

The student of man held his smiling companion's gaze with his own, thrust one hand into his bosom, and lifted the digit of the other: "The eyes are called the windows of the soul.—

" 'And looks commercing with the skies,  
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes—'

"Have you tried to look into his eyes? You can't do it. He won't let you. He's got something in there that he does n't want you to see."

In the middle of the afternoon, when Achille's skiff was already reëntering the shades of the swamp on his way homeward, and his two landed passengers stood on the levee at the head of Harvey's Canal with the Mississippi rolling by their feet and on its far-

ther side the masts and spires of the city, lighted by the western sun, swinging round the long bend of her yellow harbor, Mr. Tarbox offered his hand to say good-bye. The surveyor playfully held it.

"I mean no disparagement to your present calling," he said, "but the next time we meet I hope you'll be a contractor."

"Ah!" responded Tarbox, "it's not my nature. I cannot contract; I must always expand. And yet—I thank you."

" 'Pure thoughts are angel visitors. Be such  
The frequent inmates of thy guileless breast.'"

"Good luck! Good-bye!"

One took the ferry; the other, the west-bound train at Gretna.

*George W. Cable.*

(To be continued.)

## DURHAM CATHEDRAL.



SEAL OF THE SEE OF DURHAM.

FROM the east we turn now to the north-east of England. Here again we find a great Norman church, but one which differs widely from the three Norman sister-churches at Ely, Peterborough, and Norwich.

Among all the cathedrals of England, Durham is perhaps the most imposing, and its situation is magnificent past rivalry. We have seen that Ely stands well; but Durham stands well in an opposite sense. At Ely nature seems to have suppressed herself that there might be no scale by which the immeasurable dignity of man's work could be computed. At Durham she seems to have built a great work of her own just that man's work might complete and crown it; not a pinnacled hill, but a broad promontory with a level summit—a lordly pedestal where sits the lordly group of structures as kings sit upon thrones the single end of whose splendor is to enhance and show their own. Lincoln's site is as grand as Durham's, but Lincoln's only; and at Lincoln beauty does not aid and soften grandeur as it does at Durham.

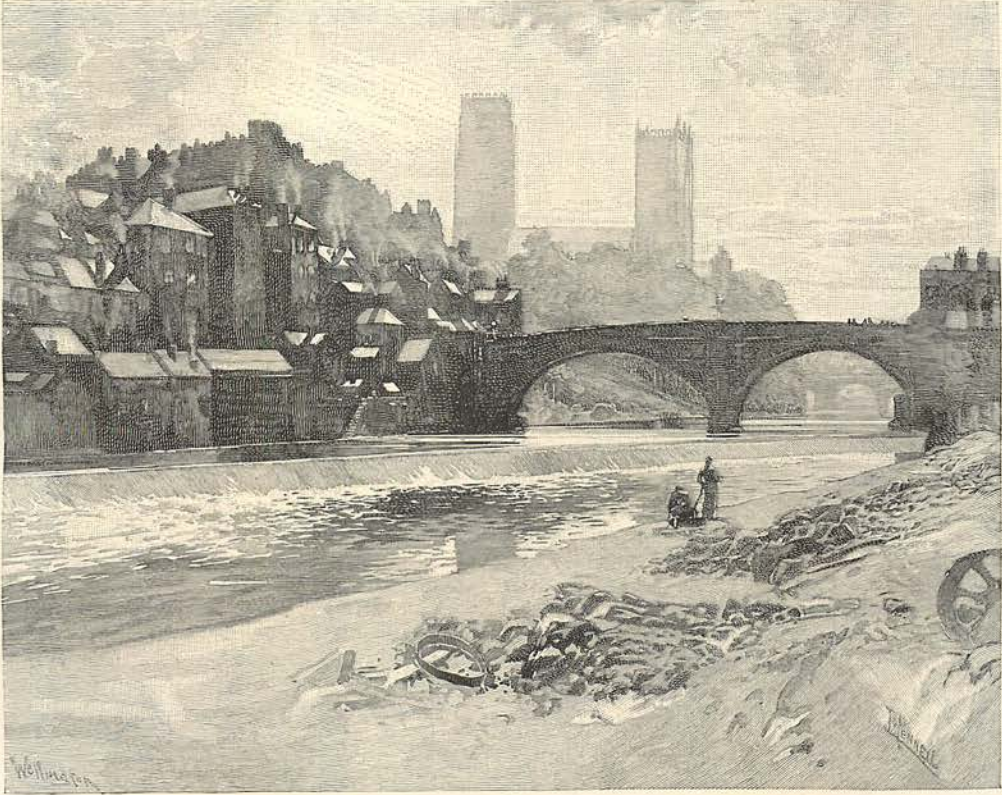
I.

THE history of the choosing of this site takes us very far back in time.

I have spoken of that early church which had christianized a great part of the British Islands under Roman rule. I have said that with the gradual progress of the English conquest in the fifth and sixth centuries it was swept out of sight and almost out of memory in the south and center of England; but that in the far west it lingered on, and that when the good seed from Rome had begun to bear fruit among the heathen English, it too awoke to missionary effort and played its part in the re-christianizing of the realm. Ireland was the chief nurse of this ancient faith during its long languor. 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 in British-Roman days. So far as we know, the gospel won its first conspicuous body of adherents when it was preached by Paulinus, one of the missionaries of Rome who came from Kent early in the seventh century with the daughter of Ethelbert when she married King Edwin of Northumbria. Nor was this evangelization final. In 633 Edwin was slain by Penda and Cadwalla, heathens of vigorous arm; Paulinus was obliged to flee, and the district was left again





DURHAM CATHEDRAL FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

to paganism. But when Oswald conquered it 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 his people. Among those who answered his call was Aidan, whom he made the first bishop of the new diocese he established — the diocese which is now of Durham, but was then called of Bernicia and had its first seat at Lindisfarne.

From Scotland too a little later came the great patron saint of Durham — Cuthbert. An evangelist who preached far and wide in a savage and desolate country, a hermit who lived for nine years in a rude cell on the island of Farne, and then in his turn became bishop of Bernicia, Cuthbert shares with Oswald and Aidan the honor of the final christianizing of the great north-eastern land. Thus we see it owes its faith of to-day not to St. Augustine's mission, but to the old pre-English establishment.

Cuthbert, Oswald, and Aidan were all canonized by Rome; and in their case at least the halo was worthily given, for Oswald was a kingly and a truly Christian king, and Aidan and Cuthbert were saints of the true saintly pattern. 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 battle-field. But they afterwards came into ecclesiastical keeping, and the head was buried in Cuthbert's coffin.\*

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 then made known his

\* One of the "incorruptible arms" we have already heard of at Peterborough.



wish to be sepultured where the cathedral now stands. The first church constructed here was of wood. But at the end of four years it had already been replaced by one of stone, which stood until after the Conquest, and the stones of which, 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 showed wonderful posthumous sagacity 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, though faintly, 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 but an alien growth from an old 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 a 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 promontory and clasped on three sides by a horse-shoe curve of the stream. Where the cliff is steepest towards the west rises the front of the cathedral, close above the thick clambering trees. To the south its long side overlooks the monastic buildings and the shady gardens which touch the Wear. 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 which we sometimes find paralleled on the Continent but nowhere 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 man has worked from nature's bold and fine 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 Cas-

tle 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.

