TOULOUSE AND NARBONNE,

By EDWARD A. FREEMAN, D.C.L.

It is needless to enlarge on the wealth of southern Gaul in the matter of Roman remains; Nîmes, Arles, Orange, Vienne, Périgueux, the Pont du Gard and the monuments of Saint Remy, speak for themselves. The list might easily be lengthened, but it is a thing to be no less noticed that it would be easy to make a counter list of places in which we might have fairly looked for equal wealth in this way, but in which we do not find it. The geographical distribution of the Roman monuments of Aquitaine and the Imperial Burgundy is certainly a little capricious. The question often thrusts itself on the mind in journeying through these countries, why it is that some towns are so specially rich in Roman antiquities, sometimes almost to the exclusion of monuments of other kinds, while others which filled as high or a higher place under the Roman dominion have nothing to show of Roman date beyond the contents of their museums. Nîmes and Arles, for instance, stand out to this day as pre-eminently Roman towns; Nîmes indeed, as far as antiquities are concerned, is still a Roman town and little else. Why are not Toulouse and Narbonne equally rich? Tolosa where Cæpio stole the gold, Tolosa, head of the West-Gothic kingdom—head that is for a season from the Loire to the pillars of Hêraklês—Narbo Martius, first of Roman colonies in Gaul, Narbo rival of Massalia, Narbo that gave its name to so large a part of the Gaulish land, were assuredly cities which stood above rather than below Nemausus and Arelate. If Nemausus and Arelate still show magnificent remains of various dates of the Roman dominion, we might have expected Tolosa and Narbo to

show remains more magnificent still. Above all, there is Massalia herself, the great Ionian colony, the old ally of Rome, the centre of civilization for so large a part of Europe. The city which ought to have most to show of all has the least to show of any. We climb the hill, and we understand why the old Phokaians chose the site for this settlement; but in the city itself there is nothing to remind us of either of its two ages of glory and freedom. There is no sign of the Hellenic commonwealth that braved the might of Cæsar; there is no sign of the Provençal commonwealth that braved the might of Charles of Anjou; in this case we may safely say that long continued prosperity has been the destruction of the ancient city. And something like the same rule may apply in other cases also. Toulouse is now a far greater city than Arles; that may be one reason why Arles has so much to show in the way of its earlier antiquities and Toulouse so little. But on the other hand Nîmes is now a far greater city than Narbonne; yet, while Narbonne keeps very little to show that it once was Narbo, Nîmes reminds us at every step that it once was Nemausus. Sometimes known local reasons can be assigned. Change of site has often something to do with it. Modern Aix does not stand exactly on the site of old Aquæ Sextiæ, and it is said that old Aquæ Sextiæ utterly perished in the Saracen invasions of the eighth century. Otherwise mere change of site does not necessarily tend to destruction. At Périgueux it is the shifting of the main body of the town which has helped to preserve so much of old Vesona. At Narbonne a very good special reason indeed is given to account for the well abiding memories of the colony of Mars. The ancient remains of Narbo, like the remains of the oldest Athens, were used as materials for the walls built by Lewis the Thirteenth. And as those walls have been pulled down in later times, there are no Roman remains left but such as have had the good luck to live through both these destroying processes and such as have been found above or below the ground in the usual course of such findings. The walls of Toulouse are gone as well as the walls of Narbonne, and much of antiquity may have perished with them also. Certain it is that in neither city is there any Roman building, great or small, standing up

