

The
Architectural Record.

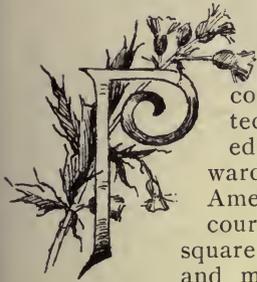
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No. 3.

ARCHITECTURAL ABERRATIONS.*

No. 2.—THE RECORD BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA.



PHILADELPHIA, in respect of its commercial architecture, is undoubtedly the most backward and provincial of American cities. Of course, in so great a square mileage of brick and mortar, there must be here and there an em-

bodiment of an architectural idea, which may be studied with interest, if not always with pleasure, and in a town of a million of people there must be some educated architects among the mass of "architects," and some evidence of their education and of their knowledge of and conformity to the standards that are acknowledged by educated architects elsewhere. "Evidences of design" in the building of Philadelphia may be collected by a hard-working teleologist. It remains true that one of the oldest and richest and most American of American towns is, in its commercial building at least, the crudest and most violent, that Philadelphia is architecturally far more Western than the West, and that Chestnut street has pretentious edifices that would be re-

volting to the inhabitants of Omaha, and that their authors would be ashamed or afraid to erect in Kansas City.

We are not speaking, it is to be noted, of the work of the speculative builder. That is about as bad in one town as in another. Neither are we speaking of the minority of studied designs which Philadelphia possesses, and which are the more admirable because their authors have taken intelligent pains with them without any encouragement from public appreciation. In truth it is evident from the look of Philadelphia that there is no constraint upon the architects either from the professional opinion, which elsewhere keeps designers out of the maddest excesses, or from a lay opinion that betokens an interest in the subject that, though ignorant, is willing to be enlightened. What the aspect of commercial Philadelphia does indicate is a complete architectural apathy on the part of the public and a settled determination on the part of the architects to break in upon that apathy at any cost. One derives from the title of "The Quaker City" a sense of demureness and sedateness and dull propriety which is exactly antithetical to the

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

rampant loudness that does in fact characterize its conspicuous building. What one would expect to be the tamest of American towns is by far the wildest. The one object that the designers of its commercial palaces evidently have in view is to make sure that their respective buildings shall be noticed, and Chestnut street accordingly recalls that comparison of Carlyle's of a village society to "an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get his head above the others."

To select any particular viper as the ugliest and most offensive, and therefore the most typical of this tendency, is to intimate that it has succeeded in attaining a preëminent conspicuousness. That would be invidious if not unjust as to the other vipers that are wriggling into light with an equally frantic activity. It might even be taken as a compliment by the selected serpent. We hasten to say, therefore, that it is impossible to particularize any single structure as supremely characteristic of the imbroglío of Chestnut street, as impossible as it would be to represent the Laocoön or a scrimmage at football by picking out one contorted leg.

The *Record* Building, herewith illustrated, is not exactly a specimen of the commercial architecture of Philadelphia, for a peculiarity of that architecture is that as it is not a species, it has no specimens. What the architects of the commercial buildings try for being conspicuousness, they try for it by being various, and their success is in proportion to the degree of difference that they attain, not only from themselves and each other, but incidentally from the principles of the art of architecture. It is a pathological collection, an assortment of anomalies, that the business quarter presents. It will be agreed, however, that the *Record* Building is of a weird and wondrous ugliness, and also that from the Philadelphia point of view it is highly successful since it is absolutely certain of being noticed. It is also commercial—there is no doubt about that. The piers are thinned down to the lowest requirements of stability, and the bands between the stories apparently to the actual depth

of the floors, so that the building does not give the impression of a building, but of a sash frame in masonry. This is a common disposition. It is not favorable to architecture, but if the designer skillfully makes the most of such masses as are left him, and attains an effective proportioning of his stories, the result may be at least an inoffensive building, and may possess the repose that is the first essential of any work of art. In fact the danger of the arrangement lies rather in the direction of weakness than of restlessness. Yet the designer of this edifice has continued to make his building as uneasy and restless, with the repetition of a simple rectangular opening, as if he had changed the motive at every story. It is necessary to an architectural composition that either the vertical or the horizontal lines should predominate. In the present sash-frame neither predominate, for neither are at all developed. The one projecting member that is repeated throughout the front is the moulded block that seems to have been suggested by the offset of a Gothic buttress. It has no meaning here, because the plane of the pier to which it is applied is the same from bottom to top, and the projection has the effect not of a modelling of the pier, but of a piece of foreign material glued on to its face. It is glued on at the intersection of the pier with the band that forms the floor-line, and it thus interrupts the pier at every story and the band at every bay, so as to leave no continuous line, vertical or horizontal. The device would be ingenious if it were a means to an architectural end. The end it attains is to cut up the building at the corners of every window, or pair of windows, and to render what might be a respectable and unpretentious sash-frame, an uneasy front that nobody can respect. How great an improvement it would be in the look of the building if all these absurd projections could be chipped down to the face of the wall! It is true this excision would remove all the architecture from the fronts, between the basement and the upper story, excepting the lines cut at the top and bottom of the piers in each story, which are equally ridiculous and



Philadelphia, Pa.

THE RECORD BUILDING,

unmeaning, though less offensive; and excepting also the treatment of the lintels, which by some inadvertence has a meaning, and is rather good, though it becomes tiresome by repetition.

The basement has some architecture in the application against the piers of little pilasters, which might be supposed to strengthen the piers, if they were not stopped on corbels at the bottom, so as to show that they are quite useless. The banded columns at the entrance constitute a highly Philadelphian feature, and are as bad as bad can be. Comparatively delicate shafts are imposed on ugly and stilted bases and rudely interrupted by shapeless masses of stone projected from the walls and carry other shapeless masses, which carry conical masses retreating against the pier to assure us that the whole feature has no meaning at all but is pure architecture.

The top is the most grievous of all. Nothing could be more wild and Western than the cornice and its cresting, with the gross lumpy pinnacles into which the piers are produced, unless it be the treatment of the tower. To put a very solid and massive tower upon a very thin and weak sash-frame, and

then to whittle down its angle piers at the bottom, so as to support them upon slender shafts, banded into lumpy projections, is a nightmare that might cross the imagination of an erratic architect anywhere, but it is only in Philadelphia that he would attempt to body it forth in actual stone. The decoration of this crowning feature seems to have been suggested by examples of Hindoo architecture, and it is very terrible.

This edifice is even more revolting by comparison with its neighbors, which appear in the illustration, than if it were isolated. The old front at the left is a relic of the time when Philadelphia was properly called the Quaker City. It is thin and weak and dull, but it is decorous, and it rises into distinction alongside of its bustling and noisy neighbor. The Renaissance warehouse on the right would not be very noticeable elsewhere, but on Chestnut street it seems, by contrast, not merely a gentlemanlike, but an artistic performance, breathing the spirit of grace and repose. It is not this respectable edifice, however, but the awful *Record* Building that is typical of the contemporaneous commercial building of Philadelphia.





THE BATTLE OF THE STYLES.

IT is generally admitted that the decorative and architectonic forms in which the conceptions of modern architecture are expressed are the weakest side of its development. They have exposed it to the reproach of insincerity and untruthfulness, of lack of invention and of fundamental inconsistency between its construction and decoration. It has developed no architectural language of its own, but has used the dead languages of extinct styles, copying incessantly where it should have invented. As a result we behold in modern work a bewildering variety of styles, whose employment in most cases seems to have been determined by no more serious consideration than the architect's personal predilection, and the changing fads or fashions of the day. There has been within forty years a veritable revolution in building methods and processes and materials, but these changes seem to have had little influence in developing any truly modern and characteristic system of constructive and decorative forms.

Fergusson, writing of England in 1873, uses these words: "Architecture never was in so false a position in this country since the Reformation as it is at this moment, nor practiced on such entirely mistaken principles."* "Whatever the other merits of modern build-

ings may be, the element of truthfulness is altogether wanting."* And of France, where more than anywhere else there is at least the semblance of a modern style, Viollet-le-Duc observes in his "Discourses,"† that "instead of availing ourselves of the immense resources furnished by modern industry

to produce a new style of architecture, which shall be the natural expression of our era and our civilization, we straiten and limit our means under an architectural system theorized out of the past and conventionalized by academic usage." Our modern American architecture has been criticised with equal severity by more than one writer of note, yet still around us rise Romanesque and Renaissance designs side by side, and still the battle of the styles continues. While we implore the combatants to listen to reason (*our* reason), they keep right on, Romanesque, Byzantine, Gothic, Cinque Cento and Louis Quinze, all striving for the mastery. The men who create, who feel and handle the forces which the critic and philosopher only see; who know the limitations of circumstance and conditions and struggle therewith, give little heed to the philosopher, to the man who analyzes and can only proceed on general principles and abstractions. Mankind is not al-

* "History of Modern Architecture," 2d ed. Introduction, p. 2.

† "Discourses on Architecture," Boston ed., p. 405.

* "History of Modern Architecture," 2d ed., p. 566.



AUDITORIUM HOTEL, STUDEBAKER BUILDING AND FINE ARTS ACADEMY,

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ways right nor the critics always wrong, but we must guard against the illusions of a false perspective. On the battlefield there seems to be only "confusion worse confounded," but from the mountain-height one may discern a plan of campaign, a system governing the apparent chaos of movements, a final result planned from the beginning and at last triumphantly achieved. Perchance some future age may perceive in the architectural tumult about us germs of a coming cosmos of beauty and strength all invisible to our nearer view, and so judge otherwise than we.

If we divide the general question of styles in modern architecture into several inquiries, their separate consideration may throw some light on the correctness or erroneousness of the common assumptions that modern architecture, in its outward expression, is wholly untruthful, and that the chaos of styles about us is a wholly unmitigated evil. We may put these inquiries into forms like these:

1. Why have we no styles of our own as previous ages have had?
2. Can a historic style be truthfully and logically employed in modern designs, and if so, in what manner?
3. Can several historic styles be concurrently employed without inconsistency?
4. Is there hope of developing a distinct system of architectural forms appropriate to our age and civilization?

1. To answer the first inquiry at length would involve too long and detailed a recapitulation of the course of modern architectural history from the Middle Ages down. We can only notice its most salient facts.

The foundations of modern civilization were laid in the fifteenth century. The revival of classic studies in Italy was only one symptom of the revolution that was taking place in human life and thought. As the Middle Ages represent the negation of individualism under supreme authority—the absorption of the unit in the mass—so the Renaissance, if it meant anything, was the breaking up of the mass and the emergence of the unit. The individual consciousness asserted itself; the right of every man to question, doubt, investi-

gate, acquire for himself. Out of this spirit have grown modern conceptions of liberty, modern Protestantism, science, invention and discovery, popular education, modern democracy, and the industrial and commercial system of our day—in short, the nineteenth century.

Now Gothic art, developing throughout Western Europe as a mighty system, carried out with varying details, but under the pressure of universal principles of development, was only possible under a universal church, and by the absorption of the unit in the mass. As was pointed out in a previous article*, the efforts of architects all over Europe were concentrated for over three hundred years upon a single architectural problem, and under the influence of a universal church which ignored the bounds of country and differences of race. When the Renaissance dawned, the architectural system thus developed had culminated and begun a career of decline, marked by the quest for extravagant effects of clever construction and ostentatious decoration. It was wholly unsuited to the tastes and requirements of the new civilization. The new era was worldly in its tastes and aspirations; rising in revolt against the mediæval asceticism, which would suppress beauty and joy as legitimate objects of pursuit, it found in the art and literature of classic times a spirit more akin to its own. The poetry of classic mythology, the splendid material environments of Roman civilization, the Greek worship of beauty, appealed powerfully to the neo-paganism of those times. That they appropriated to their own use every tangible vestige of classic art was the inevitable consequence of this spirit. They had no Ruskin and no Fergusson to tell them they were setting forth on a false career, and to indoctrinate them with a system of æsthetic morals which they could not have comprehended had they listened to its preachment. Indeed, classic art was the only mine open to them to work. They could not build upon the

*"The Difficulties of Modern Architecture," in No. 2 of THE ARCHITECTURAL RECORD.

Gothic, so foreign to their tastes and already in its decrepitude. They could not invent a new architecture out of whole cloth; the thing is impossible. They could not revert to Greek forms, of which they were absolutely ignorant. They could not but use the details of Roman art with which they were surrounded, and which they had never discarded, even in the fullest tide of their mediæval art. The new style of the Renaissance was nevertheless not a copying, and however much the men of the time may have imagined they were reproducing Roman architecture (a statement often made, but certainly open to doubt) they were really adapting classic details freely to their own uses, and with a grace and a taste betokening a truly artistic spirit. The path on which they set out was not only the one path alone open to them, it was also the natural and logical path to follow.

