

The  
**Architectural Record.**

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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.

JANUARY-MARCH, 1893.

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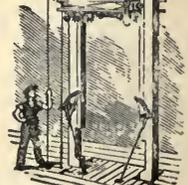


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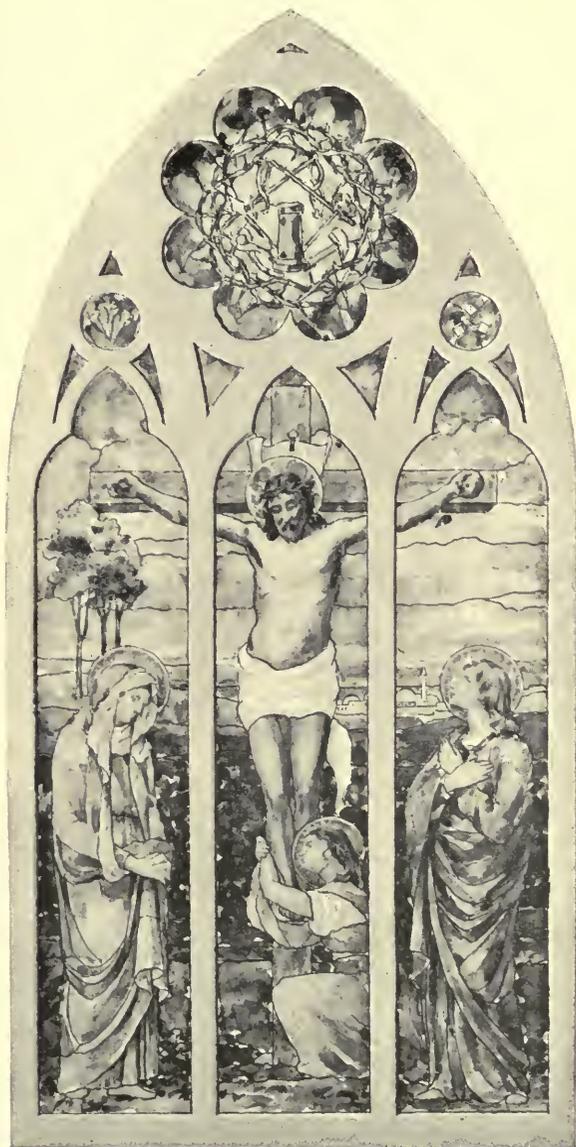
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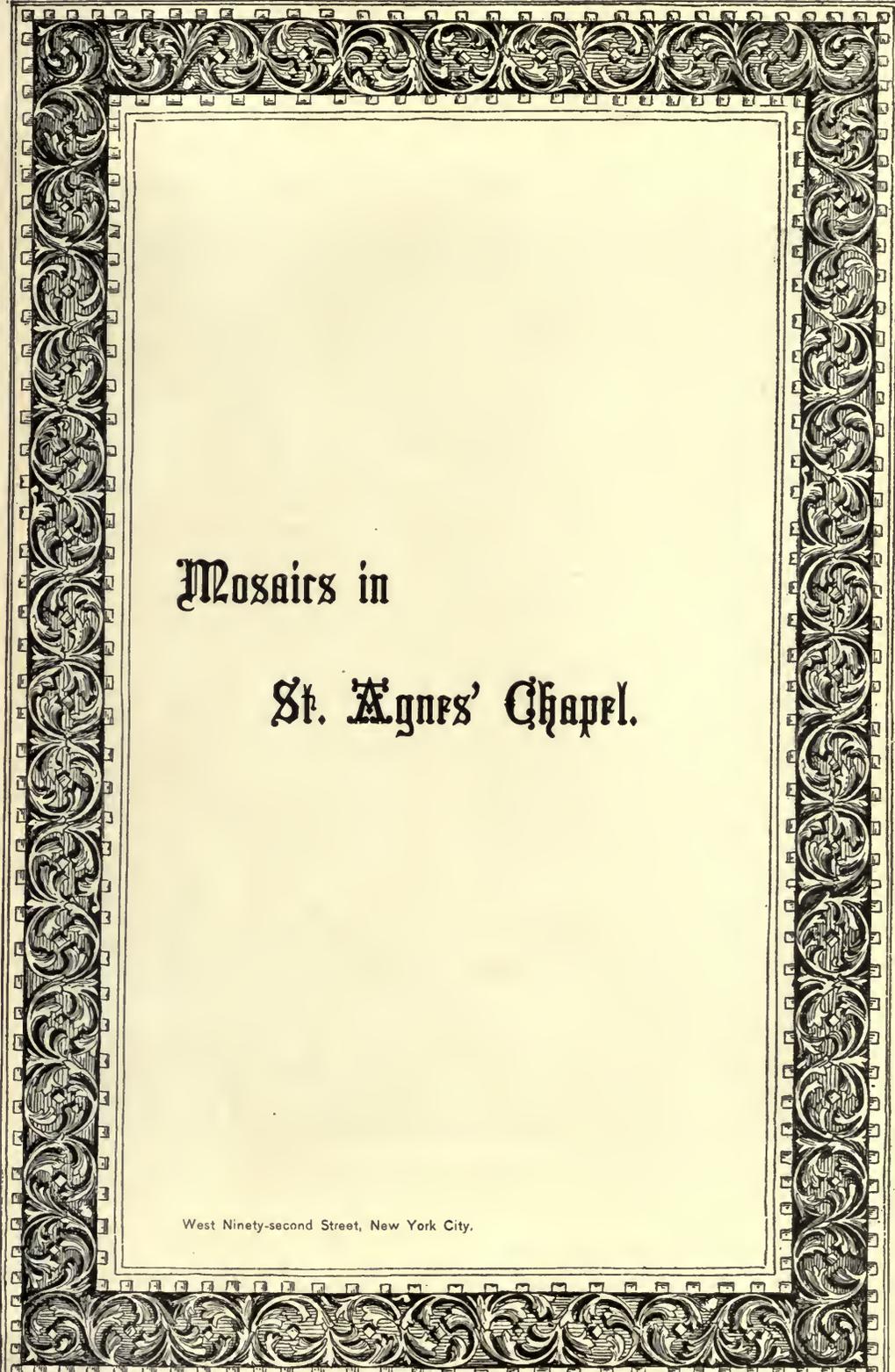
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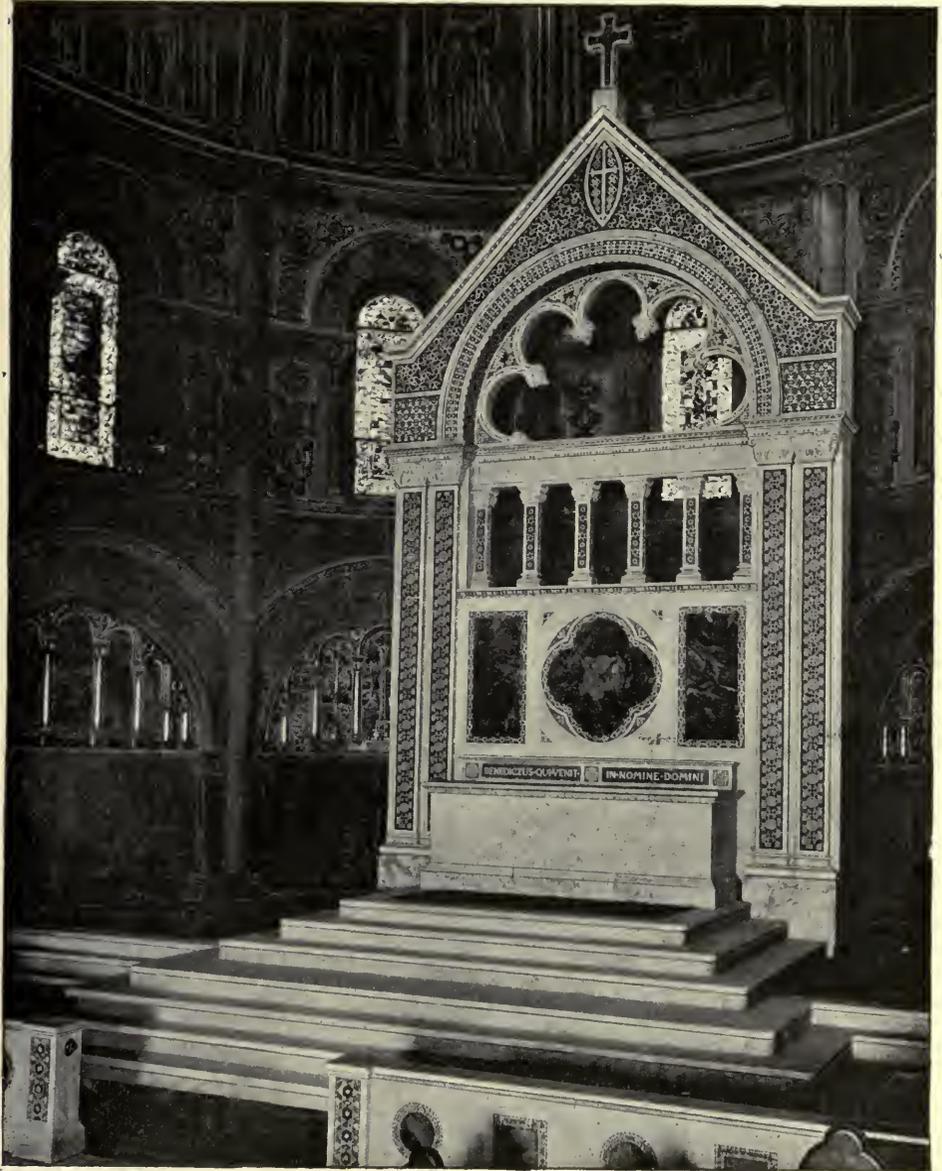
St. Agnes' Chapel.

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Wm. A. Potter, Architect.

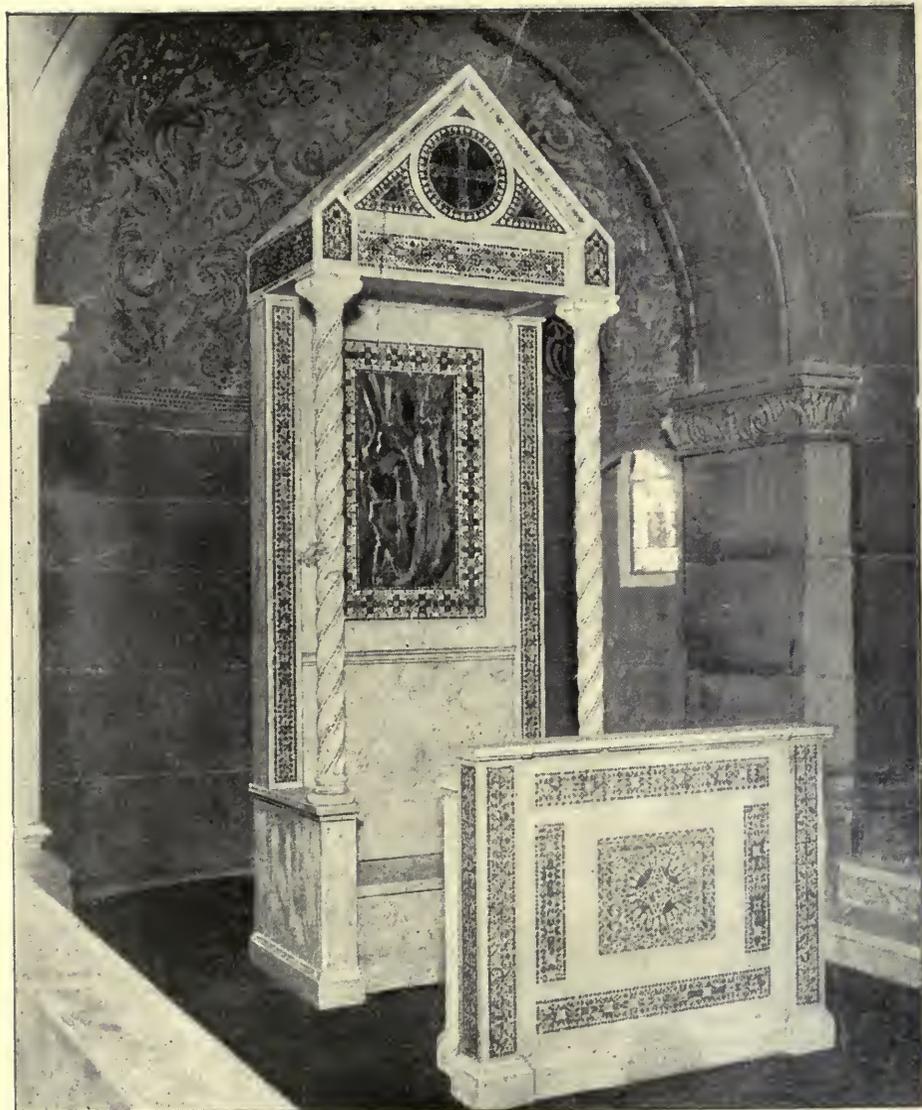
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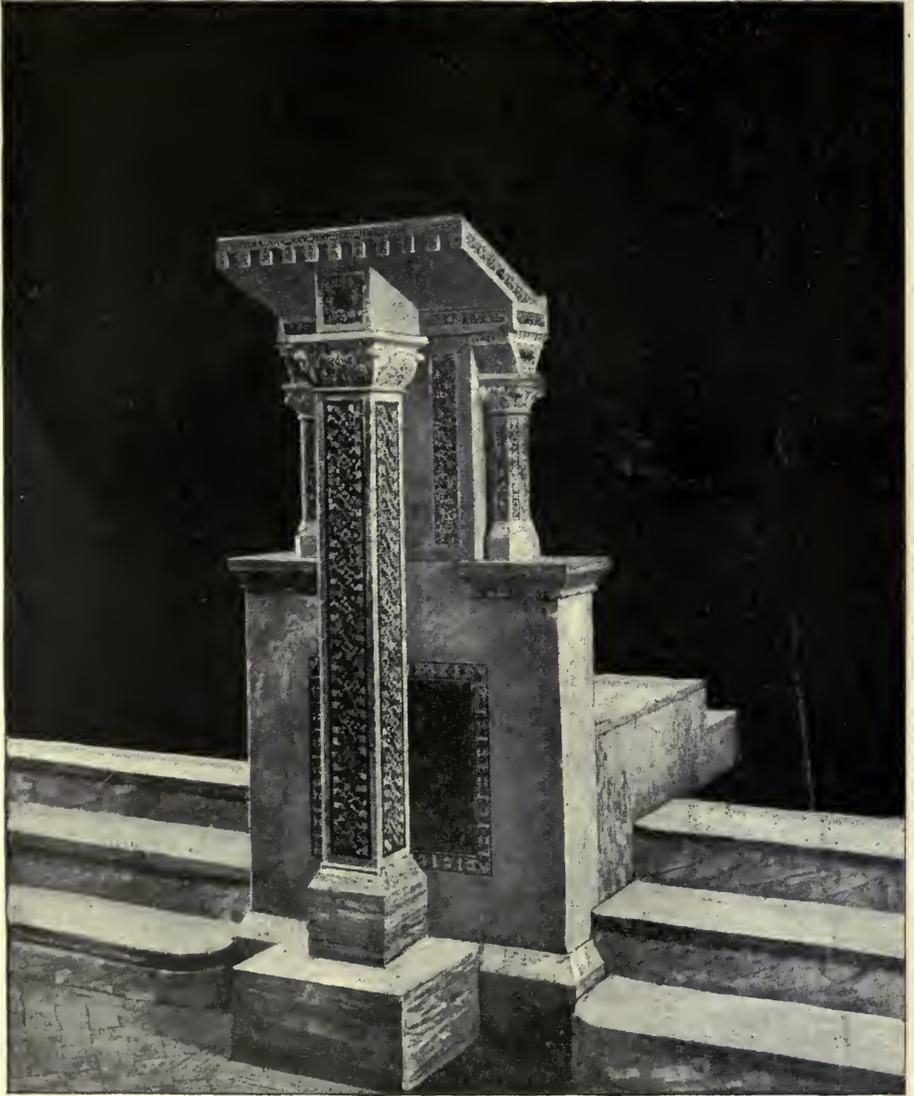
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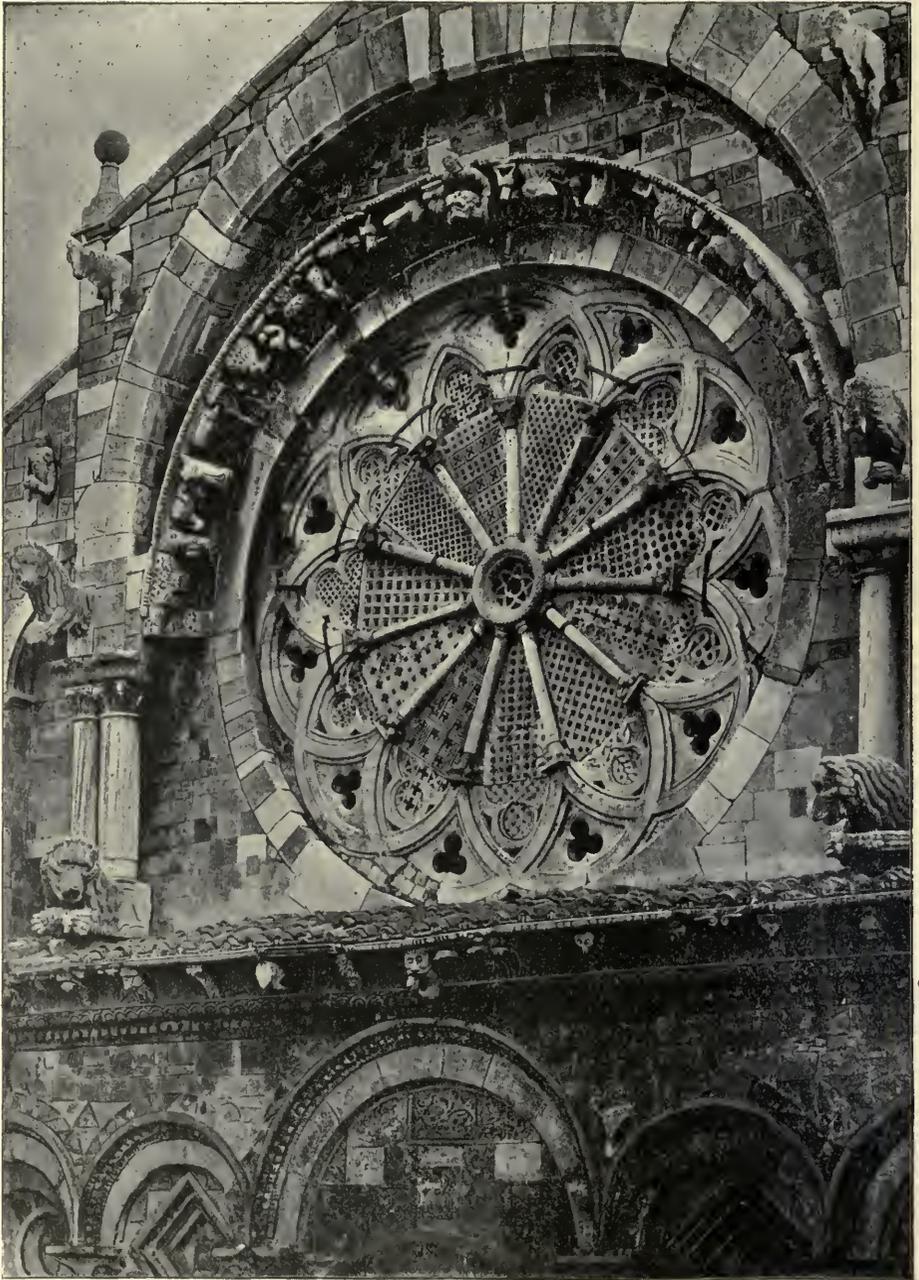
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Perforated Stone Window (originally glazed with colored glass).  
Cathedral, Troja, Italy.

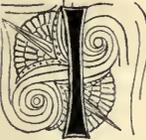
The  
**Architectural Record.**

VOL. II.

JANUARY-MARCH, 1893.

No. 3.

“A SEA OF GLASS.”

N the latter part of the seventeenth century there lived in France a worker in glass by the name of Blancourt, who, fearing that the art of making colored glass might be lost, as many of the processes were trade secrets, secrets handed down by word of mouth from one generation of artisans to another, wrote a book upon the subject, now one of the rarest books known to the bibliophile. In the first part of this book occurs the following passage: “The power of Nature is limited in all her effects, and men alone can augment and enlarge by Art the virtues and powers which she has produced.” The truth of this observation is most fully illustrated in the origin, development and use of glass, a truth I hope to make clear to all my readers in the following study upon the picture windows of the past, more particularly those of the Middle Ages, which were the outcome of the faith of the people, and so numerous were they that they are fitly described by the words of Holy Writ: “*And before the Throne there was a sea of glass like unto crystal.*”\*

The English substantive *glass* is derived from the Anglo-Saxon verb *glisnian*: to shine, and is used to name a well-known vitrified substance, which for the purpose of study may be divided into two great classes, namely, natural, and artificial.

1.—Natural glass is found in various parts of the world, generally in the vicinity of volcanos. In the island of

Lapari there is a cavern of which the side walls are composed entirely of this material; it resembles the *scoria* or slag of metal furnaces, varies in color, is often filled with impurities, and is seldom transparent. It was largely used in the arts by the nations of antiquity, and also by the ancient Mexicans and Peruvians; it was called by the Romans *obsidian*, a name probably formed from a Greek word meaning “seeing images in,” a name given to this material because the black variety was used by the Egyptians, Greeks and Romans in the making of mirrors.

2.—Artificial glass is a transparent, semi-transparent or opaque substance, varying in color, made by fusing a silica with an alkali—sand is the commercial representative of the silica, and soda of the alkali, while the color is produced by mingling metal oxides with the sand.

The origin of artificial glass is unknown, and all the effects of modern times to discover it have been fruitless; it has passed from the memory of man. It is true that Pliny and other ancient authors give us a legendary account of the discovery of artificial glass which is quaintly epitomized in an old work, on the art of glass-making, printed in 1699, as follows: “We are indebted to Chance for the first invention of glass, which was made on the banks of the River *Belus* in *Syria*, where certain merchants being driven ashore in a storm were obliged for some time to stay and make fires and to dress their provisions; the place abounding with a certain herb called *Kali*, which by the great fires they made, being reduced to ashes full of salt, and joined with

\* Rev. IV., 6.

sand and stones proper for making glass, which are natural and plenty thereabouts, run down into a sort of melted glass; which showed them not only the manner of making glass, but also crystal, and several other fine things which had not been found out without the invention of glass."

Such an accidental discovery may have happened, if not just as related above, yet it is possible that "by some fortuitous liquefaction was mankind taught to procure a body at once in a high degree solid and transparent, which might admit the light of the sun and exclude the violence of the wind, which might extend the sight of the philosopher to new ranges of existence, and charm him at one time with the unbounded extent of the material creation, and at another with the endless subordination of animal life, and, what is yet of more importance, might supply the decay of nature and succor old age with subsidiary sight. Thus was the first artificer of glass employed, though without his own knowledge or expectation. He was facilitating and prolonging the enjoyment of light, enlarging the avenues of science, and conferring the highest and most lasting pleasures; he was enabling the student to contemplate nature, and the beauty to behold herself."

Whatever may have been the origin of artificial glass, it is undeniable that the art was discovered at a very early period; in fact, we have a specimen of dated glass now in the British Museum which was made B. C. 3064; it is an amulet in the form of a lion's head, made of opaque blue glass, and upon the under side there are hieroglyphics which give us the above date. In addition to this evidence, the process of glass blowing is depicted in the paintings on the walls of the rock-built tomb of Beni-Hassan (2851 B. C.), and in the sculptures upon the more ancient tomb (B. C. 3900) of Tih in the necropolis of Sakkara at Memphis, and glass bottles containing red wine are represented in Egyptian paintings executed 4,000 years ago.

As the most ancient examples of glass that we have are undoubtedly of Egyptian manufacture, and moreover the history of glass-making in the dif-

ferent countries of the classic world seem to point toward Egypt as the source of the art, a country in which there is still to be seen, at the side of many of the Natron lakes, the ruins of glass factories of the highest antiquity, we are safe in concluding that Egypt was the mother of the art of glass-making, and that thence the art was transmitted to all parts of the known world. Among the Egyptians themselves glass was employed in every imaginable way, except for windows; it appeared everywhere: upon the walls of their buildings, upon the dresses of the people, upon many articles which helped to furnish tombs and temples, palaces and private houses. The mummies were adorned with necklaces, flowers, beads and eyes of glass; the living decorated their garments and persons with glass ornaments, kept their wine in glass bottles, ate their food from glass plates, measured the rise and fall of their sacred river with nilometers of glass, and made statues of their gods in glass; in fact they blew, cast and cut glass into thousands of objects of daily use in their unique civilization.

The Phoenicians, the Assyrians, the Greeks, the Etruscans, the Israelites, and the Romans received originally their glass from the Egyptians; millions of glass objects, ornaments, amulets, etc., were exported from Egypt to these nations, and their fragments are found even to-day in countless numbers among the ruins, in the tombs, and beneath the soil of these countries.

As for the Romans, among whom glass was introduced in the year B. C. 536, they were not only importers and consumers of Egyptian glass, but ultimately became makers; it was the only way they could supply the demand, for they employed a prodigious quantity, far more than is now in use. Where we employ in domestic life earthenware they used glass; they made their decorative vessels, their wall and floor mosaics, their chessmen and dice, their perfume and toilette bottles, necklaces and ornaments, cameos and gems, toys, nick-nacks and water clocks, of glass, and Roman ladies even used glass balls to keep their hands cool, changing the balls as they became

heated. Propertius (B. C. 57) describes Cynthia demanding glass cooling balls for her hands, and not long ago an alabaster urn was found in Rome containing sixty of these balls.

Roman glass, like Egyptian, was made in all degrees of transparency and translucency, from the purest of crystal to the opacity of black obsidian; in range of color it embraced every shade of blue, green, red, orange, yellow, lavender, white, and many other colors; and much of it was as brilliant as polished gems. The Romans were the first to use it in windows. The panes they employed were usually not more than seven to ten inches square, and made of a greenish glass; but after the advent of Christianity glass windows became larger and more common, Constantine giving an impetus to the movement by glazing the windows of the basilica of S. Paul's beyond the walls of Rome with sheets of colored glass, which Prudentius describes as varied in color and as brilliant as a field of flowers in the Spring.

In the beginning, the church builders filled their windows with slabs of marble or stone or stucco, pierced here and there in such a way as to form a pattern, glazing the perforations with colored glass. The windows of the church of S. Sophia, rebuilt by Justinian at Constantinople in year A. D. 565, were made in this way, as well as most of the windows of the churches of the first five centuries of Christianity, both in the East and the West. This usage continued in vogue in the East almost to our own time, more especially in Egypt among the Copts, where examples of this work may be seen to-day in their churches and monasteries. In Italy there are a number of churches where perforated slabs (windows) still exist, but without the glass, which in the course of ages has disappeared. When the world recovered from the paralysis of all the arts, brought upon them by the iconoclastic madness of the eighth century, the architects and artists of the time turned their attention to improving the artistic beauty of church windows by lessening the amount of tracery and by the introduction of figures. This departure was

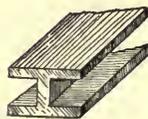
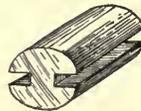
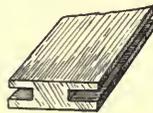
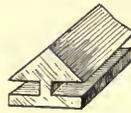
probably inaugurated by the artists of the Germano-Christian school, who endeavored to break away, more particularly during the age of Charlemagne, from the methods of the Roman-Byzantine school of art, and would have undoubtedly produced in the end beautiful picture windows, if the development had not been arrested by the popular belief that the world was approaching its end, that the year 1000 would see the dreaded catastrophe—a nightmare from which the fine arts only began to awaken in the middle of the eleventh century.

Then it was that gradually the beauty and inherent quality of glass as a transmitter of light and as a decorative material was brought into play through the requirements of Gothic architecture, an architecture peculiarly marked by large window openings. It called for a filling strong enough to keep out the weather, yet transparent enough to admit the light; on the other hand, as in this form of architecture the wall spaces were necessarily small, the windows

were the only places where the decorator could display his art in as far as it depended upon color.

But as glass was only to be had in small pieces the glazier was compelled, in order to fill the window openings, to make his lights a mosaic, that is, a combination of various-sized pieces of glass of various colors worked to a given design by placing them in juxtaposition, and retaining them in place by some other materials, and the best material for the purpose was found to be lead—strips of lead having lateral grooves for the reception of the edge of the glass.

As I said before, Gothic architecture, in making the window opening so vast as the great window at Tintern Abbey, which measured ninety feet in height





Marriage in Cana of Galilee.—An example of late XIIIth-century leading (French).

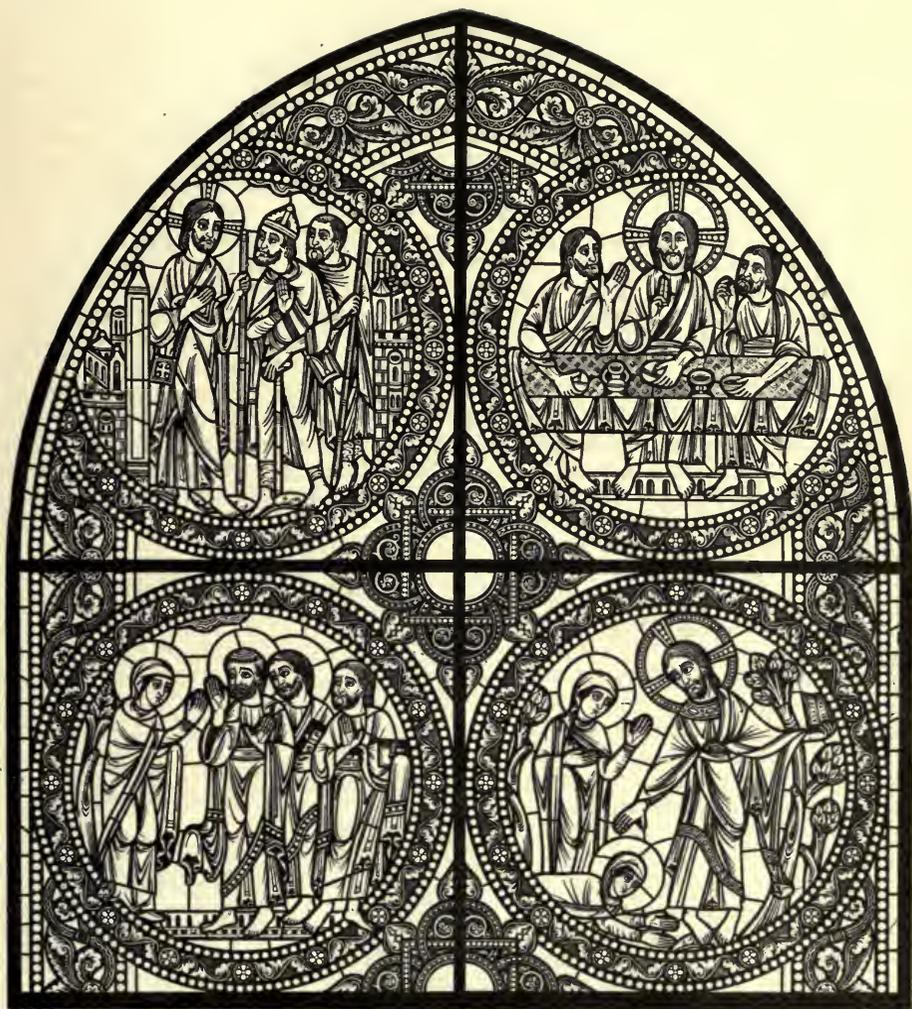
and twenty in breadth, left very little wall space to decorate in color, so the decorator was compelled to turn to the windows as a field in which to display his art and express, as he was required by the builders, the doctrines of the Church under forms of beauty, for these picture windows were looked upon as the Bible of the poor and the uneducated. So successful was he that at last the church windows blazed

“ With forms of saints and holy men who died,  
Here martyred and hereafter glorified;  
And the great Rose upon its leaves displayed  
Christ's triumph, and the angelic roundelays.  
With splendor upon splendor multiplied.”

In many cases the entire Bible history of man from Adam down to the Apostles was portrayed, if not as fully, as on the garden walls of the monastery of Koengsael in Bohemia, where the whole Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, was

engraved, the letters increasing in proportion to their height from the ground, so that the whole could be easily read by the passing spectator; nevertheless, in the windows were depicted all of the *great events*, which were made plain by these glass pictures to the meanest understanding. Even the ignorant could read the lessons they inculcated. But all this was brought about gradually, step by step; it was not until the building of S. Denis at Paris, by the Abbot Suger, in the middle of the twelfth century, that picture windows became an almost necessary constituent of every ecclesiastical edifice.

Suger, before building the abbey church of S. Denis, remembering the words of Solomon to Hiram: “*Send me a skillful man that knoweth how to work in gold and silver, in brass and in iron, in purple, in scarlet and in blue, and that hath skill in carving,*” so that



IN CHARTRES CATHEDRAL.

The upper part of a medallion window.—XIIth century.

"I may build a house to the name of the Lord my God—for the continual setting forth of bread and for the holocausts," made inquiries in every country, and gathered together the best artists of Europe out of every nation to assist him in the building and decoration of the church, the most stately edifice of the age; the germ from whence sprung much of the best ecclesiastical art of the next century.

Among the artists he called to his aid were those skilled in the art of making colored glass windows, more particularly those who were adepts in the new art of painting on glass with fusible metallic colors, an art discovered shortly before at Limoges. The painted windows in use before this discovery were not durable. The artists employed ordinary transparent pigments, painted upon clear glass and protected the same by placing over it another piece of glass which was held in place by the means of leads. This insured preservation for a time.

Suger saw the value of the new method of incorporating with or attaching metallic colors to the glass itself, and caused the windows for his church to be made in this way. I do not mean to say he was the first to use the new invention, as a few years before he commenced to build, the church of S. Maurice at Angers had been glazed with vitrified painted windows, but he was one of the first to promote its use.

The windows of S. Denis are said to have been far superior to those of S. Maurice in execution, harmony, good taste, general arrangement, design and color treatment; the figure subjects were painted upon small pieces of glass, imbedded in a very wide ornamental border, a large number of these medallions entering into the composition of a single window. They were all related to one another through their color key, through their depicting various incidents in the same history, or some one point in a theological proposition which

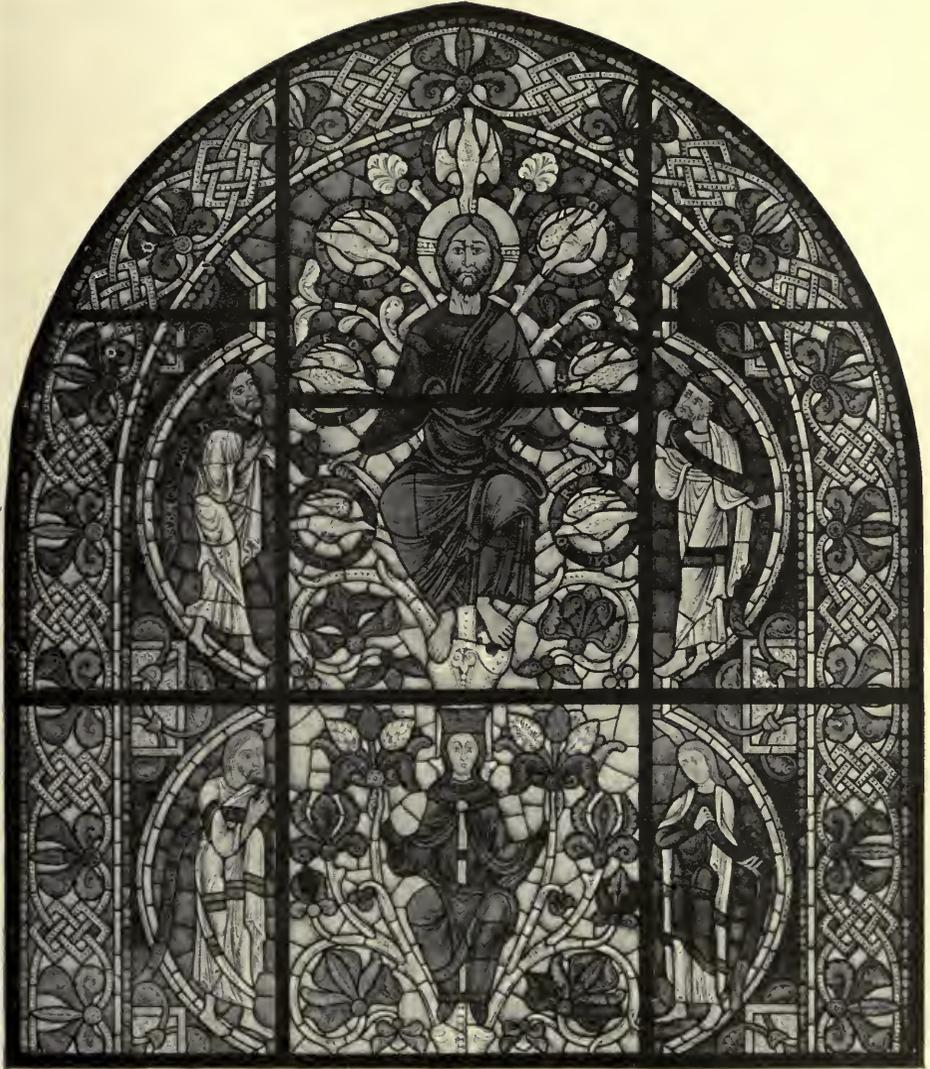
found its complete expression in the whole.

This form of window, peculiarly adapted to a single light, continued to be employed from the middle of the twelfth century until the introduction of tracery, and in some parts of France long after the single lancet had given way to the mullioned window.

Contemporaneous with, and following the introduction of, medallion windows there were two other kinds: the canopy and the Jesse windows. In the *first* named there was a representation of one or two figures, executed in rich colors on a colored or white ground, occupying the whole window, within borders and under a low crowned, rude and simple canopy, out of proportion to the figure or figures it covered; the *second* variety carried a picture of the Tree of Jesse, a pictorial genealogy of the Redeemer, consisting of a tree or vine springing from the recumbent form of Jesse, lying asleep at the foot of the window, the branches forming a series



An example of flesh painting where glass of various tones was used for the groundwork. XIth century.



A JESSE WINDOW.—EARLY XIII<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY.—FRENCH.

In Chartres Cathedral,

(Upper part.)



A JESSE WINDOW.—EARLY XIII<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY.—FRENCH.

In Chartres Cathedral.

(Middle part.)



A JESSE WINDOW.—EARLY XIII<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY.—FRENCH.

In Chartres Cathedral.

(Lower part.)

of panels or medallions, one above the other, in which were represented the king and patriarchs of the royal house of the Lion of the Tribe of Juda.

The artists employed in making the windows for the Abbot Suger used very little paint, but followed a mosaic motif as far as they could, the glass of the time materially helping them to that end, as it was unequal in color and transparency, irregular in surface and texture, which made it more adaptable to mosaic effects than the more perfectly-made glass of a later date. At the same time these so-called "defects" increased the richness and gave a gemlike color to the glass. They used paint only in the flesh in outlining the figures



An example of washed shading.—English.  
Early XIVth century.



An example of outlining flesh painting.—Early XIIth century.—French.

and ornaments, and where they needed a line it was made of strong brown and the shading was done by cross-hatching or by a thin wash of brown. When they wished to deepen the shadow they did not paint over the first application, but on the opposite side of the glass. They made their diaper patterns by smearing the surface of the glass with color and scraping the design through the paint to the glass. The faces, hands and naked parts of the figures were made with flesh-colored glass, excepting the eyes, which were often painted on white and leaded into the face; the beard and hair were made of

small pieces of colored glass; the figures were badly proportioned; the draperies were worked into small folds, stiff and scanty; the backgrounds were either deep blue or red, occasionally diapered. Each individual color in these windows was made with a separate piece of glass, and as the pieces were very small there was consequently a large amount of lead work, but as the glazier worked the leads into the outlines of the design their presence was scarcely perceptible.

In studying the painted windows of the twelfth century the student is forced to admire the ingenious combination of color, the rich rug-like effects and brilliancy of the glass, although much of the beauty is marred by the grotesque, stiffly-drawn figures inclosed in long, sheath-like vestments of many up and down folds. It was reserved for the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries to see the full unfolding of the possibilities and beauties of color glass; this was the period when the face of Europe was covered with buildings of great magnitude and magnificence, the monumental expressions of the faith, the devotion of the people, the munificence of kings and nobles.

In the almost countless cathedrals, churches, abbeys, chapels, colleges, hospitals and monasteries that were built during these two centuries every form of art found an almost boundless field in which to display its particular form of beauty; the architects, the sculptors, the metal workers, the painters, the glaziers of these buildings worked in unison to a common end, one art helping another. For example, as the art of making picture windows in colored glass attained perfection "the windows gradually expanded to receive it in the contemporary architecture until the walls of the church almost disappeared, the buttress alone holding up the groined roof."

What were these windows of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries like? Luckily for the history of art, in spite of the ravages of time, the fanatical devastations of the sixteenth century and the destruction wrought by the revolutionists of the last, there are still remaining in France a number

of windows containing glass made during these two centuries.

Among the most beautiful ones are the exquisite jewel-like windows of the cathedral of Chartres, a hundred and forty-three in number, and containing no less than one thousand three hundred and fifty subjects, with over three thousand figures; there are also some magnificent windows at Rheims, Bourges, Tours, Poitiers and Angers; but taking these altogether they form only a small proportion of the incredible number that once existed, for it is said, on good authority, that in the sixteenth century there were thirty thousand churches, fifteen hundred abbeys, eighteen thousand five hundred chapels and two thousand eight hundred prior-ies in France, and that every one of these was adorned with windows of colored glass.

