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OCTOBER 16, 1897.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

TYPICAL CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

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PART I.

LONDON AND MIDDLESEX.



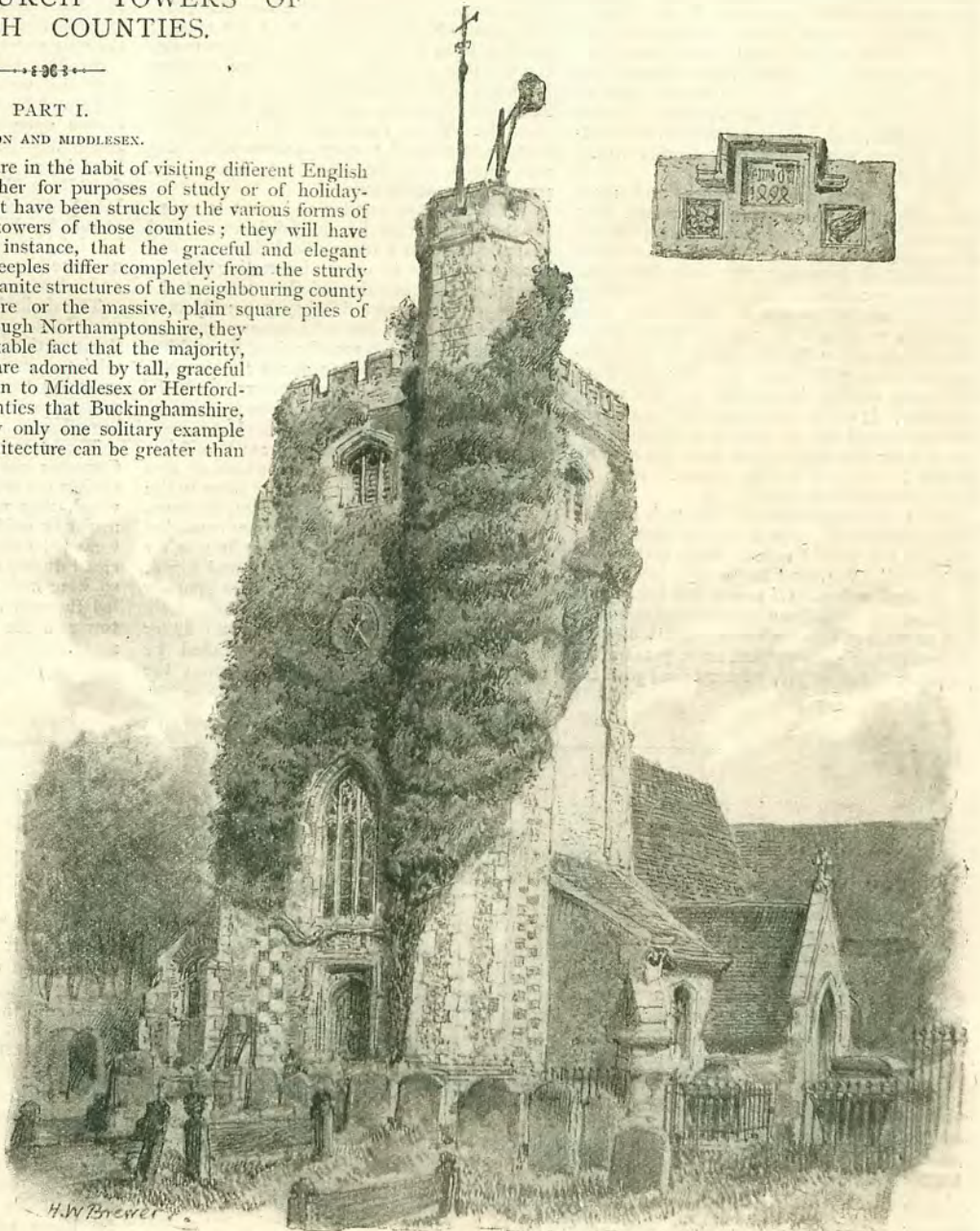
OUR girls who are in the habit of visiting different English counties, either for purposes of study or of holiday-making, must have been struck by the various forms of the church towers of those counties; they will have noticed, for instance, that the graceful and elegant Somerset steeples differ completely from the sturdy embattled granite structures of the neighbouring county of Devonshire or the massive, plain square piles of

Wiltshire. If they passed through Northamptonshire, they will have observed the remarkable fact that the majority, even of the village churches, are adorned by tall, graceful stone spires, a feature unknown to Middlesex or Hertfordshire, and so rare in other counties that Buckinghamshire, Berkshire and Essex can show only one solitary example apiece. What contrast in architecture can be greater than that which exists between the quaint and humble low towers of the Essex churches and the stately towers of those of the adjoining county of Suffolk?

Now without going so far as to assert that every county in England has but one type of tower, which is peculiarly its own, yet the marked and striking contrast between the steeples of adjoining counties is so singular as to demand careful study, and, if possible, explanation.

Before writing these papers we consulted a very eminent ecclesiastical architect upon the subject, and we give his opinion in his own words. "I consider the very distinct variations, to be noticed between the church towers of different English counties, the most interesting and singular fact in the whole history of mediæval architecture, and any explanation of the causes which have led to such a startling result would be highly valuable."

We must caution our readers against concluding that every tower in each county follows the "local type," but where it does not some reason for the variation can usually be assigned. Perhaps the architect came from some other county,



H.W. Brewer

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MIDDLESEX: OLD HADLEY CHURCH.

possibly he was a foreigner. It might be that the clergy or the patron, who was subscribing liberally to the work, had seen a church some distance off, which, for the sake of association, he desired to see copied. At Lostwithiel, in Cornwall, is a spire so thoroughly unlike anything in this country, and so exactly similar to some German spires, that the nationality of its design cannot be doubted; and other examples of a similar kind may be pointed out.

We must not expect to find the local characteristics so distinctly displayed in city churches as in country ones, because, of course, local influences are always more strongly felt in the country than in the city, neither shall we find them so apparent in monastic, as in parochial churches, and the village or market-town church tower will often display them to a much stronger degree than will that of the cathedral. In fact, as a rule (exceptions there are), the cathedrals do not exhibit much county influence. It would almost appear as if a special distinction was attempted to be gained for the cathedral, by making it as different as possible to the parish churches of the district; thus we find that in a county like Norfolk, peculiar for towers, the cathedral has a tall stone spire, and the noble spire of Salisbury is almost alone in Wiltshire, whereas Lincolnshire, which is remarkable for its beautiful church spires, has only towers to its cathedral.

It is to the parish churches, and more especially the country parish churches, that we must look for the solution of this question. The parish church was, of course, essentially the church of the people, they only shared the monastic or cathedral churches with the clergy of those establishments to which they were attached, so that if we want to know about the people in the Middle Ages, the ecclesiastical edifices which will naturally afford us the most certain instruction are the parish churches. It will be understood that our observations extend only to mediæval churches, because, after the introduction into this country of the Italian or "Revival Classic" style, all local peculiarities vanished.

We now propose to consider each English county separately with a view to discovering what is the special type of each, and how it originated. We must begin with Middlesex, or rather London. Of course, we know that London and Middlesex are different counties, and to speak of London being "in Middlesex" is absolutely a geographical error, yet, for the purposes of this article, we must deal with the

two in one paper. It is difficult to speak of the old church towers of London, because but one solitary example has escaped destruction or modernisation, and that is the small and unimportant one of Allhallows Staining. The church itself was pulled down some years back, but the old Gothic tower was allowed to remain. It had nothing ancient or remarkable about it except a curious traditional observance: the churchwardens used to dine off a boiled leg of pork on the 17th of November in honour of Elizabeth's accession. It is said that the curious custom came about from Elizabeth's remarkable generosity in "tipping" the clerk when she visited the church, which so astonished that worthy man, that he asked a number of friends home with him to dine off a leg of pork which his wife was boiling. The tower is a very ordinary example of the Middlesex type. The tower of St. Sepulchre's Church, Snow Hill, is old, but so much modernised that it is not quite possible to say for certain what its original design was, but probably the ancient outline is preserved; if so it was a tall embattled tower with four very lofty pinnacles at the angles; judging from ancient views of London before the fire, this was a very common type of tower for large parochial churches in the city. St. Michael's, Cornhill, was the most magnificent example. Wren considered it "so noble," that he attempted to copy it when rebuilding the church, but the result can scarcely be pronounced satisfactory.

When we leave London and come to examine the country churches of Middlesex, we find that they possess a very marked character, and that they tell us in a most interesting manner what was the condition of the county at the time they were erected; they generally consist of a rather low but solid square structure embattled at the top round a lead flat, with a turret at one angle rising above the parapet, also embattled; the belfry windows are small, and the whole presents rather the appearance of a castle than of an ecclesiastical structure. In point of construction they are somewhat plain, not to say rude, a fact which at first strikes one as singular, as they are close to the capital city of a great nation. When, however, we come to examine into the former condition of the county, we shall find that it was for the most part covered with wood and forest, with small clearances here and there sparsely inhabited and poorly cultivated. There were few castles to which the people could fly for refuge when the district was invaded by robbers or other vagabonds who infest the

purlieus of a vast city, so that they built their church towers as much for purpose of defence as for holding the church bells. The tall turret at the angle was intended to hold a beacon for the purpose of conducting the traveller through the forest or undrained swamp; to those forced to proceed by the crooked paths and primitive roads, the beacon high up upon the distant church tower must indeed have been welcomed "As a cresset true that darts its length of beamy luster from a tower of strength guiding the traveller." Those who, like the writer, have lost themselves in Hadley Wood with the shades of evening closing in around must have wished that the old beacon of Hadley were still lighted up of a night.

Do our girls know Hadley Wood? If they want to gain an idea of Middlesex in olden times, nothing will bring it more vividly before them, but they should put on strong boots and leave their bicycles at home. Close at hand is old Hadley Church, with its weather-worn and ivy-clad tower, the perfection of the Middlesex type of church tower, with its ancient beacon still surmounting its turret, the only one now existing in England.

Another very interesting feature is the slab over the western doorway bearing the date 1494 and two little rebuses, one with a rose carved upon it, and the other with a wing. Some very far-fetched explanations of these have been given, but we believe they stand for "Rose Wing." Who was Rose Wing? We know not: did she build the tower, or restore it, or did she give the beacon? She has long, long back gone to her rest, and let us hope she has received her reward for this and other good deeds.

The similarity of Middlesex towers is quite remarkable, and the exceptions very few. Some of the smaller and poorer churches have miniature wooden towers and squat little spires crowning them, placed astride the nave roof and supported internally upon rude axe-cut beams.

The towers of Harrow and Stanwell Churches are crowned with lofty spires, but as they are absolutely plain and constructed of wood, they were probably intended as landmarks or guides; just as the Israelites of old were led to the Promised Land by a pillar of cloud during the day and one of fire by night, so were the weary wayfarers of later times led through dangerous paths by the church tower in the day and its beacon through the night.

(To be continued.)

SISTERS THREE.

By MRS. HENRY MANSERGH, Author of "A Rose-coloured Thread," etc.

CHAPTER III.



HE old grandfather's clock was just striking six o'clock when Raymond and Bob, the two public school-boys, came home from their afternoon excursion. They

walked slowly up the drive, supporting between them the figure of a young fellow a few years older than themselves,

who hopped painfully on one foot, and was no sooner seated on the oak bench in the hall, than he quietly rested his head against the rails, and went off into a dead faint. The boys shouted at the pitch of their voices, whereupon Mr. Bertrand rushed out of his sanctum, followed by every other member of his household.

"Good gracious! Who is it? What is the matter? Where did he come from? Has he had an accident?" cried the girls in chorus, while Miss Briggs rushed off for sal volatile and other remedies.

The stranger was a tall, lanky youth,

about eighteen years of age, with curly brown hair and well-cut features, and he made a pathetic figure leaning back in the big oak seat.

"He's the son of old Freer, the Squire of Brantmere," explained Raymond, as he busied himself unloosing the lad's collar and tie. "We have met him several times when we have been walking. Decent fellow—Harrow—reading at home for college, and hates it like poison. We were coming a short cut over the mountains, when he slipped on a bit of ice, and twisted his ankle trying to keep up. We had an awful time getting him back. He meant to stay at

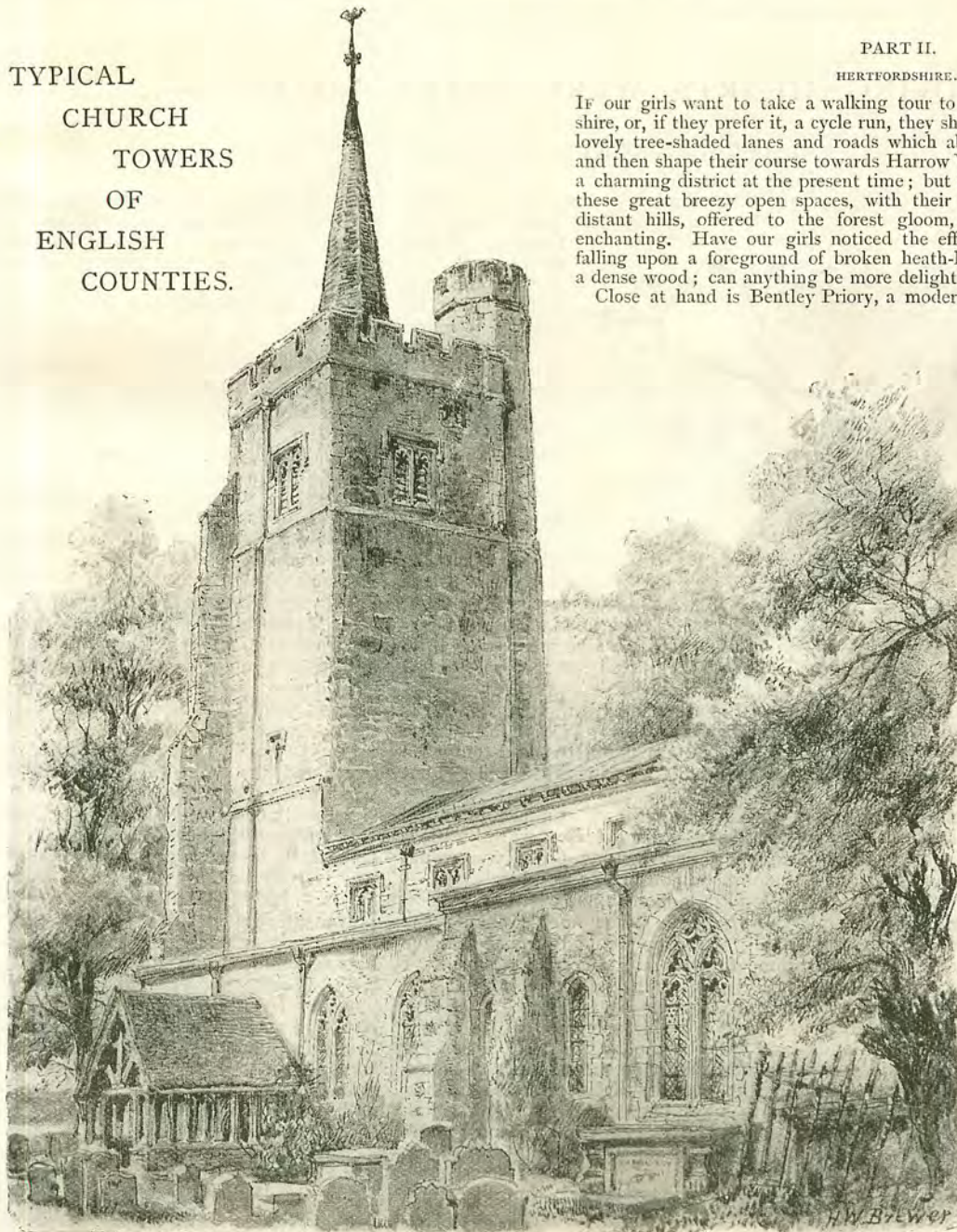


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NOVEMBER 13, 1897.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

TYPICAL
CHURCH
TOWERS
OF
ENGLISH
COUNTIES.



ALDENHAM CHURCH, HERTS.

PART II.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

If our girls want to take a walking tour to the pretty county of Hertfordshire, or, if they prefer it, a cycle run, they should go by Pinner through the lovely tree-shaded lanes and roads which abound in that neighbourhood, and then shape their course towards Harrow Weald and Stanmore Common, a charming district at the present time; but in early days the contrast which these great breezy open spaces, with their views of range after range of distant hills, offered to the forest gloom, all around, must have been enchanting. Have our girls noticed the effect of a warm ray of sunlight falling upon a foreground of broken heath-land after a long walk through a dense wood; can anything be more delightful?

Close at hand is Bentley Priory, a modern house of no special interest from an architectural or archaeological point of view. And few people even in the neighbourhood seem to be aware that the name is old. The grand forest trees surrounding the estate hint that it has a past history, and such is really the case, for an ancient record proclaims the fact that in the year 1258 a prior of Bentley was killed by a corn-mow falling down upon him; the lands of the suppressed monastery were made over to the king in 1543, and not a single vestige of the building now exists. When we have followed the road to the end of the noble grove which borders the demesne of this ancient estate, we have crossed the border of the counties of Middlesex and Hertfordshire and are in the latter county. When we come to explore we find evidences that we are in what was formerly a richer and more well-to-do county than that which we have just quitted, and the very first church we come across, Aldenham, proclaims the fact unmistakably. Instead of the low, rudely-built Middlesex tower we have a tall, handsome one, embattled at the top but with a little wooden spirelet or "spike" rising out of the lead-flat at the top; this "spike" or spirelet is a common feature in Hertfordshire, and is found in other counties, but we think it is

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native of this county. It will also be noticed that the tracery and mouldings of the windows have an elegance and beauty not to be found in the Middlesex towers; and when we enter the church the detail is very superior, the roof still retains its old painted decoration and is harmonious and beautiful. The plan is most singular and unaccountable; the chancel does not fit on at the end of the nave, but opens partly into it and partly into the north aisle! A curious feature in the tower is shown in our sketch, a little arched aperture just under the parapet; it does not appear to have been a window, and we venture to suggest that it was an opening for drawing up the wood to light the beacon fire. Aldenham church is a large one for so small a village, but it is probable that in former times the place was more important than it is at present.

A very pretty walk of three miles, either by shady lanes or across the fields leads to Watford, where there is a large church with a striking tower of the regular Hertfordshire type; it has, however, been so much restored that we preferred sketching Aldenham.

A pleasant county is this Hertfordshire with its shady lanes, well-wooded and richly-cultivated lands, its picturesque old villages, its cheerful farms and homesteads, its clear bright rivers full of fish and its murmuring and grinding old water-mills. Do our girls know Hamper Mill? If not, let them lose no time in walking to it from Pinner along the *old* Watford road; remember the *old* Watford road, not the new one or the Rickmansworth road, which are not specially interesting; when they get about half-way between Pinner Wood and Watford,

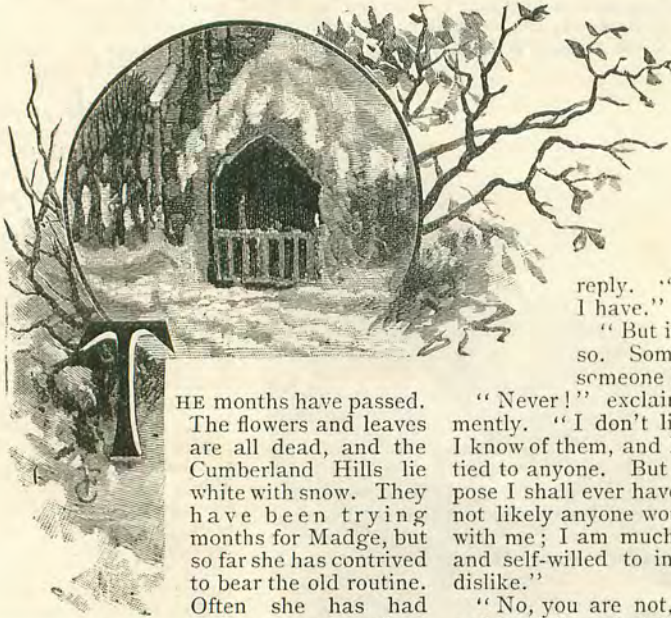
if they look to the west they will see an enchanting prospect of Rislip with its wood, reservoir, and church tower, backed by ranges of hills, and a little further on, looking to the north-east, they will see Watford with its church tower rising above the richly-wooded country. As they get to the foot of the hill a little path will take them down into the dell where is the millpool of Hamper Mill; let them stand on the bridge, watch the fish and listen to the whirr of the water-wheel and splash of the fall, all shaded by lofty trees except where the miller's pretty garden clothes the bank with its velvety lawn and gay flower-beds. What a charming old English scene, peaceable sweet English country, not grand or sublime, but so reposeful to the overworked brain or toilworn mind of the Londoner.

"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY—";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

CHAPTER VII.
GATHERING CLOUDS.



THE months have passed. The flowers and leaves are all dead, and the Cumberland Hills lie white with snow. They have been trying months for Madge, but so far she has contrived to bear the old routine. Often she has had serious thoughts of resolutely breaking loose from her step-mother's authority, but, on second considerations, she has controlled herself for Jack and her father's sake from causing any actual ill-feeling in the house. But every week the proud, independent temper grows stronger, and passages of bitter words more frequent.

"I think I have no soft feeling left in me," she said wearily to her little friend one afternoon as she sat beside her. "And I am so sick of everything!"

"Oh, you must not talk so!" said Helen. "Think how you love your brother, and then how good you are to me."

"Yes, I love Jack with all my heart, but it isn't with a soft happy feeling. I always want him so dreadfully, and I don't think he can love me very much or he would come and see me oftener. I

think there must be someone in London he loves a great deal better, and the thought makes me bitter."

"But surely you would be glad if it made him very happy," Helen said gently.

"I don't think I could be glad under any circumstances," was the slow reply. "You see, he is all I have."

"But it will not always be so. Some day you will love someone better still."

"Never!" exclaimed Madge vehemently. "I don't like men, what little I know of them, and I should hate to feel tied to anyone. But there, I don't suppose I shall ever have the chance. It is not likely anyone would ever fall in love with me; I am much too bad-tempered and self-willed to inspire anything but dislike."

"No, you are not, you are beautiful and kind," replied Helen warmly. "If anyone knew you as I do, you would inspire something like worship."

Madge looked at her wistfully.

"You little know me, Helen," she said; "anyone would do what I have done for you; they couldn't help it. I would give anything I have in the world to make you strong and well."

"I don't think I want to be strong and well," the child said softly, "except for mother's sake. As I lie here, looking at the sky, I have grown to long so to pass beyond it. I don't think I shall have long to wait now; the doctor gave mother but little hope yesterday."

"Oh, but he doesn't know!" said Madge quickly. "It is only the cold weather that makes you so poorly; you will be better when the spring comes again."

"But it will not be here for some time, and—meanwhile—you will call and see mother sometimes?" she said, breaking off suddenly in the middle of her sentence.

"Oh yes, indeed, but don't let us talk about it. You really look better to-day."

Helen smiled softly.

"Just one word more," she said. "You will be with me at the last, if you can?"

"Indeed I will, I promise you. But it is a long time to look forward to; you are no worse than you are other winters. I think you are a little bit dull to-day; shall I read you something interesting?"

"No, thank you, I like to hear you talk best and I want to talk to you. Oh, Miss Margaret!" she continued eagerly, "I want so to tell you how good Jesus is and to help you to know Him better. He is yearning over you and longing to comfort you, if you would but go to Him with your troubles."

Great tears gathered in Madge's eyes, and she looked away out of the window.

"I will not forget what you say," she said presently, "but I can't feel it. If God really loves us and is all-powerful, why is the world so full of sorrow and suffering? If He is all-powerful and can prevent it, why doesn't He?"

"I can't answer you; I don't know; but somehow I am quite content. I wish I were clever and could help you, but He will tell you Himself some day, I know He will," and she held Madge's hand tightly. "It isn't always hard to suffer. I don't mind it much; sometimes I think it is beautiful to have something big to bear for His sake."

Madge bent down and kissed her.

"You are so good," she murmured fondly. "Perhaps some day I shall understand better, but now it is all dark. But you must not talk any more now," she added, "it makes you cough so. It is time I went too, for it is getting late



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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

TYPICAL CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

PART III.

SURREY.

SURREY is not a good county in which to study ecclesiastical architecture, for although it possesses several large churches, and amongst others that remarkably beautiful edifice, Saint Saviour's, Southwark, yet none of its important churches show any marked characteristics, and even its smaller churches partake quite as much of the architectural peculiarities of the adjoining counties as of that in which they stand; this is especially the case with their towers. Thus those of St. Saviour's and Lambeth Church might just as well be in London as where they are. Then also as Surrey was a poor, very sparsely populated county in the Middle Ages, covered in part by forests, and elsewhere by heath, characteristics which are still to be noticed in that stretch of country between Sheire and Cranleigh, which is nearly all forest, or those vast expanses such as Blackheath near Chilworth, the ancient churches were very humble structures, but in later years its beautiful and wild scenery has attracted the opulent and well-to-do to set up their houses here, and owing partly to this circumstance, and partly, no doubt, to the fact that the old churches, being poorly built from the first, had fallen into a ruinous condition, few of them remain. Sheire, Cranleigh, Ewhurst, Godalming, St. Peter's,

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THAMES DITTON, SURREY.

Guildford, and Compton are probably the most interesting; the three first are quite like Sussex churches. "Restoration" has been perfectly "rampant" in Surrey, so that the few old churches which have escaped destruction and re-building are robbed of that picturesqueness and interest which attaches to ancient buildings which have been untampered with.

Many of the old village churches in this county had curious towers; the lower portion constructed of rubble, or rough stone work, and the upper portion of timber, the whole crowned by a dwarf spirelet of wood, sometimes painted white, and at others covered with lead. Most of these have now disappeared, several very recently. A very characteristic example, however, still remains at

Thames Ditton, near Kingston. The lower portion of the tower is very rudely built, and dates probably from the thirteenth century. The belfry storey is of wood, and the curious combination of roof and spire is covered with metal; the whole forms a quaint object, but is a singular example of very humble not to say rude church architecture.



HOW TO START AND MANAGE A MOTHERS' MEETING.

HAVING for many years spent very happy hours at a mothers' meeting, I thought it possible that those who do not happen to have experience of parish work may like to know how, in a very simple way, we may enliven the monotonous lives of some of our poorer friends and neighbours.

We began by going round to the cottages, and after explaining what we intended to do at the mothers' meeting, we cordially invited them to come. The only convenient days of the week for working people are Monday and Thursday. We chose the latter day, from 2 o'clock to 3.45. At least two people are required to conduct a mothers' meeting satisfactorily.

When we started our meeting we had to pay 2s. per week for a room. This payment included fire, gas and cleaning. Later on we were able to have it in one of the mission rooms. Very good red and white flannel, plain and twilled, unbleached calico, blue flannel, shirting and sheeting, wide and narrow holland for aprons we got at cost price through the kindness of a personal friend (a merchant in Manchester). There was often a saving of twopence or threepence per yard on the flannels. The women paid by instalments. Nothing was allowed to be taken home until it was paid for. We gave no bonus, but provided buttons, cottons and needles, this expense for some years being covered by an annual donation of £1 from an old lady. By the time the garments were made they were usually paid for. One of the senior women took a pride in getting everything out of the trunk on to our trestle table, and she also put them away. The box was given to us by the friend who, with me, started the mothers' meeting. Two yard sticks, a table, and two account books were all we needed beside.

