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WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

INCHESTER Cathedral is the longest medieval 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 lacks that splendor of façade which gives Peterborough grandeur from a western point of view; nor has it an equal stretch of open square and verdant close about it. Seen from the neighboring hills its enormous bulk is of course imposing, but on lower ground the eye cannot often isolate it from the encircling houses. Especially is this true of the place whence strangers see it first. It stands near the railroad, yet the traveler may easily fail to realize that he is approaching one of the mightiest, most famous, and most interesting of English cathedrals. He must carefully make the circuit of its walls to appreciate their extent, and must enter its portals to comprehend its majesty and charm.

I.

At Winchester, as at Lincoln and at York, we have a town that the Romans knew. They called it Venta Belgarum, but its still earlier British name is more often recollected — Caer Gwent, familiar to the lovers of Arthurian legend. Tradition says that British-Roman Christians worshiped here in a church of unparalleled size and beauty, which, after the West-Saxon conquest, was turned into a "temple of Dagon." But the real importance of the city dates from this conquest. When Cerdic was crowned Caer Gwent lay in ruins; 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 still looks back to it as back to Canterbury. Winchester politically and Canterbury spiritually are the mother cities of the English-speaking race.

Christianity came late among the fierce West-Saxons. Only in the year 633 did Birinus, a bishop sent from Rome, convert King Kynegils and his people, helped in the work by Oswald, king of Northumbria, friend of St. Cuthbert, hero of Durham, who had come southward to seek the hand of a West-Saxon princess. Although Winchester was the royal seat, Dorchester (now Abingdon) was the first center of the new diocese. But a great church at once replaced the old one that Dagon had desecrated, and hither, after various other changes, the bishop's chair was removed about the year 700, in the reign of the famous King Ina.

Winchester's importance steadily grew with the growth of West-Saxon supremacy. Here reigned Egbert, the first king of all England, and his successors until just before the Norman conquest. After its desolation by the Danes, Alfred the Great restored the town to prosperity and peace, and, that harried Wessex might no longer deserve the reproach of being the most ignorant province in England, founded, close to the cathedral or Old Minster, a New Minster as a home for scholars. Swithun, who had been his tutor, was bishop just before his time. When Ethelwold filled the chair a century later he repaired, or probably rebuilt, the Old Minster. The towers of his church, says an ancient chronicler in rhyme, "have lofty peaks capped with pointed roofs, and are adorned with various and sinuous vaults curved with well-skilled

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contrivance. . . . Above these stands a rod with golden balls, and at the top a mighty golden cock, which boldly turns its face to every wind that blows."

The translation of St. Swithun's body into the new building in the year 980 was delayed by forty days of rain, and in consequence this 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 medieval writers call it the Old Minster, or St. Swithun's Abbey. The chapter had originally been a secular one, but Ethelwold offered the canons, many of whom were married men, their choice between a monkish cowl and the loss of their seats; and when all but three refused the cowl, he filled the vacant stalls with Benedictine monks from Abingdon.