The first thing the student remarks in studying the windows of the thirteenth century is that the colors are more brilliant, more artistically combined and skillfully blended than in those of the preceding century; and that the artist, the *master glazier*, never lost sight of the two fundamental principles that should always govern the use of colored glass in windows: 1st, that it should transmit light; 2d, that it is only an auxiliary of architecture, a decorative adjunct. The figures, although generally lacking in expression, are better in drawing than those of the preceding century, than those in the Abby of S. Denis; the faces oval in form are more delicately treated, often refined and vigorous, the eyes having a somewhat natural expression, the hair and beard produced by varying the thickness of the lines; while the draperies are broader in treatment, lighter and more natural in their form. The compositions are simple and not overcrowded; the animals, trees and architectural details are still conventional, although the ornaments, taking their motives from the maple, oak, ivy and other leaves, are more natural and show greater precision in the drawing. The windows as a whole exhibit in every detail great advance in the art of representing natural objects, a more exact



EZEKIEL CARRYING ST. JOHN (UPPER HALF).—CHARTRES CATHEDRAL.  
Allegorical window.—Late XIIth century.

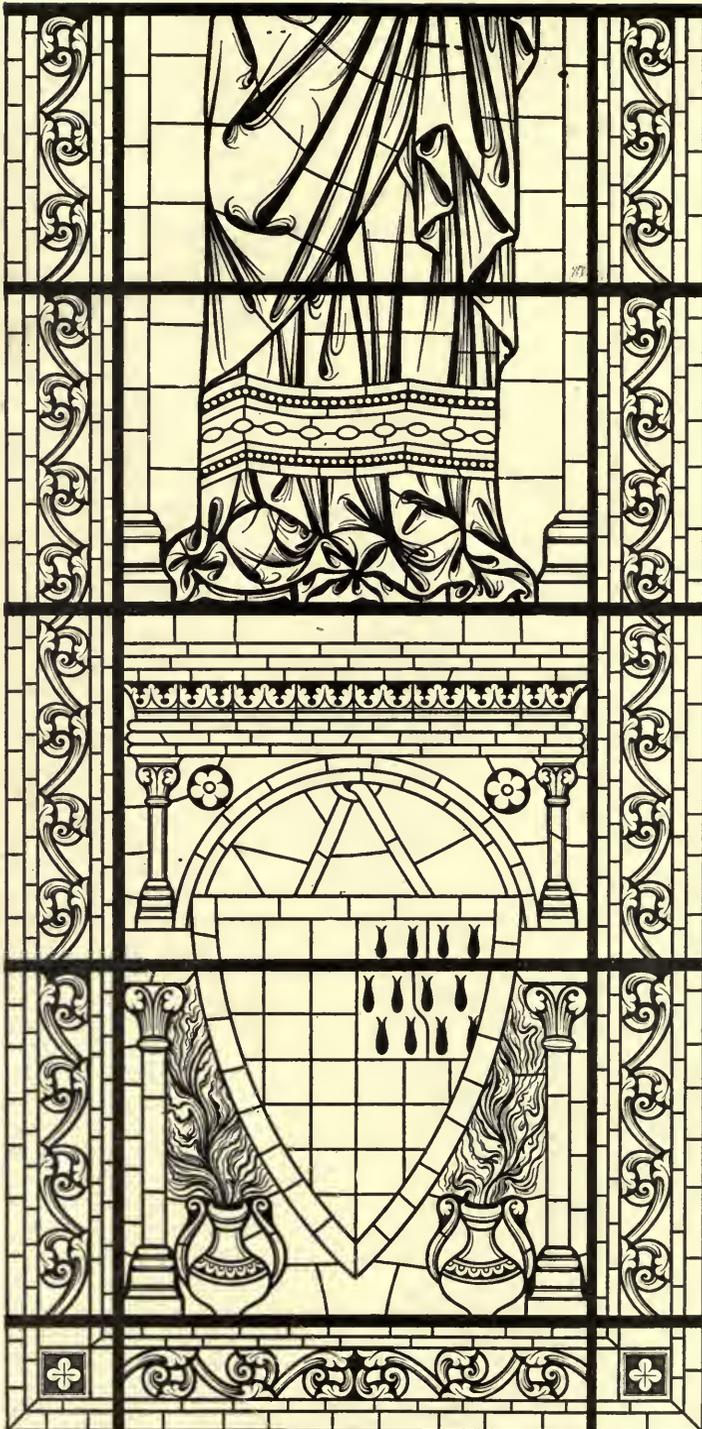


EZEKIEL CARRYING ST. JOHN (LOWER HALF).—CHARTRES CATHEDRAL.

Allegorical window.—Late XIIth century.



THE BLESSED VIRGIN AND THE CHILD JESUS (UPPER HALF).—CHARTRES CATHEDRAL.  
Late XIIIth century.



THE BLESSED VIRGIN AND THE CHILD JESUS (LOWER HALF).—CHARTRES CATHEDRAL.

Late XIIIth century.

imitation of nature, and a great appreciation of the harmony of color.

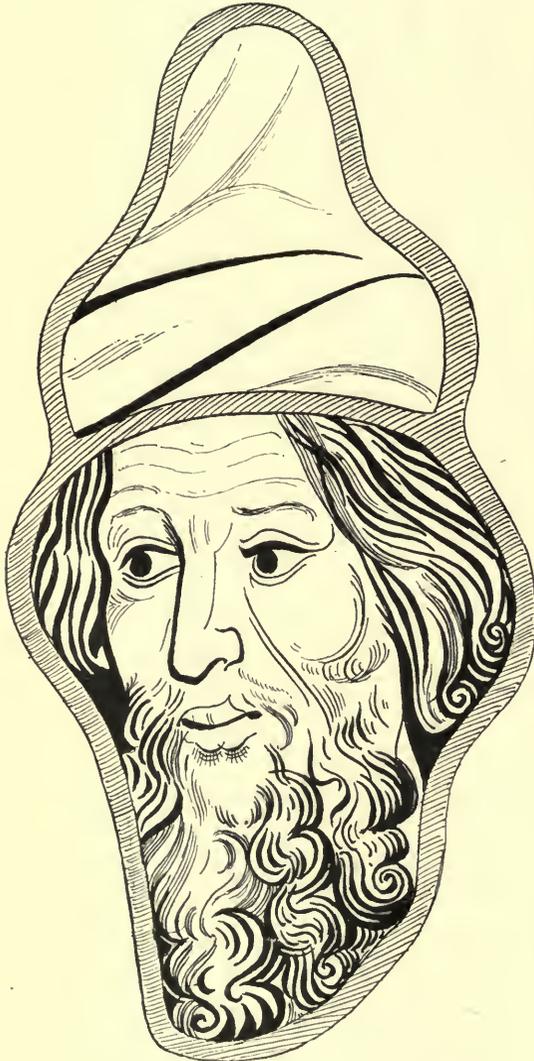
In the choice of subjects the glass painter of the thirteenth century was guided, or more truly limited, by the

bold portrayals of the dogmas of the Church—"pictures where science on one hand and doctrine on the other were personified." They were in fact sermons "which reached the heart through the

eyes instead of entering at the ears." But this choice of subjects was not made at random, it fell under the same rule that guided the encyclopædias of the time in their unparalleled classification of the universe: commencing with God, the creation of angelic beings, nature, science, ethics, and history. The windows were a poem in glass, "the first canto, reflecting the image of God, as the Creator, the father, and the giver of all good gifts; the second, nature, organic and inorganic; the third, science; the fourth, the moral sense; the fifth, the history of man; and lastly, the entire world." Where there were not enough windows in a church to carry out the complete scheme, some one portion was selected. Running through all the picture windows of the Ages of Faith there was a symbolism of great beauty, unsurpassed in its subtle and lucid exposition of truth by any other system ever devised by the genius of man.

Before passing to the history of the glass of the following centuries it would be well to examine into the way the windows, now under consideration, were made. Happily we have an authority: Theophilus, the monk, most trustworthy in every respect, as he was a contemporary, and has fully described the process in his *Diversarum Artium Schedula*, which may be epitomized as follows:

"When you desire to construct a glass window, first make a smooth wooden board twice the size of the design, cover the same with a coating of white chalk, and draw thereon with lead or tin, using a rule and compass, a full outline. This done, draw within the



An example of English flesh painting of the XIVth century.

paramount object of all ecclesiastical decoration of the Middle Ages, viz.: the instruction of the illiterate and the promotion of piety among the people, therefore the windows were filled with representations of scenes from Biblical history, the lives of the saints and sym-

outline such figures and ornaments as you like, first with lead or tin, then in the same manner with red, or black pigments, making all the strokes carefully, because it will be necessary when you shall have painted the glass to join shadows and lights according to the plan on the board. Then arrange the various draperies and mark down the colors of each in its place, and whatever else you wish to paint; mark the color by a letter. After this, make yourself some hair pencils, viz., of the tail of a martin, or ermine, or squirrel, or cat, or of an ass's mane. Take a piece of glass larger than the place it is to occupy and lay it flat on the plan, tracing with chalk ground in water the outer strokes only of the pattern on the board seen through the glass. If the piece of glass should be so dense that you cannot see the design on the board take a piece of white or clear glass and draw on that; when it is dry, lay the opaque upon the clear glass, raise it against the light and draw on it what you see through it. In the same manner you will mark all the glass to be used in the window. The glass is then cut to the forms shown by the chalk line by the means of a diving-iron, the iron is made red hot and applied to the glass; as soon as a crack appears the iron is drawn in the direction in which you wish to divide the glass, along the chalk lines, and the crack will follow the iron. Smooth the edges of the glass with a grossing-iron (*grosarium ferreum*) and fit the pieces together upon the board. Take the color which you are to use and paint the glass with the utmost care, following the drawing upon the board, putting the color on very thin where the lights are to be, and let the stroke be dark where the shades are to be, varying the stroke for different degrees of darkness. When you have made the first shadows in the draperies, etc., and they are dry, cover the rest of the glass with a light color, which should not be so deep as the middle tint in the shadows, nor so light as the lightest, but between the two. This being dry, make, with the handle of the brush, near the shadows which you first made, firm strokes in every part, so as to leave between those strokes

and the first shadows firm strokes of that light color. Figures on a white ground clothe with sapphire green, purple and red, while those on the red ground not painted make the draperies white. Paint the borders, leaves, flowers, faces, hands and feet in the same way as the drapery. When the glass is painted, fix the colors by heat in a furnace. And when this has been done place the pieces of glass once more upon the board in their places. After this take a head and surround it with lead grooved on either side, fitting the edge of glass into groove, then put it back in its place, holding it there with three nails, which should be one finger long, slender and round at one end and square at the other. Join to this the breast, arms, drapery, etc., fixing them in place with nails on the outside. With a long and thin soldering-iron made hot apply pewter to it wherever two pieces of lead come together, first taking care to scrape the surface of lead and rub with the iron until they adhere to each other. The window having been completed and soldered in one side, turn it over on the other and treat in the same manner. The design may then be washed off the table or board to make it ready for a new one."

The method of making a window, as described by our monk, was the one employed by glaziers all through the Middle Ages, there was very little change, but toward the end of the thirteenth century there was a marked improvement in the leading; the *vertical lines* were formed to follow the outlines, as far as it was possible, of the figures and ornaments, the horizontal ones were hidden behind the stay-bars.

The windows of the fourteenth century show a steady increase in knowledge on the part of the artists, more particularly in the matter of drawing and the harmonious use of color, the composition remaining about the same as that of the preceding century.

The advance in color treatment was partially brought about by the introduction of a *yellow stain* made from silver, which placed in the artists' hands not only various shades of yel-

low, but a color with which they could warm their white glass and impart to the blue a greenish tone. Its use, however, was very much abused, as it was used as a substitute for pot metal—a glass with the color throughout its entire substance—consequently the windows lost in depth and richness of color. Moreover as this stain was so easy of application and ready in yielding tones of lemon, yellow, gold, orange and reddish orange the artists were always tempted to introduce it in excess.

In addition to the excessive use of *yellow stain*, there was another mode of work which was carried too far and employed too often in the fourteenth century, that known as *grisaille*, white and black, or gray and gray; a style that first made its appearance in the thirteenth century and was largely used by the Cistercians, who, under the rule of S. Bernard, were prohibited the use of color decorations in their churches and were content to have everything painfully plain, as a protest against the luxury, the pomp of color, ornamentation and ritual of their rivals in monastic life: the learned, the art-loving Clunisian monks.

Grisaille and stipple shading were found very useful, and as long as they were used in moderation the brilliancy of the glass did not suffer, but as time went on this shading was made deeper and deeper until the glass became dull, lifeless and almost opaque; moreover, as stippling readily lent itself to stencil work, the windows were overloaded with diaper patterns both upon the backgrounds and upon the draperies of the figures.

This stippling was produced by covering the glass, where a shadow was necessary, with a uniform coat of color, at first a light cool purple was used, at the end of the century a dark brown enamel, the color was then struck with a brush, only the ends of the hairs touching the pigment, in that way picking out the light. These stipple shadows, where great depth was sought, were applied to both sides of the glass.

Toward the end of the fourteenth century the painters on glass began to assert themselves, breaking away from the tutelage of the architect. They

claimed for their inspirations a place of honor independent of the architectural design, and ignoring the idea that picture windows were but accessory to the architecture of the building in which they were to be placed, ultimately aimed alone at pictorial effects. Abandoning the traditions of the great school of the thirteenth century, they forgot the rule "that all ornament should consist of enrichment of the essential construction of the building," that all parts should be in harmony with the whole in order to produce an artistic *ensemble*, that the glazier cannot be successful where he acts independently of the architect, as his windows, as well as all other decorations, should form an integral part of the architect's design. The sins of the glass painters of the fifteenth century were still greater, for it mattered little to them if their windows were out of key with the general design, or if they admitted too much or too little light. Their sole wish was to make their work do them honor, to manifest to the world what they could do, instead of carrying out what was required by the architecture. Alas! it is to be feared they have too many imitators in this our age of artistic enlightenment.

The abandonment of the fixed canons of the art, the abuse of materials, and the exaggeration of individualism were suicidal steps, marking the beginning of the end of good glass work, the deterioration becoming complete just as the glass painter in his pride had exalted himself above his art. But his reign was short, the days of picture windows of color glass were numbered, the world was about to see a revolution in religious thought, which would carry before its destructive march the larger part of the art treasures of mediæval culture, and for years paralyze ecclesiastical art in Northern Europe.

To return to our subject: the glass of the fifteenth century at first was rich and deep in color, its brilliancy depending upon its irregularity in thickness and the presence of air bubbles; but as the practice of stippling the surface increased, the glass lost its richness, and at the same time became more uniform in texture, as the artists found

they could work their enamels, stains, etc., much easier on glass that was mechanically perfect. The ruby glass became light in tone and thin in appearance; the blue, cold and purplish; the yellow, pink and green, stronger and cruder. The best purple was made by placing a sheet of light red glass between two sheets of blue glass; and toward the end of the century white glass was coated on one side with a very thin layer of red, blue or yellow, which was used with good results by cutting a design through the *flash* of color down to the white glass. Bull's-eyes of four and six inches in diameter were largely used in domestic work.

The picture windows were simple in composition, varied in color, often harmonious and generally pleasing; the figures were highly finished, refined and reposeful; the features were carefully drawn; the draperies were heavy, but ample, well disposed in broad folds and ornamented with embroidered borders; the foliage was irregular, flat and conventional. The best examples of the glass of this period, now in existence, are to be seen in the Cathedral of Beauvais, executed by Guillaume Barbe; in the Cathedral of Rouen, by Robin Demaique and Guillaume de Gradville; in York Minster, by John Thornton, of Coventry, who was three years making the window, which still remains uninjured and is singularly rich in design. In addition, there are a number of examples in Germany by Jacques L'Allemand; in Italy, by Bartolommeo di Pietry and Guglielmo di Marcillat, the three last-named painters were members of the Order of S. Dominic. Late in the century the great Albert Durer drew designs which were transferred to glass by copyists, a fatal practice, in which the touch and originality in handling are lost. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were rich in painted glass, some of which was artistically good, more of it fair, and most of it bad.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century the artists were very skillful in drawing, handling their colors well, and managed their shadows with great knowledge, but their windows were more pictorial than decorative and

wholly divorced from their architectural surroundings. At the end of the century, and all through the next, the glass rapidly degenerated, the art finally passing from the hands of artists into the greedy grasp of the tradesmen to find its death in the eighteenth century.

The last windows made, in which there was still some artistic merit, are those in the church of S. John at Gouda, painted by Clox, Crabetts, Dirk, Wonter, De Vrye and Daniel, all Netherlandish artists. In these windows the painters introduced strongly-painted landscapes, Renaissance arcades and corridors, although the church is Gothic—a fact that was of no moment to them. Their sole aim was absolute realism, startling prospectives and elaborations; they looked upon the glass as if it were canvas, and the result was what might have been expected from a wrong use and abuse of a material: they failed to obtain anything of lasting and artistic value.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the use of enamels became so excessive as to almost do away with pot-metal; many windows were made wholly by painting and staining white glass. The art was now solely in the hands of manufacturers and the windows became purely articles of trade, with a very poor market which became smaller and smaller from year to year until all demand ceased. Thus at the end of the eighteenth century the noble art of placing images of beauty between earth and heaven for the edification of the people, for glory of art, the love of beautiful and the honor of God, disappeared for a time from off the face of the world.

The demise of the glazier's art in England and wherever Protestantism became paramount, was complete from the first appearance of the new faith. Its death among the Catholic nations was slow and lingering, passing through many stages of deterioration until it sank, together with all other forms of ecclesiastical art, out of sight in the chaos of the French Revolution, never to live again until the revival of the principles that first gave it being or at least called forth its greatest work,

viz.: That it was a part of the duty of man to use temporal beauty not alone for his own pleasure, but for the honor of his Creator, for the manifesting of his love for God by constructing material and perishable substances into eternal tabernacles of praise, to be houses of consolation, and the mirrors of eternal truths.

The last "pre-Reformation" window in England of which we have a record, is one representing the crucifixion now in S. Margaret's church, Westminster. It was originally made for the magistrates of Dort, who intended to present it to King Henry VII., but, he dying before it was completed, it fell into the hands of the Abbey of Waltham. At the dissolution of that house by Henry VIII. the window was removed to New Hall in Wiltshire; it subsequently, in turn, became the property of the Earl of Ormond; Thomas Bullen, the father of Queen Ann Bullen; the Earl of Sussex; George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; it then passed into the possession of Gen. Monk, who, to preserve it from the "image-breakers" of his time, buried it in the ground, where it remained until the Restoration; and at last it was bought for £400, almost three hundred years after it was painted, from a Mr. Conyers, by S. Margaret's Church.

To all lovers of art it must be a constant regret that the picture-windows which once glazed the 45,000 churches and 55,000 chapels that existed in England prior to the change in religion did not meet with the same happy fate as that of the Crucifixion of S. Margaret's.

The extent of the spoliation and destruction of works of art under Henry VIII., Edward VI. and Elizabeth is almost beyond belief, if we had not the reports of the Commissioner of the Crown to prove the fact. Everything that could be turned into money was taken: the gold and silver vessels, the fabrics themselves were pulled down for materials with which to build the mansions of the courtly founders of the "new learning." Even the tombs and funeral monuments were violated "for the greediness of the brass, the dead cast out of their graves for the price of

their leaden coffins," the vestries rifled of their vestments, the pictures that adorned the church were either purloined or defaced, the windows sold for their glass, or left to decay, or willfully broken, and there is no doubt they would have been all removed from the 10,000 churches that were left after this wave of destruction had spent its force, if the removal would not have exposed the congregation to the inclemency of the weather. Harrison, an Elizabethan writer, in his description of England, says the pictured windows were not taken down because it would have cost too much to replace them with clear glass. These are his words: "Monuments of idolatry are removed, taken down and defaced, only the stories in glass windows excepted, which, for want of sufficient store of new stuff, and by reason of extreme charge that should grow by the alteration of the same into white panes, throughout the realm, are not altogether abolished in most places at once, but by little and little suffered to decay, that white glass may be provided and set up in their room." The windows that escaped the general ruin were to find their destroyers in the Puritans, who, becoming impatient of this waiting for the hand of time to destroy the remains of Catholic art, visited church after church, under the authority of Parliament, and proceeded forthwith to overthrow and smash into bits almost all the picture windows that were left, for they had no love of God's light that passed—

"Through the dim Gothic glass of pictured  
 Saints  
 Casements, through which the sunset streams  
 like sunrise,  
 On long, pearl-colored beards, and crimson  
 crosses,  
 And gilded croziers, and crossed arms and cowls,  
 And helms and twisted armor, and long swords;  
 All the fantastical furniture of windows,  
 Dim with brave knights and holy hermits."

In Exeter Cathedral they demolished all the windows; at Winchester they fired bullets through those which were above their heads, having first broken into atoms all within their reach with their pikes and the butts of their guns; at Canterbury one of their number

ascended a ladder of sixty steps to rattle "down proud Becket's glassy bones," and one band under the command of Sir Edmund Walter in the short space of three months destroyed no less than 701 pictures, 32 statutes, numbers of crosses, crucifixes, roods, and numberless glass windows. In Catholic countries the art disappeared through a revival of pagan realism, of pagan architecture and pagan decoration. There was little place for colored windows in the churches engendered by the Renaissance and its meaningless child, the Rococo, the antithesis of mediæval art. Palladio and his followers of every nation kept the windows of their buildings in clear glass, looking to Grecian and Roman art for their criterion, and, as this spirit of paganism spread, the faith of the people was weakened, selfishness increased, the cycle of human existence was gradually bound within a circle of materialism that left no reasonable motive for action beyond eating and drinking, the avoidance of pain and the enjoyment of the moment. Therefore they ceased to build churches, and those that existed were allowed to fall into a ruinous state. There was no room for art of any kind, except as a factor in giving sensual pleasure to the "best man," and even this ended in France amid the atheistic orgies of 1798. From this rapid survey of the history of colored glass windows the following canons may justly be drawn, and it is my belief they should largely guide the artist of to-day :

## I.

The color value of glass, its principal excellence, depends for its brilliancy upon the pureness of the color and its unequal distribution, together with an unevenness of texture in the glass.

## II.

Next to color, the chief excellence of glass, for decorative window work,

is its translucency, and in order to render available this quality, to the utmost extent under every conjuncture, paint and enamels should be avoided as far as possible, as they lessen the translucency, augment the opacity and make the glass lifeless, hence the mosaic system of work should be followed.

## III.

As leads are necessary in the construction of a color-glass-window, and as their office is primarily mechanical, they should, therefore, be made an integral part of the design in order to overcome their purely constructive appearance; moreover the lead lines should be softened, where it can be done without interfering with the general effect, by plating them with glass.

## IV.

The worker in glass should never seek for an effect which is incompatible with the material.

## V.

It is to be remembered that the glazier's art is but a handmaiden to architecture, therefore colored-glass-windows should be in harmony with their architectural surroundings, not only in color but also in form.

## VI.

Glass work has its own proper field, and the moment it leaves that field it deteriorates.

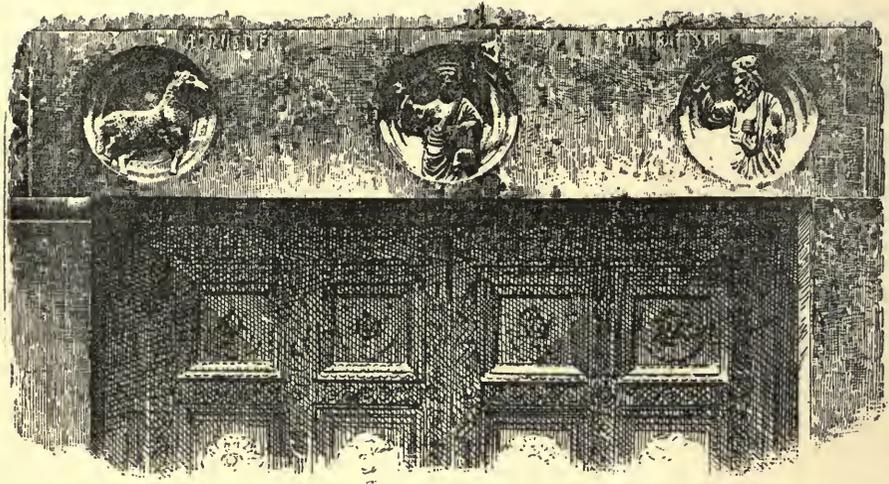
## VII.

Truthfulness in the glazier's art, as in all arts, is essential to its lasting success.

## VIII.

As the commercial spirit kills all true art it is to be avoided by the artist in glass, if he hopes to attain the best results, and be remembered by posterity.

*Caryl Coleman.*



## A HINT FOR PREPARING FOR A COUNTRY HOME.



LONGING for a country home develops itself early in the career of very many city-born men and grows with advancing years. A country boy who goes to a city to strive for a name or fortune is so captivated with the novelty, the excitements and the allurements of town life, that many years pass by before he becomes surfeited and turns, as almost invariably he finally does, with tired heart for the peace of his early surroundings. Women, as a rule, care less for the country than men; they prefer the conveniences, the ease, the social advantages of the city; and for a summer vacation choose a sojourn at a watering-place hotel rather than at a farm-house. There are exceptions, of course, to this rule, many women being passionately fond of country life, its recreations and activities. It has often been observed that city men and women enjoy outdoor sports to a far greater degree than do people born and brought up in the country. They frequently astonish the latter, with their zest for hunting, fishing, boating, riding, driving, and the like.

The great bulk of business and professional men have sparse time to de-

vote to sports. In getting on in the world their time is fully occupied, but as a man's family grows up around him the question as to where to house them under the most favorable conditions becomes a serious one. Not infrequently he concludes to buy a country place, and he mentally determines on the kind of place that he wants. It must not be too far away from his office, and it must be obtainable at a moderate price. He sets about making inquiries among real estate agents, and finds that there are any number of places and at prices that are within his set limits, and in any direction that he wishes to go. He visits several, but one by one in turn they prove disappointing for one reason or another, and he ends by buying none, or perhaps he buys a more expensive place than he at first intended, and yet one that is not what he had pictured in his own mind.

An old place is usually a good thing to leave alone. Too frequently the house is inconvenient, the rooms stuffy, the cellar damp, the drinking water impure, the grounds laid out without taste or skill, the shade trees in the wrong places, and the orchard in its dotage. The surroundings are rarely good, and the following advice is worth heeding: Beware of buying a place on

the strength of a photographic view looking toward the front of the house. After a purchase is made, alterations to the house are in order, and in a surprisingly short time it will be found that about as much money has been expended for changes and improvements as was paid for the house itself, and possibly without increasing its value in the eyes of the next purchaser.

A brand-new place frequently means to live in a chaotic state, no shade trees, no fruit trees, none of the commonly looked for accessories of a country place for many years. An investment in a few lots of ground and a new house is one of the many schemes of suburban land speculation which does not meet the needs of a city man for a real country place, however much such suburban homes are exactly what is wanted by a class of persons who desire to live with more comfort than their limited incomes enable them to do in the city.

Now, recognizing the want for inexpensive *country* places, with the grounds laid out in a sensible manner or as the occupant wishes, and the house modern and exactly what the occupant likes, in what way are such places to be obtained? The brief and direct answer is that each man must prepare his own country place. This is not a difficult thing to do, there is much pleasure and healthful recreation in the doing of it, and but a moderate amount of money is required.

The younger the man is who starts to make for himself a home in the country the better, nor need he be married. Bachelors become benedicts, and if a few remain single they, too, require homes quite as much as their married brethren. Neither is a goodly income necessary, for a very moderate sum of money is sufficient for the start, and as the huge oak grows from the small acorn so will the homestead surely and almost imperceptibly develop from a very small beginning. The ownership of land brings out qualities in a man's nature that otherwise remain dormant, such as pride of position, which will keep him respectable; the love of country is a very healthy love, and contributes to make him not only

self-respecting but respected by his friends and neighbors. The investment of a couple of hundred dollars in a few acres of land; the preparation of the ground, the planting of trees, the making of roads, the building of a house and barn; these are the work of years perhaps, but they beget thrift and economy and purpose. And when the work is complete, however slow it may have been of accomplishment, the homestead will give such comfort to the owner and his family, if he have any, as to well repay him.

There are a great number of city men whose vocations enable them, during the summer months at least, to leave their offices and places of business at comparatively early hours in the afternoon, say four or five o'clock, and to arrive at comparatively late hours in the mornings, say nine or ten o'clock. Within forty to sixty minutes' ride by railroad, within a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles from New York—to name one city as an example—in almost every direction, is plenty of land used only for farming purposes and valued only for such use; or wild land really not used for any purpose, although beautifully situated. In starting out to purchase, keep on the main line of a railroad rather than on a branch road. Take a way-train and get off at some small station, which according to the time table gets scant accommodation. Small settlements grow, oft-times rapidly, and with their growth get much better train facilities. Within a mile from that station a strip of high land of almost any of the farms can be purchased, and one hundred dollars an acre would be a liberal price for it. Three acres are sufficient for our purposes. There are 43,560 square feet in an acre. A strip, fronting 200 feet on the road, by a depth of about 650 feet, will contain, say, three acres. If a purchaser does not care to trust his own judgment in selecting a site, it is easy to secure the services of some experienced person to act as advisor. A wise man anticipates his wants, and the purchase of land should not be delayed because it does not happen to be actual summer time. The fall or early

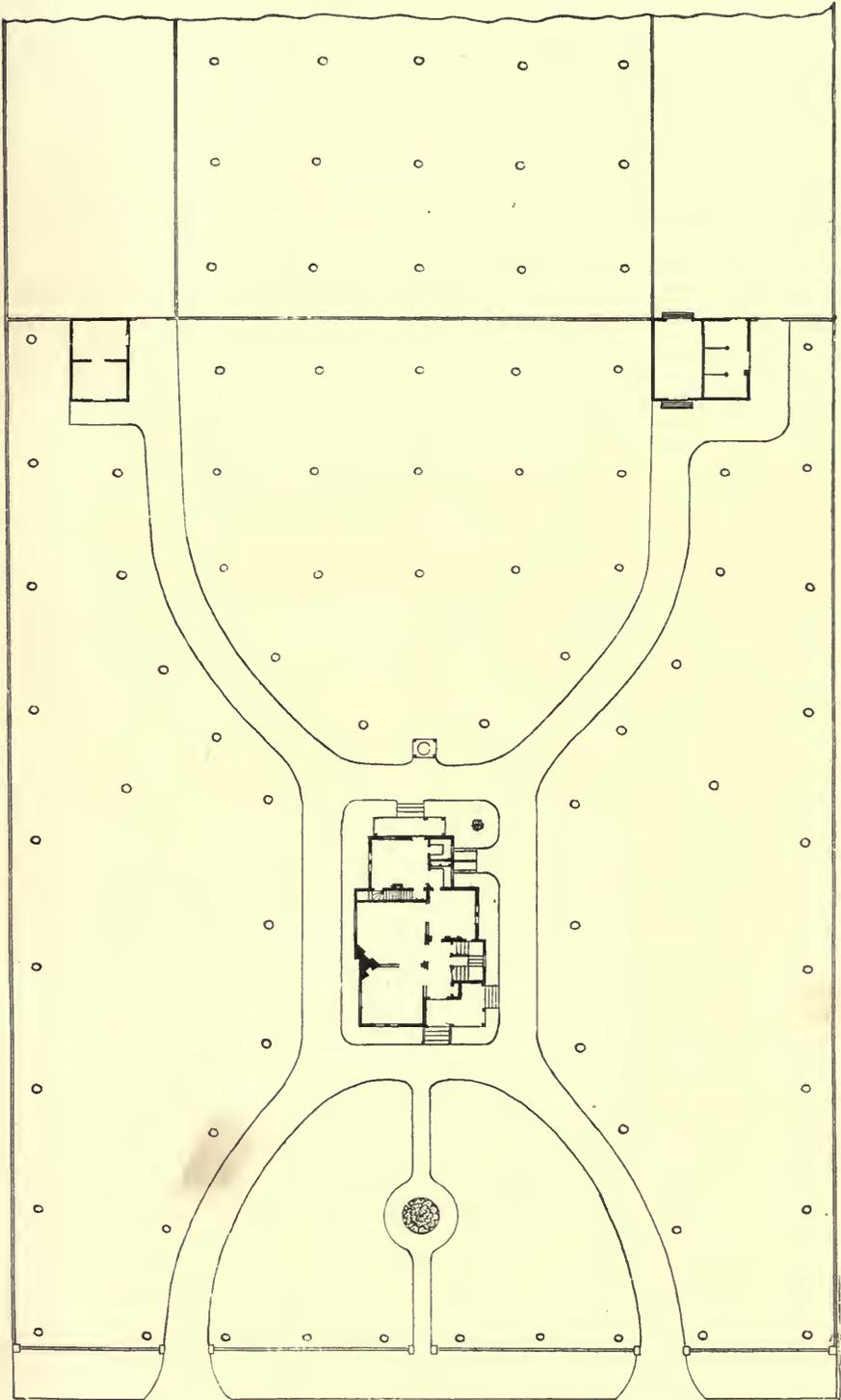
winter months is a better time to make a selection than when the full foliage of trees and bushes obstruct the view. A farmer gives little thought to the proper location for a dwelling, and the most desirable building site may be on that portion of his farm which he values the least. Usually land near a line of railroad can be bought cheaper than land further away, as farmers are afraid of locomotive sparks setting fire to ripening crops, such as rye, wheat and oats. If possible select a strip of land having a durable brook running the whole length of it or across it. A valley where the land for the most part is level, with hills rising in the distance, is preferable in many respects to the hilly locations most affected of late years by city people for villa residences. In driving daily to and from the railroad station a level road is much more agreeable and expeditious to travel over than a hilly one.

The illustration which accompanies this article is given as a hint for the arrangement of a country place. Little explanation is needed. It shows a plot of ground 200 feet in width by 250 feet in depth, containing a little more than an acre within the line of fence. One or more additional lots fill out the rear. Assuming that such a strip of land has been purchased, the first thing to do with it is to remove every tree on the front lot and have their stumps extracted. Then the lot should be ploughed, graded and rolled and seeded. In the Fall or Spring the trees are to be planted. A picket fence, using white oak or chesnut posts and hemlock picket, should inclose the whole lot, and the front line of the fence should be set back, say, six feet from the line where the ordinary farm fence is found. The line for the front of the house should be placed back from the new front fence line, say, seventy-five feet. Referring to the illustration, it will be seen that along the front ten shade trees have been located. Down each side fence are eight cherry trees, these combining fruit and shade. Surrounding the location for the house are eight maple trees, and on one side of each of the two front carriage roads are two shade trees. Along the back roads are placed

pear trees, eighteen in all, and intervening, in three rows of three trees each, are nine apple trees. Thus, within the inclosure, the sixty-five trees located, shown in the illustration, have been accounted for. Additional apple and other fruit trees may be placed in the rear lot to any desired number. The trees should be planted with as little delay as possible, so as to start them growing. Trees are cheap, of great variety, and readily obtained from numerous nurseries. The roads should be staked out and gradually made using all the old stone on the place for the bottoms. The farmers in the neighborhood, at odd times, with their teams, will do almost any kind of work required at reasonable rates.

The plan of the house given in the illustration is only a suggestion. In laying out the grounds there is required merely a liberal space allotted for the house, and then the dwelling may be large or small, as ultimately decided upon. It is not a bad plan to build the kind of a house that may be regularly added to and increased in size when additional room is required. An alternative is to build a small, cheap cottage for temporary use and, if future prosperity comes to the owner, replace the house in due time with a larger and more costly one.

The illustration shows rather an old-fashioned, but convenient treatment for the roads; an elliptical-shaped carriage road in front, and a straight foot-path—many will prefer to omit the latter, leaving the space entirely in lawn—and a road to the stable and paddock, and one to the chicken house and kitchen garden. It is a simple treatment for an inside lot. Circumstances alter cases, and the lay of the ground would have much to do with determining just how the roads should run. A corner plot of ground would require a different treatment, and if there be a stream of water or some other special feature on the place the plan needs to be made to conform thereto. Before proceeding with the improvements the plot should be mapped, and every proposed thing marked thereon to a scale—roads, trees, etc. The work is interesting at the start,



A SUGGESTION FOR PLAN OF GROUNDS.

and becomes more so with every step taken. He who fairly starts in will not turn back.

Much land only brings much vexation. To live in the country without a horse and cow is to deprive one's self of the ordinary comforts of country life; but it is cheaper to hire pasture than to own land, cheaper to buy hay than to raise it. Indeed, the city man will be wise to do no farming of any kind, and to resist the temptation to buy more and more land.

The growth of population in New York, as in other large cities, is crowding people out farther and farther into the suburbs every year. By the many railroads, twenty-five to thirty miles is

not more distant now in point of time than was Harlem from the City Hall ten years ago, nor has the longer distance a tithe of the discomforts that have to be endured in going a comparatively short distance within the present city limits to-day. Outlying farm lands will gradually increase in value and come into greater demand for residence purposes. A safe and profitable venture would be to take a favorably situated farm, divide it up into two or three acre plots, plant trees and otherwise prepare each plot for future building sites, and then calmly wait a few years before offering the plots for sale, when purchasers in plenty will be found at prices many times over the cost.

*William J. Fryer, Jr.*





DETAIL OF FRIEZE IN LATERAN MUSEUM.

## MOSAIC AS AN INDEPENDENT ART.



A vera pittura per l'eternità è il mosaico," wrote Domenico Ghirlandaio, the famous Florentine painter, in the second half of the fifteenth century. Mosaic, however, was to him not the servile handmaid of painting it became towards the end of the Renaissance period, having the blind imitation of its mistress as chief scope of its being; but an art in itself, eminently fitted for clothing with breadth of color and sculpturesque form the walls or pavements of palace or of church.

From the most remote times have mosaics been used as means of decoration. They were laid under requisition first where, painting being impossible or inconvenient, the eye yet craved the breaking up of some large uniform surface, as in pavements or great extent of wall; then where the artist required durability or special splendor and breadth of color, or harmony with architectural form, as in outside pictures, in domes, apses or cornices. We all remember the description of the palace of Ahasuerus in the book of Esther, where, amid hangings of fine white and blue cloth, couches of gold and silver stood on a pavement of *porphyry and white marble and alabaster and stone of a blue color*. Ptolemy Philopatre is said to have had a saloon in one of his ships

"ornamented with figures made of little stones of various colors," and Hiero, Tyrant of Syracuse, had the whole of the Iliad represented in mosaic on the deck of a galley. The two last seem to have been mosaics in the true sense of the word, formed, that is, not merely of colored marbles (an arrangement known to the Romans as *lithostratum* or disposition of stones), but consisting of cubes of marble and enamel intermixed. This combination, giving the artist greater resource, enabled him to produce works of greater effect, to which the name mosaic (*musivum*) was properly restricted. The two kinds of decoration are often confounded under one name, though the one is evidently vastly inferior to the other as regards resource of development and the demands it makes on taste and technical skill.

The Romans fell in love with mosaic as taught them by the conquered Greeks, adopting it for the pavements of their palaces and public buildings; Cæsar (at least so Suetonius assures us) even had the floor of his tent made of it. The pavements of their villas, cleared of rubbish in these later years, still shine in all their glory of coloring, and show sometimes conventional designs of great beauty, sometimes scenes from Greek and Roman mythology, or episodes of the circus or the chase.

Sometimes, again, they were covered with *genre* pictures, as in the mosaic from which the "Doves of Pliny" are so frequently copied. "Sosus," says



Pliny, "made at Bergamo, the *Asarotos oikos* (unswept house). It was so called because he had there represented, in little cubes of various colors, the remains of a banquet, which are generally swept away, and which seem to have been left there. There is a dove drinking, and the shadow thrown by his head on the water, while others plume themselves on the side of a bowl." Or, again, the artist obliged the owners of the villa to walk continually over a crowd of monsters, men, buildings, rivers, in which unity of design was lost in multiplicity of detail, or over fighting beasts or fighting men.

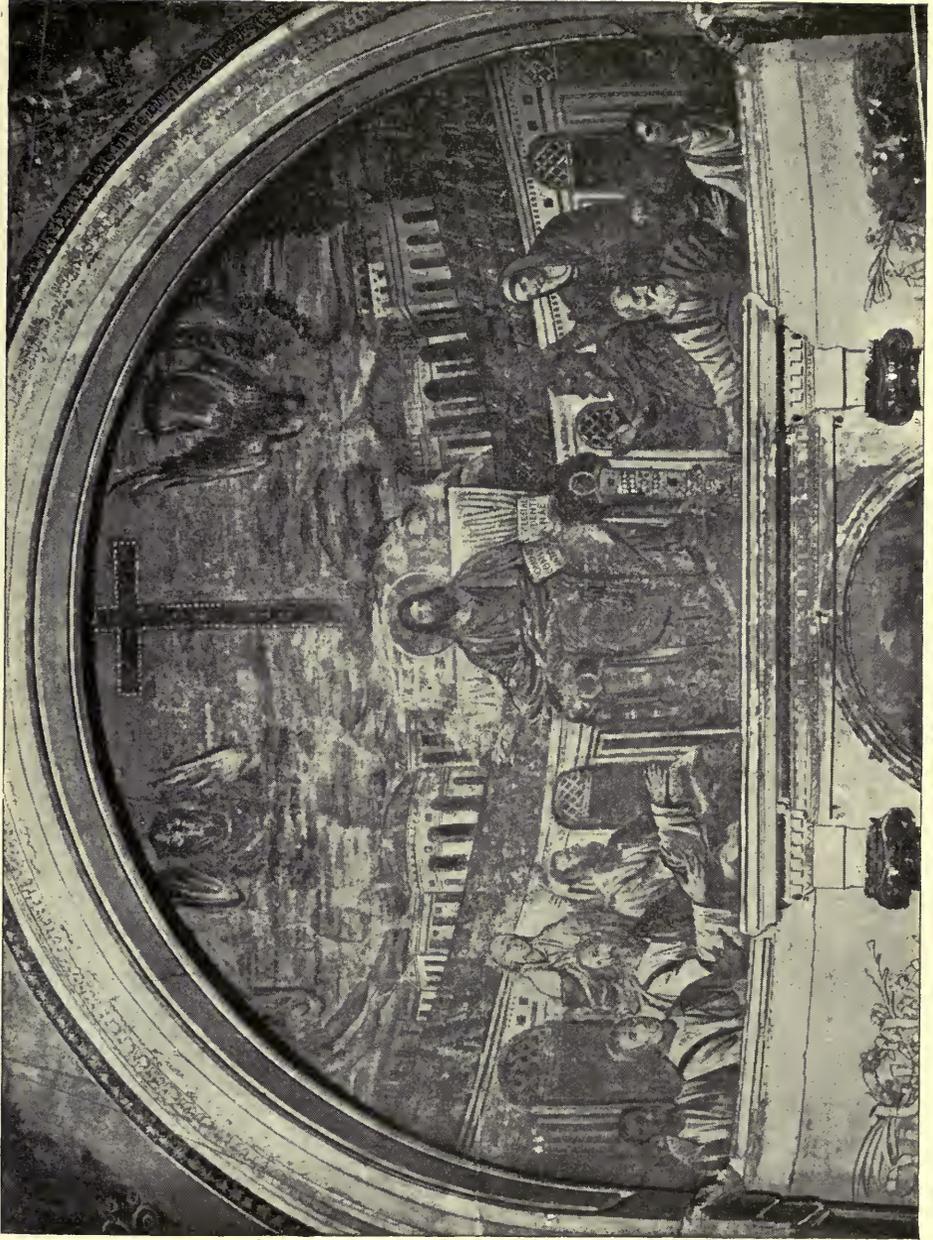


One really beautiful and spirited mosaic, found at Pompeii, and now in the museum at Naples, represents the battle of Arbela. Alexander, in the act of spearing a Persian leader, is unfortunately deprived of his legs by a break in the mosaic; but the movement of the

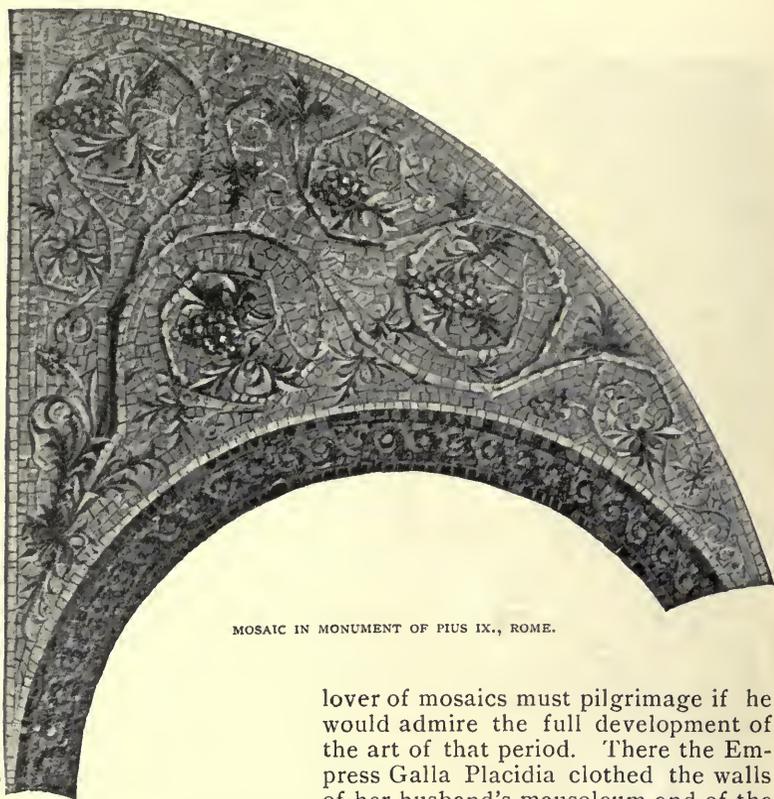
upper part of the body is full of vigor, as is also that of the Persian leader, and of the crowd of men and horses of the Persian army.

