

Interregnum



*Never have I so desponded with regard to the Church
as I do now.*

—WILLIAM ROLLINSON WHITTINGHAM

The Diocese of New York was crippled by the suspension of its bishop, and the dismay of the convention that met in September 1845 would have been disastrously compounded had the delegates known how long the diocese would remain without a leader. "In the absence of the Bishop"—the words were not only fact, but prophecy as well—William Creighton of Christ Church in Tarrytown was named chairman of convention. This man deserves a prominent niche in the iconography of the Diocese of New York. Year after year he would be led to the convention rostrum, overwhelmingly elected to preside. He had been Anthon's predecessor at St. Mark's, but was not marked by anti-Onderdonk partisanship. He, like his friend Washington Irving, had moved to the country near Tarrytown but often traveled to the city to participate in Church affairs. He earned the trust of all (a rare commodity those days in the Diocese of New York) and maintained considerable order in the contentious diocesan gatherings that followed the bishop's suspension. (If it is true, as was charged, that the convention later developed into a "gentlemen's club," its earlier years resembled how those same gentlemen would have behaved in a poorly run house of correction.) Creighton was often obliged to use the gavel. Once, he ascended to the desk and his optimism led him to hope that "Christian courtesy will continue to lighten and make pleasant the discharge of duty to which you have called me,"¹ only to have it otherwise reported that "everybody was very acrimonious, ill-tempered, and excited."

The ill temper of those conventions following the suspension was caused by the delegates' striving to maintain the dominance dictated by their opinion about Bishop Onderdonk. The voting roll calls indicate that the clergy were in sympathy with the bishop and the laity opposed to him. The facts are more complicated, for many of the clergy and

laymen who favored the bishop's cause soon realized that he could never again function as the Bishop of New York. On the other side were a few extremists, who attempted to jettison Onderdonk altogether. It was the chairman's task to keep the business of the convention proceeding beyond the sloughs of hero worship on the one hand and nasty vindictiveness on the other. "The Chair would impress upon members the necessity of abstaining from any remarks calculated to create excitement," Creighton would say; but there would be yet one more catcall which might bring on the "much disorder," "a little amusement," "great uproar," or the "disorder and tumult" which reporters used to describe the proceedings.²

Many of the delegates were lawyers and judges. They were accustomed to the thrust and parry of public meetings. Sometimes their long speeches dominated, and one wonders if they would have permitted in their courts what they allowed themselves in the convention of the Diocese of New York. Other speakers also produced chaos. Imagine, for instance, how the Onderdonk opponents greeted the words of novelist James Fenimore Cooper when he declared in convention, "We all know that this trial has been alleged to proceed from a party spirit, and that the prosecution was the result of party in its inception, and in its prosecution."³ (But it should be noted that Cooper's early sympathies for Bishop Onderdonk were later replaced by a belief that he was guilty and should be permanently relieved of all responsibility. Quite possibly, Cooper had heard the fresher opinions of his brother-in-law, Bishop DeLancey.)

In the years immediately following the suspension the people of the Diocese of New York began to see the Onderdonk affair in a new perspective. Cooper reflected the general opinion when he alleged that "party spirit" caused the trial. Church historians have usually accepted this view, but it seems too simple an explanation. The cultural forces of the day were complex and, more to the point, there were too many new forces at work, especially in the port city of New York. Think, for instance, of the well-documented fear of strangers, the Yankee disdain of their elaborate religious practices, and their latent threat to a system operating for the benefit of the existing ascendancy. Consider, too, the popularity of the new temperance movement, which, among its other aims, hoped to curb the appetites of the alleged hard-drinking immigrants. Other New York Episcopalians (though, alas, not many) were caught up in the abolition movement and were disappointed that leaders such as Hobart and Onderdonk in their Church were cold to the cause that had already begun to tear apart the congregations of their Presbyterian neighbors. Why did the Episcopal Church in New York fail to produce even one abolitionist minister like the Presbyteri-

an Samuel Hanford Cox, whose Laight Street Church was wrecked by an antiabolitionist mob? (Cox's son, Arthur Cleveland Coxe, later became the Bishop of Western New York, adding an "e" to his name but retaining moderate abolitionist views when he changed churches.)

Public issues, then, played subtle parts in Bishop Onderdonk's downfall, but the attacks upon him focused on his personal mannerisms. As early as 1825 a close friend had said that Benjamin Onderdonk was "easily gulled."⁴ Other friends described him as "coarse."⁵ He lacked tact, and his naiveté led him to public contretemps. "Do keep the Bishop's affairs out of the convention, and him in the city," wrote his friend George W. Doane to William Whittingham in 1836.⁶ But now his enemies had struck him at the most vulnerable areas of Victorian sensitivity: sex and liquor. When the diverse convention assembled in September 1845, Onderdonk, because he had been suspended by his brother bishops, was prevented from attending.

Almost immediately in that first convention chaired by William Creighton it was apparent that the anti-Onderdonk men were determined to rid themselves forever of the suspended bishop. First of all, Hamilton Fish of Anthon's St. Mark's Church asked that the list of attending clergy and laity be scrutinized, for he was convinced that many of the delegates favorable to the bishop possessed insufficient credentials. The second prong of the attack came from a most respected source, Luther Bradish, sometime lieutenant governor of the state and a valued, prominent churchman hitherto believed to be a friend of Bishop Onderdonk's. Bradish declared what, in time, came to be the opinion of most people when he said, in a motion debated in convention, that since Bishop Onderdonk had "been pronounced guilty on certain charges of impurity and immorality . . . he can never perform episcopal functions in this diocese with any prospect of usefulness to the Church."⁷ The motion was tabled—overwhelmingly by the clergy, and just barely by the laymen. But the words stood, printed for all to see in the *Journal*, and they contained a cruel and certain prophecy. To make matters nastier, it was soon revealed that the trustees of the Episcopal Fund had not paid Bishop Onderdonk a large portion of his salary since the sentence was passed nine months earlier. Whether or not the suspended bishop should receive a salary, and how much, was frequently mentioned in those first conventions after his downfall. In the end, however, he was assured of a regular stipend from the Episcopal Fund because, even if suspended, he would remain *the* Bishop of New York until his death or resignation.

