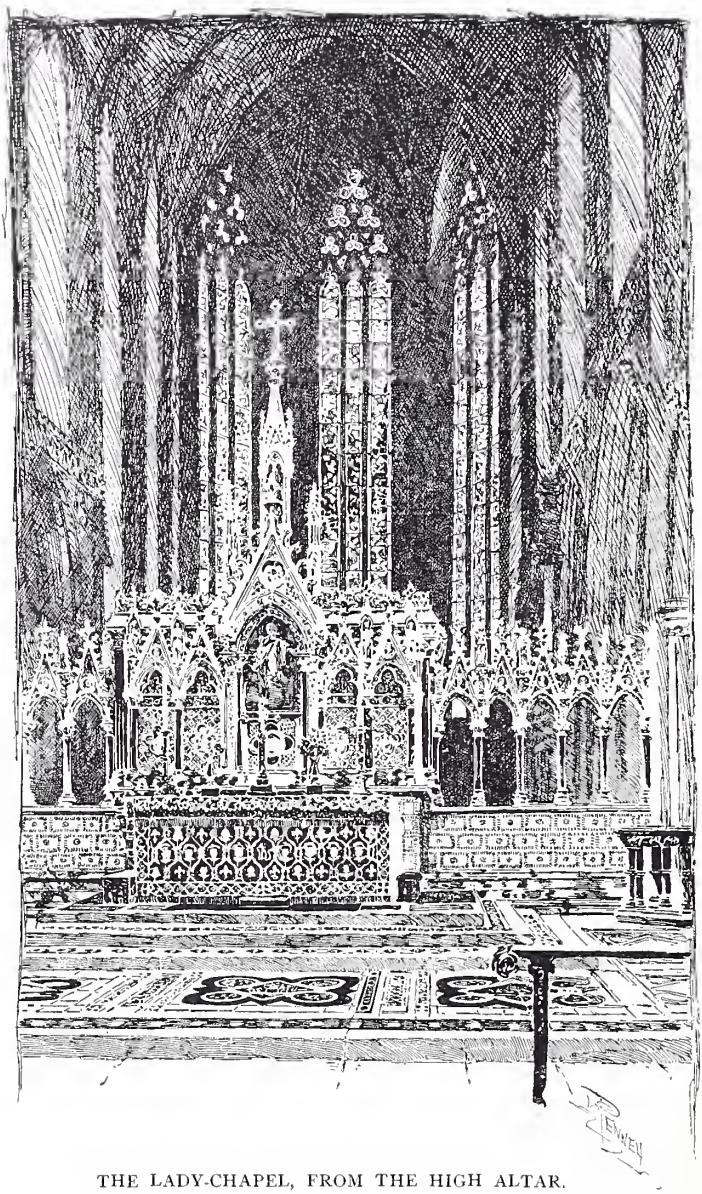
The design of the late Decorated choir is wholly different from that of the early Decorated nave. Instead of three stories each of great

importance, we find two of even greater importance, while the third has shrunk to a mere semblance of itself. The whole height is divided almost equally between the main arcade and a range of vast clearstory windows, the triforium-gallery being in the strictest sense a gallery and nothing more—an open walk behind a rich parapet running through the thick piers between the clearstory windows. We may regret for its own sake the beautiful triforium of the nave, but considered in its entirety the design of the choir is much better, and is much more appropriate under so low a roof. The pier-arcade, moreover, is finer than in the nave, the clusters of shafts and the arch-mouldings being still more rich and graceful, and the piers being broad enough to give room between arch and arch for sumptuous corbels of colonnettes which bear great statues surmounted by canopies—features that we find more frequently in Continental than in English churches. The huge clearstory windows have very deep splayed jambs covered with a lace-like pattern of quatrefoils, and the original flowing tracery which remains in two of them is very charmingly designed. The others are filled with Perpendicular traceries which appear to have been inserted long after the true Perpendicular period, when Bishop Hacket took his shattered church in hand. At this time also the ceiling of the nave was in greater part rebuilt. Just how the work was done I can nowhere find recorded; the present sham vaults of wood and plaster were the work of Wyatt in the last years of the eighteenth century. The cut at the head of this chapter shows the



SCHEME OF THE CHOIR, SHOWING DECORATED TRACERIES.

Decorated arcading which ornaments portions of the walls in the choir-aisles, and dates from about 1325.



THE LADY-CHAPEL, FROM THE HIGH ALTAR.

VII

But all the while one is examining the nave and choir of Lichfield, the eye is irresistibly drawn eastward where the Lady-chapel shines, a

splendid great crown of jewels, at the end of the long dusk perspective. No east end that we have seen elsewhere or shall subsequently find is like this one, and the difference is in form as well as in color. At Peterborough there was a semicircular Norman apse with a lower later construction dimly discernible beyond it, and at Durham a similar terminal structure was more plainly seen on account of the removal of the apse. At Salisbury there was a flat east wall, beneath the lower arches of which we saw into an outlying chapel, also rectangular in shape; and at Lincoln and at Ely we shall find a flat wall again, but without the chapel. At Lichfield there is a polygonal termination, a true Gothic apse—in name a Lady-chapel merely, but of equal height with the choir itself and forming to the eye its actual end. This is the only cathedral in England which has a Gothic apse, and the only ancient church in England which has one of just this shape. At Westminster and in one or two smaller churches we see the French *chevet*-form with the choir-aisles carried around the polygon to make encircling chapels.[1] But at Lichfield the German type is followed—there are no aisles, and a single range of lofty windows absorbs the whole height, rising into the curves of the vaulting, and filled with geometrical traceries.[2] This is enough to surprise us and, as there is nothing which the tourist likes so well as novelty, to delight us also. But we marvel indeed when we see the beautiful glass with which this beautiful apse is lined, and remember again how Bishop Hacket found his church. In fact, these magnificent harmonies of purple and crimson and blue—of blue, it may better be said, spangled with purple and crimson—never threw their light on English Catholic, on Anglican or Puritan plunderer, or on Sir Christopher's workmen. While they were building and shattering and building again, the glass upon which Lichfield now prides itself almost as much as upon its three stately spires was adorning a quiet abbey of Cistercian nuns in Belgium. In 1802, at the dissolution of the abbey, it was purchased by Sir Brooks Boothby (surely we should not forget his name) and set up at Lichfield. It is late in date—not earlier than 1530—but unusually good for its time in both design and color; and nowhere in the world could it serve beauty better than in just this English church. The rich delicacy, the feminine loveliness, of Lichfield's interior needs such a final jewel more than does the severer charm of most English cathedrals. And

[1] I leave Canterbury out of the comparison as being an early French, not an English construction.

[2] I have been unable to find any reference to foreign influence as having affected the design of this east end, yet it is so exceptional that we must believe some such influence was at work.

THE SPIRES OF LICHFIELD, FROM THE SOUTHWEST.

the qualities which need its help, assist in return its own effect; the apse reveals it better than a flat wall could, and the color of the whole interior, from which all traces of the ancient paint have been removed, is, fortunately, not the pale yellow or the shining white we most often see, but a dull soft red of very delightful tone.

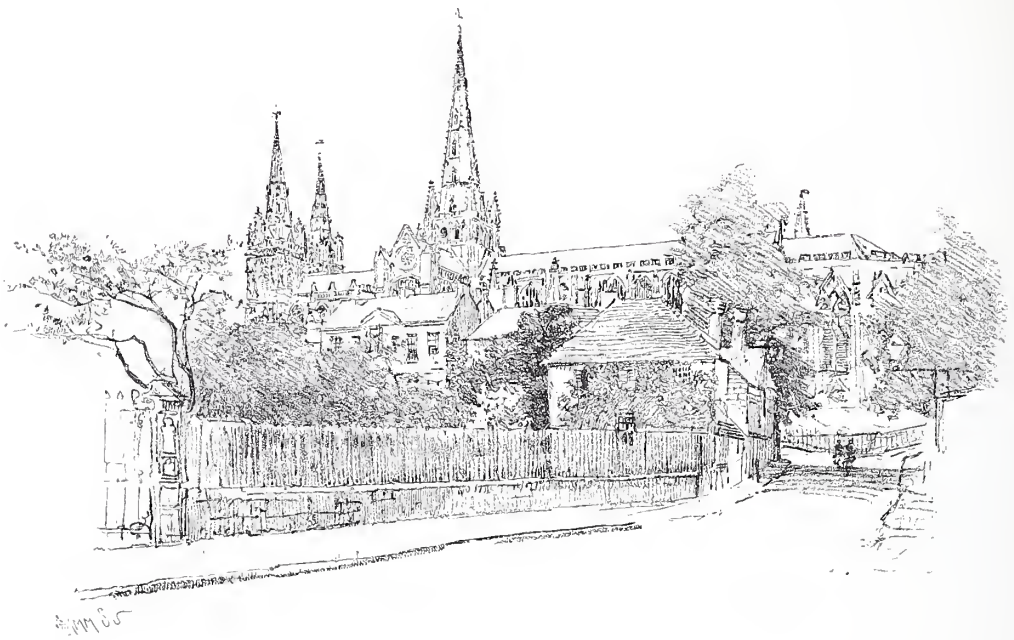
Thanks largely to this color, as well as to the apse and its glass, we find that, after all, we do not much regret at Lichfield the grandeur of which we dreamed but which failed to greet us. When a church is so charming, what matter whether it looks like a cathedral church or not? But, it must be added, we should be better content with the interior of Lichfield if the destroyer had done his work less well, and the restorer had done his a great deal better, for much of that richness which looks like beauty at a distance proves very poor stuff on near inspection, judged even by restorers' standards. This is notably the case with the vaulting, of course, and with the statues in the choir; and few of the monuments introduced during the last century and a half can be pleasurably contemplated. There is one exception, however—Chantrey's famous group of two sleeping children.

The chapter-house is another beautiful piece of early Decorated work sadly marred by ruin and renewal; it is an elongated octagon with a central column to support its vaulting, and is connected with the choir by a well-designed vestibule. Above it is the library, wholly stripped of its contents in the Civil War, but now filled again with a goodly assortment of treasures, chief among them being the so-called Gospel of St. Chad, a superb manuscript of Irish workmanship which may possibly be as old as the saint's own day.

VIII

Mr. Pennell's pictures will show more clearly than could words the exterior look of Lichfield Cathedral. It stands on somewhat higher ground than the town, the dullness and insignificance of which throw its beauty into bright relief. Approaching it from one street or another, we see it suddenly across the silver stretches of its Pool, and it is hard to determine whether the shining water at Lichfield or the green lake of turf at Salisbury makes the lovelier foreground. Standing on the causeway which leads toward the western entrance of the close, it is not merely a fine view that we have before us; it is a picture so perfect that no artist would ask a change in one detail. Perhaps accident has had more to do than design with the planting of the trees

and shrubs which border the lake, and above which spring the daring spires. But a landscape-gardener might study this planting to his profit, and when we see or think of Lichfield from this point of view we wish that the tall poplar may be as long-lived as the tree Yggdrasil — so pretty a measure does it give of the tallness of the spires, so exquisite is the completing accent which it brings into the scene.

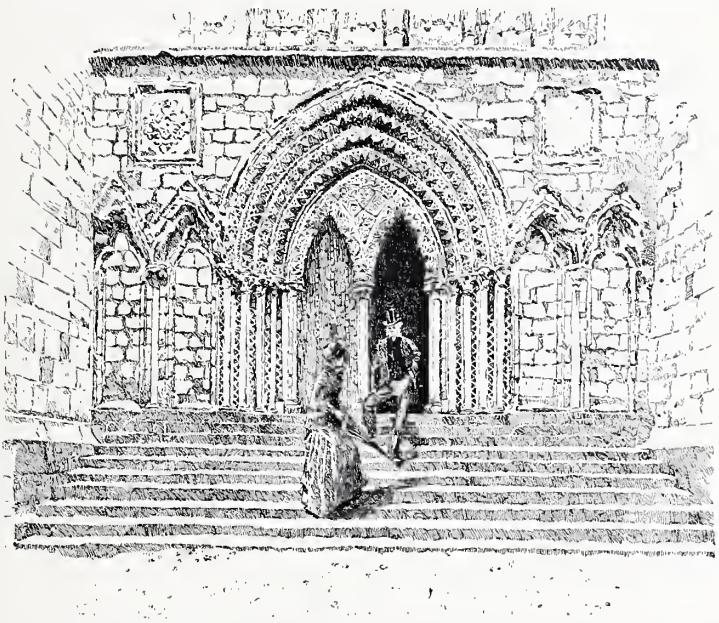


THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE CATHEDRAL.

If we come from the southeast, we cross another causeway, on either side of which the lake spreads out widely, and we see not only the spires but the apse and the long stretch of the southern side. Enormously long it looks; longer, almost, owing to its peculiar lowness, than those cathedrals which are actually greater; too long, indeed, for true beauty, especially as the extent of the choir throws the chief tower out of its proper central position.

To the north of the church the ground rises quickly into a broad, terrace-like walk flanked by rows of large and ancient yet graceful lindens; and beyond the trees, behind low walls and verdurous gardens, lies a range of canons' dwellings. The spot is not very picturesque to one who has come from Canterbury's precincts or from Peterborough's; but it is very pretty, with a homely, sober, shadowy charm that makes

a New-Englander feel suddenly much at home. He may almost fancy himself at home, in fact, if he turns his back on the cathedral and sees only the trees and the houses, and if he knows so little of trees as to be able to take limes for elms or maples; for the row of sedate square dwellings, and even the deanery in the middle, are similar in size and form to many in his own older towns, and are not more dignified in aspect. Indeed, there are certain streets in New England which show a much statelier succession of homes than this—than this, which we like all the better because it tempts us into drawing such comparisons,



DOORWAY IN THE NORTH TRANSEPT-ARM.

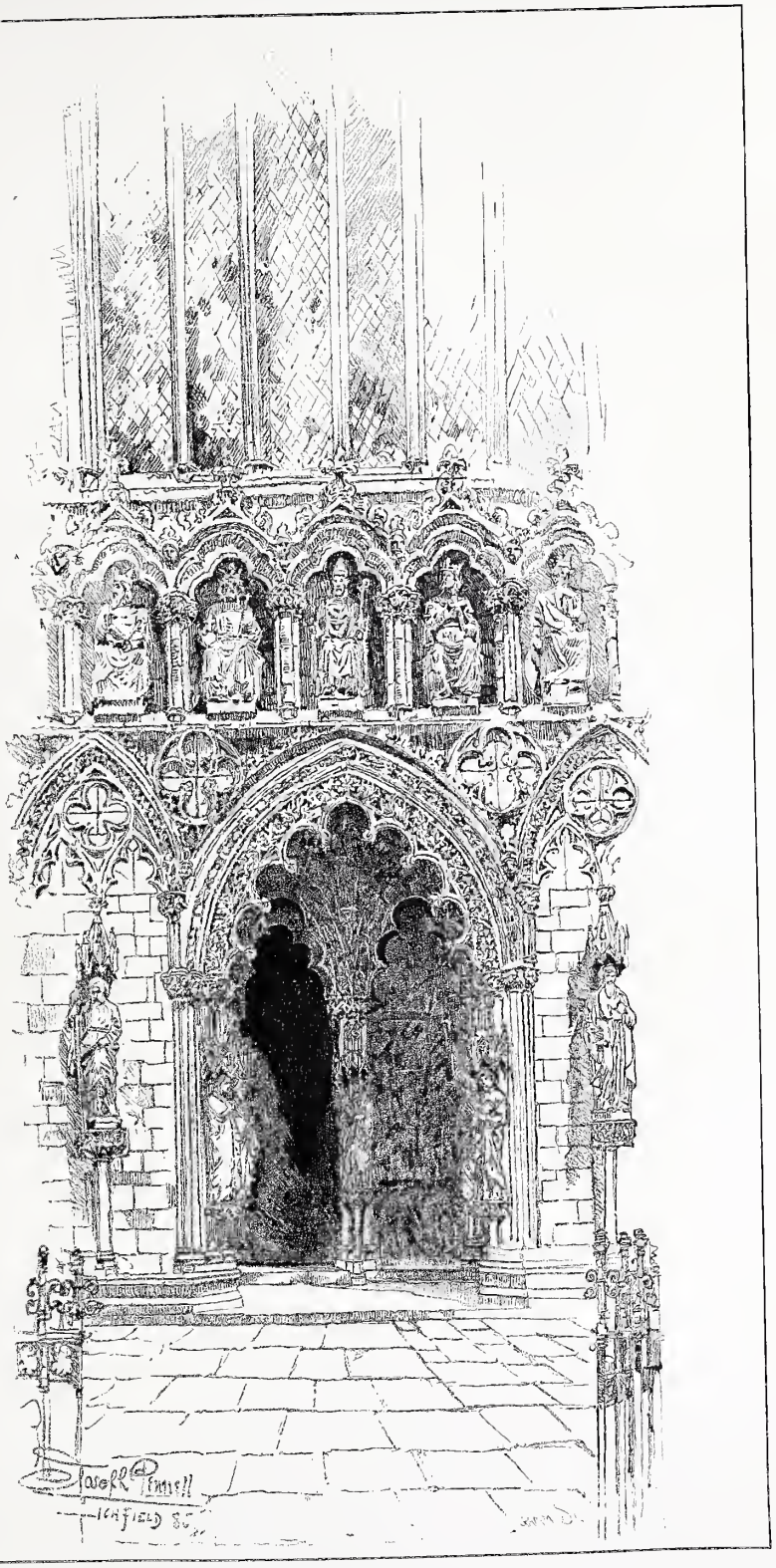
and yet allows us to draw them to our own exalting. There are no ruined buildings in the neighborhood of Lichfield Cathedral. As a collegiate establishment it had no cloisters or important accessory structures to tempt King Henry's or Cromwell's wreckers, or to fall into gradual decay.

In any and every aspect, but more especially when foliage comes close about it, Lichfield's color assists its other beauties. Gray is the rule in English churches—dark cold gray at Ely, for example, light yellow gray at Canterbury, and pale pearly gray at Salisbury; and although dark grayness means great solemnity and grandeur, and

light grayness great delicacy and charm, they both need the hand of time—the stain of the weather and the web of the lichen—to give them warmth and tone; and the work of the hand of time has almost everywhere in England been effaced by the hand of the restorer. Red stone is warm and mellow in itself, and Lichfield is red with a beautiful soft ruddiness that could hardly be overmatched by the sandstone of any land.

THE WEST FRONT.

A narrower examination of the exterior of the church shows that much beauty remains, but that much has perished to be replaced by imitations of a particularly futile and distressing sort. The Early English door into the north transept-arm is still intact, and is one of the most peculiar and lovely pieces of work in England, although, perhaps, the subordinate arches are somewhat deficient in structural accentuation. But the similar door on the south side of the church has been much injured, and while in design the west front is among the best we shall see, its present adornments are without rivalry the worst.



THE CENTRAL DOORWAY, WEST FRONT.

It is a small west front, but it is a true façade to the church, not a mendacious screen, and its conception is sensible and dignified. We note a want of unity between the central and the side compartments, and perceive that decoration rather than construction has been relied upon to give interest to the lower portions of the latter. But in spite of the conspicuous transept-doors, these western doors are the main entrances to the church, and they are delightful in form and treatment; and, in admiring the towers and their parapets, we may forget the undue heaviness of the angle-pinnacles. The traceries of the great window were renewed in the seventeenth century—a gift from King James II.; and the big statue in the gable portrays that very saintly monarch, the second Charles.

Not a single one of the statues which filled the multitudinous niches can be said to remain. They were defaced by the Puritans, and most of them were removed in the middle of the last century. About 1820 those that survived were restored—if once more we may grossly misuse this often misused word. The restoration of Lichfield's statues meant that their remains were overlaid with cement which was then moulded into simulacra of human forms. For some years past attempts have been made to supplement these atrocities by better works; but it cannot be truthfully reported that many of the very newest, even, are worthy of their places. The present royal lady of England stands in a conspicuous niche, portrayed by one of her royal daughters; and this piece of amateur art is not the worst of the company.

IX

Perhaps the New England tourist whom I have just imagined may find time to rest a while on some bench beneath the giant lime-trees of Lichfield, now turning his back on the canons' homes and his face to the church itself. Perhaps from contemplation he will be led to introspection. Perhaps he will think over the courses he has traveled, and will weigh the changes in his mental attitude that they have brought about. Then it will be strange if the figure of the seventeenth-century Puritan does not surge up in his thought, striking him with surprise, yea, smiting him with compunction. Here is a figure, typifying much more than itself, which at home he had honored and revered. Patriotic pride and religious habit had joined to make the Puritan seem as venerable as mighty. His faults and shortcomings were acknowledged, but were piously laid to the spirit of his age;

and his virtues, much greater than all his faults, were as piously credited to his personal account. The work which he had done was thought the noblest, almost, that man had ever done—this breaking through a dogmatic, pinching creed, this oversetting of a misused tyrant throne, this planting beyond the sea of a greater commonwealth whose blazon should mean freedom of action in the present world, freedom of accountability with the world to come.

But here, amid these cathedrals, what is the Puritan to his descendant's thought? A rude destroyer of things ancient and therefore to be respected; a vandal devastator of things rare and beautiful and too precious ever to be replaced; a brutal scoffer, drinking at the altar, firing his musket at the figure of Christ, parading in priests' vestments through the market-place, stabling his horses amidst the handiwork of art under the roof of God.

Yet if the traveler reflects a little longer he may find that he has not changed his convictions, but merely his emotional point of view. His standpoint at home was political and moral; here it is artistic. He has not really come to feel that the benefits which the Puritan bought for him were bought at too high a price. He merely grumbles because he is called upon to pay a part of it out of his own pocket—to pay in loss of the eye's delight for the struggles which made him a freeman. But grumbling always grows by its expression, and, moreover, the mere reaction in our feeling toward the Puritan leads us unconsciously to exaggerate his crimes. Surprised at first, then shocked, enraged, by the blood of art which stains his footsteps, we lose our tempers, forget to make judicial inquiry, and may end by crediting him with all the slaughter that has passed. And our injustice is fostered by the wholesale charges which are brought against him by the Anglican guardians of the temples where his hammer and axe were plied: it is less trying to the soul of the verger to abuse the alien Puritan than the fellow-Anglican of the sixteenth or the eighteenth century. Thus natural enemy and outraged friend unite in burdening the Puritan's broad shoulders with a load that in greater part should be borne by others.

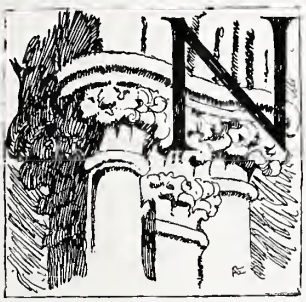
I thought when first writing these chapters that I had avoided such injustice, though I confess there were moments in my English journey when I hated the Puritan with a godly hatred, and wished that he had never shown his surly face to the world. I thought I had explained how much of the ruin that we see was wrought by the good churchmen of Henry VIII.'s reign and of Somerset's protectorate, how much by

the hideous neglect or wanton desecration of good churchmen in the century before our own, and how much by the well-meant but inartistic renovations of good churchmen in quite recent years. I thought I had made it plain that, if we should add all their sins together, the sins of the Puritan would seem small in comparison. But it seems I was mistaken, for a kindly stranger wrote me from England that I was unjust to the Puritan, and even explained — to a descendant of New England pioneers — that he was in fact a worthy personage, thoroughly conscientious after his lights, and most serviceable to humanity. I believe this as I believe in the worth and value of few other human creatures; and I hereby acknowledge that artistic sins and virtues are not those which the recording angel will place at the top of his tablets when he sums up the acts of men either as individuals or as citizens of the world. But it is impossible for any one merely human to hold all points of view at once, and it is difficult for a tourist to remember that the artistic point of view is not of paramount interest.

Yet I will try once more to be impartial — to give my hereditary enemy his just meed of blame, and to give no more than his just meed to that honored sire whose sins I may have exaggerated just because I could not perceive them without a feeling of personal abasement. I will point out more plainly, for example, that many of the beautiful ornaments of Lichfield had been shattered or removed by order of the early Anglican reformers; and that, although Puritan shots ruined the spire, it was churchmen who had made the church a castle. I will repeat that the breaking of the statues of the front was a minor injury compared with their "restoration," and will add that many sad pages could not describe what was done by Anglican hands inside the church — could not tell of the big pews that were built, the coats of whitewash that were roughly given, the chisels that were plied in senseless alterations, the glass that was destroyed, and the birds that were allowed to enter through the broken panes, to nest in the sculptured capitals, and to be fired at with shots whose each rebound meant another item of beauty gone. It is a piteous chronicle, read all together; and read all together, I am glad and proud to say once more, the Puritan's pages do not seem the worst. If I cite them more often than the others, it is simply because they are more picturesque, more dramatic, more incisive in their interest. The work of the Anglican ravager was done gradually, quietly, almost secretly — half by inexcusable act, half by mere stupidity and neglect. The Puritan's was done all at once, in pardonable passion, and to the sound of the blaring trumpet of war.

Chapter VII

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. MARY — LINCOLN

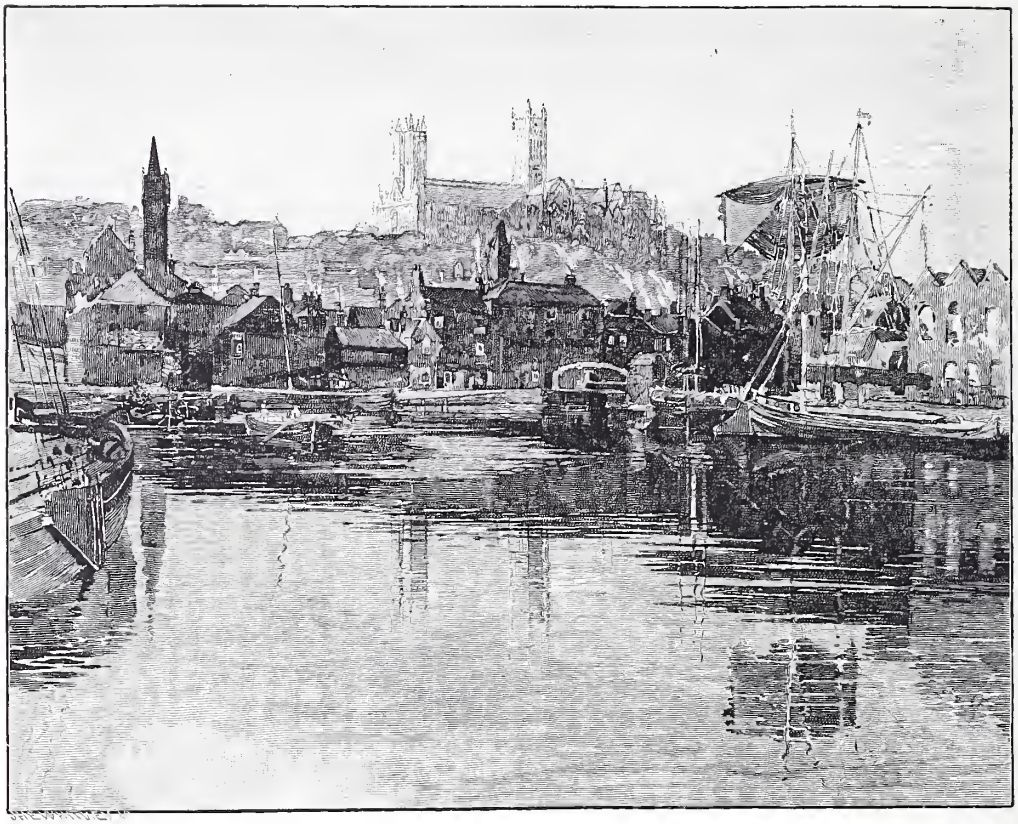


O man by taking thought can add a cubit to his stature, but dignity of carriage and a masterful air may accomplish many inches; — the yardstick bears false witness to a Louis Quatorze, a Napoleon, or a Nelson. And as it is with men, so it is with cities. Canterbury counts twenty thousand souls, and looks small, weak, and rural. Lincoln counts only a few thousand more, but, domineering on its hilltop, makes so brave a show of municipal pride, has so truculent an expression, that no tourist thinks to patronize it as a mere provincial town. It is a city to his eye; and the greatness of its church simply accentuates the fact. Canterbury's cathedral almost crushes Canterbury, asleep in its broad vale; and Durham's rock-borne minster projects so boldly from the town behind it that it still seems what it really was in early years — at once the master of Durham and its bulwark against aggression. But Lincoln's church, though quite as imperial as the others, seems but a proper crown and finish for the city which bears it aloft in a close sturdy grasp. Like Durham Cathedral, it stands on a promontory beneath which runs a river. But the hill is very much higher, and the town, instead of spreading away behind the church, tumbles steeply down the hill and far out beyond the stream. Here for the first time in England we feel as we almost always do in Continental countries; we feel, not that the cathedral church has gathered a city together, but that the city has built a cathedral church for its own glory and profit.

I

In truth, the importance of Lincoln as a town long antedates its importance as an ecclesiastical centre. We cannot read far enough back

in its history to find a record of its birth, for when the Romans came a British town was already lying a little to the northward of the spot on which they pitched their camp, and which they called *Lindum Colonia*, fortified as one of their chief stations, and made the meeting-place of two of their great roads. After their departure and the coming of the English, Lindum flourished again, and still more con-



THE CATHEDRAL, FROM THE POOL.

spicuously when the Danes took and kept it. At the advent of William the Norman it was one of the four chief towns in England, ruled in almost entire independence by a Danish oligarchy of twelve hereditary "lawmen," and containing 1150 inhabited houses, many of them mansions according to the standard of the age. William came from the north after his conquest of York, and probably entered by that Roman gateway which still stands not far from the cathedral; and with his coming began a new and yet more prosperous era for the

town. In one corner of the Roman inclosure a great Norman castle soon arose, and in another corner the first Norman bishop laid the foundations of a vast cathedral church.

This part of England had received the gospel from Paulinus, the famous archbishop of the north whom we have already met at Durham, and it was at first included in the wide diocese of Lichfield. In 678 a new see was formed, which was called of Lindsey after the province, or of Sidnacester after the episcopal town — probably the modern town of Stow. Two years later it was divided, another chair being set up at Leicester. About the year 870 this chair was removed to Dorchester, and hither about 950 the chair of Sidnacester was likewise brought. And when the Normans took control the centre of the united sees was shifted again, Lincoln being chosen, of course, for its dominant site and municipal importance.

Remigius was the first Norman bishop of Dorchester, the first bishop of Lincoln; and about the year 1075, "in a place strong and fair," he began "a strong and fair church to the Virgin of virgins, which was both pleasant to God's servants and, as the time required, invincible to his enemies"; and he gave it in charge to secular canons, although he was himself a Benedictine. It was injured by a great fire in 1141, quickly repaired by Bishop Alexander in a later version of the Norman style, and then almost utterly destroyed in 1185 by an earthquake which "split it in two from top to bottom." Nothing now remains of the first cathedral of Lincoln except a portion of Remigius's west front (built into the vast Early English façade), and the lower stages of the western towers, which, like the doorways in the front itself, formed part of Alexander's reconstructions.

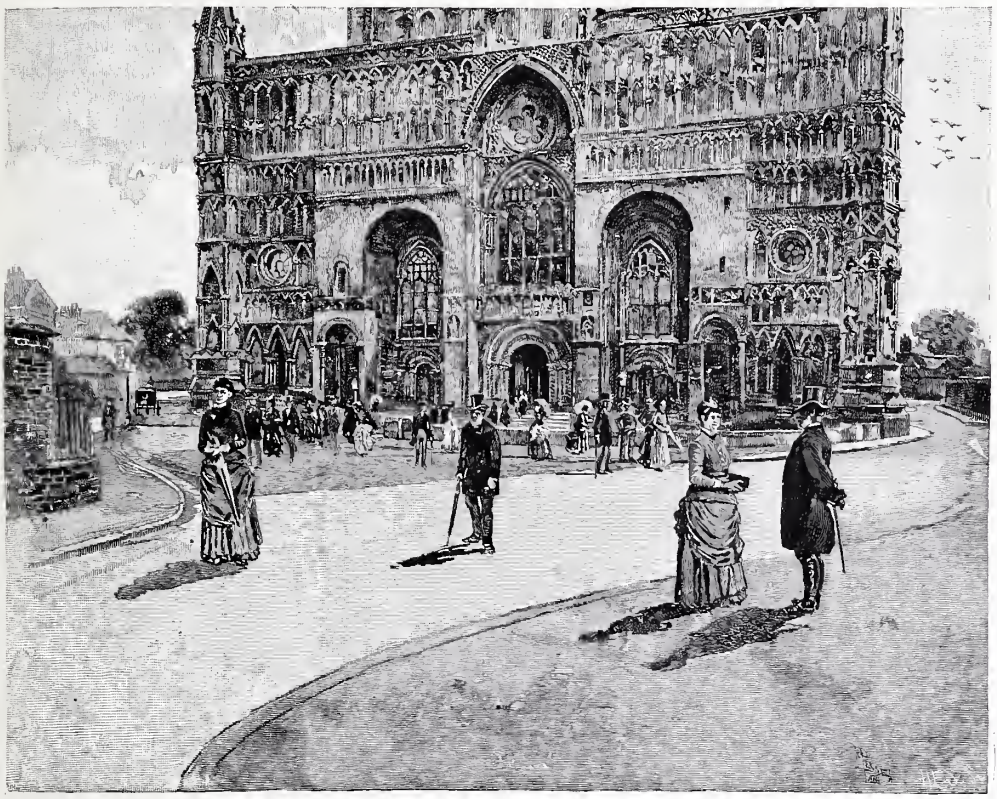
Bishop Hugh of Avalon or of Burgundy — in the calendar, St. Hugh of Lincoln — began the present church, building the choir, the minor transept, and a piece of the great transept; and his immediate successors, by the middle of the thirteenth century, had completed this transept, together with the nave, the west façade and its turrets and chapels, the great Galilee-porch on the southern side, the vestry, the chapter-house, and the two lower stories of the central tower. These parts are all still the same, and are all in the Early English style. The presbytery beyond the minor transept — the famous Angel Choir — was built between 1255 and 1280, the cloister before 1300, and the upper stages of the central tower immediately after, all in the Decorated style. The earliest Perpendicular manner — close akin to the latest Decorated — is revealed in the upper stories of the western towers; and in many

of the older portions of the church both Decorated and Perpendicular windows were inserted.

The church of Lincoln is thus an interesting one to study after we have been at Salisbury and Lichfield. At Salisbury we found a church

THE EXCHEQUER GATE AND THE WEST FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL.

wholly in the Early English manner with a Decorated spire. At Lichfield we found one almost wholly in the Decorated manner with an Early English transept. At Lincoln Lancet-Pointed work is again preponderant, but Decorated work is very conspicuous and singularly fine, Norman features still remain, and Perpendicular art completes the majestic whole.



THE WEST FRONT, FROM THE MINSTER-YARD.

II

If the traveler is wise he will not choose a hostelry in the lower part of the town, for it is a long walk thence to the cathedral, and a walk that means a climb up the steepest streets I saw in England. Fortunately there is a very good inn just beyond the cathedral precincts, within the precincts of the old Roman station. As we leave its door we turn a corner, where a curious half-timbered house overhangs the street, and see to the westward the Roman gate and the Norman castle, and to the eastward the Exchequer Gate, a three-storied structure of the Decorated period. This admits us into a small paved square —the Minster-yard—surrounded on three sides by low ecclesiastical dwellings. Filling the whole of the fourth side, just in front of us, rises the enormous façade of the church, peculiarly English in conception, and very individual in its naïve union of Norman and Gothic features.

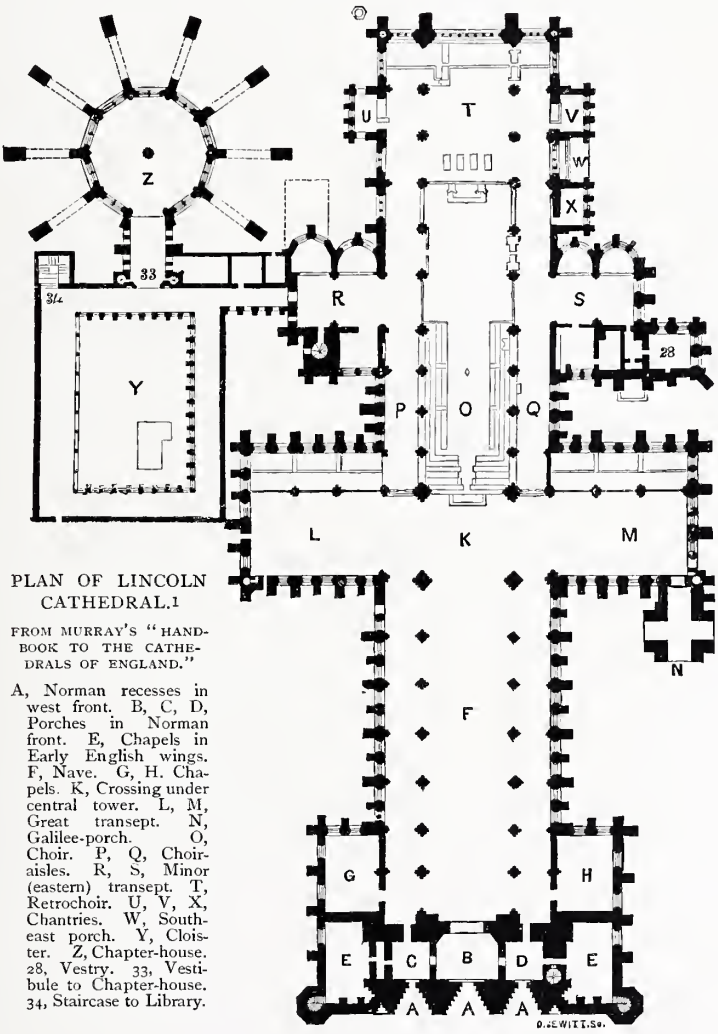
The front which remained after the earthquake—with five great round-arched recesses of graduated height, three of them inclosing low

round-arched portals—was made the nucleus of the new façade. Wide wings finished by turrets were thrown out on each side of it; a high reach of wall was built up above; all were covered with Lancet-Pointed arcades in close-set rows; and to bring a little harmony into the effect, the top of the tall central recess was altered to a pointed shape and surmounted by a gable.

What are we to say of such a front as this? It is not a design in any true sense of the word, and we may believe that it would not have been even had the architect been unhampered by the Norman wall. Like the contemporary façade at Salisbury, which was built under no constraint, it is simply a huge screen, misrepresenting the breadth, and still more grossly the height, of the church behind it; and even as a screen it is ungraceful in outline and weak in composition; it is elaborately decorated, but almost devoid of architectural sinew and bone. When we study it on paper there is only one verdict to give: a very big piece of work, but a very bad one. Yet when we stand in its mighty shadow our indictment weakens. Then we see how hugely big it is, and how its bigness—its towering, frowning, massive, and imperious air—redeems its lack of dignity in design. We see that its great Norman arches preserve their due importance despite the wide fields of alien work around them. We see that although the towers behind it have no true connection with its mass, they yet supplement that mass superbly. We see that the endless repetition of similar niches is at least a successful decorative device, greatly to be preferred to such a counterfeit of architectural designing as the blank windows of the Salisbury façade; although on paper they may seem only to reveal a want of inventive power, in actuality they give a wonderful effect of repose combined with richness. In short, we see, when face to face with Lincoln, that there may be such a thing in architecture as triumphant sin—that if a faulty piece of work is only big and bold enough it may appear wholly grand and almost beautiful. The front of Lincoln is not a good church-front. It is not an organic composition. It is not even a very clever attempt to unite alien elements in an harmonious whole. But it is a splendid stretch of wall, and it gives the observer such an emotion as seldom stirs him when he views an English cathedral from the west. Its station adds to its impressiveness. The buildings which surround it supply a scale by which its immensity can be measured; and the Exchequer Gate, hiding the lower part as we approach, first concentrates attention on the upper part, and then, when we pass beneath the arch, reveals the whole as by the dramatic drawing of a curtain.

III

BENEATH the central arch we enter a square porch out of which on either hand opens another of smaller size. Lying under the Norman towers, these porches are Norman in body themselves, but they are



PLAN OF LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.[1]

FROM MURRAY'S "HANDBOOK TO THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND."

A, Norman recesses in west front. B, C, D, Porches in Norman front. E, Chapels in Early English wings. F, Nave. G, H. Chapels. K, Crossing under central tower. L, M, Great transept. N, Galilee-porch. O, Choir. P, Q, Choir-aisles. R, S, Minor (eastern) transept. T, Retrochoir. U, V, X, Chantries. W, South-east porch. Y, Cloister. Z, Chapter-house. 28, Vestry. 33, Vestibule to Chapter-house. 34, Staircase to Library.

covered with Perpendicular vaults, lined with Perpendicular carvings, and encumbered by eighteenth-century constructions which the tottering state of the towers prescribed. Beyond them lie large chapels,

[1] Lincoln Cathedral measures 482 feet in length inside its walls, and 222 feet across its major transept. The chapter-house is 60 feet in diameter and 40 feet high.

forming the Early English wings of the façade; and behind these, but with no doors of connection between, are two more chapels, separated from the aisles of the nave by low screen-like walls.

The nave itself is more richly adorned than the contemporary Early English nave at Salisbury, and is more majestic than the still richer Decorated nave at Lichfield. But its piers are so widely spaced, and in consequence the arches between them are so broadly spread, that the effect of the long perspective is a little too open and empty, and the triforium seems a little too heavy by contrast. The lower stories of the central tower form, as usual, a lantern above the crossing. Built early in the thirteenth century, they almost immediately fell, but were reconstructed before the year 1250 in exact repetition of the first design.

The most noteworthy features in the great transept are the two rose-windows which, close beneath the vaulting, face each other across its length—the "Bishop's Eye" shining at the southern end and overlooking "the quarter of the Holy Spirit" to invite its influence, and the "Dean's Eye" shining at the northern end and watching "the region of Lucifer" to guard against his advances. Except in Norman work, circular windows are not very common in England; and when we see how beautiful are these two Gothic examples, and how interesting in their contrast, we do not wonder that their fame is wide.

The Dean's Eye is an Early English window of about 1220; it is a wheel-window rather than a rose, and is a perfect specimen of plate-tracery applied to a round opening. The stonework is light and graceful, but it is a flat plate pierced, not an assemblage of curved and moulded bars; and the design which impresses itself upon the eye—the pattern which makes the window's beauty—is formed by the apertures themselves, not by the stonework that surrounds them. The Bishop's Eye dates from about 1330, when the Decorated style was no longer young and had passed from its geometrical into its flowing stage. In design it does not deserve unstinted praise, for its shape is not clearly enough confessed by the main lines of the traceries. But apart from this want of perfect adaptation, the traceries are very beautiful; and no one can mistake the share they play in the effect of the window. The pattern which makes the beauty of this window is not encircled by the delicate bars of stone, but is composed by these bars. The plate-traceried window, I may say once more, appears as a beautiful design done in luminous spots upon an opaque ground. The true traceried window appears as a beautiful design etched in black upon a

luminous ground. Fortunately, both the pattern in the Dean's window and the background in the Bishop's are still formed by ancient glass, royally magnificent in color.

The original choir-screen—or, at least, a rich and massive choir-screen of the Decorated period, a veritable piece of wall—still stands between the angle-piers to the eastward of the crossing. Only when we enter beneath its doorway is the full glory of the vast east limb revealed. Two distinct designs unite in harmony in this east limb—St. Hugh's Early English design of the choir proper, and the later Decorated design of the Angel Choir beyond the minor transept.[1]

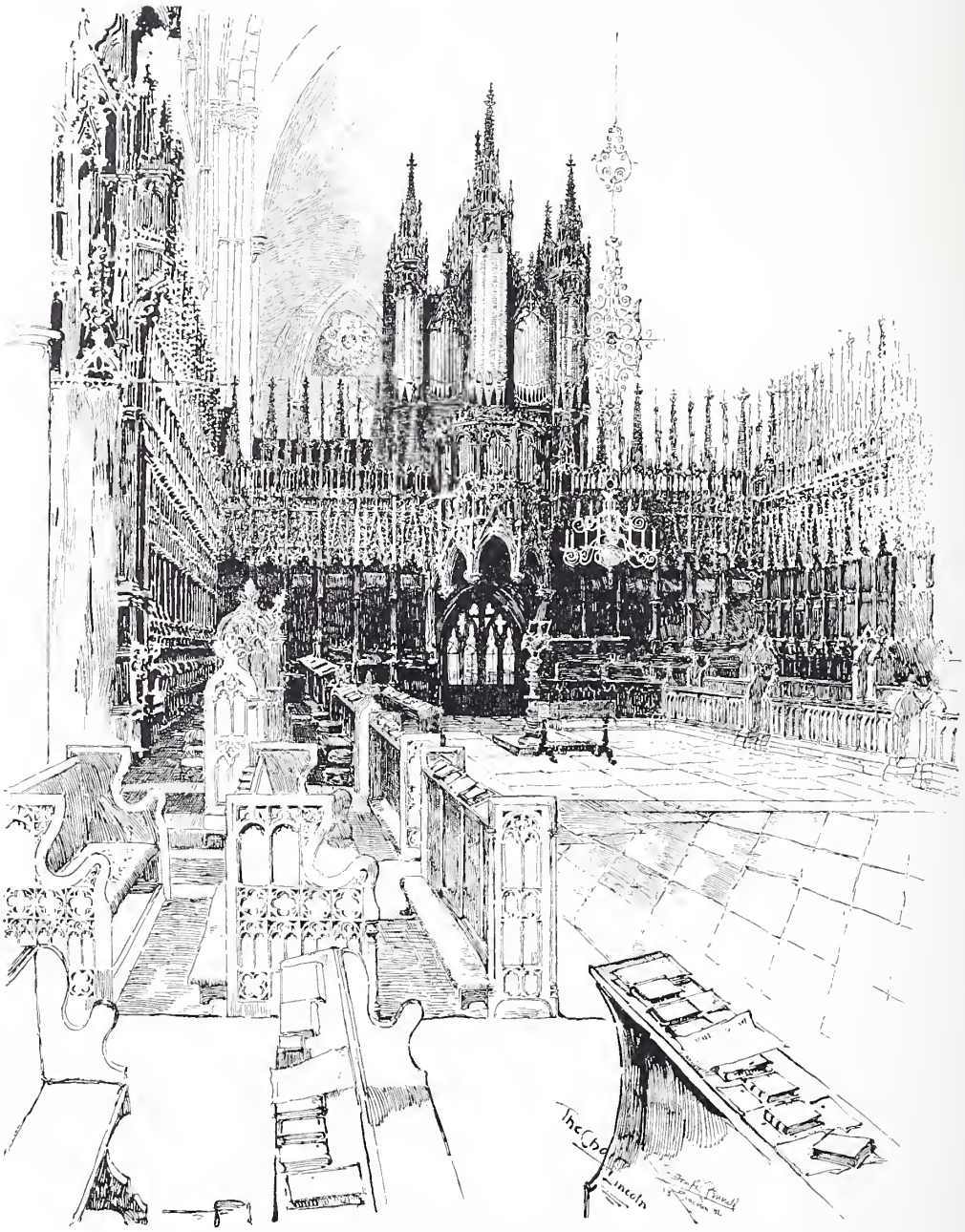
IV

No fiercer architectural battle has ever been fought than the one for which the choir of St. Hugh has supplied the field. The question at issue appeals to something more than cold antiquarian curiosity. When it is asked whether the choir of Lincoln may rightly be called "the earliest piece of pure Gothic work in the world," how shall national pride, international prejudice and jealousy fail of their effect upon the answer? In truth, they have variously tinged so many different answers that in reading about this choir we almost feel as though no point in the history of mediæval art had been accurately established, nor the relative value of any of its characteristics definitely appraised. But it is just this fact which gives the subject its interest for the transatlantic traveler. He might care little about the claims set up for Lincoln if they were merely claims between English church and church. But it is worth his while to try to understand them for the sake of better understanding how the course of architectural development varied between land and land.

Let us, therefore, notice once more how Englishmen and Frenchmen built just before the dawning of the thirteenth century, remembering always that purity in Gothic design cannot be dissevered from completeness. To be purely Gothic a building must not merely be free from Romanesque details; it must not merely be finished after the Gothic manner: it must be conceived throughout in accordance with the Gothic ideal; it must be built throughout in a way unlike the Romanesque way.[2]

[1] As will be seen from the plan, the ritual choir with the high altar at its eastern end is carried beyond this transept; but, architecturally speaking, the space beyond it—the so-called Angel Choir—forms, first the presbytery, and then the retrochoir.

[2] This is Viollet-le-Duc's summary of the essential qualities of Gothic buildings as compared with Romanesque: "Equilibrium obtained in the system of construction by active resistances opposed to active forces; architectural effect, the simple result of the



THE CHOIR-STALLS, LOOKING WEST.

structure and the practical necessities of the work; decoration derived simply from the local flora; statuary tending to the imitation of nature and seeking dramatic expression." We read so much in English books about "pure" and about "perfect" Gothic, and find so many curiously partial, inadequate, or trivial explanations of the terms, that their true significance cannot be too frequently recalled. It cannot be too insistently said that no Gothic work is "pure" in which the Gothic constructional ideal is but half expressed, and that none is "complete" which lacks the characteristic sculpture of its time.

In the choir of Lincoln all the arches are pointed and are defined by a succession of gently rounded mouldings. The great piers of the main arcade are shafted, and so, more richly, are those in the triforium. All the principal capitals have the round abacus, and where it is not used we find a polygonal form. And all the sculptured foliage is of that true Early English stiff-leaved kind which is so entirely distinct from any Romanesque type. If this choir was really built just before the year 1200, it is certainly richer and more purely Gothic in the treatment of its details than any contemporary work in France.[1] But does this mean that it is more purely Gothic in construction and therefore in general effect — more truly and distinctively Gothic in conception and feeling?

Let us examine a little further. Although all the arches are pointed, those in the main arcade barely diverge from a semicircular line, and the principal ones in the triforium are only a trifle more acute; so, except for the subordinate triforium-arches, these two stories might be rebuilt with Norman forms without any change in proportions, any variation in the constructional scheme. Then, although there is a vaulting-shaft, starting from the floor, to carry each group of vaulting-ribs, this shaft is single and the ribs are five.[2] Again, these ribs start from so low a point, and the vault itself takes so depressed a curve, that the ceiling seems rather to bear down upon the church than to soar above it; its expression actually conflicts with the expression of verticality. And, moreover, some authorities say that this vault was not built until after the fall of the tower, and that St. Hugh had constructed a flat wooden ceiling.

If, now, we study by contrast the nave of the cathedral of Noyon in France (which I choose because it was built some thirty years before the earliest date claimed for the choir of Lincoln), we see a very much taller structure divided into four stories instead of three, a low uniformly arcaded story running between the great grouped apertures of the triforium and the clearstory. In the main arcade we find simple columns — which of course are less purely Gothic than shafted piers — alternating with true piers. But these true piers are beautiful clusters

[1] In the "*Magna Vita S. Hugonis*" (Dimock's edition, 1864) we read: "His church of Lincolne he caused to be new built from the foundation; a great and memorable worke and not possible to be performed by him without infinite helpe. . . . He died at London on November 17th, in the year 1200. . . . His body was presently conveyed to Lincolne, . . . and buried in the body of the east part of the church, above the high aulter." This was written by St. Hugh's chaplain, and it certainly implies that St. Hugh had finished his choir before he died.

[2] I speak of the original design. In later alterations the vaulting-shafts were cut away below to accommodate the stalls, and corbels were introduced in the spandrels above the piers.

of shafts rising in unbroken lines to the base of the clearstory windows; here their capitals are on a level with the capitals of the vaulting-shafts which stand on the intermediate columns; these shafts are in groups of three to support three ribs in the vaulting itself; and the design of the vaulting accords with the alternating character of its supports. The arches are treated in the very simplest way with square sections; and in the little arcaded story and the clearstory round arches are employed. But all the arches of the two lower stories are very acutely pointed; it would be impossible to do here what might be done at Lincoln; these stories could not be rebuilt with round arches unless all proportions were conspicuously changed — unless the whole design were torn apart and a new one of quite different character devised. In short, the constructional body is much more truly, emphatically Gothic at Noyon than at Lincoln, although the decorative integument is much more richly and harmoniously developed at Lincoln. And the superiority of early French work in what we may call architectural essentials is still more manifest if we contrast St. Hugh's choir with structures of precisely the same date, for in these all the arches are sharply pointed, and the arch-mouldings are more highly developed than at Noyon.

If the date and the relative purity of the choir of Lincoln have supplied themes for endless discussion, so also has the degree to which it was affected by French influence.[1] Examining it for ourselves, it certainly seems partly French in character, and we should feel this much more strongly could we see its original east end, for it was finished by an apse encircled by an aisle and five chapels — a characteristic French *chevet.* The vaulting-shafts also seem foreign in idea when we find that they are not reproduced in other parts of the church, but that in the Decorated Angel Choir, as in the Early English nave, the shafts rest upon corbels instead of continuing to the ground. French, too, seem the compound capitals of the great piers, despite their characteristically English abaci; for, as the initial cut of this chapter shows, the part which crowns the body of the pier is much deeper and more important than those which crown the attached

[1] It cannot be denied that St. Hugh was a foreigner by birth and training, or that Burgundy in his day was well advanced in the Gothic path. But it is also known that he employed another as architect; and though the name of this architect, Geoffrey de Noyers, is plainly French, it is said that a family of De Noyers had been known in Lincolnshire for generations, and that therefore he was probably an Englishman in his art. All English critics seem to think the choir strictly English in character, though a few doubt whether it was entirely built by St. Hugh. Viollet-le-Duc likewise declares for a strictly English origin, but says that the year 1200 must therefore have seen the beginning rather than the end of the work. Almost all other foreign critics assert a strong imported influence.

shafts. But this is all; the rest of the work is English, and notably English are those outer mouldings above the triforium-arches which end in ornamental bosses. These are drip-mouldings, devised to protect external features from trickling water, and it is only in England that we find them constantly used inside a building.

To sum up, I may say that we cannot call St. Hugh's choir pure or complete Gothic if we consider it in relation to Gothic art in general and test it by the highest standard. But English Gothic art never came up to this standard. In its proportions and in the treatment of its main constructional features it followed an ideal of its own, and this ideal was strongly leavened by Romanesque traditions. Therefore, if we consider St. Hugh's choir only in relation to subsequent English work, if we test it only by an insular standard, it may certainly be called pure Gothic. Even tested thus, it is not complete Gothic, for window-traceries, with all that they involved, still lay far in the future; but it is astonishing to see how great a measure of completeness had been reached thus early in other semi-constructional, semi-decorative features like arch-mouldings, as well as in strictly ornamental ones like carven foliage.

V

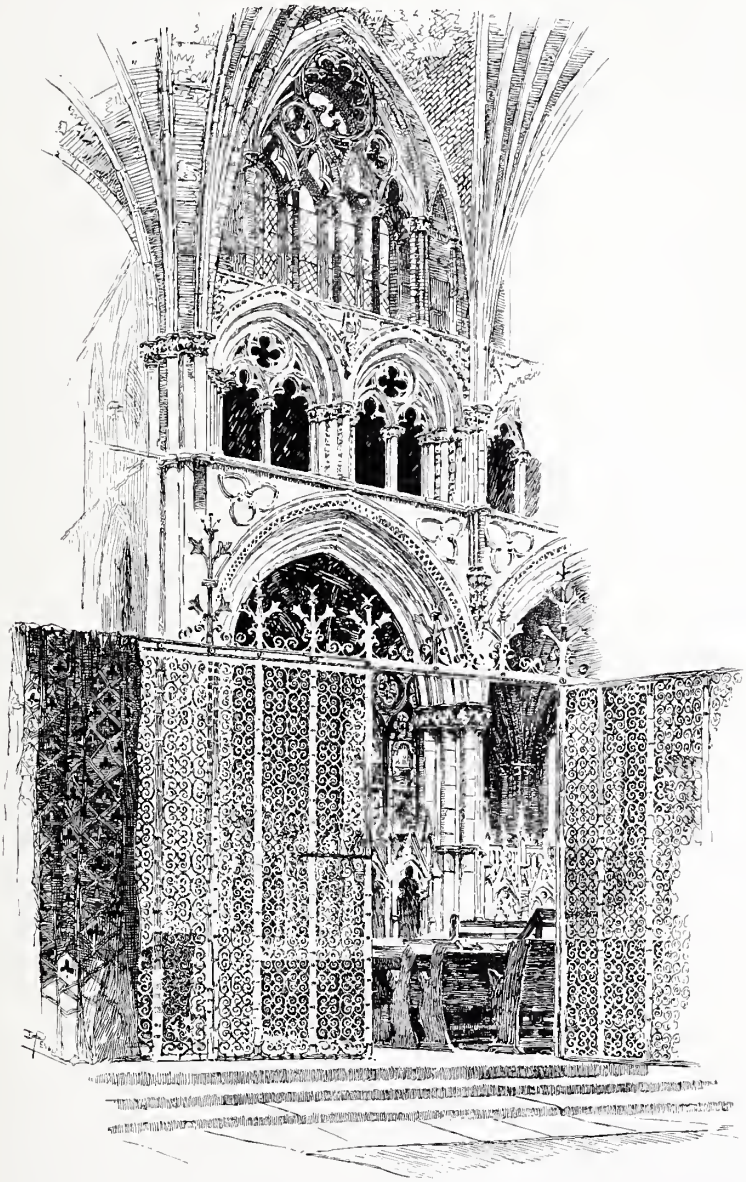
From the eastern face of each arm of the minor transept, also attributed to St. Hugh, project two small chapels which must once have grouped very charmingly with the chapel-encircled apse. But all signs of this apse have disappeared, except such as were discovered when, some years ago, the pavement was taken up for repairs; the choir proper passes, without a conspicuous break in the design, into the presbytery, miscalled the Angel Choir. Relic-worship, of course, inspired this great easterly addition. As soon as it was finished, in the year 1280, the bones of St. Hugh were translated from their place by the high altar which he had built, to lie in greater state under the new roof, and be more accessible to his thronging supplicants.

There is little difference in constructional idea between this Decorated work and the Early English work of St. Hugh. The nearer approach at this period of English art to French was chiefly in the matter of traceries and in the general increase of decorative richness. In the clearstory, indeed, we have one great subdivided traceried window instead of a group of three lancets. But it does not wholly fill the wall-space so that its outer moulding combines with the vault-

ing-rib as a French clearstory window of this kind would; and it is thoroughly English in its two planes of tracery with a passageway between them, and glass in the outer plane only. Such a treatment of the clearstory is Norman in idea, not Gothic. When ceilings were everywhere of painted wood, the upper passageway was needed that they might be constantly watched and repaired, but with the introduction of vaults this need disappeared. French Gothic builders, trying more and more to lighten their fabric, very soon dispensed with the second wall, and built their glazed windows single against the sky; but it was only in the latter part of the Decorated period that Englishmen began to do the same. The drawing in the previous chapter of the choir of Lichfield — built some fifty years later than the Angel Choir — shows a purely Gothic type of clearstory in contrast with the Lincoln type, which is Gothic in treatment but Romanesque in idea.

And it is the same with the triforium. The great galleries which Romanesque art inherited from the old basilicas — as wide as the aisles beneath them, and lighted by windows in their external walls — were very soon abandoned by French Gothic builders; the triforium still showed an arcade, but its height was diminished, and, as we see in the drawing of Amiens on page 124, close behind it, separated from it only by a narrow passage, rose a wall which concealed the space between the vaulting and the outer roof of the aisle. But in England the old triforium scheme survived as long as the old clearstory scheme; and the fact seems all the more remarkable when we find how rudely the English galleries were ceiled. Those in the early Gothic churches of France — as in the cathedral of Laon, which was begun about the middle of the twelfth century — are vaulted with stone like the aisles below; and from the floor their aspect is fine in itself and harmonizes with the general effect of the vaulted structure. But in England the triforium was always ceiled with rafters and boards, in singular disregard of the barn-like look which was clearly apparent from the nave. As Gothic art slowly developed in the island, the outer triforium-wall was sometimes suppressed, the ceiling sloping away from above the arcade to rest on the cornice of the aisle-wall; and then, of course, comparative darkness somewhat concealed the boards. But all through the Early English period, and even in the first part of the Decorated period, the outer triforium-windows most often survived; and therefore the exterior of the church presented, like a Norman church, three successive series of important windows — two series in

its outer or aisle-walls, and the clearstory range rising behind and above them. There was no general synchronous movement toward the transformation of the triforium during all these years. We may



ONE BAY OF THE ANGEL CHOIR.[1]

think there was when we find great external triforium-windows in St. Hugh's work at Lincoln, but find none in the Early English nave,

[1] See also the illustration on page 13.

which was built a few years later, and none in the Decorated Angel Choir. But in the early Decorated nave at Lichfield we see them again; and although in the later choir of the same church, and in the Decorated nave at York,—which was begun in 1291, eleven years after the Angel Choir was finished,—the wide gallery itself has been changed into a mere ornamental passageway, yet in the choir at Ely—which was built after 1350—we have the old triforium scheme again, with great apertures in both the inner and the outer walls, and we have the old clearstory scheme as well.

These facts are worth particular notice, for they show that architectural innovations at least as important as those which mark off the Decorated period from the Early English on the one hand and from the Perpendicular on the other, were introduced in the course of this period itself. When the Decorated style was evolved, subdivided and traceried windows took the place of groups of lancets, and when it expired the whole decorative scheme was radically changed. But during its lifetime there was a fundamental change in the scheme of architectural design as regarded the main walls of the church. This scheme was still further emphasized in the Perpendicular period; but we should not forget that it originated in the Decorated period, although, as the choir of Ely shows, it was not then quite universally accepted. The Perpendicular nave at Winchester is the same in underlying architectural idea as the late Decorated choir at Lichfield, but this choir differs radically in idea from the early Decorated nave in company with which it stands.

Thus we learn that the true character of buildings cannot always be explained by a mere citation of what are called successive styles. And when we note how diversely contemporaneous English builders not only treated but conceived such important parts of a church as the triforium, the clearstory, and the west front, we realize once more how largely English architecture was influenced by personal tastes, individual impulses. No French architect, working in the middle of the fourteenth century in one of the most famous churches of his land, could have gone up the stream of time as did the Englishman who designed the choir which we shall see at Ely.

At Lincoln we find for the first time a flat east end unextended by a lower chapel. No terminal chapel was needed here, for the cathedral itself was dedicated to Our Lady, and the chief local saint owned the presbytery and retrochoir. The east wall is crossed by a low and very rich blank arcade, and above this is entirely filled by a great window

of geometrical design. In spite of the ugliness of its modern glass, the stately beauty of its traceries is felt, and the beauty of its aspect when its glass was good can easily be fancied. It is a splendid feature, but not a very satisfactory finish to the long perspective of the choir; for, of course, there is no relationship between its forms and those of the three-storied lateral walls. The earlier type of such a flat east end, which with its ranges of lancet-windows we shall see at Ely, has more architectural excellence, although a less striking charm.

