

The
Architectural Record.

To build up "a pile of better thoughts."—WORDSWORTH.
"And the worst is that all the thinking in the world doesn't bring us to Thought; we must be right by nature, so that good thoughts may come before us like free children of God, and cry "Here we are."—GOETHE.

JULY-SEPTEMBER, 1892.

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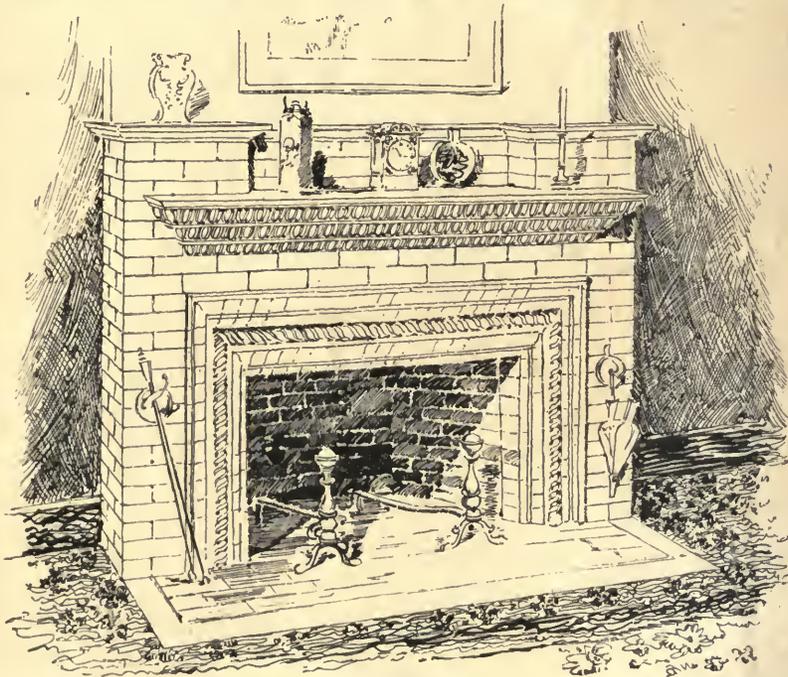
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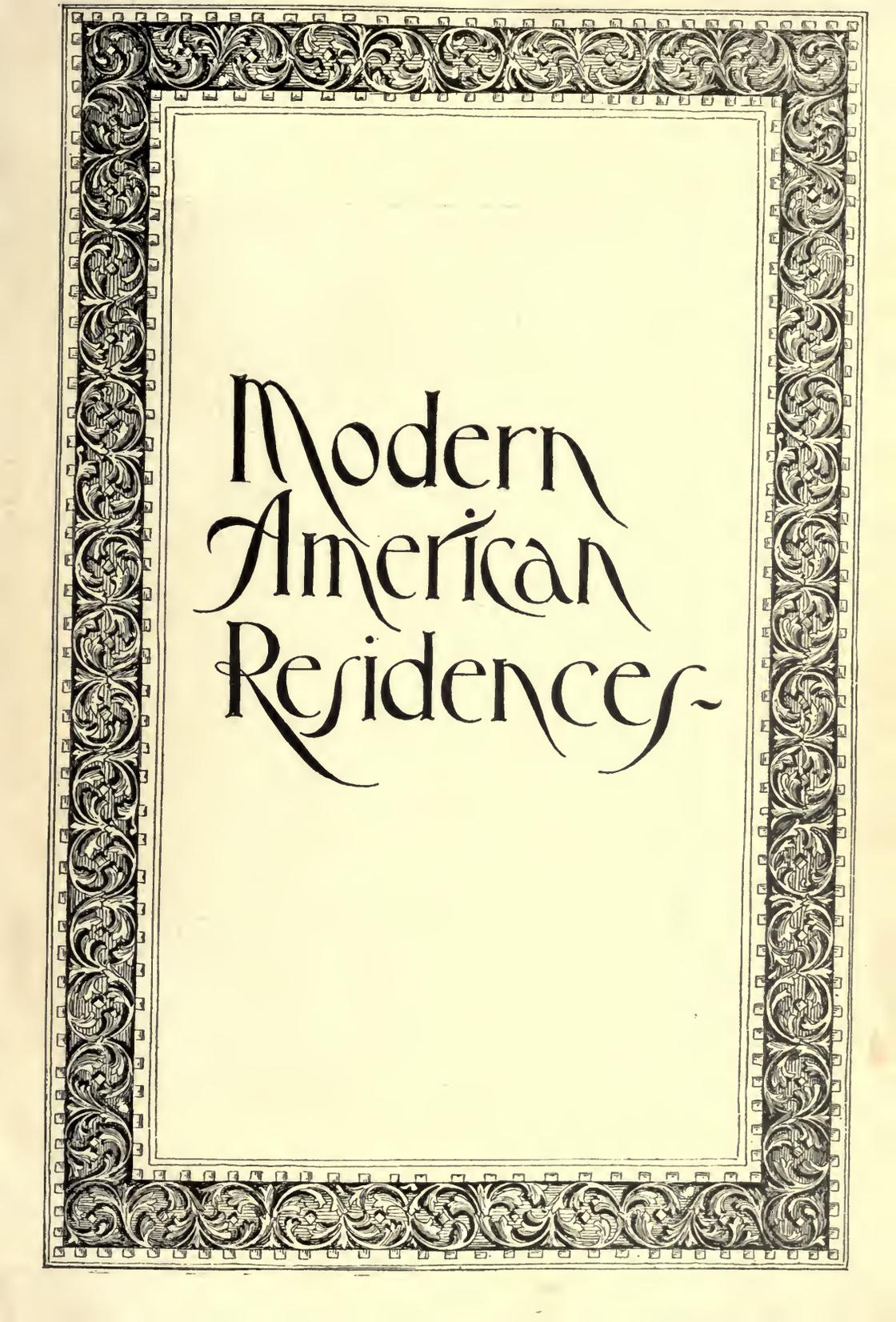
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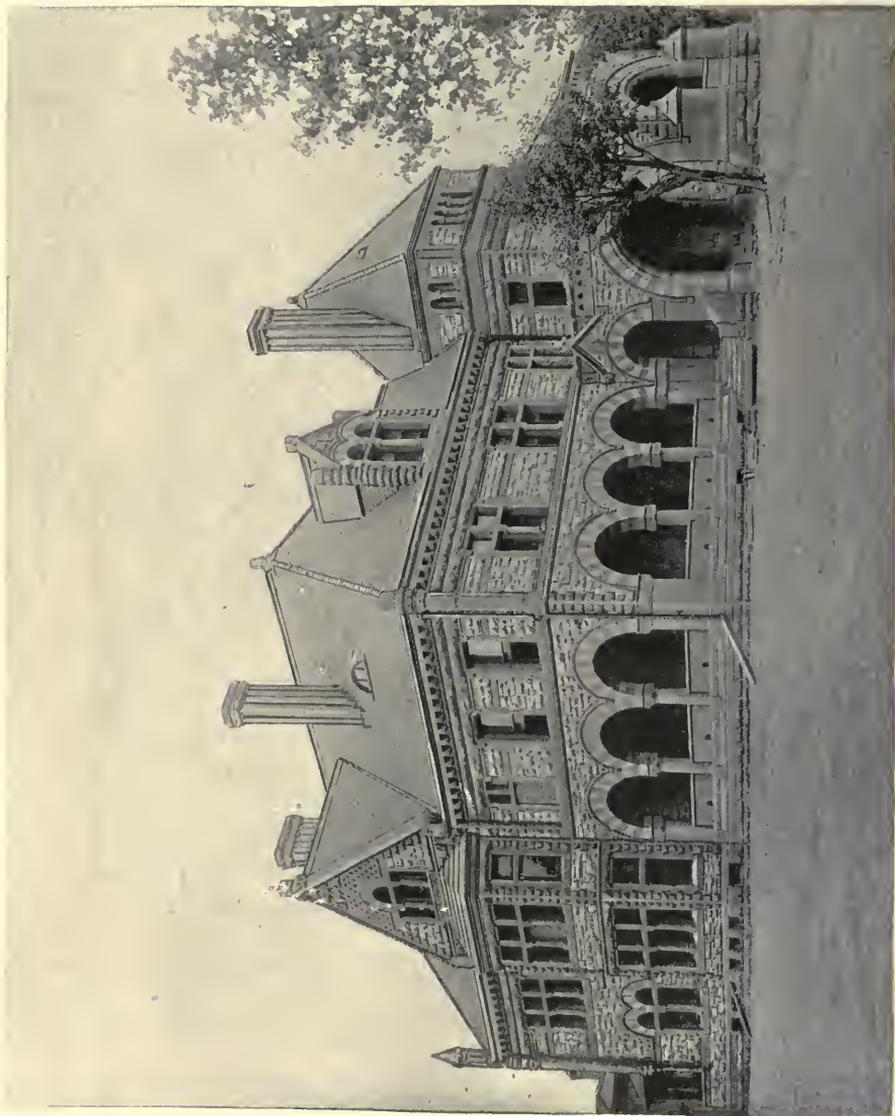
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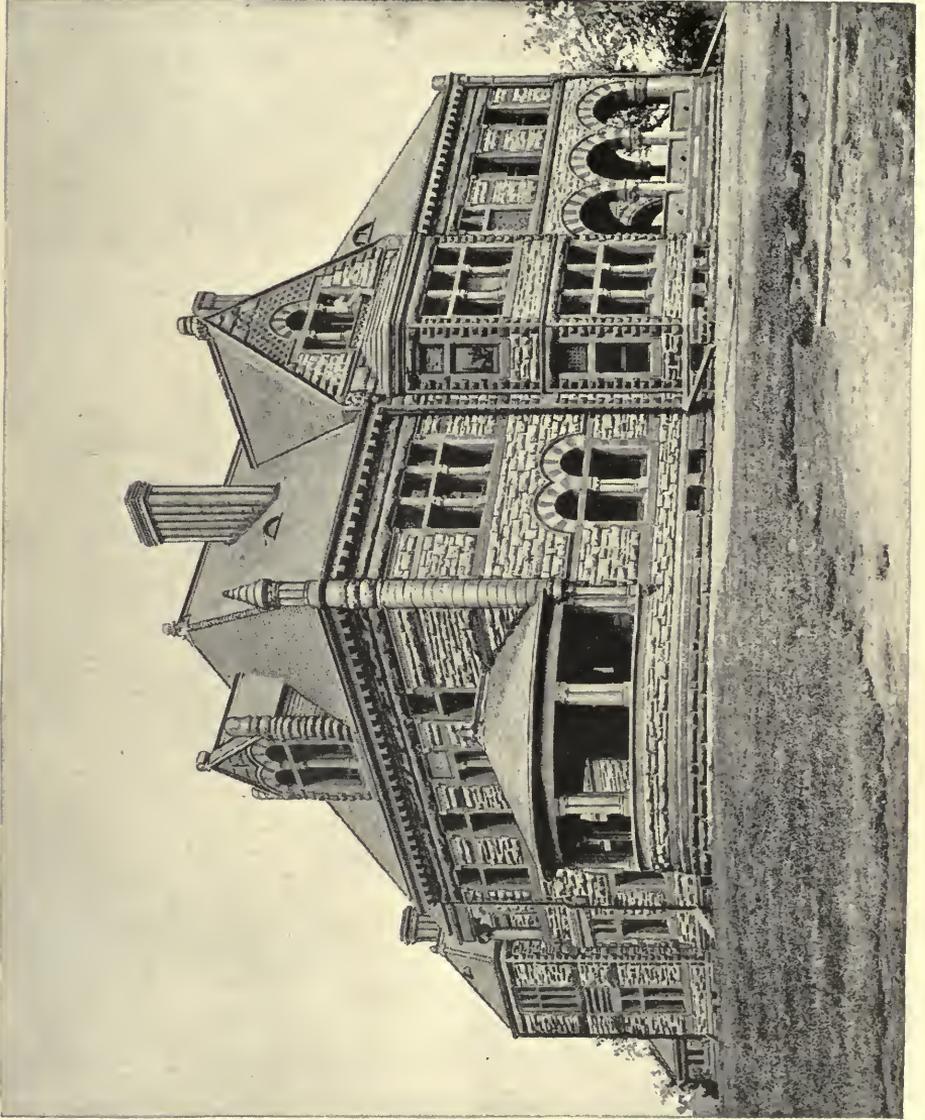
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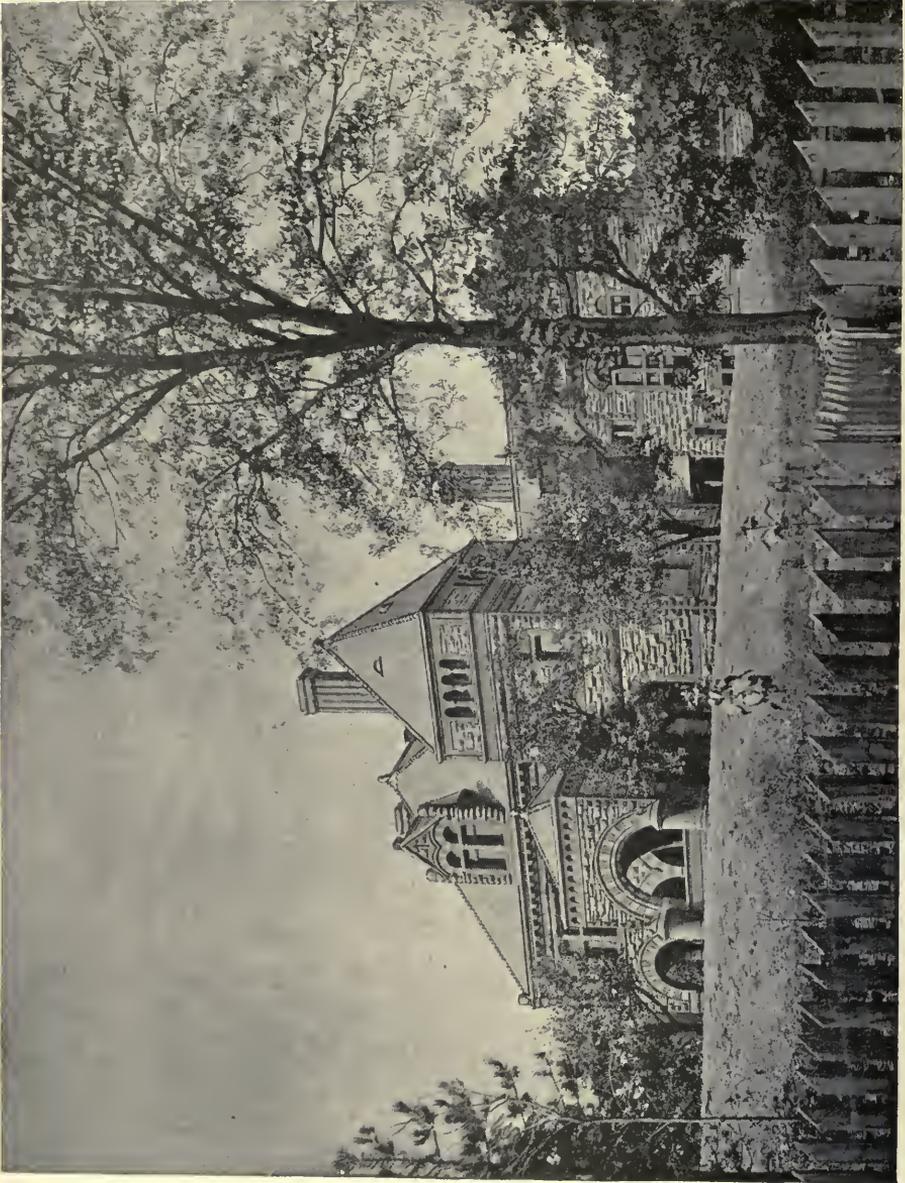
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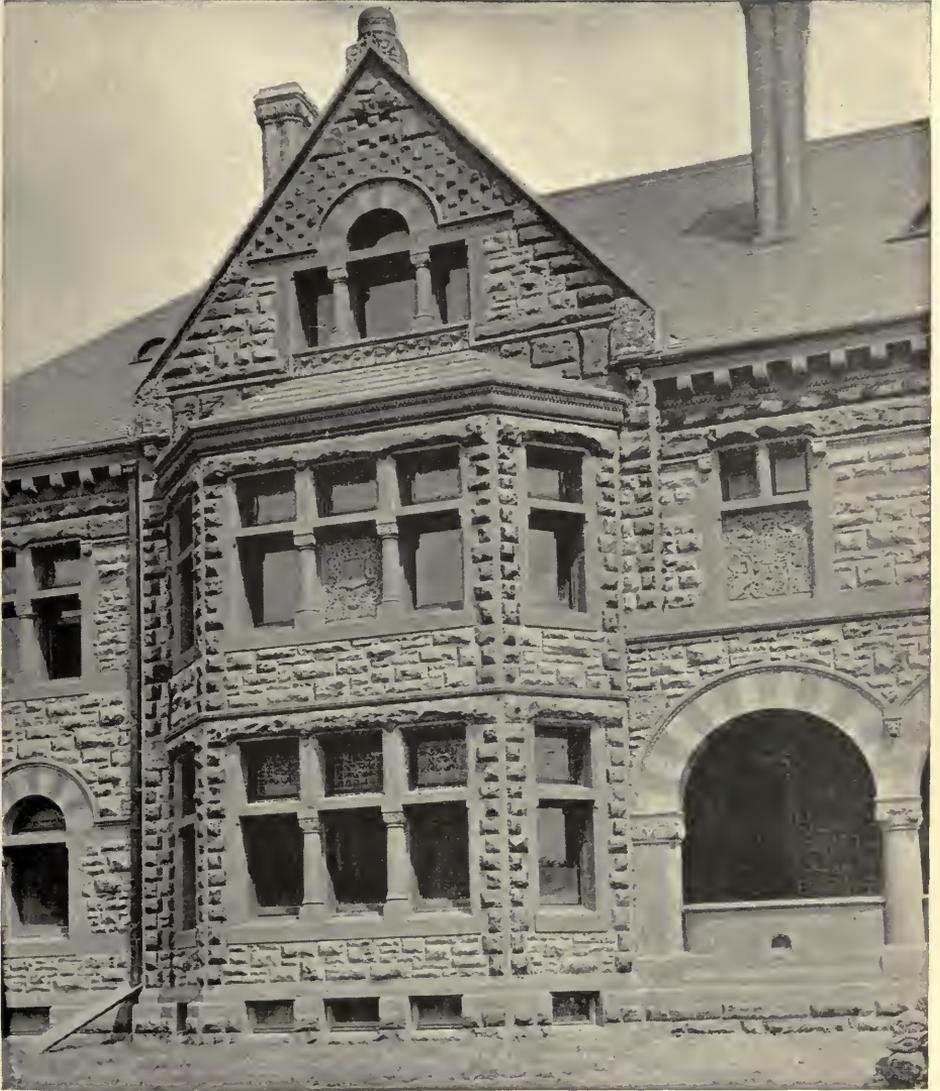
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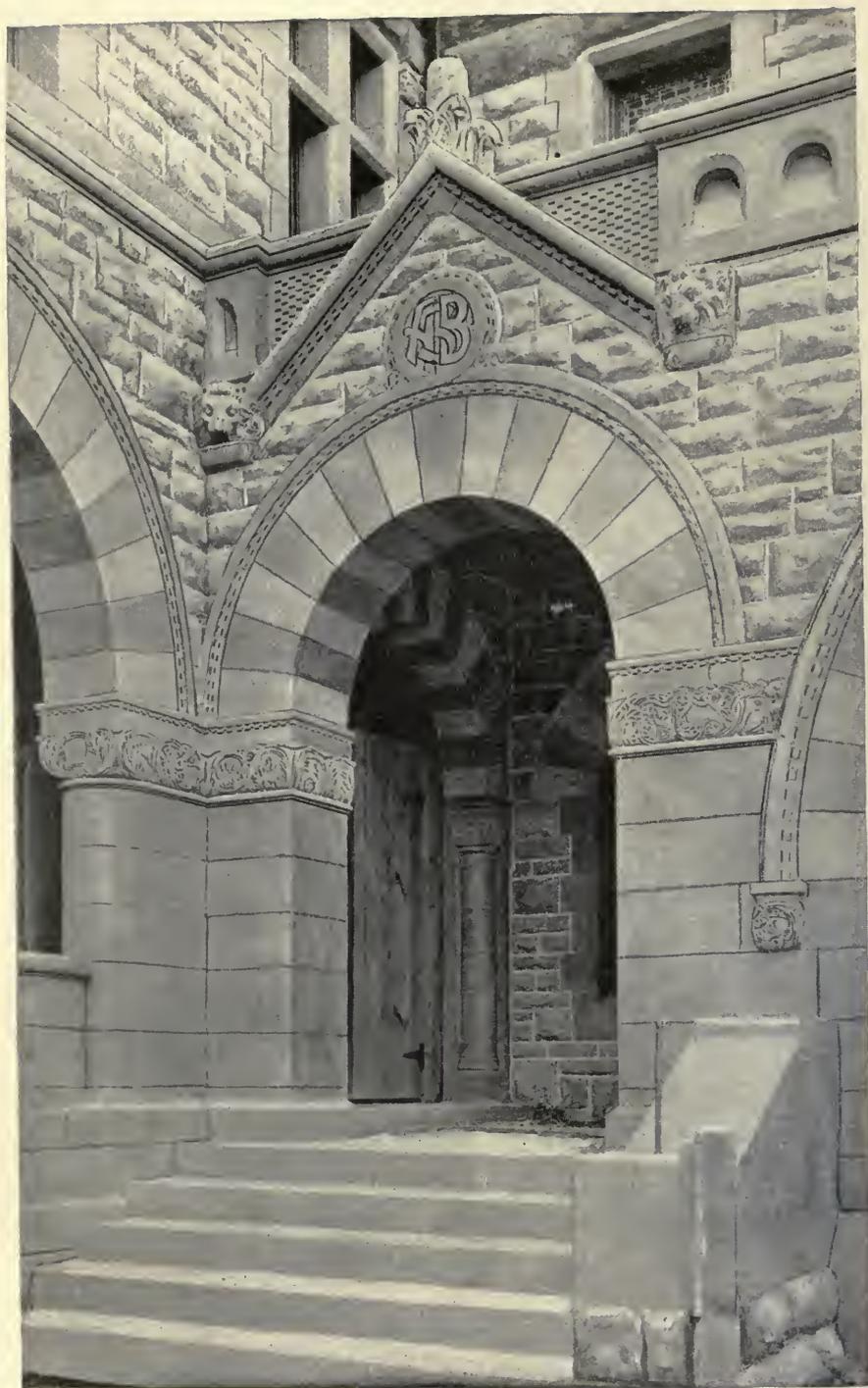
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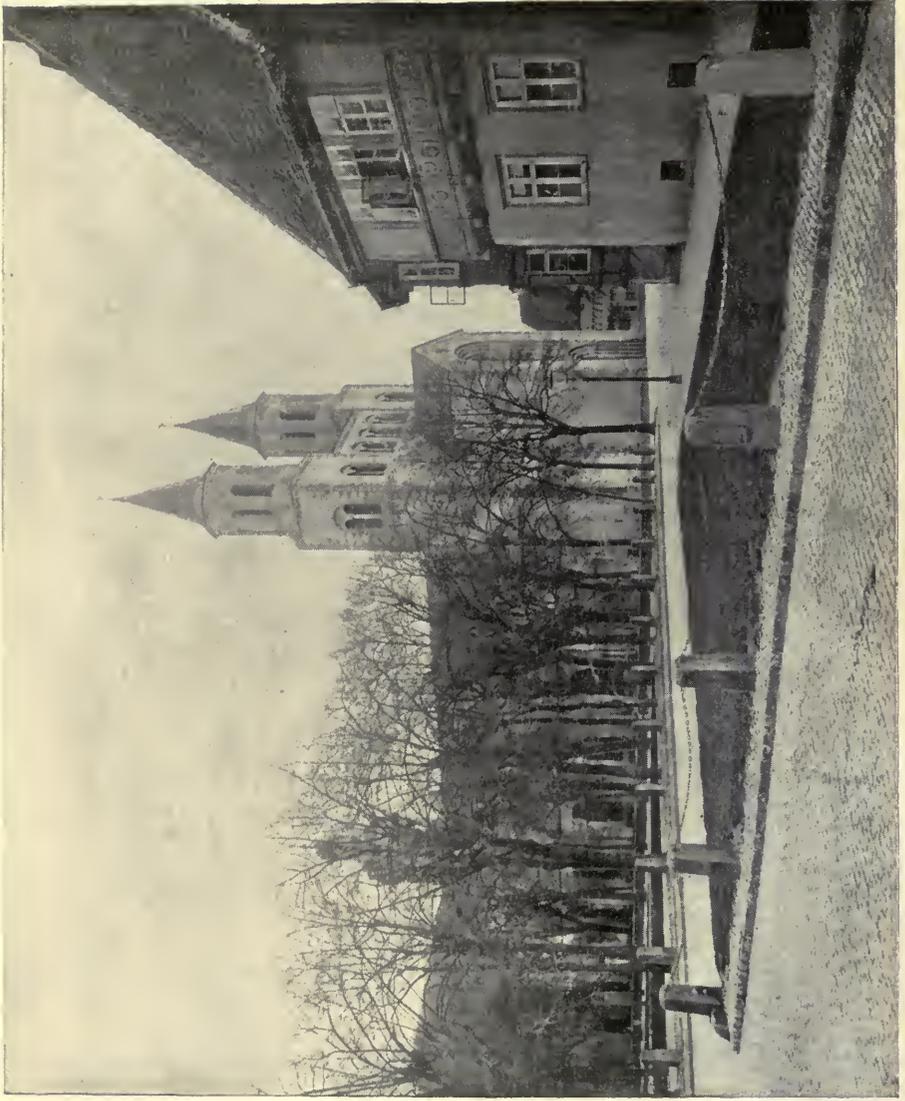
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The
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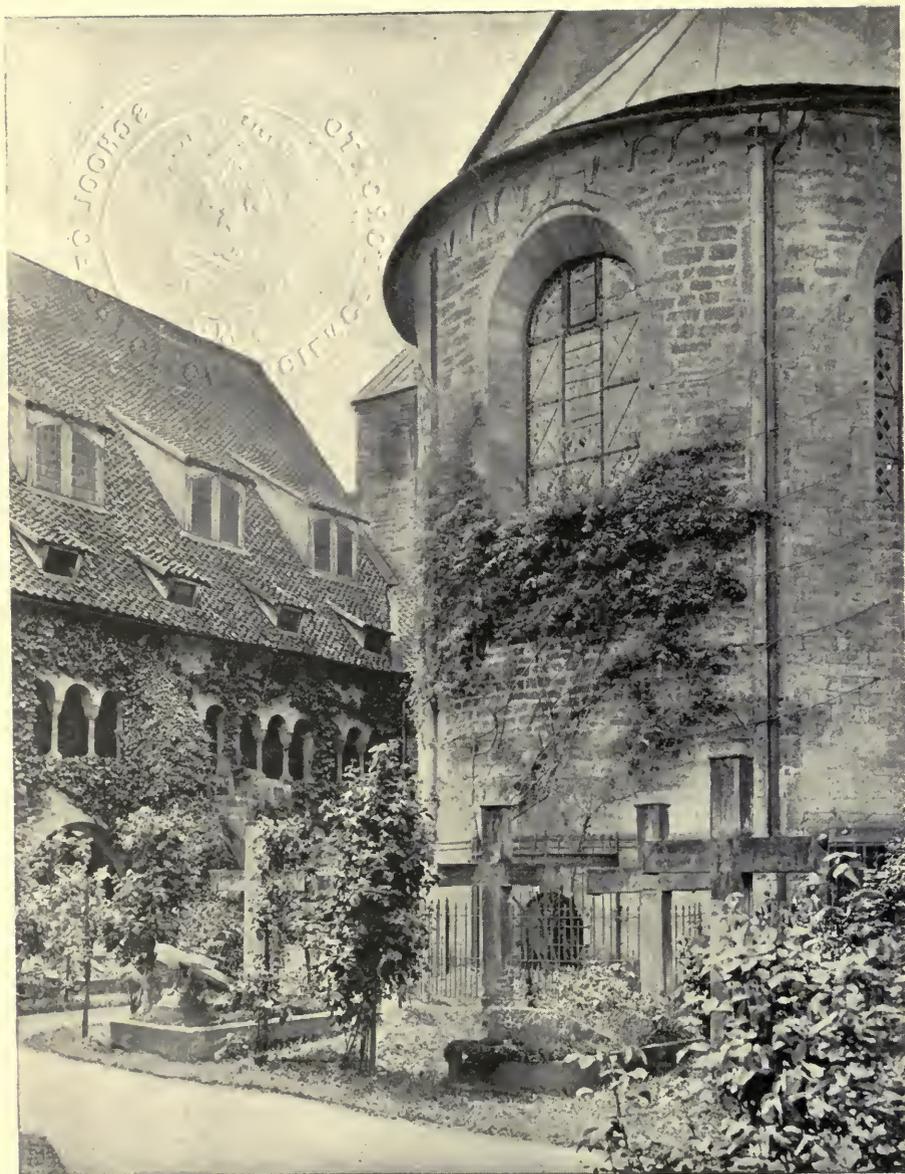
No. 1.

HILDESHEIM AND ITS CHURCHES.



So long ago as the year 822, Hildesheim is mentioned in history. In that year, we are told, Lewis the Pious, Charlemagne's son and successor, made it the seat of the bishopric intended by his father to be established at the neighboring town of Elze. Less than a century before, Charlemagne had brought the heathen Saxons into subjection, and Christianity was yet new in the land. Gunther, the first bishop, had been Canon of the Cathedral at Rheims. Three years after his elevation to the new Episcopal See he consecrated the first chapel, naming it in honor of the Virgin Mary. This chapel is supposed to have occupied the site under the present cathedral, where the crypt of the new church is built. A pretty rose-bush that now clings to the outer wall of the cathedral choir is said by tradition to have grown there since the days of Lewis the Pious himself. In the twelfth century, when the choir and crypt were being enlarged, a protecting, hollow wall was built around the rose-bush, in order that the vine might continue to grow about the building when the new wall had been completed. A bit of the old arching may be seen behind the altar in the crypt. This is the present voucher for the great age of the rose-bush, and it must be admitted that many traditions repose upon a less solid foundation.

The succeeding century brought prosperity to Hildesheim in common with the other towns in the old Saxon land. The discovery of silver in the Harz Mountains was the first great cause of the new well-being that made itself felt. The growing power of the Saxon kings was another. There was a general quickening of the pulses of society that showed itself in the great building activity of the age. New towns, which afterwards became famous, then declined, and now live only in the historical interest that their names excite, were founded at this time, and built about with strong walls as a protection against the Normans and the rude warriors of the North. Convents and monasteries, owing their existence, for the most part, to the piety of kings' daughters, sprang up in every direction. The bishops began to give their palaces and churches a richer decoration, and the more important towns became in consequence the seats of a thriving art-industry in a style to which the art-historians long ago decided, with what justice we need not inquire, to give the name of Romanesque. By the name they intended to designate the single predominant feature common to the widely-varying forms of the art in the different countries in which it took root—namely, its dependence in its main principles upon Roman architecture. But it is easier for the lay-



CATHEDRAL CLOISTER, HILDESHEIM, WITH 1,000-YEAR ROSE-BUSH.

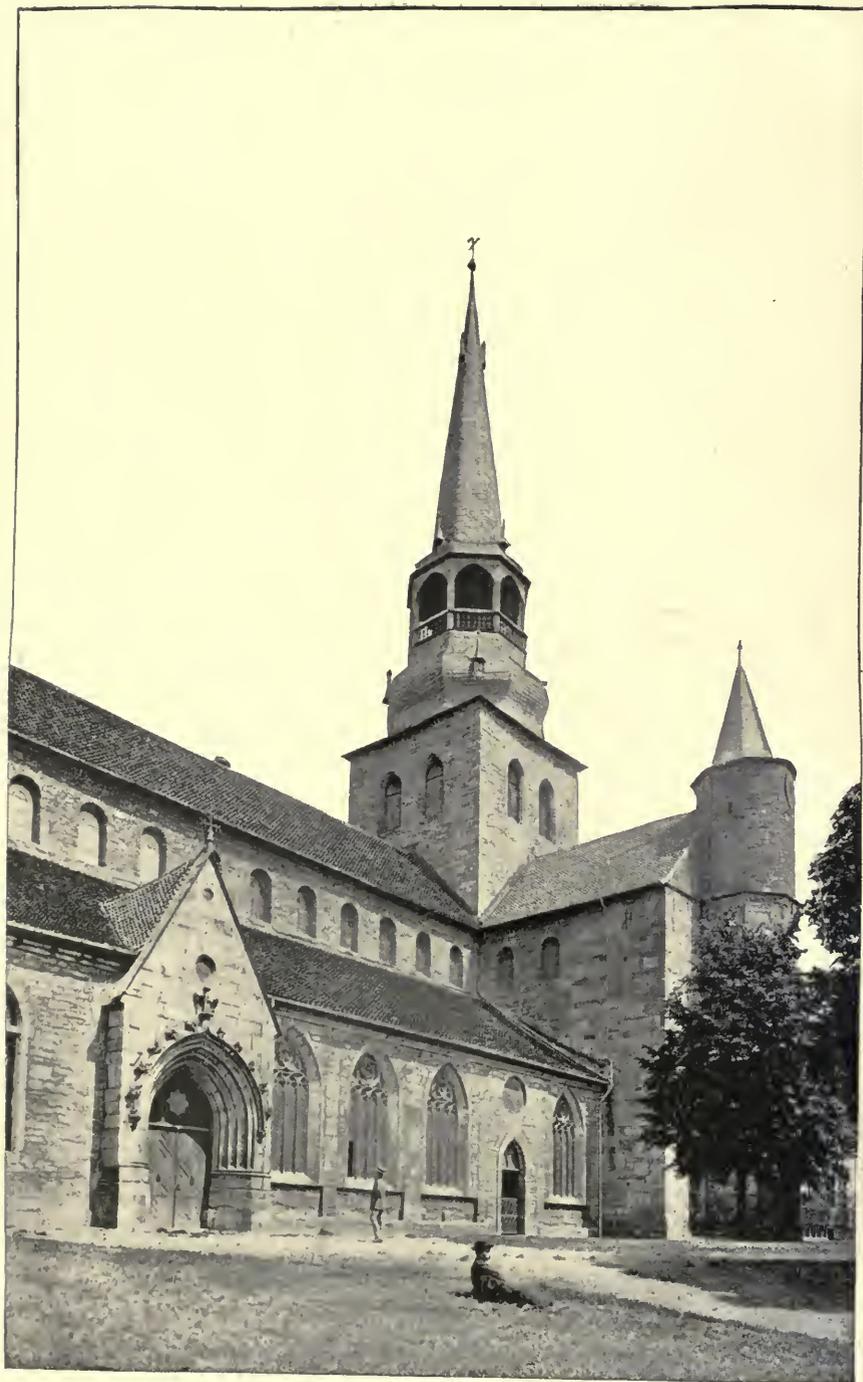
man to think of it as the art that dominated Europe from the tenth to the thirteenth centuries, as the earliest style in which churches were built after Byzantine influences had been withdrawn.

Hildesheim was one of the cradles of the German Romanesque art, and as, fortunately for us, a period of ebbing fortune followed her first prosperity, her monuments were not carted away to make room for newer structures, but have come down to the inspection of the present day. It is the good Bishop Bernward whom Hildesheim has to thank for all the beginnings of her pre-eminence in mediæval art. Bernward, before he became bishop, was an ardent student of the arts and sciences at the Cathedral School, and then tutor of the Emperor Otto III. He was made bishop in 993, and in the following year went out in person to fight the Normans. Besides managing the affairs of his bishopric and acting as commander-in-chief of the Hildesheimers in time of war, he found leisure to undertake long journeys to Rome and Paris and a pilgrimage to the grave of St. Martin at Tours, from which he brought home many sacred relics. And yet this active public life, which might be considered sufficient for the energies of one man, did not prevent him from devoting his leisure to the art-handiwork that was probably the enthusiasm of his youth as well as the delight of his later years. Several curious articles of beautiful bronze workmanship in the Hildesheim churches have long by tradition been ascribed to him; whether justly or not, after the long lapse of years, it is difficult to determine. That in several branches of art-work he was personally engaged need not, however, be doubted; and the interest he took in all, expressed in his patronage of workers in every field of art, is quite certainly the cause of Hildesheim's early importance in the story of modern civilization.

But the work of Bernward and his contemporaries is not Hildesheim's only title to the attention of modern travelers. Centuries after the death of her great bishop a new day of prosperity dawned for the ancient city.

The power of the bishops once broken, Hildesheim joined the Hanseatic League, and the blessing of a free commerce poured wealth into the pockets of her citizens. At this time the town received the characteristic appearance that it has preserved to the present day. Tall gabled houses plastered over with cross-beams were common enough throughout the whole Gothic period, but it required the spirit of the Renaissance, as well as the wealth of the new time, to give people the idea of covering their cross-timbers with carving, of inscribing their doorways with German and Latin mottoes, and of picking out in bright colors the wood-work on the façades of their houses. Again Hildesheim became the seat of a lively art-industry, as she had been in the old Romanesque days. The Gothic forms did not yield easily to the new art; on many an old house-front one can read a story of obstinate resistance on their part to the lighter and more graceful fancies of the budding Renaissance. But they yielded at last, leaving the new style in full sway until its own time came to degenerate and fade out of sight. And when this happened war and disturbance had come again to take the place of sleek prosperity, and little opportunity was left for Rococo and modern Nondescript to creep in and leave their impress on the productions of former generations. In the present century prosperity has come once more to Hildesheim and brought some evils in its train; but the glories of her two great periods—the early Romanesque churches and the quaint, picturesque timber-architecture of the German Renaissance—remain to the old town, and are better to be enjoyed here than anywhere else (so far as I know) in Northern Germany.