to tell its own story in its own place, nothing like Périgueux, Nîmes, Arles, St. Remy, and Vienne. It is perhaps even more annoying to find nothing that can in any way remind us of the days of West-Gothic presence and West-Gothic rule. We may at least hope that now-a-days no one will call in the presence or the rule of the Goth to explain the absence of monuments older than the Goth. But where in Gaul, save at Carcassonne, has the Goth left any visible memorials? And in truth even at Carcassonne we rather take it on faith that we have memorials of him. The truth is that in the fifth century, the century with which we are at this moment concerned, there is no reason to think that there would be the slightest difference between works carried out at the bidding of a Gothic king and works carried out at the bidding of a Roman duke or patrician. At Toulouse we can indeed, if we please, go and muse on the spot where the kings of the West-Goths had their dwelling-place. It will be found near the south-western corner of the city; but it needs some power of imagination to set one a-musing on it when the only thing to suggest the memory of the home of Euric and the lesser Theodorics is a modern Palace of Justice. The site indeed suggests that the palace formed a castle connected with the wall of the city at this important point by the river. Further than this we are left to guess. At Narbonne we do not crave to see the palace in which Gothic kings dwelled; we ask for the house of a Narbonnese citizen in which one Gothic king was entertained on one memorable day. It was in the house of Ingenuus of Narbo that the long wooing of Ataulf and Placidia came to an end, and the great bride-ale of Gothia and Romania, the wedding that was to give peace to the world and bind together the nations in brotherhood, was held with all due rejoicings with a deposed Emperor as leader of the choir. We could hardly have carried our hopes so high as to expect to find the house of Ingenuus standing and distinguished from other buildings, but we might fairly expect to see buildings on which the Gothic king and the sister of Augustus might have looked on on their wedding day. Had the wedding been at Arles, there would have been no lack of such; at Narbonne their age has left us no standing

memorials. Tolosa and Narbo have left plenty of relics; he who comes to look for them on their sites will not go away empty; but Tolosa and Narbo do not themselves stand up to welcome him in the way that, almost without a figure, Arelate, Nemausus, and Vienna Allobrogum still do.

In other words, while Arles and Nîmes are still rich in Roman buildings, while Nîmes in fact has hardly anything to show but Roman buildings, the existing remains both at Toulouse and at Narbonne, save such fragments as survive in the museums, belong wholly to what we commonly call mediæval times. Yet there are buildings in Toulouse which, both in their history and in their architecture, do much to carry back our thoughts to Rome and her memories. The kings who reigned in Toulouse have left no memorials. The municipal magistracy of later times has left indeed a memorial, but it is a memorial of its latest days only. Tolosa, an adopted child of Rome, had her capitol, and, down to the French Revolution, the Eight Men of the Capitol, the *Octoviri Capitolini* or *Capitouls*, were the municipal fathers of the city. They have now passed away, along with the Senator of Rome, the Gonfaloniere of Florence, the Alderman of Grantham, and the High and Low Bailiffs of Birmingham. Modern taste, it seems, will abide nothing but Mayors and Syndics; the few abiding Portreeves have had notice to put their houses in order,[1] and one begins to doubt whether even Scotland will be allowed much longer to keep her Provosts. The Capitouls of Toulouse abide now only in one of those curious pictures in which, by a kind act of faith, portraits of men of modern days are brought into connexion with the most solemn scenes of the Gospel history. In the museum, once the church of the Austin Friars, we see the eight fathers of the city, as they showed themselves in the seventeenth century, partly nobles, partly burghers, sheltering themselves, as it were, under the protection of the Crucified. But, if the Capitouls are gone, their Capitol abides, though it seems of late years to have in some sort ceased to be a Capitol. It is a large building, in the Italian style of the seventeenth or eighteenth century, a good deal less impressive than more modern capitols at Washington and Albany. Still a capitol it was, and in 1857, and doubt-

[1] Alas, they have vanished since this was written.

less for a good while after 1857, the word CAPITOLIVM stood out in bold letters on its frieze. In 1885 they could be only faintly traced beneath a later inscription of *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.* So haply it has now ceased to be a capitol; but it will be some while before the great square of Toulouse, the Place of the Capitol, becomes in ordinary speech, the Place of anything else.