When Bradish made his motion stating that Onderdonk's "usefulness to the Church" was past, his aim was to induce the bishop to resign. It was the first of many moves and countermoves by those who

wanted the bishop's resignation and those who believed he should be reinstated. It was suggested that he resign, with the understanding that the diocese would provide a pension.⁸ On the other hand, the Report of the "Committee of Twenty on the State of the Diocese" held that Onderdonk should not be asked to resign, that "he is yet the Bishop of this Diocese, so that no other Bishop can be elected in his place."⁹ The committee further recommended that he be granted "an income not more than adequate to his support." Six members of the committee refused to sign the report, and in a minority statement denied that Benjamin T. Onderdonk "is the existent Bishop of this Diocese; that he should be paid his salary arrears, be comfortably maintained, and that he should voluntarily resign as conducive to the peace, purity, and influence of the Church and the best interests and dignity of the suspended bishop."¹⁰ The 1845 convention voted to pay the suspended bishop the salary then owed him, and approved the Standing Committee's decision to ask other bishops of the Episcopal Church to perform episcopal acts in New York. Just before adjournment, a time when (then as now) many delegates had departed, there was another motion (which was defeated) that Onderdonk could never again serve as the Bishop of New York.

The Standing Committee, then, could look forward to another year of tense and exacting duty, often dealing with affairs for which that body is not canonically intended. Bishop McCoskry of Michigan and Bishop DeLancey of Western New York seized the opportunity to spend some months in New York. Twenty-one men were ordained, seven churches (including the new Trinity) were consecrated, and more than 2,000 people were confirmed in the first year these two visiting bishops served the diocese. The 1846 convention reported many new clergymen attached to the diocese, but there was no significant discussion of Onderdonk's dilemma. Clearly, the delegates knew that nothing could be gained by further discussion in convention. Onderdonk stubbornly refused to resign and assured his supporters he was prepared to return to his duties. He looked forward to the time when the House of Bishops would remit his sentence. Others shared this view, and it may have been the possibility of such a remission that led the kindly, optimistic William Creighton to express in 1847 the hope that in the next convention a bishop would be in the chair. The delegates proceeded then to address a memorial to the forthcoming General Convention asking that the diocese of New York "be relieved from its present anomalous position."¹¹

The General Convention was not cooperative and the stalemate continued. Reuben Sherwood, rector of St. James' Church, Hyde Park, moved in the 1848 diocesan convention a declaration that the suspen-

sion was unfair to the diocese, and that since the House of Bishops had now repudiated the principle of indefinite suspensions but declared the probability of Onderdonk's reinstatement "slender and remote," the House of Bishops should immediately terminate its sentence or "specify on what terms the suspension shall cease."¹² The motion was tabled but taken up again the next year, with additional comments about Bishop Onderdonk's sufferings, and was carried.

Had there been a strong central party in the diocese during these crucial years, the matter might have been settled. The record suggests that there was little effort at arbitration. The inducements offered by each side signified defeat to the other. Bishop Onderdonk himself was immovable: he was the bishop, he would die the bishop. It was reported that he scrupulously avoided the discussions carried on in his behalf (though one doubts that he did not often confer with Seabury and his other ardent supporters). His opponents were equally plain about their requirements: they wanted Onderdonk out of the picture entirely. A pension, yes; a functioning bishop, emphatically no.

When the General Convention of 1847 abandoned the principle of an alternative sentence of suspension, the decision was declared not applicable to the case of Benjamin T. Onderdonk. Thus, New York found no relief from its memorial. It was now almost four years since the House of Bishops had deprived the diocese of its bishop when Whitehouse of St. Thomas' Church (formerly an opponent of Onderdonk, and future Bishop of Chicago) moved in the 1849 diocesan convention a most peculiar resolution. It provided for the bishop's resignation, a pension, and a petition to the House of Bishops to permit him whatever functions "are allowed to a Bishop who has resigned his jurisdiction."¹³ Such a resolution was doomed before it was ever moved. Bishop Onderdonk might, somehow, be persuaded to resign, but there was no guarantee that his hitherto implacable brothers would ever permit their disgraced colleague any exercise of his ministry.

In any case, the situation soon changed. A special diocesan convention met in 1850 to implement in New York the General Convention's recent legislation which provided a "provisional bishop" for those places where a diocesan bishop was unable to function. In cases of reinstatement after suspension, the provisional bishop automatically became an assistant, with right of succession. It might be an awkward situation, but New York hastened to grasp the opportunity.

Bishop Onderdonk doubtless approved this measure, for his friend and advocate Samuel Seabury of the Church of the Annunciation allowed his own name to be put in nomination. It was a spirited contest. Seabury nearly won, but then (as George Templeton Strong recorded it) was "thrown overboard, and Southgate taken up, on trial, by the

High Church men; today he was dropped and Creighton was the candidate." After another day spent voting, "both parties concluded that any more balloting would be a waste of time and temper," and the special convention adjourned.¹⁴ For yet another year, the Diocese of New York would be without a bishop.

THE COST OF SUSPENSION

It was now recognized that, in suspending Onderdonk indefinitely, the House of Bishops had made a blunder that cost the Church in New York dear. When his friends on the bench panicked at the possibility of his deposition after conviction and thus agreed to the lesser sentence of suspension, they had unwittingly led Onderdonk into a trap from which he would never escape. Even if party spirit had prompted the trial, it was *not* High Churchmanship that convicted him; it was the charge of immorality, and now, six years later, his brother bishops were unlikely to restore to their company a man they believed rightly judged. The resulting hiatus was disastrous to a Church ministering in such a fast-growing state.

The Standing Committee continued to ask visiting bishops to take services in the New York diocese for perhaps three months of the year, when weather was unpleasant in their own dioceses. Nevertheless, the traditional *persona*, the head of the diocese, he whom the Prayer Book addressed as Father in God, was absent. Added to this was the implied shame attached to the reason for having no bishop in what should have been the most prominent diocese of the Episcopal Church. Surely, New Yorkers saw themselves in a prolonged season of Lenten humiliation.

The statistics prove that invited visiting bishops were inadequate. Bishop Onderdonk had traveled 4,750 miles in 1843 and confirmed 1,540 persons. In 1846, the visiting bishops reported 2,028 confirmations, but that number represents the classes for two years. Not until after 1850 did the number of confirmations equal those of Onderdonk's episcopate.

