MONTAUBAN AND INGRES

J. A. BENTLEY

WHATEVER else one could say of the city of Montauban in the south of France, one would never judge that it was in the least danger of becoming a popular tourist resort. This somewhat remote though delightful place is situated in an unfrequented part of Langue d'Oc. The transatlantic or trans-channel visitor, in haste to get to the shores of the Mediterranean as soon as possible, will, if he comes that way at all, in nine cases out of ten pass Montauban by, with scarcely a thought. And thus it happens that the small Gascon city preserves unchanged its Old World atmosphere, its unbroken calm of centuries, and its ancient line of buildings flanking the river Tarn, unmarred by the jarring note of ugly modern hotels or other edifices designed to pamper the Anglo-Saxon sybarite.

Montauban offers no sensational attractions to the mere seeker after pleasure; nor, it must be confessed, can it vie with at least half a dozen places in Provence and Gascony in historical interest. Unlike Avignon and Carcassonne, it offers comparatively little to attract the mediaevalist; and unlike Arles and Nîmes, it can boast no ruins of classical antiquity. Hence its neglect both by the serious traveller and by his more frivolous contemporary is easy to understand. But Montauban charms by reason of its delightful situation, several architectural monuments well worthy of admiration, and last but not least by its associations with one of the most potent influences in nineteenth century art, Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres, who was born here on the twenty-ninth of August, 1780.

I

One best reaches Montauban from Toulouse—the nearest great city, distant about thirty miles to the southeast. The train traverses a portion of the boundless plain of Langue d'Oc, with its rich green fields, and its canals bordered with symmetrical rows of poplars, the faint, snowy line of the Pyrenees fading gradually away to the south. The railway station at Montauban is in the newer and dingier part of the town, and one's first impressions of the city may well be the reverse of pleasant. But as soon as one reaches the bridge that spans the river and unites the old town with the new, and sees the real Montauban of history displayed before one's eyes, all thoughts of disappointment die. If the visitor is fortunate enough—as was the present writer—to reach this spot late in a summer afternoon, with a blazing July sun sloping toward the west, a sky of the deepest azure, and not a breath of wind to ruffle the mirror-like surface of the river Tarn, he will thank his stars for the turn of fate that diverted him from the beaten track to this quiet place. The Tarn, which is here not very far from its confluence with the Garonne, is no longer the rapid stream which has cut its way through massive gorges in its upper course—so vividly described by R. L. Stevenson—but is at Monbauban a broad, placid river with water of a pale mysterious green. It is spanned by two bridges, one of them dating from the early fourteenth century, a structure of brick, with massive pointed arches. Below this bridge, a long tapering island embowered with graceful trees of the most intense, living green divides the stream, and adds a fresh note of colour in glorious contrast with the blue of the sky and the red of the buildings on the opposite bank. The city is indeed most beautifully situated, and, seen in the dense, flooding sunshine of mid-summer, is a sight not soon to be forgotten. The pale mistiness and soft light of the north and the harsh, torrid glare of Southern Europe are alike absent, and in their place is a full rich landscape, vibrant with life and colour—without indistinctness on the one hand, or hardness on the other.

From the old Gothic bridge, built by Philippe le Bel, one enjoys a wonderful view up and down the river. Immediately across is the main part of the town, and at the end of the bridge, two conspicuous and striking edifices immediately attract the eye. The larger one, of feudal and Renaissance design, is a vast four-turreted building of rectangular solidity, constructed in the seventeenth century on the ruins of a *chateau* built by the English during the Hundred Years' War. Prior to 1867 it was used as the episcopal palace, but since that date it has been converted into a museum in which are contained many of the works of Montauban's famous son, Ingres. To the left of the bridge and in immediate proximity to the *Musee Ingres* is another striking building of pure Renaissance design—the Bourse. High above the Bourse may be seen the old reddish octagonal tower of the church of St. Jacques, built in the Toulousan Gothic style. Along to the right of the bridge are the public gardens—a riot of verdure, contrasting vividly with the clustering red-roofed buildings. On the opposite side of the river a long row of ancient houses, not unlike those along the river

Arno at Florence close by the Ponte Vecchio, completes the magic of the scene.