In a tour of the Hildesheim churches, it is perhaps best to begin with St. Michael's. Although the Cathedral occupies the oldest consecrated site in the town, the changes it has undergone have been so great, and the interior has been so recently "restored," that it is not so easy there to catch the spirit of the time in which it was built; St. Godehard's, on the other hand is, externally, older than St. Michael's



ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, HILDESHEIM,

Church, as one sees it to-day, but its interior has been scraped and cleaned and then painted all over in bright colors until it fairly flashes with newness and fresh paint. St. Michael's was originally a basilica with six towers, three aisles, two transepts, a double choir, and underneath the west one, a crypt. The site was used first for a monastery, dedicated by Bishop Bernward in 995, the year of the plague, to St. Michael. In the year 1001, on his return from Rome, the good bishop laid the foundations of the church, and the work was carried forward with such rapidity that on Michaelmas day, 1022, he was able to dedicate the whole edifice. In the same year the bishop died, and his body was laid in the crypt of the new church, from which it was afterwards removed to the Cathedral. Eleven years more went by before the church was entirely completed, and then in the year following it was struck by lightning, and a partial restoration had to be undertaken. For the course of a century the church was used for public worship, and was then visited by a great conflagration, after which it was rebuilt by the Abbot Theoderich, a native Hildesheimer and *magister artium*. In the year 1259 the two side aisles were rebuilt in Gothic style, and about the same time the ruined cloisters were restored by Abbot Gottschalk. The church suffered much damage in the epoch of the Reformation, and the appearance it presents to-day, therefore, differs widely even from the structure known at the beginning of the fourteenth century. Of the six towers, which stood originally one over each extremity of the two transepts, and two at the intersections of these with the nave, one only—that over the intersection of the eastern transept with the main body of the church—remains in its original size, while a portion of the one at the southeast angle of the building is to be seen. The others have all disappeared, most of them having been removed when their unsteady condition rendered them a menace to the rest of the edifice. The eastern choir has long since been turned into a sort of vestibule to the

church by the piercing of a door through the thick wall: and the arms of the adjacent transept have been separated by interior walls from the aisles of the church, thus forming two rectangular chapels on either side of what is now the main entrance. The western transept is also divided in this way into two square compartments, with the chancel between them; on the north side by a low partition wall, surmounted by a balustrade of miniature columns connected by arches, between each arch a statuette in stucco, and a frieze above and below—the whole of good Romanesque workmanship of the time of Theoderich; on the south by a modern wall, rendered necessary for purposes of strengthening. The real choir is reached by a steep flight of steps from the middle section of the transept, now used as chancel, and is put to no use in the present arrangement of service. It stands directly over the crypt, which is still used as a Roman Catholic chapel, although the church, on the division of places of worship that followed the peaceable settlement of the Reformation, fell to the share of the Protestants and is now occupied by them. The old sexton, who told me of this arrangement, made a queer face when he mentioned it, and continued: "Yes, there is a spring down there, by the old bishop's grave, whose water, they say, cures cripples and rheumatics. I would not give much for it myself, but the peasants come to town on saints' days to drink it, and there is generally a pair of old crutches there that some one has left behind him, on going away cured." Later, when a little boy from the Catholic Orphan Home near by took us there, we found the crutches, sure enough. There was little else to see in the damp and dark underground chapel, except the sarcophagus of the sainted bishop, on which he is said to have worked himself, bearing for inscription the familiar "Scio quod redemptor meus vivit," etc.

The interior of the church is very beautiful. The roof is borne by pillars and columns, one of the former alternating with two of the latter, this being the original arrangement. The column



INTERIOR, ST. MICHAEL'S, HILDESHEIM.



INTERIOR, ST. MICHAELS.

capitals are either plain cubes, as was the earliest style, or else carved in the leaf and geometrical patterns characteristic of the art in its time of highest development; among the latter some of the richest work of the period is to be found. (Casts of some of these capitals may be seen in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.) Four of Bernward's original columns, all with cube capitals, are still in their places; the rest are of about a century later. The church has a flat wooden ceiling, which is decorated with frescoes of an antiquity greater than that of any other painting of the kind north of the Alps. The north aisle of the church was restored only at the beginning of the present century. Before that, a part of it served as a rope-maker's shop, and the lunatics from the adjoining asylum came in from that side, and danced in the high choir. Between the arches in the south aisle have been placed the curious stucco figures of the Beatitudes. They were taken down for restoration not long ago, and on being put back into place the restorers omitted to repaint the names on the scrolls, so that the tradition concerning them has been lost, and it is not easy to determine where the names belong. The Hildesheimers of to-day, so the sexton told me, are a rough lot, and it is not considered safe to keep the church open, except at time of service. This seems very strange, in view of the orderly, law-abiding crowds one meets with everywhere else in Germany, and I could not but suspect that the old fellow had been the victim of some practical jokes that made him unjustly suspicious of his fellow-townsmen. The church from without is not very beautiful, although quaint. The west choir, shut off from the church grounds by a high cross-wall, which serves as a boundary line between the two religions, shows Romanesque carving in the window lunettes, and a graceful frieze. This is the only decoration on the exterior of the church, and is to be viewed only from the little side street leading to the Asylum entrance. It is necessary to go through this in order to reach the cloisters, which date from the middle of the thirteenth century. They are in

the transition style, Romanesque in form, but with pointed arching. The rich capitals of the columns are modern reproductions of the original.

For a perfect Romanesque church of the early style, we could ask nothing better than to be allowed to combine the interior of St. Michael's with the exterior of St. Godehard's. Very grand and imposing is the latter in its simple, majestic outlines. The best view of it is from the garden on the southwest, that from the rampart behind giving quite another and less characteristic impression. It needs to be looked up to, not down upon, for a complete realization of its force and beauty. It has less decoration even than the Michael's church—nothing but the scalloped friezes and a single high relief sculpture over a side-portal on the north—but the purity of its line and the massiveness of its structure convey an impression of solemnity and perpetuity, as well as of ideal beauty, that few churches combine in so marked a degree. In plan the church has many points of resemblance with St. Michael's, differing from it, however, in a few important particulars. Like St. Michael's, it is a three-aisled basilica with a flat wooden ceiling, the interior resting upon two lines of alternate pillars and double columns, the latter extremely rich in decoration, now unfortunately covered over with paint. Like St. Michael's, also, it has two choirs, a westward as well as an eastward one, this arrangement being demanded by the exigencies of the Benedictine form of worship. There is, however, but one transept, at the eastern end, so that the church has the form of a single, instead of a double cross. The side aisles are continued all the way around the eastern choir, and three large circular niches are thrown out from the aisle thus formed behind the chancel. This arrangement of the choir is often to be met with in French churches, but is foreign to the German builders, and Bishop Bernhard, who founded the church in 1133, is credited with having brought back the idea from the Council of Rheims. The church has three massive towers, two at the west end and one at the intersection of the transept with the nave. The interior



ST. GODEHARD CHURCH, HILDESHEIM.

was thoroughly restored in strict Romanesque style, between the years 1848-1863, the painting, which covers every inch of wall with bright colors, having been executed by Welter, of Cologne. The interior, accordingly, harmonizes, in its gaudiness, but ill with the majestic simplicity of the building itself—a fact the more to be deplored from the perfect harmony of proportion that prevails throughout.

The Godehard church stands by itself in an open ground close to the old wall of Hildesheim, now made into a pleasant promenade, walking upon which one can half circumvent the town. Opposite the west choir is an old building now used as the town prison, before which a solitary sentinel stands and keeps watch, while in its small square windows, provided with iron easements of a quaint pattern, one may catch a glimpse, occasionally, of the poor wretches confined there. The walls of this building descend straight, in the rear, into a swift brook—it is called a river in Hildesheim, I think—and over this on a bridge runs a road that enters the town through what was once the southern gate. If we forego the pleasure of a walk on the old rampart—which is pretty at any time, and must be delightful in summer when the broad trees cast their shade over it—there is a shorter way, through the *Hinter-Brühl*, of gaining the little Cathedral *platz*. The *Brühl* is a narrow little lane, running through a part of the town undisturbed by the encroachments of the modern style of house-building, and it grows still narrower in climbing the slight elevation to the Cathedral square, finally debouching upon it, if I remember aright, through a passage-way under a house. But once in the *Dom-platz*, as it is called, you will straightway forget how you came there in the sense of relief at finding yourself in so sure a haven of tranquility. In the middle stands the Cathedral—a fine, imposing church, two towers and a large, outstanding porch facing the west, and a smaller tower roofed, as the body of the church between, with sheet iron that has turned a bright green, at the eastern end. Opposite, at a respectful dis-

tance, are some simple residences, tiled and cross-timbered, arranged in the arc of a circle; at the farther end of the square some more imposing buildings, the palace of the Archbishop among them; and on the angle over against the church, a pretty old house, decorated in Renaissance style, and newly painted—used at present for I know not what purpose. Hidden from us where we stand is a pretty group of trees, nestling close to the church, in the centre of which rises the Bernward column, a very ancient piece of bronze work, on which in half relief are twenty-eight scenes from the life of Christ. A model of this is in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. There is an air of peace and remoteness about this little square, placed on a level of its own slightly above that of the rest of the town, and out of most lines of traffic, that makes it seem one of the quietest spots in the world. The great church imparts to it something of dignity and solemnity, and there is nothing on which the eye need rest that takes away from its character of semi-private repose.

If the church should not happen to be open, it is easy to knock at the door of one of the little houses opposite and the sexton, a smooth-faced, white-haired old man, looking like a benevolent priest, will place himself at your disposal. So many have been the changes through which the church has passed, so many the alterations and additions undertaken from time to time, that it is no exaggeration to say that the artistic creeds of eight centuries stand recorded upon its walls—only each style is imperfectly revealed, having been partially obliterated or disfigured by that of the succeeding age. The oldest portion is the crypt, built on the site of the original minster, destroyed by fire in 1046. Bishop Hezilo, a prelate of arrogant, imperious character, who fought a duel once with the Abbot of Fulda, in the presence of the Emperor, to decide which should occupy the seat of honor next to the Archbishop of Mayence, began the building of the Cathedral in the year 1055. The plan pursued was that exemplified in the other Hildesheim churches of which

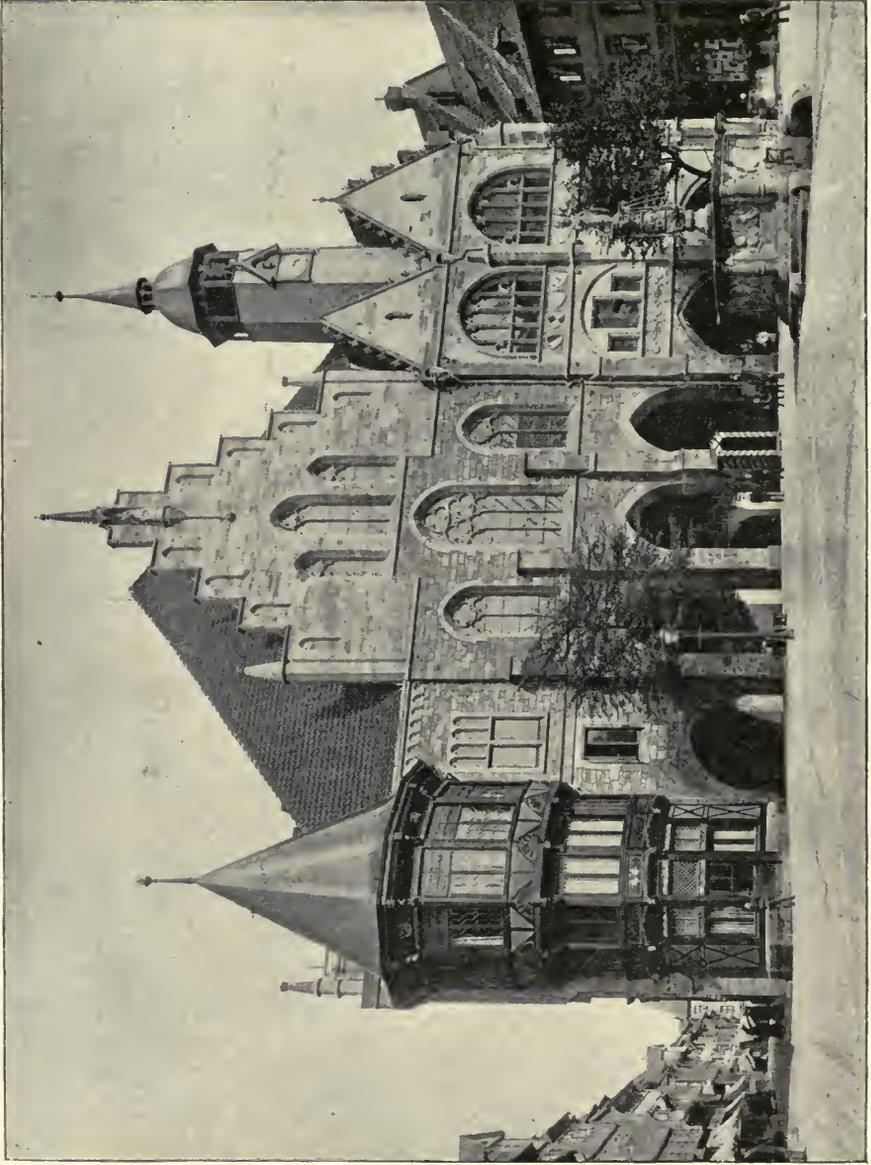


INTERIOR, ST. GODEHARD, HILDESHEIM.

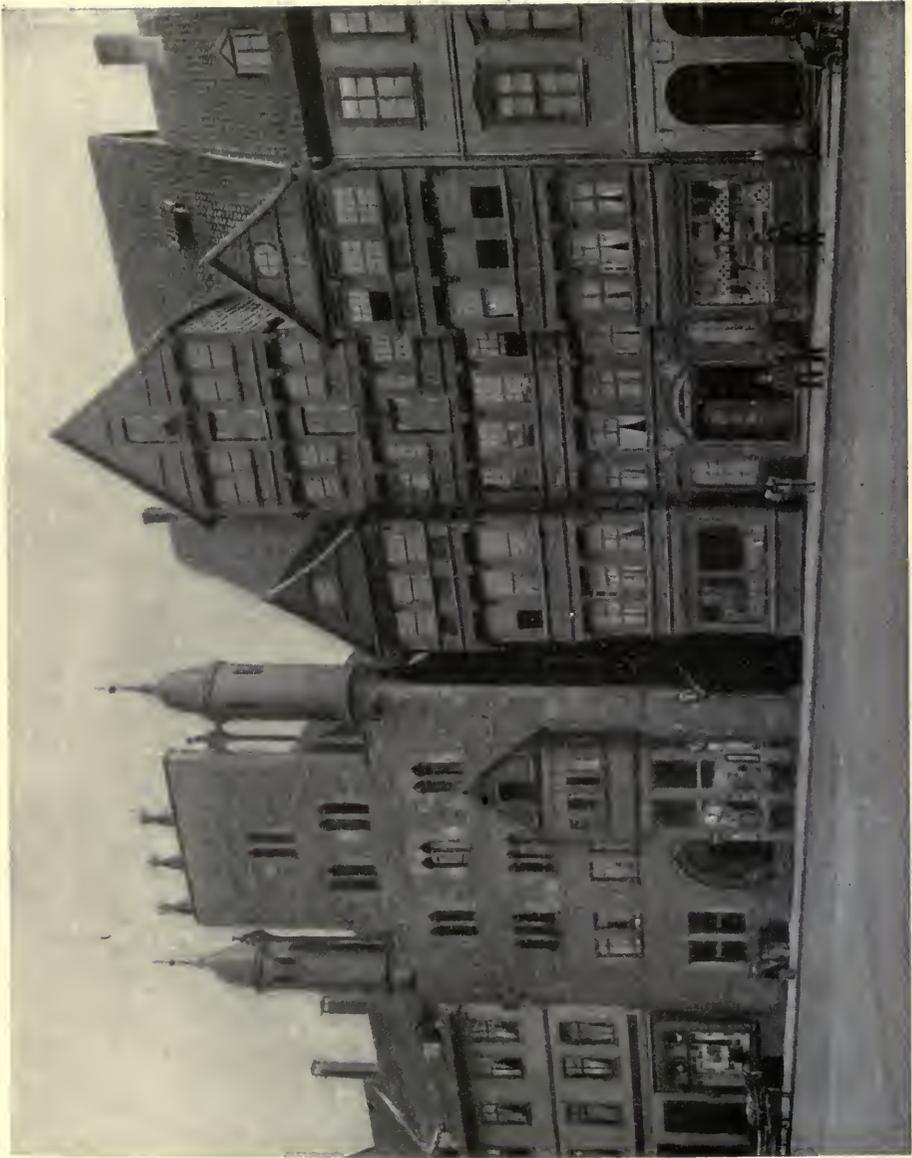
we have already spoken: a three-aisled basilica, namely, supported by alternate pillars and double columns. Towards the end of the eleventh century the lengthening of the choir was undertaken, and the cloisters, in late Romanesque style, were built in the first quarter of the fourteenth century, the beautiful Gothic chapel of St. Anne, very pure in style and elevated in feeling, was erected in the middle of the cloister court-yard. The side chapels in the Cathedral date from the last quarter of this century, the south aisle being late Gothic; and at the beginning of the next century Count Lippold von Steinberg built the north transept in richer development of the same style. The addition of the small tower, or cupola, over the intersection of the transept and nave, and the disfiguring of the interior with stucco decoration and wall and ceiling frescoes are the work of the last century.

Passing through the sacristy into the cloisters, one's eye is surprised and delighted at the beauty of the little court-yard. The cloisters, which encompass it on three sides, the cathedral choir, upon which the immortal rose-bush grows, occupying the fourth, are double-storied and of late Romanesque construction. Almost all the wall between the delicate arches of the upper story is covered with luxuriant ivy. Above this, a red tiled roof with double row of dormer windows affords a pleasing contrast of color. In the middle of this court-yard, as has been already mentioned, stands the beautiful little chapel of St. Anne. About it are grave-stones, some of great age and considerable artistic merit. That of the priest, Bruno, dating from the end of the twelfth century, shows the poor and the sick weeping for him, while his soul is borne by angels to Heaven. A bronze tablet of graceful Renaissance workmanship marks the resting-place of the Canonius de Veltheim in the lower story of the cloisters, and two others, having their origin in the Romanesque time, preserve the memory of Bishop Adelog and Otto II. On the south side of the cloisters is the chapel of St. Lawrence, whose low vaulting is borne on round and octagonal columns.

It is now, perhaps, time to wend our way back to the little square, where in the evening dimness we caught our first glimpse of Hildesheim. The *Rathhaus* occupies the east side of it, on the south are the Templar and Wedekind houses, fine specimens of Hildesheim architecture, and on the northwest corner stands the imposing mansion of the Butchers' Guild. This square is the civic centre of Hildesheim, just as the *Dom-platz* is its ecclesiastical middle-point, and one may expect to find here a rich development of that timber-architecture, of which the town is one of the classic sites. The *Rathhaus* itself is the product of several different periods, and presents some odd dissimilarities of style, but the general effect is decidedly picturesque. The gables on the southeast end are the oldest part of the building, dating from the latter part of the fourteenth century, while the timber out-building, in the shape of a tower, at the other end, was added in the sixteenth century. The building has recently undergone a thorough renovation, and the great Gothic council-hall is now being decorated by Prell of Berlin with frescoes representing famous events in Hildesheim history. In front of the *Rathhaus* stands the pretty Roland's fountain, consisting of a basin, its sides carved with the half-figures of heroes, and a column rising in the centre, which bears the armed figure of the knight. The house of the Templars, built in 1457, in late-Gothic style, has two curious corner towers, connected by thin archings with the square top of the façade. It has a fine oriel, but the opening of a shop on the ground floor has not contributed to the picturesque effect. Separated only by a narrow alley is the Wedekind house, so-called from the name of its owner. This, with the Butchers' Guild house, a few yards away, is one of the best examples of the painted and carved timber buildings to be found in Hildesheim. Both are tall wooden structures, whose stories, supported on richly-carved consoles, project, one above the other, over the street. The Butchers' Guild house goes up into one high point, the gable turned toward the square; the Wede-



RATHHAUS, HILDESHEIM.



TEMPLAR AND WEBEKIND HOUSES—ON THE MARKET, HILDESHEIM.

kind house is turned the other way, but has three smaller gables on the side of the main one. Having come recently from Brunswick, we noticed how the Hildesheim houses, for the most part, have their gables turned to the street; while in Brunswick the opposite arrangement prevails. One of the chief attractions of these houses is, of course, the decorative carving that runs in broad bands across them, one for

in which the carvings are painted. Within a few years a society has been formed in Hildesheim for the restoration of the old houses to their original state of painted splendor, and without cost to the present occupants most of the faded tints have been renewed. Where the carving is particularly delicate one feels that this could well have been dispensed with, but on the whole it must be admitted that the



TIMBER BUILDING, HILDESHEIM.

every story. This carving was first practised as an art in the Harz mountain district, where wood for building purposes has always abounded. The figures of men and animals and graceful arrangements of twining vine and other forms of vegetation are the favorite designs, and the same figures of the abstract virtues, all marked with their names, Caritas, Prudentia, Temperentia, Spes, Fortitudo, etc., may be seen upon some dozens of houses. Long inscriptions in German or Latin frequently accompany these designs. The picturesque effect is generally enhanced by the bright colors

work has been well done. What is sometimes lost in beauty is gained in character. The Butchers' Guild house, which dates from the year 1529, but has more than once been restored, need fear comparison with no other building of its kind in Germany. The carving here is wonderfully delicate and minute, the pattern showing a wealth of graceful fancy.

Quitting the market-place, it matters little which way we turn, we shall be sure to come upon quaint and delightful houses. Close around the corner in the Oster strasse is a fine old mansion, now fitted up as an inn and named ap-



DEUTES HAUS—OLD INN AT HILDESHEIM.

propriately "The Old German House." Its façade is quite covered over with carvings, which follow the story-levels, pursuing them around corners and into some curious angles. Among the figures on the carved friezes one discovers the four elements, Earth, Fire, Water and Air; old Roman divinities like Mercury, Venus, Saturn, Luna and Sol, and then a youth and an old man with a boy between them with a sand-glass, who bears the inscription *hodie mihi—cras tibi* (to-day is mine, to-morrow thine). These figures of the elements, like those of the abstract virtues, are perpetually recurring. In the neighboring Scheelen strasse are two curious buildings, the *Rathsbauhof*, erected in 1540, and the *Braunschweiger Hof*, of 1563. Some curious carving in low relief, of mystical subject, decorates the door of the first, while the façade of the second abounds in moralizing Latin inscriptions like *Omnes cinis aequat, sola distinguit virtus, Ardua quae pulchra*, etc. The spirit of the Renaissance inspired the wealthy burghers with a taste for this sort of thing. Retracing our steps and passing again through the market-place, we emerge in a few moments upon the *Hohenweg*, or highway, one of Hildesheim's chief thoroughfares. Many of the houses here have coats of arms, mottoes and inscriptions, and some of the older ones bear testimony to the different spirit that prevailed at their inception, in the religious subject of their carvings. These date from the Gothic period. Where nearly every house presents some feature curious to modern eyes, it is difficult to pick out anything for particular description. At the corner of the Hohenweg and the Rathhaus strasse is the *Rathsapotheke*, or establishment of the Apothecary to the Council. The lower part is of stone, containing the Hildesheim arms and the date 1656; then comes the timber-building, the upper stories of which advance far over the street. The corner building is the part actually occupied by the apothecary, a Rococo shield and arms over the door being supplemented with the inscription *Eines hochedlen Rathes Apotheke MDCCLXIII* (Apothecary of a very noble Council, 1763). The façade on the highway bears a

long Latin inscription, and on the side street a German one in verse describes how the previous building was destroyed by fire on St. Bartholomew's day with all it contained, but how before the rising of the Christmas moon a wise Council had restored it in better style than before. Over a small door is the inscription:

Wilt du Artzny oder süsse Wein
So Geh dar die zu finden sein.
Zwo ander Thür dir offen stan
Zu Rath hir geht der Oldermann.*

Through a narrow passage-way from the highway, one enters the St. Andreas-platz, where several old houses will be found, in the language of the guide-books, "worthy of inspection." On one of these the carvings represent two men driving in a carriage to Heaven, while near them a boy sits astride of an eagle, and a woman is mounted on the back of some sea monster. On the house next this one, an inscription reads "Oh God, how it always happens that those hate me to whom I am doing nothing, that they grant me nothing and give me nothing, but still must suffer me to live. If they think I am ruined, they had better look out for themselves, but I trust God and do not despair—to them that deserve it, good luck comes every day." A few steps further on is the old Trinity Hospital. The two rows of consoles bear statuettes of various saints and apostles, the spaces between them being filled by modern frescoes of biblical subjects. The house is now an iron foundry. The so-called Arrow-house, built in 1623, has figures of the muses and virtues, besides some half-obliterated inscriptions. Then on the east side of the platz, the Grocers' Guild house, bearing date 1482, has a carved vine-pattern, with figures of saints and various coats of arms.

Turning down a narrow side street, at the end of which a charming glimpse of St. Michael's may be had, we find ourselves in the *Langerhagen* close to one of the show places of Hil-

*If you seek physic or sweet wine, go over there where they are to be had. Two other doors are open to you, through this one goes the Alderman to council.



A TIMBER BUILDING, HILDESHEIM.



KNOCHENBAUERAMTS HAUS, HILDESHEIM.

desheim—the “Emperor” or “Roman” house. The ground building is of stone. In the spaces between the large windows of the first story, separated by columns projecting singly and in pairs, are four statues of Roman emperors. Underneath them runs a frieze representing hunting scenes. Beneath this the wall is covered with three rows of round spaces or medallions, each inclosing the carved portrait of an emperor, with inscription giving his name and order in history. There are forty-six of these medallions in all. The side of the house turned to the wide courtyard is also richly decorated, but in a much less systematic way. It seems probable that a larger establishment had been intended, and that, the plan coming to naught, the already prepared decorations were placed pell-mell in their present positions. Though curious and probably unique in its way, the house does not please by reason of its pretentiousness, and one turns with relief to the modest, high-gabled houses about it, that harmonize so much better with the quiet back street.

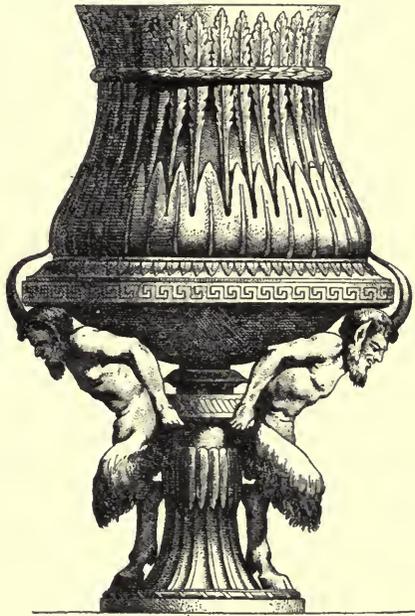
One might wander for hours about the Hildesheim streets, always finding something new and interesting to talk about. It is particularly surprising to find people still living in these old houses, which ought, from their appearance, to be inhabited by no generation later than Goethe's Gretchen. One half expects them to fade away before his eyes, as the forms they call up—Gretchen and her immortal lover, Dame Martha and brave Valentine—pass from the brain. Doubtless there are modern Gretchens living now within these old walls, Dame Marthas in plenty, fewer Fausts perhaps, but more than one Valentine, for the German youth is still a soldier, combining military virtues with a strong sentiment for the sanctity of his home. Many of the houses tell in their carvings the employment of their owners. Over an ancient tavern in the centre of the town I saw a series of four reliefs, the first of which displayed a merman drinking deep from a horn; in the second, he had had enough, but had not thrown the vessel away; in the third, he had had decidedly too much; and in the fourth, he was getting rid of

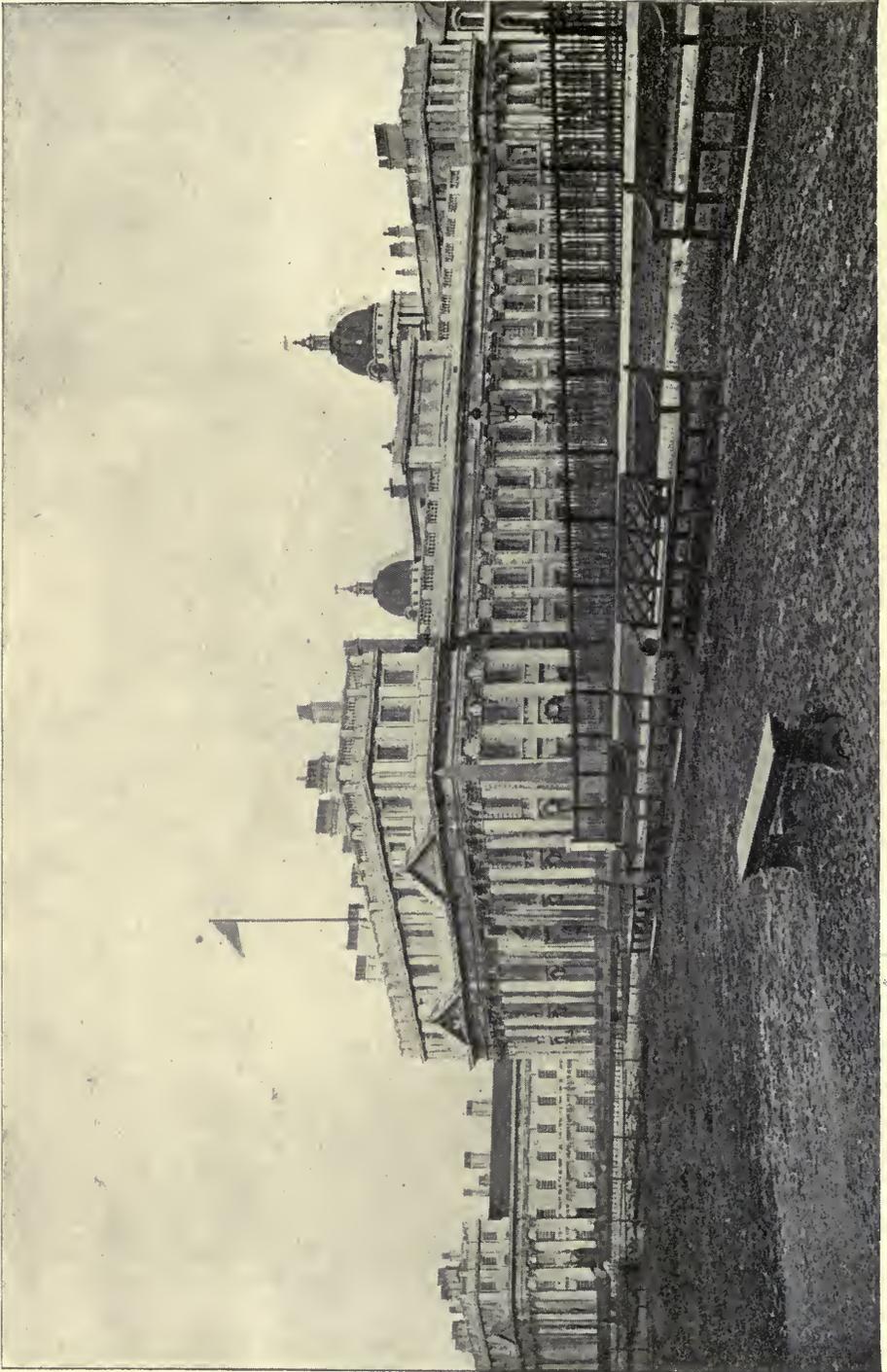
it again. You see, the old German humor, like the old German ale, was rather strong in the palate, to our modern taste.

It would take a week of close attention to sight-seeing to exhaust all the wonders of Hildesheim. We cannot attempt a description of them here. But there is a little pilgrimage that ought not to be omitted, to the old Moritz church, which stands on a slight eminence overlooking the town. On the way is a hideous modern villa, offered some years ago, as a testimonial of regard to Dr. Windthorst, the leader of the Catholic party in Parliament, but somewhat ungraciously declined by him. The church is one of the oldest buildings in Hildesheim—a basilica in form, and the only one in North Germany whose interior is borne entirely on columns. A tower erected in 1765 directly over the choir, is a beacon visible for many miles around. The pilgrim will do better not to go in, the church having been disfigured with the tasteless stucco ornamentation of the last century, but let him not neglect to visit the little cloister-court, full of weeds and wild flowers that lend it an air of picturesque desertion. The view from the hill is the best to be had of Hildesheim, and is quite necessary to straighten out one's ideas of direction, which have become painfully confused in winding through the crooked streets. The town itself is a mass of red—the tint of the tiled roofs largely dominating every other, and only broken in upon by the gray church spires. The green valley forms a fitting background, through which the tiny river Innerste runs, a silver thread. Round about are the out-spurs of the Hartz mountains, of which some of the higher peaks may be seen to the south on a clear day. The scene is not magnificent, but it has a certain beauty of that quiet, domestic order which the Germans seem to prefer to grander aspects of nature. With a last look from this hill, where her citizens are fond of coming with their families on a Sunday afternoon to drink beer or coffee, and to listen to the strains of a band placed in a pavilion behind the trees, let us take leave of Hildesheim. The happy, healthful

faces testify to the era of solid prosperity that has dawned anew upon the ancient city; and the care with which their treasures are preserved shows reverence, at least, for the art so cherished by their ancestors.

J. Kirke Paulding.





GRENWICH HOSPITAL.



BANQUETING HOUSE, WHITEHALL, LONDON.

RECENT DEVELOPMENT OF EARLY RENAISSANCE IN ENGLAND.

TO understand the rise and probable progress of this movement in England requires some knowledge of previous architectural history in this country, particularly of our own form of classical architecture.

That the Renaissance, late as well as early, took a native form in all the various countries of Europe is a fact which will hardly be denied nowadays when that period is better appreciated than was possible during the late Gothic Revival.

The specially English form of the late Renaissance began with Inigo Jones, during the reign of James I and Charles I, when he introduced the style of Palladio, which he had studied so closely at Vincenza and Venice, and our

school has always followed, in the main, that master, rather than Vignola, who became the patron of the French school. Jones' successor, Sir Christopher Wren, had more French leanings, owing to his travels having been confined to France; but this tendency is only in matter of detail, for St. Paul's and his other great works are Anglo-Palladian in form. The next great master was Sir William Chambers, whose executed design of Somerset House in London, has remained a constant exemplar of the style as applied to secular purposes.

After Chambers, there set in a period of decline, due to the slavish copying of Greek work, then newly discovered and published, and this decline continued to the end of the eighteenth century, being further accentuated by the isolation of England during the Napoleonic wars. Peace returning,



SOMERSET HOUSE.

travel recommenced, and among the travellers, was Sir (then Mr.) Chas. Barry, whose extensive tour included Egypt, Greece and Italy. His Egyptian studies brought him to Italy with fresh eyes, and in the Roman and Florentine palaces, as, for instance, the Farnese and Pandolphini, he saw the elements of a new development in English classic.

and below them is to destroy the character of the style.

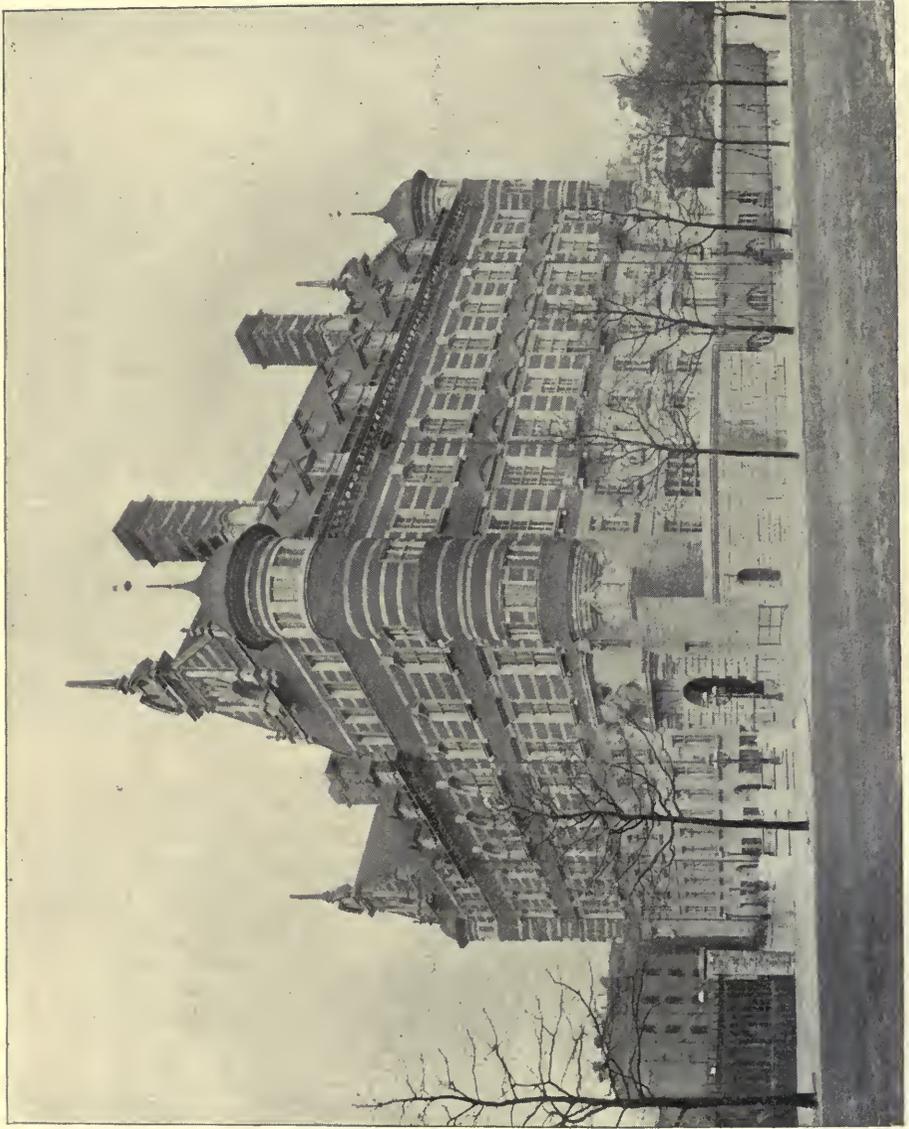
Now, the modern cry is "light, more light" and to provide this, means an essential change of style, for large windows, undivided by mullions are destructive of scale, and a mullioned window means, as a rule, a freer treatment of the orders, owing partially to the necessary wide spacing.