All this time that there was no acting bishop of New York, the state was growing rapidly. Improved transportation on Hudson River sloops and barges encouraged the growth of many small riverbank communities. Many of these hamlets had as seigneur an Episcopalian who had a summer house on the river and was glad to sponsor the beginnings of an Episcopal Church for the handful of year-round residents. His wife doubtless encouraged him, and arranged for a Sunday school because she knew the community had many unchurched children and would have more as these hamlets grew. The great sprawling city downstream

required products the Hudson River Valley was prepared to send. Think of the red bricks needed in Manhattan and Brooklyn, where today's country lane was sure to become next year's city street, lined with rows of brick houses! (Jersey brownstone was, in the 1840s, just beginning to appear on the more stylish houses.) Think of the ice needed for the thousands of kitchens, and the hay needed for the thousands of horses in the city! Fruit in season, beef on the hoof, vegetables, shad and herring, tanbark, lumber, cement and bluestone—all these had long been Hudson Valley offerings to the maw of a never satisfied, always demanding, city. Now, further north, Troy sent its ironware and finished cotton goods to the port city, while the improved Erie Canal supplied a steady procession of barges creaking under their loads of western grain and hay. Just north of Albany, where the canal met the river, all the way to slips in the East River past the Battery, the Hudson swarmed with busy boats. There is Tivoli's *Harvest Queen* laden with strawberries, and there is Catskill's *Golden Store* maneuvering to pass her and to arrive first at the Manhattan market. And there is a wide-beamed sloop, specially designed for sailing on a river whose northeast gusts can be treacherous, catching the wind and darting ahead of the Anderson Taylor and Company's newest star, *Emerald*, just out from Newburgh and itself determined to catch up with its rival *Norwich* and race to the city. The passengers on another boat, *Telegraph*, are amused at the game they see, and grateful that their captain is known to refrain from a dangerous pastime. In the year just past irresponsible captains racing each other cost fifty lives in one explosion and fire. Having the promise of a safe and pleasant journey, they consult their penny guide and map to identify that new steeple they see jabbing up above the treetops. It may well be an Episcopal Church, but if so not consecrated by the Bishop of New York, for he was in a disgrace not discussed in mixed company.

And so the river traffic made its way to New York Harbor. A forest of masts and furled rigging met the eye. The great ships of many seas were docked in the two rivers and pointed their bowsprits far over the streets below. "The broad quays are covered with the produce of every clime; and barrels, sacks, boxes, hampers, bales and hogsheads are piled in continuous ridges along the streets," a visitor noted.¹⁵

The interior streets of New York City were quick to absorb the fruits of what was, unquestionably, the nation's leading commercial center. Layman George Templeton Strong abandons his customary suavity when he assesses the city's development in 1850:

How the city marches northward! The progress of 1835 and 1836 was nothing to the luxuriant rank growth of this year. Streets are springing

up, whole strata of sandstone have transferred themselves from their ancient resting places to look down on bustling thoroughfares for long years to come. Wealth is rushing in upon us like a freshet.¹⁶

But Strong took another look the next year, and was less pleased:

We have our Five Points, our emigrant quarters, our swarms of seamstresses to whom their utmost toil in monstrous daily drudgery gives only a bare subsistence, a life barren of hope and enjoyment; our hordes of dock-thieves, and of children who live in the streets and by them. No one can walk the length of Broadway without meeting some hideous troop of ragged girls, from twelve years old down, brutalized already almost beyond redemption by premature vice, clad in the filthy refuse of the rag-picker's collection, obscene of speech, the stamp of childhood gone from their faces, hurrying along with harsh laughter and foulness on their lips that some of them have learned by rote.¹⁷

Another historian asserts that in the 1840s the New York City

rich and poor scarcely inhabited the same universe . . . sewers overflowed, privies fouled wells, streets went uncleaned; and the poor, crowded in tenements, cellars and shanties sickened and died with fearsome rapidity.¹⁸

Yet that consummate Knickerbocker, Washington Irving, returning from Europe to his native city in 1848 and feted as the New World's first cultural deity, was bound to note happier things: "New York is wonderfully improved in late years," he said. "The houses are furnished with great luxury, the tone of society also is greatly improved and the opera house which is the fashionable assembly place in the winter is giving quite an air of refinement to the city."¹⁹

This was the greatest period of Irish immigration.²⁰ Most of the Irish immigrants were Roman Catholics, but many were members of the Church of Ireland. When these Episcopalians inquired about their bishop in New York, they would be told that he had been suspended indefinitely, for "impure behaviour." And neither these newcomers nor the Episcopalians they found already resident in New York would see a bishop of their Church until 1852.

JONATHAN WAINWRIGHT: "BISHOP AFTER ALL!"

It was in 1852 that Jonathan Mayhew Wainwright was elected Provisional Bishop of New York. "Everyone talks of Wainwright, but he is never elected," noted the diarist Strong. In fact, able and endearing William Creighton had been elected by the convention and, after prolonged



A noteworthy record of liturgical transition in St. Philip's Church, Garrison, about 1860. The church is decked with hemlock for Christmas. A semicircular chancel rail is surmounted by a "rood" of similar shape whose cross is probably the only such symbol in the church. On the wall and rood are seasonal mottoes. The font may be seen in the left of the picture. The brass vases on the altar are filled with holiday greens, not flowers, but are nonetheless a daring innovation at this early date. The alms basin and a Prayer Book are also on the altar. The rector, Charles F. Hoffman, stands in the reading desk, which is equipped with Bible and Prayer Book and the upholstered, tasseled cushion referred to in many old documents. The stairs to the pulpit above can be discerned to the right, and the pulpit also has a cushion with Bible and Prayer Book. Mr. Hoffman wears a floor-length surplice and a "preaching stole," for he is among those who by this time had ceased using the black gown at sermon time. In a year or two, St. Philip's would build a new church, designed by Richard Upjohn, and one of the last "triple deckers" would pass into history.

Courtesy: William S. Reisman.

consideration about his age and family cares, decided he must refuse what must have been the crowning honor of his long life of devotion to the Church. So, almost in desperation, the delegates turned to Wainwright and, on October 2, 1852, Strong wrote in his journal, "Wainwright is Bishop after all!—elected by a small majority at last. People were worn out with waiting and balloting . . . nobody is quite satisfied, and a good many are quite savage, but I suppose it's the best thing that could have been done."²¹

As we have already seen, George Templeton Strong was a realist. He lived the life of a very proper New York gentleman, but as a shrewd attorney he was not blind to facts. His education for the law, and not his natural impulses, led him to discern what was the issue and what was the best expedient. Originally a supporter, and always something of an admirer, of Onderdonk's, he early knew that the bishop's usefulness was past, and his imposing presence an embarrassment. Even more, Strong resented the spirit of anarchy and partisanship that prevailed in the diocese following the bishop's suspension and (as so delightfully often!) he pleased himself by writing in his diary that he would have preferred the election of Alexander Vinton, because Vinton

would have bred an earthquake in the diocese within three months after his Consecration. He would have invaded the next meeting of the Pastoral Aid Society in person, kicked out the members if necessary with his own episcopal foot emphatically applied . . . silenced Tyng and bullied down Anthon, and ruled the flock committed to his keeping with a thick rod of red hot iron.²²

There could be no better description of diocesan dissension, and as an informed layman Strong longed for the discipline Hobart enjoyed and Onderdonk attempted. Jonathan Mayhew Wainwright was not the leader Strong hoped for. Strong was especially convinced of this when he heard that Wainwright of Trinity had definitely identified himself with the Low Church party.