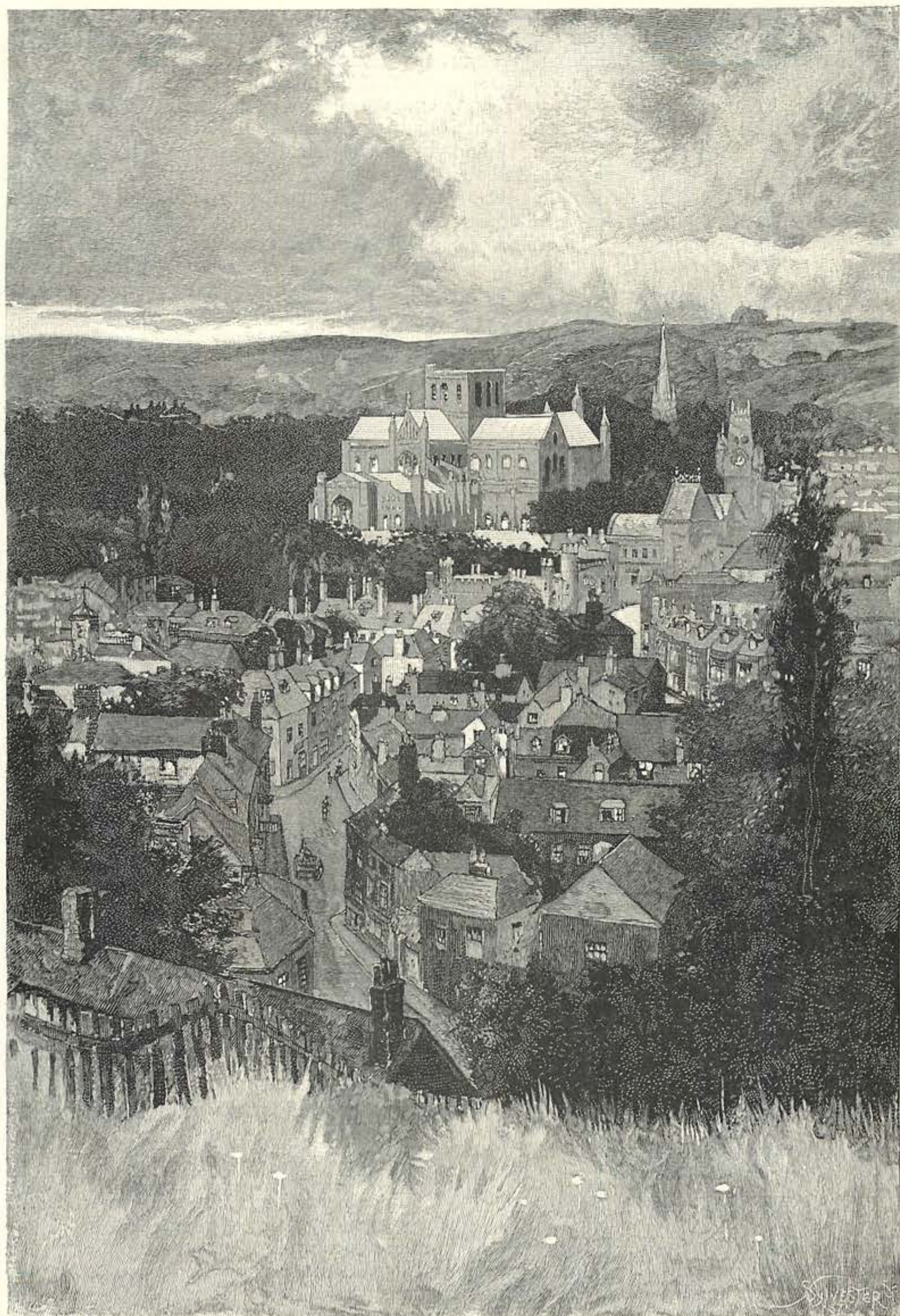
During the days of the threatened and accomplished Danish dominion, national existence still centered at Winchester. In its cathedral Canute was crowned, and here he placed his golden crown on the head of the crucified Christ, refusing to wear it again after his courtiers' blasphemous adulation on the borders of Southampton Water. Here, too, the legend 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 (whose birthplace we saw at York), 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 it remains today, the New Minster standing so close to its northern side that the chanting in one church could be heard in the other, and William's great castle crowding 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 generations still ere Winchester lost its rank. It was William's English capital, where he was crowned 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 it first rang out by his hated order, the curfew-bell still tolls night after night. William Rufus too was crowned here, 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 center 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 his burial the witan at Winchester elected Henry to the throne; and in a neighboring cloister he found his wife, Edith,— afterwards, 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.

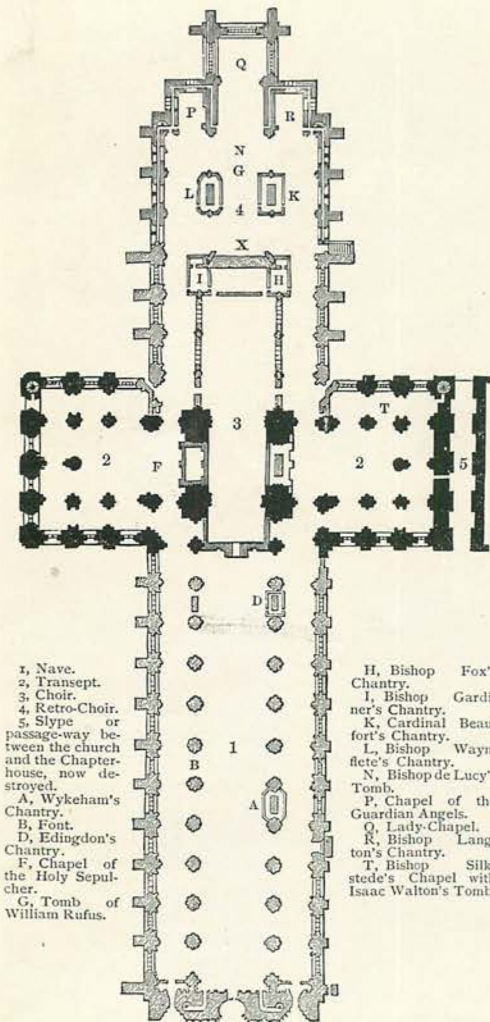
Henry of Blois, a grandson of the Conqueror, Bishop of Winchester from 1129 to 1171, was not only the most powerful prelate but the most powerful man in England. A prime favorite with his uncle, King Henry, to whom he owed his bishopric, neither gratitude nor oaths guided his course in the war which 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. 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 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 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



WINCHESTER FROM THE EASTERN HILLS.