In one book there were two columns for each week, one for the amount *bought*, say 2s. 6d., the next for the amount *paid*, say 6d. The following week 2s. was entered in column one, thus showing at a glance how much each member owed. Every woman had a number. For some unknown reason they liked very much to have an early one, and members were moved up as there were vacancies. Each woman was given a yard of calico, at about twopence per yard, to make a bag to which was sewn her number. A payment of one penny each week was paid towards an annual treat, of which I will speak later.

For the encouragement of girls leaving school I may say that I began the mothers' meeting at seventeen and three-quarters, but a very dear old married lady was at the head. Another friend, a very little older than myself, did the accounts on a most admirable system.

Proceedings commenced with a cup of tea and two biscuits for each woman. Two

ounces provided thirty cups of good tea. Each woman brought her own cup every week to avoid the trouble of washing up. The tea was made in an urn from the school, and we provided a sugar basin and milk jug. We handed round the gingerbread and Osborne biscuits in paper bags. A pound was the quantity bought; three-quarters of a pound of sugar and a pint of milk, was the average quantity used. The total cost was 1s. 2½d. per week. The tea made it a more sociable gathering. About 2.30 the goods sold had been measured off and payments entered. Names were then called over from another book and a note made of any who were sick. A story book was read for half an hour and a lesson followed for another half an hour—incisive, interesting, with illustrations from real life. They frequently chose the subjects they would like for a course. One year we had "Great pictures and the lessons we may learn from them." Other years addresses on "One fault and the opposite virtue," the substance of addresses given in church by the Rev. H. R. Heywood. A course on the "Epistle to the Romans;" "Good women of the Bible" (the last subject was by special request of the women), "The Sermon on the Mount," a course on the Creed, the substance of lectures given at Oxford by Canon Gore.

A small book, *Kept for the Master's Use, Creed and Character*, by Canon Scott Holland, were the foundation of two other courses. Every lesson was most carefully prepared and adapted to the women and illustrated by local events, etc. The lady who gave the lessons never attempted to read anything aloud, knowing that would never attract their attention. It is always best to choose subjects and make them your own, reading up anything that bears upon the subject, and looking out during the week for illustrations from real life. At 3.30 the work was put away, the doxology was sung and prayers were said for missions in Africa, Calcutta, etc. (as well as very short prayers the women had learnt by heart); a prayer for their husbands, children, etc., followed, and any who were ill were mentioned by name. One lady stood at the door and shook hands with each as they left. I have omitted to say that a short talk of five or ten minutes preceded the reading. This gave an opportunity to tell them any special church or parish news. If we had been away we could tell them about the place where we had stayed. After a church congress an account of what had taken place was given instead of a lesson. A visit to Oxford, London, or the seaside; the death of any great churchman, or the preferment of a well-known man, gave us plenty to talk about, and it was not at all unusual for the women to ask to hear more instead of the story. In this way their interests were widened. Mis-

sionaries, the bishop, and various clergy, etc., were mentioned by name in the prayers. Each one seemed to like to feel they were helping in this work.

They thoroughly enjoyed hearing about places and people at a distance.

In reply to a question what kind of reading they liked best the votes were as follows, as far as I can remember: Two police news, one foreign places, four places like London, Oxford, or the seaside, twenty news about our own church or poor men who have risen. I am sure no young girls need hesitate about helping at a mothers' meeting, for they would say over and over again, "Oh, I do like a bit of life and a bit of fun." Jokes from Punch and amusing stories were thoroughly appreciated.

I don't think I have ever enjoyed any afternoon parties more than the delightful afternoons at the mothers' meetings.

Once a year we had a day in the country or by the sea, and one year we were able to go away for four days, the total cost per head being only 10s. (including 3s. 6d. railway fare).

On one day a drive and a tea was given to them, this being the annual custom when we went away for a day. With this exception they paid their own expenses.

Since then I have seen mothers in town and country parishes, and heard favourable and unfavourable remarks in the meetings. Individual interest seems to be most appreciated. Many times I have heard working women say, "I shan't go no more; you may go or stop away for anything anybody cares. They don't so much as say good-afternoon to you separately. It's just one good-afternoon as they come in, and if you're a bit late never a word; there's not a bit of life about it." On the other hand such a little satisfies them. Some home-made toffee on the 5th of November makes the day seem quite an important one, and a penny birthday card is often framed, not for the value of the card, but "to think of her remembering."

I suppose there are very few people who do not feel interested in young girls, but there is a special charm to older women of the working classes (many of whom live alone in one room) in a prettily-dressed fresh young girl with cheery, gracious manners. Young girls do not hesitate to teach in the Sunday-school, even when they have literally no aptitude for imparting what they know; but I think it is often realised that a young girl with a desire to please—although possessed of no special gifts—might cheer and brighten older people at a mothers' meeting, etc., in a way better than many of us twice their age. At a tea-party of old people, the enthusiastic ejaculation, "Bless her" or "Bless him," is generally applied to the more youthful entertainers.

E. H. PITCAIRN.



TYPICAL CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

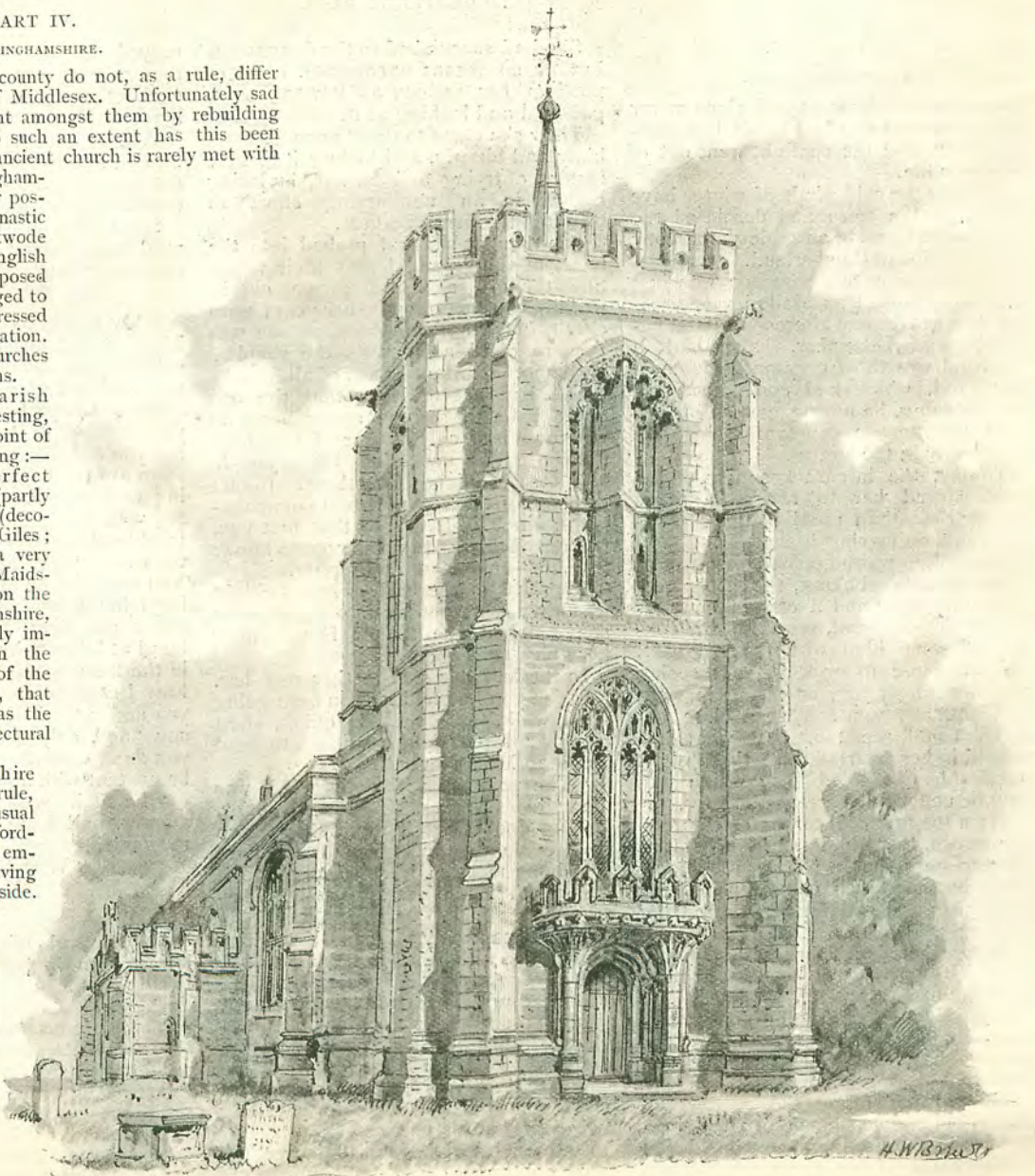
PART IV.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

THE churches of this county do not, as a rule, differ materially from those of Middlesex. Unfortunately sad havoc has been wrought amongst them by rebuilding and modernization. To such an extent has this been carried, that a genuine ancient church is rarely met with in some parts of Buckinghamshire. The county never possessed many large monastic churches; though at Chetwode is a beautiful Early English chancel, which is supposed originally to have belonged to a priory which was suppressed long before the Reformation. Of the other monastic churches scarcely anything remains.

Of the ancient parish churches the most interesting, from an architectural point of view, are the following:—Stewkley (a very perfect Norman example); Iver (partly Norman); Burnham (decorated); Chalfont St. Giles; Chesham; Hillesdon (a very fine late church); Maids-Moreton and Olney, on the borders of Northamptonshire, which possesses the only important stone spire in the county, but so purely of the Northamptonshire type, that it must be regarded as the production of the architectural school of that county.

The Buckinghamshire church towers, as a rule, follow more or less the usual Middlesex and Hertfordshire types in being embattled at the top and having a beacon turret at the side. Their detail is, however, superior, the battlements being treated in a more ornamental way, and the belfry windows being larger and more elegant. The humbler village churches had little wooden steeples placed astride the roof or supported upon rude towers of wood or rubble. These have, however, within



MAIDS-MORETON, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

the last half century for the most part disappeared.

Perhaps the most characteristic tower in the county is the very pretty one of Maids-Moreton Church. This beautiful little building was erected by two maiden sisters, the daughters of the last male heir of the Peyvore family about the year 1450, and from this circumstance the place came to be called "Maids" Moreton. These good women carried out their intention in a most generous manner; for, although the church is a very small one, only capable of seating about two hundred people, it is an architectural gem,

constructed entirely of cut stone both within and without, after the manner of a cathedral; the windows, which are unusually large and handsome, were, within the memory of a man who was living a few years back, entirely filled with rich stained glass, fragments of which still remain. The roofs are of oak, beautifully carved, and the sedilia and "Easter-sepulchre" are celebrated for their elaborate canopy work. The porches, vestry and tower are vaulted in stone with fan tracery, and the penthouse porch over the west doorway is a singularly original piece of design. It is certainly one of the most costly

little village churches in England. Upon the floor is a large stone from which the brass effigies of two female figures and the inscription have been torn away; beneath this the two maidens "await the resurrection of the just."

What ruffian defaced their monument and tore up their inscription? Who knows! In all probability it was done to save a few pence in mending a kettle, or its price was expended in some degraded orgie at the village ale-house! As long, however, as this beautiful little church exists, "the maids" can never be forgotten.

(To be continued.)

"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY—";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

By GERTRUDE PAGE.

CHAPTER XV.

A DIFFICULT QUESTION.

EIGHT months have passed since merry Jack Harcourt was laid in his last resting-place, and the sunlight went out of Madge's life.

Already the cold winds of winter have laid bare the trees and desolated the gardens and spread an aching monotony over the hills of Cumberland.

The first snow of the season was just beginning to fall as Madge was tending her graves one afternoon in the beginning of December. She had a beautiful wreath of chrysanthemums in her hand, which had come from Guy that morning, he having never failed to send her flowers constantly since he went away in the spring.

To-day, the intense keenness of the wind caused her to remain a much shorter time than usual in the churchyard, and on leaving it she started for a brisk walk to warm herself.

As she hurried along, the set expression of her face and a certain contraction of her forehead, proclaimed a conflict of some kind within her breast. She appeared to walk without seeing anything about her, or caring in what direction she went. And a close observer could see too, that what has passed in her heart during these eight months has affected that which can only be undone with great difficulty.

From the first cold torpor of enforced endurance, there had issued no softer, gentler spirit, but a restive, rebellious, indignant one which only deepened her scepticism and still further marred her character.

Madge hated selfishness, but in her blind self-dependence she allowed it, to a certain extent, to dominate her life.

She did not see that by persistently mourning her heavy loss and dwelling upon the hardness of her fate, she was resolutely placing "Self" first.

She did not forget the sorrows of others, but she looked upon them in a hopelessly morbid spirit and lost belief in happiness. Once again she fell into her old fault of idolatry, and this time her idol was "Sorrow."

She had succumbed to the dangerous, but by no means uncommon, habit of placing her sorrow, as it were, on a pedestal and looking at it.

Thus she came to dwell upon it morbidly and bitterly, and to hug it to her, instead of trying to lessen it, by losing herself in an unwearying effort to brighten the lives of others.

She thought she had probed into the heart of things and learnt their value. She thought she had grown old in worldly wisdom, though her years were only twenty; and all the time she was a mere child as regards the simplest and most important lesson of all.

She had yet to learn that the one great balm in sorrow, strengthener in weakness and only creator of true happiness in this mysterious life is just to forget self in living for others. In fact in obeying the second great commandment, which is like unto that first one, without obedience to which no man knows true life—enjoyment and repose.

The dusk of the early winter twilight was already deepening into night when she reached the Manor House after her quick walk.

In the hall her step-mother met her. "I wish you had told me you were going for a walk," she said, in quick, short tones. "I particularly wanted to send a note to Mrs. Trevor."

"The postman will deliver it," was the careless answer.

"No doubt, but it would have been no trouble to you. You must have heard me mention it at dinner, and it isn't much you do for anyone but yourself."

"Perhaps not, but I can, if you like, sympathise with you for having to live with anyone so eminently objectionable," and Madge's lips curled unpleasantly as she proceeded with a slow and somewhat haughty bearing upstairs, paying no heed to Mrs. Harcourt's parting shaft, that it was extraordinary what pride some people took in parading their disagreeable tempers.

By this it will be seen, that even the cold politeness that had previously marked the relations between step-mother and step-daughter, had not

proved of an enduring nature, and though they were generally distant to each other, passages of this kind were by no means infrequent.

When Madge had taken off her things, she went downstairs again and sat over the drawing-room fire lost in conflicting thoughts.

She took a letter from her pocket and read it carefully. She had had it two or three days and it ran thus—

"Piccadilly Club,

"MY DEAR MISS HARCOURT,—Last May, when I spoke to you on a certain subject, you declined to consider it at all, and asked me not to allude to it again. I hope I shall not be offending you in doing so, but I cannot help asking you the same question once again. I am always thinking of you and longing to help you somehow, and I can't tell you how glad I should be, if you would only come to me and let me try to make your life a little brighter. You need not be afraid of over-shadowing mine, for somehow nothing has been the same since Jack died. I am no hand at letter-writing and I don't know in the least how to tell you all I want to. May I come and see you, I could make you understand so much better? Don't say 'no' only because you are afraid you don't care about me enough, I could be content with a little.

"I shall wait anxiously for your answer, and hope you will at least let me come.

"With kind regards,

"Yours sincerely,

"GUY FAWCETT."

For several minutes she held the letter open in her hand, and looked fixedly at the fire. For the last three days she had been in a restless, unsettled state because of it, and to-night she was determined to make up her mind one way or another.

"It is his wish," she argued, "I shall but be yielding to him, and he cannot blame me if he lives to regret it.

"I have told him I have no heart, and he must know I mean it, for he saw me with Jack and knows I used to be able to love."



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FEBRUARY 19, 1898.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

TYPICAL CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

PART V.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

It is perhaps not too much to say that Northamptonshire presents the most remarkable architectural puzzle in the world. Here, in a purely agricultural county, apparently not remarkable for wealth, with no cathedral, for Peterborough was only converted into a cathedral in the reign of Henry VIII., with few monastic churches of importance, the towns small and unimportant, we find a series of village churches which, for refinement of style, delicacy of detail, graceful carving, rich mouldings, elegant window tracery, and a general air of what we call exquisite taste in ornamentation, are not surpassed, if equalled, in the grandest cathedrals.

These Northamptonshire village churches are not grand, stately structures like the Yorkshire, Norfolk, Suffolk and Lincolnshire churches, or such elaborate buildings as those of Somersetshire. There is scarcely a large church in the county, with the exception of Peterborough Cathedral, and few of the churches measure one hundred and fifty feet in length, whereas the majority are of still more modest dimensions. There is little boldness of construction, and the scale of their various component parts is almost diminutive, yet, owing to their artistic arrangement, carefully contrasted features and delicate detail, they are the most perfect series of ecclesiastical buildings in this country.

Noting the various excellences of these buildings, our modern architects at the time of the "revival of ecclesiastical architecture" largely copied them, but unfortunately their churches were generally erected in modern towns, and the result of these imitations was failure complete and inevitable, because a Northamptonshire village church, though exquisite in a country village, is thoroughly out of place in a town. We saw an example of this a few days back. A pretty little church of the Northamptonshire type had been built in a busy eastern suburb of London, and would have looked well upon a village green with low-built cottages about it, a pretty churchyard around it, backed up by trees with a clear stream flowing past, and a picturesque manor house with pleasant gardens near at hand, perhaps a windmill, and a cherry-cheeked country lass driving home a pack of geese in the foreground. But place such a building in a filthy street between two huge factories as tall as its spire, with vast chimneys belching forth black clouds of smoke, without a scrap of ground about it except a narrow paved space forming a receptacle for torn paper, rags and filth, and how then will it look?

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RAUNDS, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

The mediæval architects never committed this mistake. If we look at Bristol, Norwich or York, we shall see their idea of an ordinary "town church;" but, if we want to see what they would have done in the way of church building in a town with buildings eight or ten storeys high, we must go to Lubeck, Danzig, or Landshut.

Another puzzling thing about the Northamptonshire churches is the fact that the spire is almost universal all over the county, and this is so marked because the adjoining counties are not remarkable for spires. Buckinghamshire and Bedfordshire, for instance, have very few spires, and those which they do possess are like Olney on the borders of Northamptonshire. Here and there exceptions may be found, such as Leighton Buzzard for instance.

The characteristics of the Northamptonshire steeples are these: In the first place the spire almost always grows out of the tower in such a way as to show that the tower was designed to support a spire; now, although the spire of Norwich Cathedral is a striking object, yet

it does not grow out of the tower, but is simply an afterthought cleverly superimposed. It will at once be seen that the example we give from Raunds Church, Northamptonshire, has a unity which could only have been brought about by the tower having been designed to receive a spire.

Secondly, the spire in Northamptonshire is far more developed than in other counties. At Raunds, for instance, if you divide the height of the whole structure into five, it will be found that the tower occupies two parts and the spire three! At Irchester, Bozeat, and Higham-Ferrars, etc., we find proportions almost similar. Some of the Northamptonshire spires, however, are equal in height to the towers which they surmount; such, for instance, as Oundle, Rushden, Kettering, and others slightly less in proportion, such as Finedon and St. Sepulchre, Northampton.

It is difficult to say which are the most beautiful, but certainly the first class mentioned is the most characteristic of the county, and for that reason we give a sketch of Raunds, though Rushden is quite as fine in its way.

It is impossible quite to account for the superiority of the Northamptonshire architecture over that of every other county, or for its strange individuality and incomparable elegance. That, in some way or other, there must have been a very refined school of designers and art-workers here, especially during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, that such a thing should have existed in a purely agricultural county free from surrounding or foreign influences bespeaks a high condition of culture and civilization.

If we had found one or two churches showing a superior workmanship and design to what we are in the habit of seeing, we should of course conclude that some architect or workmen had been called in from a distance; but when we find even the smallest village churches exhibiting a delicacy and refinement of detail as marked as the most important ones, it shows at once that the people were possessed in these early times of a cultivated taste and refinement to be met with nowhere else in this country.

(To be continued.)

"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY—";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

By GERTRUDE PAGE.

CHAPTER XXI. THE "WHY" AND THE "WHEREFORE."



THE next day, as Madge sat alone reading, she was disturbed by a knock at the door.

"Come in!" she called, and Elsie entered, and closed the door behind her.

"May I come and see you for a little while?" she said, advancing half-shyly. "Mother has a friend with her and I thought they might like to be alone for a

little time. You won't think me very intrusive, will you?"

Madge rose at once, closed her book and held out her hand. "You are very kind," she said graciously, feeling pleased that this sweet woman continued undaunted by her coldness. She disliked people who were afraid of her, although she knew perfectly well how distant and unapproachable she generally was.

"I saw your husband go out, so I knew you would be alone," continued Elsie, "and I enjoyed talking to you so much yesterday."

Madge drew an easy chair to the fire for her, saying, "Do stay if you would like. I have not been out to-day and shall be pleased to have your company."

At first their conversation was only of a commonplace nature, but as each

quickly grew to know the other better, it took a more confiding turn.

"A public life brings one into contact with so many different people," said Elsie, after an allusion had been made to her profession. "One grows larger-hearted, I find, as time passes. There is so much more good in men's hearts than people think. I have received little kindnesses from people who are credited with no kind feelings whatever. There is so much hidden away which the world knows nothing about, and I think there would be more still if people oftener gave their fellow-creatures credit for being better than they seem. Instead, a doubtful character is often hardened and wrecked by censure. It is terrible to think what a degree of influence every human creature exercises over those with whom he comes in contact." She paused a moment, then said simply, "I expect you think a great deal; do you often sit alone?"

"Yes, I like it."

"I like it too sometimes, but not too often. Do you never feel lonely?"

"I have felt lonely all my life," answered Madge briefly. "More especially when I am in company with others."

"I know what you mean," replied Elsie thoughtfully. "That loneliness is, I believe, an inseparable feature of existence. But there is another loneliness, when we are tired of our thoughts and long for a kindly voice or friendly touch. Do you never feel this?"

"I used to many years ago; but I grew up practically alone. I never had a real friend, and I never met anyone whom I felt could fill such a post to satisfy me. I have always felt alone—

alone," and she repeated the last word, sadly, half to herself.

"You have seen a good deal of trouble?" asked Elsie gently.

"I don't know, I can hardly say. Possibly I have made my own troubles."

"And those self-made troubles are often the hardest to bear," replied Elsie, in the same gentle voice, "for we get no sympathy and it is bitter work, groping about for comfort, when we scarcely know what our trouble is."

"Yes, and never finding it," put in Madge, speaking quickly, "and at last we get sick of it and grow hard and bitter, and those who ought to help us, because they make a profession of a religion, that is supposed to be one of love, look at us coldly and preach at us. They raise their hands in self-righteous horror at what they call our wicked unbelief, and we—well, some of us scorn them, and think no religion at all better than one which they make half a farce."

"But, Mrs. Fawcett, all are not so," said Elsie earnestly. "It is only a few here and there."

"I think it is the majority, or the world would be happier and better."

"I'm not sure if it would be good for the world to be happier," said Elsie, thoughtfully, after a pause. "If there were no sorrow, there would be no great noble souls towering above the littleness and pettiness that abounds; for it is sorrow that ennobles, and makes us 'more like God and less like curs.'"

"Or else drives us, blinded with tears, into darkness and unbelief," added Madge bitterly.

"From the lowest depth there is a

TYPICAL CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

PART VI.

ESSEX.

ESSEX does not bear a very good name for scenery, and few people would select the county for a walking tour. The "cyclist," however, may do worse than take a run through Essex; because although some districts are flat and ugly, and others devoid of wood, yet there are localities which are pretty, and the number of old manorial estates with fine parks, ancient mansions, castles, abbeys, and more than usually picturesque villages, render it by no means an uninteresting county.

Although ancient churches (some very old indeed) abound, yet it cannot be said that they possess the splendour or dignity which one would expect to find in a county which was a favourite place of residence for the aristocracy. Thus, although a rich field for the study of domestic and secular architecture, it does not offer the same scope for ecclesiastical architectural investigation. The

reason for this is not very difficult to discover. The fact is that before the Reformation the county possessed a more than usual number of wealthy monasteries; and no doubt the nobility subscribed generously to the building of their churches, which must have been very sumptuous. At the Reformation Essex suffered perhaps more in the way of destruction than any other English county. From some reason, which it is difficult to account for, the monastic churches were almost entirely demolished. Of those of Colchester, Walden, Stratford and Barking Abbeys, nothing whatever is left; of St. Osyth Priory little if anything; of the church of Colchester Priory a fragment of the west front and an arch or two of the nave; of Coggeshall some ruins of the choir and transepts. The only monastic church of which the remains are extensive is Waltham Abbey, the nave of which is converted into a parish church. The architecture is very fine Norman work. Now of course when these monastic churches existed entire

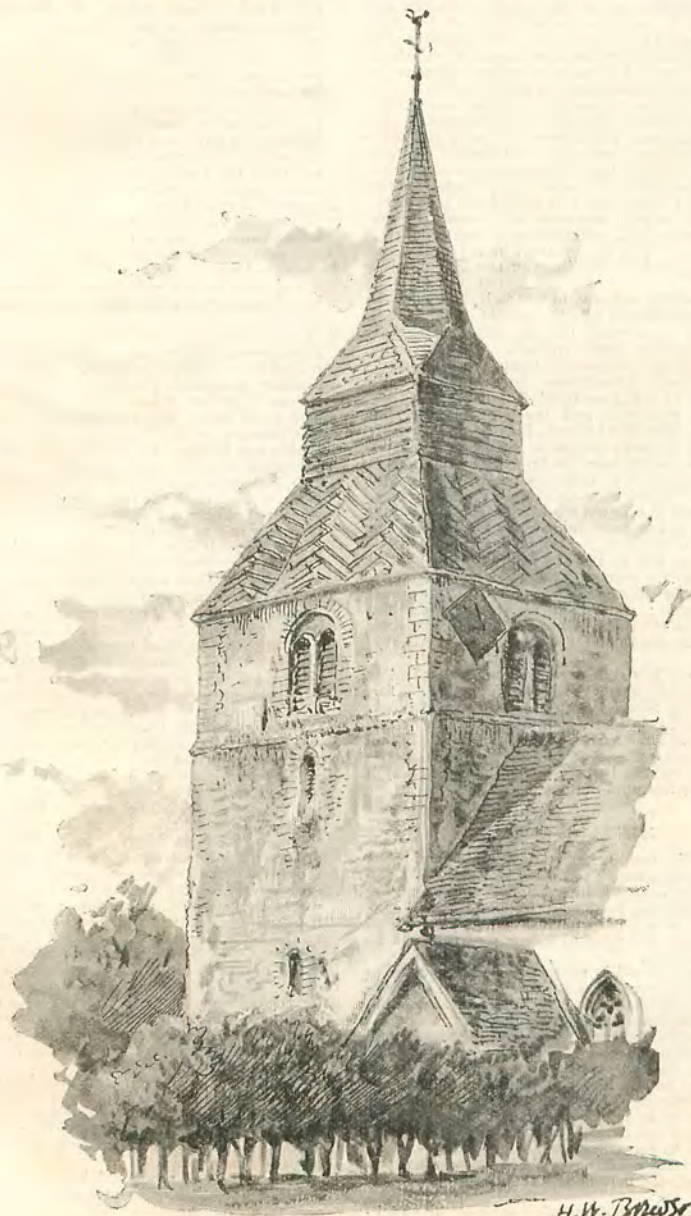
Essex would have passed as a county rich in architecture, but at present it may almost be said that there are only three really fine churches in the county, Waltham Abbey, Thaxted and Saffron Walden. Both of the latter have spires, but that of Thaxted is the only ancient stone one in the county; it is a good example, but with nothing very characteristic about it. In fact, the whole of this noble church is devoid of local peculiarities: parts of it look like the work of the architect of Henry VII.'s Chapel. Some of the Essex churches are remarkably interesting; Castle Headingham, Little Maplestead, Boxted, Hadleigh, East Ham, Rainham and St. Osyth are especially so.