Kings then and capitouls fail us, nor can we see the wall which sheltered the folk of Tolosa from the invading barbarians of the fifth century or those which withstood the invading crusaders of the thirteenth. Were they the still abiding walls of Tolosa through whose gates the elder Simon burst in and beneath which he at last fell, struck at last by a bolt hurled by a warlike engine, not, like Abimelech and Pyrrhos, by the hand of a woman? In any case they are gone. Toulouse has one mighty pile which looked on those days of trial; but it is neither the wall nor anything within the wall, but the great abbey beyond it. It has another building which arose immediately after those days, which may in some sort pass for a memorial of those days; but that is the fragment now left of the cathedral church reared by the younger Raymond. For at Toulouse, it is undoubtedly the churches, and conspicuously the two great churches of the bishop and the abbot, which take the first place among the antiquities of the city. But, to fill up the measure of our lackings and contradictions, when we go, as in duty bound, to one of the bridges spanning the fierce Garonne—the Garonne that sometimes refuses to be spanned—and look either from the bridge itself or from the other side, as we see neither royal nor municipal palace, so neither of the great churches of the city shows itself to our view. We see churches and church towers, some of them not a little striking, but we do not see the two churches round which the ecclesiastical history of the city gathers, the *ecclesia* of Saint Stephen and the *basilica* of Saint Saturninus. This comes of the position of the city, which is emphatically not a hill city, but a river city. Planted beside the Garonne, but not overhanging it, having hardly the usual slope down to the stream which we find even when we are not among the hill-cities, Toulouse supplies no lofty points of vantage either for her living churches

or for her vanished castle. She has hills to look up to; but she has none to climb, either within her walls—if walls she had—or as the means of reaching them. Take no spot from any distant region, but compare Toulouse with another city which was a fellow-sufferer in the frightful time of the Albigensian war. The view from the bridge of Béziers is indeed a contrast with the view from either of the bridges of Toulouse. The tower there climbs the hill above the river, and the church on its terrace overlooks river and town. But Toulouse is a greater city than Beziers, and it stands on the bank of a greater river. Biterris was doubtless in its origin simply a stronghold; Tolosa was from the beginning a city in the strictest sense; one wonders indeed that a city of kings should have had to wait till 1317 before it became a city of primates. And to this day it is not as a city of primates that Toulouse strikes us. The metropolitan church is undoubtedly not the chief building, nor the chief church, of the city. And yet it is one of the objects which it is most easy to compare with the corresponding object at Narbonne. In both cities French dominion has been marked by an attempt, never thoroughly carried out, to rebuild the metropolitan church in the foreign style. And, as Narbonne does contain somewhat of a hill, the unfinished church occupies a far finer site than it does at Toulouse. The choir and tower of the church and the greater towers of the archiepiscopal palace make a really fine group from the market-place. Otherwise the buildings of Narbonne rather hide themselves; there is more to see than one would think at first sight. Saint Sernin cannot be hid, even on the flat site of Toulouse; and the canal which divides *cité and bourg* at Narbonne gives no such opportunity as the great bridge of the Garonne gives at Toulouse for telling the towers of the other churches. As for castles, unless we allow the Narbonnese *archéveche* to reckon, we can make no comparison, yet, as the castle of Toulouse bore the special name of Narbonnese, one might have been specially pleased to see in what points it showed any impress of the city whose name it bore.

Of the two metropolitan churches—if we may so couple them together, when Narbonne claims a thousand years more of primacy than Toulouse can boast of—