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 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,



PLAN OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL. (FROM MURRAY'S "HANDBOOK TO THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND.")

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 Baron's 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 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 119 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.

III.

THE ambiguous words of early writers led, even in medieval 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 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 till it was complete; 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 other Anglo-Norman churches. The "ritual 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; and a great doorway in the center 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 extended forty feet farther 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 greater 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 retro-choir 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 retro-choir. 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 east, and began to rebuild the nave. William of Wykeham continued his work, but he did not rebuild; he merely transformed a great part of the nave, leaving it at his death, in 1404, to be finished by his successors. About 1470 the Lady-Chapel was lengthened towards 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 rebuilt in a style like that of Wykeham's work. 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. So there is no style or period later than the Conquest which does not reveal itself in this remarkably handled church.

Not much need be said about the transept—we have seen Norman work of the same character in the great Eastern cathedrals. It has an aisle on each side, and across each end runs another which rises only to the level of

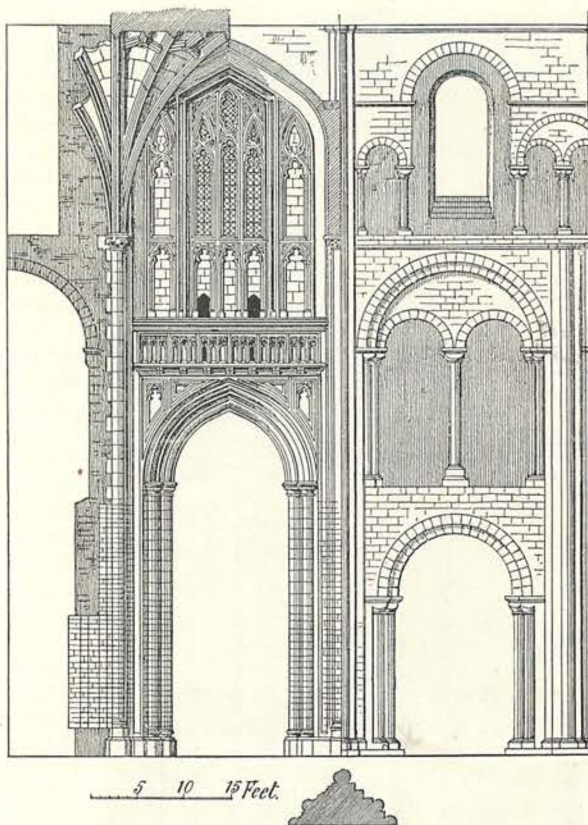


DIAGRAM SHOWING WYKEHAM'S TRANSFORMATION OF THE NAVE. (FROM MURRAY'S HANDBOOK.)

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 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 and that his successors were frightened into sturdier building.

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 page 328 puts the spectator upon the raised floor of the south 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 Per-

[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.

FROM THE SOUTH AISLE OF THE CHOIR, LOOKING WEST.

pendicular 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 to their former selves. But nowhere else in England was such a transformation effected on so vast a scale, yet nowhere did it leave so little patent evidence of change behind it.