Wainwright passes across our sky as a brilliant meteor of force and charm and (because of the circumstances) reconciliation. Then, in less than three years, he is gone: burned out, they said. He was not an American by birth; he was born in Liverpool, England, on February 24, 1792. His father, Peter Wainwright, was an English merchant who arrived in Boston soon after the Revolutionary War; his mother, Elizabeth, was an American, a Mayhew of that Martha's Vineyard family that produced a line of sturdy public officials and clergymen. Her father was a Congregationalist minister tending to Unitarianism; it is said he was a resourceful opponent of any notions that the Crown might entertain about sending bishops into New England. For reasons not now clear,

Peter Wainwright resettled in England. Young Jonathan went to two schools there, one kept by a Nonconformist minister, and the other by a Welsh clergyman. When he was eleven years old the family returned to Boston, and in 1808 he entered Harvard College.

It might be said that Wainwright entered the ministry by means of music. Music and literature were always compelling forces in his life. He was for some years organist at Christ Church, Cambridge; he was also an instructor at the college, and for a while read law in a Boston office. From all that we can gather, however, he moved steadily toward the Church, and then studied for the ministry with the rector of Trinity Church, Boston. He was made a deacon in St. John's, Providence, by Bishop Griswold, and ordained priest in 1818 by Bishop Hobart in Christ Church, Hartford, whither he had been called while yet a deacon. Bishop Hobart was taking occasional episcopal duties in Connecticut that year, as Bishop Jarvis had died in 1813. Later that year Wainwright married Amelia M. Phelps of New Haven, and after a brief time as an assistant at New York's Trinity Church, he became rector of Grace Church, then practically next door to the older church. It is a mark of Wainwright's ability that he was able to minister in one and then the other without leaving a sense of rancor in either.

As might be expected with this man in this age, Wainwright concentrated on improving choral music at Grace Church. It was a time of musical experimentation. Few colonial churches had (or wanted!) pipe organs, but now an expanding social and cultural life in New York permitted—even required—a development in church music. Wainwright was glad to oblige. In 1824 he was reported as personally undertaking to pay the five choristers at Grace Church. It is worth noting that one of the five was also responding clerk, whose duty was to make the Prayer Book replies to the officiant's prayers and suffrages: the part died slowly! Wainwright also attempted, unsuccessfully, to establish a school "for the promotion of Psalmody." It is worth a guess that he hoped to proceed toward a choir school of boy choristers such as he had seen in England, but the idea did not at that time take hold in Grace Church. Nevertheless, very soon Jonathan Wainwright became a notable rector in New York:

The impressive chants were given in a perfected style not equalled by any choir in the city. Miss Emma Tillingham was the leading lady of the efficient choir, whose rich tones had been cultivated by Sconcia; and she was not infrequently assisted by Charles E. Horn and Austin Phillips, two of the sweetest singers New York ever had. The aid afforded by these cultivated songsters was a powerful adjunct to the Doctor's polished efforts for the spread of Christianity, and Grace Church was always filled to the utmost capacity, while wealthy, pre-

tentious Trinity, "the mother of us all," could fitly be compared to a "banquet hall deserted" . . . Dr. Wainwright was for many years the beloved pastor than whom a more respected genial Christian gentleman never entered a New York pulpit.²³

The "many years" of Wainwright's rectorate at Grace Church were in fact twelve, for in 1833 he was called to be rector of Trinity Church, Boston. Again, he expended his efforts toward the betterment of music in church services, this time traveling as far as England in order to purchase the right pipe organ for Trinity Church. To this day, Boston (which has a long memory) preserves the fact that Wainwright, as rector of Trinity Church, was in the chair at the meeting which founded the Harvard Musical Association, from which, it is said, all present-day Boston musical blessings flow.

But New York always had a compelling appeal for Wainwright, and we may suppose that he was glad to return there when again called to be an assistant at Trinity Church. Now he was promised more responsibilities than those usually allotted to an assistant minister. He remained at Trinity and, more especially, at its fashionable St. John's Chapel—in truth the most prestigious (and loveliest!) Episcopal church in New York City for many years, despite its poor acoustics—until 1852, when elected provisional bishop.

Those seventeen years were heady ones for the city, and for the future bishop. Wainwright was able to indulge in the city's cultural life, which burgeoned so remarkably in those years. "The literati of New York were predominantly Episcopalian," we are told.²⁴ Wainwright belonged right with them. He had written books, edited sermons, published a biography of Bishop Heber, books about travel, about prayer, about the proper use of Church music. Very early, he had produced *The Book of Chants*, followed in 1828 by *Music of the Church*; some years later, he would collaborate with William Augustus Muhlenberg in a *Choir and Family Psalter*. New York in the 1840s was rampantly Anglophilic. The Gothic revival was firmly rooted and coming into full flower. Why should a man of Wainwright's taste and ability not be urged into the city's various literary clubs and groups? Most of them were "Federalist and Episcopalian and all but abjectly respectful of the mother-country."²⁵ His companions at such meetings would be from old New York families, or rising notables gravitating to them; men, in short, "who survived either by their own wits, or by husbanding inherited wealth, dined at four in the afternoon, told good stories, dressed well, and managed, despite the muck of New York's streets, to act as though Gotham were London."²⁶ It was still a small town for those privileged persons who were able to grasp what was offered.

Christianity has long been influenced by the printing press, and as New York City approached mid-century the Episcopal Church was particularly able to utilize the printed word. Hobart had been a genius at realizing this, and in their time his publications did their work, which was decidedly "churchly." Now, however, we find several New York magazines casting a favoring glow upon the Episcopal Church though they were not ostensibly ecclesiastical in intent. One of these was the *Knickerbocker*, founded in 1833. Charles Fenno Hoffman was the editor; Washington Irving's lamented Matilda was his half-sister, and both were related to Gullian Verplanck, the "essential New Yorker." As an assemblyman, and General Seminary professor, he had obtained the incorporation of the seminary in 1821, and almost immediately thereafter joined its faculty at the urging of Bishop Hobart.²⁷ The *Knickerbocker* magazine set was apt to be "high church Episcopalians" who were partisans of Bishop Hobart; they were also likely to be conservative Whigs.²⁸ While embracing the heritage of the Europe they deemed worthy, they denounced as unacceptable the likes of Madame de Staël, George Sand, Balzac, and Hugo. Perhaps more important to our history, Wainwright and his friends were pleased to see New England's discredited radicalism replaced by the conservative cultural preferences of an enlightened New York.²⁹

Wainwright's friend Evert Duyckinck, of an old New York publishing family, was a vestryman at St. Thomas Church, and regularly submitted items to that "organ of Episcopal scholarship," the *New York Review*. Perhaps Wainwright also offered articles, under a pseudonym, as was so often done. He was accustomed to the limelight and savored the highbrow company he kept. Why not? He must frequently have met with the literary and artistic names of the day. Herman Melville was then in the city; Washington Irving was by now practically beloved, if not always appreciated by New Yorkers who took their history too seriously. James Fenimore Cooper, upstate, treasured memories of people who knew Sir William Johnson. There were also John James Audubon, Thomas Cole of Catskill, and Asher Durand of New Jersey, William Cullen Bryant, who had come down from Great Barrington, and Samuel F. B. Morse (less remarked by the literati perhaps now that he had turned from art to inventions). There were Fitz-Greene Halleck, Nathaniel Parker Willis the dandy, Philip Hone and James K. Paulding, perhaps even Edgar Allan Poe and, certainly, John Lloyd Stephens, the traveler-writer who transported exotic stone figures back from Yucatán.