TRAVELERS' AND REFORM CLUBS.

The essential ideas of this style were the practical abolition of the Palladian orders in favor of a grand crowning cornice and the use of rich window dressings contrasted with the plain space between, below, and above. It is needless to say this new treatment started a craze, and numberless are the buildings of all classes erected in imitation of the Travelers and Reform clubs, the two masterpieces of Sir Chas. Barry. The tendency, however, of modern progress is running altogether against such work, since it is essentially a small window style, for, to make the intervals between the windows less than the total width of the window with its dressings, and to reduce the proportional space above

It is an old observation that styles are based on roofs, windows, and doors, and the first of these has perhaps the largest influence. Now, our Gothic history and northern climate have given us an innate love of roofs, in which Barry fully shared, and his first classic works had low pitched visible roofs; but we may suppose he felt a want of harmony, for the fact remains, that his later works have none. Nor can we call the earlier low roofs, often composed of large slabs of slate, a frank roof treatment, and if we imagine the usual high roofs on such buildings we can at once see what a change in the style becomes necessary. Considering then, this situation of the old Anglo-classic school, and bearing in



NEW POLICE OFFICES, SCOTLAND YARD.

SHAW

mind the fact that the practical failure of the Gothic revival movement for secular buildings had forced its leaders to adopt a more modern expression of modern wants, what other causes of the early Renaissance movement need we look for?

Here we must revert for a moment to what took place on the break down of our historical Gothic development in the reign of Henry VIII; for it is in many respects a similar situation.

That our noble Gothic had reached its climax is now generally admitted, and the non-adoption of the new Italian elements, then being imported, is as inconceivable as the non-adoption of the Norman ideas, by the Saxon architects, in the reign of Edward the Confessor.

The style produced by the admixture of Italian details, with a foundation of Gothic building, has various phases and names, such as Tudor, Elizabethan, and Jacobean, and our purpose will not now allow us to enter into that subject in detail; but our readers should consult a splendid collection of permanent photographs of this work from 1560 to 1630, now being published under the direction of Messrs. Gotch & Talbot, a book which is likely to exercise considerable influence on our future work. As a style, it is enough to say that high roofs are the rule, and that it even errs in excess of window lighting, while the orders and other Italian details are used in the most free and reckless fashion.

That it has an essentially Gothic foundation is proved, we think, by the failure of former efforts to revive it at a time when a true Gothic feeling was wanting, for it is a fact, often overlooked, that Sir Gilbert Scott practised it for his early buildings before he took up the gospel of Gothic Art.

Mr. Blore also, and Mr. Henry Shaw built houses intended to be examples of the style. It was, however, approached from the classic side, and the buildings of this date are more like watered-down classic than the bold and lawless erections of the historical period. Hence, the new revival by the men who have been trained in the Gothic school and in a society which passed thro' a Gothic fever, and became acquainted

with Gothic ideas, however much toned down for nineteenth century use, is more likely to meet with success.

This movement, however, is already threatened by the reviving forces of the Anglo-classic. No one acquainted with the past work of that school will fail to see how much it is influencing our present work. What, for instance, do not Mr. Norman Shaw's new police offices on the Thames embankment owe to it, a sturdy, yet, startlingly original building. Still its gravity and strength are of the very type which is so characteristic of the English classic. And in one or two recent great competitions, even more closely historical examples were offered, both for the Imperial Institute and for our new South Kensington Museum buildings. For the former Dr. Rowand Anderson proposed even so reactionary a feature as the typical eighteenth century portico of two stories in height, on the usual basement, as the central projecting feature of his design. And, in the latter, Mr. Macartney had the courage to imagine a museum for the nineteenth century, based on Newgate prison, that masterpiece of prison architecture by George Dance, who designed its windowless façades of a bold, rough, rusticated masonry in harmony with the ideas evoked by the name of prison.

Another architect who preaches the gospel of Anglo-classic by pen and pencil is Mr. Brydon, whose buildings are marked by a thorough grasp of the style he practices; while at present at least, he avoids the characteristic failings of the period. In fact, if the designers of this school are to win the mastery, they must solve the problems of a symmetry not pedantic, of shams agreed to be offensive, and of an outward expression of internal wants, neither excessive like our modern Gothic, nor ignored as in too many of the buildings they propose to imitate.

We are afraid our American readers will here leave us with the cry: but why all this historical treatment?, why imitate at all?, to which we reply that our atmosphere is charged with too much of the past.

Art is truly free, but what has been, will be, and we shall move on the lines

of the past for the work of the future. You, in a new country, with new wants, may evolve new treatments of your own wants, and in time we may graft your new ideas and our older practice.

Having, then, seen what new forces are moving against the early Renaissance development, let us see how the latter movement is at present situated. The large competitions held at intervals are convenient tests of the movements of the time. Here appear the

Moreover, several students have lately been touring there, and there has been a rumor of a book of such detail. Italy, however, has been and will continue to be the great school of students, and its early Renaissance, as well as the better known later work, has always been much studied. A book of Italian detail by Mr. Oakeshott, who was sent on a special tour by one of the building papers of London, will probably have some influence, and in



NEWGATE PRISON.

new phases and here they win their first recognition.

It would, however, be a grievous error to take them too seriously; the real movements are very slow and gradual, though the surface agitation may be great. Thus some of us have been of late only too ready to cry "Spanish" as a new fashion for the sake of some freshness of detail and idea, and some of our students are inclined to turn their attention in that direction. For in a students' competition, a year or two ago, a clever student, since unfortunately deceased, attracted much attention by a design of Spanish Renaissance character.

some designs of late, such detail has been used. Much of this study of Italian detail in England is undoubtedly due to the splendid collection of specimens at the South Kensington Museum, where the architectural exhibits are mainly of that period.

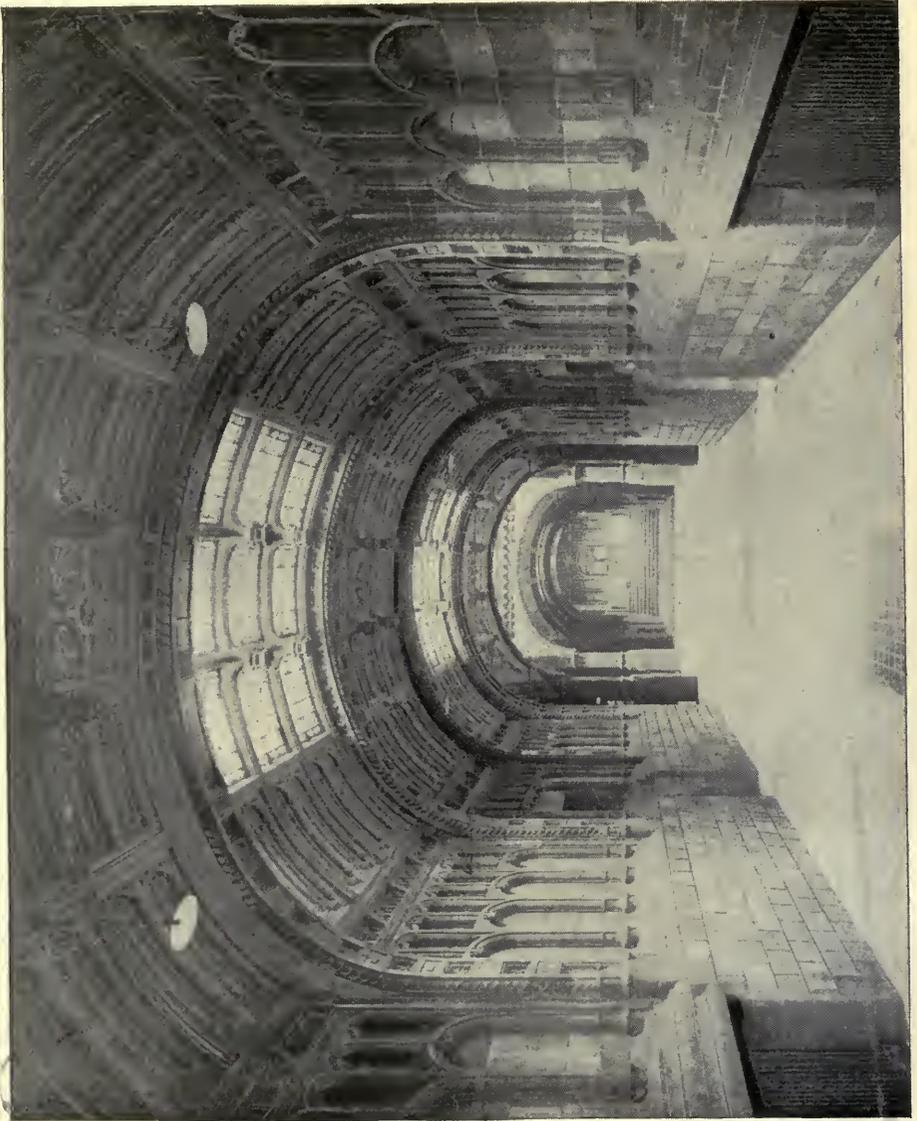
The Italian form, however, of the early Renaissance, has a strong rival in that of France, more especially in the magnificent châteaux which line the valley of the Loire.

An architectural writer, the Rev. Charles Petit,* first drew attention to these buildings, and despairing of the

* See Book Announcements in the front of this magazine.



EXTERIOR OF BIRMINGHAM LAW COURTS.



INTERIOR OF BIRMINGHAM LAW COURTS.

Gothic revival then in progress, called on architects to study them, as a compromise of classical and Gothic art.

The Birmingham Law Courts, just completed by Messrs. Aston Webb and Ingress Bell, exhibit most clearly this influence. Being of terra-cotta, yellow inside and red outside, the architects have been enabled to indulge in a pro-

early French type. Their design, however, was not accepted, but in the subsequent competition for the completion of the South Kensington Museum, Mr. Aston Webb has adopted a somewhat similar treatment, but with terra-cotta low domes to his pavilions, and for the central feature a low tower, having a plain stalk below, and rich tapering



ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

fusion of detail, mostly of an early French character, yet often purely original in its application.

The grouping of the building is Gothic, while that of the plan is classic, a combination first used by Sir Chas. Barry in the Houses of Parliament, and since that time much favored amongst us. A design of a similar character, but more regular in grouping and severe in its main lines, was submitted by the same architects for the Imperial Institute, possessing, however, the same boundless profusion of detail of the

crown above in accordance with the prevailing fashion of tower design. This fashion finds an even more pronounced expression in the central tower of the Imperial Institute now being built; the selected design of which by Mr. T. E. Colcutt, F. R. I. B. A., is, however, more Italian in detail and character, though very free in grouping.

It adopts in fact, a new form for a public building in point of grouping, being broken up into three advanced portions: the central and two wings,



CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL.

which all project so far as to take a gable on the return, and the connection of the parts is only maintained by this lofty square central tower carried up as a plain stalk for a great height, and terminated by a kind of loggia story, domed in copper. In this building the details are of the smallest, and a striking feature is the finish of the main gables, the apex being enclosed in a sort of cage of columns and entablature on the smallest scale.

Whether this kind of bric-à-brac detail is the result of the attention we have been paying to such subjects is a question too long to discuss in this article, nor can we here allude to the alliance of sculpture and architecture illustrated in that building. The façade of the new Royal English Opera House by the same architect is an extension of the same principle. The influence of this early Renaissance movement on sculpture must be dealt with in another article.

We have been led to speak of this latter building by its proximity to the South Kensington Museum, but we did not mean to omit, as an instance of another and somewhat later type of the French Renaissance, the design of Sir Arthur Blomfield for the same Imperial Institute the main feature of which was a central domed octagonal structure with the side wings hipped back from it pavilion-wise, reminding us of the Architect Delorme and the Tuileries; this form of French work has, however, found little acceptance with us hitherto, but is well exemplified in the fine façade of the City of London School on the Thames embankment.

But there is, besides the early French and the Italian described above, the influence of the early Renaissance in England, as exemplified at Oxford, and elsewhere to be described. In the examination schools of that unique city, Mr. J. G. Jackson has given us a building full of local character and feeling,

which has a larger Gothic element, perhaps, than is found elsewhere. Mr. Jackson's various other additions to the old colleges are also, either of this, or of a more purely Gothic character. In a place like Oxford where the church element is so strong, the special preference for the Gothic as the more suitable and historical style for church

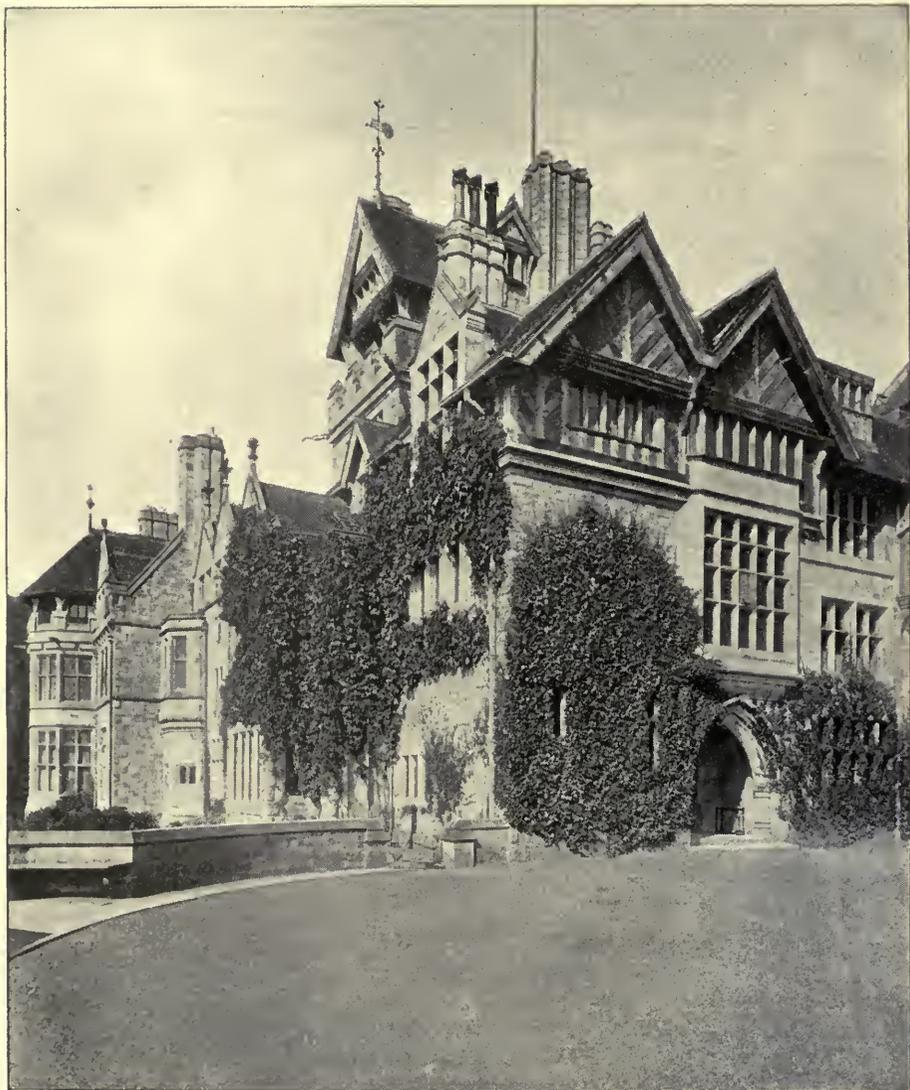
astical work mentioned above. Our movement then in the direction of early Renaissance work has not yet touched the church, and, except in a few minor details, and one or two purely exceptional churches, we may say that all is Gothic so far. In our country houses, a subject we hope to describe more fully hereafter, the Gothic ele-



EXAMINATION SCHOOLS, OXFORD.

building finds naturally a free expression, and no essay on English architecture can be complete, without a reference to the almost absolute supremacy of Gothic for churches, which being perhaps the most monumental form of every-day building, naturally exercises the greatest influence on all other work. Nothing is more certain than that no school of mere academical architecture would be sufficiently comprehensive for English architectural training, which must embrace forms of work suited to public, private, town, and country buildings, besides the ecclesi-

ment is naturally stronger than in town, but the happy compromise invented by Mr. Norman Shaw of a late Gothic simple, mullioned, gabled exterior, combined with Renaissance joinery, fittings and other details of any degree of suitable richness, has been the foundation of that school of domestic architecture which is likely to pervade the civilized world, and which has not been without its effect in America, and is well exemplified in Dawpool by Mr. Norman Shaw. Here the academy is vanquished and the Anglo-Saxon world rejoices in homes



EXTERIOR OF DAWPOOL.



FIREPLACE IN DAWPOOL.

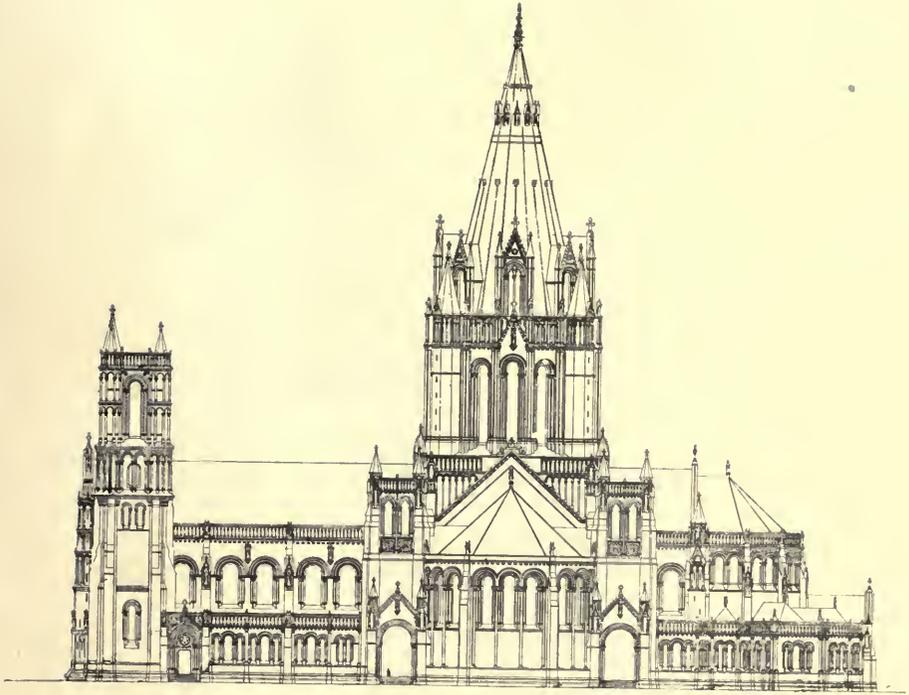
of its own creating, and from such homes is likely to arise the love for, and belief in, the future progress of architecture. If we build well the home, good church and public building will eventually follow, for all true architecture is but the expression of national wants and feelings, and the nation begins in the family.

Banister F. Fletcher, A. R. I. B. A.



CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE.

Heins & Lafarge, Architects.



SOUTH ELEVATION.

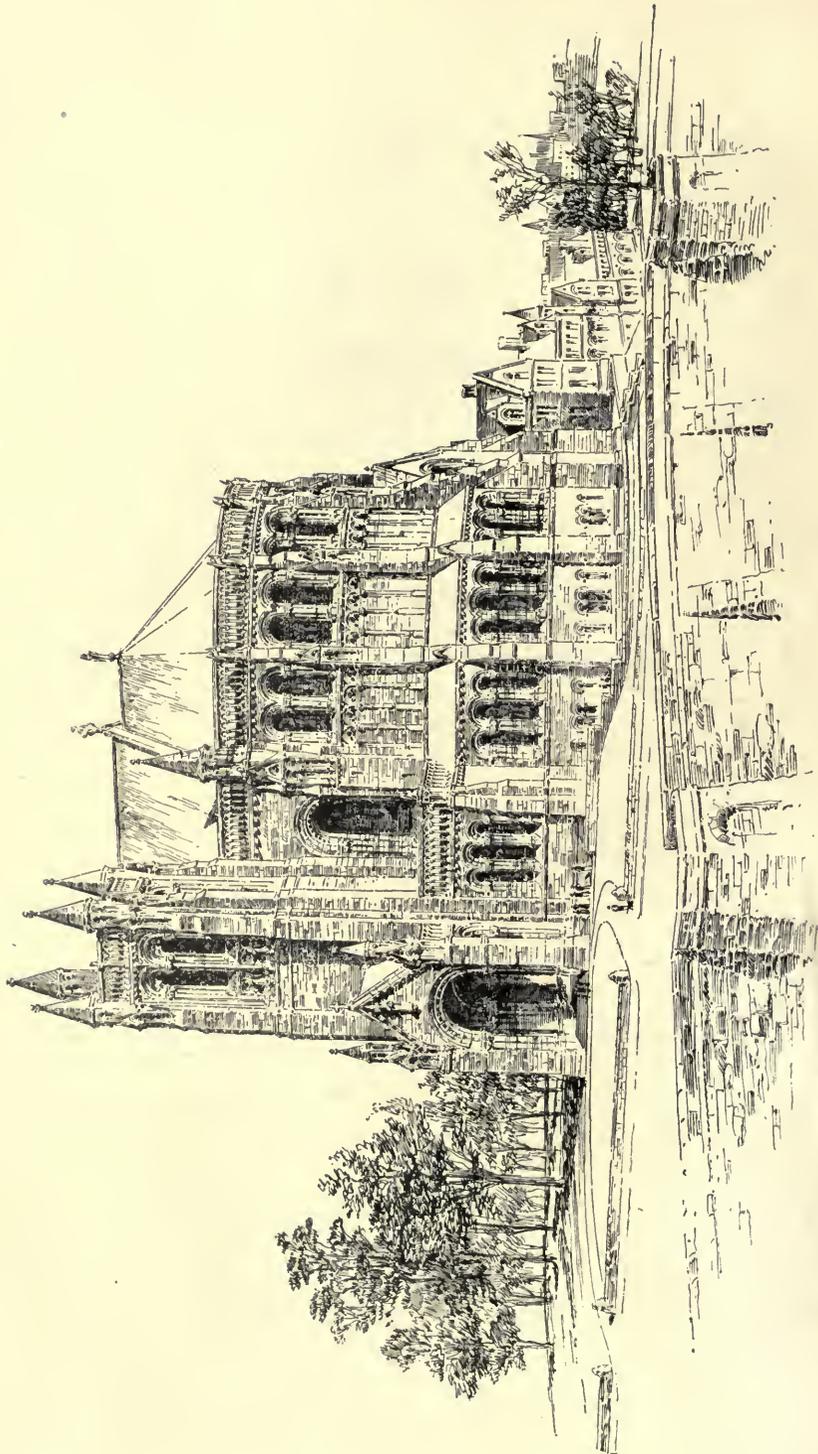
THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE.



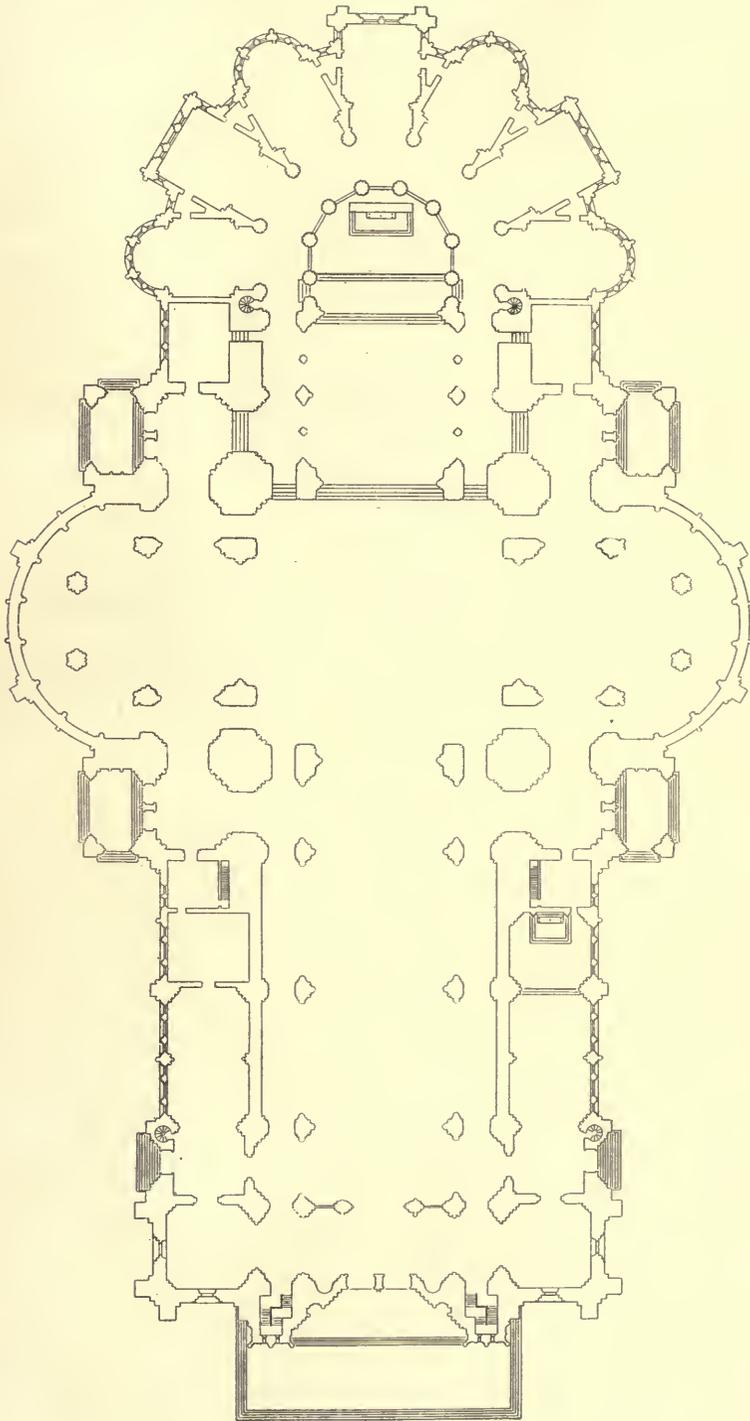
HEREWITH we present to our readers the accepted plans for the Cathedral of St. John the Divine so far as they have been matured. Though this publication represents them in a more advanced stage towards completion than any other that has been made the architect will not fail to observe that they are not fully matured and that the drawings, made at different periods and representing considerable modifications of the original scheme, do not, even at all essential points, agree with each other. For example, the difference that appears in the perspective sketch of the choir as a separate fragment and in the rear elevation of the cathedral are more than differences of detail and represent a considerable change in the general massing of the building. It will doubtless be safe where such discrepancies appear to assume that the

geometrical drawings represent the most matured thought of the designers.

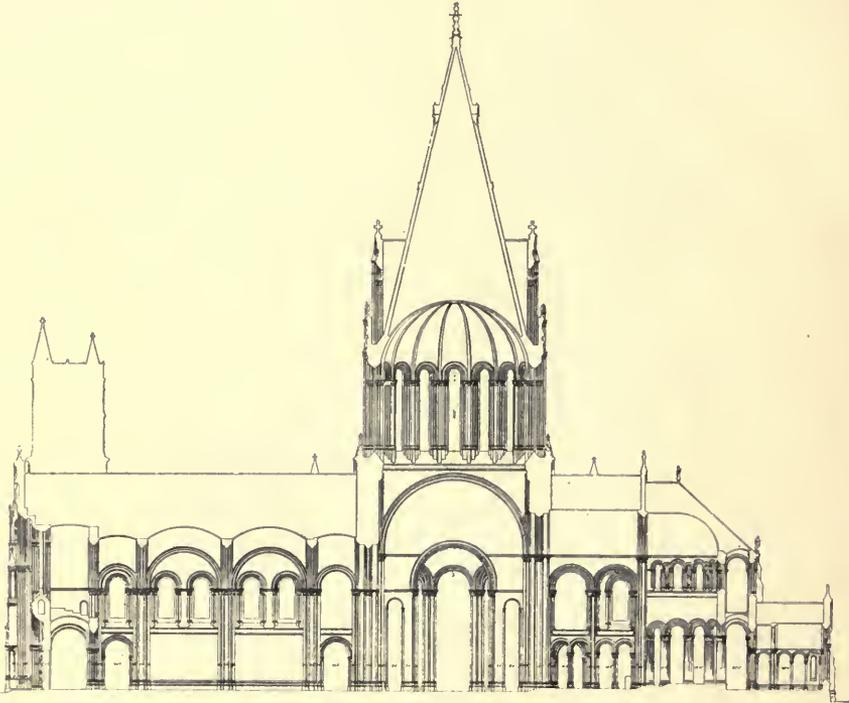
Certainly these drawings represent a wide departure from the accepted notion of a cathedral. In the mediæval cathedral the exigencies of vaulting control the entire plan. The outer line of the building is fixed by the ultimate buttresses of the nave vault, the position of these is dictated by mechanical considerations and the aisles are the spaces accruing between this line and the line of the nave-vaulting itself. In the disposition of the parts there is no room for artistic caprice. Everything is as it must be and, to translate that phrase literally, but yet with an increase of significance, everything is *comme il faut*. The architecture is the exposition, more or less clear, more or less eloquent, according to the ability of the designer of the mechanical conditions of his work. It is this fact



VIEW OF CHOIR.



GROUND PLAN.



MAIN LONGITUDINAL SECTION.

which gives to a Gothic cathedral its analogy to a natural organism and makes Emerson's famous lines in "The Problem" more literally true than the poet knew:

"These temples grew as grows the grass;
Art might obey, but not surpass;
The passive master lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him planned."

A cathedral without groined vaulting and so without the system of buttresses and flying buttresses which groined vaulting involves must be a very different thing from what we know historically as a cathedral, and it cannot be an example of Gothic architecture.

The dome is doubtless as legitimate a method of durably covering a space as a vault. It has indeed one advantage, and that is that the ceiling may be visible exteriorly as the roof. It is a reasonable reproach against Gothic that, while the vault was the generating principle of the whole structure and determined its general form and even

its detail, it was not exhibited in the exterior architecture, but left to be inferred from the appliances that were exhibited for its support and its abutment. Above the monumental roof of masonry the architects of the Middle Ages found it practically necessary to construct a less monumental roof which masked the vaulting. In Spain alone was the vaulting merely protected and exhibited as the covering of the church, for the only example of a masonry roof in Northern Europe, the pointed tunnel-vault of Roslyn Chapel, is admitted to be of Spanish derivation. It cannot be said, however, that the innovation of the Spanish builders was artistically successful. The roof of Seville is simply invisible, except from a point above it, and the lack of a visible roof is one of the defects that give the great church the impression of an almost total lack of exterior architecture. But the domical covering also presents its difficulties as the visible roof and crown of a con-

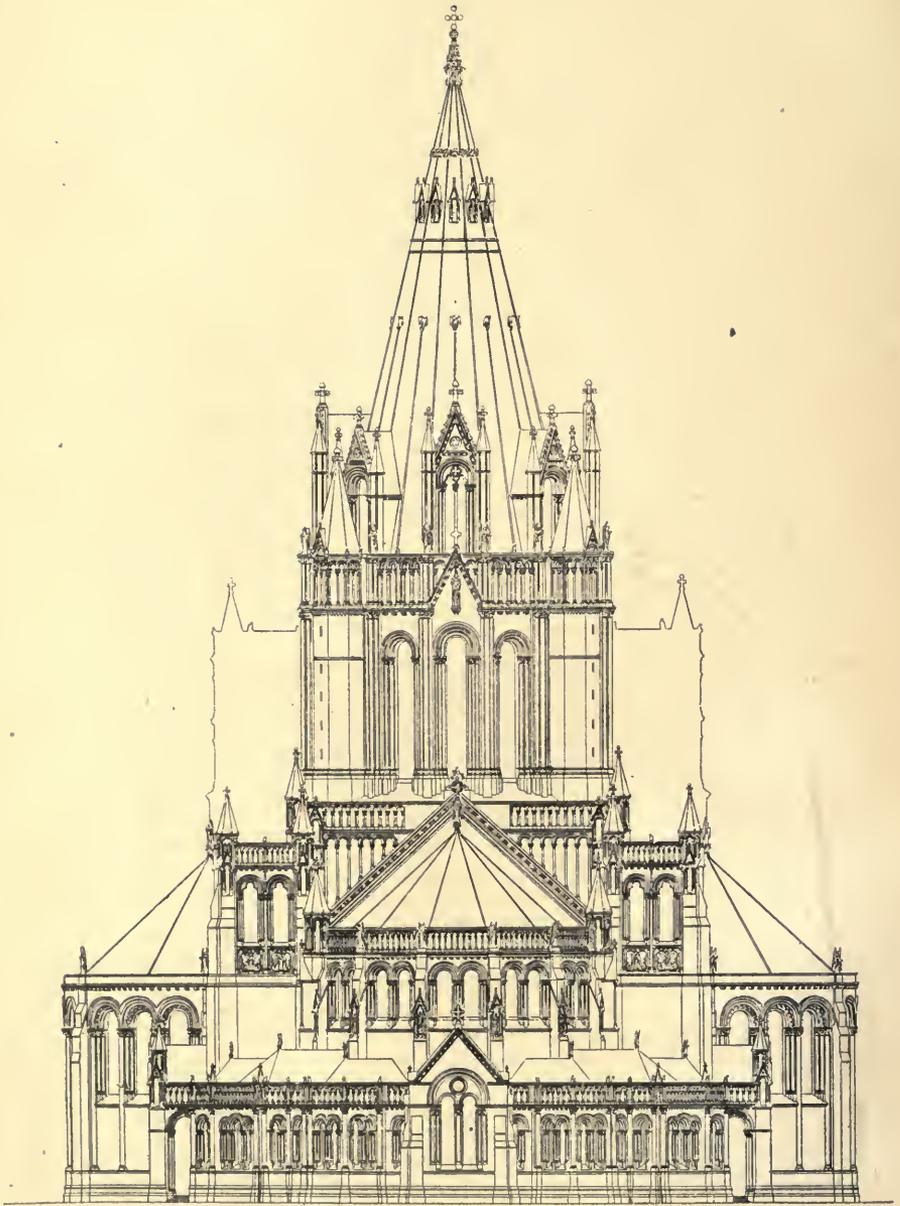


MAIN TRANSVERSE SECTION AND SECTION THROUGH TRANSEPT.