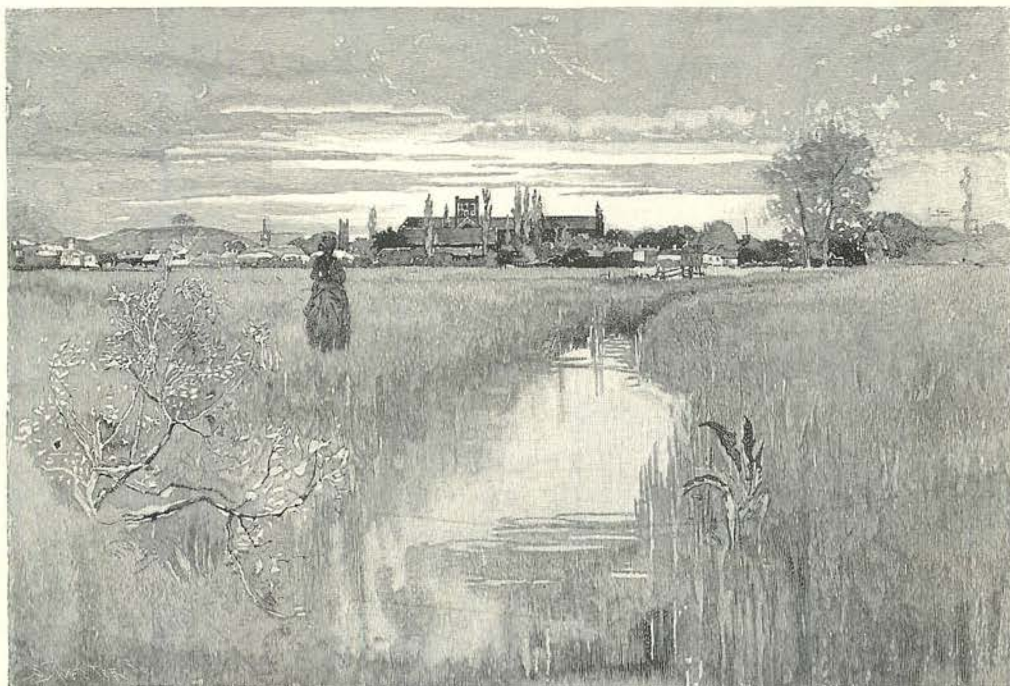
When Edingdon, as I have told, saw fit to take the nave in hand he pulled down the western end. The west-front is entirely his work, inside and out, except for the turrets and gable, which were added by Wykeham; and so are the outer walls and windows of one bay on the southern and two on the northern 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 page 327, 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 we still see in the transept), with its pier-arcade, triforium, and clerestory of almost equal height; the left-hand compartment shows what Wykeham took away — the pier-arch, the sub-arches of the triforium, and the whole front of the clerestory stage; and the middle compartment shows what he added — a pier-arch much loftier and slighter than its predecessor, and a tall clerestory, the lower part of 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 undecorated 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 clerestory lights. The elaborate vaults of nave and aisles — with their main ribs grouped in the characteristic English way[1] but connected by minor ribs in star-like patterns — 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 moldings upon them. But he found this process too troublesome or too costly, for the portions afterwards built are entirely cased with stone-work 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 work of their hands, are the sumptuous oratory-tombs of Edingdon and Wykeham. Wykeham's chantry is an especially beautiful piece of work — a tall rectangular structure, with sides that are open above a wall some ten feet in height, and a canopy roof 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

[1] See "Lincoln Cathedral," CENTURY MAGAZINE, August, 1888, p. 587.

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 of Isaac Walton; and, for my part, I have found such names far more touching, more impressive, read in places where the dead of whom they witness must oft have knelt in life, than huddled with a hundred others on the pavement of the great half-church, half-museum at Westminster.

The two eastern bays of the central alley of the nave are filled 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 the Christ was long preserved King Canute's crown of gold. Norman capitals and moldings, which were once concealed by the 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 that came about in the time of Edward VI. The screen which shuts in the choir is not the medieval one nor the Renaissance one which Inigo Jones designed, but a recent construction of oak.



WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL FROM THE FIELDS.

No part of the cathedral is more interesting than the triforium passage in the nave. Although it extends over the whole width of the aisle, one must keep carefully to a narrow central path lest a slip be made in the thick gloom into hollows which yawn, several feet in depth, between the vaulting-compartments of the aisle ceiling. Yet the openings into the nave can be gingerly approached and the view is well worth getting, while over these openings, built into Wykeham's wall, we can trace the great semicircular arches of the old Norman triforium.

V.

ONLY in the aisles can a view of the whole length of Winchester Cathedral be gained. From the nave the choir-screen breaks the perspective, and though it is low and does not, as so often, bear the organ, and the eye can therefore 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, whence, under its eastern pier-arcade, a view into the retro-choir and Lady-Chapel might be had, we find it blocked by a tall reredos, so that it almost seems as though the church ended here.[1]

[1] The picture on page 330 shows the interior effect of the presbytery window and the reredos, while the exterior view on page 340 shows the relative height of presbytery and retro-choir.

THE CHOIR AND PRESBYTERY, LOOKING EAST.

But it is doubtful whether the vast length is not thus made doubly effective. From the west 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 meaning of a church which is now 556 feet in length.

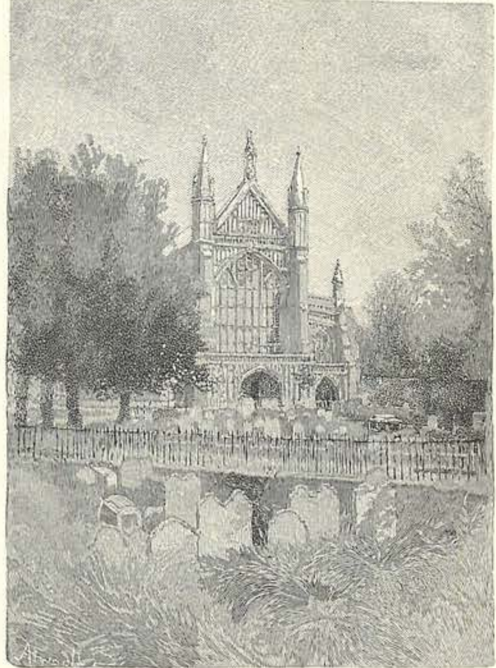
The choir proper is extremely rich and beautiful, keeping still its carven stalls of the Decorated period, the oldest in the country except the Early-English stalls at Exeter. The pulpit dates from about 1500, but the episcopal throne is modern.