These, and probably many more, were cultural giants who greeted Wainwright often on ground compatible and rewarding to them all. It is important to remember that those forces that a later age would call "uplift" now met and were assisted by, marks that are readily seen in

literature, art, and especially architecture. Andrew Jackson Downing could write in *Rural Essays*: "The leading idea of the Gothic arch is found in its upward lines—its aspiring tendencies."³⁰

These, then, were the pleasant colleagues and rewarding thoughts with which Jonathan Mayhew Wainwright was summoned when elected Provisional Bishop of New York. Let it be said, to his credit, that the brief life yet allotted to him was spent fully in the work of diocesan bishop. He was consecrated in Trinity Church on November 10, 1852. "How beautiful he was as he knelt in his meekness to receive the trust of an apostle," says his biographer; "and what an 'Amen' went up from that subdued and melted multitude that God might grant it all." For at last, New York again had a bishop.

Not, of course, *the* bishop. Benjamin Onderdonk would retain that honor till his dying day. Jonathan M. Wainwright and, for some years, his successor, Horatio Potter, would be styled "provisional" bishops. This is emphatically recorded in the records of the Church, but in fact Wainwright's task from the beginning of his episcopate was to make up, as far as possible, what had been lost. Parishes not visited, rectors who had never met their bishop, persons not confirmed, churches not consecrated, diocesan direction absent, partisan spirit deep and ubiquitous, opportunities gone or slipping away—all these and much more were the immediate problems the new bishop faced.

A LINGERING IMPASSE: BLACK CHURCHPEOPLE

To us now, but apparently less so at the time, no problem was greater than the admission of St. Philip's Church, Manhattan, into union with the Diocese of New York. The whole matter is an embarrassment to New York Christians, and yet it is not without its heroes. It is for this latter reason that the situation cannot be explained away as due merely to contemporary cultural forces. There *were* some white, well-connected, prominent, and reasonable Episcopal laymen who were zealous for nothing less than decent, fair treatment of Negroes. They fought year after year for equal participation in the diocese, and particularly in the diocesan conventions. William Lloyd Garrison founded *The Liberator* in 1831, and it was thereafter clear that a growing number of people demanded that a policy of immediate emancipation should replace the older idea of gradualism.³¹ Slavery must be abolished, now! Garrison was neither the first nor the final abolitionist, but his vivid personality publicized a cause that had hearers in the Diocese of New York. There had been a long history of antislavery agitation in the city, but it must be admitted that the Episcopal Church was never notable in the cause.

One entire family that had earned the fury of proslavery people was that of John Jay of Bedford. His sons, William and Peter, carried on the father's insistence on full rights and emancipation for all Negroes. William Jay was particularly active in the cause, and, once enlisted, he was a persistent adversary.

William Jay was born in New York City in 1789 and was educated in the school of Dr. Ellison, rector of St. Peter's, Albany. He then attended Yale College. His classmates there included John Calhoun. He married Augusta McVickar, and she proved to be a noble support throughout Jay's long battle for emancipation. They lived in the Jay house in Bedford, attending to their extensive farm there. By the time William was twenty-six he was deeply engaged in various "philanthropies." He was a founder of the Society for the Suppression of Vice in Bedford, and an organizer of the Westchester Bible Society. He thus clashed with Hobart when the bishop tried to discourage Episcopalians from participating in Bible societies.

One of the Jay interests had been emancipation, but William was aroused to new passion after the Gilbert Horton case of 1826. Horton was a free black man found in Washington, D.C., and jailed for vagrancy. When it was advertised that Horton would be sold to pay for the "expenses" of his incarceration, there was an uproar, and, of course, funds were immediately raised for his release. But Jay, who by this time was a judge in Westchester County, realized that the question of selling a free man hadn't been resolved. He recognized that the North needed almost as much education in the matter as did the South. Jay tended to avoid the various abolitionist societies, though he had worked with Peter Williams in the New York Anti-Slavery Society. He often noted that Episcopalians were rarely seen in such groups, and he once wrote a diatribe to Bishop Levi Silliman Ives about "clerical efforts to sanctify slavery and caste."³² When no one could be found to publish Samuel Wilberforce's *History of the American Church*, William Jay gave the reason: the Englishman had exposed the Episcopal Church's tacit support of slavery and class distinction. On another occasion, Jay noted that the Fugitive Slave Law was "approved by many clergy who preach in fine churches to rich and fashionable city congregations." He doubtless had New York in mind.³³ He opposed the idea of colonization, and when he published his *Inquiry* in 1835 conservative men such as Alonzo Potter, Peter G. Stuyvesant, and Chancellor Kent were impressed and converted by the reasonableness of William Jay's approach.

Many northerners were slow to sympathize with the abolitionists because they feared extremism. It seemed extraordinary for aristocrats like the Jays to be involved in Negro emancipation. Furthermore, in that time of utter conformity, there was the horror produced by rumors

that black ministers performed marriages for couples of mixed race.³⁴

St. Philip's was a "colored" congregation, founded about 1809, incorporated in 1818, its church consecrated in 1819—but still, in 1852, not admitted into union with the diocese, and therefore not entitled to a place in its conventions. In 1819 the Standing Committee approved the ordination of a black man with the understanding that he not be admitted to the diocesan convention. This appears to have been the policy of the Diocese of New York for some years, and there is no record that it was ever questioned by the bishops or the convention—or by anyone other than the Jays. "It is one of the most melancholy circumstances of the condition of the colored people that so many of the ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ are among their most influential enemies," wrote William Jay to his rector.³⁵ "Look at the conventions of New York and Pennsylvania excluding ministers and disciples of the crucified Redeemer merely because they are poor and despised." Jay loved the Church and believed its conventions could promote ideals he knew to be close to the Mind of Christ. "I, as a private member of the Church, am in no degree responsible for the heresies of Puseyism nor the more disgusting heresies of cotton-divinity," he wrote to a friend who wondered how he could remain a churchman.³⁶

