

The Archaeological Journal.

DECEMBER, 1887.

VALENTIA SEGELLAUNORUM.

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Is it doing wrong to an ancient city to feel a little disappointed at finding that it is more ancient than for a moment one was tempted to think? Valentia on the Rhone is a city whose memories spread over many ages, from the time when the tyrant Constantine was there besieged by the Goth Sarus to the days when, if not the city, yet at least its district, bestowed a ducal title, first on Caesar Borgia, and then on Diana of Poitiers. In such company we feel that the British tyrant, even if he did a misdeed or so, was a good deal more respectable than some that lived many ages later. In passing along the Rhone cities, which stand out so conspicuously in the history of the fifth century, we are perhaps specially drawn to that century and to one or two centuries before and after it. We should like to believe that the name of Valentia was due, like the British province so called, to Valentinian, stout guardian of Gaul and Rome, when Julian had ceased to muse by the Seine and to do battle by the Rhine. But alas, a city which appears by its still abiding name in Ptolemy and in Pliny could not by any means have taken that name from an Emperor of the fourth century; Valentia is in truth Latin for the Greek *Roma*, and some said that it was the secret and unuttered name of the city by the Tiber. Valentia of the Segellauni may thus be, not merely a colony, but a younger namesake of the elder Valentia of the Ramnes. Its name speaks its

Roman origin more distinctly than the names of either of its fellows in the history of those few eventful years which its name first suggests, than Arelate on one side of it and Vienna Allobrogum on the other. But as a city for the historical inquirer to spell out, it cannot be compared with either. At Arles or Vienne it seems as if a life might be spent in working out the endless remains of so many ages; the existing interest of Valence gathers mainly round a single building far later than the days of any tyrants in the technical sense. The church of Valence, in which Saint Apollinaris has displaced the protomartyr Stephen, is at least as instructive a study as Saint Trophimus; were Saint Trophimus without his cloister, we should be inclined to give the Valentian minster the higher place of the two. But then Saint Trophimus has his cloister, and Arles keeps a crowd of other objects beside Saint Trophimus. Here at Valence we have no walls, no theatre, no amphitheatre, no Imperial palace; we have only Saint Apollinaris and a house or two, one to be sure of extraordinary splendour, and whatever else of antiquity we may make out in the museum.

Valentia, in the fifth and sixth centuries, was emphatically a city to be besieged. Twice within a very few years, in 408 and 413, was a tyrant, an Emperor, that is, setting himself up against the acknowledged Augustus, besieged within its walls by a Gothic leader, in the second case by a Gothic king, each acting as the officer of the acknowledged Augustus. In the one case the Imperial champion was baffled; in the second he gained his point. Both events are connected with greater events, the first with the separation of Britain from the Empire, the second with the settlement of the Burgundians in Gaul. In the first, Constantine, Emperor because of his name only, had passed from Britain into Gaul, and held this corner of Gaul while Vandals, Alans, and Suevians were harrying at pleasure in the rest. Against him, in the name of Honorius, came the Goth Sarus, and besieged him for seven days. Sarus had slain one general of the tyrant in fair battle; he had slain another by treachery; but now two others, Edobich the Frank and Gerontius the Briton, frightened him away, and Constantine still for a moment kept Valentia and so much of Gaul as was still

Roman. Presently, when Constantine was gone, with his son Constans, and Gerontius, first his general and then his rival, another tyrant, Jovinus, and Sebastian his brother, were raised to the Empire at Mainz, buying no doubt Burgundian help by grants of Roman soil to Burgundian settlers. The new colonists did not come anywhere near Valentia till long after; but here, in the first foundation of a Teutonic kingdom in Gaul (other than the Frankish power in its own corner) we have the beginning of that Burgundian realm of which Valentia was to be a flourishing city. One annalist, he whom we know as Prosper Tiro, speaks of it as "*nobilissima Galliarum urbs*," when he tells us how Jovinus and Sebastian were here besieged by a more famous Goth than Sarus, by the slayer of Sarus, Ataulf himself. Zósimos, in recording the former siege, had spoken of the strength of the city; but the Gothic power was yet stronger; the city was taken by storm; "*effringitur*" is the strong word; Jovinus and Sebastian were led as prisoners to Narbo by the victorious Goth, to be there slain by Roman hands and to have their heads sent as trophies to Ravenna. A hundred and sixty-one years later comes the third siege, the siege of the sixth century, when the Roman Cæsar and the Burgundian king had alike passed away from Valentia, when the Lombard, new come, in Italy, was pressing also into Gaul, and when the city, assaulted by Lombard Zaban, was delivered by Frankish Mummolus, Frankish at least in allegiance, if haply Roman by descent. Thus much is recorded by Gregory of Tours; but he has little else to tell us, and, in the intermediate age Sidonius has as little. The people of Valentia, like those of a crowd of other places, are bound to be thankful to Bishop Patiens of Lyons (Ep. vi. 12), and that is all that the singer of Auvergne has to tell us about them, either in verse or in prose. This is a little disappointing; monuments and later history are alike unkindly silent about a city whose momentary fame seems to give it a right to as good a place in either as its fellows. When Zósimos and the annalists speak as they do of Valentia in the days of Constantine and Jovinus, we feel defrauded that there are no walls such as those of Arles, no gates such as those even of Nîmes, to bring us nearer to the siege of Sarus and the siege of Ataulf.