Three hundred years after Christ, Christianity, become now, thanks to the Emperor Constantine, a recognized power in the state, pressed the art of mosaic into its service. As was natural, it first of all adapted pagan traditions to its own requirements, giving a symbolical meaning (as in the church of S. Constance at Rome, built by Constantine himself) to the various vintage scenes which had formerly honored Bacchus. But it soon struck out a way for itself, and by the end of the fourth century had already produced, in catacomb and church, representations of purely Christian scenes and personages. These scenes and personages are of course no longer to be found on the floors of palaces. They clothe the walls of churches. Mosaic has become, in fact, the vehicle of specially religious thought; and such it remains to the present day.

The best of these early Christian mosaics is that of Sta. Pudentiana at Rome. It dates from the fourth century, though it was evidently restored and added to later. The Christ, draped and throned, sits between two lines of adorers. Sta. Pudentiana on one side, and Sta. Prassidia on the other (the two sisters were martyred towards the middle of the second century), hold crowns over the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul. The semicircle of figures is framed behind by porticoes, above which are visible the buildings of a city on each side of a tall jeweled cross, rising from a barren hill. The upper part of the mosaic is occupied by lines of clouds, from which emerge the four mystic creatures—the lion, the bull, the eagle and the angel. The author of this mosaic was in advance of his contemporaries. His figures are grouped in perspective; the faces show variety of expression and lineaments; the heads, well-modeled, are of Roman type; the draperies seem copied from the antique. There is no trace of the angular asceticism so conspicuous in the thirteenth century work of the Baptistery at Florence. M. Vitel, the famous French



MOSAIC IN CHURCH OF STA. PRUDENTIA, ROME.—ANNO DOMINI 384-396.

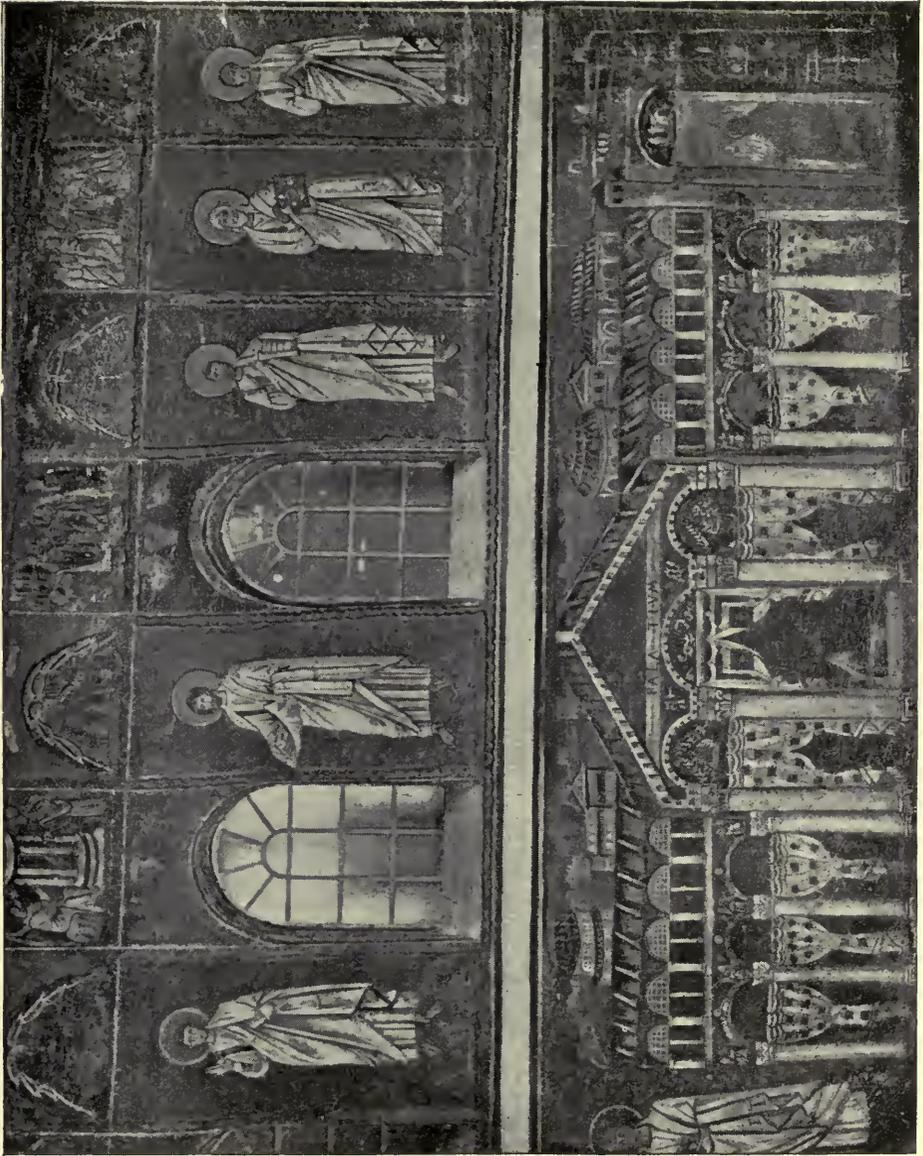


MOSAIC IN MONUMENT OF PIUS IX., ROME.

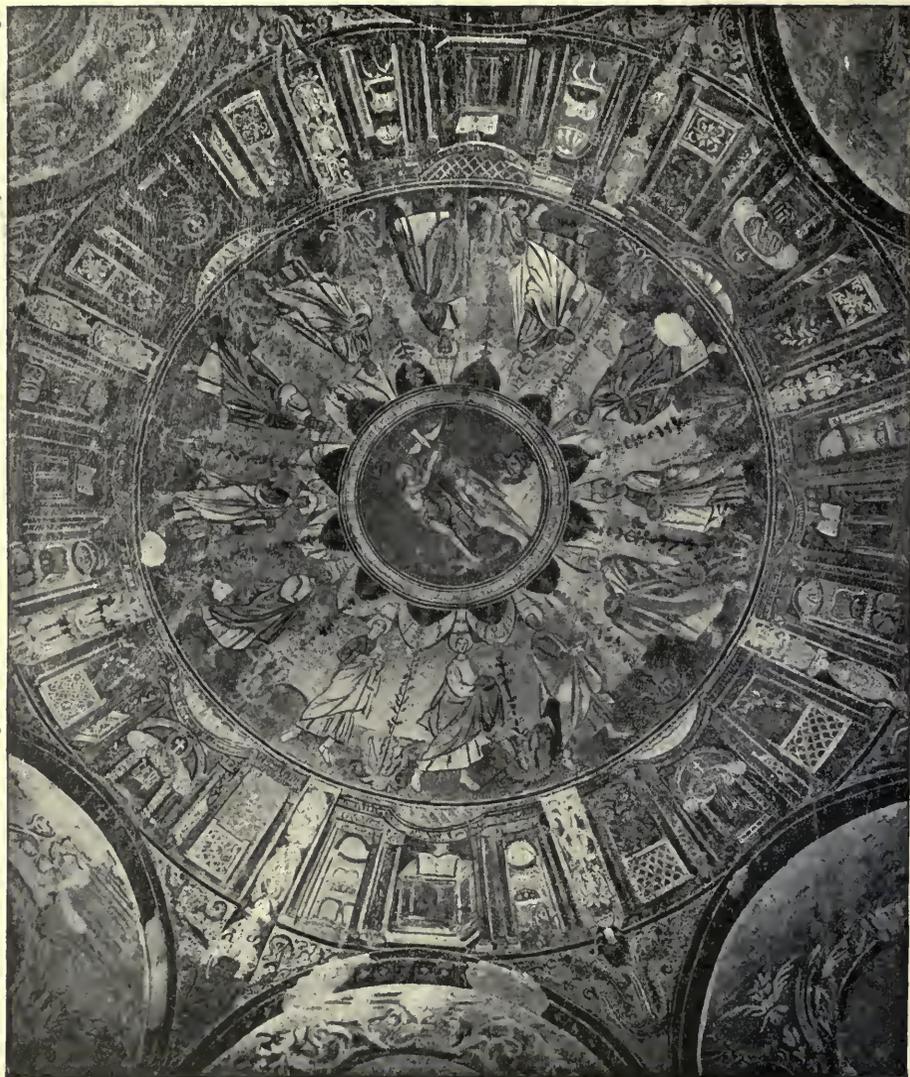
critic, sees in its composition "quite new treasures, chaste expressions, a flower of virtue, a moral grandeur with which the most beautiful works of antiquity are but imperfectly imbued."

Having once adapted mosaic to its own use, Christianity carried the art with it into all parts of the world. By the end of the fifth century, the walls not only of the churches in the various parts of Italy, but of those in Constantinople, Thessalonica and France shone with gold and color. It was at this epoch (under Pope Hilary, 461 to 467), that the charming symbolical decorations in the Church of St. John the Evangelist, at Rome, were made. The council held at Constantinople in 692 had not yet decreed that realistic scenes from the life of Christ should be permitted for the allegory of symbols; and the artist was free to cover the roof with flowers, fruits, and birds, around the central figure of the Lamb. But it is to Ravenna that the

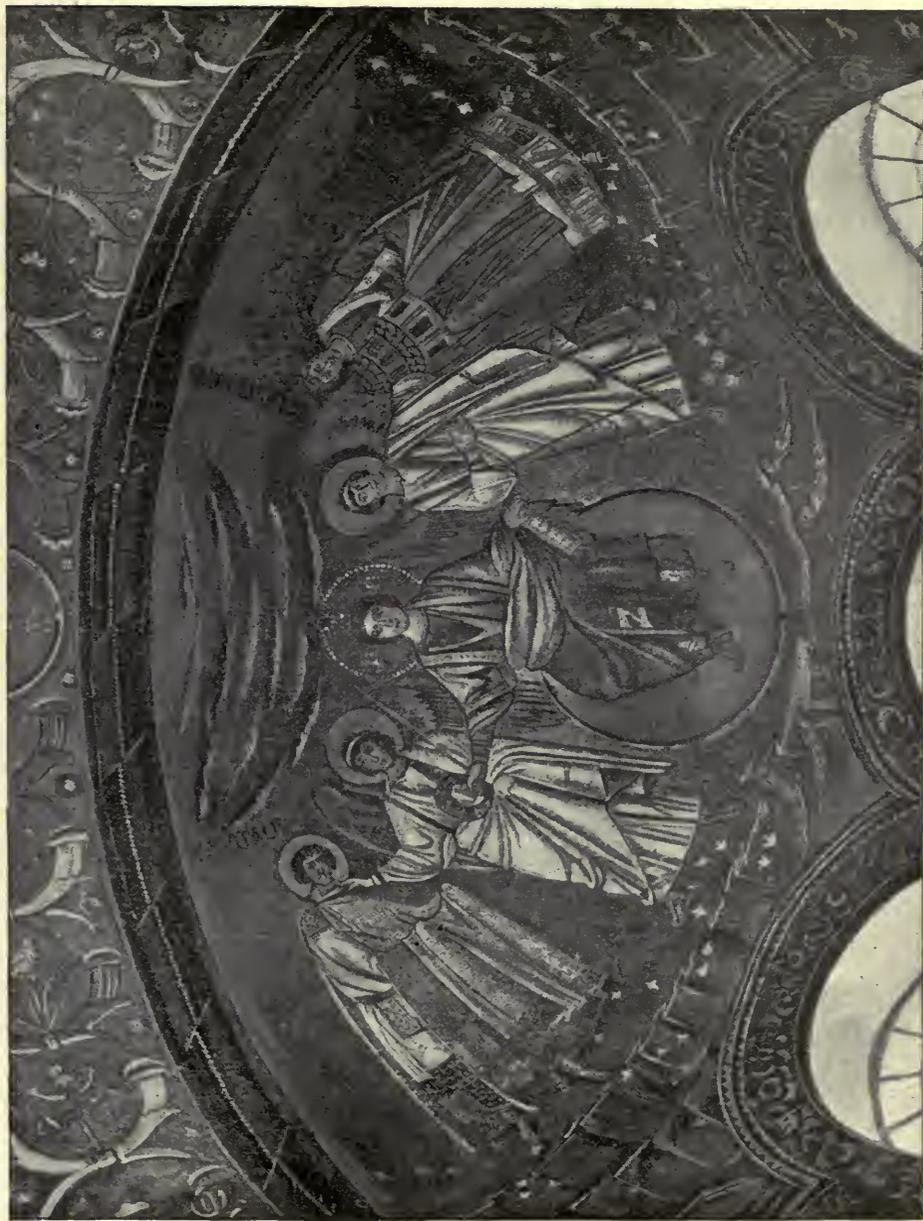
lover of mosaics must pilgrimage if he would admire the full development of the art of that period. There the Empress Galla Placidia clothed the walls of her husband's mausoleum and of the baptistery with a bewitching harmony of figures and symbols. The use of the blue background (which Raphael also adapted, centuries later, in the only mosaic he designed), is at once restful and elegant; and it enables the artist to employ gold freely in the dresses of the figures. The example set by Galla Placidia became a tradition. Herulians, Ostrogoths, Greeks continued the work, and Ravenna, notwithstanding all the turmoil of war and continual change of government, became, during the fifth and sixth centuries, a veritable city of mosaics. Giotto made a pilgrimage thither, more than seven centuries later. It is even said that he found the type of his Judas in the thick-lipped figure which gives the traitor's kiss, in one of the mosaics of S. Apollinare Nuovo, a church built and decorated by Theodoric the Great. Well known is the Christ from the Church of S. Vitale, which was dedicated under Justinian. It is in fact one of the best representa-



MOSAIC IN THE CHURCH OF S. APOLLINARE NUOVO.



MOSAIC, THE BAPTISM OF ST. JOHN.—RAVENNA, IVTH CENTURY.



MOSAIC IN THE CHURCH OF S. VITALE.—VITH CENTURY.



MOSAIC IN THE BAPTISTERY, FLORENCE.—XIII<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY.

tions of the early idea of the Saviour, and figures him as a beardless youth, of much sweetness of expression, not as the bearded, hard-featured judge of the later Middle Ages. The difference in the two conceptions comes out strikingly on comparing this Christ in S. Vitale with the Christ of the Last Judgment of the Florentine baptistery.

Meanwhile the decadence was progressing rapidly at Rome. Perspective was going out of fashion. The childish habit began to prevail of making size and richness of dress proportional to moral grandeur. The sense of symmetry and harmony was lost. There remained but a semi-barbarous love of color. The inscriptions on the mosaics of the succeeding centuries vaunt the splendor of the "cut metals which produce a painting of gold; and the light of day seems to be caught confined there. The dawn, like liquid clouds, appears to warm and vivify the country."

For six dreary centuries did this artistic depression continue; until at last, under Pope Innocent II. (1130-1143), Rome roused herself from her lethargy and began to produce work of real mosaic art once more. Rome, Venice, Sicily, the Holy Land, France, produced in mosaic figures whose pose and action were already superior to those of the painters of the thirteenth century. Venice set seriously to work at the decoration of St. Mark, but the most amazing production of her territory at this time was the ornamentation of the cathedral on the little island of Torcello, now rarely visited; though the interest and good preservation of the mosaics will repay study.

Once begun, the work of revival grew apace. The thirteenth century shows us a crowd of mosaicists busy in all the chief towns of Italy. From Rome and Venice the fever spread to Florence, where it was resolved to undertake the decorations of the Baptistery. Andrea Tafi, intrusted by the *Magnifici Signori* with the work of the Cupola, went to Venice to study the art among the Greek mosaicists, then engaged on S. Mark's. He brought home with him a Greek named Apollonius, and the two, with Gaddo Gaddi,

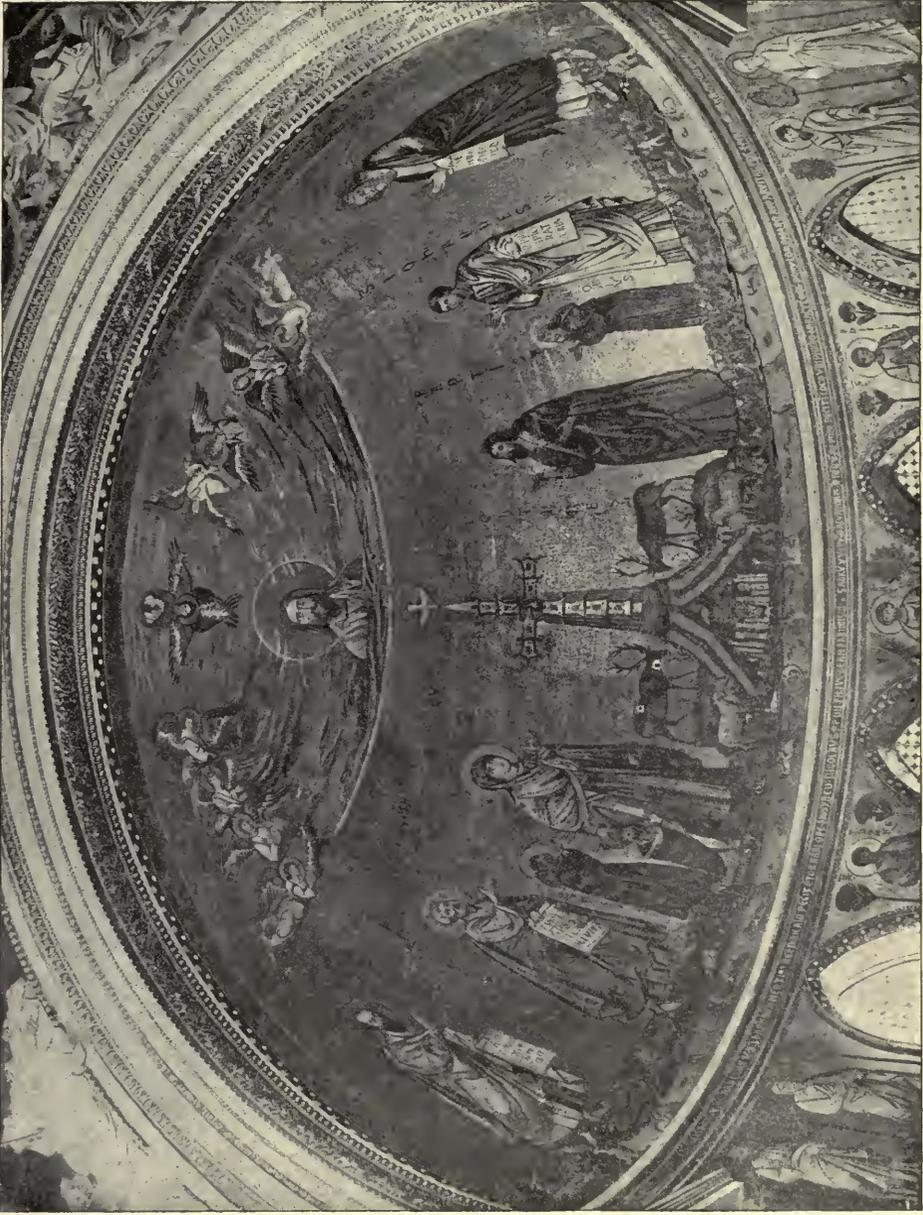
covered the Cupola with a representation of the Last Judgment. The coloring is rich, but the undue crowding, nay heaping up of the figures, reveals an absolute want of any sense of architectural fitness. The figures are angular and monkish, the draperies stiff. It is a long step indeed, from the modeling of the figures in Sta. Pudenziana to the treatment of those in the Florentine Baptistery. The first still show the influence of free Greek art; the second of Greek art enslaved through long years by the confining dogmas of the Church. Gaddo Gaddi perceived some of these faults, and, intrusted with the execution of the prophets under the windows of the Baptistery, tried "to unite the Greek manner with that of Cimabue." But his masterpiece in Florence is the Coronation of the Virgin over the great door of the Cathedral; a composition in which, though traces of the old style still remain in the overcrowded lower part, the process of emancipation is nevertheless clearly visible in the more natural movement of the principal figures, and greater delicacy and transparency of the coloring.

Gaddo Gaddi was afterwards called to Rome, where the Franciscan monk Jacobus Torriti, as he signs himself, had died at the end of the century, while executing his masterpieces in St. John Lateran, "*omnium urbis et orbis ecclesiarum mater et caput.*" Specially worthy of note is the apse of the Church, dominated by the miraculous head of Christ which is said to have appeared to Constantine, and to have remained intact from that day to this, though subjected seven times to the flames and often removed from its original position. As at present existing it is certainly the work of Torriti, and is remarkable mainly for the expression, but also for the art with which, by a clever mingling of red, blue and white cubes, with the black, the graceful fluidity of the hair and beard has been attained.\* Torriti may be con-

\* In the accompanying photograph the white lines represent lines of brown or blue cubes; some of them are not homogeneous, but composed of red and blue cubes. When looked at closely the colors are clear and distinct; from afar the mass is black and transparent.



THE CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN, IN THE CATHEDRAL, FLORENCE, BY GADDO GADDI.



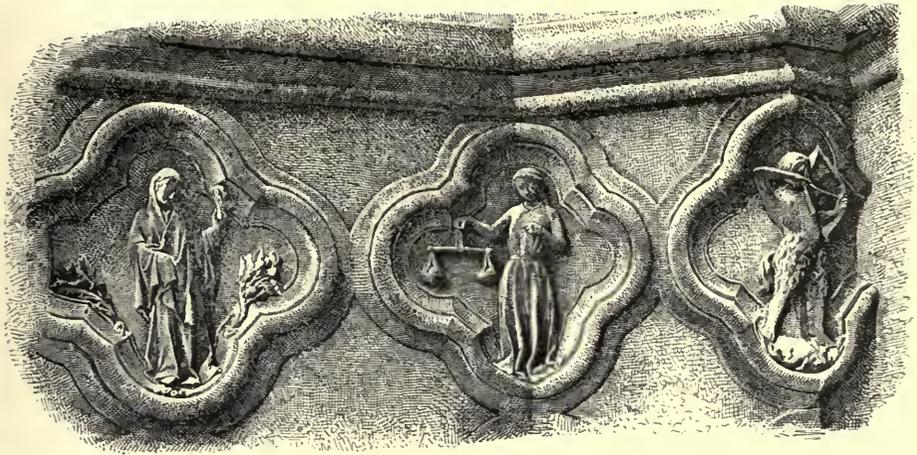
MOSAIC IN ST. JOHN LATERAN, ROME.

sidered the last of the mosaicists of the old school. To him mosaic was still an independent art, whose resources must, however, be kept in dependence on the architectural requirements of the building to be decorated. His figures are in perfect proportion with the dimensions of the edifice and the height at which they are placed. They are sculpturesque, yet never stiff; the draperies are supple, the coloring transparent. The artist never loses himself in detail; the unity of his conception impresses the gazer with a sense of grandeur eminently in harmony with the whole atmosphere of the place.

Those who worked after him—the Rusuti, the Cosmati, Gaddo Gaddi—were already on the downward road. They began to multiply detail and to produce rather a series of pictures imitative of Giotto than a well-conceived decorative whole. The tendency was continued during the following century, when mosaic was eagerly followed by the painters of the earlier Renaissance; but for the more immediate and profound influence of painting on mosaic we must turn, not to Rome nor to Florence, but to the Cathedral of the Lagoons, St. Mark's at Venice.

*Isabella Bebarbieri.*





## FRENCH CATHEDRALS.

### PART II.

#### V.



HERE can be no greater mistake than to speak of the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries as "dark ages." From the time when Charlemagne proudly and laboriously undertook to bring about a revival of art and learning, the trend of thought in central Europe has been onward. Not always, perhaps, as we now understand progressive movements; the three centuries were unequal in civilization; men could not emerge at one bound from the darkness into which the fall of the mighty Roman empire had plunged them. The age culminated in the thirteenth century, which witnessed one of the most remarkable outpourings of human genius.

Religion was the dominating influence in the Middle Age, the source of its life, the one thing around which its culture centred. Preceding centuries had been experimental stages of Christianity, in which the faith had been adjusting itself to the varied social and political conditions with which it came in contact. They had been times rich in doctrinal growth, in the settling of the

Church's attitude, if the expression be allowed, towards God and man. It was struggling to assume its natural outward form, but it required a thousand years for the Pontiffs to become absolute in temporal affairs as they had long been in spiritual matters. The tremendous difference between the early bishops of Rome, martyred by Roman emperors, and their successors in the Middle Ages, is well illustrated by the spectacle of Pope Gregory VII. keeping the emperor, the successor of the once mighty Cæsars, barefooted in the snow for three days before admitting him to an audience (1077). Innocent II. called himself master of the imperial crown, to dispose of as he wished (1130).

History in this period was filled with the doings of popes and kings, of lords and bishops, of high-born men and women. We hear little of the people or of the masses, save in struggles against the lords. Yet the way of advancement was not closed to them. Gregory VII., who subjected the most powerful sovereign in Europe to a humiliation unparalleled in history, was of the humblest origin. Suger, the re-

nowned abbot of S. Denis, the close friend of two French monarchs, and sometime regent of the kingdom, was of similar origin. Thomas à Becket, the most popular saint of the age, owed much of his popularity among the common folk to having been one of them.

The papal supremacy was an indication of the mighty hold religion and religious ideas had upon the people; no infidel or indifferent age could have seen such an evolution of spiritual power. The Crusades supply even more telling evidence. It is impossible for the modern mind to comprehend the enthusiasm which led kings, lords and knights, men, women and children, to leave their possessions and their homes, to travel through strange lands, and seek battle with powerful foes of unknown resources, all from a religious impulse. Without question, the first crusades were the product of a spontaneous religious enthusiasm; never before nor since has religion so moved the souls of men, nor with results at once so disastrous and so fortunate.

The interest of the Crusades is not confined to the light they throw on the religious feelings of the time. They exercised an enormous influence on the civilization of Europe, not, perhaps, so much by direct importation of Eastern ideas into the West as by that broadening of view which inevitably results from travel and contact with new and strange things. So the architectural activity of the Middle Ages in France began hard upon the culmination of the first crusade in the capture of Jerusalem (1099). The twelfth century, which saw the beginnings of many of the great French churches, saw four crusades, of which the first, preached by S. Bernard (1146), was the most famous, and the most disastrous of the entire series. In this century, two French kings, Louis VII. in 1146, and Philip Augustus in 1188, led two crusades in person, and in the following century S. Louis conducted two ill-fated expeditions to the Holy Land, one in 1248 and one in 1270.

The Crusades in the East were the most famous; those in the West the most successful. In the Spanish peninsula a succession of wars culminated in

the victory of Las Navas de Tolosa (1212), which resulted in driving the Moors back into the kingdom of Granada. In 1208 began the cruel crusade against the Albigenses in southern France, a crusade nominally directed solely against heretics, with the pious purpose of exterminating their irreligion, but largely influenced by the possibilities of plunder and the gaining of riches in despoiling the wealthy cities and lands of the south. Ultimately, however, these wars brought about the union of northern and southern France. In 1225 the Teutonic Order began the conquest and conversion of the Prussians, and founded a new state in northern Europe.

It would be a mistake to attribute all these movements entirely to religious motives. Religion served as the pretext at the beginning of these expeditions, but not in the sequel. In France, especially, the spirit of adventure had seized the people. Southern Italy and Sicily were conquered by the Normans, 1053-1066, who also made their most famous and permanent conquest, that of England, in 1066. A French prince, Henry of Burgundy, great-grandson of the French king Robert, founded the county of Portugal in 1095. In 1099 a French kingdom was founded in Palestine. In 1204, by a most shameful perversion of the Crusaders' motives, a French prince was made emperor at Constantinople. There was no limit to the ambition of the French people; their successes in Europe spurred them to fresh conquests in Asia. Each succeeding crusade in the East had less and less of the religious impulse of the first, though the piety and faith of S. Louis cannot be questioned. But among the people and the nobility they came to be looked upon as sources of revenue, as providing opportunities for gaining wealth or of leading a life of adventure and of irresponsible freedom. It was a fitting climax that in the year 1327 the Venetian Sanuto should propose a commercial crusade to the Pope.

The commercial element, in truth, finally dominated the religious, and with results infinitely farther reaching, infinitely more extended than the mere



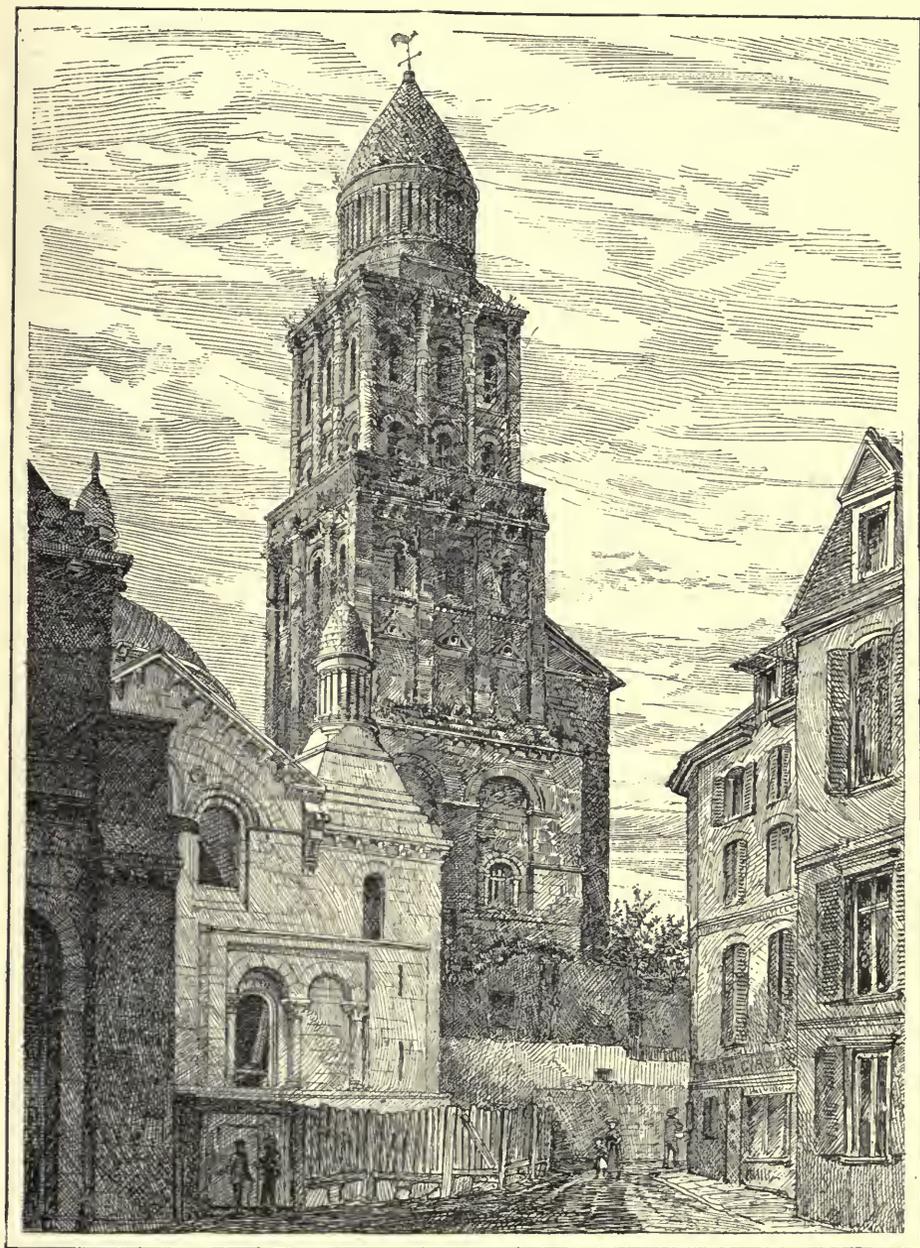
THE CATHEDRAL, FRÉJUS.—SOUTH OR ENTRANCE FRONT.

control of the Holy Sepulchre. Driven back from the East by a long series of disasters, the adventurous spirits of the Middle Ages sought relief for their energies in expeditions which were purely commercial. The rich treasures and products of the far East excited the envy of the West, and the maritime nations, especially Spain and Portugal, began sending forth trading expeditions which culminated in the circumnavigation of Africa and the unparalleled and unforeseen results of the voyage of Columbus—the discovery of a New World. This last great undertaking was a different application of the principles with which S. Bernard and Peter the Hermit had stirred Europe, yet it was nothing more than the closing chapter of that mighty spirit of adventure which characterized the whole of the Middle Ages, and of which the Crusades were the first visible form. And as the commercial feeling grew and increased in strength, until it permeated every line of thought and action, every art and science, every product of human mind and hand, until it holds the world to-day in a firmer grasp than ever religion and art held the people of the Middle Ages, so interest in architecture and art changed and they lost the places they once had. And thus, among the causes which led to the discontinuance of cathedral-building, must be reckoned the voyage of Columbus and its great result, which so actively operated to turn men's thoughts to new channels.

The benefits to Europe of the Crusades were wholly local; failures, so far as the ultimate accomplishment of the end in view was concerned, they stimulated trade, infused new ideas and new life into the stagnant thought of the West, and notwithstanding their disasters and horrors, their rashness and ill-judgments set in motion almost all the factors which made the Middle Ages great. "The Crusades," says Michelet, in one of his brilliant sentences, "made the fortune of the king," and in truth their importance in the development of the royal power and the decrease of feudalism was of abiding consequence. At their beginning, the Royal Domain, France proper, was of

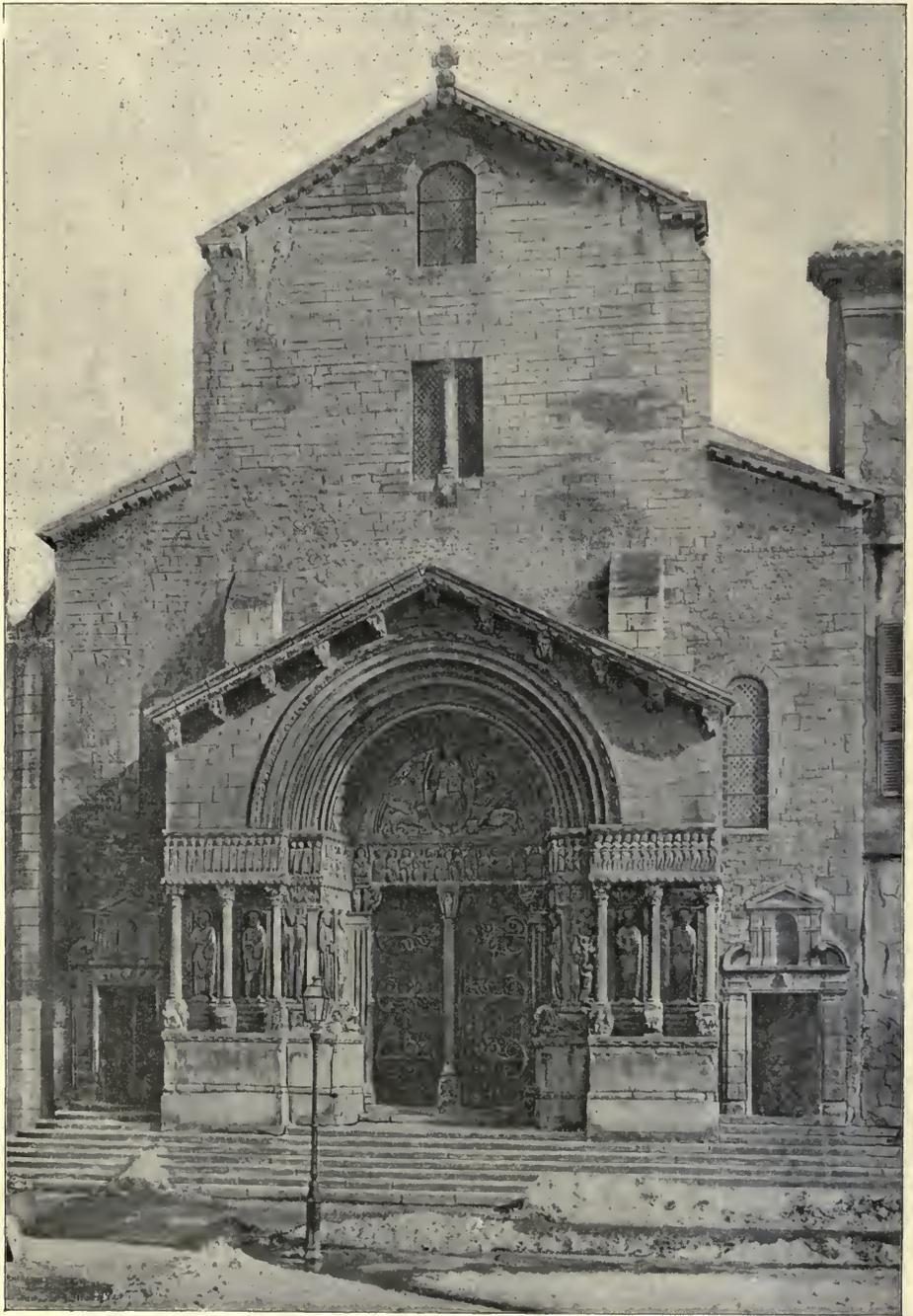
limited extent, separated into several divisions by the lands of neighboring nobles, and surrounded by the possessions of powerful vassals, whose wealth and lands exceeded those of the king himself. It was an enormous advantage to the monarchy for the great barons to be actively engaged in distant lands. The king was quick to seize the opportunities afforded by these prolonged absences, and grew in strength and power daily.