The towers of the Essex churches are not particularly remarkable. They are generally rather squat, and although there is but one stone spire, the village churches are often crowned by small wooden structures, a kind of cross between a roof and a spire, which are frequently curious and certainly characteristic. One of the most interesting is at Upminster, near Hornchurch. The church has been almost entirely rebuilt, and the tower itself very much restored. Our drawing is copied from a sketch made some years back, when the tower was in its original condition; but at present, though the original form has been preserved, much of the work is new.

Hornchurch has a singular peculiarity; instead of a gable cross at the east end, there is a carved head of a bull in stone with the natural horns of a buffalo affixed to it. This remarkable "ecclesiastical feature" is said to have given the name of "Hornchurch" to the village, but of the origin or history of this strange object I could find nothing.

It may not be out of place here to put in a plea for the preservation of the ancient towers of the Middlesex, Essex and Hertfordshire churches. They are not grand or elaborate architectural structures, and may, in some cases, be inferior to the modern towers which replace them; but these far more pretentious modern works do not teach so much, because they do not speak either of our own time or of past days. How many of these old towers have been rebuilt of late years it is difficult to say, but it is sad to think that this work of destruction is still going on. Would it not be better to follow the excellent example set by the good folks of Stanmore, who, some years back, finding their old church past repair, built a handsome new one close to it, leaving the old church to become an ivy-clad ruin. These two churches in the same churchyard have always struck us as looking most interesting and appropriate; here you see, side by side, an old church and a modern one, both teaching a lesson, and looking well. If they had rebuilt the old church it would have possessed neither the advantages and convenience of a new one nor the historic interest of an old one. These quaint and singular old churches and towers should of course, if possible, be repaired, but if that is not possible, do not attempt to rebuild them; even in their ruined condition they are most valuable historical witnesses. What they tell us is certain to be true; they cannot lie, as written documents often do. They speak to us with a voice from out the past, and to thoughtful minds their grey mouldering walls and decaying stone-work teach lessons that are worthy to be learnt and handed down to future ages; lessons of patient toil and of pious endeavour, of man's weakness and God's strength; veritable "sermons in stones," though, like all man's works, bound to decay; yet, as long as they last, pointing to a hope, for that future peace which "suppasseth all understanding."

(To be continued.)



UPMINSTER, ESSEX.



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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

TYPICAL CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

PART VII.

SUFFOLK.

IN our last paper we described the characteristics of the Essex church towers and their somewhat humble and unpretentious architecture and dimensions. Now the moment we cross the boundaries of the adjoining county of Suffolk a most remarkable contrast is to be noticed in the churches; instead of small buildings with quaint wooden spires, or low towers, we find singularly noble edifices with elegant and stately towers. So marked is this that several of the grandest of the Suffolk examples are within four or five miles of the border, and even the two parishes which we first enter when crossing the latter possess remarkably fine churches—Clare and Cavendish—buildings totally distinct from anything to be seen in Essex. They are, however, far surpassed by the stately minsters of two adjoining parishes—Long-Melford and Lavenham. Unfortunately the former has lost its tower, which was rebuilt about a century back, and so it must yield the palm to Lavenham, though its nave and aisles, lady chapel and magnificent flint decoration, are perhaps even finer than those of the latter church.

The people of Lavenham are most justly proud of their church, and we recollect once hearing a very warm dispute between a local stonemason and an Ipswich plumber. The stonemason declared that Lavenham was the finest parish church in England.

“But,” said the Ipswich man, “the men who built it were muddlers who did not know how to erect a square tower. I have just been measuring it for some new lead, and find none of the sides are equal; they differ as much as nine inches!”

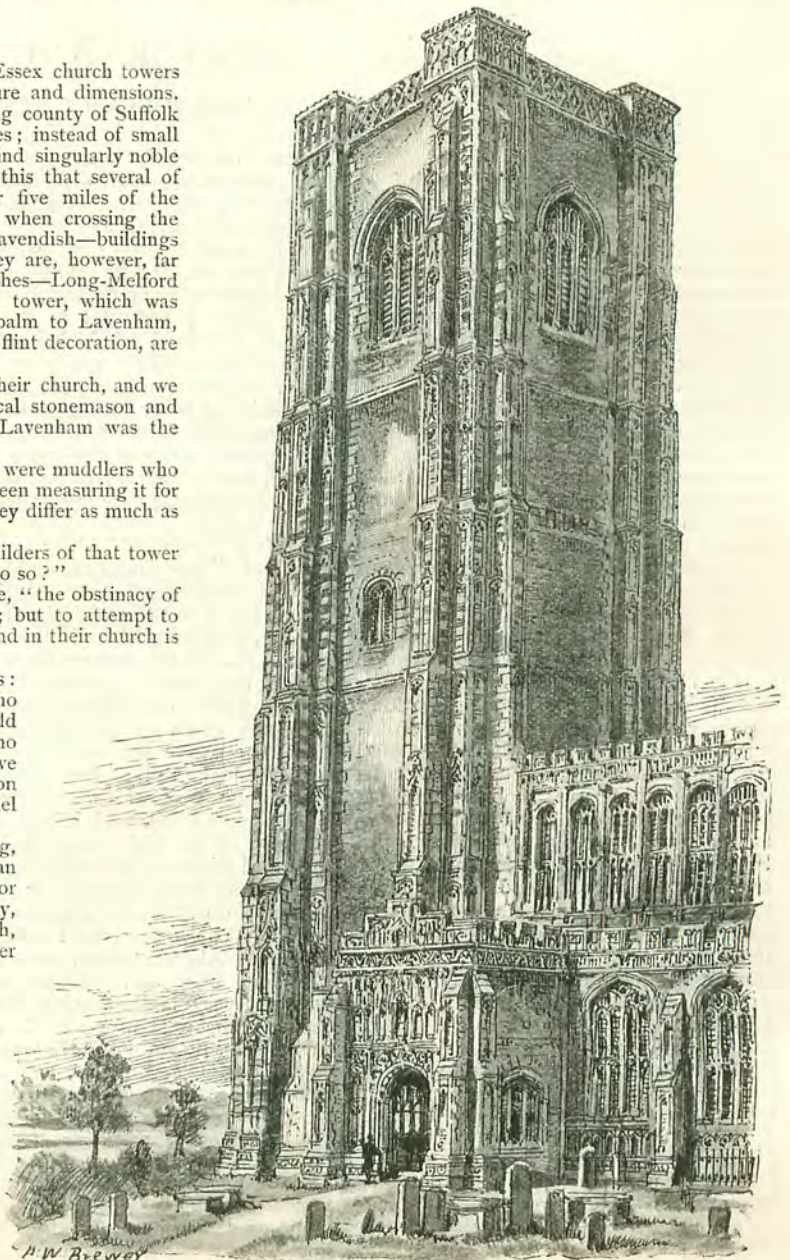
The Lavenham man said, “Do you suppose that the builders of that tower could not have made it square if they had had a mind to do so?”

The Ipswich man appealed to us. “You see,” said he, “the obstinacy of these Lavenham folks. Of course they have a fine church; but to attempt to defend the blunders of a builder simply because it is found in their church is too ridiculous!”

We pointed out the fallacy of this argument as follows: “You have yet to prove that it is a blunder. The men who built such an exquisite structure as Lavenham tower could not have been in the habit of making ‘blunders.’ And no doubt there was some reason for this irregularity which we are unable to discover just as there must be some reason why the sides of the Parthenon at Athens are not parallel and its angles not right angles.”

The church at Lavenham is a large and stately building, and from its very favourable position looks even larger than it really is. It stands at the extreme limit of the village, or town, upon a gentle eminence, overlooking a pretty valley, and its lofty tower is thus seen for miles round. The length, including the tower, is close upon 200 feet, the width over nave and aisles 68 feet, and the tower is 141 feet high. The walls are adorned externally with stone panelling and inlaid flint work of a very elaborate description. The chancel is earlier than the rest of the building, and is excellent fourteenth-century “Decorated” work. The porch is extremely elaborate. The tower, though plainer than the rest of the building, is perhaps the noblest portion of the whole, and presents just that combination of massive solidity and grace of proportion which is so very pleasing and striking. Though far less elaborate than the Somerset examples, and devoid of that exquisite feature the spire, so common in Northampton, yet it has so much dignity and boldness that it is impossible to wish it otherwise than it really is. Few architectural works we have ever seen are so eminently satisfactory

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LAVENHAM CHURCH.

from every point of view, yet when we come to examine it we are astonished at its simplicity. There are no pinnacles, turrets, open parapets, or niches; there is only one belfry window on each side. The corners are accentuated by solid square projections, from which the buttresses are set off—a most striking arrangement. No description can account for its peculiar charm. All we can say is, that its architect must have been an extraordinary genius.

The interior of the church is worthy of the noble exterior. The lofty nave with its rich clerestory and elaborately-carved roof, the deep chancel with its elegant rood-screen, carved stalls, chantries, parcloes, etc., produce an effect of richness and solemnity rarely met with in country parish churches.

Unfortunately little of the old stained glass which formerly filled every window now remains, and its absence is not compensated

for by the discordant modern painted glass of the east window—the one blot upon this most noble interior.

This stately church was erected (except the chancel) by the De Veres, Earls of Oxford, and a wealthy family of the name of Spring, who were clothiers of the place, for Lavenham in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was an industrious cloth-weaving village in addition to a rich agricultural parish.

The whole neighbourhood shows marks of former prosperity, chiefly now attested by noble churches. We have already alluded to Long-Melford and Cavendish, both splendid churches remarkable for their elaborate cut and inlaid flint-work and rich tracery. The former of these is said to be the largest village in England, and the present Duke of Devonshire derives his name from the latter. Near at hand are Neyland, Stoke, Hadleigh, Cockfield, Denston, Elmswell, Lawshall, Rattlesden; all

remarkably handsome village churches with stately towers.

The whole county, however, abounds in fine churches, amongst which we must not neglect to mention Southwold, Blithborough, Covehithe—now, alas! in ruins—Beccles, Stowmarket, and St. Mary's Bury.

The monastic remains are numerous and interesting, especially at Bury St. Edmunds, Thetford and Butley. There are several old castles—Framlingham is especially noble—and perhaps no county in England is so rich in ancient mansions. Two of the finest are Giffards, Hengrave, the old seat of the Gages—now to be sold!—and Beddingfield.

As the country is picturesque and, for the most part pretty, Suffolk is an agreeable county in which to take a holiday. Everywhere one meets sights of former opulence and well-being, not only of the upper classes, but of those in humbler walks of life.

DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER V.

SUNDAY was always a quiet grave day at the Maison Féraudy, no cooking was done that day by mistress or servants. *Locataires* were warned beforehand, so they could not complain; all was done the day before. The whole party started on foot for Poinville to attend their little temple, about nine o'clock in the morning. Madame Féraudy and Génie walked together both dressed in black according to ancient Huguenot tradition.

Génie dearly loved that walk in the sweet fresh mornings. The road after passing through wide fields of corn and colza came out on the top of a low broken cliff over-hanging the sea. Here a picturesque flight of rugged steps cut in the rocks led down to the shining sands below. But on Sunday they turned away from these inviting steps and pursued a pleasant path on the top of the cliff for some way. About half-way to Poinville the sea broke in a long narrow ravine far into the land, a beautiful and wild spot. For the sea rushed through the fissure with the impetuous force of wild power constrained. It burst on the black jagged rocks, throwing sheets of snowy spray high into the air, and the roar of the tormented water reverberated from side to side. Over the ravine at a place where for a space an overhanging mass of rock narrowed the width, a slender bridge had been thrown for foot-passengers; the sides were furnished with strong wooden railings.

About half-way across, while Madame Féraudy would hurry on trying not to feel giddy and confused, Génie would linger in intense enjoyment, looking down on the tossing water below, rejoicing when a larger wave than usual broke violently and sent a sheet of spray upwards, the salt drops cool and fresh on her cheeks.

Génie's eyes would dance and shine with the keenness of her enjoyment, and she would pine for a storm, a great

storm in which for once she would see the great waves mad with fury, beating themselves in a wild combat with the forces of the earth.

"It must be a grand sight to see earth and sea at war!" she exclaimed, but Madame Féraudy shook her head. "It is more beautiful to see them at play," she said as she pointed to the sands below. The sea was sapphire blue, and the gentle waves broke softly into shining silver on the shore. In the distance little boats with sails white as the uplifted wings of the swan, scudded along, betraying that out at sea a fresh sweet breeze was dancing on the surface of the waves.

"How beautiful! how exquisitely peaceful!" murmured Génie.

Madame Féraudy gave a little shiver. "I do not love the sea," she said. "It is blue, it is fair, but oh, how treacherous! The young strong lives, the lost hopes, the bitter suspense, the broken hearts which can never be cured till 'the sea gives up her dead.' For all these she has to account!"

Génie looked up at her startled. The stern face was white and drawn, the brows contracted and raised as if the shadow of an old agony had passed over and withered her anew.

Madame Féraudy went on speaking. "You do not know, *mignonne*," she said. "You have never heard that my husband, Alain Féraudy, was a sailor. We had been married five years. It was not very long, looking back on it through the mist of years, it seems to me a little, little time. He was twenty-eight, and I was twenty-five when he was made captain of the *Cygne*, and we went to Brest together to say good-bye. She was a fine ship, she looked very beautiful and Alain was proud of her. I saw her start. A little steam-tug towed her out of the harbour, and I stood on the ramparts and watched her go. It was much such a day as this is to-day, a little rougher perhaps, for the white foam horses were riding on the

waves. The little steam-tug took her out very fast. The sun was in my eyes and the salt mist, it was high tide. When I had cleared my sight, the little steam-tug was ploughing her way home again, and far away the *Cygne* was shaking out all her canvas, brilliantly white in the dazzle of the sun. She caught the wind and scudded before it away into the blue. I think, Génie, I should always tell sailors' women-folk not to watch their ship go out; it takes long, and the picture haunts you ever after. *Mignonne*, your eyes are wet, why? It is all so long ago. Well, they told me the *Cygne* would be home in the late autumn, so I came back to Féraudy and waited till the leaves grew red and brown and fell, and then I knew it was autumn and I went to Brest. I stayed there, and the autumn merged into winter, and the winter into the spring of a new year, and ships came in and ships went out. Time after time, from the stone seat on the ramparts on which I sat every day and watched, I used to see white sails on the horizon, white sails filling out to the breeze which was sweeping them homewards joyously over the waves. Nearer and nearer till the black steam-tugs rushed out to bring them in.

"I was so happy, so joyous, so wild with hope! But at last they would no longer allow me to rush down to see the ships come in, for every time it was the same. Other wives met their husbands, other mothers met their sons, other girls met their young sweethearts, but for me it was otherwise; the *Cygne* never came home."

"My dear, dear madame," faltered Génie, choking with tears.

Madame Féraudy walked slowly on, her eyes were fixed on the far horizon. She went on speaking.

"It is best to know. In those days I used to envy those who had, at least, certainty, who knelt by death-beds and left their farewell kiss in the silent coffin, but when the certainty came,



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MAY 14, 1898.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

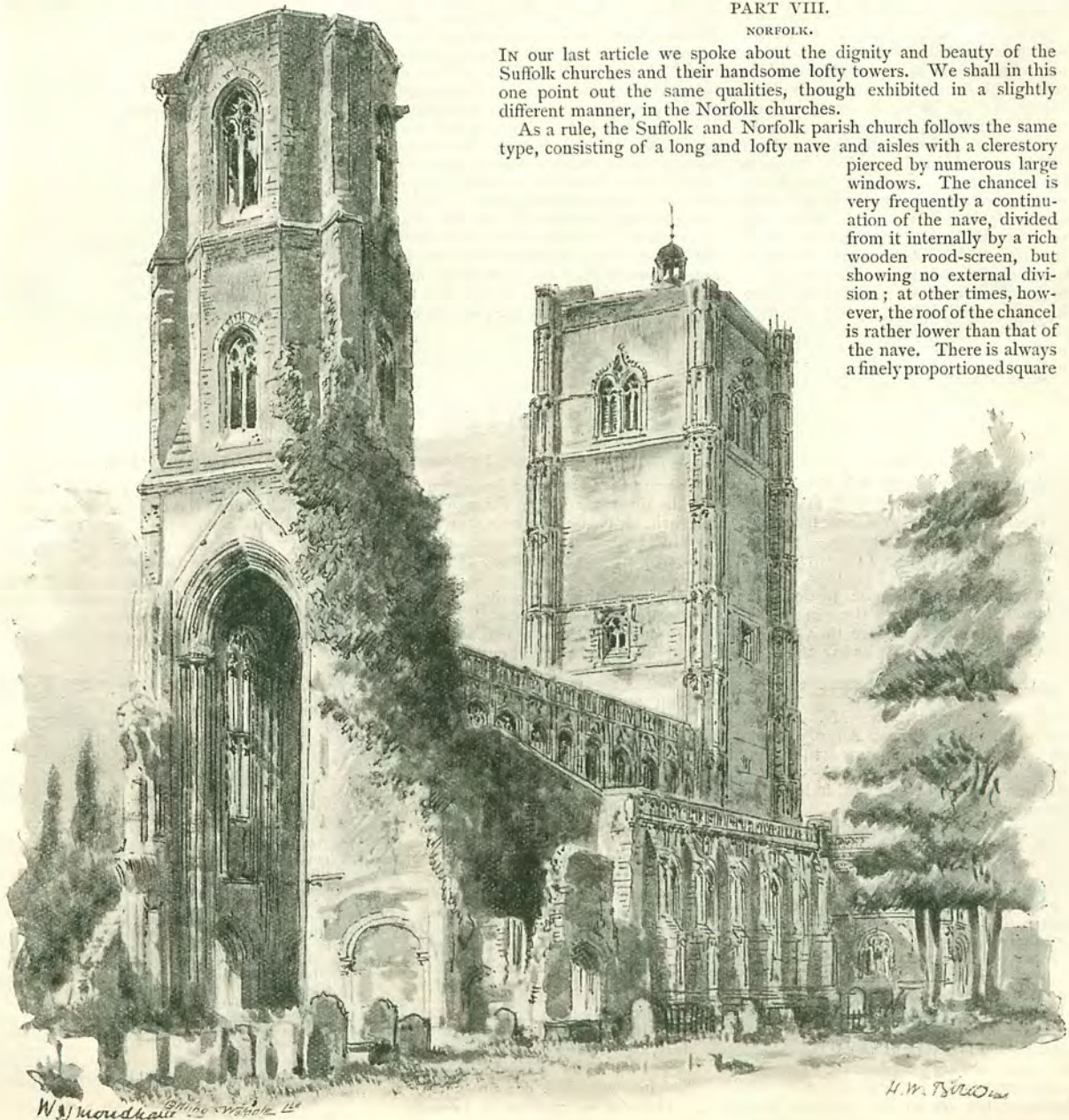
TYPICAL CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

PART VIII.

NORFOLK.

IN our last article we spoke about the dignity and beauty of the Suffolk churches and their handsome lofty towers. We shall in this one point out the same qualities, though exhibited in a slightly different manner, in the Norfolk churches.

As a rule, the Suffolk and Norfolk parish church follows the same type, consisting of a long and lofty nave and aisles with a clerestory pierced by numerous large windows. The chancel is very frequently a continuation of the nave, divided from it internally by a rich wooden rood-screen, but showing no external division; at other times, however, the roof of the chancel is rather lower than that of the nave. There is always a finely proportioned square



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WYMONDHAM, NORFOLK.

or partly octagon tower at the west end. There are however some exceptions to which we shall call attention. There is more variety in the plans of the Norfolk than those of the Suffolk churches, and we frequently find transeptal chapels opening out of the aisles, as at St. Peter's, Norwich, Salle, Cawston, Cley-by-the-Sea, etc. Several of the larger parochial churches are regular cruciform buildings with central towers, as Yarmouth, East Dereham, Snettisham, Attleborough, etc. Terrington St. Clements has an isolated tower, and St. Margaret's, Lynn, has two noble western towers. Yarmouth Church has the distinction of being the largest parish church in England, surpassing in dimensions eight of the cathedrals. It is, however, rather a curious than a beautiful building, and is nothing like so impressive as many other Norfolk churches. Singularly, it is the only church we have ever seen which has aisles double the width and loftier than the nave! It is not improbable that at some previous time it may have been two separate churches—an arrangement by no means uncommon in Norfolk; examples are to be found in the Dominican Church, Norwich (now Saint Andrew's and the Blackfriars' Halls), Weybourne, Binham, Reepham, and in its most magnificent form at Wymondham, where is a noble parish church with a grand western tower nearly 200 feet high! a nave and aisles of unusual height and width, covered with panelled flint-work, most beautifully carved oak roofs, and some of the grandest Norman arches in the country. At the east end of the nave is a second stately tower with a wild confusion of ruins beyond it! The first impression is that you are looking at a cathedral the choir and transepts of which have fallen into ruin; but, in point of fact, it is nothing of the kind, but was formerly two very large churches adjoining one another;

there were no transepts to either church, and what looks like a centre tower was the western tower of the eastern or abbey church!

The western or parish church tower is a very striking object of a purely Norfolk type, rather plain and solid, but with beautifully treated windows and richly panelled octagonal buttresses at the angles. The other tower, still called the "abbey tower," is a valuable example of another Norfolk type: it is a graceful octagonal structure, which appears to have been peculiar in this county to monastic churches. Somewhat similar towers are to be seen at the Greyfriars Church, Lynn, and are shown as having formerly existed at the Dominican Church, Norwich, and St. Benet's Abbey, etc.

The lofty and remarkably graceful arch under the "abbey tower" at Wymondham was not a chancel-arch, but was simply the tower arch of the abbey church. There was no opening except a doorway into the parish church from this tower. The nave of the abbey church was much wider than that of the parish church, so that only one side of it was on a line with the latter. The lofty octagonal tower of Wymondham Abbey may have been a kind of survival of the ancient round towers found attached to many churches of this county; though of course the fifteenth-century tower at Wymondham is very graceful and the former are excessively rude. These round towers are numerous, five existing in Norwich alone; none of those that we have examined possess their original doorways, windows, or parapets. Though those at Whittingham are Saxon, they are certainly insertions. In all probability these towers are of extremely early date; they are of very small diameter with thick walls, most coarsely built of uncut flints and tiles, and are far older than the churches to which they are attached; they are possibly examples

of ecclesiastical architecture dating from the Roman occupation of our island. We cannot otherwise account for their rudeness, because all the early work in the Norfolk churches is in advance of that of any part of England; even the little Norman churches are remarkable for their elegant and elaborate details—Castle-Rising, Gillingham, Framingham-Earl, Haddiscoe, etc.; so that it is evident that these round towers are of an earlier date than the Norman period; they cannot be Saxon, because they have none of the peculiarities of Saxon construction, but they are just the kind of works that might have been executed by a people who had picked up some rudimentary notions of building from their Roman conquerors.

There are some towers in Norfolk which are isolated from the churches—East Dereham, Terrington St. Clements, West Walton, etc., which would seem to indicate Italian influence.

The spire is uncommon in Norfolk, which is rather singular, because the few stone spires which are to be found are remarkably good—Norwich Cathedral, Tiltyne-All-Saints, Walsoken, and Snettisham are cases in point.

It is very sad to see so many magnificent churches in Norfolk falling into ruin: Salle, Cley-by-the-Sea, Upton, West-Walton, St. Mary's and St. Swithin's, Norwich, etc., are examples.

In former times the county must have been rich and prosperous; but the agricultural depression and the poverty of the livings have rendered it impossible to keep the stately churches in good repair, and this seems to call for some such arrangement as exists in France, where valuable buildings are scheduled as "Monuments Historiques," and are kept in repair at the expense of the government.

VARIETIES.

OLD CLOCKS.

The oldest known public clock in England is one which is fixed in a turret at Hampton Court. It was constructed and there fitted up, by command of Henry VIII., in the year 1540.

The oldest public clock in France is to be seen in Paris in the Tour de l'Horloge, at one of the corners of the Palais de Justice. It was constructed in 1370 by a German clock-maker, but has been twice since then in the hands of the restorer—in 1685 and in 1852.

MAXIMS FOR BOOK-LOVERS.

The following maxims, says Mr. Arthur L. Humphreys, in the *Private Library*, may be learned by heart, or if preferred they can be bought by experience:—

Do not bite your paper-knife till it has the edge of a saw.

Do not cut books except with a proper paper-knife.

It is ruination to a good book not to cut it right through into the corners.

Do not turn the leaves of books down. Particularly, do not turn down the leaves of books printed on plate paper.

If you are in the habit of lending books, do not mark them. These two habits together constitute an act of indiscretion.

It is better to give a book than to lend it.

Never write upon a title-page or half-title. The blank fly-leaf is the right place.

Books are neither card-racks, crumb-baskets, nor receptacles for dead leaves.

Books were not meant for cushions nor were they intended to be toasted before the fire.

WITCHES SAILING IN EGG-SHELLS.

As soon as a Devonian has eaten a boiled egg, he thrusts a spoon through the end of the shell, opposite the one at which it was begun to be eaten. A visitor to the county inquired why this was done; the reply given was—

"Tü keep they baggering vitches vrom agwaine to zay in a egg-boat."

It is supposed that the witches appropriate the unbroken shells to sail out to sea to brew storms.

"You must break the shell to bits for fear

The witches should make it a boat, my dear;

For over the sea, away from home,
Far by night the witches roam."

LOOK BEYOND THE CLOUD.

The sun's bright rays are hidden,
The rain in floods descends;

The wind, with angry murmurs,
The stoutest branches bends;

A gloom the face of nature
As with a pall doth shroud,

Its influence all are feeling
But—look beyond the cloud.

For lo! at length appeareth

A little streak of light,

Increasing every moment,

Till all again is bright;

So, however dark our prospects,

Howe'er by grief we're bowed,

It will not last for ever,

We'll look beyond the cloud!

UNLIKE REAL LIFE.

Mr. Wickwire: "What ridiculous, impossible things these fashion plates are!"

Mrs. Wickwire: "I know they used to be, but most of them, they say, are engraved from photographs nowadays."