Within this sumptuous temple, built to do him honor, St. Hugh slept for centuries in a fame and sanctity greater than those which enwrapped any saint in an English tomb, excepting only St. Thomas of Canterbury. To-day we look for his sepulchre in vain. Yet the allied besoms of destruction and restoration have passed with comparative lightness over Lincoln. Many other splendid tombs and chantries are preserved, often with much of their sculptured adornment intact. The choir is encircled by Decorated stalls, beautifully carved and strikingly effective. The reredos also dates from the Decorated period, although it has been painfully restored. The blank arcades in the aisles seem surprisingly rich, even after one has seen those in the Nine Altars at Durham. Tall screens of iron tracery, lovely and yet vigorous as only hammered ironwork can be, shut off the arms of the minor transept from the choir. Architectural carving is everywhere profuse and often of exceptional beauty; and the figures in the triforium-spandrels, which have given the Angel Choir its popular name, are of unique importance in English interior decoration. The effect of all this lavish adornment is greatly increased by the diversified plan of the structure, which at every step gives varying lights and shadows, new combinations of form, fresh perspectives with fresh accords and contrasts; and altogether the east limb of Lincoln dwells in my mind as more richly pictorial in effect than any part of any other English cathedral that I saw.

VI

But it is only when we pass outside the church again and make its mighty circuit that the full value of its varied plan and its rich adornment is made plain. In any external view Lincoln is perhaps the finest of English cathedrals; and it is certainly the most beautiful and the most interesting when studied foot by foot under the shadow of its

THE CENTRAL TOWER AND THE GALILEE-PORCH.

walls. It is much the most ornate; and, although it is more varied in outline and feature than Canterbury itself, yet, except for its west front, it makes the effect of an organic architectural composition.

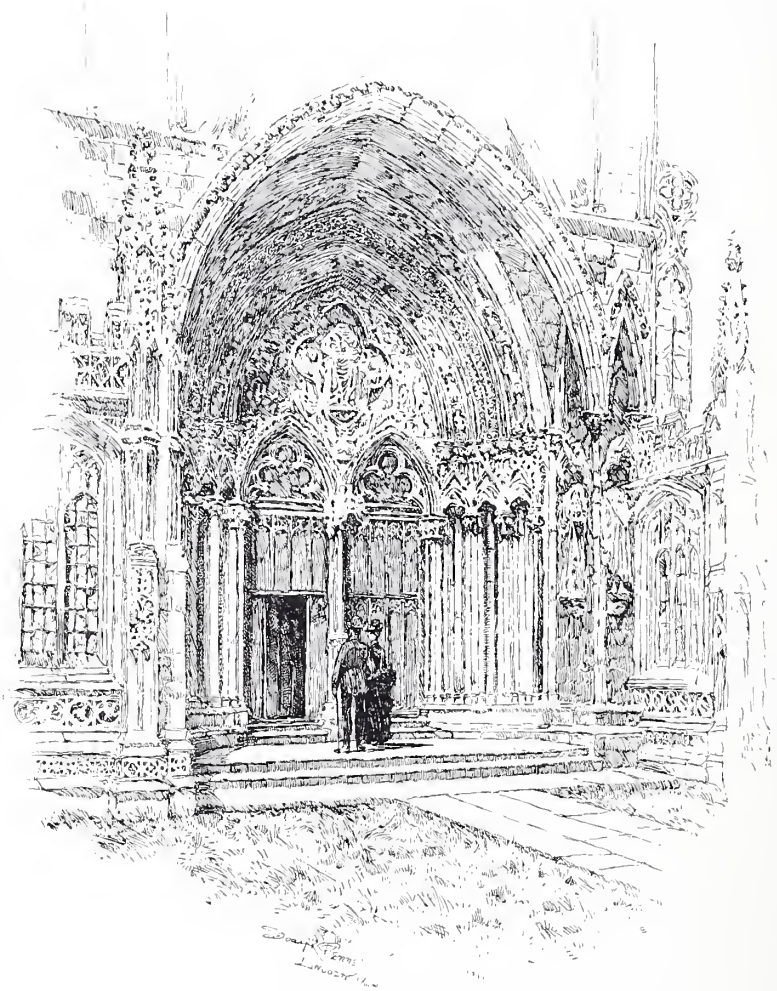
Even the west front is extremely interesting in detail, especially in

its Norman portions; and when we turn its southern shoulder beauty and charm increase with every step. First we see the flanks of the Norman towers, and, on a line with them, the low Early English chapels; and then, set considerably back, the long stretch of nave with lancet-windows and small flying-buttresses, a delicate arcade above the clearstory, and over this an open parapet bearing great canopied niches of the Decorated period. Then comes the side of the transept with the Galilee-porch in bold projection — richly shafted, beautifully vaulted, and peculiar by reason of its cruciform plan; then the transept-end where the Bishop's Eye looks out beneath a lofty gable; then a deep and shadowy recess between this greater and the lesser transept; then the projecting vestry, the gabled front of the lesser transept with its beautiful lancet-groups, and another recess varied by the polygonal faces of the little lowly chapels; and then the buttresses and the traceried windows of the Angel Choir rising over a great pinnacled porch and two Perpendicular chantries. Carven ornament has been growing more and more profuse as we have passed thus eastward from the earlier to the later work; and here in this southeastern porch the climax is reached. There is no other large porch in a similar situation in England, and, I think, no porch at all which is so ornate in design.

Nor is there any falling off in beauty of general effect when we look from the east at the end of the church and the polygonal chapter-house beyond. We may prefer the treatment of some other east end, granting that here the upper window (which lights the space between the vaulting and the high-pitched outer roof) is so large that it injures the effect of the principal window, and that the aisle-gables are shams, representing nothing behind them; and we may prefer the construction of some other chapter-house, confessing that the buttresses of this one show too clearly that they are later additions which merely rest against its walls. But the group as a whole is very fine; and when we stand a little way off to the southeast, so that it forms a single picture with the perspective of the whole south side, then indeed we see a splendid architectural composition.

Although the vaulted ceilings of Lincoln are very low, its outer roofs, in the six arms formed by nave and choir and transepts, are unusually high and steep; and, beautifully supported by the lesser roofs — lower in varying degree — of the many chapels, aisles, and porches, they as beautifully support the three tall towers. Far off to the westward rise the sturdy Norman pair with their delicate early

Perpendicular tops, harmonizing finely with their greater brother—that central tower which is the crown in beauty as in constructional importance of the whole magnificent pile. This late Decorated central



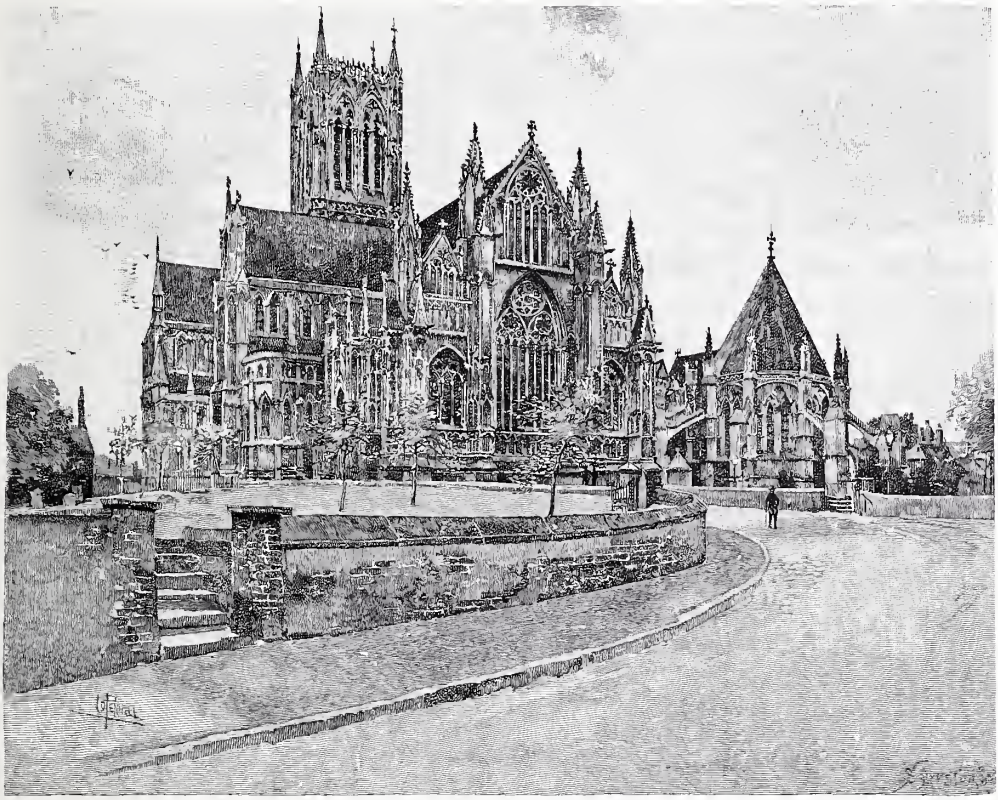
THE SOUTH-EAST PORCH.

tower of Lincoln has but one real rival, the Perpendicular central tower of Canterbury. It was built to bear a lofty wooden spire, while the Canterbury tower was intended to be spireless; nevertheless, in its present condition it is almost as fine as its rival in outline, and almost as complete in expression, while in beauty of feature and enrichment it is quite beyond compare.

Even at Lincoln a green environment is not altogether wanting.

Along the south side of the church runs a border of grass with a street beyond it, and then the low wall of the Vicar's Court. To the eastward the grass stretches out into a lawn, again with a street as its boundary; and to the northward chapter-house and cloister look on a broader reach of turf.

When a cathedral chapter was monastic its many buildings were usually grouped on the south side of the church, the cloister was entered from the nave-aisle, and the chapter-house opened from one of its walks. But when the chapter was secular the chapter-house was the only building really required; and then it was placed to the north-



THE EAST END AND THE CHAPTER-HOUSE.

ward of the choir and was approached from the choir-aisle. The chapter-house at Lincoln holds the true collegiate position, but it is associated with a cloister which, like the one at Salisbury, we may fairly assert to have been at all times pretty nearly what it is to-day—a piece of mere architectural luxury. Doubtless more priests once

trod its arcaded walks than tread them now, but such walks were not really needed by priests who did not live in common.

To my mind this seemed the finest chapter-house in England, surpassing in beauty of proportions and treatment even the similar polygonal council-rooms at Salisbury, Westminster, and Wells. It is a decagon in shape, while they are octagons; and, although their great traceried windows are more sumptuous in effect, the coupled lancets which here fill every face except the one that opens by its whole breadth into the stately vestibule, seem more appropriate in scale and expression to a room only sixty feet in diameter. A beautiful blank arcade runs around the wall above the canons' bench; fine vaulting-shafts rise between small blank lancets in each of the ten angles; the central pier is surrounded by ten marble shafts, and the vaults which all these shafts sustain are singularly charming in form. In so small a structure, moreover, we do not object to the fact that the pier-shafts are wholly separate from the body of the pier which they surround, although when they are thus placed about a great church-pier they seem to lack that air of concentrated strength and organic relationship which is the essence of good Gothic design. But beautifully as this chapter-house was built, it cannot have been very well built; for it soon required the assistance of the flying-buttresses which are now so conspicuous in an external view.

Three walks of the cloister still stand in their original Decorated shape, but the north walk, with the library above it, was burned in the seventeenth century and reconstructed by Sir Christopher Wren. Here he employed his own Renaissance style instead of imitating Gothic architects as he did at Lichfield. Of course his work is out of harmony with everything else, and it is not very good in itself; yet we cannot possibly wish it away, for it adds to the historic interest of a richly historic spot. Where the cloister stands once ran the wall of the Roman station, and within it are preserved some fragments of a tessellated Roman floor. Beginning, therefore, with these fragments, running the eye over the huge and varied body of the church, and then coming back to Sir Christopher's work, we find signs and symbols of almost all the generations which make England's glory when we reckon it by treasures of art. There is only one great gap: no sign or token appears of that sturdy race of Englishmen who had their Church of Mary here between the going of the Roman and the coming of the Norman. Saxons or Anglo-Saxons we may choose to call them; but we know that they were the first Englishmen, and the

THE CATHEDRAL, FROM THE HIGH STREET.

only Englishmen of pure undiluted English blood. If names were always given in accordance with facts, it is their primitive ante-Norman round-arched work that we should call Early English, not the Lancet-Pointed work of those thirteenth-century Englishmen whose blood was tinged with a strong Norman strain.

VII

But if no relics of the first phase of English art remain in or about Lincoln Cathedral, down in the town of Lincoln we may find them. Here in the valley stand two tall church-towers built in the primitive round-arched style which the Norman style displaced; and they were among the very last works in this style, for they were erected by a colony of Englishmen from the upper town after Norman architects had there begun the huge cathedral church.

Nor are these the only relics of remote antiquity in the low valley streets and steep hillside streets of Lincoln. The trace of the Roman is everywhere—not merely in excavated bits of pavement and carving, but in the great Newport Gate near castle and cathedral, in the lines of the far-stretching highways, and in the twelve miles of canal called the Foss Dyke, which, connecting the Witham and the Trent, still serve the needs of commerce. And the trace of the Norman is yet more conspicuous—not only in hilltop church and castle, but in several dwellings on the steepest streets. All of these are still in use, and the traditional name of one, the Jew's House, records the fact that in the twelfth century few men excepting Jews could dwell in habitations of hewn and carven stone. Timbers sheltered the Christian citizen; only God and his priests and the Hebrew pariah could afford the costlier material.

In mediæval Lincoln, as in mediæval York, the Jews played a conspicuous and sometimes a martyr-like rôle. But the tale of their persecution in the fourteenth century is only one among many dramatic chapters in Lincoln's history which I have no time to tell.

The diocese was immense and very wealthy, even after the Normans set off Cambridgeshire to form the diocese of Ely; for beside its present territory it included, until the Reformation, what are now the sees of Peterborough and Oxford; and the size and strength of the episcopal city, and its situation in the centre of England on the highroad to the north, helped to insure the permanence of its early fame. Whether we look at its burghers' record

or its bishops', there is never an age when great names or deeds are lacking.

Here, for example, King Stephen was defeated and imprisoned in 1141; here was a focus of conflict in the critical reign of King John, and again in the early tempestuous years of King Henry III.; here was a Royalist defense, a Parliamentary siege and triumph, in 1644; and always the burghers as a body were more influential actors than has often been the case on English soil.

Among the bishops who held sway at Lincoln, the first was Remigius, the cathedral founder; the next was Robert Bloet, the chancellor of William Rufus, who was called akin in nature to his patron, and was thought to be rightly punished when "his sowle, with other walking spretes," was compelled to haunt the cathedral aisles; and the next was Alexander, who repaired the church of Remigius, and, although "called a bishop, was a man of vast pomp and great boldness and audacity," and "gave himself up to military affairs" in the wars of Stephen. Then, after a long interregnum, came one who was never consecrated but enjoyed the temporalities of the see for seven years — Geoffrey Plantagenet, the illegitimate son of Henry II. From 1186 to 1200 ruled St. Hugh, the builder, who was perfect, we are told, in his private life, and a model bishop before the world. Another Hugh, who came from Wells, soon followed him, and then, in 1235, Robert Grosseteste, one of the most remarkable and most conspicuous men of the time — a scholar, a builder, a stern disciplinarian in his diocese, and a bold-fronted upholder of the rights of the English Church against the king on the one hand and the pope on the other. Thus the list runs on, often a great name and never one that is quite without meaning, until, in the year 1395, we reach Henry Beaufort, afterward Bishop of Winchester and a cardinal of Rome, immortalized in a rather unjust way by Shakspere's hand. He was followed by Philip of Repingdon, at first an outspoken Wickliffite, then a truckling recanter, and, in consequence, a priest whom princes delighted to honor. And next we come to Richard Fleming, and to still more vivid memories of the great early Reformer; it was Fleming, as the executive of the Council of Constance, who performed the famous act of which, in its results, the poet says:

> The Avon to the Severn runs,
> The Severn to the sea,
> And Wickliffe's dust shall spread abroad,
> Wide as the waters be.

Here at Lincoln, coming from the chair of Rochester, sat John Russell, who played an important political part just before Henry VII. gained the throne; and here for a twelvemonth, before he went to York and became a cardinal, sat Henry VIII.'s ill-used great servant, Wolsey. After the Reformation, bishops of political fame everywhere grew fewer, but the Lincoln succession kept well to the front in the more peaceful walks of intellectual life, and it furnished many arch-

ON THE BANKS OF THE WITHAM.

bishops to the neighboring chair at York. An honored name occurs in our own day — the name of Christopher Wordsworth, who was first canon and archdeacon at Westminster, and who died as Bishop of Lincoln in 1885. And now, as Peter Heylyn wrote in the seventeenth century, "for the dignity of this seat we will add but this, that it hath yielded to the Church three saints, and to Rome one Cardinal; unto the Realm of England six Lord Chancellors, and one Lord Treasurer, and one Lord Keeper; four Chancellors to the University of

Oxford, two to Cambridge; and that the Bishops here, were heretofore Vice-Chancellors to the See of Canterbury."

VIII

THE remains of the chief ecclesiastical buildings at Lincoln are not very many or very interesting, but the fact is scarcely noticed, Lincoln the church and Lincoln the secular town have so much else to show us.

The episcopal palace, which stood to the southward of the cathedral on the brink of the hill, was founded, as nearly as history tells, by Bishop Bloet in the early part of the twelfth century. I believe that no signs of his Norman work can now be traced; but fragments survive of the great hall of the palace which was begun by St. Hugh and finished by his successor, Bishop William of Blois, and the next prelate, that second Bishop Hugh who is called Hugh of Wells and who died in 1235. An ancient kitchen also exists, and a gateway-tower, restored in our own day by Bishop Wordsworth to be used as lecture-rooms by the students of the local theological school. When intact the palace must have been a large and splendid pile, but neglect began with the establishment of the Reformation, and deliberate destruction with the Parliamentary War. The deanery stood to the northward of the church, and likewise fell a victim to Puritan ravage. A few fragments of its walls survive, with an old chimney, and some bits of sculpture, housed in a modern conservatory.

The present deanery was built about forty-five years ago. But the voice of elder times speaks from the present chancery, in which the chancellors of the see have lived since the early fourteenth century. Although its great dining-hall was torn down soon after the year 1700, three arches of the original foundation remain, with an upper chapel, containing an ancient carved screen, and an adjoining room. And the red-brick front of the house, with a projecting oriel of stone, was built just before the beginning of the sixteenth century. In the modernized subdeanery one may see a late Gothic oriel window. More interesting, however, than these survivals of old-time magnificence, is the Vicar's Court, a beautiful large garden-like inclosure lying to the southward of the cathedral on the slope of the hill, east of the site of the palace. One of its sides is formed by a high wall, shutting it off from the street which separates it from the church, and the other three sides by domestic buildings. It was begun by Bishop Sutton, who died in 1299, and finished by Bishop Alnwick half a century later.

One house on the southern side, a fine example of late Decorated work, is very well preserved, while the others have been largely modernized, but not to the obliteration of all their picturesque details. And in a certain corner we can find bits of the crenelated wall which once entirely surrounded the cathedral close.

THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE CATHEDRAL.

Looking up from the Vicar's Court in summer, a mass of foliage conceals the greater part of the body of the cathedral; but the tall transept-fronts show clearly, and the long roof-lines, and above them the central tower, at just the right distance for the majesty of its form and the loveliness of its features to be equally apparent. This, I thought, is the most beautiful if not the most impressive view which one can get of the mighty church; and more impressive, while almost as beautiful, is the one that the last of our pictures shows, where, stand-

ing in the street further down the hill, we see all the towers and roof-lines, and a portion of the ornate walls as well.

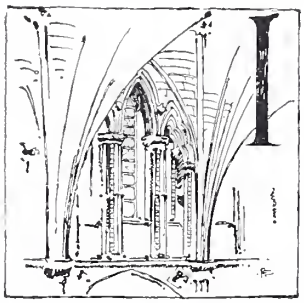
But with a cathedral that stands like Lincoln's, one does not need to select one's points of view. The difficulty would be to find a place above the horizon where it would lose its majestic air.

Thomas Fuller declares in his "Worthies" that the south side of Lincoln "meets the travellers thereunto twenty miles off, so that their eyes are there many hours before their feet." We count by minutes to-day where Fuller counted by hours, yet they must be dull eyes to which Lincoln does not speak with entrancing power as the railroad crosses the flat wolds toward the base of the roof-piled hill, and as this draws ever nearer and nearer, tremendously crowned but not crushed by its three-towered church, until the encircling river lies in the immediate foreground, and then at last the church shows paramount when the rail is left and the climbing, twisting streets are mounted.

Durham is Lincoln's only English rival in dignity of site; and though more beauty combines with majesty in the site of Durham, the scale is turned, perhaps, in Lincoln's favor by the greater intrinsic charm of its church. Durham Cathedral is grand, imposing, tremendous; but Lincoln is all this and very beautiful as well. No other English cathedral has so strong yet so graceful a sky-line, and no other so fine a group of spireless towers. Individually each tower may be equaled elsewhere, but together they are matchless. Not even the knowledge that they once bore spires hurts their air of perfect fitness to the church they finish and the site they crown. And even as regards this site we may feel that while the woods and the castle make Durham infinitely picturesque, Lincoln's loftier perch and closer union with the town give it the nobler air. But comparisons are futile. Durham stands superbly in front of its city; Lincoln stands superbly above its city; each is unrivaled in its own way, and there is no reason why we should try to decide which way is finer.

Chapter VIII

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. ETHELDREDA AND ST. PETER — ELY

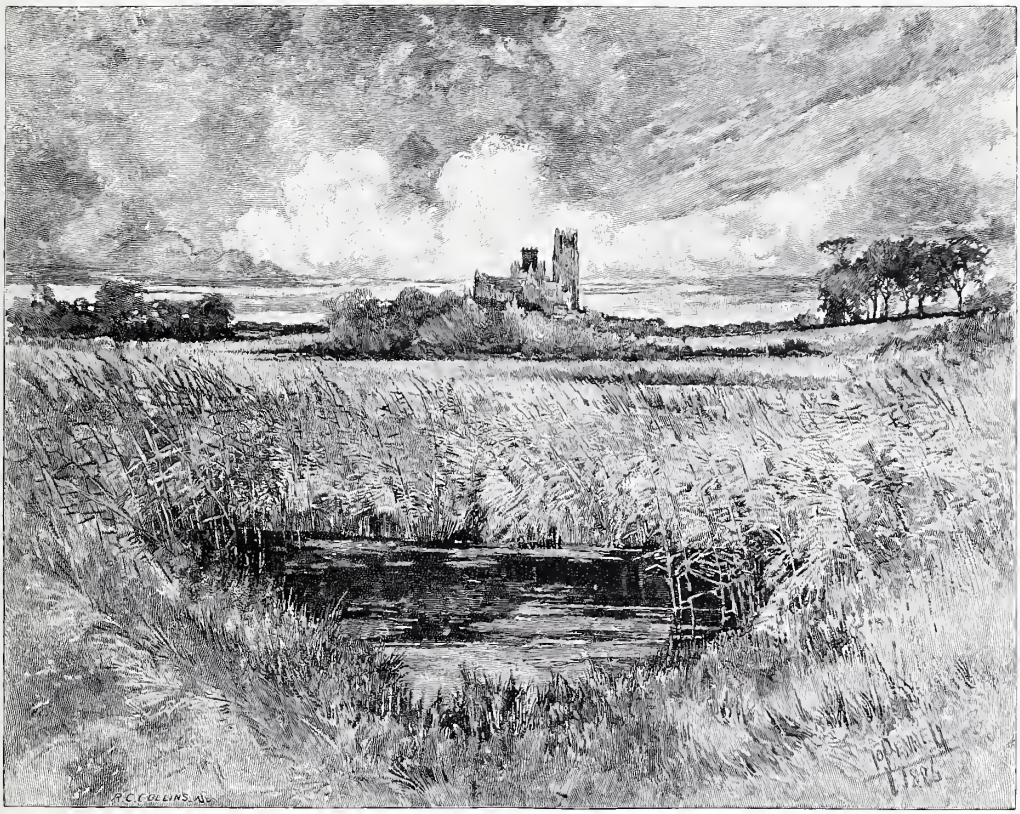


I HARDLY dare to say that the little town of Ely and its great cathedral church stand upon a hill, so certain is the word to convey too large an image. Nowhere but in this wide, low, and monotonous fen-country could it be applied to so slight and gradual a rise in the ground. Only the sea is broader, flatter, more uniform than the fen-lands — only the sea from whose inroads and saturations they were so slowly and painfully reclaimed. In elder days the ships of the Northman or the Norman could come up nearly to the base of the church, and the River Ouse was merely the largest of many waxing and waning streams which wound their sluggish tides through pools and bogs and marshes. Now most of the wide quagmires are cultivated fields, but the fen-country and the Isle of Ely are still names in current use, and the imagination can easily reconstruct a landscape where they were literally appropriate.

I

If the railway brings us northward from Cambridge, we follow almost the line of that old Roman Akeman Street which must have been a causeway rather than a road through a great part of its length. This approach to Ely is too direct for the cathedral to be seen until we have almost reached it. But if we come westward from Norwich, it looms up on the horizon as a great solitary ship looms up at sea. As we draw nearer it preserves its isolated clearness of outline, lifted visibly above the plain, yet so little lifted that its bulk seems all the greater from being very near the eye. As we leave the station by the Ouse and drive into the town, still the church appears to grow in size. It is

one of the largest and most imposing in England, while the town is quite the smallest that is dignified by the name of a cathedral city. The census gives Ely seven thousand inhabitants, but it seems a mystery where even so many as this can live. A short and narrow main street with three or four others opening out of it; a little market-place;

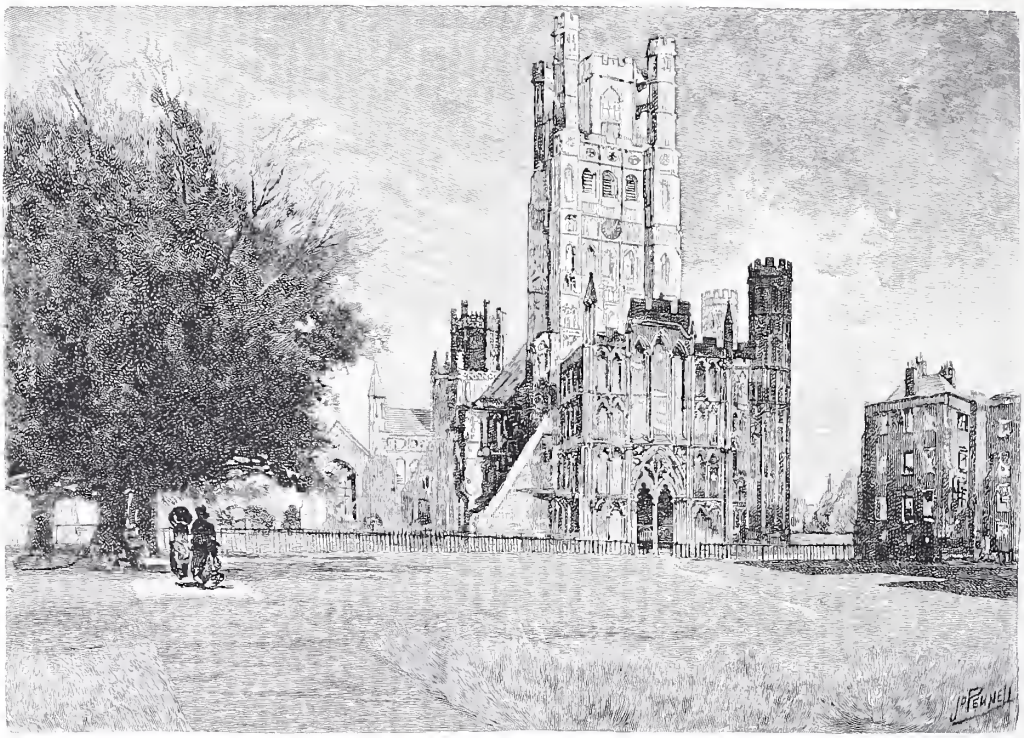


ACROSS THE FENS.

one mediæval church in addition to the cathedral; the usual ecclesiastical dwellings, and an adjacent grammar-school; a pretty, ancient group of almshouses; a few windmills; and then the limitless low plain with sparsely scattered modest suburban homes,— there is no more than this at Ely. All the houses are built of stone, but are low and simple, and few have any touch of that quaint picturesqueness for which we always hope in England. Nothing, indeed, could seem more un-English to the foreigner's fancy than the fen-country as a whole, with its flat dull-colored fields, its open monotonous highways, its lack of clustering trees and flowers and vines. At Ely only the cathedral

precincts match with the foreigner's idea of how an English scene should look.

But though it is so little and plain and gray, Ely is a neat, bright, cheerful place, with the most spotless inn that ever went by the spot-



THE WEST FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL AND THE BISHOP'S PALACE.

less name of "The Lamb." And we would not have it bigger or braver lest the church's look of supremacy should be impaired. Anything very fine is sure to seem the finest thing in all the world when we first behold it. Ignoring Lincoln and Durham, we decide when we first see Ely that this was the proper way to place a mighty church. We are glad that nature did not build a pedestal to support it, but, instead, entirely suppressed herself that there might be no scale by which to compute the immeasurable dignity of men's achievement. And we are glad that lesser men built so few lesser structures near these giant walls. The town of Ely is large enough to surround the church with an air of happy human companionship, and that is all we ask. This air is increased, moreover, by the unusually intimate way in which church and town are grouped. There is a wide-spread-

ing close on every side of the cathedral; but on the west side it is crossed by a street on which the main porch of the cathedral opens, as it so often does in continental towns. Across the street, however, the close stretches away in true English fashion as a wide triangular lawn, bordered by great trees and on one side by the bishop's palace, while to the south and east and north of the church greensward and foliage reign undisturbed.

Though the town of Ely has always been thus insignificant, its name has had a mighty sound in English history, and not merely as the name of those who chanced to sit in its cathedral chair. The chair itself was exceptionally powerful. No English see except Durham was granted a temporal authority as great as Ely's; and almost all its bishops, all through the Catholic centuries, were among the foremost of prelates and statesmen.

II

Such a region as the fen-country offered peculiar attractions to the founders of monasteries. Long before the invasion of the Danes it rivaled, in both the number and the sanctity of its "houses," even that far southwestern district where similar natural conditions favored the monastic life, and where Glastonbury's house was chief among so many. Thorney, Ramsey, Peterborough, Crowland, and Ely were only the wealthiest and most populous of the eastern monasteries. Ely was one of the first of them to be established, and one of the earliest to arrive at greatness, its founder being a saint of very wide renown. Etheldreda, a princess of the East-Anglian line, had from childhood a leaning toward the religious life, and so we are not surprised to find that her life with two successive husbands was a little stormy. The first gave her the Isle of Ely by way of dower. Hither, aided by many miracles, she finally succeeded in escaping from the second, King Egfrid of Northumbria; and here, in the year 673, she founded a home for ecclesiastics of both sexes, and was herself installed as abbess.

When, two centuries later, the Danish rovers arrived, the holy folk who dwelt beneath St. Etheldreda's roof were scattered and slain like the "merry monks of Croyland" and of Peterborough. A small body of secular clergy was soon installed in their stead, but the place had little importance for a hundred years. Then it was restored to greatness by the same hands which at the same time were restoring

Peterborough. Here also a large body of Benedictines was settled by Dunstan, and King Edgar's piety was lavishly expressed.

Ely now rapidly grew again in wealth and power until its abbots were thought worthy to alternate with those of Glastonbury and of St. Augustine's at Canterbury in holding the high office of Chancellors at court. Canute seems to have taken it under his special protection, and modern children still learn the verse he improvised when he heard the monkish chanting from his boat upon the Ouse.[1] Most of the tales which profess to explain the tragic fate of his stepson, Alfred, point to Ely as the place of the boy's confinement, blinding, death, and burial. On the altar of Ely Edward the Confessor was presented as an infant, and within its walls he spent some of his childish years.

When the land was torn by insurrections against the Conqueror's new-gained power, Ely became conspicuous in a military way. From 1066 to 1071 the Isle was the best stronghold of the English, being so easy to defend and so difficult to approach through its treacherous watery surroundings. Here was that famous Camp of Refuge which, under the rule of Hereward and of Abbot Thurston, made a last long desperate resistance to the Norman. Only William's advent in person brought about its capture in 1071; and only when it was captured was his hold upon his new realm so well secured that he could venture upon a visit to his old realm across the straits. Most of the defenders of the Camp were taken and executed. But Thurston made his peace with William, and Hereward seems to have escaped. There are numerous vague and contradictory tales about his after career, but he vanished out of even half-authentic history at the taking of the Isle of Ely.

The monastery itself was not disturbed by William, and ten years later Simeon, its Norman abbot, began the construction of a new and larger abbey-church.

The site of this new church — which gradually grew into the building of to-day — was chosen a little to the eastward of the Old English structure. We do not know how much actual work was done

[1] This, I believe, is the earliest extant version of Canute's words, written down some two centuries later than his day:

"Merie sungen the Muneches binnen Ely
Tha Cnut ching rew ther by.
Rowe ye cnites noer the lant,
And here we thes Muneches sæng."

by Simeon. But choir and transept and central tower were complete in the time of his successor Richard, who, in 1106, removed the bodies of St. Etheldreda and of three other canonized abbesses, her relatives, from the old church to the new. At about the same time, in the reign of Henry I., the bishopric of Ely was created and the abbey-church became a cathedral.

In later Norman days the nave was built. As the Norman style was passing into the Early English the western end was constructed

THE OUSE.

with a single great tower in the centre of the façade, and spreading transept-wings and turrets. When the Early English style was in its full development a Galilee-porch was built out in front of the west door, and the east limb was pulled down and greatly enlarged. About a hundred years later, in 1322, the central tower fell, carrying with it the three adjacent bays of this new choir. Reconstruction was begun in the same year (the Decorated style being now in use), and

was finished soon after the middle of the century, by which time a wholly new Lady-chapel had also been completed. A large chantry was built into the eastern end of one choir-aisle in 1500, and another into the corresponding end of the opposite aisle in 1550. Both of these, of course, are in the Perpendicular style, and the second is in its latest phase where Renaissance details are intermixed with Gothic. All the periods of mediæval architecture may thus be studied somewhere in Ely's mighty frame; and its major parts are so diversely dated that, in a series of cathedrals where only Salisbury can be called a homogeneous structure, Ely stands out as the most varied of any. Yet, as its Perpendicular features are inconspicuous and its Early English and Decorated portions are the most interesting, it seems naturally to claim our notice as soon as Lincoln has been described.

III

The Galilee-porch is forty-three feet in depth. With its rich outer and inner portals, its capitals carved with delicate curling leafage, its side arcades in doubled rows of trefoiled arches, and the profuse dog-tooth enrichment of its mouldings, it is one of the loveliest things that were ever built, and one of the most English in its loveliness. Yet less than a century ago an Englishman who was pleased to call himself an architect and a restorer advised its destruction, together with that of the western transept, saying that they were things "neither useful nor ornamental and not worth preserving."

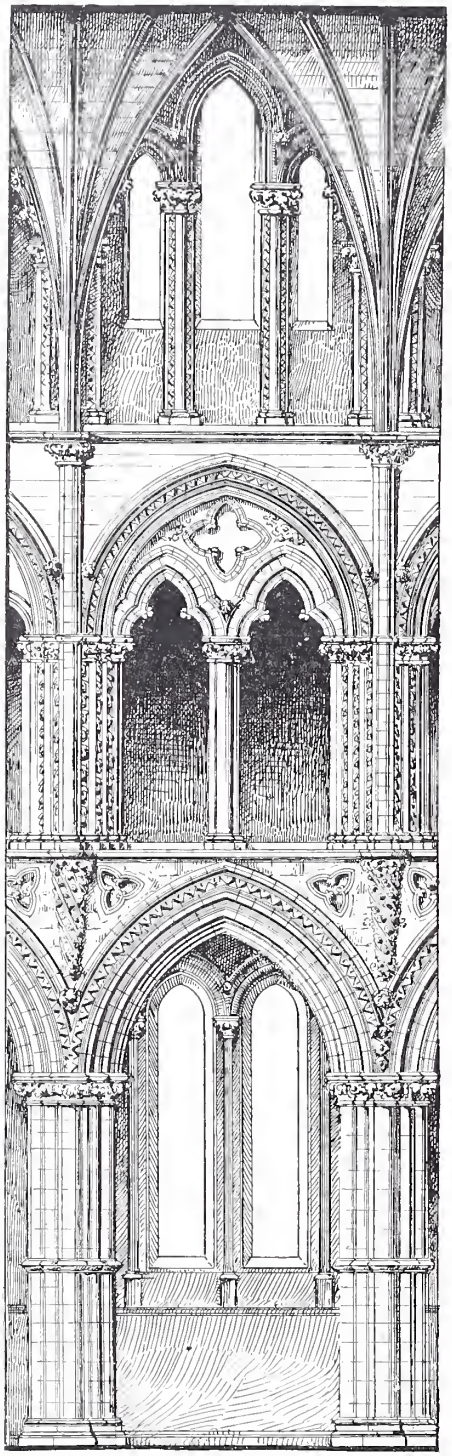
When we have passed the inner doorway of this porch, we find ourselves in another vestibule, beneath the western tower. Double tiers of richly arcaded galleries run around it, and to the south the transept stretches out with a chapel in its easterly face. The northern arm of the transept is gone, as our view of the west front shows. There is no record to tell when or why it perished; but it cannot have stood more than a hundred and fifty years at longest, for there are signs which prove that its reconstruction was attempted in the Decorated period.

All the work in this western end is very rich—Transitional below, pure Early English above, the one style passing into the other very naturally, and pointed arches succeeding semicircles without a hint of discord.

There could not be a better place than this to recall an important fact already learned elsewhere. No piece of work in England more clearly shows that, distinct as full-grown architectural styles may seem,

they were united by periods of transition whose results cannot really be accredited to either the dying or the nascent manner. Sometimes the constructional scheme is in advance of the decorative scheme, while sometimes treatment is in advance of conception, and sometimes they feel their way hand in hand. But in all cases each change in style progresses by gradual, tentative steps. Looking back, it may seem to us as though these steps were inevitable, and so in a sense they were; for there is an innate potency in every vital form of architectural art which leads men on to experiment with its elements and develop its possibilities until, this potency exhausted, the art dies a natural death and is replaced by some other way of building. But as each tentative step was taken, it must have seemed very bold and uncalled for to the eyes of simple spectators; and even those who were taking it can have had no prophetic knowledge of whither it eventually would lead. Doubtless, as each innovation was established, the innovators thought that now, at last, architectural development was complete, architectural perfection was attained. Doubtless the man who built the west front at Ely felt that he was building as all men would have to build so long as great church-fronts were wanted. Could we bring him back to earth to-day, the later manifestations of the Pointed manner would surprise him as much as they would surprise a resuscitated Norman architect who had worked in utter ignorance of the value of the pointed arch.

Through the great inner portal of this vestibule — lowered and widened by Perpendicular alterations — we see the long perspective of the Norman nave. Again, as at Peterborough, we are struck by the contrast between its huge severity and the graceful richness of the Transitional work which we are leaving behind us. Here, indeed, the contrast is even greater; for the vestibule is still richer than the one at Peterborough, and the nave is still simpler. It is a little less heavy and stern in effect, owing to the slenderer proportions of the triforium, but it shows even less embellishment. The capitals are boldly fluted, and a single line of hatched ornament defines the triforium string-course. But this is all; there is not even a zigzag on the big round mouldings of the arches. It is not quite so fine a nave as Peterborough's. It has the same grandeur, solemnity, and repose, but the open character of the triforium makes it seem a little empty; it is less admirable in the proportioning of its solids to its voids; and somehow the effect of tunnel-like extension is even more striking than in the sister church.



SCHEME OF THE PRESBYTERY AND RETROCHOIR.

The main transept — all that is left of the first two abbots' work — has an aisle on either side, and resembles the nave in design; but arcaded galleries running along each of its ends give these portions a richer aspect.

Next in order we should look, not at the Decorated work in the crossing and in the three contiguous bays of the choir, but at the more easterly bays and the east end of the church. These parts, forming the presbytery and retrochoir, were not injured by the falling of the tower in 1322, and they display the Early English style in its fullest and richest development. The scheme of design is the same as at Salisbury; but the proportioning of parts is much better, and sculptured decoration, wholly wanting at Salisbury, is lavishly but very intelligently applied. The bays are narrower than at Salisbury or Lincoln, and, in consequence, the height of the ceiling being about the same, all the arches are more sharply pointed and much more graceful, and the general effect is at once more harmonious and more aspiring. The long rich cones which form the corbels are inserted between the pier-arches and connected with the triforium string-course, while the bases of the vaulting-shafts which rest upon them are also thus connected; and the capitals of these shafts, bearing the vaulting-ribs, are united with

the clearstory string-course; and thus the effect is as thoroughly constructional as could be compassed where vaulting-shafts do not actually descend to the floor. The capitals are among the finest of their type; and the leafy patterns in the recesses between the grouped shafts of triforium and clearstory, the rows of the dog-tooth in the hollows of the arch-mouldings, the trefoils and cusps of the small triforium-arches, the sunk quatrefoils and lovely bosses of foliage in the tympana above them, and the trefoils in the lower spandrels — all these decorations are as exquisite in themselves as conducive to the general beauty of the work. Not another item of ornament could be added, yet there is not an item too much, and each assists the true architectural significance of the feature which it adorns. It is here, rather than to Salisbury or even to either of the Early English portions of Lincoln, that one should look if he would see the full meaning, the full charm of the Lancet-Pointed style. If he puts French Gothic ideals out of mind, and accepts the English Gothic ideal as something quite distinct in aim and feeling, he can admire this part of Ely almost as heartily as those chapels, porches, and chapter-houses where, more often than in the body of a great church, English architecture achieved its very best. To me this seemed the most perfect piece of Early English work that I saw in the body of any cathedral, and I thought it hardly equaled in charm and true excellence by any corresponding work in any other style.

At Salisbury, as we know, the east end of the choir shows three superimposed ranges of lancets, the upper two treated as windows, and the other admitting the eye to the low-roofed Lady-chapel beyond. But at Ely, where the Lady-chapel was placed elsewhere, there are only two ranges of lancets, and both are composed of windows. Below, three very tall windows rise to an equal height, with sunken quatrefoils in the spandrels between their heads; and above are five narrower lights decreasing in size, beneath the curve of the vaulting, from the centre toward the sides of the group. Here, as in the clearstory which we have just examined, there is an outer and an inner wall, the lancets in the former being the true windows, and those in the latter composing an unglazed arcade. But neither here nor in the clearstory do the two groups correspond as regards their lateral members. In the east end there was room enough outside to develop the five apertures symmetrically; but inside, the shaft next the vault on either hand is unduly shortened by its impingement, and the side of the lancet-head is correspondingly lengthened, and is broken into

successive curves to fit it into its place. The expedient is shown in the drawing of the lateral walls on p. 196, as well as in the cut of a portion of one of the clearstory bays which forms the initial to this chapter; but its effect is much more striking in the east end, owing to the larger scale of the work. At the first glance we are tempted to applaud the spirit of men who could so frankly confess that they had met with a difficulty; but our mood changes when we remember that they made the difficulty for themselves. Of course, it would not be easy for us to say how, with these features and these proportions, they could have designed to better advantage; but we may confess that we are not artists, and yet venture to criticize the work of those who were; and when we see how often lancet-groups are treated in this manner in England, we feel that Englishmen were indeed not deeply enamored of constructional perfection. In France such a makeshift for true harmony between feature and feature would hardly have been tolerated when Gothic art was half a century old.

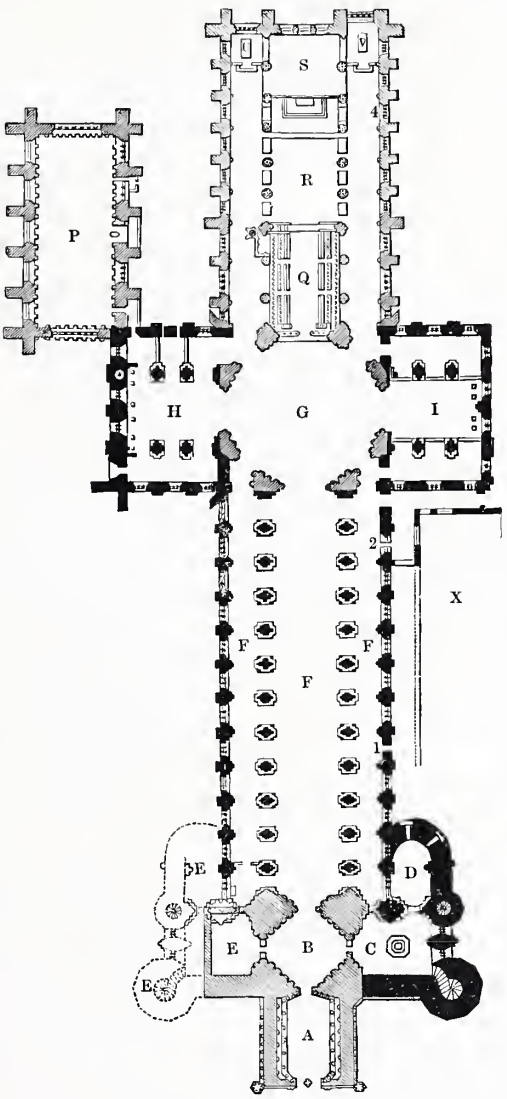
IV

Next in chronological sequence comes the lantern which, with the support prepared to bear it, forms the great feature of Ely.

When the tower fell in 1322, the Early English style had long been dead, and the Decorated style was in its second phase: geometrical had given place to flowing patterns in the traceries of the windows which now filled almost the whole space once occupied by walls, and of course in all minor analogous features. John Hotham was then bishop at Ely, John of Crawden was the prior of the convent, and its subprior, and afterward its sacrist, was one Alan of Walsingham. Reconstruction was immediately begun, a large part of the cost being borne by the convent, and the bishop, who died in 1337, bequeathing great sums to complete it. But to-day we scarcely think of bishop or prior, or of the devoted monks as a body, for Alan of Walsingham was their architect, and to him belongs the credit for the freshest and finest architectural idea that ever took shape on English soil. Here, as in the portico of Peterborough, no precedent was followed; but at Peterborough we cannot heartily praise the novel conception and we are not sure that it was an Englishman's, while at Ely the conception is as noble as it is indisputably English.

A glance at our ground-plan will show its character. Walsingham did not rebuild in their original places the four great angle-piers which

had sustained the tower, and connect them again by four great arches parallel with the main walls of the church and only as wide as its central alleys. He swept away the remains of the old piers, and built eight angle-piers instead of four; and for this purpose he altered and strengthened the last piers of the arcades which, in each of the arms of the church, separated the central alley from its aisles. Fortunately, the transept at Ely was two-aisled like nave and choir; for, of course, had it been one-aisled, as was frequent in Norman cathedrals, only an unsymmetrical hexagon could have resulted from Walsingham's idea. The space he actually created was a symmetrical octagon which, taking in the whole breadth of the building, contained an area three times as large as that of the old rectangular crossing. Eight arches were built between the eight piers, four very wide ones opening into the main alleys of nave, choir, and transept-arms, and four others, much narrower, opening diagonally into their aisles. The former rise higher than the vaulted ceilings beyond them, and their heads, between the vaulting and the outer roofs, are filled with traceries. The intermediate arches are only as tall as the aisles; but over each



PLAN OF ELY CATHEDRAL.[1]

FROM MURRAY'S "HANDBOOK TO THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND."

A, Galilee-porch. B, Vestibule under western tower. C, South-west transept-arm. D, Chapel. E, E, Northwest transept-arm and chapel (destroyed). F, F, F, Nave and aisles. G, Octagon. H, I, Main transept. P, Lady-chapel. Q, Choir of the singers. R, Presbytery. S, Retrochoir. U, Bishop Alcock's chantry. V, Bishop West's chantry. X, Remains of cloister, with monks' and prior's doors at 1 and 2. 4, Bishop de Luda's tomb.

[1] The external length of Ely is 565 feet and the internal length 517, while the transept measures 178 feet 6 inches. The Lady-chapel is 100 feet long inside, 46 feet wide, and 60 feet high.

of them rises, first, a solid piece of wall adorned by an arcade of niches, and then a great traceried window, standing free above the aisle-roofs, carried to the same height as the great arches, and filled with glazed traceries to correspond with their unglazed ones. And from the eight walls thus brought to equal height there curves an octagonal vault bearing aloft, above the centre of the crossing, an octagonal lantern formed of wide traceried windows.

There can be no question that this is the most appropriate and beautiful crossing in England. The usual narrow square lantern, opening its well-like form only above the junction of the central alleys, seems to have little relationship to the arms of the church, and does not add greatly to dignity of general effect, as one must come pretty

THE LANTERN, FROM THE NORTHEAST.

near it before its existence is realized. In France it was altogether abandoned as soon as Gothic art was fairly on the road to full development. But the unbroken sweep of ceilings, which is so impressive in tall French churches, would have a crushing effect in low English ones; and in widening out his crossing Alan of Walsingham found the best way to treat the centre of a very large but low interior.

The boldness of his device is appreciated when we find that his work is often called "the only true Gothic dome in existence," and that it

deserves the words if we count as true domes only those which bear central lanterns. But polygonal vaulted Gothic ceilings exist elsewhere, although in inconsiderable numbers. There is one, for instance, in the chapter-house at York; it was built before Walsingham's dome; and even if he had seen only those English chapter-houses where the vault is sustained by a central pier, we can easily imagine where he got part of his inspiration. But his own brain must have conceived the addition of the lantern as well as the great fundamental idea of setting octagon and lantern above the centre of a mighty church. A man who could design like this was a great architect in the truest sense of the term — not merely a remarkable artist like the unknown predecessor who built the Peterborough porch. But his work is not as fine in execution as in conception, as it would have been under the hand of an architect trained in the best possible school of Gothic design. He did not follow the usual English fashion and let his vaulting-shafts rest upon corbels; but the cluster of three shafts which starts from the floor in each of the eight corners is quite independent of the great pier near which it stands; where it passes into a cluster of five shafts the junction is not confessed and accented as a valuable constructional feature, but is masked by a rich canopied niche; and from this fivefold cluster springs a group of thirteen vaulting-ribs. The field of wall which, in each of the diagonal sides, is left between the arch below and the window above, seems much too massive and plain in a structure where all the other portions are very light and open, and the arch itself is isolated from all neighboring features. Moreover, the elaborate vault, like the lantern which it supports, is built of wood in imitation of lithic forms.[1]

Puritan hands played havoc with this admirable work of art, and modern hands have not been very skilful in restoring it. The statues which fill the old niches are fairly good, but the glass in the windows is bad, and the vault is painted in a gaudy pattern with much magenta and vivid green. But even thus we can appreciate, of course, the grandeur, beauty, and good sense of the architectural conception, and can give Walsingham the place that he deserves — perhaps, if originality is weighed together with skill, at the very head of English mediæval architects.

Why, we may wonder, did not Alan's octagon find imitators? Why

[1] So, too, is the domed ceiling of the chapter-house at York. But Gothic ceilings of this sort could be built with stone. There is, for instance, a large one in Portugal, and there is a very beautiful one at Prague with a clear sweep from wall to wall of seventy-five feet, — a diameter somewhat exceeding that of Walsingham's octagon.

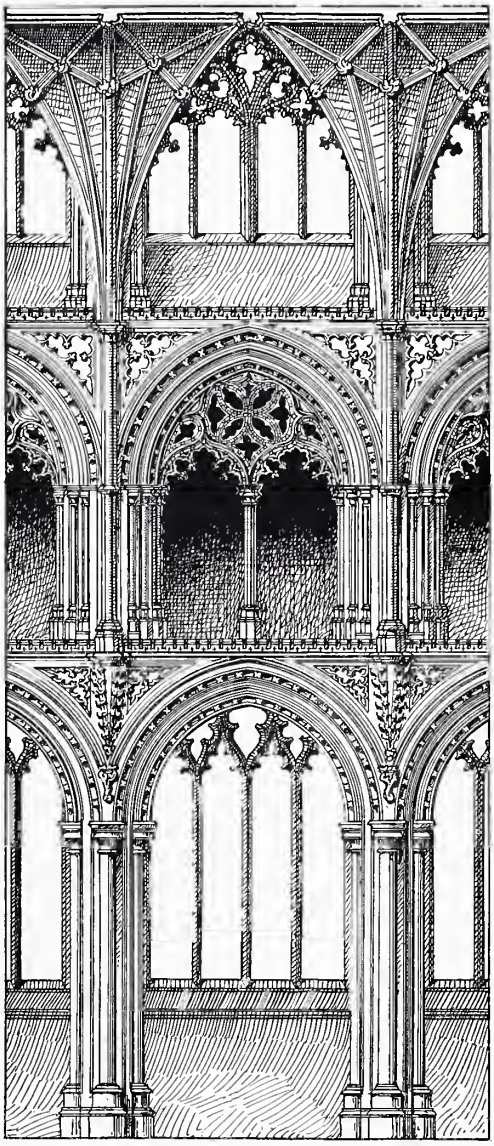
was no other English church built with a crossing like Ely's until after the death of Gothic art, when, in St. Paul's of London, Sir Christopher Wren executed a similar idea in a very different fashion? Walsingham was born too late. No great church was founded in England after the middle of the fourteenth century; and though many were altered, no old towers fell to give new men a chance to rebuild them in a novel way. Such a scheme as Alan's could not have been conceived in the Norman period; it is too thoroughly Gothic in aim and feeling. But had he lived in the Early English period, we can easily believe that others would have followed in his footsteps; for, quite apart from its beauty, his device has practical value as widening out the space where, after the singers' choir had been pushed back from under the tower, the congregation naturally crowded closest to hear the choral service performed beyond the screen.

V

The octagon was begun in 1322 and finished in 1342, and it cost a sum about equal to £60,000 at the present value of money. As soon as it was complete the three ruined choir-bays adjoining it were rebuilt. They are also in the Decorated style, but in feature and treatment are so unlike Walsingham's work that we can hardly attribute them to him, though he was still alive and high in honor in the convent.

These bays are often cited as the most perfect and splendid example of Decorated Gothic in all England. They are, indeed, very splendid, and are wonderfully perfect in the execution of their details. But, as I have said in describing Lincoln Cathedral, they are behind their time in constructional idea, keeping, in triforium and clearstory, the old scheme inherited from the Normans, while at Lichfield, at York, and elsewhere, a more thoroughly Gothic scheme was being evolved. And the novel treatment of this old scheme hardly reconciles us to its retention, although it is very interesting as an attempt to secure an increase of lightness and delicacy. Only the columnar shape of the mullion which divides the lower untraceried part of each triforium-aperture records the genesis of this aperture as descended from coupled lights included under a larger arch. The window in the external wall of the clearstory now fills the whole space with its elaborate traceries, and there is no inner arcade; but the wall is still a double wall, and the memory of the arcade is preserved by the lace-like border of cusping around the inner aperture.

The open character of this clearstory, the lightness of the immense triforium, and the delicacy of its flowing tracery-lines give these bays a very fragile look, lacking in dignity, decision, and repose; they are very charming, but they are pretty rather than beautiful. The traceries, wrought in white stone, may suggest spun sugar to an irreverent eye; they show that, now the love for traceries had grown so strong, it was well that the old triforium-scheme should be given up, for such a design insistently calls for a filling of strong-hued glass to give it substance and meaning. In most portions of the work ornament is too lavishly applied, but none of the capitals are carved except with those successive mouldings which are æsthetically tolerable only where the work as a whole is severely plain; and such a distribution of ornament certainly has not the right constructional emphasis. In short, it is much easier to comprehend why uncritical eyes are always delighted by this part of Ely than why professed students of architecture should sometimes have praised it without reserve.



SCHEME OF THE CHOIR.

All parts of the eastern limb and all the aisles of the church are vaulted with stone; but the crossing, as we know, is vaulted with wood, and there are no vaults at all in the central alleys of nave and transept. Originally the nave had a flat boarded ceiling, and was covered by a low-pitched roof of truncated shape. But when Alan of Walsingham's great pointed arch was built across its extremity, the

roof was raised and was left open to the church. No ceiling was constructed until, some thirty-five years ago, Alan's vault and lantern had received their modern adornment. Then, to bring the nave into harmony, the present ceiling of boards was constructed, and was colored, fortunately, in a more agreeable fashion than the central vault. The transept still has an open timber roof.

When the present pavement of the choir was laid, interesting remains of the Norman choir were found beneath the soil. These show that Abbot Simeon began to build an apse of the usual Norman semicircular shape, and that his successor Richard built, instead, a flat east end to receive the shrines of the four canonized abbesses. The great shafts which were to have marked the beginning of the apse, and which were commenced by Simeon and finished by Richard, still remain, although surmounted by Early English capitals; and they now mark the division between the Early English and the Decorated portions of the choir.

The general effect of this interior is better than that of others where the western and eastern limbs are as diverse in style; for the wide reach of the octagon prevents close comparisons, and thus, by separating, seems really to harmonize the different portions. Moreover, if we stand in the crossing and gaze east, west, north, and south, we see that, in spite of all differences in style, there is a general concord in the main constructional features. From end to end of the church the string-courses run at the same level,—the height of the three stories everywhere corresponds. Doubtless it was the desire to preserve this correspondence which led the builder of the latest part—the Decorated portion of the choir—to retain the old type of triforium and clearstory rather than fall in with newer methods of design. From the modern point of view he was entirely commendable; unity seems to us the most precious quality that a building can have. But in mediæval days, when each generation cherished a form of art which it really believed superior to any that had gone before, and when almost every man worked in accord with his generation, unity was much less highly esteemed. Every man wanted first of all to build his best; and the best seemed to him to be expressed in the work of his contemporaries. When he did not build like them he went ahead, exploring new paths. He seldom turned back like this architect at Ely. And even this architect could not turn altogether back. He could adopt the old general scheme; but he had to execute it in the Decorated style, and he could not even cling to the precedents af-

forded by the earlier phase of this style. It would have been as impossible for him to imitate, in the flowing period of Decorated Gothic, a design like that of the Angel Choir at Lincoln, built in its geometrical period, as to reconstruct the ruined Early English bays in their original shape.

The Lady-chapel was begun in 1321, a year before the octagon, and is also believed to be a work of Walsingham's. As at Canterbury, the Virgin was deprived of her usual place at the east end of the cathedral by the presence of a local saint of exceptional renown. At Canterbury St. Thomas reigned in the church, and at Ely St. Etheldreda; and the Lady-chapel at Ely, like the one at Canterbury, was built out to the eastward from the northern transept-arm.

It is a beautiful rectangular room, 100 feet in length, with five windows in each of its sides and a single great window in either end. The east window, which, like the walls and the smaller windows, was completed by 1349, shows in its traceries the near approach of the Perpendicular style; and this is still more apparent in the west window, which was not inserted until 1374. But everything else shows a pure form of flowing Decorated, and the details are incomparably rich; or, to speak more truly, they were before the Puritans laid hands upon them. All along the walls beneath the windows run elaborate arcades with little canopied niches, and between the windows are similar niches of the most intricate loveliness. The reredos which stretches across below the east window was once connected with it by a broad raised platform; and on this platform, relieved against the splendor of the glass, probably stood that great figure of the Virgin which is often mentioned in the monastery records. A myriad little statues then filled all the niches, and the pure-white stone was covered with beautiful painted patterns in green and red and blue. But this stone is extremely soft,—almost as soft as chalk,—and so it yielded easily to Protestant axe and hammer. Not one of the tiny statues remains, the dainty mouldings and carven foliage which enshrined them are grievously injured, and only a few fragments of the painted decoration can be traced.

VI

Great names very soon begin to appear on the list of Ely's bishops. The second holder of the title, Nigel, who was appointed in 1133, had been Treasurer to Henry I., and like his uncle Roger, the famous Bishop of Salisbury, was a prominent actor in the wars of King Ste-

phen's reign. Personally extravagant and politically ambitious, he robbed his see with the boldest hand, even stripping the shrine of St. Etheldreda of its silver covering. At first for Stephen and then for Matilda, he was besieged at Devizes, and would again have stood a siege in Ely itself had not Stephen surprised the Isle before its defenses were complete. But when the troubles were over he made his peace with Stephen, and after the accession of Henry II. he became one of the Barons of the Exchequer. The castle which he built at Ely has wholly disappeared. Next to him came Geoffrey Ridel, who was also a Baron of the Exchequer, and a prominent statesman, and so strong a supporter of the king against the archbishop that after Becket's murder he was forced to clear himself under oath from charges of complicity. But at Ely one forgets his worldly deeds, remembering him as the constructor of the west front of the church.

Then came William Longchamp, Chancellor and Grand Justiciary of Richard I. During his life the temporal power of Ely rose to its highest point, for when the king went a-crusading, the Bishops of Ely and of Durham were severally intrusted with the rule of the kingdom north and south of the Trent. But even half a loaf of supreme authority was not enough for Longchamp, who arrested his colleague, and, "assuming the utmost pomp and state, treated the kingdom as if it were his own, bestowing all places in Church and State on his relations and dependants." Prince John resisting him, he shut himself up in the Tower of London, but was forced to flee, was captured at Dover, and exiled to Normandy. Forgiven by Richard on his return, he was Chancellor again until he died.

The next Bishop of Ely, Eustace, was the next Chancellor too. His chief merit was the stand he took for national freedom, opposing King John and being one of the three bishops who published the interdict of the Pope. Yet the merit of building the Galilee at Ely adds a further lustre to his name. Three bishops followed Eustace who were not quite so prominent, and then in 1229 came Hugh of Northwold, who went as ambassador on various royal missions, and sumptuously entertained royal guests when he had brought the Early English choir of his cathedral to completion and was once more translating the bodies of the sainted abbesses; as a reward for all of which, one supposes, he was buried at St. Etheldreda's feet. William of Kilkenny followed—another Chancellor—and then Hugh of Balsham, who in 1280 founded the first college at Cambridge, and dedicated it to St. Peter. Then came John of Kirkby, Treasurer of the realm, and so little of an

ecclesiastic that he stepped from deacon's to priest's orders only after his appointment to the see and only the day before his consecration. His successor was William de Luda, "a lordly man and eminent in the sciences," one of the commissioners who settled the peace with France for Edward I., and the chief mediator between the clergy and this king. The tomb in which De Luda was buried is one of the most magnificent in Ely. In 1316 came that Bishop Hotham whose name I have already

ELY, FROM THE SOUTH.

cited. Even his great architectural labors must have seemed unimportant to his contemporaries compared with the greater public labors which filled his life. He was first Treasurer and then Lord Chancellor. He took the field against Robert Bruce, and narrowly escaped capture at Mytton-upon-Swale. He arranged the subsequent truce with Scotland, and then was sent to settle the affairs of Gascony. And the Great Seal was again confided to him after the abdication of Edward II. This, one might think, was work enough for any man. Yet Ely

never had a more devoted incumbent than Hotham. He not only caused the building of the octagon and the Lady-chapel, and left much money in his will for the restoration of the choir, but also secured legislation which vastly profited the revenues of the church, and purchased for it great tracts of land adjoining that manor of Holborn which one of his predecessors had given to the see—great tracts now lying in the very heart of London. He too was buried in a splendid tomb which still stands in the cathedral.

One of the richest and most powerful of English sees, Ely was naturally one of those with whose affairs the popes were most constantly interfering. Often we read of some papal *protégé* made bishop in opposition to local wishes; and though as a rule no issues seem deader to-day than these (except, of course, as illustrating that great conflict with Rome upon which so much of England's history hinges), one such act of papal interference still excites a living interest, a poignant if a simply sentimental regret. This was the act which excluded from Ely's *cathedra* Alan of Walsingham, whom the monks had previously elected prior and whom they now desired for bishop. Bishop De Lisle sat in his stead, and we reap consolation when we read that he proved "a haughty and magnificent prelate, little in favor either with his convent or with the king," and that he had a vexed career and died at Avignon, whither he had fled to the shelter of the papal wing.