Such is Montauban, or such, at least, did it appear to the present writer when he visited it. To the person of English and Protestant antecedents, moreover, the place has other than merely scenic interest. For practically a decade after the signing of the Treaty of Bretigny in 1360, Montauban was subject to the rule of Edward the Third of England. One is still shown the Hall of the Black Prince beneath the foundations of the Museum, and told by the genial guardian that the redoubtable leader of the English armies in the Hundred Years' War took refuge in this low, vaulted room when the tide finally turned against him and attempts were made upon his life. In the preceding century Montauban had first known religious persecution. That forerunner of the great reform movements—the so-called Albigensian heresy—was wholeheartedly embraced by the Montalbanais, and the Inquisition made many victims. In the great museum one may see some of the fiendish instruments of torture, including a veritable "bed of Procrustes" with an accompanying axe, that were devised to bring back the erring into the true fold—gentle reminders of mediaeval tolerance, and the subtlety of mediaeval methods in dealing with the heretic. It is altogether unlikely, however, that the new religion was completely stamped out; for when the Reformation arose, the Huguenots soon became absolute masters of the town. It is to be feared that they were themselves somewhat devoid of the saving grace of tolerance, as we read that they "forbade all public exercise of the Catholic cult, and from 1561 to 1567 destroyed the greater number of the churches, notably the cathedral." Montauban, for over half a century, was one of the principal strongholds and rallying centres for the forces of Protestantism in all of France; but in the evil days that were at hand for the Huguenot faith, the Gascon city suffered in common with other places in the south. In the reign of Louis XIII it was besieged by the royal army of 20,000 men. The citizens fought with the fury of desperation, so that the assailants were repulsed with frightful carnage. On the side of the besieged many of the women took an active part in the combat, and so well was the city defended that the king, after eighty-six days, was compelled to raise the siege. After the capitulation of La Rochelle, however, the Protestants saw that further struggle with the Crown was useless. Montauban asked for terms, and its fortifications were demolished by Richelieu. Since this time, its history has been comparatively tranquil, that is to say, in all probability happy, and at the present day what small political importance the *petite ville* possesses is due to the position it holds as administrative centre of the Department of the Tarn and Garonne.

But, above all, Montauban is to be remembered in modern times as the birthplace of Ingres—that great artist whose name the Anglo-Saxon finds such difficulty in pronouncing. During his lifetime the centre, like so many original geniuses of the nineteenth century, of violent debate, Ingres is only in the present day entering into an era of just appreciation. Before taking up his life in detail, and while we are still considering the place of his birth, we might with profit visit in imagination the museum dedicated to his memory, which contains the greater part of his designs and sketches, and all his collection of *objets d'art,* willed to his birthplace at the time of his death in 1867. The exterior of the building has already been described. It has something of the strength and austerity which we are wont to associate with the great painter for whose works it forms a fitting monument. In its rambling halls and many storeys—both above and below ground—one finds a collection of art unusually rich for a provincial town—a collection which includes paintings of various schools, for the most part fairly modern, a *musee lapidaire,* and a hall devoted to the decorative arts, in addition to innumerable works from the hand of the master himself. These last form such a remarkable ensemble that one can follow Ingres's artistic career in its development from his childhood to the time of his death. How many cities of Europe or America that have given birth to genius can boast such an epitome of a life work as this?

Among this vast collection of sketches, drawings, paintings whether original or copies of the old masters, there is one portrait of Ingres's grandfather, painted by the young artist at the age of eleven, and another depicting the child Christ in the midst of the Doctors of the Jewish Law, upon which the veteran painter was at work almost at the time of his death. An unending series of pencil sketches of future paintings bears striking testimony to the wonderful skill the artist showed as a draughtsman, the thoroughness of his studies of nature, whether animate or inanimate, and his astounding grasp of the essential and vital element in his subjects. His sketches of human beings *live,* as those of no other artist, perhaps, live. His own artistic and literary tastes are indicated by the presence of a bust showing the features of Phidias, a painting of Raphael, and by busts of Homer and Euripides. In another room is the pallet of the master, on which is inscribed a farewell message running substantially as follows: "Adieu, my pallet with whose help I painted Oedipus and the Sphinx, Homer and other subjects. It is not your fault if my paintings are not better than they are." In the same room is exhibited Ingres's celebrated violin, for he was, as one of his biographers has stated, "toujours passionné pour la musique" and enjoyed nothing else so much as playing the compositions of Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven on his favourite instrument. Close by are several manuscripts of these three great composers. Additional testimony to Ingres's breadth of interest, above all perhaps in classical art, is furnished by the fine collection of medals, cameos, Graeco-Roman pottery and pieces of statuary which he bequeathed to his native city. Finally, there is on exhibition at the museum the golden crown with which he was presented by the citizens of Montauban in 1863, in proud recognition of his high achievements in the world of art.