The presbytery end is 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 considerable size, 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 for the times 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. 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 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 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. 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?

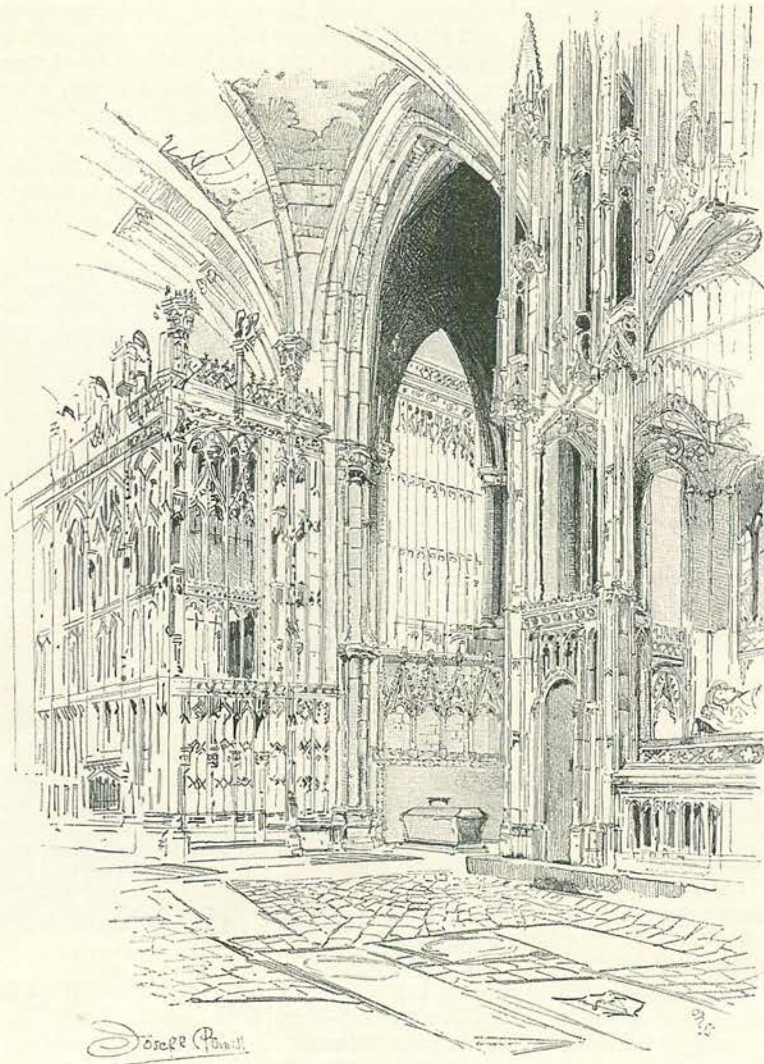
Between the back of the reredos and the piers which bear the end wall of the presbytery and divide it from the retro-choir is a small, open space that once was the "feretory" or relic-chamber of the church, and, before the reredos was built, must have been visible even from the western doorway of the 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 retro-choir and its back thus forms a wall which was beautifully worked, in the Decorated period, into canopied niches. A glimpse of these niches, bare now of the royal memorials which filled them, is given in the picture on page 332, 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 333, where we stand, facing east, in the central alley of the retro-choir — with this



THE WEST-FRONT.

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 retro-choir 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.