## III.

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 1093, and in the four short years that remained to him Carilef seems to have completed the choir, the eastward wall of the transepts, 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 nearly completed the transepts, 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.

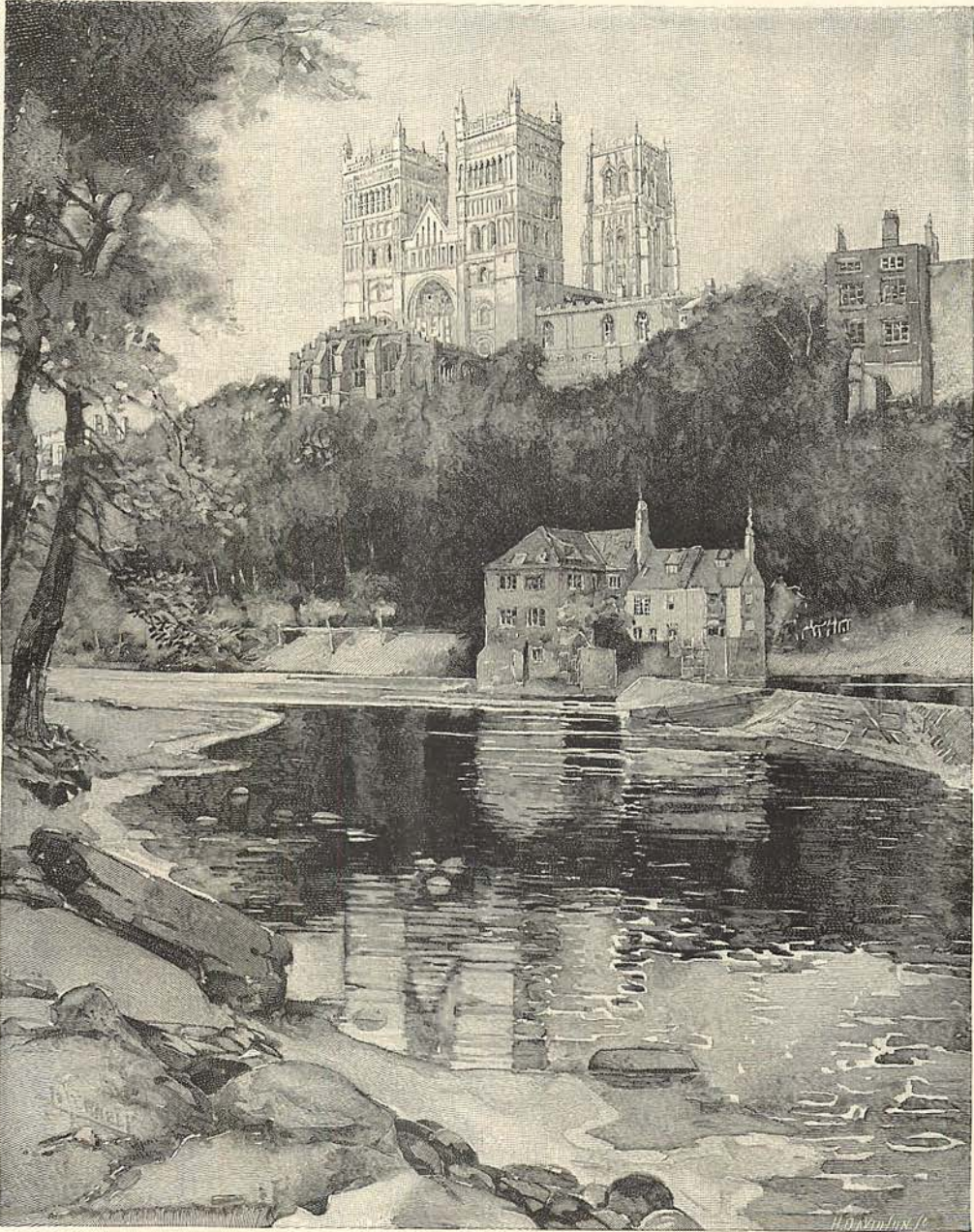
The windows throughout the church have been enlarged from time to time. The east end of the choir was conspicuously changed in the thirteenth century, and the vaulting of its central alley was renewed. In the fifteenth century the central tower was injured by lightning, and its upper portions had to be rebuilt. But with these exceptions the whole vast Norman body remains as first constructed. The Puritans dealt gently with it too—almost all the damage wrought by the passage of eight centuries stands accredited to the "restorations" of the last hundred years.

## IV.

APPROACHING the church across the Castle Green, we enter by what has been the chief doorway since the thirteenth century—a doorway towards the western end of the north aisle. Thence 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 seen in the eastern districts—the main arcade is much higher and the triforium arcade relatively lower. Instead of a





THE WEST FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL, WITH THE CASTLE TO THE LEFT.

succession of rectangular piers with attached semi-shafts, such piers alternate with immense cylindrical ones, not shafted or molded, but merely decorated with deep incised lines forming various patterns — spirals, flutings, and reticulations. From end to end the design is the same: Flambard did but carry on the scheme of St. Carilef with minor constructive improvements and a richer amount of detail.

Circular piers occur not seldom in the Romanesque work of every land; but they were nowhere so grandly used as in England, and nowhere in England so grandly and so beautifully as in this north-eastern district. Nowhere else was the rest of the scheme so well designed with regard to them; nowhere else were their own proportions so fine, or were they decorated by these strong incised patterns. Dur-