After him came Simon Langham and John Barnet, each in his turn Treasurer of England. During Barnet's time the king restored and restocked certain manors belonging to the see which had been denuded by De Lisle and by the king himself. The wealth possessed by such establishments is shown by the list of these manors, which, too, were only the chief among others: the palace at Ely; Ely House in Holborn; Bishop's Hatfield and Hadham in Hertfordshire; Balsham and Ditton in Cambridgeshire; Somersham in Huntingdonshire; Downham, Wisbech Castle, and Doddington in the Isle of Ely. And the nature of the average incumbent of the time is as clearly illustrated by the fact that every subsequent bishop, on the day of his enthronization, was obliged to take oath beneath the west door of the cathedral that he would transmit unimpaired to his successors the wealth now given him in charge.

Bishop Arundel was Lord Chancellor and rebuilt the palace in Holborn. Bishop Fordham was Lord Treasurer under Richard II., and is the *Ely* who sings second to the *Archbishop of Canterbury* in the opening scenes of Shakspere's "Henry V." Then came Bishop Mor-

gan, still another statesman, and then Louis de Luxembourg, who had been Archbishop of Rouen and a faithful friend of the English in France. Next to him in the line stands Thomas Bourchier, and next but one to Bourchier stands John Morton. Both of these are actors in the scenes of "Richard III."—Morton as actual Bishop of Ely, and Bourchier as then promoted to be Primate of All England. Morton was a very skilful engineer, and one of the first systematically to attempt the draining of the great north fens. He cut a canal forty miles in length from near Peterborough to the sea, and built a big brick tower, on top of which he often sat to superintend the work. The canal is still called Morton's Seam. Yet so much stronger is the voice of poesy than the voices of history and topography combined, that most of us know Morton only as "My Lord of Ely" whom Shakspere's *Richard* asks for "good strawberries" from his Holborn garden.

This man of science was succeeded by a man of art,—John Alcock. Very often the ecclesiastic who was the reputed builder of great works really deserved no higher title than their architect's paymaster or employer. But Alcock seems to have been himself an architect. He was Controller of the Royal Works and Buildings under Henry VII., and we shall see on another page how much he did at Ely.

It is hard to omit any name from this long list of bishops, so incessantly do interesting names appear. In 1515, for example, was appointed Nicholas West, who had been a famous lawyer and a frequent ambassador; who had gone with Henry VIII. to the Camp of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and who afterward braved his master and took a bold stand for Catherine of Aragon; who, although a baker's son, was the most sumptuous prelate of his day, having more than one hundred servants, and the most charitable, feeding two hundred paupers daily at his gates; and who is appropriately enshrined in that lovely chapel at Ely which speaks the last word of English Gothic art.

Then there was Bishop Goodrich, who was also a great legal authority and had sided with Henry against his queen; who supported the Reformation and destroyed the shrines of those holy Ely women whom so many of his predecessors had delighted to honor; who helped to revise the translation of the Bible and helped to rule the kingdom as Chancellor for the young king Edward. And then there was Bishop Thirlby, who was appointed by Queen Mary, and who went as her ambassador to Rome to swear anew England's allegiance to

CATHEDRAL AND SPIRE OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, FROM THE SOUTHWEST.

the pope. He performed the ceremony of degradation over Archbishop Cranmer, but was man enough to weep as he did it; and he was man enough, also, to submit to ten years' confinement at Lambeth rather than take the oath of ecclesiastical submission to Elizabeth.

Next to Thirlby came Richard Cox, who helped to draw up the Thirty-nine Articles, and who long and valiantly resisted the queen's encroachments upon the Church—especially as they threatened his own rich manor of Holborn. It was to Cox and with reference to this manor that the queen wrote the famous letter:

> PROUD PRELATE,— You know what you were before I made you what you are; if you do not immediately comply with my request, by God I will unfrock you.— ELIZABETH.

Eighty years later than Cox, in 1638, Matthew Wren was installed at Ely, "an excellent hater of Puritans," a loyal supporter of Laud, a "man of sour, severe nature," a stern ecclesiastical disciplinarian, and an occupant for eighteen years of the Tower of London,—chiefly

individualized to us as that uncle of Sir Christopher Wren whose merits and woes are sympathetically referred to in the "Parentalia."

While Wren sat in the Tower — between the two terms when he sat at Ely — the power of the Commonwealth rose and fell. At Ely it did not work quite as much havoc as it worked elsewhere; but this is not to say that it worked little. Ely was the scene of that incident which Carlyle relates with such gusto. It was the Rev. Mr. Hitch of Ely to whom Cromwell unavailingly wrote that he should "forbear altogether the choir-service, so unedifying and offensive, lest the soldiers should in any tumultuary or disorderly way attempt the reformation of the cathedral church." It was under the octagon of Ely that Cromwell therefore appeared in person, "with a rabble at his heels, and his hat on," to shout "'leave off your fooling and come down, Sir,' . . . in a voice . . . which Mr. Hitch did now instantaneously give ear to."

Since the Reformation there have been many good men and true in the chair of Ely — scholars, theologians, preachers, and patrons of learning; men doubtless much better as regards the heart, which no man seeth, than most of their mighty forerunners. But those deeds of theirs which man can see have not had enough significance, either politically or architecturally, for their names to be cited here. The great days of prelatical influence and the great days of constructional art saw their suns set together.

On the other hand, the mighty men whose names we have just read have not had a tithe of their varied distinctions told. The duties which they had performed, the honors which they had reaped, before they became bishops at Ely, have barely been referred to; and their after careers have scarcely in a single case been suggested. Many of them were bishops of other sees before or after their appointment to Ely. Several of them were cardinals of Rome. Some of them were distinguished in literature as well as in worldly affairs, in science and in art. And death hardly removed more of them than promotion; there was no more prolific nursery of archbishops than the Isle of Ely.

Naturally, even a Bishop of Ely, if a weak man or a dull man, was not loaded with secular dignities and bidden to control the destinies of England. But the power of Ely is illustrated by the infrequent association of insignificant names with her own. If her chair was not the sole source of her prelates' fame, it was one of England's chief rewards for fame, and one of the surest stepping-stones to still higher eminence. The assistance given was mutual, of course: Ely helped

her bishops on in life, and they helped her on by still further exalting her name and extending her influence, and by constantly bequeathing to her the riches which they had gained in the outer world.

Let us go back now to the cathedral for a moment, and see what remains within it to bear witness to these prelates' grandeur.

VII

The architectural labors of the earlier bishops have already been mentioned. By the middle of the fourteenth century nothing more could be done for the cathedral except to make minor alterations and add new minor features;—windows could be rebuilt for the insertion of more splendid glass, and tombs could be erected to receive their builders' immediate predecessors or to be ready when their builders should themselves come to die.

The most conspicuous tombs are the two square chapels or chantries which were built into the eastern ends of the choir-aisles. The northerly one was designed by John Alcock, the bishop-architect, for his own occupancy, and was finished about the year 1500. Although the early Decorated windows which had stood in the choir-end before it was begun were carefully preserved, the rest of the work reveals a late version of the Perpendicular style. The walls are entirely covered with complicated tabernacle-work, and the fan-vaulting of the ceiling is very elaborate. The sculptured details are full of curious fancies, and here and there occurs the bishop's device, a cock standing upon a globe—one of those punning representations of the syllables of a name which are common in mediæval art of every age.

The southerly chapel bears the name of Bishop West, the baker's magnificent son, and is also paneled throughout with tabernacle-work, miraculously delicate and dainty. The omnipresent foliage-patterns are designed on the tiniest scale, yet with infinite spirit and vigor, and each of the scores of tiny niches once was filled by a figure not more than a few inches in height. Thanks to the Reformers, only two or three heads now remain, but these are quite enough to show that the statues, despite their very small size, were as instinct as the foliage with life and force and character. The whole rich and delicate interior is carved in the same soft snowy stone which was used in the Lady-chapel, and the scanty traces of color which remain seem to tell that the figures were left in their original whiteness and relieved against backgrounds and ornaments painted in strong primary tones.

The loveliness of this chantry gains added interest from the character of its details. Dating from the middle of the sixteenth century, it shows Renaissance motives mingling with late Gothic. We do not often find work of this sort in English churches, for most of it was put into monuments and other accessory features which easily fell a prey either to some Reformer or to that modern devastator, "restoration," which in England has had so cruel and stupid a hatred for everything that it does not choose to think "pure" in art—that is, for everything which is not mediæval. And even when such work has by chance survived, it is seldom attractive, for English hands could rarely manage early Renaissance motives well. The remarkable beauty of this chantry, its grace and delicacy, its supreme refinement, the singular skill with which mediæval and classic elements are blended in a coherent and harmonious design—all these qualities give color to the tradition that it was built by Italian hands, and perhaps by the hands of Michael Angelo's rival, Torregiano, who lived a long time in England and whose most famous work is the tomb of Henry VII. at Westminster.

In each of these chapels is the tomb of its founder, ruined by the Puritans.

The choir contains a splendid series of episcopal monuments whose rich canopies were respected even when the bodies and the effigies which lay beneath were disturbed and the accessory saints' figures were destroyed. One was the sepulchre of the "lordly" De Luda,—an elaborate canopy with trefoiled arches and great groups of pinnacles at either end. This has been atrociously colored in modern times, and, the tomb which it contained no longer existing, it is irreverently used as a doorway through which one may pass from the aisle to the choir. Near this Early English monument stands Bishop Barnet's, a century later in date and a fine example of the Decorated style; and a still more splendid one in the same style, built for Bishop Hotham, was practically intact until about a hundred years ago. Then Wyatt, who counseled the destruction of the Galilee-porch, carefully broke it apart; the tomb proper now stands on one side of the choir, while on the other side stands the shrine which covered it,—two-storied, with an open lower portion for the tomb, and a closed upper portion which was richly carved and arranged as a support for a great seven-branched candlestick. Bishop Redman has, however, been more fortunate than Hotham; his Perpendicular monument is almost perfect; a paneled tomb supports his recumbent figure beneath a canopy with three lace-

like arches and an elaborate open parapet. The Early English sepulchres of Bishop Northwold and Bishop Kilkenny, and the Perpendicular sepulchre of Bishop Louis of Luxembourg, are also preserved; and in the last we may even see the mutilated headless figure of its tenant.

But it would be impossible to go through the whole list of the tombs and brasses, bearing the names of prelates, priests and laymen, which fill the choir of Ely with historic and artistic interest. I can only note that many kinds of sentiment found expression in solemn spots like this when the world was less self-conscious than it is to-day. As punning crests were carved on episcopal tombs, as monkish sculptors satirized their brother monks on capitals and choir-stalls, so dead men decreed themselves humorous epitaphs or were humorously described by their survivors. For example, only a few years ago there might still be read in Ely's choir, cut on a small brass plate, this explanatory legend:

Ursula { Tyndall by birth,
Coxee by choice,
Upcher in age and for comfort.

It dated, I believe, from the seventeenth century. What church authorities in the nineteenth would sanction one that resembled it? And yet no epitaph of a more conventionally decorous sort could have preserved the memory of departed Ursula so well.

VIII

No other English cathedral has a west front which resembles Ely's; and although it represents a type that is common in parish churches, this type was seldom adopted in Norman times, and Ely's façade was built just as the Norman style was dying. When both of its turreted wings were standing, and before the Galilee-porch concealed its lower central portion, its effect must have been even more dignified and impressive than it is to-day. The scheme, like that of so many other English fronts, is open to the charge of insincerity, for the wings extend far beyond the body of the church and boldly misrepresent its breadth. But this fact is less distressing where they are so manifestly subordinated to the centre than where, as at Lincoln and Salisbury, all parts of the front are given almost the same importance; and, considered in itself, the design is coherent, well-proportioned, and majestic. The addition of the porch, beautiful though it is, must have been

an injury rather than an improvement; and, moreover, it is not so beautiful externally as internally. Its effectiveness is secured by devices which, lacking strong constructional emphasis, are more decorative than architectural. The upper stage of the tower, it should be noted, is distinctly inferior to the rest; but this is a later addition, dating from the Decorated period. The slender wooden spire which was also built at this time was removed in the course of eighteenth-century renovations.

The north side of the church is varied and beautiful. In many of the windows of the long Norman nave traceries were inserted during

THE CATHEDRAL AND THE LADY-CHAPEL, FROM THE SOUTHEAST.

Gothic times. Beyond the Norman transept-arm lies the Decorated Lady-chapel; above this rise the late Decorated stories of the choir proper, and the fine Early English bays of presbytery and retrochoir, each buttress crowned by a lofty fretted pinnacle. The east end of the church groups excellently with the Lady-chapel. It contains an upper row of lancet-windows which are not visible inside the church, as they light the space between the vaults and the outer roof. The additional height and variety thus secured add much to the beauty of

the design, and the external, far more than the internal, aspect of Ely's east end convinces us that a flat richly windowed wall may be an acceptable substitute for the Continental apse. The turrets at its angles are adorned with arcades carrying on the forms of the windows; and the

SOUTHWESTERN PART OF THE CATHEDRAL, FROM A GARDEN IN THE CLOSE.

Decorated window in Bishop Alcock's chapel and the Perpendicular one in Bishop West's hardly injure the unity of the composition, while they help to harmonize it with the adjacent Lady-chapel. I remember no other characteristically English east end which seemed so satisfying as this one at Ely. The southern side of the nave closely resembles the northern side, but gains additional picturesqueness and grandeur

THE CATHEDRAL, FROM THE SOUTH.

from the presence of the turreted wing of the façade and its connecting chapel.

There are many points of view whence we may study, rather close at hand, the effect of Walsingham's lantern, and, a little further off, the way in which it groups with the long roof-lines of the church and the western tower. The more we look at it the more we admire it; and an external view shows even better than an internal one how boldly Alan worked, cutting away walls and roofs to make room for the wide-spreading eight sides of his construction. Here, too, we realize again how fortunate it was for Ely that he conceived this new idea. What central feature of another shape could harmonize so well with the one tall western tower? At Wimborne in Dorsetshire we can see, on a smaller scale, the effect of two square towers — a great one above the crossing, a lesser one at the western end of the minster; and it has irreverently been compared to the effect of a tandem team. At Ely a central tower of the usual English sort and size would have hopelessly dwarfed the

western tower; one of the usual sort but smaller would have deprived the church's outline of dignity and decision; and in neither case could there have been between the two that genuine concord which means unity of general effect secured by a happy contrasting of dissimilar features. A great central tower groups well with two western ones, for the doubling of these gives them such importance that they are not crushed by its superior size. But no tower of a shape like its own could have grouped well with the single western tower at Ely, while we see in all our pictures, and especially in the one on page 220, how beautifully it combines in a general view with Alan's octagon. The bulk and richness of the octagon keep it from being dwarfed by the height of the tower, and yet, on the other hand, they do not unduly dwarf the tower:—the two are so alike in dignity yet so unlike in character that neither the mind nor the eye feels any clashing of claims. I do not mean by all this that an octagon like Alan's could not be well grouped with anything except a single tower;—the famous church of St. Ouen at Rouen in Normandy suffices to show that it may be admirably combined with a western pair. I only mean that a single western tower could not group so well with anything but this octagon; that a church with such a tower needs, as no other church can, just such a central feature as the one which Alan built. We should like to bring him back from the grave to tell us how the great problem presented itself to his mind—to tell us whether he viewed it as we do in analyzing his result, carefully weighing the claims of external and internal effect and deciding that both might best be served by the same novel expedient; or whether, as seems to have been the case with certain other English architects, he was simply bent upon producing something which, in itself, should be as novel and as beautiful as possible. If the latter was his case, good luck must be given part of the credit for the grandeur of Ely's outline. But I, for one, am quite ready to believe, without his own witness, that this admirable Alan knew precisely what he was about, and saw as clearly as we can just what Ely's outline needed; for he was a great architect, not merely a dreamer of gorgeous artistic dreams like the man who built the porch at Peterborough, or an ambitious scene-painter in stone like him who designed the façade of Lincoln.

IX

All around Ely cathedral, except just in front, the grass comes close to the foundations and stretches away in broad lawns; but to the south-

ward, undulating, thickly wooded, and park-like, lies the main portion of the close, containing many fragments of the old conventual buildings.

Only a small portion is left of the cloister-quadrangle which adjoined the nave. But we can still see the monks' door and the prior's door, which opened from it into the south aisle. Both are of Norman workmanship, and the latter is an unusually rich example for England, with jambs elaborately wrought in patterns that seem to show a lingering Celtic influence, and with a figure of Christ supported by angels in the tympanum which is almost Byzantine in effect. The chapter-house has entirely disappeared, but parts of the late Norman infirmary are preserved and ingeniously utilized in the same manner as at Peterborough. The nave-like central area now forms a roofless street between the canons' modern homes, and the piers and arches which divided this from the cells are worked into the fabric of their walls. One house has been made, with little alteration, from a separate hall which Walsingham built for the use of convalescents, and the great thirteenth-century "Guesten Hall" has been transformed into the deanery. Near this the ancient priory stands in fragments, while a lovely little Decorated chapel is still entire. It bears Prior Crawdon's name, but we may well believe that it was another work of his sacrist Alan. It is now the chapel of the grammar-school or college which was founded by Henry VII. and still flourishes under ecclesiastical control. The school itself and its masters are housed in a long range of buildings, forming the western boundary of this southern part of the close, into which are built multitudinous remains of the old conventual structures. And away off to the southward stands Ely Porta, once the main gate of the monastery; altered about the year 1400, it now shows a wide archway with a large room above.

The bishop's palace, facing on the lawn which lies across the street to the westward of the church, dates chiefly from the time of Henry VII.—that is, from the time of that Bishop Alcock who did his architecture for himself. The turreted wings which he built are still standing, but his huge hall has disappeared and likewise his great galleries, one of which bridged the street and connected the palace with the cathedral.

It is a quaint yet beautiful and stately pile, this palace; and Prior Crawdon's chapel and all the adjacent school-buildings are delightfully picturesque—not imposing like the palace, but low and vine-clad, gray and peaceful, wholly and distinctively English in their charm. Even a hurrying school-boy whom we met one sunny afternoon could see the pleasure in our eyes; and it seemed only natural that he should exclaim,

amid many pretty blushes, "You are quite welcome to sketch the houses if you want to — almost everybody does!"

One of the best views of the cathedral is from the railroad station; looking northwestward, we see it in the near middle distance, and realize its enormous length, the grace of its octagon, and the stern majesty of the tall tower which rises like a great cliff in a land where man might well build cliffs since nature had built none. Another is from a mound called Cherry Hill, in the southern close, where we see the whole length again, but over massy sweeps of foliage. And still another is from an elevation where the water-works of the town have been constructed, some two miles away to the west. But there is, in truth, no spot whence the great monarch of the fenlands may not be admirably seen until we get so far off that it drops behind the horizon's rim. Wherever, however it may reveal itself, it is always immense, imposing, majestic; and only upon the plains of Egypt or Mesopotamia has nature assisted the effect of man's work by such entire suppression of herself.

ELY, FROM UNDER THE RAILWAY BRIDGE.

Chapter IX

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. ANDREW—WELLS

HEN the traveler opens the great scrap-book he calls memory, the pictures which impress him most are sure to be those that were painted in by some vivid or peculiar effect of light. Such to me are the memories of Vesuvian slopes at midnight with lava-streams burning their red smoke above, and the Bay of Naples, lighted by a pale moon, below; of the southern point of Greece as we rounded it after a storm, Cerigo showing black in the south against a crimson sky, and Cape Malea rising in the north, a vast sheer precipice of purple; of Avignon as we came down the Rhone, which flashed pink in a setting July sun, while the yellow diadem of towers was pink for the moment too; of the Nile and the desert when it was hard to say which was whiter under a strong morning light; of the mid-Atlantic in June, when it was impossible to say whether the sky or the water was more astonishingly blue. And with these pictures ranks the cathedral close at Wells as I first saw it, in one of those rare tender sunsets when a rosy mist fills the air and makes the greens of nature like those we sometimes find in ancient tapestries.

Wells lies low in a wide rich valley set around with hills of varied outline, the rocky Mendips backing it, and the peak of Glastonbury rising over marshlands to the southward. At some distance from the cathedral towers springs the splendid Perpendicular tower of St. Cuthbert's Church, and between stretch quiet low-browed streets, widening out into a market-place before one of the gateways of the close. Entering this gate, we see the cathedral a little to the northward, with its sculptured front looking on a wide level lawn bounded by a wall and a low line of houses. Close to its northern side, when we have crossed the lawn, runs a broad street spanned by a bridge-like building which springs from the transept-end to the entrance of the Vicars' Close, a

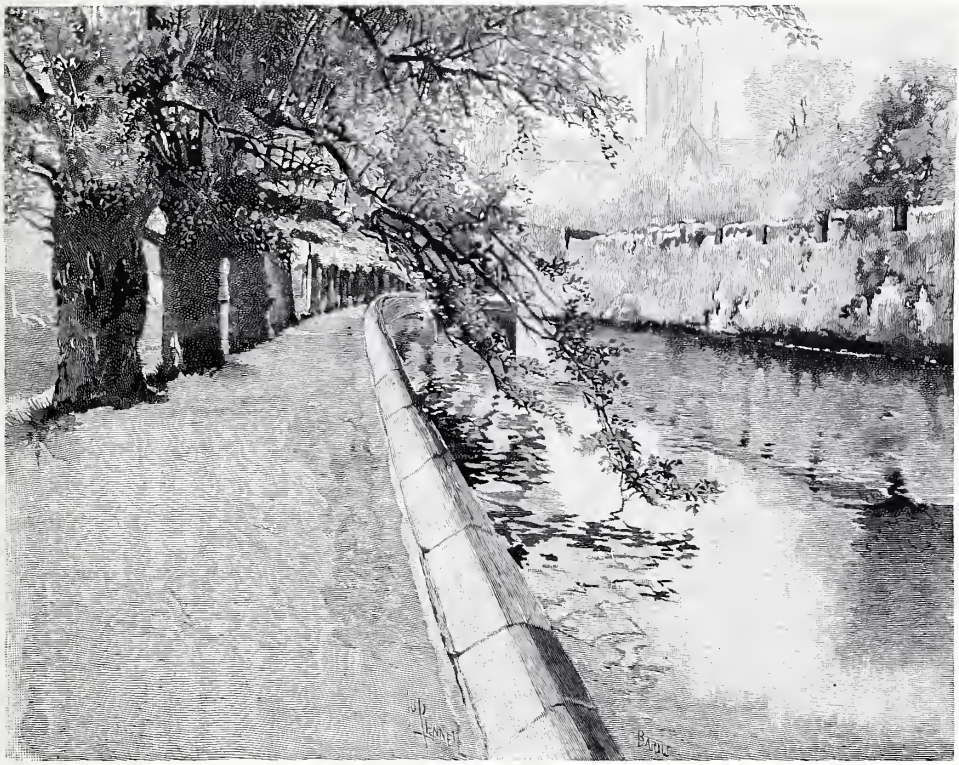
WELLS, FROM THE NORTHEAST.

double row of ancient little homes. The chapter-house lies just beyond the bridge. Beyond the east end of the church comes the lower roof of its Lady-chapel; its southern side overlooks the most lovely wide gardens in the world; in these gardens, near a natural fountain which forms a big pool,[1] falls in white cascades, and fills a moat, there rises, with the water around its feet, a palace smothered in vines and trees; and beyond the gardens and the moat run avenues of mighty elms.

As we made this circuit, partly inside, partly outside the close, and at last along the shady avenues, all things grew mysterious and supernal as the afterglow deepened in the sky, more and more suffused the air, and softened local colors in a radiance that was neither pink nor gray nor green, but everywhere seemed to have a tinge of all three tones. Everything was quite distinct, yet we rubbed our eyes as though a veil of gauze were hiding realities that could not be so fair. It was romance made tangible. Here was indeed the palace of enchantment, without a discordant feature, and with no possible feature lacking, even

[1] The name of the town comes from this fountain, and in the old Latin chronicles is *Fontana*.

to spellbound princes who swam about as swans among the lilies of the moat. There was not a person to be seen, and often not a glimpse of any world beyond this roseate silent park. Nature and art, blended together, were existing simply for themselves; and the stillness and glamour seemed so ancient, so miraculous and seductive, that at last one thought



THE MOAT.

of escape for safety. An hour of such bewitchment and — who knows? — we too might be swans on the moat, or swallows in the air, or stone figures under a stone canopy forever.[1]

I

When a bishop of the West Saxons was seated at Winchester in the year 635, the district we call Somerset was almost wholly in the hands

[1] A most excellent handbook can be procured at Wells, and one which will be helpful in the study of other English cathedrals — Professor Freeman's "History of the Cathedral Church of Wells as Illustrating the History of the Cathedral Churches of the Old Foundation."

of the Welsh, or ancient British, inhabitants. Gradually the West-Saxon rule extended, and out of the diocese of Winchester was cut the one which had its cathedral first at Sherborne and afterward at Salisbury. But it was not until the reign of Edward the Elder, about the year 909, that there was need for further subdivision.

The new bishop, whose successors became Bishops of Bath and Wells, was then called Bishop of the Sumorsætas merely; and though the old Roman town of Bath stood within the northern limits of his diocese, and though the new English stronghold of Taunton stood near its southern skirts, his chair was placed midway between them at Wells. Here history shows us only a church, dedicated to St. Andrew, and a collegiate house, although legend declares that the house had existed since the time of King Ina, two centuries before, and for a while had served a bishop whom he established. Thus once more we learn that the needs of the tribe as a whole, not the claims of any city, were first considered by the organizers of the English Church, the best cathedral site, to their eyes, being the most central. Only two miles from Wells stood another ecclesiastical house of much greater age and fame and sanctity, where, through centuries of heathen invasion, King Arthur's memory and the practice of his faith had been preserved. Much of this region was then marsh and water, surrounding dry elevated spots; and Glastonbury's mount was a veritable island, the Isle of Avalon. Ely proves that just such a spot might sometimes be chosen for a cathedral site; but the Somerset planners thought more of accessibility, and Wells was preferred to a place where the bishop and those who sought him would have been forced to depend on boats.

Duduc, who ruled from 1033 to 1060, was the first prelate of any note. When he died he wished to leave his private possessions to his church; Harold, as earl of the district, took them for his own; and out of this seed of fact grew the picturesque legend that we all learned at school —how Harold plundered the church at Wells and drove its bishop and priests into banishment. Gisa, a Lotharingian, succeeded Duduc. Without compelling his clergy to take monastic vows, he built a cloister and other needful structures and made them live in common. William the Conqueror did not disturb him, but when Gisa died, in 1088, William Rufus put a Frenchman in his place, John de Villulâ from Tours; and the first act of the foreigner was to imitate in his diocese the invariable condition of things abroad. He took his chair from the isolated church of St. Andrew, and set it in the church of St. Peter within the walls of Bath. This church he reconstructed, and in it he was buried,

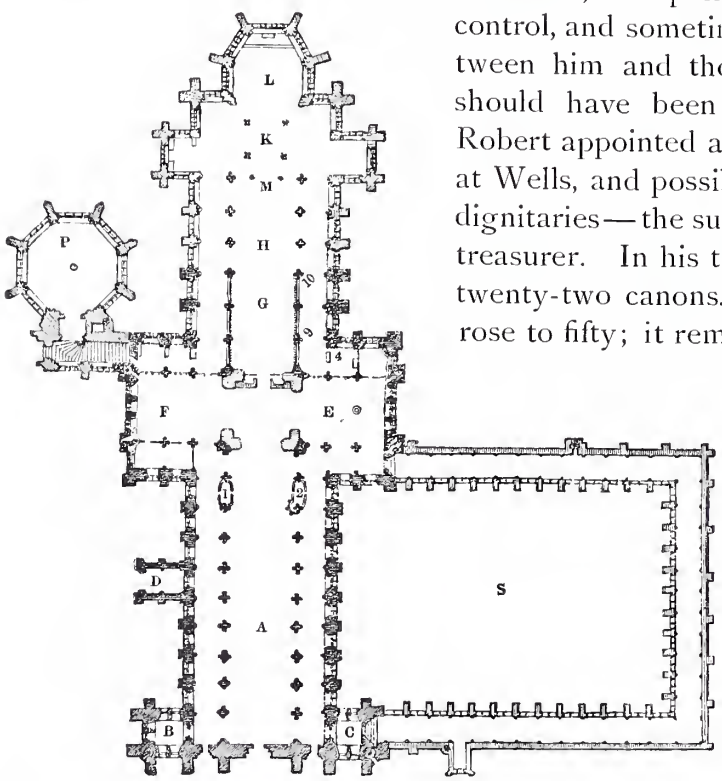
while all he did at Wells was to pull down Gisa's works and build himself a palace with their stones. The church of Wells was no longer a cathedral, its chapter was broken and scattered, and the bishop who still ruled it was Bishop of Bath. But the next prelate but one — Robert,

WELLS, FROM THE SOUTH.

born in England of Flemish parents — united old and recent claims; his title was Bishop of Bath and Wells; he had a chair in St. Andrew's and one in St. Peter's, and it was settled that his successors should be chosen by the secular canons of the former and the monkish canons of the latter, all voting together. During the Reformation the chair at Bath was suppressed. Since then the cathedral at Wells has stood alone as it did before the time of John of Tours. But, with the usual English love for symbols from which the life has long departed, the prelate who is enthroned in St. Andrew's is still called Bishop of Bath and Wells.

Bishop Robert had been a monk and subabbot at Glastonbury, but he made no effort to bring monks into the close at Wells. Indeed, now that Gisa's buildings were gone, each canon returned to his own home,

where forever after he dwelt in peace, with separate emoluments and dignities as well as a share in those which the chapter, as such, came to hold in independence of the bishop. At first, whether a cathedral chapter were secular or monastic, the bishop was its immediate head. But as the pride of the house and the outside responsibilities of the bishop increased, a dean was placed over a secular chapter and a prior over a monastic; the prelate had only indirect control, and sometimes there was war between him and those whose chief care should have been to serve his needs. Robert appointed a dean and a precentor at Wells, and possibly some of the other dignitaries — the subdean, chancellor, and treasurer. In his time there were, in all, twenty-two canons. Later, the number rose to fifty; it remains the same to-day.



PLAN OF THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH AT WELLS.[1]

A, Nave. B, C, Chapels under western towers. D, North porch. E, F, Transept. G, Choir. H, Presbytery. K, Retrochoir. L, Lady-chapel. M, High-altar. P, Chapter-house. S, Cloister. 1, Bishop Budwith's chantry. 2, Dean Sugar's chantry. 4, Part of Bishop Beckington's chantry. 9, Monument of Bishop Button II. 10, Effigy of Bishop Beckington.

II

If a church actually stood at Wells in the eighth century, it can hardly have survived until the Norman Conquest. But the building into which Robert brought back his *cathedra* was of Old English origin, and perhaps as ancient as the establishment of the see in 909. It was in a ruinous, dangerous state, and Robert either repaired or rebuilt it. We cannot say positively what he did, for written records are vague and confused, and no stone of his placing survives. But it seems probable that at least certain parts of the Old English church remained at his death, although this was in 1166, just a hundred years after the Con-

[1] Wells Cathedral is 385 feet long inside the walls and 135 feet across the transept. The façade is 147 feet 6 inches in breadth. The chapter-house is 52 feet 6 inches in diameter and 42 feet in height.

quest, when almost everywhere else in England relics of pre-Norman times had long disappeared from cathedral sites; and it is certain that whatever then remained stood for half a century longer. Savaric, who ruled from 1192 to 1205, forcibly possessed himself of Glastonbury, and there placed a third episcopal chair, so that Joceline, who succeeded him and ruled until 1242, signed Magna Charta as "Bishop of Bath and Glastonbury." But this was a transitory change; episcopal claims upon the abbey were soon bought off, and Joceline devoted himself to the interests of his church at Wells. This he began to rebuild, and the work was so thoroughly done that no more trace remained of Norman than of Saxon art. The choir, the transept, and most of the nave of the new building seem to have been finished by Joceline himself, and, though the west front was left for a later hand, he also constructed a cloister of which certain parts are still preserved. The lower story of the chapter-house, with the bridge which joins it to the church, was completed by 1290, and its upper part about ten years later. Early in the fourteenth century the east limb of the church was enlarged and altered, and the way in which this work was done shows how carefully mediæval builders guarded against undue disturbance of a church's usefulness.

Joceline's choir consisted of three bays and a terminal apse or chapels. The present one consists of five bays, a retrochoir embracing a small second transept, and a polygonal Lady-chapel. First the Lady-chapel was built, then the retrochoir, and then the two adjoining bays, while, we may believe, Joceline's east wall remained untouched. Then the two additional bays of the choir proper were constructed, and were joined to Joceline's three after his east wall had been pulled down. And, finally, the upper portions of these three were reconstructed to bring their Early English aspect into harmony with the aspect of the new constructions where the Decorated style had been employed. The singers' choir, which of course had stood in the crossing beneath the central tower, was now removed into Joceline's part of the choir, formerly the presbytery; and the two new bays became the presbytery, divided by the high altar from the retrochoir. The Lady-chapel seems to have been finished by 1325, and the whole work by 1350. Ralph of Shrewsbury was the bishop from 1323 to 1364; and he also founded the Vicars' Close, and constructed the walls and moat around the palace, which had been greatly enlarged some fifty years before. By 1321 the central tower had been carried to its present height, the southwestern one was raised before the end of the century, and the northwestern one by the year 1450. All doubtless once supported spires of wood and lead.

Thus the cathedral church at Wells, unlike the one at Salisbury, was not a new creation on a new site. Yet, unlike most of its other sisters, it was not gradually transformed by the rebuilding of parts some of which survived in their first shape much longer than others. In the Early English period, just when Salisbury was arising, the old church at Wells was swept away and entirely rebuilt; before the end of the Decorated period the new one had been sufficiently enlarged, and stood complete with the exception of its towers; and as it then appeared, so, with very little change, it has come down to the present day. It is therefore another cathedral which may best be examined with Salisbury, Lichfield, Lincoln, and Ely, before we pass to those which will explain the Perpendicular style. And its Early English portions have especial interest as departing from the type which everywhere else prevails.

One reason for thinking that Bishop Robert only repaired the Saxon cathedral is the comparatively small size of the present building. When a Norman reconstructed he worked on a very grand scale; but here, although the church is larger than its predecessor, it is nevertheless exceptionally small. Wells measures only 338 feet from its western to its eastern wall, and only 385 feet if we include the Lady-chapel. But the Norman church at Gloucester measures 406 feet without its independent Lady-chapel; at Winchester, where the Lady-chapel is small, the total length is 525 feet; and at Salisbury, where the chapel resembles the one at Wells, we find 450 feet. Lichfield, the smallest of all the English cathedrals, is only four feet shorter than Wells.

III

In the design of its nave this cathedral differs from all others in England. Elsewhere above each of the pier-arches we see one or two great arches in the triforium-story, most often with smaller ones variously arranged within them. Thus groups of apertures are formed which, corresponding with the pier-arches below and the divisions of the clear-story and vaulting above, give definiteness and unity to each successive bay. Each bay, taken from floor to ceiling, is not, indeed, a separate composition to be thought of apart from the others; yet the eye readily notes its individuality, and sees the whole interior as composed of a succession of well-marked divisions. But at Wells the triforium-arches run from end to end of the wall in an unbroken, unvaried series. Such a scheme is used in Great Britain only in these southwestern districts, as here at Wells, at Glastonbury, and in the cathedral church at Llandaff

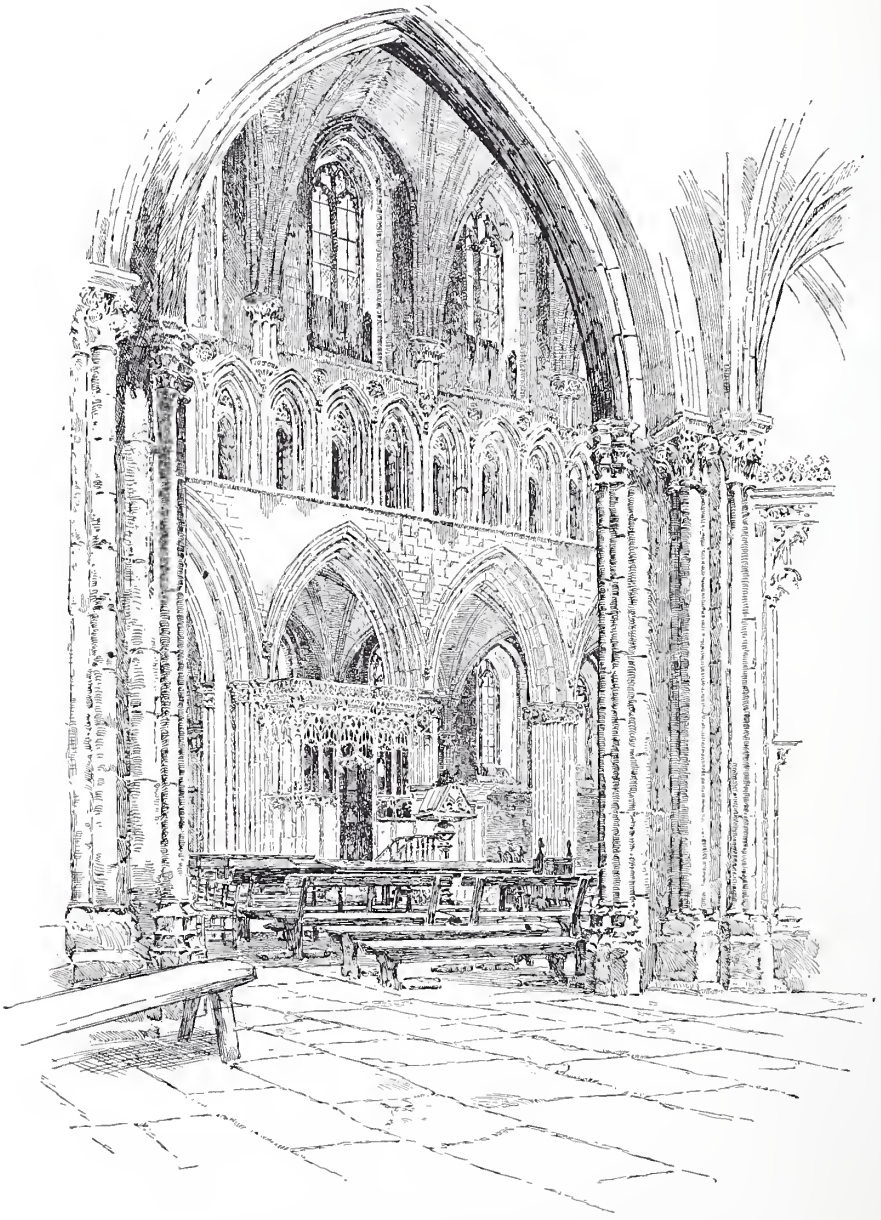
in Wales. But we find it at Caen, on the Norman mainland, in the Norman church built by William the Conqueror's wife Matilda, although William's own contemporaneous church in the same town displays the more common triforium scheme. Of course it is impossible to say whether this Norman precedent influenced the men who worked in southwestern England; but we can easily believe it, seeing how strongly some foreign influence has affected other features at Wells. The arch-mouldings are rich, but less boldly treated than in thoroughly English work of the time; the shafts which encircle the piers are more closely, organically grouped with the central member; the leafage of the capitals, although English in type, has a classic feeling more often perceived in Continental lands; and the square form is used for abaci and bases.

But if we look again we see that Englishmen seldom imitated literally, and also that their innovations were not always improvements. The vaulting-ribs spring from corbels, formed of clusters of little columns, which are set on the clearstory string-course. The effect is even less organic than when such corbels are placed lower down; and it is especially bad at Wells on account of the unaccentuated character of the triforium-arcade. Even in Queen Matilda's Norman church, built fifty years before, there is a nearer approach to Gothic constructional ideas; for there great vaulting-shafts run from floor to ceiling, uniting the stories and distinguishing the successive bays. No feature in the nave of Wells expresses verticality or accents the inter-relationship of the three stories: all the strong lines are horizontal. Each story is charming in itself, but, as I have often said, no parts or features in Gothic work can be appraised in and for themselves alone. Organic inter-relationship is the essence of perfect Gothic design; and so we cannot apply this term to the nave of Wells, beautiful though we may esteem it. It is beautiful in its own way, owing to exceptional success in all matters of proportion. It is not so long that it seems deficient in breadth or even in altitude; each of its stories is appropriate in height to the height of the others; and the size of their features is well adapted to an interior of these dimensions.

There is no shafting at all in the triforium; the arches are merely enframed in roll-mouldings without bases, very much as are those in Queen Matilda's church. Only, above the actual mouldings of each arch runs a more independent one, ending below in a carved head or boss of foliage,—the characteristically English drip-stone. Sculptured medallions fill the spandrels between the arch-heads, and the heads

themselves are filled by small ornamental tympana. The window-traceries, which we see in the clearstory in the picture on this page, and can divine in the aisles as well, are of Perpendicular design and were inserted in the fifteenth century.

Across the western wall of the nave runs an arcade of five arches, four of them blank, but the central one pierced by the principal door-



THE NAVE, FROM THE NORTH AISLE.

way. Above are the three tall narrow windows which show in our picture of the exterior of the front, filled with glass which was brought from the Continent in the eighteenth century and has very little merit. From the side of each aisle, near its end, opens a square chapel forming the first story of the tower which flanks the façade.

A change in the character of the masonry and of the sculptured details appears between the fourth and fifth piers of the nave, counting from the west. It marks no change in style; it merely shows that the whole nave was not erected at once. But the western wall and the tower-chapels really differ from the rest of the nave in style. Here the work resembles the Early English work of other districts, in its round abaci, in the treatment of its carved foliage, and in the black marble used for its minor shafts. It is natural to fancy that the half-foreign, so-called "Somerset manner" of building was employed in this district when the pointed arch first replaced the round, but that it did not long persist, pressed upon by the weight of common English practice; and to conclude that the nave was built while it reigned and that the west front shows the triumph of the typical English manner. But an architect who has had a better chance than any one else to study the question declares that the west front is older than the nave. On both structural and artistic evidence he believes that the front, with the three bays which adjoin it, was built before Joceline's time, standing in advance of the undisturbed old Norman façade. Joceline, he thinks, then raised the easterly bays of the nave with the transept and choir; and after his death the old front was pulled down, and the two portions of the new nave were connected, the three westerly (or oldest) bays being then largely reconstructed, and the point of juncture occurring where, as I have said, differences in workmanship are still apparent.

If, now, we look at the transept, we again find diversities of design. Its end walls resemble the nave, the triforium being of the same pattern though more simply worked. But along its sides, in both the northern and the southern arm, the triforium-arches are grouped in pairs in the customary English way. The explanation is that the vault or spire *(tholus)* which, the old chroniclers record, fell in the year 1248, soon after Bishop Joceline's death, must have been the central tower; and that in its fall it must have carried away the greater part of the transept. The nave also suffered, but probably in a lesser degree; it has evidently been repaired, but its original design was not changed.

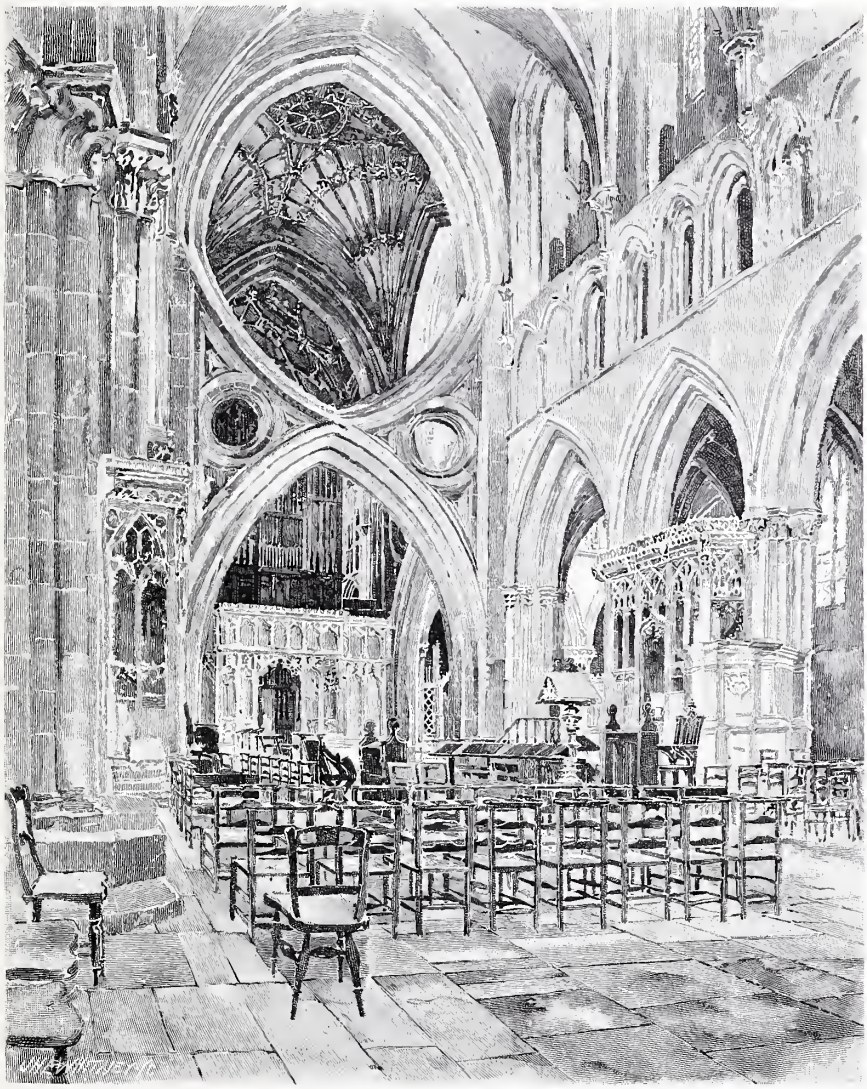
To repeat: the nave, though palpably built at different times, is all in the "Somerset manner," and so are the transept-ends; the sides of

the transept, certainly later in date, are not in this manner, but neither is the western end of the nave, and this, on the best authority, is the earliest part of all. It is an interesting puzzle, for hardly anywhere else in England do we find proof of those conflicts between contemporary local manners which often appear on the Continent. There each district had an indigenous art of its own; from earliest days this grew and developed in an individual way until the perfected Gothic of the *domaine royal* finally overspread all France and penetrated all other western lands; but, as it developed, it was sometimes influenced more or less by the art of neighboring districts or by the hand of imported artists. In England, on the contrary, Norman architecture was imported in a fully developed shape, and spread from end to end of the country, varying here and there in certain respects, but not displaying distinct provincial manners. So, too, it was when the Gothic style appeared. The scheme, indeed, was not again borrowed entire; it was taken in embryo, and a more national art was born from it. But this art developed alike over the whole country, if we except—I think it is the only exception—the southwestern district whose local manner is expressed in the nave of Wells. And it seems as though even this Somerset manner never ruled in an undisputed way. It seems as though two schools of architects, as we should say to-day, or two companies of builders, as we should have said in the thirteenth century, must have worked in rivalry, now the one and now the other getting the upper hand in the cathedral church. If we recognize such an exception to the usual course of things in England, we can accept any date for any portion of the nave and transept which the best authorities give; but if we reject it, and think that all the work in one style must be earlier than all in the other, we are left in a puzzle indeed.

IV

Over the crossing at Wells there is no lantern carrying the eye up into the central tower; instead, there is a low vault of rich Perpendicular tracery. And between the four piers which support the tower stretch four great curious-looking constructions—each formed of a large arch inverted upon the apex of another arch—which at first sight we may take for screens. But they are not screens; they are simply props or braces. In the year 1321 the three upper stages of the tower were built, and in one of them a heavy chime of bells was hung. Sixteen years later the tower had settled so badly that alarming fissures

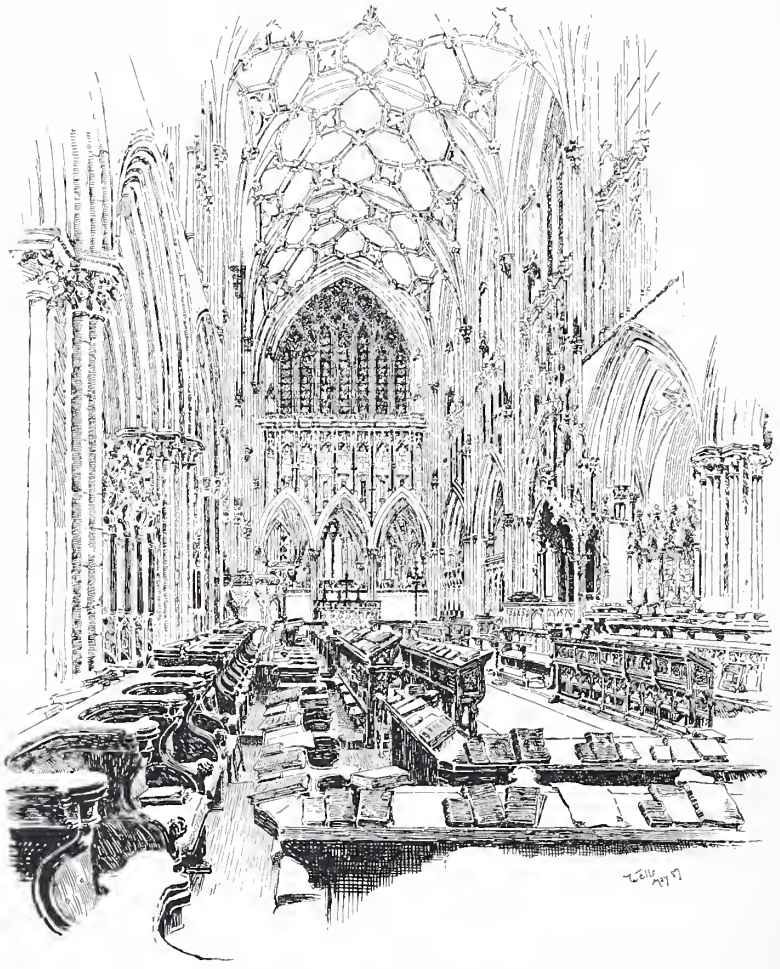
ran from the tops of the great supporting arches, distorting all the adjacent parts of the church, and the piers seemed sinking bodily into the ground. The case, we know, was not uncommon. Sometimes it could



THE NAVE, LOOKING EAST.

be remedied by a mere enlargement of the four angle-piers; and at other times recourse was had to those straight transverse props which we have seen at Salisbury and Canterbury. The device employed at Wells is unique; it is bolder and more ingenious than any other; and

it is evidently more effectual. Therefore it is more interesting, and Professor Freeman, for one, thinks that it is also more artistic as less conspicuously at variance with the effect of the surrounding work. But could anything be more conspicuous, more startling, than these gigantic curves, introduced beneath the gentle, graceful sweep of the tall tower-



THE CHOIR, LOOKING EAST.

arches? Do the straight beams at Salisbury assert themselves half so plainly as after-thoughts prescribed by an insistent structural need? The one real argument in their favor is purely sentimental. The church is dedicated to St. Andrew, and, whether by accident or design, they suggest the shape of a "St. Andrew's cross." A glance at our ground-

plan shows that the piers themselves were strengthened when these props were built. The dark spots indicate the original size of the piers, and the lighter shading gives the amount of their enlargement. The triforium-arches next these piers were filled with solid stone at the same time, and for the same imperative reason.

Over the inverted arch of the brace in the picture on p. 233, and beneath the fifteenth-century fan-vault of the crossing, we get a glimpse of another rich ceiling covering the choir; and the illustration on p. 234 shows it more plainly. It is not a pointed vault of any customary pattern, but a coved or barrel-vault merely pierced at the sides to give place for the clearstory windows. Such a form is frequent in wooden ceilings, but is very infrequent in those of stone if they date from any period later than the Norman. It is hard to imagine a reason for its use in such a place as this, in the full-blown Gothic time. The effect of its low roundish curve is heavy and crushing; its form does not harmonize with the pointed features beneath it, and, moreover, has been wholly disregarded in the design of the elaborate rib-work with which it is covered and which plays a decorative, not a constructional rôle.

In the choir-bays next the tower, seen in the foreground of the same picture, we find Joceline's Early English work in the pier-arcade with its square abaci and close-grouped shafts. But, as we know, the stories above were altered in the fourteenth century when the portions farther east were built, and, like these, they show the Decorated style in its geometrical phase. The new constructional scheme has not yet been developed, but its approach is manifest. Although the triforium has large canopied arches forming groups in each bay, it has no outer windows; and the clearstory has only a single wall, and in each bay a single great traceried window which fills the space from side to side. All is much lighter, freer, and more florid than the Early English work in the nave. At the east end is a great window of geometrical tracery; below it run delicate rows of niches covering the blank wall of the triforium-story; beneath these stand three of the most graceful arches that ever were built; and through these arches, over the high altar and the reredos behind it, we get an enchanting glimpse into the retrochoir and the Lady-chapel still beyond.

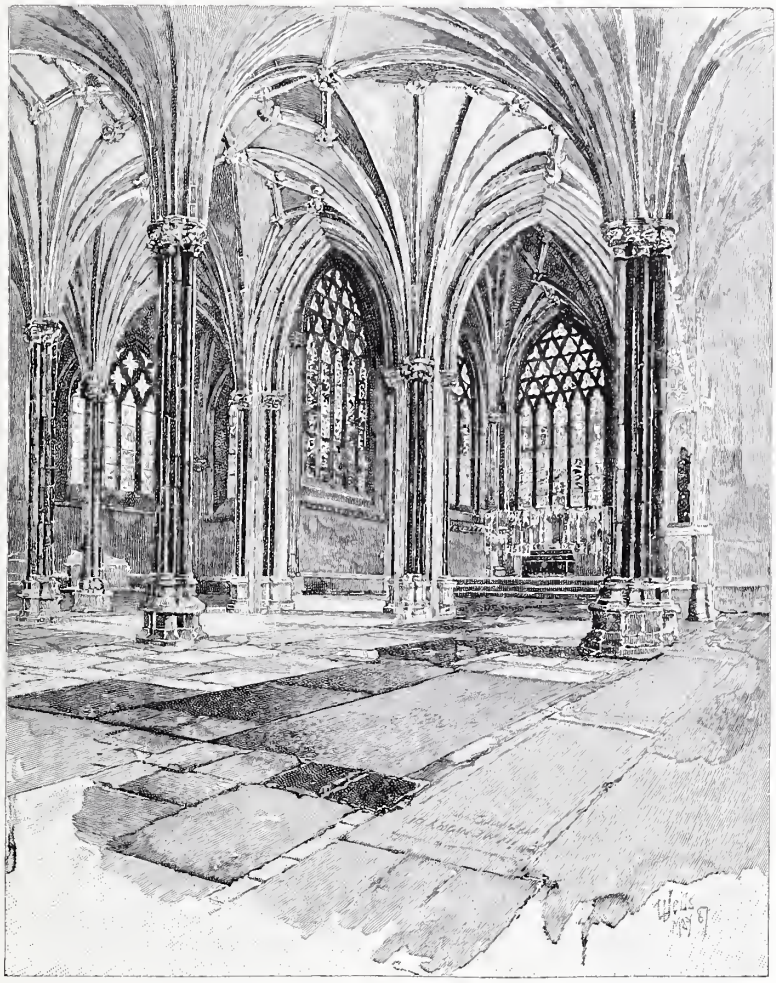
There can be nothing more charming in the world than this part of Wells Cathedral as we enter it from the choir-aisle; or, standing as far east as we can, look back into the choir through the three arches in its end. This is the word, however—it is charming work; it is not great, or imposing, or wonderful in any way except in its delicate beauty. It

does not prove a power to deal with the highest, most difficult problems of Gothic design; it does not awe us in the least; we do not marvel how mere men could build it, or, having built it, could turn their hands to the ordinary tasks of life. It is not solemn or impressive as ecclesiastical work of the noblest type must be; indeed, it might not seem out of keeping if it were turned to some dignified secular use. But to say all this is not to find fault; it is only to mark the kind of work in which Englishmen did their best. In such minor buildings as these terminal chapels, as chapter-houses, parish churches, and porches like those at Ely and Lincoln, they were most thoroughly themselves and most entirely successful. When we want the grand and sublime in Gothic art, when we want architecture that astonishes the mind, thrills the soul, and arouses religious emotion yet makes us think the creature man almost the peer of his Creator—then we must go to the tremendous interiors of France. When we want the purely lovely and gracious, the simply human and comprehensible in its most delicate form—then we may well content ourselves in England.

On the ground-plan the Lady-chapel seems to form five sides of an octagon. But in reality it is a perfect octagon, with five sides projecting from the retrochoir and three included within it. The five are formed by great windows, each stretching from pier to pier, based on a low plinth of solid wall; and the three by open arches resting on isolated pillars, as may be seen in the picture on p. 237. Thus an octagonal vault is supported by which the scheme is clearly defined to even a careless eye; and outside, too, it is defined by the steep octagonal roof of the chapel, rising higher than the roof of the retrochoir. In the retrochoir, near the isolated pillars of the chapel, between them and the arches of the choir-end, two other pillars are placed, and at both sides others again (not marked on our plan). From each of these springs a great group of vaulting-ribs, as from the support in the centre of a chapter-house. Of course the effect that is so beautiful when only one cluster of shafts breaks into palm-like clusters of ribs is infinitely enhanced by repetition. With every change of place in this retrochoir and Lady-chapel we see a new grouping of the slender pillars, a new combination of the elaborate lines of the ceiling; and with every change we fancy that we have found the most delightful point of view.

The projecting arms of the retrochoir and the corners between them and the Lady-chapel were formerly chapels too, with minor altars, where particular saints were worshiped; and their ancient names are still applied to them.

In the choir-aisles the three westerly bays show Joceline's Early English work, and the others the subsequent Decorated. The contrast between the styles can be better appreciated here than in the choir



THE RETROCHOIR AND LADY-CHAPEL

proper, where so much altering has been done — the greater vigor and simplicity of the thirteenth century, the greater richness and delicacy of the fourteenth, with the smaller scale of its details, and the more varied and naturalistic treatment of its carved foliage.

V

The stone throughout the interior of Wells, relieved not many years ago of its thick layers of whitewash, has a soft creamy-yellow tone, and in the far eastern parts, as well as on the western wall of the nave, the smaller shafts are of polished black marble. The window-traceries of the eastern limb are rich and effective, and the great east window and the two which adjoin it in the clearstory contain such beautiful ancient glass that the eye bitterly complains of the crude modern colors with which the other clearstory lights are filled. It has not the blue radiance, enhanced by vivid notes of red, which distinguishes the finest glass in France and shows the noblest beauty the material can compass. But it is soft, suave, yet brilliant too, with its browns and greens and yellows enlivened by not a little white. The same characteristics that are expressed in the architectural forms speak once more in this scheme of color. There is less audacity, less virility, less strength of imagination than we find across the Channel, but great harmony, sweetness, refinement, and charm. In the Lady-chapel the glass is also original and of the same date (about 1340), but it has been so largely reset that the old designs can no longer be traced in the mass of gorgeous fragments.

The choir has been elaborately refurnished in modern days. From its early days nothing remains except some little *misereres* on the lower range of stalls,[1] and the lofty episcopal throne which dates from the fifteenth century, but has been radically restored.

Ancient monuments are conspicuous in all parts of this cathedral. The space between two of the piers on the north side of the nave is filled by the chantry of Bishop Budwith, who died in 1424. It is built like a sort of octagonal pavilion with doors into nave and aisle, and walls which resemble traceried but unglazed windows. As Perpendicular art was still in its soberer mood, it is not crowned with towering pinnacles such as we shall find on the much more splendid series of tombs at Winchester, but for airy grace its design could hardly be surpassed. Opposite, on the south side of the nave, is the similar chantry of Dean Sugar, who died in 1489—a heavier piece of work, but bold and fine, with a fan-vault covering the interior, now vacant of its

1 The seat of a stall was made to turn up against the back, as the occupant was required to stand during a portion of the service. But to relieve his weary bones there was a little projection from the under part of the seat against which he could rest, and this was called a *miserere*. It is here that the mediæval sculptor often expressed his quaintest, most grotesque, and, to our minds, most profane imaginings.

tomb and effigy. One of the angels carved on the cornice holds the dean's device—three sugar-loaves surmounted by a doctor's cap.[1] The plain stone pulpit which stands near by dates from the sixteenth century. Until our own century's restorations, there was a slab in the floor of the nave popularly called "King Ina's tomb." Of course the attribution was absurd; yet it seems almost sacrilegious to have removed a stone which for so many centuries had borne so interesting a title.

It is probable that when the eastern limb of the cathedral was finished its early bishops were commemorated in a series of pseudo-historical monuments, for a surprising number of episcopal effigies in the Early English style are still scattered about in the choir-aisle, the transept, and the basement of the chapter-house. In the south choir-aisle a low coffin-like stone once covered Bishop Button, the second of the name, who after his death in 1274 diligently devoted himself to the cure of toothache. The stone has been removed from the place where his body still reposes under the modern stalls; and to make room for the stalls Bishop Beckington's splendid Perpendicular chantry was also ousted. It might seem odd that the monument which it contained was not at least recombined on another spot with the little chapel itself, had we not already learned that the natural course of "restorers" in the earlier part of our century was to do the most unnatural possible thing. Now, while the broken chantry mourns in the transept, the monument stands unsheltered near that of the posthumous dentist. It bears two figures—above, an effigy of the prelate in episcopal robes, and below, a wasted body in a winding-sheet—with long-winged angels kneeling around them. In the retrochoir, as though guarding the lovely Lady-chapel which was built in his day, lies Bishop Drokensford under a shrine-like canopy.

In the south arm of the transept is a Norman font, possibly a relic of Bishop Robert's church, and if so the only one that remains. In the north arm is a great clock, much repaired at many times, but built in 1325 by a monk of Glastonbury, with a multitude of instructive functions, and with stiff little manikins to strike the hours. Richness of effect is greatly increased in the transept by the Perpendicular screen-work that shuts off its aisles and divides them into chapels.

The great solid choir-screen has come down from the fourteenth century through many vicissitudes of repair. It was never as significant in a cathedral with a collegiate chapter as in those which were

[1] In the picture on p. 230 Dean Sugar's chantry and the pulpit may be seen; and they show again toward the right of the illustration on p. 233, while Dean Budwith's chantry appears toward the left.

served by monks, who were more in need of isolation for their many special services.