Toulouse has the advantage, if in this case it is any, of being, after a fashion, a whole and perfect church, while Narbonne is a mere fragment. That is to say, at Narbonne the elder church has altogether perished, while at Toulouse part of it still remains attached to the later work, and attached in such a fashion as to make the church, looked at as a whole, at once one of the most curious and one of the most awkward to be found in Christendom. Surely no church ever was so utterly shapeless. No blame of course for that to the architects of either period; the old and new design had each doubtless a distinct shape; it is the strange way in which half of the new church is joined on to half of the old one which gives Saint Stephen of Toulouse its high place among the eccentricities of church-building. In our own land Carlisle makes some approach to it, but it is only an approach. There the splendid choir of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries—the monastic church—has indeed been built on with very little regard to the proportions of the parish church of the twelfth. Perhaps, as at Toulouse and Narbonne, the purpose was to destroy; or it may have been that the Austin canons rebuilt this choir without thinking about the parish church. In either case, lopsided as the building is, the eastern part stretching far to the north of the western, the presence of a real transept and central tower hinders the awkwardness of the junction from being felt in all its fulness. At Toulouse it looks as if something in the way of transepts was designed, though the appearances of the two sides are not the same. But in no case would there have been real projecting transepts with a mid-tower. The new part is about double the width of the old, while the south wall of the eastern building continues that of the western. The north wall of the nave thus nearly ranges with the middle of the choir; there is no attempt in any way to connect the two, to soften the harshness of the junction. Neither comes to any kind of end; it was not to be expected that they should do so; what is now standing to the west is simply what had not yet been pulled down when the works to the east happened to stop. No one was likely to make any attempt to fuse the two fragments, the advancing and the receding building, into an architectural whole of any kind.

The views round corners which are thus to be had from one part of the building into the other are among the very strangest that can be ever conceived.

The older part of Saint Stephen of Toulouse, which was begun by Count Raymond the Sixth, the Count who did penance at St. Gilles, consists at present of three bays in the latest style that can be called thoroughly local. The width of the single-bodied nave is amazing, measuring 22 French metres. The obtusely-pointed arches which span this vast space are perfectly flat, without moulding or ornament of any kind, and they rise from equally flat pilasters, each of which, oddly enough, has two rich capitals of classical character under a single abacus. The great wheel window at the west end must be of the same date; but in wheel windows we are used to forms which look later than the rest of the work about them. It is most strange to look out of this wide, low, simple, nave, of which we can hardly fancy that we have the whole, across the *quasi* transept into the choir of fully developed French Gothic. That is to say, when we can look into it; for there is a rood-loft, such as it is, and the space above it is often shrouded with a curtain; we can well believe that the way in which the two buildings are joined together may make a kind of *kill-canon* corner. When the curtain is there, we see nothing but the narrow arch that leads into the south aisle of the choir, and so much as we can see of a huge pier, called the *pillar of Orléans*, which stands at what should be the the south east corner of the lantern. It looks as if it was meant to help to bear up a mid tower, but it has nothing to answer to it on the other side.

The pointed arch in this country came in so early and proves so little, that, had this been all, we should not have been surprised if we had been told that it was the work of a much earlier Raymond than the Sixth. There is nothing in these vaulting-pilasters and the arches that spring from them which departs in the least from the southern Romanesque. But what are we to make of the windows which we could have attributed to some one who died much later than Raymond's year of 1222? No such windows are to be seen at Lincoln or Ely or Beverley. They have fully developed French tracery, two lights supporting a circle with many cusps, which in England

we should think much too large for them. Are they later insertions, or was the southern architect struck with this last new thing in more northern lands? The choir itself is ordinary French work of no special merit, as it is not lofty or narrow enough to bring out the special features of the style; it is not like Rheims and Chartres among things greater than itself, nor like Limoges and Clermont among things smaller. If it was begun, as is said, as early as 1272, ten years sooner than the great church of Alby, it shows how the foreign taste must have come in like a flood. Alby, though its actual style of architecture is fully developed Gothic, is in all its lines essentially southern; no Frenchman could have built it at any time. But the choir of Toulouse is simply French, and though later changes have greatly altered its appearance, the main lines must be those of 1272. A great deal of restoration happened in the seventeenth century, after a fire in 1609. Of that date is the present vault, and, we may suspect, a good deal more, certainly many of the windows. The fittings of all dates are a study; the grand stalls may remind one of Auch, though there is no special likeness in detail, and the remembrance of the architecture of Auch may make us better pleased with the architecture of Toulouse. Anyhow the seventeenth is not the century which has here done the protomartyr most despite; the sixteenth raised the hideous north-west tower, which shows that the design of building the nave to match the choir must then have been given up. That the tower is of brick is no harm; Toulouse is a city of fine brick towers, as much as Rostock or Lübeck. But why could not its architect have imitated one of its neighbours, instead of rearing this frightful mass, with no spark of beauty, either of outline or of detail? It is not even square. Surely Saint Stephen of Toulouse has the ugliest west front of any metropolitan church in the world; and it stands and glorifies itself in a wide open space, while the east end, which if not particularly good, is at least better than the west, hides itself, and has to be looked for.