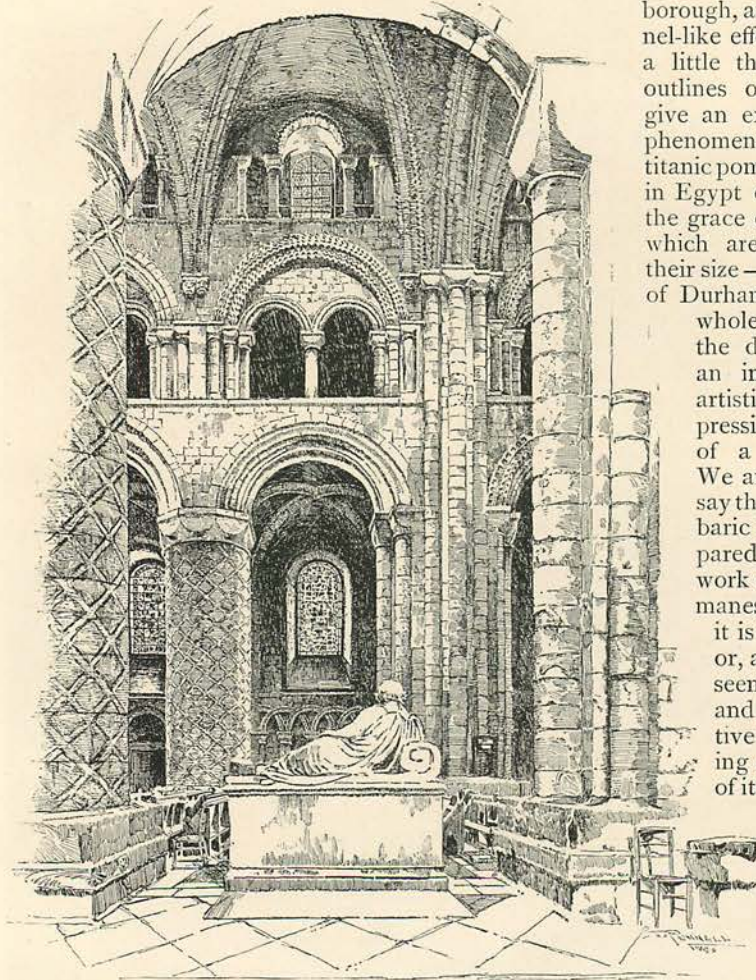
ham itself is the supreme example of their possibilities of power and splendor.

A circular pier like one of these is not a column. Its body is far too sturdy to be called a shaft, and is built up, moreover, of a multitude of small stones; and its capital is of such relative insignificance as hardly to deserve the name. A round pier, in fact, is but a circular mass of walling, and its capital is little more

that the peculiar decoration he applied to it was a survival of old-English fashions.

The thing that is very sure indeed is that by its aid Carilef and Flambard succeeded in making their interior the most imposing, the most magnificent, of its time. The greater height of the main arcade, which involves, of course, a greater height in the aisles beyond, gives a much nobler air of space and size and vigor than is seen at Ely or at Peterborough, and takes away that tunnel-like effect which distresses one a little there. The contrasting outlines of the alternated piers give an extraordinary majesty, a phenomenal force and dignity, a titanic pomp which can be matched in Egypt only. 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 gives perhaps less than the design of Peterborough an impression of complete artistic development, an impression as of the final word of a long-developing style. We are somewhat tempted to say that Durham is almost barbaric in its grandeur as compared either with Egyptian work or with much other Romanesque work. But in reality it is not barbaric. If its vigor, audacity, and immensity seem to speak of the likings and darings of some primitive race, its fine proportioning and the reticent dignity of its decorations speak very clearly of cultivated, practiced builders, clever of hand and sensitive of eye. It is so splendid, so triumphantly impressive, solemn, awful, and yet beautiful, that when possessed by



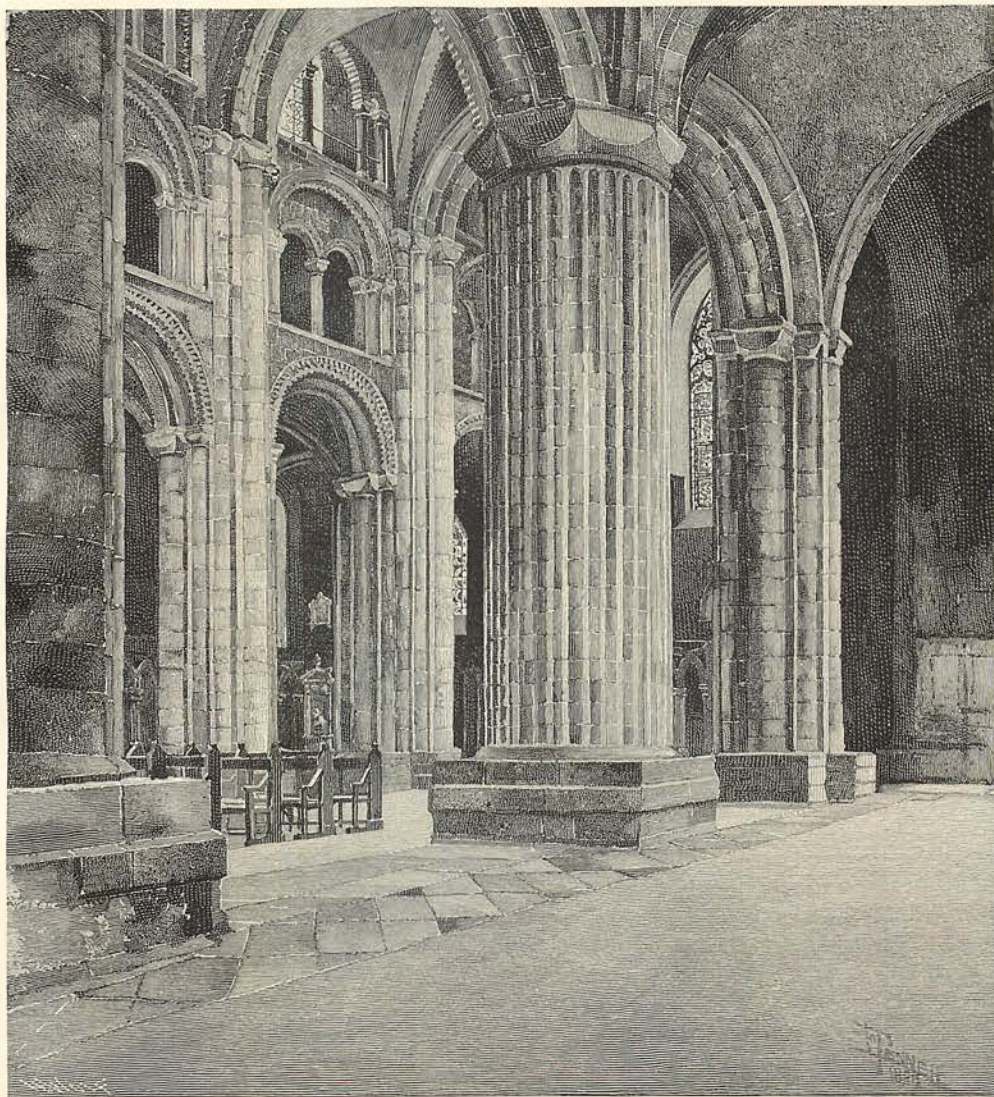
FLAMBARD'S WORK IN THE NAVE.

than a cornice or impost curved around it. Such a pier, if perfectly plain, is more satisfactory to the eye than a perfectly plain rectangular pier; and it is much easier to design and build than a shafted rectangular pier. Some have thought, therefore, that it may have been the primitive English device here in the barbarous north — that Carilef may have got his idea for it from those old-English churches which he and his fellow-countrymen so utterly swept away. It is much more certain, however,

the spell of its presence we feel as though it had no peer in all the world.