The development of the communes was not less important than the movements of the Crusades. The cities of Christian Europe were, before the eleventh century, of two kinds, those that had to create their liberties, and those that, having lost the liberties gained from Rome, had to re-create them. In Italy the movement towards political freedom resulted in the formation of veritable republics; in France such a finality was impossible, because while the cities might free themselves from the direct power of the feudal lord, it was impossible to ignore the king. They could depose their own lord, but the dignity of the king, their lord's lord, was too great for any conflict with it to be hopeful. All feudal lords, both spiritual and temporal, looked with disfavor upon the increased power of the cities, in so far as it affected their own prerogatives, though when it resulted to their advantage, as in the founding of new cities in the neighborhood of their strongholds, and a consequent increase in the wealth of their domains, they were eager enough to grant charters. And, in truth, there is much reason to suppose that profit to the king, from the sale of charters, was a potent cause in the multiplication of communes. To the city of Le Mans, which received its charter in 1066, belongs the credit of gaining the first commune. Two years later its charter was revoked, but the example was quickly followed in other cities. Cambrai came next, in 1076, and then, in swift succession, followed Noyon, Beauvais, S. Quentin, Laon, Amiens, Soissons, Reims, Sens, Vézelay. Louis VI. signed nine acts relative to communes, Louis VII. twenty-three, Philip Augustus seventy-

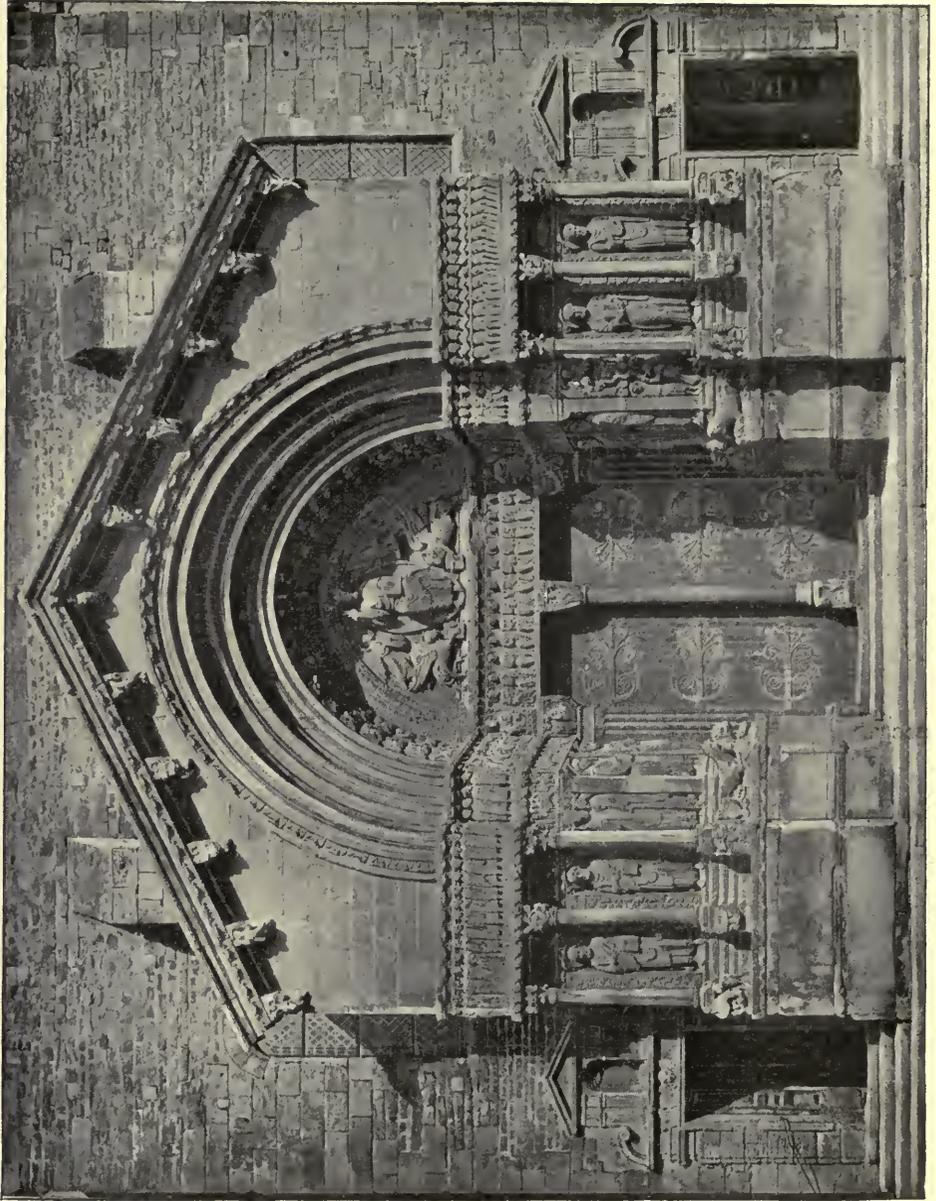


TOWER, SOUTH FRONT, CATHEDRAL OF PÉRIGUEUX—BEFORE RESTORATION.

Drawn by R. W. Gibson, Architect.



CATHEDRAL, ARLES.—WEST FRONT.



WEST PORTAL, CATHEDRAL OF S. TROPHIME, ARLES.

eight, Louis VIII. ten, S. Louis twenty. Powerful as the communes were in the political life of the thirteenth century they were without the stability essential to their perpetuation. The movement, though widespread, was local. Not until the time of S. Louis did ordinances appear regulating the communes as a whole, and these acts were regulative, and administrative, not creative. The communes, like the feudal lords, committed excesses; they suffered from bad financial administrations and constant internal divisions. Each community lived for itself alone, was interested only in its own liberty and was unaffected by the struggles of sister commune organizations, save as they may have afforded pretexts for gaining more for itself. They filled a political want of the time, and were helpful in diffusing that local pride and feeling which found such wonderful illustration in the great cathedrals. It was not until the fifteenth century, when the Third Estate was so called, that a widely diffused political feeling was developed among the people as a whole. The thirteenth century witnessed the greatest successes of the communes; the fourteenth saw their decay. The dearly bought liberties were not found as valuable in the end as they had seemed in the beginning. Laon, Cambrai, Beauvais and Reims struggled manfully to retain their independence long after many less important communities had ceased to care for them or make use of them. Meulan in 1320, and Soissons in 1333, voluntarily surrendered their communal organization, and asked the royal government to assume their administration.

For just as the Crusades had strengthened the sovereign power so had the communes. The kings granted charters and encouraged the formation of communes, but they cannot be called their creators. The communes were the outgrowth of long smouldering movements, to which the king simply gave voice by the force of circumstances. The sovereign welcomed them as a means of weakening the power of his vassals; and, in fact, they formed a widely distributed body

of men loyal to him and opposed to the feudal lords. The French monarchy found as much strength in the growth of the communes as it had received from the Crusades.

And with this extension of the French monarchy, with the foreign conquests of French arms, with the beginnings, for so it may be called, of French democracy, came also the development of French architecture, and with it that long train of subsidiary arts which makes the Middle Ages so rich in artistic remains. As the Crusades, the conquests and the communes represented new ideas, so did the architectural revival, which reflected the newly-found spirit of democracy in obtaining its most perfected forms in the Royal Domain. It is necessary to remember this fact, since while the records of church building in France in the Middle Ages, and especially in the thirteenth century, are extremely voluminous, they do not indicate a kindred state of architectural feeling throughout the whole country. The history of the monarchy will quite well answer the purpose of illustrating the contact of men and of buildings.

With the exception of the brief reign of Louis VIII., but three sovereigns, Louis VII., Philip Augustus and Louis IX. reigned at Paris from 1137 to 1270, a period of one hundred and thirty-three years. The architectural development—revival is not the word to apply to an art which had no equal in previous times—began under Louis VII. (1137 to 1180), from which time date portions of the cathedrals of Noyon, Laon, Paris, Sens, Senlis, Soissons, Meaux, Chartres, Rouen, Le Mans, Poitiers, Angers, Lisieux and Arras (destroyed). The reign of Philip Augustus (1180 to 1223) was the golden age of Gothic architecture in France, and one of the most glorious building epochs the world has seen. Though lasting forty-three years, the long reign of this prince was quite too short to account for its enormous activity, save on the grounds of extraordinary feeling and energy. From it date the larger part of the cathedrals of Paris, Laon, Chartres, Bourges, Rouen, Soissons, Reims, Auxerre, Dijon, Amiens, Troyes, Coutances, Lisieux,

Tours, Le Mans, Evreux, Châlons-sur-Marne, Dol, S. Brieuç, and Rennes (destroyed). To the reign of S. Louis (1226 to 1270) belong portions of the cathedrals of Beauvais, Béziers, Quimper, Clermont, Bazas, Bayonne, the transept façades and nave chapels of the cathedral of Paris, the choirs of Bordeaux and Meaux, the cloister of Tulle, the tower of Senlis, the apse chapels of Amiens and of Reims. And these are but a few of the typical buildings of a time without equal in architectural activity. Not all of these cities, as we shall presently see, could at that time be rightly termed French, but incomplete as the list is it shows how widespread was then the building activity throughout the land.

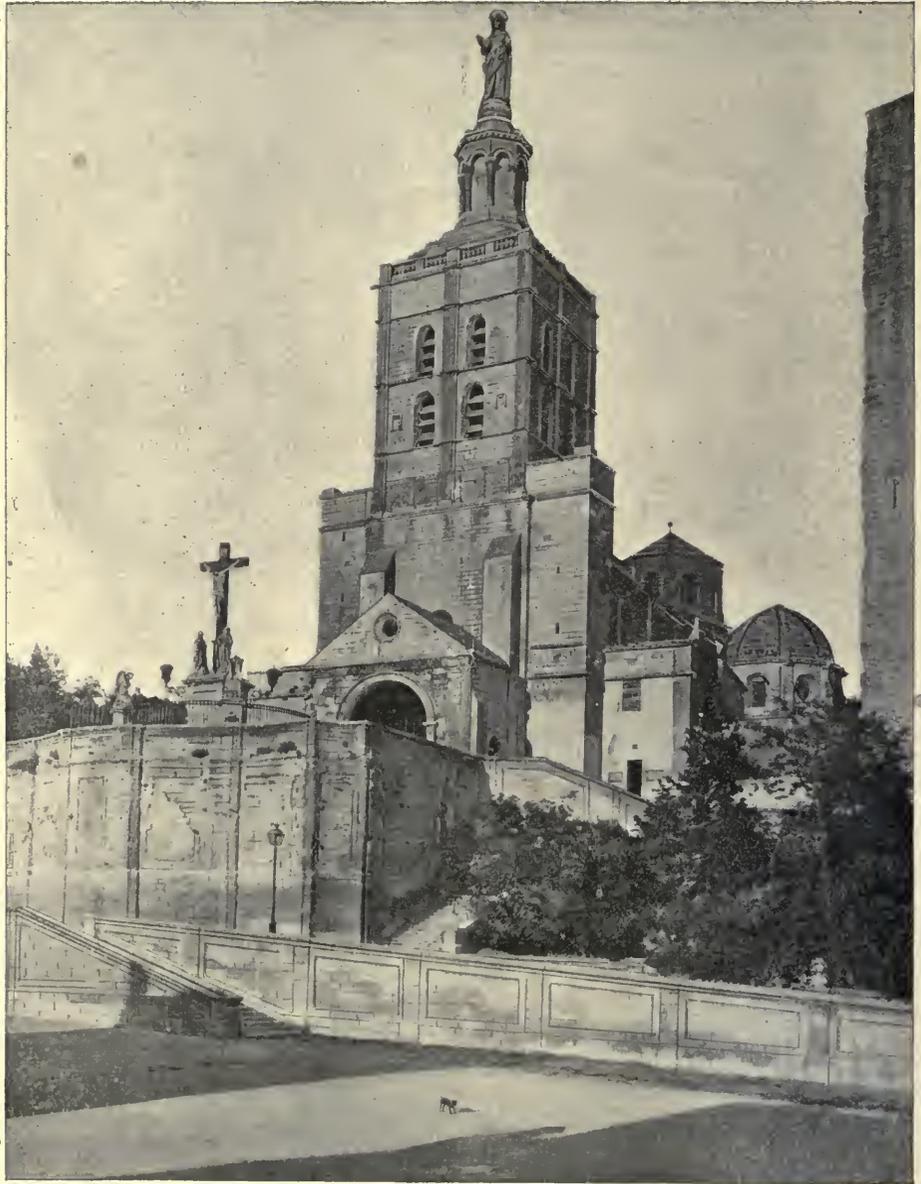
## VI.

A survey of French mediæval architecture which omitted all reference to the times in which they were built, their history, their men, their events, would fall far short of representing it in its true light. We may analyze the construction, note the variations in type and in style, study the progression towards a final ideal, the relations to other buildings, the influence upon the architecture of other lands, but we would not, at the conclusion of such a survey, have gained the faintest insight into the real motives which lay beyond the mere engineering or architecture of these great monuments. The French cathedrals have a psychological and historical interest which is not contained in their physical properties nor to be found in a minute cataloguing of artistic details. Standing, as they do, as types of an age, it is only by a study of the whole time that they can be understood as expressions of human ideas—though how else should they be understood?—and their full value and meaning realized.

The eleventh and twelfth centuries stand in marked contrast to the thirteenth. The earlier time was an era of monks, of Lanfranc and Anselm and Bernard. In the person of S. Bernard the monastic orders reached their ultimate point of power. Education and politics were chiefly in the hands of the

orders. At no period, probably, was the Church wholly free from so-called heretics, and so the few names like Abélard and one or two others that come down from this time need not be assumed to indicate a special falling away from truth. Yet, while the heresies of the twelfth century were individual as opposed to the heresies of sects in the thirteenth, certain general ideas were visible. There was a rationalistic tendency in the Alps and on the Rhône, mystic on the Rhine, and a mixture of the two in Flanders and Languedoc. It was a natural consequence of the religious fervor of the time, as illustrated in the Crusades, that men should evolve new ideas which would be condemned as heretical by older authorities. In 1100 Robert d'Arbrissel founded the famous abbey of Fontevrault, the most important foundation of the time for women, a significant event since the movement which gave woman her proper place in the world was chiefly consummated in this century. It was the era of chivalric orders, of the Knights Hospitallers, later known as the Knights of Malta, founded by Gerard de Martigues in 1100, of the Knights of the Temple, founded by Hugues des Peyens in 1118. In 1115 S. Bernard founded the abbey of Clairvaux, from which was to be derived so many important influences in this and the next century. By the end of the century the great abbey of Cluny counted its offshoots and affiliated monasteries in western Europe to the number of 2,000. The University of Paris rose to a supremacy it never lost, and the French language, by the end of the first quarter of the thirteenth century at the furthest, was all but the universal language of the world. The French of Paris was proverbial. The royal city, remarks a patriotic historian, became the capital of human thought.

The death of the century witnessed the death of the Emperor Henry VI. (1197) and of Richard Cœur-de-Lion (1199); Innocent III., the most successful, perhaps the greatest of the Popes, was chosen Pontiff in 1198. Yet so swift were the changes of the time that but three names, Gregory IX., Innocent



NOTRE DAME DES DOMS, CATHEDRAL OF AVIGNON.



THE NAVE, FROM THE CHOIR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF AVIGNON.

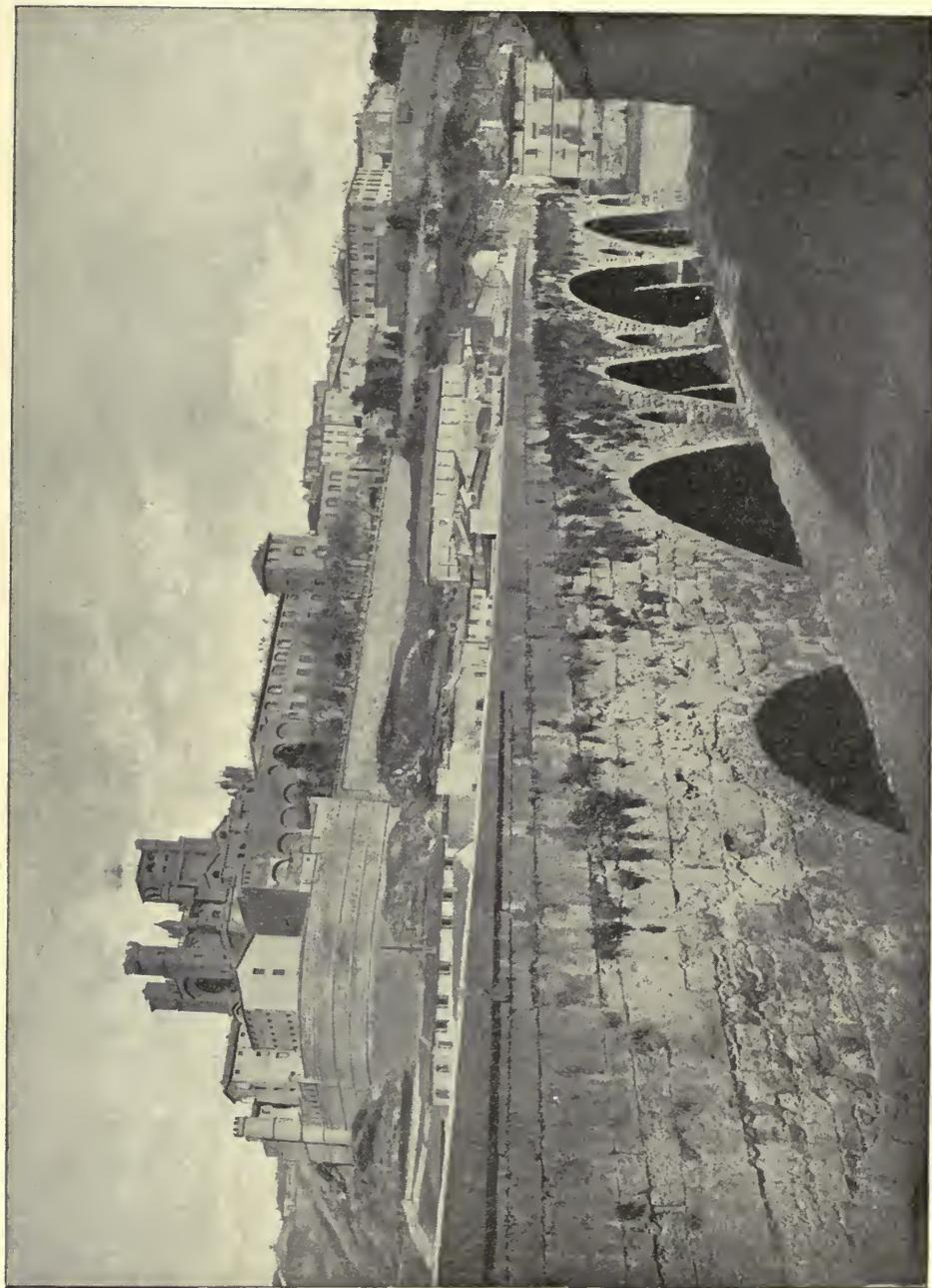
IV., and Gregory X. separates his from that of Boniface VIII., whose humiliation but shortly preceded the "Babylonish Captivity" at Avignon (1305-1376). The century which saw the most splendid development of the Papacy, and prepared the way for its sudden though not complete collapse, was the century of Roger Bacon and of Dante, of S. Francis of Assisi and of S. Dominic, of S. Thomas Aquinas, and S. Bonaventura and Albert the Great, of Duns Scotus and Raymond Lull, of Stephen Langton and Simon de Montfort, of Philip Augustus, S. Louis, Blanche of Castile in France, of Edward I. in England, of Ferdinand III. in Spain and of Frederick II. in the empire. It was the century of parliamentary growth, not alone of the assertion of rights by the people, but of claims for a voice in the general government. The extortion of the Great Charter from John of England (1215) was the most momentous event in constitutional history. Castile and Arragon had had their Cortes in the twelfth century; at the end of the thirteenth England, France, Germany, Sicily, the Swiss had each their representative bodies. With these new forces in the stability of governments came also the beginnings of civil jurisprudence.

Towns increased in number and importance. In the previous century the richest cities were in Provence and Languedoc, in Italy and in Spain. At the close of the thirteenth century rich manufacturing and trading towns had spread over the whole of Europe, in Germany, Flanders, France and England. In wealth and in power the cities of the north bid fair to surpass, as they did finally, those of the south. On every point, in government, in the expansion and solidification of sovereign power, in the position of the people, in trade, in law, in educational advantages, and in methods of education, there were broadening tendencies and constant growths which are the more marked from contrast with the time immediately preceding. Even the centuries which saw the awakenings of the Italian Renaissance can scarce show the changes that this, the last of the Middle Age centuries, can boast. But

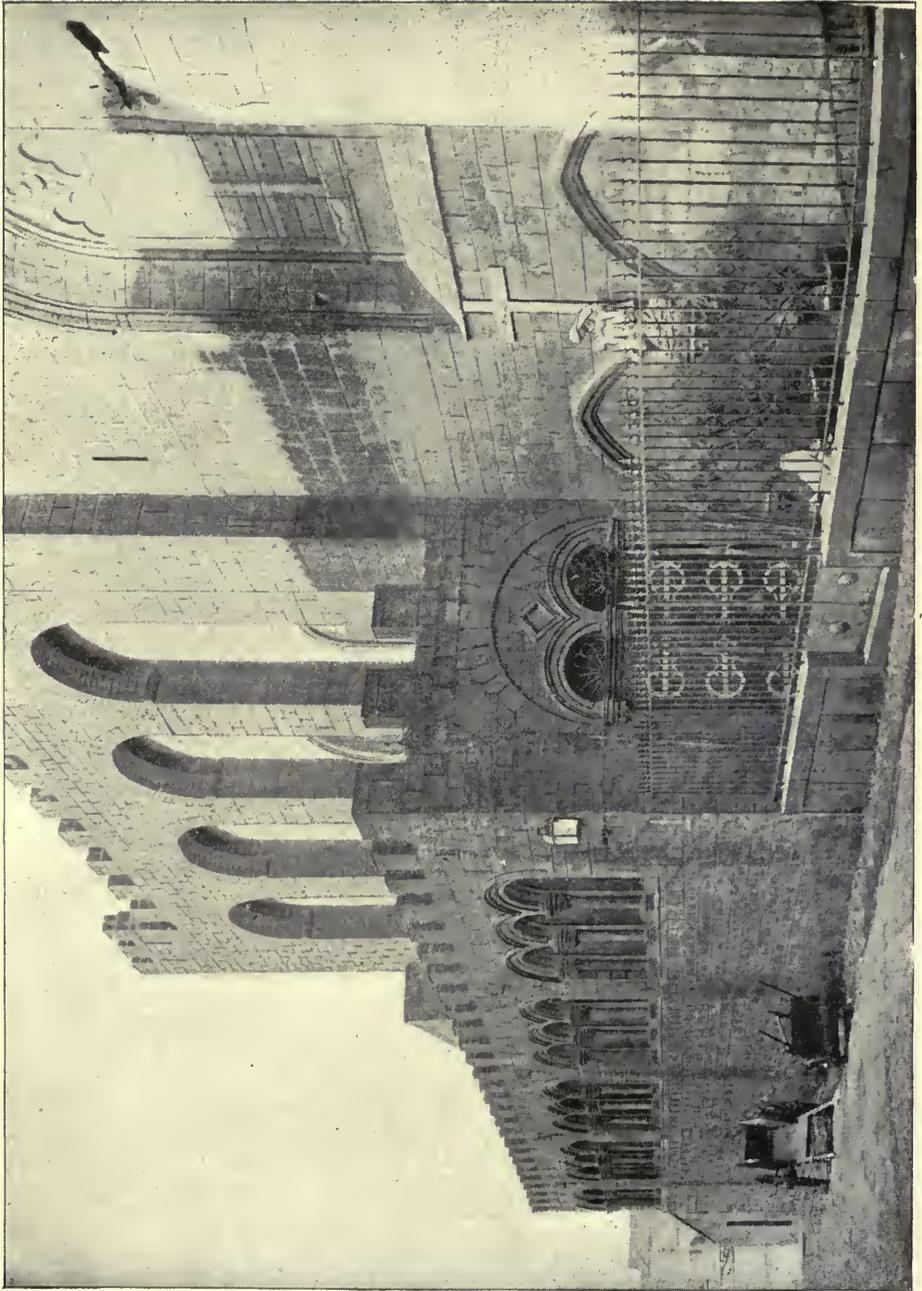
the thirteenth century needs no comparison with other eras to bring out its strong points; though the culmination and end of the Middle Ages, it is also the beginning of modern times. It was not the great rulers alone that made it great—though it was a veritable golden age of kingly kings—nor its leaders of men, nor its thinkers, nor its colleges, nor the beginnings of popular rights: it was the combination of these elements, the union of all the mighty forces of this mighty time that raised it above previous times, that make it stand out even from the greatest centuries that follow it.

This period which saw the combination of so many new and strange elements, which witnessed Crusades against infidel and Christian, which heard the voices of S. Thomas Aquinas, of Roger Bacon and of Dante, which saw the king of England lose greater possessions in France than the king at Paris had, which saw the culmination of the Papacy, and nearly saw its fall, in which began representative government and secular schools, in which a king of England died hated by his subjects and despised by his enemies, and in which a French king died in the odor of sanctity, the last emblem of the Middle Ages, giving French royalty a religious authority and prestige for all time;—the time of these events was the time also of a great artistic revival, whose wonderful invention, exquisite grace, deep religious feeling, and marvelous mechanical execution made it a fit expression of the ideas prevalent in contemporary occupations. The architecture of the thirteenth century cannot be separated from its intellectual growth; it is not only an illustration of the intellectual feeling of the period, but an expression of it.

And then, in the fourteenth century came the blighting influence of the Hundred Years' War, during which architecture, as well as other progressive movements, were at a standstill. When this conflict was ended, and architecture endeavored to continue in the fifteenth century the progress it had made in the thirteenth, the old spirit was lost, though the forms had not yet fallen under the influence of a new time.



CATHEDRAL OF BÉZIERS.



CATHEDRAL OF AGDE.

## VII.

No state of Europe offers so extended and interesting a study in expansion as France, nor does any other state exhibit such a picture of national development. Unlike the other states of central Europe, France began, it might almost be said, independently of the Empire, inasmuch as the sovereignty did not derive its rights from it; and it not only maintained this independence, but became, in time, the most formidable rival of the Empire. The history of France is not, therefore, a history of a struggle against a sovereign power, as is the case with most continental nations, but a history of expansion from within outward; in a word, a true national growth. And this history is the more remarkable since the dominions of the kings of Paris, in whom the French monarchs had their origin, were, at the beginning, of the utmost insignificance. The domain immediately and properly belonging to the king of France was, under Louis VI., the Ile de France, a part of Orléanais, and the recent addition of French Vexen, comprising scarcely more than the present five departments of the Seine, Seine-et-Oise, Seine-et-Marne, Oise and Loiret. The country we now know as France, and call by that name, was for some time after the close of the mediæval period, and in some instances much later, in the hands of great nobles, often more powerful than the king, to whom they were united only by feudal ties; or else the lands were in the possession of foreign princes whose respect for the feudal relation was greatly diminished by their independent position. First of all, therefore, the development of France offers an impressive lesson in the strength of the feudal power in the Middle Ages. The dignity of the kingly power, rather than its might, more than once saved it from extinction at the hands of powerful and haughty vassals.

Four great states were formed of the empire of Charlemagne in the last great division in 887: Karlingia, the Teutonic Kingdom, and the Kingdoms of Burgundy and of Italy. Of these the last three became again the Empire,

but the westernmost kingdom retained its independence and grew, in time, to be modern France. But even at the beginning it was not a homogeneous whole; it included several divisions of which the chief were Western Francia, Brittany, Aquitaine, Gascony, the Spanish March, Septimania, the duchy of Burgundy—distinct from the kingdom of that name—and Flanders. The map of Europe changed quickly in these troublous and unsettled times. A hundred years later Western Francia, properly termed France, was diminished by the great independent duchy of Normandy; Aquitaine likewise suffered through the growth of Gascony and the rapidly increasing extent of the domains of the counts of Toulouse.

The beginning of the expansion of France dates from the eleventh century. The lands of the English then occupied almost the whole of the western part of modern France. It stands as one of the most remarkable facts in mediæval history, that the French sovereignty should not only have survived against odds that at one time seemed overwhelming, but that it should have overcome them and prospered in so doing. The aggrandizements began under Philip I., who absorbed Gâtinais in 1068 and the Viscounty of Bourges in 1100. Under Philip Augustus the additions were much more considerable. Beginning with the additions of Vermandois and Amiens, in 1183, the reign of this prince saw, for a time at least, Valois (1183), Artois (1180-1187), Touraine, Anjou (momentarily 1137-1152), Maine, Poitou Saintonge, and Normandy (1202-1205), and Auvergne (1209) brought directly to the royal domain. Some of these provinces afterwards passed again to foreign hands, chiefly to the King of England, but all were finally absorbed into the French kingdom. The present dates are important in illustrating the powerful impulses towards nationality which began to be manifested in France in the thirteenth century, though as yet it was a nationality of the crown, not of the people. Under S. Louis the greater part of the county of Toulouse was absorbed, Béziers, Narbonne, Nîmes,

Albi, Velay and some others (1229), the Spanish possessions of this house, Roussillon and Barcelona, being, at the same time, freed from French control. The city of Toulouse was not gained until fifty years later. This king also added Blois and Chartres (1234), Gévaudan (1255), Perche (1257), and Mâcon (1239). The reign of Philip III. was marked by the completion of the absorption of Languedoc (1270). The marriage of Philip IV. with the heiress of Champagne and Navarre brought these two divisions under the royal control (1284). Navarre was separated off in 1328, while the incorporation of Champagne with the kingdom was only completed in 1361.

The Hundred Years' War, which ended in the final annexation of Aquitaine to France, as well as most of the posts held by the English, and which was so disastrous for cathedral building, was the next great episode in the growth of the monarchy. The struggle well-nigh resulted in the extinction of the French crown, but Charles VII. was ultimately successful (1451-1453) and united southern Gaul to northern, and with this was the real formation of modern France. The duchy of Burgandy, which escheated to the crown in 1361, and for which a new dukedom was at once created, was not finally absorbed until the death of Charles the Bold (1479). This eastward extension, with the addition of Provence by Louis XI. (1487), is especially noteworthy, since, for the first time, soil which was purely and originally foreign was brought under the rule of the French crown. The marriage of Anne, heiress of Brittany, to two successive French kings, Charles VIII. and Louis XII., added the last province of western France to the crown (incorporated, 1532). The sixteenth century saw also the absorption of Comminges (1548), the three bishoprics, Metz, Verdun and Toul (1552), and, as the patrimony of Henry IV., Béarn, Navarre, Bigorre, Foix and Armagnac (1589). To complete the story it should be added that Calais was finally regained from the English in 1558, eight years after Boulogne had passed into the hands of its rightful owners.

The additions to France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are beyond the cathedral building era. It is well to note, however, since most of these lands contain churches now generally recognized as French cathedrals, that Bresse, Bugey and Gex were added in 1601, Alsace in 1648, and Roussillon and Artois (1659), which has passed from the crown to the duchy of Burgundy. Later additions included Bar (1661), Nivernois (1665), Flanders and Hainault (1668), Franche-Comté (1674), Strassburg (1681), Charolais (1684), Lorraine (1766), Orange (1714-1771), Avignon and Venaissin (1791), and finally Savoy and Nice by Napoleon III. (1860).

Dry as these geographical facts are, they are of value in emphasizing the fact, important to remember in considering French cathedrals as a whole, that the churches we now call French were not all built under the rule of the French crown, and thus all are not, whatever be their present status, French cathedrals in the strictest geographical sense. We are right in so calling them from our modern standpoint, but the conditions under which many of them were built were not the conditions which led to such splendid results in the royal domain. These were, in very truth, French cathedrals, and as we proceed in our study we will find how much they influenced the churches of other parts of France, and thus understand how, in a certain sense, all French cathedrals are united by a common bond.

The relations between the French sovereigns and the various lands ultimately absorbed in their dominions were of a varying nature, depending not alone upon geographical position or feudal connection, but oftentimes upon the personal character and wealth of the tributary lord. Most of them were the lands of vassals of the crown itself, though it would be hard to more distort the truth than to say that in gaining these lands the crown was simply taking unto itself its own. Of these were Gâtinais, Amiens, Vermandois, Valois, Aquitaine, Normandy, Anjou, Maine, Touraine, Toulouse, Blois, Chartres, Perche, Mâcon, Champagne,

Artois, Burgundy and Flanders. In time, indeed, Aquitaine, Flanders and Artois were relieved of their homage to France and thus, for a time, became foreign. Their absorption at last may be classed with the final acquisitions of France. These comprised, after some shiftings back and forth, Roussillon, that part of Navarre north of the Pyrénées, the kingdom of Burgundy or, rather, such parts of it as fell to France, Dauphiny, Provence, the three bishoprics, Alsace, Franche-Comté, Strassburg, Orange, Lorraine, Avignon and Venaissin. Bresse, Bugey, and Gex were obtained in exchange for Saluzzo. Brittany, which, before its incorporation, was a fief of the duchy of Normandy. Only the chief divisions have been considered in this list, which does not show the varying extent of the lands of the states and vassals absorbed, nor indicate how some French vassals were vassals to the King of France and a foreign sovereign alike. This much is clear, however, that the additions to France on the south and west may be roughly stated to have been French territory, ruled by French lords, vassals to the king. The acquisitions to the east of the Rhône, on the other hand, represent, on the whole, foreign dominions, which only became French after annexation. And the cathedrals which thickly dot this once rich and thriving land are more clearly and indisputably foreign than those elsewhere within the boundaries of France.

### VIII.

The historical geography of France is not only in itself of interest in studying the cathedrals of that country, but it is of value in estimating the influence of French culture and ideas upon architecture, and especially upon cathedral building. There is no better way to impress upon the mind the cardinal reasons for the wide divergencies existing between the cathedrals in the different parts of France, than to briefly glance at the historical geography of the country. If the Romanesque cathedrals are found more frequently in the

south than in the north, and in a better state of preservation, in that they have not been rebuilt in a later style, the explanation is to be found in the fact, not alone that the Romanesque was a style peculiar to the south, and the Gothic peculiar to the north, but that the lands of the south were cut off from those of the north by political as well as by geographical ties, and this at a time when the cathedral building spirit most filled the hearts and minds of the men of northern and central France. When these lands were finally absorbed by the crown the era of cathedral building had begun to pass away. Thus the Romanesque cathedrals of the south show more alterations and changes after the Gothic period than during it, where restoration or change has been needed, while in the north the lands which earlier came directly under the sovereign received new and larger churches in the new style we call Gothic.

The geographical limitations were much less keenly felt in the fiefs immediately adjoining the royal domain than in the distant fiefs of the south, or the foreign lands of the east and south-east. Thus the cathedral of Chartres, which is unquestionably a French cathedral, and a thoroughly French one at that, was mostly built prior to the absorption of the county by the crown. So also the Norman cathedral of Lisieux, partly built while Normandy was practically an independent duchy, exhibits characteristics closely similar to those of the royal domain, and this notwithstanding the fact that it received its final form after the annexation. Even more striking is the testimony supplied by the cathedrals of Brittany built during the thirteenth century, especially S. Pol-de-Léon and Quimper, which rightly pass as splendid and superb specimens of Gothic architecture; not perfectly so, as Mr. Moore defines it in his book on "The Character and Development of Gothic Architecture," but much more so than any cathedral in the south of France. This is the more remarkable from the geographical standpoint, since Brittany only fell to the French crown in 1532, though it may be considered as having

been partially French for some time previous.

It is hard for the modern mind, with the map of modern France before it, to realize the meanings of the historical geography of the country, or even to fully comprehend the significance of the feudal relationships it once exhibited. One is loath to admit, to quote an instance just cited, that so glorious a French monument as the cathedral of Chartres is not wholly French from beginning to end, albeit much of it is, yet the stern facts of history compel the admission. Even the wondrous fabric of Reims, the mightiest and grandest of mediæval churches, is not strictly French—not in the sense that Amiens, or Paris, or Bourges may rightly claim to be, for the archbishops and dukes of Reims maintained sufficient independence of the crown to coin their own money as late as the close of the fourteenth century. The distinction in this case, however, is scarcely a just or fair one, since, if the ecclesiastical lords of the city and adjacent territory retained a quasi-political independence, their position among the French peers brought them into close contact with the crown. The further fact that from their hands the successors of Clovis received the sacred oil, and that in their great cathedral the French kings were crowned—a ceremony which, in the seven hundred years elapsing since the crowning of Philip Augustus (1179), was omitted in the case of but three sovereigns, Henry IV., Napoleon I., and Louis XVIII.—thus giving it a national interest possessed by no other church, renders the distinction more arbitrary than real or even necessary.

The crowd of fiefs which filled the land we call France correspond to no political condition of the present day. Some, as Burgundy, Aquitaine, Toulouse, Flanders and Normandy, though historically Normandy scarcely belongs to this group, may be termed national fiefs, whose sovereigns maintained independent courts and usurped powers and functions which made their submission to the kingship more nominal than real. Others, as the counties of Anjou, Chartres and Champagne, were closely con-

nected with the crown, and their counts were known as immediate tenants. Considered as a whole, the fiefs of the French king enjoyed rights and privileges which, in the modern conception of the state, were incompatible with organic union with it. These included, chiefly, the right of coining money, of waging private war, of exemption from public tribute save feudal aid, freedom from legislative control, and the exclusive exercise of original judicature in their dominions. Into the history of the absorption of these rights by the kingship we need not enter, but in attempting an historical classification of the French cathedrals it is well to keep these privileges in mind, since they help to show, as nothing else can, the importance of the relationship between the dates of the cathedrals and the dates of the absorption of the fief or city, as the case may be, into the domains of the crown.

In the light of historical geography, no cathedral of France is strictly French save those erected in the royal domain, or built after the province or fief had fallen to the crown. Many of the latter are buildings comparatively modern, or at least dating not earlier than the sixteenth century. And as the cathedral, in its truest and finest sense is essentially a building of the Middle Ages, these may, for the present at all events, be passed without notice. Such are the cathedrals of Alais, Annecy, Arras, Auch, Blois, Belley, Cambrai, Castres, Dax, Gap La Rochelle, Marseilles (new), Montauban, Montpellier, Nancy, Nice, Orléans, Pamiers, Rennes and Versailles; not all wholly modern cathedrals, it is true, but some wholly so, some largely rebuilt and added to, some completely changed in modern times. Another group which may be neglected at this time are those cathedrals, whether mediæval or modern, which only became cathedrals in the present century, and were, therefore, erected without thought of their present use. Such are the cathedrals of Agen, Dijon, Laval, Moulins, S. Claude, S. Denis, S. Dié, and the cathedral of the lower city, the Ville-Basse, of Carcassonne. Several others we shall find in the progress of

our survey were not originally built as cathedrals, but they were so changed or enlarged during their cathedral history, or have had episcopal rank for so long a time as to make their geography of some moment. But churches such as those just named, which have been chiefly created cathedrals within the memory of living men, form a group whose geography or history need not be now considered. Neither need we concern ourselves with the ruined or wholly destroyed cathedrals of Alet, Antibes, Avranches, Boulogne, Eauze, Mâcon, Maillezais, Riez (rebuilt in the present century), S. Servan (Aleth), Théroutanne.

The cathedrals wholly French, historically and geographically, when viewed in the strictest sense, form but a small fraction of the entire list. These include Albi, Amiens, Bayeux, Bourges, Clermont-Ferrand, Condom, Coutances, Entrevaux, Laon, Luçon (chiefly), Mende, Narbonne, Noyon, Paris, Rieux, Rouen, S. Flour, Séz, Senlis, Sens, Toulouse, Vabres. Beauvais, and Reims should architecturally be grouped with Paris and Amiens, yet the semi-independent position of their ecclesiastical lords reduces them, strange as it may seem, to the mixed group. The links which bind these churches together are political; the architecture of the north had not, in the thirteenth century, penetrated to the south, and no two cathedrals could well be more different than those of Paris and of Albi. But all of them have a common political brotherhood possessed by no other churches in France.

The foreign cathedrals—those built prior to the complete absorption of the city or state by the crown—form a much larger list, though of very different architectural importance. These are the cathedrals of Agde, Aix, Arles, Autun, Avignon, Besançon, Bourg, Cahors, Cavaillon, Châlons-sur-Marne, Châlons-sur-Saône, Chambéry, Digne (former), Dol, Elne, Embrun, Fréjus, Grasse, Le Puy, Lescar, Lodève, Lombez, Maguelone, Marseilles (old), Mirepoix, Moutiers, Nevers, Oloron, Orange, Périgueux, Quimper, S. Bertrand-de-Comminges, S. Brieu, S. Jean-de-

Maurienne, S. Malo, S. Omer, S. Paul-Trois-Châteaux, S. Pol-de-Léon, Sarlat, Senez, Sisteron, Tarbes, Toul, Tréguier, Tulle, Uzès, Vaison, Valence, Vence. It is not strictly accurate to speak of all these churches as foreign. The cathedrals Fréjus, Aix and Arles are not entirely so; Vaison has been much restored since it passed into French hands; Lescar has been much restored in the Renaissance style; but broadly speaking we are justified in designating them as foreign churches as distinguished from French. The cathedral of Angoulême, though practically rebuilt and restored in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and again from 1856, should be added to the list, as well as the cathedral of Angers. The latter city, though nominally annexed to the crown in 1203 was only finally absorbed in 1475, after the cathedral had been substantially completed.

Many of the cathedrals of Guienne and Gascony, which were alternately in the hands of the French and English, are of a mixed nationality, which renders a classification on this basis well-nigh out of the question. Thus, though Touraine was confiscated by Philip Augustus in 1203, the city of Tours was not under the royal control until 1242, and its cathedral is, therefore, in some small part, partly English as well as French. The same condition exists in the cathedral of Poitiers, nominally French in 1203, actually so in 1453. Viviers also, to cite but a single further example, became part of the royal domain in 1307, though the fief was absorbed in 1270. Neglecting, therefore, for brevity's sake, any further consideration of the historical vicissitudes of the French cities and their cathedrals, we find many that should be classified as partly French and partly foreign, the latter term including, for present general purposes, lands actually obtained from foreign sovereigns and lands held in fief of the French crown. The list is a formidable one, including as it does, in addition to those just named, the cathedrals of Aire, Apt, Auxerre, Bayonne, Bazas, Béziers, Carcassonne, Carpentras, Chartres, Die, Digne (pres-

ent), Forcalquier, Grenoble, Langres, Lavaur, Le Mans, Lectoure, Limoges, Lisieux, Lyons, Meaux, Nantes, Nîmes, Perpignan, Rodez, Saintes, S. Lizier, S. Papoul, S. Pons-de-Thomières, Soissons, Toulon, Troyes, Vannes, Vienne, Verdun. Evreux, which finally fell to the crown in the sixteenth century, was largely built while attached to the royal domain between 1199 and 1305.

The cathedrals of France are spread over so wide an extent of territory, they were erected under such varying conditions, politically and ecclesiastically, that no single system of classification on an historical or geographical basis can be literally adhered to. That just proposed is, at its best, but a makeshift illustration of the geographical relations of the cathedrals to the sovereignty. In a certain sense it is misleading to speak of all these churches, as partly foreign and partly French, since the former element is, in many of them, of the utmost insignificance. Normandy, for example, was confiscated by Philip Augustus in 1203, and the beginnings of the cathedral of Rouen date no earlier than 1201 or 1202. But as it includes some parts of an earlier edifice it cannot, in the strictest historical sense, be termed a wholly French church. The county of Chartres, though obtained by purchase by S. Louis in 1233, was given by Philip the Fair to his brother Charles of Valois in 1346, and was only received again by the crown in 1528. In this case, however, in which the fief was given up to a prince of the blood royal, it can scarcely be said to have become foreign territory. And so if space were at hand to examine each church individually in the light of historical geography and its own chronology, many instances would be found in which the members of this mixed group would be more properly classed as French, since the more important parts of their fabrics were erected in times wholly and actually French.