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,



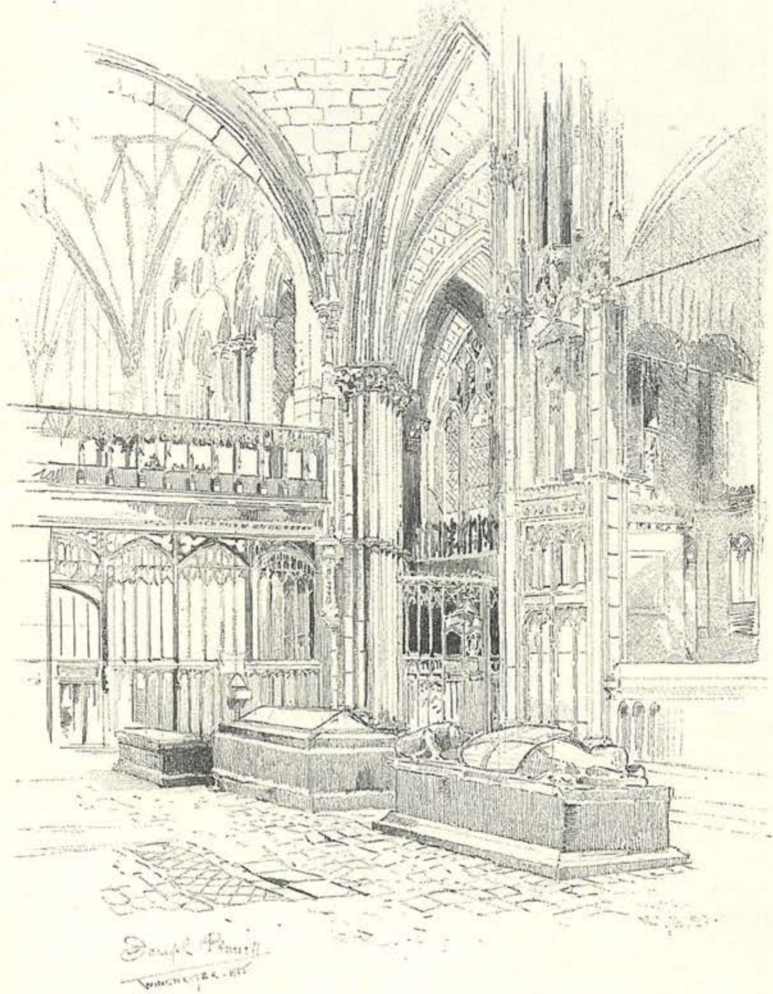
IN THE SOUTH AISLE OF THE RETRO-CHOIR.

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 333; 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 charming 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 retro-choir 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 them, 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 of York, when, with all the quarreling, king and people were again English in heart as well as name — these too were interpreted by a thousand memories 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 grandchild 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 free too at home, was predicted by the ax 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, half disloyal therefore to the luckless, fanatic, 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 he had built for himself to the north of the high-altar of his church.



IN THE RETRO-CHOIR, LOOKING EAST.

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 vitally influenced the course of medieval art. In imaginative power many others rank above him, known or unknown to us by name. For example, 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, beautiful, and daring, if irrational, a

THE "LONG WALK" IN SUMMER.

feature as did the forgotten man who built the portico of Peterborough; nor were any of his works so aspiring and poetic as was his who raised the apse of Amiens. But talents are largely limited by times. The style in which, by the tendencies of his period, Wykeham was forced to labor was intrinsically less imaginative, aspiring, poetic than those which had gone before, while the fundamental problems of Gothic architecture had been fully worked out and it remained but to drape the solution in a novel garment. Yet 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. But 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 them all 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 features first appear they show but a far-off hint of its eventual aspect.

Yet William of Wykeham has honor enough. He took a nascent style in hand and, helped by unparalleled opportunities, 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 all constructional features, while his decorative work is singularly pure and charming.

Compare, for instance, his nave at Winchester with the nave of Canterbury. This was in progress at the same time and its architect had a better chance, working from the foundations up — not, like Wykeham, molding Norman walls and piers into an alien scheme. Yet as a structural conception Winchester is much more beautiful. Here an admirable balance is preserved between the importance of the pier-arcade and the importance of the vaulting-shafts; but at Canterbury the vaulting-shafts and those which rise from the floor to encircle the clerestory lights are all in all — the shafts which bear the pier-arches and the moldings which define their curve are much too weakly emphasized. At Winchester the proportions are more happy between pier-arcade and clerestory — the former is not unduly tall as it is at Canterbury. At Winchester the clerestory stage itself is far better managed. The relative height of the windows is greater; the difference between their glazed lights and the blank panels on each hand is emphasized; the lower portion, simulating a triforium, is more agreeably patterned; and the parapet gives the design a finish and completeness which we miss

at Canterbury. And in general effect the two results are very different. There is no more color now on the stones of Winchester than of Canterbury, yet Winchester seems far less barren, cold, and thin. The severe and solid strength of Norman architecture has been replaced by a nervous, graceful vigor; but there is as logical and satisfying a relationship between the solids and the voids which make up the design, and dignity, of a new and more refined and delicate type, is just as clearly voiced. At Canterbury the excessive height of the pier-arcade gives the nave an empty air when we note its general expression, a weak and attenuated look when we examine its constructional forms. It is interesting, too, to look at the outer wall of the north aisle of Winchester and see how much better, in proportion and in tracery-design, are Wykeham's windows than those of his predecessor, Bishop Edingdon.