In one way it is not only grander but more perfect, more complete, than any other Anglo-Norman church. All its parts are vaulted. The choir-vault was renewed in the thirteenth century. But the nave-vault is still the same that was built in late-Norman days; and though its main ribs are pointed, it has a thoroughly Norman look, owing to the massive simplicity of its design and the bold zigzags





THE WEST END OF THE NAVE FROM THE SOUTH AISLE.

which enrich its ribs. Of course such a vault is not only finer in itself than a flat ceiling but makes the whole effect far finer, giving added height and greater unity as well as an infinitely nobler look of strength. An impression of "rocky solidity and indeterminate duration" is what Dr. Johnson said he received at Durham when starting on his Scottish tour; but all his most sesquipedalian adjectives could not have translated the impression it really produces.

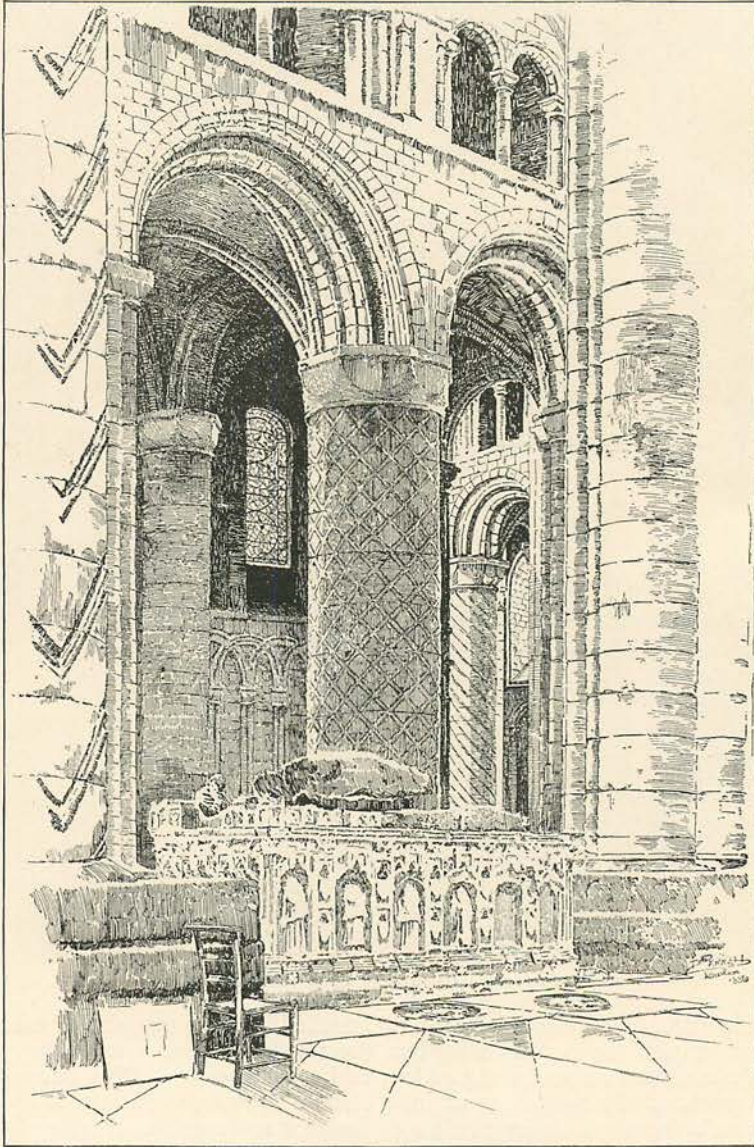
It is worth noting, too, that its effect must always have been pretty much what it is today. So few remains of paint have been found upon Durham's walls that it seems improbable that any general scheme of chromatic decoration was ever applied to them. Nor is the eye

impelled, as in so many other cases, to clothe them with imagined hues. Color could hardly add to the beauty of this interior where the stone is so softly warm in tone and where the design is so complete, in spite of its boldness and simplicity, that nakedness is the last word which could come to mind. It is wonderful to see what extraordinary decorative emphasis is given by so simple a device as the incising of the circular piers — what an accent of richness and vivacity it brings to the seriousness of the immense design. It has been thought that the lines may once have been filled with metal or with colored pastes; but no traces of a filling have been found. The incisions are far deeper than a preparation for



it would have dictated; and, again, the eye does not imagine it desirable. No colored lines, however brilliant, could be so effective as the absolute black lines of shadow which are now contrasted with the gradually shading,

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



ACROSS THE NAVE AND THE TRANSEPT.

pale-yellow tones of the rounded surfaces. *The minimum of means with the maximum of effect* is always a sentence of praise, and I have rarely seen it quite so well deserved as by these decorations at Durham.

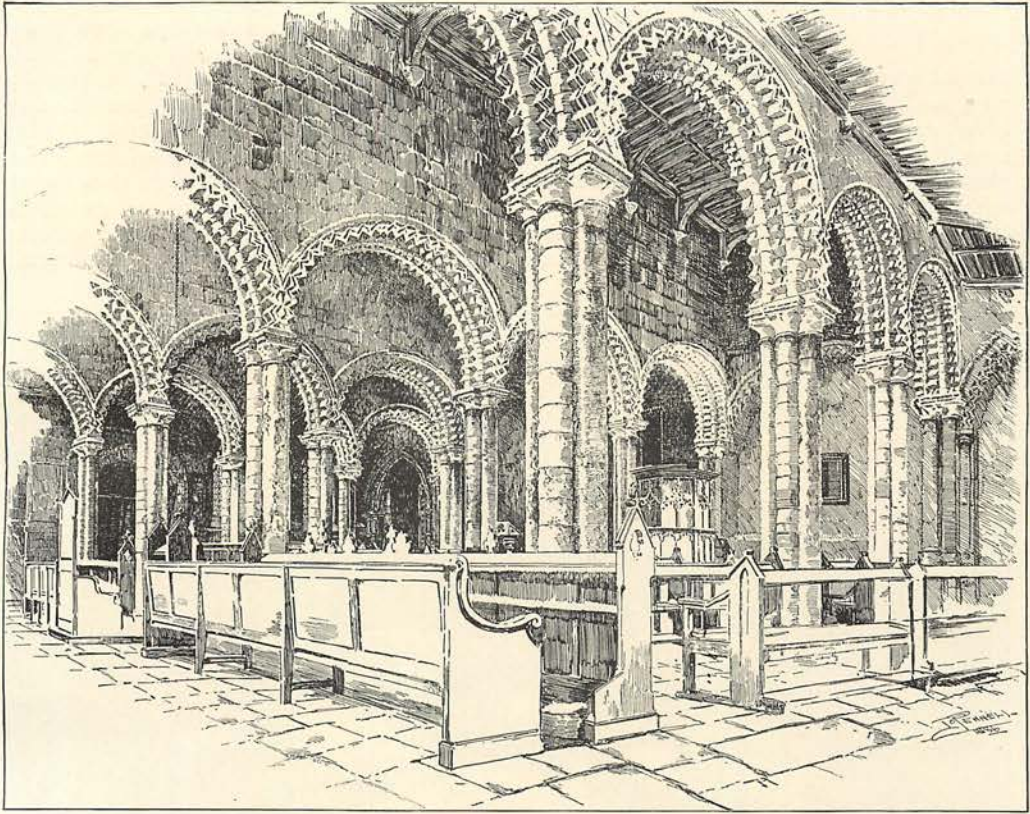
V.