A convenient sentiment in the diocesan conventions was that eventually there should be a separate African Episcopal Church with "a council of their own for their peculiar government."³⁷ When, in 1846, the Jays and their few friends in convention claimed the Church in New York "degraded" the black man, the convention's retort was that Negroes "*are* socially degraded and not regarded as proper associates for the class of people who attend our conventions."³⁸ Considering the disorder and coarseness so manifest in those recent all-white conventions, Negroes in New York may forever accept that statement not as criticism, but as an encomium! When a committee reported that blacks were unfit to converse and debate with the high-toned gentlemen usually found in diocesan conventions, a minority report was spread upon the minutes asking the potent question, "Was not the Gospel vouchsafed to all of us?"³⁹

Now another Jay, John Jr., joined the battle. He was William's son, a graduate of Columbia in the Class of 1836 and principal founder of the Parochial Fund. He wrote "The Dignity of the Abolition Cause as Compared with the Political Schemes of the Day" (1839), "Caste and Slavery in the American Church" (1843), and "The American Church and the American Slave Trade" (1860), all brief treatises offering no comfort to tender consciences. In the diocesan convention of 1850 John Jay, Jr., attempted once more to have St. Philip's admitted. His sentiment had become strong enough in the North to make it seem

proper enough to admit St. Philip's. This was not the end of the Jays' struggle for Negro rights. Peter A. Jay had died in 1843; William lived till 1858, leaving in his will \$1,000 "for promoting the safety and comfort of fugitive slaves." Arthur Cleveland Coxe said of him, "There was much of the Huguenot in the piety of the Judge, but nothing of the Puritan."⁴⁰ The surviving Jay, John Jr., took umbrage when in 1863 he heard that the rector of Christ Church, Rye, refused to read prayers for the President. Jay wrote the reverend gentleman a long (and probably public) letter, stating that "the loyal families of that ancient parish are being driven from their seats." The rector of Rye, stunned by the attack, wrote a letter (probably also public) to the Bedford postmaster inquiring if "this person is *sane*."⁴¹

WAINWRIGHT VINDICATED

It was perhaps salutary for Bishop Wainwright to encourage the idea that he was sympathetic to the Low Churchmen. It assured him his election and tended to pacify those who were still hounding Onderdonk and his High Church minions. And since Wainwright carefully refrained from being found in the forefront of any of the battles about the old bishop, the High Church people would have no firm reason to distrust him. If some churchpeople thought he vacillated, others could reasonably claim this was nothing less than ecclesiastical statesmanship—just what the Diocese of New York needed, they said. Indeed the very brief time of Bishop Wainwright's leadership may be considered, like the episcopate of Benjamin Moore, a time of preparation for what lay ahead under the direction of a successor. Mildness and ambition were nicely combined in Wainwright, and it may well be that (except for the election of 1921) there was never again such an outright contest between the High Church and the Low Church in the Diocese of New York: his all-things-to-all-men manner was useful, after all.

But vigorous partisans of both sides might chafe under Bishop Wainwright's apparent indecision. One vignette of the bishop was recorded by George Templeton Strong, who was a member of the committee charged with building Trinity Chapel in 25th Street. Richard Upjohn was the architect and, as usual with his larger churches, he envisioned a stone altar. The committee readily concurred, and so the diarist (whose sense of humor is by now well-known to every New York antiquarian) gleefully recorded the bishop's monologue in his journal:

I hope, Mr. Strong, that your committee will adopt a table instead of an altar for Trinity Chapel. The Communion table should be a table in the literal sense of the word.

[A week later, after the building committee had firmly settled upon Upjohn's limestone designs] oh—ah—it is to be of *stone*? Then of course I can have no objection to the design—the committee is inclined to adopt—That settles the question—yes—precisely—to be sure—certainly—the form of an altar is of course the proper one—ah—hum—I hope your family is well . . . his principal subject of talk was the magnificence of this house—the good taste of the Dining Room decorations—the agreeable shade of the green paper hangings—and how much would the premises probably bring at private sale.⁴²

Not a complimentary glimpse of Bishop Wainwright, but then Strong hadn't ever much liked the man and suspected that his real aim was to be president of Columbia University: "a convenient sinecure after two or three years of an overworked episcopate."⁴³

Those last two words are significant: it *was* an overworked episcopate, of less than two years. Think of the task Wainwright had accepted! There had been no episcopal visitations of the parishes since Onderdonk's last full circuit in 1843. The next year's General Convention prevented his usual full swing around the diocese. Bishop Wainwright was indecisive, something of a literary dilettante, and certainly caught up in New York society. But he was also a man of conscience, and he sought to fulfill the duties of the office he coveted—Bishop of New York. He began to unravel the knotted strands he had inherited, and restored to the diocese a sense of respectability and mission. Perhaps he was not able to minister to Paddy on the Erie Canal, but his "all mildness and grace" noted earlier by Philip Hone was pure gold in a diocese so long troubled.⁴⁴

THE CHURCHES: SUBTLE CHANGE

Aftershocks of the Onderdonk troubles were still felt in the 1850s. The Low Church firebrands saw their suspicions vindicated by the Episcopal clergy who forsook their Church for that of Rome. John Murray Forbes, prominent rector of St. Luke's, Hudson Street; Homer Wheaton, once rector of Christ Church, Poughkeepsie, and much spoken of as a candidate for Provisional Bishop in 1852; Preston of the *Ecclesiologist*; Samuel Roosevelt Bayley (Mother Seton's nephew); Bishop Ives, son-in-law of Hobart: all these had "gone to Rome." Good riddance, said the more philosophic churchmen. But their brethren who tended to be more truculent chafed at the damage they thought done to the Church's Protestant integrity. For instance, William A. Duer, former president of Columbia College, could write of the new Trinity Church in 1847,

that lifts its tall spire to the skies, but mocks them with the gilded toy that tops it. We will not enter, lest the solemn mockery within should repel, instead of excite, as in charity we may suppose it intended to excite—that pure spirit of devotion which sanctified the humbler edifice from whose ruins it has risen.⁴⁵

Sentiments ran high. Both the Catholic- and Protestant-minded had able, vocal champions. But something new became apparent—a middle group unattached to prominent names of the old battles. Many Episcopalians were tired, even embarrassed by the long quarrels that had prevailed before and after Onderdonk's suspension. They were also favorably impressed by some of the novel things said, sung, and done in the churches. Unlike Duer, they did not bristle at the sight of a gilded cross on a church steeple. They had become accustomed to a central holy table, and didn't mind looking toward the pulpit corner of the church during the sermon. The vestryman tended to listen appreciatively to the sung chants when his daughter had been enlisted in the choir, and he was glad enough to see flowers in the chancel at Easter when he could mention to his fellow worshipers that they came from his own hothouse. He might be somewhat proud that the celebrated Upjohn was a devout Episcopalian as well as a successful architect of the Gothic taste. And it mattered that James Renwick, an amateur architect whose Grace Church was admired by everybody (except Philip Hone), was related to most of the old families of New York. Renwick added to his fame when he proceeded to design twin-towered Calvary on Fourth Avenue, St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue, the Smithsonian Institution and, somewhat later, St. James' on 72d Street. Upjohn's country churches dotted the upstate landscape, and they were appealing, available to the humblest congregation because they could be built so easily. Such a wooden church, designed by John Priest of Brooklyn, was built in the city for St. Michael's on 99th Street, and a brick one, St. John's, in Cornwall. Its architect's premature death deprived the Episcopal Church of a gifted designer.