The decline of the art, out of which the modern chaos has grown, began when the Roman orders in their entirety, as a completely formulated system, came to be looked upon as the only adequate medium for architectural expression. When the wayward genius of Michael Angelo had furthermore set the example of disregarding the wise limits of scale in their use, the rapidly-degenerating taste of the succeeding period forsook the restraints of logic and common sense, and abandoned itself to the extravagances of the Jesuit and Roccoco styles. A reaction was inevitable; but the architects of the eighteenth century, instead of going back to the parting of the roads—to the architecture of the first half of the sixteenth century—sought perfection in the imitation of the works of antiquity, a radically different thing from the adaptation of their details to modern uses. Such buildings as the façades of St. John Lateran and St. Peter's in Rome, and the Madeleine and Panthéon in Paris, were the result. For a century, more or less, European architecture was occupied with a series of efforts based on the same fundamental blunder—the restoration in modern times of the architecture of a by-gone age. Every designer sought to do as

exactly as possible what he supposed an architect of the period he was imitating would have done with the same programme and under the same conditions. The monumental absurdity of imagining a classic Roman architect, or a contemporary of Phidias, or a mediæval master-of-works, as occupied with such a programme under such conditions, never troubled his mind. His aim was accomplished if the details he used could each claim an exact historic precedent, so that (if properly shattered and discolored) they might be mistaken for genuine products of the age they pretended to belong to, no matter how incongruous with the spirit and methods of that age might be the plan and construction of the building.

This absurdity lies at the base of all the "revivals"—the Greek, the Roman and the Gothic—whether in England, France or Germany, and was fatal to them all. The talent, devotion and perseverance of their adherents produced many beautiful works, it is true. They contributed much to the adornment of modern cities; they stimulated historic study and the preservation of ancient monuments, and gave to the profession a new tone of seriousness and scholarliness, but they could not put the breath of life into dead systems.

Moreover their labors were prosecuted in a period of rampant philistinism. The first half of this century was well-nigh dead to the claims of true art. Commerce, politics, war and mechanical invention seemed to have stifled all considerations of loveliness in life and art. Engineering monopolized whatever real progress was being made in building. Metal construction was coming into general use for bridges and for structures with large roofs, such as railroad stations and exhibition buildings, the most characteristic products of the constructive skill of the time. These works were intrusted to engineers; the architects were so pre-occupied with their mistaken efforts to resuscitate historic styles that they wholly failed to discover the possibilities of the new material, and scornfully abandoned it to the mathematicians and



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FINE ARTS ACADEMY,

iron-founders. As a result, it was handled without grace or feeling, and is only in our own day slowly gaining recognition as a possible means to artistic ends.

The same things were largely true of architecture in our own land. The one phase of its history which we can claim as in any sense national was the Colonial style, which was a free adaptation to our own uses, especially to work in wood, of the Queen Anne and Adamsite details which our builders had inherited from England. But it was swamped by the wave of the imported Greek revival, with its mistaken taste. This in its turn gave way to the pseudo-Gothic, which has left so many atrocious mementos of its passage across the continent. The Gothic revival here lacked the inspiration of the monuments which in the Old World were the objects of the architect's ceaseless study. Trained practitioners were few, and technical skill among our artisans, especially in carving and decoration, was deplorably lacking. Still more disastrous was the low estate of public taste and information in art matters, and the general toleration of the most wretched shams. However open to criticism such designs as Trinity, St. George's (Stuyvesant square), and Grace Church, in New York City, may be in our eyes, they were a veritable oasis in the wilderness of bad Gothic of their day.

Meanwhile the French had been coming nearer to a true reform in architecture than any other people. Starting with the elements of classic design, they had developed out of them a more or less rational and consistent system of treatment, in which they avoided on the one hand the academic stiffness of the Vignolesque school and on the other the extravagances of the Rococo. It had, and still retains, at least the merit of modernness and consistency, and is often used in such a manner as to acquit it of the reproach sometimes brought against it, of artificiality and want of relation to the system of construction employed. The brilliant incursion of the Néo-Grec school of Duc, Duban and Labrouste, in the second third of the century, in-

fused into it a certain grace and freedom which it has never since wholly lost, and it has exerted a powerful influence upon the more recent architecture of Germany, and especially of Austria. The École des Beaux-Arts has done much to unify the style and to give a thorough training to its practitioners and, in spite of the officialism and restraint of free development alleged against it—certainly with far less justification to-day than when first advanced by Viollet-le-Duc—it has proved the value of its instruction, independently of the special classicism it is supposed to inculcate, by such free and iconoclastic work as that of H. H. Richardson, who was trained in its *ateliers*, and by such buildings in Paris itself as the Trocadero and the metallic structures of the late Exposition. In these last we see at least partially realized the early promise of the Halles Centrales of Baltard. Both in their planning and in their decorative treatment of constructive forms they display remarkable taste and inventiveness which we are as yet far from equaling in this country, in our treatment of constructive iron-work.

The influence of the French school on American architecture began in the persons of R. M. Hunt and H. H. Richardson, the pioneers of the American colony of architectural students in Paris. This influence was strongly stimulated by the Centennial Exposition of 1876, which started a veritable renaissance in American art. Undoubtedly the school of architecture of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology had done much to prepare the way for this; and it has ever since maintained a high standard of scholarship and efficiency, and in conjunction with the other strong schools which have been established since that date has contributed largely to swell the number of thoroughly educated and enthusiastic men in the ranks of the profession, even in distant Western and Southern regions.

These architects of our land and day come to their work with no traditions but those of the schools or offices where they have been trained; a mantle



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THE "ROOKERY" BUILDING,

Burnham & Root, Architects.

loosely worn, and flung away on the first occasion. Historical examples fail them as exact precedents for the new and ever-changing problems that meet them. On the other hand, invention "out of whole cloth" is disastrous to good design. The most horrible compositions that disfigure our streets, the most *outré*, barbarous and illogical hotch-potches of mistaken design to be found in our cities, are quite as apt to be the work of intelligent men of fair general education, who are nevertheless possessed of the idea that "absolute originality" is the chiefest of architectural virtues, to be attained only by absolutely disregarding all historical precedent, as they are to be the productions of illiterate and philistine builders. The total absence in the historic styles of anything exactly corresponding to the varied types of building which our ever-changing conditions are constantly calling into being, while it has operated to prevent any mechanical copying or wholesale importation of those styles in recent years, has also retarded the convergence of American practice into anything like a national uniformity or type of character, except perhaps in the one domain of domestic architecture. Each designer makes use of the style which he imagines to best befit his special problem, or whose "grammar" he has most thoroughly mastered; as a rule, he uses it freely, adapting and modifying not always with the most perfect logic, but generally according to his lights. For this diversity of practice to crystallize into unity requires time. Mixture and fusion must precede the emergence of the crystal; whether these processes have begun among us is a part of the fourth of our questions; but even if they have, there has not yet been time for their completion. Their culmination is opposed by many forces; the constant change in the problems presented, in their special requirements and in the resources for their solution; the hostility of modern engineering to art; the progressive specialization both in building industries and in the arts of design; the increasing urgency and imperiousness of purely mechanical considera-

tions, and the ever-growing complexity of modern buildings; these things unite to promote the restlessness and variety so conspicuous in American design, and so hostile to the development of a simple, dignified and monumental architecture.

II. Before we turn the pages of history for light on our second question let us stop a moment to define our terms, and so make certain that writer and reader shall proceed on a common understanding. The distinction between *style* in the abstract and *a style* in the concrete is fundamental to our discussion. Without entering into any lengthy illustration like those in the sixth of Viollet-le-Duc's "Discourses" we may express the distinction as that between a quality and a historic fact. *Style* is character, unity of effect proceeding from some dominant quality in the design. *A style*, on the other hand, is a particular manner of designing peculiar to a race, age or person; an "understood way of working" (to use Mr. Schuyler's felicitous phrase), resulting usually in a recognized system of forms and combinations of detail. A given style may possess very little *style*; and, again, there may be excellent style in a work whose particular style it would be hard to designate.

Our second question then resolves itself into this: Can the "understood way of working" of a past age, its peculiar system of architectural forms, be rationally applied to modern purposes? The affirmative answer seems obvious whenever the style lends itself to such uses. Indeed, there is no alternative but to use the forms of a historic style in modern architecture, unless we resort to invention pure and simple. But all the invention in the world will never produce a new style, and it is a mournful fact that whenever invention has built otherwise than upon the foundation of some already-established system of form, it has only resulted in idiosyncrasies and eccentricities of the worst kind. The great styles of historic architecture have always grown up by gradual and minute accretions, suppressions and modifications of existing forms. We, who have no existing sys-

tem of form, and can find none in the immediate past as the starting-point for any reform in modern design, can therefore do no otherwise than resort to the remoter past. To forbid this, as some theorists would, upon any fine-spun theory of the "inherent untruth of working in the fashion of an extinct civilization," is a fantastic refinement of an imaginary system of morals. The fallacy in the "revivals" of the last hundred years lay not in the fact that the forms they used belonged to a more or less remote past, but in their irrational use of those forms. Absolute reproduction of the old combinations was essayed, instead of a free adaptation of their elements to each special programme; and thus planning and construction were subordinated to the style instead of controlling it. The Victorian Gothic was nearer to truth and reason than the earlier revivals in its freer adaptation of means to ends. It was a legitimate, a rational effort to develop out of the mediæval architecture of England a flexible and characteristic modern style. It came to grief because it was too artificial, corresponding to no spontaneous movement of popular taste; and because the style on which it was based was intractable to modern uses. It has fared differently with the American revival of the Romanesque for the converse of the above reasons. It *has* "taken" with the people, finding a ready echo in the popular taste; and it is based upon a style which was still undeveloped when it made way for the pointed arch, and therefore had in it the seeds of vitality and the flexibility of a still immature and incomplete system.

So with the Italian Renaissance. As long as it employed only the elements of Roman architecture, it could develop them in its own fashion, adapting them freely to immediate needs; and just so long did it retain its power of growth. The early palaces, the doorways and tombs of Florence, the Palazzo del Consiglio at Verona, the beautiful arcaded court-yards of Tuscany and Lombardy, are all as un-Roman as possible, although their details are entirely based on classic models. That which sterilized

Italian architecture was not the mere fact of the adoption, in the sixteenth century, of pilasters and entablatures; for pilasters and entablatures and complete "orders" figure frequently in the finest Cinque Cento design. Nor was it, even, as some have claimed, the purely decorative employment of constructive features. Not only was classic Roman architecture—surely a virile art—characterized by the purely decorative use of the orders which were constructive features in Greek art, but the Greeks themselves, in the age of Phidias, had never abandoned their mutules, triglyphs and guttæ, which were purely decorative survivals from an earlier system of construction. Decorative shafts, balustrades and gables are among the most striking features of fine Gothic work; and, indeed, there has never been a highly-developed phase of art in which the same phenomenon has not been repeated. What caused ossification of Italian architecture was the adoption *en bloc* of the whole Roman system of design treated as a formula, or canon, any departure from which was considered an impropriety. Thus accepted, the style could not be rationalized nor assimilated to the constructive methods or special requirements of the age, and the Rococo was simply an effort to escape the stiffness and barrenness that ensued. Admirable as are the earlier productions of the Purist school of Palladio and Vignola, they inaugurated a false principle, whose disastrous consequences we can avoid only by heeding their plain warning.

We are in more senses than one the heirs of the ages. The monuments of historic art of all lands and periods we may possess if we will; and travel, description, drawing, printing and photography have placed them all within our reach. Truly unhappy are we if we may not use the inestimable treasures with which modern science and the patient erudition of centuries have enriched us! All other ages have borrowed from their predecessors. Greek ornament may be largely traced back to the Egyptian lotus, as Mr. W. H. Goodyear has demonstrated. Roman art is based on Greek art; the Byzan-



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STAIRCASE, "ROOKERY" BUILDING,

Burnham & Root, Architects.

tines borrowed freely from Rome, Venice from Byzantium, and Southern France from Venice. The first part of the question we have asked is therefore answered in the affirmative by all the testimony of history; it only remains to inquire what principles should control in the use of a historic style.

One or two inferences seem obvious from the historical facts we have already cited. We should avoid the example of the earlier revivalists, and on no account seek to resuscitate the whole architectural system of another age. Whatever may be the style from which we draw our inspiration, or to which we resort for suggestions of form and composition, the materials it affords must be used with careful discrimination between what is capable of adaptation to our purpose and what is not. This can only be attained by a thorough mastery of the style. If we would know what to use and what to reject, we must first know what we have to draw from. The masterpieces of the art should be studied, not only for their general composition, but for their detail. We should also familiarize ourselves with its lesser monuments, that we may learn the humbler applications of the style. Its history, its planning, its system of construction, its decoration in its general principles and in its details, the very technique of its execution, all these things are pertinent. Only by such thorough study can one penetrate the spirit and find out the animating principles of the style, and to possess one's self completely of these is essential. Half-knowledge, which is sometimes the worst kind of ignorance, is responsible for many of the architectural villainies perpetrated by well-meaning men.

It follows as a natural corollary that if the above be the true way to prepare for the use of a historic style a man cannot well succeed in mastering more than two in a lifetime. Indeed, no.

Having thus learned what we have to select from, a second principle may be laid down: that the style should be subordinated to the scheme of compo-

sition best befitting the programme; that is, the style should be a means, not an end. Its application should begin when the scheme of the design has been determined upon, not before. Thus the designer is unhampered by the artificial restraint of a formulated style while preparing his general scheme, and can determine the latter wholly by considerations of fitness, convenience and sound construction. Too often the spectacle is met with of a design whose appropriateness and convenience have been sacrificed to the fancied exigencies of a style whose historic combinations the architect did not dare to modify.