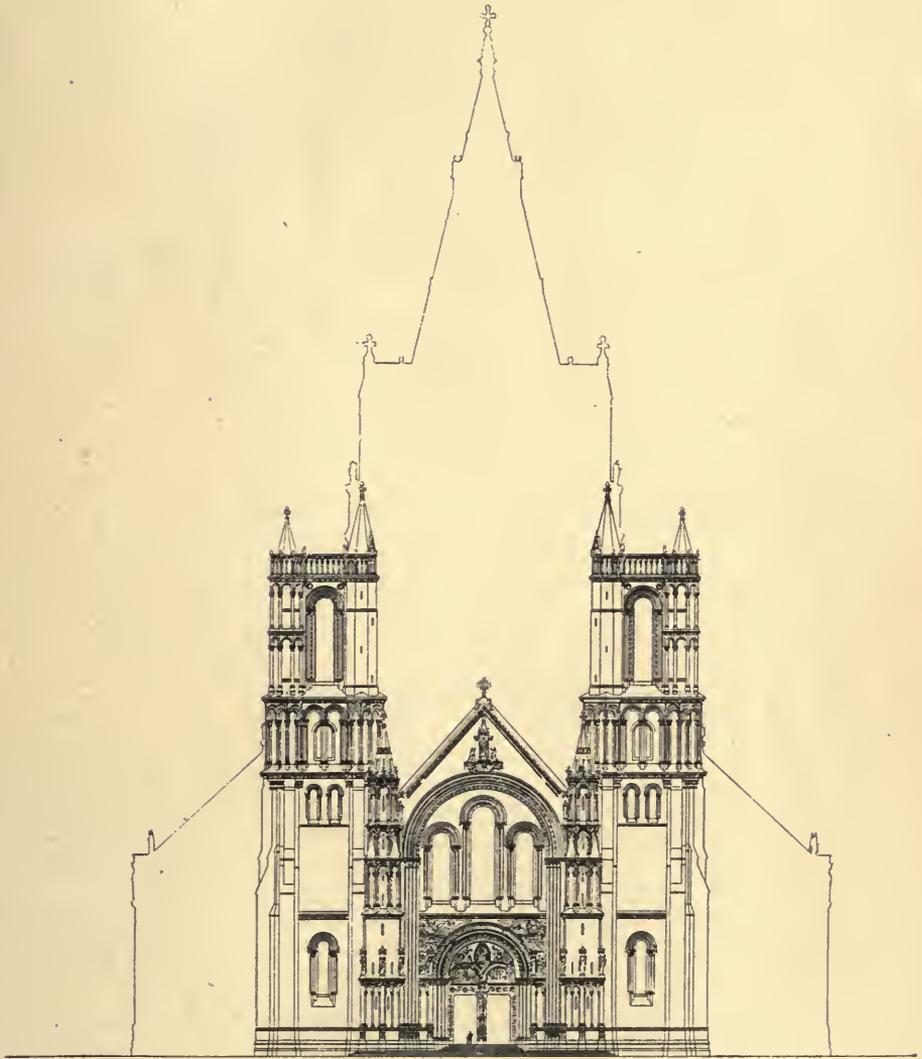
struction. The Roman and the true Byzantine domes, as represented respectively in the Pantheon and in St. Sophia, are true roofs as well as ceilings. In each case, however, the roof is too low to form an adequate culmination of the exterior architecture, although it is lofty enough for impressiveness in the interior. The desire to make it tell more effectively on the outside led the builders of St. Mark's in Venice and the builders of the mosques and all the other dome-builders whose prototype was St. Sophia, to construct double domes, of which one was to be an exterior and one an interior feature, and which enabled the Mahometan architects in Asia, released

by the employment of un-monumental materials from the exigencies of structural design, to erect the fantastic and bulbous cupolas that crown their works. The architects of the Italian Renaissance may be said to have solved the problem of a monumental dome, which should be a crowning feature both internally and externally, and, after Brunelleschi and Bramante, the double dome with the brick pyramid of St. Paul's in London appears a makeshift and a retrogression.

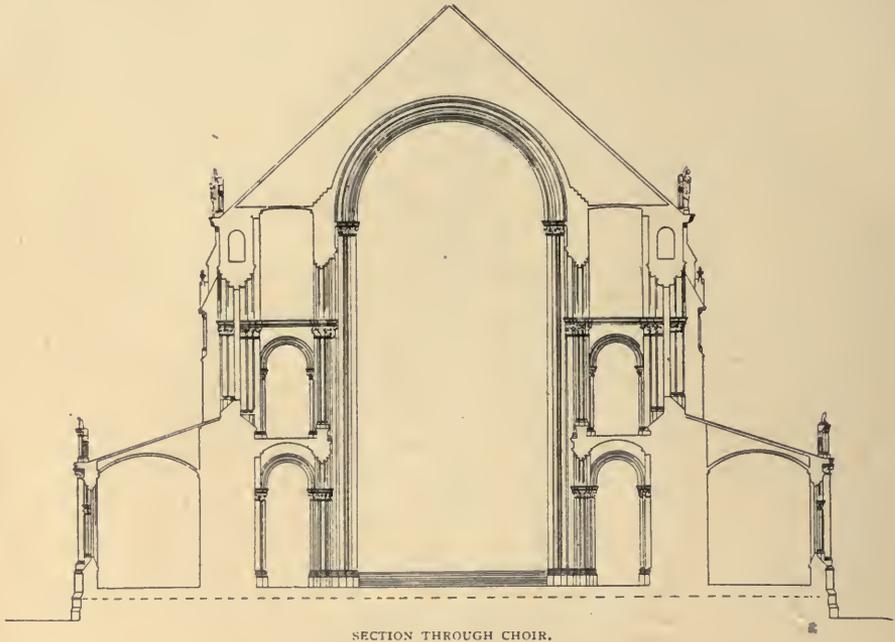
The dome, which is the central feature of the new cathedral internally, is covered and masked by the tower, which is the central feature exteriorly. The space covered by the dome and its



EAST ELEVATION.



WEST ELEVATION.

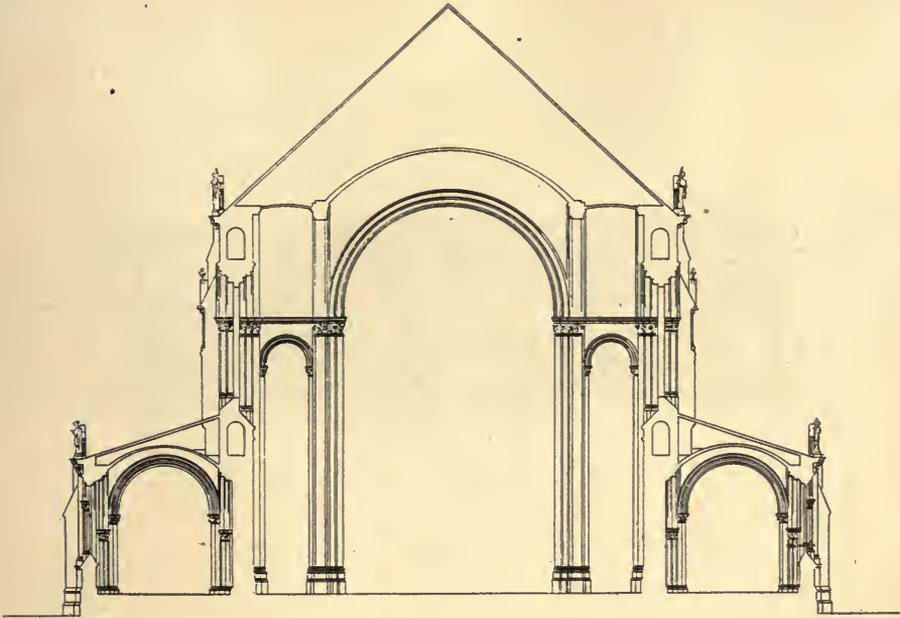


immediate appendages, including the transepts and the choir, is practically the cathedral, the nave being but an impressive approach. The whole space occupied by the transepts is available as a vast auditorium, and the one great difference between a modern and a mediæval cathedral is thus recognized and provided for, as it was, more or less successfully, in nearly all the competing plans.

As we have intimated, the scheme of construction, which contemplates a domical covering not only for the crossing but for each of the bays of the same, while the choir is ceiled with a barrel vault succeeded by a semi-dome, is by no means Gothic. It is very possibly an ecclesiastical rather than an architectural feeling that has led to the clothing of such a structure in forms that give it the general aspect of a Gothic church. This aspect it derives almost wholly from the treatment of the towers. The aisles are not, as in Gothic, the spaces between the nave piers and the ultimate buttresses. Indeed, the outer aisle is a cloister, walled off from the interior, and the comparatively slight thrust of the very light

tile-arch used in the covering of the nave is resisted within the walls. Flying buttresses are thus rendered superfluous, and the main wall, instead of being a mere screen, as in the Gothic cathedrals, is a real and massive wall which supports the entire structure.

For the exterior effect, it is fortunate, we think, that the trustees should have decided to give the cathedral its true orientation, so that the western front really faces the west and the apse, with its ring of chapels, the east. The view to be mainly considered, and from which the cathedral will be most conspicuous and dominating is, of course, that from the east, from the lowlands beneath the plateau upon which it is to stand. The only argument for placing the flank along the edge of the plateau, as was at first proposed, is that more of the church can thus be seen at once. But the thing to be aimed at, it seems to us, is that the church shall really crown the cliff and produce the effect that is so striking in Mont Saint Michel and in the cathedral of Limburg-on-the-Lahn, and this is much more decisively to be attained by the presentation of a



SECTION THROUGH NAVE.

symmetrical and pyramidal mass, such as is presented by the apse of the cathedral than by the exposure of the long side. The massing of this apse has been studied with high and successful skill. The ring of chapels forms a terrace behind which rises the apse, flanked by its low and flat-topped towers, and again by the sloping lines of the transept-roofs, and from this ample base emerges the pyramid of the large tower. It was a very happy thought to alternate square and rounded faces in the ring of chapels, and thus to secure the feeling of security and stability that in a Gothic chevet is given by the interpolation of the buttresses. The treatment of the transepts, too, is admirably adapted to contribute to the supremacy and effectiveness of the great tower. The lofty gabled transept of a Gothic cathedral loses its value when there is anything more important than a light *flèche* at the crossing. By

rounding these in plan and hipping back the roofs, not only is the transept taken out of competition with the central mass, but value and detachment are given to the low flanking towers which carry the lines of the central tower outward and onward. As a picturesque object and considered by itself, the central tower will leave little to be desired, if the effect of its admirable massing is supplemented by effective detail. But from another point of view, it will leave something to be desired, and that is as the outcome and expression of a dome, of which it now appears as a graceful and ingenious mask. It is possible that the architects may see their way, in the years that must intervene before the crowning feature of the cathedral comes to be built, to a design for it that shall not only result in an impressive object, but shall be the solution of a very trying architectural problem.



WHERE THE SHIPS COME IN.

HERE, where the ships come in, I do not wait
For thy return Love ; my heart knows its fate.
To the wide world beyond my life you sailed,
Sailed, for much mightier influences prevailed
Than my poor love—the worship of a heart
That could not break, nor use the accents of a nobler part
Than that of slave—a beggar offering with a trembling mien
A paltry coin, but treasured, for the affection of a queen.
Oh, had she touched my life with love—Oh, Life thou little thing,
If she had drawn thee close, close as but love can bring
Two lives, the strength that grips thy nerves, the stir
Within thy heart at times, declare, meseems,
Thou might'st have seized the richest gold within thy dreams
As crown for her.
Thy folly mocks thee, Fool. It is a sin,
Aught but thy silent love. No ships bring hope to thee ;
But, it is sweet to watch their phantom-coming in :
They carry too and fro thy heart upon the sea.

Harry W. Desmond.



NEW YORK FLATS AND FRENCH FLATS.



It seems impossible to treat the advent and growth of the tenement system of living among us without considering it under the social aspects which must so largely affect the mere architectural side of the question. In France, where the custom of living in flats is immemorial, the whole system of building and the division of land are suited to the erection of apartment houses. With us, on the contrary, our narrow lots and our flimsy style of construction are intended for the rapid and economical erection of small private dwelling-houses that rarely outlast the lives of their builders. Even Yankee ingenuity could not devise several complete apartments all on one level and properly lighted and ventilated on a space intended for the building of a single home, nor could our light lath-and-plaster mode of building stand the wear and tear and afford adequate safety in case of fire, or the proper isolation as regards sound, smells and insect life required in a large building, occupied by several families.

But the difficulties we have to contend with are not limited to the erection of appropriate structures. In France the social status of each individual is generally so clearly defined that a freedom of intercourse exists between the various

classes of society, utterly unknown in this country. Poor artisans frequently occupy the upper floors of houses the lower floors of which are rented to people of high social standing. All meet on the common stairs, and the fine lady exchanges cheerful greetings with her poorer neighbors without a thought of presumption on their part or of condescension on her own. With us things are different. All claims to social superiority are bitterly resented by people who regard the elevation of those above them as a mere accident of fortune that a day may reverse, while the favored few strive, through an excessive exclusiveness, to guard their dearly-cherished state of exaltation.

Let us take two apartment houses of about the same grade, one a "first-class French flat" on _____ street, New York City, occupied for some two and a-half years by intimate friends of ours, and the other a Parisian apartment we ourselves once lived in, and see in what respects the buildings, occupants and social surroundings differ in the two countries.

The New York house is of the ordinary type known as a first-class French flat, 21 feet wide by 80 feet deep, five stories high, and situated on a good street built up solidly with houses of the same character, a few of which are double houses—that is, houses 25 feet

wide and with two apartments on each floor. The internal arrangements need hardly be described. A front parlor and adjoining hall-room, two centre rooms lighted, or rather ventilated, on a diamond-shaped open well used in common with the adjoining house, a dining-room, kitchen, small room for servant, and a bath-room ventilated on a shaft.

We, as supposed experts, were called upon by our friends to pass upon the merits of the building, and having duly examined the pipes and traps, pounded the floors, etc., pronounced it a well-built, fairly well-planned and desirable dwelling-place. Our friends took the third floor, and we partook of a delightful little dinner given in honor of their installation. At first all was *couleur de rose*, the house was brand new and so prettily trimmed and decorated, so replete with ingenious contrivances, and so pure and fresh, with a delightful smell of new varnish, that our friends became enthusiastic in praises of their new home. When other tenants moved in we were told that every motion of the people above and below was rather too plainly heard, also that the tenants on the top floor had two somewhat rough and ill-bred boys, who nearly upset our friend's wife one day in their wild rush down the narrow public stairs, and who would not rub their feet on the front door mat, but left prints of their dirty boots all the way up on the bright Brussels carpet that covered the stairs and landings, and when their mother, a handsome, fashionably-dressed woman, with a whole jewelry shop on her plump fingers, was given a gentle hint regarding the matter, she said "that they had as good a right to the use of the stairs as folks living on the lower floors, and paid well-nigh the same rent anyhow." Still, on the whole, the tenants in the house were quiet, well-behaved, well-dressed people, with no small claim to gentility, and our friends wisely remarked that they could not expect to have a five-story house all to themselves for \$40 per month.

With the warm weather in May and June, a somewhat objectionable feature, inseparable from flats built in streets, forced itself on our friend's attention.

We mean the great density of the population, especially of the little Lord Fauntleroy and other juvenile types, and the tendency of many of the tenants to make parlors of, and hold receptions on, the stoops. As our friends, however, closed their flat and moved into the country for the summer months, the thing did not so greatly trouble them. Another feature which struck them was the sudden appearance of prominent placards with "First-Class Apartments to Let" on every stoop and front in the block. This they found was owing to the fact that most of the tenants were too genteel to spend their summer in town, and too weak financially to pay rent for apartments they did not occupy; so that an exodus of a large part of the population took place, and upon their return in the fall they found one-half the *personnel* of their own particular building entirely changed.

The first serious disenchantment occurred when a maiden aunt came on a visit, and was given the centre room back of the parlor. Until now the two centre rooms had been empty, one being used as a store-room and the other, prettily furnished with a patent folding bed just like a book-case, being reserved as a spare-room and dignified with the name of "the library." It now became evident that a space 10x12, fenced off from a parlor by glass sliding doors, with a window on an inclosed well and overlooked by three other windows, one of them not over 5 feet distant in the adjoining house, and used as a passage-way from the front to the rear part of the apartment, hardly complied with the general idea that the *first requirement of a bed-chamber is privacy*. Still, the people on the opposite side of the well were quiet, respectable people, the maiden aunt kept her health and made the best of the difficulty, and things went on *tant bien que mal* for several months, when suddenly the people across the well moved away, and were followed by new tenants whose conduct, especially at night, made the centre room unfit for a lady's occupancy. Fortunately, the time set for the departure of our friend's relative had nearly come, and by keeping the window closely shut and curtained the

nuisance was endured. Not so, however, with the people above, who were really nice people with two growing daughters. After a useless protest they gave notice and left, and were soon followed by the tenants on the floor below. The house by this time had lost its freshness, the unavoidable settlement and shrinkage had taken place and left its mark on the wood and plaster work, several accidental leakages had stained the ceilings and spoilt the decorations, the showy but somewhat cheap carpeting on the landings and stairs was much worn, and, worst of all, a certain atmosphere well known to the occupants of houses of this class, began to pervade the house. New tenants were found, but they were decidedly of a lower grade. On the second floor came a large family with several men who smoked incessantly, both in their rooms and on the stairs and landings which they used as a regular part of their holding, and where they appeared with a painful disregard as to their toilet. Above, on the fourth floor, a family with many children used rugs instead of carpets and the noise proved almost unendurable. Changes became more and more frequent, and almost always for the worse, until at last our friends also moved away, blaming us for our want of judgment, and pronouncing the house a worthless, ill-planned, ill-built sham, unfit for human habitation.

And yet we hold that the fault lay, not with the landlord, who, if we consider the cost of land and building, our enormous tax rates, the constant shifting and changing of tenants which left a number of the apartments empty during a part of the year, and our laws and customs which left him almost at the mercy of such of his tenants as chose to live rent free, certainly got more worry than large returns on his investment; not with the architect, who had done his utmost to carry out the views of his client, and to plan a five-story building with a seven-room apartment on each floor on a lot intended for and adapted to accommodate one single private family; not with the builder, who had built according to long-established custom, using materials and modes of

construction suitable for small private houses, but utterly unfit for buildings to be occupied in flats, but to a combination of adverse circumstances *which cannot be overcome without a radical change in the division of our land*, our mode of building, and a study of yet unsolved and most intricate social questions.

Let us now glance at the nature and working of a Parisian apartment house and see wherein it differs from the building just described. The house is situated on one of the narrow streets running south from the upper part of the Rue St. Honoré.

The distance to the Place de la Concorde (which may be regarded as the centre of Paris) is about the same as from Fourteenth street to the Astor House. The street is not a fashionable one, the sidewalks are narrow, the houses old and without the least pretence to architectural features or ornamentation, and are let in apartments. The first thing that strikes one accustomed to our noisy New York streets, is the silent and almost deserted character of the place. The house itself has a frontage of at least 100 feet and is five stories high. In the centre is an arched passage-way paved with stone, shut off from the street by a strong plain iron grille, and giving access to a court-yard, back of which are low buildings, half of which are used as a stable and the other half as a shop for a piano maker. On the right of the archway is a small door for general use, and next to it is a small ground-floor shop with living rooms back of it, occupied by the portier (janitor), who is a repairing tailor by trade and has a sign to that effect on the front window. Next to the entrance door, about the centre of the arched passage (which is as free and open to the air and storms as the open street), is a door, always open in summer and closed by a swing door in very cold weather. This admits one to a stone-paved vestibule, about 12x12, and to the stairs, which are also of rough stone. Strong, but very plain looking doors, painted a dark green, admit one to the apartments, of which there are two on each floor. The stairs and

landings are far from clean or well kept, a rough sweeping once a day and a mopping once a week being all the attention they receive, and the walls and ceilings have reached that indescribable color upon which time ceases to have any effect. In fact, the stairs and landings are regarded as a continuation of the public street, and have been used for generations by all manner of people, without apparent effect on their condition. The internal arrangements of the apartments are crude in the extreme and show an utter disregard to economy of space quite startling to us New Yorkers. Nor does an examination of a number of plans of apartment houses lately erected in Paris show much of that Yankee ingenuity which enables some of our architects to put two rooms 12x16 in a space 10x12. Two sets of plans prepared for Mr. de Navarro by well-known French architects, and which we eagerly examined with the hope of finding useful help in the planning of the Navarro buildings, proved so absurdly wasteful in the use of land that they were absolutely useless; but the elevations, though unadapted to the number of stories we had to build, were noble works of art in their way. Our apartment consisted of seven rooms, the same number as in the New York house, but rather larger, and with this immense difference that every room had at least one window on the free open air, and so managed as regards angle or distance from other windows that it might be kept wide open without fear of intrusion. In fact, one thing, which with us seems entirely overlooked, had been taken into careful account; we mean *privacy*. If we add to this that the floors were so thick and solidly filled in between the heavy beams as to exclude sound, smells and insect-life communication, and that all the walls and partitions were of brick or stone, we will realize the great difference between our so-called French flats and the genuine article on the other side. The fact is, that in our sense of the word, the French, except perhaps the very poorer classes, do not live in apartments, *but in small private dwelling houses, built on one level on the top of one another and reached by a narrow ascending street.*

As regards the thousand and one ingenious contrivances and conveniences, which with us have become almost a necessity, they are simply ignored. No patent letter boxes or door openers are necessary where the front door stands freely open except at night, and all may go in and out, with no other supervision than the eye of the old porter, who sits working at his bench close to the entrance way. No lift or back stairs for servants in a land where social conditions are so clearly defined that the fine lady may stop and exchange a pleasant word with the grocer-boy or the water-carrier without the possibility of undue familiarity. No speaking tubes, no water or steam pipes to pierce the floors and establish a communication from floor to floor. Our kitchen had not even a dresser, but a plain cupboard let into the wall. There was a sink, but no water supply, every drop we used having to be bought from a water-carrier, who brought it up in pails. No bath-rooms, that is, yes—there was a small room tiled with brick like the kitchen and called “the bath-room”—but it was devoid of water fixtures in any form, and the tenants were expected to furnish a portable bath-tub. As to the water-closet arrangements, they were certainly in this case of a most unique character. A stone tower some 10 feet inside diameter and built some 12 feet away from the house, was connected with every landing by a light covered bridgeway. Inside the tower, and on every floor, was a small privy so arranged that the matter fell directly down into a vault below, without ever touching the sides. Where or how this vault was emptied we never inquired, but, strange to say, the thing on the whole worked well and certainly did away with all plumbing bills.

Now, a word about the occupants. The ground floor on the right of the entrance was occupied by our friend, the portier, with his shop on the front and living rooms in the rear, and by the family of the piano-maker, who had his shop in part of the stables in the rear. To the right were the vestibule and stairs and large reception rooms forming part of the first floor (second floor with us) apartment, but which

had not been opened or used for many years. On the first floor lived *Monsieur*, whose apartments took in the whole floor. *Monsieur*, who was always referred to by the old portier with a mixture of awe and loving familiarity, owned the house and belonged to a very old and it seems very grand family (not titled) in Brittany. He was a splendid-looking old gentleman, plainly dressed, and without any decorations, he having refused to accept favors from any but a legitimiste government; a renunciation that the portier seemed much to admire, rather inconsistently we thought, as he himself was a rabid red-Republican. *Monsieur's* fortune was much reduced, and he now kept only one carriage and two horses. The way he stepped aside and bowed to any woman he met on the stairs, was worth the rent of an apartment, and his treatment of the toy-maker's wife, who lived on the top floor, was precisely the same as that he accorded to the ladies of the wealthy people on the second floor. On the second floor were two apartments occupied by people of some wealth who were very seldom seen or heard. On our floor, the third, lived a doctor, his door bearing a plate to that effect, and being provided with a small peep-hole opening, strongly barred with iron, to enable him to ascertain the character of a visitor if called upon at night. On the fourth floor lived a retired army officer, and a widow with a pretty daughter, and a son employed in some government office. The fifth and top floor was divided into four holdings and was rented to poor people, one of whom was a toy-maker, who manufactured a mechanical doll, a specimen of which he was allowed to exhibit in a small glass case near the main entrance door. There were several children on that top floor, but they were seldom seen or heard.

The income of the house as per notes taken at the time was as follows :

The piano-maker on the ground floor—shop and living rooms, 1,000 francs.....	\$200 00
The first floor, <i>Monsieur's</i> apartments, would, if rented, have	

brought the enormous sum of 6,000 francs.....	1,200 00
The second floor, two apartments, at 1,500 francs each.....	600 00
The third floor, two apartments, at 1,000 francs each.....	400 00
The fourth floor, two apartments, at 750 francs each.....	300 00
The fifth floor, all told, about.....	200 00
	<hr/>
	\$2,900 00

The apartments were seldom empty; most of the tenants had lived there for years, and loss of rent through non-payment was unknown—in fact, people could not move away without first paying rent. To the people on the top floor *Monsieur* was very good, his orders being that in case of sickness or trouble the rent should be reduced or remitted. The portier, who was born in *Monsieur's* family, took charge of everything, renting, collections, repairs, etc. All *Monsieur* did was to receive his money, which, we were proudly told, he always put in his secretaire without ever counting it.

The running expenses were :

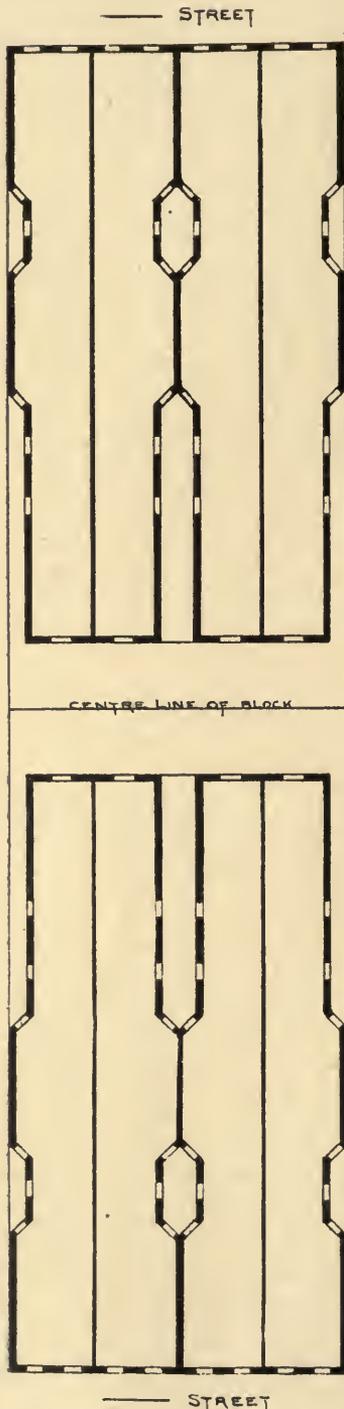
The portier's wages, 600 francs.....	\$120 00
Sundries, for repairs, etc., which for that year amounted to only 325 francs.....	64 00

The tenants all attended to internal repairs.

The taxes, the amount of which we unfortunately cannot give, the pencil figures in our notebook being illegible, we remember seemed to us at the time almost absurdly small.

If we consider the comparatively low price of land and building, the durability of the structure—which is good for several hundred years—and the fact that no expense is incurred for fuel, water, carpeting or decorations, and comparatively none for service, repairs, agent's fees, etc., we will understand how the French can afford to devote a hundred feet frontage to a house whose entire rental, if fully occupied, does not exceed \$2,900.00; and how people of very modest means can afford to occupy apartments which, as regards light, air and privacy, would be accessible only to our wealthier classes.

It is evident that our French flats (the name of which, by the by, is a strange misnomer) have little in common with the apartments we have just



described. Our buildings and our mode of living in them are entirely our own; and the rapidity with which we have rushed into this new mode of life amounts to a social revolution that we cannot regard without serious forebodings. Street after street of our beautiful up-town neighborhoods are being built up with solid blocks of fine five-story houses, 25 feet wide and with two and even in some cases three apartments on each floor. When the street is built up on both sides this gives us twenty families to every 25 feet of street. Think of it! Over four persons to every foot—over eighteen hundred to every block, if fully built up.

The accompanying diagram, showing air space and positions of windows, taken from a block over 200 feet long, solidly built up in the same manner, excepting one house on one street, may give some idea of what we are coming to.

Only 10 feet are kept open in the rear of each house, making 20 feet between the two; the air-slots between adjoining houses are 5 feet wide, the air-wells are six by eight. There are two apartments on each floor and therefore only one room; the front parlor has a window that is not gazed into by several other windows; the small kitchen in the rear is next best off, for its window is 20 feet distant from that facing it. All other rooms are looked directly into by other windows not over 5 feet distant, and these rooms are sleeping rooms! Can we be surprised if such buildings rapidly degenerate into ordinary tenements, and if our upper middle-classes are constantly migrating to new neighborhoods, which soon follow in the general downward course? Where is this to stop? Are we wasting millions in the building up of a city so radically defective in plan and construction, that a few decades will find it honeycombed with squalid tenement districts, ever spreading and ever tending towards lower depths of fetid degradation? We know that the spirit of our people and institutions is opposed to legislative interference, but we must remember that restrictive laws and the devoted efforts of a few gentlemen connected

with our Board of Health have alone saved us from a state of things too horrible to describe. How far the supposed rights of property-owners can and should be interfered with is a serious question, but one thing is certain: if we would not make this city unfit for moral and physical health, we must put a stop to the use of dead air-wells; we must insist on a reasonable amount of open space between buildings, and especially we must take into account a thing that our laws have not as yet considered: we mean *privacy*. Sleeping rooms, the windows of which are in such close proximity that every act and every sound may be seen or heard by strangers, are subversive of common morals and decency. Unfortunately, even a semblance of privacy cannot be obtained without sacrifices far greater than are required to secure light and ventilation.

Nothing short of a law forbidding the erection of walls, with windows or openings of any kind within 10 feet of the line of adjoining lots, would in any way meet the case. This would not prevent the building of blank walls, but where windows are set in the walls of two adjoining houses it would insure a distance of 20 feet between them. This law already exists as regards the rear of apartment houses in New York City and should be extended to side walls.

With the arrangement of our blocks making our lots only 100 feet deep, it seems very doubtful whether buildings deeper than the private houses for which they were intended are advisable. Barring the case of public and business structures where the whole surface of the land must often be covered, an open space about equal to the width of our streets should be insisted upon in the rear of buildings intended for habitation. This would, of course, make the building of apartments in flats on one level impossible on a single lot. In order to meet this difficulty, we have in several of our buildings contrived two-story apartments—that is, complete two-story houses set on the top of one another. Eight fine rooms and bathroom may thus be obtained as well-lighted and ventilated and as private

as in any of our old-fashioned private houses. This arrangement offers many advantages, and the question is whether, where the enormous price of land makes it necessary to have a large number of apartments on a given space, it is not better for us to extend in height and to retain ample open courts than to cover 78 per cent of our superficial area.

We have before us the plans of a projected building which, if erected, would, we think, have been an interesting study. They were prepared for the site now occupied by the Madison Square Garden, upon which the late W. H. Vanderbilt had given us a most liberal option for several months. Over a million of dollars had been subscribed for the enterprise, and its abandonment was due to the passage of the high-building law, which made the erection of the structure impossible.*

The idea was to erect a building thirteen stories high, covering the whole block, and consisting of six layers of small two-story houses, each 22x50 feet, and set one on the top of another, and stores on the ground floor; this gave us, besides the stores, six layers of forty houses each, or 240 houses in all. Aerial sidewalks of the usual width were set on every alternate floor, and gave access to the parlor floor of each house, and two huge elevators set at each of the four angles of the building took the people up and down.

The sidewalks were 14 feet wide, but only took up 10 feet on the lots, as we hoped to be allowed to extend 4 feet over the areas in the form of balconies. The vast court, 80 feet wide, was to be further ventilated by a number of arches pierced through alternate stories, as we did with the Navarro buildings. The ventilation obtained by means of

* This law, which, in this office alone, caused the abandonment of projected buildings involving an expenditure of over five millions of dollars, seriously checked the progress of this city and would have virtually put an end to the erection of large fire-proof buildings had not the fact that it did not apply to hotels or office buildings opened a door of escape. Why apartment houses should have been thus singled out, while hotels, which are apt to be far more crowded, are allowed to be erected without the least control as regards light and ventilation, is one of the mysteries of our strange modes of legislation.

FOURTH AVE

27th STREET

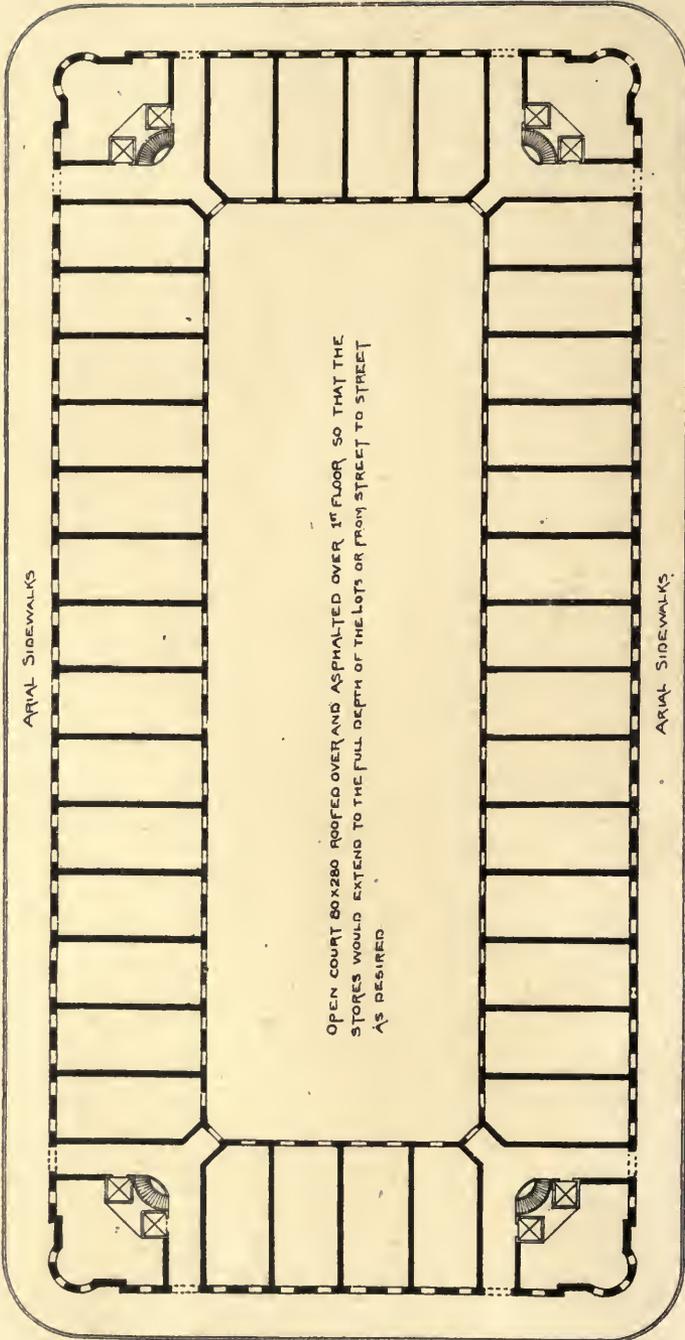
ARIAL SIDEWALKS

OPEN COURT 80x280 ROOFED OVER AND ASPHALTED OVER 1st FLOOR SO THAT THE STORES WOULD EXTEND TO THE FULL DEPTH OF THE LOTS OR FROM STREET TO STREET AS DESIRED

ARIAL SIDEWALKS

26th STREET

MADISON AVE



these arches is perfect—lifts set between every two houses and going down to the basement enabled tradespeople to reach every kitchen. This aerial sidewalk arrangement, by making the public access to the houses absolutely open and free, carries out to the utmost the French idea, that the public hall and stairs are a mere continuation of the public street, and that each apartment is in all its essentials a separate and individual home.

But we are going far beyond the limits of a magazine article, and have barely touched one of the many points of vital interest that affect the question. What about construction? Is it not time that we should put an end to the erection of buildings that we know will have to be taken down before the expiration of fifty years? Is a brick and iron fire-proof building so very much more expensive than a lath-and-plaster structure if we divide its cost by the number of years it may reasonably be expected to last? Are we not too exacting in our demands for modern conveniences and for ornamentation? If economy be an absolute necessity, had we not better do with less plumbing work, less steam heat, less electric bells, annunciators, regulators, etc., etc., and with less ornamentation in the way of terra cotta, stone carving, porticoes, colonnades, projecting cornices, sham turrets, sham mosaic, sham fancy glass, cheap carpets, frescoes and other embellishments, and have a little more air, light and privacy? The old French house we have tried to describe is as plain as a storage warehouse; it is devoid of almost all our cherished modern conveniences, but it has stood and will stand, if not disturbed, for centuries, and the apartments within its rugged walls are separate, individual homes—not what we term French flats.

Cannot some change in our system of taxation, which now seems to fall exclusively upon real estate, be devised, and help reduce our enormous rentals? A relative of ours lately paid for the rent of a pretty house in Kensington, London, precisely the same amount as we had to pay for taxes on

a house on Twelfth street, near Second avenue. Would it not be better if vacant lots were taxed more heavily and improvements less so? This would discourage the persistent holding of land for speculation, and encourage the erection of good permanent buildings. The fact that our laws and customs leave landlords virtually at the mercy of such as desire to live rent free while honest tenants are taxed to make up for the loss is one of the causes of our enormous rentals. True, tenants are usually made to pay in advance and can easily enough be ejected for non-payment of rent, and this is hard enough on poor folks who dread seeing their goods and chattels thrown out on the sidewalk. But the gentry we refer to have little to fear from such treatment; they pay the first month's rent, and possibly the second, and then stop, and the landlord, fearing empty apartments, and the wear and tear and discredit that constant changes bring upon his house, waits and waits, hoping against hope for several months, until at last the tenants march off highly indignant, and have their fine furniture (which always belongs to some other party) carefully removed in patent spring-wans to new fields of plunder. In a Parisian house not a stick of furniture, no matter by whom owned or claimed (except we believe a poor man's bedding and the tools actually used in his craft), can be removed before the rent is paid. Hence people live more according to their means, each man pays his own score and rents are lower.

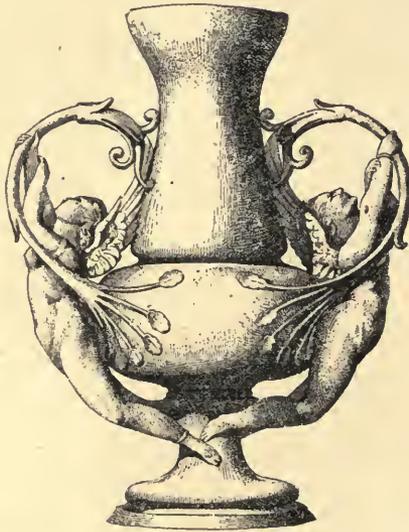
All these and a host of other questions that press upon us we must leave to the thoughtful consideration of abler men, and we do so, in full assurance that the clear-minded sagacity of our people will soon adapt our laws and customs to the requirements of a mode of life so peculiarly suited to our circumstances that its general adoption seems unavoidable.