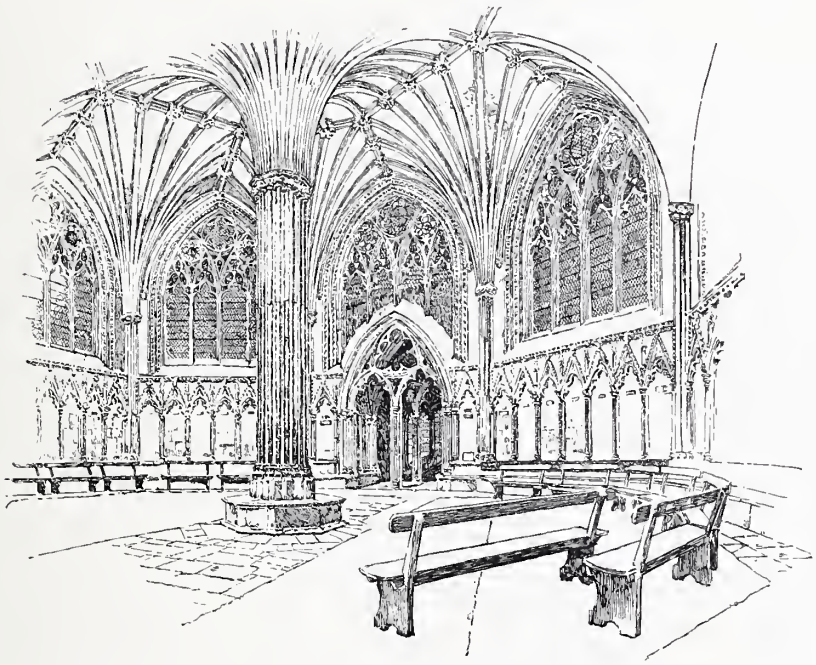
I chanced to be in Wells when for the first time the nave was artificially lighted. Nothing could be more beautiful than the effect as, all along the base of the triforium, a million tiny stars of gas shone out in close-set rows. This is the usual mode of lighting old churches in England, and is far preferable to any arrangement of standards or chandeliers. To be sure, the gas blackens the stone somewhat; but a little "toning" is not unwelcome where, to get rid of the whitewash of centuries, an interior has been scraped to painful neatness. The occasion was a harvest festival, and the sight was impressive as the town dignitaries entered in a body, in red robes and golden chains, and the bishop made the tour of the nave with his crozier borne in front of him, and his choristers and clergy. But the sermon sounded odd in transatlantic ears. This well-to-do flock, in their pretty little town, may have acquiesced when their bishop, coming from what is perhaps the loveliest home in all England, boldly said that God's gifts, even of a material sort, are equally distributed among all his creatures—that to enjoy the beauties of nature, for instance, one does not need to own them. But suppose his congregation had been gathered from the East End of London?

VI

Wells, like Salisbury and Lincoln, has a cloister, although, like Salisbury and Lincoln, it did not really need one. And here this fact is still more clearly apparent, for while the cloister lies to the southward of the nave, in its true monastic position, the chapter-house stands far away, near the north side of the choir, in its true collegiate position. Moreover, the cloister has only three walks instead of the customary four, and it is entered only by a door in the corner of the transept, whereas monastic cloisters must have at least two doors—one for the abbot or prior, and one for the monks. Its central green, shadowed by an ancient yew, once served as a place of burial, and its eastern walk led from the church to the palace; but these were its only real uses, for no buildings for life in common ever opened out of it. Two of its walks are now in the Perpendicular style; but the eastern one, over which a Perpendicular library was raised, shows Early English work of Joceline's time.

The chapter-house is the only one in England which has two stories. The council-room itself is raised on a basement or undercroft, which cannot be called a crypt, as it lies above ground and is lighted

by tall narrow windows, but which looks cellar-like indeed—dirty, gloomy, and uncanny, and full of broken bits of sculpture and much ecclesiastical rubbish. In the centre of its octagonal space, fifty feet in diameter, stands a rather stumpy clustered pier; the vaults which rise from this descend to rest upon a circle of eight round pillars; and a second sweep of vaults rests on these pillars and the outer walls.



THE CHAPTER-HOUSE.

Above, in the chapter-house itself, we find the same octagonal shape and a taller, lighter central pier; but, naturally, now that there is nothing but the roof to support, no secondary piers encumber the floor. The style is early Decorated, and the geometrical traceries, interesting to contrast with the flowing ones in the choir of the church, are very fine, although the windows are rather too low for their width, owing to the unusually low proportions of the room itself. The canopied arcade which runs above the canons' bench is an admirable piece of work, and the deep window-jambs are delightfully adorned with rows of that ball-flower ornament which is as characteristic of the Decorated period as the dog-tooth is of the Early English—an ornament which looks like a round four-sepaled bud just bursting to disclose the folded petals

within. If the room were a little loftier, and its graceful doorway were a little more happily combined with the half-window above it, even Lincoln's chapter-house would not be more beautiful.

The bridge that we see in the picture on p. 243 carries a staircase which connects the church not only with the Vicars' Close at its end, but, half-way up, with the chapter-house as well. A more effective mode of approach to the chapter-house could hardly be fancied, and a large staircase of this period is a rare and interesting relic. But, in spite of its dignity, this one does not stand comparison with many that were built in late Gothic and Renaissance times, when, indeed, the attention paid to domestic and palatial architecture first developed all the beauty and constructional significance of which great stairways were capable. Here at Wells no regard was paid to structural expression; the existence of the stair is not indicated by the design of the walls which inclose it. The fine windows bear no relationship to the slope they light, and, consequently, from the outside we should never imagine anything except a level passage to exist within. Of course the interior effect lacks harmony; and the steps themselves are but rudely profiled, while their divergence into the chapter-house is managed in a way which seems curiously naïve by contrast with the refinement, the exquisite finish, of all adjacent features.

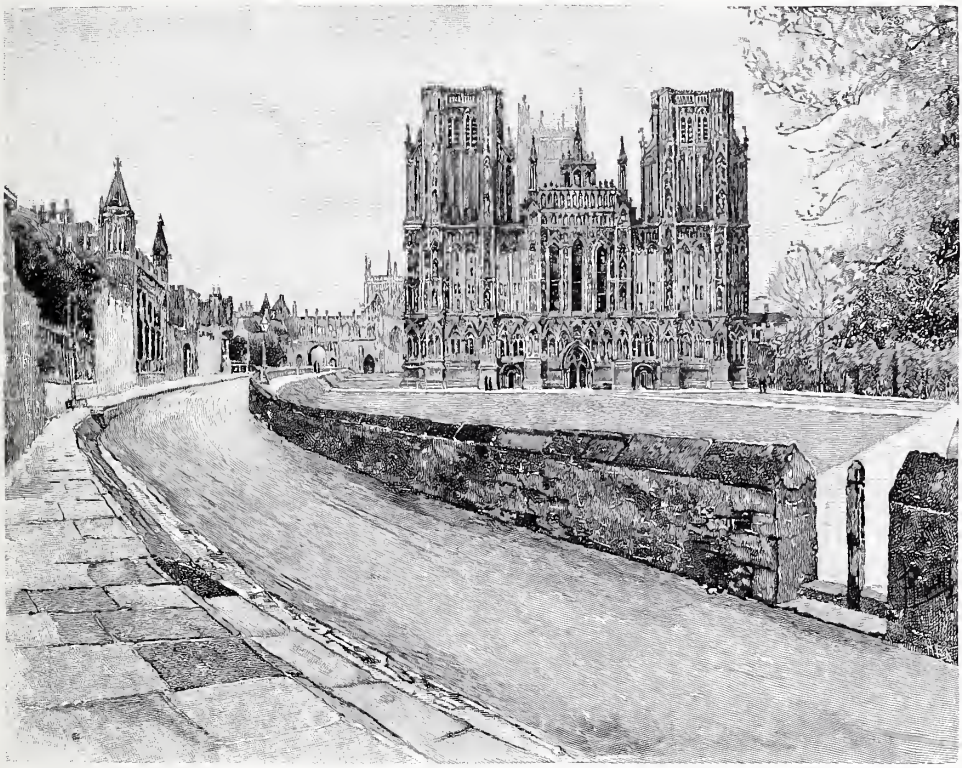
VII

If the great fame of the west front of Wells rested on architectural grounds, we might rightly say that the popular voice is not always the voice of good judgment. To be sure, size is a factor that should never be underestimated in architectural work, and this façade is very large even when not tried by English standards. But it is a sham in the same sense as are those of Salisbury and Lincoln. The great towers do not stand parallel with the aisles, but quite beyond them: the church is not nearly so wide as an end view implies.[1] The falsehood is instinctively resented, and it actually injures beauty of effect. Neither majesty nor grace of proportion can be claimed for this façade; only its bigness makes it impressive. Nor are defects in proportion pal-

[1] The cathedrals of Amiens and Paris, contemporary with Wells, measure 136 and 116 feet across the front, while Wells measures 147½. There are French façades a good deal wider still; yet if this one were what it pretends to be, it would rank among the giants.

The west front of Lincoln was built by Bishop Hugh, a brother of Bishop Joceline. They are called "Hugh of Wells" and "Joceline of Wells," as born in the Somerset city where one of them was afterward enthroned.

liated by art in the design. There is indeed great vigor, resulting from the simple repetition of large parts; but it is the kind of vigor which palls with familiarity. After a while we feel that it needed no imaginative power, and little ingenuity even, to combine these successive buttresses and wall-spaces and cover them with arcades. Examine the arcades themselves, and there is no stronger ground for admiration. Many of the features and details are very charming, but there is some-



THE WEST FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL.

times a lack of skill in their combination, as where the tall main arcade cuts into the little one above it. Put this beside the front of Notre Dame in Paris, and we see a merely effective arrangement contrasted with a true architectural conception where all parts are beautiful in themselves, yet where each is admirably related to all others—where the design truthfully expresses the building behind it, and unity of effect coexists with great variety. The three doors at Wells, opening into nave and aisles, confess the true width of the church; and for this

reason it is fortunate perhaps that they are so small—so very small, as Ruskin says of English doors in general, that we fancy them not portals for the men who could build such churches, but mere "holes for frogs and mice." Above the roof the towers are Perpendicular works of the fourteenth century, but the fact that they are almost precisely the same deserves remark, as the southern one is more than half a century older than its mate.

When the chronicler of England's "Worthies" comes to Somersetshire he writes: "The west front of Wells is a masterpiece of art indeed, made of imagery in just proportion, so that we may call them '*vera et spirantia signa.*' England affordeth not the like. For although the west-end of Exeter beginneth accordingly, it doth not, like Wells, persevere to the end thereof." The phrase "made of imagery" was perhaps a careless one with Fuller, but it aptly explains where the interest and beauty of the great façade really reside. Not the architect, but the sculptor has made it illustrious. The statues and groups with which it is covered are later than the front itself; only about the year 1280 were they placed in the niches that had been arranged for them. Some are missing, some are shattered, but many are in good condition; they have not been restored, and they show English sculpture at its very highest level. When complete they included about a hundred and fifty effigies as large as life or larger, and still more of smaller size—effigies of kings and queens and princes and warriors, of angels, apostles, saints, martyrs, missionaries, and bishops, most of them actual or imagined portraits, although exact identification is impossible to-day. The lowest tier of arches seems to have been filled with figures of those who had converted the island—St. Augustine and his followers, of course, but also St. Paul, St. Joseph of Arimathea, and others whom local legends named as bringers of the glad tidings in earliest British days. Then comes a line of singing angels, and then a line of medallions with subjects from the Old Testament on one side of the central door, and from the New Testament on the other, separated above the door by a niche with a Coronation of the Virgin. A fourth row and a fifth contain the spiritual and temporal lords of the island Church, together with their brethren and allies of other lands. The sixth tier—the little arcade above the largest—shows ninety-two small compositions of two or three figures each. All these represent the Resurrection, and are remarkable for the absence of the grotesque monsters, devils, and infernal emblems which commonly accompany such scenes when Continental sculptors have treated them. The simpler, more

naturalistic English conceptions may be thought in better accord with modern ideas of artistic dignity; yet from the mediæval standpoint we must once more record a relative deficiency in imaginative power. Nor did such little isolated groups demand as much of this power for their arrangement, or as much architectural skill for their placing, as the large compositions which adorn the churches of France. Studying the principal figures, we find that they too are more naturalistic in aim than the best French figures, which, be it noted, are a full century earlier in date. But the aim is not worked out to greater truth of effect, or to so high a degree of beauty. The sculptors who labored at Wells were very remarkable artists, but they had not the high inspiration or the fine technical skill that their French predecessors and contemporaries showed; they did not attempt the noblest problems which mediæval architecture permitted; nor is their work so integrally part and parcel of the building as what we see at Amiens, Rheims, or Chartres. But the burden of responsibility for the latter fact at least should of course be laid upon the architect rather than upon the sculptor himself.

In the central gable stand twelve angels in a row, with the twelve apostles above them, while in the three great niches atop of all once sat Christ enthroned with the Virgin and St. John. The twenty-four figures which, so to say, formed their footstool are almost intact; but St. John and the Virgin have perished, and only the feet of Christ remain. In the central portal sits the Virgin again, with the Child in her arms and the serpent under her feet. The sculptured arcades run around the flank of the northwestern tower, but on the southwestern one they stop with the façade, probably because of the cloister's position.

When we turn the wind-swept northwest shoulder of the church—called "Kill-canon Corner"—we see that after all something beyond bulk was gained by placing the tower outside the line of the walls. In a lateral view it gives vigor and variety to the long stretch of nave, and groups admirably with a large projecting northern porch. This porch is Early English of the local type, and antedates, perhaps, both the nave and the western front. Rich arcades cover its interior walls, and a lingering Norman influence shows in the zigzags which adorn the mouldings of its deep portal, and in the grotesques that mingle with the foliage on the capitals of its many shafts.

VIII

It is the palace garden that gives this cathedral a setting which even in England seems strikingly fair. The close itself is only the green—once a cemetery—stretching in front of the church and some distance farther toward the south. At its southwestern corner rises one of its three gates, opening from the market-place. Another is behind us when we stand as in the picture on p. 243, and the third is then in front of us—the Chain-gate under the stairway-bridge. Passing

THE CATHEDRAL, FROM TOR HILL.

through this, we pass out of the close and see the chapter-house and the Lady-chapel divided from the street by only a narrow line of garden. But to appreciate their beauty as they group with the varied outlines of the church itself, we must climb the gentle slope of Tor Hill and look back from the southeast.

Far off are the western towers, seeming less stunted than when, as we stood beneath them, they were dwarfed by the great breadth of the front. Where choir and nave and transept meet soars the central tower

THE EAST END OF THE CATHEDRAL, FROM THE GARDEN.

with its light pinnacles. The few buttresses of the newer part of the choir, the low projection of the small eastern transept, the richness of the east window, the true octagonal shape of the Lady-chapel (separated from the choir-end by the lower roof of the retrochoir), and the taller pinnacled octagon of the chapter-house—all these are clearly seen, supported to the left by the library above the cloister-walk and by the roofs of the palace, over a foreground of luxuriant garden and against a background of low rolling hills, with the town looking very tiny, but the tower of St. Cuthbert's church accenting its existence afar off to the westward. There is little to criticize, much to admire without stint, in the exterior of Wells once the façade is forgotten; and from this point everything seems perfect except the unpinnacled tops of the western towers. But the best thing of all is the way in which all things are grouped—the free yet harmonious connection of the parts, so that the individuality of each is manifest, yet each sustains and emphasizes and belongs to the others. In Germany and England we often find groups of buildings which may be composed of inferior elements, yet as groups,

in a general distant view, could hardly be matched in France. A feeling for the picturesque, and for natural beauty as contributing toward it, did something to supply among men of Teutonic blood a deficiency in that purely architectural power which has always been strongest in the Latin races. But among all the groups raised by mediæval builders, blending nature's charms and art's together, there can be none more perfect than this at Wells, where the arrangement is masterly and the elements are very beautiful in themselves.

When, near the spot shown in the picture on p. 247, we turn our backs upon the church, we see something much less noble but almost more amazing—a palace which makes the dream of a poet seem prosaic, it is so big yet so pretty, so dignified yet so fantastic, so unnatural to our American eyes yet so natural-looking here. If ever there has been a romantic home, it is this. Not a bishop should live in it, but some festive young seignior with hawks and hounds, going out daily over the drawbridge on a milk-white horse with the longest possible tail; and on the moat, instead of a stout youth in knickerbockers pushing himself about in a punt with a pole, we ought to have seen a boat shaped like a swan, with a silken canopy and a troubadour to sing beneath the oriels. I do not know whether or not we might have gone inside the palace, but who could wish it? No modern men and women, clerical or lay, could "live up" to such an exterior. But not seeing was believing; not seeing, we could fancy them still clad in brocades, treading on rushes, and shivering when the tapestries wave as the wind blows in winter through the patched walls and sagging roofs.

Patched the walls are in truth, though probably the wind is well enough kept out; and there is no more "design" to the building as a whole than continuity in its fabric, where each scar and rent seems to have been repaired with the first material that came to hand, and where time and weather have blended all diverse notes of color into a soft general redness, contrasting, just as a painter would have it, with the vivid green of the vines. A big magnolia blooms against one wall, to give the last imaginable touch of poetic charm.

John of Tours first built the palace with the materials of Gisa's structures. Joceline began to rebuild it, adding a chapel, and giving the house itself the vaulted lower story and the great upper hall which still remain, although much altered in feature and function. It would be difficult and not a little painful to trace its later history of addition, defacement, and repair. From the architectural point of view its exterior has not much more merit now than those curious compounds of unre-

lated bits which the scene-painter loves to imagine. But how often have we wished that we could see some actual thing half as picturesque as the scene-painter's unrealities? Here we find it—something real that looks utterly unreal; a house where all the vandalism and unreason of the past have merely worked together for the good of the eye that is wise enough to forget for a moment the meaning of

THE BISHOP'S PALACE.

architectural unity, and to ask only for effective massing, for lovely contrasts of color, and a mellow air of antiquity and romance.

A little way back of the palace a great episcopal hall, the largest in all England, was built before the end of the thirteenth century. Now the picturesqueness of its ruin contrasts with the picturesque preservation of its older neighbor. Four octagonal turrets and four tall windows stand in a mantle of ivy, and beyond them the gardens stretch still further, rising to a terrace where we get another admirable view of the mighty cathedral pile, and can see the silhouette of Glastonbury far off against the southern sky.

The front of the deanery, looking on the northern side of the cathedral green near the Vicars' Close, was rebuilt in the seventeenth century, but inside its square courtyard the work of the fifteenth century may still be seen. Here Henry VII. was housed, the palace being in too forlorn a state, when Perkin Warbeck's insurrection brought him to the west.

But nothing at Wells is more charming, nothing is quite so individual, as the Vicars' Close itself. The canons lived around the cathe-

THE VICARS' CLOSE.

dral close in separate houses, hardly a trace of which remains. The vicars—their deputies or assistants—were scattered about through the town until, in plaintive Latin verses, they petitioned Ralph of Shrewsbury to give them an abiding-place. Here he housed them, in two rows of tiny homes, shut in at the north by a library and a chapel, and

at the south by a gateway with a gallery above opening into a refectory and into the staircase that connected with the church. Once there were forty-two houses, each with a single occupant who slept and found retirement in its two cozy rooms, but dined in common with his fellows, studied and worshiped with them in their private library and chapel, and went with them over their private bridge when his duties called him to the cathedral church. Here indeed the ideal of celibate scholastic religious life must have been attained by those who sought it with a pure heart and a quiet mind. Nor does the atmosphere of the place seem much changed, despite all the other changes it has seen. Little of Shrewsbury's Decorated work remains, but that would matter less had the reconstructions of the Perpendicular period been the last. Only one of the houses is intact inside. When priests were permitted to marry, even a priest could not live in two rooms; and gradually several homes have been thrown into one, and laymen have been allowed to occupy them. Yet in the soft glamour of a September twilight it was easy to repeople the inclosure with its ancient figures, and it was almost easy to imagine that theirs must have been an enviable life.

In choosing twelve English cathedrals for description, I must have preferred certain others to Wells did its church stand by itself. But its group of minor buildings gives it a claim which could not possibly be overlooked. To disassociate an English cathedral from its surroundings is as though, in portraying a great tree, one should lop off the lateral branches; and here the tree is not only beautiful but unique. Here, much better than anywhere else, we can learn what was the aspect, in mediæval times, of a cathedral church served by a body of priests who were not monks,—by a large collegiate chapter. When we study out its meaning, even the loveliness of the general picture at Wells is not so remarkable as its historic interest.

IX

It is popularly said in Wells that three railways make it difficult to get there, and that four would make it quite impossible. The trains by which we came from the south certainly showed that we were not on a great highway of travel. They loitered and paused, and gave up their burdens to one another, and then hurried a little, and loitered again, and brought us in at last some three hours late. But they loitered through one of the most beautiful districts of England, and they

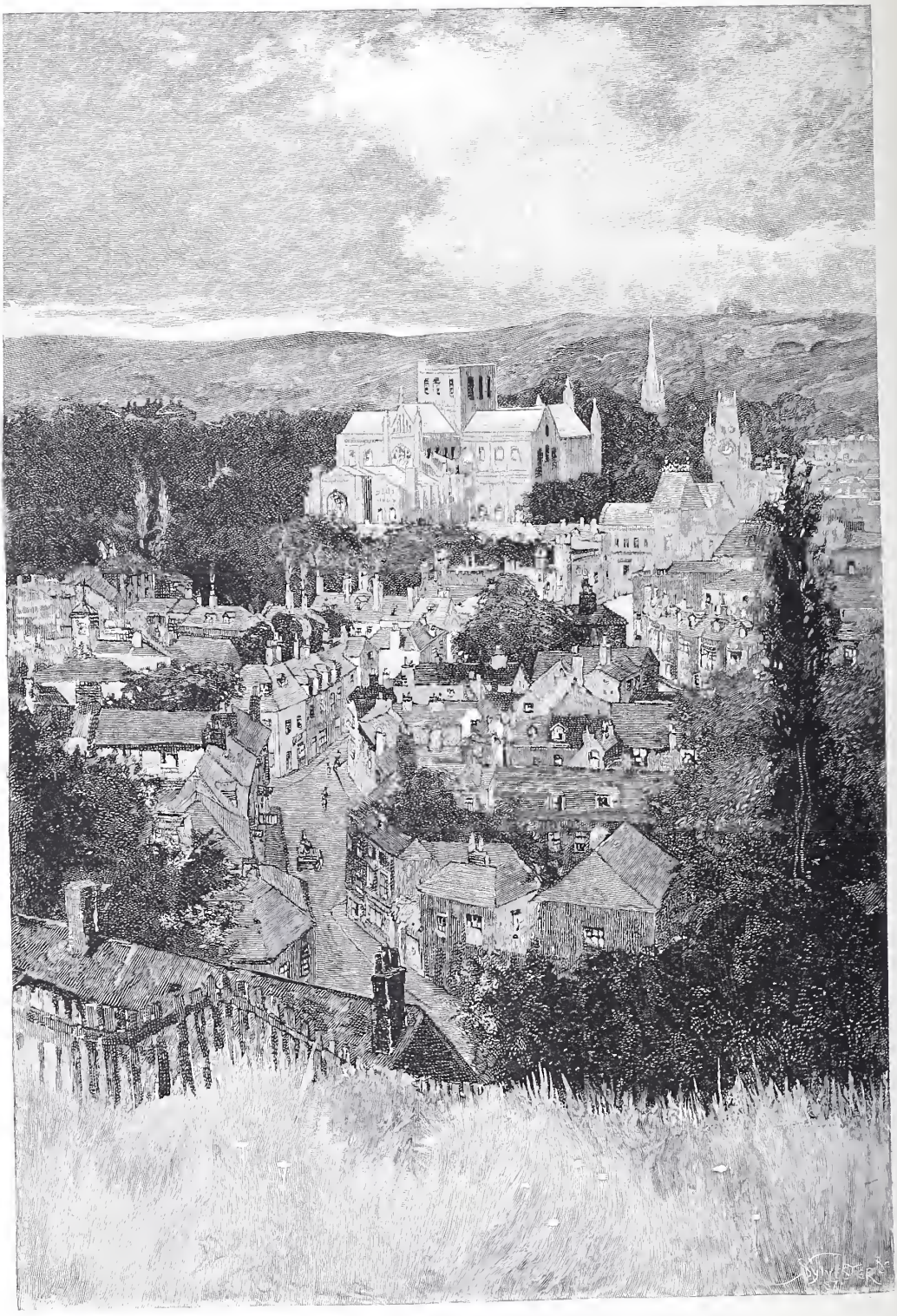
brought us in at sunset to a first impression of incomparable charm; and we felt that they must know this to be their chief if not their only duty.

In truth, Wells is such a little quiet city that it seems as though no stranger could come except for the cathedral's sake. It is the extreme example of a town which absolutely owes its life to the cathedral's existence. We are surprised to find that it ever wished for a parish church like St. Cuthbert's—surprised that it dared to realize its wish and give the cathedral towers a rival. Were there space for much else now that art has had its share of all-too-scanty comment, it would be interesting to trace the inner history of the town, for no history of an English town comes nearer to reproducing, on a humble scale, the story of those foreign cities where the bishop ruled bodies as well as souls. But there would be little to tell of the figure that Wells has made in outside happenings. It can never have been much more important than it is to-day; and when its bishops achieved national fame they played their parts at a distance.

I have spoken of those who fathered its beautiful buildings, down to Bishop Beckington. There was little left for him to add to the church itself, but his accessory works were manifold; and in the town he did so much that for generations after his death the mayor and corporation went annually in state to pray for his soul by the chantry which our ungrateful time has uprooted and defaced. Before his day there were prelates who had not been remarkable as builders only, but a more curious line succeeds him. He was followed by Oliver King (1495–1503), who was potent at court under Edward IV. and Henry VII. Next came an Italian, Hadrian de Castello, if I may use the word of one who never really came at all. He had been legate in Scotland, and, after his return to Rome, Archbishop Morton caused him to be named Bishop of Hereford. From this see he was transferred, while still in Rome, to Wells; and in Rome he was one day asked to breakfast with the Borgia who was pope. The rest of the story is familiar, though one rarely remembers that its hero the cardinal was likewise Bishop of Bath and Wells—the story of the poisoned cup meant for Castello but drunk by the pope and his son Cæsar. Even after this Castello had no thoughts of England. He headed a conspiracy against Leo X., failed, fled, and was never heard of again. What a contrast between such a wolf in shepherd's clothing and a Beckington or a Joceline! And the next name has still a different flavor, being the great Wolsey's. Wolsey resigned his chair at Wells to take Durham's

chair instead; and, a century later, Laud, who was bishop first of St. David's in Wales, and then of Bath and Wells, passed from Wells to London and to Canterbury. For another really noted prelate we must look ahead nearly sixty years to Ken, of whose appointment in 1685 one of the few anecdotes is told that reflect much credit on Charles II. As a canon at Winchester, Ken had refused the king's request to take Nell Gwynn beneath his roof. When the see of Bath and Wells was vacant in after years, Charles was asked who should fill it, and he answered,—so the story runs,—"Who but the brave little man that would not give poor Nelly a lodging?" At all events, Ken's independence, no less than his simplicity, piety, and learning, was proved during every day of his episcopal life. In his time Wells for once came conspicuously before the public eye. The battle of Sedgemoor was fought only a short distance away, and Ken sheltered the refugees, and, with the Bishop of Ely, ministered to Monmouth on the scaffold. He was one of the seven bishops then tried and acquitted at Westminster, and one of the nonjurors after William and Mary came to the throne. Deprived of his see, he died in 1711. Many bishops, like Laud, were translated to Wells from the humbler neighboring sees of Wales, and not a few of them passed on to more exalted English chairs.

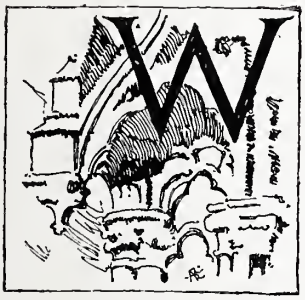
THE ENTRANCE TO THE BISHOP'S PALACE.



WINCHESTER, FROM THE EASTERN HILLS.

Chapter X

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL—WINCHESTER



WINCHESTER Cathedral is the longest mediæval church in Europe, now that Old St. Paul's of London has perished; yet no other makes so poor a showing in the English landscape. As depressed and monotonous in outline as Peterborough, it has no conspicuous façade to give it grandeur from a western point of view; nor does so wide a reach of open square and verdant close surround it. Seen from the neighboring hills its enormous bulk is of course impressive, but on lower ground the eye cannot often isolate it from the encircling houses. This is especially true of the place from which strangers see it first. It stands near the railroad, yet we may easily fail to realize that we are approaching one of the mightiest, most famous, and most interesting of England's cathedrals. We must make the circuit of its walls to appreciate their extent, and must enter its portals to comprehend its majesty and charm. Many periods of art contributed to its erection, but to-day it chiefly shows the work of the early Perpendicular period.[1]

I

THERE was a town on this spot long before the Romans conquered it. They called it Venta Belgarum, but its still earlier name is more often recollected—Caer Gwent, familiar to lovers of Arthurian legend; and tradition speaks more clearly about its first Christian days than about those of Canterbury. Here, it is said, in the year 164, immedi-

[1] The standard account of this church is Professor Willis's "Architectural History of Winchester Cathedral." It was published in the *Proceedings of the Archæological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland*, in the volume which bears date 1845 and which is entirely devoted to Winchester, containing also an interesting essay on William of Wykeham, by Professor Cockerell.

ately after his conversion, King Lucius the Briton erected, on the site of an ancient temple, a church of unparalleled size and beauty. A hundred years later it was destroyed in the persecutions of Diocletian's time, but was soon rebuilt and remained in Christian use until the West-Saxons arrived and their first king, Cerdic, made it a "temple of Dagon." Caer Gwent lay in ruins when Cerdic was crowned, but, restored with an Anglicized name, Wint-Ceaster, it grew beneath the rule of his offspring to be the capital of united England; and, though London gradually usurped its place, the imagination looks back to it as back to Canterbury. Winchester politically, like Canterbury spiritually, is the mother-city of the English-speaking race.

In the year 633 Pope Honorius sent Birinus to convert the West-Saxons. Helped in the work by Oswald, king of Northumbria, friend of St. Cuthbert and hero of Durham, who had come southward to seek the hand of a West-Saxon princess, he baptized King Kynegils and his people and became the first bishop of a new see. A great church was begun to replace the old one, desecrated by Dagon; and though the new *cathedra* was temporarily set up at Dorchester (now Abingdon) in Oxfordshire, it was removed to the royal town in the reign of King Ina, about the year 700.

Winchester's importance grew steadily with the growth of West-Saxon power. Here reigned Egbert, the first king of all England, and his successors until just before the Norman conquest. Alfred the Great restored the town after its desolation by the Danes; and, that harried Wessex might no longer deserve the reproach of being the most ignorant province in England, he founded, close by the cathedral or Old Minster, a New Minster as a home for scholars. When Ethelwold, the refounder of Peterborough and Ely, was Bishop of Winchester, a century after Alfred's time, he repaired, or probably rebuilt, the Old Minster and, in the year 980, removed beneath its roof the body of St. Swithun, who had been Alfred's tutor and, afterward, bishop of the see. The translation was delayed by forty days of rain and, in consequence, sun or shower on St. Swithun's festival, July 15, still predicts the next forty days of weather for the English peasant. The original church had been dedicated to the Holy Trinity. The new one was dedicated to Sts. Peter and Paul; but St. Swithun was revered as its real patron, and mediæval writers call it the Old Minster or St. Swithun's Abbey. The chapter had been secular; but Ethelwold offered the canons, many of whom were married men, their choice between deprivation and a monkish cowl; and when all but three re-

fused the cowl, he filled their stalls with Benedictine monks from Abingdon.

During the days of Danish dominion, national existence still centred at Winchester. In its cathedral Canute was crowned, and here he placed his golden crown on the head of the crucified Christ, refusing to wear it again after his courtiers' blasphemous adulation on the borders of Southampton Water. Here, too, the story runs, his widow Emma—widow also of Ethelred the Unready and mother of the Confessor—was forced by her pious weakly son to walk upon hot plowshares in refutation of a charge of too close friendship with Bishop Aldwin. The great Godwin died suddenly at a royal feast at Winchester, and was buried in the cathedral while all the people of England mourned aloud. William the Conqueror respected the town as the dower-city of the Confessor's widow, Edith, and it quietly submitted to his rule. Stigand was Bishop of Winchester as well as Archbishop of Canterbury at this time, and he too died here and was buried in the cathedral. And on a neighboring hilltop Waltheof, the "last English Earl," was beheaded by the Conqueror and "meanly buried on the place of his martyrdom."

The first Norman bishop was Walkelin, a relative of the Conqueror's. He rebuilt the cathedral from the foundations up, on a site that was far more cramped than we realize to-day, for the New Minster stood so close to its northern side that the chanting in one church could be heard in the other, and William's great castle crowded close upon its western front.

II

Although the Confessor had been crowned at the old capital, his love for Westminster, and the development of commercial, life started London in its successful rivalry with Winchester. But it was a long time before Winchester lost its rank. It was William's English capital, and he was crowned here for the second time with Matilda. Domesday Book was called the "Book of Winton," probably because it was here presented to the king; and here, where the curfew-bell still tolls night after night, it first rang out by his hated order. William Rufus too was crowned at Winchester, and, shot near by in the New Forest which his father had watered with the tears of its dispossessed peasants, was buried without religious rites in the centre of St. Swithun's church. Seven years later Walkelin's massive tower fell down, as though "ashamed to shelter the Red King's corpse." On the

day of the burial the witan at Winchester elected Henry I. to the throne; and in a neighboring cloister he found his wife, Edith,—afterward, as Norman tongues could not pronounce her name, called Matilda or Maud,—the daughter of Margaret of Scotland and niece of Edgar the Atheling, last scion of Cerdic's stock. In Henry's reign the New Minster was removed to another site and became Hyde Abbey, while the ground it left vacant was used for the city cemetery and now forms part of the cathedral close.

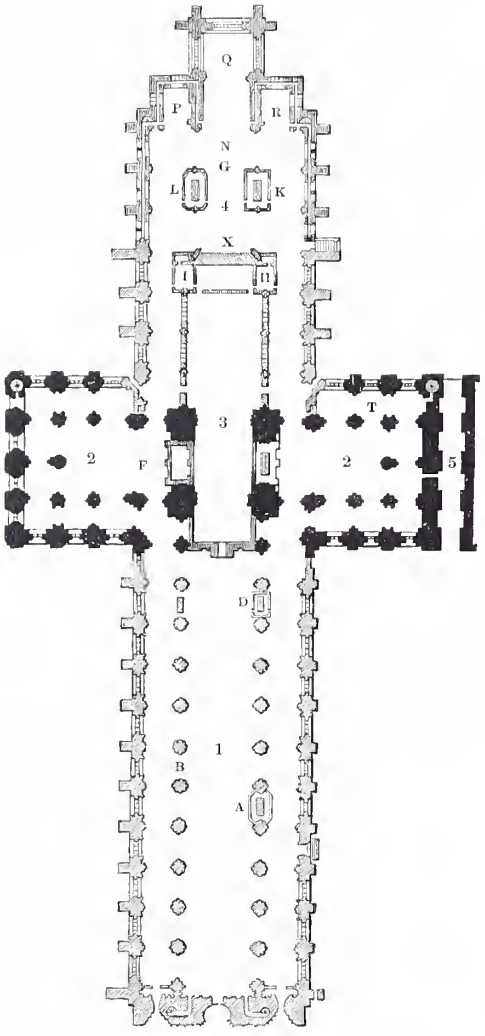
Henry of Blois, a grandson of the Conqueror and Bishop of Winchester from 1129 to 1171, was not only the most powerful prelate but the most powerful man in England. A prime favorite with his uncle, King Henry I., to whom he owed his bishopric, neither gratitude nor pledges guided his course in the war which followed Henry's death. Siding now with his cousin Matilda and now with his brother Stephen, he worse confounded the confusion of his time, but at last was the chief promoter of the settlement which put Stephen on the throne. His political acts may be variously judged, but his private life was pure, and he labored steadily for the good of his diocese. Becket was consecrated by his hands. He was legate of the pope, a great warrior in deed as well as counsel, and the builder of the beautiful and famous Hospital of St. Cross which still stands in its old usefulness a mile away from the cathedral. But in his latter days, in the reign of Stephen, Winchester's rank as the capital of the realm finally passed away. It is true that Henry II. spent much time at Winchester, married his daughter there to the Duke of Saxony, and there kept the enormous treasure which, when he died, Richard I. eagerly came to seize. It is true, as well, that Richard's second coronation, after his captivity, took place at Winchester. But he was first crowned at Westminster, as had been the case with Stephen and with Henry II., when Winchester lay almost in ruins after the long war, and indeed, years before, with Henry I.; and no subsequent English king has thought of Wessex as the political heart of his realm.

In 1189 Godfrey de Lucy was made bishop, and he rebuilt the east end of the cathedral while King John was beginning his reign. Bishop Peter de Roches, a Poitevin by birth, and one of the first of those haughty foreign prelates who troubled the realm so sorely, stood fast by John while he struggled with his people, and after his death remained Grand Justiciar of England, and was guardian of the new king, little Henry III. The reign of this Henry of Winchester was a troublous one for his natal town, what with the Barons' War eddying close

about it, the king's wranglings with the cathedral chapter over the election of its bishops, and frequent monkish quarrels with the townsfolk. But a happy day came at last to Winchester, when, at the parliament held there in 1268, Henry made his peace with his son and with the memory of Simon de Montfort. Ethelmar (or Aylmar) de Valence, Henry's half-brother, had finally been chosen bishop through his insistence. After this name come a few of small significance, and then Bishop Edingdon's in 1346. The Black Death all but depopulated England

THE CATHEDRAL, FROM THE FIELDS.

in Edingdon's time and left Winchester with only two thousand inhabitants, yet his architectural works were many and ambitious, both within and without his cathedral. From 1367 to 1486 (a period of a hundred and nineteen years) the chair was filled by three prelates only, and each was a man of exceptional note, even for a bishop of Winchester—William of Wykeham, Cardinal Beaufort, and William Waynflete. Before I speak of them, however, it will be best to glance at the fabric of the cathedral church upon which Wykeham imperishably set his seal.



PLAN OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.[1]

FROM MURRAY'S "HANDBOOK TO THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND."

1, Nave. 2, Transept. 3, Choir 4, Retrochoir. 5, Slype or Passageway between the Church and the Chapter-house, now destroyed. A, Wykeham's Chantry. B, Font. D, Edingdon's Chantry. F, Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. G, Tomb of William Rufus. H, Bishop Fox's Chantry. I, Bishop Gardiner's Chantry. K, Cardinal Beaufort's Chantry. L, Bishop Waynflete's Chantry. N, Bishop de Lucy's Tomb. P, Chapel of the Guardian Angels. Q, Lady-chapel. R, Bishop Langton's Chantry. T, Bishop Silkstede's Chapel and Isaak Walton's Tomb.

III

THE ambiguous words of early writers led, even in mediæval times, to a belief that Walkelin the Norman did not entirely renew Ethelwold's cathedral, built only a hundred years before. It was long argued that its tower at least remained and fell upon the grave of Rufus, and that the new tower was called by Walkelin's name because it was raised with moneys which he had bequeathed. But it is certain now that a new site was chosen for the Norman church, the Saxon church standing close beside it until it was complete; and that Walkelin's tower did fall,—as two centuries later fell the one which his brother, Bishop Simeon, erected at Ely,—and was promptly rebuilt as we see it to-day.

Walkelin's church was begun in 1076 and dedicated, with infinite pomp, in 1093. The purely Norman character of the crypt helps to prove the change of site, and its plan shows that the shape of the east end of the church above must have been more complex than that of most Anglo-Norman churches. The singers' choir projected as usual across the intersection of nave and transept, and it has never been withdrawn within the eastern limb—the architectural choir—as it has in many other cases. The presbytery beyond it ended, at about the point marked *X* on our plan, in the customary semicircular apse. But around this apse a wide aisle was carried, flanked by a pair of towers;

[1] Winchester Cathedral measures 556 feet in length inside its walls, and 208 feet across the transept.

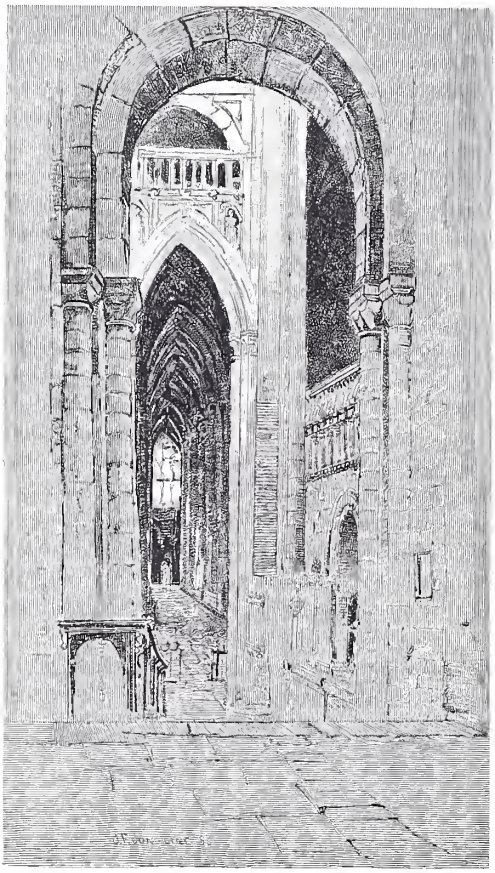
and a great doorway in the centre of the curve admitted to a narrower Lady-chapel, which extended past the point marked *N* on the plan. Modern excavations have shown that the nave stretched forty feet farther toward the west than the line of its present front, and had two enormous towers.[1] Except the transept no part of this vast church — five hundred feet in length — now stands intact; and the gradual process by which the whole of the longer limb was reconstructed is perhaps the most curious on record.

In the year 1202 Bishop de Lucy began, in the Early English style, a new retrochoir and Lady-chapel, starting at the fourth pier to the eastward of the crossing. His exterior walls were constructed first and carried past the narrow Norman Lady-chapel without disturbing it. Later, this chapel, together with the aisle around the apse, was torn down and new pier-arcades and vaults were built. The old apse stood inside this newer work until 1320, when the present termination of the presbytery was built in the Decorated style, with a great window in the gable rising close behind the high altar, far above the lower roofs of De Lucy's retrochoir. In 1350, in the time of Bishop Edingdon, the central alley of the four choir-bays next the crossing was rebuilt in an early Perpendicular style, while their Norman aisles were still suffered to remain. Then Edingdon tore down the west end of the church with its towers, rebuilt it forty feet farther to the eastward, and began to rebuild the nave. William of Wykeham continued his work, leaving it at his death, in 1404, to be finished by his successors. About 1470 the Lady-chapel was lengthened toward the east, where three chapels of equal depth had hitherto stood side by side. After the year 1500 the Norman aisles of the choir were at last reconstructed in a style like that of Wykeham's nave. For fifty years longer splendid tombs and chantries were erected in late Perpendicular ways, and Renaissance architects then added their quota in the shape of minor decorative features. And thus, although its general aspect is Perpendicular, there is no style or period later than the Conquest which is not represented in this remarkably handled church.

Not much need be said about the Norman transept. It has an aisle on each side, and across each end runs another which rises only to the level of the springing of the arches, where it bears a narrow gallery. The tower was once open as a lantern to its full height, but was ceiled lower down in the time of Charles I. The four piers that support it are

1 The nave-aisles seem to have ended where they do to-day, and the extension probably consisted of a wide vestibule flanked by the towers, or a sort of western transept.

extraordinarily massive, and their masonry is distinctly of two different dates, while the four piers next them in the transept are stronger than those beyond and likewise show marks of alteration. Yet all the work is Norman, and thus structural as well as historical voices witness that Walkelin's great tower fell, frightening his successors into sturdier building.



IN THE SOUTH AISLE OF THE CHOIR, LOOKING WEST.

Striking indeed is the contrast between these stern and massive transept-arms and the rich perspectives which stretch out east and west. The picture on this page puts the spectator upon the raised floor of the southern aisle of the choir. A vast Norman arch curves above him. To the right he sees the wall which incloses the ritual choir, still extending in the Norman fashion beneath the tower; and if he bends forward and looks to the left, the bald majesty of the transept is relieved by few touches of carven decoration. But the wall of the ritual choir is adorned with the work of a much later age; behind him extends the late-built Perpendicular choir-aisle, with the simpler yet light and graceful Lancet-Pointed work of De Lucy beyond it, flanked by luxuriant Perpendicular chantries; and opposite him, under the tall slim arch which Wykeham designed, stretches the long south aisle of the nave—sharply pointed, richly vaulted, looking like the work, not only of another age, but of another race than that which built the massive stilted semicircle above his head.

IV

Crossing the transept now and turning into the nave, we see one of the most singular and interesting architectural works in the world. In

many other churches there are major or minor parts which have been changed by the touch of later ages into marked unlikeness with their former selves. But nowhere else in England was such a transformation effected on so vast a scale, and yet nowhere did it leave so little patent evidence of change behind it.

When Edingdon, as I have told, saw fit to take the nave in hand he pulled down the western end. The present west front is entirely his work, inside and out, except for the turrets and gable which were added by Wykeham; and so are the aisle-walls and windows of one bay on the southern and two on the northern side of the nave. But when Wykeham took up his task he showed a more economical yet a bolder spirit. He tore down only a portion of the fabric and then added what was lacking to define the proportions and complete the features of a Perpendicular design. Just how he went to work is clearly shown in the illustration on this page, which was first printed with Professor Willis's admirable account of the cathedral. The right-hand compartment shows the original design of the nave (similar to the design which remains in the transept), with its pier-arcade, triforium, and clearstory of almost equal height; on the left we see how much Wykeham took away — the pier-arch, the sub-arches of the triforium, and the whole front of the clearstory stage; and the middle compartment shows what he added — a pier-arch, much loftier and slighter than its predecessor, and a tall clearstory, the lower part of

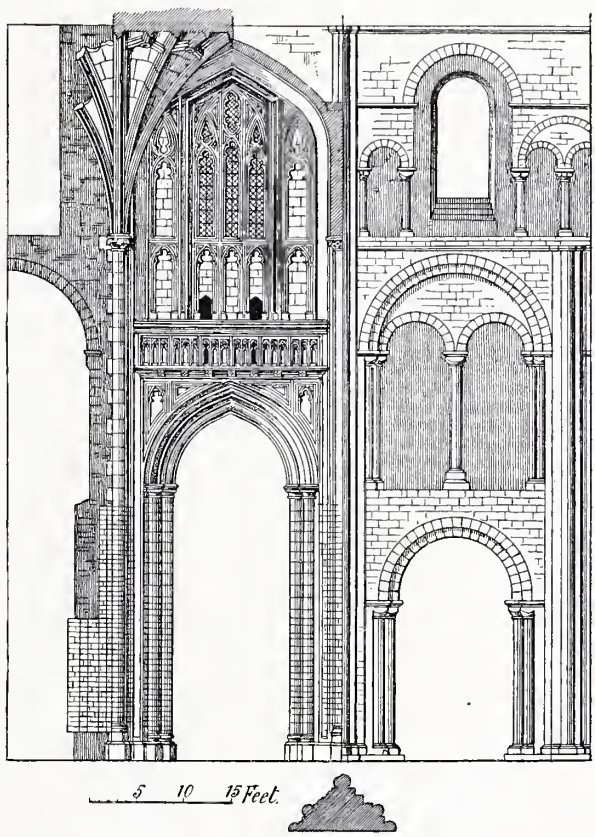


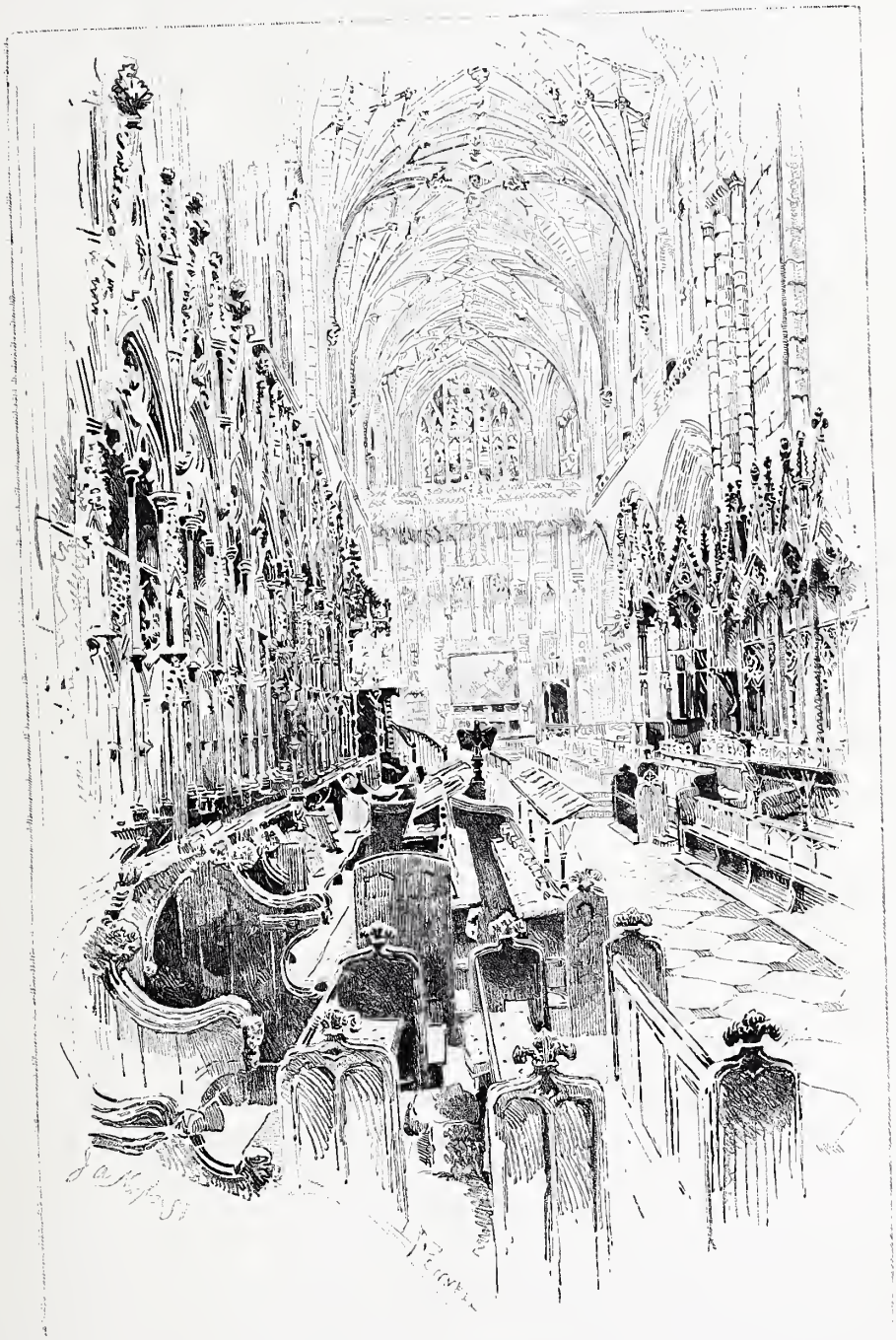
DIAGRAM SHOWING WYKEHAM'S TRANSFORMATION OF THE NAVE.

FROM MURRAY'S "HANDBOOK."

which, with its blank traceries on the solid wall and its projecting parapet, simulates a triforium and, indeed, incloses a passage which opens into the nave through small plain windows. On the outside of the building only two stories show, the outer wall of the aisle being carried as high as the base of the glazed clearstory lights. The elaborate vaults of nave and aisles are part of Wykeham's design, and were finished by Beaufort and Waynflete. In the first portion of the work that Wykeham himself accomplished he allowed many of the Norman surface-stones to remain, shaping the piers to the proper form by cutting Perpendicular mouldings upon them. But he found this process too troublesome or too costly, for the portions afterward built are entirely cased with stonework of his time, behind which, however, the sturdy Norman core remains.

A fine Norman font stands on the north side of the nave, and on the south side, fittingly placed amid the works of their hands, are the sumptuous chantries of Edingdon and Wykeham. Wykeham's is an especially beautiful piece of work—a tall rectangular structure, with sides that are open above a solid wall some ten feet in height, and a canopy supported on slender shafts and faced with graceful gables. Within it, on an altar-tomb, lies the effigy of the great architect in full canonicals, two angels bearing his pillow and three monks praying at his feet. A great square minstrel-gallery fills the west end of the north aisle, and in both aisles, as in those of the transept, are many monuments of many dates. Only two need be noted as bringing a breath of warmer feeling, of closer kinship, among the vague impersonal memories which haunt us in a church like this. On two simple slabs in the pavement we read the names of Jane Austen and Isaak Walton; and, for my part, I have found such names far more impressive when read in places where the dead of whom they witness often knelt in life, than when huddled with a hundred others on the pavement of the great half-church, half-museum at Westminster.

The eastern end of the central alley of the nave is filled for the space of two bays with the steps and platform which lead to the choir-screen. Above them in old times there stretched a rood-loft on which stood a great silver crucifix, built by Stigand with Queen Emma's money and transferred from the Saxon church; and on the head of its Christ was long preserved King Canute's crown of gold. Norman capitals and mouldings, which were once concealed by this rood-loft, still remain on the two flanking piers, in proof that Wykeham did not disturb it. Doubtless it perished in the great desecration of the church which was



THE CHOIR AND PRESBYTERY, LOOKING EAST.

ordered in the time of Edward VI. The screen which shuts in the choir is not the mediæval one, or the Renaissance one which Inigo Jones designed, but a recent construction of oak.

No part of the cathedral is more interesting than the triforium-passage in the nave. It extends over the whole width of the aisle, but is not floored, so one must keep carefully to the narrow raised paths which mark the crest of the aisle-vaults, lest a slip be made in the thick gloom into the hollows which yawn, several feet in depth, between them. Yet the little windows into the nave can be gingerly approached and the view is well worth getting, while over these windows we can trace the great semicircular arches of the old Norman triforium, built into the back of Wykeham's wall.

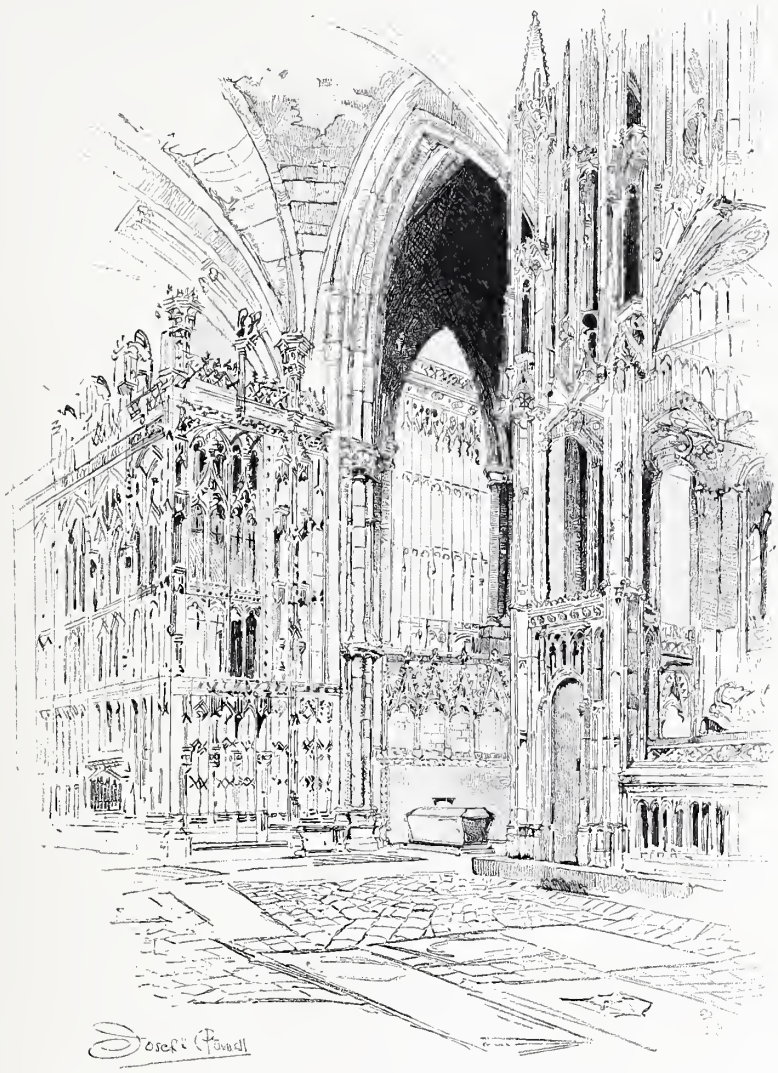
V

Only in the aisles can a view of the whole length of Winchester Cathedral be obtained. From the nave the choir-screen breaks the perspective, and though it is low and does not, as so often, bear the organ, and therefore the eye can follow above it the reach of the choir-arcades and ceiling, yet just back of the high altar comes the end wall of the presbytery. And even when we enter the presbytery, where, under its eastern pier-arcade, a view into the retrochoir and Lady-chapel might be had, we find this view blocked by a tall reredos, so that it almost seems as though the church ended here.[1] But we may question whether the vast length is not thus made doubly effective. From the western door to the end of the presbytery is a stretch of 390 feet; and when our steps have covered this, and we find another wide long lower space beyond, we realize indeed the magnitude of a church which is 556 feet in length.

The choir proper is extremely rich and beautiful, keeping still its carved stalls of the Decorated period, the oldest in the country except the Early English stalls at Exeter. The pulpit dates from about 1500, but the episcopal throne is modern.

The end of the presbytery is very slightly polygonal instead of rectangular in shape—a fact that is hardly appreciated at first sight, for the reredos, cutting across it, rises above the level of the triforium-gallery. This reredos was built about the year 1500, and when its whiteness was hid with color, and its many niches bore each a statue of consider-

[1] The picture on page 265 shows the interior effect of the presbytery window and the reredos, while the exterior view on page 288 shows the relative heights of presbytery and retrochoir.



IN THE RETROCHOIR.

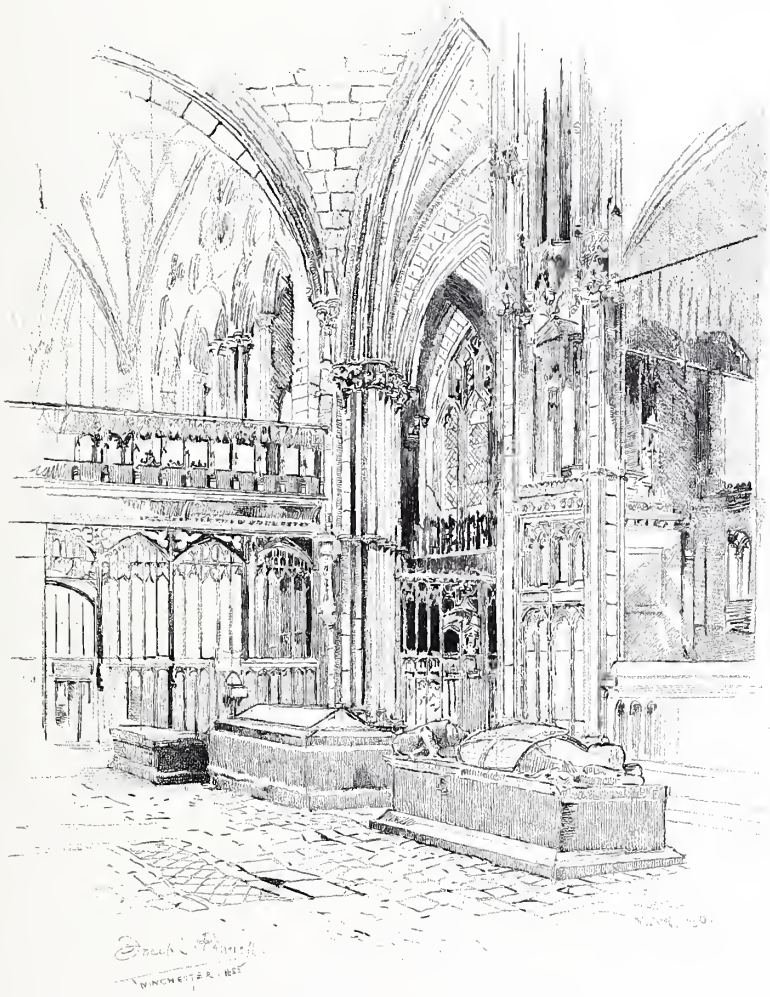
able size, it must have been magnificently effective. But magnificent is not the word to use of a picture which now hangs against it just above the altar—America's only gift to this mother-city of our race. It was painted by Benjamin West; we console ourselves with the thought that he did pretty well considering the time when he lived.

From pier to pier between the presbytery and its aisles run screens of stone tracery built by Bishop Fox about 1525, when Renaissance fashions were making their way in England. Upon these screens six

mortuary chests are placed, bearing a series of names unsystematically written—those of Canute and Queen Emma and Rufus, and of various early bishops and West-Saxon kings. Pre-Norman interments were made, of course, in the crypt of the Saxon cathedral, and here the bones which now fill these chests remained until the time of Bishop Henry of Blois. Wishing to bring them into the Norman church, he found neither name nor date on any tomb, so he mingled the relics together and inclosed them in leaden coffins. Later, these chests were built to hold them, but as they were opened by the soldiers of Cromwell it is trebly difficult to guess whose scant remains may lie beneath their lids. In a certain Continental gallery there hangs a big old picture of the Resurrection, where sit busy angels making whole and homogeneous skeletons with the bones which they take from the earth at their feet. Their fellows who may be assigned to service in St. Swithun's Abbey will have a task for the cleverest; for not only in these chests but in many tombs and chantries time and human curiosity have sadly muddled the record of the genesis of their contents. A plain coped tomb, for instance, is assigned to William Rufus. But is his name not on one of the chests? And is there not some evidence to prove that the body of Henry of Blois, superbest bishop of them all, really fills this poor letterless grave?

Between the back of the reredos and the piers which bear the end wall of the presbytery and divide it from the retrochoir is a small open space that once was the feretory or relic-chamber of the church, and, before the reredos was built, must have been visible even from the western doorway of the nave. It held the shrines of St. Swithun and St. Birinus in the holy neighborhood of the high altar. Now it is a relic-chamber of art filled with pitiful sculptured fragments and bits of architectural decoration. Its floor is considerably higher than that of the retrochoir, and its back thus forms a wall which in the Decorated period was beautifully worked into canopied niches. A glimpse of these niches, bare now of the royal memorials that filled them, is given in the picture on page 267, where we look between the splendid oratory-tombs of Bishops Beaufort and Fox. The other side of Beaufort's chantry is partly shown in the illustration on page 269, where we stand, facing east, in the central alley of the retrochoir—with this chantry on our right and Waynflete's on our left—and look into the Lady-chapel over its open screen. The simplest of the three tombs on the floor is said to be De Lucy's, and the next is the one attributed to the Red King. The whole effect of the retrochoir is very splendid, and although grandeur lacks through the lowness of the roof, we do not miss it in a

place like this—an adjunct to the main body of the church, and impressive most of all as the home of the mighty dead. De Lucy's Early English piers are exquisitely wrought—many-shafted and crowned with curling rows of leaves from which the vaulting-ribs diverge, close over the crowded sheaf-like pinnacles of the great Perpendicular tombs.



IN THE RETROCHOIR, LOOKING EAST.

The elaborateness of such tombs is not more remarkable than their variety in design or their exquisite skill in execution. It is true that the tiny figures with which, as we have seen at Ely, their multitudinous little niches were filled, have almost all disappeared; but the niches

themselves and the foliage-work which surrounds them are often perfectly preserved; and the more we examine, the more we marvel. Each of these miniature niches is a complete architectural composition, with piers — only three or four inches high, but perfect in base and shaft and ornamented capital — bearing a canopy, perhaps two inches across, finished inside as a fairy-like vault; each is different from all the others in the pattern of its ornaments and its vault; all are so daintily, lacily minute that they seem to have been woven by spiders, not carved by men; and yet all, like the leafy designs in relief which surround them, are cut with the freest, most spirited touch. As the style developed the general design grew in elaborateness, such gables as those on Wykeham's chantry, for instance, being succeeded by tall sheaves of fretted pinnacles. There is much less purity and simple grandeur in the constructional scheme than the monuments of the Decorated and Early English periods exhibit, and the ornamental scheme is not nearly so dignified or, in its main forms, so graceful. But a rich sumptuousness makes us forget the lack of nobler qualities, and a fertile play of fancy conceals the lack of high imagination.