The third inference we would draw from what has gone before, is the necessity as well as the difficulty of modifying and adapting historic details for modern uses. If thorough familiarity with a style is necessary in order to select from the materials it offers, still more is it essential to any real assimilation of those materials. How skillfully and beautifully was this done by the Cinque Centists in Italy! One has only to compare their work with the classic models which inspired it to appreciate their mastery of those models and the purity of their taste. Byzantine architecture is another example of the adaptation and transformation of Roman details; how complete was the transformation and how splendid the result!

And, finally, the only safe pilot between the Scylla of servile imitation on the one hand and the Charybdis of an eccentric originality on the other is a thoroughly disciplined and cultured taste. Culture comes from reading and study, and from contact with what is fine and noble in art and in humanity. Discipline comes from training, self-restraint, constant practice. Perhaps the lesson of self-restraint is the one most needed in these days for our American architects. This lesson the schools of architecture endeavor to teach, while enriching the mind and training the perceptions and reasoning powers of the student. The work they have done is invaluable, and is destined to bear even richer fruit in the future.

A. D. F. Hamlin.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



MODERN ARCHITECTURE.—A CONVERSATION.



ARCHITECT (*perturbed, entering School of Modern Architecture*).—The present condition of our art is most perplexing and unsatisfactory.

What comfort, I wonder, is there here?

CLASSICIST, GOTH, ROMANESQUER *look up from their drawing boards and smile pityingly.*

ARCHÆOLOGIST (*greeting him*).—Unsatisfactory? Perplexing? We don't find it so here. My dear sir, possibly (*smiling with air of superiority*) you are not acquainted with the great work we have accomplished by strict attention to archæology. The imitative...

ARCHITECT.—But the creative...

ARCHÆOLOGIST.—The creative in archæology! My good sir, what place is there...

ARCHITECT.—Pardon me, but I speak of architecture...

ARCHÆOLOGIST.—And, pray, what is architecture but the strict application of archæology to modern requirements? If architecture is not applied archæology, what is...

ECLECTIC (*entering*).—Wouldn't a judicious blending of styles meet the case?

Chorus of dissent from CLASSICIST, GOTH and ROMANESQUER.

ECLECTIC.—That's the trouble with you dry-as-dusts. You have only one idea. You have no conception of how freedom invigorates a design. The Gothic, for instance, is all very well, but it needs broadening and stiffening in the joints, if I may say so. Now, I've used it with great success in an exquisite cast-iron front tenement I turned out the other day for a wealthy New Yorker, but I Romanesqued the entrance somewhat, and with the aid of a heavy modillioned cornice...

GOTH.

CLASSICIST.

ROMANESQUER.

} Vandal!

ECLECTIC.—Gave quite a modern air to the thing. But in Philadelphia...

ARCHÆOLOGIST (*severely*).—Stop, sir. The name of that piebald city may not be mentioned within these precincts.

ECLECTIC.—Oh, very well, then. Out West...

WESTERN ARCHITECT (*rising from group of listeners*).—Permit me, sir. In the West, you will be interested to know, several of our brainiest architects are now engaged in the creation of an original "American Style," and what with the Chicago system of construction on one hand, and the inventive genius of our people on the other, this copying of effete forms is about ended.



Chicago, Ills.

NEW GERMAN OPERA HOUSE,

Adler & Sullivan, Architects.

CLASSICIST.—Effete forms, sir! Ah, how faint is your appreciation of perfection!

GOth } (*in rapture, each look-*
ROMANESQUER } *ing in a different*
direction).—Perfection!

CLASSICIST.—I maintain that hope for architecture to-day lies in the use of certain forms perfected by the Greeks. The tendency of the time to proceed without precedent is subversive of true art. If we are not grammatical....

ARCHÆOLOGIST.—I beg you, archæological.

CLASSICIST.—Have it so if you will—we are barbarous.

GOth (*to Classicist*).—But you will admit that Greek architecture is quite undeveloped, one may say is really primitive on the constructive side.

ARCHITECT (*eagerly*).—That's it. How am I to harmonize Grecian precedent and modern requirements, which my clients insist shall be satisfied?

CLASSICIST.—Unreasonable beings; art is not for them.

ECCLECTIC.—Nonsense! Harmonize! There is no need to harmonize. Our duty is to select. What do the styles exist for if not for that? I am making a design now for an eleven-story office building for a religious "daily" in what I call the "classic spirit." That's as near as you can get to antiquity. Doric on the ground floor, you know, with a broken pediment and a bull's-eye to get light; Ionic columns above in brick; then Corinthian, with a mansard roof supporting a spire-like tower surmounted by a forty-foot statue of the Freedom of the Press. Greek elegance with Gothic aspiration. I say, you *must* break away from precedent a little in these matters. Our effort should be confined to retaining the spirit.

CLASSICIST (*in horror*).—Shade of Ictinus!

ICTINUS (*appearing*).—Who called me!

CLASSICIST.—Oh, my master!

ICTINUS (*sorrowfully*).—Slave, I dreamed that I bequeathed to you a lordly kingdom; but it was only a bondage.

CLASSICIST.—But, master, I have fol-

lowed in thy footsteps. Thy diameters....

ICTINUS.—Diameters! Poor fool! Think you that we live by a formula?

CLASSICIST.—Master, I have measured every column in thy masterpiece and found....

ICTINUS.—Yes, feet and inches; not our spirit.

CLASSICIST.—But how are we to work?

ICTINUS.—In thy own delight, and with reason, as we did, and as the great ones that followed us did.

CLASSICIST.—But to-day our architecture....

ICTINUS.—Your architecture! where is it? Show me some work that is really yours—that your soul delights in. Therein will be the hope for your art.

ARCHÆOLOGIST.—But are we to ignore the Past?

ICTINUS (*smiling*).—No, indeed. You cannot. Useless to try, even. But you question the Past only for its What, not for its How. You seek for the dead matter of Art, not for the living spirit, which is the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

ECCLECTIC.—Permit me to suggest. You leave out of view, perhaps, our tenements and office buildings.

ICTINUS (*shuddering*).—No, great Apollo; no. Believe me I don't. They darken our life yonder. O! Ilissus, and thy quiet places still haunted by our dreams of beauty, hast thou no message for these barbarians. Ah, friend, I see you are the rash one here. You voyage restlessly among old lands; these your companions abide some here some there. Those tenements and office buildings of which you speak can—be—made—artistic—I—suppose; but they cannot inspire great art. You cannot clothe the petty things of life with majesty. The hands build greatly only where the feet tread reverently. And, really, it seems to me you modern barbarians have no great architecture because there is so little in your lives that demands—and the demand must be imperious—grand expression. Your office buildings and factories and stores are matters of percentage. Art is not. Your theatres—O shade of Æschylus!—are also per cent affairs, where the



The Bankers Building - Front St New York

R. W. Gibson Architect - 15 Wall St - N. Y.

curious and idle make exchanges with

MODERN ARCHITECT.—The theatrical manager.

ICTINUS (*warmly*).—Friends, why look for a source of great art there? Your day is not favorable. Perceive that. By and by some vision may come to you as the Vision of Beauty came to us and you may follow it as we did.

GOTH.—And as my masters did that which came to them.

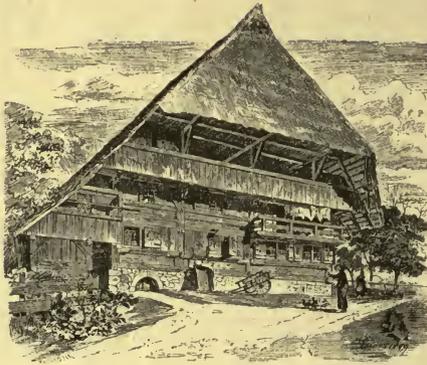
ICTINUS (*pointing before him*).—

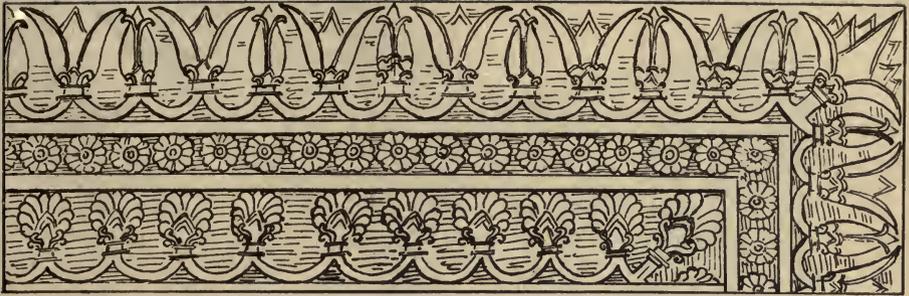
Look! Look! O! city of the Purple Crown, again I behold thee, and thy temples and sanctified places. Thy olive groves adorn thee, and the wide blue sea worships at thy feet. And the air is filled with the voices of thy heroes, my city, and of thy poets. The eternal gods are there, and their gift is beauty. Oh, this is life again! Feel it!

CLASSICIST.—What is he talking about?

ARCHÆOLOGIST.—Why, where is he gone to? I wanted to question him about the length of the stadium.

Harry W. Desmond.





AN APPEAL TO CAESAR.



WE have recently been warned by a high authority that the law which concerns itself with the relation of client and architect expressly declares

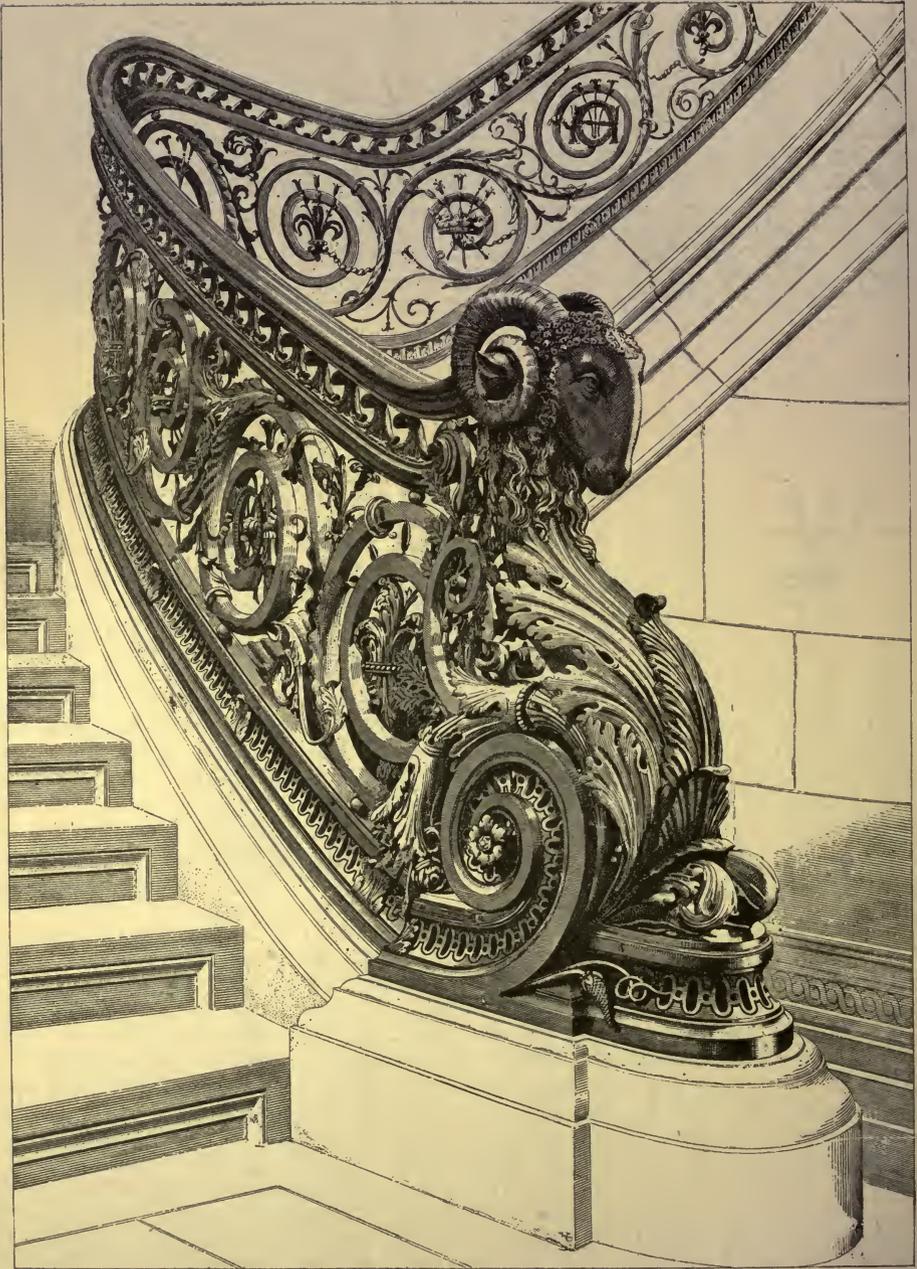
“that in all matters relating to the æsthetics of design rather than to the exigencies of construction the wish of his employer is the only rule for the architect to follow.”