THE western doors were originally the main entrances to the church, opening from the flat

the steep slope to the Wear, by a large and lovely Galilee-chapel of a single story in height.

Galilees — narthexes, "Galilees of the Gentiles," sacred spots only less sacred than the church itself — are of frequent occurrence; but usually they are mere porches or vestibules, like the one before the west door of Ely. Durham's Galilee, however, is not a porch, for it has no entrance save from the church





THE GALILEE-CHAPEL.

itself; and it is a Lady-Chapel as well as a narthex. The reason for its peculiar composite character is to be found in the single fault which tradition fastens upon Cuthbert. He had a very pronounced hatred or contempt for women,—or may we not give gentler explanation to the foible of so gentle a saint and think that he had a very godly fear of them for which he felt some good human excuse deep down within his holy bosom? Centuries after his death his susceptibilities were guarded by the builders of Durham. Far away from his shrine, near the west end of the nave, they worked a white line across the pavement and with almost Mohammedan scorn forbade a feminine foot to cross it. When at last men threatened to forget his jealousy, the saint himself remonstrated. Bishop Pudsey tried first to build the Blessed Virgin's chapel in the usual place (eastward of the choir); but the foundations refused to bear their load, and this was, of course, "a manifest sign" that the work "was not acceptable to God and to his servant Cuthbert." So he piously began again westward of the nave where, as the foundations rested upon the rock itself, no supernatural mandate checked him; and, seeming to have

thought the ewes of his flock harshly treated, he made his chapel a Galilee as well, "into which women might lawfully enter." Why, indeed, should he not have been more sympathetically minded than St. Cuthbert?—since the first body which claimed interment within his walls was that of his own illegitimate son, another Hugh de Puiset who had been Chancellor to Louis VII. of France.

But the most famous tomb in this chapel is that of the Venerable Bede. Few saints or sinners so far away in time as Bede are of so vital an interest and value to modern men; and with regard to few have we such good reason to believe that their bones really rest in their reputed sepulcher. Bede was a monk at Jarrow, and his bones reposed there from the eighth to the early eleventh century, when they were most piously stolen by the sacrist of Durham and placed in Cuthbert's hospitable coffin. Pudsey built for them a separate and splendid shrine which, two hundred years later, was removed into his chapel. The Reformers destroyed it, but reburied the bones beneath a square plain tomb; and here they were found, upon examination, in the year 1830. Not until this time was cut the epitaph we now may read:

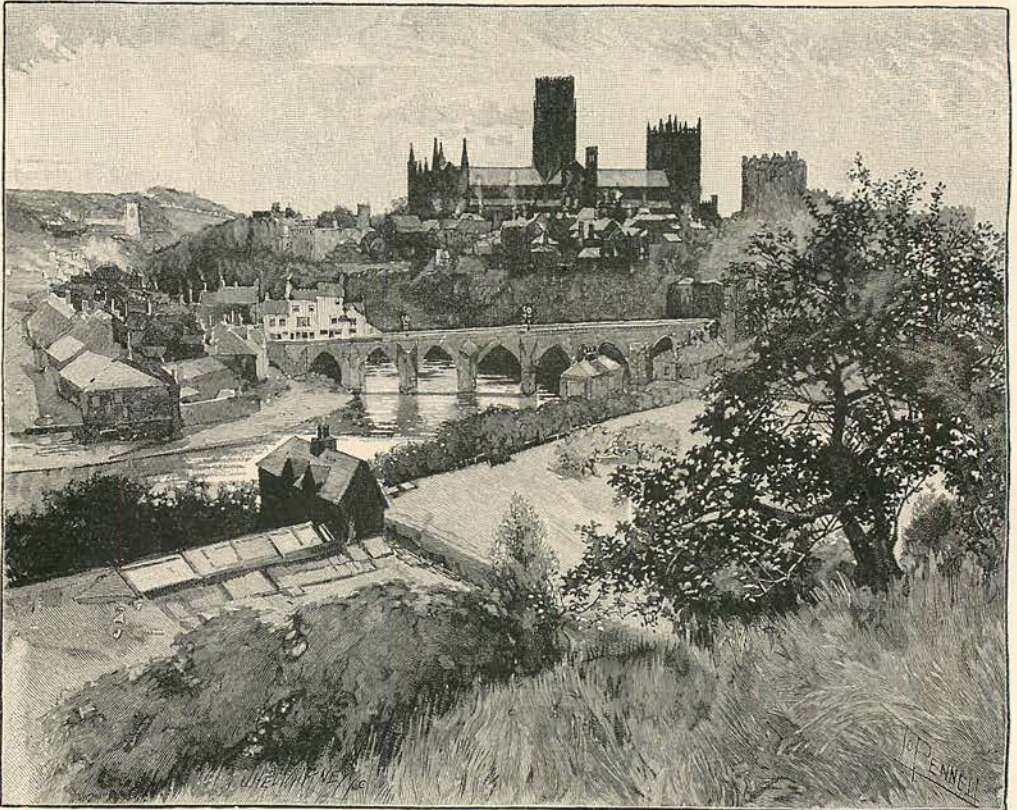


"HAC SUNT IN FOSSÆ BEDÆ VENERABILIS  
OSSA."

But its words are of high traditional antiquity, and, of course, not of a mere man's inditing. When the early sculptor paused to search for a fitting adjective, an angel supplied the one which is now invariably coupled with the historian's name.

It is a singular and very beautiful chapel beneath which he sleeps. Built in the Transi-

most Saracenic." To-day it is not so light and delicate as when the eye could pass between the coupled shafts, for in later years two other shafts, not of dark marble, like the old ones, but of stone, were added to each group, forming a solid, molded pier. Originally, too, the chapel had lower side walls and much smaller windows than we see to-day. No west window gives an unobstructed outward view; but by effort we may get a partial glimpse of the splendid panorama



THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE NORTH.

tional period, it has round-arched arcades which divide it into five aisles of almost equal height. The arches are elaborately molded and carved with many rows of zigzags, and they rested at first upon coupled columns of dark marble, the bases and capitals of which were joined, but not the shafts. So tall and slender are the forms, so fragile and airy-looking, so graceful and charming, that despite the round arches and the zigzags, their effect is not truly Romanesque. Nor is it truly Gothic. It is an effect nowhere exactly matched in English or any Northern work — an effect which by a scarcely strained comparison more than one writer has called “al-

that stretched out before the doorways of the church ere this chapel was constructed.

For the sake of this panorama the chapel came very nigh to perishing a hundred years ago. The thrice-notorious “restorer,” Wyatt, proposed to pull it down and run a driveway round the cliff, and the Dean had no thought of objecting until the Society of Antiquaries interfered.