Mr. Wickwire: "This one can't be! Here are two women going in opposite directions, both with bran new gowns on, and neither looking back at the other!"

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC II. (p. 427).

1. R a p P (a)

2. A j a c c i O (b)

3. L a n t r i s s a n T (c)

4. E l e u t h e r i A (d)

5. G o u T

6. H e r O

Ralegh. Potato.

(a) General Rapp was appointed by Napoleon the governor of Dantzic, which he held against the Allies till compelled by famine to capitulate. When Napoleon was banished to Elba Rapp made his peace with Louis XVIII., but on the Emperor's return he joined him, and fought under his orders at Waterloo. Rapp must have possessed great powers of fascination, for he was again pardoned and received by Louis.

(b) In Corsica, the birthplace of Napoleon. (c) "Church of Three Saints" in Glamorgan. Its situation, on an eminence surrounded by hills, is always compared to that of Jerusalem.

(d) After the battle of Plataea, B.C. 479, when the Greeks, under Pausanias and Aristides, defeated a Persian army three times their number under Mar-donius, the Plataeans instituted the Eleutherian games in honour of Zeno Eleutherios, or Jove the Liberator.

* Sir Walter Raleigh spelt his name thus, as may be seen in the original copy of his *History of the World*, preserved in the library at Wimborne Minster. The "i" was a subsequent interpolation.



VOL. XIX.—No. 963.]

JUNE 11, 1898.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

TYPICAL CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

PART IX.

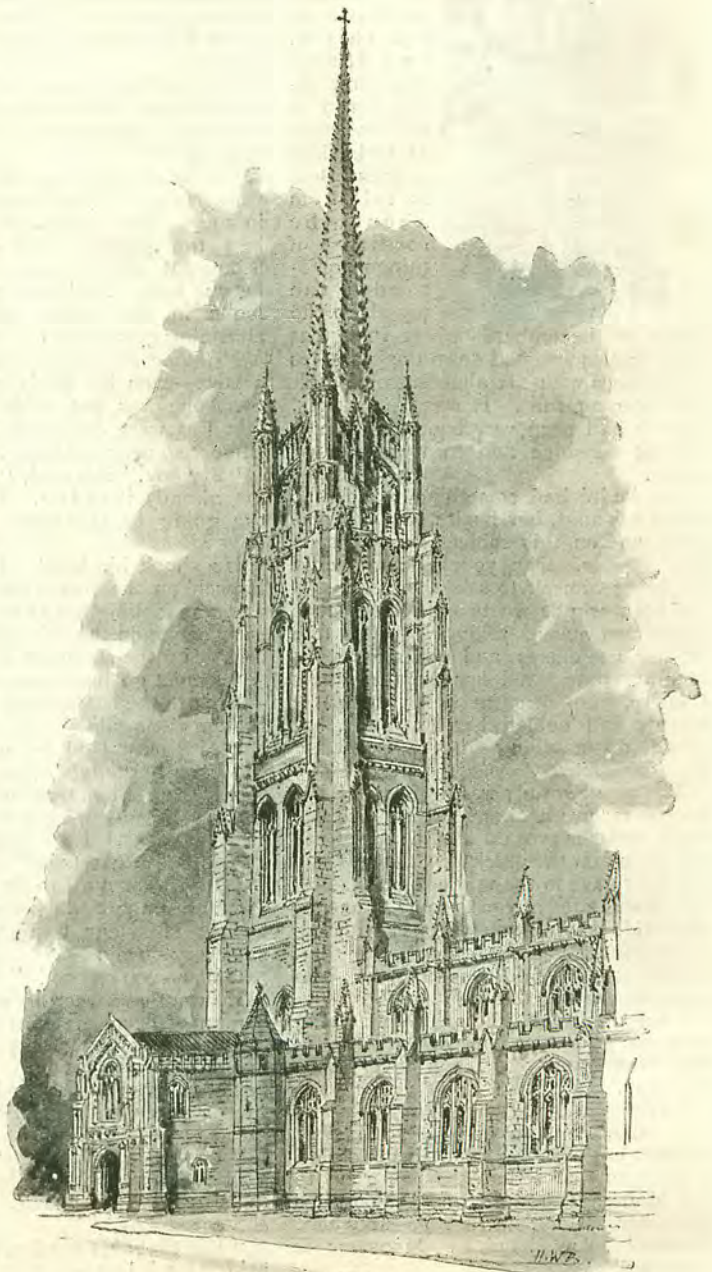
LINCOLNSHIRE.

IN our two former papers we pointed out the richness and beauty of the Norfolk and Suffolk churches, and the value of those two counties as a field for the study of mediæval architecture.

Lincolnshire, which we are about to consider, is in a somewhat different way quite as celebrated for its splendid churches. Nowhere in England are grander parish churches to be found than Louth, Boston, Grantham, Heckington, and Holbeach. But there is one great peculiarity about the Lincolnshire churches. The county is divided into two parts by the River Witham, which are called respectively the Northern and the Southern Division. The Witham flows through the city of Lincoln and finds its way to the sea near Boston. Now, nearly all the fine churches are in the Southern Division, the principal exceptions being Louth and Tattershall, and what is still more remarkable is that while the Northern and larger division possesses only three or four stone spires, they are extremely numerous in the Southern Division. It is also not a little remarkable that the churches in the episcopal city and its immediate neighbourhood should be small and quite unimportant except, perhaps, for their remarkable antiquity, several of them dating from times previous to the Norman Conquest; so the glorious minster which looks down from its lofty hill in solitary grandeur, without a single rival to detract from its majestic proportions, forms an object which, externally at least, impresses the mind more deeply than any other church in Europe. Were the interior equally striking, it would perhaps have no rival anywhere; but the want of height in proportion to its width and vast length, is fatal to its claim to be considered "the most beautiful church in England."

The most remarkable churches in the county will be found in the neighbourhoods of Sleaford, Holbeach, and close to the Northamptonshire border. Amongst the Sleaford group are Ewerby, Heckington, Helpringham, Silk-Willoughby, Aswarby, Ranceby Braughton, Anwick, Swineshead and Sleaford—all of which possess graceful stone spires. The Holbeach group include Moulton, Long Sutton, Sutton St. Nicholas, Gedney, Gosberton, Fleet, and the noble church of Holbeach—all possessing spires. Three of the grandest, however, Louth, Boston, and Grantham, are somewhat isolated in position.

Louth is a very grand example of a parish church of a Perpendicular period with a tower and a spire nearly 300 feet high. It has, however, one remarkable peculiarity: the tower, as high as the battlements, is almost identical with that of Boston, and there is a tradition that they are works of the same architect; now Louth tower was commenced in 1501 by an architect of the name of Cole, but he either died or ceased to direct the works before the spire was built, and it is a curious fact that both of these beautiful works should exhibit their solitary defect at the same point, that is, at the junction of the tower with its superstructure. At Boston, instead of a spire or lantern starting from this point, an extra storey is added, which breaks up the continuity of the composition; above this, it is true, there is an open lantern of very beautiful form, but had the lantern been placed over the belfry storey the design would have been perfect. At Louth the spire does grow out of the tower over the belfry storey; but there is one defect, the pinnacles at the base of the spire are so lofty as to make the spire appear too small for so grand a



LOUTH, LINCOLNSHIRE.

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tower. This defect makes these two otherwise magnificent works less pleasing in general effect than the spires of Ewerby and Heckington, which are planned more in accordance with the Northamptonshire models. And it may be a question whether the beauty of the churches and their spires in the Southern Division of Lincolnshire may not be ascribed

to the influence of the Northamptonshire school of mediæval architecture and their contiguity to that very remarkable county.

The absence of cruciform churches with central tower is a singular fact in the Southern Division of Lincolnshire, although many of the churches are unusually spacious.

Our reason for selecting Louth as our illus-

tration is that it shows less Northamptonshire influence than any other spire in the county.

It is impossible to travel through Lincolnshire and notice its magnificent church towers without being impressed by the fact that in mediæval times it was a more than usually prosperous county, and one which carried on a remunerative trade both by sea and land.

DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER XI.

R. ANDRÉ FÉRAUDY arrived at the little station at Poinville at six-thirty, and found Maturin waiting for him with the trap. Maturin had a great deal to tell him about the condition of things at Féraudy; the promise of the



fields, of the orchards where the great cider apples weighed down the branches of the trees with the abundance of their fast ripening fruit. It was a fine year, Nature had been very bountiful, apportioning sunshine and rain with equal grace.

Dr. André had something to ask too about his aunt, her health and occupations, and on this subject also Maturin was voluble. The young doctor could not bring himself to ask about Génie—until Maturin began to speak about her of his own accord, telling his little tale of her usefulness and willingness—of how everyone loved her, even Madame Canière, who, everyone knew, cared for nobody and bullied her poor son, but would do anything in the world for *notre demoiselle*.

Madame Féraudy was waiting at the door to receive her nephew; her face was rigid, and her eyes dark with anxiety as she gave him the quick kiss that was all she ever gave in the way of caress.

"It was good of you to come at once," she said. "And you will stay with me some days, I hope. You are very thin, André," she said, looking at him lovingly. "Too thin, my boy."

"I am starving," he answered, trying to speak gaily. "That is the worst of this fresh country air, it is a very poor economy."

"We will dine at once—instantly, my boy. Génie has not come in yet, but we will put her dinner aside. Dear child! I have no doubt that she has gone to see Madame Lamotte, and they always keep her as long as they possibly can. Jeanne! Jeanne! quick! Monsieur is starving."

"It is all ready, madame," Jeanne

shouted from the inner room, and as they went in she flourished off the cover of the soup-tureen.

In spite of Dr. André's assertion that he was starving, after swallowing a few spoonfuls he tried to hide that he was sending away his plate. It was the same with the delicately fried fish and chicken.

"For a hungry man you eat marvelously little," said his aunt rather drily; she was disappointed and her heart was beating fast.

"It is enough, *ma tante*," said the young man. "One loses one's appetite in town. Let Jeanne bring our coffee into the garden. Let us sit in the arbour, it will be cool and quiet there for our talk. See! how pretty St. Anne looks in that lovely glow. What a charming evening it is."

Madame Féraudy seated herself in the arbour—even her pride in her statue of St. Anne was put aside this evening. Her lips were dry when she began the subject so near her heart.

"My boy," she said, "I must begin, for already it is late. First of all you are going to stay with me for a few days?"

He shook his head. He had seated himself on the rustic table by her side and was looking out to sea. The sunset glow shone on the thin dark young face, and lit up the steadfast eyes.

"I must go back to-morrow, *maman*—back to the battle-field. The fever has broken out again."

"Ah, may God be merciful," said Madame Féraudy shrinking. "That is terrible at this time of year. Then, André—listen—you got my letter?"

"Yes, dear. I got your letter and I considered it carefully."

"And what am I to do, André!"

"You cannot do better, dear, than accept Monsieur Canière's offer," he said very slowly.

"You—you say so?"

He went on rather dreamily. "He is a man of excellent character—of much talent—he is doing very well in a most honourable profession. He can give her ease, even wealth, and all the bright pretty accessories of life that women love so well."

"That is a man's view of women!" said Madame Féraudy hoarsely. "All those advantages would be nothing if she cared—"

"But that also need not be wanting," said André looking still over the sea. "He can give her the best gift it is in

the power of a man to give, his devoted love."

There was a moment's pause. Madame Féraudy was struggling with the conflicting feelings in her breast and with the strong sense of opposition to his conclusions. There was something in his face which awed her into silence, and forced back remonstrance.

Dr. André turned to her suddenly with a smile so sweet that the tears rushed into her eyes.

"So, *maman*," he said, "he must have his chance. We, the two stern guardians, must allow him every opportunity."

Madame Féraudy looked up at him and saw how his wistful eyes again wandered out to sea.

"André," she said, very low, "I had another hope, and it was very dear to me."

"Here is Jeanne with our coffee," he said in a quick common-place tone. "Pour it out, dear. You do not need to be reminded that I like plenty of sugar."

Jeanne put down the tray and went away. She sky was blazing with colour, it was becoming late. Jeanne thought to herself, "Surely it was very strange that Madame Féraudy had not begun to wonder why Génie had not come home." She grumbled a little as she went indoors; young girls should not be allowed so much liberty, it was not so in her day.

André put down the scarcely-tasted coffee.

"*Maman*," he said, "I know that you have had other hopes, it is natural. You have been my mother always, and it is very hard on you to see how unsatisfactory I am, and that I can never promise to settle down with you in a peaceful family party as other men do. But it is better to realise the fact, that it can never be. My life is dedicated to my poor."

"And must it be always so, André? Are you to have none of the common joys of men? none of their blessings—no loving wife? no little child?"

"No. I cannot drag a woman into my life of toil and poverty and even privation. I have no right to do so, and I would not if I could. I have no money now, *maman*, it is all sunk in the little hospice. My earnings in our quarter are just enough for me to live on alone. And after all, is this a time to talk of such things when we are on the verge of a fever which, mark you, at this time of year will be no trifle. Jeanne!"



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JULY 9, 1898.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.

TYPICAL CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

PART X.

YORKSHIRE.

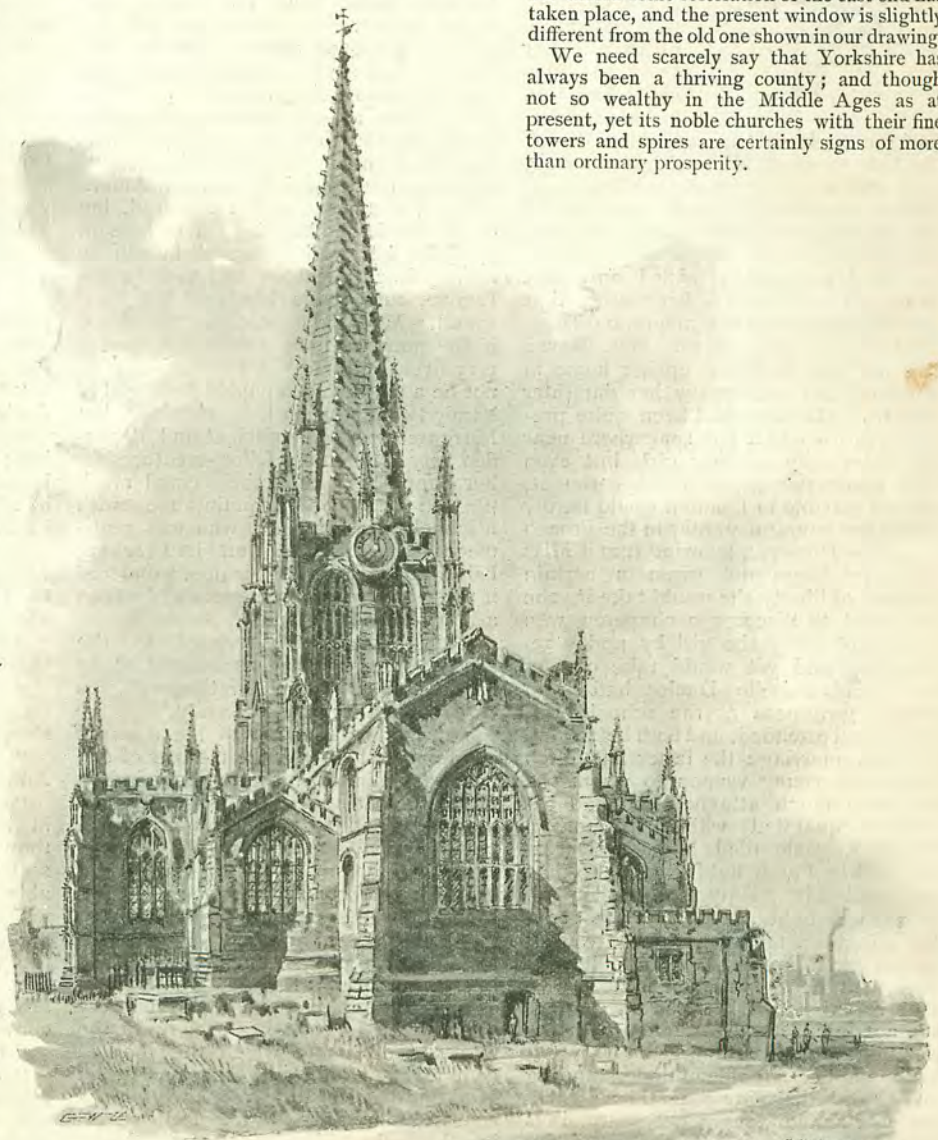
THAT this vast county should possess a large number of interesting examples of mediæval architecture is only to be expected, but upon examination it will be found that its wealth in this respect is beyond anything that could have been anticipated. Of course its noble cathedral is justly celebrated as being the largest ancient church in this country, and the recently created cathedral of Ripon, the collegiate church of St. John, Beverley, the still used abbey churches of Selby, Howden, and Bridlington are veritable cathedrals as to dimensions and architectural richness. Some of the monastic churches now in ruins must have been even more striking. Fountains, Byland, Whitby, St. Mary's Abbey, York, and Rievaulx must have been amongst the most magnificent churches in this country. Nor is the beauty of the Yorkshire churches confined to its cathedrals and abbey churches, for many of the parish churches are amongst the noblest examples in this country: several of these are built quite upon a cathedral plan, cruciform with lofty central tower, or spires. Holy Trinity, Hull (the third largest parish church in England), St. Mary's, Beverley, Hedon, Patrington, Rotherham, Sheffield, and Doncaster (the last named recently rebuilt) are very stately structures. Many of the moderately sized parish and village churches are excellent buildings—Thirsk, for instance, is quite a model parish church, not unlike the Suffolk type, with a finely proportioned western tower, Bubwith, Bolton-Percy, All Saints', North Street, York, All Saints', Pavement, York, and St. Martin-le-Grand, York, are remarkable. There are also some very beautiful little village churches in the county. Skelton is a little gem of Early English; Adel and Birkin are rich examples of Norman work on a small scale; and Skirlaugh is a very perfect little Perpendicular church or chapel.

There are not many spires in the county. The best are Patrington, Rotherham, All Saints', Pavement, York, All Saints', North Street, York, and Sheffield. The church of Rotherham is a noble edifice in the Perpendicular style with a lofty central spire with pinnacles at the base rising over

a finely designed tower. The whole building groups together in a very striking manner, and is a most characteristic example of a York-

shire church, although not quite so interesting as to detail as Patrington and St. Mary's, Beverley, it is more local in type. Since we made our sketch some restoration of the east end has taken place, and the present window is slightly different from the old one shown in our drawing.

We need scarcely say that Yorkshire has always been a thriving county; and though not so wealthy in the Middle Ages as at present, yet its noble churches with their fine towers and spires are certainly signs of more than ordinary prosperity.



ROTHERHAM, YORKSHIRE.

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AUGUST 13, 1898.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

TYPICAL CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

PART XI.

KENT.

WHEN we consider the vast importance of Kent as a county, containing the ecclesiastical metropolis of England and the seat of the archbishop of the southern province of this country and its two most ancient episcopal sees, when we know that it has always been the high road to the Continent and so rich in agriculture as to have received the appellation of "the Garden of England," full of large villages and towns, with pilgrimage ways, important abbeys, castles, and manors—one is naturally led to expect that the parish churches would yield to none in this country in splendour and size. Now although the Kentish churches are remarkably interesting and many of them valuable examples, especially on account of their antiquity, yet if we except the two cathedrals there are none which could be called either grand or magnificent, and it is a curious fact that the smaller churches are far more interesting and beautiful than the larger ones. This is to be accounted for by the fact that the large churches are really small churches enlarged from time to time, showing that the villages and towns increased slowly in point of population—just the reverse of what took place in Norfolk and Suffolk, where at the commencement of the fifteenth century manufacturing industries caused a great influx of inhabitants from other counties, and thus the small old churches had to be rebuilt entirely upon a much grander scale.

If we look at such churches as Margate, St. Lawrence, St. Clement's, or St. Peter's, Sandwich, we shall notice that although they cover a large space of ground they are so exceedingly low that they have little grandeur



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LYMINGE, KENT.

of effect, and a further examination will show that they have been increased in width and length over and over again, but no addition has been made to the height; and if we compare the beautiful little churches of Patricksbourne, the Hospital Church at Harbledown, Barfreston, etc., we shall see that these small churches, which are beautifully proportioned, are quite as lofty as the large churches. Where, as was the case at Chartham and Wingham, the churches were rebuilt in the fourteenth century, the height is in better keeping with the length and width. Unfortunately, the monastic churches in Kent have for the most part disappeared; probably when they were perfect the county would have held its own against others as a field for the study of ecclesiastical architecture. However, we are considering in these articles rather the parochial churches

and their towers as showing the condition of the people, and must therefore only refer to monastic churches where they throw some special light upon the question. Now with regard to the towers of the Kentish churches, we notice at once a peculiarity which is very remarkable: as a rule they are very broad and massive, but are scarcely ever lofty. The early examples are adorned with arcades and are fairly elaborate; they were, and some still are, capped with low wooden spires covered with lead or shingles of stone, but most frequently with wood shingles; a shingle is a small thin slab nailed on to the framework like a slate. There are no stone spires in the county. It cannot be denied that the Kentish towers are very striking, but they often look like buildings erected for purposes of defence: no doubt to a certain extent this was the case, as the county

was particularly exposed to invasion from its extensive coast line. Though, however, the appearance of a castellated structure is common to so many Kentish church towers, the details are generally elegant and refined, showing a high state of civilisation. The example which we illustrate from a sketch carefully made on the spot is that of Lyminge, and it is certainly a very characteristic specimen of a Kentish tower.

Of course there is one remarkable exception, and that is the stately central tower of the cathedral at Canterbury: this is undoubtedly one of the most graceful towers ever erected, and is a masterpiece of exquisite proportion; it has, however, no local character about it, and seems far more akin to the towers of Gloucestershire and Worcestershire than those of Kent.

IN SPITE OF ALL.

IDA LEMON, Author of "The Charming Cora," "A Winter Garment," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE next few months did not pass very happily for Beattie. She was rather restless and unsettled. She neither heard nor saw anything of Mr. Musgrove. He had theories of life which she could not understand. His proposal had been one of the rare occasions when he had acted on impulse. The result had chilled his unwonted ardour, and he would not give himself the chance of again losing his self-control. Beattie had said, "wait a year;" very well. If at the end of that time there was a possibility of ultimate rejection the less he saw of her the better. At any rate he did not care to be at her mercy under the circumstances in which he found himself at Crabsley. Beattie's power over him was exercised far more when he was with her than in absence; for the sort of fascination she possessed was due to her personal attractiveness. He knew he could not long be offended with her if he remained in her society. He had taken his holiday in Norway, but Beattie knew that he was in London again as soon as she herself.

Mrs. Swannington had had a chill, the result of which had been to bring on an indisposition that made her for a wonder irritable and fractious. She had not yet forgiven Beattie, and on the girl she now vented the ill-humour, for which she was not entirely responsible, but which she made no attempt to restrain. She had to lie down several hours each day, and she took it amiss if her niece did not keep her company for the greater part of the time. Beattie, who hated inaction, and felt it more keenly after the free outdoor life she had just quitted, was, though naturally sweet-tempered, sometimes rather cross towards the end of this confinement, and did not always meet her unkind remarks in the cheerful and forgiving spirit which she would otherwise have shown. And as Aunt Ella was not a person who could bear to be contradicted, there were occasional little quarrels which did neither of them any good, and tended to

widen the barrier which had imperceptibly begun to separate them. Mrs. Swannington turned for protection and sympathy to her husband. She was not able to throw off any little annoyances as she would have done if she had been well and could divert herself with the usual distractions, and so she made much of trifles, and brooded on them, and when Mr. Swannington came home he was bound to hear complaints of his niece. He dared not side with her, for the only occasion on which he did so, or rather laughed and tried to make light of Beattie's offence, Mrs. Swannington got into such a state that he resolved never to waver in his allegiance again. He realised, as he had not hitherto done, his wife's capacity for jealousy, and he loved his own peace and comfort far too well to risk rousing it. So poor Beattie began to feel more and more that she was an outsider in her home, and to dread lest the happy times were over.

But even so she had far too much spirit to marry Cecil or anyone else, because she was not quite as comfortable as she had been. Only she found herself getting fonder of him. Unlike him, absence increased rather than decreased her liking. She began to idealise him, to forget anything in him that dissatisfied her, and to dwell upon that which pleased her. But what chiefly drew her to him was the fear lest she had made him suffer, lest in her ignorance she had underrated his affection for herself. Her aunt and uncle (and the words of the latter had much weight with her) had both expressed their belief in his love. And Beattie had not realised that in refusing to regard him yet as her future husband she would immediately lose touch with him in the way she had done. She began to regard the affair from his (imaginary) point of view, and as just then she had more time for dreaming and speculating on the matter than was good for her, she found her own gradually changing.

Mrs. Gilman was also an unconscious agent in guiding Beattie's mind.

Beattie called there one day to take a doll she had been dressing for Eva. She had seen it in a shop, and thought it like the little girl herself, and had had the idea of dressing it in clothes exactly like those which Eva was wearing that autumn. Eva was greatly delighted, and Mrs. Gilman, who was drawn to anyone who was kind to her child, insisted on Beattie, after she had a promised game with the little girl, spending the evening with herself. She sent a message to Mrs. Swannington, and Beattie, who had left a somewhat stormy atmosphere, was not loth to accept her invitation.

Beattie was not the sort of person who cared to air her grievances, but there was a subject on which she found herself speaking. A day or two ago Norah Gilman had written to her and asked her to spend a little time with her. Beattie, glad at the prospect of a change, had eagerly carried the letter to her aunt and asked permission to go to her friend. To her surprise Mrs. Swannington at once and firmly refused her consent, giving no reason except that she did not wish it. The refusal seemed to Beattie very arbitrary. She had no engagements. There was no cause that could possibly be alleged unless it were the state of her aunt's health, which would probably be better when the time came for going. It had been understood that this visit would one day take place, and Mrs. Swannington had always professed to rather approve of the friendship between the girls.

She was much irritated by Beattie's persistency in desiring reasons.

"I wish the invitation refused, and that is enough," she said. "If you do not mean to obey me you had better not remain under my care."

Ordinarily Mrs. Swannington would have had no objection whatever to Beattie's accepting it. But she knew that Norah's home was also that of the Anstruthers. She could not be certain that Michael had returned to Paris, and if he and Beattie met who knew what complications would arise? Not that



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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

TYPICAL CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

PART XII.

SOMERSET.

Of all the counties in the south of England Somerset is the richest in mediæval remains. Not only does it possess noble abbeys such as Glastonbury, Bath, but its parish churches are quite remarkable for their rich and beautiful detail.

Perhaps no county in England shows more distinctly the peculiarities we have previously pointed out with regard to church steeples than does Somerset. Nothing could well be more unlike than the Somersetshire towers and those of the bordering counties. The Wiltshire towers are for the most part solid, plain, and somewhat low as to proportion. The Devonshire ones, although well proportioned as a rule, have heavy solid pinnacles at the angles, rather small belfry windows, and little ornamentation about them. The Dorset towers are often handsome, but even these possess little and few of the features of the Somersetshire examples.