Of those days we might fairly look for monuments : so we might of those earlier days when the first of many Valentian councils was held in the consulship of two Augusti, the second Valentinian—whose name it is so hard not to connect with the city—and the first Theodosius. We would fain have, as at Aix, the baptistery of which traces have been found hard by the church in whose predecessor the fathers doubtless met. It might be unreasonable to look for anything specially to remind us of the days of King Guntchramn, though those days too were made memorable at Valentia by a council as well as by a siege. We should be better pleased still if we could find anything to remind us of a more famous council held here in 855 in the reign of the Emperor Lothar. Here indeed we have a chance. This council was held in the church of Saint John, and the church of Saint John, otherwise destroyed, still keeps a fragment of a Romanesque tower ; but it might be dangerous to carry it back so far as the ninth century. Pleased most of all should we be, if we had some trace of the assembly which chose Lewis to succeed his father Boso on the throne of the Middle Kingdom. But for our middle kings—some call them of Arles—we go to Vienna Allobrogum. At Valentia therefore, if we wish to connect recorded history with existing monuments of undoubted date, we must take a leap over some ages, and in the last years of the eleventh century we come to a memorable building which is at once connected with the name of a memorable man. At Valence, as in so many other places in Gaul, we are on the track of the preacher of the first crusade. The Valentian Saint Apollinaris—the name carries us to Ravenna,—like the Tolosan Saint Sernin, was one of the churches hallowed by Urban the Second. By his authority too, in the last year of the same century, a year so memorable in England, yet another council was held at Valence, a council removed from Autun, a council of which Hugh of Flavigny, he who has such odd things to tell us about our own land at the same time, has preserved a record. At Valence we have time to devote ourselves to a single object, and we must dwell at some length on the building which now forms the chief attraction of the city, the cathedral church which Urban hallowed.

At Valence church and city stand well above the great river. There is, as usual, a *haute ville*, a *basse ville*, and a *bourg*, the *basse ville* in this case lying between the bridge spanning the Rhone, and the hill on which Saint Apollinaris stands. The walls have vanished; they have largely given way to military buildings, part of which has won for itself a place in history as the prison of Pius the Sixth. But, as usual, the main lines are left, and it is easy to distinguish old Valentia from the modern suburbs which have grown up around it. And we see that Valentia on its height would have been hard work for Sarus to storm, especially in the teeth of two relieving generals of high renown in their day. But, as Valence now stands, the great church is the one main object in every view, in a way in which it is not at Arles or even at Vienne. Yet Saint Apollinaris has nothing very great to show in the way of outline; the central cupola, unpierced as it is, is hardly seen, and the tall western tower is modern. The old one, the books tell us, was taken down as dangerous in 1838 and was rebuilt in 1861. Mr. Petit had the advantage of seeing Valence between those two years, and he has preserved a drawing of the church as it then stood. He says truly that "the removal of the tower gives, roughly indeed, a design for a good and simple Romanesque front, such as may possibly have existed before the tower was built." So it looks in his drawing; but at present the front is hidden by a porch, forming the lowest stage of the new tower, very rich work certainly, but of which we cannot tell whether it reproduces anything that stood there before or not. Still some western tower and some central cupola are clearly the right thing at Valence. At this point the Arvernian style has invaded the Burgundian shore; in many things Saint Apollinaris reminds us more of Issoire and Nôtre Dame du Port than of anything that we have seen in the Imperial land. The high bay is not there; the east end has not the full Arvernian complexity; but the great apse, with its surrounding aisle and three projecting chapels, is more like what we were once used to in Auvergne than anything that we have been lately studying in Provence. In Mr. Petit's time the aisle could not be seen inside; "if arches ever opened into it, they are now stopped up."