#### VI.

THE next addition to the church was that great construction which is called the Eastern Transept, or the Chapel of the Nine Altars. Begun in the Early-English period, and fin-



ished in the Decorated, its design is among the most beautiful results of the earlier style, and its details are among the loveliest both of the earlier and the later. It was to connect this chapel with the church that the eastern end of the choir was pulled down. In place of the original apse and the aisle-ends, three huge arches now open out, giving a full view of the newer building.

Its floor lies lower than the floor of the aisles, which itself is lower than that of the choir proper. Its width is greater than the whole width of the church, and its height as great as that of the choir-ceiling. No rows of columns break this vast and soaring space, and the simply designed but delicately enriched vault sweeps overhead in magnificent wide 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; and in all the bays are tall lancet windows. Three stand together in the wide bay which forms the center of the east wall. Above these is a great rose-window, ninety feet in circumference, and above all the others are large clere-story lights. The north side is filled instead with a single great Decorated window with admirable geometric tracery.

To the west, towards the church, the central archway rises to the ceiling, and is blocked below by the choir-floor, which projects as a high square platform. Upon this platform, within the choir but visible from the chapel, stood St. Cuthbert's shrine. Beneath the aisle-arches are the steps by which we enter from the church. Above them are triforium-arcades and clere-story windows looking out over the aisle-roofs, and beyond them again are tall lancet windows in double ranges.

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. Beneath the arcade against the eastern wall stood the nine altars from which the chapel took its name, some dedicated to a single saint and some to two together.

It would be hopeless to try to paint the beauty of this chapel where the simplicity of the design was so exquisitely enriched, 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 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 Pointed 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 it were hard to say, 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 more than possible that this Richard Farnham may have been 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 fortuitously emerged from that medieval limbo which is filled by so many great artists' nameless shades.

## VII.

DURHAM'S site is something more than the grandest and most beautiful in England. The picture made by rocky pedestal and rock-like church and castle is uniquely interesting not only as a painter's subject but as an historical illustration too; for it clearly expresses a combination of temporal with spiritual might and dignity which was unique in the kingdom of England.

In Norman days the bishops of Durham were made palatine-princes as well—were allowed to rule over a wide surrounding district with almost autocratic powers and privileges. Thenceforward for 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 when treason itself was in question. The bishops of Ely were the only other prelates in England to whom

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

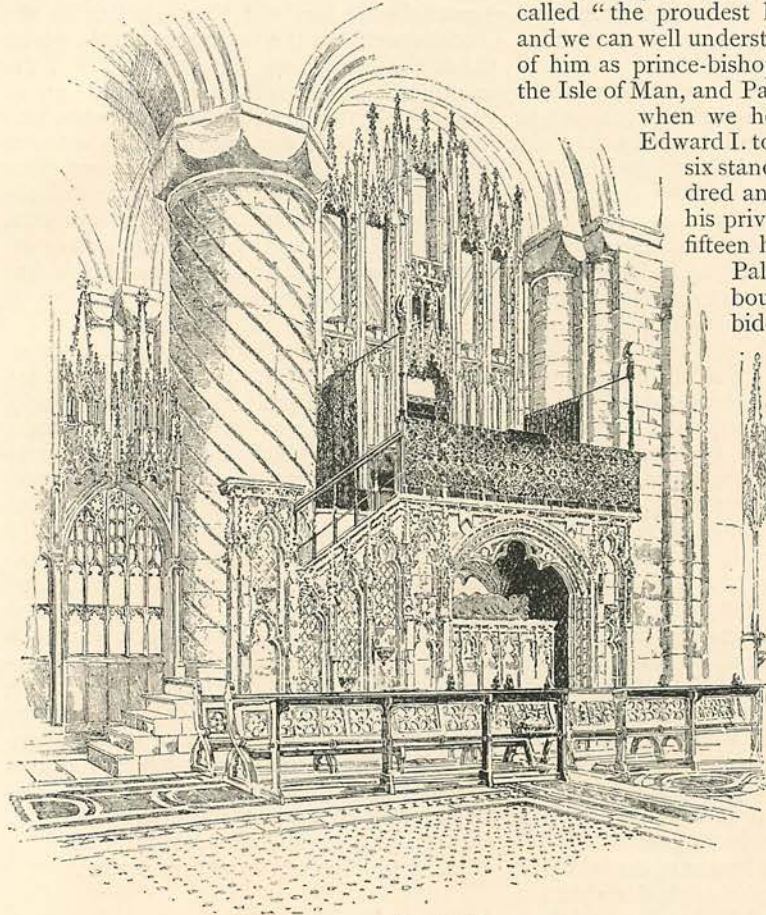
Palatinate who were also bound to do his personal bidding, and when we

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. 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 potent 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,



THE BISHOP'S THRONE.

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 center 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, as were so many of the bishops of Ely; but more often they remained



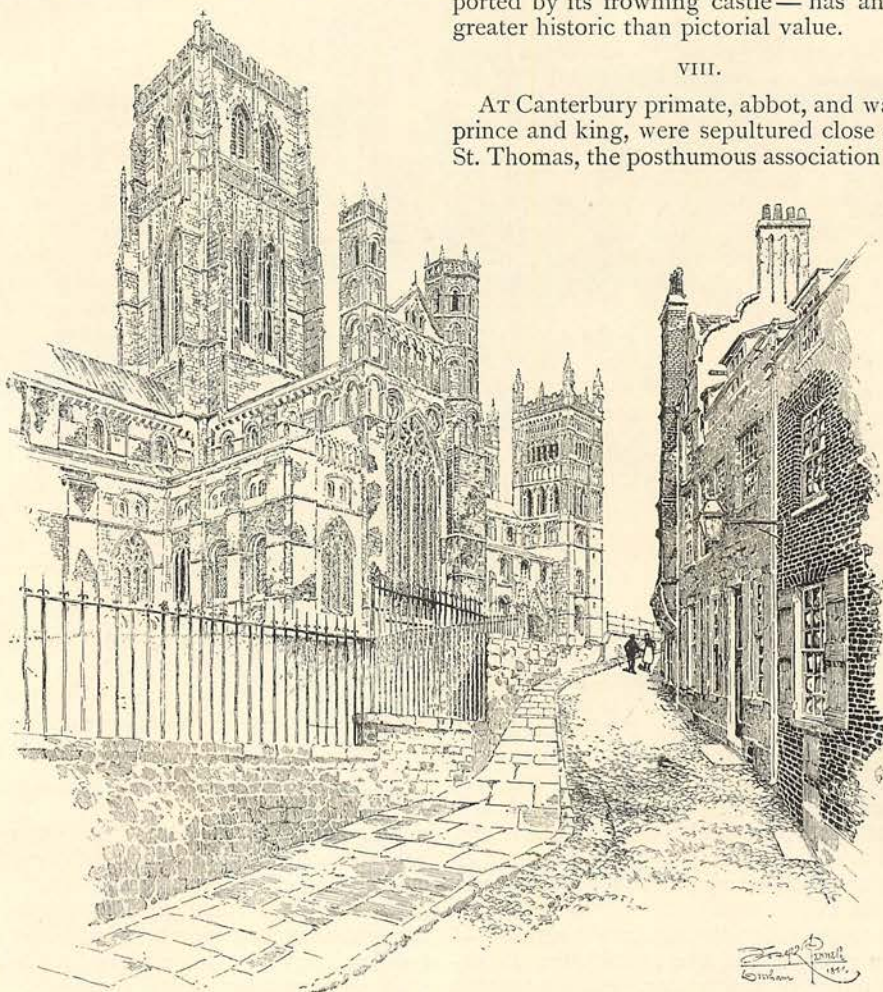
for the monks of Durham seem to have been almost as turbulent as the people of the Border; or else the bishops ruled them with a hand made heavy by long wielding of temporal weapons. Feuds within the convent were constantly occurring, and long and bitter disputes about the episcopal succession; and more 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