North of the Lady-chapel is a beautiful one called the Guardian Angels', from the thirteenth-century carvings on the vault. It has been sadly hurt, however, by the intrusion of a huge seventeenth-century tomb. Its mate to the southward was fitted as a chantry for himself by Bishop Langton, who died in 1500, and shows his Perpendicular work mixed with De Lucy's Lancet-Pointed.

The Lady-chapel itself is a picturesque intermingling of features of many dates. The original look of De Lucy's walls is suggested, above the screen, in the picture on page 269; but they have been faced below with Perpendicular paneling, and the eastern part of the chapel is entirely in this style, with great windows to the north and east and south, and a singularly complex and pretty pattern in the vault. Priors Hunton and Silkstede did this work, and added the screens and seats and desks, not long before their successor was ousted, with all his monks, by the order of Henry VIII. Some of the original stained glass still remains in this chapel; much of its carving shows traces of gay color; and it is filled, moreover, with the ghosts of a very distinguished company.

To Winchester in the year 1554 came Queen Mary to meet her Spanish bridegroom, and they were married in the Lady-chapel. Gorgeous indeed must have been the scene, the crowd of "blonde English and swarthy Spaniards" overflowing the little chapel and even the retrochoir into the church itself, bright silks and dusky velvets finding

a good background in the lace-like sides of screens and chantries. And what a meeting-place of memories and portents! The kingdom of England had been born here where gray Arthurian legends lingered, and its first dynasty lay at rest within these walls. Norman England had built the walls, and Angevin England, whose kings were still aliens from their people, had likewise left its record on many a solemn stone. The days of Lancaster and York, when, with all the quarreling, king and people were again English in heart as well as name—these too were interpreted by spectral voices which spoke, for instance, of another royal wedding when, in front of the high altar, Wykeham had married Henry IV. to Joan of Navarre. Tudor England had its memorials in the Lady-chapel itself—among them a shield with the names of Henry VII., his wife, and his first son, Arthur, who had been born by Henry's desire at Winchester and named for the legendary British king. The England which his granddaughter governed seemed, just now, to be giving itself into the hands of aliens again. But the new England, Protestant England, the England that was to be great and glorious abroad and also free at home, was predicted by the axe and hammer strokes of the henchmen of Edward VI.,—fresh scars when his sister married,—and must have muttered in the bosoms of a hundred knights, loyal to England and half disloyal therefore to the luckless fanatical Spaniard-loving queen. Of all the strange conjunctions of this strange day none seems so curious in the light of later facts as the one which brought the Marquis of Alva and the Count of Egmont—the "devil of Spain" and the martyr of Flanders—side by side among the courtiers of Philip. The velvet chair on which Queen Mary sat may still be seen in the chapel, and Bishop Gardiner—*malleus hæreticorum*, who had crowned her at Westminster and plighted her at Winchester—lies buried in the splendid Renaissance chantry which he built for himself to the north of the high altar of his church.

VI

Often we are told that some bishop, prior, or other high-placed functionary "built" this or that portion of his cathedral church. As such words are commonly written and accepted, they are cruel to the memory of the nameless architect who was paid from the ecclesiastic's purse or worked under his nominal control. But it is strictly just to speak of Wykeham as his own architect. The record of his life is clear and full, and it puts him high among those who influenced the course

of mediæval art. In imaginative power other Englishmen rank above him, known or unknown to us by name. He never grasped so new and fortunate a structural idea as that which Alan of Walsingham expressed in the lantern of Ely; he never conceived so individual, effective, and daring, if irrational, a feature as did the forgotten man who built the portico of Peterborough; nor were any of his works so beautiful and poetic as the Nine Altars at Durham. But talents are largely limited by times. The style in which, by the tendencies of his period,

THE NAVE AND TRANSEPT, FROM THE NORTHWEST.

Wykeham was forced to labor, was intrinsically less imaginative than those which had gone before; and when we see how admirably he met the needs and employed the resources of his period, we can believe that, born in a different period, he would still have stood a head above his fellows.

It has often been said that Wykeham "invented" the Perpendicular style. Edingdon, of course, used it before him in Winchester Cathedral; but Wykeham had long been occupied with architecture when he followed Edingdon as bishop, and undoubtedly had contributed much

to the development of the fashion which he then so ably used. Yet no one man can ever have created a style. Some one individual, of course, must first have used in the new way each of the elements that were to grow together into a new style; but these elements are many; only the development of all of them together creates the novel manner; and many men must work for many years, through a period we call Transitional, before it is definitely "invented." Look, for instance, at a single element—the window. No type of window is more distinctly marked than the Perpendicular, yet it is impossible to say just when it originated. We must retrace half a dozen successive steps to unite its perfect type with the perfect type of the flowing-Decorated window; and when its characteristic upright members first appear they give but a far-off hint of its eventual aspect.

Yet William of Wykeham has honor enough. He took a nascent style in hand and worked it out with masterly skill. Other men carried it further after his death, making it still more radically unlike preceding styles. But it was a complete and individual style when Wykeham left it, and he was seldom equaled in certain important matters of treatment. Few architects of the Perpendicular period had so keen a feeling as he for the value of beautiful proportions, or for the right relative importance of constructional features, and his decorative work is singularly pure and charming.

It is interesting to compare his nave at Winchester with the contemporary nave of Canterbury. Here the builders had a freer hand, beginning their work afresh from the ground; and their rich clusters of vaulting-shafts, running from floor to ceiling, are much more beautiful than Wykeham's simpler shafts. But in everything else Wykeham's work is far superior, and especially as regards the treatment of the great pier-arches. There is no more color now on the walls or in the windows of Winchester than of Canterbury, yet Winchester seems far less barren, cold, and thin, for the main lines of the design are much more vigorous, and the main features are much more harmoniously proportioned.

It is interesting, also, to look at the outer wall of the north aisle of Winchester and see how much better, in their shape and their tracery-patterns, are Wykeham's windows than those of his predecessor, Bishop Edingdon.

Perpendicular is so unlike Decorated Gothic, not only in details but in structural features and general effect, that it is hard at first sight to see how the one can have developed from the other. And in truth,

although the change was really a development—not an abandoning of one great architectural method for another, like the passage from Perpendicular Gothic to Renaissance art—it was nevertheless a reaction. In its latest phase the Decorated style is excessively flowing and soft, redundantly rich, cloying in its sweetness, almost emasculate in its elegance. When we see how short a time it lived and how long the Perpendicular style persisted, and when we remember that it was not of native birth while the Perpendicular style was wholly English in origin, development, and life, we feel that it was not in essential accord with English taste. The design of the triforium in the choir of Ely might almost be mistaken for a bit of work from Spain or Portugal; and for generations these countries filled themselves with work of similar exuberance, which naturally passed into an exuberant form of Renaissance. But the more serious northern spirit loved such work less, soon abandoned it, and invented a more sober, prosaic, unimaginative style, which was eventually exchanged for a sober type of Renaissance.

First, as though to relieve the tangled delicacy of the traceries, a few short, straight lines were introduced in the arch-heads; and they gradually spread through the whole window and over all the wall-spaces as well, so that the entire building seemed to be composed of panel-work, with a background here of stone and there of painted glass, few curved lines remaining except in the tiny trefoiled arches with which the rectangular panels were filled. As these rectangular designs were not in harmony with the old aspiring shapes of the arches, lower obtuser arch-forms were adopted, two-centred being exchanged for four-centred types.[1] The four-centred arch proved extremely useful because it could easily be adapted to openings of any relative dimensions; and its effect is good in doorways like the one in Winchester's façade, or in purely decorative work like the overlays which we shall see in the choir of Gloucester. But in important constructional features—in pier-arcades, for instance, and very large wall-like windows—it has a look of weak-

[1] A two-centred arch is formed by segments of two intersecting circles; and when it is designed these circles must be imagined and their centres marked. In a four-centred arch each side assumes two different curves, and four centres must be established when it is drawn. All the pointed arches of earlier times are two-centred, no matter what their proportions may be. But in the late Decorated period the ogee arch, with a reversed curve toward its apex, was introduced. This form persisted in France, but was little used in England, and is seldom found there on a large scale, although an example occurs in the main exterior moulding above the east window at Gloucester (see illustration in Chapter XI). In a true Perpendicular arch the change in curvature comes, not near the apex, but near the springing-point, and the individuality of the form grows more and more pronounced as, with the lapse of time, it assumes proportions which are more and more depressed. Compare, in this respect, the earlier Perpendicular arch in the screening of the southern transept-arm at Gloucester with the later one in the northern transept-arm (Chapter XI).

ness and is wanting in dignity. This is true even of the pier-arches in Wykeham's nave, although they diverge but slightly from a two-centred form.

I have already told how by this time the design of triforium and clearstory had been changed. Vaulting-shafts play their true rôle in Perpendicular churches, as important constructional features rising directly from the floor. But their capitals, like those of all minor shafts, have so decreased in number and dwindled in size that they scarcely influence the general effect either from a constructional or from a decorative point of view; and this subordination of the capital means that there is no accentuation of the part which the piers perform in sustaining the arches between them, as there is where a great compound capital binds together the members which bear the vaults and those which more directly support the arch-mouldings. The mouldings, too, have changed their character, the hollows being much shallower, and sharp arrises instead of gently profiled rolls dividing them; the inconspicuous capitals, their abaci, and of course the bases of their shafts as well, have exchanged the round for a polygonal shape, and the characteristic decoration for the bell of the capital is a series of tiny panelings, repeating the larger series employed elsewhere. Surely there could not be a greater contrast than between these stiffened, straightened forms, with their monotonous decoration, and the softly flowing forms and rounded profiles of the Decorated style, lavishly adorned with ornament which perpetually varies in its luxuriance. The best examples of Perpendicular architecture have a sort of formal stateliness, of serious pomposity, which is very impressive; but they are not beautiful. Beauty cannot be compassed without true dignity and grace of form, or without imagination in embellishment; but much magnificence may, and we shall see at York how greatly magnificence was increased, and even architectural excellence enhanced, by the presence of richly tinted glass.

The name by which this style is distinguished may seem a misnomer when we notice how horizontal lines everywhere prevail, cutting the windows into many successive sections, and dividing the wall-spaces in a corresponding manner. But these lines are connected by a multitude of short perpendicular ones, and in the traceries the upright members so entirely control the design that the few curved and flowing lines which accompany them play a very minor part in the effect. In fact, the name "Perpendicular" seems to have been adopted to express, not so much a greater effort after verticality in a

general sense, as a preference for ranges of short, straight, upright lines in decoration; and it is eminently appropriate when we set it against the term "flowing," applied to the latest phase of the preceding style.

VII

If we could follow Wykeham through the many other buildings he erected, we should see how great indeed was his talent, and how it developed in harmony with the new needs and the characteristic temper of his time. Above all, he was a great planner—one who could meet novel practical requirements in novel ways yet give his result a truly homogeneous and artistic air.

Of course one rejoices to find that this great artist was a great man as well—statesman, philanthropist, good Christian, model gentleman, one of the purest, brightest stars that shine in the crown of the Catholic Church. He was born in 1324, of humble parents, at the little village of Wykeham, in the diocese which he afterward ruled. At the age of twenty-three he was recommended by a local patron to Bishop Edingdon, and by him to King Edward III., and recommended himself by a "comely presence" and a tested skill in architecture. Before his years had doubled he was Bishop of Winchester, and Lord High Chancellor of England, and before he died he was famous throughout the world as one who both designed and paid for the most splendid buildings of his land and day. In the year 1356—when he must already have served in other places—he was given charge of all the king's works at Windsor. The new ward of the castle, with its chapel for the Order of the Garter, was built by him, and its plan is still the same, although in style and effect the walls have been often altered. This success vastly helped his fortunes, and, says Froissart, "he now reigned at court, everything being done by him and nothing without him." He was a trusted political adviser and commissioner, a judge, a high dignitary of the Church, and a civil and military architect. Many of the king's castles were put in good order by his hand, and the new fortress of Queenborough, near the mouth of the Medway, was his in design and construction. While Dean of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields in London he rebuilt his church—where the Post Office now stands—at great personal expense. While bishop he repaired at his own cost the highroad from Winchester to London, renewed the beauty of all the episcopal palaces, gave £200,000 (at the present value of money) to

the work on his cathedral, and built and endowed the New College at Oxford. And yet his most famous enterprise remains to tell — the founding and endowment of the college to prepare young men for a university education which still flourishes at Winchester, and was the first of those secular establishments that have grown into the great

WINCHESTER HIGH CROSS, AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CLOSE.

public schools of England. A devoted churchman, Wykeham had yet the sense to see that the time had passed when the Church could do all the intellectual work of the world; and the same wisdom shows in every phase and act of his life. A man of lowly birth, he developed into a typical courtier, prompt in counsel, gracious in demeanor, sumptuous in hospitality; yet he remained simple-hearted, modest, and unselfish, and above all cavil in the purity of his private life and in devotion to his priestly duties. The poor were lavishly fed at his gates. He preached without ceasing, labored amid the sick and miserable, disciplined his clergy, and constantly visited all parts of his see.

The motto he adopted has long been famous—"Manners makyth Man." We are not to read it as implying reverence for mere superficial graces. "Manners" must have meant to Wykeham the essence of man's heart and soul as shown in his behavior, and as distinguished from the accidents of birth and wealth. His motto is but a variant of the Scottish poet's "gold" and "guinea's stamp."

Wykeham died in 1404, at the age of eighty. His tomb was placed in the chantry which he himself had constructed on the spot where, as a child, he had loved to pray. "Length of days," quotes, aptly, one of his biographers, "was in his right hand, and in his left riches and honor." Yet, it is pathetic to tell, once at least his reputation had been assailed by jealous tongues. Not even a Wykeham could escape calumny of the sort which has saddened so many devoted artists from Phidias's day to ours. While John of Gaunt was in power he was impeached "on eight articles of maladministration"—accused of embezzling the king's revenues, taking bribes, and so forth. But he was never brought to trial. Old King Edward repented him ere he died, and made what amends he could; his successors greatly honored the wise and faithful prelate; even Henry IV., the son of his old enemy, John of Gaunt, chose to be married in Wykeham's cathedral, simply, it seems, because it was Wykeham's; he was reverenced by the people above all other Englishmen, and posterity sees no blot on his shining record. Its glory—formed in equal parts of lavish charity, noble art, and patient wisdom—burns with double lustre against the background of a time like his. It was the time, we should remember, of Chaucer, Gower, and Wyckliffe, and black indeed is the picture they have left of the priests and nobles whom they knew.

VIII

The names of William of Wykeham and Alan of Walsingham, when considered as the names of famous architects, have a typical and historic as well as a personal and local interest. They show that, down to the very last days of Gothic art, a state of things existed in England which ceased to exist in France when this art was born. Look into any French history of mediæval architecture, and you will find it arranged under two general heads: *L'architecture romane* and *L'architecture gothique*, or *ogivale;* and in English books you find these same heads: Romanesque Architecture, and Gothic, or Pointed, Architecture. But in English we never use the term "monastic architecture" as a

synonym for Romanesque, or the term "national architecture" as a synonym for Gothic, or speak of Gothic architects as "lay architects," while in French we constantly find *l'architecture monacale* and *l'architecture nationale* thus used, and the men who created the latter called *architectes laïques*. All the main points of unlikeness in the mediæval stories of France and England lie embalmed in these verbal differences; for architectural history is the record in stone of those same facts of inheritance, influence, desire, and aptitude which stand out most prominently upon written records.

We have already learned that the old Roman centres of civilization survived the barbarian invasions which wrecked the empire in Gaul, while they were almost all swept away in Britain when the heathen English came; that there was no such break in the life of the French Church as occurred in the life of the English Church; and that through later ages municipal organizations played a part in the development of France such as they never played in England. But in the general riot and darkness which marked the ruin of Charlemagne's empire, and threatened once more to extinguish civilization, the cities of France were eclipsed for a time, while the schools which Charlemagne had founded in connection with ecclesiastical establishments survived where these establishments lay a little aside from the great currents of internecine strife, and became the only nurseries of religion and knowledge. Then, in the very darkest moment of all, toward the end of the tenth century, when the world was waiting, affrighted, for its predicted end in the fatal year 1000, the new monastery of Cluny was founded, and all through the eleventh century its great hearthstone of intellectual life flamed more brightly than any in western Europe. In the monasteries, and nowhere else, were now libraries and schools, workshops of art and laboratories of science; and from them, and especially from Cluny, went forth the men who, as the land began to calm itself a little, taught the burghers of the towns and built their churches for them. So the architecture of this period, the Romanesque period, is rightly called *l'architecture monacale*, as developed and exclusively practised by the monks.

But gradually, thanks to the efforts of these monks, intellectual life began to awaken in the towns. It quickly meant a passionate protest against the iron hand of feudalism, a passionate desire for liberty; and amid a people with Roman traditions this desire naturally expressed itself in attempts to secure a measure of civic autonomy. Feudalism bore less heavily upon England. There the great nobles were not

so powerful that the king was merely the greatest among many who defied his authority; there they did not stand so thickly between the people and the king that local matters seemed all in all and national consciousness scarcely existed. The men who faced King John wanted to be free Englishmen; their local affairs were not brought into prominence; what they accomplished was done for the kingdom at large; and barons as well as bishops were their natural leaders. But the

A GATEWAY IN THE CLOSE.

burghers of France faced, not the king, but their local *seigneurs*, and what they wanted was to be citizens of self-regulating *communes*. There was a great barrier to be broken down in France before king and people could help each other, or even oppose each other; and this barrier was formed of the nobles, who oppressed the people on the one hand and defied the king on the other. The story of this period in all the land which we now call France is extremely interesting, but extremely complicated. Four contestants are in the field: the burgher, the noble, the churchman, and the king; and they perpetually appear in new combinations, in a veritable kaleidoscope of changing alliances and resistances. But, in general, the burgher, the churchman, and the king each felt that the noble was his most dangerous foe; as a rule, the king favored or professed to favor the *commune*, at least until he

thought it was getting too powerful in its turn; and unless the bishop's temporal power obscured his sense of ecclesiastic duty, he was the friend of his flock. We can see to-day that king, churchman, and burgher were all fighting together for the great result which St. Louis saw in the thirteenth century—a united nation whose *communes* should possess a fair measure of local freedom. But at the time it must have seemed indeed a welter of conflicting interests; and of course it was interests, not true sympathies, that brought about temporary alliances, now of one sort and now of another. For example, as the monasteries were locally dissevered from the seats of episcopal authority, so they sought to free themselves from episcopal rule; increasing in power and wealth, worldliness and ambition, they tried more and more for the independence which would mean no over-lord but the pope himself; and thus, to strengthen his arm against this enemy within the Church, the bishop was forced to labor for the burgher's advantage.

Meanwhile there were towns, of course, in England, and growing local interests, and local oppressions and resistances; and gradually the townsmen claimed and won many new rights and privileges. But these were not usually political; municipal matters were not bound up with broad national concerns as they were in France; and so, while the French burgher in his greater need used ducats and arms together, the Englishman could conquer with peaceful ducats alone.

Now let us see how these social facts expressed themselves in art.

In England the cathedral chapter was often monastic, and even when it was not it had an almost monastic size, dignity, and individuality. But in France, although the monastery might lie close to the town, it had no concern with the cathedral which stood in the heart of the town, and was the core of its life, the focus of its interests, the property of its citizens, and, as the new order of things advanced, the work of their hands and the shrine of their liberties.

No great municipal halls existed in those days, and men could not remember them, so wholly had architecture become the servant of the Church. Moreover, great popular assemblages held indoors or out of doors, wherever the people might think best, were unknown even to tradition: the noble institution of the folkmoot was an inheritance of purely Germanic peoples only. So when the need for large meeting-places arose in a French town, it wedded itself to the idea of the old architectural centre of the town; and the cathedral became not merely the symbol but the actual fosterer of civic as well as of religious life.

Meanwhile, with the general development of knowledge and intelli-

gence, architecture began to bestir itself for a new departure. The old Romanesque scheme, developed and practised by the monks, was putting forth new buds, and laymen's hands were to unfold them. The earliest buildings in which we find Gothic elements were built by ecclesiastics, like the famous church at St. Denis whose architect was the Abbé Suger. But the people soon learned all that the Church knew of science and art; their minds were more alert and plastic than the monkish mind; their hands were not cramped by tradition; their spirit was fresh and vigorous; the new and larger churches which they wanted appealed to all that was strongest and best in their natures and not to religious zeal alone; and so, with a mighty impulse, they took control of all the arts, and an architecture which may truly be called national passed, in the brief space of fifty years, from its embryonic to its perfect state. Of course the bishop and the Church at large were not ignored; but while the bishop permitted and, perhaps, directed the building of the cathedral, a layman was its architect, guilds of lay carpenters and masons raised its walls, guilds of lay sculptors, painters, and glass-makers adorned them, and the people chiefly paid the cost, and often — men, women, and children together — worked with passionate enthusiasm upon the structure which was at once the temple of their faith, the sign of their city's greatness, and the hearthstone of their liberties. Romanesque art — monkish art — was dead; Gothic art — national art, the architecture of laymen — had taken its place.

Thus liberty and architecture drew a fresh breath of life together and developed hand in hand. And when feudalism followed monastic architecture to the grave, — when national unity and local freedom were finally achieved, — art had its splendid share in the triumph. Gradually, as the kingly power extended through the provinces ruled by rival princes and mighty vassals, and as the *communes*, measurably content, ceased from local strife, cathedrals were built at the king's command, and provincial manners of building, so strongly marked in the Romanesque period, gave way to the style which had been born and perfected in the old *domaine royal*. Cathedrals which, in the strict architectural sense, are French cathedrals arose in all parts of what is France to-day, planted, as a Frenchman has said, like royal standards of victory in every great annexed town. But, as Gothic architecture had been developed by the *communes*, so it was the help of the *communes* which had enabled the king to triumph; and thus the great churches which we see in places as far from Paris as Coutances, Bordeaux, Clermont-Ferrand, Narbonne, and Limoges, were standards of

the people as well as of the king, trophies of the popular struggle for freedom no less than of the royal struggle for power, proofs of the achievement both of national union and of local liberties. Truly, he who reads this chapter of architectural history with care reads the life-history of the people who wrote it.

As the English chapter is equally significant, it naturally has a very different accent. Where cities were of much less importance, where local matters had small political bearing, and where episcopal chairs were set in the midst of great cloistered houses, the burgher had neither the need nor the chance to make cathedral building his concern. Whatever part bishop or burgher might take in the national struggle, he played that part on a national battle-field; the cathedral stood aside,

IN THE CLOSE.

built by its clerical owners, and serving these owners first and the people only in a secondary fashion. Cathedral priests might quarrel with the townsfolk, but the townsfolk did not question ecclesiastical supremacy within the cathedral itself, as did the burghers of Laon, of Rheims, and of many another French *commune*. The clergy of England owned its cathedrals as truly as those great abbey-churches which contained no episcopal seats. Naturally, the people must have taken a pride in them, and may have helped a little to build them. But their

interest must have been of a simply religious sort, and I cannot find that it ever approached that frenzy of enthusiasm which is shown by the oft-told story of the building of the cathedral of Chartres. The fact seems to be that, down to the very latest mediæval days, the bishop, the abbot or prior, and the "house" practically bore the cost of their church; the enterprise was theirs and the glory was theirs; and from their own ranks they could draw the executives whom they required. Of course there were secular guilds in England too, and

THE LONG WALK IN SUMMER.

there must have been some lay architects. But English historians of the art take no notice of these guilds, so prominently described by French historians, and attempt to draw no line between an art of churchmen and an art of laymen; and the guild of masons makes a very small showing even in general accounts of English trade-corpora-

tions, while we know what the term "freemasons" meant upon the Continent. And, again, we have a long-extending if scanty list, not ending even with Walsingham and Wykeham, of English Gothic architects who were certainly ecclesiastics, and no list of identified laymen to set against it; while in France clerical names cease entirely to appear after the dawning of the thirteenth century. Even William of Sens, who, at a still earlier day, brought the infant Gothic style to Canterbury, came without frock or tonsure from the building of the cathedral in his native town.

Perhaps we should seek partly in these facts for an explanation of many things which we have noted as distinguishing English Gothic from French — the slowness of its development, its lingering attachment for Romanesque precedents, its timidity in construction, its lack of perfect logic and imaginative power, its frequent lapses into eccentricity of effort. Church establishments were the only possible nurses of science and art in early mediæval years. But as the world outgrew the swaddling-bands of the Church in other directions, they may well have pressed with hurtful force on art. The ecclesiastic who was an architect could not, like his lay compeer, be that and nothing more; he could not, with the same devotion, be a member of a well-taught, strictly organized profession; he could not travel so widely, learn and practise so steadily and variously; nor could he train up his own children to follow in his path and develop his ideas as we know that certain great French architects did. In later mediæval days the secular guild was a much better nurse of art than the clerical house, and so, perhaps, we should lay a part of the deficiencies which we find in English Gothic, not to the fact that it was developed by Englishmen, but to the fact that it was developed by churchmen. Perhaps English Gothic was not as great as French Gothic, partly because it was not in the same true sense a national art.

IX

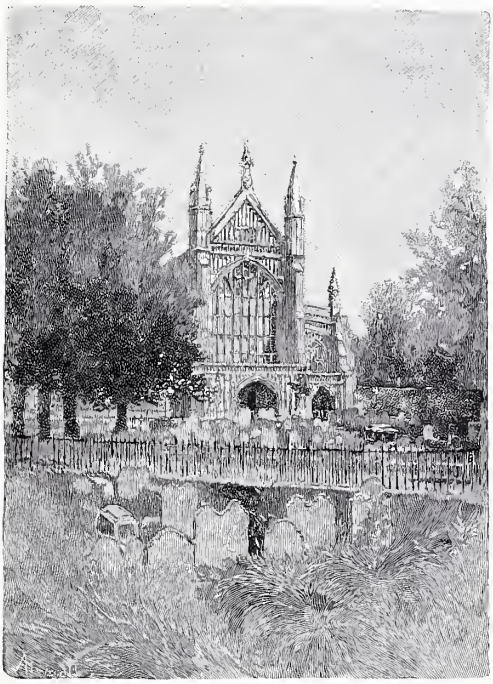
In an elbow of the High street of Winchester stands the City Cross, an elaborate work of the fifteenth century. Few of its original features remain, nor are the restorations very satisfying; yet it proudly takes the eye from a considerable distance while the adjacent entrance to the cathedral close might easily be overlooked, being only a dusky passage underneath the quaint and crowding shops. From this entrance the Long Walk — not very long, but beautifully shaded by elms

and lindens—leads to the western door across the ancient burial-ground. Here, when our pictures were drawn in 1885, old head-stones and unmown grass mingled in a disarray which had a peaceful old-time flavor, not at all suggestive of undue neglect. Now, I am told, most of the stones have been removed, and the spot has been tidied and planted with flowering shrubs. I can hardly fancy the change an improvement, under the shadow of these hoary ecclesiastic walls.

This west front shows us the last mediæval type of façade which we shall find in England. It is a more characteristically English type than any other, for while high sham western walls are sometimes found in Germany, recalling in some sort such façades as Lincoln's and Salisbury's, out of England there is nothing at all like a Perpendicular front, either in design or in treatment. Here the architect deliberately abandoned all thought of a façade as the word was everywhere understood in Romanesque times, and almost everywhere in Gothic times. Confessing more frankly than any of his predecessors the dominant importance of the central tower in the English composition, he kept his west end low and perfectly truthful, discarding all memory of its towers, and giving it little more importance than he might have given to a transept-end. Where a church faces on a city square, stretching out its long western limb with doors which evidently serve as the main entrances, an English Perpendicular front would certainly seem inappropriately modest. But as Winchester stands, facing only its verdant close and diagonally approached from the town, the lack of a nobler western front is less disturbing. Perhaps, indeed, we may feel that a more conspicuous front would be distinctly unfortunate, as out of harmony with site and surroundings. We may remember that Salisbury's seems useless, and would seem so even were it better in design, owing to the fact that it faces upon nothing in particular. And then—remembering, too, the dominance of the central tower—we may conclude that in the most typically English situations the most typically English type of front was the best that could have been devised. It was certainly the most logical, and to be logical is the first and most important step toward being architecturally right.

The burial-ground extends all along the northern side of the church until we pass the transept; but narrow streets and houses then press about its eastern limb, while the southern side of the choir overlooks the high-walled gardens of the canons' homes. From one of these gardens the finest near view of the church may be had. Here the

varied altitudes of presbytery, retrochoir, and Lady-chapel may be clearly appreciated, building themselves up, with wide, lightly traceried windows, behind the branching cedars of Lebanon. The presbytery window splendidly dominates the group, and if there were only a tower such as we have seen at Canterbury and shall see again at Glou-



THE WEST FRONT.

cester—a superb construction of Perpendicular design—the picture would be unsurpassed in England.

Of course, the canons' houses standing as they do, one cannot make the circuit of the church without trespassing on private grounds. To see the southern side of the nave, we must retrace our steps and approach it from the west. Here once lay the cloisters and other monastic buildings, with Wykeham's beautiful chapter-house opposite the transept-end. They were almost totally destroyed by Bishop Horne in 1563, but a few Norman arches still remain near the site of the chapter-house, and an Early English entrance which once admitted to the dormitory. The prior's house is to-day the deanery (shown in the tail-piece of this chapter), and it keeps its porch with three graceful

arches, and its hall—with an admirable roof and windows—now divided into smaller rooms. At a little distance to the southward stands a large, low, half-timbered structure of the Decorated period, now the dean's stable, but once, most likely, the hall where monkish hospitality lodged its humbler guests. The whole precinct is verdurous, picturesque, and charming. Here, as in many similar places, English Protestantism has so lovingly disguised its depredations that we half forgive it for the sins of its fanatical and covetous youth.

THE CATHEDRAL, FROM THE SOUTHEAST.

But if we now visit, in the southward quarter of the town, Wykeham's famous school, and then return along the pretty banks of the Itchen, haunted by memories of the prince of anglers, we find ourselves all at once in a spot whose beauty makes even the cathedral close seem commonplace. Here, protected like a garden by ponderous walls, stand great masses of ruin thickly overgrown with ivy and "bosomed high in tufted trees"—the ruins of Wolvesey, the episcopal palace founded by Henry of Blois, where many regal bishops lived and many royal guests were entertained. Cromwell besieged the city in 1645, and when it surrendered this palace was pulled down. In the second half

of the seventeenth century Bishop Morley founded, close at hand, another palace, which was finished by Bishop Trelawney about the year 1710. It is a pleasant but not imposing residence, and is no longer occupied by the bishop.

X

THE days of the saints had long gone by when William of Wykeham was born, yet the Church need not hesitate to place his figure beside a Cuthbert or a Chad. For the new needs of his day, in the new temper of a more complex society, he too worked his best toward the enlightenment of man. And his virtues are strongly emphasized by the history of his successor. Truly, Cardinal Beaufort was not the monster of wickedness, going impenitent to sure damnation, whom Shakspere has portrayed. Yet he was typically a churchman of his time and a statesman of his time, and this means something very different from a Wykeham. But a second Wykeham, almost, followed in Bishop Waynflete, who in his youth was first a pupil and then head-master at Winchester school. He too was erudite and pious, and a noteworthy builder and patron of learning. His chief monument is Magdalen College at Oxford—and even Wykeham's New College was not built or endowed more splendidly. Fox was bishop in the time of Henry VII., and was godfather to Henry VIII. He was Cardinal Wolsey's first patron at court, and Wolsey succeeded him at Winchester, holding the see for a year before his death in conjunction with the archbishopric of York. Then came Stephen Gardiner, of whom we have already heard. A firm friend of Wolsey and then of Henry VIII., he was imprisoned in the Tower of London while young Edward reigned, but was exalted by Mary to be her right hand in Church and State. He was called "the hammer of heretics," and Fuller writes that "his malice was like what is commonly said of white powder, which surely discharged the bullet yet made no report, being secret in all his acts of cruelty." Many are the stories, doubtless largely false, which record his bitter hatred of the Reformers; yet there are some voices to declare that, at least in his latter days, he was "half a Protestant at heart." It was in the time of Elizabeth that Bishop Horne pulled down the monastic buildings—more through cupidity, I may explain, than through religious zeal. Milton has embalmed the virtues of Bishop Andrewes, a famous preacher, who ruled while James I. was king and helped translate his Bible. Brian Duppa was a friend of Charles I., who made him Bishop of Salisbury, and was translated to Winchester at the Restoration.

George Morley followed him,—another devoted friend of the unhappy Charles, who, while the Puritans prevailed, had ministered to the royalist exiles in Belgium. Few sees have had, in Protestant times, so many distinguished prelates as Winchester. Even those who were not politically conspicuous tilled, as a rule, the field of literature with some

THE LONG WALK IN WINTER.

success, as witness Bishop Hoadley, who started the "Bangorian controversy" and whose pompous rhetoric was ridiculed by Pope:

> Swift for closer style,
> But Hoadley for a period of a mile.

And the recent name of Samuel Wilberforce adds another star to those which were not only bright but beneficent in their brightness.

Not even the Puritan bore as heavily on Winchester as the earlier Reformer who called himself a churchman still. No cathedral in the kingdom was more richly furnished. We would give much to see it to-day with all its glass and carving and color intact, and with the

gifts of Egbert, Emma, and Canute beginning an endless list of sumptuous works of art bestowed, during seven hundred years, by royal visitor and lordly prelate and a host of pilgrims to St. Swithun's shrine. But in the time of Edward VI. the church was systematically despoiled. Many treasures vanished in the smoke of the melting-pot, where everything fusible was cast for the mere value of its metal, and many others were hewn and hacked to bits. Then came Bishop Horne, pulling down the monastic buildings and selling the lead from the cathedral roofs. And then came the soldiers of the Commonwealth, bribed to spare the town of Winchester by getting free play in the cathedral. In they marched, horse and foot together, with smoking muskets, sounding drums, and flaring flags; and, after breaking the tombs and pelting the glass with the bones of the saints, out they marched again to parade the streets in the sacred vestments, and to burn the altar-table in an ale-house. Waller was their commander; he had once been a boy at Wykeham's school, and he stopped the devastation at last, and perhaps protected the effigy of his far-off benefactor while so many others were beheaded and spat upon. Modern devotion has done what it could to hide the myriad scars which disgrace the memory of the Anglican and the Puritan alike. But the art of to-day is not the art of Old England, nor does the Church of to-day sanction the magnificence of Rome. Protestantism can never redeem its ravages inside a cathedral, as outside it may, with the help of Mother Nature's pacifying touch.

Chapter XI

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER — GLOUCESTER

T Gloucester, for the first time on our cathedral journey, we see masts and sails; and if we pursued our course through every ancient episcopal town in England, we should nowhere feel closer to her watery wall. Chichester stands very near the sea, and Norwich not far away from it; but both are out of sight of its waves, while great vessels come up the estuary of the Severn to Gloucester, and lie in its capacious pools beneath the shadow of the cathedral tower. Here we meet sailors in the streets, smell tar, and fancy we smell salt; yet a pastoral and truly English country lies all around the town. "A fruitful and a pleasant Country," old Peter Heylyn calls it, "being honoured with a full course of the River of Severn, and the original or fountain of the River of Thames. That part thereof which is beyond the Severn is overspread with Woods; all which included in one name, made the Forest of Dean. That part which butteth upon Oxfordshire is swelled up with hills, called the Cotswold hills; but these even covered, as it were, with Sheep, which yields a Wool of notable fineness, hardly inferior to the best of England. Between those two is seated a most fruitful vale, fruitful to admiration of all kinds of grain, and heretofore of Vines and Vineyards; the want of which is now supplied by a drink made of Apples, called Sider, which here they make in great abundance. In this so fruitful Vale stands the City of Gloucester. . . . A fine and neat city I assure you 'tis, daintily seated on the Severn; with a large Key or Wharf on the banks thereof very commodious to the Merchandise and Trade of the place. The streets," he adds, "are generally fair, and the Town well built," and his words are still true after the lapse of two hundred years. Gloucester to-day is quaint but homelike and lively, the old and

the modern existing side by side in a union as different from the dead yesterday-mood of many Continental cities as from the crude to-day of America. Here we feel the real character of England in a many-sided way; and the cathedral is typically English in general effect, although distinctly individual in almost all its parts. Nearly the whole of it dates from the Norman and Perpendicular periods; but just such Norman work is confined to this southwestern district, while the way in which the Perpendicular additions were made has no parallel at all.[1]

THE CATHEDRAL, FROM THE DOCKS.

I

THE first ecclesiastical foundation at Gloucester of which we have certain knowledge was a nunnery established in the year 681. In 767 it perished in the confusion of internecine strife. In 823 a house for

[1] Excellent accounts of this church, written by Professor Freeman, Mr. T. Gambier Parry, and others, are collected in Volume I of the "Records of Gloucester Cathedral."

secular priests succeeded it. In 1022 Benedictine monks replaced the priests; and in 1058 the abbey was removed to another site, and its new church was built where the cathedral stands to-day. In 1089 the foundations of still another church were laid by the first Norman abbot, Serlo, and a consecration followed in 1100. Such a ceremony often implied no more than that the choir was ready for occupation; but in this case we are asked to believe that the whole church had been finished. If so, an Old English church, which had stood for thirty-one years and was probably as fine as any of its class,—for Gloucester and its abbey were already great and famous,—must have been deliberately pulled down, and a building of the size we now behold must have been completed, all within the space of eleven years. The fact seems hardly credible, yet historians as careful as Freeman do not doubt it, and we know from what went on in many other spots how great was the ambition of the Normans to build much larger churches than they found in England, and how splendid was their energy when once they got to work.

Only two years after its consecration Serlo's church was injured by fire, in 1122 again and more severely, and very often in later years. But the roofs and clearstories and interior fittings must have chiefly suffered, for all the Norman work that we see dates from Serlo's time, or at latest from a period immediately after the fire of 1122; and this work stretches almost from end to end of the vast main fabric. The Lady-chapel is a Perpendicular addition; the east end has been remodeled; the western front and the two adjacent compartments of the nave have been rebuilt; in certain places new exterior walls and windows have been inserted; and the choir and transept are covered with a decorative overlay of the most singular and interesting kind. But the great body of the structure below the clearstory is still Norman in all its constructional parts.

Gloucester, like Winchester, Lincoln, and York, was a fortified Roman station. Its Latin name was Glevum, and its British name had been Caer Glou. Osric was the local viceroy under Ethelred of Mercia when the nunnery was founded in 681. Archbishop Theodore journeyed from Canterbury to its dedication, and its first abbess was of royal blood. After the time of Canute, when the Benedictines were introduced, both the abbey and the town grew and flourished greatly. During the reigns of Edward the Confessor and William the Conqueror, it was the custom for the king to "wear his crown" at each Easter festival at Winchester, at each Pentecost at Westminster, but at

GLOUCESTER, FROM THE SEVERN.

each Christmas-tide at Gloucester, and this ceremony implied the holding of a great "gemot" for counsel and judgment. The reason why Gloucester was thus honored is not hard to read — it lay near the confines of the two great earldoms of Wessex and Mercia, and also near the borders of the ever-troublesome Welsh. The Conqueror protected it with a great castle, and placed Serlo over St. Peter's Abbey when the English abbot, Wulfstan, died on a journey to the Holy Land. The house had then fallen so low that two monks and eight young novices were all who greeted their new ruler; and Serlo was busy collecting men and money long before he began to rebuild his church.

It was at one of the Gloucester gemots that the taking of the famous survey called Domesday Book was ordered by the Conqueror. In 1093 William Rufus lay sick at Gloucester, and here Malcolm of Scotland was called to his bedside, and Anselm was reluctantly appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, and at once received his consecration in the

abbey-church.[1] Here Duke Robert of Normandy, the eldest son of the Conqueror, was buried, and his tomb may still be seen. Here, in 1216, the boy-king Henry III.—Henry of Winchester—was crowned while Westminster and his birthplace were both in the hands of foreign soldiers. Here Edward II. was buried, and the revenues of the monastery were enormously swelled by the fact. All through the middle ages, in short, St. Peter's Abbey flourished with a mighty growth, while the town about it developed as commercial enterprise increased, and was constantly the stage where important political scenes were played. Yet, like the other Abbey of St. Peter,—the Golden Borough, Peterborough, in its far eastern shire,—this great establishment was not the seat of a bishop until the sixteenth century. Its church was one of the largest and finest in the land, and its income might have made bishops envious; but the cathedral title was not given until King Henry VIII. suppressed scores of monasteries and made a few new bishoprics in their stead. Then the diocese of Gloucester was cut out of the great ancient diocese of Worcester.

After there were prelates at Gloucester only a single name, a single incident, attracts attention. The second bishop was John Hooper, once a monk, but afterward so stern a Protestant that he scrupled long to wear the episcopal robes when they were offered him by Edward VI. A year after his appointment the parent see and the newer one were joined for a time, and his title was Bishop of Gloucester and Worcester. But when Mary came to the throne Hooper exchanged his palaces for a London prison. The rest of his story is well enough known. Here at Gloucester, almost within the precincts of his own cathedral, the great Protestant bishop was burned at the stake in 1555. With the exception of this name, there is none, I think, on the list of Gloucester's prelates which would sound familiar in American ears, unless it be the name of William Warburton, who ruled from 1760 to 1779, and whose praises Dr. Johnson wrote.

II

Gloucester Cathedral stands a little aside from one of the main thoroughfares of the town. Its vast body is hidden by houses, and we approach it through a short street which shows us no great façade or tower or transept-end, but only a part of the nave and a two-storied

[1] In the reign of William Rufus, says Freeman, "almost everything that happened at all somehow contrived to happen at Gloucester."

porch. This porch stands toward the western end of the south aisle, and forms the main entrance to the church; and, like the porch of Canterbury Cathedral, it is doubtless a successor of that great "Suthdure" which had been a characteristic feature in Old English churches. The little street debouches on a narrow paved court with bits of lawn about it, and the windows of cozy homes looking out upon the great pale-gray carven church. To right and left the close extends, not

THE SOUTH PORCH.

very spacious in any direction, yet wide enough and shady and green enough to give the truly English cathedral atmosphere. Peace and beauty reign — we can hardly believe that the busiest street of a modern town lies but a few feet away. Glory to God and good will to man seem chanted aloud by the voices of nature and art. Memories of devotion, repose, and brotherly love, we fancy, must be the only ones that people such a spot. Yet not far off, just beyond the college

green upon which looks the west front of the church, Bishop Hooper was sent to paradise through a door of flame.

The south porch is a rich little Perpendicular structure, almost wholly renewed in modern times, with a windowed vestibule below and a chamber above. The part of the church to which it belongs was rebuilt in the second half of the fifteenth century. Morwent, who was then the abbot, seems to have meant to build the entire nave afresh; and, as a beginning, he pulled down the western front, with its two flanking towers or turrets, and the two adjacent bays of the nave. The whole of his front is filled, in the central alley and above a low stretch of wall in which is a small west door, by a single window rising close up to the very ceiling. Its traceries show that final stage of Perpendicular designing when curved forms were almost altogether lost. It is divided by straight uprights and cross-bars into successive series of tall but very narrow lights, the tiny arched tops of which scarcely relieve the general effect of stiff rectangularity. Even in the upper part of the window-head, where further subdivision was needful, smaller rectangles are used, and only two of the main mullions make an awkward attempt at curvature. It is not a beautiful window so far as design is concerned, but its size makes it impressive; and it must have been splendid indeed when filled with ancient glass instead of its present discords of impure and glaring tones.

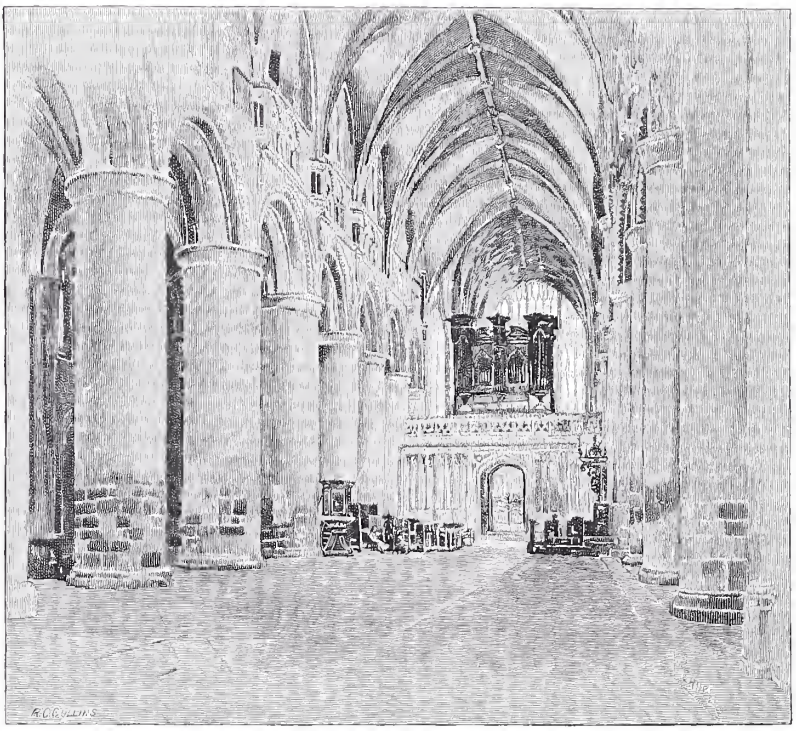
The two compartments of the nave which Abbot Morwent built do not show that he had a very good ideal, or even a very clear ideal, of a great Perpendicular church in mind. The height is divided into three independent stories, although the time when such division was generally practised had long gone by. Yet there is no triforium-arcade—nothing but a wide plain strip of wall between the pier-arcade and the clearstory, defined but scarcely ornamented by a string-course above and below. Moreover, the two bays are not alike. The westerly one is much wider than the other, and its pier-arch is a good deal taller; and thus the continuity of the string-courses is broken, and the clearstory windows differ in size. The aisles which flank these two bays are likewise Perpendicular reconstructions; but when we stand in this part of the church and turn our backs upon the window, we have a most imposing perspective of Norman work before us.

On each side are seven vast circular piers, thirty feet in height, bearing semicircular arches; above these is a very low triforium with four small arches in each bay, grouped in pairs under wider semicircles;

and above these again is a clearstory which was once considerably taller than it is to-day. The arrangement is entirely different from anything we have seen elsewhere. Norman builders, I have often said, usually made pier-arcade, triforium, and clearstory of almost equal height. At Norwich, for example, the piers measure but 15 feet, and the whole height to the base of the triforium is 25 feet, while the triforium itself absorbs 24 feet and the clearstory 25. But at Gloucester, with piers of 30 feet, the base of the triforium is 40 feet above the floor, while its own height is only 10 feet, and the clearstory originally measured 24. Yet, despite the circular piers, the design of Gloucester does not resemble Durham's. There the circular pier-form alternates with the rectangular; the triforium, though not as high as at Norwich, Ely, and Peterborough, yet maintains its typical Norman importance; and the design gains unity and constructional logic through the presence of massive vaulting-shafts, rising against the alternate square piers from the pavement to the roof. But what we see at Gloucester is simply a great colonnade, so all-important in the general effect that the upper stories almost look like afterthoughts. Only in this southwestern part of England do designs like this occur. Tewkesbury Abbey Church, which stands not many miles away, is very like the nave of Gloucester Cathedral.

Of course the expression of the nave was much finer when the Norman clearstory was intact. It probably had a group of three windows in each compartment, under an including arch of which the jambs have been suffered to remain; and the ceiling was doubtless wooden and flat. We may not greatly admire the effect of such a ceiling, yet it was better suited to a Norman nave than the very low-pitched Gothic vaulting at Gloucester, to accommodate which the clearstory was cut away. Then, too, the floor once lay a foot below its present level, and this addition to the bases of the piers must have been of great advantage. Nevertheless, we feel that the nave of Gloucester was always a stupendous rather than an excellent piece of work. There is wonderful beauty at Durham, and again, of a different sort, in the great Norman interiors of the eastern shires. But here the proportioning is such that the word beauty does not seem appropriate. The piers are magnificent if we look at them alone; but the real excellence of any architectural feature lies in its harmony with connected features, and these piers are so closely set that their arches are much less noble than themselves. It will be seen from the figures I have given that at Gloucester, as at Norwich, the capitals of the piers come within ten feet

of the base of the triforium. This means that the arches in the one case are no taller than in the other, and that they are no wider, as the width of a semicircular arch is strictly dependent upon its height. There is no fault to find with the proportions of the Norwich arcade, and therefore it is plain that at Gloucester, where the height of the piers is doubled, the arches must seem too small. A wider spacing of



THE NAVE, LOOKING TOWARD THE CHOIR.

the piers would have permitted arches of a span sufficient to harmonize with their size; but the height of the arches would, of course, have been proportionately increased; and what would then have become of the triforium, which even now is so very low? But the arcade itself would have been infinitely finer. As it stands it has a high-shouldered, awkward look.

All the paint which once covered these massive stones has perished, and here and there we can see ruddy spots and streakings which bear witness to the fires of long ago. The capitals of the piers are very plainly moulded, but the string-courses and the arch-mouldings in all

the stories are worked with characteristic Norman patterns. The vaulting-shafts which now descend above each pier give the most conspicuous touch of decoration, but these are later additions to the original scheme. They are Early English features, built, with the ceiling itself, in the first half of the thirteenth century. Each is formed as two superimposed clusters of little marble columns with dainty capitals, and the design is as sensible as charming: a single cluster of columns resting on the triforium string-course would have had too stumpy a look, yet a single series of longer columns would have ignored the presence of the string-course. It is interesting, also, to notice in some places proof of a rather exceptional desire to harmonize the new details with the old. The string-courses are adorned with that Norman zigzag or chevron pattern which had long gone out of use when the additions were made; yet on the bases of many of the upper groups of little columns the same pattern is carefully carried along.

III

The north aisle of the nave is still in its original condition except as regards the Perpendicular traceries which have been inserted in the round-headed ancient windows. But in the south aisle we find more radical alterations.

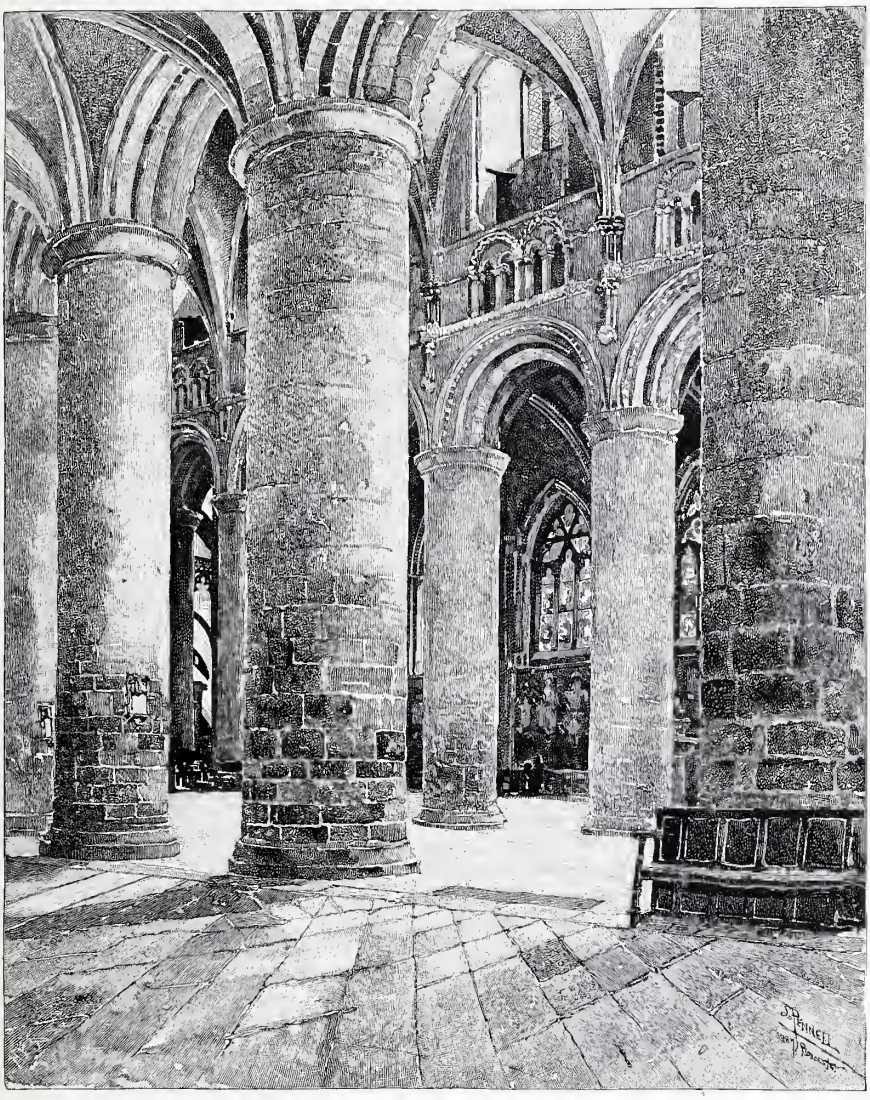
Gloucester Cathedral was not exempt from the disasters which came to so many great Norman works through the want of care or want of knowledge of their builders. I have already said that Abbot Morwent rebuilt the façade during the Perpendicular period. But he did not find the old Norman façade intact. One of the towers or turrets which had flanked it fell about seventy years after it was finished. When this was reconstructed, so, too, was its mate—the Early English style then prevailing; and it was this composite front, half Norman, half Early English, that Abbot Morwent destroyed. Then, in the Decorated period, near the beginning of the fourteenth century, the outer wall of the south aisle of the nave was partly renewed by Abbot Thokey; and, although I cannot find the fact expressly stated, a threatened collapse must have been his incentive. The inner facing of the walls, and the half-piers which support the aisle-vaults, are Norman still; but the outer facing and the vaults themselves are Abbot Thokey's work, and likewise the windows with their Decorated traceries. Now, as seen from the inside, the enormous half-piers and the walls are eleven inches out of the perpendic-

ular—a deflection which is scarcely exaggerated in the picture on this page. On the outside, however, the inclination is only four inches. Of course Abbot Thokey built his part of the wall erect; and thus four inches of movement may be laid to the five centuries and a half which have elapsed since his time, and seven inches to

THE SOUTH AISLE OF THE NAVE, LOOKING EAST INTO THE TRANSEPT.

the two centuries which had stretched between Serlo's labors and his own. Seven inches of movement may well have torn the aisle-vaults asunder and seemed reason enough for strengthening the outer walls. Had Thokey been inspired by a mere wish to rebuild without actual necessity, he would hardly have left so

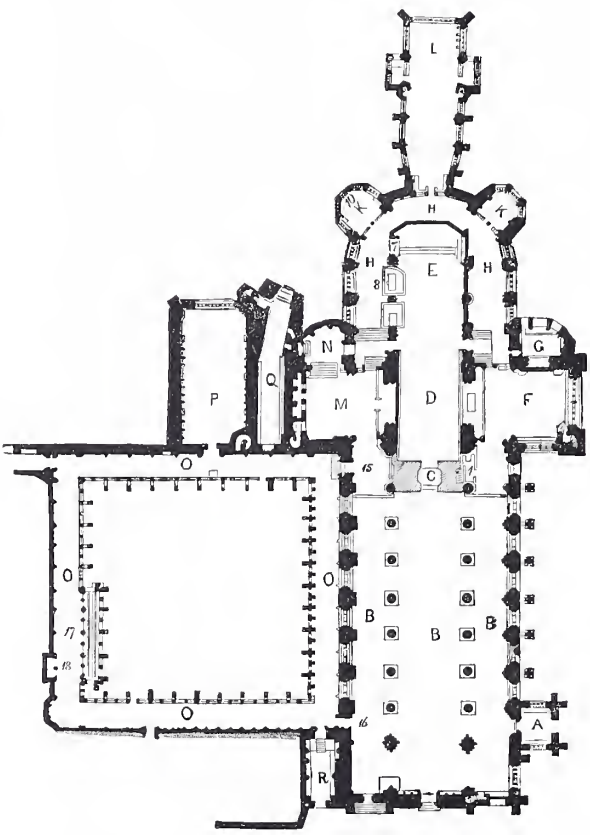
much of the original work as he did. Nor can we lay the damage he found to the account of fire, even had it not continued after his death;—it must have been caused by bad foundations.[1]



THE NAVE, FROM THE NORTH AISLE.

[1] In a report of a lecture on Gloucester Cathedral delivered by Professor Willis, the "Gentleman's Magazine" for September, 1860, says: "He admired the ingenuity of the Middle Ages; but whatever may be said of their science as shown in their masonry, he believed they had none. They were perfectly practical and ingenious men; they worked experimentally; if their buildings were strong enough, they stood; if they were too strong, they also stood; but if they were too weak, they gave way, and they put props and built the next stronger. That was their science, and very good practical science it was; but in many cases they imperiled their work and gave trouble to future restorers."

The Norman vaulting still remains in the north aisle, and by comparison we see that Thokey chose a considerably lower level for his. The adornment of his exterior walls and his windows (one of which is seen in the distance in the picture on page 303) is very rich; the ball-flower ornament, which was characteristic of the Decorated period, was seldom so lavishly applied. It is a pity that all these lights should now be filled with modern glass, some of it tolerable but much of it atrocious. In the north aisle are many sepulchral monuments, but none of great age or interest. But at the eastern end of the south aisle, with its head against one of the piers of the great central tower which he built, is the shattered chantry-tomb of Abbot Seabroke, who died in 1457.



PLAN OF GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.[1]

FROM MURRAY'S "HANDBOOKS TO THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND."

A, South porch. B, Nave. C, Choir-screen. D, Choir. E, Presbytery. F, South arm of transept. G, Chapel. H, Choir-aisle. K, Apsidal chapels. L, Lady-chapel. M, North arm of transept. N, St. Paul's chapel. O, Cloister. P, Chapter-house. Q, Abbot's cloister. R, Slype, or passage to cloister. 1, Abbot Seabroke's chantry. 7, Osric's monument. 8, Monument of Edward II. 10, Duke Robert's monument. 15, Abbot's door to cloister. 16, Monks' door to cloister. 17, Lavatories. 18, Recess for towels.

The ritual choir still projects, in the old Norman fashion, across the intersection of nave and transept, and its screen fills up one bay of the nave itself. This screen is an ugly piece of modern work, bearing an uglier organ in the place once given to the Holy Rood.

A glance at the ground-plan of Gloucester shows how little alteration it has undergone since Norman days. The transept still has a polygonal chapel opening from the eastern side of each of its arms,

[1] The internal length of Gloucester Cathedral is 406 feet, and the spread of its transept is 141 feet. The chapter-house is 72 feet long and 34 feet wide.

and the sweep of the choir-aisle is still intact, with two of the three chapels which opened out of it. But, as I have said, many things at Gloucester are peculiar, and among them is the plan of the eastern limb. The ritual choir is inclosed by high solid walls, which shut off from the central portion of the church not only the transept-arms, but also the adjoining ends of the nave-aisles. These ends are raised by two steps above the general level of the nave, and thus look like vesti-

ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL, NORTH ARM OF TRANSEPT.

bules to the transept-arms. Each of the transept-arms is exceptionally short, consisting only of a single bay; and thus isolated, with its vestibule, with the wall cutting it off from the crossing, with the apse-like little chapel in its eastern face, and with its many tombs and sepulchral slabs, each arm looks more like a larger chapel than like part of a veritable transept. Moreover, not only all five of the little chapels, but also the end of the church was polygonal in shape, and this was uncommon in Norman cathedrals.

But when we turn from the ground-plan to the wall-design, we find the east limb of Gloucester much more normal than the nave. The

piers are again of a circular form, but they are so much lower that the proportioning of the stories is about the same as it is in the great Norman churches of eastern England. Of course, a discrepancy of this kind between nave and choir would not be remarkable if they dated from different periods. But here a single period includes them, even if we think that either the western or the eastern limb may have been reconstructed after the fire of 1122; even so, everything must fall within a space of thirty years. In such a case we might expect to see in the later part a desire to carry on the original scheme, at least in its chief features — something like what we saw at Durham, where Ralph Flambard's work in the nave is only a richer version of William of Carilef's work in the choir. I think it would be difficult to find in any other Norman building such disparity between almost contemporaneous parts as exists at Gloucester. But, in truth, disparities are the rule at Gloucester; we have just seen how Abbot Morwent, in the Perpendicular period, changed his mind with regard to the design of his proposed new nave; and it seems all the stranger that he should have returned to the belated idea of a tall triforium-story when we remember that the triforium was exceptionally low in the Norman nave which he intended to replace.

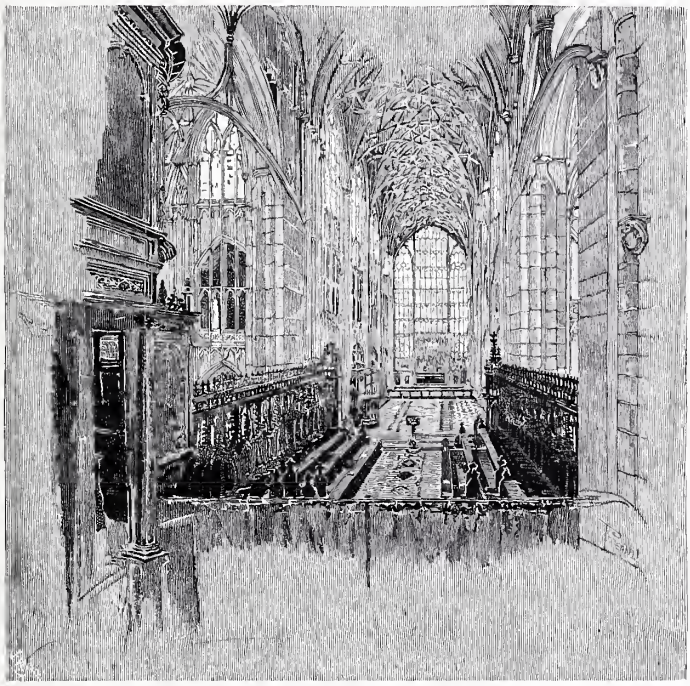
IV

But if I say that the eastern part of Gloucester Cathedral was built like Peterborough Cathedral, and that below the clearstory it still exists, do not imagine that its effect is still the same. It no longer shows us a solemn perspective of thick round arches and ponderous plain piers. Yet, on the other hand, the original body has not been recast and concealed to the entire denying of its Norman birth, like the original Norman body at Winchester. The whole effect is Perpendicular; yet when we look a moment we see that the whole body of the structure is Norman still. The Perpendicular features are not so much structural as decorative; yet they are applied in such a way that they everywhere simulate a structural design. The entire surface of the heavy Norman work is covered with a rich overlay of shafting, moulding, and tracery, through the interstices of which the original design may still be followed, the old Norman stones may still be seen.

The clearstory is wholly of Perpendicular origin. Its great windows, each filling the compartment from side to side, were divided, in the usual Perpendicular manner, into elongated rectangular lights with

little arched and trefoiled heads; and then the same design was continued downward to the floor, not only over the piers and wall-spaces, but over the apertures as well. The wide triforium-openings, and even those of the pier-arcades, were treated like unglazed windows, and screened with this network of paneling, while the piers were faced with slender grouped shafts and small capitals which support the elaborate ceiling.