II

Jean-Marie-Joseph Ingres, the father of our "modern Raphael", might by courtesy be termed an artist, inasmuch as he had studied drawing, learned a little about sculpture and architecture, and succeeded in gaining a livelihood by producing flagrantly inferior works of art. Of his morals perhaps the less said the better, but he at all events had the discernment to recognize the genius of his young son, and to do everything in his power to promote its development. Of Ingres père it has been well said that "his diverse talents of miniaturist, architect, professor and musician scarcely count: his title to distinction is to have been, in the best meaning of the word, the father of his son."

Ingres, on the whole, then, was fortunate in his parentage and early surroundings. He was brought up in an artistic atmosphere, and everything was done to make the strait and narrow way of art easy to him. Moreover, in his mother he seems to have had a parent of sterling character. Many of his best qualities were in all probability derived from her, although very little is known for certain of her personality. The child received his first lessons in design at an early age, and was at the same time taught how to play the violin. He enjoyed the reputation of being an infant prodigy, and it is recounted that the scene of some of his successes as child violinist was no less a place than the same bishop's palace that was later to become the Musée Ingres. At the age of twelve he was sent to Toulouse, where he studied in the ateliers of several noted painters and took the courses of the Académie Royale. His experience here was very fortunate. Toulouse has always been a centre of artistic activity, and Ingres afterwards acknowledged the very real debt he owed to the old city of the Counts. That skill in design and minute study of antiquity which were later to be so characteristic of the artist certainly received an impetus at this time, and it was from the Toulousan master, Joseph Roques, that he first acquired his love for the great Renaissance painters—above all, for Raphael.

All ambitious French students of the arts gravitate sooner or later to Paris, and it was not long before Ingres found his way thither. Here he became associated with Louis David, the sovereign pontiff of French classicism, who during his influential career exerted his powerful influence in favour of a close imitation of Roman art—above all, statuary. It may be said of his works that they have much of the cold, statuesque beauty of their originals, but are, as a rule, lifeless and formal. Painting, indeed, would not be entitled to consideration as a separate art if it did not exist for some other purpose than that of imitating statuary and bas-reliefs. It cannot be denied that David exerted a certain influence on his young pupil, but it is altogether incorrect to say that Ingres was in reality a follower of the classical painter. David recognized the ability of the Gascon youth, however, and for a while the two were on excellent terms. Part of the truly Gallic charm of the celebrated portrait of Madame Récamier—which is perhaps one of the most popular pictures in the Louvre—may well be ascribed to Ingres, who assisted his master in the execution of this work. But the two ere long quarrelled, and the younger man with his more vigorous and original talent was left free to pursue his own path to fame, without being unduly hampered by the cut-and-dried pedantry of his erst-while instructor.

In 1800 Ingres won that most coveted reward for which all promising French students of the arts strive—the Grand Prix de Rome. This entitles the recipient to a prolonged sojourn at the Villa Medici in Rome—thus guaranteeing to him leisure and the opportunity for advanced studies in painting, sculpture or music. A list of the winners of this prize for the last century or two would include the names of many of the most famous figures in French art—above all perhaps, in music, though scarcely less in the other arts. After an irritating and rather incomprehensible delay of six years, during which he felt the hard pinch of poverty, Ingres finally became a pensionnaire of the famous old villa on the Pincio. In the meantime his talents had been slowly but surely ripening. By means of careful and methodical studies he was constantly increasing his knowledge of the technique of his art, and already there was a growing demand for his portraits. At the Villa Medici his work found many admirers. Joachim Murat, then King of Naples, becoming especially interested in the young painter, ordered several canvases, and invited Ingres to his court to paint the portraits of various members of his family. Unfortunately, the fall of Napoleon and all his subject rulers such as Murat was soon to affect his prosperity. Lean years followed, and such pressing poverty that he was finally compelled to leave Rome and take up his abode at Florence. His larger works pleased neither the Classicists, with whom he had definitely broken, nor the newer school of Romanticism, with which he was equally at variance. The pencil sketches which he made in great numbers for his clients at this time alone kept the wolf from the door. He looked upon these miniature masterpieces—at present regarded by certain critics as perhaps his finest achievements—as mere "pot-boilers." It is said that one day a man knocked at his door and asked if the artist who drew portrait in lead pencil lived there. "No", responded Ingres angrily, "The man who lives here is a painter."