The choir, we read, was "*maladroitement rémanicée*" in 1730, and the state of things that Mr. Petit saw was doubtless the result. Here for once "*restauration*" has done some good; eight columns now stand free round the high altar, supporting their narrow stilted arches; we see, as Mr. Petit did, the clerestory windows above them, and we see, what he did not see, the aisle windows behind them. All this is thoroughly Arvernian; but inside we almost miss the high bay, and the view into the transepts suggests a curious thought. Mr. Petit notices the singular external cornice of the nave, with small arches alternately round and straight-sided. He remarks that arches of this last shape are to be found at Barton-on-Humber, and "*in the old church of Lorsch in Germany.*" He adds: "*These I take to be mere fancies of the builder, no way tending to the formation or development of a style; whether they be marks of antiquity, as denoting a period when the architect was less closely bound to the observance of certain general rules, is another question.*" Now these straight-sided arches certainly are a feature of Primitive Romanesque, as is shown by their appearance at Barton and at Lorsch—not in the church but in the Carolingian gateway; but it is no less true that they are handed on from the late Roman style, as in the baptistery at Poitiers, and they are handed on to the Arvernian Romanesque. Looking down these transepts at Valence, we expect to see such arches at the north and south ends, just as we see them at Saint Nectaire and Notre Dame du Port. But it is curious again that this same kind of arch shows itself once again in the Tolosan towers, as the characteristic feature of a much later style, just as we now and then find it in thirteenth century work in England. That is to say, here at Valence it is a mark of antiquity, and yet, as Mr. Petit says, it in "*no way tends to the formation or development of a style,*" as it seems to fit in equally with so many styles.

In these transepts the barrel vault, round, as in Auvergne, not pointed, as so often in Provence, rests on square pilasters. In the nave it rests on tall shafts forming part of the compound piers of the nave. These, with their fine Corinthian capitals, are wonderfully tall and slender. If at Saint Sernin triforium and clerestory are

rolled into one, here at Valence both have vanished altogether. The nave is like a German *Hallenkirche*; tall pillars, arches, roof, and nothing more. And it is wonderful what lightness and loftiness can be gained in this form of pure Romanesque. It is the barrel-vault that does it; a Gothic church following the same arrangement can hardly fail to look low, even if it be positively high, because the spring of the vaulting necessarily comes so much lower. At the end of seven bays comes a *narthex*, a feature again Arvernian and not Provençal. A coupled window looks out over a lower arch, and here in this lower story the pointed vault comes in.

This church of Valence is undoubtedly, in its internal architecture, one of the most remarkable and satisfactory among the Romanesque churches of the Rhoneland. None better shows the capacities of the style, what it can do on a scale a little smaller than the mighty pile of Saint Sernin. It undoubtedly shows more of design and finish than Saint Trophimus or than the elder church at Aix. We know not whether Valence would scorn to be compared with Saint Paul Trois-Châteaux, but really the church there, much smaller than Valence, has also, in its lofty nave, a good deal of the same spirit, though it would be hard to find any likeness in detail between the two. Saint Apollinaris of Valence, if not one of the wonders of art like Saint Sernin, must rank high among buildings of its own class, and, as a church largely Arvernian on the Imperial side of the Rhone, it has a special interest. Nor is it the only ecclesiastical building in its own precinct. That precinct has naturally been found rich in Roman remains, and we must remember that Valence once had its baptistery. The city and its suburbs also contained more than one church of some dignity beside that which held the bishopstool. The secondary church, strictly so speaking, seems to have been the collegiate church of Saint Peter *en Bourg*, whose name speaks for its position to the north-west of Saint Apollinaris. Its description sets it before us as having once been a splendid basilica. There was also the abbey of Saint Rufus, the church of Saint John Baptist, scene of the council of Lothar's day, and others of some importance. But all, save one scrap of Saint John, have vanished for antiquarian purposes, more

commonly, it should be noticed, by being rebuilt than by being destroyed or desecrated. Valence too has a history of another kind; if it was a bishopric, it was also a city in the municipal sense, and it was not the seat of any temporal prince. We have Counts of Toulouse, but we have no Counts of Valence or of Vienne; the Counts, Dolphins, Dukes, are all of the *Viennois* and the *Valentinois*, princes of the district to which the city gives its name, but not princes of the city itself. The history of the land seems the record of a kind of a triangular duel between bishops, counts, and citizens; more dignified arbitrators, popes, kings, and Emperors, step in ever and anon, and at last city and county share the fate of so many other cities and counties of the Imperial land; they drift into the common whirlpool of Parisian aggrandizement. Yet there is a certain interest in tracing out any case in which Cæsar so much as claimed the things that were Cæsar's. In 1157 we find Frederick Barbarossa following the policy of exalting the bishops, as some check on the tendency of the lay princes to fall away from their allegiance. The Bishop of Valence not only receives thirteen castles from the Emperor, but he is invested with royal rights in the city of Valence, and adds the title of Count of Valentinois to his episcopal style. The Emperor makes at the same time large grants to the neighbouring bishopric of Die. From this time the episcopal counts are at constant feud with the lay counts of the house of Poitiers, who are said to be an illegitimate branch of the ducal stock of Aquitaine. In 1347 kings are turned about; Charles the Fourth—one smiles at coupling him with Frederick; but both were crowned in Saint Trophimus—forbids the Bishop to bear the title of Count to the prejudice of the sixth Aymar of Poitiers, and forbids him also to call himself Vicar-General of the Empire in the Kingdom of Arles. Meanwhile in 1229 we hear of the city, like other cities of the Middle Kingdom, setting itself up as a commonwealth against its episcopal lord, and in 1345 the citizens call in a somewhat dangerous helper, Humbert, the last independent dauphin of the Viennois. In the next century, in 1419, first the district, then the city, follows the precedent of the neighbouring *dauphiny* and its