That the peculiar form of tower for which Somerset is so remarkable did not develop itself until the fifteenth century in no way detracts from the singular circumstance that we find a county possessing a form of church tower remarkable for extraordinary richness and elaboration, but absolutely different from any other in this country—and how can we account for this?

Now let us just enumerate the marked features of these Somerset towers. They are generally far more lofty in proportion than towers usually are in England. Sometimes, as at Taunton St. Mary Magdalen, and Wrington, there are three rows of duplicated windows over the roof level of the church; the buttresses at the angles are of very slight projection, as though they were intended more for ornament than constructive support. The belfry windows are unusually large and handsome, in some examples, notably St. Cuthbert's at Wells and St. John's at Glastonbury. The panelling beneath them is arranged so as

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TAUNTON, SOMERSETSHIRE.

to continue the design of their mullions and tracery right down to the level of the church roof. Now this is very peculiar, and is, as far as we know, only found elsewhere in the thirteenth-century churches of Normandy. The belfry windows, instead of having the ordinary louvre arrangement, are filled in with stonework arranged in elegant tracery patterns, a very lofty and elaborate pierced parapet also richly adorned with tracery surrounds the top platform of the tower, and there are four very large square pinnacles of pierced tracery-work, one at each angle; sometimes little flying buttresses rise from the large projecting gargoyles* and support the angles of the pinnacles. There are generally also four, eight, and sometimes as many as twelve smaller intermediate pinnacles attached to the parapet; although the latter is embattled, the battlements are purely ornamental, as they are pierced all over with tracery-work, in fact, the Somerset towers were never intended, like those of Middlesex, Hertfordshire, or Kent, to serve for purposes of defence; they were purely ecclesiastical, and the object appears to have been, in addition to containing the bells, to add to the church a singularly beautiful and attractive feature. Just as the mediæval

* A "gargoyle" is a piece of stone carved in the form of some monster; this is pierced and discharges the rain-water from the gutters of the roof through its mouth.

architects of Northamptonshire crowned their church towers with graceful spires, so did those of Somerset finish them off with magnificent pierced parapets and pinnacles. Nor was this the case with large town churches alone, for many of the humbler village churches have most noble towers. The small church of Huish-Episcopi, for instance, possesses one of the most beautiful towers in the whole country, and scarcely less elegant are those of Kingsbury, North Petherton, He-Abbots, Long Sutton, and Lydiard. Spires are uncommon in Somersetshire, and are not specially remarkable. The best is at Congresbury and the worst at Bridgwater; it is true that the last named example was rebuilt in the seventeenth century, and in all probability it does not reproduce the original design. The spire of St. Mary, Redcliffe, Bristol, was left incomplete and only carried up some forty years back. The church to which it is attached claims to be the most magnificent parish church in England, and that claim can scarcely be disputed as it is a truly noble building, very large, cruciform in plan, vaulted throughout (we believe it is the only large parish church in England where this is the case), and every portion is adorned with most sumptuous detail. Somersetshire is rich in noble parish churches. St. Mary Magdalen, Taunton, with its superb tower, is perhaps the most characteristic and local example, but St. Cuthbert, Wells, Martock, Wrington, St. John's, Glas-

tonbury, Dunster, Ditchat, Yeovil, Frome, High Ham, and Bridgwater, are all noble churches.

Now it will at once be asked how are these costly churches, and especially the sumptuous towers adorned (as they frequently are) with rich parapets, open-work pinnacles, niches, carving, and statuary, to be accounted for? Well, the very fact that they are there points to a high state of civilisation and prosperity, to a fruitful soil and mineral wealth; but in addition to this, Somersetshire still retains marks of very early civilisation. Glastonbury, moreover, is the only spot in England which can trace back to the days of primitive Christianity, and no doubt when surrounding counties were a howling wilderness, Somersetshire was enjoying the blessings of Christianity and civilisation. Another fact which had of course great influence upon its architecture, especially at a later period, when its magnificent towers rose up all over the county, was the excellent stone procurable for building purposes. The Corsham Down and Hamhill quarries are still worked, and to this day provide stone which is durable, beautiful in colour, and can be worked with ease. Of course we naturally expect to find architecture well developed in a county which possessed such advantages, and these expectations are not disappointed when we contemplate such structures as the Somersetshire towers.

IN SPIKE OF ALL.

By IDA LEMON, Author of "The Charming Cora," "A Winter Garment," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

MICHAEL was not a person to let the grass grow under his feet. He had arranged with Norah to spend the following afternoon at the Rectory, and he determined if he had any opportunity of speaking to Beattie quietly to find out exactly what was the case with regard to her engagement. In his impatience he was a little earlier than the time appointed, and was told that both Mr. Gilman and Norah were out, but that Miss Margetson was in the drawing-room. It was so long since he had had the opportunity of seeing her alone that Mike felt he had been especially favoured, and was inclined to take the propitious circumstance as a good omen.

Beattie, who was doing needlework, came forward to meet him, smiling happily. She liked Mike no less than she had done of old.

"Norah will not be very long," she said. "She has gone up to the church to do a little tidying."

"I am rather early, I know, but Norah must send me away a little sooner."

"She won't do that. She has been getting all her Saturday duties over, because she wanted you to stay a long time, and she knew you wouldn't if you thought you were hindering her."

"Norah spoils us all," said Mike, taking the chair which was always supposed to be his peculiar property. "I am not interrupting you in the performance of your duties, am I? You look very industrious."

"Lazy people always look industrious when they are at unwonted occupations," said Beattie, laughing. "Now if Norah were at work you would not notice her. As a matter of fact this is her work, only I was doing a few stitches to help her; Norah is always so busy."

"Miss Margetson," said Mike, "I am generally quite willing to talk about Norah, and especially in her own house, but just now I am conscious that our time is very short, and I want, if I may, to talk a little about you."

"Me!" said Beattie. "I am afraid I am not a very interesting person for purposes of conversation, and I certainly can't start the topic, but if you ask me questions I will answer them."

"Will you?" said Mike, his voice sounding almost stern in its earnestness after its light tones. "And you promise not to think me impertinent?"

Beattie looked a little startled. She could not imagine what was coming.

"You would be very different from what I think you, Mr. Anstruther, if you need ask that question," she said gently.

"Then I will trust in your forbearance and say what I feel I have hardly the right to do. Miss Margetson, is it true that you are engaged to be married?"

Beattie paused before answering, her head bent low over her work, and she put a few stitches in Mr. Gilman's sock very badly. Then she said, in a low voice—

"I am not engaged."

Mike gave a great sigh of relief. It seemed as if a dark cloud had rolled

away, and the sunshine were streaming down upon his life. Involuntarily he rose and came nearer to her. Then, her manner betraying that his words had in some way moved her, it occurred to him that he was touching a painful chord.

"Forgive me," he said. "Don't be angry with me; but it means so much to me. I would not for worlds say anything to make you unhappy. But is it—has it been broken off?"

Beattie was surprised and somewhat uneasy at poor Mike's evident earnestness.

"I don't know what you are talking about," she said. "I have never been engaged at all. Who told you such a thing?"

"Mrs. Swannington," replied Mike, looking at her anxiously, as if not quite sure that she was not keeping back the truth from him.

"Aunt Ella! But she knows I am not engaged! Besides, when did you see her?"

"Last summer, at Crabsley."

"Last summer! No; it was the summer before that we were there. And surely then you knew I was free."

"No; it was last summer. I came to Crabsley on purpose to see you. But I met Mrs. Swannington, and what she told me made me think it was better to go away at once."

"But how strange! Auntie never said anything about this to me. And why didn't you stop and speak to me if—if"—hesitating—"you really came to see me again?"

CHARACTERISTIC CHURCH TOWERS
OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

SERIES II.

PART I.

In the first series of articles upon this subject we pointed out that each English county had its characteristic church steeple, and that this character was so distinctly marked that not unfrequently the mere act of crossing the imaginary line which separated one county from another is accentuated by the church towers on either side of the border.

We had doubted whether such a very technical question would be found to interest our girls, but we are glad to say we have received so many intelligent inquiries and letters upon the subject that we gladly return to its consideration and discussion.

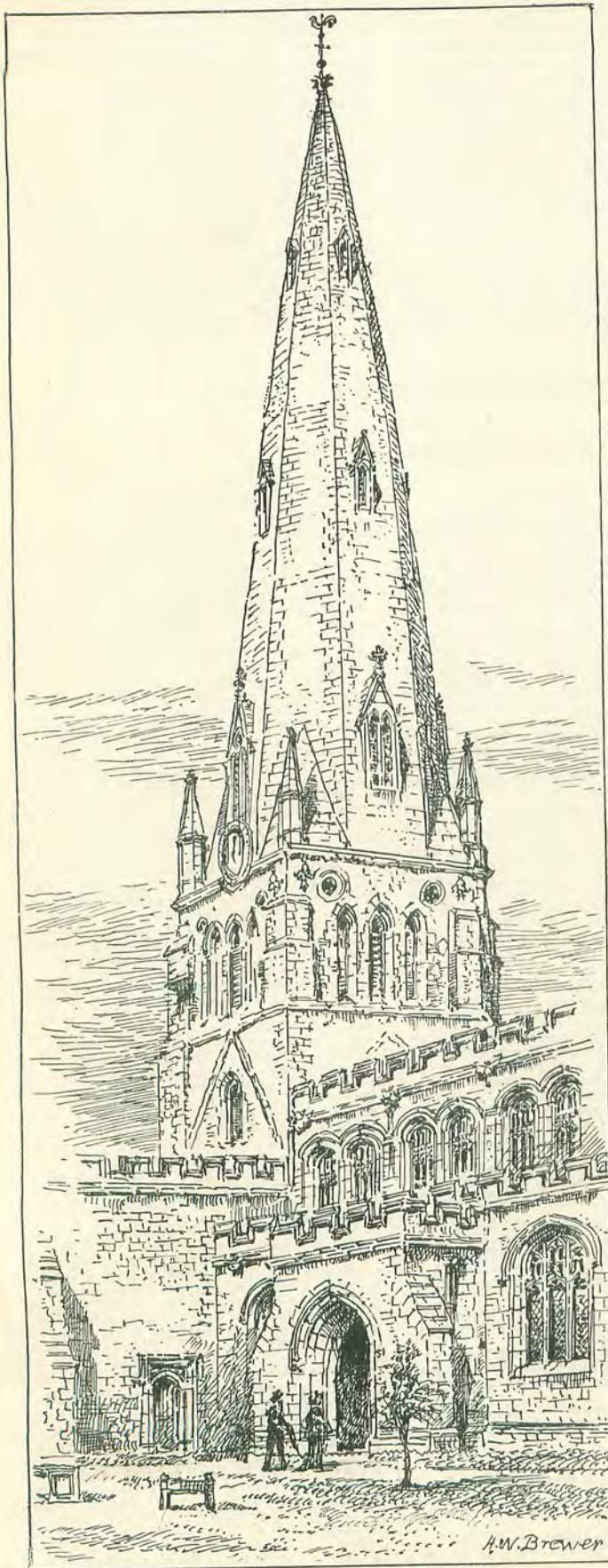
We thought it advisable to interpose a series of articles upon village buildings and cottages between the series of papers upon church towers so that our girls should be able to appreciate more readily the conditions and surroundings of these old steeples, for so much depends upon them. For instance, of course a church tower of very moderate dimensions, say 70 feet high, will be a striking object when surrounded by cottages one storey high, or when placed upon a hill surrounded by trees, as at St. Ippolite's, Hertfordshire; but when the same structure is surrounded by factories eight storeys high it looks insignificant. For instance, the church of St. Ippolite, near Hitcham, looks a stately building, rising amidst fields and beautiful trees, but the far larger church of Stoke Damerel is almost lost amongst the lofty buildings of Stonehouse and Devonport; whereas the old church of Edgbaston has absolutely to be looked for in the midst of that prosperous modern suburb of Birmingham.

There is no necessity in a village to ask your way to the church, but in these modern suburbs, when you ask to be directed to the "old church," you have "to bear to the right and turn to the left" before you can discover what now appears to be a diminutive ancient building. We remember an old sexton showing us one of these edifices, and he said, "Ah, sir, it has worn out many of its surroundings, and may wear out several more, for it is still far more substantial than any of them."

In many of the towns and villages, however, the "old church" still holds its own, and though now surrounded by buildings and houses of a much larger scale than those which originally encompassed it, still looks a stately structure. The example which we give of All Saints', Leighton Buzzard, is a case in point. From whatever position it is looked at it is a most important building, and its grand central spire-crowned tower is always the most dignified object of the view; and what is remarkable is, that it looks much larger than it really is. The spire is 196 feet high, and the length of the church about 180 feet. The tower in the centre of the building is "Early English" thirteenth century work, but the spire which surmounts it is about a century later. The great peculiarity of the spire is its strongly-marked "entasis," or swelling out of the sides. This undoubtedly gives it a very massive appearance, and probably adds to the effect of height. The church itself is partly Early English and partly "Perpendicular," and is a striking building, consisting of a long chancel, transepts, nave, and aisles, and an original sacristy with a chamber above it, which formerly looked into the church. Extensive and imposing as the building is, it was always parochial because, although there was a monastery at Leighton Buzzard, it did not adjoin the church, but its buildings stood upon the site of Mr. Newton's office, and that gentleman very politely showed us the interesting remains which are supposed to have formed a portion of the buildings. The curious old doorway, adorned with Ionic columns, looks scarcely early enough to have belonged to a pre-Reformation building, and was probably a portion of some Elizabethan structure erected upon its site. But the outer doorway leading into the street looks more like a bit of monastic work.

In the church at Leighton, upon one of the columns supporting the tower, is a rude and very singular piece of carving, representing a woman holding a spoon in one hand, while with the other she is grasping a man's nose. The man has a bagpipe under his arm. What is the meaning of this it is difficult to say; perhaps it records some notorious shrew! Or it may be one of those quaint representations of the vices with which some old churches are adorned!

The town of Leighton Buzzard is clean and prettily situated upon the east bank of the Ousel, which separates the counties of Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire; and the contrast between the church towers of these two counties is very marked. The first tower we meet with on the Buckingham side of this little river is Linslade, a low, square, embattled structure; whereas the noble spire of Leighton rises up upon the very threshold of Bedfordshire, proclaiming a totally different school of local architecture and traditional art.



ALL SAINTS', LEIGHTON BUZZARD.

CHARACTERISTIC CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

PART II.

WARWICKSHIRE is very rich in spires, and, after Northamptonshire, will be found to contain the greatest number of any county in England. Coventry possesses three notable examples. Holy Trinity and St. Michael's are amongst the loftiest and most splendid specimens in this country. These two magnificent buildings stand side by side, and it is difficult to make up one's mind to which the palm should be given for grace and elegance. Perhaps Holy Trinity is the more beautiful church, but St. Michael's has the more graceful spire; in addition to which, St. Michael's has the advantage in point of dimensions. Holy Trinity is cruciform in plan with a noble central tower and spire.

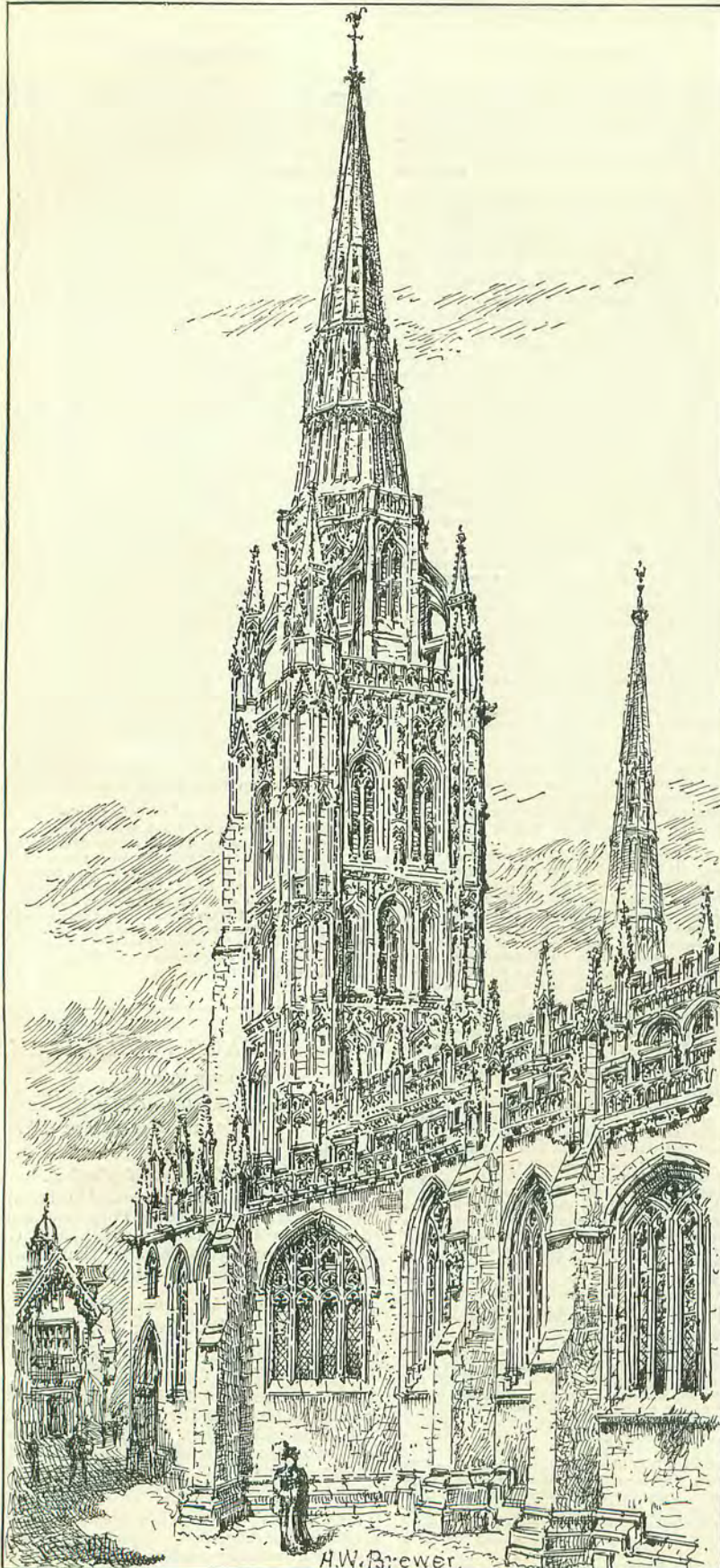
St. Michael's consists of an exceedingly wide nave with double aisles and a Western tower and spire, which is certainly one of the most beautiful in England.

These two buildings, though so different in plan, are so much alike in detail that they are probably productions of the same architect, and are thoroughly local in character. They are both built of red stone of a very beautiful colour, but unfortunately it will not resist coal smoke, or the exhalations rising from modern factories, and the exquisite spire of St. Michael's has had to be very extensively repaired recently. Fortunately this has been so exceedingly well done that it has suffered as little as possible by the operation, and the architect, Mr. John Scott, is consequently to be congratulated.

The spire of St. Michael's is said to measure 303 feet from the ground, and is consequently the loftiest steeple of any parochial church in England. The spire proper forms about a third of the height. Between it and the tower is an octagonal lantern. Examples of this treatment are more common on the Continent than in this country, the lanterns over English church-towers being more generally crowned by pinnacles and pierced parapets, like Boston and Fotheringhay.

St. Michael's spire, in addition to being the loftiest parish-church steeple in England, is also the most elaborate, the whole structure being covered with niches and panel-work. The position of this fine object is singular, as it does not stand in the centre of the west front, but a good bit to the south of it. It was erected in the reign of Edward III. at the expense of two brothers, named Adam and William Bota, and took twenty-five years to build. Sir Christopher Wren is said to have regarded it as one of the most perfect examples of Gothic architecture. The church itself is a noble example of a vast congregational, ecclesiastical building, consisting alone of a nave and aisles, the chancel being simply a continuation of the nave, the roof uninterrupted from end to end. It is the second largest parish church in England, being over 300 feet long and 104 wide. There is some old glass, but in a fragmentary condition, in the clerestory windows.

Below we give a sketch of the very diminutive spirelet of the church at Balking, in Berkshire. It is the humblest attempt at a tower and spire in England, and thus forms an interesting contrast to those at Coventry.



ST. MICHAEL'S, COVENTRY.



BALKING, BERKS.

CHARACTERISTIC CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

PART III.

DEVONSHIRE.

NOTHING can present a more strongly marked contrast than the towers of Somerset and Devonshire. The elaborate open-work pinnacles and rich parapets which are such remarkable features of the towers of the former are not found in the latter county. The Devonshire towers are often finely proportioned, but the pinnacles are invariably solid, the parapets unpierced and the buttresses plain. No doubt a good deal of the difference between the Somerset and Devon towers may be traced to the material used in the two. Somerset abounds in white stone, and the Ham Hill quarry which supplied the materials for the finest towers of that county was in great favour with the builders of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; and no wonder, because, although easily worked, it is remarkable for its durability and the beautiful colour which it assumes after a few years' exposure. The orange lichen which attaches itself so freely to the Ham Hill soon gives a great charm to buildings erected of this stone.

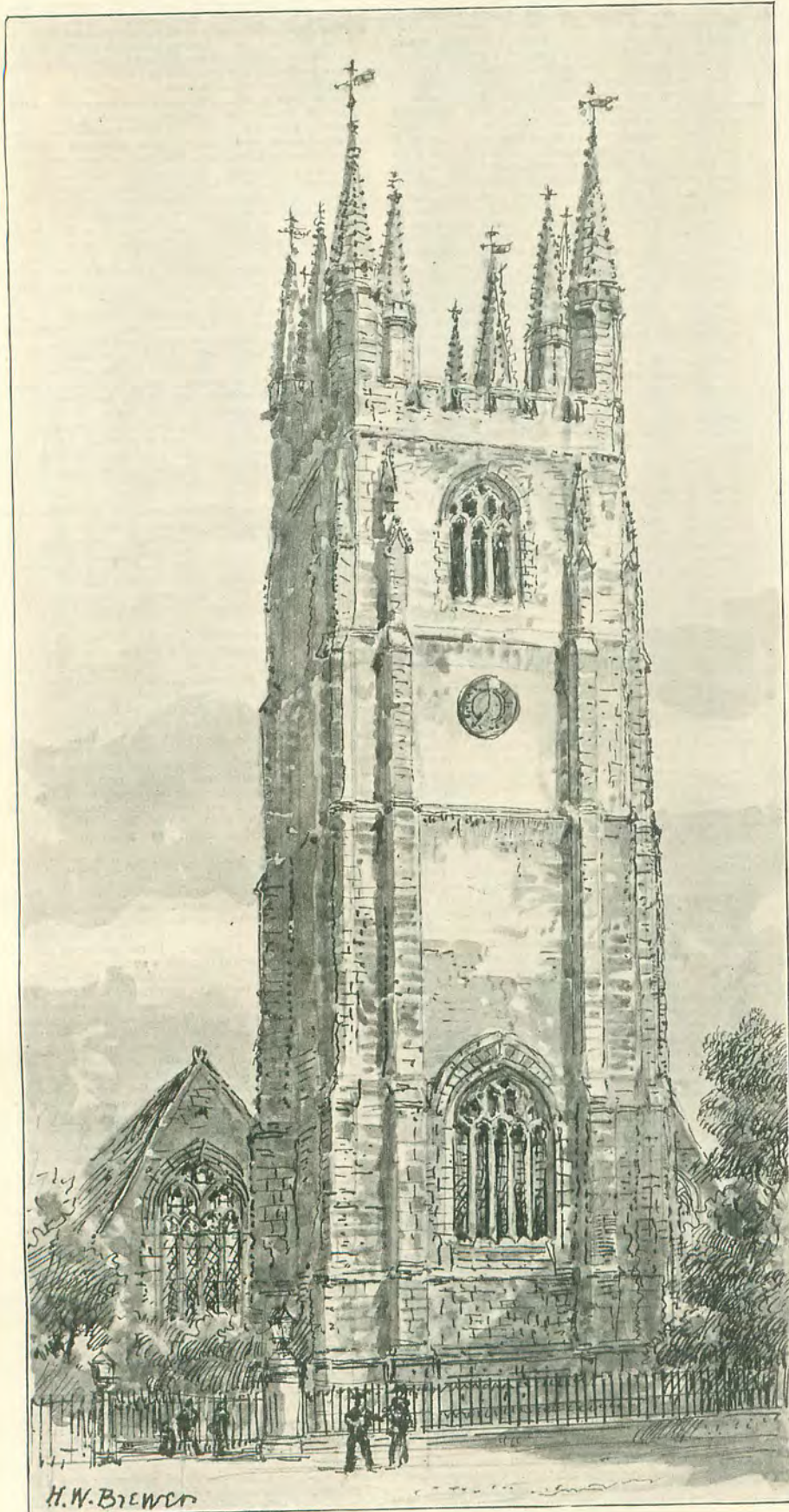
Now in Devonshire the material most commonly used for towers is granite, which is for the most part not of the best quality, as it is too often only surface and not genuinely-quarried stone. In some cases buildings erected of this surface granite have shown less resistance to the weather than the Ham Hill stone of the adjoining county.

One of the most striking church towers in Devonshire is that of the old parish church of St. Andrew, Plymouth. It is built of granite, and has the uncommon feature of three pinnacles at each corner. It is embattled and has good belfry windows.

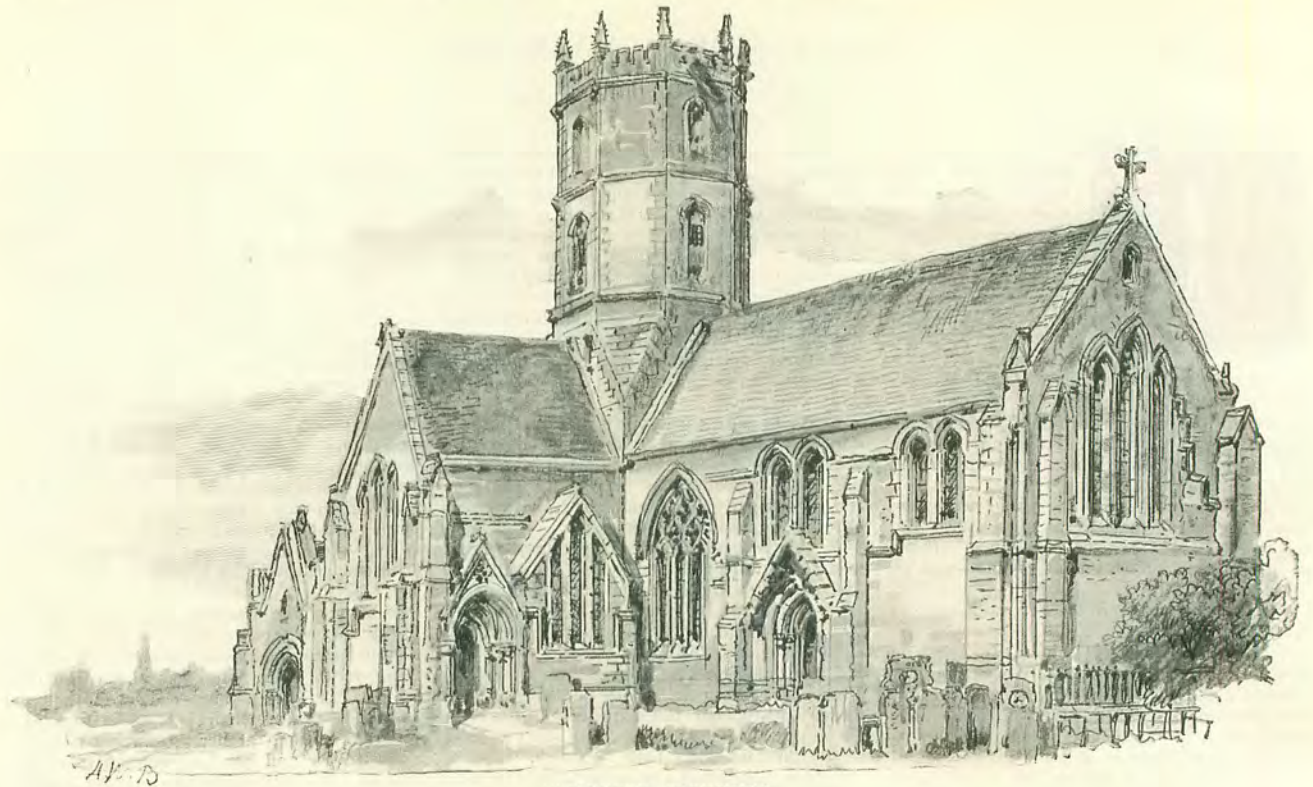
As a rule, the Devonshire towers have only one large pinnacle at each corner, solidly and plainly treated and are heavily embattled. Plympton St. Mary's is an excellent example. The three pinnacles at each angle in the Plymouth tower are a little bit of luxury.