All this time he was exhibiting canvases at the Salons held each year in Paris. A few discerning critics recognized his merits, but a long battle had to be waged before the academic world could be won over. He worked patiently on, with unswerving devotion to his ideals. As George Sand has said, the possession of wealth and fame meant little to Ingres in comparison with the only verdict in the world that existed for him—"that of Raphael whose ghost looks over his shoulder." In his warfare against poverty he was devotedly aided by his wife, who had left France on purpose to marry the struggling artist, and who had the greatest confidence in her husband's genius. Success, however, was finally achieved, and in striking measure. While still at Florence, Ingres was commissioned to paint *The Vow of Louis XIII*, a picture that exhibits the influence of Raphael—above all, of the *Sistine Madonna*—to a very notable degree. Exhibited at the Salon of 1824, this canvas won instant recognition from Romanticists and Classicists alike. The former saw in the new master the final conqueror of the Davidian school, while those in the opposite camp were so much impressed by the care shown in the design of the picture in question and in its restrained and harmonious colouring that they were led to see in it a conscious protest against the febrile individualism of the Romantics. Encouraged by this success, Ingres left Italy and took up his residence in Paris, where he opened an atelier. Honours now came thick upon him. He was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and shortly afterwards elected to the Institute. No less a personage than the reigning monarch—Charles X—commissioned him to paint two large canvases, one of them the grandiose *Apotheosis of Homer*, for the approaching coronation. Belonging to neither of the warring schools which bitterly disputed the field of French art, he was now for a time acclaimed by both of them, and the probity of his life and the soundness of his theories added fresh lustre to his name. Ingres, however, was excessively ambitious. A man of extraordinary originality and industry, gifted with a dominant and dogmatic personality, he was too anxious to assume the rôle of dictator in matters artistic for his native country. The various turbulent factions were not in the least inclined to brook such interference even from a man of Ingres's calibre, and he himself, it must be admitted, was anything but a tactful person. He was often harsh in his criticisms of others, and as a result soon found himself exposed to much petty hatred and malice. Disillusioned by the poor reception accorded to his *Martyrdom of St. Symphorian*, and injured in pride, he decided to exhibit no more pictures at the Salons, and to leave his native country for Italy once again. In 1834 he assumed the directorship of the Villa Medici—where many unusually brilliant musicians and artists were sojourning. Here he seems to have been loyally acclaimed, as the majority of the younger men eagerly vowed to him their allegiance.

But his second sojourn at Rome was only an episode, and in 1841, after the successful reception by the art critics of his new work, *La Stratonice*, the veteran painter turned his face once more towards Paris. He now found his reputation greatly enhanced, and the French school of art not unwilling to accept him as chief. All the artists of the capital, including painters, sculptors and architects, with one notable exception, held a banquet in his honour. Eugène Delacroix, a painter of great ability, but extreme views, alone held aloof. Leader of the Romantic school, and outstanding propagandist on its behalf, a master of rich colouring, but careless and hectic in his designs, he stood for much that was opposed to Ingres, and could not reconcile himself to his great rival. Unhappily, the struggle between the two factions continued, and became worse and worse as time went on. The partisans of Delacroix did not hesitate to resort to despicable methods, and it is to the credit of Ingres that in his rejoinders he avoided personalities and had the good taste to confine his criticisms to matters purely artistic.

Notwithstanding these asperities, which, after all, practically every great and original mind is called upon to endure, fortune continued to shower her favours on the old warrior. At the world's exposition, held in 1855, a medal was struck in his honour, and at the same time the Emperor Napoleon the Third created him a grand officer of the Legion of Honour. A few years afterwards he was admitted to the Senate—an additional tribute by the nation not only to his brilliant attainments in art, but also to the nobility of his character and principles.