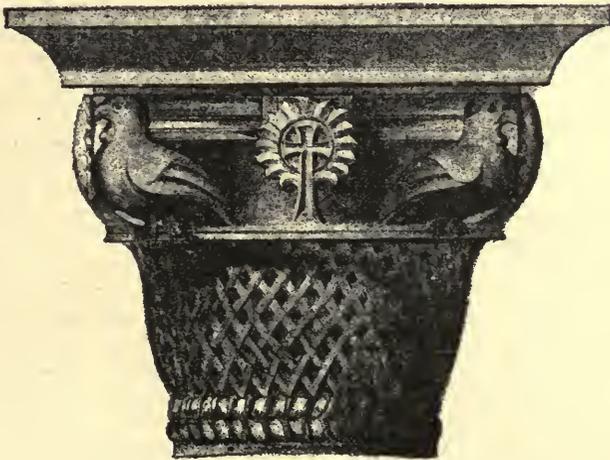
The geography of the French Cathedrals is important in any preliminary study in showing the very varied political and historical condition under which they were produced. These buildings, as do all other buildings, re-

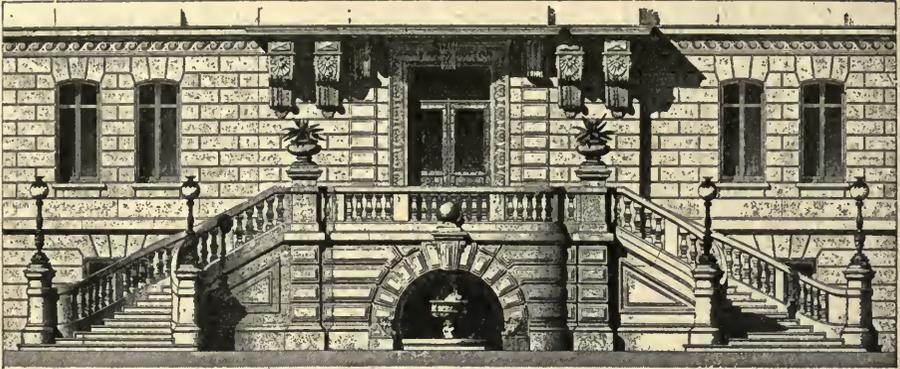
flect the times and circumstances in which they were erected; there can be no greater error than to look at them as examples of architectural art without reference to co-ordinate events. Their meaning and importance only become clear when their whole environment is considered. It is this fact which gives value to the study of their geography. The historian and the geographer might take satisfaction in the classification given above, but the archæologist would find just cause for questioning it. Architecturally, French cathedrals are not those that have been named as erected directly under the crown, but those inspired by the true French spirit, of which Notre Dame at Paris is a notable example, and Amiens, Beauvais, Chartres and Reims further illustrations. These were, as has been said, really French cathedrals, and they are so without any reference to geography or history because their sources of inspiration were identical and their architectural forms akin. This French spirit was so strong that it passed the barriers of independent fiefs, especially those close to the royal domain, and, as time passed and the crown lands increased in extent, it spread throughout the greater part of France, diminishing in vigor with the distance and with the time, until the exhaustion of wars and the collapse of Gothic architecture extinguished it forever. It is not to be supposed that in the thirteenth century all parts of France were ready to receive and build in the new style, but there can be no doubt whatever but that the light furnished by the historical geography of the kingdom helps materially in explaining its practical limitation to the royal domain and the nearby fiefs.

In looking at our modern maps we are apt to forget, unless we open our history books, that Orange and Avignon, towns we would now describe by no other name than French, had no connection with the kingdom until the Revolution. While no fact in history is more readily ascertained than this it is much more difficult to understand the almost independent position of the feudal fiefs which once formed the larger part of French territory. A

piece of land which has been unquestionably French for five hundred years seems always to have been so, especially when its rulers appear to have held their holdings at the pleasure of the French sovereign. But there is nothing in feudal history to warrant such a conclusion, however natural it may seem to modern minds. The history of the epoch we are considering needs to be interpreted by the light of its own day, not by the light of the present. No one thinks of calling the cathedrals of Scotland and Ireland English, or even by the broader adjective of British. Yet the relations of both these lands to the mother country and government of England is closer and more intimate than that which existed between the county of Chartres and the kingship of France, or between the kingship and any of its feudal fiefs at the time when many so-called French cathedrals were building. It is not necessary to reject the partly French cathedrals, or those entirely foreign, from a history of the cathedrals of that country, nor shall they be rejected in the present narrative, but their historical geographical and political position should be thoroughly comprehended at the outset.

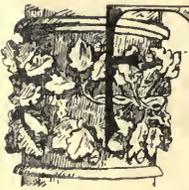
*Barr Ferree.*





AN ENTRANCE ON BOIS DE BOULOGNE, PARIS.

## THE MODERN HOUSE IN PARIS.



FOR the past twenty years Paris has unceasingly grown larger and, in justification of the remark that has been made as to all large cities situated on

the banks of a river, its development has taken place in the direction of the flow of the Seine, that is to say, down the stream, from East to West.

The Empire bequeathed to the Republic vast projects of improvement and many plans for quite a number of long thoroughfares to be opened up, both in the overcrowded districts and in outlying, sparsely-inhabited parts. The well-known Baron Haussmann was connected with the execution of these schemes, and he was followed for twenty years by his successor, Monsieur Alphand, to whom the City of Paris accorded, two years ago, a public funeral, the splendor of which bore testimony to her gratitude. The carrying out of so grand a programme made glad the hearts of building contractors and all those whose trades were connected with the construction of houses. It proved the truth of the popular saying, "Quand le bâtiment va, tout va" (When the building trade is good, everything prospers). Everything, in fact, did prosper; the almost instantaneous erection of new districts,

principally comprised between the Champs-Élysées, the fortifications and the Bois de Boulogne, caused the walls which surrounded Paris to fall, so to speak, and pushed the city out to the country, while the increasing facilities of communication accustomed the Parisian, who loves the green sward as much as the wood pavement, to feel still *chez lui* or at home when outside those walls, where he formerly considered himself in a lost land.

To this is due, in a certain measure, a notable change in the habits of our citizens. On the one hand, numbers of well-to-do middle-class people who previously lived in apartments have come to desire a house in the suburbs, wherein, though small, they may have all to themselves—where the grass may belong to them, where, in short, they may be the owners. On the other hand, by reverse action, the happy possessors of substantial fortunes, members of the financial and commercial world, and even of the nobility, who had had, or could have had, a *hôtel* (private house or mansion), decided, owing to the dearness of building lots in the fashionable quarters, to live in apartments, with neighbors above and below, without, however, having any intercourse with them, except, of course, a polite greeting when they meet them on the common staircase. In this way, on the

Avenue du Bois de Boulogne and in the Malsherbes, Franklin, Monceau, and François Ier districts, residential houses have been built wherein the apartments constitute veritable small mansions, one placed above the other. It is there that at the present time we meet with the real type of Parisian residence, combining every modern comfort and convenience, all the numerous arrangements to charm the sight and make life pleasant, to isolate each tenant from contact with those above and beneath, to separate him also from the family living alongside him on the same landing, to make him forget that in one of these horizontal slices of house superposed like a chest of drawers, he is not entirely *chez lui*, and, in a word, to produce as far as possible the illusion of being in his own house, while sparing him the burdens and cares incumbent upon a house-owner.

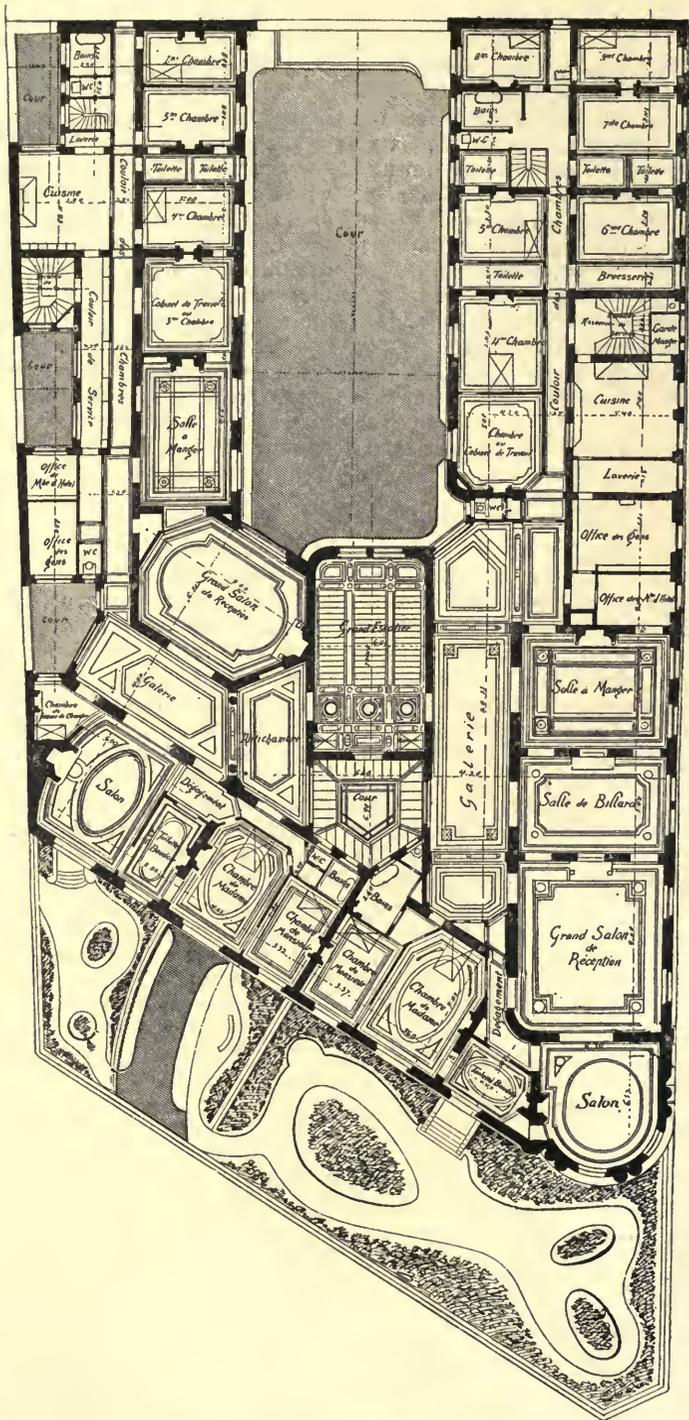
It is, therefore, from one of these new districts that I have selected the specimen that I consider best calculated to give a just idea to an American of the modern French residence, and in order not to be suspected of laying before the reader of THE ARCHITECTURAL RECORD something that has already grown old, I have not hesitated to choose a house still in course of construction. The exterior of this class of large building varies but little; consequently there is no objection to giving the elevation of another house which is only about one hundred yards distant from the first. This house, which is quite new, stands at the corner of the rue de la Pompe and the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, while the one being built is at the corner of the same Avenue and the Rue Chalgrin. (See page 329.)

The latter building, of which we give the plan, belongs to the "Phénix," a large insurance company and a great builder of houses. Nothing has been neglected to make it the most perfect specimen of a modern residence. Two blocks of buildings, comprising two series of apartments, are contiguous to each other, but only communicate by a common staircase, while they are separated by an interior court-yard. We will examine the dis-

position of only one of them, that which

forms an angle—the remarks as to the one being applicable to the other. The building measures 25 metres in height, and has four floors in addition to the ground floor. After undergoing the scrutiny of the *concierge* (janitor), who no longer inhabits the traditional *loge*, but lives in a veritable small apartment, you find yourself in a vestibule ornamented with pillars, marble and mosaics, from which ascends a stone staircase 6 metres in width, flanked by two elevators. When you have rung the door bell and the footman has admitted you, you reach a hall, 21 metres long by  $4\frac{1}{4}$  metres wide, lighted by two windows which look out on a large court-yard and another smaller one. In order to meet the desire now manifested everywhere that each tenant shall be isolated from his neighbor, and for that purpose to hide all view of him, these windows are furnished with stained glass, with polychrome designs on white glass ground, slightly tinted. This shuts out indiscreet glances, and gratifies the eye, while making curtains unnecessary. From this gallery or small hall, which is the central point, all parts of the apartment can be reached. Every dwelling, whatever it may be, consists of three entirely distinct parts, which rank according to their importance in the following order: first, the part reserved to the heads of the household and their family, and then the part devoted to the reception of friends and visitors, and lastly, that which comprises all the domestic offices. Let us examine each of them.

The most private chamber in all the dwelling, that which one loves to beautify for oneself alone, that which is the home of the home, is the bedroom. This, like the *cella* in the ancient temple, is the sanctuary in the modern temple. The profane never enter there. A Frenchwoman loves to be in her bedroom, and passes many hours daily there; therefore it is natural that it should be the most attractive position, and so we find that it occupies the principal place, fronting on the avenue and not on the street (*chambre de madame*). It measures seven metres in length by five in breadth, which insures a plentiful supply of air.



FLOOR PLAN OF APARTMENT HOUSE.

Avenue du Bois de Boulogne and Rue Chalgrin, Paris.

The chamber of Monsieur is near, as it should be. It is not so large as the preceding one, because gallantry demands, which also is as it should be, that it is he who must take the trouble to pay visits. Business keeps him away from home during the day, or if it retains him in the house a study is fitted up for him in another corner of the apartment beyond the living rooms. One bath-room (*Bains*) serves alike for the two heads of the house. A large dressing-room adjoins Madame's bedroom, for the toilet of a "Parisienne" is a momentous matter. It is there that Madame adorns herself or wards off, with the help of hair-dresser, pedicure, manicure and other charm-restorers, the onslaughts of time. In the last century ladies willingly let themselves be seen in the deshabelle of their natural beauty or while engaged in their personal adornment; this was the fashion of the day in the same way as it was considered good form for people of quality to go to bed surrounded by a numerous company. In our day ladies do not care to risk such an ordeal. Fashion, however, seems to be returning to the habits of former times; visitors are no longer received during the toilet, but are admitted to the place where it has been performed, which is a refinement of suggestiveness. The *Toilette-Boudoir*, as we find it in the house of which we speak, is reserved for intimates; it is an elegant little room, which by its intermediate position between the closed bedroom and the drawing-room, which is open to all, well indicates the place occupied in the family's estimation by those whose privilege it is to be admitted there. It is for such persons a flattering distinction which predisposes them, according to their age and sex, to greater cordiality of manner, or, if so inclined, to indulge in a mild flirtation.

Only the initiated enter the boudoir, and Madame is always "at home" to them. The drawing-room (*salon*), which adjoins, is used for friends of the second degree, those who only call on days when Madame receives "officially." In the house in question the drawing-room

is of circular form, which has the evident advantage of being free from corners. It thus seems to make everything converge towards a certain point, namely, the mistress of the place. There she holds her social court, either once a week from 2 to 7, or perhaps daily from 5 to 7. Since the English mania has spread among us, 5 o'clock tea is quite the fashion, and daily receptions, at which the refreshing beverage is handed round, occupy in winter the hour which in summer is devoted to the invariable drive to the Bois de Boulogne.

But this drawing-room, in spite of its considerable dimensions, 6.55 metres by 6.30 metres, soon becomes too small when, to the friends one loves to bring together, are added the crowd of acquaintances whom it is useful now and then to receive, and who correspond to the third degree in the hostess's circle. To these a second drawing-room (*Grand Salon de Reception*) is allotted, larger than the first, and to which at ordinary times it serves as vestibule. At the end we find a billiard-room, and out of this we get to the dining-room (*Salle à Manger*). These three chambers look out upon the Rue Chalgrin. There was in fact no objection to their giving on to this secondary thoroughfare, as they are principally used in the evening, with artificial light. One opens into the other through folding-doors, which on reception days are taken down, forming a vista and a clear space of about 30 metres in length. The dining-room communicates on the one hand with the reception-rooms and on the other with the kitchen (*cuisine*), etc. The butler's pantry is next to the dining-room. It is here that the successor of the "Officier de la Bouche" of the ancient monarchy presides over the preparations of the meals. Here, in this calm retreat, under the orders of the mistress of the house and with the aid of the *chef*, he concocts his *menus*, forms his plans and prepares for his victories. It is here that, previous to the repast, he dresses those "chaud-froids," those pastries and the thousand fanciful creations of an art, which all

Europe, it is said, and I believe all America, envy us. Through one door he keeps an eye on the dining-room, through another he watches over the servants' hall, situated beyond, where the valet of Monsieur and the footman of Madame assist at dinner time in the many duties connected with the table. The servants' hall also serves as a dining-room for the domestics. Next comes the scullery, where the silver, glass and china are cleaned.

We now reach the kitchen, the cook's laboratory, in which the secret of sauces is kept as closely as certain brotherhoods keep the recipe of some specific cure for wounds. If history is to be believed, it is by means of her cooks, her dancers and her comedians that France has built up her reputation as much as by her artists and men of science. Consequently, it is not astonishing that in the Modern House the kitchen covers a space of 5.40 by 5 meters, as large as that of a drawing-room or of the mistress's bedroom. Around the walls, which are lined with glazed tiles, there are: a large fireplace with a turn-spit, a number of ranges, racks for the utensils, hot and cold water taps, a reservoir of filtered water, etc. A large table occupies the centre of the room. The floor is paved with marble in order to facilitate washing.

Although it is agreeable to have servants, it is not so pleasant to come into contact with them in the corridors. Therefore the architect has taken care to separate entirely the rest of the residents from the square portion devoted to the service. The kitchen, scullery and servants' hall are only connected with the rest of the apartment by a small door within view of the butler's pantry. The servants have a staircase to themselves, and this staircase is provided with an elevator which brings up the provisions and lands them discreetly in the kitchen. By means of this isolation one of the great inconveniences inherent to life in an apartment is averted—an inconvenience which is avoided in private houses consisting of several floors, where the underground rooms and the garrets are devoted to the use of the domestics.

From the *galerie* of which we have spoken and which serves as entrance hall, a corridor runs, 22.85 metres long by 1.27 metres wide. It divides the building, abutting on the street, into two parts. Opening into this corridor, which runs behind the kitchen and offices, is a series of bedrooms, which complete the portion of the apartment occupied by the family. These bedrooms, seven in number, are all accompanied—except two rooms, one of which serves as a study for Monsieur, and the other as linen-room—by dressing-rooms supplied with hot and cold water pipes. A bath-room and a water-closet complete the installation.

If it is allowable to dwell upon this detail, we must confess that until about twenty years ago, water-closets were treated in many of our best houses without due regard to comfort and health. It was a necessity that people seemed unwilling to admit, and one that they neglected. In this connection, an abundance of water is indispensable; but the difficulty was not in bringing in the water, but rather in carrying it off, and the water soon filled the cess-pools, which the landlord was required to clear. The present system of "*tout à l'égout*," by abolishing fixed cess-pools, has made landlords less parsimonious of water and induced them to provide each closet with a good flow, which insures the constant cleanliness of the pipes and prevents unwholesome odors.

A hot-air heater, placed in the cellar and maintained at the landlord's expense, warms the staircase and each of the five apartments. This stove also supplies hot water for the dressing and bath-rooms at all seasons and at any hour of the day or night. The electric light illuminates the reception rooms, the hall, the bedrooms and the dining-room. In the offices, gas is used. All the bedrooms communicate with the offices by means of electric bells. A telephone connects the offices with the janitor's *loge*, whence also runs a letter elevator. Another telephone joins the office of Monsieur to the city telephone system.

Only a short time ago the Louis XV. style was in fashion, graceful, but somewhat irregular in form. There now



APARTMENT HOUSE.

Rue de la Pompe and Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, Paris.

appears to be a desire to revert to the Louis XIV. style, which is stiffer and presents straighter lines. The house we have in view is treated in the latter style, and we see an ingenious application of it in the main corridor, the sides of which are ornamented with mirrors, similar to the Grand Gallery of Versailles, in order to brighten what is necessarily a somewhat dark passage.

Stone is plentiful in France and is much used for house building in Paris. Stone has been in all ages, and is, whatever may be done, the material par excellence for any building combining elegance with solidity. But it is costly, and is, therefore, only employed for revetments. The party walls and interior wall-masses are of rubble or brick. The roof supports and floor beams are of iron. Wood, which suffers both from fire and damp, has everywhere been banished from all edifices of a durable character.

The heights of the floors are as follows:

Ground floor, . . . . .	4 metres.	
First floor, . . . . .	4 "	20c.
Second floor, . . . . .	5 "	
Third floor, . . . . .	4 "	
Fourth floor, . . . . .	3 "	75c.

The top floor, the fifth, under the roof, contains the servants' bedrooms. The underground premises consist of large cellars, distributed among the different tenants.

The rents, in the house we are speaking about, have not yet been decided upon. We know that they will vary between 18,000 and 30,000 francs. The only tax to be paid by the tenants is the door and window tax, at the rate of 2 per cent on the amount of the rent—that is to say, for an apartment rented at 30,000 francs an additional sum of 600 francs.

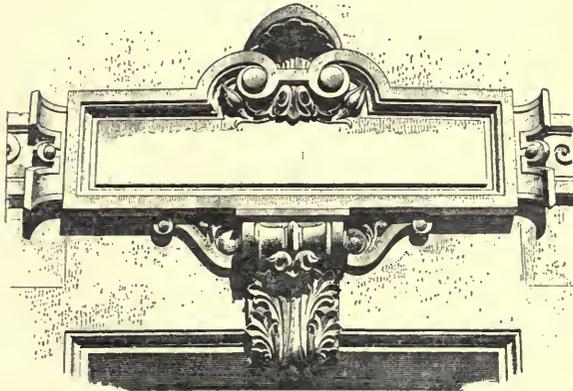
In a residence thus arranged, which, to sum up, comprises: ante-chamber, hall, three drawing-rooms, billiard-room, dining-room, nine bedrooms, six dressing-rooms, two bath-rooms, four water-closets, two servants' rooms, kitchen, larder, brush-room, scullery, servants' rooms, hot-air stove, elevators, letter elevator, gas, electric light and bells, hot and cold water, filtered water

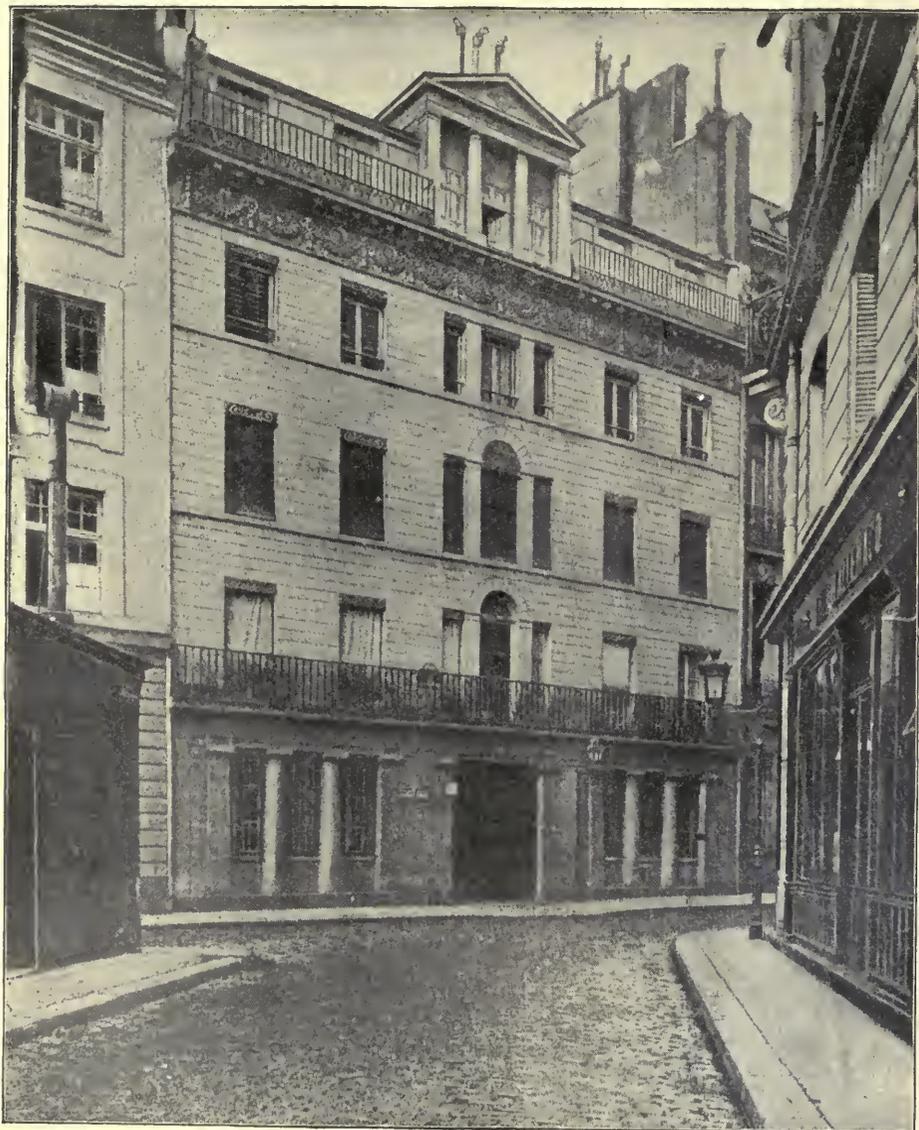
and telephone, a man can take life easily and be happy. All this comfort, the work of modern industry and science, ameliorates his home life, while the electric current, the telephone and even the theatrophone can in case of need connect him with the outside world without compelling him to leave his home. But every citizen cannot afford to pay from 18,000 to 30,000 francs a year for rent, and therefore the house that we have taken as a typical residence for people with well-lined purses is in truth reserved for the richest of the moneyed class. But this example is nevertheless a good one, as it is also a type of much cheaper residences. Reduce the number of bedrooms to three or four, and the drawing-rooms and bath-rooms to one; make the entrance hall a simple ante-chamber; abolish the billiard-room; of all the offices leave only the kitchen; take away the gilded paneling, the marble, the mosaics, and the stained glass; and you will have an apartment at a tenth of the rent, about 3,000 francs.

We must not omit to refer to a recent attempt made in one of our finest quarters, the Avenue Hoche. On the ground floor of a large house, occupying the space between the cellars and the first floor, a large hall has been fitted up which each tenant in the house has in turn at his disposal several times a month, and where evening parties, dinners, or balls can be given. Adjoining this hall, which is reached by a spiral stone staircase, there are a kitchen, servants'-room, waiting-room and cloak-room. This is a happy idea, but it is as yet too early to say whether it will prove successful. On the occasion of a ball or a wedding the tenant who is obliged to seek one of the first-rate hotels in order to find accommodation for a numerous assembly, will certainly be pleased to have under his own roof a room large enough to contain all his guests; but these events are unusual, and the hostess will always prefer to receive her friends in her own home rather than in a place which is equally at the disposal of her neighbors, a place where she would be in her house but not at home, and which next day might be occupied by another

tenant. This hall, however brilliant, will still be characterless in its decoration, whereas we know that if a lady is fond of entertaining, it is in order to experience the pleasure of having her friends in her home, amid her own surroundings. The proverb says: "Dis-moi qui tu hantes, je te dirai qui tu es" (Tell me where you frequent and I will tell you who you are). It might be said: "Tell me how your house is furnished and I will tell you who you are." A salon used collectively can never have anything distinctive about it, and a hostess would derive no satisfaction from it. It would give her no pleasure to beautify it, for she would receive no inward gratification therefrom, nor would her amour-propre be flattered by success. People would say: "Madame X has given us a splendid fête," which might be said of anybody; but not: "How charmingly Madame X entertains—what taste she displays in furnishing and in selecting her household treasures." This would be praise indeed, as the compliment applies to the hostess, not to the upholsterer.

*Paul Frantz Marcou.*





Rue Penthièvre, Paris.

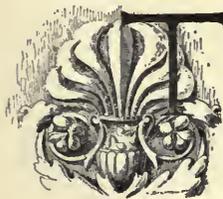
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S HOUSE.

Built about 1780 and now standing.



## ARCHITECTURAL ABERRATIONS.\*

No. 6.—THE GOVERNMENT AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.



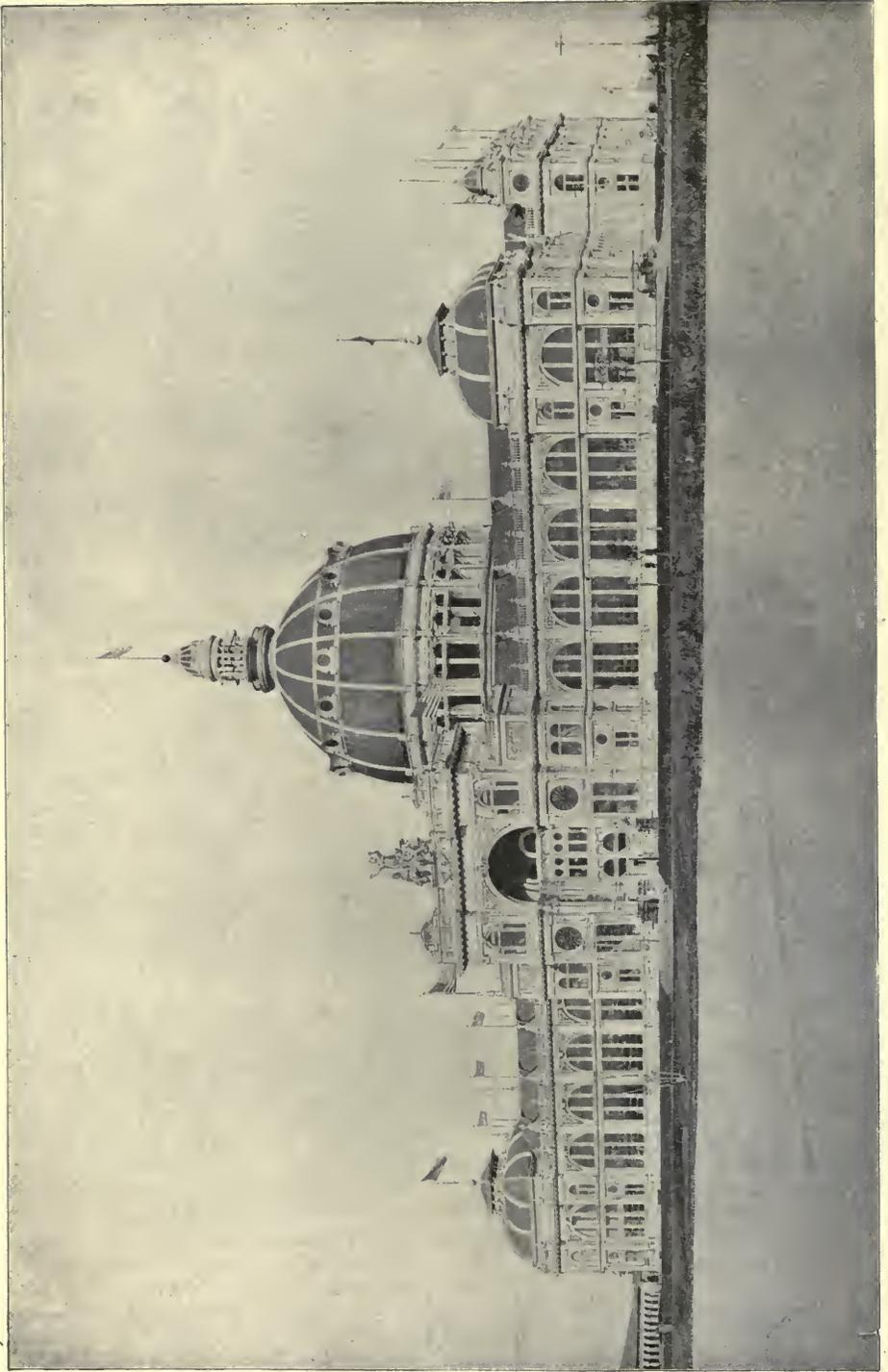
HERE has never been presented so impressive an object-lesson in the methods, or want of method, employed by the Government of

the United States in erecting buildings for its own use, as that which is now on view in the grounds of the World's Fair. For, the Government building, which is an illustration of our official methods for procuring architecture, is there seen in comparison with the best that has been attained in our unofficial architecture. It is since the war that the private building of the country has made its greatest advance, and indeed in the latter half of the period that has elapsed since the war. In two departments, in commercial and in domestic architecture, the advance has been such that we have ceased to be pupils and imitators and have become to a very considerable extent teachers and exemplars in these departments for older countries. This is because our exigencies have been new, and in the presence of a new problem an American architect is less trammelled by precedent than the architects of Europe. Unless he be an educated architect who knows what the precedents are, he cannot disregard

them to advantage, for his disregard will be mere ignorance. But if he be an educated architect, his advantage is very great, and he has used it so well that in "elevator architecture," which is destined to an increasing importance everywhere, European architects must come here to learn.

While this advance has been going on in the private building of the country, the government architecture has been experiencing, not merely a stagnation, but an actual retrogression. Before the war the government really furnished models for the building of the country, and for the architecture of States and municipalities. It undoubtedly represented the highest plane of our professional attainment. The colonial building was always decorous and gentlemanlike, and was often entitled to a higher praise. The first capitol of the United States was an admirable, and perhaps upon the whole the best example of colonial architecture. When the Greek revival invaded the country, and the Anglicized Roman monuments of an earlier day were displaced by the reproductions of the primitive types, it was again the government that led the way; and in the buildings of the departments at Washington and in the extension of the capitol it furnished not only the most expensive and extensive, but the most learned and taste-

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



THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING, WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO.

ful of the monuments of the newer mode. Meanwhile, except at the very beginning, when public men knew rather more about these things than the average of private citizens, the government itself was by no means to be credited with the superiority of the public buildings over the average of the private buildings of the country. A few instructed men had gained this advantage for it without any aid from the politicians, but also without any obstruction. But it was not very long after such an office as that of the "Supervising Architect of the Treasury" came to be established, although it was neither a very dignified nor a very lucrative office, that the standard of public building began to fall below the highest standard of private building. The gap has continued to widen until now, on the one hand by the advance in unofficial architecture, on the other hand by the degradation of official architecture, in spite of one or two eddies in the latter process, when the Supervising Architect happened, in spite of the chances to the contrary, to be an accomplished and artistic practitioner. But these exceptions had no effect in establishing traditions in the office. The tenure of the incumbent has been precarious and, on an average, singularly short, even for a political officeholder, and the ambition of most of the newcomers has been to do something distinctively different from their predecessors. When we consider the enormous amount of work in the way of design that is thrown upon the Supervising Architect, in addition to an enormous amount of work in the way of administration, it is evident that the designs, if they proceed from his personal inspiration, cannot be studied and that the architectural result cannot be successful. About thirty years ago there was a recognized government pattern of Federal building, and the post-offices of towns a thousand miles apart, erected at that time, are readily recognizable as emanations from the same mind. Unfortunately the pattern was not a good one, but we might hope for better results than we have attained if a competent architect had devoted himself to working out the de-

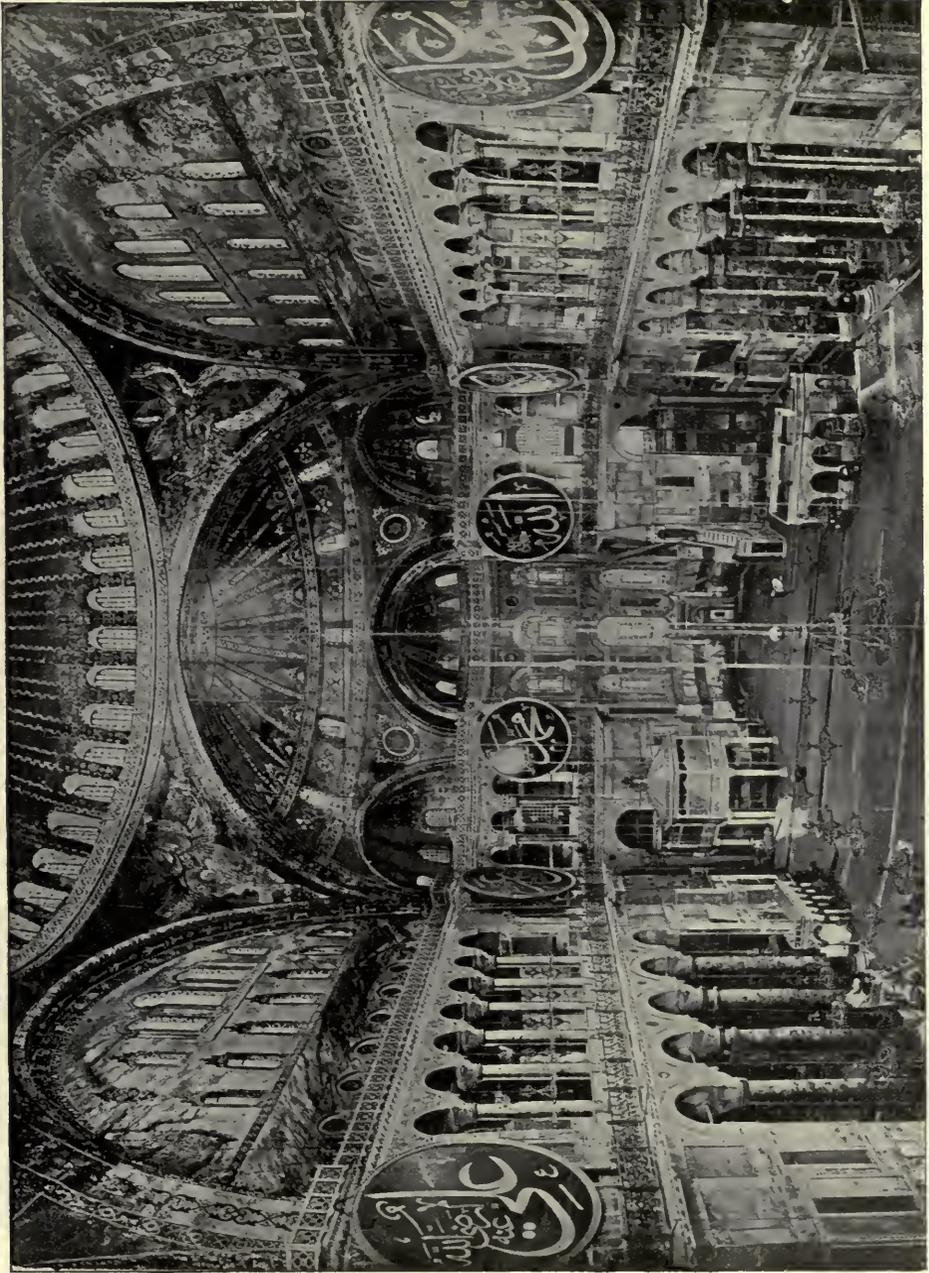
tails of a single typical building and erecting this design with only such modifications as were practically necessary in different cases. However that may be, the government has been by far the most extensive builder in the country, and there is not a single building erected for it since the war to which any instructed American can point with pride, or that either reflects or contributes to the great advance that has been made within that period in American architecture.

Certainly it is with a sentiment as far as possible from pride that such an American must contemplate the building which is supposed to typify the dignity of the American government at Chicago. Here for the first time the work of the foremost of our unofficial architects is brought into direct competition with the work of the official factory of architecture, and the private work is as creditable to the country as the official work is disgraceful. On the one hand is embodied the result of an advance, and on the other of a retrogression. For no intelligent observer can fail to see that the government building is of an architecture so bad that it would not have been tolerated forty or fifty or sixty years ago. While in all the other great buildings with which in magnitude and costliness this one is to be compared, there is evidence everywhere, from the arrangement and proportioning of the masses to the design and adjustment of the last detail, of a careful, intelligent and affectionate handling, the Government building is a rude and crude and ignorant compilation of features that are not good in themselves, and upon the relations of which no pains whatever appear to have been spent. The designer had every extrinsic advantage. His building is monumental in magnitude, measuring 345 by 415 feet in area and 236 feet in height to the top of the dome of which the diameter is 120 feet. These latter dimensions are not much short of those of the dome of the Administration building, which really makes its effect, while the dome of the Government building is absolutely ineffective. The cost of the Government building is

\$400,000, which is considerably greater in proportion to area than the cost of such beautiful buildings as those devoted to Fisheries, Agriculture and Fine Arts. It is indeed an ample sum, considering that the construction is of lath and plaster, and that what the architect is required to do, after meeting the practical demands of the building, is to produce an impressive and spectacular piece of stage-setting, in criticising which it would be merely pedantic to insist upon the expressiveness and actuality that we have a right to require of the architects of buildings intended to be permanent. Here, as in stage-setting, illusion is what is aimed at. To give a look of antiquity and durability to what is brand new and evanescent is here a legitimate triumph. This is what the architects of the Columbian Exposition have done with more or less success; all of them with a creditable, some of them with brilliant success. And the discordant note in the harmony is that sounded by the Government of the United States.