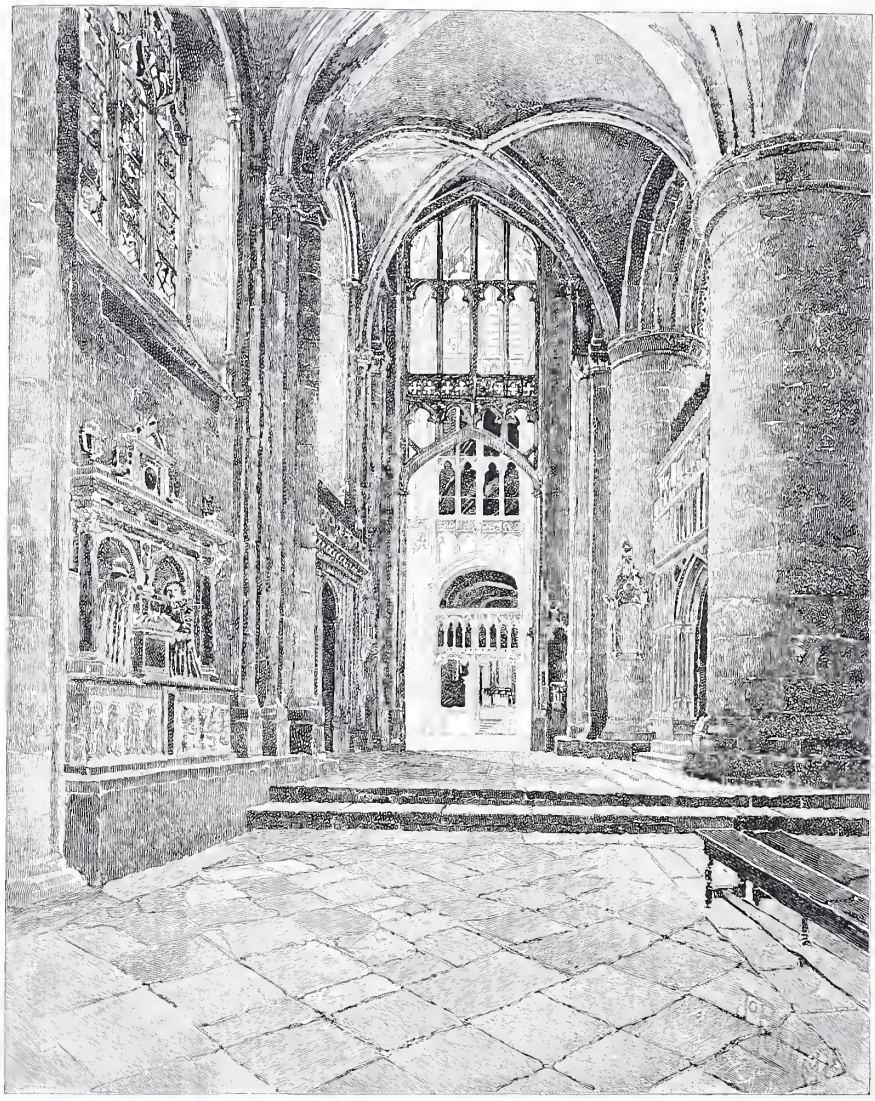
Of course this ceiling, like the clearstory, is of Perpendicular origin; and, as I have said, the east end of the presbytery was more radically



THE CHOIR AND PRESBYTERY, LOOKING EAST.

remodeled than its sides. The wall between the central alley and the encircling aisle was torn down; length was increased by adding a narrow compartment on each side, and breadth by slanting this addition outward; and then a wall was built across the end, but no higher than the base of the triforium. This wall, pierced with one semicircular and two pointed arches, is again not straight, but forms one longer and two shorter sides of a polygon. Across it stands the tall reredos; over its surface and its three large openings runs the ubiquitous pan-

eling; and this continues upward, without a conspicuous break in the design, to form the vast window which fills all the rest of the space.



THE NORTH AISLE OF THE NAVE, LOOKING EAST INTO THE TRANSEPT.

One could hardly imagine a more magnificent effect than is thus created. A critic who believes that architectural features should not only be strong enough but look strong enough, who insists that some visible sturdiness should appear in a wall which is crowned by a visibly

ponderous roof, may find much excuse for disapproval. But if we merely seek a wondering pleasure for the eye, then indeed we stand in the right place. Close up under the vaulting, and close to the piers on either hand, comes the stupendous wall of glass,— a single window to the eye, although bent to a three-sided shape,— held together by stonework patterns so open and slight that we feel as though a strong wind could make an end of it. Seventy-two feet in height and thirty-eight in breadth, it is the largest window in the world, and we fancy it the most fragile. Yet it has stood, stone and glass together, through five centuries of sun and storm, and through more than one of entire neglect. In 1862 it was thoroughly repaired and all its panes were releaded; but we can hardly call a work unstable which demands such helping after half a thousand years.

It is difficult even to suggest the sumptuous effect of this transfigured choir, or the ingenious ways in which the traceries have been adapted to their very various situations. Mr. Pennell's pictures will serve much better than words, but nothing in architecture so vast and elaborate as this can ever have its veritable look explained on paper.

The view of choir and presbytery from the entrance of the ritual choir in the nave, which is given on page 307, reveals the east window far off in the distance and the richness of the ceiling; gives a glimpse at the left into the north arm of the transept; and shows the flying-arch which springs across the whole width of this arm beneath the great arch that supports the tower. On page 308 we stand in the north aisle of the nave, look into the transept, and beyond it dimly discern the choir-aisle; to the left is the abbot's door into the cloister and one of the Norman windows — which were placed so high to clear the cloister-roofs — filled with Perpendicular traceries; and on the right is a portion of the wall that shuts in the ritual choir. On page 311 we are placed in the south transept-arm and can appreciate its chapel-like effect; and looking westward along the aisle of the nave, under the lofty constructional arch below which extends the open tracery, we see one of Abbot Morwent's Perpendicular windows in the western front. And on page 302 the view is reversed; we are in the south aisle of the nave with its leaning half-piers and Decorated vaulting, and we see the screen-work in the south arm of the transept.

Interesting indeed are the perspectives, varied with every step we take, which show the Perpendicular adornment set now in lines of black against some brightly lighted space, and now in lines of light against a dark stretch of aisle or a deep triforium-arch. Nothing

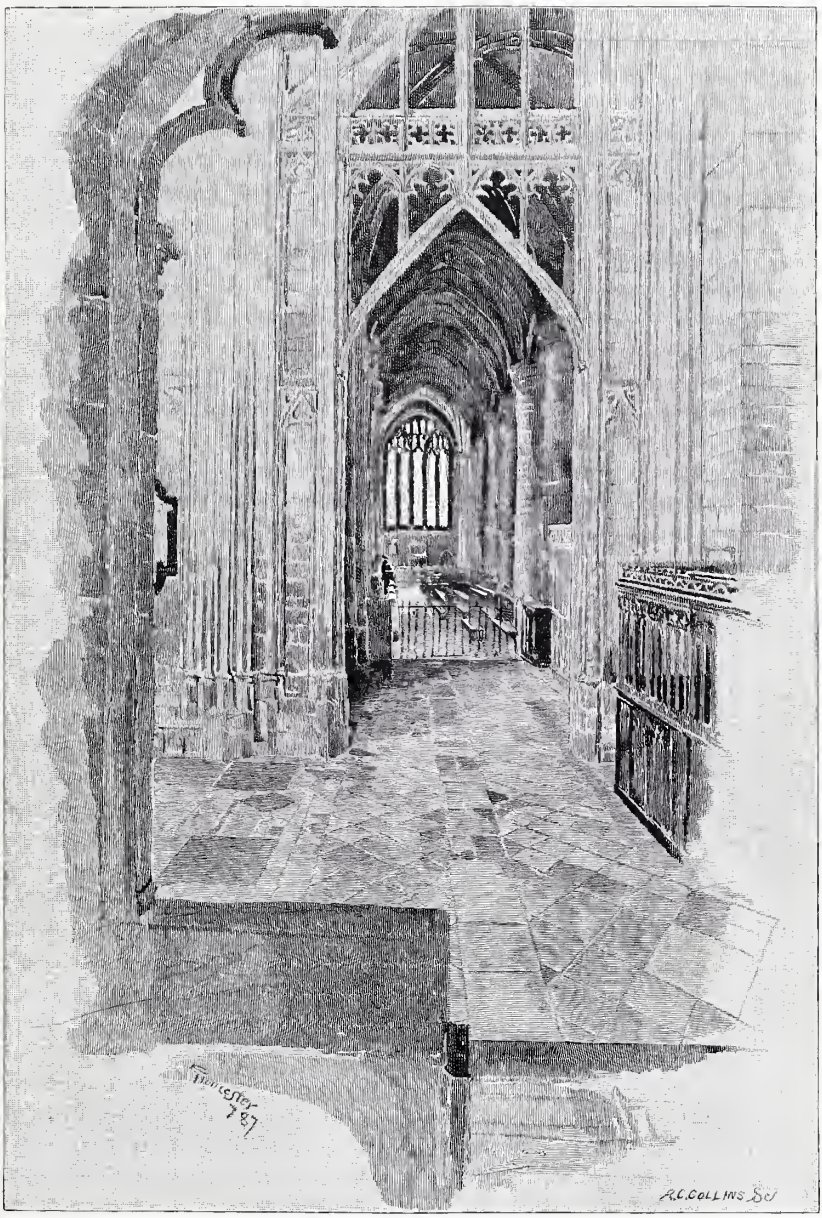
could be more radical than its contrast with the massive simple forms amid and over which its graceful arches and slender rectangles are woven. Yet the general effect is never inharmonious; or if it is, we forget the fact in our admiration for the lively fancy and the technical skill which could thus change sternness into lightness, solemnity into grace, a ponderous into a delicate vigor, a majestic uniformity into an almost playful elaboration. Other English interiors are more logical, more truly beautiful than this; but there is none more stately, more rich, or more imposing; and there is none which so clearly reveals that passionate love for the style and manner of their own time which ruled mediæval men. Simply a desire for what was thought a far superior kind of beauty led to the alteration of this Norman work. Yet how naïve was the desire, how different from the attitude of modern men toward the things of art! Sometimes we piously "restore" an ancient work and bring it back to its original estate as nearly as our poor wits know how. Sometimes we pull it down entirely and build a new work of our own. And we can imagine, perhaps, doing what Wykeham did at Winchester—using our forefathers' fabric as though it were our own, but carefully concealing the fact that we had borrowed it. But an imperious wish to alter for the mere sake of altering, combined with an entire frankness in confessing both the change and our reason for making it, this we cannot imagine by any possible effort.

V

A TRUSTWORTHY local chronicle recites that the choir of Gloucester was cased and vaulted by Abbots Staunton and Horton, who ruled the House of St. Peter between 1337 and 1377. The work was begun in the south transept-arm, and all the other portions, including the lower stages of the tower, were finished before the east end was turned into a gigantic window. I can find no record of the condition of the tower, or of the clearstory in choir and transept, when Staunton began his task; but from the witness of the nave, and from the history of the cloister, we must believe that they had once already been rebuilt in the Early English period.

The springing of the flying-arch, seen in the picture on page 307, marks the level above which the whole fabric was renewed by Staunton and Horton — the level of the top of the triforium. Of course there is a mate to this flying-arch across the other transept-arm; and high above them soar the arches which really support the sides of the

tower; they merely support capitals which correspond with the capitals of the piers, and bear the tracery-patterns. To harmonize the



THE SOUTH AISLE OF THE NAVE, LOOKING WEST FROM THE TRANSEPT.

vaulting of the lantern formed by the open stages of the tower with the rest of the design, the panel-work on each face of the lantern had

to be arranged within two great arches; the ribs which were thus brought down the centre of each face found nothing to support them;

THE CATHEDRAL, FROM THE SOUTHEAST. (FROM THE TOWER OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.)

and so the flying-arch and its capital were devised. It was a bold expedient from the purely artistic point of view, yet not too bold to be in keeping with the rest of the work; and from the structural point of view there was little audacity. The light flying spans seem to support the lantern-vault; but it is really supported by much more solid stones at a much higher level.

Abbots Staunton and Horton carried the tower no higher than the top of the lantern. The magnificent upper body which appears outside the church was begun by Abbot Seabroke, whose chantry rests against one of the supporting piers, and was finished soon after his death, about the middle of the fifteenth century. Morwent had ruled in Gloucester just before Seabroke's time. The splendor of the new-wrought choir seems to have inspired his wish to rebuild the nave. The parts that he completed make us glad that he went no further; and Seabroke was wise to finish the tower instead of carrying out Morwent's enterprise.

Early English stalls once furnished the choir, and a rare fragment or two remain to show their character. But the work of re-decoration was thoroughly done in the fourteenth century, and the present stalls, with tall overhanging canopies, are delightful examples of Perpendicular art. They are much restored, however, and the great reredos under the east window is modern. Behind this is a narrow space, which was doubtless the feretory, or chamber for lesser relics, also used, in times of trouble, to conceal the treasures of the church.

Three monuments deserve attention. One is a memorial to Osric, the Saxon viceroy, where a rudely sculptured figure of uncertain date (which cannot have come down from a period anywhere near Osric's own, but may be considerably more ancient than the base on which it stands) lies beneath a canopy erected in the sixteenth century. The second is the tomb of Duke Robert of Normandy, eldest son of the Conqueror, which originally stood in the chapter-house, but was broken to bits in the Parliamentary wars, and afterward pieced together and set up in the northeastern apsidal chapel of the church. This, too, puzzles the antiquary. The plain mortuary chest seems to date from the fifteenth century; but on it rests a cross-legged effigy in chain-armor, carved in oak, which may possibly be three centuries older. The third sepulchre commemorates Edward II., and stands between two of the piers of the choir. In 1327 the body of this king, who had been murdered in Berkeley Castle, was brought by Abbot Thokey to Gloucester, and the tomb was built for it by Edward III. At once it became the object-point of pilgrimages; and to do it honor the transfiguration of the choir and transept was accomplished with the money poured by devotees into the coffers of the abbey. Yet no king need have asked for a finer monument than the tomb itself—a lofty base bearing the usual recumbent figure, and a soaring canopy, all covered with slender pinnacles and arched

niches wrought in the rich and graceful late Decorated style. Here Edward III. hung up a great golden vessel after he was saved from shipwreck; hither the Black Prince brought a golden crucifix containing a bit of the true cross; here, among countless minor offerings, shone a ruby necklace sent by the Queen of Scotland, and a jeweled heart of Queen Philippa's; and here miracles were wrought for all who wanted them.[1]

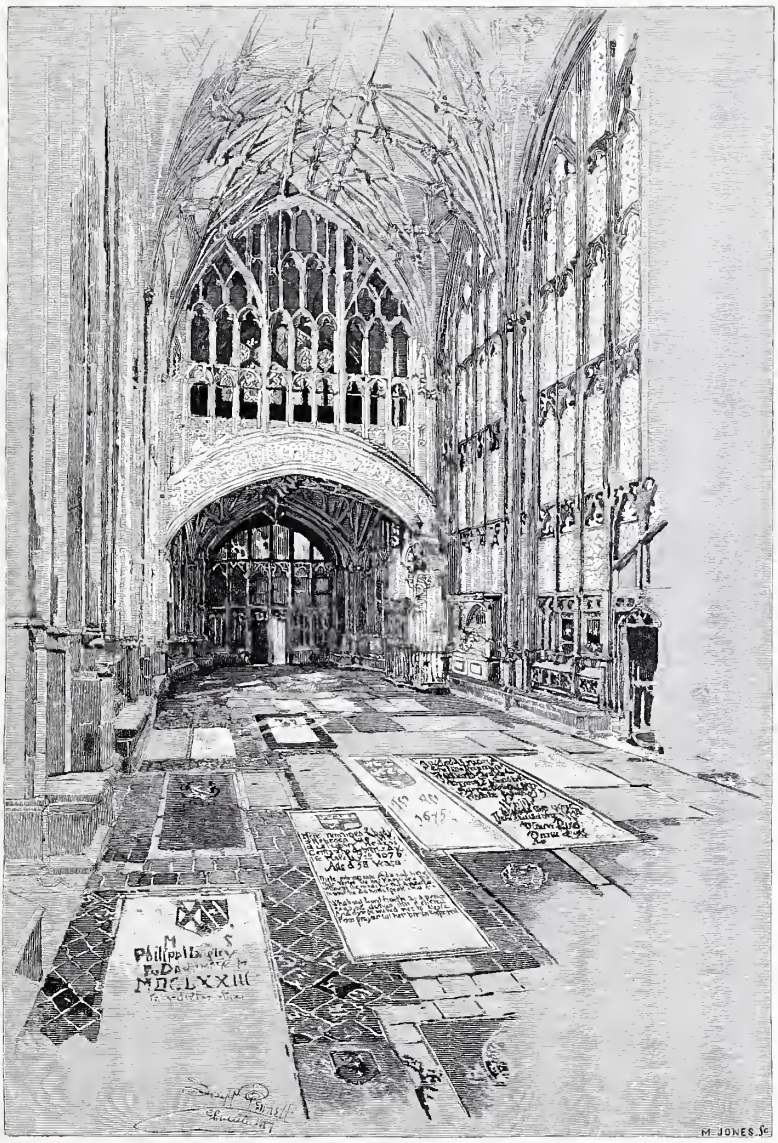
The Perpendicular screening conceals this monument from the choir, but we see it fully in the encircling aisle, to which the apsidal chapels give unwonted interest. Once there were three such chapels, and all three stood for nearly a century after the new window was built. But about 1450 the central one was removed, and the place it had filled became a low-walled vestibule for a splendid Lady-chapel.

The picture on page 312 will explain the station of this chapel better than any words. It is another of the individual features of Gloucester. It is an independent building, not a continuation of the church; within the choir no sign of it appears except its shadow on the great glass wall. Only when we get behind this wall in the aisle do we realize that there is still a farther space. An astonishing space it is—a room which seems almost all of glass, and is complicated with open screens wherever screens could go. It has not a very ecclesiastical look, perhaps. It is long and narrow, without aisles; and on the right hand and the left are little side-chapels, two-storied each, which, in their elaborate enframing,—be it said beneath my breath,—are not unlike gorgeous Gothic opera-boxes. But the many sepulchral slabs in the pavement excite a soberer feeling; and, whatever the emotional mood it fosters, there can be no question with regard to the beauty of the room.

The ingenuity with which it was united to the church on the old Norman foundations best appears in the triforium, which encircles the whole east limb. As wide as the aisles below, extending above the apsidal chapels, and lighted by large windows, this triforium could hardly be called a gallery; it was more truly an upper story for oratories and altars. Its space, however, was so greatly encroached upon at the extreme end when a bay was added to the presbytery and the huge window was built, that here it is now a passage in the strictest sense—seventy-five feet in length, but only three in breadth and eight in height, running like a sort of bridge over the vestibule below, be-

[1] The cut at the head of this chapter shows the "White Hart," which was the badge of Edward II., and is many times repeated in the carvings upon his tomb.

tween the east window of the church and the west window of the Lady-chapel, close to both but touching neither. Although the terminal Norman chapel was destroyed below, it was preserved in this



THE LADY-CHAPEL, LOOKING TOWARD THE CHURCH.

second story, and we can now enter it, like a bay-window, from the narrow gallery, and look into the Lady-chapel. Here, too, we see that three great flying-buttresses spring from the outer wall of the aisle,

meet in a point behind the new inner wall, and sustain the slender buttress which supports the gigantic window. The whole arrangement is extremely curious, extremely skilful—easy enough to appreciate on the spot, but difficult to describe. To the idle tourist, however, the chief interest of this bridge-like gallery lies in its accidental acoustic properties. It is famous as the "Whispering Gallery of Gloucester," for the lowest utterance voiced at one end, or the slightest pin-scratch made on the wall, is distinctly heard at the other end, seventy-five feet away.

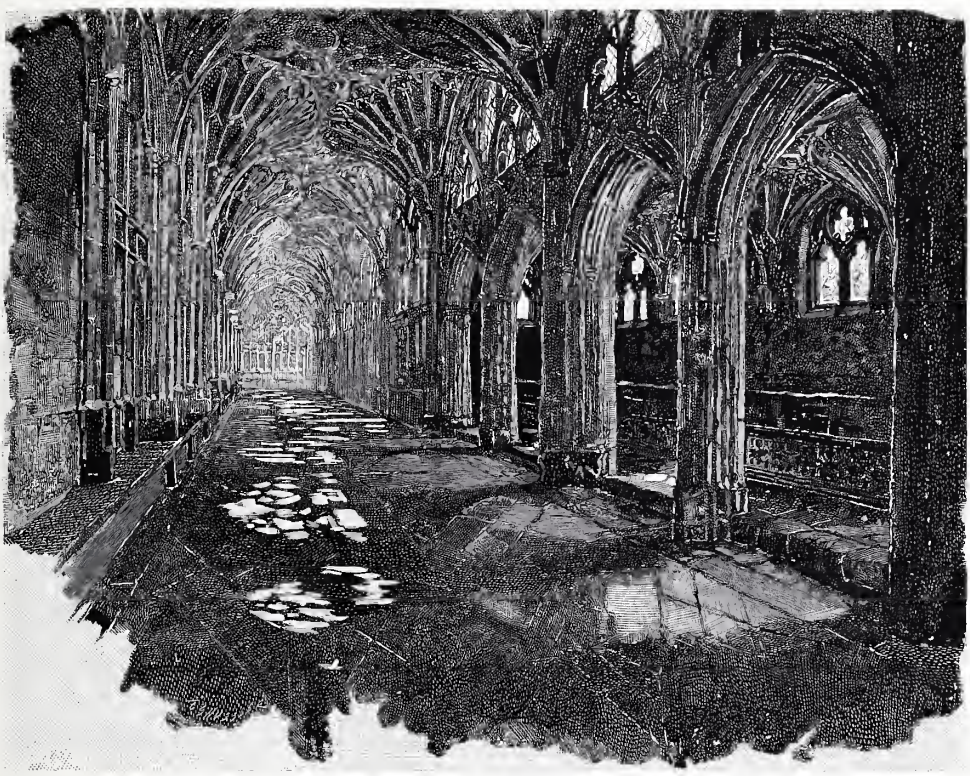
The crypt perfectly reproduces the plan of the old Norman east limb, and it likewise extends beneath the apsidal chapels of the transept, although not beneath the transept itself. The eastern end seems to have been built on a quicksand with insufficient foundations. The remaining Norman features in this part of the upper church show signs of dislocation, and works of reinforcement are visible in the crypt. But these repairs are Norman, like the original stones; and in the rest of the choir and presbytery the early builders built their best. Here their fabric stands straight and sturdy still, although the east wall has been turned into glass, a heavy Perpendicular decoration has been cemented on all the surfaces, and a tremendous tower rests on the four old supports.

VI

Intermingled Norman and Perpendicular work still meets us as we pass to the chapter-house and cloister. These we find lying, like the monastic structures at Canterbury, to the northward of the nave instead of in their true monastic place, and probably the reason for the anomaly was in both cases the same; probably the streets of Gloucester always ran as close to the south side of the church as they do to-day. Between the church and the chapter-house lies a narrow walk called the Abbot's Cloister, which is partly of Norman and partly of Perpendicular workmanship. The chapter-house opens, however, on the main quadrangle. It is a rectangular room, with a great semicircular doorway, covered for three-quarters of its length by a slightly pointed wooden barrel-vault, and encircled for the same distance by a round-arched blank arcade. The eastern end is a Perpendicular addition, which, with its richly groined roof, its large east window, and its cut-off corners, might almost be called an apse.

Abbot Horton, who completed the Perpendicular casings in the choir of the church, began his rule in 1351, and Abbot Frocester, who wrote

the chronicle which tells us all we know of the mighty fabric of St. Peter's, died in 1412. Between these dates the cloister was built, taking the place of an Early English quadrangle which must itself have supplanted a Norman one. This, I think, is the most magnificent series of cloister-walks in England, and in no other are signs of former usefulness so well preserved. Instead of the open arcades, characteristic of earlier generations, we find rows of great glazed windows which



THE NORTH WALK OF THE CLOISTER, WITH THE LAVATORY.

insure complete protection from the weather. In the north walk the wall projects a little to give room for the lavatories,—a hollowed stone bench of considerable length,—while opposite is a closet for towels; and the south walk is lined to nearly half its height by a range of little cells, one lying beneath each window. Set thus far away from the distractions of the world, these cells, or "carols," served as studies for the monks; and so peaceful, so ancient, yet so serviceable seems the spot that we half expect, as each tiny chamber is passed, to see a sable

gown and a shaven poll bending over some ponderous work of ghostly counsel, or some Book of Hours where brilliant initial letters are slowly growing on the page.

But the great feature of this cloister is the ceiling, which spreads its fans of stone over all four walks. Judged for true architectural excellence, fan-vaulting does not satisfy the purest taste. Concave, not convex, forms are natural and appropriate in a vault; these huge cones, it has often been said, look too much like genuine vaults turned inside out. Yet they have many defenders in the land where they originated, and they are sure to delight an uncritical eye, for they give splendor and sumptuousness to any interior, no matter how poor its other parts may be.

VII

Much mathematical knowledge would be needed really to explain the character and development of Gothic vaulting, and many mathematical diagrams in illustration. But even in these pages the subject cannot be altogether avoided, for the vault was the most important feature in Gothic architecture. Indeed, as I have already implied, it created Gothic architecture. Had Romanesque architects been content with flat wooden ceilings, such a structure as a Gothic church could never have been thought of; and had they been content with vaults as the Romans bequeathed them, it could never have been built. Thus far I have merely mentioned vaults of various forms without describing them, because it seemed best to postpone description until we had many pictures for reference; but now I may try to show, in a rough way, how pointed vaults originated and what was the difference between those which England and France evolved.

The earliest form of stone ceiling used by Romanesque builders in the north of Europe was the barrel-vault, or wagon-vault, of the Romans, which, as its names imply, is a continuous ceiling of semi-cylindrical shape; and they often strengthened it with great arches thrown across from wall to wall, which may be likened to the hoops of a barrel or those which support the canvas on such wagons as used to be called "prairie-schooners."

But while church-naves were still covered in this way, the narrower lower aisles were often covered with groined vaults. From each pier of the arcade between nave and aisle, an arch was thrown across to the aisle-wall, corresponding with the pier-arches in height and span; and each of the square compartments thus created was covered by a

ceiling which, in theory, was composed of two barrel-vaults interpenetrating at right angles and thus giving rise to four sharp edges, or arrises, which started from the four corners of the base of the vault, and ran up to unite at its apex. These groined vaults had also been used by the Romans, although they preferred to cover square areas with domed ceilings. But the Romanesque architect soon innovated upon his inheritance by building strong ribs along his arrises, thus accenting their lines as those of two diagonal arches intersecting at the apex of the vault, as we see in the pictures of the north aisle of Gloucester on page 308 and of the south aisle of Durham on page 86. This was not done, as might be fancied, simply to improve the look of the work — it was done to strengthen it; for the new diagonal arches are really new constructional features, architectural bones solidifying the substance of the vault, vaulting-ribs which, like permanent centrings, uphold the curved fields between them, and allow them to be built of very small stones and to be comparatively thin. This clever architect did not know that in devising these ribs he had sown the seed which was to grow into a new form of architecture; but he soon perceived that the additional strength which he had conferred upon groined vaults would permit him to substitute them for the barrel-vault above his wide naves.

But, as round arches which rise from the same level to the same height cannot vary in span, he could use groined vaults well only above square compartments; over an oblong compartment he was obliged either conspicuously to stilt some of his arches, or to use for others a segmental form which meant both ugliness and constructional weakness, or to start different arches from different levels, which was not easily managed with current methods of design. Therefore, if his groined vaults were to be perfect ones, not only had his aisle to be of the same width as one bay in his pier-arcade, but his nave had to be exactly twice this width, and each compartment of its vaulting had to embrace two bays of the wall-design. This necessity is revealed by that alternation of form in the piers of the great arcade which we find in many late Norman and early Gothic churches: the sturdier or more complex piers bear the supports of the vaulting-ribs, and the intermediate ones directly sustain no part of the vaulting, or else, as in the choir of Canterbury, carry intermediate ribs, thrown across the nave between the diagonal ribs, which bring the vaults into what is called a sexpartite form. Thus we have a clear instance of the way in which the character of the vault was expressed by the design of the church's wall, the concentration of part of the thrust of the vaults

breaking that uniform series of piers which we see, for instance, in the nave of Peterborough, and which was appropriate when a flat ceiling was used, or a barrel-vault whose thrust was more equally distributed along the walls.

Nothing more than this could be done, however, while the architect was tied to the round arch. He was obliged to support vaults which exerted an enormous thrust; he was obliged to observe certain relative proportions, not only in the design of these vaults, but in that of every portion of his edifice; and his difficulties were great indeed when he wished to cover irregularly shaped compartments, such as those which occur in the encircling aisle of an apse, where the inner side of each compartment is much narrower than its outer side.

But before the middle of the eleventh century it was perceived in France that pointed arch-forms would exert a much less powerful thrust, and would give the architect much greater freedom in design. The height of his arches would no longer be strictly determined by their span; narrow ones could be carried as high as wider ones, and so he could adapt his vaulting to compartments of an oblong or even of a quite irregular shape, without much constructional difficulty and with no offense to the eye.

At first pointed arches were used only where constructionally required; as we have seen in the choir of Canterbury and the nave of Durham, the transverse arches of the vault were pointed, while the diagonal ribs retained their semicircular sweep. But, of course, it was soon felt that, constructionally and æsthetically, a concord of forms was desirable, and the pointed arch gradually ousted the round one from its place, first in all the major features, and then in the minor ones and in every decorative detail. And, of course, this change was accelerated by the fact that, as I have said, a pointed arch exerts a lesser thrust than a semicircular one. Vaults and walls could be more freely designed with pointed arches than with round ones, and they could also be more lightly and therefore more economically constructed.[1]

All through the finest Gothic period French vaults were built in the simple quadripartite shape which is shown in the drawing of the nave of Amiens on page 124, or in the sexpartite shape of which the early

[1] When the history and nature of the development of mediæval architecture were less well understood than they are to-day, many curious theories were propounded to account for the introduction of the pointed arch into northwestern Europe; but the simplest explanation is now felt to be the truest. Doubtless the familiarity of the Crusaders with the pointed arch as used in Arabic architecture had something to do with its adoption in twelfth-century France. But before the twelfth century it had been employed in the domical and barrel vaults of those southern and southwestern provinces which are part

type is shown by the choir of Canterbury, the piers in the former case being all alike, and in the latter alternating in design. Even with pointed arch-forms the architect was not perfectly free to design as he chose; he could not build arches of any span and height he might desire, and spring them all from the same level. But he could stilt vaulting-ribs without producing forms as disagreeable as those which result from the stilting of round arches; and he soon discovered that he could spring them beautifully from different levels by allowing them to interpenetrate. That is, instead of carrying down all the ribs which met above his vaulting-shaft to the capital of this shaft, he could allow one to die into another at some distance above it; the eye would fancy it continuing down behind its neighbors, and thus unity of design could be preserved with much freedom in constructional processes — with so much freedom that sometimes no feature in a French Gothic church is as beautiful as the irregularly shaped vault which covers a little chapel or the compartment of a curving aisle. All the pressure of these vaults was concentrated by the system of ribs upon the vaulting-shafts and flying-buttresses, and by these was transmitted to the piers and aisle-buttresses, so that the filling of the spaces between the ribs could be made extremely light. But these spaces still had to be skilfully constructed as segments of an arch-like ceiling, and this involved much intelligence on the mason's part.

In England more elaborate vaulting-forms were soon introduced. The most common type of ceiling for a while was one where a cluster of ribs spread upward from each support in a fan-like way until all the ribs, from end to end of the interior, impinged at equal intervals upon a longitudinal rib which followed the apex of the vault. This kind of ceiling is shown, with three ribs in each group, in the pictures of the nave of Gloucester on pages 300 and 303, and of the nave of Wells on page 230, while the effect of more numerously membered groups is shown in the illustration of the nave of Lichfield on page 143, and is indicated in that of the Angel Choir at Lincoln on page 173. The aspect of such vaulting is far inferior to that of typical French vaulting, for, lacking transverse ribs, it accords less well with walls which are conspicuously divided into compartments; it accentuates length much more evidently than altitude; and the longitudinal rib appears to

of modern France; and it had also been used in many countries in far pre-Christian times. It is a very obvious constructional form, and its adoption to meet an obvious practical need in twelfth-century France was in no sense remarkable. The remarkable fact is that, while elsewhere it had not structurally affected the design of the buildings in which it was employed, in northern France it immediately became the inspiration and main resource of an entirely novel architectural scheme.

strengthen the vault at the very place where it needs such strengthening least. No interior can have a truly aspiring, characteristically Gothic look where such a rib is used with an unbroken series of transverse ribs equally spaced along it. A ceiling like Lichfield's or Lincoln's is hardly more Gothic in effect than a barrel-vault of pointed section would be. Indeed, it is easier to fancy that it was evolved directly from the barrel-vault than to understand that quadripartite vaults were intermediate between them.

Later on, many small ribs were introduced between the larger ones in English ceilings, forming star-vaults or lierne-vaults of the most complicated patterns. Even careful observers sometimes fall into the error of thinking that a mere desire for ornateness prompted the use of such patterns. No doubt the minor ribs were first applied with a merely decorative purpose; but if one will take the trouble to read about them in Viollet-le-Duc's comparison of French and English vaults,[1] he will find that they served a very practical purpose too. When many short ribs formed many small intermediate spaces, these spaces (especially where vaults took so low a curve as in England) could be kept almost flat, and could be filled with stone almost as easily as covered with wood; and the exact position of the stones could be marked out by the architect for the mason's guidance.

Many of these elaborate English ceilings are charming in design, and they look extremely well when covering a small chapel or room. But in larger constructions they lack dignity, decision, and constructional expressiveness: a network seems to have been substituted for a framework, and we do not clearly see how pressures are transmitted to the ground. Various types of them are shown in our pictures of Gloucester, Winchester, Wells, and York cathedrals, but they please us least at Wells, where, as I have told, an actual barrel-vault is covered with a fretwork of ribs which have no real connection with its structure.

The next development in vaulting was, like all other features of the Perpendicular style, a distinct reaction from what had gone before. After thinking that he could not build his vaults with too many ribs, the architect suddenly conceived the idea of building them with none at all. Fan-vaulting is, in fact, a system of construction where the body of the vault sustains itself, and such raised lines as may appear upon it—whether simulating ribs or not—are simply superficial and decorative, like the adornment of the Decorated vault at Wells Cathedral, which, I repeat, was exceptional for its time.

[1] See article "Voute," in Vol. IX of the "Dictionnaire raisonné de l'architecture."

We know that it is generally a mistake to think that a new architectural process was perfected all at once, to say that a new architectural feature was invented. Such processes are almost always tentative at first; such features are almost always evolved rather than created. But fan-vaulting must have been an exception to this rule. No gentle successive experimental steps can have led up to its perfected form. Some one man, in some one place, must first have thought of building these great inverted cones; and, once conceived, there was no reason why he should not immediately build them well. And this man's work, it is commonly believed, we see in the cloister of Gloucester Cathedral. Perhaps he got the first idea of his forms from those Early English ceilings which show groups of equal and parallel ribs, but the constructional idea was all his own. It was quickly adopted in all parts of England, but in other countries fan-vaults are never seen.

VIII

Although the main approach to this church shows us a much less impressive composition than we see from a similar point at Canterbury or Lincoln, it would be hard to find anything more typically cathedral-like than its aspect when we stand on high ground to the eastward, and the Lady-chapel groups with the vast east window, while the gorgeous tower soars beyond and above them.

The tower shows equally well from the cloister-garth just below it; but I shall not attempt to say from which place it shows best. For many miles on every side of Gloucester we see its rich pale-gray form, relieved upon the pale blue of an English sunny sky, or blending, tone for tone, with the pale grays of English clouds, or standing out, dark for the nonce, against the radiance of sunset—a pharos to the neighboring hills, as Leland called it in his "Itinerary" centuries ago. In general scheme it is very like the central tower of Canterbury. There is the same division into two stories, with four canopied windows in each face, and almost the same height—235 feet at Canterbury, 225 at Gloucester. But as a structural composition Canterbury's tower is the finer, for its angle-turrets, instead of stopping with the first stage, run up straight and slender to the cornice and beyond it, increasing grace and lightness of outline, and binding all the stories together. Gloucester's tower is the earlier by almost half a century; it was begun in 1450, and Canterbury's not until 1495.

The beginning of the Perpendicular style may be placed, as we have

seen, near the middle of the fourteenth century; and its end was not until the death of Gothic art in general—until the triumph of the reborn classic spirit in the seventeenth century. During more than two centuries of great national activity, wealth, and ambition, when

THE CATHEDRAL, FROM THE NORTHWEST. (FROM THE TOWER OF ST. MARY DE LODE.)

architecture was still the chief of all the arts and their nursing-mother, we might expect to find constant changes and developments; and, in truth, the earlier Perpendicular work differs in very important ways from the later. When the style was young it found a great deal to do in the cathedrals. Norman structures were sometimes half in ruins, like the nave at Canterbury; even when they were not, their stern and solemn aspect dissatisfied current taste, and they were remodeled, like

the nave at Winchester, or transfigured, like the choir at Gloucester; and when all work of this importance had been done, there were still minor features to alter and adorn. But by the time the style had reached its latest phase little remained possible in the cathedrals except the building of tombs and chantries, and no new cathedrals were required. So, to make a complete study of this style, one must turn to parish churches, to the famous chapel of Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey, and to the great collegiate buildings of Cambridge and Oxford. The cathedrals show us, for example, every form of vaulting down to the fan-vault which spans the cloister of Gloucester, and, on a much more splendid scale, the New Building at Peterborough. But to see the final stage of this form of vaulting, where great inverted cones depend from the centre of the ceiling with no supports beneath them, we must look at Henry VII.'s chapel. Yet there is no other single place where so adequate an idea of the course of the Perpendicular style may be obtained as at Gloucester. Here, in the south arm of the transept, we see, according to some authorities, the very earliest piece of work which can truly be called Perpendicular; the rest of the transept and the east limb reveal the successive steps which brought the style to its middle development; the tower and the Lady-chapel are later still; and in the cloister we probably find the first fan-vaults which were ever built.

A word more about window-traceries. In Chapter VI I tried to show how such traceries developed from two or three plain windows simply grouped together with small apertures pierced in the wall above, and how their character radically changed, at first the form of the openings—light in a dark expanse of wall—being the thing which the architect bore in mind, and afterward the pattern made by the stone bars—dark against a luminous background. In the height of the Decorated period, when English architecture was most nearly akin to French, this type of window-design reached its most perfect estate; and in France it was never given up: it was pushed more and more to an extreme, the stone bars flowing and curving in the most luxuriant patterns, and the shape of the lights being ever less and less regarded.

But in England the change from the Decorated to the Perpendicular style meant a going back, in theory, to first principles. In a typical Perpendicular window the eye is again supposed to rest, not upon the tracery-patterns, but upon the shapes of the lights themselves. These are fine in outline and harmoniously grouped, while if we fol-

low the stone lines we find them always uninteresting and often ugly. Some English writers declare that the change was a good one, or, at least, that it was logical and satisfactory in view of the development of the glazier's art; for, as this development meant a growing skill in the drawing of the figure, it was well that the irregular curving outlines of the lights in the window-heads should be exchanged for simpler forms. But we may protest that the figure-painter lost more

THE CATHEDRAL, FROM THE NORTH.

than he gained by the introduction of Perpendicular traceries; for, if he gained in the window-head, he lost by that subdivision of the lower field which gave him, indeed, a chance for many figures, but prescribed a very small size for them all. And, moreover, theories fall to the ground unless the witness of the eye sustains them. Perhaps, in theory, it was well at this period to give more attention to the forms of the lights; and perhaps the patterns made by the stonework in Perpendicular windows are not, if examined on paper,

more ungraceful than those which we often find in the stonework of the early plate-traceried windows. But when face to face with his work, we are not content with the Perpendicular architect's conception. The mind may grasp and, perhaps, even approve his idea; but the eye does not accept it. No one really notices the shape of the stonework in a plate-traceried window; no one can help noticing it in a Perpendicular window. The proportion of the solids to the voids has radically changed, and with it the strength of the impressions that they respectively make. There is enough opaque stone in a plate-traceried window to make a background for the luminous portions; there is not nearly enough in a Perpendicular window. Coerce our eyes as we will in front of such a window, we cannot help seeing, instead of a series of nicely proportioned little lights set in fields of stone, an embroidery of stone lines on a luminous surface; and this linear embroidery is always meagre and ungraceful, and often very thin and ugly.

Chapter XII

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER — YORK

S we naturally think of the cathedrals of Salisbury and Lichfield together, so it is with those of Lincoln and York. The likeness between them is merely of a general kind, and disappears when their features are examined; yet, added to the fact of their near neighborhood, it suffices to bind them together in one's memory. Each is a vast three-towered but spireless church. Each stands in a town that was famous in the earliest times, and still seems large and living in spite of the greater size and more strenuous temper of those black hives of commerce which our century has developed in the north of England. And each is distinctively a city church, sparsely provided with green surroundings. When we think of the cathedral of Lincoln or of York, we think of little more than its architectural effect; and this can be said of no other, which is ancient in fabric and in cathedral name, except St. Paul's in London.[1]

I

The history of York as a cathedral town begins much further back than that of Lincoln. The Normans first set up an episcopal chair in the place which centuries before had been Lindum Colonia of the Romans; but as early as the year 314 Eboracum of the Romans had sent a British bishop to take part in the councils of southern Christendom, and where there was a bishop there must have been, in some shape, a cathedral church. In the fifth century walls and worshipers

[1] The best description of the cathedral of York is Professor Willis's "Architectural History of York Minster," published in the *Transactions of the Archæological Institute* for the year 1846.

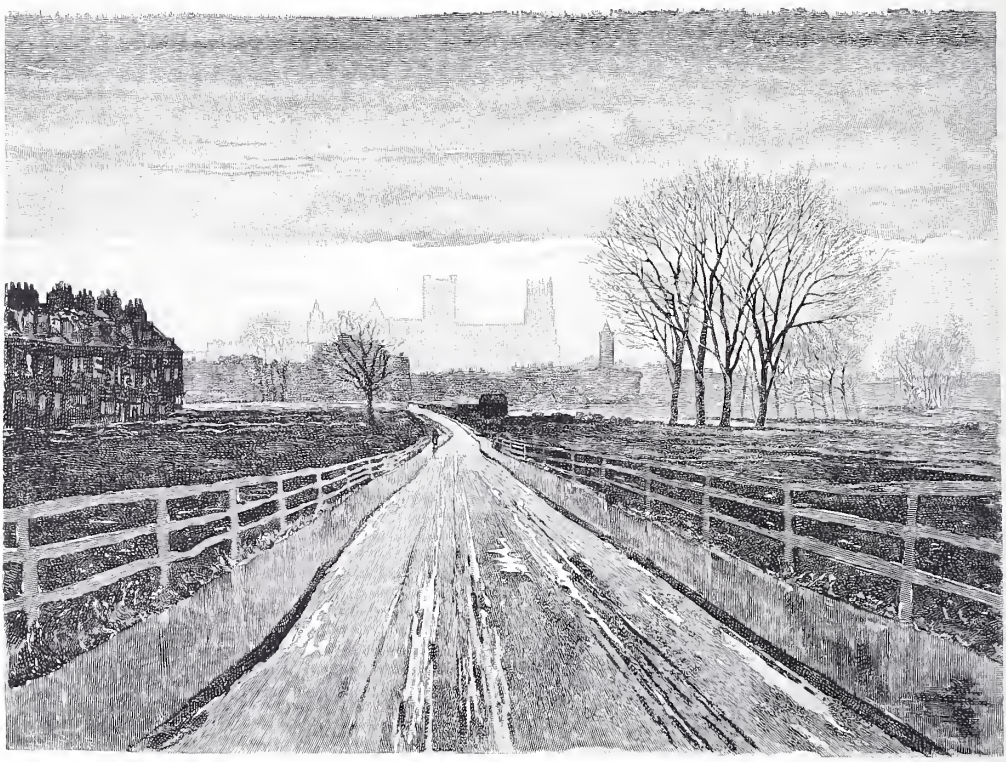
were swept away by English immigration. But the first preacher who spoke of Christ to the pagan English of York bore an even higher title than bishop. With him—with our old friend Paulinus in the early years of the seventh century—began that archiepiscopal line which still holds sway in the northern shires. It is true that the new chair was almost immediately overturned by the heathen, that Paulinus fled to far-off Rochester and never returned, and that for a century there was not again a fully accredited archbishop, and sometimes not even a bishop, at York. Yet the right of the town to its high ecclesiastical rank was never quite forgotten through all those stormy hundred years, and from the eighth century to the twentieth the "Primate of England" has sat at York while the "Primate of All England" has sat at Canterbury. The terms are perplexing, and their origin sounds not a little childish in our modern ears.

When Pope Gregory sent Paulinus after Augustine to England, he meant that there should be an archbishop in the south and another in the north, and that each should have twelve dioceses under his rule. But no such orderly arrangement, no such equal division of authority, was ever effected; and there was long and bitter quarreling between the two archiepiscopal lines—the southern fighting for supremacy, and the northern for equal rights. In the synod of 1072 the Archbishop of York was declared by Rome to be his rival's subordinate, but about fifty years later Rome spoke again to pronounce them equals, and the unbrotherly struggle continued, waxing and waning but never ceasing, until in 1354 the pope discovered a recipe of conciliation. Canterbury's archbishop was to be called "Primate of All England," but York's was, nevertheless, to be called "Primate of England"; each was to carry his cross of office erect in the province of the other, but whenever a Primate of England was consecrated he was to send to the Primate of All England, to be laid on the shrine of St. Thomas, a golden jewel of the value of forty pounds. "Thus," as caustic Fuller wrote, "when two children cry for the same apple, the indulgent father divides it between them, yet so that he gives the better part to the childe which is his darling."

To-day the Archbishop of York is simply the ruler of the few northern sees of England, and the Archbishop of Canterbury the ruler of the many central and southern sees. Neither owes filial duty or can claim paternal rights, but Canterbury is a good deal the bigger brother of the two.

The most interesting part of the matter to a stranger's mind is that

the verbal juggling of the Roman father should still be piously echoed although it is so many generations since any English primate was his darling child. The English people has long been credited with the desire both to eat and to have its cake; but such facts as the preservation of these archiepiscopal titles prove that its desire is a veritable power. To a large degree the cakes of Old England still cheer the imagination of the modern Briton, though he really nourishes



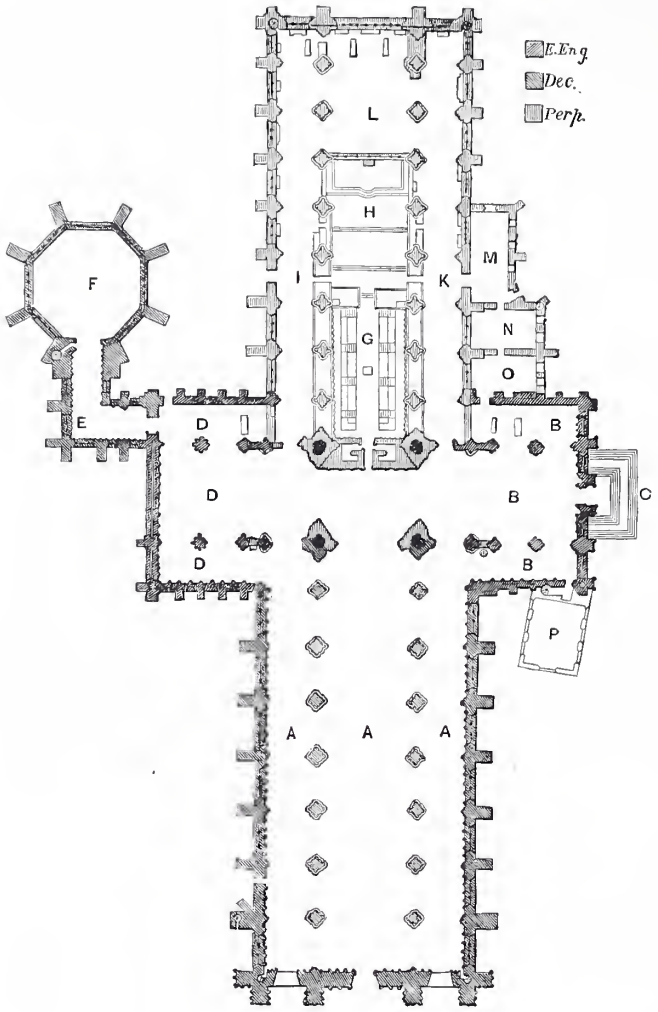
YORK MINSTER, FROM THE NORTH.

his life on very different food. He is progressive in intellect but conservative at heart, and so he often manages to keep the form of things while altering their essence; he secures the new yet clothes it with nominal reverence for the old. We cannot fancy any strife to-day between the two primates of England, or a leaning toward Rome in their hearts, or a conscious love of shams and fictions. Yet we cannot fancy them for a moment content to be deprived of those illogical titles which, when we come down to facts, are but badges of Rome's quon-

dam rule, relics of ancient quarrelings, tokens of a childlike satisfaction in the pomp of empty sounds. Of course such anomalies prove that sentiment is stronger in the average Englishman than, for example, in the Frenchman, while the logical imagination is much weaker. He does not insist, like the Frenchman, that traditional symbols be abandoned when the things they symbolize are given up, both because he has a stronger love for ancient words and forms on account of their mere antiquity, and because he feels a less insistent need to identify them with ideas, beliefs, or facts.

II

As the archbishops of York trace back to Paulinus, so too does their cathedral. When King Edwin of Northumbria was about to be baptized, in the year 625, he hastily constructed a little wooden church which, as soon as possible, he replaced by one of stone. Whether or not this church stood until the Conquest is uncertain. It was greatly damaged in the wars which caused the death of Edwin and the flight of Paulinus, and was repaired about 670 by Bishop Wilfrid, who whitewashed its walls till they were "like snow" inside and out, and for the first time put glass in its windows—boards pierced with holes, or sheets of oil-soaked linen, having filled them in its founder's time. Of these facts we are sure; but we cannot be sure whether the cathedral church is meant when it is said that a certain minster at York was burned and reconstructed in the tenth century. At all events, however, the harrying which revolted York received at the Conqueror's hand reduced its cathedral to ruin; and the first Norman archbishop, Thomas of Bayeux, rebuilt it from the foundations up, while Archbishop Roger, who ruled in the time of Henry II., from 1154 to 1181, again reconstructed crypt and choir in a newer Norman fashion; or, it is possible, Thomas merely repaired and altered the pre-Norman choir when he built his new nave and transept, and Roger first really reconstructed it. In the Early English period the transept and the lower portions of the central tower were rebuilt, and in the Decorated period the nave and the west front with the lower stories of its towers. At the beginning of the Perpendicular period a presbytery and a retro-choir were thrown out eastward of the Norman choir; and then this choir was pulled down and rebuilt in a later Perpendicular style, the central tower was wholly renewed and finished, and the upper stages of the western ones were added. Thus, although no great ca-



PLAN OF YORK CATHEDRAL.[1]

FROM MURRAY'S "HANDBOOKS TO THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND."

A, Nave and aisles. B, South arm of great transept and aisles. C, South transept entrance. D, North arm of great transept and aisles. E, Vestibule to chapter-house. F, Chapter-house. G, Choir. H, Presbytery and high altar. I, K, Aisles of choir and presbytery. L, Retrochoir. M, Record-room. N, Vestry. O, Treasury. P, Record-room.

tastrophe again befell the church after the Conqueror burned it, gradual renewal did as thorough a work as flame, once for all its parts and twice for some of them. Nothing remains to-day of the Old English cathedral except a few fragments of its crypt built into the Norman crypt, and nothing above the crypt remains either of the Norman church of Thomas or of the Norman choir of Roger. Everything that we see above ground is of later date than the advent of the pointed arch. And even the crypt has been sadly mutilated. It extends as far to the eastward as the Norman choir extended, and branches out into transept-arms; and we can see that its vaults once rose so high that the choir-floor above them must have lain some eight feet higher than it does to-day. But when this floor was rebuilt at its present level, continuing the level of the other parts of the church, the vaults beneath it were destroyed, and the abandoned crypt, excepting only a small reserved portion beneath

[1] The external length of York Cathedral is 518 feet, and the internal length 486 feet. The transept measures 223 feet. The Five Sisters are 54 feet in height, and each is 5 feet 7 inches in width. The ceiling of the lantern stands 188 feet above the floor. The chapter-house is 57 feet in diameter and 67 feet 10 inches in height.

the high altar, was filled with a solid mass of earth which was not removed until very recent years.

Moreover, the effect of the church itself is determined chiefly by the later Gothic work—not by the Lancet-Pointed transept, but by the Decorated nave and the Perpendicular east limb, stretching away in a

THE WEST FRONT.

long, light, elaborate, and unusually harmonious perspective. It is hard indeed to realize the great antiquity of York Minster when we turn from the witness of history to the witness of art.

III

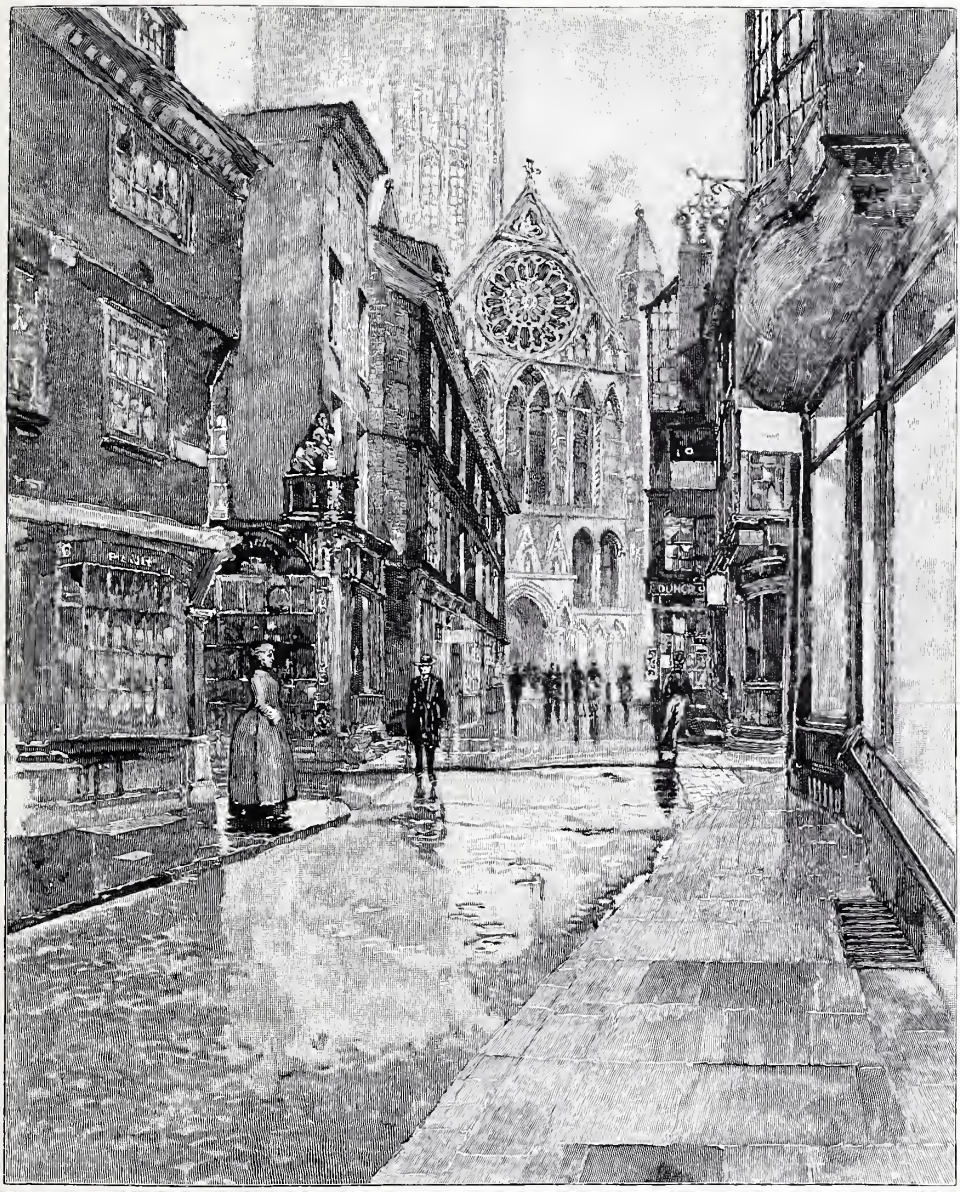
York's west front, like Lincoln's, looks on a paved square, but there is no other resemblance between them. Instead of an imposing and individual, if illogical and unbeautiful, façade, York shows us a some-

what imperfect and unimpressive version of the logical and beautiful French type. Three rich portals admit into nave and aisles; the towers form integral parts of the front, and a gable rises between them; much rich decoration is intelligently applied to accent constructional facts; and the main window is a most beautiful example of flowing tracery. This is unquestionably the best cathedral façade in England; yet, if we look a little narrowly, it shows a good many faults. Its features are well chosen and well arranged, but they are not well proportioned among themselves or very well adapted to the interior of the church. In comparison with the size of the portals, the windows are too large; the principal one is much too large for the nave which it lights, as we see more plainly when we pass inside the church; and a keener feeling for the value of secondary lines would have increased the apparent height of the towers by putting two or three ranges of smaller apertures in place of each of these great transomed lights. Moreover, the scale of the whole work is so small that it lacks the dignity, the impressiveness, the superb power and "lift" of its great Gallic prototypes. But, of course, had it been larger it would not have been so truthful; and thus we are again brought back to the question whether or not it was possible to give a low narrow English cathedral a really fine façade—whether the Perpendicular architect was not supremely wise when he built a west end which could hardly be called a façade at all. At all events, there is not a large Gothic front in England which a modern architect would study as a model.

Despite the unusual dignity of these western doors, they are not used as the chief place of entrance to the church. As we approach York Minster[1] from the centre of the town, the way lies through a picturesque ancient street called the Stonegate; and this debouches on a wide stretch of pavement opposite the south side, and leads naturally to the great doorway in the transept-end. But the fact is not unfortunate; for, entering thus, we not only see first the earliest portions of the great interior, but we get a diagonal view into nave and choir which is much finer than a straight view along their enormous length.

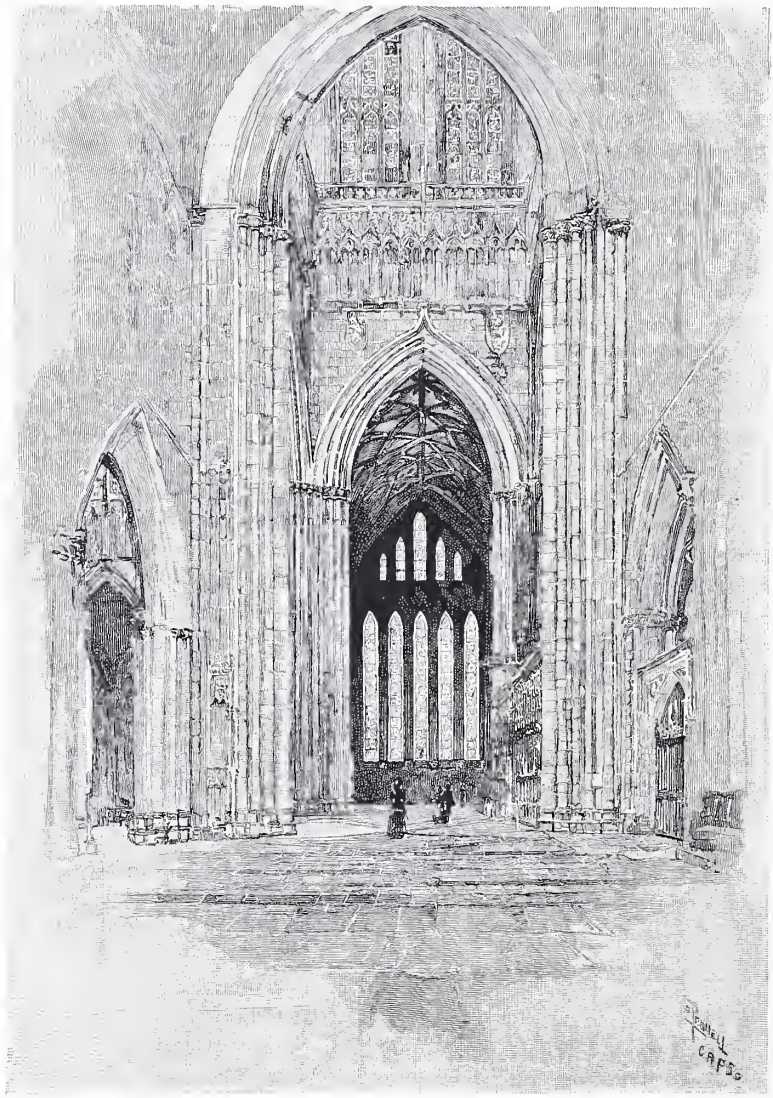
We see first the earliest portions of the church, and, immediately before us as we cross the threshold, its most individual and famous feature—that splendid group of equal lancet-windows, rising in arrow-like outlines to a height of fifty-four feet and filled with ancient glass, which

[1] "Minster" is derived from the same source as "monastery," and means, in strictness, a church owned and served by monks. But it gradually came to be used for other churches of great size, and the cathedral of York has for centuries been commonly called York Minster, although its chapter was always collegiate.