In personal appearance Ingres presents an interesting study. The portrait he painted of himself for the Uffizi Gallery at Florence shows the artist at the age of seventy-eight with features surprisingly youthful for one of his years. There is a curious blending of delicate sensitiveness with decided aggressiveness. One can readily understand a man with such a countenance to have been gifted with unusual artistic sensibility, uncommon intellect, and no little force of character. In complexion he was dark, as one might expect from his Gascon ancestry. In fine, what we seem to see revealed is a character of solid stability, animated and enlivened by the ardent temperament and artistic sensibility of the south.

Ingres in longevity almost rivaled Titian. The end of his long and unremmitingly industrious life came suddenly, after an illness of only five days, in January, 1867 — just sixty years ago. It has been said that his funeral was almost in the nature of an apotheosis, and that all those who had been in the lists against him united at this last moment without a dissentient voice to pay homage to his memory. Thus passed one of the most dynamic and arresting figures in all French art, amidst an expression of truly national loss.

III

At the close of the eighteenth century, French art, which had already enjoyed one period of true creativeness, was passing through a time of decadence. As a reaction to the frivolities and licence of such artists as Watteau, Fragonard and Boucher, there arose the severe classicism of David, with its conscious imitation of Graeco-Roman art, in all its sobriety and restraint. David, despite his limitations, was a true artist, but his influence on his followers was sterile in the extreme. The painstaking and laborious imitation of Roman art—for David and his followers were not seriously interested in Greek statuary of the best period—led to a lifeless academicism governed by hidebound rules. At this time the Romantic Movement in literature, music and art was beginning to make itself felt. In France a group of revolutionary artists headed by Delacroix waged active warfare against the school of David with ever growing success. Most of the tenets dear to the heart of the Classicist were openly violated by this school, in which intense individualism, a high degree of imagination, and unlimited range of subject-matter and treatment were heavily emphasized. Unfortunately, freedom often became licence with Delacroix and his followers. Too much emphasis was placed on the value of colour. Delacroix was very often careless and chaotic in his designs, and seems never to have taken the trouble to trace them out on the canvas, before applying his pigments. This lack of careful arrangement in the great Romanticist's pictures drew from Ingres—to whom serenity and ordered design were all in all—the caustic comment that Delacroix painted with a *balai ivre*—an expression perhaps best left untranslated.

Ingres, as we have seen, received part of his training in the studio of David, but soon broke with this master. He had early been impressed with the infinite soundness and perfection of the art of Raphael, and throughout his lifetime he always reverenced the great Italian as a super-being. But he was not a blind imitator of any one artist—not even of Raphael. He soon became convinced that what the art of his century needed most of all was first to be based on a careful and minute study of the universe as it exists, and secondly to be brought once more into harmony with all that was soundest and best in the history of art, whether Classical, Mediaeval, or Renaissance. For this reason he devoted himself to the most painstaking researches. He not only studied nature, but ransacked the history of the past, eventually becoming one of the most learned of all artists—for he carried his researches even as far afield as India and Japan. Like the English Pre-Raphaelites, he wished to free modern art of every vestige of the decadence with which it had become impaired during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and relate it with the great creative periods of the past.

His great success in this endeavour may perhaps best be grasped by a short review of his works. A casual examination of certain of his canvases might lead one to suppose that the gulf between Ingres and David was not very great. The younger artist always remained interested in classical art and painted certain pictures, such as *The Apotheosis of Homer* and *Vergil Reading the Aeneid before Augustus*, which may well be termed classical in conception and execution. But it is a far cry from the inanimate coldness of David—or even of Poussin—to the lifelike realism of Ingres's canvases. Even such an extreme protagonist of the Romantic Movement as Théophile Gautier could not help praising the latter picture, which, he wrote, was "no longer archaeism, but resurrection." Ingres, it should be noted, was not enslaved by the classic ideal, but, by a careful study of Greek art of the best period, had been able to capture something of its perfection of line and detail, without becoming a mere imitator.