Saint Justus of Narbonne—the dedication carries us away to the double church that supplanted the temple of

Jupiter on the hill of Tergeste—avoids any difficulty of this kind by having no west front at all. That is to say, whatever in past times stood to the west of the present choir has been swept away. The church, which is said to have been begun in the same year as the French work at Toulouse, is to this day a mere fragment; an attempt to finish it in the last century came to nothing; perhaps it is as well that it did. There is no kind of comparison between the two metropolitan churches, at least in the French part of this which alone supplies means for comparison. The church of Narbonne clearly aspires to rank with the great churches of France, and its aspirations are not wholly without reason. Complete from end to end, it would fully rank with them in point of scale, and it has all the loftiness, all the grandeur of proportion, which we look for in a French church of the first class. Yet it fails in something, though it is not so easy to say in what it fails; we feel that it is not really on a level with Bourges or Rheims. The weak point seems to be in a certain indescribable lack of grace in the design of the side elevations. Still it is a stately and solemn building, and we do not greatly grudge the presence of French forms on the soil of Narbo—in other words, we do not grudge the presence of the forms of Gothic architecture on the soil of the Gothic kingdom—when they take so noble a shape as they do in the minster of Saint Justus.

The guide-books promise us all manner of treasures in the sacristy; but they are lost to the traveller who goes over and over again without finding any master of the key, and who is at last told that the more part of these precious things have been taken somewhere else. He may fill up the time with a piece of historic musing which the guide-books do not suggest. Of the earlier churches which stood on this site we can see nothing except, what our eyes tell us, that, between the Peace of the Church and the year 1272, more than one church of Saint Justus rose and fell. So we might equally argue at Toulouse; but at Saint Stephen's Christian worship never ceased save to give way to the Goddess of Reason. But one of the churches that have stood on this site, most likely the oldest of all, did once, for a full generation, listen to the voice of a worship

at least more reasonable than that of Reason. Here in Narbo, on the site where we stand, among the columns and the doubtless veiled mosaics of the days of Christian Cæsars, the Muezzin once called men to prayer in the name of Allah and his Prophet, and the Koran was read aloud in the house which had hearkened to the words of the Law and of the Gospel. But it was only as for a a moment that the men of Narbo had to cry, "How long, O Lord, how long?" Narbo had its twenty-ninth of May, and it had, what Constantinople has not yet, the day which wiped out its twenty-ninth of May, and that while Old and New Rome alike acknowledged the Augustus of an undivided Empire.