However defective such a rule may be—based as it is on the false assumption that the architect is primarily a constructor and not an artist—it nevertheless expresses a condition of things which exists and must be recognized. And while any improvement in our national architecture must necessarily originate and be carried on from within the profession, the rate of progress will always largely depend upon the intelligent appreciation of our efforts in that direction on the part of our clients, coupled with a sincere desire on their part to second us to the best of their ability. Yet we have been informed by another high authority that the public knows little and cares less about the canons which underlie the art of building. Evidently, then, it is high time some serious attempts were made to awaken such an interest by an appeal to that good sense of our “employers” which is not wanting when

they are concerned with other matters than those relating to art. Not, indeed, that the lay mind has not been appealed to by essays in criticism in the popular magazines. The increasing frequency of these essays is an encouraging sign of the desire for instruction in such matters on the part of the reading and building public. Yet it may not be indiscreet to suggest that if these appeals have failed in some measure of the fruitful results which they have merited, it is because these arguments and discussions have too often been conducted over the heads of those to whom they were addressed.

It is all very well, for example, to enunciate as a fundamental thesis in architectural criticism the Hegelian proposition that every true mode of artistic representation must be derived from a conciliation of the objective and subjective methods of the treatment of art motives—a truth whose correct application to modern design is of vital importance—but to the average lay mind, endeavoring to discriminate regarding the design of the new boot and shoe warehouse on the neighboring corner, the gap between the proposition and its application is impassable.

It suggests itself, then, that an appeal in behalf of good design in building, proceeding from a somewhat lower, but equally sound, basis of criticism might



GRAND STAIRCASE, CHATEAU DE CHANTILLY (OISE),

France.

H. Daumet, Architect.

produce good results where discussions, pitched in a more purely philosophical tone, should fail. As a first step in this direction, then, let us clear away a popular misconception by a true definition of the architect and his functions.

The architect is primarily and essentially an artist, and only incidentally a constructor, as in this latter capacity he never employs his materials, as the engineer does, in the least masses consistent with stability. The fact that the architect is never expected to do so by his clients would indeed suggest that it is not so much a non-recognition of this principle on their part as a carelessness in applying it which hampers the work of the profession.

A more specific definition of the architect would be that he is "a modeller in building materials." That is to say, as the modeller in clay—to take a familiar though pertinent illustration—uses his simple material for the sole purpose of producing a certain predetermined expression or effect in his work, so precisely with this more complex medium, ingredients of which are stone, iron, wood, and any or all of the materials used in building, does the architect aim to produce a certain expression in his design, having, of course, the further advantage over the sculptor, who usually works in monochrome, in that he can bring to his aid color in addition to form.

Equally important is a clear conception on the part of the client of the way in which the architect does his work. Every building project presents itself to the mind of the architect as a problem whose conditions arise from three sources:

1st. The use for which the building is intended.

2d. The site.

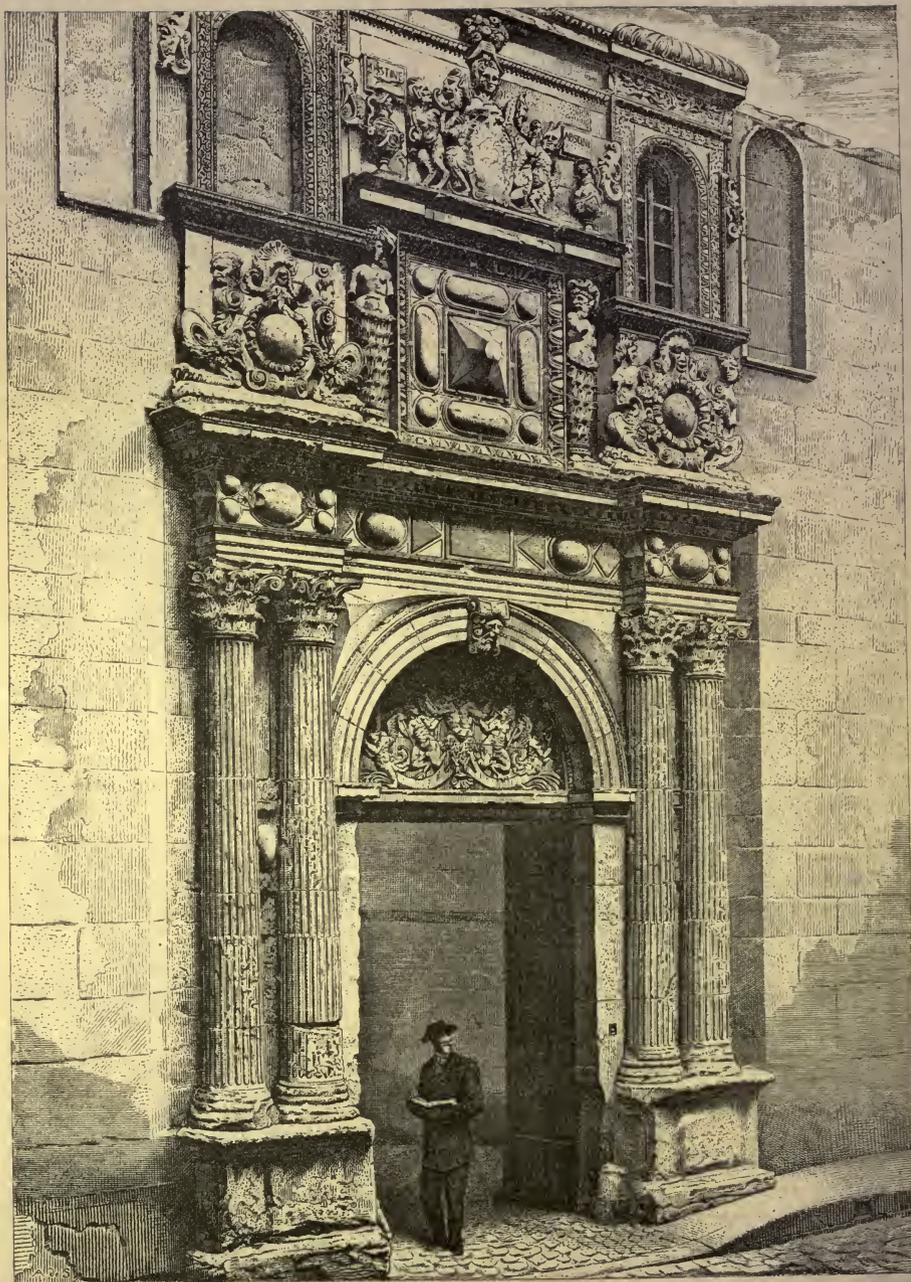
3d. The cost.

From the first source proceed those considerations which determine the general arrangement of the plan and so, to some extent, the external expression, though the latter is principally governed by the exigencies of the site; while from the third obviously arise those limitations which restrain the development of both arrangement and expression.

To illustrate, we may suppose that an architect is receiving instructions from a client concerning a residence which it is proposed to erect, let us say, at the sea-shore. The architect will first endeavor to ascertain the wishes of his client regarding the general character of the house, the scale upon which it is to be developed; whether it is to be largely used for purposes of entertainment or not is a consideration which will materially affect the plan—whether it is to be used as a summer residence only, the number in the family and their individual preference so far as they affect the rooms with which each is more immediately concerned. These and the various other details which concern the internal arrangement will be first ascertained. Then before any further progress can be made the site must be visited and a careful study of it made both with regard to aspect and prospect, that the most desirable views may be made available for the principal rooms and that each room as well may have an outlook toward that point of the compass which is most favorable for its comfortable and healthful use; and, equally important, that the general character and expression of the house may be such as to harmonize with its surroundings. These are all matters upon which the architect brings to bear his professional training and skill, and in all of them, if he be competent, it is his due that his judgment should be trusted, and especially so as regards those considerations of adaptation of expression to site which it is his special function as an artist to determine.

If we were to attempt to indicate the reasoning upon which the architect bases his judgment in all such cases nothing less than a treatise on the whole body of architecture would suffice, yet there are certain general principles which are of universal application, and a consideration of the reasonableness of which, on the part of the client, might tend to lighten the architect's labors materially.

It will be evident, doubtless, that no brief body of rules can be formulated which shall be applicable in all their details to all the circumstances of every



Toulouse, France.

DOORWAY, HOTEL FELZINS,

XVIth Century.

possible case which may arise, but with this understood limitation something useful in the way of a sign-post is possible, and the following twelve propositions are submitted by way of experiment in this direction :

I. The composition of every building should be studied as the principal subject of a picture, of which the characteristic features of the site and its surroundings form the subordinate detail.

II. All possible varieties of expression being at the command of the skillful architect—"from grave to light, from pleasant to severe"—the dominant expression of any building ought to be determined by and be consistent with its use and with the demands of its site.

III. All modeling of façades and grouping of the principal masses of any composition should be based upon sound construction, preference being always given, where the method of expression will permit, to effects derived from conditions of simple stability rather than from conditions of unstable equilibrium held in check by ties and braces.

IV. Every composition should be studied from the general to the particular, or from mass to detail, rather than from detail to mass.

V. That decorative detail is always to be preferred which is derived from ornamented construction, rather than from constructed ornament.

VI. In all trabeated and round-arched compositions piers should be continuous and unpierced and all primary wall openings arranged to centre in vertical lines. In pointed arch compositions it is allowable to alternate wall load and opening in the vertical plane.

VII. Though it is not, perhaps, invariably necessary to indicate externally

the exact internal division into stories of any building, it is usually preferable to do so; and at the same time to express by means of the external features of the composition, such as the relative height of the story or elaboration of detail, the relative importance of the several stories within.

VIII. As a general rule, the mass should undergo sub-division more and more as it proceeds from the basement upwards, while the fineness and elaboration of the decorative details should proceed in inverse order.

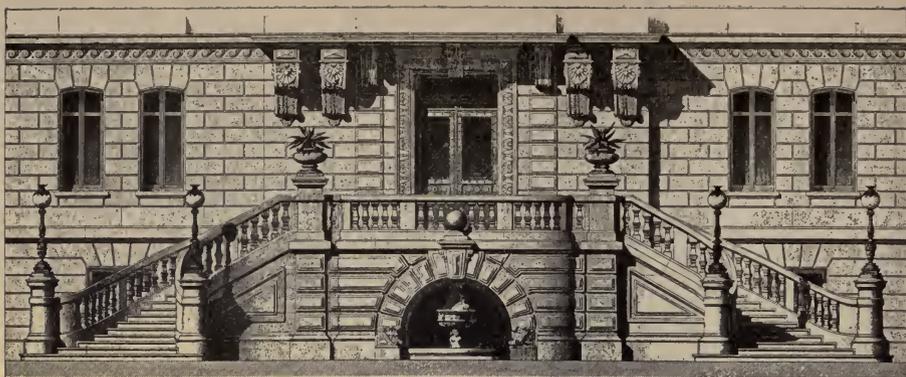
IX. In using color as an aid to expression, variety in the color used should always be in inverse proportion to the sub-division of the mass to which it is applied.

X. The most important requirement of any plan is that it shall be so orderly and skillfully arranged that it shall serve the uses of its occupants in the most complete manner, rooms and thoroughfares being in all cases distinctly separated, the former having invariably direct outside light, and the latter being made as direct and simple as is consistent with dignified and well-ordered effect.

XI. As a general rule those plans would be considered as presenting the best solution of any given problem which are simplest in outline and in internal arrangement consistent with the requirements of the problem, and which have the largest number of internal partitions continuous throughout the several floors.

XII. In arranging any plan both aspect and prospect are to be taken equally into consideration and, other things being equal, that is the best plan which gives to the most important rooms both the best aspect and the best prospect.

C. Francis Osborne.



Paris.

ENTRANCE ON BOIS DE BOLOGNE,

A. Pollet, Architect.

A MODERN CATHEDRAL.



HERE was much more animation than usual in the manner and converse of those who issued from the wide open doors of St. Paul's

Church one Sunday morning not long ago.

The weather was entirely neglected; not that it suffered therein, but, returning good for evil, it lavished its sunlit western air, brisk with autumn ozone, to the encouragement of the lively discussion.