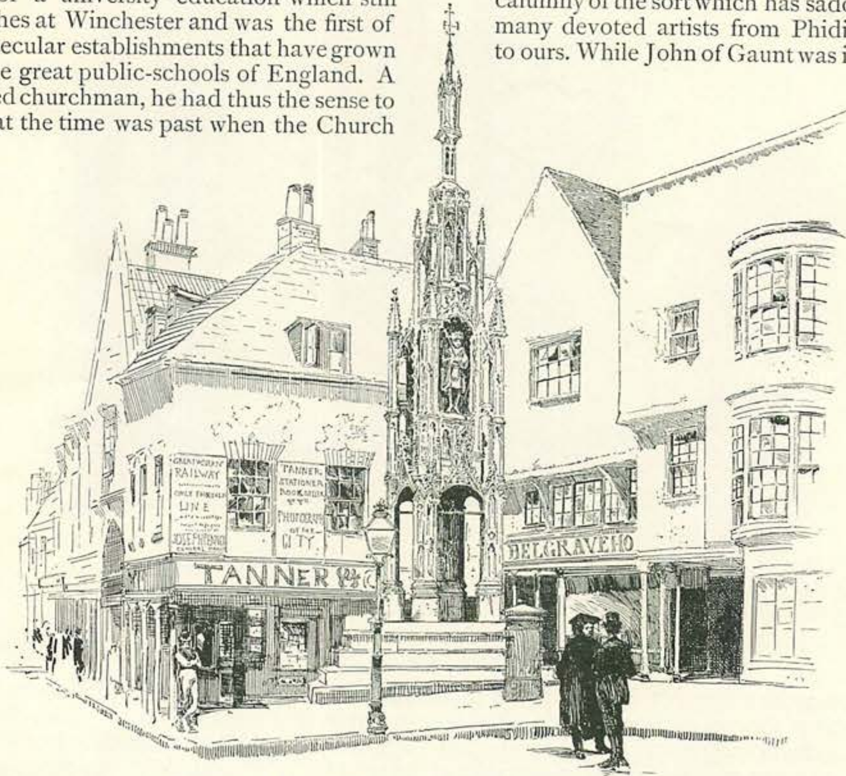
THE "LONG WALK" IN WINTER.

If we could follow Wykeham through the many other buildings which he wrought we should see how great indeed was his talent and how it revealed itself 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 where he afterwards ruled. At the age of twenty-three he was presented by a local patron to Bishop Edingdon and by him to King Edward III., recommending 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 his today, although in style and effect his 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 favored courtier, a trusted political adviser and commissioner, a judge, a high dignitary of the Church, and a civil and military architect; yet withal, though a *novus homo*, he was simple-hearted, modest, and unselfish. 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 its present value) 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 that 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 public-schools of England. A devoted churchman, he had thus the sense to see that the time was past when the Church could do all the intellectual work of the world. A man of lowly birth, he developed, I repeat, without loss of wisdom or humility, into a typical courtier — prompt in counsel, gracious in demeanor, sumptuous in hospitality, yet 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 he had himself 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 luster against the background of a time like his. It was the time,



WINCHESTER HIGH CROSS, AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CLOSE.

A GATEWAY IN THE CLOSE.

thought of French methods of design — all thought of building a façade to which a Frenchman would even grant the name. Recognizing more frankly than any of his predecessors that English taste had determined that the central tower should be the chief feature of the building, he finished his west-end as truthfully as he could, emphasizing it no more than he might have emphasized a transept-end. It is a question whether, in so doing, he was not supremely wise. Certainly he was more logical than any earlier architect had been; and in architecture, to be logical is the first and longest step towards being artistically right. Of course, where a church fronts on a city square, stretching out its long western limb towards the chief approach, the English Perpendicular façade would seem inappropriate. But in such a position the English scheme as a whole, with its accentuation of the central tower, is less appropriate than the French. And as Winchester stands, for example, facing only its verdant close, we do not feel the lack of a nobler western front.

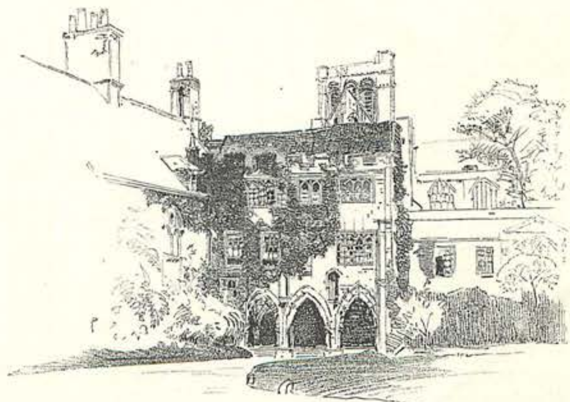
we should remember, of Chaucer, Gower, and Wycliffe, when, as a rule, the priests of England were ignorant and vicious, and her nobles chiefly used their power to serve the devil and the flesh.