But Saint Justus of Narbonne is, as has been already hinted, more striking on the whole when seen from without than from within. It is a striking view from the other side of the canal, with the trees of the public walk in the foreground, and above them the church and the archiepiscopal castle rising side by side, the church occupying somewhat the higher ground of the two. The church which we ought to be able to compare it with from this point is undoubtedly Le Mans; there is at Le Mans the lofty apse and its surroundings, and Saint Justus in the fifteenth century, like Saint Julian in the eleventh, was finished with towers to his transepts. But, as Saint Justus has both his towers standing, as neither a Rufus nor a Couthon has decreed the destruction of either, we are perhaps less likely to think of Saint Julian of Le Mans than of Saint Peter either of Exeter or of Geneva. Perhaps here, as well as at Toulouse, we miss the high roof as the natural finish to the great ladder of flying buttresses; but here in Gothia, no less than in Italy, the low roof may claim its rights. The towers of the church group well with the greater and the lesser towers of the archbishop; the church towers are not lofty; but transept towers should not be very lofty; they are as it were a central tower put into commission, and neither deputy should rival the dignity of his principal. To be sure there is Angoulême, with a side tower that might almost rival Spalato. But its fellow has given way to Huguenot havoc, and it is hard to keep down a doubt whether the single tower has not a nobler effect than the pair could ever have had.

But the east end of Saint Justus must be looked at a little nearer, if only to study the singular arrangements of the flying-buttresses round the apse. These are hard to describe; the buttresses are yoked together by arches supporting a kind of battlemented and turreted gallery; we doubt whether to think of an amphitheatre or of an open triforium within a church. The wide arches might suggest either, but neither could have the same singular finish. The all-but adjoining palace, among towers of many dates, preserves to us one precious little fragment with columns which carry us back to Ravenna, or which should perhaps rather remind us that the last head of Gothia may well have once been what Ravenna still is. The columns themselves may have been new when Ataulf and Placidia plighted their mutual vow. Let us indulge the dream—none can refute it—that they stood in those days in the favoured house of Ingenuus.

After the *ecclesia* of any city we should next study what Gregory of Tours always carefully distinguished as its *basilica*, the great secondary church commonly outside the wall. There cannot be many cities which can show a basilica dedicated to a converted proconsul; here we have him at Narbonne. The chief church in the *bourg* is Saint-Paul; but let nobody think of the apostle, except to ask how far the likeness of name between the apostle and its patron is accidental. Saint Paul of Narbonne is in full *Saint-Paul Serge*; it is dedicated to the patrician convert of Paul of Tarsus. For while divers other New Testament personages, Saint Martha for instance at Tarascon, preached the word and wrought signs and wonders, Sergius Paulus, deputy of Cyprus—yes, in the teeth of all revisers, deputy of Cyprus, like Lord Deputy of Ireland,—left his government in the East to carry the Gospel into the head of Gallia Narbonensis. But as far as present buildings go, Sergius Paulus of Narbo cannot hold up his head beside Saturninus of Tolosa; who, at least in the eleventh century, could do so? None surely in Aquitaine or Gothia or Provence; for the fellows of Saturninus we must go from the banks of the Garonne to the banks of the Arno and the Wear. It is not too much to say that the Romanesque of Saint Sernin of Toulouse—such is his popular contraction,—may, as the head of its

own class, as the noblest example of a true national style, rank side by side with the noblest examples of the Romanesque of the South and the Romanesque of the North, in other words with Pisa and with Durham.

Saint Sernin's abbey, in its great days, or indeed in any days down to the Revolution, was almost a city, altogether a fortress, of itself. Then the great minster was girt about indeed with walls and towers; now it stands more isolated than any of these great churches were ever meant to be. Its fellows, we have said, are Pisa and Durham. In outline it has little likeness to either. The central tower is most unlike the cupola of the Tuscan and the soaring lantern of the Bernician minster. It is before all things locally Tolosan. The original octagonal tower has been ingeniously carried up to a far greater height, and in a far lighter shape, than the original builder could have thought of; but it is eminently characteristic of the city. The effect from the east end is most singular; the whole seems to rise in a pyramid—the apsidal chapels, the aisle and clerestory of the great apse, the successive stages of the tower, all seem to rise out of each other, narrowing as they rise. If the transepts were not of unusual length, the church seen from the direct east end might seem to be all tower. But the slenderness of this lofty steeple seems to call for something more massive at the west end, where very massive towers seem to have been begun but to have been left unfinished. The west end, as it now stands, is poor, but the two doorways side by side, like the other doorways of the church, are of singularly fine Romanesque, later doubtless than the consecration by Pope Urban the Second in 1096. But Saint Sernin is emphatically all glorious within, with the glory, not of enrichment but of simple majesty and perfect proportion. The contrast is indeed great between its perfectly simple rectangular piers, broken only by the tall slender vaulting shafts and either the classical columns of the Pisan basilica or the mighty cylindrical piers of Saint Cuthberht's abbey. But what most strikes an eye used either to Italian forms on the one side or to Norman forms on the other is the appearance of the barrel vault on so vast a scale. We cannot go very far in Southern Gaul from Poitiers to Aix without getting thoroughly familiar with both its forms,