The smaller churches have sometimes curious dwarf pinnacles at each corner like Tamerton, or are simply embattled without any angle break as at Egg Buckland. There are scarcely any spires in the county. The seventeenth century Gothic church of St. Charles at Plymouth is one of the only examples of any importance we can recollect.

Although the towers of the Devonshire churches are often fairly lofty, the churches themselves, with the exception of such buildings as Exeter Cathedral, Ottery St. Mary's and a few others, are remarkable for the absence of clerestories and comparative want of height.



ST. ANDREW'S, PLYMOUTH.



UFFINGTON, BERKSHIRE.

CHARACTERISTIC CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

PART IV.

BERKSHIRE.

FROM the special point of view of these articles, Berkshire is one of the least satisfactory counties in England, not that its churches are uninteresting—several of them are very much the reverse—but what we mean is this: neither the churches, nor their towers, in any special manner illustrate the works of a local school. In fact, almost any of these buildings might just as well be found in other counties.

The church which we illustrate, Uffington, is a curious and a highly interesting building with many peculiarities, which do not seem to belong to any local school. The three beautiful thirteenth century porches seem to resemble the work at Salisbury Cathedral, and are so rich in detail, and so bold in scale, that they give the idea of either having been prepared for a much larger church, or designed by some man who was in the habit of working at minsters or cathedrals. It is not improbable that they may have been designed or executed by the archi-

ects or builders of Salisbury Cathedral. The positions of these doorways are very curious; one is on the east side of the south transept. We believe this to be unique in any parish church in England. The second is on the south side of the chancel and has a projecting canopy over it, an uncommon treatment. The third is in the great porch on the south side, which has been a magnificent work. This porch is vaulted, and the inner door is covered with fine early scroll-work hinges. It is singular that the three doorways should have been treated so very elaborately, and it has struck us that, as these doorways are quite as early in style as any portion of the building, the church may have been commenced on a scale of magnificence that it was found impossible or unadvisable to continue, and so the building was completed in a plainer and less splendid style.

It should also be noticed that all the three entrances are on the south side of the church, and there are no entrances either at the west end or north. The chancel and transepts are simple Early English work, but there are very

curious features in the transepts. The south transept has a peculiar gabled projection, evidently an altar-space, on its eastern side, and the north transept possesses two such projections all identical in design, and it will be noticed that the lights of these windows are not arched, but run up until they are cut off by the copings of the gable—a very ugly arrangement. It looks as if the gables were originally intended to have been higher up, and that this was a piece of economy.

The tower is octagonal broached down on to a square base. The arches which support the "crossing" are very plain. The first storey of the tower is Early English, but the upper storey has been tampered with: at present it is terminated with an embattled parapet and dwarf pinnacles. The interior of this church is uninteresting and very much plainer than the exterior.

Shottesbrook is the only lofty stone spire of importance in the county, and, like Uffington, this church is a small interesting cruciform building, very charming, but with no local peculiarities whatever.

MORE ABOUT PEGGY.

BY MRS. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN Peggy was dressing for dinner that evening a knock came to her door, and Arthur's voice demanded entrance. She flew to meet him, and felt her spirits go up at a bound at the sight of his smile.

"Have you come to say you have for-

given me?" she asked, linking her arm in his, and shaking back the mane of hair which fell over the white dressing-gown. "I am so thankful to see you, for I am appallingly hungry, and yet to eat a crumb while you were still angry with me, would have been a moral impossibility. I did not know how to get through dinner."

"Angry! When was I angry? I was never angry with you, Peggykins, that I know of!"

"Oh, Arthur! This very afternoon. A most lacerating glance. It cut into me like knives."

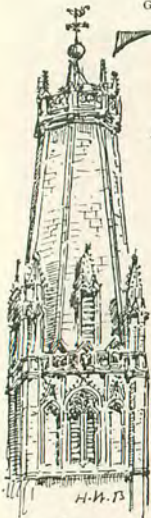
Arthur laughed; a short, half-hearted laugh which ended in a sigh.

"Oh, is that all! I was annoyed for

CHARACTERISTIC CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

PART V.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.



St. NICHOLAS,
GLOUCESTER.
Parish Church.

THE counties of Gloucestershire and Worcestershire are not only rich in church architecture, but possess many very striking towers, in which the very decided influence of the local school of Gothic is to be distinctly traced. This is more especially the case in buildings erected during the fifteenth century. Unlike most English counties the cathedrals and abbey-churches partake as strongly of local peculiarities as do the parish churches, and the great central tower of Gloucester Cathedral is as characteristic of the county as any work we could mention.

The example which we give is from Cirencester. It is of the Perpendicular

style and dates from late in the fifteenth century. One peculiarity of the work in Gloucestershire is the great partiality shown for enclosing all architectural features within square borders. It will be noticed that the belfry windows and the panelling of the tower are treated in this manner, and when we come to examine the very magnificent porch we shall find this peculiarity exhibiting itself in a very marked way. This porch, by the way, is unlike any in England, the "Parvise," or room over the entrance, here being developed into a regular house. The object of this has been accounted for in various ways, but I feel convinced that it was the parsonage, and this accounts for the fact that it is treated in a far more secular manner than the tower or other parts of the church; note, for example, the bow-windows. Some years back this interesting structure was used as a town-hall, but that cannot have been the purpose for which it was originally erected. We may also dismiss the suggestion that it was part of the priory. There was a priory at Cirencester which stood to the north of the church; but the present church was always parochial and not monastic, as is shown at once by its plan. It consists of a spacious and extremely lofty nave with double aisles and a small low chancel, so low in fact, that the nave has a large east window above the chancel arch.

The large square tower with numerous pinnacles is common in Gloucestershire, but spires are also frequently to be met with. The Gloucestershire spires, however, are very inferior to the towers. As a rule they belong to the least pleasing type of spire in England; it is thin, and so small at the base that it often looks as though the spire had sunk down into the tower, leaving only the upper part of the spire showing over the parapet. It is true that this treatment is not universal, and sometimes the spire is satisfactorily posed upon the tower. The junction being adorned with pinnacles filling in the angle spaces, such a tower is represented in the example we give of St. Nicholas, Gloucester. This spire has at some time been truncated; probably its upper portion has been struck by lightning and a crown placed on the summit. This has been particularly well done, probably in the sixteenth century, and it suggests quite a novel treatment for a spire and seems to raise the question whether a truncated spire might not be successfully designed.

St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, had a truncated spire before it was restored, and St. Filieu at Gerona in Spain still retains that feature.

There is certainly something pleasing in the outline of this Gloucester example.



MORE ABOUT PEGGY.

By Mrs. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY.

CHAPTER XIX.

FOR the next few weeks Esther's approaching marriage seemed to engross attention to the exclusion of every other topic. To Mellicent's delight the Professor fulfilled Peggy's prophecy by putting his veto on the travelling dress proposition. The wedding should be quiet, the quieter the better, but Esther must wear the orthodox attire, for he wished to keep the memory of a white-robed bride with him throughout life. Alone with Esther he added one or two lover-like speeches on the point which more than reconciled her for the extra fuss and flurry which were involved in gratifying his desire. A white dress involved bridesmaids, so Peggy received her invitation and was the less appreciative of the position since every day brought with it a fresh interview with Mellicent, eager, incoherent, brimming over with an entirely new set of ideas on the all-important subject of dress. Esther herself went about her prepara-

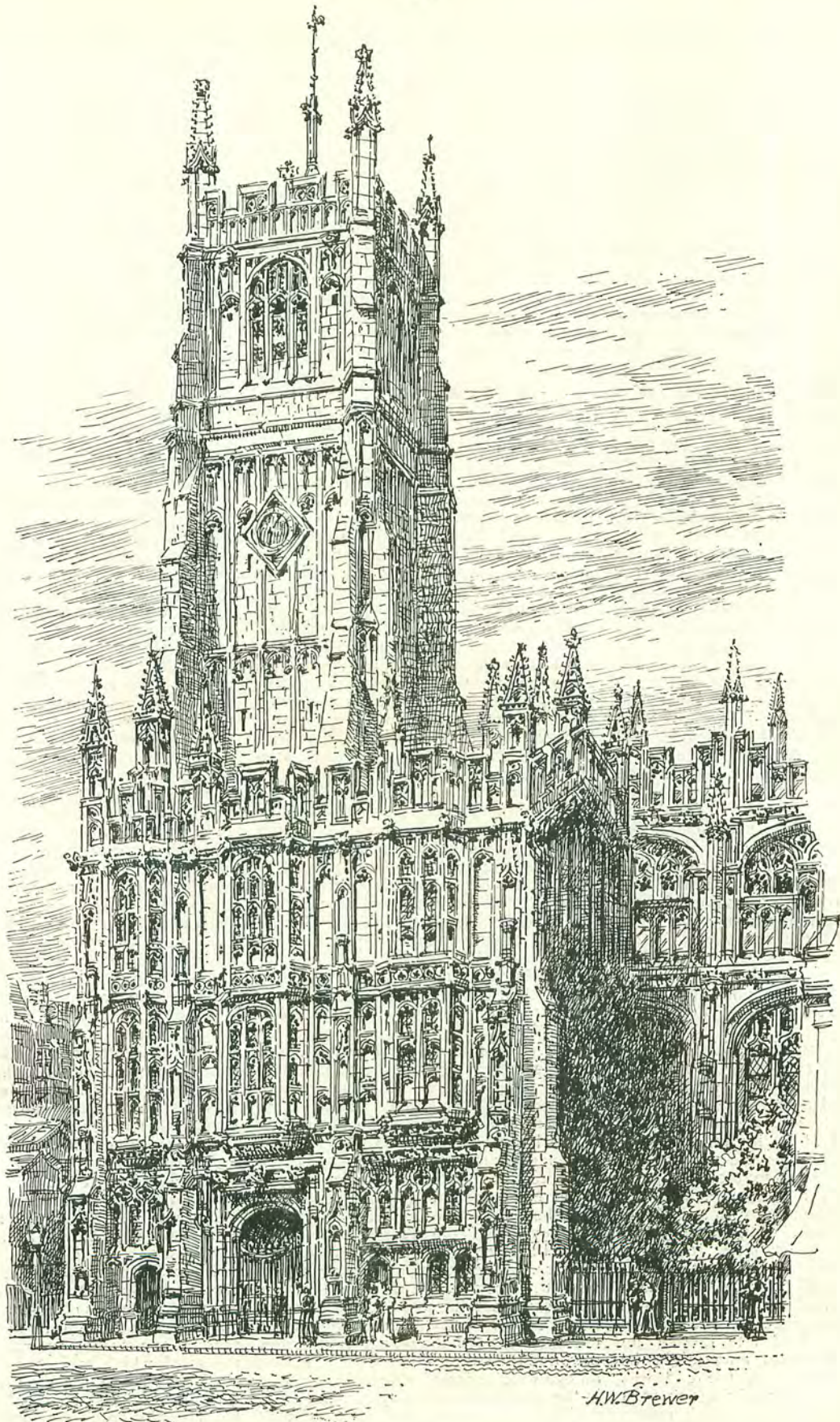
tions in characteristic fashion, thoughtful of expense, of fatigue for others, yet with a transparent appreciation of her own importance, which was altogether girl-like and natural, and Mrs. Asplin entered into every detail of the arrangements with whole-hearted zeal. She was so happy in Esther's happiness, so thankful for the feeling of additional strength and comfort for the future given by the prospect of the new home, so proud of her distinguished son-in-law, that the old merry spirit sparkled forth as brightly as ever, and with it such a marked improvement in health as rejoiced Peggy's heart to behold.

"Indeed, it's a perfect fraud I feel!" she explained one day, when the girl had expressed delight at her altered looks, "for I seem able to do all I want, while just as soon as I begin a tiresome duty I'm tired all over, and feel fit for nothing but to lie down on my bed. I can stand any amount of happiness, Peg, and not one little scrap of worry, and that's a disgraceful confession for a woman of

my years to make to a girl like you! Ah well, dearie, I've borne my own share of worries, and when the old ships are worn out, they don't brave the storms any more, but just sail peacefully up and down the quiet streams. It's just a useless old derelict I am, and that's the truth of it."

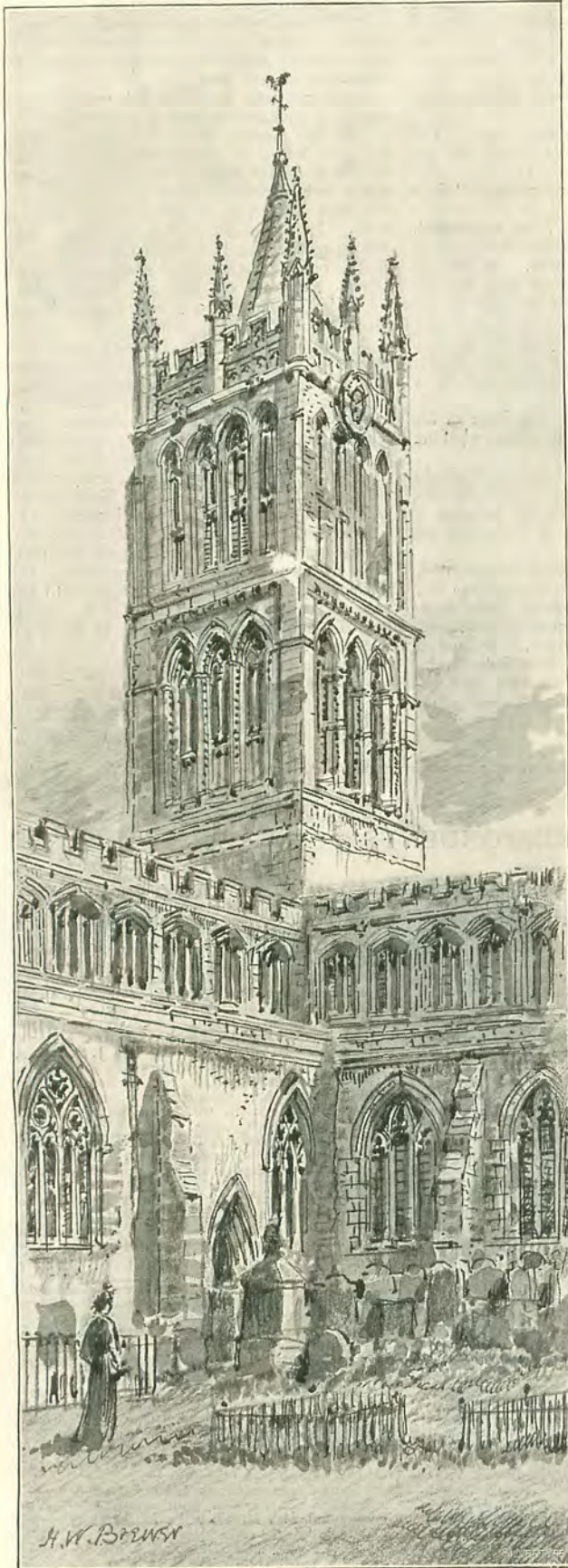
"Derelict, indeed! You will never be more than seventeen if you live to be seventy. You are the youngest member of the family at this moment, and if you spoke the honest truth you would acknowledge that you are in your element in the midst of these wedding preparations! I believe you are far more excited than Esther herself."

"Indeed, and I am. There is nothing I enjoy more than planning and contriving, and making a great deal out of nothing at all. I've had a grand turn out of my boxes and cupboards, and brought to light some forgotten treasures which will come in most usefully just now. It reminds me of the time before my own marriage, when I sat stitching



CIRENCESTER, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

MEDICAL.



MELTON MOWBRAY, LEICESTERSHIRE.

SPONGICE.—You say that you have had all your bad teeth taken out, and in that you have done what any sensible person ought to do, as bad teeth are not only useless but dangerous. But did you have false ones put in their place? You cannot expect not to suffer from indigestion if you have not got teeth to chew your food with. We advise you not to take medicines continuously, for the practice is a very harmful one. The only medicine which we advise you to take is a mild aperient occasionally. Cascara sagrada or liquorice powder would suit you best. Do not take rhubarb, for that drug is not indicated in the dyspepsia of adults. We do not advise you to take anything to give yourself an appetite, for all appetisers are open to grave objections, and rarely do less harm than good. For the rest, we must refer you to the numerous papers that we have published about indigestion and diet.

A FLAIN MAIDEN.—Puffiness of the eyelids is a symptom which is common to many local and general conditions. Of the local causes, eye-strain is the commonest. Reading small print in a bad light, or with the light in a wrong position, for long spells together is the sort of thing to cause the eyelids to become swollen. Errors of refraction of the eyes is another common cause. Then any inflammation about the eyes will cause the eyelids to swell. Of the general causes, the most frequent are anemia and kidney disease. The treatment we advise is to bathe the eyes every morning and evening in the following lotion diluted with an equal quantity of hot water. The lotion is made by dissolving half an ounce of boracic acid in nine ounces of water, and adding one ounce of the compound tincture of lavender to the solution. Removal of the cause is the first step in the treatment of the symptom.

JAPONICA.—Flushings of the face after meals is a symptom of indigestion, especially that form of indigestion which arises from eating too hurriedly, or running about immediately after meals. Unless very frequent they would not injure the skin of the face, but long-continued dyspepsia is one of the causes of a bad complexion. Powdered oatmeal would in no way be less harmful to the complexion than toilet powder.

ENDYMION.—The amount of sleep required depends in great measure upon the age and condition of the patient. A young healthy adult who does not work too hard requires about four and a half or five hours' good sleep. A little longer than this does good rather than harm, but she should not sleep more than seven hours. The young and the old require more sleep than this. The sleep that is refreshing is quite free from dreams. Contrary to what is usually thought, dreams come not in deep but in light sleep. One of the commonest causes of dreaming is remaining too long in bed. If you only remain six or seven hours in bed, you will not often dream; whereas if you waste ten or twelve hours a day in sleep, you will frequently dream. Dreaming usually occurs in the morning; it is a condition of brain midway between sleeping and waking.

EDYTHE.—For dandruff wash your head frequently with solution of borax in warm water. About one tablespoonful of borax to a quart of water is the right strength. Occasionally washing the head with the yolk of an egg is beneficial for dandruff. Use a hard hair-brush and brush your head every morning. A little sulphur ointment applied to the scalp itself after the head has been washed is often of service.

E. BONIFACE.—The material you mention has no special advantage over vulcanite or silver for making the palate of a set of false teeth. False teeth always feel uncomfortable until you get used to them, but the inconvenience soon wears off if the plate fits well. There is no need to wear false teeth constantly; indeed, it is inadvisable to do so. You should not sleep with your false teeth in your mouth.

CHARACTERISTIC CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

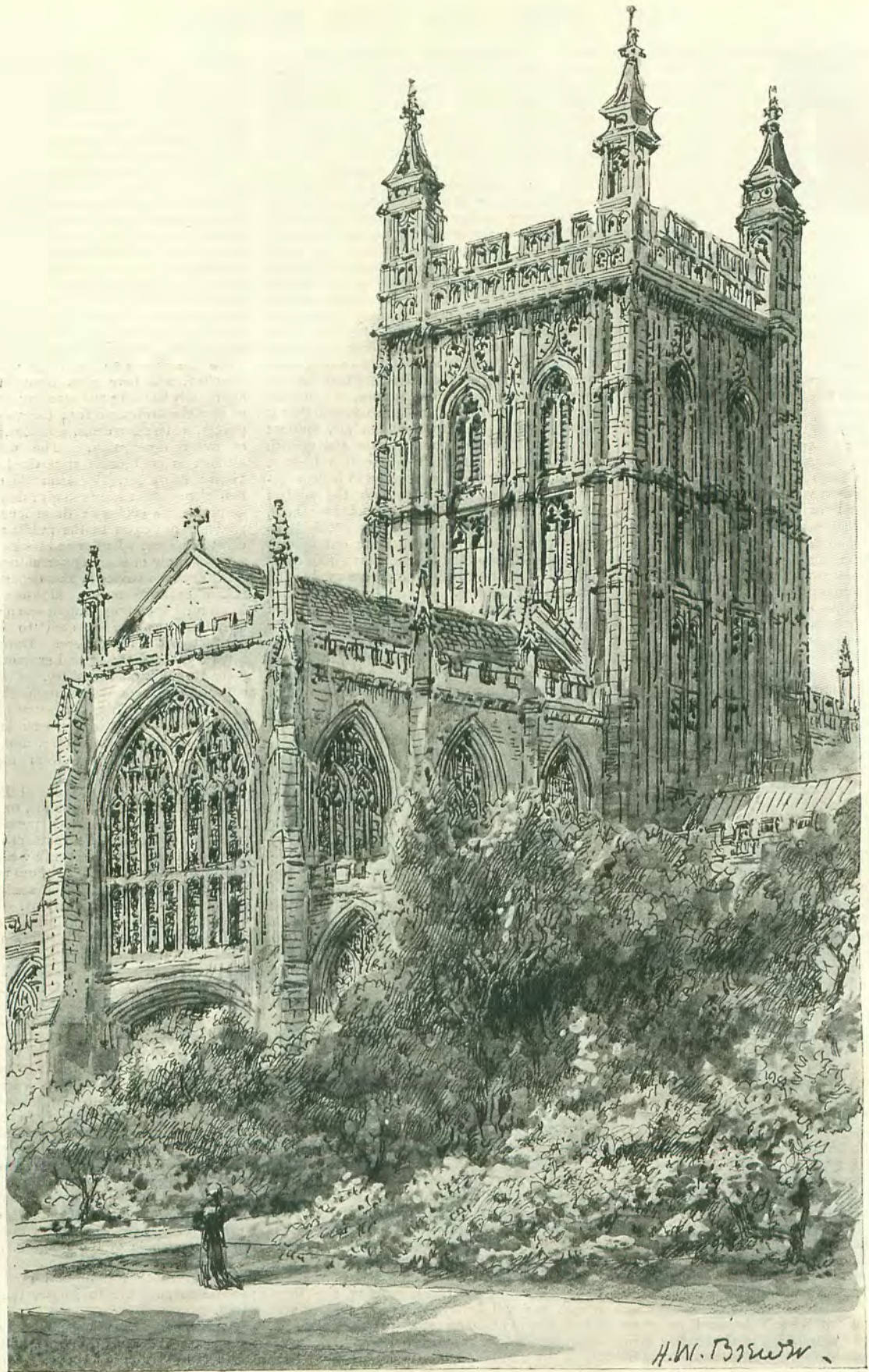
PART VI.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

ALTHOUGH the variations between the towers of different midland counties are far less strongly marked than those of the southern, western, and eastern groups of counties, yet careful study will enable one to discover the influences of the different schools. Why the midland counties should not exhibit the same strongly-marked individuality, it is not exactly possible to account for. It may be that all midland counties receive their architectural inspirations from Northamptonshire, and thus ideas which are derived from the same source are pretty well certain to bear some resemblance to one another; or it may perhaps be the case that the populations of the midlands have greater similarity as to race and origin than is to be found in other parts of England. Leicestershire must always have been a land rich in agricultural products, and even to this day we find it full of prosperous villages and market towns with large important-looking parochial churches, often like that of Melton Mowbray, erected upon a cathedral plan, cruciform, with lofty central tower. This kind of parochial church seems almost typical of the English midlands.

In other counties, if we except Yorkshire, this kind of parochial church is uncommon, at any rate in the developed cathedral plan which we find at Melton Mowbray. There we have a cruciform building with aisles to nave, choir and transepts, and a tall central tower, the last-named treated in a very dignified manner.

As a rule towers are more common than spires in Leicestershire; nevertheless there are some excellently-designed spires in the county: St. Margaret's, Leicester, St. Margaret's, Stoke-Golding, Gadsby, Market Harborough, etc. In all these the Northamptonshire school prevails, but in the large cruciform churches that influence is not traced, and as the Leicestershire churches are for the most part earlier in date than those of Yorkshire, we may presume that the first-named county, or at any rate the midlands, set the example of erecting these cathedralesque structures. They were certainly erected to accommodate large congregations, and seem to argue that the mediæval population of these counties was far larger than it is supposed to have been.



GREAT MALVERN CHURCH, WORCESTERSHIRE.

allowed to choose her own dishes. As the day approaches on which she is to give her first demonstration, how carefully the student prepares her lecture! Text-books are searched through and through for "something to say." When the time arrives she carefully collects all ingredients and utensils necessary and awaits her auditor in the little room set apart for the purpose. She has a nice little lecture all pat to deliver. Alas! when she rises in her place and looks down at the callous-looking spectators, it is too probable that all her ideas will vanish. The sound of her own voice as it comes back to her ears in terrified accents alarms and disconcerts her. Happy is she who has the technical part of her work so at her fingers' ends that the task is carried through without a failure, and the recipe correctly given. No one need be discouraged if the first effort is not altogether a success, for some of the best lecturers are often very nervous at first. It is to the credit of the students that as a rule they prefer to run the gauntlet before a lady whom they know to be expert at cooking and a good housekeeper than to be judged by one whose too great leniency is the result of lack of knowledge. Before she sits for her written examinations, which comprise papers on the theory of food and housekeeping and on the various branches of cookery, excellent test examinations are held. She has also the opportunity of listening to many demonstrations by the advanced students on certain dishes which she may not have had the opportunity of practising in the school herself. The head-mistress closely watches the progress of the pupils in the kitchen, and the marks for cookery that are adjudged on the diploma are set down by

degrees during the training. These marks are not adjudged every day, but the knowledge that they may be set down at any time keeps the pupils up to the mark and prevents carelessness.

After the student has been in the school for about six months she will be allowed to sit for her papers on the theory of food, and physiology, on artisan cookery and on plain and household cookery. If she succeeds in obtaining a diploma for plain and high-class cookery, she can, if she wishes, train for a diploma in high-class cookery. This will necessitate another three months' training.