capital. The last count of the house of Poitiers leaves his county to the Dauphin, the Dauphin being now Charles, son of the French king, afterwards Charles the Seventh. It is to be noticed that the devise of the dauphiny to the French prince was confirmed by Imperial grant; it is not clear that the devise of the Valentinois was. Presently the city of Valence commends itself to the Dauphin Lewis, presently famous as the eleventh king of that name. Thus both city and county vanish from the list of European states, and Valence has to console itself with the fame of its legal University. Some pages of its text-books must, one would think, have reminded its students that the prince who put forth the Institutes and the Code had still a successor, and one who had not withdrawn his claims on his Gaulish kingdom.

We complain again that we find at Valence no living witnesses of these times, any more than of the days of Constantine and of Lothar. An episcopal castle, a civic palace, would be the proper memorials of such a story; but of military architecture, save of the most modern and unprofitable kind, Valence has nothing to show. Of civil architecture it has one specimen of astonishing richness, but of a style so late that it must have been built after Valence had lost its last trace of independence. This is the house called the *Maison des Têtes*, not far from Saint Apollinaris, only just outside the *Place des Clercs*, the place that keeps up the memory of the tortures of Mandrin. The style is the latest French Gothic, the sculpture turning into *Renaissance*. But it is with houses just as with churches; French architectural details may be transplanted into these lands, but not the outline and spirit of a French building. There is no domestic work at Rouen or Bourges or Poitiers richer in detail than this at Valence; but here we have no outline; there are no turrets, no gables; all is as flat as it might be in Italy. But the mere detail is wonderful; it is a house of heads indeed. Among the heads are a Roman Emperor and a French King, even the first French Lord of Valence, as if to mark from whose allegiance the city had fallen away, and under whose dominion it had come.

The *Maison des Têtes* shows the inroads of the new

style only in its sculpture. Hard by Saint Apollinaris stands a singular square building, of which we ask for a moment whether it be not a strangely well preserved relic of so called "classic" times. It is not often that we pay so much honour to any work of the revived Italian. Perhaps in this case it is only because we are wildly searching for something to carry off in our memories besides Saint Apollinaris and the House of Heads. For the building, known as the *Pendentif*, turns out to be of the year 1548, a kind of mausoleum of a family bearing the name of Mistral. How came anybody to take the name of a wind which in Provence at least is not greatly liked? But the Valentines are perhaps like the old Hyperboreans; they have got to the back of the Mistral.

We go at last to the Museum. Here are inscriptions which may go some way to help a local inquirer to put together a history of Roman Valentia, but which do not make up to the traveller for the absence of any relics of Valentia above ground. The interesting thing is the *taurobolium*, one of the most striking witnesses, not only to the worship of Eastern gods in Western lands, but to the attraction which various forms of Eastern teaching had in the days of the early Empire for minds which were seeking for something more than either received religion or received philosophy could give them. There is something to set us a-thinking in Rome is the strange Mithraic building below the basilica of Saint Clement; there is something to set us a-thinking at Valence in this monument of what one would think must have been a very unpleasant form of ritual, but which men seem to have felt to have been somehow better for their souls than the orthodox worship of Jupiter Optimus Maximus. But the teaching is a general one; it touches the history of mankind, not the particular history of Valence. The *taurobolium* might as well have been found anywhere else; it has not the same kind of interest as the Celtic deity whose name, or the name of whose temple Gregory of Tours has preserved on the top of the Puy de Dôme.

Let no one then pass by Valence; but let him go to it as to a place of one or two objects, not as, what it ought to be, a historic city, to be studied on a level with Arles

and Vienne. In this last character Valence is certainly disappointing; but if any one wants to see a fine piece of South-Gaulish Romanesque with some peculiarities of its own, he will assuredly do well to stop and give his mind—perhaps all the more because he will be less disturbed than elsewhere by rival claims—to the church of Saint Apollinaris, its circling apses, its lofty pillars, the forms with which we have become familiar in Auvergne translated to the other side of the boundary stream, but not without modifying the details according to the artistic traditions of the land in which they found themselves.