round and pointed, yet here at Saint Sernin it comes upon us as something fresh. We even begin to wonder that our own architects seem never to have thought of using it, save now and then on a small scale, as at Ewenny and in the chapel in the White Tower. This last, by the way, very unlike Saint Sernin in detail—that is to say, in its columns, for neither of them in strictness has any internal detail—does reproduce the Tolosan building in another very characteristic feature, the stage over the pier-arch, making, so to speak, triforium and clerestory in one. As Mr. Petit truly says, we do not miss the proper clerestory, because the barrel-vault gains so much of height above either the cross-vaulting of Durham or the ceilings of Pisa. Height, it should be distinctly noticed, is one of the marked features of the Romanesque of the south, which is the more to be noticed for its contrast with the Gothic churches of the country, whose main feature, after the pattern of Anjou, is overwhelming width. Saint Sernin is wide enough in its ground plan, because, like Pisa, it has double aisles; but height and narrowness are the decided features of the central body.

The opposite characteristic of great width, a wide body without piers or arches, come out in more than one of the other churches of Toulouse, and among them is the satellite of Saint Sernin called *l'église du Taur*. The name has a strange sound; we are puzzled to know whether it is a bull or a man named Taurus, and how a church comes to bear his name when he does not bear the title of Saint. Is it irreverent if our thoughts are carried to Plymouth, to the church, vicarage, &c., of "Charles," which the stoutest cavalier still abiding does not venture to call "Saint Charles?" Well, "le Taur" in this case is a real bull, who was designed to be the instrument of the martyrdom of Saint Saturninus. The holy man, refusing to sacrifice the bull to Jupiter, was fastened to his horns to be dragged to death. We feel sure that we have seen the story in two shapes. In the one the bull appears as a well disposed bull, unwilling to have any share in the unrighteous dealings of Saturninus' persecutors; he therefore shakes him off gently, and, when the Peace of the Church comes and Saturninus' memory is honoured by the great basilica, he is not unfitly commemorated by a

smaller church on the place where he let the saint down. In the other version the bull is an accomplice; but he is himself caught and slain at a point near the present railway station, which bears the name of *Matebiau*, the last syllable answering to *bœuf*. Anyhow the church of Le Taur is there, a small brick church of the Tolosan Gothic, its low tower having the specially Tolosan feature of the straight-sided pointed arch—a revival of one of the oldest Romanesque forms—which we have seen in the latest stages of the tower of Saint Sernin.

It is unkind to Narbonne to mention its secondary basilica in the same breath with a church which, like Saint Sernin, has a right to take its place among the head churches of Christendom. But the converted deputy of Paphos presides over a building of no small interest, though of an awkward outline. It is so covered up by other buildings that it is hard to say how many unfinished massive towers it has, seemingly, two side-towers like Saint Justus and another at the west end. When we enter the church, we say instinctively that it has no business at Narbonne; its forms are altogether strange in Gothia, and yet it is quite unlike the usual French work of the country, good or bad. The truth seems to be that a Romanesque nave was remodelled, and a new choir added, at a time much earlier than the building of the present Saint Justus or of any other of the Gothic churches that have crept in elsewhere. The choir might pass as good French Transition; in some bays it shows the false triforium of Nôtre Dame of Rouen; in the nave the old Romanesque triforium peeps out here and there among the later work. A specimen coming nearer to the ordinary pointed work of the country, but not without features of its own, is found in the desecrated church of a Benedictine monastery embedded in the mass of buildings called *Lemourgier*. It serves, oddly enough, at once for the receipt of military stores and as a secondary museum, the main one being in the archiepiscopal palace. Roman inscriptions, capitals, fragments of all kinds, are oddly mixed up with carts, sacks and what not, in a church with a wide nave and a much narrower choir, and a roof with spanning arches which put one in mind of the hall at Mayfield.