not in close actual connection with its own, but as the veritable as well as the spiritual home of mighty rulers, as itself a mighty stronghold and the center of local military life. Truly the records of these English sees are as diverse among themselves as each is in itself 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 it played in history we must look abroad—to the great episcopal fortress-towns of France or to the great electoral bishoprics of Germany. Thus, I repeat, its marvelously beautiful position—set on its truculent rock and supported by its frowning castle—has an even greater historic than pictorial value.

## VIII.

AT Canterbury primate, abbot, and warrior, prince and king, were sepultured close about St. Thomas, the posthumous association being



THE NORTH SIDE OF THE CATHEDRAL FROM DUN COW LANE.

who interweaves its grandeur with the tale of Marmion. 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

thought to honor and to profit them and in no way to dishonor or displease the martyr. It was thus at Westminster around the shrine of Edward the Confessor, and in almost all medieval churches in all countries. But it was

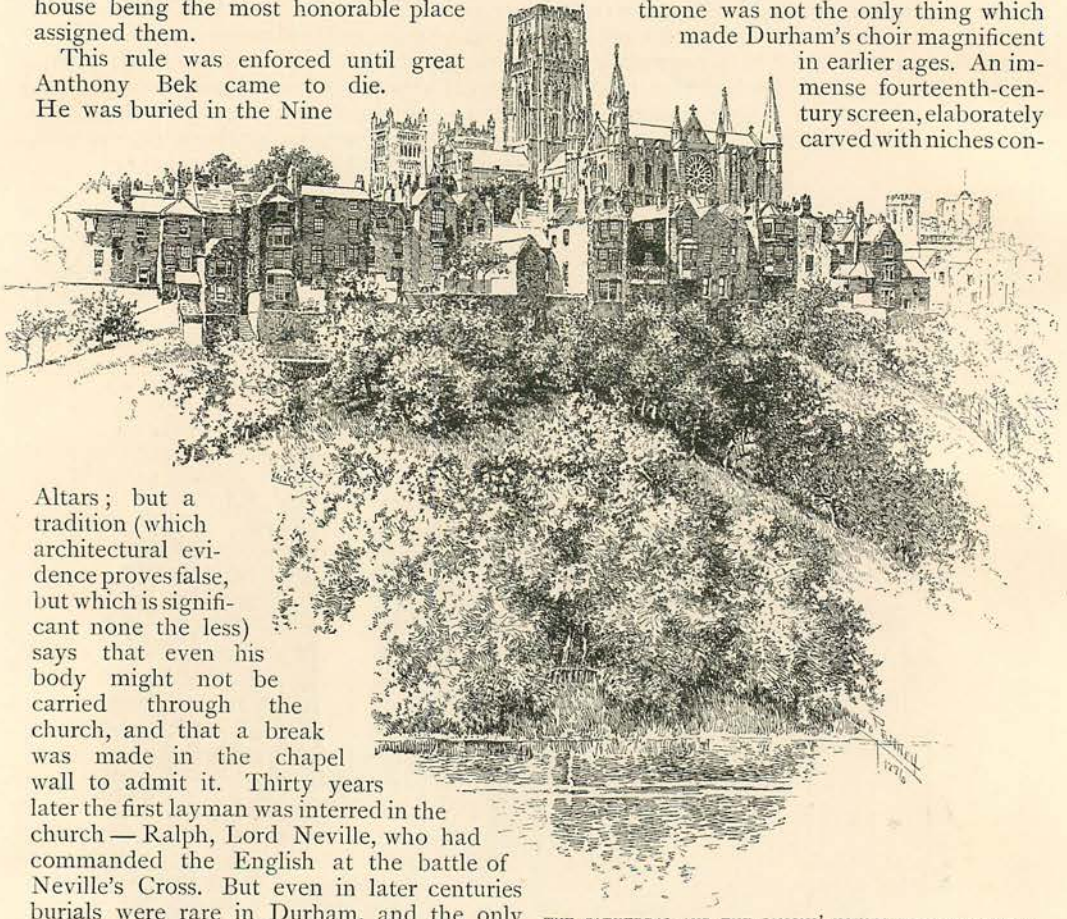


very different at Durham. Never was a dead saint so "exclusive" as St. Cuthbert. Not only all feet of living women but all bones of departed men were strictly forbidden to approach his thrice-holy shrine or even to rest beneath the wide-stretching roof which covered it. Naturally no king or prince sought burial at Durham; and local dignitaries, even though as potent 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

pressing the paramount temporal power of Durham's incumbents. This is 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 in 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 made Durham's choir magnificent in earlier ages. An immense fourteenth-century screen, elaborately carved with niches con-



THE CATHEDRAL AND THE CANONS' HOUSES FROM THE WEAR.

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 later 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. It was built by 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 this, 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 is wholly appropriate as ex-

taining 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 greatest 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 our own. Everything has gradually been swept out of the choir except the throne, which has lost its color and gilding; the altar-screen, which now lacks its hundred figures; and the stalls, which were sadly cut and altered some forty years ago. At this time too a splendid Renaissance choir-screen (built by Bishop Cosin, in 1660, to replace the ruined ancient one of stone) was ruthlessly destroyed. Its superb carvings of black oak seemed to modern purists out of keeping with a medieval 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.

## IX.

BUT the supreme ornament of Durham's choir was St. Cuthbert's shrine.

This stood, as has been said, back of the high altar on a floor raised above the pavement 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 altar-screen 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 too.

In 1827 the tomb was again opened, and in the presence of more scientific observers. In it was found the coffin which had been made by Henry's officers in 1542; within this, the successive fragments of two other coffins, evidently by their decorations those of the second interment at Durham in Flambard's time (1104), and of the original interment at Lindisfarne in 698; and then a skeleton wrapped in the rags of once-rich robes, and a second skull. The bones were reverentially replaced, but the various 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



A DOOR-KNOCKER.

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 doubt that here again, as by the tomb of Bede, such sentiment as he may have to spend will not 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.