It is evident in illustrations of the other buildings that the designer has chosen some dimension of his building for architectural emphasis and architectural development, and that he has done this by skilfully subordinating the other dimensions, while introducing such features as without veiling his main purpose, should enable him to carry it out without producing monotony. In the Arts building, the Agricultural building, the Manufactures building and Machinery Hall, it is length that has been chosen, length punctuated rather than interrupted by fortifying or relieving features. In the Administration building it is the height, inasmuch that the building itself is with much art reduced to a mere and effective pedestal to the soaring dome. But in the Government building there is no trace of such a purpose or of any general purpose. The dome is too lofty to be the mere crown of a spreading building, while it does not itself command and concentrate the attention. The actual length is great enough to make an imposing effect, if it were only developed. But it is one thing to develop a front

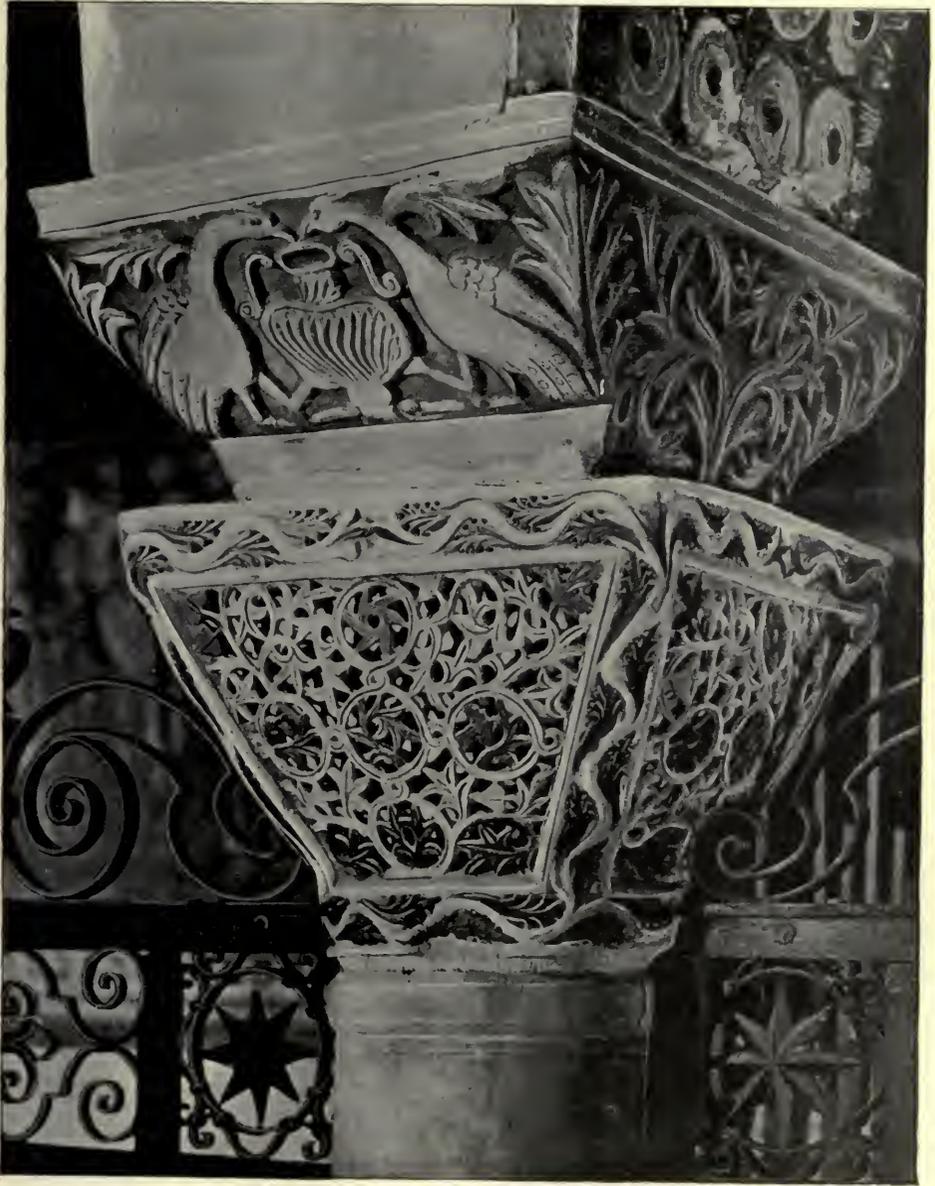
and quite another to "devil-it-up." This front is distinctly not developed, and is as distinctly devilled up. The flat and shallow arcade of four openings on each side is the only suggestion of a desire to make the most of the length. It is rudely interrupted at the corners by pavilions that are subdivided into three and at the centre by a huge arch flanked by pavilions that are again flanked by lesser pavilions. By these devices the length is annihilated and the motive that might have been derived from it abandoned while nothing is put in its place. So far as the designer had a motive, it seems to have been to accumulate in his front the greatest possible number of features. Such a motive necessarily brings about an aspect of uneasiness and restlessness and is fatal to that repose that is among the most essential of architectural qualities, and that the buildings at the World's Fair that do us honor possess in an eminent degree. A building of so many features would be distressingly busy, even if the features were all good in themselves. But here none of the features is good, and that is where a photograph fails to do the building the justice it requires. The crudeness and lifelessness and gracelessness of the detail are even more marked than the infelicity of the massing and the defect of a general design. The architectural and the sculptural detail alike are such that it seems out of the question they could have interested the man who made them, much less anybody else, and the enormity of the result cannot be appreciated, except by a view of the actual structure in its surroundings. There is a bill now pending before the Senate, having already passed the House, opening the design of public buildings to competition by private practitioners. If there be any doubt in the minds of the Senators as to the propriety of passing that measure, the doubt would be dissipated by a pilgrimage to Chicago, and by the comparison there found between the condition of official and the condition of unofficial architecture in these United States.



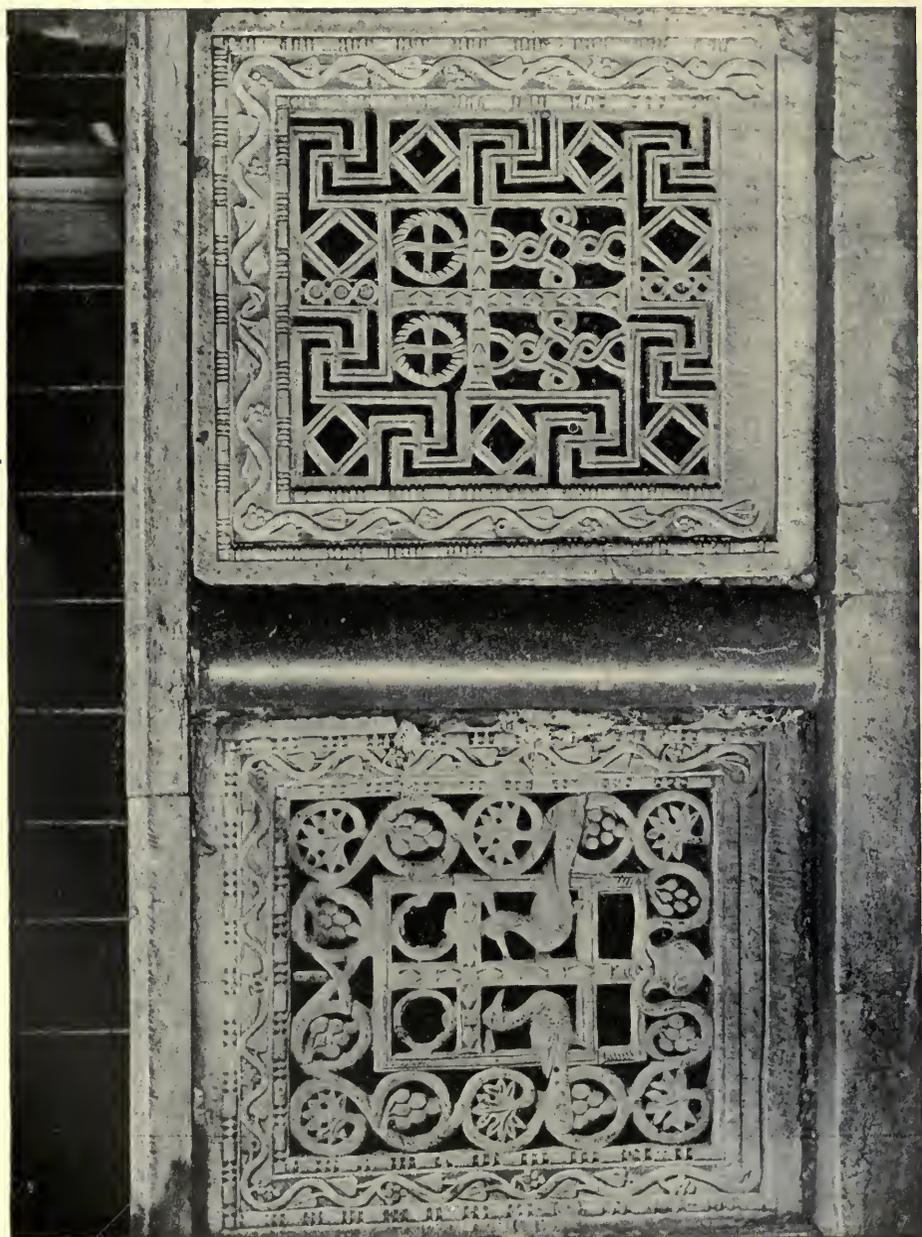
INTERIOR OF STA. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE.



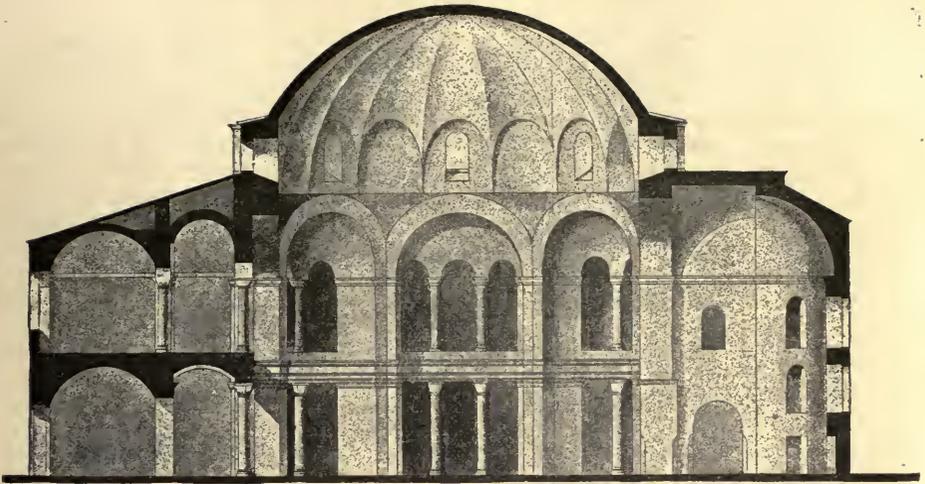
BYZANTINE CAPITAL.—S. VITALE.



BYZANTINE CAPITAL.—S. VITALE.

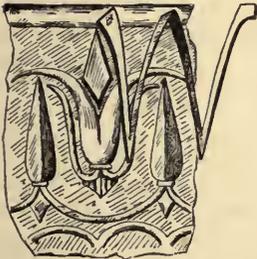


CARVING IN S. APOLLINARE NUOVO.



## BYZANTINE ARCHITECTURE.

### Part IV.—BYZANTINE DECORATION.



WHEN Constantine the Great made Byzantium the capital of the Empire, Roman buildings were reproduced as

service of plate." The influx of wealth, and the acquaintance with the magnificence and luxury of Greece, and of Oriental despots, very rapidly introduced the customs of Greece, Persia and Egypt into Rome. Marble, which was at first looked on as a scandalous luxury for a private person, soon became the favorite lining of walls, though, so late as the first century B.C., M. Brutus called Crassus the "Palatine Venus" for having six columns of Hymettian marble in his house.

well as they could be in a foreign town, and the decoration of them was that which was prevalent at Rome. We are too apt to think of Rome as a mud-built city with a few temples and public buildings of terra cotta or stone, and the Romans as the simple and severe people of the early days of the Republic, when the great Generals lived in small farm houses, wore a white toga, and tilled their land with their own hands. Just before the Punic wars (264-146 B.C.) there was but one service of public plate which was lent to each Senator when he entertained foreign Ambassadors. You may recollect the remark of the Carthaginian Ambassador "that the Romans were the most good-natured people in the world, for though he had dined with each Senator separately he always saw the same

Sulla is said to have been the introducer of mosaic pavement, between 88 and 78 B.C., though his son-in-law, Scaurus, had before that date used glass for one of the stories of his temporary theatre. Personal adornment kept pace with the magnificence of houses, for Julius Cæsar had his shoes enriched with engraved gems! We know of the costly citron-wood tables of Cicero, and the gold and ivory ceilings of Horace's time. In the days of Augustus an edict had to be promulgated to restrict Senators to the use of the white toga on festal days. Seneca thundered against the luxuriousness of the baths, with their costly marble walls, their floors of gems and their

fittings of silver. Pliny, who died 79 A.D., wrote his diatribes against venerating walls with marble, and he tells us that mosaic had deserted the floors for the ceilings of rooms. Stained glass must, I think, have given additional splendor to buildings at an early period of the Empire. Even in Pliny's days costliness was more admired than art, so that in magnificence and splendor the Byzantines could not exceed, but could only rival the Romans. Rome has been stripped so bare that we might fancy it to have been a plain city, but for written descriptions. There was, however, an invention that must have rendered the splendor of gold and silver much less costly, and, therefore, much more common at Constantinople, I mean the invention of gold and silver mosaic; the absolute date of its invention is, I believe, unknown. I may say that I did not find a single cube of it at Hadrian's Villa, nor in Caracalla's Baths, and these baths were not built till the third century. It is probable that gold and silver mosaic preceded those medallions, in which an etching on gold leaf is preserved between two sheets of glass; these medallions, having portraits or symbols etched on them, bear evidence of their being of Christian times, so antiquarians believe them to be no earlier than the end of the third, or the beginning of the fourth, century. Specimens of the glass medallions may be seen in our national collections. Gold and silver mosaic is believed to have been used in Constantine's days, but I know not on what ground; the finding them in buildings of his day is no proof, unless it be confirmed by documentary evidence, and there is little or no evidence of the buildings in which they are found being of his time. There is a mosaic portrait of Flavius Julius Julianus in the Chigi Library that has several cubes of gold mosaic in the dress. It was found in the catacombs of St. Cyriaca in the Tiburtina, in 1656, and is believed to be of the second half of the fourth century; but there is nothing to prove that the gold mosaic cubes were not of a subsequent date. The passion for using metals, and particularly the precious ones, for

decoration, seems to be inherent in man, and only to be interrupted when men or nations are wealthy, at periods of the highest cultivation. In the Bronze age, we read of the metal palace of Alcinous: "Meanwhile Odysseus went to the famous palace of Alcinous, and his heart was full of many thoughts as he stood there or ever he had reached the threshold of bronze. For there was a gleam as it were of sun or moon through the high-roofed hall of the great-hearted Alcinous. Brazen were the walls which ran this way and that from the threshold to the inmost chamber, and round them was a frieze of blue, and golden were the doors that closed in the good house. Silver were the door-posts that were set on the brazen threshold, and silver the lintel thereupon, and the hook of the door was of gold. And on either side stood golden hounds and silver, which Hephæstus wrought by his cunning, to guard the palace of great-hearted Alcinous, being free from death and age all their days. . . . Yea, and there were youths fashioned in gold, standing on firm set bases, with flaming torches in their hands, giving light through the night to the feasters in the palace" (the *Odyssey* of Homer, Lib. 7, lines 80 to 102, by Butcher and Lang. 8vo. London. 1887.)

It is not very clear whether the whole of the inside of Solomon's Temple was covered with gold, or only the oracle (I Kings, cap. 6, v. 20, 21, 22); but Polybius tells us that the palace at Ecbatana was covered with gold and silver (Lib. 10, cap. 27). "For all its woodwork being cedar or cypress not a single plank was left uncovered; beams and fretwork in the ceilings; and columns in the arcades and peristyle, were overlaid with plates of silver or gold, while all the tiles were of silver."

Suetonius tells us that Nero's Golden House had some parts overlaid with gold, and adorned with jewels and mother-o'-pearl. "The supper-rooms were vaulted, and compartments of the ceilings, inlaid with ivory, were made to revolve and scatter flowers" (Suet. "Nero," cap. 31). Constantine Porphyrogenitus tells us that his grandfather, Basil the Mace-

donian (867-886), built an oratory to the Saviour close to his apartment (Cenourgion) in the Sacred Palace, and says:—"The magnificence and splendor of this oratory are incredible to those who have not seen it, so great is the quantity of gold, of silver, of precious stones and pearls which are found amassed in its inclosure. The pavement is wholly of massive silver, worked with the hammer and enriched with nielli. The walls to the right and left are also covered with thick plates of silver damascened with gold, and heightened by the brilliancy of precious stones and pearls. As to the screen which closes the sanctuary in this house of God, what riches does it not combine! The columns are of silver, as well as the plinth that carries them. The architrave which rests on their capitals is of pure gold, loaded in every part with those riches which the whole of India can offer. One sees there, in many places, the image of our Lord, the God-man, executed in enamel. Language refuses its office to describe the splendid decorations of the sanctuary, and the sacred vases which it contains, as a place especially appropriated to the keeping of the treasures, and desires to leave them as things which nothing can approach; for, since speech can only remain below the subject, it is better to be silent. Behold, then, if I may say so, these Oriental beauties, which have gushed out from the bosom of the living faith of the illustrious Emperor Basil on to the works raised by his hands in the Imperial residence."

I have no doubt that the palaces built of gold and silver bricks, and covered with jewels, described in the Arabian Nights, were suggested by some of the splendid rooms or oratories of the Byzantine emperors. The means of decoration being metal, marble, sculpture, mosaic, and painting, I will now take the carving and marble. There was in the Early Christian Church a marked aversion to the use of figure sculpture in whole relief, and to statuary in churches, on account of the pagan idols being mostly in that form, but bas-relief did not seem to have been so much objected to. At

first, too, there was an inclination to represent the Founder of the Faith by means of symbols, such as the lamb or the fish; but remains of angels carved in relief are found at Qalb-Louzeh, and there are figures in the caps of the columns of the narthex at "The Monastery - in - the - Country." Generally speaking, capitals of columns are carved with floral ornament only, except in the case of old Pagan caps, on which there are animals. The Mussulmans seem also to have had an aversion to figures in sacred buildings, as conducive to idolatry, so what with the original objection to figures by the Christians, the fury of the Iconoclasts and the puritanism of the Mussulmans, little figure sculpture is found in the Eastern Churches. This must have been a severe trial to the sculptors who had turned Christian, and who were surrounded by the masterpieces of ancient sculpture and statuary, though Constantine had all the fountains he built carved with these two subjects, viz., "Daniel in the lion's den," and "The Good Shepherd." Sculpture for secular purposes was still used in Justinian's time, for Procopius tells us that the sculptors and statuaries of Justinian's days produced such excellent statues that they might be taken for the work of "Phidias, the Athenian, of Lysippus of Sicyon, or of Praxiteles." He tells us of the bronze equestrian statue of Justinian in the Augusteum, and one of the Empress Theodora, in the court of the baths of Arcadius; he says:—"The face of the statue of Theodora is beautiful, but falls short of the beauty of the Empress, since it is utterly impossible for any mere human workman to express her loveliness, or to imitate it in a statue." I presume the sculptors eventually turned ivory carvers, for in this material figures do not appear to have been objected to. The capitals of the columns, when not pillaged from ancient buildings, generally affected the cubic form, like those of Constantine's cistern, called the Thousand and One Columns, or that of the plan of a Corinthian cap, with a convex instead of a concave outline; the whole capital was generally covered with fine pierced floral ornament.

There was a great inclination, even in late Roman days, to make all floral sculpture like filigree work.

A few well-known examples of capitals are exhibited. The plan of decoration was, as I have said, practically the same as the later decoration of Rome; the columns were of choice marble monoliths, with carved capitals; the walls were lined with thin slabs of various colored marbles, mostly arranged in panels with borders. Sometimes the borders, and sometimes the panels, were carved with flat carving; and sometimes the borders, and sometimes the panels, were of inlaid marbles, now called "pietra dura." There were carved cornices, strings, door, and window heads, while the vaults, arches and domes were covered with mosaic. The marble linings have been stripped from the walls of Roman buildings, and it is only here and there that we find a bit of marble in an angle, held on by a clamp, or by the floor mosaic. Monolithic shafts, and their carved caps we still find; we also find floor mosaics, on account of their being covered by the rubbish when buildings were pulled down, or fell down after they were abandoned; of glass mosaic we find nothing but the cubes amongst the rubbish, excepting a few coarse rustic works like the faces of fountains at Pompeii. But Rome had been stripped when the capital was changed to Constantinople, and again when paganism had been abolished; it had been perpetually overrun by hordes of savages, and it has also suffered at the hands of the builders, after the revival of learning. I mention this because we have now no means of comparing the arrangement of the marbles on the walls of Byzantine churches with those of Roman buildings. The church of St. Demetrius, at Thessalonica, is a two-storied arcaded basilica, with clerestory windows above, and is covered with a timber roof. The nave between the bema and the narthex is divided into three compartments by piers, and between the piers there are, in the middle bays, four columns of verde antique, and three columns of other marbles in the two other bays. Some of the columns have old caps, too

small for the shafts, and some caps are Byzantine; there are also two verde antique columns to the narthex. Each verde antique column in the centre compartments of the nave stands on a short pedestal about two feet high, showing that the shafts had come from older buildings; they have classic bases, but the shafts themselves have the wide fillet under the apophyge, which is characteristic of Byzantine shafts. None of the other columns have pedestals. Above each capital is a block, apparently the survival of the entablature; some of these blocks are carved, and some have only a cross. The lower arcade has Corinthian or composite caps, and the upper arcade Ionic ones; between the columns of the nave was once a solid moulded balustrade, many pieces of which are now used as paving, and there is also one side of an ambo, now used for the same purpose; a similar balustrade to the upper arcade still remains. The whole surface of the walls is covered with slabs of marble.

Under the bases of the upper arcade, a cornice is represented in pietra dura. Beginning at the top there is a green strip between two white ones; below that is a strip of red marble for the corona; below this, plain square cantilevers are represented in perspective, capped with a bead and reel, and a dentil band; the soffits of the cantilevers are red, with a white side and end, the latter has a black panel in it; between the dentils, and for the soffit of the corona, red marble is used, and black for the cantilever band, with a white star in the centre of each space; in the middle of each pier the cantilever is turned the reverse way, and the square piece between the sides is filled in with black, with a white star, and the spandrel piece at top is also black with a white honeysuckle. Below the cantilever band is a white band, and below that is a red one, which completes the cornice. In the spandrels of each of the arcades, below the cornice, there is a square panel, whose bottom touches the extrados of the arches, inlaid with colored marble in geometric patterns. The whole church inside has a distinguished air.

At Sta. Sophia, Constantinople, there is a broad band of verde antique above the skirting; above this are four bands of light marble dividing the height into short spaces at the top and bottom, and a longer one in the middle. Above the cornice is a band of verde antique, and then one band of lighter marble divides the spaces into a long lower, and a shorter upper division, above which comes the pietra dura work. In the lower part, the centre panels have stiles and rails; these are first marked out by projecting slips of white marble, with the Venetian dog tooth on the face, and the stiles and rails are carved, the panels being of porphyry, verde antique, or some other precious or effective marble. The same thing occurs in the lower panels of the first floor, only the stiles and rails are not carved; in the upper and lower panels of the ground-floor, and in the upper panels of the first, the panels are only separated from the ground by one line of white marble, with the Venetian dog-tooth going all round them: some are filled with strongly-veined marbles, placed so as to form vertical squares in the middle, with zig-zag sides, and some have horizontal zig-zags. The variety of precious marbles used is quite extraordinary; they are all mentioned in the poem of Paul the Silentiary. As I said before, the sea air and the dust have given a uniform dusky color to most of the marble, like that I spoke of from Salonica, though the white, the purple porphyry, and the verde antique still show their color distinctly. There is an effect of subdued magnificence about the marble work, but I have no doubt the effect would be better if the marble work was repolished, provided that there is no streaked rosso-antico; this has wide streaks of the color of a raw steak, with livid white between: as a rule each block is cut into four slabs, and so put together that the four diagonal streaks make a symmetrical panel. Some years ago I saw parts of San Vitale that had lately been repaired with streaked rosso-antico newly polished, and the effect was glaring and ghastly.

At Constantinople, the Kalendar mosque, and the church of the monas-

tery in the country, have their walls treated in the same manner, only at the Kalendar mosque much of the marble is replaced by coarsely-painted imitations; at both these churches there is some lovely Byzantine acanthus, carved in white marble, and pierced right through—some of the loveliest work I have ever seen. The difference between these two churches is this: one now looks magnificent and the other looks as if it had once been so. There is a veined marble screen in the southern gallery of St. Sophia, supposed to have formed the Imperial pew for the Empress Theodora, her maids of honor, and perhaps her court, but, as far as I understand, it was on certain occasions used by the Emperor, who afterwards descended by the wooden staircase, and I do not know if Theodora sat with him. We know that the coronation took place in the ambo, and that the Emperor had a seat in the solea, the vast E. hemicycle, and in the bema as well.

The screen now consists of two imitation doors, in two leaves of veined marble, with a wooden door between them. Each pair of marble doors has an architrave round it; the two leaves are shut against a narrow pilaster, enriched with ornament, with a capital and base. Each leaf has five panels in height. Two panels out of the five have large plain bolection mouldings, and no ornament except a bead and reel, and the three others have the bolection mouldings enriched with the *raie du cœur*. The stiles and rails are moulded, and stopped at the centre of each panel both ways, and in the blank space between the stopped ends are bosses, except opposite the middle of the third panel in the shutting stile, where the rings for opening the doors are carved. The screen is capped by a square ornamented band. On one side the Imperial eagle remains. The late W. Burges used to be emphatic on the importance of this screen, as showing what wooden doors were like in Justinian's time and for some time before and after. Also interesting are the two leaves of a door, now used as jamb linings, at *Μονή τῆς χῶρας* which are much more effective than

the doors before described, but of similar treatment, except that the panels were once sculptured with figures, which have been chipped off. There are the remains of the carved rings which were evidently in lions' mouths. In this church was once a portrait of the Virgin, attributed to St. Luke, and these doors might have inclosed it. The holy robe of the Virgin was alternately kept here and at the church called Hodegetria, and these doors may have closed in the cupboard where it was kept.

It is hardly necessary to speak of "pietra dura," as it is so well known; it is merely inlaying one marble with another, so that beyond the excellence of workmanship, there is nothing but the design and the harmony of color to speak of. That at Sta. Sophia is admirable, and consists mainly of black and white, enlivened by pieces of green and red porphyry here and there. "Pietra dura" might now be used with great effect in sumptuous modern buildings, especially when near the eye.

Mosaic is believed to have taken its origin from floors or paths being paved with little pebbles of different colors, and this sort of mosaic might be very effectively used now. Hamdy Bey, the director of the Imperial Museum, and the discoverer of the magnificent sarcophagi at Sidon, has a house beyond Pera, on the Bosphorus; the garden paths are ornamented with a floral pattern in black pebbles on a ground of pale yellowish-brown ones, and it certainly looked very quaint and pretty.

Mosaic certainly bore the name expressive of its origin up to the eighth century, for in the treaty made between Walid and the Roman Emperor it was called *ψηφοβίς*, and may bear that name still in Greek, Arabic, and Turkish. According to Pliny, it was introduced from Greece by Sulla, who used it for the pavement of the Temple of Fortune he built at Præneste. Pliny says:—"Since his time these mosaics have left the ground for the arched roofs of houses, and they are now made of glass." The most celebrated pavement mosaic of antiquity is that of the

battle of Arbela, when Alexander the Great finally overthrew the power of Darius. This mosaic was found at Pompeii, and it could not, therefore, have been later than the first century. Pompeii having been destroyed in 79 A. D., this mosaic is supposed to be a copy of a picture.

Most exquisite specimens of floor mosaic, as far as workmanship goes, have been found in Hadrian's villa at Tivoli, composed of fine stones in minute cubes. I have said nothing of the pavements of Byzantine buildings, for the very obvious reason that every mosque is covered with carpets or matting, so you cannot see the paving; but I believe it is generally the superb Opus Alexandrinum work, principally composed of purple and green porphyry let into white marble; but beautiful as marble mosaic is, it does not equal the force and splendor of that composed of glass cubes, and when this has a deep ocean blue ground it is the most magnificent of all decoration, except stained glass.

I told you before that the exact date of gold and silver mosaic is not known. Supposing St. George at Salonica was built by Constantine, and the mosaics are co-eval with the church, there is perhaps no mosaic left that is so splendid.

The Bema is said by Texièr and Pullan to be at the East end, another argument for the church not being of Constantine's time.

In classic days, with the exception of portraits of the emperors, or of private persons, the only titles to representation were being gods, physical beauty, and intellectual eminence. Gods, goddesses, nymphs, and demigods, were portrayed as the most perfect specimens of human beauty; for intellectual attainments there were lawgivers, philosophers, poets, conquerors, and statesmen.

Christianity changed all this; physical beauty was rather looked upon as the "sign of the beast." The forms most affected were those of saints emaciated by fasting, privation, suffering, and neglect, with their intellectual faculties almost extinguished by loneliness, vigils, and despair.

Byzantine pictorial art was, as it were, the mingling of these two streams of the Classical and Christian ideals. The Byzantines were too much imbued with the Classical spirit, and were too much encompassed with the masterpieces of Classic art, to be wholly devoted to the Christian view, not to speak of their instincts as artists, being in revolt against the portrayal of disease and deformity; so if we get an emaciated saint, we generally get some plump angels to complete the composition.

To return to St. George at Salonica. The zone of the dome on which the mosaics still remain is divided into compartments by mosaic ribs, and each compartment is filled with two or three saints in front of an architectural background; the ground and the palaces or churches, are all of gold; the architecture is made out by being edged with color, and having colored friezes, bands, and ornament upon it. Each building is a golden house indeed.

The curtains with which all the openings are furnished are looped up, and are mostly of light tones and lively colors, bright peacocks and gray peahens, storks and cranes, perch on the roofs; in some cases pendent lamps are shown in each of the arcades. The saints or martyrs are in colored tunics and togas, with bare heads and hands, though in the case of old saints it is difficult to say whether it is their white hair or a white skull cap that is shown. They are supposed to be lifting up their hands in prayer.

One compartment contains three figures, viz., Therinos in the centre, Philip on his right, and Basil on his left; they have dark gray tunics, and pale blue togas, shot with pink, Philip has a white dalmatic; the floor on which they stand is gold. In another compartment Romanos and Eucarpionos stand right and left, on each side of an apse, the pavement is of gray slabs, with a darker stone in the middle of each. In another compartment, Onisiphoros and Porphoirios stand on the right and left of an apse, with a ciborium in the middle between them; the floor is gold. In another Kosmos and Damianos stand to the right and

left of a circular ciborium, with three carpeted steps, light green curtains, two-thirds of the height of the columns, inclose it, and the hollows between the loops of the curtain and the golden rod are scarlet. These saints stand on a gray floor, the greater part of which is in shadow. The vaults of the chapels are also covered with mosaic in patterns, some having silver mosaic and some have birds in the panels.

Perhaps the finest mosaics are to be seen at Ravenna, in the tomb of Galla Placidia, the daughter of Theodosius the Great, who was once a Queen, once an Empress, and twice a slave. The tomb is cross-shaped, and the arms or transepts are covered with deep blue mosaic, and on this are magnificent ornaments and figures in gold. Some of the blue mosaic in this tomb is the color of a peacock's neck. Galla Placidia died in 450, and I suppose her corpse was embalmed, for it is related that her body was placed in the tomb seated on a chair of cypress-wood.

In St. Apollinare in Classe, of the sixth century, there is a most charming mosaic in the apse, with lambs in a meadow. The most stately and monumental mosaics are those in St. Apollinare Nuovo; on each side of the nave are friezes, the one on the north side shows a procession of twenty-two virgins, with the mitre on their heads, carrying crowns in their hands to the Virgin and child at the east end; behind them is a grove of palm-trees; on the south side at the west end is the town of Ravenna, with Theodorice's palace, and then follows a procession of twenty-five saints holding crowns and receiving the benediction of the Saviour, who is sitting on a throne; in this church is found a mosaic portrait of Justinian.

San Vitale has the most lovely mosaic ceiling over the sanctuary I have ever seen. The ceiling is groined and the four compartments have the ground counterchanged. The east and west compartments have dark green foliage on a gold ground, and north and south have olive-colored foliage edged with gold on a ground of green turquoise; in the scrolls are all sorts of animals; in the centre of each compartment four

winged angels stand on azure balls and support a circle of leaves, containing the Lamb, on a deep blue ground studded with gold and silver stars. There are also other fine subjects in the Sanctuary, notably Justinian and Theodora opening the church. Some of Theodora's ladies-in-waiting are clothed in tissue of gold enriched with jewels. The Empress is crowned, and in the Imperial purple. On the bottom of her robe the adoration of the Magi is embroidered in gold. She has strings of pearls from her head-dress hanging down to her shoulders. The nimbus in those days is said to have been an emblem of power, rather than of sanctity, for she has it.

I am indebted to Mr. Oppenheimer for a study of another fine mosaic in San Vitale.

Procopius (Lib. I., cap. 10) gives a description of the mosaic in the vestibule of the Imperial Palace of the Chalce:—"The entire ceiling is decorated with paintings, not formed of melted wax poured upon it, but composed of tiny stones adorned with all manner of colors, imitating human figures and everything else in nature. I will now describe the subjects of these paintings. Upon either side are wars and battles, and the capture of numberless cities, some in Italy, and some in Libya. Here the Emperor Justinian conquers by his general Belisarius; and here the general returns to the Emperor, bringing with him his entire army unscathed, and offers to him the spoils of victory, kings, and kingdoms, and all that is most valued among men. In the midst stand the Emperor and the Empress Theodora, both of them seeming to rejoice and hold high festival in honor of their victory over the kings of the Vandals and the Goths, who approach them as prisoners of war led in triumph. Around them stands the Senate of Rome, all in festal array, which is shown in the mosaic by the joy which appears on their countenances; they swell with pride, and smile upon the Emperor, offering him honors as though to a demi-god, after his magnificent achievements. The whole interior, not only the upright parts, but also the floor itself, is incrustated with

beautiful marbles, reaching up to the mosaics of the ceiling. Of these marbles, some are of a Spartan stone equal to emerald, while some resemble a flame of fire: the greater part of them are white, yet not a plain white, but ornamented with wavy lines of dark blue. (Procopius, the buildings of Justinian, Lib. I., cap. 10.)

In the last chapter I gave you Constantine Porphyrogenitus' description of the mosaics in the Cenourgion, built by his grandfather, Basil the Macedonian.

There are some lovely ornamental mosaics in the narthex and the upper galleries of Sta. Sophia. Those in which the harmonies are got mainly by deep blue, silver and green, with a little gold and red, are, to my eyes, the finest. The figures have been mostly obliterated by painting or gilding over them, though in some cases a faint outline of them can be seen. Christ, the humble shepherd, with a crook, and a lamb in his arms, became later an Oriental potentate clothed in magnificent apparel, and sitting crowned on a golden throne. In spite of Byzantine art getting ossified by ecclesiastical interference, the Byzantine artists did keep for a long while the Classical traditions, and certainly learnt the art of monumental decoration. The simple and more primitive rules were always kept in view, dignified repose in the figures, and almost absolute repetition. I saw very little of late mosaic in Greece, it was not only nearly dusk at Daphne, but the church was boarded up for repairs, but we have most beautiful and careful drawings of its mosaics by Messrs. Schultz & Barnsley, and of other mosaics in Greece, etc. Some of the subjects in the narthex of *Μονή τῆς χῶρας*, all in mosaic, are quite Classic in the folds of the drapery, and some is beautiful in color, almost like a piece of blue-vert tapestry on a gold ground; these mosaics are said to have been executed in the reign of Andronicus II. (1282-1328).

You must recollect that Constantinople was at one time a perfect museum of the masterpieces of ancient art; the Hippodrome and the Augusteum were full of them, and there can be little

doubt that these masterpieces were studied by the mosaic workers and illuminators. The great difficulty is to tell the age of illuminated MSS., for the illuminators were very fond of copying subjects from the old MSS. and from old mosaics. There are often to be found traces of old classical compositions, both in mosaic, and in illumination. At the Baptistery at Ravenna, there is John the Baptist on the bank, and Christ in the Jordan. This is not only shown as water, but is personified as well by a river-god with an urn and I O R D written over him. The MS. of Joshua in the Vatican, said to be of the seventh century, has many illuminations that are quite classic in treatment. Isaiah between night and morning, from a psalter, looks like a classic picture; it is now in the National Library at Paris, and is said to be of the ninth or tenth century. There are the remains of a few painted figures in the North Church of the Monastery in the Country; one could not judge of the general effect as decoration, as the bulk of the walls were whitewashed, and, besides, I am not a painter.

I beg to remind any painters reading this that there is a great future in store for them, in the two great popular arts of glass painting and mosaic. I say popular, because large examples of these arts are more seen by the people at large, and more appreciated by them than what is looked upon as superior work.

I know that glass is not only a transparent medium, but when used for windows is meant to let in light, so that in this respect it is false to nature, but it admits of form, composition, and color, and as regards this latter, the transcendent loveliness of good stained glass in sunshine, is not only sufficient to excuse all other faults, but is to me the most heavenly form of beauty.

Titian said of mosaic:—"It is the true painting for eternity," but from an architect's point of view it is wanted as the decoration for a building, and not as a bad copy of a picture in oil. I am deeply thankful to all living painters for preserving for my delight the beau-

tiful landscapes, scenes, and persons of the day, and for showing me beauties I have not seen, which have been created by their imagination, and to the past painters for preserving the beauties of former times; and there is no doubt that for certain delicacies of color, and for certain qualities of texture, oil painting is supreme, but it is rarely so decorative in buildings as stained glass or mosaic. Pictures are transcripts from nature, either directly from things seen by the eye of the painter or evoked by his imagination; they are entities of themselves, and transport the beholder to the places they represent and to the period of the actions they portray. They present other scenes or other periods than those immediately surrounding the beholder; they appeal forcibly to his imagination, and transport him elsewhere. I ask myself is this the true decoration of a wall or ceiling? This wall or this ceiling is not only a necessity but a patent fact, and it seems only to ask to be made beautiful to look on and to require a certain amount of conventionalism in its treatment. From a painter's point of view, the exchange of this prosaic reality for some poetic vision may be looked on as an inestimable gift; the magic of his brush has annihilated the reality. Instead of a wall I see—

"The maid-mother by a crucifix,  
In tracts of pasture sunny-warm,  
Beneath branch-work of costly sardonyx."

But as an architect, I do not want my wall or my ceiling transmuted; I only want it to be as beautiful as possible, and really the doing this affords the means of showing purity of outline, masterly composition, and certain broad qualities and harmonies of color. It by no means excludes figures, it only excludes pictures, and I contend that the rigid lines of architecture tend to give style to the pictorial composition that is put upon them. White marble statues and bas reliefs are from their color equally fatal to all full-colored decoration. I hope to see the backs of all our porticoes filled with mosaic, and all pediments and niches full of sculpture. I must also say to those painters

who wish to work in stained glass or in mosaic, that they must do much of it with their own hands, for I believe that we shall never get either art perfected by cartoons made in a studio with the work carried out by mechanics. It is essential to know the material, and to learn the art of producing the required effect in the spot intended, and this spot is often high up and peculiarly lit. Enamelled brick or pottery is another means by which our dismal, smoky streets may be made lovely and resplendent with color. The health of

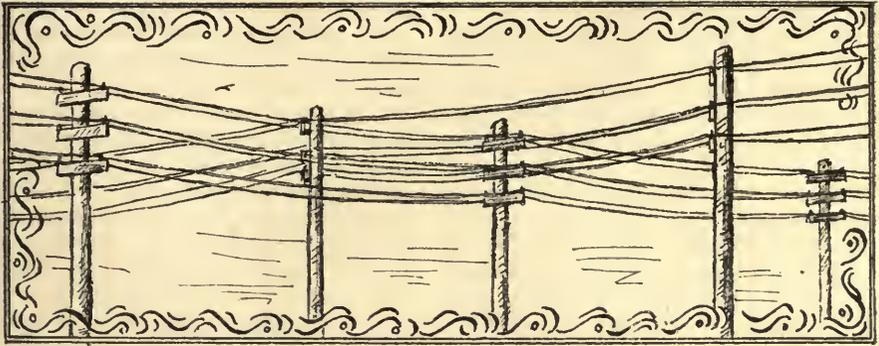
the inhabitants would not only benefit by the smoothness of the surface, and the ease with which it could be cleaned, but by the beauty of the design and of the color.

What a fascinating vision it would be to see London, and all the great manufacturing towns, changed from dismal, sooty cities to those in which every building is full of color and artistic composition, made lovely by light and delicate or deeply-colored harmonies, or resplendent with gilt bronze, polished granite, porphyry, and glass mosaic.

*Professor Aitchison.*

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)





## CROSS-CURRENTS.

ON THE RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF ARCHITECTURE.—Being the substance of a Lecture delivered before St. John's Theological School, Cambridge, Mass.

I HAVE been very courteously invited to speak to you on the religious aspect of modern art. I think you will justify me if I narrow this vast field a little and content myself with considering only the subject of architecture in this connection, for here, you will acknowledge, I may speak with some show of reason, while in any question of art, as a whole, I should be able to deal with the subject in an abstract way alone, since I claim to be neither painter, sculptor nor musician, nor yet a professor of æsthetics, but only a practical architect.

Yet there is no reason why a consideration of architecture alone should circumscribe our vision or qualify the exactness of our conclusions. The nature of art may be seen in any one of its manifestations, and I think that in architecture more than in any other art may perhaps be read the nature and laws of art itself; and in the history of architecture particularly may be seen most clearly the very fact upon which I wish to lay great stress, and that is the intimate and vital connection that exists between art and religion.

Now, possibly, you will say, "How can he speak of the religious aspect of modern architecture, when we have nothing that can really be called a logical school of architecture at all, unless he finds in the chaos of sectarianism, with its two hundred and forty lamentable divisions, some shadow of kinship with the riotous eclecticism of modern architectural style. How can he speak of that as religious which seems to the observer to be if anything most unreligious?"

Well, I must acknowledge that such a question would bear the show of justice, for it is a sorrowful fact that at present we can boast of no art which has the elements of vitality and of universality. Such poor art as we have is the possession of the few, the conscious striving of individuals for the restoration of that which their consciences tell them is the mark and measure of true civilization.

Therefore it is that we find the cause of art culture and the advancement of art paraded in all the gorgeous panoply of a reigning fashion. But the results that follow from this self-conscious propaganda are practically nothing; such improvement as there has been of late, and it is very marked, has been due to social and spiritual causes which have had little to do with art schools and art hand-books.

For art is not the result of a conscious propaganda; a few men cannot say: "Go to! we will create an era of art." Art develops only from certain conditions of life, and those conditions do not at present exist. Art is a flower; it will only appear on the tree of life under certain circumstances. Without the bloom, life is barren and valueless, for the flower is the proof of the healthy growth of the tree.

We live in a period of decadence, yet so peculiarly mean is the character of this decadence that we are denied even the luxurious, decaying art which with a certain degree of unworthy splendor blinded men's eyes to the imminent fall of Athens, Rome, Byzantium, Venice, Florence, sixteenth-

century England and eighteenth century France. Venice glared in its last days with the golden glory of Tintoretto and Veronese; and it was the same with the other dying civilizations. But as for us, so sordid is the nature of our decadence that we are left with nothing wherewith to cover our nakedness.

It is useless to blink the fact, for it still remains: We have no genuine art, as a people, and we can never have, so long as that which calls itself "modern civilization" possesses so little kinship with the true civilization which has created art in the past. We never consider the essential impulse of art, and it is pitiful to see the poor little attempts we make towards this end, still dimly felt to be desirable. We build big museums of art and crowd them with pictures filched from their homes, and casts which, for purposes of art education, are useless. Then the people go and stand before the mute memorials of dead civilization, wistfully and hopelessly. It would be laughable were it not miserable. One is reminded of a child who gathers roses and lilies and thrusts their stalks into the sand, hopeful of a fair garden.