VII.

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 but 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, where the hand of the gardener has not disturbed the picturesque confusion of old headstones and luxuriant grass.

The west-front shows us the last type of façade which England offers, and a type that is more characteristically English than any of its forerunners. In Germany we sometimes find high sham western walls, out of all proportion with the nave and aisles behind them, which, remotely at least, recall such fronts as Salisbury's and Lincoln's. But out of England we never find anything like this Winchester type as regards not merely the Perpendicular fashion of its features but also its general aim and scheme. Here the architect definitely abandoned all

The burial-ground extends all along the northern side until we pass the transept; but narrow streets and houses press about the east-



THE DEANERY.

IN THE CLOSE.

ern limb, and its southern face overlooks the high-walled gardens of the canons' homes. From one of these gardens (see page 340) the finest near view of the church may be had. Here the varied altitudes of presbytery, retro-choir, and Lady-Chapel may be clearly appreciated, building themselves up, with their 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 Gloucester — a superb construction of Perpendicular design — the picture would be unsurpassed in England. It seems odd, indeed, that Winchester's tower should never have been carried higher than we see it now — the diocese was so wealthy and the list of its prelates shows, until the very latest building period, so unparalleled a succession of ambitious spirits.

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 south 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 and 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. English Protestantism is fortunate indeed — it has so prettily disguised its outdoor devastations that we half forgive the sinning of its covetous or fanatical youth.

But if we now visit, in the southward quarter of the town, Wykeham's famous school, and then retrace our steps near the pretty banks of the Itchen, — haunted by memories of the prince of anglers, — we find ourselves all at once in a spot the beauty of which makes even the 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 so many regal bishops lived and so many royal guests were entertained. Cromwell besieged the city in 1645, and when it surrendered the 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.

VIII.

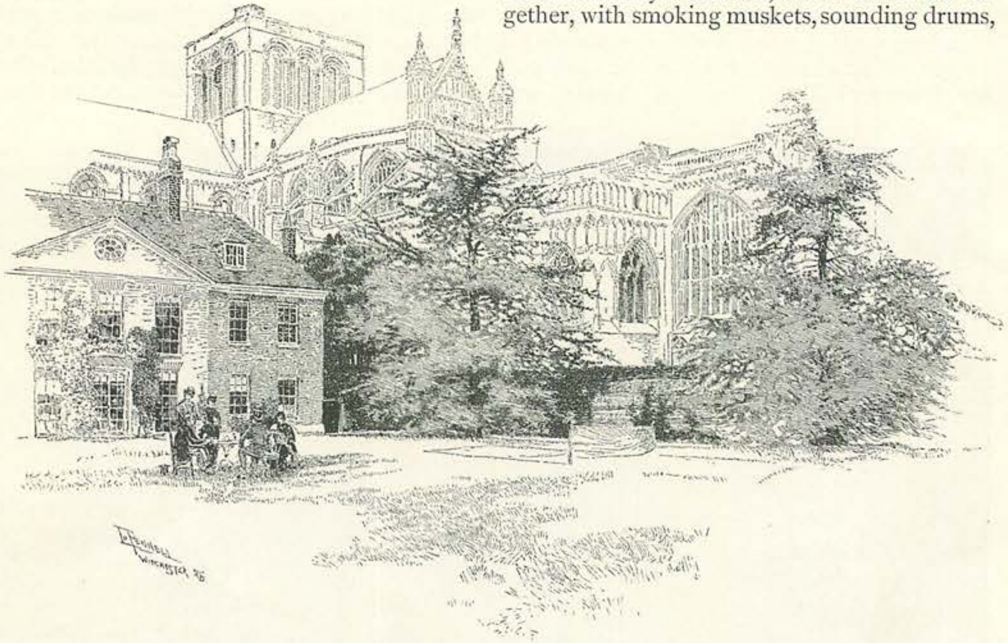
THE days of the saints had long gone by when William of Wykeham was born, yet the Church itself need not hesitate to place his figure beside a Cuthbert or a Chad. For the new needs of his day, in the new temper of a more complex society, he too worked his best towards the enlightenment of man. And how strongly his virtues are thrown into relief 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, that record his bitter hatred of 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 success, as witness Bishop

THE NAVE OF WINCHESTER.

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 name of Samuel Wilberforce adds another star to those which were not only bright but beneficent in their brightness.



THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

Not even the Puritan bore more heavily on Winchester than the earlier reformer, who called himself a churchman still. No cathedral in the kingdom was more richly furnished. What would we not give to see it to-day with all its glass and carvings and colors 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 much else was 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 burn the altar-table in an ale-house. Waller was their commander, who once had 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 indoors as outside the walls it may, with the help of mother nature's pacifying touch.

M. G. van Rensselaer.