What Duer and his friends never realized was that churches now were larger, and large churches require some ornamentation and ceremony. Grace Church, for instance, under Thomas House Taylor had been in the vanguard of Episcopal Low Church persuasion. But once the congregation moved into its new Renwick edifice there would necessarily be a gradual enrichment of decoration. Carvings and stained glass suggested medieval times. Once the holy table and the pulpit were separated, movement during the service from one place to the other became a ceremonial moment. In mid-century, each church found its own best way to surround the worship of the Book of Common Prayer with a sense of dignity and gravity. And churches tended to borrow each other's usages, so that after a time of experimentation and

adaptation there seems to have emerged a sort of uniformity that lasted until our own time. But it was created by the Victorian's demand for propriety as well as by some possible theological predispositions. And ceremony associated with the Holy Communion, colored stoles, candles and flowers on the altar, processional crosses, and alms basons were still scarce in the early 1850s.

THE NUCLEAR CHURCH

About this time, something appeared in the Episcopal Church that was very much in harmony with the age. It was, equally, dissonant with much that had hitherto characterized church life in America. Since no name has been quite able to describe this phenomenon let us call it the nuclear church. Before this, the local church had been, on the Sabbath, a place of assembly for worship: virtually a meetinghouse. During the week it stood as a mute symbol of an authority locally defined.

The romantic age fostered something quite different, and it needed those gifts the Episcopal Church was able to offer to a young republic. Current literature—Walter Scott comes to mind immediately—told of ancient glories. Civic and domestic architecture began to evoke a mystic past. Music showed its ability to range the ages freely; Mendelssohn was "discovering" J. S. Bach. The painters turned away from classic themes and depicted a creation very much satisfied with its Creator. The Hudson River School became a prominent exponent of man's harmony with nature.

These forces were in the air, as was a compelling American desire for a legitimate past. Though it was the Centennial in 1876 that brought about a decided reevaluation of the *American* heritage, the romantic revival persuaded the new nation to dig among the treasures of a European past and claim whatever was found to its liking. The search brought the respectability that long-standing institutions always lend, and nothing was more available than the Episcopal Church. Herein lay its appeal in the mid years of the nineteenth century. The longings of a parvenu populace were met by those gifts that had always been the stock-in-trade of the Episcopal Church. There was the Book of Common Prayer; it bestowed upon Americans an acceptable sort of worship in a language much like that of the King James Bible they all knew so well. There was a European flavor, a certain sophistication, a congeniality with the Old World.

The nervous, creative, searching, visionary impulses of Americans fostered an improvement in the fortunes of the Episcopal Church. Moreover, conspicuous personalities played an invaluable part. In New

York, there was the impressive, even romantic, figure of John Henry Hobart, who had died at the apogee of his powers. In his mind's eye there was a picture of what the local parish church should be. Hobart's successor, Bishop Onderdonk, was even more convinced, and it is the church we here call nuclear. For it gathers to itself the longings and aspirations of the people; it calls upon them to find here, in this place, the good things that shall be promoted throughout the country. It is a church on a public street (though Victorians often preferred it secluded among weeping willows or dark pines). The architecture is Gothic because that is the idiom best able to remind Americans of a bygone time redolent of strength and security. If possible, the church is built of stone, but even the local carpenters, thanks to the new design books, could now run up a Gothic sort of wooden church.

In mid-century the rector in the Diocese of New York is likely to be a graduate of the General Theological Seminary, and he regards its two new stone-buttressed and crocketed buildings as splendid examples of all that is churchly: enduring and solid in a fast-moving and somewhat secular-minded society, ready to forsake completely the Puritan past. He will desire in his churches the correctness implied by a Gothic church, just as his leading parishioners will opt for Gothic-style dwellings. *Parishioners*: surely a new word in the Episcopal vocabulary, and another sign of the nuclear church, creating in itself what might be considered the ideal nation writ small: a perfect commonwealth in miniature. The renewed mind of the Episcopal Church concerned itself with the widest spectrum of human life. Here you would find the "correct" (that is, ancient) design for a baptismal font; and here, too, you will find as correct a graveyard; was it not so in England? Inside the church, enriched music complemented worship; the canticles were readily adapted to music provided by the much-improved melodeons.

The church was no longer a mere auditory. It was an organization (now said to be of divine origin) that upheld the verities of religion. In a future day parochial "guilds"—is there a more medieval word?—would enhance the centripetal force of the parish church. Hobart's High Churchmanship championed a wide range of activity in the nuclear church, and the bishop was untiring in encouraging parochial schools. In the next generation this was no longer the mark of the High Churchman; in New York, the extreme Evangelical Church of the Holy Trinity on 42d Street would sponsor a myriad of satellite organizations—schools, lodging houses, and tradesmen's club rooms. It is arguable that the institutional parish of the century's end owed its origin to Hobartian High Churchmanship, for in those great city churches we see the nuclear parish in full flower.

It is manifest that the nuclear parish provided abundant opportunity for many talents: scholarship, craftsmanship, artistry, music, even horticulture could be embraced and lifted as an offering to God. In New York, where Washington Irving, James Fenimore Cooper, the Duyckincks, and others participated in the counsels of the Episcopal Church, it is no wonder that a similar mind, informed by contemporary trends and graced by social approval, Jonathan Mayhew Wainwright, should be elected to the episcopate in 1852.

Perhaps the most celebrated example of the nuclear church was William Augustus Muhlenberg's Church of the Holy Communion on Sixth Avenue at 20th Street in Manhattan. It is well-known that here Muhlenberg envisioned a parish church that would concern itself with education, help for the poor, and, in short, be an oasis of Christian activity in the city. From this church St. Johnland and St. Luke's Hospital eventually developed. Muhlenberg treated Gotham as if it was a family ("family" was a Muhlenberg ideal; he wanted each patient in St. Luke's to be treated as a member of the family). Muhlenberg invented parochial festivals, freely adopted pictures of the Nativity and Crucifixion at the altar, flowers and music, sunrise services, and customs of his Lutheran background to the uses of the Episcopal Church.⁴⁶ He was the founder of a sisterhood, and the building next to the Church of the Holy Communion was a forerunner of what would soon become a necessity for every up-and-coming Episcopal Church: a "parish house" (words that suggest the ambitions of a nuclear church).