Nor was he less successful in his paintings in the mediaeval and Renaissance styles. A number of his best paintings were inspired by mediaeval history and literature, and he showed the same remarkable skill in adapting his talents to this field as he had to the previous one. Among his masterpieces is certainly to be reckoned the *Joan of Arc* now on exhibition at the Louvre. In this remarkable work we seem to have the very spirit of the Middle Ages portrayed. The slender, erect maid dressed in armour, and with a countenance of heavenly calm and serenity, is probably the finest conception of the saint that we have ever received from an artist. The monk, bending over his breviary, is every inch a monk, and could be mistaken for nothing else. Equally characteristic are the other figures in the background; while the helmet and glove, the crown, the lighted candle and the standard held aloft are depicted with a perfection and minute care that speak volumes for the fidelity and skill of the artist. Ingres, too, was capable of high achievements in the domain of religious art. Gifted with nobility of imagination, and steeped in the work of Raphael, as he was, it is not surprising that we should have from his brush a Madonna and Child—in the cathedral of his native town—which may well challenge comparison with the works of the earlier master in splendour of execution, if scarcely in originality. The stained-glass windows which he designed for the chapel of Dreux, the coloured designs of which are now in the Louvre, afford additional testimony to his power and skill in religious portraiture. Ingres's aptitude for religious art, it should be added, was passed on to his pupil Flandrin, who, excelling his master in this respect, was the greatest French painter of religious subjects that the nineteenth century produced.

It is, however, as a master of *line* that Ingres is most justly celebrated. Never in any respect a great colourist—and for this apparent deficiency he has been constantly decried by the Romanticists and their spokesmen—he is altogether remarkable for the perfection of his draughtsmanship and the unequalled sureness of his line. In the opinion of a noted Irish critic of the present day, we must go back to the Greeks to find his equal in the sheer perfection of form. Such paintings as *La Source* and the *Odalisque* represent a *ne plus ultra* in the depicting of the idealized human form. Probably the same quality of genius which made these pictures great is responsible for the dazzling perfection of Ingres's sketches and pencil drawings. There never was a time when these were not acclaimed as masterpieces, and even hostile critics of the artist are compelled to admit that his portraits in pencil are among the marvels of art. As has been remarked, he did not regard these miniature works as meriting serious consideration, but posterity is unanimous in differing from him on this point. He seems to have drawn with effortless ease; his sketches have the perfection of something that nature has produced, and there is an uncanny quality about his portraits which seems to reveal the inmost nature of the subject. This penetrating insight is disclosed both in the innumerable portraits he made with pencil and in those larger ones done on canvas which confront the visitor to the great art galleries of Europe. Certainly the fame of Ingres as a portrait artist is established once and for all, whatever vicissitudes his reputation for the painting of historical subjects may suffer in the future.

It is not easy to identify him with any particular school. He seems to have been a great figure apart, and to have effected a synthesis of all schools of painting. Classicist he was not, and yet certain of his pictures are classical in theme; Romanticist likewise he could not claim to be, and his bitterest detractors have been and remain devotees of this school. He has been referred to as the founder of Naturalism, but it is only in a very restricted sense that this can be considered true. Looked upon as a conservative during the nineteenth century, he is now, strange to relate, regarded as having been in truth a great revolutionary, and as having prepared the way for the most recent developments in French art. Before his death he recognized in Manet, the first of the Impressionists, his true successor, and it is a matter of common knowledge that the present school of post-Impressionism in France derives largely from Ingres, Classicism and Romanticism being alike bankrupt. In his restrained and abstract use of colour, Ingres opened the way for the decorative school which culminated in Puvis de Chavannes. With the possible exception of Corot, an entirely different sort of artist, no French painter of the nineteenth century has wielded an influence at all commensurate with that of the great Montalbanais.

One may say with truth that in subtle grace and charm, extraordinary variety and fertility, the French school of art is preeminent, however inferior it may be to the Italian in splendour and genius. Italian art, indeed, has languished ever since the decline of the Renaissance, and it has devolved, in the main, on the French to continue the tradition. Such diverse artists as Poussin, Claude, Watteau, and Chardin were followed in the nineteenth century by

Ingres, Delacroix, Corot, Millet, Courbet, Manet and Ziem, painters of striking individuality, whose styles differ enormously one from the other. Ingres stands as the most monumental figure of all, remarkable both in intellect and in soundness of principles. Is it not significant that in these post-war days of disillusionment, when not a few artistic deities are becoming involved in something of a twilight, the youth of France maintain a respect for Ingres that is accorded to no other artist of the nineteenth century?