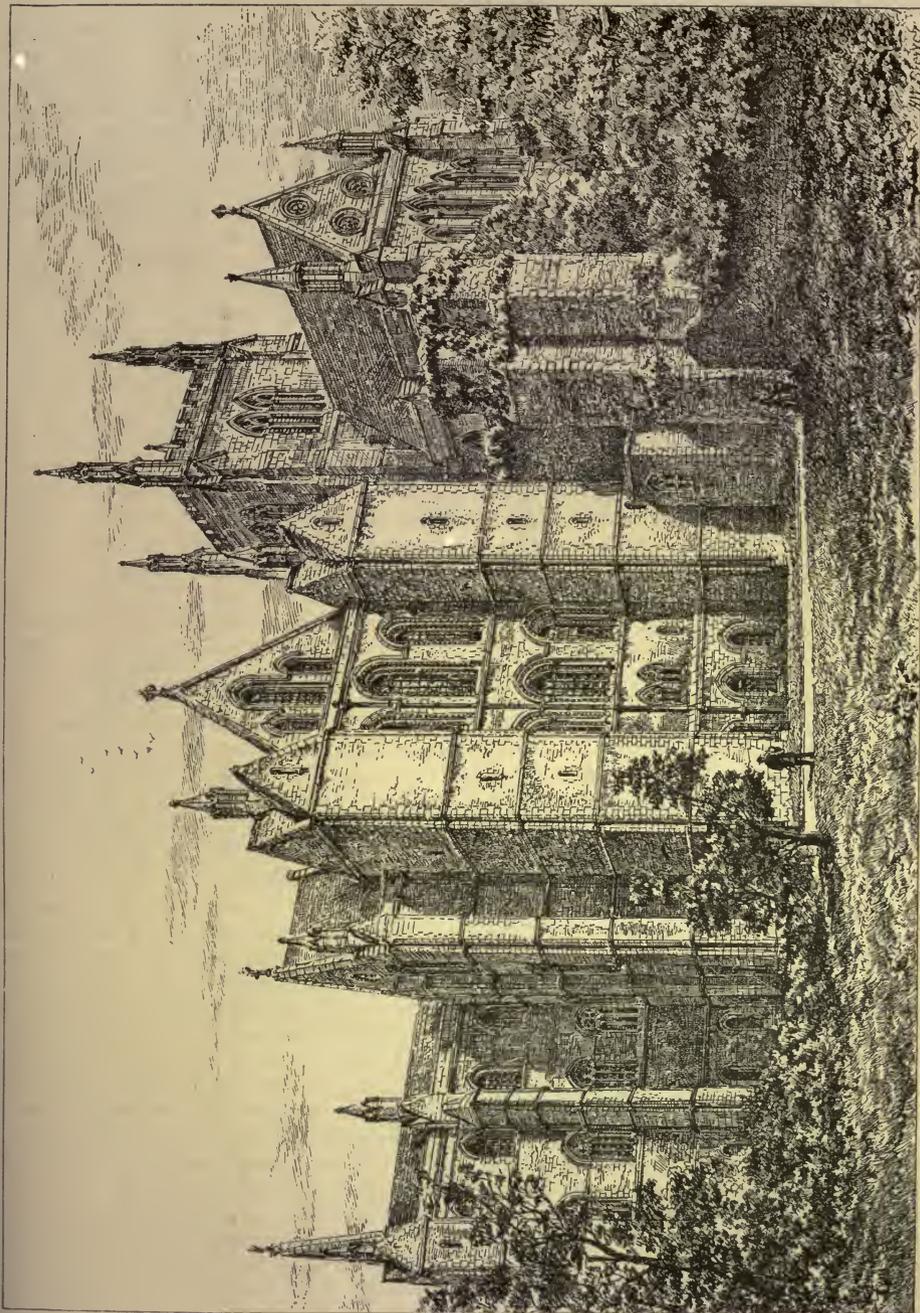
The Rector had resigned. Not unexpectedly. He had been elected Bishop of the newly-organized diocese of Manitou, with the support and acclamation of his influential congregation. They, in his exaltation, had felt personal and corporate triumph. In a degree they had each and all become bishops. But their mental craving for information as to their new duties and responsibilities had met such vague response that they were soon resuming the old attitude, with, however, a wide-awake interest in the progress of events.

It is the unexpected which happens. The Rector's resignation was natural enough. So was the answer of the Vestry. St. Paul's was the oldest church in the city and the finest in the diocese. Indeed, it was an unusually

beautiful building, and deserved the honorable position it occupied in the appreciation of its congregation.

Now, as Mr. Armour very correctly remarked at an informal gathering of a few prominent St. Paulists, the new Bishop was not one who would undervalue his office. Something should be done for him. His dignity, and that of St. Paul's Church, would be mutually sustained if the Church should reorganize, and make the building the cathedral of the diocese. All agreed to the wisdom of this. Those who had already realized that a cathedral was a natural appurtenance to a Bishopric, saw suddenly a solution of a much-pondered riddle. Some who thought modern cathedrals unnecessary extravagances of an obsolete system, accepted it under protest, as it were, after arguing that the Bishop should be all over the State, and that a railroad car, like the Bishop of South Dakota's, was the only real and proper modern cathedral. The majority, having no views or experiences in such matters, had, of course, no prejudices; and as they saw in the suggested action chiefly an added glory for St. Paul's, they acquiesced cheerfully, and thought how natural it all was. A formal meeting was called, and the offer made. The Bishop asked for a few days to consider his answer; then came the unexpected. It was a veritable bomb.

The Bishop declined; and to the con-



Rochester, England.

ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL,

gregation this very Sunday morning he had announced his intention of building a cathedral. He was not ungrateful. But Mr. Armour thought his arguments ridiculous, and what Mr. Armour said seemed to nearly everybody else to be what they had all along thought. The Bishop's course was ridiculous. The establishment and publication of this sentiment was what occupied the crowd of men and women slowly dispersing from the porch.

To tell a St. Paulist that his church was not good enough to be a cathedral was to open a wide field of speculation in a most unpropitious manner.

"What does he want?" asks Mr. Dawson, as he turned an unaccustomed corner in order to continue his discussion with Mr. Welsh, who had been trying to conciliate his friend with explanations of the growth of the cathedral system. "What does he want? Well, now," said Mr. Welsh, "suppose we ask him?" And the good Bishop's efforts to answer that question endure to this day. He has convinced some that a church, even so handsome a church as St. Paul's, does not quite supply the need, and he has begun to learn what the need is.

Mr. Armour and Mr. Dawson have changed their question a little. They now ask, what do *we* want? Some day they will build, or rather begin to build, a cathedral.

. . .

The idea of a migratory cathedral is not a new one. There were such in the very olden times in England. Not in railroad cars, probably; nor even itinerant wagons, but wandering un-housed organizations. Let us remember that cathedral means primarily the organization and only secondarily its home. But naturally they settled as they acquired property and strength. Some were found sequestered in insignificant and inaccessible places, until at the end of the tenth century growing experience found voice in the mandate that only a walled city is a fit place for a cathedral, and only in such should they be established.

. . .

Any great institution incurs a risk from its own power and importance.

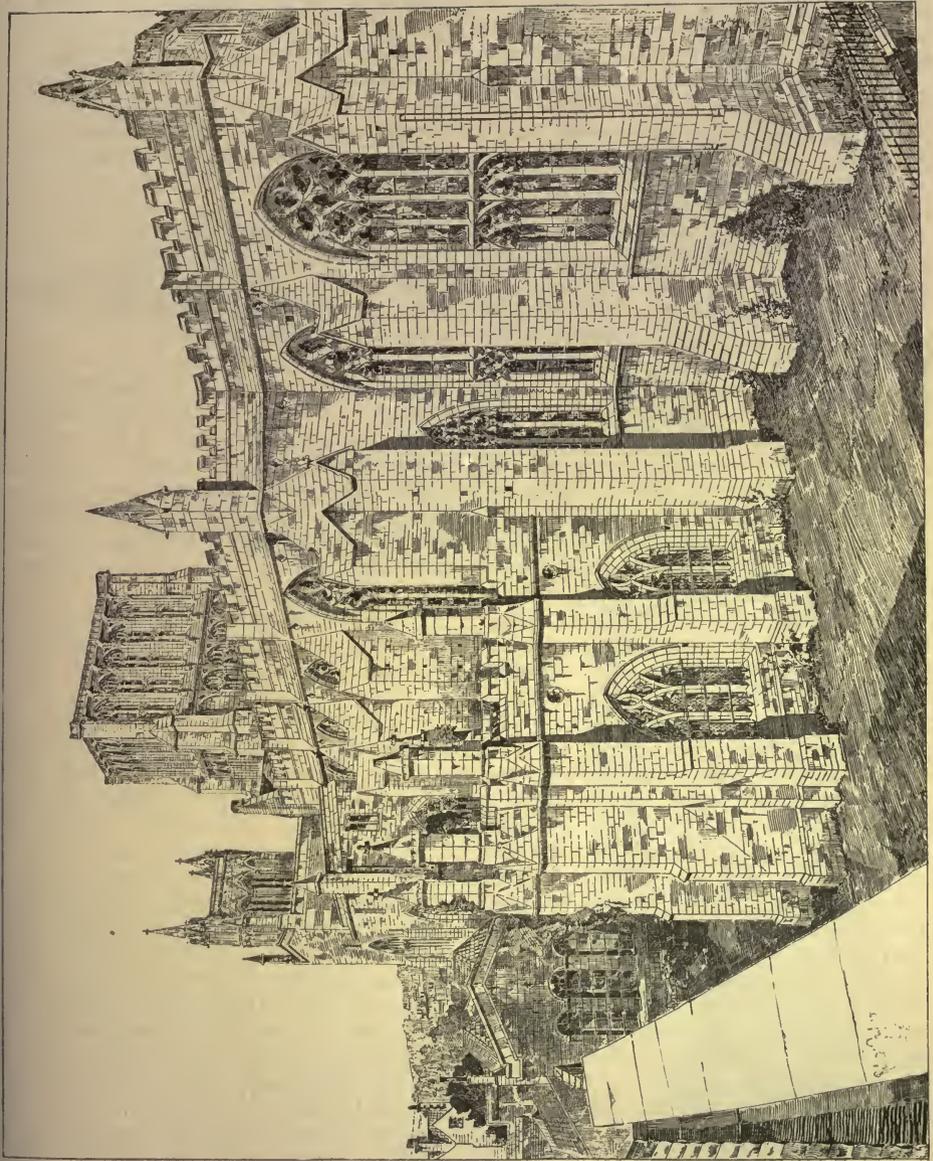
The tendency of all organization is to elaborate itself; and sometimes this reaches even the subordination of the original purpose and idea to the machinery designed for its accomplishment. The cathedral has sometimes threatened to become the end, instead of the means. And its numerous offices have come to be considered goals of ambition and success, rather than posts with laborious duties.

The cathedral is essentially the diocesan church; differing from any parish church, not necessarily in size, but in character. It is a church for the clergy, as well as the people, a place where the hard-worked missionary of a mining village, as well as the popular rector of a city parish, can come with reports of work and find new inspirations and incentive. It is like a general's headquarters on the battle-field, not a place for his personal gratification, but a rendezvous for his staff of officers.

To-day, more than ever before, is this purpose of the cathedral dominant. This is an age of conventions. Every craft and guild which has attained to the dignity of an organization, gathers its members periodically for the benefits of interchange of thought. The Christian Church is the mother of this modern system. Her precepts of mutual support and mutual trust, and her reliance upon brotherly love, began when no other community knew them. Her emissaries and missionaries were carrying messages of peace and good-will at times when political and commercial powers relied upon arms and force. And she still has need of unity and unifying influences. The cathedral is one of these; and inasmuch as a church should be as soon as possible endowed with a permanent home, fit and suitable for dignified service, so a cathedral is deserving of corresponding advantages for its different work.

But naturally a cathedral church will not exclude worshipers who come as to any other church, neither the regular attendants nor those of the casual and wandering class. It must provide for them, perhaps to an unusual extent, in addition to those among whom lie its peculiar functions.

We have, then, to accommodate in a



Bristol, England.

BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.

suitable building—first, the occasional great gatherings of clergy and laity from all the diocese; second, the visitors of both these classes continually coming and going; third, a large, regular congregation (who, however, have no higher rights than other members in the diocese); and, fourth, large numbers of irregular attendants, among whom the cathedral has a missionary power which no other church enjoys.

This is a much bigger problem, and a more complex, than that of the parish church. As we gradually realize its nature, we find explanations for many things which were before looked upon as only sentimental or imitative. We see the utility of the cathedral choir, with its named or numbered stalls, instead of the smaller chancel. We discover in this greater space the need for a grand and imposing chant, instead of recitations in natural voice. We are compelled to reopen questions sometimes thought to be settled.

This building is to be a great auditorium. But is it to be only that?

If we gather people on a floor to hear a speaker there is a limit (soon reached) to the space available. A circle 100 feet diameter, or a rectangle 140 by 60 feet, is as much space as an average speaker can command. About 2,000 persons can be seated on such a space. It is a common error to suppose that a larger space will allow of more hearers. It will not. It is not a question of space. On the vast floor spaces of St. Peter's at Rome, in the large crossing of St. Paul's, London, fewer persons can hear comfortably than in many a large church.

Shall we then make a radical change in our ecclesiastical architecture and build an auditorium with tier upon tier of galleries? Emphatically, no. All are agreed upon this.

Shall we then limit our Cathedral to the size of a parish church? Again, no.

For what then are we to build?

I watched a tourist who entered the cathedral at Toledo. He stopped a moment to get accustomed to the gloom, which, in this wonderful temple, is startling at noontime, and at evening is almost darkness. I had been sketch-

ing (an almost impossible feat) and had laid down my book and taken a seat at the foot of a column in the nave when vespers commenced. The priests and choristers filed into the Coro inclosed by those magnificent marble carved walls—a building within a building. A half dozen, or perhaps a dozen dozen (who can tell, in this place of mystery?) worshipers were scattered through the edifice, isolated specks of humanity on the bare expanse of floor, or at the gates of chapels, before altars and shrines, in little groups. The chant and the organ tones rolled from unseen places into the twilight over and around, and made harmonies with the glorified light of the stained glass.