THE SOUTH TRANSEPT-END AND THE CENTRAL TOWER, FROM THE STONEGATE.

are always called the "Five Sisters." York's great and peculiar glory is its glass; but none of the scores of gorgeous windows in which many colors contrast and sparkle are more beautiful than these, where a pale-



THE FIVE SISTERS, FROM THE SOUTH TRANSEPT ENTRANCE.

green tone, like that of glacier-ice, is delicately diapered with inconspicuous patterns of a darker hue. The transept was built just before 1250, and the glass in these lancets cannot be of much later date. Above them is another group of five, but graduated in height beneath the

vaulting. Opposite, in the end of the southern arm of the transept, is the door through which we entered, flanked by rich blind arcades; four lancets stand above it, grouped in pairs; above these is a central pair with a single light on either side; and a great rose-window fills the gable.[1]

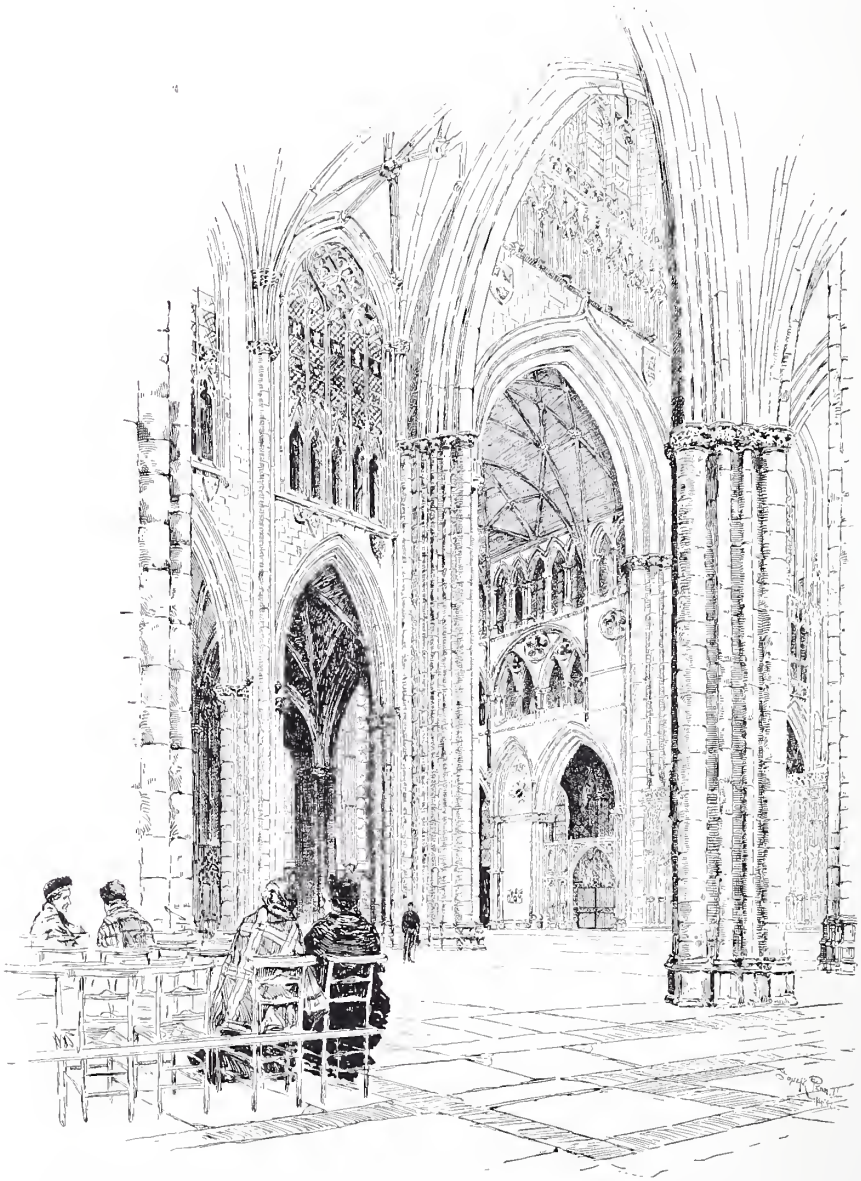
In the pier-arcades which stretch between the main alley of each transept-arm and its aisles an odd irregularity at once attracts attention. As might easily be supposed, the many alterations of the minster did not leave it as they found it with regard to size. Each new construction meant enlargement, and if we compare the plan of the present church with one of Thomas of Bayeux's church, we find that breadth has greatly increased while length has actually doubled. When the Early English transept was built the Norman nave and choir were standing, and their aisles were extremely narrow. Therefore a narrow arch led from each of these aisles into the adjoining new transept-aisle; and the arch nearest the crossing in the pier-arcade of each transept-arm was made of corresponding size, although the other three, which completed the arcade, were given a much wider span.

But when the nave came in its turn to be rebuilt, its aisles were greatly widened; and then the piers of the narrow arches in the transept stood in the axes of these aisles instead of parallel with their walls. This, of course, was a practical inconvenience, and so it was remedied in the only practicable way. The narrow arches were taken down, and the broader ones adjoining them were also taken down; and then all four were reconstructed, but with an exchange of position — the broader ones were set next the angle-piers, opposite the ends of the nave-aisles, and the narrow ones were inserted where the broader ones had stood. Later on, when the choir was rebuilt, exactly the same thing was done again; and all four small arches were then walled up, the better to support the new and massive tower. The result may be seen in the picture on page 338. In the pier-arcade there is first a wide arch, then a narrow one walled up, and then two wide ones again; and in the triforium and clearstory the original arrangement survives — first a narrow compartment, and then three wider ones.

Although the four narrow arches were walled up, the vast weight of the Perpendicular tower had disastrous results. All the four great angle-piers, we are told, "sank bodily into the ground to a depth of

[1] An Early English capital from the north transept-arm of York forms the initial to this Chapter.

eight inches," and this means, of course, that they no longer stood quite erect, and that adjacent walls and arches were dislocated too. The damage has been partially concealed by repairs, but it is still almost alarmingly apparent.



THE NORTH TRANSEPT-ARM, FROM THE NAVE.

IV

THE nave of Lichfield was begun in the year 1250, and the nave of York in 1291. Both exhibit the Decorated style in its geometrical phase; but the later date of the work at York speaks from the treatment of the triforium. It is not reduced to a mere balustraded walk, such as we found in the choir of Lichfield, which was begun about the year 1325, when the Decorated style had passed into its flowing phase. But the transformation has begun; the old coupled arches have given place to a range of equal openings which, although still large, no longer form a story of equal importance with those above and below it. As a whole the design of the nave is not very ornate, judged by the standard of its time, and the structural proportions are such that it looks rather thin and poor. But it is taller than any other nave we have seen, rising to a height of ninety-two feet, and it is a little broader also, and thus it gains unusual dignity. Yet even the broadest English churches look very narrow when compared with French ones. The difference in this respect is, indeed, quite as marked as that difference in height to which I have more often referred.

In France the central alley and the aisles were always much wider than in England; as the Gothic style developed, a second pair of aisles was usually added beyond the first pair — if not in the nave, at all events in the choir; and lateral chapels were often formed by inclosing the spaces between the deep buttresses. When we enter an English church after coming from the Continent, we feel almost as much cramped and oppressed by the nearness of its walls as by the low sweep of its vaulted ceiling; and there is a closer connection between its narrowness and its lowness than may at first thought appear.

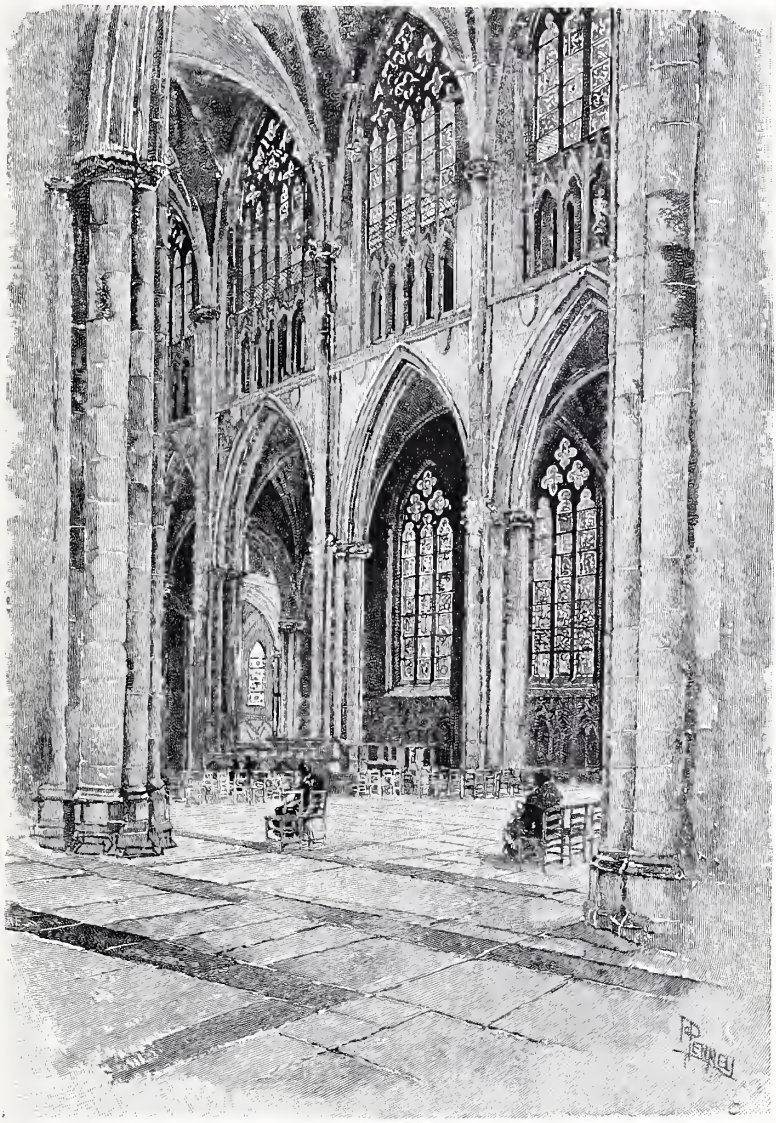
In the first place, a degree of height which the eye may accept in a very narrow church would be intolerable in a broad one; York itself gives proof that even a small increase in the width of the central alley required the raising of the ceiling. Then, of course, there could be no lateral chapels where, to form their partition walls and to suggest their inclosure, there were none of those deep buttresses which very tall clearstories prescribed. And finally, an aisle tall enough to admit with good effect of another beyond it would have required a loftier pier-arcade than Englishmen liked to build, and this would naturally have involved, for the sake of good proportions, a corresponding increase in the altitude of the upper walls. An eye which understands architectural drawings does not need to compare cross-sections of

French and English cathedrals to realize which nation was the bolder builder. It can decide the question by comparing ground-plans only; for it will know that churches as broad as the French ones must be very tall, and that, being very tall, they could not stand without a daringly scientific system of buttresses. But even an untrained eye, when it sees how far into the air spring the flying-buttresses of France, and how widely they extend to span the doubled aisles and find firm footing beyond them, can gauge the relative constructional timidity of English architects. Of course we cannot positively say whether it was conscious timidity, deliberately deciding that, in spite of the greater beauty which might result, it would not attempt very tall walls and very wide vaults; or whether it was unconscious, merely expressing an instinctive national preference for lowness and narrowness combined with immense length. But in either case it was timidity — if not timidity of hand, then timidity of imagination. And we are once more inclined to think that timidity of hand was responsible, to a certain degree at least, for English proportions, when we find that the ceilings of both nave and choir at York have always been vaults of wood, not stone.

The least satisfactory part of this nave is its western end. In the centre is a door with a traceried head and a gable which rises quite to the sill of the great window, while the top of this window touches the apex of the vaulting. A cornice-string, continuing the window-sill to right and left, divides each lateral field of wall into two parts; and though the whole surface of these fields is covered with a rich paneling of traceried and canopied niches (once filled with small figures), there is a marked difference of design between the portions above and below the string. The strong horizontal division which is thus created detracts as much from unity as from verticality of effect. There is no relationship between the window and the door; the one is merely superimposed upon the other, and they hardly seem to form parts of a single architectural conception. And the window is much too large in comparison with the door, and its gracefully arched head does not harmonize with the obtuser arch formed close above it by the end of the ceiling as it abuts against the wall.

It is a pity indeed that so admirable a window should thus look as though it had been intended for some other situation. It is much the finest window in England, and there can be none in the world more beautiful. Built between 1317 and 1340, it marks the apogee of the Decorated style, when geometrical had been developed into flowing

traceries but had not yet stiffened into the least approach to Perpendicular types. It contains slight suggestions of the Flamboyant forms of France; but it is not a Flamboyant window; it is a typical and



THE NAVE, FROM THE NORTH AISLE.

perfect example of the flowing Decorated style. Eight tall, narrow lights are finished as eight little equal trefoiled arches; above these the delicate rising lines develop first into four groups of two arches

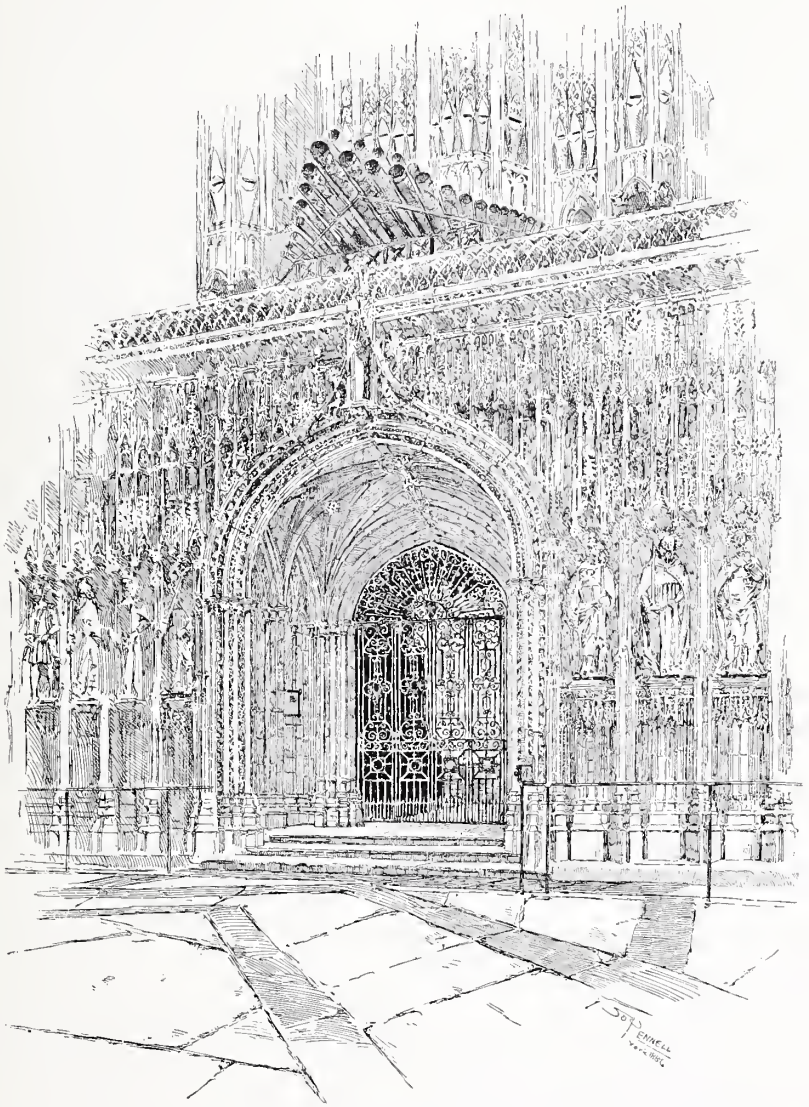
each, and next into two groups of four arches each, while flowing lines then diverge to form a heart-shaped figure in the centre of the window-head, supporting another of smaller size, and supported on either hand by an egg-shaped figure. All the lines which form these figures and fill them with lace-like traceries are beautifully adapted to the spaces which contain them, and each is vitally dependent upon the others for its own effect. The only Decorated window in England that is ever compared with York's for beauty is the east window of Carlisle Cathedral; and no one can make even this comparison who appreciates the essentials of architectural design. At York the entire window is a unit in conception and effect, despite its multitude of parts; but at Carlisle the main mullions are so disposed that we seem to see, under the great arch of the head, two narrow windows placed side by side, with a still narrower one between them. The Carlisle window is beautiful, but not so beautiful as the one at York, and it is by many degrees less excellent as a logical piece of design. Correctly speaking, the York window is a modern work, for it was entirely rebuilt some years ago; but the original was carefully copied stone by stone, and its ancient glass was reset.

V

The four Norman piers which had supported the tower were kept as cores by the Perpendicular builders, and merely covered with masonry to correspond with the new work in nave and choir. The powerful connecting arches are singularly graceful in shape; between their tops and the great windows of the lantern runs a rich arcade; and the vaulting of the lantern, a hundred and eighty feet above the floor, is also very elaborate — a network of delicate lines like interwoven tendrils.

The screen which shuts off the main alley of the choir is the most splendid that remains in England. It dates from the year 1500, and still bears most of its sculptured figures, chief among them a series representing the kings of England from William I. to Henry VI. Lower and less massive screens shut off the aisles of the choir; and, thus separated from the rest of the church, the central alley of the east limb suffices for the usual needs of Protestant worshipers. A pulpit has been set up in the nave for occasional preaching, but, in general, nave and transept are abandoned to the sight-seer's whispering voice and the memories of a banished faith.

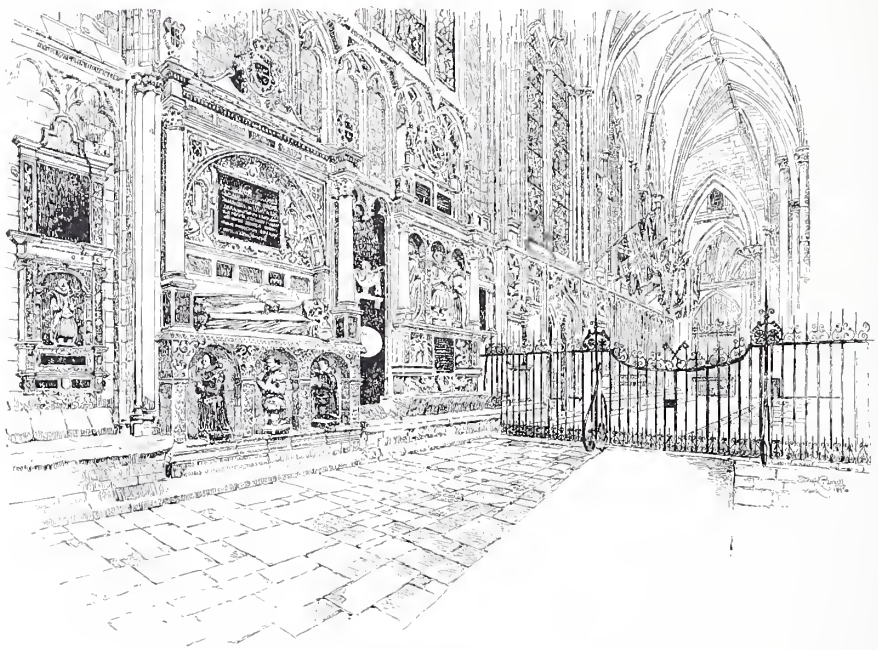
Within the screens the real majesty of York Minster first bursts upon the eye. This is much the longest east limb in England, absorbing almost half the length of the church, and measuring 223½ feet, while Lincoln's measures only 158. The more easterly part, forming



THE CHOIR-SCREEN.

the presbytery and retrochoir, was begun in 1361, and the choir proper about 1380. But although the whole east limb thus belongs to the Perpendicular period, the resemblance between it and the Decorated

nave is much greater than that between the early Decorated nave of Lichfield and its late Decorated choir. The fact is partially explained, of course, by that change in the treatment of the triforium which occurred during the Decorated period; but there is a closer degree of concord than can thus be accounted for. I have just said



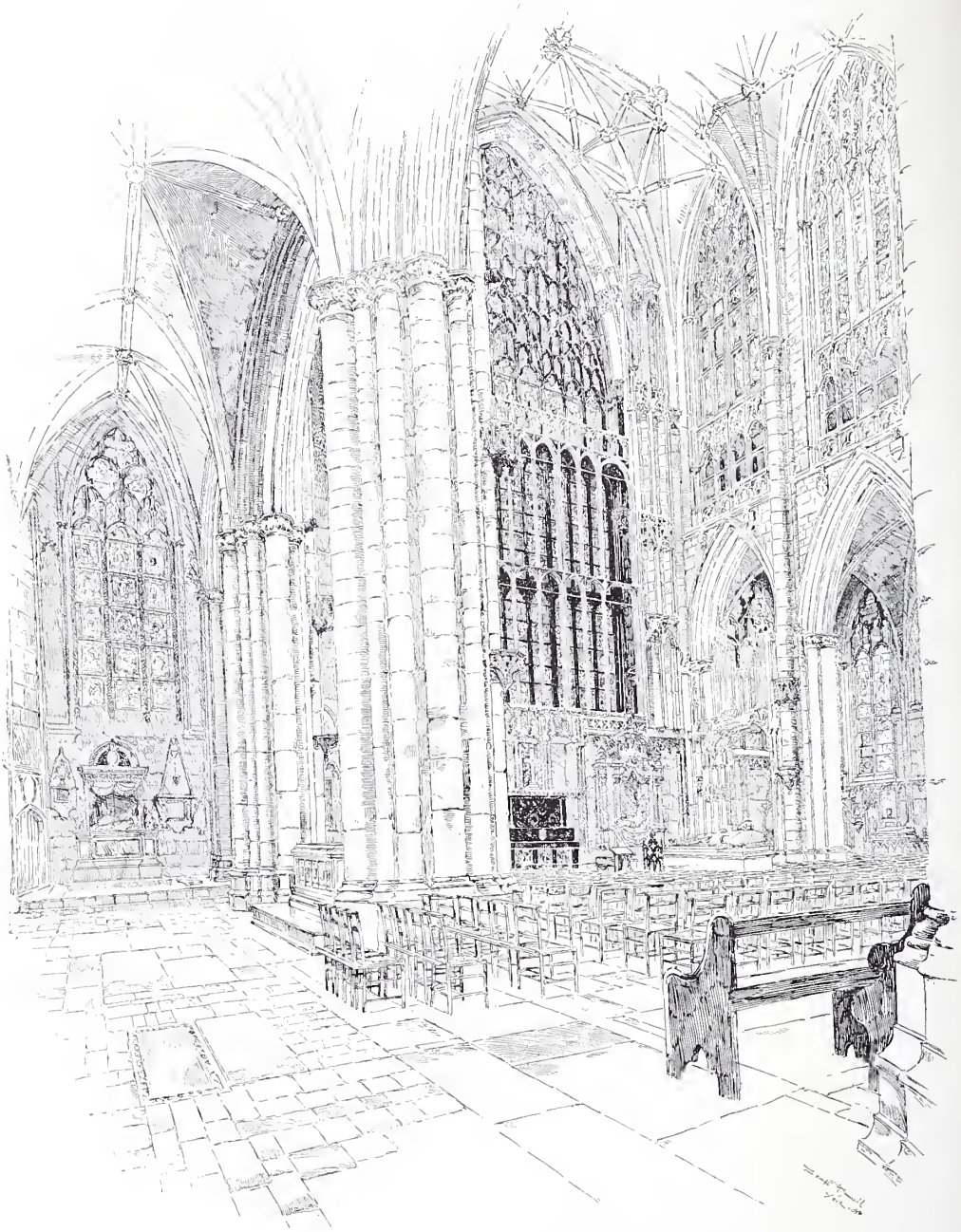
THE SOUTH AISLE OF THE PRESBYTERY, LOOKING WEST.

that in the nave the triforium shows only a first step toward that final result which meant its virtual absorption by the clearstory; but in the Perpendicular choir the design is still essentially the same. Written documents fortunately remain to tell us why. A resolution, passed by the archbishop and cathedral chapter, and dated in 1361, the year when the first part of the Perpendicular work was begun, declared that "every church should have its different parts consistently decorated." It was wholly impossible for mediæval men, no matter who commanded them, to decorate in a consistent way the work of different epochs, if the word "decorate" is taken in anything like its modern sense: they could repeat neither the treatment nor the ornamentation of their forerunners. But, if they tried, they could take up

their forerunners' fundamental scheme and repeat it with minor features and details of their own. This we have seen done in the choir at Ely; and exactly this was done in the east limb of York, where, although all the details are Perpendicular, the structural conception — in the later as in the earlier portions — proves a pious desire to obey the injunction of archbishop and chapter. The mere fact that this injunction was given shows that it expressed a point of view which was exceptional in the fourteenth century. In the nineteenth century it would not be exceptional. No architect would now need to be told to consider his predecessors' work when completing an important church.

The design which looked cold and somewhat uninteresting in the nave looks superb and splendid in the choir, where rich work in paneling, tracery, and sculptured ornament abounds. Indeed, it is actually better here than in the nave, for the piers are more closely set and the arches they carry are acuter in form, and therefore the effect is less thin and empty. Many elaborate tombs remain in the presbytery and retrochoir, and the aspect of their aisles, as we see in the picture on page 344, is exceptionally ornate.

Although at York, as at Salisbury, Lincoln, and Canterbury, there is a second transept lying between the choir proper and the presbytery, here it does not show on the ground-plan, for each of its arms is composed of only a single bay, which does not project beyond the line of the aisle-walls. Nevertheless, it is designed as are other transepts: a tall arch, rising to the ceiling, breaks the long three-storied wall on either side of the choir, and a window of equal height rises in the aisle-wall far above the aisle-roofs (as we see in the picture of the exterior on page 349), while between arch and window, along each side of the short transept-arm, are carried three stories similar to those of the choir. The shortness of the second transept at York only increases its effectiveness, relieving but not disturbing the perspective of the choir, and bringing the immense transept-windows into sight from quite distant points of view. These windows are immense indeed, even when compared with the giant at the east end of the church; and owing to their presence this giant does not seem such an alien feature as the large end-window of Lincoln. With the exception of the east window of Gloucester, this one at York is the biggest in the world — seventy-three feet in height and thirty-three in width. Contrasting it with its far-off rival at the west end of the Minster, we clearly see the difference between Perpendicular and Decorated traceries; and the east window of the aisle (which we see beside its great neighbor in the illus-



THE EAST END, FROM THE NORTH AISLE OF THE RETROCHOIR.

tration on page 346) explains the transition from the one style to the other. Just beneath the great window stood the Virgin's altar, for the retrochoir was the Lady-chapel at York.

VI

Perhaps nothing in all England makes so strong an impression on the tourist as the interior of York; and if he could only see one English cathedral, and wished to get a full idea of the splendor and meaning of mediæval art, he would not go astray in coming here. Yet, structurally considered, other English interiors are more individual, more beautiful, more imposing, even; and many others are more interesting to the serious student's eye. York holds its paramount place as an exponent of mediæval art simply because its ancient glass is almost all intact. Most English cathedrals have been entirely reduced to architectural bone and sinew; they lack decorative warmth and glow, life and color, and the charm that lies in those myriad accessory things which the lingering faith of Rome has preserved in other lands. All the varied tools and trappings, altars, shrines, and symbolic trophies of the rich Catholic ritual have been banished; much of the furniture is gone; the walls are bare of paint; scores of monuments and chantries have been shattered to bits; thousands of sculptured ornaments and figures have been swept away in dust; a painful cleanliness has replaced the time-stains which give tone to many Continental churches even when no actual coloring exists; and a glare of white light or hideous discord of modern hues fills the enormous windows. Columns and walls and floors are as barren at York as elsewhere, and, although many tombs remain, without its glass it would seem even colder and emptier than most of its sisters, for it was built at a time when walls of glass had nearly replaced walls of stone. But it has its glass; and this means much more than that it has a richness of decorative effect which no other English church displays. It means that here alone we can really apprehend the effect of a late Gothic church, even from the architectural point of view.

Not all the windows contain old glass, nor is the old glass which remains always in its original positions; but the exceptions are few, and the most conspicuous results of modern manufacture fill the small lancets above the Five Sisters and those in the opposite end of the great transept. In one or two of the nave-windows parts of the glass are even earlier than that in the Five Sisters, dating from about 1200,

and having been preserved, of course, from the earlier cathedral; and, beginning with these, we can follow the development of the art through a period of four full centuries. More delicate, clear, and exquisite fields of simple color can never have been wrought than those which fill the Five Sisters with their sea-green purity. The west window, glazed a century later (about 1350), is a gorgeous mosaic of ruddy and purple hues, shining, in the intricate stone pattern which shows black against the light, like a million amethysts and rubies set in ebony lace. The multicolored eastern window and its two mates in the minor transept seem vast and fair enough for the walls of the New Jerusalem. And wherever we look in the lightly constructed eastern limb, it seems, not as though walls had been pierced for windows, but as though radiant translucent screens — fragile yet vital and well equal to their task — had been used to build a church, and merely bound together with a network of solid stone. For the moment we feel that nothing in the world is so beautiful as glass, and here we are quite right. But we also feel that no glass in the world can be more beautiful than this, and here we are mistaken.

If we know French glass of the best periods, we remember it, when the passage of first emotions has left us cool enough to think, as being still more wonderful. In these pages it would be as impossible to discuss all the differences between French and English glass as to analyze all the varieties produced in England, or to describe the patterns which are before us at York, blending at a distance into a Persian vagueness of design, but revealing themselves as interesting pictures when seen close at hand. Merely this may be said: blue is the most brilliant of all colors in a translucent state, the one which gives stained glass a quality most unlike that of opaque pigments; and blue is more profusely used in the best French glass than any other color, while in England it rarely dominates in a design, and is often almost wholly suppressed in favor of green, red, yellow, and brownish tones. There is infinite clarity and pure splendor in the west window of York, in spite of the dominance of its red and purple notes, the insignificance of its blue ones; but at a later period, when the choir was glazed, the tone of English glass had grown rather soft and thick. Too many brownish notes are introduced, and the general quality is a little oleaginous or treacle-like — is less clear, sparkling, gem-like than the quality of stained glass should be. To my mind the very best English windows are apt to be those of a late Perpendicular time, when the background, formed of architectural motives, is softly grayish in tone

and throws out in exquisite relief the brilliant tints of the many separate little figures which the reticulated traceries required. Thus is fashioned the tremendous east window of Gloucester, and architectural vigor is greatly promoted by the way in which its brighter notes of color are distributed, red and blue alternately forming conspicuous vertical lines between the mullions. But glass of this sort — pale, and

THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE MINSTER.

merely diapered with strong tones — does not show the full splendor that the material can compass. For really royal splendor which affects us like organ-music and is inimitable by any opaque pigments, we must look to windows where the whole expanse is a rapture of gorgeous hues, a dazzling harmony of blues and crimsons and purples and greens and yellows, separated by fine white lines of which the eye scarcely takes account, but which keep the designs distinct.

Yet there are some very perfect examples of glass at York, and, as a whole, the effect is magnificent, and amply explains the part which the glazier played as the architect's indispensable assistant. After we have seen it we never think again that stained glass was merely an adornment of Gothic architecture. We realize that it was so truly an architectural factor that the character of the Gothic evolution cannot be rightly understood if a church is thought of as a skeleton of stone and nothing more. We must not go to extremes: we must not say,

as often has been said, that glass-painting created Gothic architecture—that pressures were concentrated and walls suppressed, because larger windows were wanted, and that larger windows were wanted for the sake of getting more glass. I have already explained that constructional revolutions always begin with new constructional needs and ambitions. Yet it is just as true that, once a revolution has got under way, it may be supported and stimulated by purely æsthetic desires. Gothic architects gradually evolved their new structural scheme because they could most easily and cheaply build large vaulted churches in that way; but, once the æsthetic possibilities of the scheme were perceived, every favoring external influence accelerated and broadened its development; and by far the most potent influence was the development of glass-painting.

The early Gothic architect demanded for his enlarged windows some filling which, as decoration, would take the place of the wide frescos of former times, and which, from the constructional point of view, would justify to the eye that partial suppression of walls which he knew to be scientifically right. This filling the early glass-painter gave him; and it was so satisfying from the architectural standpoint, and so beautiful from the decorative, that he was ready and eager to carry on his architectural evolution to the farthest possible extreme; he felt that he could attenuate his constructional framework as far as the laws of gravity would permit, since the glazier stood ready to replace really solid wall-spaces by those which looked solid enough and were more beautiful than any expanses of stone had ever been. No architect would have built as late Gothic architects did if only white glass had been at his command. None would have made walls which are literally windows unless strength of color had come forward to simulate strength of substance. A Perpendicular church was actually meant to look as the choir of York does look—like a vast translucent tabernacle merely ribbed and braced with stone. To remove its glass thus means a great deal more than to destroy its decorative charm; it means to mutilate even the architectural conception. Such a church without its glass is like a "skeletonized" leaf robbed of its thin but rich green tissues.

VII

The chapter-house at York stands in its proper collegiate position, and we enter it through a vestibule where an abrupt turn brings it very effectively into view. In date and style it corresponds with the nave, and

is earlier than the west front. Above the canons' bench, which is surmounted by a range of tall elaborate canopies, seven of the eight sides are filled by large windows with fine geometrical traceries. In the eighth side a double doorway is divided by a clustered column supporting two trefoiled arches which rise as high as the canopies of the seats; and the upper wall is covered with blank traceries repeating those in the windows. There is no central pier to sustain the vaulting. Borne by great groups of shafts which spring from the floor in the eight corners of the room, it makes a clear sweep of more than fifty feet from wall to wall, sixty-seven feet above our heads.

Near the door in this chapter-house is painted a Latin verse which says that its rank among chapter-houses is like the rank of the rose among flowers. Probably many visitors will think that the boast reads none too boastfully, for the room is very well proportioned, and is unusually consistent as a piece of truly Gothic design. But to the taste of many others, I think, even so harmonious, light, and graceful a chapter-house as this may seem less interesting than one where a central pier, with its branching streams of ribs, "like a foamy sheaf of fountains rises through the painted air." And the impression it makes upon the mind, if not upon the eye, is weakened, of course, when we remember that its airy-looking vault is not constructed of stone.

Nowhere at York is the ancient glass more deeply splendid, more radiantly fair, than in this room and the dim and solemn vestibule. If only its influence might be felt apart from the teasing drone of the verger's explanations! Gain his favor by patient listening at first, and he may consent to leave you to beauty and silence while he takes his troop back into the church. But after a moment he will be with you again, the troop a new one but the drone the same, and the pompous gesture which accents the final words: "*Ut rosa flos florum, sic est domus ista domorum.*"

VIII

The story of the Archbishops of Canterbury means the story of their nation; but through the centuries when they were at their greatest, their titular town lay quietly outside the scenes in which they figured. Not so with York. The focus of life in the north of England, its name comes constantly to the historian's lips, and countless famous Englishmen there did famous deeds.

If we credit local legends we may believe that it was already in existence when King David reigned in Israel; but its clear history as the

city Eboracum begins with the Romans — with Agricola who subdued or founded it, with Severus, the emperor who died there, and Geta his son, with Constantius Chlorus and Constantine the Great. Then, after a century of darkness, comes the shadowy figure of Arthur the Briton, keeping Christmas at Eboracum, followed, after another century of conflict, by Edwin the Englishman, whom Paulinus baptized. Four hundred and fifty years later comes William the Norman, the sword in one hand, the torch in the other; then Henry II., receiving homage from Malcolm of Scotland; King John, visiting the city sixteen times; Henry III., signing his alliance with one Scottish king and marrying his daughter to another; Edward I., holding a parliament; Edward II., fleeing from Bannockburn; Edward III., in 1327, marching against Robert Bruce, and the next year marrying Philippa of Hainault in the cathedral; Queen Philippa, in 1346, going to that victory of Neville's Cross which the monks of Durham watched from their tower-top; and Richard II. in 1389. In 1461 Henry VI. went out from York to the battle of Towton, and his conqueror entered it, and came again as Edward IV. for his coronation in 1464. When this Edward died his brother Richard was at York, and though he went at once to London, he returned for pompous ceremonials while his nephews were being murdered in the Tower. And Flodden Field sent its representative in 1513 — the slain body of James IV. of Scotland. York was distinguished in the Reformation as the centre of the rebellion called the "Pilgrimage of Grace," and it saw the execution of its ringleader, Robert Aske, and, later, the execution of Northumberland, who led the Catholic revolt in the time of Elizabeth. In 1640 Charles I. summoned a council of peers at York, hither removed his court in 1642, and here welcomed his wife when she brought him supplies from France. In 1644 the city was invested by Fairfax, with Cromwell serving as a lieutenant in his army. Prince Rupert's arrival raised the siege, but after the battle of Marston Moor the city surrendered to the Parliamentary forces.[1] Thus the two bloodiest battles ever fought by Englishmen against Englishmen were fought within sight of York — Towton and Marston Moor; and up to the time of the Restoration no city except London knew more of the course of national life. It has been the birthplace, too, of spirits conspicuous for good or evil — not, indeed, as once was claimed, of Constantine the Great, but of Alcuin, the famous scholar and friend of Charle-

[1] Members of the Fairfax family were put in charge of York by the Parliamentary party, and to them the minster owes its preservation from the ruin which was worked elsewhere.

magne; of Waltheof, Earl of Northumberland, "hero and martyr of England, . . . the valiant and devout who died by the sword at the bidding of Norman judges" on the hill near Winchester; of Guy Fawkes; of Flaxman the sculptor, Etty the painter, and the astronomical Earl of Rosse; of George Hudson, king of the railway, and of a host of sapient dry-as-dusts.

Then, on the roll of York's prelates, what a famous company!—Paulinus; St. Chad, the great founder of Lichfield, who was not an archbishop, but for a while was bishop at York; St. John of Beverley, rivaled in sanctity on this northern soil by no one except St. Cuthbert of Durham; Egbert, to whom the "History" of Bede was dedicated; and Ealdred, the friend of Edward the Confessor and then of the rebel Tostig. As the appointment of Stigand to the throne of Canterbury had been pronounced irregular, this Ealdred placed the crown of England on Harold's head, in the same year on William's, and two years later on Matilda's; and then he died of a broken heart because of the ruin which the Conquest wrought in Yorkshire. Surely, no more expressive figure could have closed the line of the ante-Norman primates of the north.

The Norman line begins, as I have told, with Thomas of Bayeux, rebuilder of the cathedral church. The third who followed him was Thurstan, conspicuous in the struggles of York against Canterbury and of the monastic against the secular clergy, and conspicuous, too, in the wars against the Scot—mounting the banners of St. Peter of York, St. John of Beverley, St. Wilfrid of Ripon, and St. Cuthbert of Durham on a cart, and leading them to the great victory called the "Battle of the Standards." He died in 1140, having given up mitre and sword to become a monk at Cluny; and he was followed by William Fitzherbert, a descendant of the Conqueror, who was canonized as St. William of York. Fitzherbert had once saved hundreds of lives by a miracle when a bridge fell into the Ouse; but miracles were plenty in those days, and we can hardly understand why he was canonized until we read how earnestly the cathedral chapter desired it, and how his friend Anthony Bek, the mighty Prince-Bishop of Durham, used "money and urgent entreaties" to effect it. The cathedral of York was dedicated to St. Peter, and so it needed another patron; for a great twelfth-century house could scarcely be content to share a saint with the world at large. It wanted one for its very own. It wanted a private collection of bones and legends for purposes of grace and pomp and revenue. And therefore York rejoiced when William Fitzherbert was

sainted; his body was fittingly enshrined, in later years was translated into the new presbytery, and, we may hope, faithfully did its part toward paying for its resting-place.

After Fitzherbert came Roger de Pont l'Evêque, whom Becket called all manner of names because he took the side of King Henry, and whom Becket's friends afterward accused of complicity in his murder. Roger was no saint, as we feel when we recognize him in the hero of a familiar anecdote: he was the *York* who indignantly plumped himself down in *Canterbury's* lap when the southern primate took the seat of honor in a council at Westminster, and was thereupon hounded away to the cry, "Betrayer of St. Thomas, his blood is upon thy hands!" But, although no saint, he was probably no assassin; and he was certainly a great scholar and a great builder—constructing, among many other things, the new Norman choir of his cathedral.

Roger was followed by Geoffrey Plantagenet, the reputed son of King Henry and Fair Rosamond. Then we read of De Grey, the friend of King John in his struggle with the people; and then—with lesser men between them—of Greenfield in the reign of Edward I.; of Melton in the reign of Edward II., when York was for a time the real capital of England; and, from 1352 to 1373, of Thoresby, who built the presbytery of his church, and accepted with thanks the title of "Primate of England." In 1398, Scroope, who is the *York* of Shakspere's "Henry IV.," was consecrated. In 1464 there came to the chair a Neville who played a prominent part in the Wars of the Roses, but is better remembered for a feast he gave, when three hundred and thirty tuns of beer and a hundred and four tuns of wine were drunk, and when everything in the world was eaten, down to "four porpoises and eight seals." And in 1514 came the most famous primate of all—Wolsey the cardinal, who at first held Durham's see with York's, and then, giving up Durham's, held Winchester's with York's, and after his disgrace came back to live near York and to die at Leicester.

IX

In its ancient walls and gates and bridges, its many churches of many dates, its Norman castle and fifteenth-century guildhall, the exquisite ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, the long low streets of gabled timbered houses, and the splendid archiepiscopal palaces and lordly homes that dot the neighboring country, York clearly shows the tread of time from Roman days to ours, and the handiwork of all the races

and the generations which have made it famous. But there is no room here for a survey so extensive. Only a few words can be given to the external aspect of its greatest building.

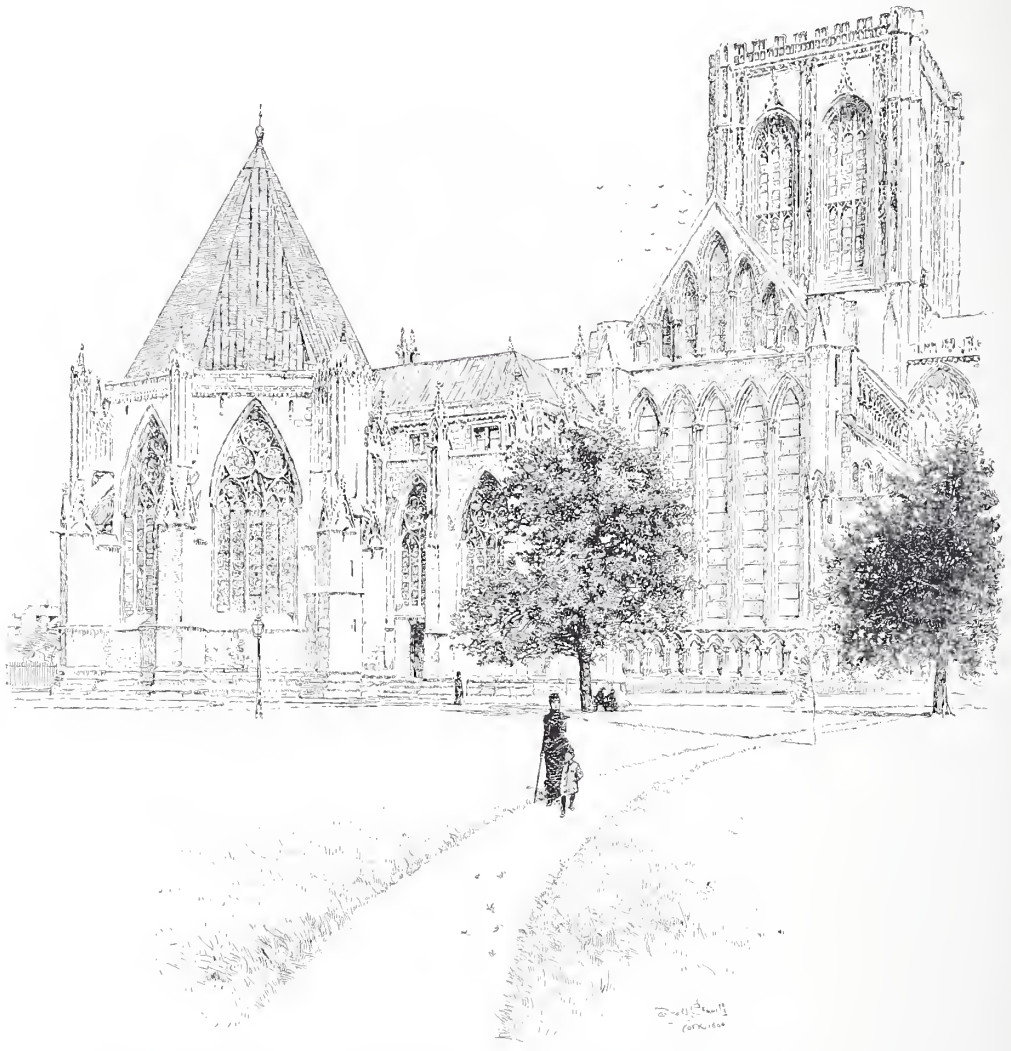
From a distance York Cathedral has by no means the beauty of Lincoln. It stands well, but not nearly so well as Lincoln; and its enormous length is not supported by adequate height in the roofs or

THE EAST END AT NIGHT.

towers, while the fact that this length is equally divided between nave and choir increases the monotony of its sky-line. Of course it is an extremely impressive sky-line; but to my eye it seemed the least beautiful in England, excepting only those of Winchester and Peterborough.

Coming nearer, we still find that Lincoln need not fear the contrast. The western doorways are very rich, but elsewhere there is much less

decoration than at Lincoln, and the simpler plan gives no such picturesque perspectives or strong effects of light and shadow. Nor are the towers satisfactory in proportion or design. They are very big, but



THE CHAPTER-HOUSE, FIVE SISTERS, AND CENTRAL TOWER, FROM THE NORTH.

very stumpy, and the total lack of finish to the central one is as unfortunate as the exaggeration of the battlements upon the western pair. The south transept-front, however, is magnificent; one of the deepest impressions we receive in England is when we see it first through the long vista of the Stonegate.

The east end of the church is typically English and very good of its kind. But it is not comparable to those which date from that earlier time when windows were smaller and more multiplied; for, of course, the immense fields of glass used by late Gothic builders are less happy in external than in internal effect. Passing around this end, the chapter-house appears in fine contrast with the great transept, and with the long reach of the choir where the double range of apertures is relieved midway by the vast height of the window in the minor transept. Whatever we may think of its interior, no chapter-house is so beautiful outside as this one, with its well-designed buttresses, its tall conical roof, and the great elbow of its vestibule bringing it into dignified harmony with the church. It looks best of all when we stand to the north, on the wide green which was formerly the archbishop's garden, but is now open and turfed around the relics of the shattered palace. Here it forms part of an admirable composition, supported by the simple aspiring lines of the Five Sisters, and by the massive bulk of the central tower beyond.

This is the most beautiful picture that the exterior of York presents. If, now, we pass on toward the west, we find, in the words of the guide-book, that "the north side of the nave is far less enriched than the south side, and the plain buttresses do not rise above the parapet of the aisles." Do we ask an explanation? "This side was concealed by the archbishop's palace." It is an instructive explanation when we remember Mr. Ruskin's theory that Gothic architects, unlike their Renaissance successors, built not for the praise of the world, but for the glory of God alone, and therefore built as carefully in hidden as in conspicuous places; but the nave of York is by no means the only Gothic structure in England which, to less prejudiced eyes than Ruskin's, proclaims that in all periods there has been a good deal of human nature in men.

X

This is the last of our English Gothic cathedrals. In describing them I have dwelt upon their unlikeness to the cathedrals of France, and have pointed out that it means inferiority in constructional power and, consequently, in artistic grandeur and perfection. But, in conclusion, I wish to emphasize the fact that this unlikeness does not really reveal two nations striving with unequal degrees of success toward one and the same ideal, but, rather, two nations each with a different ideal which, for the most part, was loyally pursued by all its architects

in every period. To understand Gothic art as a whole, and to appraise the relative excellence of its different national forms, we must compare these forms with each other. But, once this has been done, we should judge individual English buildings chiefly by English standards, and not consider them as imitations of French buildings. The English Gothic ideal was not, like the French Gothic ideal, entirely new and fresh and of local inspiration. It was formed by an amalgamation of the old Norman and the new French Gothic ideals. But, therefore, it had a special character of its own, so strongly marked that we may well esteem it a national character.

Once more I may say that the general mediæval wish for the grandeur which springs from great size expressed itself in England in the length, not in the height or the breadth, of a church. Thus an English interior wears an aspect which we never find reproduced in another land, and which, although lacking in grandeur and poetry, has a peculiar interest and charm of its own. And thus an English exterior is just as individual, not only in the proportions of the main body, but in the station and the relative importance of the towers. As there was no attempt at great elevation, the Gothic constructional scheme never developed in its fullness. Of course, as I have elsewhere said, we may turn this sentence around and say that, as English builders did not fully master the Gothic constructional scheme, they could not build tall churches. But it is pleasantest, now that we are taking our leave of them, to think that their own ideal, whether or not it fully contents our minds and eyes, absolutely contented theirs. It is pleasantest to think that they distinctly preferred long, low, and narrow interiors; that they esteemed a great central tower a finer thing than a tall church-body with a western pair of towers; and that they were not afraid to attempt the complicated vaults required by the circling aisles and chapels of a French *chevet*, but really thought flat east ends more beautiful. As regards their west fronts, indeed, we cannot credit them with clear and persistent preferences. We cannot deny that here they wavered long between illogical, inappropriate, and often ugly designs of their own, and feeble imitations of tall French façades. Yet even here they eventually found a logical national scheme, and, in Perpendicular times, worked as frankly, as characteristically, as in their east ends and central towers.

Often, we know, the English architect innovated boldly upon the work of his predecessors and contemporaries; but it was not to imitate the work of a foreigner. It was to do something quite individual,

like the lantern of Ely, the portico of Peterborough, or the Galilee of Durham. Some of his minor constructions of a more general and typical sort were also wholly his own — his chapter-houses, for instance, and the beautiful rectangular chapels which he threw out beyond his flat east ends. The Lancet-Pointed style, in development if not in inspiration, was characteristically English, and the Perpendicular style was English in every respect. Once or twice, as in Westminster Abbey, French influence made itself felt in the general design of a church. But even here the national spirit speaks from the proportions: there is not nearly so much difference between the altitude of ninety feet at York and that of one hundred and one feet at Westminster as between this and the one hundred and forty feet at Amiens. And, although in plan and scheme Westminster is French, in execution — in its minor features and details — it is thoroughly English. Nothing was ever built on English soil, after the days of the Normans, as Cologne Cathedral was built on German soil, in direct and wholesale imitation of Gallic prototypes.

Unlike as English Gothic is to Italian Gothic, they have this in common: both were inspired by French example, but each worked its new lessons into a national form of art by incorporating them with other lessons learned long before. Germany, on the contrary, borrowed more generously, and so did Spain, each accepting the French Gothic ideal in its entirety and working it out as well as it could, although, of course, except in a few cases like Cologne, with conspicuous elements of a national character.

THE WEST FRONT OF ST. PAUL'S, FROM FLEET STREET.

Chapter XIII

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. PAUL — LONDON

IT was hard to decide upon the church with which an account of English cathedral-building should begin, but there can be no question as regards the one that must close the story. After the Norman or Romanesque period came the Gothic with its three successive styles—Lancet-Pointed, Decorated, and Perpendicular. After these came the Renaissance period, which produced, not a group or series of cathedrals, but, in magnificent isolation, the one great church of St. Paul's in London. And this is the end: St. Paul's is not the last large church that has been built in Great Britain, but it is the last which reveals an architect of genius, or illustrates a genuine phase of architectural development. It is rarely called the Cathedral of London. Many churches have been named for St. Paul, as for St. Peter and Our Lady. Yet every one knows that "St. Paul's" is in London, as "St. Peter's" is in Rome, and "Notre Dame" in Paris.[1]

I

THE name of London possibly comes from the Celtic *Llyn-din* (meaning a lake-fort), which, after the Roman conquest, was transformed into *Londinium*. At all events, a city stood in ancient British times upon the spot, sixty miles from the sea, where the River Lea joined the River Thames, and the confluence of a third stream, the Wallbrook, supplied a harbor for the tiny vessels then in use. The legends which say that a temple of Diana first occupied the site now

[1] The best sources of knowledge with regard to St. Paul's Cathedral and its predecessors on the same site are William Longman's "The Three Cathedrals Dedicated to St. Paul in London," and Dean Milman's "Annals of St. Paul's," which, in an abridged shape, forms the "Handbook" included in Murray's series. A large amount of interesting historical information is also contained in Dr. W. Sparrow Simpson's "Chapters in the History of Old St. Paul's."

covered by St. Paul's, that a British-Roman Christian church was built there, that King Lucius was converted, and that Constantine's mother, St. Helena, was in some way concerned in the evangelizing of the place, are as unverifiable as the one which claims that Restitutus, a British bishop who was present at the Council of Arles in 314, took his seat as Bishop of London. In short, little is known of British or of Roman London except the fact that they existed; and after the Saxon conquest the municipal record is still almost a blank for centuries, until King Alfred, when he had expelled the Danes in 886, rebuilt and fortified the town which lay a waste of ruins beneath his feet.

The ecclesiastical history of London begins further back than the municipal, although in disjointed fragments. In the year 604 St. Augustine consecrated Mellitus as Bishop of London; but after the death of Sebert, the Christian king of the East Saxons, his flock relapsed into paganism and he was driven home to Kent. In 675 Erkenwald was placed in the reëstablished chair; and so great were his services to the town as well as to the church that he was sainted after death, and was held in particular reverence by the people of London until the Reformation swept such memories away. Then came a line of bishops who, with the exception of the great Dunstan, are now little more than names; and then, in 1044, Edward the Confessor, in accordance with his foreign leanings, appointed a Norman named William. "By reason of his goodness," say the chronicles, William was left in peace when, in the anti-Norman reaction of Edward's later years, other alien bishops were turned out by the people; and after the Conquest he repaid the debt by persuading his namesake the Conqueror to confirm the city's ancient privileges. Therefore he too dwelt long in the affections of the London folk: until Queen Elizabeth's time at least they made an annual pilgrimage of gratitude to his tomb in the nave of St. Paul's.

But the St. Paul's where he had been buried, the first St. Paul's which we are sure existed, had perished very long before this, destroyed by fire in 1087, only a year after his death. Bede declares that Mellitus founded it, and Erkenwald is said to have "bestowed great cost on the fabric thereof"; but it was probably a wooden church, often burned and repaired, and greatly changed between Erkenwald's time and that much later time when beneath its roof Ethelred the Unready was buried, and his successor Edmund and the Danish Canute were crowned. The Confessor's preference for his great new abbey-church at Westminster threw its older claims into shadow. There,

on ground which was not yet London ground at all, instead of in the cathedral church, Edward was buried, and Harold and William received their crowns; and near by William Rufus built himself a palace. The practice then begun was resumed after London became the royal residence. No king since Ethelred has been buried in St. Paul's, none since Canute has been crowned there, and John of Gaunt's was the only princely sepulchre which adorned the cathedral that replaced the first one and existed until the great fire of 1666.[1]

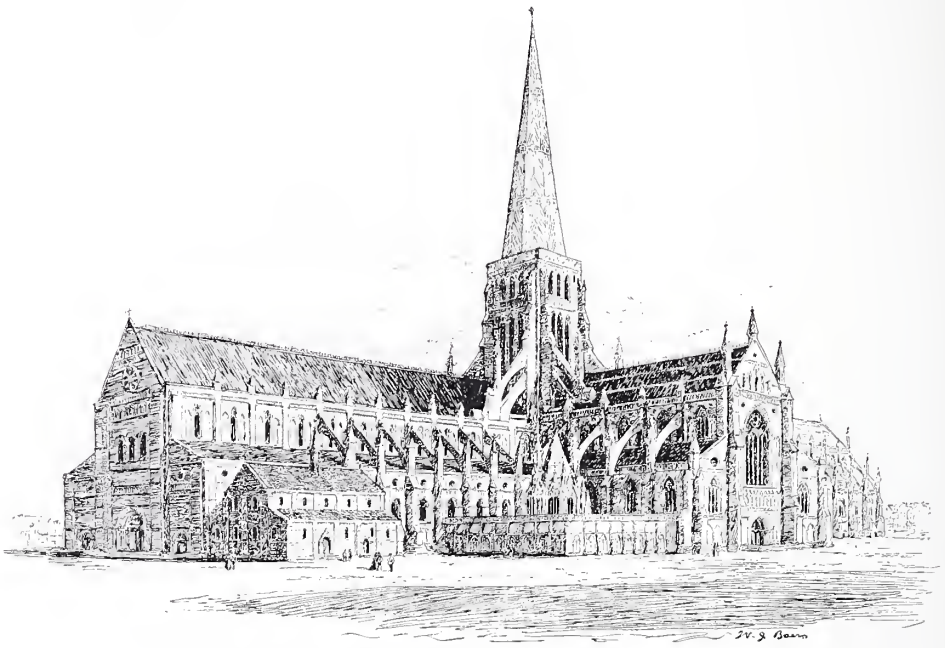
II

This second church is the one that is commonly called Old St. Paul's. It was begun in 1087, the last year of the Conqueror's life, by Maurice, the first bishop of his appointing, and was built, of course, after the Norman fashion. Its construction proceeded slowly and, in the year 1139, was delayed by a ruinous fire. Later in this century William of Malmesbury spoke of it as a "most magnificent" edifice, but it had grown and altered much before it was described and pictured with greater definiteness. In 1221 the choir, which had been very short with a semicircular end, was replaced by a longer one in the Lancet-Pointed style; and in 1225 a Lady-chapel, equal to the choir in breadth and height, was added. Toward the end of the thirteenth century Old St. Paul's stood at last complete, and it was then the largest as well as the most famous church in England. Its length is estimated to have been 590 feet, and its width 104 feet; the spread of its transept was 290 feet; and its height was 93 feet in the nave, and 101 feet in the choir.[1] Wren calculated that the height of the spire had been 460 feet, and this means that its gilt ball and cross rested on a point fifty feet above the point of Salisbury's steeple; yet an even loftier altitude had been claimed for it by earlier historians. The nave and choir were of equal length, each consisting of twelve bays; and each transept-arm had two aisles and was five bays in length. The east end was flat, after the general English fashion; but French influence seems indicated by the great rose-window and the group of lights of equal size which stood beneath it, as well as by the unwonted altitude of the choir. The central tower was open as a lantern, perhaps even to the base of the spire. The southwestern tower was the famous "Lollards' Tower," or episcopal prison, and, like its mate, was low and plain, while the front between them was poor and bald even for an English church. Door-

[1] Even the town residence of the bishops of London, the modern "London House," is now at Westminster.

ways of exceptional size, however, opened into each transept-end, and there were other great doors into the north and south aisles of the nave.

Although kings and princes slept elsewhere, the interior of Old St. Paul's was crowded and gorgeous, for bishops, nobles, and especially the rich citizens of London vied with one another, through life and after



OLD ST. PAUL'S, FROM THE SOUTHWEST.

REPRODUCED FROM A RESTORATION, PREPARED FOR LONGMAN'S "THREE CATHEDRALS DEDICATED TO ST. PAUL," IN WHICH, FOR WANT OF EXACT DATA, THE WESTERN TOWERS OF THE CATHEDRAL AND THE SPIRE OF ST. GREGORY'S WERE OMITTED.

death, in the sumptuousness of their gifts. Its most conspicuous feature was the elevated chapel of St. Paul which stood near one of the tower-piers and, with its winding stairway, was elaborately carved in wood. And its most costly and famous ornament was the shrine of St. Erkenwald, sculptured and gilded and sprinkled with jewels, holding the place of honor just back of the great reredos. The Lady-chapel was shut off from the retrochoir by a high screen. Before this chapel was built, a street ran close to the end of the choir, and here stood the

1 Dugdale, copying from Stow, states that the length of Old St. Paul's was 690 feet; but the assertion is not confirmed by the measurements of separate portions which he gives, and the figure 6 was probably a printer's error for 5. Winchester, now the longest church in England, measures about 560 feet. The only one as tall as Old St. Paul's is Westminster, where again we find a height of 101 feet, while York comes next with 92 feet.

Church of St. Faith. Afterward this name was given to the crypt which underlay the whole choir of the cathedral, as it was set apart for the use of the dispossessed congregation.

The walls of the close, or precinct, which surrounded Old St. Paul's and was much larger than the open space we see to-day, were pierced by six gates that were shut at night, the chief one standing opposite the west end of the cathedral at the top of Ludgate street. Behind the walls gabled house-fronts and peaked roofs gathered themselves to-

PAUL'S CROSS, FROM AN OLD PRINT.[1]

FROM MURRAY'S "HANDBOOKS TO THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND."

gether, and even within the precinct were many buildings, some pressed close against the mighty fabric of the church itself. In fact, Old St. Paul's stood like a Continental, not like an English cathedral, architecturally as spiritually bone of the city's bone, with the life-blood of human activity centring in its mighty heart.

Close to its northern side, toward the west, lay the bishop's palace,

[1] The folly of seeking exact information in old pictures is shown by this print where, to make a "nice picture," the artist has calmly reduced the length of the choir of Old St. Paul's from twelve to four bays.

London House, with its gardens and private chapel and door of communication into the nave. Opposite rose the Church of St. Gregory, clinging to the walls of the south aisle and the Lollards' Tower, and lifting its steeple as high as the ridge of the cathedral roof. Behind St. Gregory's rose the octagonal chapter-house, placed in an unusual way in the centre of the quadrangle formed by the cloister. Just behind the palace lay another cloister, used for burial, and this too encircled a chapel, first built by the father of Thomas Becket. Near the northeast corner of the choir stood the famous outdoor pulpit called Paul's Cross, and opposite the east end soared a great belfry with a leaden spire. These were only the chief of the large buildings which, in the early sixteenth century, surrounded St. Paul's; and, moreover, all those parts of its long south side which were not half concealed by the cloister and St. Gregory's were so built against by houses and shops that little except the upper stories and the great door in the transept could be seen.

An irreverent medley, modern taste may say—a motley, illiterate architectural crowd, intrusive at the best, and in many of its parts distressingly plebeian. But how picturesque, how natural, how vital, how expressive of a cathedral's function as the soul of the city's life, as a temple of the people's God!

III

Eighteen years of work were needed to repair the injury when, in 1444, the spire of St. Paul's was struck by lightning. But another bolt which fell in 1561 did still greater damage. Then the spire, which was of wood incased in lead, was wholly destroyed, and all the roofs fell in heaps of rubbish into the church. The spire was never rebuilt, and though the other portions were at once repaired, it must have been in a slovenly fashion; for, sixty years later, "the princely heart" of James I., says Stow, "was moved with such compassion to this decayed fabrick" that he made a state pilgrimage to the cathedral to hear a sermon of appeal in its behalf, and appointed a Royal Commission to consider means for restoring it. The corroding of "coal-smoak" was even in those days cited as one perpetual source of trouble.

The foremost architect of the time was Inigo Jones, and to him the repairs were intrusted. He renewed the sides in a "Gothic manner" which must have been very bad; added a "Grecian portico" which was very good of its kind, but wholly out of place at the west end of such a church; and then was prevented by the explosion of the Civil War

from confounding confusion further. Before the year 1640 as much as £10,000 had been contributed toward his work in a single year, but in 1643 the entire amount was only £15.

As early as the fourteenth century there had been clerical protests against the desecration of the nave of St. Paul's by "people more intent on buying and selling than on prayers." As time advanced the scandal grew till the church became a veritable fair-ground. Paul's Walk, of which we read in many an old play and pamphlet, was the space between the north and south doors of the nave. Here horses and mules were led through the church, fops displayed their clothes and consulted their tailors, lawyers met their clients, and maids and children romped, while near a certain pillar servants regularly stood for the inspection of intending masters. "I bought him in Paul's," exclaims *Falstaff* of *Bardolph*. A letter written by a London gossip in the year 1600 says, "Powles is so furnisht that it affords whatsoever is stirring in France, and I can gather there at first hand sufficient to serve my purpose." A tract of this period is called, "How a Gallant Should Behave Himself in Paul's Walk"; and a little later Bishop Earle declares that the place is "the great exchange of all discourse, and no business whatsoever but is here stirring and afoot. . . . It is the synod of all pates politick . . . the thieves' sanctuary."

These words only hint at the abuses which for generations were practised in St. Paul's; and we can imagine how their effect upon the buildings was supplemented by the deliberate spoliation of the early Protestant authorities, long before the Puritans came upon the scene. In London, even more than in smaller communities, not only reverence for ancient art but also respect for a cathedral as a consecrated place was on the wane even in Catholic days, and had almost died out while the heads of kings were still unthreatened and Anglicanism was still supreme. Surely there was some excuse for the Puritans when they ordered Paul's Cross removed in 1642, confiscated the houses and revenues of the dean and chapter, and likewise everything in stock for the use of the repairers of the church, and, finding it too big to be pulled down, employed it as a cavalry-barrack, and built two stories of hucksters' booths into its new Grecian portico. They only carried some steps further the damage and desecration which had been going on for centuries. It was only in part their fault that when Charles II. got back to "enjoy his own again," the special possession which he called Paul's Church was a mere mangled mass of masonry. Stow spoke only of the final stage in a long slow process when he wrote that

"by the votes of Parliament . . . the very foundation of this famous cathedral was utterly shaken to pieces."