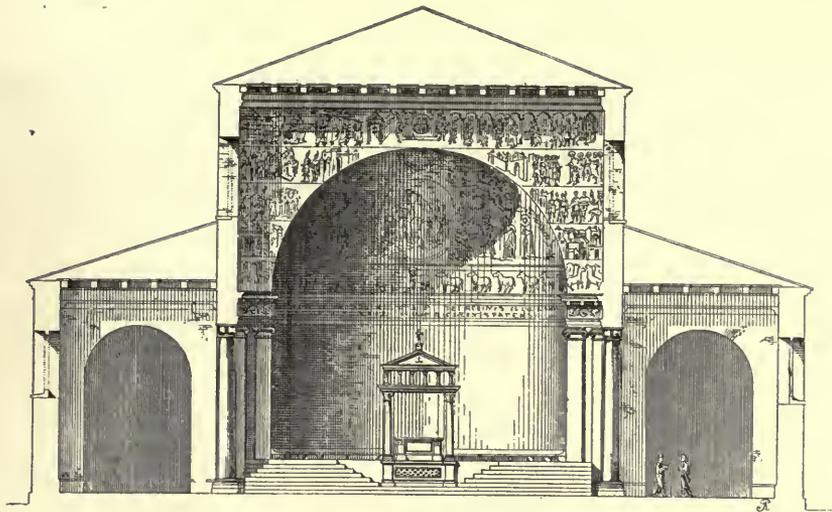
As to the planning and construction of the required building we may safely trust the skill of architects, who, besides the advantage of their Yankee endowments, have had their wits sharpened by the planning of two seven-

roomed apartments, on lots 25x100, and have evolved the marvels of convenience, taste and ingenuity to be found in so many of the very French flats we

criticise. Give them space, give them suitable materials and means, and especially give them freedom of action, and we will answer for the result.

Hubert, Pirsson & Hoddick.





CROSS SECTION OF S. M. MAGGIORE IN THE TIME OF SIXTUS III.

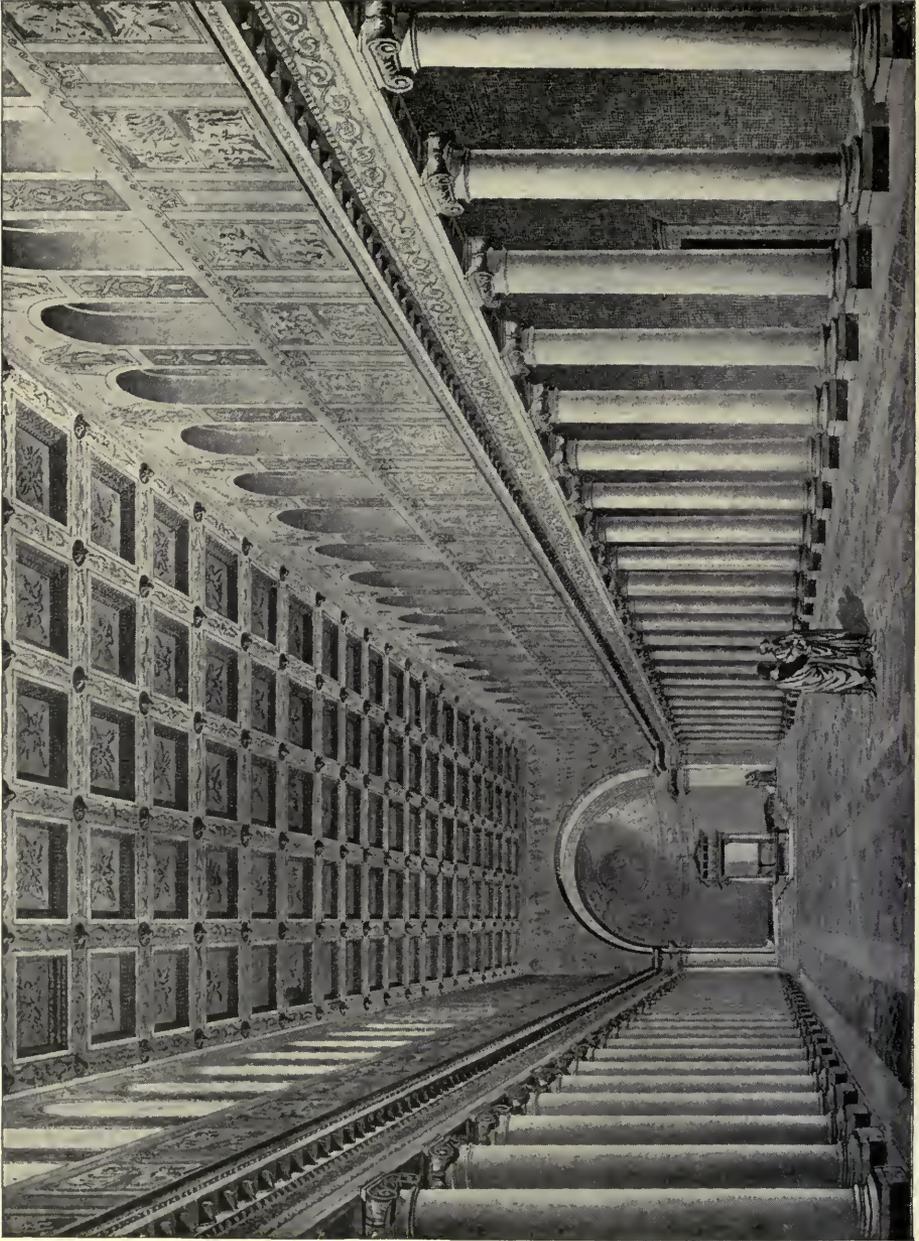
THE BASILICA OF SANTA MARIA MAGGIORE.



NE August night about the year 355 or 360, so the legend of the church tells us, Liberius, Bishop of Rome, known in later history as Pope Liberius, was visited in a dream by the Virgin Mary, who ordered him to build her a church upon a spot which he should discover in the morning marked by a covering of new-fallen snow. Early the next day messengers brought the wonderful news that fresh snow, fallen in the summer night, had covered a space on the summit of the Esquiline Hill. Presently a wealthy patrician, of whom we are only told that his name was John, and that he and his wife had wished to dedicate a church to the Virgin, came to announce to Liberius a vision like his own and his desire to carry out the Virgin's command. The Pope and the patrician went together to the place of the miracle and there in the surface of the snow marked out at once the plan of the basilica, which, in memory of its miraculous origin, came afterwards to be called the Church of St. Mary of the Snows—*Santa Maria ad Nives*. It was built under the authority of Liberius and at

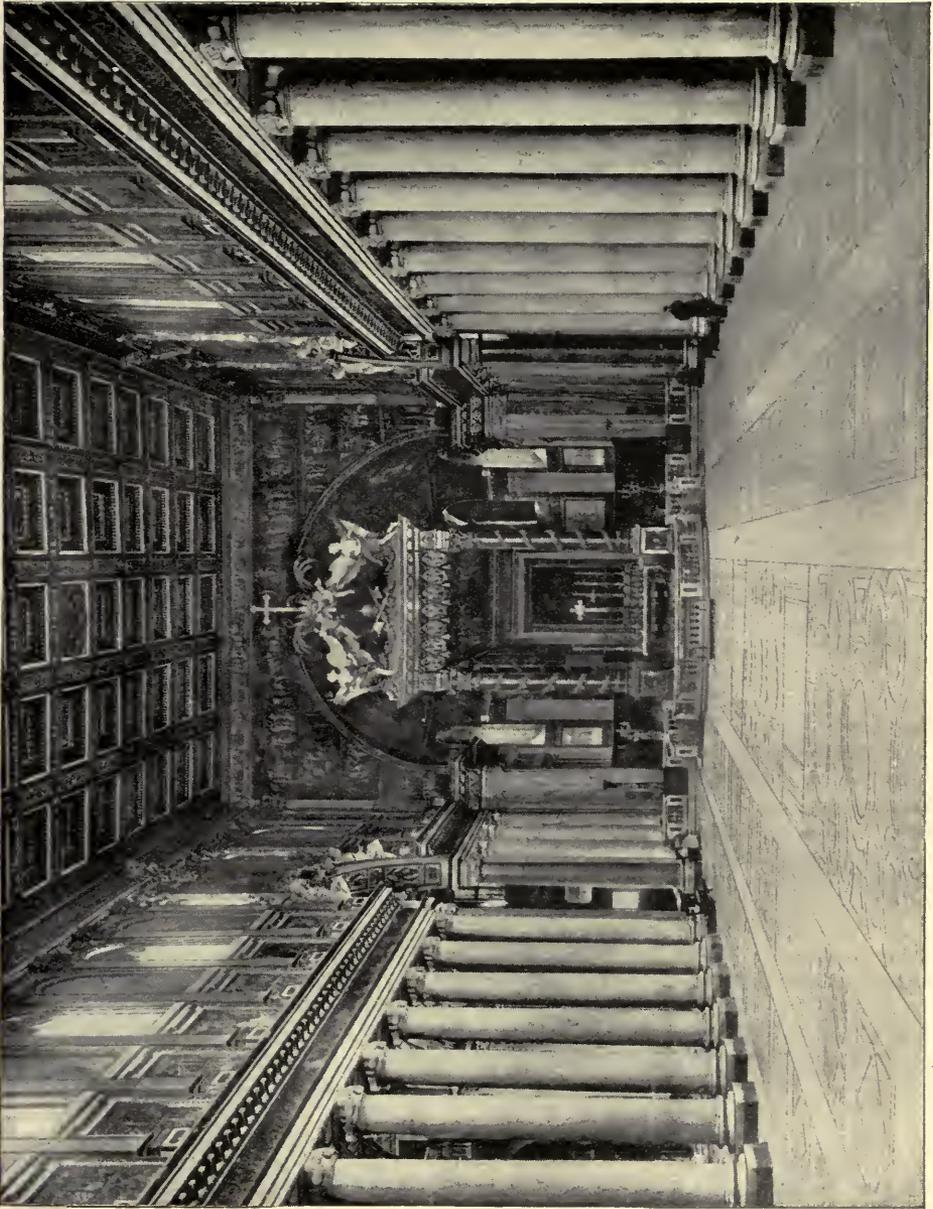
the cost of John, "*juxta Libiæ Macellum*," hard by the meat market of Libia, as the historians say, on the site of the private basilica of one Sicininus, and so was called at first only the Basilica Sicinina. After the death of Liberius it was called the Basilica Liberiana, which is still its official title, for the story of the miracle and the name which is derived from it were not in common circulation till some centuries later. The church so founded, the earliest important church there dedicated to the Virgin, has been conspicuous in the history of Rome; it passed through many transformations and a variety of names before it became universally known as the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore. No church in Rome, after the Lateran and St. Peter's, has held so large a share of public veneration, has been more honored by the Catholic Church herself, or so splendidly adorned and maintained to this day; perhaps none at all retains so much of the aspect of the great basilicas which saw the early triumph of the Roman Church.

It is true that it is not easy to say how much of the church of Liberius is to be seen in *Sta. Maria Maggiore* to-day, and we can more safely say that

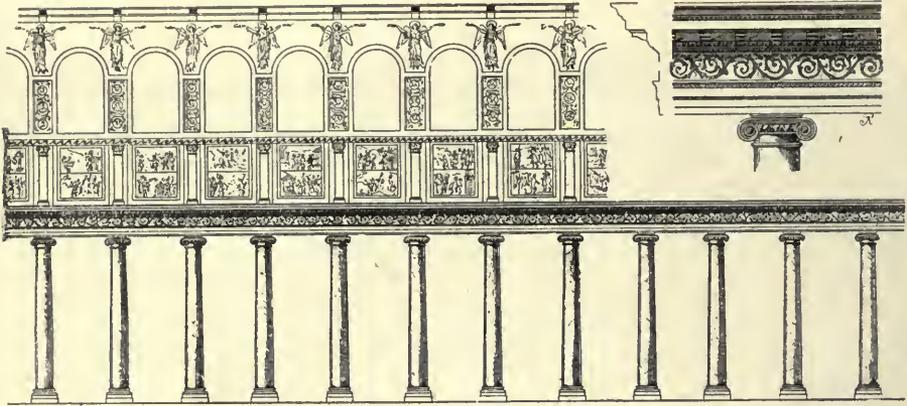


From Dehio & von Bezold.

S. M. MAGGIORE, AS RESTORED BY SIXTUS III.



S. M. MAGGIORE.—INTERIOR OF THE PRESENT CHURCH.



LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF S. M. MAGGIORE IN TIME OF SIXTUS III.

it still shows within, in its chief parts, the form which it had after its restoration by Sixtus III. eighty years later. We do not know how much he altered its main structure, perhaps not greatly, but we may believe that it was in need of restoration when we consider what went on in Rome during the fourth and fifth centuries. No sooner, for instance, had Liberius died in 366 than it suffered in one of those bitter schisms which surprise the reverent inquirer into the early history of the church.

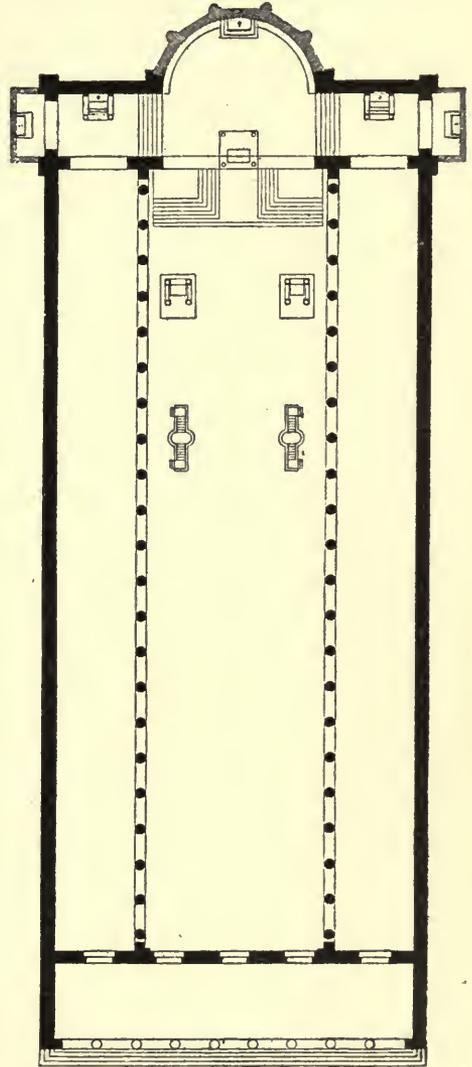
The Athanasian controversy which had troubled the pontificate of Liberius was renewed in the struggle of Damasus and Ursinus for his vacant episcopal chair. This led to a factional fight so furious that the Prefect of the City was driven to take refuge outside of the walls; and when the election of Damasus was verified his party attacked the followers of Ursinus, who were met for protest and defiance in the church of Liberius. They set fire to the doors of the church, climbed upon the roof, which they tore open, and hurled its tiles down upon the people within. At the end of the fight 137 of Ursinus's party lay dead upon the floor of the church. In the time of Sixtus III. it was the Nestorian controversy that divided the church; and when that heresy was set at rest by the counsel of Ephesus, which declared the Virgin to be the mother of God—*θεοτόκος*, *Deipara*—Sixtus, identifying himself with the prevailing doctrine, deter-

mined to signalize it by restoring the basilica, and dedicated it to St. Maria Dei Genetrix, the first, as I have said, and the greatest of the churches dedicated to her in Rome. Among the four early basilicas this one is singular, the only one which has single aisles, the aisles being double in St. Peter's, St. Paul's and the Lateran Church. In this, no doubt, Sixtus preserved the early form of the church, and also in the round apse which closes the end of the nave, and in which the windows were cut some centuries later. Whether he found or added the small transept, which subsequent alterations have as it were obliterated by walling off the arms from the choir, it is not easy or very important to decide definitely. We may remember, however, that all the great Roman basilicas of the fourth and fifth centuries had transepts, unless it be S. Lorenzo *fuori le mure*, which was also rebuilt by Sixtus, and whose original form is very much disguised by the changes it has gone through. We may note also that in the early churches of Rome there was no intersection of nave and transept; but that the transept was a cross-wing against which the nave and aisles stopped as abruptly as against a dead wall; though the wall was in fact pierced with great arched openings. This formed not a cross but a T, the transept being broken only by an apse set opposite the triumphal arch that opened into the nave, and occasionally by other apses opposite

the aisles. The cruciform church of the Middle Ages, as we know it, where the nave and transepts interpenetrate and cross, forming four arms joined in a central square, was developed pretty early in Lombard architecture, and in a sort in Byzantine, but the conservative Romans did not soon accept it. After the helpless syncope of art in Rome in the tenth and eleventh centuries, they imported it from without, with the other forms of mediæval art, in the revival of the twelfth and thirteenth. The earlier or Roman form has, nevertheless, been known in ecclesiology as the *crux commissa*, meaning the T-shape, in distinction from the *crux immissa*, or genuine four-armed cross.

The accompanying figure shows the plan of S. M. Maggiore as it was at least after Sixtus III.; but we may fairly suspect, from the analogy of the other important churches of the first centuries of Christendom, that it had before it from the beginning an atrium or open court surrounded by colonnades, with the usual fountain or basin for ablutions in the middle. The dimensions of the basilica were large. The nave, 230 feet long by 55 in clear width, is as ample as the largest in the great mediæval cathedrals, though not so lofty, being only some sixty feet high. Whoever enters it to-day sees it essentially as Sixtus saw it. Its multitudinous marble columns, said to have been taken from the temple of Juno Lucina, carry, not the arches that we commonly look for, but a straight entablature whose lines, broken only once on each side by a modern arch, lead the eye away down to the great triumphal arch and round its impost. The Ionic order is of classic proportion and detail, the entablature rather light and the frieze decorated with arabesques in mosaic. Here for once we have an interior of classic type which, loftiness apart, more than competes with the great Gothic interiors in effect of multiplicity and far-reaching perspective. The columns, much closer spaced than arcades would allow, seem countless; the long lines in the entablature, cornice and coffered ceiling, and in the Alexandrine pavement, the very lowness of the nave, all help to give a

marvelous impression of scale, distance and majesty. The only dissonance in this harmony is the interruption of the entablature by the modern arches. But for that we should have here the



GROUND PLAN OF S. M. MAGGIORE.

one unexampled instance of a church interior purely classic in design, simple, continuous, thoroughly harmonious and, in spite of its monotony, unique in its impressiveness.

The deliberate retaining of the entablature in certain of the most import-

ant buildings of christianized Rome at the time when the arch was elbowing it out of use throughout the rest of the world is a singular sign of the conservatism of Rome. Even in the Eastern Empire, of which we are apt to think as the embodiment of conservatism, we find almost no traces of the use of the entablature after the time of Diocletian. But in those days the East was the progressive branch of the Empire and Rome the backward. While the Empire of the East, founded by barbarians, developed its polity, its society and its arts with the freshness of a new state, in the northern parts of Italy the German conquerors, settling themselves among the Italians, gradually renewed the population and transformed its habits. They infused their own energy, first under the Gothic monarchy and then under the Lombard, rapidly reforming the arts which their inroads had nearly destroyed. But Rome sat apart, uninfluenced by the new life that was stirring about her, her population unrenewed and gradually wasting under oppression, violence, pestilence and famine. Only her hierarchy gained in authority and wealth, while everything else decayed about it. Again and again the floods of invasion threatened to overwhelm her; now and then they surged up to her gates and fell back. Four times her enemies burst in and pillaged her, stripping her of an incredible amount of accumulated wealth; yet they did not fasten upon her, but hastened away with their booty. The awe or reverence with which for ages she had inspired the outside world had twice turned back Alaric before he finally abased her; and, aided by the eloquence and venerable bearing of Leo the Great, had even held the arrogant and savage Attila at a distance. It would seem that something of this reverence returned upon her conquerors after the first impulse of their violence was spent, made them uneasy within their walls and drove them to leave her to herself in her humiliation. So she lived in virtual isolation through the dark ages, as Mecca or as Jerusalem lives now. Pilgrims flocked to her, left their offerings and went away. Her

pontiffs gradually extended their spiritual authority throughout Christendom, rooted their temporal authority, and gathered wealth from all the world into her shrines. But little new blood came into her population: numbers, character, learning and art declined among them, and like all decadent communities they held to their conservatism. Constantine had found a great body of Christians in Rome, mostly, it is true, among the lower classes; and though his imperial promulgation of their religion made a great change in external observance, it was long before even the ancient worship was smothered in the city, longer before the upper classes ceased to be secretly devoted to their paganism, longer still before the Roman people radically changed their ways of thinking and feeling. For centuries their old superstitions clung to them; their attachments to their old institutions, manners, arts, were perennial.

It is clear that the older and consecrated form of architecture was preferred by the early Roman Christians to the new; the entablature was more in honor than the arch. It is likely that when they first lined their naves with arcades instead of colonnades economy and ease of construction were their determining motives. Their mechanical skill had already deteriorated and it was easier to turn plain arches than to cut entablatures. When they had an excuse to plunder a heathen building they could supply themselves not only with columns, but with the rest of the order, and repeated edicts of the later emperors, and even of the Gothic Theodoric, for the rescue of the old buildings from destruction show that the reverence of the people for the ancient monuments did not keep pace with their attachments to the ancient forms. It would appear, too, that Constantine and his bishops set the example of destroying the old for the building of the new, for there are few early churches in which the conspicuous parts are not built out of old materials. But the opportunities for the despoiling of old buildings were not unlimited, and while columns could be stolen from distant

towns it was not so easy to bring whole orders. Columns were indispensable, but architraves and cornices were not. So while it is apparent that the greater honor attached in Rome—and in Rome only—to the ancient form, we find the use divided between that and the arch. In the old basilica of St. Peter's, pulled down at the beginning of the sixteenth century by Bramante to make way for the modern church, and in the round church of S. Stefano, the nave was lined with great colonnades bearing entablatures, while the double aisles were separated by smaller columns with arcades. The contemporary basilicas of St. John Lateran and St. Paul's outside the walls were arcaded throughout; our Sicilian or Liberian basilica showed the entablature; so did somewhat later the churches of S. Lorenzo without the walls, St. Maria in Trastevere, S. Crisogono, S. Martino ai Monti and Sta. Prassede, while in the lesser churches the arcade was usual. That the entablature was used with effort is shown by the fact that usually the architrave is relieved by bearing arches hidden, or meant to be hidden, in the frieze, or as in Sta. Prassede, above the whole entablature.

Above the order the walls of the nave have lost something of their old and probably plainer aspect, each alternate clerestory window being filled up and replaced by a modern painting, while an order of Corinthian pilasters set between them repeats and continues the lines of the columns below. But the square paneled ceiling, with deep coffers and carved and gilded beams, although added at the beginning of the sixteenth century, doubtless renews very much the effect of the original one, while the upper order with its cornice and frieze is at least harmonious with the effect of the lower part.

The most characteristic adornment is still the series of mosaic pictures in square panels not much spoiled by later restorations with which Sixtus filled the space between the lower order and the clerestory, leading up to the great group of mosaics that surrounds the triumphal arch. These show how early a consistent scheme of icon-

ography was arranged for the decoration of the church. The mosaics on the walls of the nave represent in the main a series of scenes from Old Testament history, the prophecies and forerunners of Christ. Those about the arch show the story of his birth and infancy—the Annunciation, the Presentation, the Adoration of the Magi, the Massacre of the Innocents. They are among the most interesting in Rome, as they are among the earliest. Late classic in style, showing the rather stumpy figures of the reliefs of Trajan's column, they yet have a freedom of drawing and invention and a skill in execution which were lacking in the mosaics of the following centuries. Over the arch is the simple inscription "Sixtus Episcopus Plebi Dei." The ambones which stood on each side of the nave near the choir, and the two ciboria that flanked the entrance to the choir are gone; the baldacchino that stands in front of the arch of triumph is modern; a modern tomb on each side of the entrance closes the first intercolumniations of the nave, yet the interior is singularly harmonious. The warm tones of the marble columns, tinged by age and by the smoke of innumerable censers, the marble pavement, the rich coloring of the mosaics and paintings, with the quiet tints of the architectural members, enriched here and there with gilding, the whole roofed by the gilded beams and gray panels of the ceiling, add a sober splendor to the dignity of the architecture.

The gifts which Sixtus III. added to his church illustrate one of the singular phenomena of Roman history—how, even after the pillage of the Goths, and while the decline and depletion of the city were steadily going on, the church kept on accumulating wealth, repairing her losses. Her population was wasted with want, and sometimes at starvation's door, but her shrines were adorned with a luxury which sounds fabulous to us. We are told that Sixtus furnished the altar of Sta. Maria with a *scyphus* or chalice of gold which weighed fifty pounds, and overlaid it with 300 pounds of silver plates; silver stags spouted water into the font, or the basin for ablutions. At the

same time the Emperor Valentinian gave to St. Peter's a golden relief representing Christ and the twelve apostles, and to St. John Lateran a silver tabernacle. Perhaps it is not strange that one barbarian sacking of Rome was followed by another, that if the Arian Goths had respected the orthodox shrines, the Vandals should have spared none, but loaded themselves alike with the gilded tiles of the temple of Jupiter, the spoils from the temple of Jerusalem, and the furniture of the Christian shrines, or that St. Jerome should declaim against the luxuriousness of the churches and their services in his day.

It is only in the nave that the original character of the basilica is preserved. The tunnel-vaulted aisles, faced with Ionic pilasters, and the groups of chapels that lined them, are Renaissance; the main apse or tribune, with its pointed windows in mosaic, speaks chiefly of the short period when the Gothic fashion prevailed at Rome. But it is seven hundred years after the time of Sixtus III. that we next find a definite account of important changes in the church, though meanwhile, perhaps in the seventh century, the bell-tower was built on the right of the main entrance, where, added to in the thirteenth century and again in the time of the Renaissance, it now lifts its four variously arcaded upper stories and its pointed roof over the main façade—the highest tower in Rome.

Eugene III. found time during his troubled pontificate, from 1145 to 1153, in spite of his struggles with his republican rebels, to restore St. Maria Maggiore and considerably modify it. He built a new front with an open portico resting on eight coupled columns of granite. Antiquaries have insisted that the Romans, with that fondness for past ways which I have just discussed, reverted again during the later Romanesque period to the classic entablature. It is certain at least that the porches added to churches—S. Giorgio in Velabro and S. Lorenzo *fuori le mure* and some others—are built with an entablature in classic form instead of the arcades which were elsewhere universal during that period. It is probable that none of these porches is older than the

twelfth century. It is also true that but for some bell towers of Lombard aspect and some one or two old arcaded cloisters, all of which may belong to the seventh, eighth and ninth centuries, and the later apse of one church, there would hardly be any evidence that the Lombard Romanesque, which took possession of the north of Italy, ever found its way into Rome. An old print cited by Letarouilly shows that the portico of Eugene, like the porches I have just mentioned, had an entablature and not an arcade. A more extraordinary thing, which does show the influence of the contemporary style upon the revival or continuation of the old one, is the coupling of the columns in a colonnade, a thing unknown in ancient art, hardly to be found in the Renaissance, and looked upon as an innovation when it was introduced by Perrault in 1665 in his famous colonnade of the Louvre.

In truth, during the period of most rapid development of Romanesque architecture, the eleventh century and most of the twelfth, Rome, impoverished, unpeopled, and entirely given up to the evolution of her church, did almost no building of which we have record. If we may believe the writers of a somewhat later time, she had sunk to the lowest impotence in literature and art. It is likely that being provided with churches to suit the larger population of earlier days she had no occasion to build them, and there is abundant evidence that many of those she had were allowed to fall to dilapidation, and were from time to time rudely and hastily restored only to keep them from tumbling to pieces; or the favorite church of some dignitary was enriched by a small addition, or adorned with mosaics or a new shrine. But this was all. Such conditions favored, not progress, but conservatism and even retrogression. The porticos which I have mentioned and which are the characteristic monuments, perhaps the only ones, of Roman architecture at this period, are altogether classic in general form, and might easily have been believed by their builders irreproachably so in all respects. Yet they show on examination that they could not have been executed at a date much

earlier than that which their history assigns them. The ratio of the columns to their load, the proportions and in some degree the form of the details, betray the influence, very likely then unrecognized, of the work that went on outside of Rome. They give evidence of a sort of revival in the twelfth century, whose rude beginning shows into what decadence the Roman architecture had fallen, but which advanced both in design and in mechanical skill, leading up to the finished work of the Cosmati, and culminating in the cloisters of S. John Lateran and of St. Paul's, or outside of Rome in the porch of the cathedral at Civita Castellana.

At the end of the next century, about 1290, Nicholas IV. rebuilt, or at least redecored, the apse of St. Maria Maggiore. By this time the Gothic wave had overflowed Italy, and even Rome yielded so far as to admit the pointed arch. Pointed windows were cut in the apse, which are still to be recognized on the inside, and it was covered or re-covered with mosaics. These had been a specialty of Rome ever since they were invented, and pictorial mosaic had been specially fostered by the church. It had sunk with the other arts in the ninth and tenth centuries and risen with them in the twelfth. Nicholas marked his short reign by the mosaics with which he lined the apse of the Lateran and Liberian basilicas, the finest works of their day. Both were the signed work of one artist, Jacobus Torriti, a Franciscan monk, of whom only these works are known, but who is not to be confounded with the painter of the same name to whom are due the earlier mosaics of the Baptistery at Florence. We may guess him to have been his kinsman. The central composition here represents, in due sequence with the older mosaics of the nave and the triumphal arch, the crowning conception of the cult of the Virgin—the *Incoronata*. Colossal figures of Christ and the Virgin occupy a great disc on the back of the dome. They are seated together on a throne, his hand still raised to the crown which he has just set upon her head, and are divided by a border of stars from the rest of the

composition. About them crowd ranks of angels, behind whom modestly kneel on either side Nicholas and Cardinal Colonna, who shared the cost of the decoration with him, overtopped by the towering figures of the patron saints of Rome, and of the two Johns, the baptist and the Evangelist, and behind these again the newly-canonized saints, Francis Assisi and Anthony of Padua. Beneath is the inscription, more or less abbreviated:

Maria Virgo Assumpta est ad etherium thalamum in quo Rex Regum Stellato sedit solio ; and below this :

Exaltata est sancta Dei Genetrix super choros angelorum ad coelestia regna.

The mosaic is remarkable for various reasons. It marks, as I have said, the culmination of homage to the Virgin, and is perhaps the earliest representation of this conception that exists. It is interesting to compare it with the corresponding mosaic, a century and a-half older, in the dome of the apse of the other great early basilica dedicated to the Virgin—S. Maria in Trastevere. There again Christ and his mother are enthroned side by side; but the son sits with his arm about her shoulder, and with no emphasis of the crown, as if the enthronement were the event portrayed, and the crown simply a part of the costume supplied by the painter. The mosaic of Sta. Maria Maggiore shows the advance in design and execution due to the interval. From these figures the classic attitudes have entirely disappeared, though something of classic breadth still lingers in the draperies, but the upper part of the conch or dome is occupied by arabesques on a large scale singularly classic in design. It is easy to conjecture that the enormous acanthus leaves from which they spring, and the dense reversing coils of heavy foliage, in which figures of birds are enveloped, are parts of the older decoration of the apse preserved from the fourth or fifth century, while the borders of the dome and of the pointed windows, though still composed of classic motives, are distinctly mediæval in scale and treatment.

Of like character with the mosaics of the apse, and almost the same date, are

those added at the end of the thirteenth century to the old front above the portico and fortunately preserved when the front was remodeled and the present loggia built over them. They represent in a broad upper band great figures of Christ enthroned with the Virgin and Saints on each side, and below these four characteristic scenes, framed in Italian Gothic architecture of the thirteenth century, telling with great animation the story of the foundation of the church—the vision of Liberius and that of John the patrician, the reception of John by the Pope, and their identification of the site, under an abundant but circumscribed snow-storm sent down by Christ and the Virgin inclosed in an aureole above. The upper band of mosaics is signed by Filippo Rusuti, of whom again only this work is known; the lower ones are attributed by Vasari to Gaddo Gaddi, who also, it is said, added a range of small mosaics below those of the conch of the apse. These are all contributions by Cardinals Jacopo and Pietro Colonna, of a family which cherished this church and much adorned it in later days.

These are the last considerable changes in the church itself of which we have record until the days of the Renaissance. Within a dozen years—in 1309—began the Babylonian exile, as it has been called, of the popes to Avignon under Clement V. Seventy years later, when Gregory XI. brought back the papacy to Rome, he rebuilt or built up the bell-tower of which I have spoken, and the upper stories which he added, with round arched arcades above pointed ones, may count as a symbol of the brevity and instability of Gothic influence upon the architecture of Rome. The great churches of Rome seem to have fallen into neglect and dilapidation during the exile, and to have but slowly recovered. It is a curious coincidence that the three popes who since the establishment of the church by Constantine have at long intervals borne the name of Sixtus are all associated with this basilica. The next we hear of it is that a hundred years after Gregory XI., the magnificent Sixtus IV. of unsavory history,

builder of the Ponte San Sisto and the famous Sistine Chapel of the Vatican, adorned the church with splendid furnishings, of which perhaps the only remains are the four columns of porphyry that to-day support the modern baldachino over the high altar. He added, through his French Cardinal D'Estouteville, arch-priest of the church, a chapel which was probably among several that have been swept away to make room for later and more splendid additions.

At the end of the fifteenth century, while Columbus was discovering America, Alexander VI.—the second and last Pope of the Borgia family and father of that precious pair, Cæsar and Lucrezia—made Giuliano San Gallo replace the ceiling of the nave with that which we have described. History is full of unexpected juxtapositions, and one of these surprises us when we are told that the first gold brought from the New World, given to the church by Ferdinand and Isabella, is spread over the gilt beams of this ceiling. Sixty years later Michelangelo began, for Cardinal Guido Ascanio Sforza, the chapel on the right of the nave, still known as the Sforza chapel. He and the Cardinal died in the same year, 1564, and the chapel was carried out for Cardinal Alexander, brother of the first, by Giacomo della Porta. The design of the chapel was modified, it is said, in the after execution, but the singular and extravagant plan is probably due to Michelangelo, whose unruly genius tended, in architecture, to the far-fetched and the bizarre. It had an enriched façade toward the nave, but this was taken down, probably with advantage to the nave, in the later restoration under Benedict XIV.

Of the other chapels that line the aisles two are of special importance—the *Capella del Pressepe* and the Borghese Chapel, the chapels of Sixtus V. and Paul V. These twin chapels stand on opposite sides of the nave, and though to the vast basilica they are but side chapels, they are on a scale that would do for churches in these degenerate days of scattered worship. They are Greek crosses in plan, measuring some 75 feet each way in size, the centres

covered with domes of about 40 feet span. They are about 65 feet high to the crown of the vaults which cover the arms, 130 to the top of the domes inside, and 160 to the summit of the lanterns without. Though built twenty-five years apart, and by different architects, they are alike in design, with some differences of detail. A great order of Corinthian pilasters, half as high again as the main order of the nave, surrounds each of them within, carrying the vaults that cover the arms of the cross, and the pendentives which bear the domes. The two drums, octagonal on the outside, are pierced with pedimented windows in the intervals of an upper order of pilasters upon which the domes rest. It was to give importance to the approach to these chapels that the colonnades each side the nave were broken, the entablatures interrupted, and two columns on each side spread apart and set close against their neighbors* so as to open two broad arches rising to the level of the clerestory window-sills. This is, as I have said, the only serious injury done to the original design of the nave; and it is serious, for it is to the grand lines of the entablatures, continued even round the impost of the triumphal arch, and to its serried ranks of columns, that the nave owes its majesty. These are broken with an abruptness that shocks the eye, and by arches which yet look insignificant beside the triumphal arch.