Then, too, we establish Schools of Art, where we teach the children of the nineteenth century to draw charcoal pictures of chalky casts, and make oil studies of copper pots and of turnips. Then we wonder dimly why they don't go on and paint pictures that outdo the *Bacchus and Ariadne* of Tintoretto, or the *Sacred and Profane Love* of Titian, or carve statues which make one forget the *Victory of Samothake* or the *King Arthur* of Innsbruck. Of course they can't; they can only make still larger plaster casts, and pictures of more turnips and of bigger copper kettles.

For with that superficiality that characterizes our attitude towards serious things, we look on art as something which may be purchased or acquired, failing utterly to understand that it depends wholly upon a certain condition of life for its development, a condition separated from that of the present by the entire diameter of being. Rationalism, materialism and individualism are absolutely and finally fatal to art, as well as to many other things, and these characteristics are, you will grant, dominant and supreme in the present century, to the destruction, not only of art, but of religion, and of true living as well; and because of this, because our false system of life and thought has resulted in the utter degradation of labor and of living, we can no longer have that art which was the expression of man's delight in his own handiwork, while because, as well, the existing system has succeeded in the

practical destruction of religion and of the religious impulse, we cannot have that art which was the result of man's sense of awe and reverence and worship.

For I hold it to be an immutable truth that art and religion are inseparably united, in that art is the manifestation of man's worship of beauty and idealism, the symbolical expression of those dreams and emotions which pass experience and transcend all ordinary modes of expression. Thus it is that art not only owes to the religious impulse its noblest incentive, but becomes the only means whereby religion can fully express itself. Through music, poetry, painting, sculpture and architecture, Christianity can appeal directly to the human soul, with a force and directness that are irresistible. I fully believe that the Cathedrals and Churches of Europe, solemn and majestic, full of dim light and strange stillness, with their splendid and mysterious ritual, have done quite as much towards the spread and preservation of Christianity and the raising of the Catholic Faith to supremacy, as the careful writings of theologians, or the exhortations of preachers. And I also believe that Puritanism owes its failure quite as much to its enmity to art and beauty as to the peculiar nature of the mistaken theology which condemned these things.

It is for this reason that I believe all questions of art are of vital interest to every one who accepts, or works for the spread of the Catholic Faith. Art is the ready servant and ally of the Church and never have her proffered services in the shape of ritual and adornment been accepted without vast benefits, as, on the other hand, never have they been rejected without corresponding loss. Iconoclasm and Puritanism are very unsavory episodes in Church history, and the disastrous results they achieved have amply proved the futility of their excuses.

I said that I would confine myself to the question of architecture alone and I must keep my word. It is, I think, a branch of art which must appeal very strongly to you, for in these days of the youth of the Church in America it will fall to the lot of nearly every Priest to be connected at some time with the work of Church building, and there can be no more serious question than that of the proper building of the structure which is the earthly Tabernacle of God and the temple wherein are solemnized the sacramental mysteries of the Catholic Faith. Not only this, but on the designing of the Church may depend the success or failure of the given work, for a church which is an inspiration, an impulse to worship, will work silently but surely for the strengthening of

Christianity, while a tawdry or barren building will be not only an insult to God, but a hindrance to the spread of the Faith. Too often, unfortunately, the question has been one merely of fashion or of expediency, or of the predilections of some careless or ignorant or infidel architect, and as a result the American Church is able to boast a collection of churches which for bizarre and grotesque hideousness equals that of the denominations, while it is exceeded only (in my opinion) by the actually blasphemous architecture of the Roman Church.

For the past fifty years, keeping pace exactly with social and mental conditions, architecture in America has been in a state of incorrigible chaos. Style has been but a riot of strange and outlandish fashions, sought out of the dead past and galvanized into a fictitious life. This has been true of ecclesiastical architecture equally with domestic building. Now architecture, together with all other branches of art, is the exact representation of existing conditions; that, therefore, chaos should reign in domestic work is eminently just, but that the same condition should hold in ecclesiastical architecture is a strange and awful happening. I dare not say that it is a true representative of the condition of the Church, so the only alternative is to say that this chaotic condition of things should have obtained in the Church which, before all else, should be permanent, immutable, unwavering, is a scandal and a reproach.

What is the reason of this? How is it that where once we found the Church not only cultivating, but creating art, the centre of artistic influence, the impulse of all great artistic endeavor, we now find her indifferent, careless, accepting any cheap and tawdry fancies that may be suggested by so-called architects? Why is it that up to the period of the Reformation we find the Church leading art to all possible glory, while since then art and the Church have been utterly severed? I think there are two reasons: The first is, it seems to me, that at the time of the Reformation much that makes Christianity beautiful, idealistic and lovable was recklessly thrown away by England and the nations that accepted Protestantism. Of this reason I have certainly no right to speak. The second reason touches me more nearly, and it is this: that during the last days of Henry VIII., and through his deliberate action, architecture, and all other art as well, was utterly stamped out of England as it was also stamped out in the other nations that accepted the reformed faith, and that from those sorrowful days art has been compelled to seek

other protection; failing to find this it has sunk lower and lower, until it has become in this century what we see it to be in France and Germany, atheistic, lawless and debased.

During the fifteenth century, churches were built in half the towns of England; it was a period of gigantic religious enthusiasm. When the Scourge of England died he left a land that looked in vain for evidence of religious life, as such life might be shown in architectural effort. Not for three hundred years were the offices of architects required by the prostrate Church, and when at last in the middle of the present century there came a new impulse into the life of the Church, the estrangement between her and the architects was complete, and the misunderstanding also. Therefore the Church came to look on architects simply as on builders in good clothes who wanted their commissions and nothing else, while to the architects the problem of church building was purely mechanical. It was a grievous condition; on the one hand the Church ignorant of art and of beauty; on the other, architects careless of religion and of spiritual things.

Let me ask you to consider with me for a moment the history of this time, for in it may be most clearly seen not alone how architecture was utterly destroyed by Henry VIII., but also how closely and exactly its vicissitudes correspond to those of contemporary life. If one were disposed to doubt this intimate connection a review of this sorrowful time would be sufficient to bring conviction.

With the close of the great fifteenth century in England, architecture reached the climax of its progress, which had been glorious without pause from the days of Edward the Confessor. For four hundred years and more, keeping pace with the civilization of the people, architecture had grown from the first rude Norman of Canterbury until it burst into the glorious blossoming of Christian art during the York and Lancastrian dynasties. Under the beneficent guidance of the monks and friars, England had grown great and prosperous—great with true Christian greatness, prosperous beyond the fortune of most nations. Finally, with the opening of the fifteenth century came what has been called "the golden age of the workingman," and as a result this new prosperity, which owed so much to the labor of a humble priest, John Ball, became one of the causes of the great impulse towards church building which marks this beautiful but slandered century.

When the House of Tudor succeeded to the throne there was scarcely a town in England

where a new parish church, fresh from the hands of loving workmen, could not be found, or at least where was not some tower, or chapel, or chantry, or tomb newly added to the parish church, which was truly the centre of life of every knot of people. It was the flowering of Christian civilization.

But the architecture which was making beautiful the whole country of England was by no means, in itself, the last word of the Gothic or Christian style. Beyond the marvelous fabrics of the first years of the sixteenth century lay still infinite possibilities. The chapel of Henry VII. at Westminster, Kings College chapel at Cambridge, St. Mary's Radcliffe at Gloucester, these matchless buildings were by no means final; the building impulse was still at its height; the religious incentive had weakened not at all; the future seemed bright with promise.

Under Henry VIII, came at a blow the destruction of English architecture. From the day of the separation of England from the Roman obedience the doom of architecture in England was sealed. Like a second "black death" Henry's infamous emissaries swept over England leaving desolation behind them. The people rose in valiant defence of their guides and protectors, the monks and friars, but their struggle was in vain. Abbeys and monasteries, cathedrals and churches, shrines and tombs, fell the prey of mercenaries. Desecration took the place of consecration. Churches were no longer built but destroyed. Abbeys and convents and monasteries, once centres of education, charity and benevolence, were blasted as by fire, and turned over barren and desolate to the conscienceless knaves who had obeyed the orders of a most evil King.

When Mary I. ascended the throne she found desolation where once had been gardens and orchards and shady cloisters. She strove against the bigotry of a class of people who had fallen under the influence of her predecessor, and would have restored the property of the Church to its rightful owners, but her efforts were cut short, and under Elizabeth the work of Henry VIII. was continued.

Architecture as a vital art had come to an end in England. It had died a violent death, not a death from exhaustion.

Under the Stuarts it seemed that a new life might be restored to the dead art, and under James I. and Charles the Martyr attempts were made to bring the beautiful style, killed under Henry VIII., to life once more. The peace and plenty that came to England for ten happy years

under the greatest of the Stuarts was a good foundation, and the strong hand which controlled the growing Puritan fanaticism gave promise of ultimate religious peace. But any hopes in this direction were futile. With the martyrdom of the King and the triumph of Puritanism all hope came to an end.

For two centuries England was barren of Christian architecture. The religious impulse was dead, and little by little all capacity for artistic creation died also. England sunk swiftly in the scale of civilization, and with the close of the eighteenth century had lapsed into an industrial, social, intellectual and religious condition which it would be hard to parallel in her history. The policy of Henry and of Elizabeth had won its reward.

During the dark ages of the eighteenth century ecclesiastical architecture was non-existent. Early in the succeeding century, however, came the first movements towards a reform of the current barbarism in life: the factory and labor laws. Religion was still prostrate, and the Anglican Church had fallen into a condition of such hopeless lethargy that she seemed beyond all hope of resuscitation. Reform was in the air, however; in fact, men began to realize that the next logical step beyond the existing condition of things was one hardly pleasant to contemplate. In the year 1833 Keble preached his sermon on National Apostasy. From that day began the movement which raised the Establishment from destruction. The influence of the Oxford movement spread like flame; the conscience of the nation was aroused; there was new life in the air; it showed itself everywhere.

It is sometimes said that the Oxford movement was due to the Gothic revival, and sometimes that the latter was due to the Oxford movement. Neither of these theories is true; both were manifestations in different directions of the same great animating impulse. Men were awakened to the consciousness that the last three centuries, if they had not been a mistake, had at least been most misleading, in that they had resulted in the practical barbarizing of England. Therefore arose an impulse to go back to the parting of the ways to rectify the evil that had been done.

The success of the spiritual revival was vast. Economic reforms kept pace with it, and in fifty years England had been saved from the danger that had threatened her.

As a result came a new life in art, for art, as I have tried to show, is always the outgrowth of a time—not an accident, but a result. The work of the Pugins was the beginning of the new archi-

ecture. In quick succession came the great Gothicists, Street, Scott and Sedding. It is significant that of the leaders in this architectural revival, the Pugins, Street and Sedding were all ardent and zealous Catholics. Simultaneously came the great painters of the Victorian Renaissance, Dante, Rossetti, Watts and Burne-Jones, and with them Morris, in some sense master of all, and Walter Crane. In literature, the Renaissance was equally brilliant, but of this there is now no occasion to speak.

As for the architecture which followed the religious revival, it was what only could have been, the Christian traditions and principles of the fifteenth century restored to life again. Of course in some measure the new work must be halting and uncertain; an art that has been dead three centuries is not easily to be revived. But from the days of the elder Pugin there has been a steady advance, until in the late John D. Sedding seemed to be born again the beautiful old fifteenth century spirit in all its fullness and delicacy.

Yet of late there has been a weakening of the followers of the Christian style of architecture; there has been a wandering off after strange gods. Is it that the moving spirit is failing? It were hard to think that. Rather let us believe that it is only a temporary halting, a yielding for the moment to the tremendous pressure of the barbarism that is still so powerful. Yet, whatever the result, even if the architectural revival of the Victorian Renaissance prove but a temporary brightness; a promise without fulfillment, the fact must remain that with the period of the Reformation architecture ceased to exist in England, and that until the Oxford movement gave new life to the art, England, architecturally, was a barren wilderness.

Is it not clear from this that architecture *has* a religious aspect? I think you must acknowledge it. At present its condition is one of black chaos shot with sudden flashes of vivid genius. It can only become great and glorious again when the evil conditions of society and of life under the present regime have changed for something more in harmony with justice and with Christianity. They who believe that architecture may be made honorable through the establishing of architectural schools are nourishing a very vain delusion. Secular architecture at present is exactly and only what it can be; but this is not true of ecclesiastical architecture. It is not pleasant to admit that the Church has yielded to the influence of the world, though only too often facts would urge us to do so. Yet even were we to grant that

during the past three centuries she has been cursed with grievous sleep, we at least can urge that at last she has awakened, that new life has entered her, and that, throwing off one by one the errors and heresies that so long have bound her, she has taken up with renewed strength the work brought so nearly to an end in the sixteenth century.

Therefore as she returns in a measure to the great days of the fifteenth century for inspiration and incentive, so should she return also in architecture, bridging the empty hiatus of three centuries, and taking up once more the glorious architecture that was annihilated under Henry VIII., raising it to higher glories yet, thus symbolizing the renewed vitality that has entered her. To take up this uncompleted work seems to me the duty of the Church. To her we owe the glories of Mediæval art, why should we not owe to her the new life of architecture, raised from the chaos where it has so long wandered. This is perfectly possible, but so long as the Church is willing to accept every fanciful architectural style that offers, the chance of fulfillment is very small. Let the Church take a firm stand, insisting that her building shall be representative of her history and of her life, and in one style, the style that was developing so brilliantly in the early sixteenth century, and in a short time we shall have a calm, steady influence working in architecture which would be the salvation of the art and the glory of the Church.

I have tried to show that architecture, together with all art, has a very decided religious aspect; that at the time of the Reformation architecture in its nobility was annihilated in England, that its present low condition is due to the chaotic state of affairs that has existed for so long in religious and spiritual matters, and that such noble architecture as we now possess, in a few instances, is due almost wholly to the religious revival of the early part of the century. I have also argued that the existing chaos in domestic work is quite representative of contemporary conditions, and that while such chaos may have justly expressed the religious condition which has gradually developed during the last few centuries, it can no longer do so, since the Church has awakened to a new strength and clearness of sight, wherefore she is swiftly correcting the errors into which she had fallen. And this being so, I have urged that she look once more upon architecture as a most useful ally, that so she may manifest herself to the world with a splendor and a strength that shall increase gloriously as she wins back the

honor and power which are hers of right. And in this wise shall she not only stand beautiful and majestic once more in the sight of men, but also shall she come once more to be the patron and protector of art, until not only has she raised ecclesiastical architecture to honor again, but, as her influence becomes once more dominant in life, domestic architecture also, for it may be granted her even to destroy those evil social conditions which now make art impossible. And thus shall the splendor of the Renaissance be repeated again in a Restoration which shall be not alone a restoration of beauty and of art, but of poetry and of idealism, and above all of a renewed and glorious Christian civilization.

If in what I have said there is anything of offense let my excuse be my absolute conviction of its truth.

*Ralph Adams Cram.*

The foregoing address was delivered by Ralph Adams Cram before the St. John's Theological School, Cambridge. It merits from more than one point of view the attention of our readers, and for the privilege of reprinting it this magazine is indebted to the kindness of the author. An attempt is made by Mr. Cram, in this paper, not only to define the relation between religion and art, but to apply his definition to the present deficiencies of ecclesiastical architecture in this country and in England. I am sorry I cannot wholly accept the conclusions to which Mr. Cram arrives, and I propose to supplement his address with a few remarks from a rather more liberal point of view. The question is one, be it observed, that belongs less to the "practical architect" than to "the professor of æsthetics." I am neither, but if I can apply a few generally recognized æsthetic principles to the difficulties propounded by Mr. Cram I may do something to assist the cause of clear-thinking.

That the present condition of our architecture, both ecclesiastical and secular, is not all that might be desired, I suppose every competent architectural critic will admit. Indeed, I will go so far as to say that an enormous majority of the buildings erected at the present day in this country lack the one element that makes architecture a fine art; they lack fullness and dignity of expression. Architects cannot object to this statement, because they themselves have denied that they are artists. In the resolutions passed by the American Institute at its last annual meeting in reference to competitions, architecture was distinctly classed as one of the professions, and any one

who is accustomed to talking with architects knows very well that they usually consider themselves professional men. The generally recognized difference between a profession and a fine art is that the former can be acquired by any man of fair abilities, while the latter needs for its pursuit a peculiar gift. Consequently it would seem as if our architects considered that there was nothing in architecture which could not be learnt.

In saying this I am, perhaps, stating the matter a little strongly. The practice of any profession demands a certain amount of talent, but the talent in the consummate lawyer is not so important as his knowledge. He could get along better without the former than without the latter. In the same way it would be more correct to say of our contemporary architects that they place more reliance upon the elements of an art that can be acquired than upon those which are necessarily temperamental. All the deficiencies of our architecture are but illustrations of this fact. Our best architects have taste, intelligence, skill and knowledge. The skill and knowledge are acquired; the intelligence is native but it is not an artistic trait; the taste also is native but even when supplemented by knowledge and training it is never adequate, for taste may be defined for my present purpose as only the temperamental power. Hence it is that the criticism most frequently to be passed on many of the good buildings of the present day is that they are wanting in composition. They generally contain admirable features; but the features are not fused into an artistic whole. Taste, you see, is a suggestive rather than a constructive faculty. It needs to be supplemented by imagination in order to produce any completeness of expression in art. The errors of architects a little lower down the scale are exaggerated examples of the same deficiency. They have less taste, less skill, less knowledge and less intelligence than their brethren. If the work of the latter lacks harmony and vitality, the work of the former is often characterized by flimsiness and commonplaceness of design. Marked incongruities take the place of parts that do not fit; pretty features degenerate into patent devices; and the whole tendency is towards either slavish imitation of forms or grotesque vulgarity—a stage which is, of course, reached in the work of our least meritorious designers. Mr. Cram speaks of the "riotous eclecticism" which characterizes our present architecture. The phrase is too severe, if we confine our attention to the work of our best architects; but it is in the main just. We

may need to use many styles for the many different kinds of buildings which modern life requires; but these different styles should have a significance of expression as well as a diversity of form.

Mr. Cram seizes upon the obvious fact that our modern architecture is, at its best, the result of taste and skill rather than the happy man and the happy moment, and declares that therefore our modern architecture is damned. For, with that superficiality, he says, which characterizes our attitude toward serious things, we look on art as something which may be purchased or acquired, failing utterly to understand that it depends for its development wholly upon a "certain condition of life"—a condition separated from the rationalism, materialism and individualism of the present day by Infinity itself. In this way does Mr. Cram inveigh against our "sordid period of decadence" until all his readers will be convinced that either the time or Mr. Cram is very much out of joint. Art is a wide term and comprehends much that Mr. Cram would consider to be quite inartistic; life, too, is a thing of some compass, and it is perfectly possible that the "certain condition of life" which is necessary to art may be so complex in nature that our prevailing society can have some of its elements without having all. Dropping for the moment national distinctions, I for one would not care to say that a society which made possible Victorian poetry was a society which put a deadly blight upon art. Neither can we associate Victorian poetry too closely with the Tractarian movement which, according to Mr. Cram, is the only source of fruitful artistic creation in this putrid age. In the same way a more cautious critic than Mr. Cram would hesitate to describe as sordidly decadent a society which, at its best, seeks so eagerly, so courageously and so persistently for the realization of a better life among men, and yet is so determined, if building is possible, to build only on the broadest, deepest and most stable human foundations.

The nineteenth century is filled with spiritual power. We do not build Gothic cathedrals equal to those of the thirteenth century; but ecclesiastical architecture is not the only medium through which the human spirit can be revealed. Let us be thankful for what the Church accomplished during the Middle Ages; but if the Church has lost its hold upon mankind it is because mankind has outgrown the Church. The Gothic cathedrals were not the result of religious enthusiasm as such: they were the result of a religious enthusiasm directed and dominated by an ecclesiastical organization. If we can have such a

form of art only under such conditions, then the end of the nineteenth century is to be congratulated upon the fact that it cannot build Gothic cathedrals. At all events, Mr. Cram's identification of art with religion is in truth only the identification of one kind of art with one form of religion. The true religious spirit is more powerful outside the Church than it is within the Church, and we must always remember what Mr. Cram always forgets, that the true religious spirit is infinitely various. It is not simply belief in a creed, susceptibility to profound religious feeling, or a highly emotionalized kind of advanced morality; it is *any* striving after a higher life. It is not divorced from business, scholarship, thinking, or any work in one special direction; it can be realized in every kind of effort. Mr. Cram misunderstands individualism, rationalism and materialism because his creed contains no place for these elements of life. He condemns them not merely as the excess of things that are, in their way, substantial and legitimate contributions to the wholeness of human nature; but by drawing the strongest kind of a contrast between them and a vital religion he condemns them absolutely. The logical result of such a condemnation it is interesting to trace.

Mr. Cram's unqualified condemnation of individualism, rationalism and materialism permits at best only an external and mechanical relation between the two most important sides of our nature; and such a relation always means that both sides go to an excess. In a society where wealth is only a means of placating the spirit for its pursuit, the rich will generally deserve a bad reputation. The prevalence of the conception in both Catholic and Protestant societies that the spiritual life contains no place for individualism, rationalism and the pursuit of wealth really causes what antagonism there is between religion and reason, religion and wealth, and religion and the individual. If you tell a man whose nature is predominantly rational that the use of his reason will never lead him towards the highest truth, instinctively he will answer that if such is the case he is perfectly willing to do without the highest truth, and his future thinking will very possibly be determined by the belief that his own reason, which the strongest instincts of his nature force him to depend upon, contains within itself no possible relation to Infinity. He will use his reason against the Church which will not give it a place. In the same way, if the representatives of religion place a necessary stigma upon the accumulation of wealth, the business man is very likely to answer, "Very well! in that case, I will pursue my own

path irrespective of religion." And so life is broken up by a religion which assumes an authority over all the legitimate instincts of mankind without giving any of them an individual sphere. No wonder rationalists and individualists go to an excess when temperance within their peculiar provinces has no divine sanction, and its exercise leads to no vision of the higher things.

Whether, as a matter of fact, in our present society our individualities are too aggressive, our rationalism too thorough-going, and our pursuit of wealth too absorbing, is of small importance to the present discussion, for Mr. Cram condemns them without qualification and does not spare language in describing the society in which they predominate. But, admitting that these ends are in many cases pursued too mechanically, what ought to be our attitude towards them? Manifestly we should try to stimulate what is good in them and curb what is bad; and this can be done only by meeting the individualist, rationalist and materialist on his own ground. So far as individualism is too aggressive, it tends not merely to destroy the humaner feelings, but to commit suicide; for the bad working of any part of an organism like society reacts on that part by demoralizing the whole. The fact that individualism is able to make the conquests that it does make proves that the good in it at present out-balances the evil. This being so, we can attack the evil only from the point of view of the good. In spots and for a short time there is certain to be friction; but the lapse of a few years soon restores harmony. In the same way a rationalist, so far as he is wrong, cannot be refuted by being called a fool, an atheist and a wicked man; he must, as it were, be answered from the inside. His excess of rationalism must be shown to be irrational, and this can be done only by indicating as well how far he is right. An address like Mr. Cram's would never make an opponent desire a fair and fruitful discussion. It would simply arouse the rationalist's indignation and contempt by its complete ignoring of all that the activity of reason can do and has done for the human race. I do not say that a discourse written in a more catholic and discriminating spirit would of itself be much more likely to convince an opponent, but it is certain that the introduction into the discussion of some sweetness and liberality would in the end tend to bring about a certain measure of agreement.

I have admitted that our best American architecture at the present time is essentially the work of skilled professional men, that it lacks dignity, fullness, or appropriateness of ex-

pression. But this admission does not commit me to all that Mr. Cram says about the futility and superficiality of our conscious striving after art and its message. It is true that those who possess this striving are hampered by their surroundings, and it is true that there is an element both of the ridiculous and the pathetic in the foolish efforts of many people, much better adapted to other occupations to reach after a prize which they are not capable of grasping. Yet is it not better to strive consciously after the message of art than to sit contented in its absence? If people were so completely absorbed in money getting that they had time for nothing else, then, indeed, our society might need some prophet of evil to make them aware of their responsibility to the spirit within. But to my mind one of the most admirable traits of our contemporary society is that it reacts immediately against an excess or a deficiency. The fact that so many of us are too much absorbed in business and pay too little attention to art and literature drives others to protest vigorously against such baleful absorption and to seek eagerly for the message that art and literature brings. This is the result of that very individualism which Mr. Cram mistakenly identifies with arbitrary personal caprice. Doubtless the manifestations of true individuality among us is associated with much that is arbitrary, capricious and worthless; but the real thing is cheap at such a price. When in any society diversity of temperament finds expression, that society is not allowed to forget itself in an excess. The worse the intemperance becomes the greater is the resistance it arouses. Hence it is that our modern civilization is self-corrective as no previous civilization has been. It does not wait until evil ways have brought it to the verge of destruction; it has sufficient power to reform the evil before substantial corruption sets in. This is the characteristic of what Walter Bagehot has called an "age of discussion." Our conflict of ideas is so wholesome and stimulating that I should scarcely hesitate to call it one of the best results of the process of civilization up to the present time. It makes a conviction what *in the beginning* a conviction ought to be, viz.: the expression of a temperant; not the slavish adoption of ideas imposed from without. There is no other road to the temple of Truth.

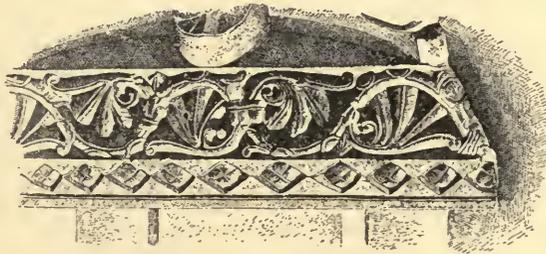
Hence it is that I admire this conscious striving after art which Mr. Cram takes to be so worthless. Worthless it may be in its immediate artistic result, but morally it is all that we have any right to expect. If we continue our conscious striving and our zealous propaganda of the value of art in

human life we may in the end bring about that "condition of life" which is the prerequisite of art. In spite of the great spiritual significance of the "age of discussion," it is not favorable of itself to artistic production. A serenity, an adequacy of temperament to its aspirations which is utterly lacking in our present society, is needed for the noblest imaginative flights. Hence it is that poetry, the art in which ideas are most consciously expressed, the art which permits the greatest divorce between the inner vision and its concrete symbol, is the only art, save that of music, in which we excel. How soon and in what way the happier "condition of life" will emerge from the prevailing conflict of ideas and individualities I do not know; but I know that the conflict is necessary to found our superstructure on the deepest facts in human nature, and I know that among the things which conflict tends to destroy is the conflict itself. It is always straining to reach the higher glory of fulfillment.

Meanwhile our current life is not so destitute of the higher opportunities as Mr. Cram would have us believe. We must take part in the conflict, but we need not be confined by its limitations. By this I do not mean that people who possess aspirations without gifts should set up as artists. The extent to which this is being done at present is, as I have said, both pathetic and ridiculous. But although a man is not equal to artistic creation, he may be fully equal to the next best thing—a thorough and liberal appreciation of the art that is. I admit that even this cannot be fully acquired without certain gifts, but the gifts that are needed for the acquisition of culture are

not so rare as those needed for artistic creation. The point is, however, that culture demands that very conscious striving which is not necessary (although it may be useful) to an artist. Like everything worth having, it is based upon temperament, but its ideal is the realization of a given temperament by bringing it into organic relation with the deepest and most significant things in life. From this point of view it may be defined as the meeting point of art and morality. An artist may think that he is satisfied with his own revelation, but satisfaction with any one phase of art or with any one interpretation of life is death to humanism. Culture presupposes amid the many real diversities the spiritual unity of all the manifestations of the human spirit; it presupposes that no one manifestation is complete; it demands that a man shall try his best to make all of those manifestations his own. It proves the validity of its own presuppositions by realizing them. Can any one fully appreciate mediæval art without having appreciated Grecian art? Can any one master Browning without having mastered Shakespeare? And if one has in a measure come to a realization of Goethe's vision of life is he not thereby enormously assisted in his appreciation of the whole of German literature? We may have specialists in the study of comparative art; we may have our preferences based upon our temperaments amid the various artistic manifestations; but in culture as culture there are no specialists. This ideal of humanism is essentially modern. It is one great contribution of the thought of the nineteenth century to the philosophy of life. It is compensation in full for all the jarring elements in contemporary society.

*Primus.*



## CORRESPONDENCE.

ANENT THE "DAILY RECORD" BUILDING OF BALTIMORE.

### *Editor* ARCHITECTURAL RECORD :

In the last issue of this magazine a certain critic has pretty badly abused one of my buildings, the *Daily Record* Building of Baltimore, and has painstakingly endeavored to prove the designer utterly, absolutely and needlessly to blame. It is easy to criticise, even the best of work, especially where the critic hides behind the screen of anonymity and clothes himself in the disguise of the editorial "we;" but I conceive his criticism to be so unjust, so malignantly distorted, that I ask to be allowed, in common justice, to defend myself.

It is not that I care for the critic's opinions, but some of the public may happen to read them and suppose them true, and I should in consequence suffer. Really, the article is so like abuse that I hardly know in what way best to answer or where to begin. The critic abuses the building; the various reasons for so doing being, as he states, as follows:

Treatment of the narrow front, because it has not horizontal lines; because, from inference of his text, it has more than one opening in width. He says "the sacrifice of the front is made of course for the benefit of the tower at the angle."

This is not true, for it is not sacrificed at all by the mode of treatment adopted; on the contrary, the preliminary sketches discovered this method, as the best to relieve the front from the tameness and the commonplace appearance, the treatment suggested by the critic produced. But even if the front did suffer by this treatment it was not because of the desire to have a tower; but because of the necessity of the increased room given by the "oriel" at this point. It is the wildest exaggeration to say, "two buildings have been made instead of one in this 16 feet space," as does the critic—since the spaces between the heads of windows in one story, and the sills of those above, are only recessed 4 inches; are built of the same brick as the rest of the walls, and, further, the reveals are of rounded or bull-nosed brick.

But in the illustration, a designed falsehood has been perpetrated, in drawing by hand on a photo-

graph thick black lines at these reveals, and in certain other places to which the critic objects—a thing against possibility or truth. However, the critic did not care by what means he carried his point of maligning the building. He says I intended what is a polygonal sash frame to be regarded as a tower. On the contrary, I never thought or spoke of it as a tower. The specification and plans always referred to it as "The Oriel," and the "tower" idea is the conception of the critic. A further deliberate misstatement is to say that the illustration does not show the full measure of the defects. The contrary is the case, since the view is taken from the level of the fourth floor windows, whilst the building was designed for the effect as seen from the street, a view which is had a thousand times for once from the level of the roofs of the opposite houses; and therefore in the view the tower story or basement has been diminished out of actual proportion, and in fact much of the building is shown upside down. Now if the structure at the angle is only a sash frame, as it truly is, and as the critic indeed says in the same breath that he invents the title "tower" for it, there is no impropriety in constructing it over the opening, which opening below, by the way, was of course necessary.

As to the unpardonable sin of this window being constructed of wood covered with galvanized iron. My specification shows that originally this was proposed to be of copper (as were all the metal portions), but I was compelled to use galvanized iron, much against my wishes, in order to reduce the cost. Probably the copper might have been as objectionable to the critic, who would have used heavy stone, or brick, and so committed the fault of which he wrongly accuses me; making a heavy structure over an opening, whereas I used, and was honest enough not to pretend otherwise, light metal construction for the projections.

He abuses the long front, because it is not symmetrically divided up; that is, that the stairway does not come in the centre of its length. He abuses the bay window projections because there is a row of them; because, he says, the pur-

pose of a bay window is lost when a man can see into his neighbor's windows. As regards symmetry, so far as one end of the building being same size, or length, as the other, I have yet to learn that this is essential, unless, indeed, in a strict classical design, and if I have erred in this respect I am in excellent company. But the departure from symmetry was a matter of necessity arising out of the plan. Had the critic taken the trouble to look inside the building, and had he been unprejudiced enough to admit it, he would have acknowledged that to locate the stairway in the centre of the length would have utterly destroyed the economical and advantageous arrangement of the offices, and that so far as plan goes my arrangement is the best possible. The length of the building would not have been enough for six offices, though it was possible to get in five, and of course it was necessary to get in as many as possible. (I may parenthetically remark here that every office in the building is rented.) If it be best for the internal arrangements, why not be honest and show it on the outside? I hold that the exterior of a building should conform to the interior. Apparently, if the critic means anything he means that the building is hideous because it is not a reproduction of some severe classical form. Somehow, I fancy he must be either very young or very bigoted.

I remember when I thought classicism was perfection (I was brought up in a thoroughly classical school), and that everything without a precedent in Sir Wm. Chambers' or Vignola was loathsome. And afterwards I admitted the strictest schools of English and Continental Gothic to my faith, and I swore by the old gospel of Classic work, and by the new gospel of Gothic work; but everything should be literally quoted therefrom, and nothing should originate outside. And there were many like me. And all this time we heard the frequent cry for a new style of architecture, and some attempted it, but they failed, because they were bound in the chains of their early training, and they failed to perceive that the style of a building should be the intelligent and gradual growth of the needs of the times, of the purposes of the structure, of the structural means or materials. A great change, however, has taken place, and there is more likelihood of new types of architecture arising now than ever before—at least, in the recent centuries—for so many of our buildings have such a number of stories raised one on the other, they are built of such dimensions, of such proportion, the new devices of methods of using materials are such that one would indeed be blind and unintelligent to con-

fine himself to the same gamut which served the designers of old.

I do not wish to be misunderstood. Had I to design a temple, an art gallery, a triumphal arch under the same conditions as controlled the masters in Greek, in Roman, in Renaissance, I believe a strict and humble patterning after them might be nearest to excellence. Had I to build a cathedral in a spacious close with years in which to erect it and no thought but to use stone for ceiling and cut stone for pinnacle and for window tracery and for the wealth of beauty which the old Gothicists spent on their work—I, too, would strive to design in the way which they brought to such perfection. But for our modern city buildings these old types are frequently entirely unsuited, and the most successful of them are but compromises, and some of us try to fool ourselves by claiming that they are in this or in that style, or we may go so far as to say "an adaptation" of it.

There are certain cardinal principles of construction to be observed, certain defects to be avoided, such as the superimposing of weights, heavy piers over voids (though even this has to be done often to give the merchant the store windows he requires, and in these days of iron and steel construction the educated builder who knows how it is done, and how safe it is, learns to govern his criticism accordingly); but within these lines the builder should be free to shape his work as best suited its needs. Another very important point should be remembered in considering such buildings. It is a legitimate need of most commercial buildings that they should be distinctive. As in selecting the title of a book, as in phrasing or displaying an advertisement, the aim is to attract notice. It is no use to put on airs of dignity; it is one of the necessities of the time, and being a necessity, it is, I claim, as I said, legitimate. Hence in such buildings it is proper to introduce features (which otherwise would be superfluous) so long as they can serve that purpose, and some structural reason for their existence can be shown. In the building in question, the corner oriel has been introduced, firstly and mainly, to give additional room to the offices. Secondly, this oriel gives a straight view down four streets, which would be unavailable otherwise. Lastly, and no despicable reason either, it gives a prominent feature to the building, which is of great value to it as a commercial building. It enables it to be recognized at a considerable distance in at least four directions. Again, this anonymous critic should learn that a small building must needs be treated differently from a large

building when one of the needs of the building is to attract public attention. Had this block been of great magnitude, like the "Equitable" in the adjoining square, its size alone would have given it the necessary attraction; but a quiet building, as your critic suggests it ought to have been, would have been, artistically, simply insignificant, and commercially a failure. The lot at my disposal was exactly 17 feet 5 inches wide; out of this I had to take the thickness of two walls. Will any competent and fair-minded person look at the plans and say that either bay windows or oriel could be dispensed with to its advantage? Further, this oriel helps the narrow façade—it makes it look wider than it is; and it does it in two ways; it actually adds to the width (about 14 per cent or 15 per cent, indeed), and also it disguises the real corner when facing the building obliquely, so that you can not definitely limit the apparent frontage. It has been a matter of frequent comment by the passers-by, how much wider this front looks, than they had expected when the building was started. Now, having created this oriel, it required a roof and a termination. I suppose your critic would have put a flat roof on it. Well, I am thankful to say I would not, and did not. It is very easy indeed to throw ridicule on anything; it is very easy to call this roof an "Extinguisher." It is true candle extinguishers have very commonly been made of a cone shape—as is this—but therein is the only similitude.

It reminds one of the similitude discovered between Monmouth and Macedon—both places began with M and both had rivers. One might ridicule Trajan's column and call it a candlestick, for it bears as much resemblance to a candlestick as the oriel roof in question does to a candle extinguisher.

The critic speaks of "Variegation" of the skyline. I do not know if he used this word in ignorance, or purposely chose a word which would still more ridicule the building. Certainly, as in nineteen cases out of twenty the word has reference to color, it is not the proper word to adopt. But to refer to the thing itself. If he would have preferred a straight, unbroken skyline, of course he is welcome to his opinion, but it does not follow that he alone is right. I maintain that the gable in the parapet is justifiable, accentuating, as does the pedimental doorway, the main entrance. The pinnacles, also, to which he objects are legitimate,

as they stop the projecting cornices where we would not have had legal right to return them round.

I will refer to another stricture of this great critic. The coloring of the building, he says, is preposterous and vulgar, the wall being, he says, of dull yellow brick and the galvanized iron-work cream color. It is in the power of even far-away readers of this magazine to test this person's truthfulness on this point, since the walls are built of the Sayre & Fisher (of Sayreville, N. J.) "old gold" brick, one of the most beautiful bricks on the market. Not in any sense a "yellow" brick, but a rich golden brown. Not in any sense a "dull" brick, for the brick is burned so hard that it has a semi-glaze, and the metal-work is as near an ivory white as can be obtained for out-door work. Certainly this combination is not open to the charge of vulgarity. It would seem, however, that the wish was father to the thought, and that the same reasons which led him to select an insignificant building like this in Baltimore for an attack caused him to stray far beyond the limits of truth in order to try and show ground for his malignancy. As for the badness of detail, of which he speaks in a vague and general way, I cannot for that very reason of vagueness say anything. He of course is entitled to his views, such as they are; for myself I have no objection to have a full set of large photos of the details published, and an independent public form its own opinion, if the editor cares to do so.

*The Designer of  
"The Daily Record" Building.*

[The only accusation made by our correspondent that seems to demand notice is that "a designed falsehood has been perpetrated" in the illustration "in drawing by hand on a photograph thick black lines." This is quite unfounded. Whatever retouching of the photograph was done, was done that it might be more effectively reproduced, and was done without the knowledge of the author of the criticism. Neither was the author aware who the architect was.

For the rest, readers of the criticism and of the architect's letter may be left to a consideration of their several positions, with the aid of the illustration.—ED. ARCHITECTURAL RECORD.]

# RAYMOND LEE.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### THE BOOKSELLER'S DREAM.

OPPOSITE the west entrance of the cathedral stood a row of stores—six or seven low, two-story, brick, box-like buildings, inhabited by some of the smaller tradespeople of Eastchester, where widow commerce, which deals in small articles of millinery, children's confectionery and such things, was carried on. These houses had existed for at least three-quarters of a century; but right in the centre of the group was a "survival" of still earlier days—a low, stooping building, fully one-half of which was a steep, slanting, rickety roof, pierced by two small dormers. The latter were capped with little cock-eyed gables which had become very much awry during the great number of years in which they had looked up at the towering cathedral opposite. The entrance to this ancients building was below the level of the street, down a couple of uneven stone steps. Over the low, dingy, shop window was a much-weathered sign, which read:

#### ISAAC WART, BOOKSELLER.

And, to remove any doubt about the veracity of the legend, in the window was a disorderly jumble of old dusty volumes. Descending the two steps and entering the low door on which a loose bell jangled to give warning, a visitor found himself in a gloomy store, surrounded on all sides by a disorderly collection of books, pamphlets, and magazines, ranged on shelves against the walls, piled carelessly on the

floor—for the greater part, the dead literature of half a century and more ago. I have spent many a half-hour in Mr. Wart's store, though it is so melancholy a place for a scribbler, and, in a spirit of fellowship and respect for the dead, as a sort of rite which an author owes to the departed, I always purchase at least one of the old volumes there, and I have set apart on my bookshelves a space for a little mortuary chapel where these ancient 4to., 8vo. and 12mo. mummies repose—in peace. Perhaps, some day, some kindly spirit will do for me the pious office which I have performed for "The Posthumous Works of Mrs. Chapone; containing her correspondence with Mr. Richardson, on the subject of Parental Authority and Filial Obedience, etc. To these is prefixed an Authentic Life of the Author, drawn up by her own family;" "The Tablet of Memory; A Treatise on Self-Knowledge, by John Mason, A.M., very beautifully printed by Ballantyne;" "Sacred Biography, or the History of the Patriarchs, by Henry Hunter, D.D.;" "The Miniature, being a Collection of Essays upon the most interesting Subjects, upon the Plan of 'Microcosm,' by Gentlemen, at Eton College;" "The Poetical Works of Hector MacNeill, Esq.;" "Les Amours de Catulle, par M. de la Chapelle, Avec Approbation et Privilège du Roy." The—But why enumerate the unknown? Melancholy Brotherhood of the Forgotten; I wonder whether your shades hover gratefully over my bookshelves?

Isaac Wart, himself, was an antiquity, like his books—an aged, dwarfish being whose shrunken, malformed legs compelled him for the most part to wheel himself about in a low chair. Every one of his bodily members seemed moribund, except the small, quick, dark eyes under the black skull-cap which he always wore, and his long, white, corpse-like hands into whose nervous motions, apparently, all the physical life of the man passed as all his mental activity did into his eyes. For more than twenty years, Isaac Wart had lived a mole-like existence in the perpetually dim light of his store. On the rarest occasions only did people see him wheeling himself about in the street. As one may easily understand he was a notoriety in Eastchester. Everybody spoke of him as "old Mr. Wart," but they knew nothing

about him. He sold books, and lived with his sister, an elderly person, and her young daughter, his niece—that was very nearly all the information they possessed.

Nearly two months after Winter's visit to the Smeltham schools, Mr. Wart was seated in his wheel-chair in the rear of his store, directly under the small glass skylight, through the dirt of which filtered a dull, gray light. A little table by the bookseller's left elbow was stacked with opened books. He was bent, writing impetuously, using his knees for a desk. As he covered a sheet of paper with cramped, jerky characters, he tossed it hastily to the floor.