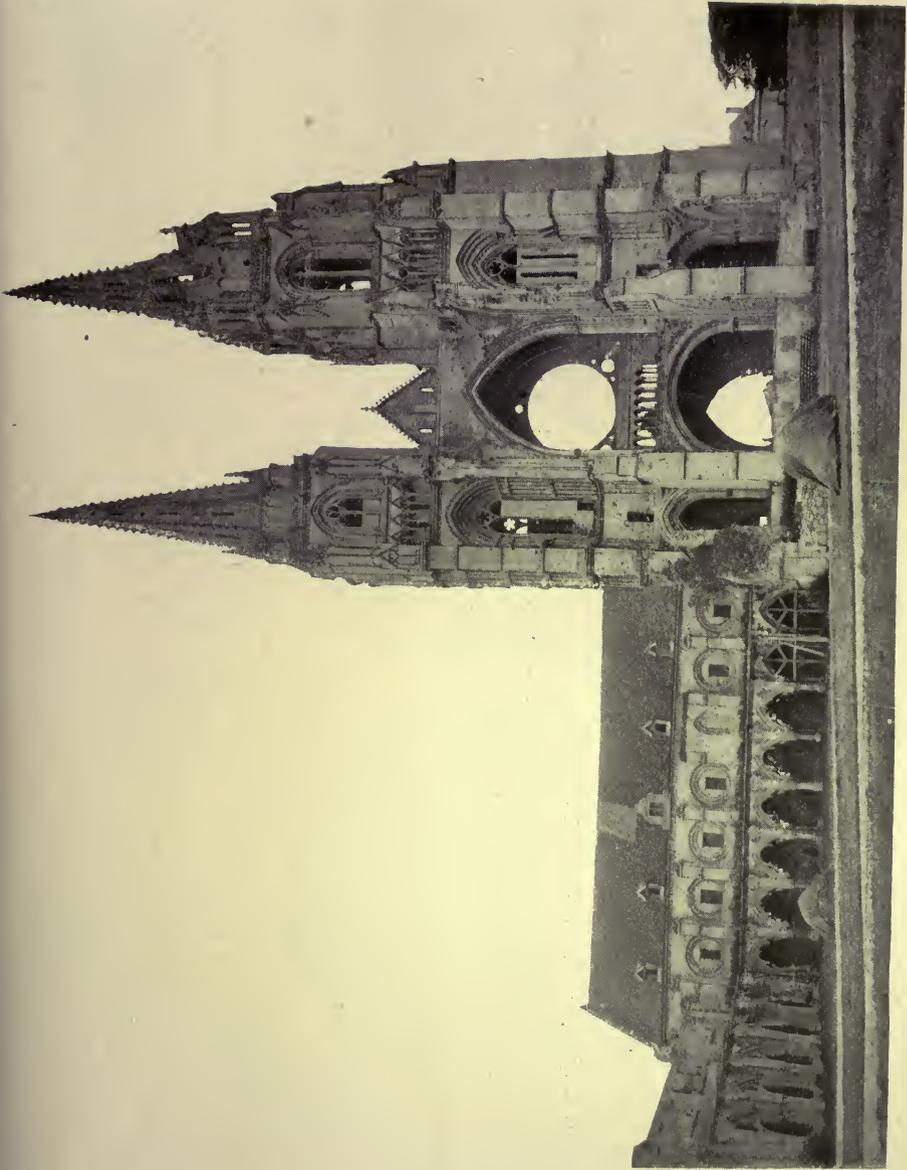
I watched the tourist. He sat down upon a stone base. There were no chairs or seats near. He was English or American, I could see by his dress, a stalwart man. The people around us sank down, one by one, upon their knees. He looked a moment at them, then did the same. At the hotel I met him that evening. He was an Englishman and a Protestant.

What influence was it that made an Englishman and a Protestant bend his knees in Toledo Cathedral?

A cathedral is much more than an auditorium. It is more valuable in its Spanish form, where all facility for preaching is absolutely ignored, nay, even destroyed, than in the simplicity of a big meeting house.

It is to be impressive. This is a word of wide meaning, but valuable. The elements of impressiveness are many. The first among them is size. Bigness of the whole. Bigness of features, or parts. Then richness. Richness of materials. Richness of handiwork. Richness of intellectual design. All these will contribute, if properly used. Beyond the size of the auditorium for utility, the cathedral must be grand for grandeur's sake, expressing more forcibly than words can the greatness of God and the littleness of man. This is sentiment. It is none the less fact. The world is governed through sentiment, and he who ignores it will not succeed.

"This is a practical age." Behold one of the trite sayings, which breed



France.

ST. JEAN DES VIGNES.

modern failures. The generation which rears a statue of Liberty, whose torch shines 300 feet above the sea, is not purely practical. The generation which builds a temple tomb to the memory of its great general is not purely practical. The generation which rides in drawing-room cars costing thirty thousand dollars each, is capable of building a cathedral grand for grandeur's sake.

Nor is this lavishness a new idea. The temple of Apollinopolis Magna at Edfo is as big as any cathedral need be, yet only one-third of its area is available for practical preaching, and this is a court. The Parthenon of Greece allows only one-seventh of its space for a gathering crowd. In the cathedral at Canterbury only one-fourth, and in Westminster Abbey only about one-sixth is so available. We have precedent, if we need it, for making our cathedral seven times as big as a mere auditorium would be.

Spacious aisles and chapels, arcades and cloisters, whose chief utility is in their impressive effect, must be added to and around our auditorium.

One November evening I turned, tired and cold, disgusted with Italian rain and mud, from the streets of Milan and entered the cathedral. It was a revelation. Warmth, light, rest, peace, beauty, music and sweet incense, all waited me. To the poor, ill-clad toilers who flocked in it was like a paradise. What a power such a cathedral exerts over such a population!

All the senses are avenues of impressions. We see as well as hear. Sight is no less religious than hearing.

Let us appeal to both. As to demeanor, let us be cheerful. The Puritanic bigotry which made joy an attribute of the devil is gone. If any survives let us hasten its end. Our God is a God of glorious, generous light, and the temple dedicated to Him should be rich as well as dignified, pleasing as well as noble; like the forest flower-decked.

Art is the handmaid of religion. All the resources of Art are proper for her service and are needed for our cathedral—perspectives of pillars, soaring vaulted

roofs, shadowy recesses emphasizing glowing lights, stained glass, elaborate carving and paintings, none of these are wasted. To say that a cathedral should not be built with this lavishing of art for sentimental object is to say that a cathedral should not be built at all. A big church may properly be economical. Let us build big churches without dubbing them cathedrals.

With impressiveness we must have expression. All art is expressive, but that which is unfamiliar is like a foreign language, and is little understood. Long ago, the Protestant Church ordered that its services should be ministered in the vulgar tongue. So, of its sermons in stone, they should be in familiar language. A newly-explored exotic style may impress without expression. The cathedral should not surprise its people, but touch their hearts, as only a quintessence of their natural or accustomed sentiments can do. Therefore, in style the building should be familiar. Nevertheless, it should have variety. Those old cathedrals and abbeys, which are most fascinating, are filled with works of many dates and many styles. They are blended under the master influence of the main structure. On the other hand, those edifices which are of greatest purity and singleness of date are coldest and least interesting, and hold with less power. Parts and details may be, should be, for variety of expression, built in different styles and treatments, but always done with loving solicitude for the good of the whole; that is to say, always in an honest and appropriate style, and with harmonious treatment. And in great and in little alike, must be evident the emancipation from utilitarian and economical limitations. Utility may originate a motive, but generous sentiment must execute it with tenfold additions.

By such methods we may hope to build cathedrals which shall rival those of old times. We are the heirs of all the ages, and in architecture, more than in any other human art, we must seek for success in accumulating experience. Each of those superb old cathedrals, which we may strive to equal without daring to hope for more, was the



Lyons, France.

PRINCIPAL DOORWAY, PROTESTANT CHURCH,

G. André, Architect.

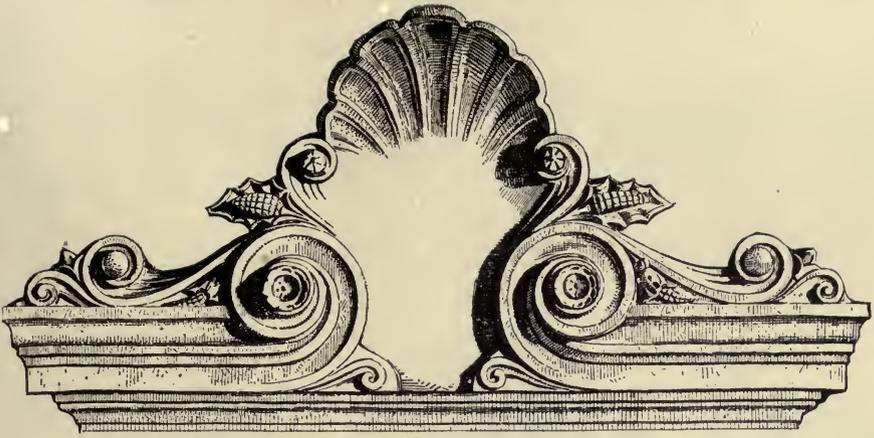
product of all the generations before its day, not the work of one man. And so must ours be. An architect must take up what has been done and reverently add to it what he can to continue its development. There is nothing undignified in this course. We are not founding a new religion. We are not, as Mormons, going into the wilderness to begin everything anew with a new gospel, but are doing what our fore-

fathers have well done for nigh on two thousand years. This age is not wanting in respect to the past.

In brief, a modern cathedral, if it is to deserve the name, will be much more than a large church, and if it is to achieve a high place in the world's monuments of art, must do so by conservative methods in design. It must be historical, rather than original.

R. W. Gibson.





ARCHITECTURE AS A FINE ART.



MUSIC and poetry are broadly classified with painting, sculpture, and architecture as departments or branches of the fine arts. But there is a disposition among art critics to restrict the meaning of the term to painting and sculpture, and, while leaving music and poetry to be discussed by literary specialists, to treat architecture as a merely structural or at best a decorative art hardly worthy a place beside its purely æsthetic sisters. True, the entire group of arts rests upon corresponding principles. Music and poetry, in common with painting, suggest color, tone, shading and proportion, and it requires no great stretch of the imagination to feel a rhythmic sense in the undulating or flowing lines of pictures. The painter paints the scenes which the poet describes, and the opera cannot even move and be made intelligible without making a companion of the graphic art. But the vehicle of expression in music and poetry is not sufficiently objective to connect them inseparably with painting and sculpture in the conception of critics, and architecture, like the ceramic art and several other arts that impose a superstructure of decoration on a foundation of utility, is felt to be only distantly related to the family. The relationship is confessed; but the builders' art is felt to be only

an occasional visitor in the fine art household, a sort of country cousin to be recognized but not encouraged.

There is much in the history and practice of architecture to justify this exclusiveness. In its elementary principles it is a utilitarian art; and even what we have learned to call the different styles in architecture, in part a basis for its fine art claim, can readily be traced to a structural origin. There can be little question, for example, that the Gothic or pointed style originated in the snow-covered regions of northern Europe, where such a form of structure must early have been found a necessity. It was necessary not only as a means of strengthening the roof against overloading snow, but for keeping interiors dry. Architectural archaeologists are inclined to give the invention of the Gothic style to France; but this is probably only because the earliest buildings with pointed roofs built substantially enough to endure were found in France. Centuries of peaked roof cabins and mud huts, however, must have preceded the construction of the earliest buildings to be traced by the architectural historian. Still further south than France, too, the Gothic style received an early development; but it must be remembered that the barbarians who captured Rome during the earlier cycles of the Christian era were civilized enough to make



Lyons, France.

PROTESTANT CHURCH,

G. André, Architect.

their conquest against the veteran legions of the imperial city. They were not cave dwellers, and they carried with them certain structural ideas which they impressed upon the south, and on which the higher civilization of the southern people soon engrafted artistic forms. But it is hardly possible to conceive of Gothic architecture as having any other origin than among the hut and cabin building barbarians of the far north, or as having any other inspiration than structural necessity. But what may be said of the Gothic has been said with equal truth of the other styles. Structural necessity springing in part from the material used and in part from the demands of convenience was the parent of much that we have come to credit with an æsthetic motive.

This is the first ground for regarding architecture as only a collateral relative of the æsthetic or fine arts pure and simple. But it is not the only ground. Architecture is neither universally nor even generally pursued as a fine art. It is pursued as a structural art, on which are superimposed certain decorative features; but these decorations rarely rise into the atmosphere of fine art. They are like the decorations on a piece of pottery. They may be pretty; but we would not regard them as entitled to a place among fine art productions. They are only the performances of industrial workers of the higher grades.