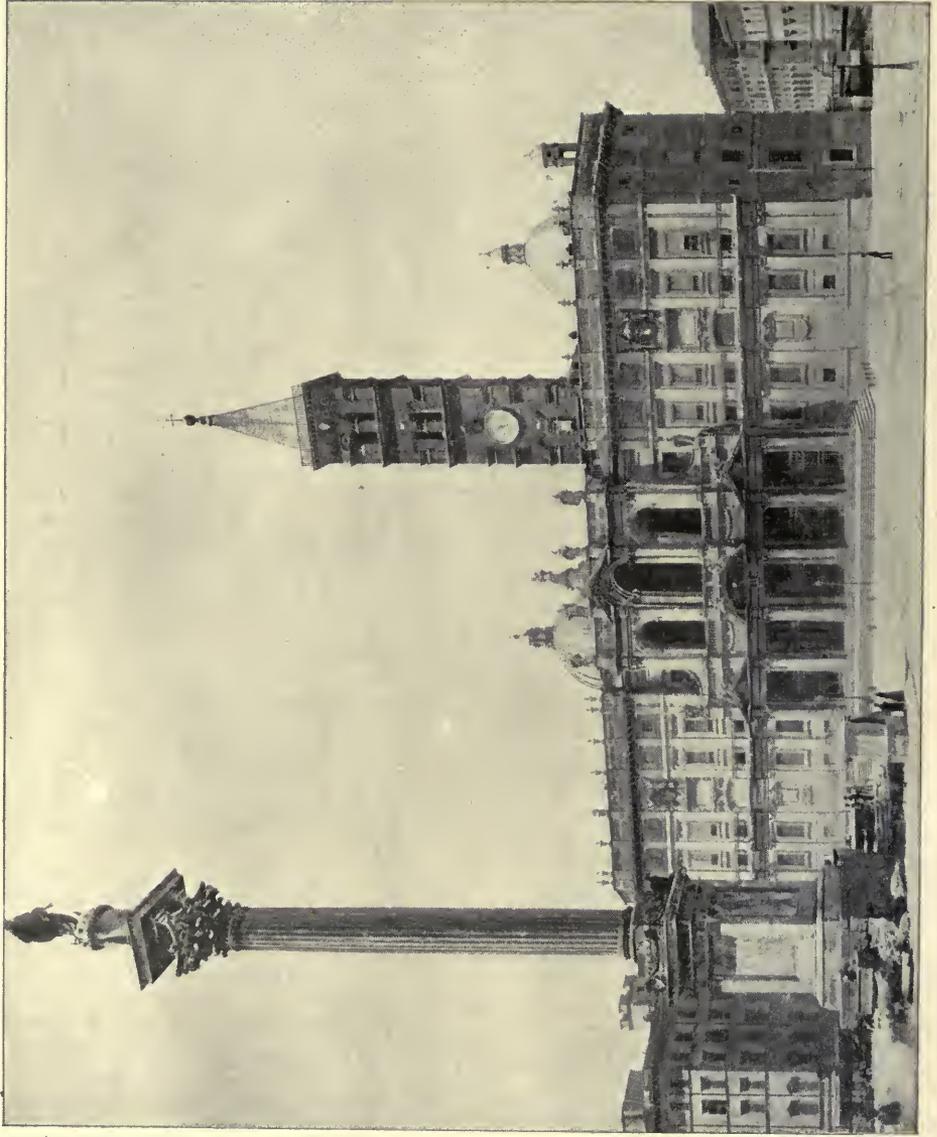
The two chapels are finished inside with an amazing sumptuousness of varied marbles, sculpture, gilding and painting; their design and proportion are elegant. The earlier one, the Sixtine, was begun by Domenico Fontana for Sixtus V., when he was Cardinal Montalto, and wished a shrine of great splendor to receive the manger of Christ. This had been brought from Palestine with the remains of S. Jerome by Theodore I., when he came from Jerusalem to St. Peter's chair, and had been preserved in one of the older chapels. The lavishness of this undertaking cost the Cardinal his allow-

ance from the papal revenues; for the Pope, Gregory XIII., declared that a Cardinal who could venture on such an undertaking must be rich already. The work would have been stopped, says Milizia, if the architect had not devoted his own savings to keep it going. Fontana had his reward when the Cardinal became Pope Sixtus, being appointed with Della Porta to carry on Michelangelo's design for St. Peter's, and he speedily finished the chapel in Sta. Maria Maggiore, with even more splendor than he at first intended.

The five boards of which the manger consisted are deposited below the pavement in the middle of the chapel of Sixtus, under a magnificent shrine. The little chapel in which they had been preserved was some twenty yards away from their present position, and Sixtus, as solicitous for the traditions of the church as he was imperious, insisted that the old chapel should be moved bodily with the precious relic in it to its new place. His faith in Fontana's engineering ability had been fixed by the skilful placing of the obelisk in front of St. Peter's; and the little building, with its walls and vaults laboriously braced, crated in a great frame of timber, and slung by a complicated system of ropes, was moved to its position and lowered to its new level. Above it is set a resplendent tabernacle of gilded bronze, and facing it on each side are the sumptuous monuments of Sixtus himself and of his sainted predecessor Pius V.

The second of the two chapels was built twenty-five years later for Paul V. by Flaminio Ponzio. It is even more splendid than the chapel of Sixtus which it copies, and more refined in its architectural detail. It, too, has its venerated relic, enshrined under a magnificent canopy over its altar—the sacred picture of the Virgin painted by St. Luke, the same which was carried in the solemn penitential procession to St. Peter's by Gregory the Great when pestilence was desolating Rome. When Paul had finished his chapel the picture was again carried in procession and was fixed here in its frame of amethyst, guarded by gilded angels under a canopy of lapis-lazuli and jasper.

* Literally, richer columns of gray granite have been substituted for the piers that were thus displaced.



S. M. MAGGIORE.—FAÇADE OF FERDINANDO FUGA.

Closely as the two chapels agree in their design, there is one difference which has, I think, a special significance. The dome of Ponzio's chapel is the ordinary hemispherical dome of the Renaissance; Fontana's is lifted into an ellipsoid. Now Michelangelo's dome designed for St. Peter's was a hemisphere, and we know that Della Porta and Fontana got permission from Sixtus, who insisted that in every other respect Michelangelo's design should be carried out to the letter, to change the outline of the dome and make it higher. The dome of Fontana's chapel is a pigmy compared with that of St. Peter's; its outline is not so fine, but it is an embodiment of the same idea, an idea which no one but Fontana seems to have had. St. Peter's dome was built in 1588-90, just after this chapel; and it would seem that here was embodied the first conception of that soaring outline which, more than its size, makes the distinction of that dome above all other domes of the Renaissance.

Our history of the old church of Sta. Maria Maggiore may end here. The changes which since this have taken place in the interior, where alone the old church can be seen, are of little moment. The important changes are in the exterior, or rather in the architectural case that has been built about the exterior. At the time that he built his chapel Fontana had, by order of Sixtus, set up in the open place behind the apse of the church an obelisk which had long lain neglected near the Mausoleum of Augustus. The task was in some ways more difficult than the handling of the obelisk before St. Peter's, for this one was broken in pieces and had to be cunningly mended before it could be slung. At the same time he opened the long street that under the triple name of the Via Sistina, Via Felice and Via dei Quattro Fontane connects the basilica with the Trinità dei Monti and the Spanish Steps. In like manner Paul V., the year after he had finished his chapel, set up before the front of the basilica the great Corinthian column, 60 feet high between its lofty pedes-

tal and its block of entablature, the last plunder of the basilica of Maxentius or Constantine, and crowned it with the bronze statue of the Virgin which we still see there. But Fontana and Ponzio would hardly recognize the venerable basilica which they left to be guarded by these two sentinels in the massive building which now stands there, with two modern façades facing the long streets that lead away from it a mile in each direction. The old basilica is buried in a pile of buildings occupied by the canons and other officials that serve it, and from most points of view has much more the aspect of an enormous palace than of a church. The rear front, facing down the slope of the Esquiline Hill toward the Trinità dei Monti, was built for Clement X. (1670-76) by Carlo Rainaldi, and follows more or less the lines of a design left for it by Ponzio. It is by far the finest part of the exterior; standing well at the summit of the slope, with its simple masses and long lines, and approached by an imposing flight of steps, it is dignified and harmonious. The rear of the basilica forms the central mass, and the apse projects from the middle, showing in the intercolumniations the windows of Nicholas transformed by round arches. One great order of Corinthian pilasters covers more than half the height of the whole front; the second stage is too high in the middle for a windowless attic, but in the wings suits the windows of the second-story apartments. The twin domes of the Sixtine and Pauline chapels rising above the wings make an effective, though divided composition. The warm-toned travertine of which the whole outside is built, adds a charm to the architecture, and from a sufficient distance the mediæval bell-tower helps to unite the otherwise disunited domes.

The main entrance-front, built for Benedict XIV. in the middle of the eighteenth century by Ferdinando Fuga, is much inferior. It is in fact a many-windowed palace with a commonplace and unrelated Italian church front protruding from the middle. The cornice is at a uniform level, but the palace is in five stories and the church

in two. There is some elegance of proportion in the two orders, Ionic and Corinthian, that cover these two stories, colonnaded below, arcaded above; but the flimsy detail, the multiplied breaks in the entablatures and pediments, and the uneasy statues that crown the balustrade are in poor contrast to the dignity of the other façade, and the centre swears, as the French critics would say, at the wings. The venerable bell-tower lifts itself with a fine alertness above the cornice, but stands *dépaysé* among its surroundings. We owe thanks to Fuga, that while he displaced the portico of Eugene III. and used its columns for his own porch he preserved the old front above it. The open loggia which he provided in the second story for the papal benediction at once protects and displays the historic mosaics of Rusuti which I have described.

Benedict did much to restore and adorn the interior. He renewed the pavement, inserted the responding pilasters of marble which bring the aisles into harmony with the nave, refreshed the paintings and mosaic, and added the *baldacchino*, with columns of porphyry and canopy of gilt bronze, which stands over the high altar. As he left the church we see it still. The only change in recent days has been the rebuilding of the *confessio* beneath the high altar by Vespignani for Pius IX., who intended this for his own burial-place, but whose body lies elsewhere.

"*L'art a de la peine à se soustraire au paganisme*," says Letarouilly, in Rome at least, where Letarouilly wrote it, this is true. St. Maria Maggiore is an epitome of the architectural history

of Christian Rome, and may serve to illustrate how little there is or ever was in Rome of architecture distinctively Christian, or of any architecture not essentially classic. The earliest parts of the church that remain, whether they are from the time of Liberius or of Sixtus III., are as classic as the Arch of Constantine. The arch emancipated from the entablature, which is the only unclassic feature that ever naturalized itself in Rome, has found no place here. The Lombard style, scarcely known in this city, as we have seen, except by its *campanili*, is represented in due proportion by the half-concealed bell-tower. The great Gothic movement, which changed the face of northern Europe, but has hardly left any mark in Rome, is here but just betrayed by the windows of the apse and tower. The art that lifted its head in Rome after the collapse of the ninth and tenth centuries turned instinctively to classic forms, as we have seen in the vanished porch of Eugene III. The Renaissance, born in Florence, found in Rome its readiest welcome and natural home. It developed here its most classic aspect, its greatest sumptuousness. The decorative arts through all these many centuries hardly strayed away, it would appear, from classic types. Even in the churchly rites of Rome and her popular beliefs, in the superstitions of her people, in the very days of her festivals, her cult of saints, the forms of her religious observances, the classical substratum shows through at every turn. To all these things the Liberian basilica, in its architectural forms, in its pictured decorations, and in its magnificence, is a witness.

W. P. P. Longfellow.



Glass mosaic, designed by Walter Crane. (See page 88.)

MODERN MOSAIC IN ENGLAND.



R. ANTONIO SALVIATI with whose name the revival of mosaic in England is usually associated has received an undue share of the credit

which is only partly his. In the year 1850 or thereabouts there was in Venice a certain Signor Radi, skilled in all the learning of the Venetian glass-workers. Dr. Salviati, an advocate practicing there, had the wit to see that the revival of the art of glass mosaic might be made a more profitable thing than the pursuit of the law, and he proceeded accordingly to advocate such a revival.

It was no difficult matter to win over to his way of thinking an amateur so keenly interested in art and archaeology as Sir Henry Layard, who not only advised and encouraged him in his efforts, but introduced him to the arch-restorer Mr. (afterwards Sir) Gilbert

Scott, just at the time, as it happened, when he was about to undertake the conversion of Wolsey's Chapel at Windsor into the "Albert Memorial Chapel" in honor of the then lately deceased Prince Consort. This was Dr. Salviati's opportunity, and he was the man to seize it and not let go. The decoration of the roof and of the west end of the chapel was entrusted to him. He also executed for Sir Gilbert Scott a mosaic picture of the Last Supper, for the altar of Westminster Abbey, and enriched with glass mosaic the spandrels of that other "folly" of her Majesty's, the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park.

Eventually what was practically an English company, backed by English capital, and administered by English directors (Sir A. H. Layard, Mr. Bates and the late Sir W. Drake among their number) was formed for the purpose of



Elijah Denouncing Ahab.—Mosaic design for Chester Cathedral by John R. Clayton (Clayton & Bell, London).

developing Dr. Salviati's business. "Salviati's mosaic" is known all over the world. It is not so generally known that the said business is now carried on under the name of the Venice and Murano Glass Company. Dr. Salviati having ultimately severed his connection with it, and started a business in his own name, carried on since his death a year or two ago by his son.

All the credit that belongs to shrewd insight, business faculty, administrative ability, and persistent energy, belongs undoubtedly to Dr. Salviati. For the actual execution of the mosaic he was, of course, entirely dependent upon Radi and his subordinates. For the rest the repute of English Mosaic (good or bad) is due, neither to Dr. Salviati nor to Sir Gilbert Scott, but to the artists who designed it—and it is mainly of them that I shall have to speak. The most prominent of these is Mr. John R. Clayton. A sculptor by training, Mr. Clayton had drifted, associated with his friend Mr. Alfred Bell, into the manufacture of stained glass. At the time he was called upon to design the decorations of the Memorial Chapel, he had so little experience in mosaic that he consented only on the understanding that he should first proceed to Italy to study it. He is an old hand at it now. In addition to the works above mentioned he has designed important decorations in glass mosaic for Newmarket, Brompton and other churches, and in the way of marble mosaic, (of which I shall have more to say eventually) the decorations of Chester Cathedral and of the Guards' Memorial Chapel, attached to the Wellington Barracks, St. James Park. Two of the cartoons for the Chester work are here illustrated; they represent the Prophet Elijah, and the scene of the Denunciation of King Ahab.

It is disappointing to find that, master as he is of the subject, Mr. Clayton speaks after all without enthusiasm of his experience in mosaic. He is not so proud of his productions in that sort as one might think he has every right to be. In these latter days, when the artist is almost bound in self-defence to be a man of business, artistic prejudices are often in the nature of hin-



Figure of Elijah.—Marble mosaic, designed for Chester Cathedral by John R. Clayton (Clayton & Bell).

drances to him. One may not be always able to avoid the pressure of circumstances which compel a man to put perhaps mosaic pictures into stone frame work out of keeping with them or

on to flat walls where the value of the gold ground is to all intents and purposes lost. The artist does the best he can under the circumstances; but he realizes that there is so much waste of art—and the thought of it is not inspiring.

Mr. Clayton has too high an idea, or I should say rather too sure a knowledge, of what art is, to be vastly satisfied with anything he has done. And as far as concerns mosaic he has felt that the conditions of English architecture, English climate, English prejudice, were against his expressing himself adequately in that medium. He felt the want always of broad surfaces of unbroken gold, such as are afforded in Byzantine architecture, and of the Southern sun to light it up; and he found it almost impossible to conform to the instruction of architectural jacks-in-office, without descending to an archaism which he knew full well to be absurd. At the same time he has not the least belief in mosaic as a medium for the realism characteristic of the nineteenth century art. If however he has never satisfied his own severe judgment, he has designed much manly and masterly work in mosaic, with which there is not much in modern English decoration to compare. Mere "trade" work, I have heard it called by painters and others who do not half know their trade. Well, some taint of trade there is in it—decoration falls unfortunately into the hands of the tradesman. Are artists to stand aside and let him have it all his own way? This I know, that the trade of decoration in England would have stood to-day on a much lower level but for the work and influences of Mr. John Clayton, whose studio has been a very nursery of designers.

The greatest artist associated with mosaic in England was Alfred Stevens. When it was proposed to fill the spandrels under the "whispering gallery" below the dome of St. Paul's with Venetian glass mosaic, four of them were allotted to Stevens, who was to design figures of the four great prophets to fill them. Mr. G. F. Watts was to design the corresponding figures of the Evangelists. Only two of the figures were executed at the time, those of Isaiah

and St. Matthew,—although Stevens left sketches for his four. The superiority of Steven's design needs no pointing out. The accompanying illustration is one of a series of photographic reproductions just published by the London Autotype Company under the title of "Alfred Stevens and his work," and is reproduced by their permission. Mr. Watts himself seems to have acknowledged his master when he designed afterwards his second spandril (only recently placed in position) in which he has abandoned the altogether inappropriate picturesqueness of his earlier manner, and adopted the larger and altogether grander style which Stevens himself owed to his masters, the great Italians of the Renaissance. This figure of St John has been enlarged from Mr. Watts' small sketch by Mr. Britten, who has also enlarged Stevens' figure of Daniel, recently put up, and the two remaining prophets which will probably be fixed by the time this notice is in print. Mr. Britten who is also to design the figures of S. S. Luke and Matthew, is an able designer of the younger generation, who has here a splendid opportunity of distinguishing himself. It is as yet too early to speak of the mosaics in the Choir of St. Paul's upon which Mr. Richmond will be engaged for the next three years, and which will be executed by Messrs. Powell & Sons.

A work of some importance has lately been executed by this firm for Clifton College Chapel, from a design by Mr. Holman Hunt, who shows in it no appreciation of the characteristic qualities of mosaic. He has apparently given up the problem of adjusting the rival claims of Decoration and Picture, and produced just a painting, which has nothing to gain by being executed in mosaic. If it loses nothing, so much to the credit of the executants. At all events it is satisfactory to think that we are not dependent upon Venice for the execution of English design.

That it is possible to reconcile decorative treatment with imaginative conception even in dealing with the scriptures, is proved by the work of Mr. Frederick Shields, who designed, for Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, the decorations of the Duke of Westminster's private



Isaiah.—Spandril from St. Paul's Cathedral, glass mosaic, designed by Alfred Stevens (published by permission of the Autotype Company, London).

chapel at Eaton Hall. These are executed in marble mosaic, a material which at the onset seemed to the artist himself more than unpromising as a material for color decoration. At first when he saw the palette presented to him by the material, it depressed him terribly until it dawned upon him that by the adoption of either white or black for a back-ground he might perhaps find a way out of monotony. He made up his mind in favor of the black ground, and persuaded the architect, who was at first rather startled at the idea, to let him have his way. On this back-ground (which is not of course a dead colorless black) his figures tell out light, but never too sharply—the material vouches for that. Mr. Shields secures variety between one panel and another by restricting himself in each to a selection only of the colors at his command, and he makes sure of unity by carrying certain indispensable tints throughout all of them. The effect of color is greatly helped by his adoption of the ancient system of putting in the cut-lines in each case in a stronger trait of the color they enclose (red for the flesh, gray for the white drapery, brown for the yellow and so on) so that it blends always with the tint and goes to make color; which the hard uniform dull brown or black outline of modern work certainly does not.

Like all good workmen, he does best to design only what can be well executed in the material he is designing for; but he gives credit to the workmen for having reproduced his design with surprising skill, and to Mr. Burke for having seconded him loyally throughout. The manufacturer seems, indeed, to have felt himself on his mettle, and to have determined to show what could be done in his material; so that the work at Eaton Hall chapel may be said to mark probably the summit of achievement, so far as concerns marble mosaic in this country. For all that, the artist found the restrictions of the material more than hard to bear—never again, he says, will he submit to that stern "mosaic" law.

A series of decorative figures resolves itself in the present day only too frequently into a row of stock dummies,



Jonah.—Marble mosaic, designed for Eaton Hall Chapel by Frederick Shields (published by permission of the Duke of Westminster).

any one of which might as well stand for the other. It is only by the scroll or emblem that ye shall know them. Mr. Shields has a wholesome contempt for such work. He believes in independence, and has the courage of his own individuality—he thinks of Nememiah as a man “with the hand of the Lord upon him,” and represents him so—he conceives Moses standing on a globe diapered with the waves of the flood—he makes Jonah emerging, with seaweed above his head, from the jaws, not of the whale, but of the “great fish” which the Lord prepared:—the Queen of Sheba rises from the dead and rebukes the slayers of Christ, and so on.—His is not what is called *ecclesiastical* art, but it is the art of a deeply *religious* man. The illustrations given are from his cartoons. It will be noticed that he does not indicate the *tesseræ* in his drawings.

There is no occasion to say much about ceramic mosaic. It has been adopted mainly for purposes of flooring (as in the case of my simply ornamental design on page 86), to which its hardness suits it at least as well as marble—better, if we may trust the tile-makers; and if the design does not often rise above the common-place, we may conclude it was cheapness ruled it so. The use of *tesseræ* of *lustered* ware is, however, a new departure on the part of Messrs. Maw & Co., who have succeeded in obtaining a very great range of tints in lustre, admirably adapted to the purposes of ornament. Mr. Henry Holiday has made use of their lustre in the reredos, so badly placed it seems at Philadelphia, that it must needs be lit up by electricity. As long ago as the year 1866, Mr. Holiday designed some mosaic for Messrs. Heaton Butler & Bayne, at St. Lawrence Jewry, London, for the execution of which he disclaims all responsibility. The Philadelphia reredos was executed under his own direction. He was careful not to grind down the *tesseræ* to fit without fault, but to let the interstices show. He insisted also very particularly upon working from the front of the picture in putting in the *tesseræ*, not from the back of it, which is the more mechanical device of our day. By this means of course, the



The Queen of Sheba.—Marble mosaic, designed for Eaton Hall Chapel by Frederick Shields (published by permission of the Duke of Westminster).

exceeding evenness of surface which takes from the effect of much modern glass mosaic is avoided.

There is no doubt that much of the charm of old work, such as that at Ravenna, depends upon the unevenness of the surface, each separate one of the “smalti” reflecting light at its own separate angle, and upon the net-work of gray cement, which in a manner veils the garishness of the glass. It may be doubted, however, whether this is quite compatible with the *pictorial* complete-



Portion of pavement, in ceramic mosaic, designed by Lewis F. Day (Maw & Co.)



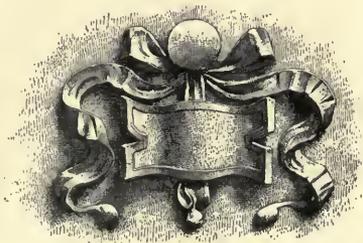
Our Lord Enthroned in Majesty.—Lustre mosaic, designed by Henry Holiday (Maw & Co., Sackfield).

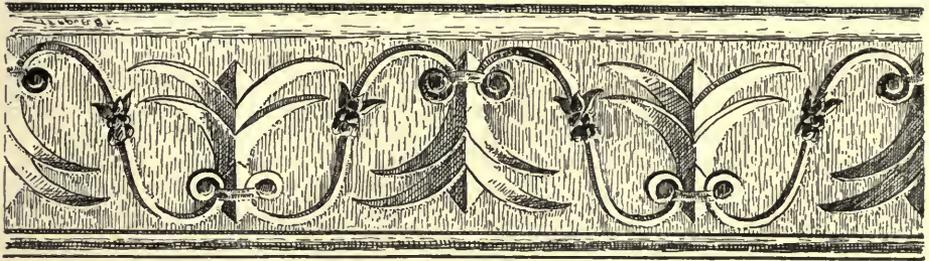
ness at which the artist aims. It seems perhaps hardly worth while to design a subject in the studious manner of Mr. Holiday, each separate figure being drawn carefully from the nude, only to sacrifice all that precision of drawing, and to confuse the scholarliness of the composition, by the adoption of a method more obviously compatible with archaic figure-design and barbaric ornament. The figure of our Lord in Majesty given on page 87 is from a mosaic executed by Messrs. Maw & Co., from Mr. Holiday's design, which was exhibited at the last Paris exhibition.

Mr. Walter Crane has not been called upon to design much in the way of mosaic; what he has done shows, however, his usual craftman-like appreciation of the qualities of the material. The reproduction of his cartoon (page 79), one of a series of figures representing "The Elements," hardly does him justice. The photograph has misrepresented the value of the colors, but the design is otherwise not unworthy of him. He is always at home with four-legged crea-

tures. Mr. Burne Jones' important mosaics are, as every one knows, to be found, not in England, but in the American Church at Rome. Mr. E. J. Poynter designed, long ago, a figure of St. George for the Houses of parliament at Westminster, but it scarcely shows him at his best, and is not any way, a remarkable specimen of mosaic. There is much else, no doubt, that would be well worth mention did space permit, and more still, of which the less said the better, such for example as the pretentious crudities which deface Mr. Butterfield's architecture at Keble College, Oxford. One is often lost in wonder at the way in which out of anything so beautiful as the "smalti" or colored glass, results so absolutely hideous to see are achieved. It is astonishing the talent displayed by some in the way of misusing a marvelously beautiful material. Still, though they be the majority who misuse their opportunity, enough of good, and even of very good, work remains to show that the art of mosaic is really alive among us, and has a future before it.

Lewis F. Day.





ARCHITECTURAL ABERRATIONS.*

No. 4.—THE PEDDIE MEMORIAL CHURCH, NEWARK.



WE have some hesitation in setting down the Peddie Memorial Church in Newark as an aberration, which in these pages has perhaps come to bear a somewhat invidious and condemnatory sense. This acceptance is borne out by the dictionary, which, indeed, goes so far as to define "aberration" in turn as "mental weakness" and "moral perversity." We have no sort of intention of imputing moral perversity to the designer of this edifice, nor even mental weakness. As was said by one character of another in a novel of Charles Reade's: "It is not from want of brains he is mad." There is, however, another definition which comes timely to our rescue: "that which differs from the customary structure or type." That settles it. After that no man can deny that the Peddie Memorial Church is an aberration.

The problem was a modern "auditorium church," and the designer of this edifice undertook to solve it by means of a circular church. That is a legitimate solution, doubtless, and might result in a very interesting edifice, though certainly in one differing

from the customary structure or type. There used to be a circular church in Madison avenue, which may or may not have answered its practical purposes. Architecturally it was a ghastly performance in corrugated iron, with no more ecclesiastical or other desirable character than a gas tank. A circular wall covered with a domical roof is the essential design of the Peddie Memorial, and comprises the auditorium. The form thus attained is objectionable, because having no angles and no features, it offers no points for architectural emphasis. The prototype of all circular domed buildings, the Pantheon at Rome, suffers from this defect, which it was there attempted to remedy by adjoining a portico to the building. But this fails to answer the purpose, and has been criticised with justice as a monument built in front of another monument, to which it is attached only mechanically and not architecturally. If the angles of the square in which the circle is inscribed were filled out with subordinate masses, an architectural form would result which would give the sense of stability and repose which is lacking to the circle, and the structure might become an architectural composition with a harmonious balance of masses and relation of parts. The entrances and staircases to the circular

* We are making a collection of "Aberrations," and shall present one to our readers in each number of THE ARCHITECTURAL RECORD.

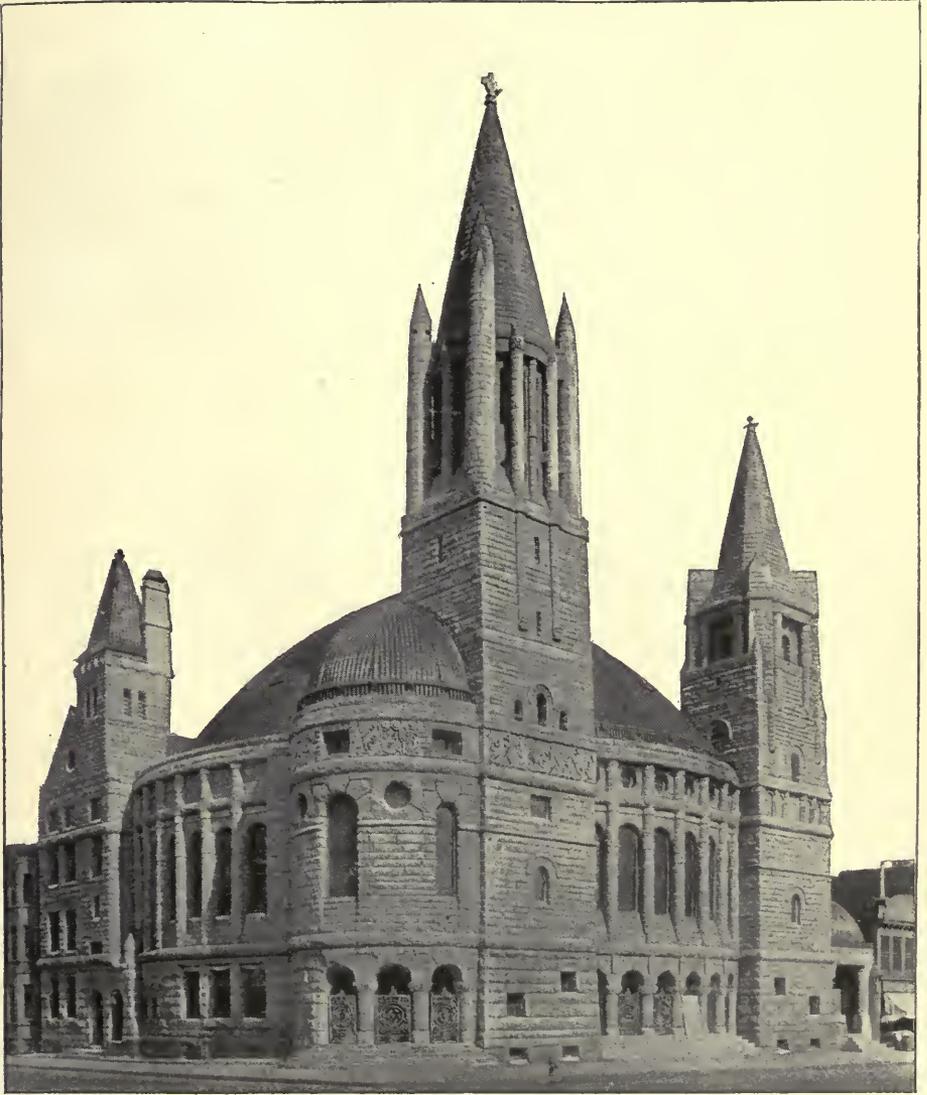
auditorium would naturally take their place in these outlying and subordinate buildings.

The main defect of the Peddie Memorial Church in general composition is that the angular and rigid masses which are needed to assure the eye of the stability of the mass are, in the first place, set not at the outer angles of the including rectangle, but, with the exception of the subordinate building at one end, are set so as to cut the circle in the plan; and in the next place, that they are developed into towers and crowned with spires. The effect of this disposition is to confuse the motive that generates the whole structure, and to leave the dome no longer a single or a crowning feature, but to cut it up into bits and belittle its importance. The builders of the mosques acted under a much truer feeling in detaching the slender minarets that if incorporated into the domed structure, would have injured its effect, which is enhanced by their isolation. It is to be gathered, indeed, that the designer's purpose was to "stablish" and fortify his building by strong and stark masses at the angles, that at the outer corner being the largest and strongest, as the most important in the principal perspective view. But this purpose cannot be said to have been artistically carried out, and the impression actually conveyed is of a domed circular building, obscured by incongruous towers, of which one, the little tower built up against a house gable, and pretty plainly without any function, except to correspond with the tower at the furthest corner, even betrays a defective sense of humor.

Very much more, of course, is to be pardoned to an architect who is working out something "differing from the customary structure or type," than to one working upon the lines of an accepted type, but the intrusion into a circular church of the double towers that properly flank a gabled front seems clearly a solecism. The general treatment of the circular building itself and of its outlying features, seems to us very happy. The happiest point in it is the division of the wall into three parts vertically, a basement, a principal story and a low attic, by means of the

large roll-mouldings that cross it and that traverse also the towers and the subordinate building, so as to ally them as much as possible with the main building. The round wall that emerges at the front between the two towers is in itself a very satisfactory piece of design. Its three members are happily proportioned; the bull's-eyes of the attic give a meaning and force to the crossed mouldings that frame them and the upright rolls justify themselves by the depth they add to the openings and by the vigorous batter at the bottom of these, by which they are receded from the plane of the lower wall. In the side the treatment is less successful, the trellis of mouldings in the attic looks capricious, being no longer explained by the openings, and below the sufficient lintels of the openings of the basement are other lintels merely inserted in the openings and without visible means of support. But one thing must be said in high praise of the whole exterior, and that is that the architect was evidently building a structure of masonry, and not merely making a drawing to be afterwards translated into masonry.

Of the detail a general criticism may be made that for its purpose it is unnecessarily rude in character and that its rudeness is by no means wholly justified by the untractable granite in which it is wrought. This rudeness is partly in the design, as for instance in the omission of the abacus over the capitals of the columns throughout, an omission which involves the projection of the capitals themselves beyond the piers they carry, and in the aborted capitals at the imposts of the arcade. It is even more a matter of scale, which is exaggerated in the detail throughout, and becomes positively gross in some features, especially in the frieze which takes the place of the attic in the belting of the towers. The towers themselves, incongruous and confusing as they seem, are designed with a vigor that does not escape rudeness, and with a massiveness that is evidently misplaced when it walls up almost solidly all the openings of what seems to be a belfry. The church, with its aberration "from the customary structure or type,"

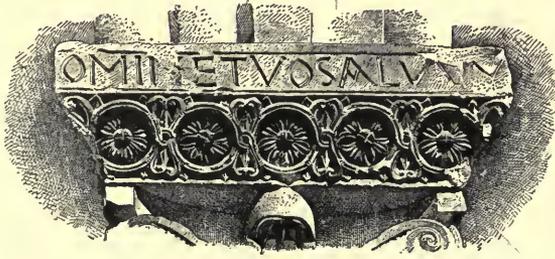


THE PEDDIE MEMORIAL CHURCH, NEWARK.

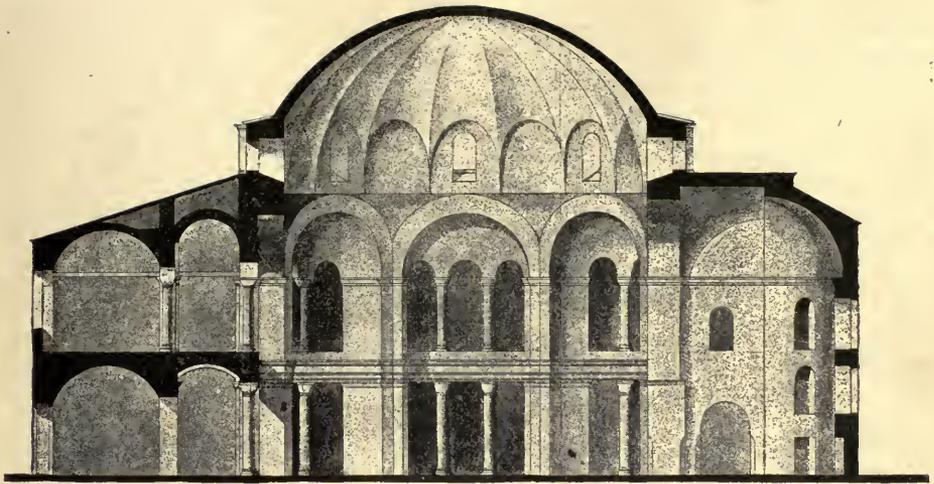
and with the incongruities and shortcomings that prevent it from establishing a type of its own, is nevertheless an interesting and suggestive performance, and a second attempt by its author in the same direction would doubtless attain a still higher success.

The interior is by no means so successful as the exterior. It is very full, almost too full of cleverness, for the architect apparently did not realize in designing it that an architect's smartness is given to him to be trained and brought into subjection. It would be impossible to carry a circular roof over so large a space without a construction that would be capable of an interesting architectural development, but it does not appear here what the construction

is. There are arches at the sides that may represent trusses of metal, and perhaps the curious soffits of paper framed in wood are meant to suggest such trusses. But the apparent arches are long voussours of pine boards, the roof is sheathed into invisibility, and the feature of the interior is an enormous piece of wooden tracing that has no structural significance whatever. The detail by no means represents the same knowledge and skill in carpentry that the exterior does in masonry, or the same idiomatic treatment of material. The best of the detail is in stonework or in metal, but of this there is little; and the absence of a sense of humor, which upon the outside is noticeable only at one or two points, is here injuriously pervasive.



There are beauties that die with the dawn,
 As glorious quite
 As those of the light
 That come in with the Dawn ;
 Silence has charms that are broken
 By the sweetest word spoken ;
 All things are born at a cost ;
 They come, and lo ! something is lost.



BYZANTINE ARCHITECTURE.

Part II.—NEO-BYZANTINE.



WHEN Sta. Sophia at Constantinople had once been built, it was naturally taken as a model for other large churches or cathedrals. All the principal mosques at Constantinople built by the Turks are from the model of Sta. Sophia—with modifications, of course. Sta. Sophia at Salonica is a striking cathedral inside. It looks vast as compared with most of the other churches there, with the exception of St. George, and this scarcely has the look of a Christian church; but when I saw it I had not seen the original, nor the great Turkish mosques. The idea is a fine one, if not carried out on too small a scale. This church is now merely whitewashed, so there is nothing but the conception to captivate you—there is nothing to be set down to the impression produced by gorgeous decoration—so you may bear in mind that a grand idea, properly carried out, produces a grand effect. Externally it has a Turkish porch extending across its front, and inside a narthex, rather over 18

feet wide and 104 feet long. The aisles are about 18 feet wide and 86 feet long, and must, I suppose, have been separated from the narthex by curtains. The length of the nave from the narthex to the end of the apse is 105 feet, and its width is only 33 feet; but it has two square recesses at the sides of the dome, making it there 56 feet, while the nave at Sta. Sophia, at Constantinople, is 265 feet long by 110 feet wide. You see, by comparing the plans, that it is without the two grand hemicycles, that the bema is much deeper, that the screen walls are carried back instead of being in line with the face of the dome piers, and you also see the two chapels or vestries on either side of the bema have an apse to each. Above, the gallery goes over the narthex as well as the aisles, as at the great Sta. Sophia. At one time this cathedral was sumptuous with marble linings and mosaic, but the marble linings have disappeared, and the mosaic is now obscured by whitewash and by the smoke from the fire. The fire has also revealed an undercoat of plastering in the narthex and aisles on which the

remnants of frescoed figures and ornament are to be seen. The cathedral externally has a more architectural appearance than the great Sta. Sophia. The Turkish portico, consisting of an arcade of nine columns, has doubtless been a great improvement to its appearance; above this is a narrow strip of wall, the front of the gallery over the narthex, with twelve small round-headed windows in it, two of which are blanks. These small windows give a scale to the building, and make it look larger than it is; above them is a still narrower strip of wall, with one window in the middle. The drum of the dome is square, and is pierced by three large round-headed windows, which give light to the windows of the internal circular drum. Above this is a strip of the circular dome, covered with lead, and from this to the square wall below are flying buttresses; above there is the segmental cap of the dome, covered with lead. The Turks have improved the appearance of the dome by the addition of a little dome-shaped piece, from the centre of which springs a finial.