In the gloom of the store, a small, pale-faced girl, with a little black pigtail down her back, sat on a large book with her hands crossed on her lap. She was "watching shop;" and her melancholy, violet eyes were fixed now on her worn, rusty, brown shoes, now on the wall-shelves opposite her, seeking some resting place for her attention. Presently the door of the store opened with a jangling of the bell. A young, fair-haired man in shabby, pinching clothes, entered. The girl's face brightened. The old man glanced hastily at the newcomer.

"Oh!" he cried, querulously. "I *wish* you could come in without setting that bell ringing so. It drives away my ideas (his voice dropped to a whisper) as church bells do devils."

The dwarf threw back his head, his eyes closed wearily, and his bony, white fingers began to tap nervously on the arms of his chair.

Without saying a word, the young man went over to the girl. She quickly slipped her hand into his and pulled him through a door into a dark, narrow hall which ran to the rear of the house.

"What do you want, Mag?" the young man asked.

"Mama wants you. She's in the kitchen washin'; but first come here, I want you to see my flower."

"Where is it?"

"Out in the yard."

The yard was little more than a damp, paved passageway hemmed in by buildings.

"There! Ray. Isn't it growing nicely? How soon do you think the flower will come?"

She threw her head to one side and looked up to the young man.

The plant under consideration consisted of a couple of green sprouts in an old tin can. The girl had placed it on a window-sill to luxuriate in the dull light of the yard.

"Why, Mag, that's an onion!"

Mag objected to the tone of disparagement.

"Well," she said, pouting, "I know it is. Onions have flowers."

"I don't know, Mag; perhaps they do, botanically speaking; but I'm afraid if they do, the flower isn't the sort you're looking for."

The young man put his arm around his companion.

"Ray, you never know anything I want to know, only what uncle wants. I'm sure it has a flower. Haven't you ever seen any?"

"No, Mag," said the young man, smiling, "I have never seen an onion blossom, never seen one growing anywhere, never seen anyone wearing one."

"Come to mother."

"I will inquire all about the habit of the onion for you, Mag, and if it doesn't flower properly, I'll see if I can get you some plant whose behavior is fit for a young lady's garden."

"But you have no money, Ray." This was said very sadly.

"If I tell some good gardener what a nice little girl my Mag is, don't you think he'll send her a flower? Where is your mother?"

"Talking to herself in the kitchen. I heard her as we passed the door."

The kitchen was a half dilapidated, scantily-furnished room, strung with clothes-lines, on which were a number of pieces of damp linen. In the centre of the room, bending over a big wash-tub, amid steam and soap-suds, was a haggard, elderly woman. Her back was turned to the door. She did not see the two enter. The girl crept a step or two into the room. The woman at the wash-tub paused

in her work to brush back her dishevelled hair from the perspiration on her forehead.

"No," she said resolutely, addressing some invisible person in the corner of the room. "I will not stand it any longer, Isaac. Not a day longer. I have served you faithfully, God knows, since poor Edward died. I tell you we are starving slowly. My little one isn't nourished. She is getting pinched: and look at these."

The poor creature pathetically extended her bony, red hands.

"Mama," cried Mag, alarmed.

The voice startled the woman.

"Dear me, Mag! how you frighten me."

"Here's Ray."

"Mag said you want to see me, Mrs. Finn."

"I'm getting so blind, Mr. Lee, I positively can't see. I didn't know you were in the room. Yes, I did want to talk to you. Dear! dear! somehow it gets harder every week to do these few things."

"Let me help you. I can do it," said the young man.

The woman smiled.

"Nonsense, Mr. Lee, a man do washing! I know you would, though, if I'd let you."

"Why not? I think I'll put out a sign, 'Raymond Lee, washerman; washing done here.' Wouldn't that read well? Eh, Mag? It would pay as well as bookselling."

"Yes, indeed it would," cried Mrs. Finn, energetically. "That reminds me, Mr. Lee, what I wanted to speak to you about. The new landlord was in again this morning, and Isaac had the old tale for him—Wait—Wait. Mr. Pilgrim is a kind...."

"What name was that—Pilgrim?"

"Ye-es; why?"

"Nothing. The name is uncommon, and...."

"Oh! yes. I was saying he seems to be a nice gentleman. He's a writer or something of the sort himself, and all he says was 'Hurry up with that book of yours, Mr. Wart.' But patience will break," she continued sadly; "it will break like everything else. The rich may humor a fancy once in a while, but in the end they want their own, like

other folks. I don't know what Isaac is going to do. The poor-house would be better than this. At least, we'd get enough to eat there to keep body and soul together. But I have made up my mind. I'll leave Isaac. I'll take Mag away somewhere. I can do *something* for a living."

There were tears in the woman's voice.

"No, no; don't think of that, at least not just yet. We will find some way to improve matters."

"Why doesn't Isaac use that three hundred pounds he's got? What's the use of keeping it? We made a living here once, before he got lost in that scribbling of his. He pays no heed to the shop now. You know, Raymond, there's nothing in it that any one wants to buy, and it's no wonder that we sell nothing. Why doesn't he let you have one hundred pounds to get some new stock? It would come back to him, and more, too; and we wouldn't be in debt, soaking old crusts, as we did this morning for breakfast. I told Mr. Pilgrim of it, and even he shook his head and said it was hard."

"So it is," said the young man, sadly.

The woman continued her washing. Little Mag began to cry.

"Crying's no use, is it Mag?" asked Raymond.

"No," sobbed the girl.

"Well, then, you and I won't cry. You stay here while I go and talk with your uncle."

When the young man entered the store he found the old bookseller still reclining with his eyes closed. He approached close to the chair before he spoke.

"Well, Mr. Wart," he said kindly, "how have you done this morning?"

The bookseller opened his eyes slowly.

"Ah, Raymond, my boy," he said affectionately, taking the young man's hand in his. "I think I have been half asleep, dreaming." Then in a sadder tone, "Dreaming, am I dreaming, Raymond? Am I to awake by and by and find we have been fools with our hopes?"

Raymond was silent.

"No, no," cried the old man. "I don't think ours are

the hopes that deceive, Raymond. Surely the work is too great for failure? It is needed so much. I had a dream last night, Raymond"—the old man's eyes brightened and his voice softened and became even musical. "How bright it was! The moonlit shore, the purple sky, the waters like a sapphire mirror. I felt young as I did long ago, though I knew I was bent as I am, carrying this old humped back. In my ears there was an ecstatic voice: Thought singing to herself on the confines of her world; Plato's: 'The sound of the flute in the ears of the mystic.' A ship of opal, lit by the moonlight, sailed out of the horizon. I could see the iridescent hull beneath the dark water; and the sails were a blending of ever-changing colors. A young man like yourself, Raymond (the bookseller was holding his young friend's hand tightly in his), whose head was garlanded, whose spiritual presence was like yours—love and promise—beckoned me with a golden lamp. I sailed away into morning sunlight, so exquisite, Raymond, oh! so unlike our day. (The old man's voice was vibrating and quickening under the stir of excitement.) A land of green olive trees, of mountains hazy in the distance rose before us, and as our boat touched the shore music swelled in cadences along the strand like waves. The joy, Raymond, as I stepped to land! It struggled in this old crooked frame of mine. The paternoster which the world has forgotten was wrung from me. (The dwarf outstretched his withered hands.) 'Beloved Pan, and all ye other gods who haunt this place, give me beauty in the inward soul, and may the outward and inward man be as one. May I reckon the wise to be the wealthy, and may I have such a quantity of gold as none but the temperate can bear and carry.' I was no longer the humpback, the bookseller, I was with the gods (the old man arose. It seemed to Raymond for a moment that his stature was increased) in the heaven of Beauty which mankind in these sorry times has lost. What does the dream mean? It tells me to persist. We can't fail, Raymond. God will complete his work. Man's life must be beautiful as well as good before it is perfect. One will not be less than the other in the consummation of Life. The forgotten gospel

must be requickened. Men must be brought to see that Beauty, as much as Morality, is the will of God; that it is not the heathenish vanity, the mere gawd, that it is with us to-day. Oh, if I were but twenty years younger, Raymond, and free from my infirmity, I wouldn't be preaching through a book. I'd be a mendicant priest of God, of *God*," he cried shrilly, "calling men again to Beauty. But I am an old lamp burning low. I can only write. When the book is finished you won't let it fail, will you, Raymond? All my hope is in you. Your life must continue mine."

"How much more is there to be done?" asked Raymond.

"Of the book?"

"Yes."

"About one-half. Sometimes I have doubts as to the result, but it is only for a moment. The appeal will surely touch someone. There are so many rich men in England. Every week we hear of some gift; fifty thousand pounds to some hospital; one hundred thousand pounds to some institution. No, I don't fear: we shall get the money for the beginning. The rest will follow. Where shall we build, Raymond?"

The dwarf rubbed his hands gleefully. His pale face was aglow with joy.

"It is hard to say. There are so many beautiful spots. I think I would prefer a high promontory on a rocky coast."

The old man was watching Raymond's face intently. He spoke softly:

"How the sea flows through your life! It is well. Let it flow through it with its changing moods and colors and many voices. It is God. By the sea would do well. First of all we would build our monastery; that would be needed first. We could construct it of sea-rock. It should be buttressed into the very waves. The ocean itself should inspire our architect. Eh? The walks and corridors and windows could all open on to the waters. And when we had gathered our priesthood together—true artists like true prophets bearing witness of God—and the young workers and the neophytes, how our buildings would grow in beauty; how the soul of the sea would pass into statues and carv-

ing, freize, pediments and capitals, and its colors into painting and tapestry and stained glass and inlaid walls of pearl and mother-of-pearl, and domes of pink coral like the sunset gathering into form; and its sounds into music from organs with pipes shaped like Triton's horn! What glory, Raymond! Temples and halls and cloisters where the devout could work, not for their own vanity, as the poor artist of to-day does, but for the glory of the Most High, where the multitude could come to worship, behold every new revelation of God, go down in solemn procession from the temples to the sea and be bathed in its beauty. That is the artist's life, the priest of the Beautiful. His work could go throughout the land like charms and sacred relics to banish the evil of ugliness. We can't fail, Raymond. I must get to work. I wonder whether three hundred pounds will publish the book?"

The dwarf's enthusiasm had caused Raymond to quite forget the purpose that had brought him from the kitchen. He was in close sympathy with the old man, who had befriended him in an hour of need long past, and Raymond did not perceive that it was this sympathy rather than real participation that had attached him to the bookseller's plans. The two had lived together for years, reading, dreaming and working with an enthusiasm which had surrounded their narrow circumstances with a wide horizon. As the old bookseller's life closed in upon him more and more, year by year, by reason of his deformity and age, he had escaped further and further from constraint or pressure into spiritual dreamland. The extreme isolation, the pale light in which Raymond had lived, had blanched his character as a flower—but it was a flower of purity, and it grew by the never-silent stream of memory which flowed out to the sea where a little fishing village slept on the cliffs.

Raymond was revolving in his mind whether he should speak at that moment to Mr. Wart about what had passed between him and Mrs. Finn in the kitchen. It was not an easy matter to decide what to do, for it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the vitality of the old bookseller was derived from his work; and he believed that it was the three hundred pounds, scrupulously treasured for so

long from more abundant days, that gave the promise of reality and stability to his work. He used to say it was that three hundred pounds which would keep his work down on the publishers' earth, and prevent it from soaring about in the clouds of the author's heaven. To ask the old man to relinquish this money, even in part, or for a time, was to impair his hopes and deprive him of the one certainty which was like a cordial to him in moments of doubt and dejection. Raymond was aware of this, and, particularly after what had just occurred, hesitated before opening the subject. What could he say? How could he utter one word about the three hundred pounds without appearing to the old man as a traitor and conspirator?

The bookseller sat down on the floor and began to gather up the sheets of his manuscript. As Raymond assisted him the latter's thoughts ran round and round the problem, seeking for an opening.

The two were thus engaged when the bell on the shop door jangled, and Marian and Ralph entered.

"Customers," whispered the bookseller, looking up from the floor. "Go to them Raymond, I will finish this."

Raymond had been shop-keeper for so long that he advanced without hesitation to the newcomers. Due partly to pre-occupation, partly to the very dull light in the store proper, Raymond did not notice the faces of his visitors, until Marian, advancing to meet him, said :

"I am Miss Pilgrim. I would like to speak with Mr. Wart if it is quite convenient."

Coming from the bright daylight of the street, Marian could not see very distinctly, at first. The indistinctness, however, lasted for a moment only. Then her heart began to beat rapidly. Raymond's name rushed to her lips, but she did not speak it. In another instant her hand would have been in his. Raymond's attitude checked the recognition. Raymond's eyes greeted her at first without hesitation. The girl and the boy were again in the village on the cliffs. The next second his face was pale and he stammered:

"Oh! Mr. Wart, certainly; there is Mr. Wart. Mr. Wart, a lady wishes to see you." Marian's heart rebelled; but she moved towards the bookseller, who hobbled to meet her,

"Miss Pilgrim," said the old man courteously, "I am at your service. Will you permit an old cripple to resume his legs? I am helpless without my patient support. Raymond, bring Miss Pilgrim a chair; and your friend?"

"Don't trouble about me, thank you," said Ralph, who had been blind to much of what had occurred. "If you will allow me I will glance over these books."

Without a word, Raymond brought a chair as requested.

"Thank you," Marian said softly, as she took the seat offered.

Raymond withdrew to the door of the store and stood there gazing vacantly into the street.

Was it disappointment? sadness? a little pain? that spoke in Marian's voice when she said to the bookseller:

"The object of my visit is this, Mr. Wart: I am about to get some new books for the school in Smeltham, and papa said this morning that instead of sending to London for them we should do better to come to you."

"I am afraid not," replied the bookseller, with uncommercial frankness, shaking his head sadly. "My trade, you see, is now so small and I am so poorly informed about the market, that I shouldn't be surprised if you could do even better than I can. I would scarcely know where to look for what you want. I have been locked up here so long and have paid so little attention to what is going on—perhaps..." the old man hesitated.

"Pray continue."

"I was going to say, but I am not sure that I ought to say it, that Raymond—Mr. Lee—might go to London and get what you want, if it would be of any service to you. Whatever the books cost—but, no," the old man started up, "we have no money. No, I can't do that: what am I saying? Miss Pilgrim," he added, petulantly, "I am sorry, but you see I am really not in the book business any longer. I have no time, no money. You can do so much better yourself." The old man lay back in his chair, his eyelids twitching nervously over his black eyes.

Marian was confused for a moment. "Perhaps Mr. Lee," she said, her heart beating rapidly, "can help us."

"Yes," said the old man, wearily, "Raymond will help

you if he can. He has attended to everything here for years, but I have no money—no time. Raymond, can you help Miss Pilgrim? Can you direct her?"

Raymond left his position by the door and came to the back of the store.

"What did you say, Mr. Wart?"

"Miss Pilgrim, here, my new landlord's daughter, wants some books for her schools. Perhaps you know where she can get them?"

"What books are they?" asked Raymond, addressing the old bookseller.

"Here is the list," said Marian.

Raymond took the piece of paper and read it hastily. Marian's brown eyes were watching him he knew, and it is scarcely a metaphor to say he felt her presence.

"I think I know who the publishers are of some of these. It would be easy, I'm sure, to get them all in London"

"Couldn't *you* get them for me? It would be a great assistance."

Raymond hesitated.

"We have no money, Raymond," said the bookseller in a slightly querulous tone. "No one will trust you. And the expense of going to London!"

"Oh, I will pay the expense," interrupted Marian, "and as to the books, I will gladly pay for them also at once. We have already some of all of the books on the list, but not enough. A friend bought them for us in London and I don't want to trouble him again if I can avoid doing so."

"Well, well," said the old man. "If Raymond will go to London I suppose he can do it; but I am afraid you will pay more than if you sent to London for them yourself."

"I think not," said Marian, cheerfully; "besides," she added, smiling, "papa says the people of Eastchester should buy what they want in Eastchester. You will get me those books, Mr. Lee?"

"Yes," said Raymond, keeping his eyes on the list, "if Mr. Wart..."

"The most expensive of the books on that list I know cost four shillings. We will suppose they will all cost four

shillings, and I will send you the money when I get home. Will that do?"

"But that will be too much," said the bookseller.

"That is a good fault. You can return to me whatever there is over. How is Mrs. Finn and little Margaret? You remember they visited me once some time ago?"

"They are well," said the old man. "Quite well, thank you."

"Are they busy?"

"No. Raymond won't you call..."

"Don't trouble to do that, Mr. Lee; if I may go to them..."

"Certainly," said the bookseller, anxious to be parted from his visitor; "Raymond, will you show Miss Pilgrim the way?"

Raymond conducted Marian to the kitchen and, without a word, returned to the store.

Mrs. Finn was still busy over the washing-tub and Mag was poking a very ashy fire with intent to urge a dilatory pot of water to boil.

"The fire's nearly out, Ma—Oh, here's Miss Pilgrim!"

"Law! Miss Prilgrim—get a seat Mag; not that, a clean one. It's good of you to come here," exclaimed Mrs. Finn, in a disturbed way. "You must excuse the looks of the place Miss—I..."

"Don't speak of it. You are busy I see. I came to see Mr. Wart, and I couldn't leave without seeing you and Margaret. Could I? I want Mr. Wart to get some books for me."

"Miss Pilgrim, it's no use," said the woman, changing her voice to a despondent key. "Isaac won't do it. He's hoarding that three hundred pounds like a miser, and he won't spend a shilling of it, no, not if it brought back a hundred. He's brought us almost to starvation, and I don't know what I should have done long ago but for Mr. Lee."

"Yes," said Marian softly. She added, "he is going to get the books for me. He has been with you a long time?"

"Let me see," said Mrs. Finn, drying her hands on a very damp apron, "it is seven years now since he came here. Isaac, you know, met him in London, in the streets I think. He found out he could read French or—what was it, Mag?"

"Greek," answered the girl.

"Yes, that's it, Greek, and brought him home here, and he's been with us ever since. Isaac could not do without him now. Really I don't think he could, Miss Pilgrim. There is something they're doing together."

"Yes, papa has spoken to me of Mr. Wart's book. Mr. Wart is very anxious about it."

"He's lost to everything but it, Miss. He has forgotten us. He used to love Mag, but now he has scarcely a word for her. We should have starved or gone to the poor-house but for Mr. Lee."

"He has been kind to you?"

"If he'd been my own son he couldn't have been kinder. He's a thorough gentleman, Miss, too good for such as us; I mean me and Mag."

"Oh, no, I don't think anyone is too good for another, do you?"

"He has had some trouble with his family, I don't know what. Isaac knows, but he won't speak about it. He says it ain't our business. Isaac has no faith in women. He says they're like the wind, they carry everything they can and the lighter a thing is the more they can do with it."

"He doesn't mean all he says."

"Isaac is mean enough with women. You don't know him, Miss."

"We mustn't forget his affliction."

"Ah, never fear, Miss, he doesn't let anyone forget it. All of us have to wait on him."

"I know you have had a hard time lately. My father was telling me about you this morning. But now, perhaps, you and I can put our heads together and make things better. Shall we try? and first of all we must get Margaret here to school, so that when she is a woman she will know something. Eh, dear?"

"Raymond's going to marry me when I'm growed." Mag accompanied this speech with a little pout.

"Tush, child," said Mrs. Finn; "I'll box your ears if you talk such nonsense."

"Ray said so." The tears gathered in the child's eyes.

"It's just his nonsense," said the mother to Marian.

"Never mind, Margaret," said Marian, "a long promise often gets tired on the way, but if Raymond proves to be a false knight we'll find a—another one for you. Now, I must be leaving; Mr. Winter will be tired of waiting for me. I want you to come to see me to-morrow. You will bring her, won't you, Mrs. Finn?"

While Marian was visiting in the kitchen, Ralph was glancing in a very casual way at the bookseller's stock. Raymond had again taken a stand by the door. His feelings were as tumultuous as the sea which stretched before his mind's eye in the light of eight years ago. Old faces and scenes were rising before him. One form had suddenly stepped from the distance between him and them; could the others do likewise? The tide was again far out on the sands where the black rocks were, the sunset light was on the water, the little pools left behind by the tide in its retreat shivered under the evening breeze, and a voice sang in Raymond's thoughts:

The sunset died in the sky, heigh-ho!  
 The darkness crept over the sea;  
 And the wind arose with a tale of woe,  
 And laid its burden on me, heigh-ho!  
 And laid the burden on me.

"The past was buried," thought Raymond. "I had got even so far from it as to live fully in the present. Why am I called back to it? Am I to go through that old struggle again?"

"What is the price of this book?" asked Ralph, who at that moment was standing behind Raymond?

"Oh!" cried Raymond, "I beg your pardon, I was thinking. What did you ask?"

Raymond's voice startled Ralph. It was so like the voice he had heard at the doorway of the cathedral.

"I asked what the price of this book was, but pardon me if I ask you now; was it you I spoke to one night a fortnight ago as you passed out of the north door of the cathedral?"

Raymond hesitated a moment.

"Yes, I was there. Was it you that was playing?"

"Yes," said Ralph, "when you sang."

Raymond was confused for a time, then he said :

"I hope you will pardon me. I took too great a liberty then. I hardly knew what I was doing."

"Oh, it was not a liberty," exclaimed Ralph earnestly. "It was a great confidence, one I understand perfectly—perfectly. I cannot tell you how glad I am that I have met you, for I want you to . . ."

At that moment Marian returned.

"Mr. Lee," she said, "there is the list of the books. I will send the check to you this afternoon. I hope I am not giving you too much trouble."

"No, indeed," said Raymond, "it is no trouble."

Marian said "good-by," and departed with Ralph, who whispered to Raymond: "I will drop in to see you to-morrow" Outside the store, Ralph's first words were :

"Do you know who that young man is?"

The question surprised Marian.

"Why—yes—" she stammered ; "Mr. Lee."

"That is his name, I know ; but I also have discovered something that will surprise you ; it was he that sang in the cathedral the other night."

Marian had feared that Ralph's question was aimed in quite another direction.

"Oh !" she said, greatly relieved, "is that so?"

"You are very indifferent to the fact. I thought my news would astonish you, you were so anxious to meet the unknown the other night. You said you knew his nature from his voice."

"Did I? It was strange."

"How, strange?"

Marian did not reply.

Ralph perceived that she was preoccupied, and said no more.

When Marian arrived home she went upstairs into her father's library.

"You look fatigued, Marian," said Mr. Pilgrim, as his daughter seated herself and began to take off her gloves. "You are pale."

"Am I?" asked Marian, wearily. "I have a little headache."

"Did the old bookseller bore you to death?"

"No; he had little to say. Would you believe it, he fought hard against taking the order."

"He's a lunny old fellow, Marian, I am afraid; but he is interesting, isn't he? Did he take the order?"

"No; not exactly." (Pause—the glove on the left hand was very disinclined to yield its position.) "Do you know who is with him, papa?"

"No, dear; who?"

"I want you to promise me that you won't recognize him unless he makes it plain that he wants you to."

"Who is this Sir Incognito?"

"Promise."

"Of course."

"Raymond Lee."

The obstinate glove was off, but it greatly needed stretching, and Marian was very busy with it.

"Well, well!" exclaimed Mr. Pilgrim, "what is he doing with old Wart?"

"He helps him in the shop and with his writing."

Pilgrim exclaimed again, but in a different tone:

"Well! I suppose he's...how many...why it's seven years ago since we were thrown on that Lee shore. I had almost forgotten him."

"Oh, papa!"

"Well, you know what I mean, dear, I haven't thought of him for some time. But why do you desire that I shouldn't recognize him?"

"I don't think he wants us to."

"Did you speak to him?"

"Yes; as a stranger. I could see he knew me, but he treated me as though we had never met."

A little disappointment was audible in Marian's voice.

"Well, what do you care?"

"Care!" Marian re-echoed the word, and arose and went toward the door.

"Where are you going, Marian? You haven't told me all."

"By and by, papa," she answered softly, "I have a headache."

She stooped and kissed her father and left the room.

Pilgrim again exclaimed, "Well!" in still another tone of voice, and after a moment resumed his reading.

## CHAPTER XII.

### MARIAN'S DREAM.

"**O**LD TOM," of Eastchester, tolled slowly and solemnly as befits a sentinel of Time crying to Eternity. Another hour had crept up stealthily to his post in the cathedral tower and escaped, laden, who can tell with how much, filched from human hearts and hands?

"Dear me," exclaimed Mr. Wart, arousing himself from a dog-doze in a corner of the front part of the store, "is that five o'clock?"

"Yes," answered Raymond; "five o'clock."

The twilight of the short December day had nearly given place to night, and the bookseller's store was illuminated only by the glow and the flicker of the grate fire.

"What are you two doing?" asked the old man, rubbing his eyes and peering through the darkness.

Raymond and Mag were busy in the rear room of the store, setting a table for a meal.

"Oh! Mag and I are going to have a visitor to-night," replied Raymond, laughing. "Ain't we Mag. No, no, don't put that plate there; already there are too many on that side; give it to me. Now, go and get the knives and forks."

Raymond's answer had not enlightened the bookseller. After a minute he asked again:

"What *are* you about, Raymond?"

"I'm getting things ready for tea; Ralph's coming to see us this evening. I want you to know one another."

"I do know him, Raymond," said the old man with emphasis, "though," he added in a quizzical way, "of course not so well as you do. He has had so much of your time for the last three months you must be firm friends by this."

Raymond was still busy at the table.

"Yes, we are," he replied. "I hope so."

"Any doubt?"

"No-o, I think not."

"Be *sure* of a friend, Raymond."

"Don't fear; if there is any doubt it is concerning myself."

For a while nothing more was said; then the old man spoke.

"What do you find to do together, night after night?"

"Play and sing and smoke."

"He lives with the Carrols, you say?"

"Yes, he has rooms there at the top of the house; he has furnished them to suit himself and has settled down, he says."

For some reason the dwarf was unusually inquisitive; as a rule he didn't pay the slightest heed to anybody's personal affairs.

"Settled down, eh! I understand his home is in America. What does he find to do over here?"

"Didn't you know that he is helping Miss Pilgrim in her schools? He has become her right-hand man."

"In hope of becoming her left-hand man, eh?" asked the bookseller, smiling.

"What do you mean?"

"The left hand is the marriage hand, Raymond."

The old man chuckled.

"Oh! I see what you mean." The tone of Raymond's voice changed. "Yes; Ralph hopes to marry her."

"Ah! If he has taken you into his confidence about that affair you must be close friends."

"Yes;" answered Raymond vaguely.

"And the young lady? What does she think of your friend? Both have money. I suppose they would make the modern 'safety match,' eh, Raymond; 'good match?'"

The bookseller laughed again at himself.

"Oh—yes ; excellent. Why doesn't Mag come with those knives?"

Raymond opened the door and called :

"How much longer, Mag?"

A shrill voice came from the rear of the building:

"You've got to wait till the knives are cleaned. Ma's doing them now."

"All right ; no hurry."

Raymond closed the door and sat down by the fire.

The bookseller watched him intently from his dark corner. The old man's thoughts evidently were still traveling along the same road, for after a while he asked :

"Raymond, have you ever spoken to Miss Pilgrim about—er—why you are here?"

"Not a word."

Raymond was gazing at the fire.

"But she remembers you, surely?"

"Yes ; I think so."

"Has she never referred to your former acquaintance-ship?"

"No ; never."

"Must not she think it very strange that you see her so often and yet say nothing?"

"I can't tell what she thinks. I wish I hadn't met her again."

"Why, Raymond ; why?"

"Oh, it's all so useless. Dear me, I wish Mag would hurry. We shall be late."

"Useless," repeated the old man. "Come to me, Raymond ; what is the matter?"—The dwarf's voice became as tender as a woman's—"You know you are my boy ; the only gift I have left for you, Raymond, from the wreck of my life is advice, such as it is. Trust me. Is there anything troubling you?"

"No ; nothing ; nothing at all. Why?"

"You have been in a mental fever, my boy, for—well, the last month. There is a strain somewhere ; it has got into your laugh. Raymond, you know you can't deceive the old man."

"I am not trying to deceive you."

“True, true; only passively, Raymond; you are hiding something. No, don’t say a word for a minute, let me speak. There; I have no right to question. You are a man; let me see how old, twenty-five, isn’t it? But to me, whose life is all behind him, you are a boy; doubly so, Raymond, because the sweet light of childhood burns late with you, and you know—ah, you can’t know!—how that light has been to my old, dark soul, God’s one great blessing. I love you, Raymond (the old man folded the younger one in his arms) as Saul might have loved David, because he brought to him the beauty of the fields and the freshness of life, and better than all a new light on the horizon. Do you wonder if I am curious when I see something strange creeping into your life? I fear any change. I will tell you what I have thought:”—the old man fixed his eyes on Raymond’s—“Can it be that—Miss Pilgrim....?”

There was no need for further words.

“Yes,” cried Raymond. “Hush; I love her. I wish I didn’t. I’m a fool....”

“Here are the knives,” cried a little voice.

“What, all cleaned,” said Raymond. “Well; we must hurry or the table never will be set; will it, Mag?”

Mag did not reply.

The preparations, however, were all completed long before Ralph arrived. The fire glowed and sent the flames dancing up the chimney as though it expected company; indeed, no greater mistake can be made than to regard a fire (the free, open fire I mean, not the miserable substitute caged up in the cast-iron stove) as inanimate. No one who has once begun to discover all its moods or feel all the warmth of its poetry, or who has been under the spell of its playful fancies and sparkling humors, or accepted its endless invitations for reverie and meditation, or commenced to explore the wondrous hills and valleys of its glowland, or track its ever-changing phantasies, would make any such mistake. That evening, the fire in Mr. Wart’s parlor divined more than Raymond knew, and if the young man had not been so blind he would have perceived that it possessed a secret, from the exuberant way in which it sparkled on every bright spot on the tin kettle, forcing the usually

very self-contained old fellow on the hob to purr till his sides shook. Besides, it tickled the plates which Raymond had put in the fender to get warm, until they laughed and were brighter than Dresden china; it weaved a glow into the common tablecloth, finer than the patterns in the finest damask; it gilded the pewter forks and drew fantastic designs upon the faded antique paper on the walls, quite beyond the fancy of any draughtsman. It even drew old Mr. Wart out of his corner. The dwarf wheeled himself into its warmth and light.

"Ha, ha," said the old man, rubbing his long, white fingers, "this looks cosy, Raymond; tea, muffins, eggs..."

The store bell jangled. Raymond jumped up from his reverie and his face brightened.

"Well, Ralph," he cried, hastening into the dark, front part of the store, "I thought you weren't coming."

"Ray, I felt this honor was more than I was entitled to alone, so Miss Pilgrim kindly consented to help me out."

The fire, who, beyond doubt, had expected the unexpected visitor, lit up Marian's face and the brightness in her eyes as she came forward and offered Raymond her hand.

"Mr. Lee, I hope you won't build too much on any statement that bears on Mr. Winter's modesty. The truth is, I have promised Mrs. Finn several times to come to take tea, and when Mr. Winter told me that you were going to be chief cook to-night, curiosity was too strong, and I insisted that he should take me with him. I told him I was sure I could make my apologies to you."

There was a slight tone of audacity in this speech; something of a happy air of confidence which touched Raymond, and compelled him to sympathize with it.

"I am all the more pleased," he said, laughing, "if Ralph has got nothing to do with this visit. So, I am sure, are Mrs. Finn and Mr. Wart."

At the mention of his name, the old bookseller advanced a little in his wheel-chair.

"Miss Pilgrim," he said, "I wish we could tempt you here like this more frequently. Your visits usually are like the angel's, always unawares, when we are in need. Light the

lamp, Raymond. Miss Pilgrim and Mr. Winter, won't you make yourselves as comfortable as you can?"

The dwarf evidently was beginning to fall under the spell which the fire had been keeping. The old man's humor brightened, and he climbed out of his chair and hobbled about the room with an alacrity he seldom displayed.

"Let me take your hat and jacket, Miss Pilgrim. I am the only old rat here that knows\* the safe corners for things."

"Please, Mr. Wart, won't you let me have my way this evening?" asked Marian, with mock seriousness.

"My dear young lady," said the dwarf, laying his hand on his heart, "I will personally guarantee that everyone here shall be bound to you as a slave. If I see the slightest disobedience, I swear I will become an ogre."

"Well," said Marian, "I want you to allow me to look after myself just as though I was at home, and (turning suddenly towards Raymond) I want to toast those muffins."

"If I'm to be chef," said Raymond, laughing, "I must not be interfered with."

"Obey, Sir," cried the dwarf, feigning fierceness. "Not a word."

"I want to be only an assistant to your highness," pleaded Marian, addressing Raymond. "I will be obedient."

A delicate ear would have detected something of tenderness in the latter sentence.

Marian put her hat and cloak aside on a stack of old books and seated herself on a low stool before the fire.

"Now, Mr. Chef, if you are ready give me the fork and let me begin, for there are two, four, six, twelve to be done, and I know we are all hungry."

While Raymond made the tea and boiled the eggs, Marian toasted the muffins. She impressed Ralph into the service of getting the meal ready and kept him busy handing her "the butter" and "another plate" and "the butter again." Ralph had never seen her so vivacious before. Her face was bright with pleasure, and when the fire had deepened her color, as though the sorcerer had made her

blush by telling her secrets, Ralph was struck with the subtle heightening of her beauty. Was it the wondrous light of Love that glowed in the sweet face of the little nun of Eastchester—the light of the human annunciation, the divine accession to our common nature?

Mrs. Finn, who had been busy straining the resources of her wardrobe in honor of her visitors, joined the party, very red, very nervous.

“And Mag; where is Mag?” asked Marian, after greeting the worthy matron.

“She is in the kitchen; I can’t get her to come. She’s sulky about something, and as obstinate as a little mule. I told her I’d give her a good wippin’ if she doesn’t change her mind and come in very soon.”

“Oh, I’ll go and fetch her,” said Raymond.

“No; let me, please; I know the way,” cried Marian, hurrying into the hallway.

She found Mag crying quietly in the kitchen with her head on the table, under the dim light of a tallow candle.

Marian put her cheek against the girl’s face and whispered kindly:

“Why, what’s the matter, dear? come.”

The child threw her arms wildly around Marian’s neck and burst into a paroxysm of sobs.

“Oh, he loves you; I heard him tell uncle he did. Oh, oh,” she cried.

“Why, child, what are you saying?”

“Oh, Miss Pilgrim, Ray lo-oves you; he said so-o this afternoon.”

Marian’s arms suddenly tightened so firmly around the child and Marian’s lips pressed so hard against her forehead that Mag was so astonished that she ceased crying and regarded Marian in wonderment. Marian’s face was pallid. After a minute she said, in a broken voice:

“Mag, dear, I want you to promise me that you will not say to any one what you have just said to me.”

“Ye-es,” Mag replied, alarmed at her elder’s serious tone.

“It would pain me very much if I should find you had told anyone. You will surely keep your promise? Kiss me and say yes.”

"Yes, Miss Pilgrim," said Mag, the tears rebelling again. "I like you, you are so kind."

"There, there, don't cry; you shall come and stay with me for a little while and we will go to London together in a week or two. Now, come, let us go in and have tea. Sit beside me at the table. Dry those eyes, they are as big as buttons."

Mag smiled. The new prospect pleased her.

"Well," exclaimed Ralph, as the two entered the store, "we were just going to send to find out if our little friend here had perverted you."

"She is a bad girl," Mrs. Finn said bitterly, scowling at Mag.

"No, Mrs. Finn, she is not," said Marian, in a conciliatory tone. "Mag and I were telling one another a secret, and we couldn't come any sooner."

I know nothing of the long history of the building which old Mr. Wart inhabited, but I feel sure a pleasanter meal had never been eaten in it than the one that evening. The dwarf, so long restrained by the repression of poverty, expanded at the touch of sociability. It recalled happy times in the past, and put out of sight for the moment his straitened condition. A dignity and courtliness of manner which had been hidden for years, like the remnants of an old finery, revealed themselves, particularly in the dwarf's attitude towards Marian.

"It is seldom, indeed," he said, "that the princess visits us. I wish we could do something to cause her to remember it."

"Don't fear, Mr. Wart, the princess will never forget it."

There are moments when one's nature is like a light that throws a radiance around the person. It was so with Marian that evening. Her quiet exhilaration imposed itself upon the others. The dwarf watched her keenly. "The princess is in love," said he, mentally, "the rose is unfolding itself to the sun. No wonder you are disappointed, Raymond, that girl will not love, but worship."

Ralph was noisy and happy. He was glad to see Marian enjoying herself. He told stories about his college days

and his life at home in America. Though Raymond was quieter, he was not less happy, and when the conversation turned, as it did after a while, in a serious direction, he begged the dwarf to give Ralph and Miss Pilgrim an account of the work he was doing and the hopes he entertained. On that subject the old man was a rhapsodist. Marian listened with interest that deepened as the bookseller unfolded his dream. The story had something like music for her feelings at that moment.

"And," said the old man, affectionately, as he concluded, laying his hand on Raymond's head, "here is my light and my hope."

Raymond dissented. For a moment all were too moved to speak. After a while Marian said quietly :

"That is beautiful, Mr. Wart, only I wish it were not so remote from what is to-day ; and don't you think you should make some place in your plan for that other side of beauty which is Christ's?"

"Ah," said the old man, significantly, "I have much to say on that score. That has not been overlooked though it has been omitted. Some day, if the princess is interested, I will talk the matter over with her."

When Marian and Ralph started for home the dwarf and Raymond waved good-by to them from the steps in front of the store. The heavens were flooded with moonlight, the quiet streets and the cathedral were silvered, the stars burnt like diamonds in the still, clear, winter sky, and something in harmony with the vastness, the peace, the beauty of Nature was in Marian's soul.

"Ah," said the dwarf, as he entered the store with Raymond, and closed the door. "I don't wonder you love that girl. The man who gains her will win something more than the kingdom of Love itself. She has the genius of affection, and mark, northern as it is in some respects, her love is oriental in its softness, color and warmth. Love will paganize her christianity."

"Nonsense," said Raymond, whom the old man's words made uncomfortable.

"Trust an old man's opinion," said the dwarf. "I will give you two texts descriptive of our princess's love ; one

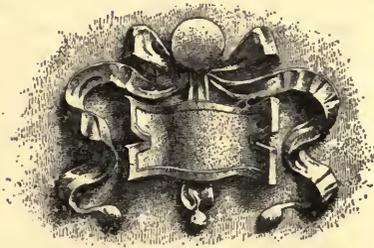
you know well : *'Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest I will go and where thou lodgest I will lodge, thy people shall be my people and thy God my God.'*"

"That is not pagan," said Raymond.

"It is," said the old man, emphatically, "although it is in the Bible. However, about the second there can be no doubt ; it is from Euripides' *Andromache*. Do you remember where *Andromache* cries : *'Ah, my dear Lord Hector, for thy sake would I even forgive my rival if ever Cypris led thee astray, and often in the old days have I held thy bastard babes to my breast to spare thee pain.'*"

"That is pagan," said Raymond, smiling faintly ; "but I don't think you know *Marian*."

*To be continued.*



## NEW BOOKS.

*English Cathedrals.* By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. With illustrations by Joseph Pennell. New York: The Century Co. 1892.

*Advanced Building Construction.* A manual for students. By the author of "Notes on Building Construction." London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1892.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer's papers on the "English Cathedrals" are familiar enough to the readers of the *Century*. For some time past they have been among the principal contributions to that excellent magazine. Advanced in this way for consideration as ephemeral contributions they were satisfactory, if not sufficient. They were "popular" enough in tone and matter to interest the great multitude of the incipiently cultured who shrink from an acquaintance with knowledge in her severer moods, and yet they possessed sufficient charm, fullness of reach and substantive value to be entertaining reading to the professional man. The papers, however, were not of the kind that by any mere revision, correction, exclusion or binding could be lifted above the plane of good magazine work. In other words, they lack the solid value that would rightfully entitle them to a permanent place in the library. From this the reader will infer that the book can be of little real service to the architect or the architectural student, and, indeed, obviously it was not written for either. We doubt very much whether the publishers would have made this second appeal to the public, but for the illustrations which Mr. Pennell has interpolated into the text, and for the new fashion that has lately reached alarming dimensions of presenting books to one's friends at Christmas time, of value only for the extrinsic qualities of fine paper and showy binding. Of Mr. Pennell's drawings there is little to be said but praise—save from the architect's point of view. To the latter, Mr. Pennell's illustrations are valueless as media of information. In them the architecture is (if we may say so) de-architecturalized as much as possible and merged into the picture as part of a landscape. But to all this it may be objected, with justice, that it is not fair to find fault with a book for not being something other than what author and illustrator intended it to be. Both have very successfully accomplished what they set out to perform, and if we are asked to receive their work a second time in a more serious guise than when it first appeared, it is better to pay small heed to the request than to criticise. With the qualifications indicated in the foregoing, Mrs. Van Rensselaer has done her work well. The information she gives is accu-

rate, and she is not so burdened with it that it is presented without charm or ease. The only exception we would make to this is in the frequent comparisons she has felt constrained to make between English Gothic and French Gothic. She seems to be afraid that the reader may go too far in his admiration for English work. She reminds him continually that there is better to be found in France; that French Gothic is far more logical on the constructive side. In all this there is an air of a newly-learned lesson, and if we mistake not the author's teacher was Mr. Charles Herbert Moore.

"Advanced Building Construction" is an abridgment of Part II. of "Notes on Building Construction," the well-known work arranged to meet the requirements of the Syllabus of the Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education, South Kensington. It is a book for students who have advanced slightly beyond the first elementary stage. To such it supplies a wide range of information in the form of succinct notes, with illustrations of nearly everything that can be illustrated to any real purpose. The fault we find with the book is that it lacks constructive progression. It offers the learner a great many facts, much valuable information, but it lacks the vivifying touch of a synthetical principle. To a good treatise on building it holds the same relation that a dictionary of architectural terms does to a work on architecture. Indeed, it really is a dictionary of building processes, materials and devices arranged under general headings instead of in alphabetical order. The information is not always very profound as may be instanced in this definition or description of tin: "Tin is used for lining lead pipes and for small gas tubing. It is very soft, weak and malleable, and more easily fusible than any other metal." This is not very comprehensive nor very enlightening; indeed, as a description of an important and much-employed metal in the building trades it is "very soft, weak and malleable and more easily fusible than any other" description we have yet met with in a book intended for "advanced" students. The work, of course, adheres to British practice, which may be and no doubt is adequate to British conditions. Different conditions prevail in the United States, and in many particulars our practice differs greatly from that of our cousins. Consequently, this book needs to be read with reference to American practice, and corrected or amended where the practice of the two countries differs. It is asking a little too much to require even the "advanced" student to do that.