Happy is the student who has work awaiting her as soon as she has taken her diploma. Work may be found under the School Board at from thirty pounds to seventy or eighty pounds a year, to teach cookery to the children in the schools, and there is similar work to be had in the Church schools.

Some find it remunerative to get up ladies' cookery classes; but this entails a great deal of trouble, as it is so difficult to get a class together, and unless the circumstances are peculiarly fortunate there are the expenses of hiring a suitable room or hall, gas, advertising, and so on. Children's classes are certainly monotonous, and the work is not very well paid, but it is regular and the hours are limited, whereas experience soon teaches to what indefinite lengths a ladies' practice class may drag out.

The County Councils both in London and the provinces have been providing teachers to lecture on cooking to the poor for some years past, at very good fees varying from 10s. 6d. and a guinea a lesson, and this has opened a large field of labour to teachers. This work

is very interesting, but it often entails travelling long distances to get to the room in which the class is held.

In many instances teachers have found it to their advantage to take a situation as matron or assistant in some institution.

Many ex-students get up a good connection and go out to cook for dinner or luncheon parties. The fee charged is usually a guinea. Others give private lessons at ladies' houses at fees varying from 5s. 6d. to half a guinea, according to the length of time and the quality of cooking required. The post of "lady cook" in a private family is a product of later years. I have known cases in which, owing to the skill and tact of the cook, complete success resulted. In other cases there has been disastrous failure. To anyone thinking of undertaking this post I would give this warning. Do not take the situation unless the other servants are also ladies; do not insist on having your meals with the family, but keep to your own department.

Any lady engaging a cook and housemaid should be able to give them a sitting-room to themselves. If these rules are always adhered to, the experiment would succeed more often than it does at present.

A very excellent plan has been adopted of late years at certain hospitals, of having a qualified lady cook to superintend the other cooks in their preparation of the patients' food. She prepares and directs the work, and the others work as kitchen-maids under her. Certain public schools, such as the City of London School, Tiffin's Foundation at Kingston-on-Thames and others, have lately added cookery to the list of subjects taught.

F. S. D.

CHARACTERISTIC CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

PART VII. WORCESTERSHIRE.

THE church architecture of Worcestershire is so similar to that of Gloucestershire that the observations which we have made upon the latter county may be taken in describing the former. Just as Gloucester Cathedral is the representative of the one county, so is the tower of Worcester Cathedral the finest example of the latter. We have in these papers refrained from giving cathedrals, so that we can only refer to the fact. Worcestershire has a considerable number of fine towers. Perhaps Great Malvern is the most perfect church tower upon a large scale, but the so-called Abbot's Tower at Evesham, formerly the Campanile of the Abbey Church, is a stately and beautiful structure erected by Abbot Litchfield about the year 1513, and is covered

with rich panelling and crowned by a pierced battlement and eight pinnacles. The central tower of Pershore Abbey Church is also a fine example, but the pinnacles are modern. At Little Malvern Priory Church the open battlements and pinnacles have disappeared, and are replaced by a pyramidal roof of tiles. At Great Malvern not only are the parapets pierced, but the pinnacles also, and the whole structure is covered with panelling. The church is, however, a very rich one, the exterior being entirely Perpendicular, but internally the arches of the nave are Norman, of the same heavy and plain character as we see at Gloucester Cathedral, to which this fine church bears much similarity, though it is neither so large nor splendid as the Cathedral; both were, however, formerly abbeys, and were formerly plain Norman buildings, which about Henry VII.'s reign were adorned by sumptuous additions carried out in the latest style of Pointed Gothic. In one respect probably Great Malvern Church has no rival in England, and that

is the beauty and remarkable quantity of ancient stained glass. Every window is filled, and curiously, when the church was for the most part rebuilt, the ancient glass was re-used, so that we find "Perpendicular" windows filled with thirteenth and fourteenth century glass. The church is beautifully situated, surrounded by trees and the villas of a modern fashionable town; singularly, the effect is not incongruous, as the modern houses in Great Malvern are unpretentious stone buildings.

There are a few spires in Worcestershire. A very lofty one is to be noticed at Worcester, but of so poor a design that it has probably been rebuilt. Two examples exist at All Saints' and Saint Laurence, Evesham. They are not very remarkable though the one at All Saints' Church is fairly lofty. The best spire we have seen in the county is at Bromsgrove Parish Church, but as this stands almost upon the borders of Warwickshire, it may almost be regarded as an offshoot from the magnificent spires of that county.

MEDEA.

AIETES was king in Colchis on the Circassian coast, and there in the temple of Ares hung the Golden Fleece guarded by a sleepless dragon, and fondly cherished by the king who had been warned that only so long as it remained in Colchis would he be ruler in the land. Now this is how the Golden Fleece came to the Circassian coast. Athamas ruled over the Minuai in Bœotia, and he had two children, Phrixus and Helle, whom Ino their stepmother hated and wished to destroy.

But a golden ram rescued them from the wrath of Ino and carried them away on its back. Helle, indeed, did not come safe over the seas, but fell off the ram's back and was drowned. And the strait she fell into is to this day called Hellespont, the Sea of Helle. But Phrixus, her brother, the ram bore safely to Colchis, to the land of Aietes. There he was kindly received, and married a daughter of the king. But first, in fulfilment of a vow, he sacrificed the ram to Ares and hung up its

fleece in the temple of the war god and placed his sword above it. Time went by, and Phrixus died and was buried in this foreign land. But his spirit knew no rest, continually haunting the land of his forefathers, and urging the Minuai to build a ship and set out for Colchis and bring back the Golden Fleece, for only then would his soul have peace. But the Minuai were afraid and lacking in boldness; and many years passed before Jason, son of Aeson, a Thessalian who dwelt in

the nap, she hailed the arrival of the pony with almost as much glee as Cynthia herself. The two spent an afternoon trying to find a name for it, beginning with Pegasus (rejected because the grooms were quite sure to shorten it into "Peggy") and ending rather prosaically with Whitefoot, which was at least literally descriptive of the pretty little roan with the solitary stocking. On Whitefoot's back Cynthia could escape even Miss Armitage's anxious pursuit, and for an hour or two breathe fresh air without any fretting reminders of lessons or deportment. Her father laughed at the idea of her being accompanied, and in the lanes and along the highways she was indeed as safe as if she had had a retinue of defenders.

Grandmamma of course disapproved.

"I hope you will never live to regret it, my dear," she said to her son, in that tone—implying a certainty that he would—which he found specially aggravating. But nobody could regret Cynthia's improved looks, her brighter expression, her heartier interest in work, now that she could take full advantage of play hours. Whitefoot became her dearest companion, next to granny; she could not keep him out of the letters she still faithfully wrote to Francie on every Saturday half-holiday. She had long since, though not without some very bitter secret tears, adjusted herself to the new Francie who came home from school, despising girls, and almost rudely contemptuous of their amusements and occupations, but condescendingly ready to accept Cynthia's companionship when there was nothing else to do. She was too sweet-natured to resent his neglect, or his capricious favours, and was glad to be allowed to intercede for him when he wanted more pocket-money (which was not seldom), to take care of his pets and treasures when he was away, and fag untiringly for him when he was at home.

"Francie is coming home"—she confided her joy to Augustus, now an elderly,

rather lazy dog—"and I've got you a new blue ribbon, dear old boy, to make you look smart, so don't wrinkle your dear nose as if you didn't like it!"

Augustus whacked a foolish stump of a tail, and slobbered with sympathy, though he pawed the ribbon off at the first convenient moment, when his little mistress was not looking. Cynthia was at the station to meet her brother, and as he got out of the carriage he nodded and turned up a cool pink cheek for her to peck at. Cynthia had to stand on tiptoe to reach it, and it was a recurrent disappointment that her kiss somehow always missed the full fervour she meant to put into it.

"I say," he said, "we'll let Thomas collect my traps—but see you take care of my new fishing-rod, Thomas—and we'll cut round by the stables and see this precious pony of yours you've yarned about in all our letters."

Cynthia's face was a conflict between doubt and delight.

"But father and grandmamma will expect you," she hesitated, "and granny came purposely to the house to meet you."

"That's all right. If you'll hurry up we can get over the kitchen-garden wall and be at the front door as soon as the luggage-cart."

Cynthia studied her brother's face while he studied the pony, and as she saw it cloud with envy, her own fell.

"I call it an awful shame," he burst out at last, "that you should have a pony and not me. It's all rot teaching girls to ride; they never do anything but amble along the high road, and if they do go out with the pack, they're just in a man's way. How many times have you tumbled off?"

"Once," said Cynthia falteringly.

"Once!" he echoed, with contempt. "I call it a beastly sell! That pony ought to have been mine."

"Oh, Francie," said the soft Cynthia, "Whitefoot will belong to both of us. He'll be half yours."

"What's the good of half anything!" he grumbled, but his face cleared a little. "Look here," he said, "mind you stick to that bargain. And since it's your pony, and you want to give me a present, I suppose you'll let me choose which half?"

"Which days, do you mean?" she asked, bewildered.

"Which half, goosie. Well, I'll choose the front half, because I'm the oldest, and you needn't look as if you thought I was taking the most, because, you see, I'll have all the feeding to do, and the bridle to get and everything, while your half won't cost you anything."

"But I don't pay anything now!" she said, as mystified as ever by this line of argument, but glad that Francie should laugh and look pleased.

She had a practical illustration of his meaning the next day. She had been summoned to the drawing-room to entertain a young girl of her own age but a much more grown-up personage, who had called with her mother. Cynthia, who could not but feel that her guest was rather bored, suggested a walk in the garden. Amy Lethbridge yawned and assented.

"Show me the dogs," she said, and as they were walking towards the kennels, Francie suddenly appeared on Whitefoot.

"Why," said Amy, with a laugh, "I thought that was your pony. You told me you were going to ride."

"It's half Francie's," said loyal Cynthia, with a blush. Francie looked so gay and handsome, making Whitefoot jump and frisk, that her heart melted within her.

He waved his straw hat to the two girls.

"I couldn't help it, Cynthia," he said lightly. "You see, I got upon *my* half, and *your* half came behind!"

Amy laughed again.

"Boys are mountains of selfishness!" she said.

(To be continued.)

CHARACTERISTIC CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

PART VIII.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

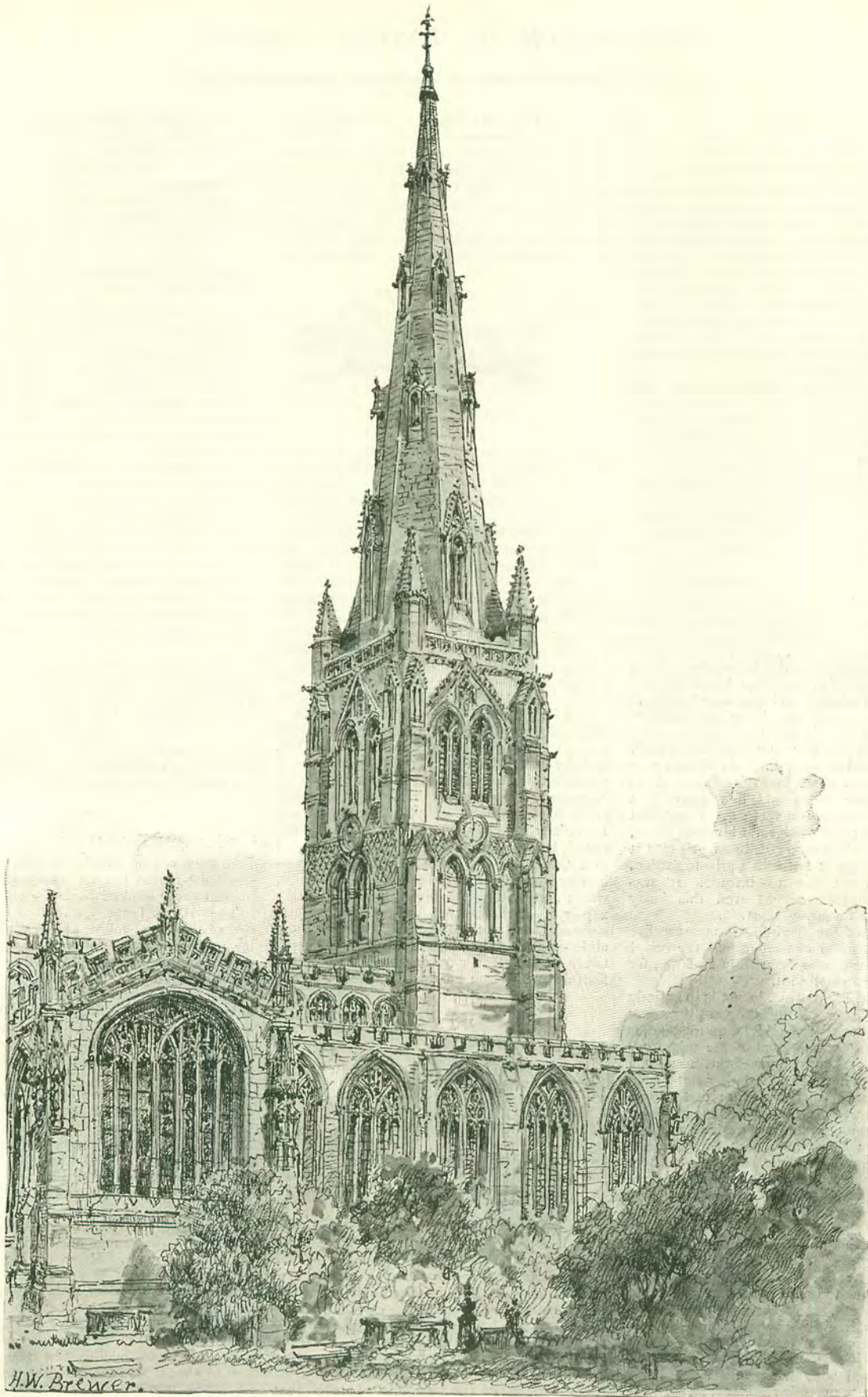
NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, though not being able to boast of many lofty spires, possesses one, that of Newark Parish Church, which is perhaps the most perfect of its particular type in the country, and, as it is of large dimensions, nearly all of the same date throughout, in an excellent state of preservation and of the finest fourteenth century Gothic, it is extremely valuable. The tower and spire are of equal height. The tower is square, with pinnacles at the angles, but the spire is set upon broaches, which fill in the space between the spire and pinnacles, which are pierced for the parapet walk. The parapet itself is richly panelled. The spire lights are elaborate. What, however, is the most elegant feature of the fine design is the treatment of the belfry storey; the windows, which are coupled on each face, are combined together beneath a single straight-sided canopy; pinnacled and crocheted niches fill in the spaces over and at the sides of the windows. An elegant arcade

forms the storey below the belfry, which is pierced to light the ringing chamber. The lower part of the tower is Early English, but the west window is Perpendicular.

The church is worthy of the tower. It consists of a very long nave and aisles, with a very light clerestory, lofty arches opening into the aisles and rather deep transepts. The general type of spire exhibited at Newark belongs to the Lincolnshire class, that is to say, it possesses a parapet together with broaches and pinnacles. The magnificent steeple of Grantham, Lincolnshire, bears such a striking resemblance to that at Newark that they may be works of the same architect, and although in different counties they are both little removed from the adjacent border. These two magnificent steeples are situated upon that flat level land which forms an extensive plain to the west of Lincolnshire, and south of Yorkshire, and north-east of Leicestershire; a rich alluvial stretch of land devoid of picturesqueness, but highly productive and abounding in fine churches, castles and ancient mansions. Our forefathers seem to have

delighted in adorning such localities with fine architecture. Of course, water-carriage was abundant and the population large, and they felt that it was a case in which nature depended for ornament upon the hand of man, and so they planted and built and really rendered it beautiful. These were localities where architecture had nothing to compete with it, and the question will often suggest itself, Is architecture more striking where the landscape is attractive, or is the reverse the case? One would at first be inclined to answer in the affirmative, were it not for the beautiful effect of such places as Durham, Mont St. Michel, in Normandy, and Limburg in Germany, where the mixture of picturesque architecture and beautiful scenery presents such fascinating pictures to the eye.

Nottinghamshire has some very fine churches—for example, St. Mary's, Nottingham, a noble example of a cruciform Perpendicular parish church; Worksop, the remains of a Norman abbey church, etc.; but it is nothing like so rich in ecclesiastical architecture as the neighbouring counties of Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, or Leicestershire.



NEWARK PARISH CHURCH, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

private enterprise. It has been done to a considerable extent, and in the majority of instances it has been discovered that potash, phosphorus, and lime are the elements most wanting, with but few cases where other elements are short. And some crops, specially cereals, require nitrogen, which is found in farmyard manure, nitrate of soda, and sulphate of ammonia; while all the pod-bearing crops, called "leguminous crops," are found to obtain them from the air in plenty, so that to use nitrogenous manures for this class of plants is quite a waste. The chief element of all nitrogenous manures or compounds being the nitrogen of the air, such should not be considered as mineral manure, but gaseous compounds, or, in short, gaseous elements in a line with carbon. Mineral

pound's worth of the minerals appears to do much more good than two pounds' worth of stable manure. This shows that trees require minerals more than nitrogen.

The first principles of the absorption of plant foods by roots and leaves is fairly well treated of in the early papers. It may be esteemed a great blessing to consider that trees require chiefly only such a small supply of food elements from human culture as are purely mineral in their nature, and that all the remainder, as carbon and nitrogen, are collected by them from the air, leaving but little to supply by labour, except a moderate culture to keep the ground stirred and clean. Carbon, nitrogen, and water come from the air free, and they form the chief supply of plant food as required by apple-trees. Thus

penny for the well-grown tree, while the culture could not have cost much. Therefore if such procedure was applied in breadth, in numbers, the result could hardly fail to be very remunerative. The same would apply to apples. It has done so at Crawley. But it must be noted that such knowledge is only obtained by care and time, which having been got, it should be considered good to use it.

METHODS OF PLANTING.

The leading idea of all commercial planting should be "profits." That method which promises these the quickest is plainly the one to choose. It has been proved that trees grow best on cultivated land. One instance is very conspicuous indeed; it is that of Glewstone Court, and it is said that there are eight and a half acres, containing 5,500 trees, planted at distances of six, eight and nine feet apart. They produced in 1895 765 pounds of fruit, within ten years of planting, which no doubt was enough to pay the entire costs of the orchard.

Now if the old method of planting trees of from fifteen to forty feet apart as recommended by Dr. Bull in his *Hertfordshire Pomona* had been followed, *i.e.*, if they had been planted, say, twenty-five feet apart, they would have occupied near ninety acres, which in ten years would have required a very much larger sum than £765 to have paid the continuous costs of rent, tithes, taxes, and rates on it, to say nothing of culture and other costs of fencing round the trees, etc., which would have entirely done away with the opportunity of early profits, and so have thwarted the object of the work entirely.

Another acre at Crawley in 1898 has produced about ten pounds' worth of apples, and a good lot of gooseberries, besides a growth of young nursery trees between the permanently planted trees, which were only planted in 1894. This also must be considered excellent in such quick time on such young trees. The entire produce has paid many times the cost of planting and all else. This is by reason of what may be called intensive planting and culture. This would appear to be the most economical method for "ladies in village homes," as well as more extensive commercial planting.

If the area to be planted should be small, if it is done well, and the trees planted not more than six feet apart, they will soon yield a crop of fruit that will amount to a sum worthy of consideration, and an income will the sooner result with a small amount of outlay than if you have strawberries and other annual crops, although such things may be planted for a quick return, to be removed quickly to give room for the trees. By this method a continued income would be near at hand, of a permanent kind, and at comparatively little cost per annum; of course when the trees became thick, they also would require thinning. There is no apparent reason why this method should not be the most profitable for large planters as well as for small culture.

(To be continued.)

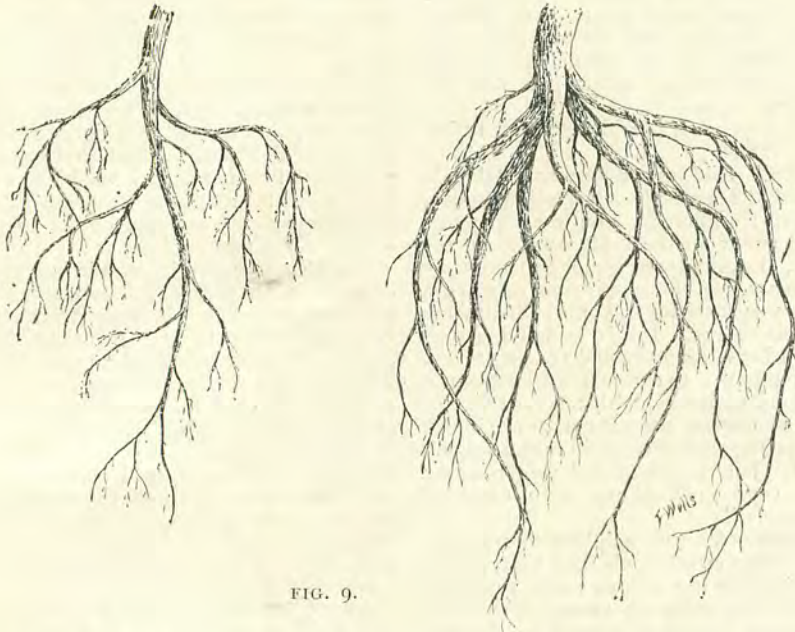


FIG. 9.

phosphates and potash are most cheaply found in kainite and basic slag. Lime all know about, and old English farmers used it largely and wisely. Its place is now filled with superphosphate, which contains lime and phosphate. The presence of lime may be fairly well determined by washing the hands in water taken from a ditch; if it curdles the soap freely and feels rough in the hands it indicates lime; if not, the soil should be proved by other means, either by growth or analysis. Applications of kainite and basic slag will soon prove useful or not. As to nitrogenous manures, personal use indicates that apple-trees do not respond to the applications of either stable manure, nitrate of soda, or sulphate of ammonia well enough to encourage their use so much as a more free use of the mineral manures. A

the whole cost of manure and culture is reduced far below the comparative returns, and as compared with other crops. And, sad to say, those who have orchards therefore neglect their orchards too much.

This item may close with the illustration taken from the proceedings of the horticultural college at Gensheim, in Germany. It is that of the roots of two pear-trees. They were planted there a few years ago, of a size and age, in similar land, a clay soil; one was manured with one pound of kainite, and one pound of basic slag; the other had no manure. They remained three years, and then were dug up, and the roots were washed clean, and a photograph was taken (see Fig. 9). Comment is not needed. This contrast was obtained at a cost of something less than a



CHARACTERISTIC CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

PART IX. LANCASHIRE.

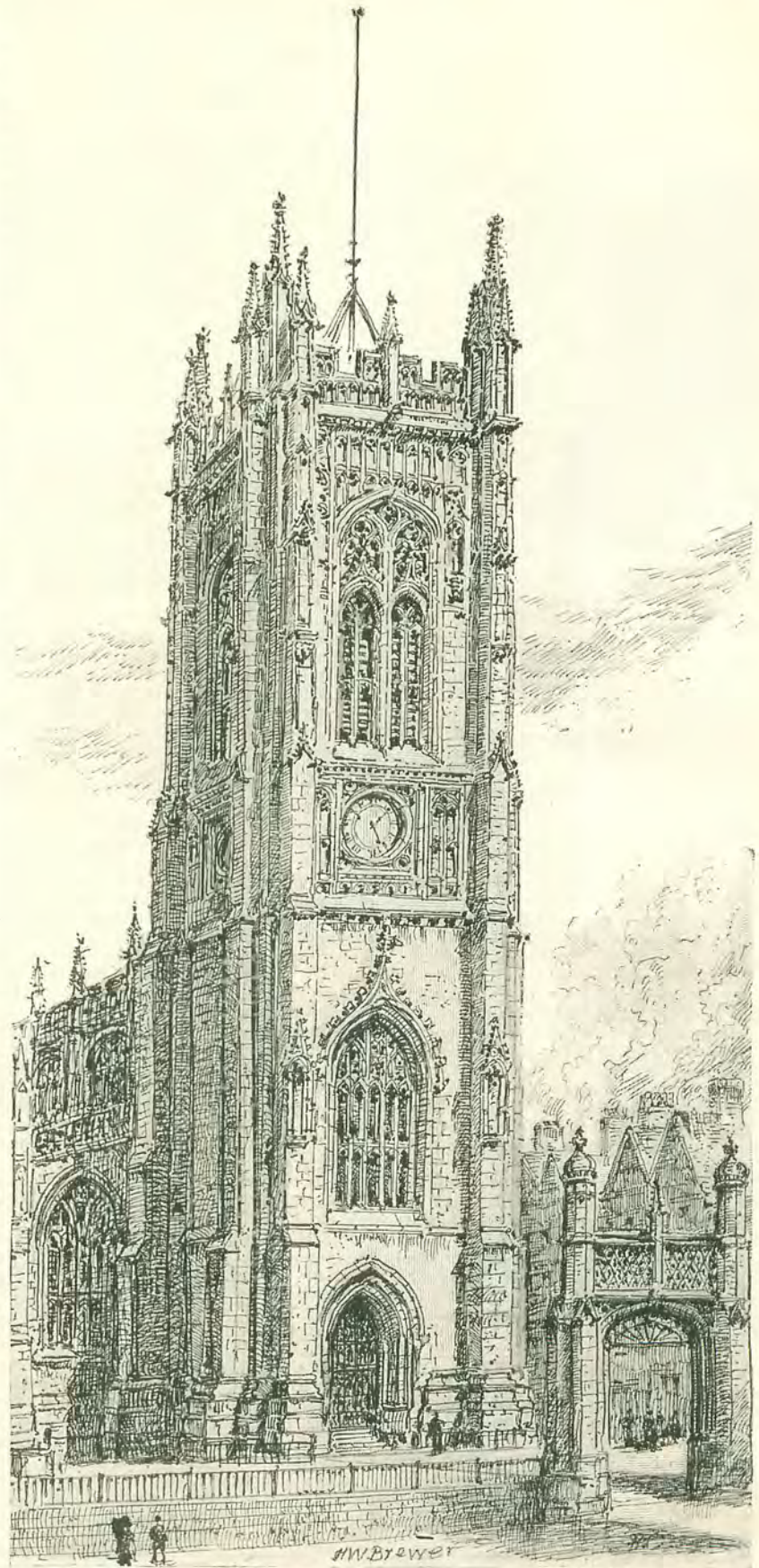
OF course Lancashire cannot be regarded as a county rich in ecclesiastical architecture

when we compare the remains of mediæval churches with the present enormous population, but when we take into consideration the fact that the huge manufacturing towns

which are spread over the whole land have been the outgrowth of the last century, before which time it was a purely agricultural district, we shall not be surprised at finding that the

ancient churches bear no proportion to the existing population. It is almost impossible now to realise the fact that Liverpool in 1699 was a portion of the parish of Walton, its church ranking only as a "chapel of ease" to the parish church of Walton. It must, however, have been a dignified building, probably from its proximity to the castle, and it possessed a lofty spire which existed down to the year 1810. Its fall was a sad catastrophe which happened on a Sunday morning just as the school-children were entering the sacred edifice. In a book called *Ancient Reliques*, published in 1812, a view of the church is given before and immediately after the fall of the spire. The tower was rebuilt to a totally different design, and the spire replaced by a poorly-designed lantern.