## X.

THE west front of Durham is one of the very finest in England. Its rich yet simple Norman and Transitional features are enliv-





DURHAM FROM THE RAILROAD STATION.

ened but not disturbed by the great middle window that was inserted in the Decorated period; and the projecting Galilee seems not at all out of place, as the nearness and the steepness of the cliff hardly lead one to expect that here the main entrance will 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 been born. 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 moldings and window-jambes so shallow that the old accent of massiveness and force is hopelessly impaired.

No one but an Englishman, and no Eng-

lishman 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 outline, 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 their 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 it is surely upon Durham's. If ever a house of God could lawfully assume a semi-military, half-forbidding, wholly stern and uncompromising air, this was surely the one.

Yet it was the shrine of the peaceful Cuthbert as well as the seat of the warlike Bek, and it played a rôle of gentle ecclesiastical ministrance as well as of stern ecclesiastical control in its far-off greatest years. Many a blood-stained foot has fled wildly towards it over this broad Castle Green, and many an inno-



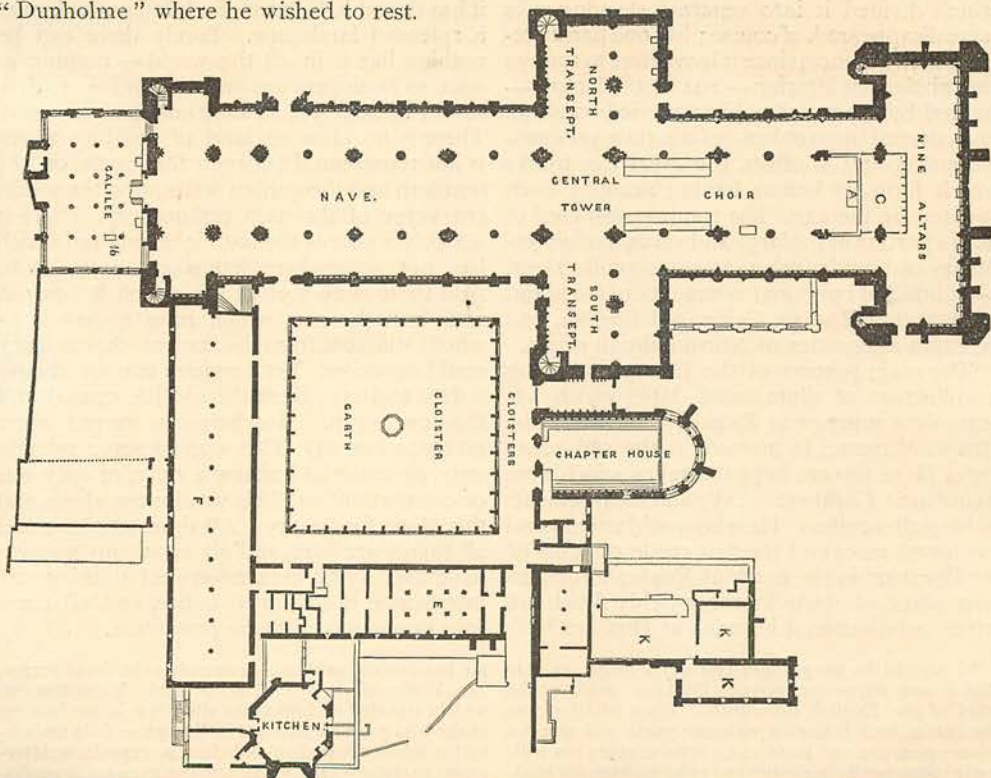
cent foot hounded by accusing cries. It was a famous "sanctuary" where any culprit charged with any crime could find inviolable shelter, kindly entertainment for thirty-seven days, and then, if still unjustified or unpardoned, safe transportation to the coast and passage overseas — giving in return but his full confession and his solemn oath never to seek English soil again. 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, alas! 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 eye-balls; or perhaps — and this is what we prefer to fancy — a flame was set behind them that even he might not lack for guidance 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 the legend it perpetuates is most ancient. 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.

## XI.

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 his successors peaceably kept their homes with all their precious contents in the time of Cromwell. In consequence, there is no place in England 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 room finished towards the east with a semicircular apse, vaulted throughout, 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, and paved with many sepulchral slabs bearing famous ecclesiastical names. No such fine Norman chapter-house remained in England, and no other building whatsoever



PLAN OF DURHAM CATHEDRAL AND MONASTIC BUILDINGS. (FROM MURRAY'S "HAND-BOOK TO THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND.")  
A. High altar. C. Site of St. Cuthbert's tomb. E. Refectory. F. Dormitory. K. Prior's (now dean's) house. 16. Bede's tomb.



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 cloisters 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, since 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 having scarcely been squared by the axe. The room is now used to hold 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 MSS. which has scarcely 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 would understand the far-off roots and the first crude growths of medieval art in the north of England finds his best place of study in these richly filled and wisely administered libraries at Durham.\*

\* 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. The local hand-book, written by Canon Greenwell, is a pearl of its kind. And I find I

Many minor rooms and buildings lie around or near these cloisters, chief among them 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 say, A baptistery or a chapel — never, A kitchen. The old priors' house also remains as the dwelling of the modern deans — altered, of course, and in the usual practical, irreverent way, the private chapel forming now three chambers.

Beyond all these lies the dean's lovely garden, 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 — for example, the great hall of the monastery and its church-like hospital.

The picture is not quite so exquisite 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 and 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 on it. And there is no sort of life which it has not seen, and the sort which rules 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 stone and say, This was to serve religion only, or material existence only, or only war or ostentation; or, This was for use alone, and this alone for beauty. 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.

am but one of many who remember the head-verger, Mr. Wetherell, 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.



This means that *this* is England. Not in some new Birmingham hot with money-making fires, black with art-destroying cinders, and deaf to the voice of long-dead years; 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 medieval and of modern life — not there do we find the real England really pictured; but here in this Durham which 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 dis severed 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 and 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. 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, of the shorn authority of that class which once had no rivals in its ruling.

## XII.

It is needless 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 very sure to get — from the railroad station which lies a little out of the town to the north-west and from the road which thence brings us into it over a great bridge near the castle.

It would be hopeless 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. Medieval builders had little care for the life or limbs of sight-seers; or perhaps medieval sight-seers did not seek for "views" as do we 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 staircase 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 rock-bound Wear. Hence, only a mile away, 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.

*M. G. van Rensselaer.*

## ENDLESS RESOURCE.

NEW days are dear, and cannot be unloved,  
Though in deep grief we cower and cling to death:  
Who has not known, in living on, a breath  
Full of some gladness that life's rapture proved?

If I have felt that in this rainbow world  
The very best was but a preface given  
To tell of infinite greater tints in heaven,  
And, life or no, heaven yet would be unfurled:—

I did belie the soul-wide joys of earth,  
And feelings deep as lights that dwell in seas.  
Can heaven itself outlove such depths as these?  
Live on! Life holds more than we dream of worth.

*Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.*