We make our protest over and over again on behalf of Romanesque and Romanesque only as the true style for these countries; yet we cannot deny that the Tolosan Gothic has turned out some stately buildings, specially in the form of friars' churches. They are mostly desecrated; one that was still perfect in 1857 had become a mere fragment in 1885. One of the stateliest, the church of the Jacobins, used as the chapel of the Lyceum, has the singular arrangement of two bodies, divided by a single row of pillars down the middle, a plan which it needs some ingenuity to reconcile with the apse. These churches are of brick; their most characteristic feature is the towers, of the same type as that into which the lantern of Saint Sernin has been carried up, octagons piled up stage upon stage and the straight sided pointed window used profusely. Another, the church of the Austin friars with a graceful cloister, or so much as is left of it, forms, with its attached buildings, the museum. The collection is rich in antiquities of all kinds, but in April 1885 it was in a strange state of confusion; casts of well-known statues were ingeniously set to pound real mosaics in pieces. In this matter of museums both Toulouse and Narbonne may learn a lesson from Périgueux.

We leave the two cities of our comparison with the same kind of thoughts with which we began. After all, which are the most changeable, the works of man or the works of nature? At Narbo Martius, at all events, one seems as changeable as the other. We look in vain in modern Narbonne for the marble temple of which Ausonius sings, the temple that might rival the works of all the greatest builders of Rome:

"Quodque tibi quondam Pario de marmore templum
Tantæ molis erat quantam non sperneret olim
Tarquinius Catulusque iterum, postremus et ille
Aurea qui statuit Capitoli culmina Cæsar."

Modern Toulouse so far surpasses in size and population any city between Bordeaux and Marseilles, that we might almost accept the poet's exaggeration.

Quæ modo quadruplices ex se quam effuderit urbes
Non ulla exhausta sentit dispendia plebis.

Certainly Toulouse might people four such cities as

Auch, to say nothing of Tulle, without any frightful effort. When we read of the learned city, mother of orators, nursing mother of the poet himself, as one

> Coctilibus muris quam circuit ambitus ingens,
> Perque latus pulcro prælabitur amne Garumna.

we feel easily that the wall is gone, but that the river with its quay abides. But the great change of all is a change of nature. The poet could apostrophize Narbo as a haven whose greatness needed more than one language to set it forth.

> Te maris Eoi merces et Iberica ditant
> Æquora; te classes Libyci Siculique profundi;
> Et quidquid vario per flumina, per freta, cursu
> Advehitur toto tibi navigat orbe κατάπλους

Narbo is still there; but, if the temple is gone, the sea has gone yet more utterly. Haply some fragments of the Parian marble might be tracked in the museum; but what trace is there of the fleets of Asia and Africa, Spain and Sicily? Agde, Aigues-Mortes itself, comes nearer to boasting of them than inland Narbonne. Yet the sea, so faithless on the western side of the gulf, has been steady enough on the eastern. It is indeed a trial of faith to believe that Narbonne was once a greater haven than Marseilles. In the long annals of the Phokaian city, in the record of her prosperity both before Roman Narbo was and after Roman Narbo had practically ceased to be, the few centuries when the trade of Narbo outshipped the trade of Massalia, when Narbo was the greatest haven of all the Celtic land, seem but as an episode indeed.