In small churches there was an inclination to make the central dome stand on four monolithic marble columns, as may be seen at St. Bardias, at Salonica. It is called so in Texier and Pullan, but was dedicated to the Virgin in the year 1028 by Christopher Bardias and his wife and family. It has the three apses, and an octagonal drum to the central dome, with windows in it of two tiers; but in this case the dome is not seen externally, the drum or central tower has a hipped roof, it has two later domes over the gallery above the narthex. St. Elias, at Salonica, has a peculiar plan; it is trefoil with a straight end,—the three foils form the bema and the two transepts; it is without aisles, but has two tiny chapels with apses, in the huge piers of the bema, and a large narthex and gallery over. The narthex is vaulted on four columns. It is about 25 ft. by 31 ft. inside. From the appearance of the church I should judge it to be late.

I will just mention the Church of the Monastery in the Country at Constantinople (*Μονή τῆς Χώρας*), because Ducange says the original church was

built by Justinian. The Rev. Canon Curtis says it was built before Constantine's time, *i. e.*, over the bodies of St. Babylus and two other martyrs, who suffered under Decius in 250; and Fergusson believes that its front gave the idea of the front of St. Mark's at Venice; though, for the matter of that, many Byzantine churches have similar features,—one side of St. Bardias, for example.

The present church was either rebuilt or restored in the reign of Andronicus Palæologus the elder (1283–1295). It now consists of the central church with another adjoining it on the north side, and a two-story building on the south, and is celebrated for the beauty of its decoration. The narthex and exonarthex have the remains of some of the most beautiful mosaics that remain to us. The north church has been adorned with figure painting in fresco; the central church has its walls encrusted with lovely marbles, *pietra dura*, and geometrical mosaic in gold and colors. It is adorned with some of the most beautiful acanthus work carved in white marble I have ever seen; in it was kept the portrait of the Virgin, attributed to St. Luke. I believe the marble doors once covered this portrait. A robe of the Virgin, which was carried in procession round the walls of the city when it was threatened, was alternately kept in this church, and the Hodegetria.

From Justinian's day there seems to have been a strongly-marked inclination to arrange churches on the following plan:—A square was set out as big as you could afford to build your central dome, with columns or piers at the angles;—from the centre of this square half circles were turned, and the extremities of these formed the external lines of the aisles and of the east and west arms of the cross; to the east there was a deep space beyond, with the apse at the end forming the bema; the four squares formed by the aisles, and the two similar passages crossing east and west, round the square of the central dome, were ceiled with small domes level with the other vaulting. The aisles were carried as far as the square part of the bema, and then had an apse to each, generally projecting

externally. A narthex was added at the west end, or a narthex and exonarthex. As the time went on, these subsidiary little domes were carried up on drums to group with the central dome, and the narthex also sprouted into domes. This plan seemed to take the fancy of the Westerns as well, for I found that St. Mary-in-the-Fields, at Piacenza, built in Renaissance days, was a complete example of this method, only the central dome was veiled externally by square erections; the four little domes had drums, and showed externally.

When more room was wanted in the church than the spaces I have described, another bay was added at the west, or two additional aisles, or four chapels were put outside the first aisles. The arrangement before mentioned, occasionally with slight modifications, may be seen at St. Theodore, the Pantocrator, the Theotocos at Constantinople, and at St. Bardias, at Thessalonica; Sta. Sophia, at Trebizond, is an imperfect specimen; at the old Cathedral St. Theodore, and the Kapnikarea, at Athens.

In the case of St. Nicodemus at Athens, at the church of the Monastery at Daphne, near the Bay of Eleusis, and at St. Nicholas at Mistra in the Morea, the central domes come up to the bema, the arms of the cross are made much narrower than the diameter of the dome, and there are additional aisles or chapels on both sides; the two first of these churches have squinches or conchs instead of pendentives. St. Mark's at Venice is somewhat after the fashion of Procopius' description of the *Sti. Apostoli* at Constantinople, only St. Mark's is said to have been built in 1043, in the reign of Constantine the Tenth (Monomachus, Finlay calls him, the Ninth), and covered in 1071, in the reign of Romanus, Michael the Seventh, or Nicephorus. The domes at St. Mark's are pierced with windows in the dome itself as at Sta. Sophia.

The plan of St. Front at Pigeux is very like that of St. Mark's—so like, that if one were not a copy of the other, they were taken from a common model,—possibly the *Sti. Apostoli* at Constantinople. However, the con-

struction of the two is absolutely different: that of St. Mark's is pure Byzantine, brick veneered with marble, or covered with mosaic; St. Front is of worked stone,—walls, pendentives, cupolas, and all. It is extremely unlikely that if Byzantines built St. Mark's that they were also masters of stone-cutting, and they must have been to execute St. Front, unless we suppose they merely gave the plans and sections, and left the French architect or master-mason to construct it in his own fashion, for the stone-work does not look like Byzantine work. There have been bitter controversies on the question of who designed and who carried out St. Front, and as I have no fresh materials to bring that might settle the controversy, I will leave it as it is; I may, however, say that there are a few small windows in the domes of St. Front. De Verneilh has published a book and a pamphlet on this subject.

The old cathedral at Athens is curious for many reasons; it is a very small church, only 24 ft. 2 in. wide over all, and 37 ft. 6 in. long, exclusive of the central apse, which projects about 3 ft. more; it has a narthex about 6 ft. 8 in. wide, whose length is the whole width of the church. The church has three apses, and a central dome on a drum, and the internal cross is made by the four barrel vaults surrounding the dome. The nave is only 8 ft. 2 in. wide, and the bema and parabemata are cut off from the nave by the iconostasis. Outside, the cross is brought forward over the narthex, and over the bema to the front and back walls.

The cathedral shows on its face some attempts at elegance; it was evidently built during or after some occupation of Athens by barbarians, for it has barbaric carvings on it, and it has also a family resemblance to the churches in Armenia. It now stands in an open square, with its main front towards the street. It is built of large stones, with a brick course between each one of stone; its front has a dentil cornice with a carved frieze, which looks like a bas-relief, on which crosses have been worked or let into, and with a necking; at each end of the cornice is a Classic

pilaster cap. In the centre and immediately under the frieze is a moulded marble arch forming a discharging arch over the lintel of the door; a moulding runs up vertically from the bottom of the ends of the archivolt, forming plain marble spandrels, and the arch itself is filled in with a carved slab with a cross in the centre; the top of the lintel is moulded, and this moulding runs across the front of the church; the lintel below is carved with pateræ, and two lions facing a cross in the middle; the door below has two plain marble jambs, which go down to the step, and there are no windows in the front below the cornice; between the necking of the frieze and the moulding on the lintel are three carved slabs on each side of the doorway, roughly symmetrical; in the centre above the cornice is the gable end of the upper roof, forming one arm of the internal cross; this gable has a two-light window in the centre, and the rest is filled up with carved panels; the north flank has a doorway in the middle, slightly projecting, and a window between it and the west end. The cornice runs through, and is stopped by the doorway, and over the doorway is another arm of the cross that gables, and this end of the cross above the roof has also a double window in the middle. A sort of half pediment is made between the west end and the gable end of the external cross by the flank wall of the lean-to roof, and carved panels are let into this side wall. The back or east end is finished with a pediment, from the middle of which rises a vertical and central straight piece, also gabled; against this the roof of the semi-octagon of the bema abuts; below, in the end of the semi-octagon, is a two-light window, and there are two other small arched windows, being those of the other two apses, which in this case do not project. The upper part of the east end is covered with carved slabs. The south flank has a line of carved slabs and one window, a doorway with an arch over, and the lower part was once painted in fresco; at the west end of this side there is the half-pediment, like the one on the north side, and the fourth arm of the

cross with a two-light window in it. From the middle of the church an octagon drum rises from a square base with long circular-headed windows, whose semi-circular archivolt cut into the dome: the dome is tiled, and has a cross for a finial. The carved marble slabs inserted in the external walls are of all ages, and the carving ranges from pure Classic to pure Barbaric, and they are placed according to their form, but quite irrespective of the ornament on them. Some are upside down, and some horizontal bas-reliefs are put vertical. One panel of barbaric carving represents a hare in the claws of an eagle. Another a wild beast, possibly a cheetah or a lion, seizing a fawn. It is an episode likely to strike a pastoral or hunting people. It is repeatedly used as a simile in the "Arabian Nights," though the lamb often takes the place of the fawn, and this or a cognate subject is of remote antiquity. In the *Odyssey* we read that:—"Goodly Odysseus wore a thick purple mantle, two-fold, which had a brooch fashioned in gold, with a double covering for the pins, and on the face of it was a curious device: a hound in his fore-paws held a dappled fawn, and gazed on it as it writhed." (Lib. 19, Butcher and Lang.) This device is still used in the East; you may often see it carved on the blades of Indian swords or daggers, just below the hilt.

Whenever we see the hideous octagonal drums with their window archivolt cutting into the external dome, I think we shall be right in attributing them to a late date.

It is not easy to see how the external walls of churches are built at Constantinople, as they have been so repeatedly whitewashed, but I believe the plan was the same as that pursued at Athens; each course of the stone-work had one or more courses of brick-work between it and the next, and the Byzantines mostly used thick mortar joints, as thick or thicker than the brick, but in addition to the horizontal courses the bricks were used in the same manner in the vertical joints, and in some cases the stones appear to have been kept short, and the spaces between these ends are filled with mortar,

and with the bricks in the vertical joints cut in imitation of Cufic characters: at St. Nicodemus at Athens there is a plastered string, ornamented with this work, each bit of Cufic writing being separated by a star in brick; ordinary strings when not of marble are made by setting the bricks diagonally between two courses, flush with the wall, the points of the dog-tooth come out flush with the horizontal courses. For eaves the diagonal bricks project. At the *Sti. Apostoli*, at Salonica, there are patterns formed on the walls with bricks laid zigzag, horizontally, and by vertical interlacing zigzags. Windows have single, double, and triple lights. In each case, the arch generally consists of two rings, the mortar joints being thicker than the bricks. These arches are capped by circular or segmental archivolt, with zigzag bricks in them, and two-light windows often have a brick star in the spandrel between the two arches. The mullion is usually a marble slab, about 3 in. to 4 in. thick, with both ends forming a quirked bead in section, or a half octagon or hexagon. The top is finished with a cap, sometimes with a rosette under it, and sometimes with a rosette only. These little attached columns sometimes have splayed bases and sometimes none. The arch, which is usually stilted, is carried on a cube of marble supported on the mullion; this cap is slightly splayed on the two sides, and deeply splayed at the ends. The end splays are sometimes plain, but more often carved. Sometimes the ends only project a trifle before the arch, and sometimes to the whole extent of the end splay, suggesting that a regular length was kept in stock. At the Church of the Monastery in the Country at Constantinople the mullions are of slate or of dark gray marble, and only look about 2 in. thick, have square ends, and are ornamented with sunk lines at top and bottom, and with the usual cap on the top. Roofs are mostly covered with tiles, the water tiles being segmental in sections, and the covers half-round. At the eaves two dabs of mortar are put in the spaces between the segmental tiles and the roof, and another dab into the hollow of the half-

round one, forming a line of rude anti-fixæ. These devices might be adopted for cheap brick cottages or churches in the country; it is a sort of bricklayers' art. At Athens the churches are mostly minute in size; at some of them I could almost touch the sides of the nave with my outstretched arms. But at present we only see churches that are on a small scale, the great Byzantine churches of Athens were *Sta. Sophia*, afterwards the Church of the Virgin, *St. Nicholas*, and *St. George*. I may here say that Gibbon appears to have been mistaken in confounding our patron saint with the fraudulent pork butcher of Cappadocia; these churches are better known as the Parthenon, the Erechtheum, and the Theseum. On the marble walls of the Parthenon the remains of pictures of Byzantine saints and ornament still remain, and in the Theseum the Byzantine vaults of *St. Nicholas* still exist. The little Greek churches are curious from an archæological point of view, and are as superior in practical science to ancient Greek construction, as they are inferior to it in every æsthetic quality. Besides the stately ruins of the Acropolis, where exquisite architectural simplicity has been carried to the highest point man has yet attained, where no touch of the chisel has been given except to an artistic end, and not one in vain, where the greatest sculptors have adorned the building with the most perfect specimens of the human form, and with masterpieces of composition, we scarcely bestow a glance upon one of the little Byzantine churches beside them. Still they have their use in illustrating the history of architecture and of humanity. What we should look for, and what we shall certainly find in them, is the science with which domes are poised and the ingenuity displayed in new arrangements of plan without diverging in the main from the established type. Almost all Byzantine churches are domed; for internal effect you want the dome to rise immediately from its pendentives or squinches, so that it may form part of the general effect, when it is on a high drum you see nothing but a light space until you get under it, and then your attention is confined to the drum

and dome. It is like an episode in writing, it may have what merits you please, but it interferes with the continuity of the main subject. The use of drums may, however, be looked on as a benevolent invention, when the drums and domes are not too ugly, for many more see the outside than the inside of a building.

I think that anything in architecture which merely causes surprise, reduces the architecture that employs it to a secondary level, still in that level it may be considered praiseworthy. The small internal domes, on pierced drums, have a startling effect; you look down a long aisle or narthex without windows, and see patches of bright light, and when you arrive at one of these patches and look up, you seem as if you were looking up from the bottom of a fluted well, for most of them are fluted and pierced with sufficient windows to make them seem all light in a sunny clime.

Thanks to Mr. Falkener, we have the drawings of St. Clement's at Ancyra, in Galatia, given in Fergusson's "History of Architecture;" in one respect it resembles St. Theodore, at Constantinople; the apses of the aisles are continued round so as to make circular halls; it has also a short drum to the central dome, with four windows, but the bottom of the dome itself is pierced with many windows, as at the great Sta. Sophia. Were it not that St. Mark's at Venice, built in the eleventh century, has the same features, we should assign St. Clement's to an early date. We want illustrations of many more churches from Asia Minor, and more dates, before we can venture to assign the period of construction from peculiar features. I will just mention the churches in Armenia, because they have a strong resemblance to those in Athens, though rather superior to them in style, with domes of Persian shape.

The church at Dighour, in the neighborhood of Ani, has a plan of the regular orthodox type, a central dome on four large square piers, forming a Greek cross by means of four barrel vaults on the four sides of the dome, with an apsidal bema to the east, very narrow aisles, and no narthex; at the east end

of the aisles are two oblong chambers, and from there being two small apses north and south at the east end beyond the walls, and in the open air, it has the appearance of having had a lean-to roof, or a small colonnade outside; at Usurlar these outer colonnades or arcades still exist, but the east ends of the aisles and outer arcades are square, though the bema is apsidal. Externally, the church has a strong resemblance to some of the buildings in Central Syria; the lateral sides of the cross are shown by projection above the roof gabling as at Athens, and though the east and west arms are merely indicated by a slight vertical break in the main gable, this upper part is gabled too. One of the most curious features in the church at Dighour, is the occurrence of six buttresses with off-sets and water-tables at the west end.

In a course of lectures it is impossible to give examples from every country where Byzantine Architecture prevailed, but I may say that the ancient coptic churches of Egypt are very curious; they all appear to have a central apse, a few only have the three, and half the dome is over the bema, *i. e.*, the walls of the apse form the spring for it; these coptic churches are curiously divided by screens, and what looks like a narthex has a tank in the middle.

Mr. W. Boutcher, who was engaged on the Assyrian discoveries, has been amiable enough to entrust me with his sketches of the church of Mar-Yakoob (Bishop James), at Nisibis, made in the year 1855. I believe no plan or description of this church has ever been published. The town of Nisibis is situated on the plain at the foot of one of the spurs of the Mount Masius, and was the key to the Valley of Mygdonia, from which Mesopotamia was mostly entered by the Persians; it had successfully resisted two attacks of Sapor II., the Persian King, and on the third attack Bishop James urged on his townsmen the necessity of resistance. Sapor had to raise the siege on account of an incursion of the Massagetæ. Nisibis was ultimately conceded to Sapor by Emperor Jovian, in the disastrous treaty made immediately after the death of Julian in his Persian campaign.

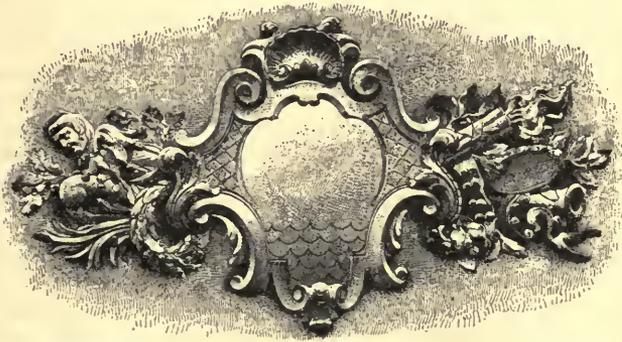
The church was in 1855 a double one, but there was a tradition that it once was triple, the domed one with the narthex being the middle one ; each of the two remaining churches has an apse at the east end, the shorter one has a flat apse at the west end as well, with a semi-circular niche in it. In the larger church there remained one aisle going up close to the apse, and suggesting that there had been another aisle ; but there was also a tradition that this was a subsequent addition to support the vault ; this church was vaulted with a pointed vault. The recesses at the ends of the aisles, in a line with the springing of the apse, are square. An empty sarcophagus with a cross on it was found in a vault 14 ft. by 8 ft. under the church, and was supposed to

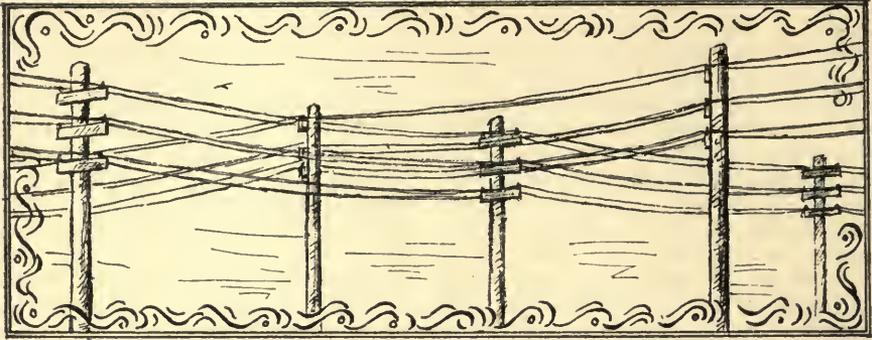
be that of the Bishop. By some the centre church is believed to have been a mausoleum to the Bishop.

Mr. A. Graham has been kind enough to lend me one of his drawings of the Basilica at Theveste (Tebessa), the last Roman town in North Africa, being about 100 miles west of Thapsus, and at the same distance from the north shore. The old Roman Basilica lay north and south. The Basilica was surrounded by cells for monks. A bema was got to the east by a descent of thirteen steps from the outer wall of the Roman Basilica, and has apses north, south, and east, much like St. Elias at Salonica. To the north and south of the east apse are two quadrangular chambers communicating with it.

Professor Aitchison.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)





CROSS - CURRENTS.

AN artist named Walter Crane has lately been at some expense of words to prove that the "restless and discordant aspects of much of modern life, the result of certain economic conditions, are unfavorable to the development of a fine artistic sense—and that these economic conditions discourage artistic sincerity and tend to reduce artistic production to the level of all other marketable products—produced for profit rather than for use or enjoyment." Thus, according to Mr. Crane the finer part of the artist's nature is suffocated by the mercenary sordid atmosphere wherewith he is surrounded. He needs an environment freer, larger, more stimulating and less offensive, and as socialism proposes to waft into existence such an environment, socialism should "appeal" to artists. Now, that this is a very convincing attack on modern life, we do not for a moment believe. What portion of truth Mr. Crane's crude and overdrawn sketch of our surroundings contains may be recognized without leading to the astonishing conclusion that he so confidently adduces; and as a matter of fact Mr. Crane's sketch does contain only a small portion of the truth. It may be that the "artistic sense" is as much afflicted by modern life as Mr. Crane would have us believe; but this does not make very much difference to one who does not accept the "artistic sense" as a criterion of things as they really are. In order to obtain such an agency of illumination, we prefer to leaven Mr. Crane's "artistic sense" with a little brain stuff; and so having obtained an implement of vision, we can try to see things not in part but in whole.

When we examine Mr. Crane's articles through these spectacles of truth, we are at once struck by some peculiarities in the relation between Mr. Crane and his subject matter—Mr. Crane being, of course, an embodiment of "artistic sense." An artist is necessarily and fundamentally the

creature of his time; he can express only the ideals of his own age. Even when he pretends to like his age least, he is most assuredly under its domination, for its spirit builds the very temple of his isolation and then moves aside to laugh at his impotence—for impotent both as artist and thinker the alienist is. There are periods in which rebellion is necessary, but rebellion must be prompted by outraged morality. It is when the law of God is violated that Isaiah begins to denounce. Denunciation that proceeds from an offended "sense" is always measurably querulous and futile, and nothing shows more clearly the futility of Mr. Crane's point of view than the conclusion to which he comes. The socialism which, as he promises us, is going to remove all the restless and discordant elements in modern life and prove so highly beneficial to the development of the artistic sense, is simply one of those evasive fictions which an imaginative sentimentalism in its craving for a state of ideal satisfaction projects into an indefinite future time. How the human race is to reach the ideal conditions with nothing but its present depravity to start with is a question that is never answered. But it is not by supplementing Mr. Crane's defects of vision that we would redeem modern life. We would rather accept in a measure that part of the present which alone he is able to see and show as far as we can, that it is not so destitute of alliance with the larger things in life as he would have us believe. We have, then, no intention of denying that the industrial element is important in modern society as it has been important in no previous society; we do not deny that this industrial element is responsible for much in our surroundings that is ugly, repellent and degrading; we do not deny that in its excess industrialism is dangerous in tendency, and corrupt in spirit—a vile and filthy thing. But for all that, we affirm confidently that the industrial development of the present time

is fraught with splendid moral and artistic promise, and is alive with spiritual significance—just because this development, by its increasing mastery of external things tends to free mankind from the dominion of circumstances and to leave him free to expand as his own best nature counsels.

Both the critics and apologists of prevailing conditions too often mistakenly assume that money-making is nothing but money-seeking. The statistical economist, for instance, dwells lovingly on the amount of horse-power used in our industries at the present time, on the millions of yards of cloth and the millions of tons of iron that we manufacture, and in the thousands of miles of railway that we operate. His brother, the social economist likes to point out the immense advantages which mankind have gained from the telegraph, telephone and other typical modern inventions. They use these facts and figures to prove that the contemporary man and woman are considerably happier than any of their predecessors. This, of course, rules the moralist and the artist. As the trustees of the spiritual welfare of mankind they indignantly deny that the said telephones and tons of iron in any way indicate that we are becoming more human than we were. But both our economist and moralist generally fail to discover the true significance of the swelling statistics. The important fact is, not that these figures are the "biggest on record," the important fact is that the people have enormously increased desires to gratify. The large production of commodities has for its correlation an equally large consumption. Millions upon millions of people are buying these products, and buying them because they want them. Less than ever before are they resting satisfied with what they have got. They want a greater variety of things than they ever wanted before, and they want this greater variety in greater quantity. Now this is a fact of portentous human significance; and this significance lies not so much in the circumstance that these demands are satisfied, as that they exist and increase, and that in order to satisfy them men are working with greater energy, and keener intelligence.

Thus far this enlargement of the average human personality has manifested itself principally in material and often in grossly material ways, but we still insist in spite of this fact, that this economic development results from and assists an enlargement of human character, and not, as Walter Crane and many others would have us believe, a contraction thereof. When the ordinary sluggish brutish man is aroused from his animal

slumber, the awakening can hardly be expected in the beginning to take a highly-cultivated form. If hitherto his desires have been limited to food, clothes and beer, an arousing of his nature does not mean that he will immediately seek high art, Richard Wagner, and a university education. It means chiefly that he will want more and better food, more and better clothes, more and better beer, and that to these desires he will add others of much the same kind. Progress does not go by jumps. Master Workman is just as far as ever from being an embodiment of sweetness and light; and those writers who claim that this access of desire has anything but a momentary value are doing the people an injustice and injury. The present stage is worthy because of what it leads to. If the process were already ended, it might as well never have begun; but it is not already ended. The increase of individuality is always manifesting itself in new and varied ways. It has resulted not merely in an increase of desire for more bread and beer; but in a firm determination on the part of the working-men to readjust their human relations to the larger value which they put upon themselves. In the beginning of the industrial development, they would permit their employers to work them for such a pitiful sum that wife and children had to slave so that the family might live; but the very struggle that this brought about in the end increased their sense of their own importance. They began to fight for more wages and shorter hours of labor—which was tantamount to an affirmation that they were human beings and not machines. Then commenced the warfare between employers and employes—a struggle in which both of the contending parties have been fighting the other's battles as well as their own. The employe's increased aggressiveness is but another side to his increased power of consumption, while on the other hand the employer's purpose to produce as cheaply as possible, which necessitated a resistance of the demands of his employes is the very circumstance which has made the increased power of consumption possible. The struggle is still going on; and society, instead of being the loser thereby, as some writers tell us, is in truth the inevitable gainer. Both parties are yearly showing an increased moderation, and an increased power of organization; and there are spots in which the conflict has resolved itself into co-operation. Whatever the outcome, however, there can be no doubt as to the meaning of the conflict. It means that the average man, freed from the external impediments of the past, is getting into motion.

Now let us see, what can be said for another

element in the prevailing economic development—the element of machinery. Machinery, by which we mean all the implements and expedients used by an industrial society, comes in for a good share of the abuse which is lavished by heated moralists and the apostles of culture on an industrial society. This machinery is represented as being something distinctly antithetic to culture; and it is asserted that unless culture braces up and despoils machinery of some of its dominating power, the modern world will drift towards anarchy. People making such an assertion misconceive, we believe, the relation subsisting between culture and machinery. It should be remembered that machinery is but another word for external facts, and that it is only through such external facts that culture can realize its own ideals; consequently while culture may be obliged temporarily to place itself in opposition to machinery, in the long run it is obliged to make use of machinery for its own purposes. Furthermore, the fact that culture can make use of machinery for its own purposes, might lead one to suspect—in face of some elaborate mechanical process—that, worthless as that process appeared in itself, it might, through the course of many years, be making for the very thing to which it is superficially opposed. For, in the most general terms, what does machinery tend to do for our times? Is not its tendency simply to increase the efficiency of human labor, and in the end will not the result of the development of machinery in human life be to raise human labor to its highest power? It is important to remember that in relation to an industrial society machinery represents the active element in man. So that the greater the mass of machinery which a society can show, the greater its activities. The stupendous amount of horse-power which the world is using in its industries has not only a human significance derived from the fact that somebody is consuming all that this horse-power produces, but it has the further significance of tending to make human labor unnecessary by multiplying its product. In the end, if we can only get enough of the right kind of machines, the expenditure of human energy necessary to the gratification of man's material wants may be reduced to a few hours a day—possibly.

But, it may be asked, is there not a contradiction here? You have been saying that the significance of the modern industrial development lies in two directions. On the one hand the ordinary men and women are undergoing an increase of nature, through an increase of desires and of the ability to gratify them; on the other hand the en-

larged use of machinery is rendering human labor progressively less occupied by increasing its efficiency. If this is true, will not the wants to be gratified increase in about the same proportion as the means which are being taken to gratify them; and in that case, how can any economy of labor eventually result? The answer is not far to seek. The desires to be gratified do not increase in the same proportion as the means which are being taken to gratify them. The reader will remember that these increased demands upon life were pointed out as only the first step towards a higher state of being; but these desires cannot go on increasing indefinitely. An element of warfare and exclusion is almost immediately developed. It is found that the desires conflict; and that some of them consequently have to be subordinated to others. That is, if Master Workman wants to support his family comfortably, he must not drink too much beer and smoke too much tobacco. In the same way he finds at the very outset that, in order to fulfill these new demands which have arisen within him, he must learn and work; and the learning and energy also immediately tend to restrict his desires. It has been found, for instance, that one of the most effective agencies making for temperance is the refusal of the employers to hire men who are known to drink too heavily; and the workmen find this out for themselves—apart from any dictation by their employers. They gradually learn to discriminate between those desires, the gratification of which stimulates them in their work, and these desires the gratification of which interferes with their work. Thus from the necessities of his situation they are obliged to practice self-denial; and so they become sounder and healthier human beings, with increased foundation for enlargement and increased power of resistance. Thus does a still higher type of humanity tend to emerge from the conflict—a conflict which is practically the old one between the passive and active sides of our natures. Progress sets in when the two sides develop harmoniously, and when the enlargement is conditioned on the facts of Man's nature and his circumstances.

Thus we see how the moral element may be introduced into a society which in the beginning is by assumption purely industrial. Did it not become increasingly moral, industrialism would be suicidal, yet it would perhaps be very difficult at the present time to prove inductively the essentially moral tendencies of a trading society. We are now in the midst of the conflict engendered by the increased determination of the people to assert themselves, their desires, and their interests,

and the readjustment which must take place of the old nature to the new conditions and its own best interests under those conditions has no more than begun. So far nothing is very conspicuous except the conflict itself, and the selfishness which is partially a cause and partially a result thereof. We very much fear that the average working-man has not as yet learned to discriminate between desires the gratification of which are helpful and those the gratification of which are in part or in whole injurious, and the reason for self-denial is doubtless more frequently than anything else lack of opportunity. We see man arrayed against man and class arrayed against class—all of them struggling unscrupulously to compass their own ends. We see differences are arising between the extremes of wealth and the extremes of poverty; we see that an appalling amount of misery is being created because millions of weaklings are falling behind in the race and are being crushed almost to formlessness. Here and there, perhaps, the conflict has been temporarily exhausted and passed into the higher stage of co-operation; and doubtless mankind has already won from circumstances a certain permanence of condition and enlargement of leisure and opportunity; but these facts are not themselves sufficient to convince a sceptic that industrialism as such is making for morality. Is it not sufficient that industrialism, in order to obtain its own ends, will necessarily become progressively more human. The very conflict is decidedly more moral than the torpidity which preceded it; and conflict is always a method of eliciting permanent good from temporary evil. Wealth or machinery may and probably will injure a man or a society that has not earned it; or that has earned more than he or it is capable of taking care of. Then, indeed, it causes luxury, sloth and dissipation; and the wealth passes away with its unfortunate possessors. But the wealth that is ours at the present day is for the most part earned; and when earned, is not misused—unless it be true as some tell us that human nature is utterly lacking in staying power. That proposition we have no intention of discussing. It may be that the structure of our present society is built on sand; but even if our present society passes away as did that of Egypt and many others, civilization will endure. We assume that mankind contains within itself a high and powerful principle that is capable of realizing itself through all obstacles and gathering to itself all things. Our present industrial movement is the mightiest effort yet made by this principle to subdue circumstances to its own uses, and turn the crude earth into a well-furnished house

for the human race; and so, we believe that the industrial tendency must in the end make not only for morality, but for a morality, which is far from being merely utilitarian.

If it be true that the interests of morality are in the long run being served by industrial development, we may be very sure that the interests of art will not suffer. As a matter of fact those interests, which we take to be the interests of culture in general, need the very conditions which an industrial society tends to bring into existence. We have tried to show that such a society by its use of machinery tended to increase to its maximum the efficiency of human labor, while at the same time the moral nature of the process prevented the field of consumption from increasing in anything like the same proportion. Consequently a highly-developed industrial society must tend to become a society in which there is a great deal of leisure; and leisure, bringing with it as it does, comparative freedom from harassing cares, is in the long run a condition of culture. We all know that persevering and energetic natures are sometimes able to reach a high standard of artistic achievement in the face of harassing cares and occupying duties, but ordinary human nature would be unequal to such a strain. In the past, periods of rich artistic achievement have generally been periods of considerable material prosperity, and while both of these results were doubtless manifestations of the same spiritual leaven working among different kinds of people, yet the material prosperity did something to assist the artistic achievement and so, unless culture is always to remain the possession of a favored few among mankind, the freedom from sordid occupations which hitherto only these few have been able to obtain, must become the birthright of the many. It is true that our industrial development has not as yet done very much for art, and it would be very difficult to prove from any of the facts of our present conditions, that it was likely materially to assist the finer processes; indeed a sharp antagonism exists between the representations of wealth and those of culture. This antagonism, however, must be only superficial and temporary. We are ready to admit that our present society will not be renowned for what it has achieved in art and literature, because high attainment in spiritual expression needs a wholeness and serenity of nature which the modern man does not possess. Nevertheless, we believe that some consolation can be derived from the fact that whatever the quality of our present artistic production, its quantity is probably larger than that of any other time. The larger popularity of

art is evidence of wider interest, and even if this interest is not very intelligent, its existence is a fact that should not be ignored. It is, perhaps, the first indication of a truth which often needs preaching—the truth that democracy is not simply a political doctrine. Its ends are not obtained by universal suffrage, and a realization of the doctrine of equal rights and opportunities. Democracy in its widest application is simply the humanization of the human race; and in order to be humanized we must first be measurably liberated from the pressure of external circumstances. When this liberation takes place not through any fortuitous combination of circumstances, but because it has been really earned, then we may be sure that it will be put to the best possible uses, and that the material accumulations will be exceeded by the spiritual growth.

But, it may be asked, what shall be done in the meanwhile? Shall we sit still and listen to the vulgar prating of them that can see nothing but good in the present stage of the process, and who laud machinery as an end in itself? We answer that such ignorance and error should be exposed on every possible occasion. If there is anything in the process which we have outlined, many, many years must pass before it can be consummated; and during all these years people who can get beyond the prevailing standards should, and, of course, will do so. As long as machinery is devoted to serving interests of the poorer and baser sort, the process cannot obtain even a relative degree of permanence, because permanence is essentially derived from the subordination of circumstances to interests that represent not merely a phase of human nature, but also an abiding, developing, constituent element in our larger selves. But individuals may strive for permanence, and anticipate the final outcome. The error made by Walter Crane and too many other

pseudo-moralists is to assume that culture can find an immediate home in the human race even as it finds an immediate home in a few exceptional individuals. But just as a high standard of culture demands that the individual live over again in epitome the history of mankind, so must he anticipate in his own person our educational future. Pending, however, the progressive elimination of arbitrariness and accident in human relations, the standards for the individual and for the people are very different. Of the individual we demand that he develop all the larger elements in his personality and meet his conditions fully and sturdily; and we demand that he do this in the few score years that are his own. There is a sense in which humanity is a personality also—a personality which has reached a certain stage of development, and one that cannot be hurried on to the end all at once. The next step must come next. The relation of particular personalities to the general personality is complicated and responsible. On the one hand the individual's spiritual welfare demands that he separate himself from the mass, and from this point of view his worth is measured by the extent and completeness of this separation. Yet when separating himself from humanity he must in another sense keep in close contact with his fellow-men

"Who sweats not with the flock will seek in vain
To shed the words which are ripe fruit of sun."

Indeed we believe that the intimacy of the union is a condition of the vitality of the separation. Our ideas must be realizable; but they must not be realizable in full. So far as they are not realizable, the individual is isolated and devoid of immediate result. He passes as a progressive moment in the history of mankind. But although thus swallowed up in the process he is realized and justified as the process gathers to fullness,

—*Editor.*



AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE.

Studies. By Montgomery Schuyler. With illustrations. pp. ix., 211. \$2.50. Harper & Bros.

IF the object of architectural criticism is to educate the judgment and taste of the public, or of that portion of the public which is interested in works of architecture, how cordially ought we, in the still hopeless bewilderment of the public mind on these subjects, to welcome every honest and intelligent effort in this direction. Mr. Schuyler's present effort is unquestionably honest and in the main intelligent. He has a sufficient understanding of the difficulties which lie in the way of any prosperous solution of the intricate and novel problems which must engage the architect of to-day, and is not too much inclined to severity in considering his inevitable failures, while he has a warm word of appreciation for his occasional successes. His instinct for good architecture is generally true; he admires the really good things and condemns the bad. This is to say that he is a much more than ordinarily competent and trustworthy critic, at least as far as determining the merit of an architectural work is concerned.

But Mr. Schuyler is unfortunately troubled with a Point of View, and unfortunately again, this point of view is a moral one. It seems odd to see the "Lamp of Truth" which burned so brightly for a season a generation ago in the hands of Mr. Ruskin, lighted up once more in these later days, and brandished about by an American critic, lamenting at the end of the century the too early death of the Gothic revival. Mr. Schuyler in explaining his point of view to be the necessity of restoring that union of architecture with building, or rather that identity of the two which he believes to have been lost at the period of the Renaissance, makes use of a speech which he delivered last year at a banquet of the National Association of Builders in New York, in which he declared that—

"The real radical defect of modern architecture in general, if not of American architecture in particular, is the estrangement between architecture and building—between the poetry and the prose, so to speak, of the art of building, which can never be disjoined without injury to both. . . . If you were to scrape down to the face of the main wall of the buildings of these streets you would find that you had simply removed all the architecture, and that you had left the buildings as good as ever. . . .