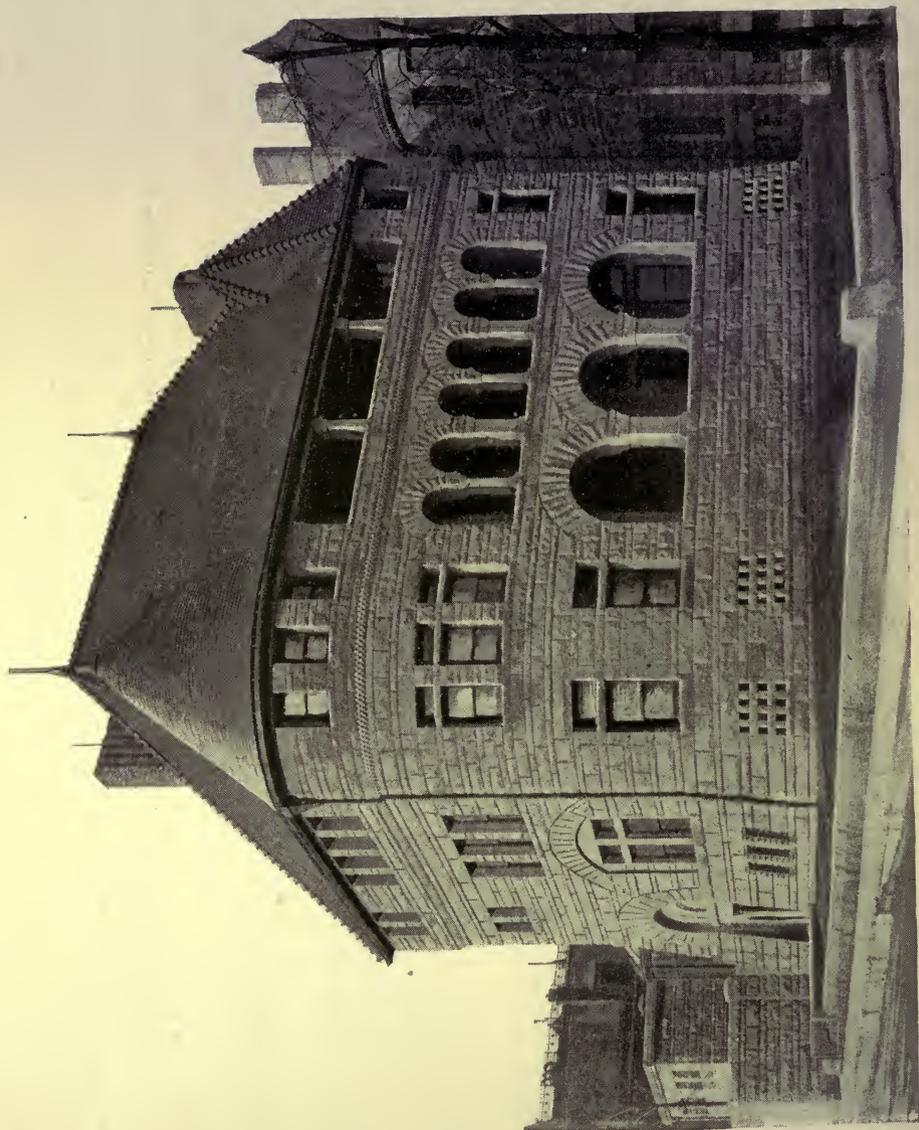
Nevertheless, architecture is a fine art when studied in its higher forms of expression. Michael Angelo was not working less as an artist when he built the dome of St. Peter's than when executing his marbles or pictures; and the masterpieces of all styles, whether Grecian, Gothic or Romanesque, are truly works of fine art. The æsthetic principle underlies their design; and though the architects may not have been able to forget in their execution that they were constructors of many mechanical forms, their inspiration was as purely æsthetic as the inspiration of the painter or sculptor. All art is structural, mechanically structural to a large degree, and the artist who forgets it, whether poet, musician, painter,

sculptor, or architect, will forget it at his peril and suffer in his reputation for his transcendentalism. Poetry and music cannot be regulated by the rule and compass; but the poet and musician must carry their compasses in their ears, and learn to measure with the nicest accuracy.

Let us know something of the principles of the fine arts, and, after recalling them, we shall be the better able to comprehend architecture in its truly fine art features. The reader will already have gathered from the context that it is the purpose here to treat it as an art with three sub-divisions, of which the first two are structural and decorative, and we must be careful not to confound these two sub-divisions with the third if we wish to comprehend the subject intelligently, and carry forward a discussion that may be of some practical utility.

It will be needless to state the motives of the fine arts. It is universally understood to be the gratification of the æsthetic instincts, the love of the beautiful. But, as already suggested, beauty is a thing of degree. Some arts that make no claim to anything more than decorative excellence can yet show very beautiful structural or fabricated objects. There are beautiful patterns in wall paper. Yet they are not accounted examples of fine art. Some woven fabrics, woven in colors and delicately shaded, are extremely beautiful. But their designers never studied art except in decorative or industrial schools where only the rudiments of design were taught. Then, too, there are the beautiful designs of the jeweler, the silversmith and the potter. In almost every department of skilled labor the forms of beauty are observed. The very shoemakers revel among curved and graceful lines, and the tailor, with the characteristic modesty of his craft, is more likely to announce himself an artist than an artisan. Where, then, are we to look for the dividing line that separates the fine from the decorative arts?

To say the truth, this line is sometimes very difficult to discover. There are men engaged in the painting of plaques



Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

RESIDENCE OF FRANKLIN McVEIGH, ESQ.,

H. H. Richardson, Architect.

who are as much fine art workers as men who paint upon canvas or model in clay. The best class of plaque painters, however, should not be regarded as engaged in decorative work. The picture takes possession of the plaque and not the plaque of the picture. The painter is no more a decorator than the historical painter who executes a fresco on a wall or paints a picture on a panel is a decorator. But without mentioning the plaque painters it sometimes seems almost unjust to deny to a large number of decorators in the ceramic art a fine art motive. At some point, however, there must be a dividing line and it is hardly the line which separates the men who work for an exclusively æsthetic object from the men who merely decorate objects of domestic utility. Were this the line architecture must fall from its rank as a fine art. The line must be found in the quality of the work produced.

We enter here upon a somewhat vague field, but if the word be not too long let us try to differentiate the fine from the decorative arts by assuming that the former represent a higher study in linear drawing and modeling, or form, light and shade, color, perspective, and proportion than the latter. They both move along the same lines; but the decorative arts deal only with the rudiments and the coarser forms of nature and art, while the fine arts are concerned with principles, and aim after perfection, though they never reach it. Decorative art is not often even a very closely imitative art. It rarely assumes to study nature for the purpose of making a copy or perfecting an idea; but it deals with conceits and subterfuges, making a very little nature go a great way, and running often after impossible forms. The shaping of gargoyles and other grotesque conceits in architecture, for example, must be considered a decorative art and not a fine art. This is a fact, however, that will hardly be disputed by even the men whose ideas are most confused on the subject of architectural design, and the only purpose in mentioning these objects here is to aid in the delimitation of the artistic frontiers.

This will bring us by the easy grada-

tions characteristic of all art, whether graphic or literary, to the consideration of architecture as a fine art. Attention has been called to the structural origin of the art, and the structural motive by which it must always be controlled. Incidentally, too, it has been seen, by reference to other arts that cling to the boundaries of the purely æsthetic, that it is not necessarily a fine art even in its decorative features. Like the ceramic art it can only enter into the fine art family when it has been formally introduced by one of those master spirits of design who are at home in all art, though possibly restricted in execution to the resources of a single vehicle of expression. It will be pleasant to trace the relationship between architecture and the fine arts for the chief reason that the investigation will be useful. It is important to know where the architect may be a mere decorator, an industrial rather than an æsthetic workman, and where he must be an artist in the most comprehensive meaning of the word if we are to have good architecture. This is something which is growing with considerable vigor, but as yet it constitutes only a minor part of the riches of this country.

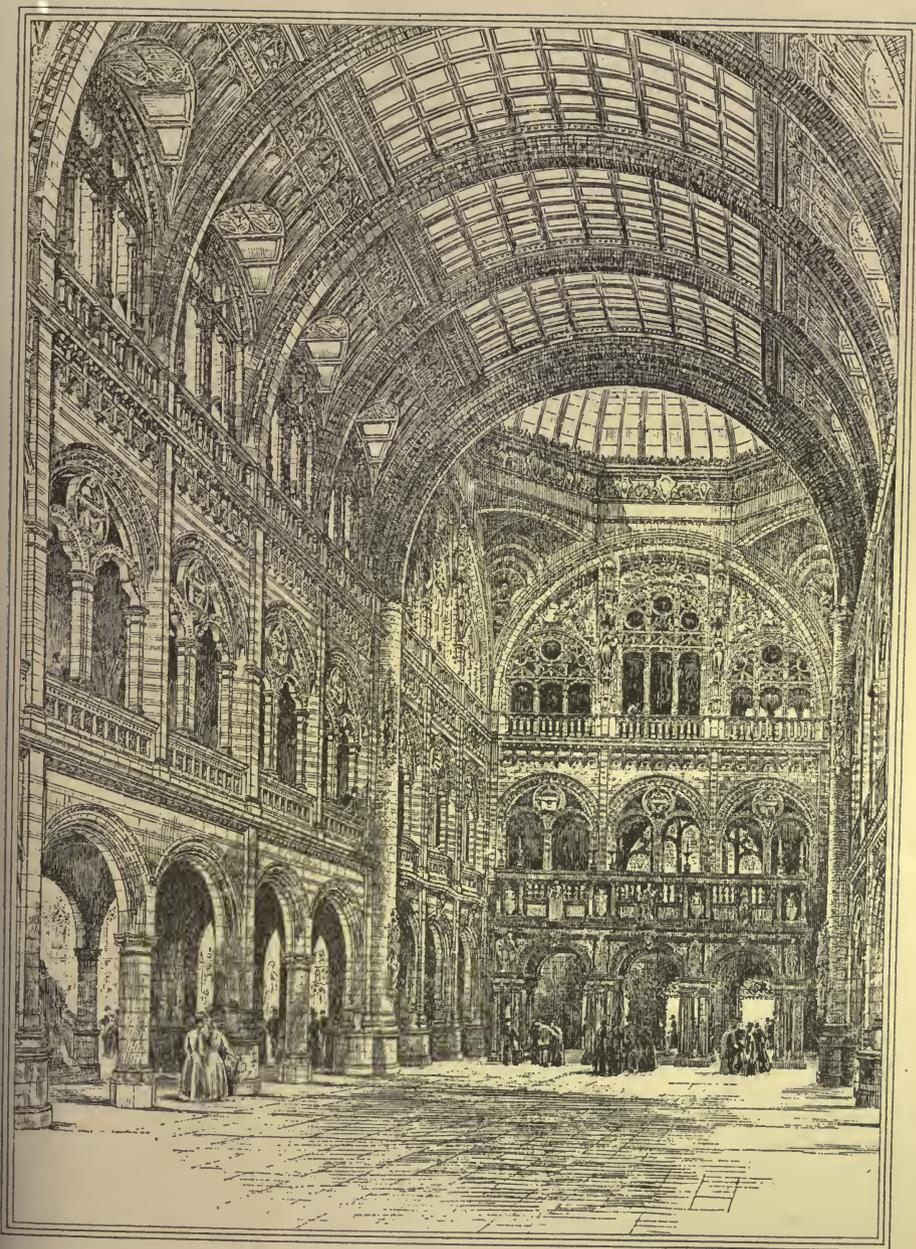
First, then, the architect must be highly cultivated in his conception of linear forms and combinations. In other words, he must have an eye for proportion, not a natural eye, for there is no such thing, but a trained eye, quick to discover discordant composition and effect. It sounds very much like the condemnation of a building when we hear it said that there are some good things in it, for, in the fine art sense, it is almost as true artistically as structurally when we say that nothing can be stronger than its weakest part. A disproportioned church tower, though admirably designed within itself, ruins the whole edifice. And so with a disproportioned cupola or dome, or, for that matter, a disproportioned window or door. Fine art is exacting; and though it may not refuse to parts a certain qualified measure of commendation before demanding perfection in the whole it will not admit that the decorator has been surpassed until all its own conditions are fulfilled.

It is unfortunate for architects that the rules of proportion for their art have never been very definitely formulated. For the chief subjects employed in painting and sculpture these rules are very clearly established. We know, for example, that the total length of the human figure in a well-proportioned adult is seven times the length of the head; that the head itself is divided into four equal parts, one part reaching from the bottom of the chin to the end of the nose, a second part extending from the end of the nose to the top of the eyebrows, a third part reaching from the eyebrows to the top of the forehead, and a fourth part, measuring vertically to the top of the hair. We know that the hand should be the length of the face, the foot about the length of the head, and so on over all the limbs and torso. But the architect must be governed mainly by his sense of fitness alone, for he is a creator in an art that finds no individual model in nature, but which yet draws upon all nature for its rules. Or, it would be better to say, perhaps, that nature imposes herself on the architect through her constant presence in all things without giving him a definite formula for taking possession. He must be governed by his interior perception of well-balanced lines, a perception that can never be reached without very extended study and careful comparison. Hence the comparative rarity of perfectly well-proportioned works in architectural design. The moment the architect ceases to be an imitator of other men, and to build monotonously, he is thrown back on resources which he may or may not possess.