In 1663 feeble and futile efforts were begun to bring back its life to St. Paul's; and in 1666 Dr. Wren, whom we know as the great Sir Christopher, was asked to suggest a more efficient scheme. His answer showed that he would have proceeded like Inigo Jones, modifying "the Gothick rudeness of the old design" with casings, additions, and alterations "after a good Roman manner." Indeed, his accompanying drawings prove that, had he got to work, he would have been a much more radical innovator than Jones. But less than a week after they were approved his plans and estimates were set at naught by the Great Fire, which broke out on September 2. Pepys tells us how, on September 7, he had "a miserable sight of Paul's Church, with all the roof fallen in and the body of the quire fallen into St. Faith's."

Can we much regret that Wren was thus enabled to leave us a church wholly in a "good Roman manner"? Had there been no fire in 1666, our legacy would not have been Old St. Paul's in any adequate sense. It would have been a mongrel structure, where the last of England's great architects would have done gross injustice to the work of his forerunners, and small justice to the style of his time or to his own immense ability.

IV

At the beginning of the sixteenth century, when Henry VII. added his famous chapel to Westminster Abbey, Gothic architecture still ruled in England. But long before Tudor times the great movement which we call the Renaissance of Art and Letters had begun in Italy.

A vague reverence for the traditions of antiquity had never wholly perished on Italian soil, but no real knowledge of what they meant illumined the mediæval period. The Greek language had been entirely forgotten by Petrarch's Italy; she despised the ruins of Rome; and her architects were building Gothic structures, although the difference between their work and northern Gothic proves that, all unconscious of the fact themselves, their native sympathies were with the structural ideals of antiquity. It is true that long before, in the first half of the thirteenth century, Niccolo Pisano had fed his talent on the beauty of ancient sarcophagi. But he was ahead of his time; his own works are Gothic in form if often classic in feeling; and the blooming season of Italian Gothic architecture stretched all through the fourteenth century. The revival of secular learning, the rise of what is

called "humanistic scholarship," began with Petrarch and Boccaccio in the middle of this century. It gradually excited an interest in the art as well as in the literature of the past, and the renascence of classic architecture may be dated from the year 1403 when, amid the long-neglected ruins of Rome, Brunelleschi caught the inspiration which soon lifted into the Florentine sky the enormous dome of Santa Maria del Fiore. The succeeding years, up to about 1500, form the experimenting, growing stage of Italian Renaissance architecture, and its noblest, finest time was during the next half-century.

Meanwhile the Renaissance movement, with all that it implied in all domains of thought, had been spreading farther and farther north. As regarded art, England was the last country to be swayed, and her old architectural manner died very hard. Henry VII.'s chapel, finished about 1516, is altogether Gothic in conception and in treatment. Even as late as the reign of his mighty granddaughter, Gothic art still clung to the skirts of the Church: the square casements and classic details of many a great Elizabethan manor-house are grouped with the tall pointed windows of its chapel. But the fight was then practically over, and in the days of Charles I. and Inigo Jones Gothick art (it sounds much more out of date with the old-time *k!*) was quite dead and almost altogether despised. Wren heartily despised it, and rejoiced that it was dead. If left to himself, he never would have built with its bones except when he saw, as at Westminster Abbey, that "to deviate from the old form would be to run into a disagreeable mixture which no person of taste could relish"; and even Old St. Paul's did not seem to him a case like this, perhaps because Inigo Jones had already begun the mixture. It was outside influence that forced him to Gothicize the plan of St. Paul's, and, in some of his parish churches, to "deviate from a better form" and give them a mediæval outline curiously at variance with the classic character of their details.

It is foolish to ask whether Wren "ought" to have felt as he did, whether England and the world "ought" to have abandoned Gothic for Renaissance art. They had no choice in the matter. Even before the new forms of the south were arrayed against it, Gothic art was dying from internal causes. Its constructional and its ornamental schemes had arrived at a point whence they could develop no further. Grace and dignity in construction, charm and appropriateness in ornament, had alike been lost. There was no longer any feeling for beautiful proportions, or for features which should explain their purpose while they gratified the eye. Nothing new could grow out of those

THE DOME, FROM PAUL'S WHARF PIER.

elements which, beginning with the sturdy walls and piers and arches of the Norman, had passed through varying phases of strength and loveliness into the mechanical fantasticality of late Perpendicular Gothic, with misshapen windows, shrunken traceries, and flattened arches, with stalactite vaults, reed-like bundles of shafts which almost denied their columnar origin, and gridiron patterns for decoration. And an architectural style never stands still: when it ceases to grow, it decays and makes room for something else.

But even if Gothic art had still been vigorous, it would have given way to Renaissance art. The change of style expressed a change in æsthetic temper, and this itself was only a part of the great general change which had come over the mental attitude of Europe. Mediævalism in religion, in the pursuit of knowledge, in morals, and in manners, had been swept away; how could it survive in art? The new world had gained intellectual liberty by basing itself upon a combination of Christian and classical learning; how could its art be anything but a Christianizing of classic elements? The century which buried Bacon and Raleigh, which gave birth to Newton, Milton, and Cromwell, Hobbes and Locke and Bunyan and Burnet, which cut off the heads of King Charles and his archbishop, and drove King James from the throne, could not express itself in the forms of Gothic art. Sir Christopher Wren, who was a Protestant to the backbone, and who wrote the preamble which explains that the Royal Society was founded to make provision for the study of "Natural Experimental Philosophy," could no more have chosen to build like Alan of Walsingham or William of Wykeham than like Erkenwald himself. The seed that Brunelleschi sowed grew as naturally, as inevitably, as that which was dispersed with Wycliffe's ashes. The dome of St. Paul's followed as logically after the spire of Salisbury as the Royal Society after the mediæval schoolman's lecture.

It matters nothing whether abstract criticism thinks dome or spire the finer, prefers the Gothic or the Renaissance ideal; Wren lived in a creative age, and could not doubt that, to work well, he must use the style then alive and developing. Like all great architects, he had small regard for mere antiquarianism or sentiment when it stood in the way of his own success. Yet, like all great architects, he did not think of styles merely from the æsthetic point of view. He knew that changes in style resulted from changes in construction, that these are brought about by new practical needs, and that, in consequence, the style which looked most beautiful to him was also the best for his cli-

ents' service. Practical requirements were uppermost in his mind. The most radical alteration which he proposed before the fire was to cut off the inner corners of the four interior arcades of St. Paul's where they met beneath the tower, so as to "reduce this middle part into a spacious dome or rotunda, with a cupola or hemispherical roof," by which means the church "would be rendered spacious in the middle, which may be a very proper place for a vast auditory." He was ruled, in short, by the wish to fit the old Catholic edifice for the new Protestant form of worship. The days of vicarious services, of gorgeous long processions, of relic-worship, and of constant private prayer at a score of minor altars, had departed; the days of congregational worship had come with their new necessity for massing an audience within clear sight and hearing of ministrant and preacher. The old cathedral type was no longer appropriate; the new architectural manner of the Renaissance stood ready with a new type promising greater convenience. And the old ecclesiastical architect had at last disappeared; even in England all kinds of art were now in the hands of laymen.

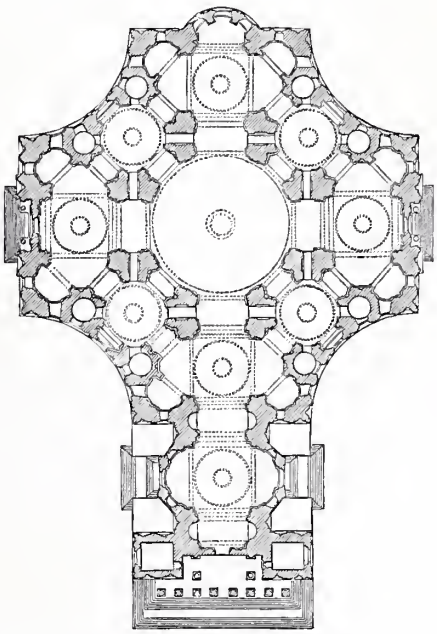
V

The fire had prepared a path for Wren, but antiquarians, churchmen, and bureaucrats hampered his advance. In consequence, St. Paul's is inferior in many ways to what it might have been. The story of its building, could I tell it in detail, would give much sad comfort to modern architects who think that the buffets they meet and the bonds they wear are an invention of our own degenerate days.

Immediately after the fire Dr. Wren was named surveyor and principal architect for the rebuilding of London, and one of the commissioners "for the reparation of St. Paul's." He saw that it could not be repaired, but others refused to agree with him and began to patch up the nave. Soon, however, Dean Sancroft wrote him: "What you whispered in my ear at your last coming hither is come to pass. Our work at the west end of St. Paul's is fallen about our ears. . . . What we are to do next is the present deliberation, in which you are so absolutely and indispensably necessary that we can do nothing, resolve nothing, without you." In July, 1668, an order was given to remove the ruins of the eastern part of the church; but fresh attempts were made to restore the nave, and only in 1670 was it "fully concluded that, in order to a new Fabrick, the Foundations of the old Cathedral, thus made ruinous, should be totally cleared." This

work was practically finished by the spring of 1674, and meanwhile Wren had been discussing with himself the plans for a new cathedral, and making drawings and models for the eye of the king and commissioners.

Of course, now that a wholly new church was required, he offered designs in which no trace of the mediæval cathedral scheme survived. First he drew "several sketches merely for discourse sake to find out what might satisfy the world." Then, having observed "that the generality were for grandeur, he endeavored to gratify the taste of the Conoisseurs and Criticks with something coloss and beautiful, conformable to the best stile of the Greek and Roman architecture"; and in various drawings and a model (which is still preserved at South Kensington), he presented the church of which the plan is here reproduced. This plan suggests a magnificent interior most intelligently carried out. In this huge octagonal space, and in the symmetrical arrangement of the four arms, convenience has been well secured while ecclesiastic dignity has been preserved. Despite the presence of the eight great double piers needed to support the dome, the area thus provided is far better for congregational services than the long narrow limbs and serried colonnades of mediæval churches, while the short nave (which is really more like a large vestibule) provides for an overflowing assembly, gives place for entrances of fitting grandeur, and supplies a point of view whence the magnificence of the great octagon can be fully appreciated.



PLAN OF ST. PAUL'S AS FIRST DESIGNED BY WREN.

FROM MURRAY'S "HANDBOOKS TO THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND."

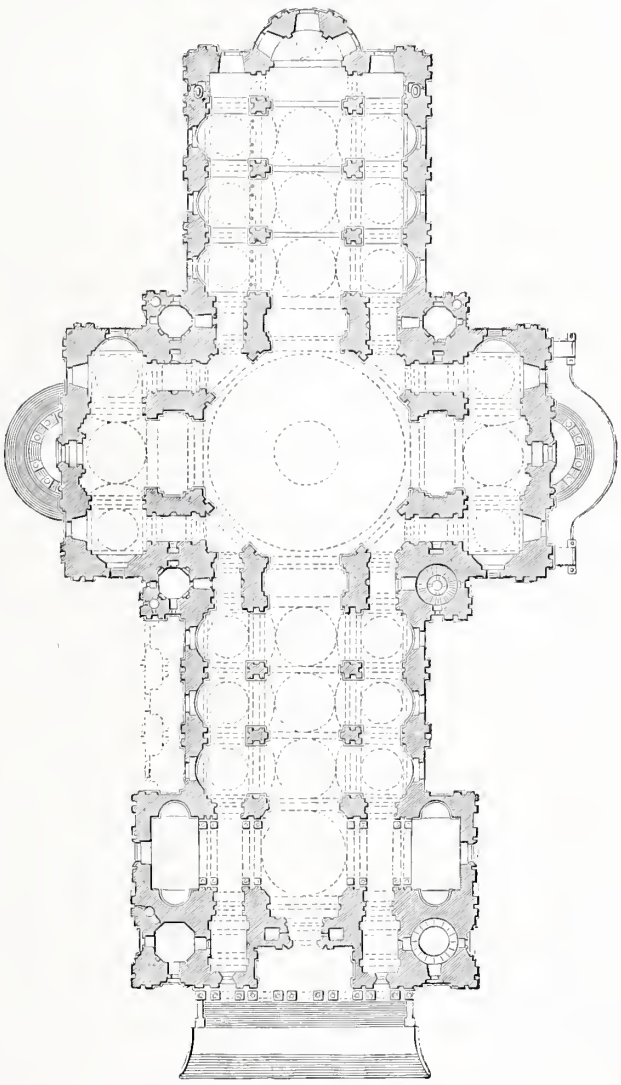
The exterior of this favorite design of Wren's[1] is far less satisfactory. Whether judged for beauty or for ecclesiastic feeling, nothing could

[1] Wren's grandson, who is our authority for most of the architect's beliefs and experiences, says in the "Parentalia" that Sir Christopher "always seemed to set a higher value on this design than any he had made before or since, as what was labored with more study and success, and, had he not been overruled by those whom it was his duty to obey, what he would have put into execution with more cheerfulness and satisfaction to himself than the latter."

be worse than the curved walls which form the angles between the four limbs of the cross; and the small dome which rises over the nave groups most inharmoniously with the larger one. This larger dome, evidently studied from St. Peter's, is the best feature of the design; but Wren improved upon it when he actually came to build, and so, we may believe, he would have improved upon the rest of the design had he been allowed to keep to the general scheme which it indicates.

The hindrance came from "the chapter and some others of the clergy" who thought his model "not enough of a Cathedral fashion, to instance particularly, in that the Quire was designed circular," and that there were no extended limbs with aisles. Drawings in which the choir was enlarged were then presented; but the "Criticks" were still dissatisfied, and Wren was obliged to begin afresh, using the old "Cathedral form," but, as he said, trying so to rectify it "as to reconcile the Gothick to a better form of Architecture." Several designs resulted, one of which was approved by Charles II., who, in the warrant immediately issued for beginning the work, explained that he had "particularly pitched" upon it, "as well because we found it very artificial, proper, and useful, as because it was so ordered that it might be built and finished by parts." The architect was directed to commence with the choir, and the king gave him "liberty in the prosecution of his work to make some variations, rather Ornamental than Essential, as from time to time he should see proper." Whereupon Wren did begin, took the liberty to vary essentials in the most fundamental way, and erected a church almost incredibly unlike the one that his royal master had approved. The drawing which bears Charles's signature is still in existence, and a fragment of it is reproduced in the cut which forms the initial to this chapter. When we see what an astonishing superstructure this reveals — a very low spherical roof, and a very tall drum, then a narrow elongated fluted dome, and finally a spire which may almost be likened to an unusually slender Chinese pagoda — can we regret that Wren liberally construed the royal mandate with regard to alterations, and boldly went back to the dome which he had first conceived? The clients of that day, we see, were no wiser than the clients of ours. May architects of our day justify their own occasional lapses from the conscientious fulfilment of a definite commission by citing Sir Christopher's example? Perhaps; — if they are very sure that they are Sir Christophers, working for the nation and posterity, rather than for an individual who, as we can believe was the case with King Charles, cares but little one way or

the other. At all events, Charles had been long in his grave before the dome was built. The first foundation-stone of the new church was laid at the southeast corner of the choir on the 21st of June, 1675. The top stone of the lantern on the dome was placed in 1710, in the days of Good Queen Anne. Not only King Charles, but King James and King William and Queen Mary, had died as St. Paul's was growing. But, on the other hand, not only Wren himself, but Strong, his master-mason, and Henry Compton, the Bishop of London, saw it begun and saw it finished. Its total cost, including subsequent decorations, was £736,752 2*s.* 3¼*d.*, and was largely covered by a grant to the commissioners of the tax on coal.



PLAN OF ST. PAUL'S.[1]

FROM MURRAY'S "HANDBOOKS TO THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND."

VI

St. Paul's may be called typically English as regards its plan; for, unlike all other great domed churches with extended naves, it has a choir as long as the nave itself, and only in England had Gothic churches been built in a similar way.

As soon as we enter it, we feel the impropriety of choosing such

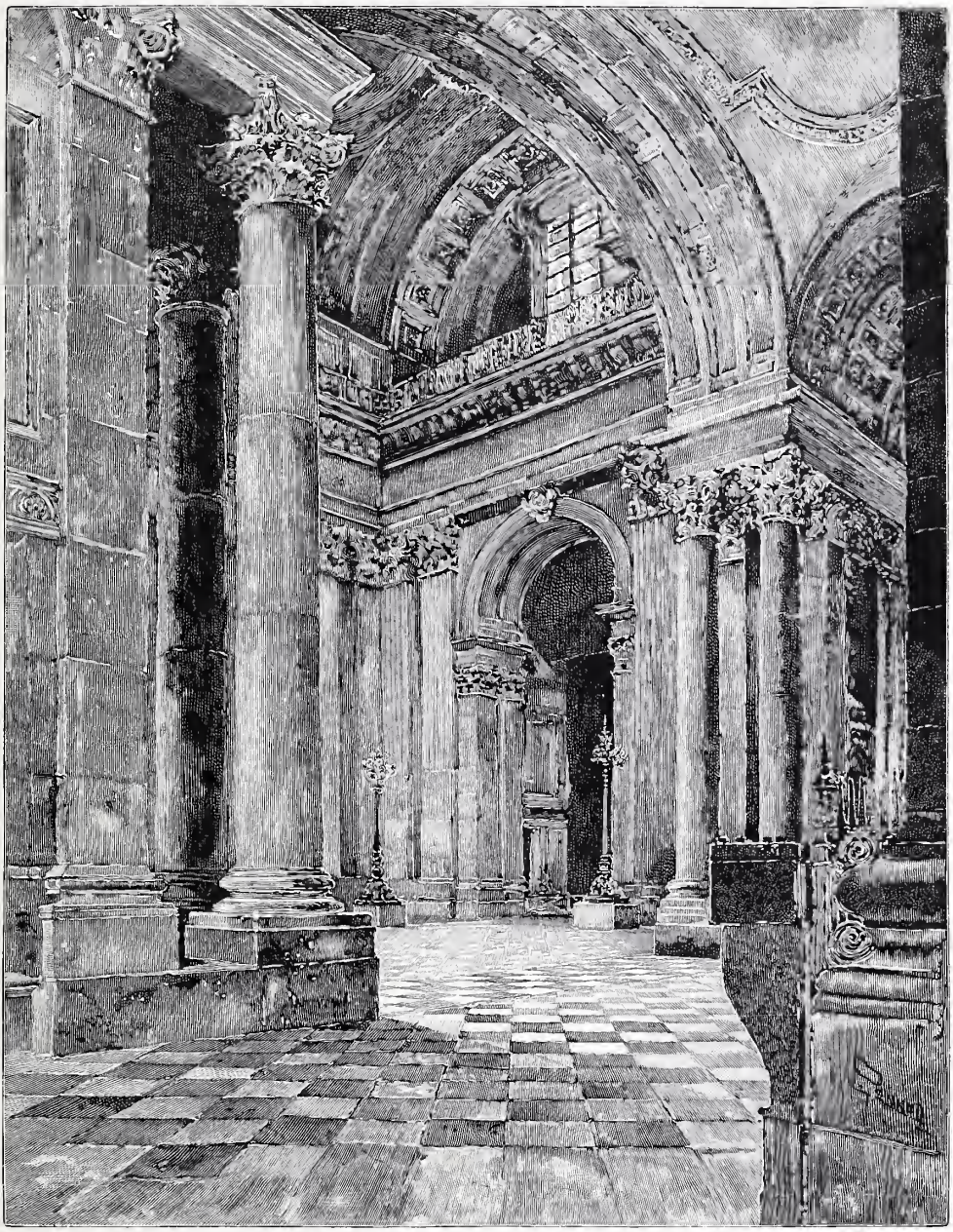
[1] The length of St. Paul's is 500 feet, including the western portico but not its steps, and the spread of the transept is 250 feet, exclusive of the porticos. The nave is 118 feet and the west front 190 feet in width. The height of the church to the top of the cross on the dome, is 365 feet.

a plan for a church whose main feature is a lofty dome. At first we scarcely see that the dome exists; it does not reveal its importance until we come almost underneath it; and then it seems to have little relationship with the long perspectives behind and before us. Their lines do not lead the eye up to its lines. Their narrow horizontal vistas are in disaccord with the vast sweep of its base and its broadly soaring sphere. They cry out for some form of central ceiling which would unite instead of separating them. It cries out for a substructure which would everywhere predict its character and confess its preëminence.

Many other domed churches in western Europe have extended naves, but in none of them are the other three limbs nearly as long as in St. Paul's; and in the case of the two which are most famous, the designer of the dome was not responsible for the nave.

During the Gothic period Arnolfo was directed by the city of Florence to build a cathedral of exceptional grandeur; so he designed Santa Maria del Fiore with a long nave, but with a very short choir and transept, and a central area of unprecedented size. At his death, about the year 1300, this area was still unroofed; no one knew how he had meant to cover it, for probably he had not known himself; and no one dared suggest a method until, in 1420, Brunelleschi proposed to revive the dome as the Romans had used it in their Pantheon and their baths. Under Byzantine influence Romanesque architects had erected many small domes, notably those of St. Mark's at Venice and of the church of St. Front at Périgueux. But after the development of the Gothic style domes were less often used, were constructed with a system of ribs, like vaulted ceilings of other kinds, and, except in the case of one or two Italian structures, were domical as regarded the interior only. Brunelleschi naturally sought counsel of the Romans when he wished to build an enormous roof, domical inside and out; and he naturally adopted their ribless system of construction and their decorative details.

Thus we see why there is architectural disaccord in Santa Maria del Fiore. And thus we learn once more that great architectural innovations are inspired, not by mere superficial changes of taste, but by new constructional needs. As, however, these needs make themselves felt in times of general change and development and of great mental plasticity, the innovation naturally gratifies a nascent taste, or awakens a novel one, or turns wavering preferences in its own direction. Brunelleschi's dome, inspired by a practical necessity,



THE WEST DOOR.

was at once acclaimed as an artistic triumph. Its success led architecture into a new path, and its offspring are not only all the other domes, but all the Renaissance buildings of every kind with which the occidental world is covered.

When St. Peter's was projected, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, Bramante designed it in the Renaissance style with an enormous dome, and, his sketches tell us, with a body in the shape of a

THE NORTH AISLE OF THE NAVE.

Greek cross. But his immediate successors, San Gallo, Fra Giocondo, and Raphael, returned to the long mediæval nave—pushed, we are fain to fancy, like Wren in later years, by the weight of ecclesiastical conservatism. Then came Peruzzi, who again suggested a Greek cross for the plan, and then the younger San Gallo — Antonio — who

went back once more to the Latin cross. When Michael Angelo was appointed architect he too preferred the compacter plan, as was natural in one who admired Bramante's talent so greatly; and his design was carried on by his successors, Vignola, Della Porta, and Fontana. But before the church was quite finished Pope Paul V.—and here we have clerical interference distinctly recorded—bade Carlo Maderno increase its size by prolonging the nave. And later Italian architects, naturally influenced by two churches so fine and so famous as Santa Maria del Fiore and St. Peter's, often combined a long perspective with a swelling dome.

In France the classic dome, forgotten since the completion of St. Front at Périgueux in the eleventh century, first reappeared, in timid essays, in the small interior cupolas of the Carmelite church on the Rue de Vaugirard in Paris, and of the church of St. Paul and St. Louis which was begun in 1627. But as a feature of great importance, both externally and internally, it was first used in the church of the Sorbonne, built by Le Mercier at Richelieu's cost between 1635 and 1659, and in the one attached to the convent of the Val-de-Grâce in the Rue St. Jacques. Here again we find the plan in the shape of the Latin cross. The chapel-royal of the Hôtel des Invalides is the first Renaissance church, on northern soil at all events, where the scheme can be compared, for architectural unity and logic, to those which oriental builders of domes had elaborated many centuries before. This church is square in plan, and its dome rests on an octagon where four great arches open into four short, broad, and equal limbs, while the four smaller alternate ones open into chapels occupying the corners of the rectangle and covered by low domical ceilings.

It might be rash to say that the combination of a dome with a long nave cannot be well effected. But there seems a natural opposition between the two constructional ideas; and certainly the most successful domed interiors are those where we find the most compact and symmetrical disposition of parts, while next in excellence come those where choir and transept are very short, and, as is the case at St. Peter's, the immense breadth of the nave supports its length and predicts the presence of the dome. If the nave of St. Paul's were wider, we should be less distressed by its length; but the chief defect of this interior is the vast length of the choir, which leaves the dome poised upon stretching colonnades, unsustained to the eye by any massive bulk of wall. Even the transept is too long for good effect; and all this deference to mediæval precedent has not really increased the

commodiousness of the church, except from a superficial point of view. I mean that more people can enter it than can profit by their entrance. I have seen Canon Liddon preaching beneath the dome when I could not hear him, although I stood at a considerable distance from the transept-door.

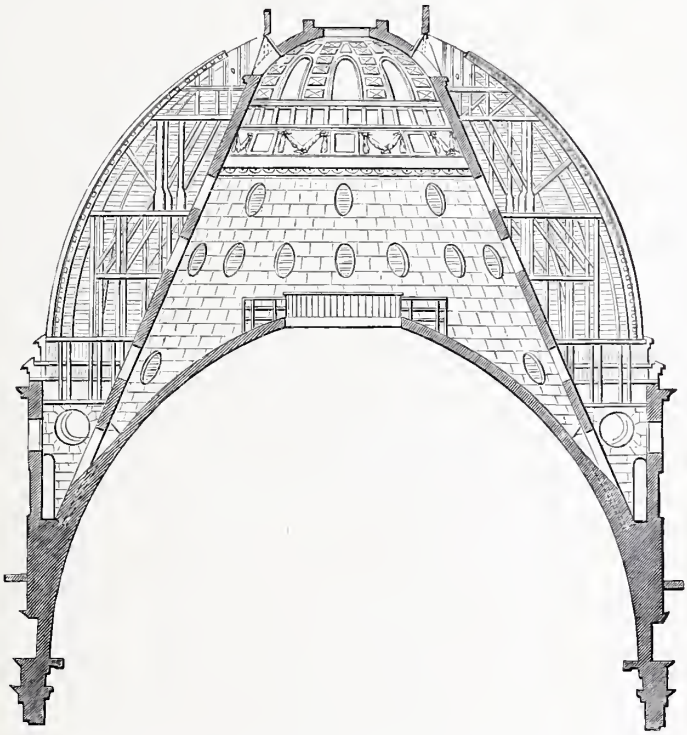
However, all things considered, we marvel less that Wren should have been forced to plan his church in this way than that he should have preferred a more compact plan himself; for he knew little or nothing of the orient, and could not have been helped by the chapel of the Hôtel des Invalides, as this was begun in the same year as St. Paul's. But it is interesting to speculate upon the idea that he may have been influenced, in preparing his first design, by Antonio San Gallo's model for St. Peter's; for this shows, not a Latin cross exactly, but a Greek cross preceded by a large porch which is connected with it by an intermediate bay, narrower than the nave.

VII

Brunelleschi's dome was built in the simple Roman way, its shape and the diameter of its base being the same as those of the area inscribed by its supports. Eight piers and eight connecting arches bear a wall or drum in the shape of an octagon, and from this wall spring the eight sides of the dome. But the dome of St. Peter's is a polygon of sixteen sides, and only four piers sustain it; so its builders employed what architects call pendentives—curving surfaces of wall which, filling the spaces between the arches, unite above in a continuous wall of the shape desired for the base of the dome; and the picture on page 386 shows how, by the use of pendentives, the circular drum of St. Paul's was accommodated to the octagon formed by the eight supporting piers. Above the plinth at the base of the drum is a plain surface of wall with a balustraded gallery; above this is a tall colonnade pierced with windows; and then the dome curves in to its open central eye.

The dome of the Val-de-Grâce was begun by Leduc about 1655 and was finished in 1685. We should like to know how far it had progressed by 1665, the year before the fire, when Wren wrote, "I have busied myself in surveying the most esteemed Fabrics of Paris and the country round"; for in a very important point it presents a strong contrast to the domes of Italian churches, and a close likeness to those of the Invalides and St. Paul's.

The solid brick wall which forms the lower portion of Brunelleschi's dome divides, about half-way up, into two distinct shells; but the expedient was purely constructional, as distinguished from architectural, for the walls have the same curve and stand only a few feet apart, and so the form and dimensions of the dome are practically the same inside and outside. But at the Val-de-Grâce there are two



SECTION SHOWING INNER AND OUTER DOMES,
WITH THE INTERMEDIATE CONE OF BRICK.
FROM LONGMAN'S "THREE CATHEDRALS DEDICATED TO ST. PAUL."

quite independent and different domes,—a comparatively low spherical vault of stone, and, starting from a much taller drum and rising much higher, an external dome of wood covered with lead; and at St. Paul's we find the same arrangement. But whether Wren learned this from Leduc or not, another feature of his dome was all his own. This is a third wall which rises between the other two — a cone-shaped dome of brick which helps to solidify the whole structure and to support the timbers of the outer dome, but was specially designed to bear the stone lantern, ninety feet in height and immensely heavy.

This intermediate cone, like the double walls of Santa Maria and St. Peter's, was a mere constructional expedient. But the separation

of the inner from the outer dome was an architectural idea in the fullest sense of the term. If Wren did not learn it from Leduc, if he conceived it himself, it proves that he possessed creative power of the noblest sort; and in any case his execution of it, on so very large a scale, is his highest title to fame. Yet it is just this idea which has often led to his condemnation as an "insincere" and "untruthful" architect by those who do not understand the bearing of the words as thus applied.

His purpose, of course, was to make his dome as beautiful as possible both inside and out. In pursuing such an aim an architect must respect broad structural veracities. He must not, for instance, build a dome outside where there is none within, or cover a circular domed ceiling with a square external tower. His exterior must interpret his interior; but the interpretation need not be a detailed explanation. Over their arched stone vaults Gothic architects raised slanting wooden roofs of much higher pitch; and above their open central lanterns they carried towers to a much loftier height, and then often crowned them with spires which certainly express no interior feature. Wren's two domes are the legitimate successors of forms like these; and his intermediate cone is a fine constructional expedient, as lawful as the timber framework with which fourteenth-century builders braced the tall stone spire of Salisbury.

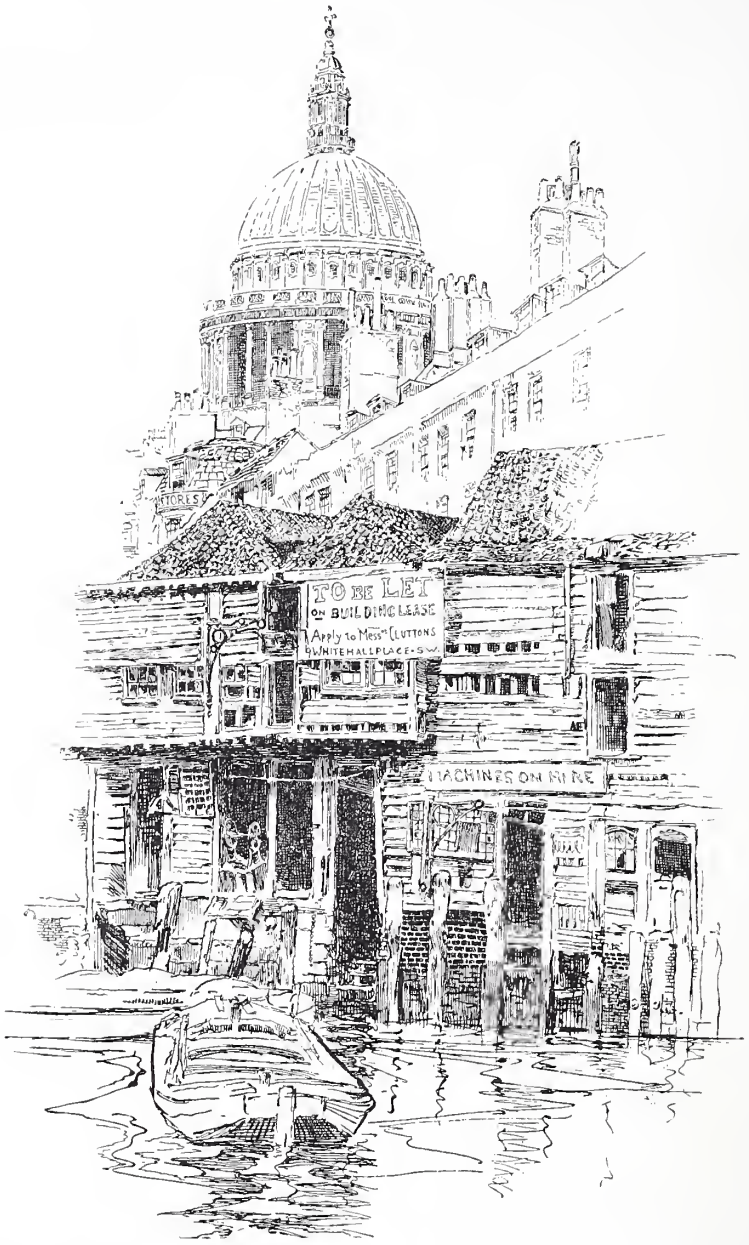
There can be no question with regard to the artistic advantage of the diverging domes, since they give the architect perfect freedom, enabling him to care in a special way for interior and for exterior effect. It was no new discovery that a given set of proportions may not look equally well inside and outside a building. Gothic architects could not carry a great church too high for increase of majesty and charm in the interior; but the higher they carried it, the harder was the task of preserving grace in the exterior. Compromise offers the only relief from this difficulty. But there is another way out of that opposite difficulty which dome-builders have to meet; and the seventeenth century was intelligent enough to find it. We wish that sixth-century builders had found it when we see the most beautiful ceiling in the world, the wide hemispherical vault of St. Sophia at Constantinople, appearing outside the church as a flat saucer-like roof, devoid of both dignity and grace. And, I may add, certain other oriental builders did find it, although their solution probably did not instruct either Leduc or Wren: the beautiful outer dome of the mosque at Ispahan, for instance, which dates from the fifteenth century, is a shell

of wood covered with lead, rising far above the inner dome; and of similar form and fabric are now the domes of St. Mark's in Venice, originally built low and solid, but covered in the fourteenth or fifteenth century with tall wooden shells.

The single dome of St. Peter's is very beautiful both within and without; yet inside it seems almost too tall despite its enormous span, and outside it can be fully appreciated only from a point so distant that the body of the church sinks into insignificance beneath it. The desire of Sir Christopher and his French contemporaries was to raise their outer domes so that they might produce their full effect from near as well as from distant points of view, and surely it was a lawful ambition. We cannot think that the great gilded sphere of the Invalides, or the fluted gray cupola of St. Paul's, is a foot too high; but fancy either of them revealed as a ceiling up to the base of the lantern it bears!

Increase of external height was secured, in western Europe, not by elongating the sphere itself, but by giving the drum more prominence. Brunelleschi, like the Romans and all oriental builders, used a very low drum. Michael Angelo raised his much higher, saying that he wished to "swing Brunelleschi's dome in the air." But Wren, with his doubled cupola in mind, could be far bolder still; and we cannot too greatly admire his design where, though the drum has two stories and one is immensely tall, unity is perfectly preserved and the proportions are so beautiful that the dignity of the dome itself is merely increased by the magnificence of its base. Naturally the drum of the interior dome is not nearly so high, being proportioned to its own altitude. Indeed, the height of the outer drum is almost as great as that of the whole ceiling up to its eye.

In the chapel of the Invalides the eye of the domed ceiling is very wide, and through it we look up at an immense painting which covers the surface of an intermediate dome of flattened shape. At St. Paul's, through a much smaller opening, we look up into the mysterious area of the tall brick cone. The chance to secure effects like these should not be forgotten in weighing the merits of the system of divergent domes, nor the many ways in which such domes permit the builder to lighten his fabric on the one hand, to brace and support it on the other. The lantern on St. Peter's could not be built as large as at first intended, yet the dome has had to be strengthened by iron bands, while the dome of St. Paul's is still as firm and steady as at first. Never in St. Paul's, I may add, do we receive a more tremendous impression



THE DOME, FROM THE RIVER.

than when, standing in the gallery that surrounds the eye, we look downward into the church, upward into the lofty cone.[1]

[1] The dome of the Invalides was designed by the younger Mansard shortly before the year 1700. Its intermediate dome is chiefly a decorative feature, not a constructional one like the cone at St. Paul's. The lantern is borne by the outer dome, and, like this, is of wood.

Far though it falls below the outer dome, Wren's great ceiling is still too high. Its aspect speaks of mystery and grandeur rather than of beauty. Of course it seems even taller than it is because of the smoky air which fills it—thick almost as an actual cloud; and it will seem lighter, more graceful, more beautiful, if it is ever properly decorated. But the outer dome is and always will be Wren's greatest triumph. Can we study such a work as this, look back to its origin in the dome of the Pantheon, and then say that Renaissance art is only a copy of antique art? or, as actually has been said, that it is worse than a copy, being a "corruption"?

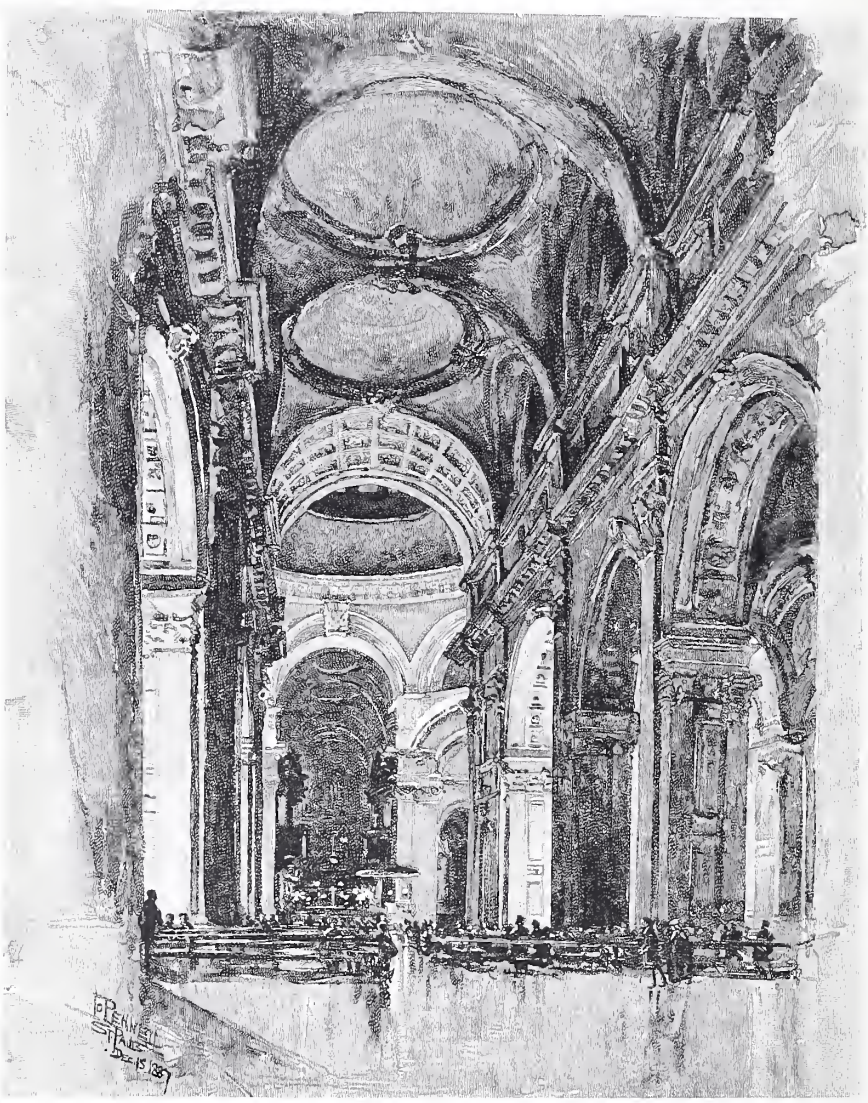
VIII

We are often told that the beauties of St. Paul's are due to Wren, and its faults to his employers. But this is true only in part.

Wren did as well as one could with the plan he was forced to Gothicize, especially excellent being the way in which he arranged the supports of his dome so as to leave, from end to end of the church, a clear vista through all the aisles. He rightly asked for brilliant mosaics in the dome, but was forced to see it painted in dark heavy tones, while all the rest of the interior was left cold and bare. In spite of his actual tears of protest, the Duke of York, intent upon bringing back some day the Catholic form of worship, insisted upon the chapels at the western end, which greatly injure the external effect of the church. And the building commissioners insisted upon the balustrade which crowns the external walls, although Wren showed them that a plain plinth above the entablature formed a sufficient finish, and compared them to ladies who "think nothing well without an edging."

But Wren was himself responsible for the weak way in which the main vaulted ceilings spring from a low attic order, and also for the ugliest features in the whole church—those superimposed arches which, alternating with the great arches that open into the four limbs, help them to support the dome. These features show in the pictures on page 386 and page 387. We are glad to know that after they were built Wren disliked them extremely. But the remedy he proposed does not strike us as quite happy: he suggested that groups of statues be placed in the upper window-like openings and backed with make-believe curtains of plaster! As a whole the interior of St. Paul's lacks unity and repose, while the choice and proportioning of its features do not reveal a very delicate artistic sense, and its scheme of sculptured decoration shows neither the fertility in invention, the

exquisite taste, nor the skilful touch which characterize the contemporary work of France. Even as a compromise between two architectural ideals it might, we feel, have been a little better managed.



THE INTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S, LOOKING FROM THE NAVE INTO THE CHOIR.

The exterior is much more successful, although here again we cannot give unstinted praise. A want of unity between the dome and the church is still apparent, the one standing on the other almost like an independent structure raised on a lofty platform; yet in itself this platform

THE WESTERN AISLE OF TRANSEPT.

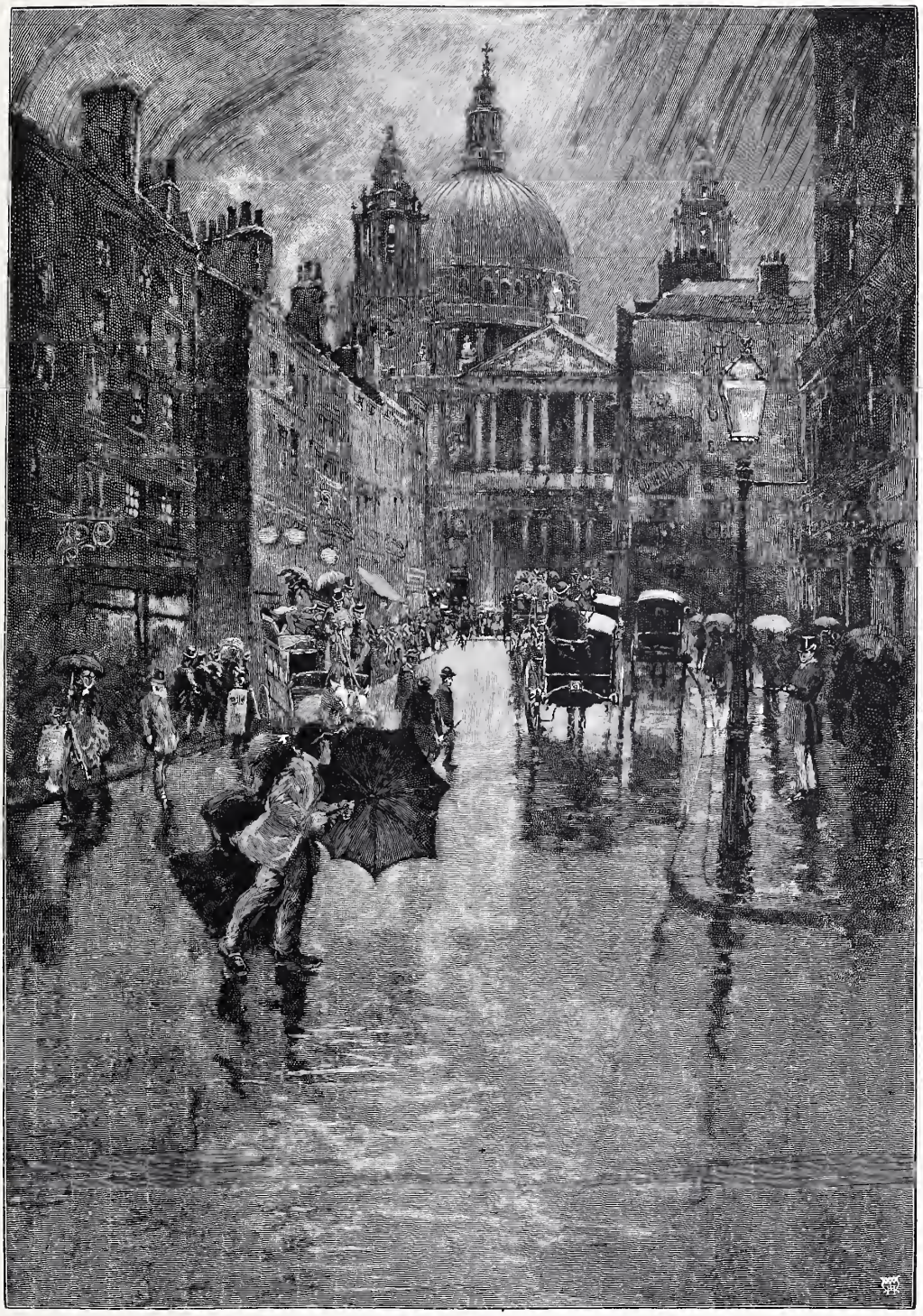
is superb in mass and silhouette. If we examine the construction of the lateral façades, we find a want of truthfulness which may be criticized with much more justice than the bold divergence of the inner and outer domes. The real walls of the exterior end with the entablature over the lower range of pilasters, which defines the altitude of the aisles. Above this point the wall, with its second range of pilasters, is a mere screen, standing free and hiding the true clearstory-wall as well as the flying-buttresses which spring to this from the top of the true aisle-wall. I do not say that the device was a worthy one; but a frank confession of the long low aisles which Wren was forced to build would have injured that effect of monumental unity and simplicity which is the essence of Renaissance as compared with Gothic art, and would have resulted in a mass far less well adapted than the one we see to form a pedestal for the mighty dome. And, after all, if Gothic architects did not build screen-walls, they were not ashamed, in England at least, to hide their flying-buttresses under the roofs of their aisles.

The semicircular porches which finish the transept-ends are not very harmonious features; and, despite its dignity, the western front has patent faults. Wren proved himself a true descendant of English Gothic builders when he misrepresented the breadth of his church by placing the towers outside the line of the lateral walls; and he sinned in another way by making the upper colonnade of his portico shorter than the lower one;—unity of effect is disturbed, and the second story looks heavier than the first, whereas it might well have been lighter.

Yet the merits of this exterior far outweigh its defects, for, although we may object to certain features and arrangements, the church as a whole never fails to impress in the profoundest way both the eye and the imagination. It is a magnificent building, and we cannot always say as much of buildings in which we discover fewer special faults. People who have no eye for the picturesque sometimes complain of its color, or rather of the way in which smoke and soot have altered its color. But, fresh in the first whiteness of its Portland stone, it could hardly have been as imposing as it is to-day, when great streaks and patches of inky black accentuate the pallor of more sheltered portions.

IX

Of course I ought to say more about the character of Renaissance architecture and the way in which it is illustrated by St. Paul's. But how, in a single chapter, could I attempt to do for this great style what,



THE WEST FRONT OF ST. PAUL'S, FROM LUDGATE HILL.

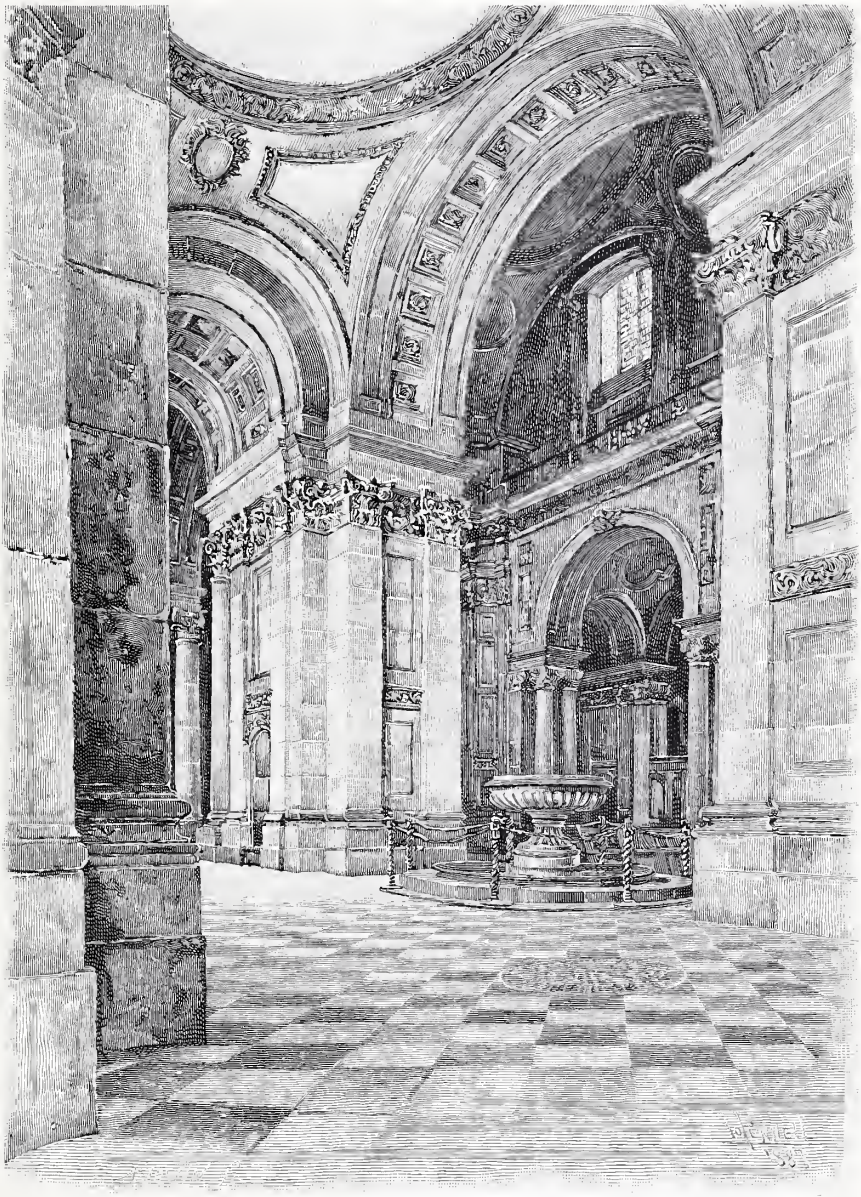
in a dozen chapters, I have found it impossible to do completely for the mediæval styles? And I must make room for one or two historical facts of another sort.

Few churches as large as St. Paul's have been built in so short a time; and I think no architect but Wren has been able to say of such a church that it was all his own. But in some ways Wren paid very high for his long life and noble opportunity. Constantly thwarted in his work, he was also constantly assailed by jealousy and slander; and, at the age of eighty-six, when the fabric of St. Paul's had long been complete but there was still much to do in minor matters, he was dismissed from the office he had held during forty-nine years, to make room for a favorite of King George's. But he must have felt, as we feel, that the disgrace of this act did not rest upon him. He soon retired to Hampton Court, and there, says his grandson, "free from worldly cares, he passed the greater part of the five last following years of his life (he lived to ninety-two) in contemplation and studies, and principally in the consolation of the Holy Scriptures, cheerful in solitude, and well pleased to die in the shade as in the light."

A vast crypt stretches beneath the whole of St. Paul's, and here lie the bodies of most of those whose monuments appear in the church above. Sir Christopher himself lies at the east end of the south aisle. In the place where he ought to have rested, under the centre of his dome, lies Lord Nelson, who ought not to have been buried in St. Paul's at all — if it be true that he cried to fate to give him "Victory or Westminster Abbey." Near Wren sleeps our countryman Benjamin West, with Reynolds, Turner, Lawrence, and other artists of lesser renown; near Nelson sleep Wellington, Collingwood, and other great soldiers and sailors; and of course noted churchmen are not wanting.

The best works of sculpture which St. Paul's can show are the beautiful choir-stalls carved in wood by Grinling Gibbons under the eye of Wren, and the memorial to Wellington, designed by Alfred Stevens, still incomplete, and not in its proper place. But there is one monument a great deal finer than this. I mean Sir Christopher's own, which, as we have often heard, is simply the church itself. The famous inscription which ends, *Lector, si Monumentum requiris, circumspice*, was written by his son and placed on his tomb, but is now repeated over the door of the north transept-arm. A full translation runs: "Beneath is laid the builder of this church and city, Christopher Wren, who lived more than ninety years, not for himself but for the

good of the State. Reader, if thou askest for a monument, look around thee." And I think the epitaph is as fine in its way as the monument.



THE FONT.

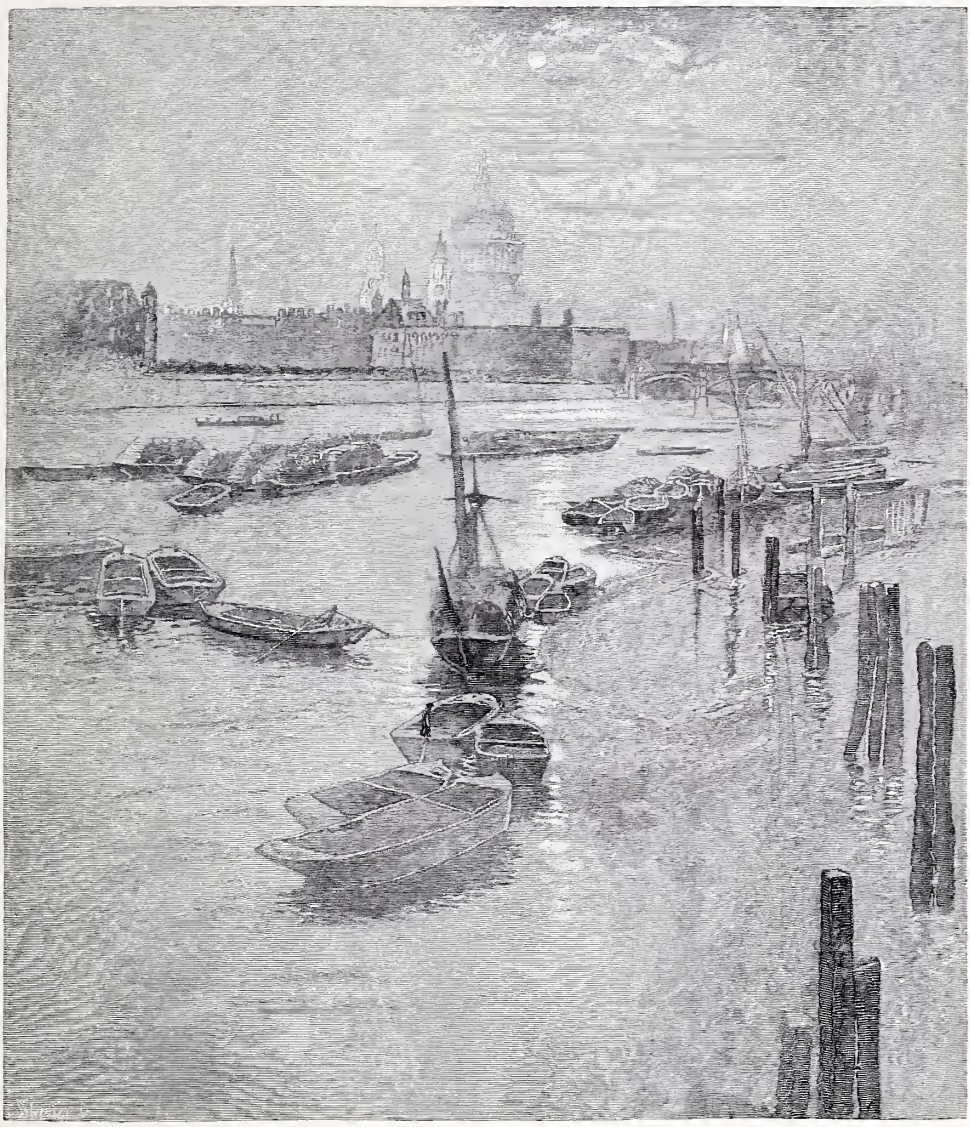
Except for a brief period, when the fiery light of the struggles which introduced and assured the Reformation threw a few figures into heroic relief, the bishops of London have not often been conspicuous

men. Their power as bishops was not commensurate with the power of their town. The metropolis of England in every other sense, London has ranked ecclesiastically with towns as small as Ely and Wells. Pope Gregory intended that it should be the archiepiscopal seat, but St. Augustine decided otherwise, and his arrangement has never been disturbed. To rise as high as he could in the Church, to have the best chance for rising in the State, a bishop of London had to get himself transferred to the tiny city of Canterbury. But Bonner and Ridley, Grindal and Sandys, and John Aylmer, the tutor of Lady Jane Grey, were bishops of London in the sixteenth century, and in the seventeenth Laud and Judson and Compton; and among the deans of the chapter in these troublous times were John Colet, the friend of Erasmus; Richard Pace, the friend of Wolsey; Alexander Nowell, whom Queen Elizabeth rebuked for "papacy" in his cathedral; John Donne, the poet; and William Sancroft, who, after he had helped much toward the rebuilding of St. Paul's, was raised by King Charles to the throne of Canterbury. Among recent names those of Bishop Tait, afterward archbishop too, and of Dean Milman and Dean Church, are the ones which the world will remember longest.

X

Seeing the dome of St. Paul's afar off or close at hand, lighted by the faint city sunshine, wrapped in banks of mist like a mountain's shoulder, or outlined against a midnight heaven, who can deny that, despite all the beauty of Gothic spires and towers, a dome is the noblest crown that a great aggregate of human homes can carry? In the measureless panorama of London, what are the towers of Westminster, what would be the spire of Salisbury, compared with its titanic bulk, so majestically eternal in expression, yet so buoyant, so airy, that when the clouds float past it we can fancy that it soars and settles like a living thing?

The dome of St. Paul's rising above a town like Salisbury would indeed be out of place. But it is not in such towns that the world now puts its noblest buildings. More than at any time since the imperial days of Rome men are now dwellers in cities, and cities grow to enormous size. The dome which the Romans bequeathed us, and the form of art which its use first developed, now better express our needs and tastes, and better meet our executive artistic powers, than the Gothic spire and the art it typifies. Mediævalism has passed out of life; is it



ST. PAUL'S, FROM WATERLOO BRIDGE—A FOGGY MORNING.

not an anachronism to attempt its perpetuation in art? Our true sympathies lie where lay those of Brunelleschi, Michael Angelo, and Christopher Wren. We teach our children from the books of the Greeks and Romans, not of the schoolmen, and teach them intellectual freedom, not subservience to king or priest or rigid mystic creed. We should be glad enough to sit at dinner with Pericles or Cicero, with Wren or Brunelleschi; should we like the food, the table, the manners or the talk of a thirteenth-century bishop? Could he ever grow to be

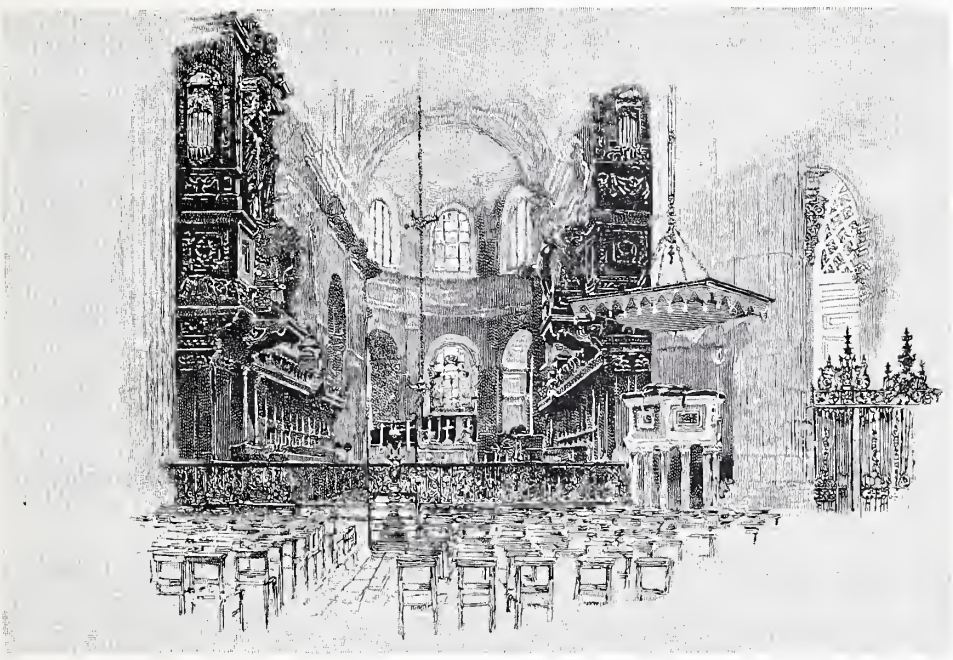
one of ourselves, as Cicero and Brunelleschi might, did they come back to try? Of course we admire the churches he built, and not at all in the same way that we admire the temples of Rameses or the mosques of the Arabs, for his blood is in our veins and the history he helped to make is ours. But lineage and material history are not the only things which control artistic development.

A whole school of modern English architects, trying to vitalize their art, have wished it to be "national" and have interpreted this term as meaning mediæval. But no great architectural manner is English in the sense that Renaissance architecture is Italian. Gothic architecture was really born in France. Yet Salisbury and York are really English churches; and so is St. Paul's, although inspired by foreign example. If we say it is not, we merely imply that the English of the seventeenth century were less truly English than those of the thirteenth; for it was built in the manner which had become their natural national manner. The wind that sways and fertilizes the mind blows whence it listeth, infusing new qualities into the purest strain of blood; and it is these qualities—mental qualities—which express themselves in art. Not unless modern Englishmen themselves become mediævalized can they hope again to build really noble Gothic structures.

"But," some one is sure to object, "Renaissance art is pagan. Although we may use it for our secular buildings, we want Romanesque or Gothic for our churches." "No," another is sure to protest, "Renaissance art is papistical. Rome may use it, Protestantism should not." Each of these objections contradicts the other, and neither has the least excuse in fact. The "Grecian temple style," which for a time flourished in England and was fostered in this country by Thomas Jefferson, may be charged with paganism; but not the true Renaissance styles which Christian architects, in truly creative times, developed out of the elements of antique art. And this development took place just as the power of Rome was breaking. Renaissance art is really the art of Protestantism. It is the expression of that spirit which, amid other emancipations, wrought freedom in religious faith. St. Peter's and the countless Renaissance churches which Catholic hands have since erected simply prove that even Rome herself could not escape the influence of the great movement which produced the Reformation.

It seems impossible to-day to start quite fresh in any intellectual path. It certainly is impossible to hark back to a path, however sacred, noble, and attractive, from which, four centuries ago, our ancestors

naturally and inevitably diverged. To build truthfully, spontaneously, modern men must build in the fashion that was evolved when the modern world was born. Frenchmen have remembered this truth, and it shows in the difference between modern Paris and London or New-York. We may admire the forms of Gothic art more than any others, but with them no progressive nation can make a garment to cover all the needs of the twentieth century. With the forms of Renaissance art such a garment can be made; and it is doubly important for us in America to realize these facts. Reflecting that we have a fresh soil, a peculiar climate, new material needs and resources, an inventive turn of mind, an ambitious temper, and a heritage of mingled blood, we feel that we may some day arrive at a new phase of architecture, distinctively our own. But this can happen, in some distant to-morrow, only if we meet as well as we possibly can the practical necessities of to-day.



THE CHOIR, LOOKING EAST.

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