Much less known, but yet a perfect example of the new mode of parish life, was the Church of St. John the Evangelist in Stockport (now in the Diocese of Albany). St. John's was built by Joseph Marshall, an Englishman who set up cotton printing mills on Stockport Creek and encouraged many of his countrymen to come to work in New York. The exquisite church—it remains untouched by "improvements"—was built in 1838, just about the time mills failed after the Panic of 1837. Marshall died a debtor, but left a parish church that amply fulfilled his visions. It is a magnificent, unfussy, stately frame church, painted brown (to resemble stone). Inside, the walls are grained to simulate rich woods. The font was placed on a platform, near the door, where the Tractarians said it should be (because baptism *is* the entrance of the Church). There is a gallery for organ and octet, and the "east" wall displays the canonical Creed, Commandments, and Lord's Prayer. There is a comfortable vestry room, adequate for parochial meetings, and the church is surrounded by a cemetery complete with a lych-gate that seems transported from rural England. Once there were a rectory and a greenhouse that supplied flowers for the chancel and, probably, protected tender tubbed plants in winter. Some years later, a parish

school was organized, but from the beginning the north transept of the church formed a Sunday school room (under which the founder is buried). All this was established within a few years' time. Think how exciting, how attracting, such a picturesque center could be in a mill hamlet never exceeding 500 souls. Then multiply Stockport by, perhaps, one hundred and you will see how the Episcopal Church fitted in the New York landscape. True, few churches were as well equipped as Holy Communion or St. John's. But many were in larger towns and, with their guilds and music and proper Victorian attitudes, they were able to have a much wider influence. If you would capture the spirit of the Victorian church as illustrated by the settings and ambience of church buildings, a visit to, say, St. Barnabas', Irvington, or Holy Innocents, Annandale, to Holy Innocents, Highland Falls, or Zion, Wappingers Falls, will furnish lasting impressions, as will the earlier St. James', Hyde Park, the later St. Paul's, Tivoli, and, supremely, St. Philip's, Garrison (Richard Upjohn's parish), and St. Luke's in Beacon, designed by Withers. St. James', Fordham, is another successful attempt at reproducing what people were commonly seeing in lithographs such as Nathaniel Currier made popular. These are village churches, and the idea of a village church still lingers in the American mind. Their architecture repudiates the rationalism implicit in the eighteenth-century church; all of them quiver with a fervor dear to the romantic mind. The Currier and Ives pictures fix the ideal: men and women wending their way to an ivy-covered Gothic church. This was the ideal Victorian scene, and no American body was so able to actualize all it suggested as was the Episcopal Church.

One of the seminal publications promoting the nuclear parish was Richard Upjohn's *Rural Architecture* (1852). Though some wary Episcopalians still bore a grudge against the architect for what they considered to be his high-handed promotion of the High Church ornaments at Trinity Church, his book set a reliable standard for all schools of thought. The Victorian tide was running strong in favor of arts and architecture evocative of an earlier time. Upjohn was the perfect publicist for the new mode of church building.

Richard Upjohn was born in England. In Boston, he met Jonathan Wainwright, who recruited him for work in New York. He was a faithful Episcopalian, was known by leading churchmen, and was congenial with building committees. Often he was generous in supplying plans where the church had no money to pay him. Most important, he was able to produce drawings that "any intelligent mechanic will be able to carry out."⁴⁷ His book of plans included a church, a parsonage (the word rectory wasn't much used then), a chapel, and a schoolhouse—in brief, all that our nuclear parish needed. If you will look carefully at the

plans for the church you will see exactly what was happening in the Episcopal Church at mid-century. First of all, you will see three crosses on the church roof, one at each end, and a cross surmounting the pointed steeple. The church door is sited at the southwest corner of an oriented building, just as was common in old England. Inside, the chancel is raised fifteen inches above the nave, and its furniture is described by names hitherto unfamiliar in the American Church: "sedelia," "fald-stool," "stalls." There is an "altar" (of wood), and a "bishop's chair." All of these would have been unknown in an earlier time, and were even now often offensive to the embattled Low Churchman. A closer look would have made our astonished Evangelical dismiss Upjohn as an irresponsible Romanizer, for there was a credence table (always a sure sign of sacerdotalism), and a font supplied with a drain (implying an innovative baptismal theology).

Our by now apoplectic Low Churchman will flee the scene, but we may linger in Upjohn's church to perceive one or two more signs of change. There is, for instance, a shelf for books under the pew seats indicating that sometimes the parish provided prayer books; this meant the end of the centuries-old custom of bringing your own book to church. And now the pulpit, a modification of the graceful "wineglass," was reached by way of the "robing room." Upjohn would never have gone so far as to use the word "sacristy," and he may not have intended the gentlemen of the vestry to assemble in this tiny room. It was exactly what he said it was: a robing room in which the preacher might, en route from chancel to pulpit, change from surplice to gown (if such remained his practice). In other words, a pulpit reached only by way of a robing room was a nice concession to old or new custom. Upjohn had tact.

His book had a wide influence, as did pictures of the new churches then abuilding. If a building was to "look like a church" it must be in the Gothic style. No man was more responsible than Upjohn for this American idea which, despite change in taste and theology, persists to our own time. And the fact that his designs made churches look like churches so attached itself to the popular mind that even Low Church vestries (doubtless promising themselves to beware of the man) sought Upjohn's help when they built their new church. Nor were all rectors appreciative of Upjohn's attempts to introduce new furnishings in the church. One clergyman for whom he had designed a church wrote to him, about 1850:

I *will* not use a lectern, and I *will* not hold a book in my hand. I want a good serviceable Reading Desk . . . erected in front of the Chancel pointing west, not less than six feet in width, three feet six inches high from the floor on which the minister stands, with a board in

front wide enough to hold a folio Bible of the largest sort, and a folio prayerbook.⁴⁸

The same man insisted on a closed box rector's pew, and no credence table ("it is a perfectly useless thing").⁴⁹ And the Bishop's chair "*must* be on the north side of the altar, and face not *in*, towards *it*, but *out*, towards the people," and to summarize his demands the irate rector flung at Upjohn, "I do not know what medieval usage may recommend, and care as little."⁵⁰

Even though he encountered this kind of opposition during his practice, Richard Upjohn and his son (who succeeded him in the firm) accumulated an impressive list of New York churches. Beginning with the early Trinity, Holy Communion, and Ascension in the city, Bethesda in Saratoga Springs, Christ Church and Grace Church in Brooklyn, St. Thomas, Amenia Union, they proceeded to complete more than thirty-eight churches in what is now the Diocese of New York.