Few spires are now to be seen in Lancashire which are not either modern or rebuilt within the past few years. Old examples, however, are still to be seen at Childwall, Sefton and Ormskirk, but the characteristic steeple of the county is distinctly the pinnaced and embattled tower. Good examples exist at Wigan, Ormskirk, Manchester, Salford, Lancaster, etc. There is a curious tower at Cartmel Priory Church. The top storey is set on diagonally to the rest of the tower; and at Formby is an octagonal tower. These, however, are quite exceptional. The tower of the old Collegiate Parish Church, now the Cathedral, at Manchester, is certainly the finest in the whole county. This fine church was commenced and probably almost entirely erected by Thomas West, Lord De-la-Warr, rector of the parish in 1422. In plan it is very similar to St. Michael's, Coventry. It has the same double aisles, and the chancel is a continuation of the nave; in fact, it is a thoroughly effective example of the largest description of fifteenth-century parish church. It was served by a college of priests, hence the magnificent stalls and the interesting building near to it called "The College," which was really nothing more than a large clergy-house, and was preserved from destruction by Humphry Cheatham and converted into a school in the reign of James I. The tower of the church is of rich Perpendicular work with a pierced parapet and three pinnacles at each angle. The belfry windows are double in each face, but are united in pairs by elegant panelling, something after the manner of Newark. This treatment found so many admirers that it has been frequently copied in the county, and we shall find imitations of it at Salford Chapel, for instance, and even Gibbs, the classical architect of Queen Anne's time, copied it in his Italian steeple at St. Mary's, Manchester, a work which has, we believe, been very recently pulled down. About half a century back the late Sir Gilbert Scott rebuilt the tower of the Collegiate Church, but adhered strictly to the old design. The tower of Wigan Church is a very noble one, and the tower of Ormskirk Church is of a similar design. Ormskirk Church is very singular, as it possesses both a tower and spire, and there is a curious tradition that they were built by two sisters. One wished to have a tower and the other a spire, so the church was enriched by both structures in consequence of the disagreement. There is some difficulty in reconciling the tradition with the fact that the two works are of quite different dates, though, of course, it is possible that the spire-crowned structure may have been subsequently rebuilt. The tower of Lancaster Church was for the most part reconstructed during the last century, and looks at present like a bad imitation of Manchester. It may, of course, have been an attempt to imitate the original work, though very feebly done.



MANCHESTER, LANCASHIRE.

CHARACTERISTIC CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

PART X.

HAMPSHIRE.



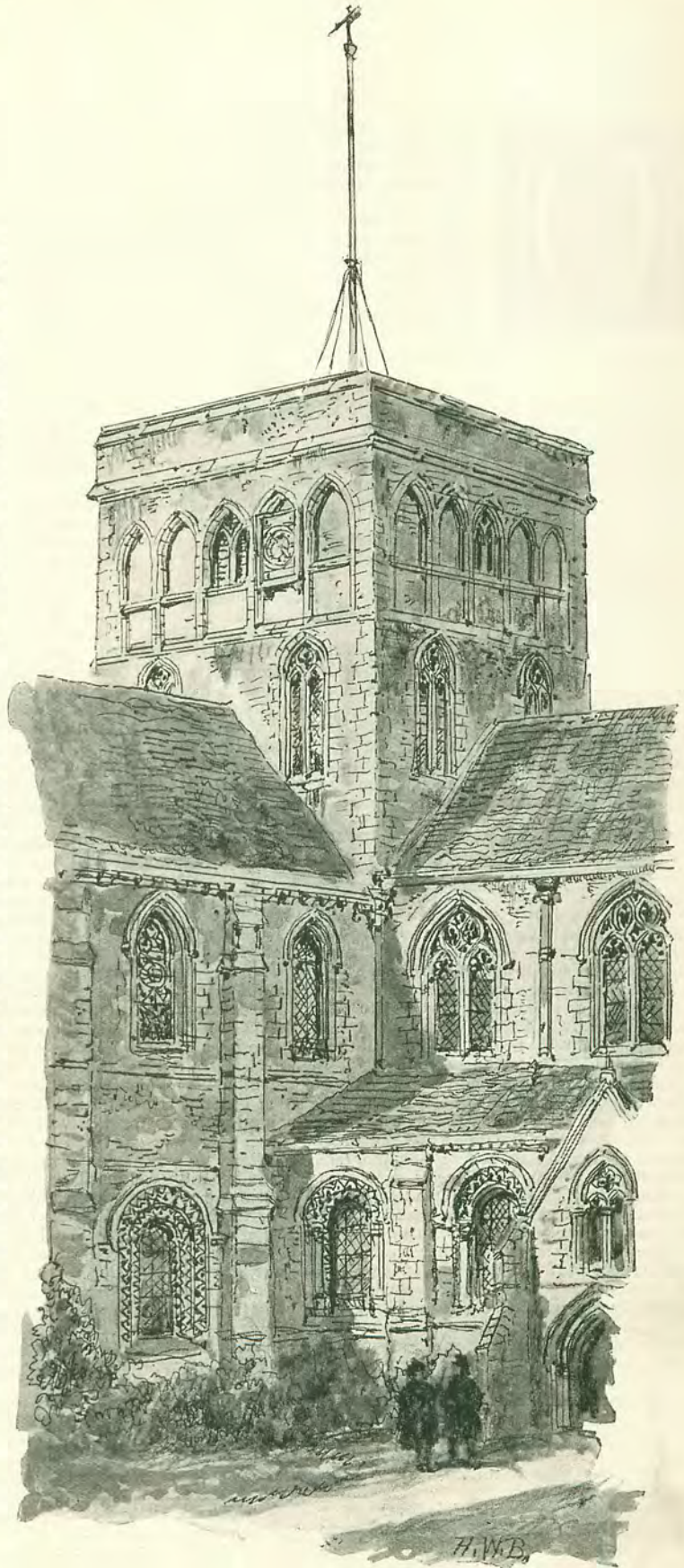
HAMPSHIRE certainly contains an unusual number of magnificent churches, most of which are as remarkable for the examples of early architecture which they present as for their rich and elaborate additions and furnishing. Winchester Cathedral is of course almost too well known to need comment. The magnificent Priory Church of Christ Church, near Bournemouth, is unsurpassed for its splendid screens, chantry chapels, etc. Romsey and St. Cross are singularly perfect

early churches, and Porchester still earlier, and still more curious.

Fine churches are to be found with Norman remains at East-Meon, Havant and Andover—works of a later style at Winchester College, Basingstoke, Old Basing, the chapels of the Holy Ghost and the "Vyne."

Now, it would naturally be thought that a county so rich in church architecture would possess many remarkably fine church towers, yet, strange to say, this is by no means the case, and we doubt whether any county in the south of England possesses so few fine examples. Those which do exist are, however, sometimes remarkably characteristic, and for the most part of early date. The absence of height is a peculiarity common to them all. Winchester Cathedral, which is of fairly rich Norman work, is only 140 feet high, and that, for the central tower of a cathedral 555 feet long, is very insignificant! The tower of Christ Church (311 feet long) is only 120 feet high; it is Perpendicular with pinnacles, but is such a structure as one would find attached to a village church in other counties. At Romsey Abbey the central tower rises only a few feet above the roofs. One of the best examples in the county is St. Cross, which is "Decorated," in date about 1334, but looks much earlier, because the old Norman form of tower has been preserved. It rises scarcely a cube above the roof and is arcaded round the belfry storey exactly in the Norman manner. There can be no doubt that the way they had in Hampshire of reproducing the proportions and arrangement of Norman towers is the reason for the squat, lumpy appearance, which is so conspicuous even in the later churches. Basingstoke and Old Basing churches, which possess fairly large towers of late date, show the same peculiarity. The old Priory Church of Southampton has a spire, one of the few in the county, but it is superimposed upon a tower of squat proportion. Almost the only tower in the county which seems to have broken through the local tradition is that of Winchester College, which is a lofty, graceful Perpendicular tower with square angle-pinnacles. What will, however, probably strike the observer more than anything in Hampshire is the beautiful Early English work to be met with. The two churches at Portsmouth are interesting examples, though the one is shockingly mutilated and the other (the garrison church) terribly over-restored.

Winchester Cathedral, St. Cross, Netley, Beaulieu Abbey, etc., all possess fine thirteenth-century work.



ST. CROSS, HAMPSHIRE.



SOME NEW VOCAL DUETS.

"LANGSYNE"—that dear old word of storied memories appeals to us one and all, so also does the harmonious measure of Alicia Needham's new duet for soprano and contralto bearing that title (Novello). It requires intelligent and expressive singing, for much of its charm would be lost with an unsympathetic rendering of the tender verses by Alexander Anderson.

"Langsyne when life was bonnie,
An' a' the world was fair,
The leaves were green wi' simmer,
For autumn wasna' there."

Many pretty duos for girls' voices will be found in "Songs of the Hearth and the Heather," a little shilling book containing arrangements by J. Sneddon of several favourites of yore, such as Lady Nairne's ever touching ballad, "The Auld House," and Burns's "Afton Water," together with rousing Jacobite songs like "Come o'er the stream, Charlie," and others (Paterson). The second voice must be a decided contralto, as the part is written very low at times. These duets are much liked, as they invest numbers of old airs with fresh interest.

We welcome a new duet by Frank Moir entitled, "Sweet Wild Birds" (Boosey) for soprano (or tenor) and mezzo-soprano (or baritone), and it affords excellent opportunities for each voice, no ordinary quality in most duos; the words are pleasant, the music not difficult and the climax is pretty and effective.

In "Dear is My Little Native Vale" Franco Leoni has very successfully matched the quaint lines of Samuel Rogers with music full of the same old-world rustic charm (Chappell). A soprano and mezzo of quite ordinary compass would have little trouble in singing this effectively, and amongst many time-worn sentimental subjects it is unique in its freshness.

Any girls who sing with their brothers will appreciate a graceful setting by Edith Sweptone (Schott) for soprano and baritone of Tennyson's lines "To Sleep."

"Whate'er thy joys, they vanish with the day;
Whate'er thy griefs, in sleep they fade away."

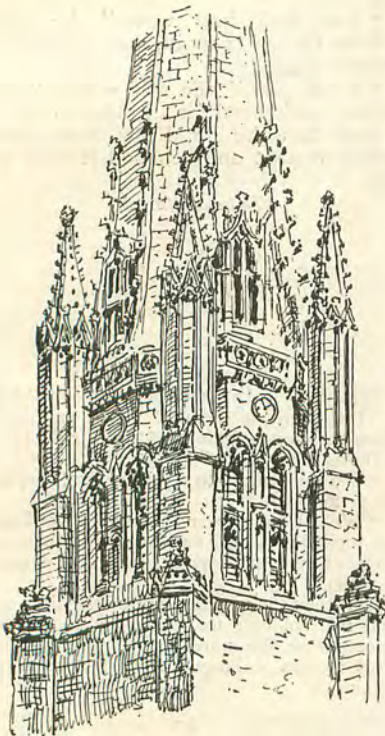
"Twin Stars," a duet of Chaminade's suitable to two sisters, has a pretty floating accompaniment throughout of semiquaver fashion, there is no extraordinary tax upon voices or fingers, and the whole is a poetic idea carried out in a very pleasing manner (Enoch). The style is decidedly French, and there are both English and French words. Sprightly is the story and neat is the music of an amusing little duo for equal voices, feminine or masculine, by J. Spawforth called sympathetically "Heigho!" The compass is small, and each voice follows the other in deft imitation throughout its short length. Two mezzos or a contralto and mezzo would perform it well (Boosey). Those who sing Italian will find the popular Neapolitan song "Rumanella, Rumané," by Augusto Rotoli (Ricordi) sounds well as a duet, each voice taking the solos in turn and both singing the chorus, which is very characteristic and pretty though short; the whole is of the genus

"Funiculi funiculà" of Denza's, and it goes equally well and easily on the guitar or piano.

From the clever pen of Frances Allitsen we have an exceedingly graceful theme for two voices, either mezzo-soprano and soprano or a baritone might take the mezzo's place. "On the River" is the title (Chappell), and the voices and music glide along in most realistic and pleasing measure, encountering no difficulties whatsoever from the soft opening with arpeggio accompaniment to the swifter and louder last page when the river sweeps into the sea. Another charming duet is "Tell me, gentle stranger," out of the comic opera *L'amour mouillé*; or, *Cupid and the Princess*, by Landon Ronald (Keith Prowse); it will find sure favour if sung with taste by two rather high voices, *i.e.*, tenor and soprano or soprano and mezzo. In Messrs. Enoch's series of two-part songs (6d.) for a number of voices, we often select some which sound most effective for two voices only; two recent numbers are especially suitable, namely, "Come, Sweet Morning," quite a fascinating *air de gavotte* arranged by A. L. with all her accustomed dainty perception of melody and expression; and "Snowdrops," by Landon Ronald, the words and music of which are both simple and elegant; a soprano and contralto should sing these. Six French songs by J. Kinross and others (Curwen, 6d.) are useful to note, for they serve as facile and tuneful French lessons for two child sopranos.

"Farewell" (Chappell) comes fitly last; it is yet another setting of Tennyson's familiar poem, and Franco Leoni has certainly treated the somewhat dolorous lines with very nice musical effect for medium voices; it is in an easy and attractive style.

MARY AUGUSTA SALMOND.



BLOXHAM CHURCH, OXFORDSHIRE.

CHARACTERISTIC CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

PART XI.

OXFORDSHIRE.

OXFORDSHIRE is one of the richest counties in England for church architecture.

Several circumstances united to bring about this result in the Middle Ages. The wealthy and important University of Oxford was of course one, the great water-highway—the Thames—running its course through the county was a second. The fertile soil, the prevalence of building stone, and the richly-endowed monastic institutions all, of course, conduced to the same end. For the most part the churches partake of that elegance and are adorned with that rich and refined detail for which the neighbouring county of Northamptonshire is so remarkable. The tall stone spire is, however, not so common a feature in Oxfordshire as in Northamptonshire. There are, however, some very excellent examples; such, for instance, are St. Mary's, Oxford, Oxford Cathedral, Bloxham, Whitney, Bampton Broadwell, Adderbury, Broughton,

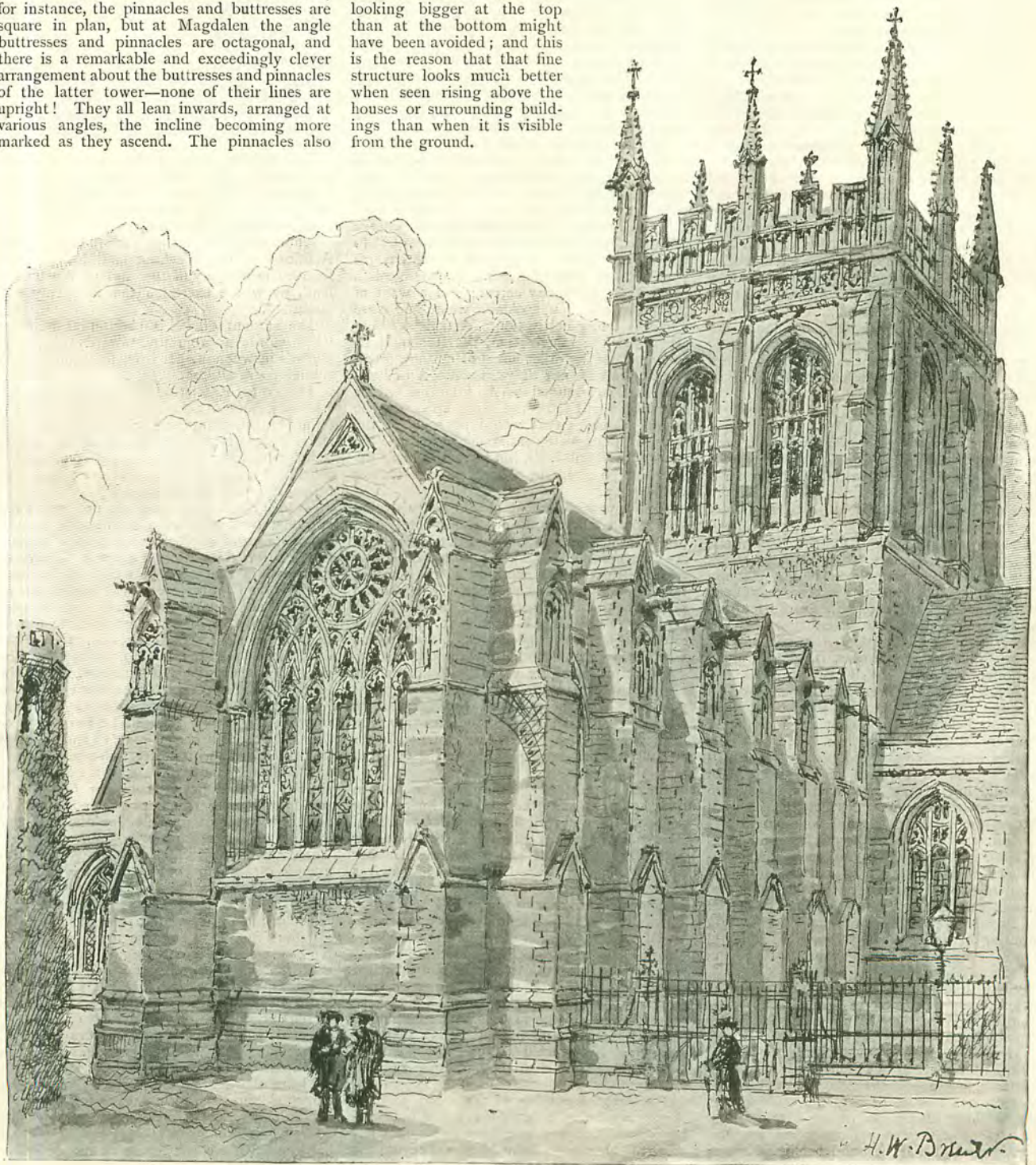
Burford, Cannington, etc. These are mostly in the northern and western part of the county. None are found in the south-eastern part of the county, the district between Oxford and Henley, except an insignificant example at Newington. Although the spire cannot exactly be said to represent the characteristic steeple of this county, yet some of them are so important that we give a small sketch of Bloxham, which is certainly one of the most interesting. It will be noticed that in this example the top storey of the tower is octagonal, so that the conversion from the square into the octagonal plan does not commence with the spire, but in the tower itself. The date of this fine work is the fourteenth century.

Probably, however, the pinnacled and embattled crowned tower may be regarded as more characteristic of this county than any other type. This is sometimes treated in a highly ornamental manner, as at Merton and Magdalen College chapels; at other times it is more solidly and plainly designed, as at Henley, where the pinnacles themselves are

embattled as well as the parapet. Very frequently the pinnacles are altogether omitted and the parapet ornamented, as at St. Peter-in-the-East, St. Mary Magdalen's Church, Oxford. By far the finest towers in the county are those of Merton and Magdalen Colleges. In both of these cases the pinnacles are solid, but the embattled parapets are pierced with rich open-work tracery. Of course these works are purely ornamental, as a battlement pierced all over would expose those defending it to the bolts and bullets of the adversary. So far the towers of Merton and Magdalen Colleges are very similar, but there is considerable variation in the detail. At Merton, for instance, the pinnacles and buttresses are square in plan, but at Magdalen the angle buttresses and pinnacles are octagonal, and there is a remarkable and exceedingly clever arrangement about the buttresses and pinnacles of the latter tower—none of their lines are upright! They all lean inwards, arranged at various angles, the incline becoming more marked as they ascend. The pinnacles also

lean inwards, and you will find, if you ascend the tower and place a ruler against them, that the inner and outer sides are not parallel. Mr. Penrose, the greatest living authority upon ancient Greek architecture, has observed the same feature in the columns of the Parthenon. The object is certainly to gather in the points of the pinnacles and give greater height to the tower. Of course this is done with the greatest subtlety, because if it was apparent the effect would be ugly. There can be no doubt that if some such contrivance had been followed out at the Victoria Tower, the effect of that fine tower looking bigger at the top than at the bottom might have been avoided; and this is the reason that that fine structure looks much better when seen rising above the houses or surrounding buildings than when it is visible from the ground.

Merton Chapel (or rather church, for it is really a parish church as well as a college chapel) is a remarkably beautiful structure. The choir dates from 1277, and the transepts and tower from about 1424. The nave was never built, if the tradition that Wolsey, when he was bursar of Magdalen College, erected its beautiful tower be true. It is very singular, though not impossible, but it would make Magdalen tower nearly seventy years later in date than Merton, though they appear to be almost of the same date.



MERTON ST. JOHN'S, OXFORD.

CHARACTERISTIC CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

PART XII.

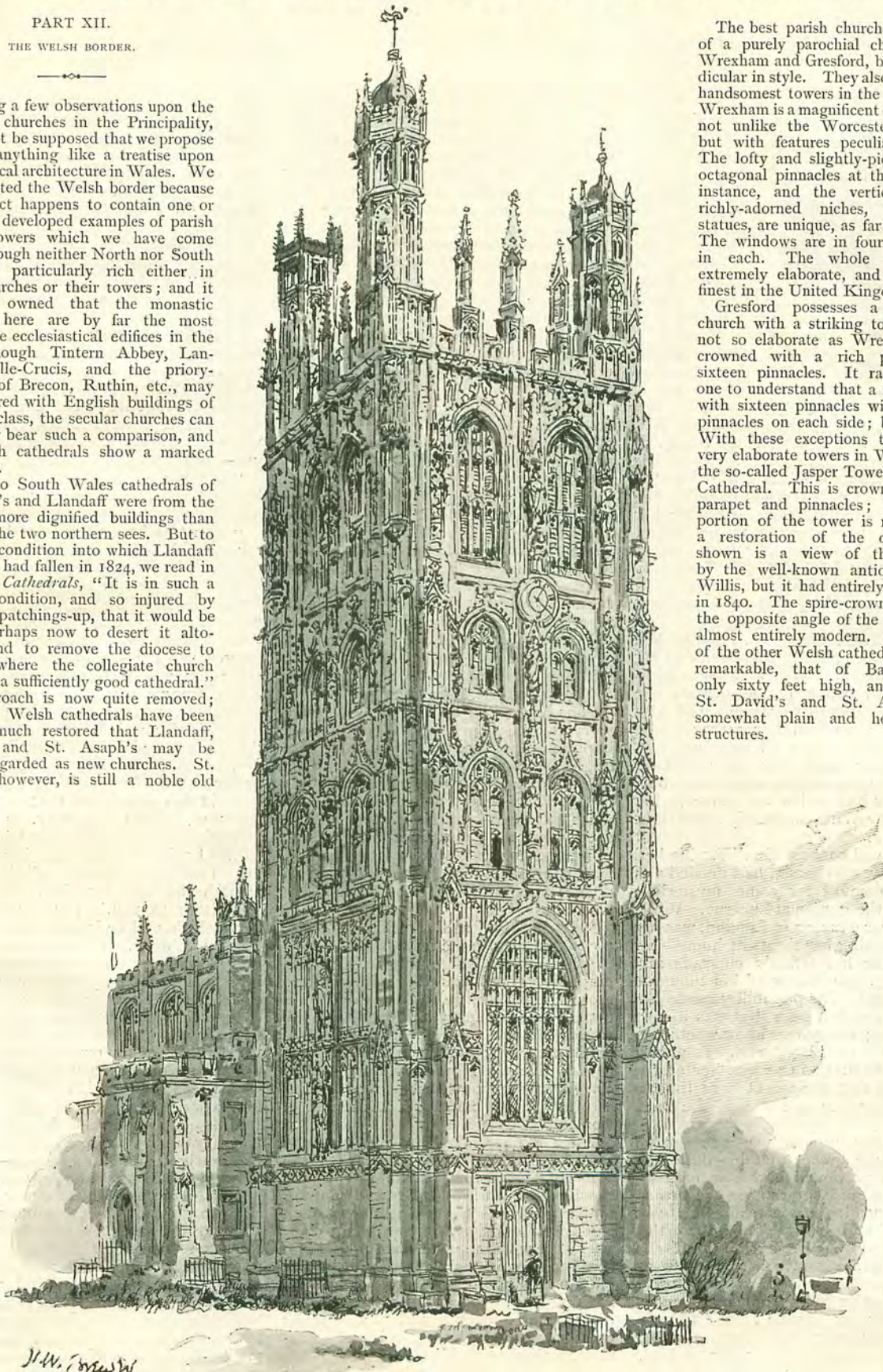
THE WELSH BORDER.

In offering a few observations upon the towers of churches in the Principality, it must not be supposed that we propose to write anything like a treatise upon ecclesiastical architecture in Wales. We have selected the Welsh border because that district happens to contain one or two most developed examples of parish church towers which we have come across, though neither North nor South Wales is particularly rich either in parish churches or their towers; and it must be owned that the monastic churches here are by far the most remarkable ecclesiastical edifices in the land. Though Tintern Abbey, Lantony, Valle-Crucis, and the priory-churches of Brecon, Ruthin, etc., may be compared with English buildings of the same class, the secular churches can in no way bear such a comparison, and the Welsh cathedrals show a marked inferiority.

The two South Wales cathedrals of St. David's and Llandaff were from the first far more dignified buildings than those of the two northern sees. But to show the condition into which Llandaff Cathedral had fallen in 1824, we read in *Winkle's Cathedrals*, "It is in such a ruinous condition, and so injured by wretched patchings-up, that it would be better perhaps now to desert it altogether, and to remove the diocese to Brecon, where the collegiate church would be a sufficiently good cathedral." This reproach is now quite removed; but these Welsh cathedrals have been so very much restored that Llandaff, Bangor, and St. Asaph's may be almost regarded as new churches. St. David's, however, is still a noble old building.

The best parish churches in Wales, of a purely parochial character, are Wrexham and Gresford, both Perpendicular in style. They also possess the handsomest towers in the Principality. Wrexham is a magnificent composition, not unlike the Worcestershire type, but with features peculiar to itself. The lofty and slightly-pierced hollow octagonal pinnacles at the angles, for instance, and the vertical rows of richly-adorned niches, filled with statues, are unique, as far as we know. The windows are in four ranges, two in each. The whole structure is extremely elaborate, and one of the finest in the United Kingdom.

Gresford possesses a fine parish church with a striking tower, though not so elaborate as Wrexham; it is crowned with a rich parapet and sixteen pinnacles. It rather puzzles one to understand that a square tower with sixteen pinnacles will show five pinnacles on each side; but it is so! With these exceptions there are no very elaborate towers in Wales, except the so-called Jasper Tower of Llandaff Cathedral. This is crowned by open parapet and pinnacles; but all this portion of the tower is modern, and a restoration of the original one shown is a view of the cathedral by the well-known antiquary Brown Willis, but it had entirely disappeared in 1840. The spire-crowned tower at the opposite angle of the west front is almost entirely modern. The towers of the other Welsh cathedrals are not remarkable, that of Bangor being only sixty feet high, and those of St. David's and St. Asaph's are somewhat plain and heavy-looking structures.



WREXHAM, DENBIGHSHIRE.