"It is, I believe, historically true in the history of the world, with one conspicuous exception, that down to the Italian Renaissance, some four centuries ago, the architect was himself a builder. The exception is the classical period in Rome. . . . The Romans simply pierced their wall with arches and overlaid it with an envelope of the artistic expression of another construction which they coarsened in the process. According to some accounts they hired Greek decorators to overlay it with this architecture which had nothing to do with it, and there was the first illustration in all history of this difference between the art of architecture and the art of building. In every other country in the world the architect had been the builder. I think that is true down to the Italian Renaissance, and then building was really a lost art. There hadn't been anything really built in the fifteenth century, and they began to employ general artists, painters and sculptors and goldsmiths, to design their buildings, and these men had no models before them except this Grecian-Roman architecture of which I speak. These men reproduced that in their designs and left the builder to construct it the best way he could; and that I am told is a process which sometimes prevails in the present time. But before that everything had been a simple develop-

ment of the construction and the material of the building; and since that men have thought they perceived that architecture was one thing and building another, and they have gone on to design buildings without any sort of reference to the materials of which they were composed or the manner in which they were put together."

Now considering that an after-dinner speech is the last place in which one would look to find a carefully considered statement on a question of architectural history, we think it is to be regretted that Mr. Schuyler did not before adopting this as the central argument of his printed book, and as the best statement he could make of the views and principles which governed his serious architectural criticism, subject his speech to a more strict examination and revision. Had he done so, we feel sure he would have avoided some of the important errors into which he has fallen. Let us look a little at his several points.

First there is this old sarcasm of *architecture appliqué*. The Romans built their monuments and then "applied" the architecture; the engineers did the building; the Greek artists did the architecture. But this is to confound architecture with decoration. It is true, no doubt, that the Roman walls were built first and decorated afterwards with engaged orders. But what then? The architecture of the Pantheon, of the Baths of Caracalla, of the Basilica of Maxentius, consisted not only in the columns and entablatures with which the wall surfaces were adorned. The building was in itself a magnificent architectural conception, of which the grand effect lay in the constructive forms as truly as was the case in the Greek or Gothic buildings. No doubt the Roman was lacking in the æsthetic instinct of the Greek. But to say that he "built with no more thought of art than a modern railway engineer has in building a truss bridge," is to put rhetoric above the truth of history. And indeed, as a matter of fact, what is the peristyle of the Greek but "architecture appliqué," and if Mr. Schuyler's scraping process is to be carried out impartially, what will be left of the temple but the bare cella?

Next there is the surprising statement that at the period of the Renaissance in Italy, building was a lost art. "There hadn't been anything built in the fifteenth century." Now the Renaissance began early in the fifteenth century, and if at that period the art of building was lost, it must have been lost by the race of builders who preceded that movement. Mr. Schuyler does not claim that nothing was built in the fourteenth century. But let us look at the fifteenth. In Florence alone, that century saw the building of

the great palaces of Pitti, Strozzi and Riccardi, the churches of San Lorenzo, San Spirito and Sant' Annunziata, the beautiful Cappella Pazzi, and the great Hospital of the Innocenti. But above all, the dome of the Cathedral, one of the most stupendous and difficult pieces of pure construction in existence, the work from beginning to end of Brunelleschi, was begun in 1420 and finished, with the exception of the lantern, in fifteen years. Such structures as the Spanocchi palace at Siena, the Bevilacqua at Bologna, the Piccolomini at Pienza, the Ca d'Oro and Ca Dario at Venice, the beautiful Communal palaces at Verona and Padua, and the great Hospital at Milan, are further examples taken at random of the sort of building which went on all over Italy (excepting in Rome) during this century when the art of building was lost.

Mr. Schuyler remarks that "they had to employ general artists, painters and sculptors and goldsmiths, to design their buildings." The inference is that these persons were makeshifts and uninstructed in the arts both of design and construction. But will Mr. Schuyler seriously maintain that the group of men which included such names as Bramante, Brunelleschi, Alberti, Michelozzi, Baccio Pintelli, Cronaca, and a score of others, all architects of the fifteenth century—or their successors of the sixteenth—Peruzzi, San Gallo, Sansovino, Vignola, Palladio, Fontana, and the rest—are to be spoken of in terms of disparagement, *de haut en bas*, as men "who thought that architecture was one thing and building another," and who "went on to design buildings without any sort of reference to the materials of which they were composed or the manner in which they were put together? The fact is that the architects of the Renaissance were, with the exception of the ancient Romans, the boldest and most skillful builders whom Italy has ever known. The history of the Lombard and Gothic periods is a history of continual disaster from crumbling piers and falling roofs, and of the churches of those times which remain to us, multitudes are kept from falling into instant ruin only by the iron rods which tie them together in all directions. The only race of builders with whom the "general artists" of the Renaissance need fear comparison is that of the great Gothic architects of the North, and notably the Freemasons who succeeded the monks of the Middle Ages.

We have lingered so long over this four-page introduction that we have little space left for the book itself. Nearly one-half of it is taken up by three chapters on "Queen Anne," the Vanderbilt houses and the Brooklyn Bridge, which were

written and published eight or ten years ago, and of which the subjects have in that time lost much of their interest. Most of the other half is given to a review of the architecture of Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis, written with a vivacity of style which makes it eminently readable. We are not concerned with the author's criticism of individual buildings, East or West, though we may observe in passing that the prevailing tone of it seems to indicate an ill-restrained fondness for chaffing the architects or patting them on the back, as the case may seem to require, to an extent and with a freedom which is open to objection in a serious work of criticism. But in spite of frequent crudities of statement and many wild and whirling words, his judgment is generally just and his criticism is generally sound. His remarks on the failure of the Chicago architects to make use of the extraordinary opportunity offered them by the great fire, those on the "commercial palaces" of Boston and New York, and those on the Richardson mania which has been so deadly in its effects (temporary, we are now beginning to hope) on the design of the younger architects, seem to us especially judicious and wise. On the last subject indeed it was time that somebody should speak and speak plainly. Mr. Richardson's personal force and enthusiasm were so great and the success of his best work was so brilliant and telling, that it is no wonder that his obstinate mannerisms were so easily condoned, or that, as Mr. Schuyler says, his work "excited an admiration which if not inordinate was at least indiscriminating and misapplied," not only among the general public but, more disastrously, among the lighter-minded architects, who saw in his gigantic arches and stunted columns and rough-faced walls a short and easy road to favor and success. The result is little less than frightful. If, as must be admitted, the masculine vigor of Richardson did sometimes degenerate into coarseness and even to brutality, the work of his imitators rarely rises above that level; and the monstrous births all over the land bear witness to the force of the impression left by the great architect, and also to the danger which lies in the absence of all traditions and governing principles which marks the practice of the arts in this country.

In the chapter on the Brooklyn Bridge, Mr.

Schuyler turns the Lamp of Truth full on that imposing structure, and finds it wanting, because the great piers do not express their purpose. "A drawing of one of the Towers without its cables would tell the spectator nothing; the structure itself will tell our New Zealander nothing of its uses." The conception is mechanical, not monumental, and he contrasts the bridge towers with the Cathedral towers of Amiens, Paris and Strasburg. We confess to some impatience with such a comparison, with such a test. The Brooklyn towers are ugly, not because they are not "sincere," but because they are the work of an engineer who made no pretensions to a knowledge of architectural composition, and who probably thought nothing about it. No such mass of masonry is fine by accident, and no accuracy in the expression of practical purpose would have helped the matter at all.

The paper on "An American Cathedral" disappoints the reader in telling him nothing of the project which seems now to be in a fair way to be carried out, of building a Cathedral of the first-class in the city of New York, but in discussing chiefly Mr. Richardson's unsuccessful design for the Albany competition. Mr. Schuyler has, however, some judicious remarks concerning the reasonableness of building a great Cathedral in New York, in which we seem to see a half acknowledged suspicion of its absurdity. Why not admit at once and frankly that the Cathedral is a mediæval monument, as the castle was, or the monastery; and that to go to work in cold blood at the close of the nineteenth century to build such a monument in New York, is as ridiculous as it would be to surround the city with a wall and moat. Mr. Schuyler says the proposed Cathedral will be the glorification of the "Lamp of Sacrifice." We say on the contrary that it will be the fruit not of devotion or sacrifice, but of ambition and pride, and so far from indicating a noble feeling for art, will but indicate the painful lack of it; for the true artist will recognize and acknowledge, with whatever regret, that the Gothic Cathedral, like the Greek Temple, is a thing of the past, and that though a pale counterfeit of it may be within the reach of the swollen fortunes of Wall Street, the real thing is beyond their power forever.

RAYMOND LEE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NUN OF EASTCHESTER.

THE gathering at the organist's house was an event which occurred annually in June. In great measure social intercourse in Eastchester was a matter of method and routine. There were, for instance, certain festivities which the Dean had established which were as strictly a part of the regular life of the town as the services in the Cathedral; so were the tea parties given by the Misses Huggins; the New Year's ball at the Oaks, where Lieutenant-Colonel Leo of the Yeomanry lived; the dinners of Stanislaus Perkins, Esq., J. P., and the children's party at Christmas time at Miss Batters' Select Establishment for Young Ladies. Smart Charley Bangs, who was studying law in London, said it was at these gatherings that the ennui of the town could be seen in a state of full activity; but, then, Eastchester, in the narrow sense in which we are speaking of it at present, had its opinion of Charley Bangs. In short, not to go too deeply into the matter, the organist's party was one of the regular events of the year which Eastchester expected and, in part, attended.

The Dean was present, of course—a broad-shouldered, authoritative, condescendingly pompous man, with a large face, heavy dark eyebrows and bushy side whiskers which only partly concealed his fat double chin. His voice was loud and his laugh, which existed chiefly as an attendant upon his own ponderous jokes, was still louder. No one could doubt

that the Dean considered the Dean a man of wit and parts. His wife was with him, a bony woman, addicted to poplin and shawls, who had grown spiritually pallid in her husband's shadow. The two Misses Huggins, also, were present. They were emphatically the old maids of Eastchester, the acknowledged representatives of virtuous spinsterhood. Miss Harriet Huggins, the younger of the two, was very flat in person and very dowdy in dress. Her laughter was always in a state of unstable equilibrium. It ran before her wherever she went. She frankly accepted the state to which Heaven had consigned her, and thereupon had been blessed with the compensating gift which Providence apparently bestows upon spinsters who are at the same time forty and pleasant—a hand of rare lightness and cunning in the pastry line. The fame of her cakes was as wide as Eastchester itself. Her jams were unsuccessfully emulated in every household, and her jellies and custards were regarded as something in the nature of secret preparations. There was a perpetual demand for her talent. No party was ever given in the preparations for which Harriet Huggins did not play a part. Her activity extended also in another direction. Her ability as a nurse was quite as marked as her capacity as a pastry cook. Whenever there were additions to her friends' families—and dear how frequent they were—she always presided at the mysteries. Bangs declared she was the goddess of maternal convalescence omitted by the Greeks in their enumeration of Olympus.

Miss Sarah Huggins, her sister, was two years her senior. Far from accepting her unrelated condition to mankind, she persistently protested against it. With her, marriage was still a desperate possibility. People said she coaxed the situation by artificial devices. Those competent to judge such matters declared that the size of her waist was unnatural—timider spinsters added “most unbecoming in one of her age.” She dressed nattily, wore small boots, which may have been the reason why her gowns were so perceptibly shorter than her sister's. The subject “Men” in all its many aspects and ramifications interested her intensely. She read novels assiduously for the light they threw upon

the progress and development of love affairs. More than once she had even forced little John Stimson Oldboys, who was very timid and quite bald and unconquerably nervous in women's society, to discuss the nature of Love, and when he stammeringly protested his ignorance she rapped his knuckles playfully declaring she was afraid he was a sly fellow. In short, we may as well confess it, her lines were laid among all the unmarried men in Eastchester, and no angler ever watched for a bite as eagerly as she did.

It was into this coterie that Ralph Winter dropped on the evening of his arrival at Eastchester. Good Mrs. Carrol, whose motherly heart Ralph had completely captured, whispered to her guests an elaborate and largely unveracious history, (though I am sure the old lady believed every word of it) concerning her visitor. After the manner of such tales it entirely lacked that proportion which after all is the essence of veracity. Whispered information stirs the imagination in a way that no outspoken word can, and Mrs. Carrol's sly corner confidences about the great wealth of Ralph's parents, the young man's travels, rare musical ability and triumphs in two continents, raised the expectation of the party to the point of self-delusion.

Mrs. Carrol was particularly explicit with Marian Pilgrim concerning Ralph. In doing so the old lady probably had no particular ulterior intent. Mrs. Carrol was too simple a soul to be a busy match-maker, but she was a woman, with woman's constant unconscious pressure toward the emotional side of life. Romance is ever lord of woman's dominion, and to her heart, thank Heaven, has been consigned the keeping of an imperishable enchantment for the world. What is there in our friend Stubbs, my dear sir, but two hundred pounds of dull corpulency and a nature that rises to its highest power before a dish of sweetbreads, a steak chateaubriand and a bottle of Burgundy. Yet, despite his bald head, you know, he is the hero of a little woman's life. Hard as it may be to believe, she sees a light in those eyes quite invisible to us, and hears music in that lack-breath voice to which we are dull. An hour of his selfish existence given to her will sweeten days and days of sacrifice.

When Ralph entered the organist's drawing-room and was introduced to the people present, he had no idea of how stimulated the curiosity of everybody concerning him had been; consequently the attention he received pleased him greatly, for it seemed that he had fallen into very agreeable and sympathetic company. He impressed the women favorably at once, for Ralph was of the sort of men whom all women easily like and consequently few ever love. No, madam, your antipathy is another woman's attraction. You can surely measure the intensity of your neighbor's feelings in one direction by your own in another. Thousands of good, bad and indifferent fellows are married every twelve months, because half marriageable womankind wouldn't have them at any price. Why, Miss Brougham there is infatuated with dwarfs, and Miss Cheesely dotes on Harry Chubbs, that great inanity, than wed whom you would rather die. She admires muscle. Even that lisp of his and his second-hand jokes and everlasting talk about athletics she has told me in a confidence which, perhaps, I ought not to betray "are perfectly adorable." But these facts are part of that deep philosophy of life without which, histories like this one of ours could not be written, and Ralph's disposition was entirely too much engaged with itself to pay any heed to so impersonal a thing as philosophy. He believed that every surface indication of interest contained something of the abandon of a woman's heart, and that women absorb love with sentiment. What nonsense! Why, De Gourka, the Governor of Siberia, assured me that frequently he has won women's love with the knout. I believe that does not often occur out of Russia, but I confess that probably no history of love would be quite complete without a chapter on the influence of brutality over the affections.

Ralph did not so favorably impress the men; this may have been because he *did* so favorably impress the women. He rather diminished for the time being the importance of the Dean, and with the partial eclipse of that dignitary there was a total eclipse of all his satellites. Of course at an early hour the conversation took the direction of America, and naturally passed into interrogatories which

no one was capable of dealing with but Ralph. The Dean endeavored to acquire an authoritative position by establishing Cincinnati on "the great lakes," a town to which he said an old parishioner of his had emigrated ten years before.

"And it was so funny," chimed in the Dean's wife. "Do you know he put 'O' after his address in the three letters he sent to the Dean." With her, her husband was always "the Dean."

Bangs said he would like to go to "the States" because it was "such a jolly place to shoot game, and that sort of thing." Miss Sarah Huggins wanted to see an Indian chief, she thought they looked so manly, a wish which shocked Miss Batters, who, as principal of a select establishment for young ladies, could not overlook the insufficiency of the Indian's attire. The Dean, then, attacked the problem from a theological position. He had always deeply regretted, he said, the indifference of the United States government to the religious welfare of its heathen subjects. This emboldened the Rev. Arthur Kneesman, a young curate still in a pale state of sanctity, to simper that he had been given to understand that infidelity was woefully rampant among all classes in America. In his estimation, it pointed clearly to the need for an established Church.

Ralph was a bad conversationist, because the least verbal irritation or opposition of ideas angered him inwardly and made him objectionably earnest. In this case, the very superior air of the young curate's simper annoyed him. He asked sternly what was meant by "infidelity," and upon receiving from the curate a hesitating but most orthodox and limited answer, declared that spiritual wisdom or faith, as with worldly wisdom or experience, was possessed by few in any fullness until they were forty. He didn't believe, he continued, that any man ever found God in the Bible. Only those who had sinned and suffered passed into the Presence, and then Life had taught them a creed that was deeper than the Athanasian.

The curate pronounced such views "shocking," but the Dean, as the voice of Authority and a man of over forty,

interposed judiciously that while there was "no doubt a deal of truth in what Mr. Winter had said, the necessity for Faith pure and simple to salvation, quite apart from any belief derived from experience, could not be disallowed."

"I am sure Mr. Winter's meaning is not as extreme as his words," said Marian Pilgrim, who had listened to the conversation intently.

"Indeed it is, Miss Pilgrim," said Ralph, positively.

"Doesn't that support my statement?" asked the curate, appealing to the party.

Where the argument might have led to it is hard to say, but Mrs. Carrol, observing that matters were coming to close quarters, broke in with a request for Mr. Winter to "play something." Everybody save the curate supported the desire loudly, and Ralph sat down to the piano with perturbed feelings to animate his playing. He attacked the Dean and consigned the curate to the purgatory of fools with an intensity of musical expression that astonished the little gathering. They had never before heard the piano used as a musical instrument, and Ralph's fingers really had acquired that nameless conjury over the keys which is the gift of mastery.

"Splendid! Splendid!" cried the Dean loudly, as Ralph arose from the piano. "Bravo!" And the company applauded mildly and fluttered about the room, rather relieved, if the truth may be told, from the tension under which Ralph's playing had placed them.

"By George, Miss Pilgrim," whispered Charley Bangs, "that American *can* play. You were impressed I could see. It may be classical and all that sort of thing, but I must say I don't admire music with so many scales in it. What was it?"

"The last piece Mr. Winter played was something of Liszt's, I think," said Marian, smiling.

"Ah, yes, Miss Marian, you're up in that sort of thing, I know."

After leaving the piano, Ralph strolled into the garden, at first with Mrs. Carrol and Miss Batters, but, after a while the two ladies were called to look after the refreshments and he was left with the elder Miss Huggins.

"I was just saying to Mrs. Carrol," said Ralph, striving to get aback of some congenial topic, "how much I *dépl*ore that there are no old places like Eastchester in my country."

"But no doubt you have a great many things that we have not. I have always heard that America is such a *wonderful* country," said the spinster, good-naturedly.

"A wonderful country, yes," said Ralph, "but charming in so little. We believe, at home, you know, that the salvation of the world has been consigned to our keeping, but, for one, I'd rather not be in the new Ark, if it is to be of American manufacture."

Miss Huggins giggled. "You were not talking in that strain to the Dean," she said, playfully.

"No, for he annoyed me, or rather that curate annoyed me, Mr. . . . , I forget his name."

"Oh, Mr. Kneesman. He is Miss Pilgrim's curate. Don't you think he has a saintly face? He has such a sweet voice—but you should see him in his surplice."

"Miss Pilgrim's curate?" asked Ralph.

"He officiates at her workingmen's chapel in Smeltham."

"Her chapel?" asked Ralph.

"Ah! It is plain you are quite a stranger here, Mr. Winter, for everybody who has been any time in Eastchester knows all about Marian. 'Our Marian,' we call her."

And then a long and gushing tale was unfolded to Ralph about Miss Pilgrim, not altogether without interest to him, because he could associate it with a pretty face. The substance of what Ralph learned was that Miss Pilgrim lived very near to the organist's house, in a small modern villa which her father had built in the beautiful grounds which formerly belonged to old Mr. Groat, who, the reader may remember, died many years ago without a will, possessed of very great wealth. Under such circumstances the old man's demise was regarded as something of a personal loss by everybody in the town—the possibilities were so numerous and attractive. Mr. Pilgrim himself was well off. He lived very quietly, and rumor had it he devoted his time impartially between two all-absorbing occupations: eating curry and writing a great history about "one of the wars," Miss Huggins didn't know which, they

were so many. To eat curry was almost as remarkable a feat, she thought, as to swallow swords after the manner of Jack Bareback in the circus, and as to the history, everybody was convinced of the greatness of the work, because Mr. Pilgrim said it was a great work, and that when finished "it would upset a great many people's notions."

It is always interesting to discover the sources of fame, for not unusually, like great rivers, it rises in little springs and grows great by merely traveling onward and absorbing tributaries.

Pilgrim called his place "The Bungalow," and lived apart there with his "great work," and his Indian man-servant, named Chutney, who cooked his "messes." The remainder of the house was given over completely to his daughter, who made it chiefly an adjunct to the charities and schools in which she was interested.

"She spends nearly all her time and her money, too," said Miss Huggins, "in her schools in Smeltham. You must surely run over to see them, Mr. Winter; there are nearly two hundred children in them now."

"She seems to be a very interesting girl," said Ralph, shortly, and we may as well confess it, the reserve betokened a large reticence on her part.

"Everybody loves Marian, she is so different from our other girls. Do you know, Mr. Winter, she puzzles me at times. She says so little and does so much. I can't understand a girl being so purposeful, can you, Mr. Winter?"

"Of course I don't know Miss Pilgrim," said Ralph. "but I like to see a girl, as the saying is, with her mind made up, guided by some inner active principle; always providing it doesn't harden her or render her less sympathetic and susceptible to the softer influences of life. In sharpening the outlines of things nothing of the color must be lost."

Ralph delighted in adopting this sort of tone; there was a good deal of the larger kind of schoolmaster—the moralist—in him.

"Oh, no! certainly not," said the spinster, positively. She didn't quite understand Ralph, but felt that his remarks

called for something emphatic. "But I didn't think you men cared for positive women."

"I should judge that Miss Pilgrim is a really romantic girl," said Ralph, throwing out a line for information.

"That's what Mrs. Carrol says. She declares Marian doesn't think; she dreams."

"That's woman's best way always," said Ralph. "Life's a very colorless affair with her when she is out of dreamland."

"How foolish, Mr. Winter," exclaimed the spinster, laughing. "Why, here's Marian and Mrs. Carrol. Marian, dear, what do you think Mr. Winter has just been saying? He says we women live—what was it, Mr. Winter; please repeat it?"

"I was saying," said Ralph, a trifle confused, "that women are really happy only when they are in dreamland. What do you think, Miss Pilgrim?"

Marian's arm was around Mrs. Carrol. In the faint evening light Ralph could just see her eyes fixed on him for a moment, then turning to Mrs. Carrol, she asked, softly:

"Have you or I ever been in dreamland?"

"I believe you are always there, Marian," said the old lady, tenderly.

The girl kissed her and drew her closer to her.

"Dear Mrs. Carrol, that is part of your dreamland. Mr. Winter must be right."

"I am sure *I* never dream," said the spinster.

"Ah, Sarah," said Mrs. Carrol, gently, "we have to acquire the faculty when we're young. Eh, Mr. Winter?"

Before Ralph could reply, Marian said to the old lady:

"I must be going now. You won't mind, will you; I promised papa that I would surely return before nine o'clock."

"I wish you didn't have to go, Marian. Can't you remain a little longer and Mr. Winter will play again for us. Won't you, Mr. Winter?"

"Certainly, if it will please you," said Ralph, and more than half his answer was addressed to Marian.

"I would like to stay. I have never heard anyone play as you do, Mr. Winter," said the girl, simply. "I hope . . .

She paused with a little confusion and turned to Mrs. Carol. "I would stay if I hadn't promised."

"I know, dear. It is all right. I won't try to keep you. Mr. Winter will see you home I am sure."

Marian protested against the suggestion, but Ralph was too willing, for the protest to avail anything.

* * * * *

Beyond the organist's gate the Cathedral rose in full view before Marian and Ralph as they turned into the Close from which ran High street. Rising against the moonlit sky, the dark pile was like a huge black shadow rather than a material thing. The moon was yet hidden below the high roof, so that our two friends saw the outline of the building, towers and spire and buttresses, faintly edged with silver light as an aureole. The night seemed to be slumbering in dreams. There was a witchery in the air as though fairyland was opening and spreading its enchantments over the earth.

"How beautiful! How beautiful! Oh, oh!" cried Ralph in crescendo, with enthusiasm that was in large part real enough, though it did not lack that certain fictitious element of exaggeration which was never absent very far from Ralph's topmost moods. "Why have we not to-day the art of those old Gothic builders. They so wrought stone upon stone that the merely material became spiritual. Of course, you have read Ruskin, Miss Pilgrim?"

"I have read very little of his," replied Marian, shortly, who womanlike was feeling her way cautiously with her new acquaintance.

"Do you know, probably I should not be here now but for Ruskin," said Ralph.

The girl's curiosity was aroused.

"How so, Mr. Winter?"

"When I left college and determined not to join the church Do I surprise you? Yes, I would have joined the church could I have done so honestly, but" Ralph paused.

"But what? Mr. Winter excuse me; perhaps I ought not to ask?"

"No, no!" said Ralph, who was ready enough to talk

of himself. "My mother's desire was that I should be a clergyman in the Episcopal Church, that is the Church of England as we have it in America. I studied for some time with that in view, and, so far as I could then see, my belief in the tenets of the Christian faith was real and firm. But the day of trial came and—well, proved it to be hollow enough."

"And you gave up your intention?"

"And I gave up my intention. What else could I do?"

"Do you always give up at once when you encounter difficulty?"

There was a sting in this question so directly and simply asked. Ralph felt the conversation instantly lifted above mere passing chat.

"No, indeed," he replied, stoutly; "I think not. But mere determination will not bring back belief, Miss Pilgrim. Something had not been taken from me, but destroyed, utterly destroyed; how completely I realize only when I endeavor to return, as sometimes I do, to my old position. I might as well try to get back into yesterday." The vehemence of these last words startled the girl.

"But, of course, you do believe something?" she asked, kindly.

"Nothing," said Ralph, who was in the mood to take the extremest position possible. "Nothing."

"Oh, Mr. Winter, you cannot mean that." The girl's pious mind was alarmed. "You believe in God?"

"The God of the Bible? No, Miss Pilgrim; I do not, I cannot, nor have I yet reached any other god."

"You do not believe in God?" she said, slowly groping a way among strange facts. "Nor in Jesus Christ?"

"No; much as I revere the Nazarene's character and teaching."

"Nor in the soul's immortality?"

"No; nor in that."

"Oh, Mr. Winter." Ralph could see his companion was trying to scan his face through the darkness. The depth of the reproach in the utterance of his name and the pity it contained was not unpleasant to Ralph.

"Miss Pilgrim, I ought not to speak to you of these

things. Your belief is so much worthier and, in a certain sense, surely so much truer than my unbelief. I have pained you?"

"Me? No, no! It is not that. I do not understand you."

For a space the two pursued their way in silence. Ralph was annoyed with himself for having spoken so freely. Marian had said strictly what was so; she did not understand. She was dumbfounded, for her own belief was so complete within its own narrow limits that it was well-nigh impossible for her to comprehend anything beyond it. Ignorance of God she could indeed understand, for the Rev. William Goodhue, who had labored for so many years as missionary among the natives of the Guano Archipelago, had told her when she gave him the last check for the "good cause," of how woefully unenlightened those ferocious heathen were; how they worshiped their totem *Jam* in the dense forests with indescribable orgies, smearing their bodies with a pomade made chiefly, according to the pious missionary's analysis, of the blood and the marrow of their enemies. But Ralph was not a heathen, he wore clothes and was civilized, and it seemed to her a stupendously unnatural fact that he did not believe very much as she did and as everybody else did whom she had ever known. She shuddered as she thought of what Ralph had said. It was a soul pronouncing its own damnation. What could she say to this man? A minute before he was to her but a stranger, who had momentarily impressed her by his playing and by his personality. Now, her interest in him was made of stronger stuff. But before her thoughts had assumed any definite position she found herself at her own door. Ralph had bade her good night before she could speak.

"Mr. Winter," she said, hurriedly, "next Wednesday I shall have a little party here. Will you let me expect to see you? I shall be very glad if you will come."

Ralph accepted the invitation readily.

On the way back to the organist's the words "I shall be very glad if you will come" echoed and re-echoed in Ralph's ears with a pleasant sound, for he invariably made much of such speeches; but, on the whole, the events of the evening

left him with an uneasy feeling of dissatisfaction. The inharmonious element in his nature predominated.

"Bah," he said, "why don't I take people and things as I find them?" and he was discouraged and uncomfortable.

Many people have said that in Marian Pilgrim, at the period of her life with which we are now concerned, one could witness a very subtle and delightful blending of the child—the child's simplicity, frankness, ingenuousness—and the maturer woman whose predominant characteristic was a quiet, steadfast seriousness. Nature, that great, very partial mother of ours, has her favorites upon whom she lavishes moral endowments as upon other of her children she lavishes physical beauty or well-being, or other gifts. Certainly she had bestowed upon this quiet, brown-eyed little nun of Eastchester, a marvellous moral warmth and graciousness—let us say in a word, the beauty of righteousness, which, Heaven helps us poorer beings, is a thing so different from that sleek broad-cloth grace acquired with hymn in the meeting-house, or from the spiritual firmness, won by some very few of us, in the fierce struggle with our own weaknesses and with the army of the world's desires. With her, belief was not a matter which she could possibly view apart from her own intimate self. It was not the final insistence of experience as it is with some of us, nor the voice of authority, as with others. It was not an acquisition at all, any more than is perfume with the flowers. As Heaven has its heroes and messengers on earth, so, perhaps, it has its rare unconscious witnesses, to be gentle lights among men, bearing not the word of Faith, which it is so hard to comprehend, but the spirit and essence thereof.

"Little credit for such faith," would the Dean say in his curt, positive way. True indeed! little credit to such. The Dean is a practical man, and like practical fellows is given to cutting his wisdom into pieces, this bit to be placed here, and that bit there. So unlike, in this respect, his friend, the Rev. John Fergus, who never could discover a beginning or an end to wisdom—for wisdom with him was a line between two infinitely separated points—or any statement, though broad as man could make it, that was sufficiently wide to cover the smallest fact in life. Little credit indeed, good Dean; and

what then are we to say of our Judgments? Is it possible to rightly estimate conduct if we recognize that character is an endowment as well as an acquisition. Do we not judge people as though all started in the race on the same footing? "William Slough," says the Law sternly, (poor Devil it is the first time in years anyone has addressed you by your Christian name, your companions preferring your alias, Pug-nose Slough), "an intelligent jury of your fellow-countrymen have declared you guilty of a crime which makes you a disgrace to mankind (righteous mankind!), etc., etc., etc.," the peroration and point of which is so many years of penal servitude. William Slough is then hustled off out of sight of human eyes to the influence of stony walls and hearts (good enough for him!) almost as hard. The Law recovers from its indignation, wipes its gold spectacles, goes home with unimpaired appetite to dine well in its comfortable home; while Society over its breakfast the next morning rejoices that Justice has been done, thanking God that it is not as other men are. Of course only a weak sentimentality questions the eminent rightness of all this. Is not the eternal relationship between William Slough, the Law and Society therein recognized? The first thus get his deserts, the second performs its duty, the third is protected. Admirable, and withal how simple! Could Heaven do better? What need of the great final court of appeal, with its awful day of Judgment? Indeed, what need is there? Can it be, William Slough, that Omniscience will consider defects of birth and deficiencies of education? Your coarse soul has no hope, I know, that perhaps Justice there may not be hardened into a code, but instead may flow from the great human heart of Christ. Give me thy hand, William Slough; you and I, we need equally the same mercy, not the same Law. What may pardon thee may not save me from everlasting condemnation, for pug-noses I notice do not get on to the bench, nor the broad judicial brow into the squalid haunts of crime as . . . but dear me, what an inconsequential wandering, sermoning habit a pen may acquire. We were speaking of Marian Pilgrim.

It is scarcely necessary to point out how very different Ralph Winter's character was from hers. The indirect, the

self-conscious, the morbid, predominated in his nature, and, as with all sentimental people, there was an element of the false and unreal in his moods. Some souls defy the gods, and others there are that serve the gods. I know not which is the greater of the two. Ralph, certainly, was incapable either of defiance or of service. His nature was too strong for himself, and as with an overpowerful brain in a feeble body, the result was weakness. His strong sympathy, too, kept him eternally wavering; he was swayed by every new influence, intellectual and emotional, but the impetus lasted scarcely beyond the moment of contact. As we have seen, the result of his conversation with Marian Pilgrim was discomfit. He felt he had made a poor impression upon her. "I wonder what she thinks of me?" he asked himself, and he could not bring the answer to flatter him.

The direction of Marian's thoughts were away from herself towards him, striving for comprehension. A certain charity of religion interested her in him.

On her way upstairs, after leaving Ralph, she turned into her father's room. The historian, clothed in an Oriental-looking dressing-gown and smoking-cap, was busy with his great history. He dropped his pen, and as she took a seat on a little footstool by his side and rested her head against his arm, he brushed back the loose hair from her forehead, and lifting up her face to his, leaned down and kissed her.

"You are getting to be very like your mother, Marian, more beautiful every day. No, let me hold you so. Your face upturned like that sometimes looks out at me from the writing paper."

Now this little speech *did* please Marian.

"What! looking at you out of those battles, father?" she asked, shyly.

I am sure the woman was in Eve, even in the days of innocence in Eden.

To be continued.

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"And the worst is that all the thinking in the world doesn't bring us to Thought; we must be right by nature, so that good thoughts may come before us like free children of God, and cry "Here we are."—GOETHE.

OCTOBER-DECEMBER, 1892.

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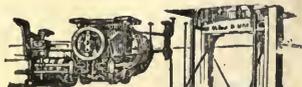
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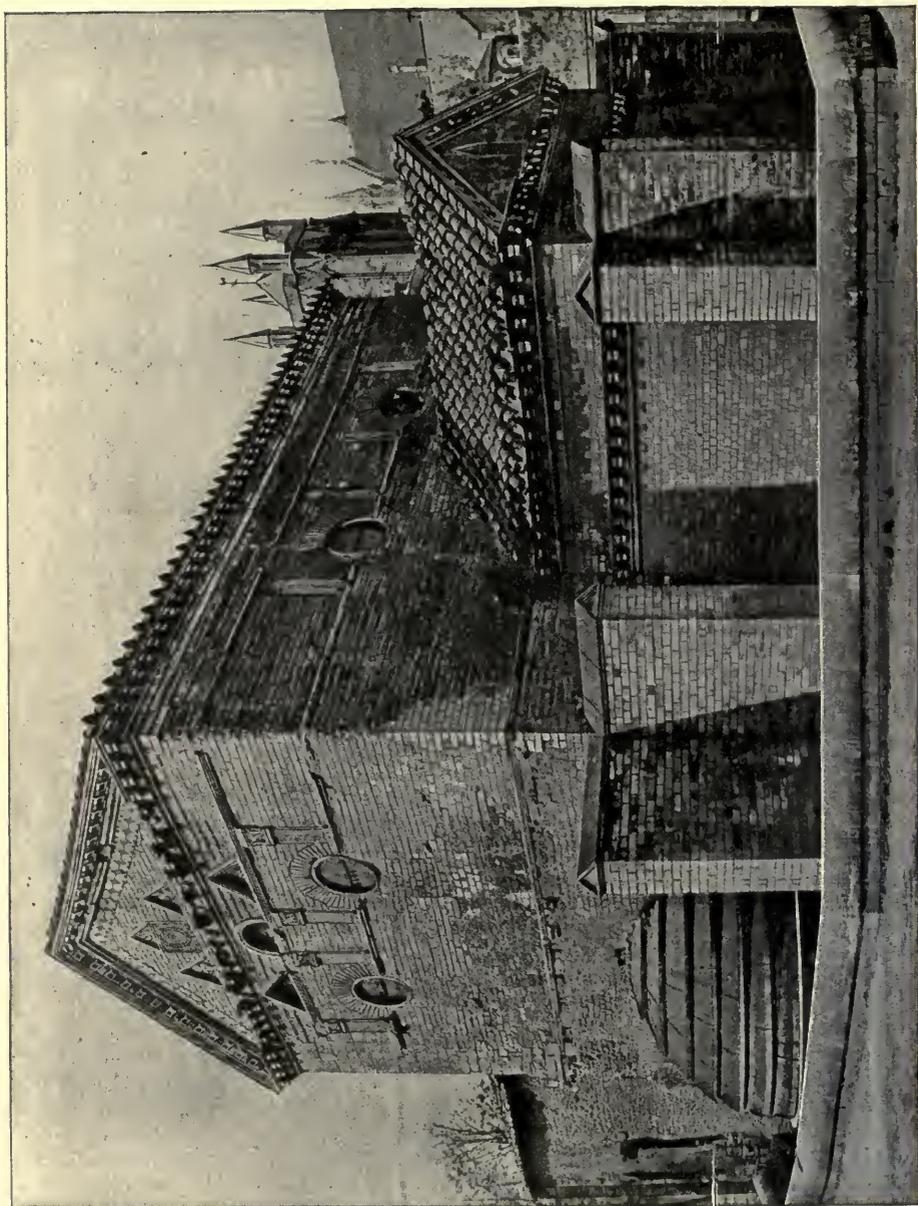
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