But let us get right on this subject of proportion before attempting to go any further. It is the essence and soul of fine art; and it is of so much importance that there can be no fine art where it is not carefully observed. The City Hall Park, in New York, is flanked by some of the most pretentious buildings in the city, by buildings that cost a total of many millions of dollars, and that were designed by some of the leading architects of the day. There stand the Post-office, the Potter Building, the *Times* Building,

the *Tribune* Building, the *World* Building and the *Staats Zeitung* Building, all structures built on very elaborate designs. Yet the modest City Hall, built by a now almost forgotten architect, has not yielded one inch of its dignity in the face of all this architectural display, and there are men who believe it to be the only work of truly fine art to be found in the neighborhood. There is the old Astor House, too, disfigured now with fire escapes, and made to look as hideous as possible. Yet this is another building that has not been put out of countenance by its more ornate neighbors. Why do these two buildings hold their own so well in the face of all comers? Simply because they are well proportioned. The City Hall displays considerable decoration, and the decorations are generally simple and consistent with the design; but these are not the features that have caused the structure to so grow upon popular taste that only the jobber has ever ventured to suggest its removal. Its proportions are nearly perfect. As to the old Astor House there is hardly a feature that can be called decorative on the entire structure. It might be criticised in its proportions for the excess of wall face over apertures, an excess which gives it a not altogether cheerful appearance; but with nothing to recommend it but its entrance, its square lintled windows and its cornice it is almost grand in its effects, and is certainly dignified. Perhaps the architect was not a genius. Perhaps he knew nothing of independent design, and only followed the Greek in his proportions. So much the better, then. Better to follow the Greek than to go wrong. It seems to have been an accomplishment of the Greeks to be able to carry the fine arts as far as human skill has been successful in tracing the way.

These remarks might not unnaturally raise an incidental question on the elevation of buildings. Architects are defended apologetically for seeming errors in proportion because the proprietors of new buildings, for the sake of increased profits, insist upon building to a great height. But elevation has nothing to do with good or bad



CENTRAL HALL, SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM (ACCEPTED DESIGN),

London, Eng.

Aston Webb, Architect.

proportion. An exceedingly high building may be as perfectly well proportioned as a low building. It is the parts in their relation to the whole that make proportion; and whether a building be constructed with one story or ten stories it will be well proportioned if properly planned. Campanili, towers, and monumental shafts all serve to show that great elevation is not necessarily ruinous to proportion. It may be a contributor of stateliness, indeed, and stateliness is an architectural merit instead of blemish.

Growing out of the lack of a sense of proportion, one of the chief blemishes of the architecture that we see around us is in the treatment of roofs and cornices. Many architects will do very well in the arrangement of façades until they reach the top of the wall when they seem to break down completely. The reason for this failure is very evident. The talents of the decorative artist serves them indifferently well in the treatment of the detail below; but the moment that they reach the point where their design must be crowned into a compendious whole they are found wanting in the higher artistic sensibilities. They are not deserted by their decorative accomplishments. They will crowd the cornice and roof with objects intended for embellishment; but the genius of design, the presiding genius of the fine arts, is absent.

A few years ago the craze for the Mansard roof—it should more properly be called the Mansard story—swept over this country, and we still see it exemplified on many of our most pretentious buildings. It possessed at least one advantage. It furnished architects who had no accomplishment for design a top finish for their plans not altogether to be condemned. But it was an invention made for decorative purposes only, and was not consistent with any of the three fundamental styles of architecture, each one provided with its own system of roofing. Naturally, therefore, it was short lived in this country. But when one looks along the ragged lines of our cornices and roofs, and sees so much that is not only weak but positively vicious in design, he can hardly help regretting that

the incompetent architects at least did not continue to follow the new fashion. A building finished with the Mansard roof is apt to look symmetrical, even though the symmetry may be of a monotonous type.

It is not a little surprising to see how few buildings will stand the test of proportion. Of the several hundred churches in the City of New York the writer can at this moment recall less than a half dozen among all those that he has seen that will stand this test, and of this small number not more than two, Trinity Church and the new Memorial Church on Washington square have conspicuous merit. St. Patrick's Cathedral seems to fail in expressing the true spirit of Gothic lines, and it can hardly be placed among the less than half dozen. The writer has not seen all the new up-town churches; and this perhaps is fortunate, for he does not wish to be too sweeping in his condemnation, and is willing to hope that a revelation awaits him when travel has enlarged his vision at some future time. Of the external appearance of the theatres and other places of entertainment nothing that is commendatory can be said unless the new Madison Square Garden forms an exception. But this building is too much of a colosseum in size to be judged in the midst of its surroundings. We can only know that the picture looks well; but pictures of very large structures drawn even in perfect proportion are not always trustworthy in reproducing the effect of the original. Our hotels and apartment houses, often very expensive buildings, are generally commonplace, except in decorative art; and the architects of our more expensive private dwellings are apt to have their heads so full of the picturesque that there is no room for the sense of classic proportion. As for the public buildings, there is none except the City Hall that is worth mention. Had the architect of the Post-office been able to discover any more architectural vices he would probably have found a place for them somewhere in his structure, and the Court House is simply the reproduction of a Greek structure by an architect who forgot to measure the relative width of his

portico. We have some well-proportioned buildings erected for the uses of commerce and finance, but they represent oases in the midst of an artistic Sahara. It is a pity, too, to be compelled to say that we seem to be improving more rapidly in decorative art than in those features which represent fine art. Details are very generally wrought out with an almost complete forgetfulness of general effect, or, as a painter might express it, of the masses.

"But surely," exclaims an objector, "you do not pose all architecture on proportion when considering it as a fine art." Fundamentally, however, such is the intention. How can we pose it upon any other foundation? Do we not know that those exclusively fine art workers, the painters, when engaged in the pursuit of the beautiful, think of nothing but proportion, unless it may be of the "ridges" that are apt to rise on the surface of their pictures when they indulge in a too prolonged pursuit of proportion? They may not always begin their pictures with a pair of compasses in one hand and a piece of charcoal in the other; but from the time the work is begun until it is finished it is nothing but a study of relations. Proportion in linear drawing, proportion in light and shade, and proportion in color is the painter's ever-present dream; and when everything is done the best proportioned picture in all its parts will be the best picture. A finger drawn either too long or too short by only the infinitesimal part of an inch will ruin a whole hand, and no man so well as the painter can appreciate the truth of the old proverb which says: An inch on a man's nose is considerable. The sixteenth part of an inch added or subtracted might be the secret of a rejected portrait and a disconsolate young artist if there were no one present whose eye was sufficiently well trained in proportion to locate the fault. Then if proportion is of so much importance to painting how should architecture expect to rank as a fine art and form an exception?

Nevertheless, not to pursue this subject without variation, it may be said that architectural proportion is subject to some modifications. There is one

proportion for the classic and another for the picturesque. Still, we cannot escape the meshes of the law even when giving wing to the fancy. The man who builds a roof so large that it threatens imminently to crush down the walls and bury the structure in general ruin is a bad architect, even though he may feel perfectly secure in his supports. Neither can a man be justified in erecting chimneys externally to the building, and so large that they suggest deformity, after it is very well known that such chimneys are no longer needed for service, and that they were the offspring of a lack of structural knowledge instead of an artistic sense when they were first planned. Nevertheless, certain elements of proportion enter into the picturesque which do not enter into the beautiful. But if there is only a step between the sublime and the ridiculous there is no more than a half step between the picturesque and the ridiculous, and architects must be careful that they do not overstep the boundary even while they think themselves on the true ground.

Let us study a few of the uses of the picturesque in architecture where it can best be reconciled with fine art principles. Such building is admitted to be extremely appropriate in the rural districts where the scenery is broken and picturesque. Among the foot hills of mountains, or on the precipitous banks of rivers, it is exceedingly effective. But it also has its uses in towns, though we fear that it must always be restricted in its adaptability for the square and rectangular blocks of our American cities. But our cities are not all constructed on the checker board plan. In the older cities of the Atlantic seaboard, and even elsewhere are to be found streets intersecting each other diagonally, and at the points of intersection the sites for buildings must be irregular in form. Here is an opportunity where an architect of taste and invention may indulge in his love of the picturesque, and find it æsthetically profitable.

Let us look abroad in New York and observe at least one example of the misuse of this opportunity. Unfortunately it is generally misused. With-

out some modifications a building cannot be constructed in either of the regular styles of architecture on such a plot unless the architect is willing to confess it an architectural derelict in advance. What may be called the science of architecture is founded upon right angles, and when the art of architecture is forced to contend with acute or obtuse angles it is taken at a disadvantage.

The most conspicuous example of the misuse of an irregular site to be found in New York will be seen in the new *World Building*, and the selection of this building will cover all of a corresponding kind. It is a structure of prodigious elevation, surmounted by a gilded dome. The eye becomes wearied, and the head almost giddy in counting the rows of windows that rise tier above tier to the pediment at the top of the façade. Yet, when this altitude has been reached, the spectator is only at the base of the rotunda that supports the dome. Another giddy flight is necessary to reach the summit. But the site is neither a square nor a rectangle. It is a parallelogram, and the structure offers, therefore, the very illustration that we need.

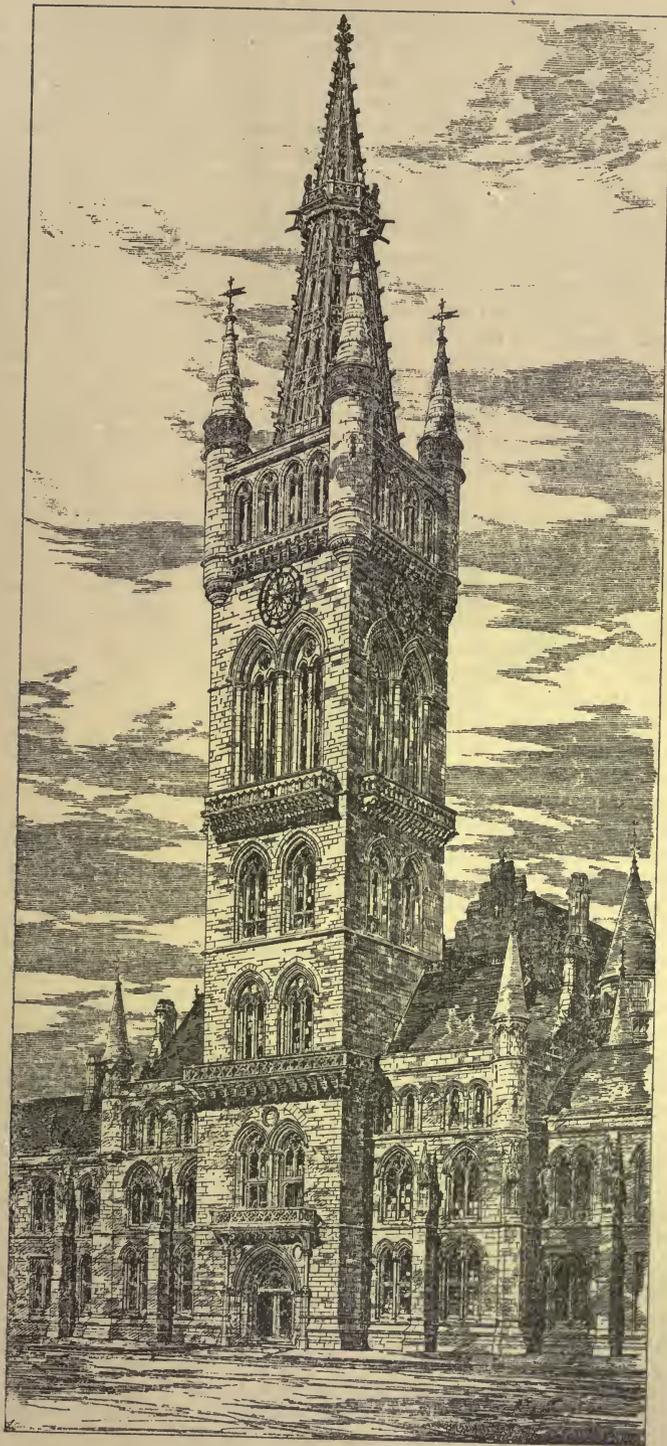
Now, what kind of a building should have been erected on this site? Should it have been a building with regular or with picturesque lines? Should the façade have been treated precisely as though the building stood on a square or rectangular plot? It will hardly be prudent to try to answer all these questions at once, so the last shall be answered first, and then the preceding questions will perhaps need no answer.

It will be entirely safe to give a negative answer to the last question for the simple reason that the structure could not have been treated as though the plot were square or rectangular without an architectural solecism of which no good architect would be guilty. The architect of this building was not capable of ignoring the fact that the structure had an acute angle at the intersection of Frankfort street with Park row, and he has carefully rounded it off as he would not have done had it been a right angle. Then if he did not forget it in the design of his façade

why did he forget it in the construction of his pediment and dome? An acute angle will always assert itself; and if there be any projection on the roof of a building with such an angle it must be placed there or the structure will look misshapen. We see, then, that the picturesque should have dictated the plans for the *World Building*, and as a dome is not picturesque the classic design attempted should not have been considered. A simple tower, which might climb to the elevation of the dome and have a projecting instead of an upright flag-staff, if the editor wants it, might be placed at the obtrusive angle. Then remove the pediment over the façade and the *World Building* might yet be one of our best architectural examples. It is not so now, and we see therefore that no such building should have been erected on the ground.

Corresponding remarks might be made with reference to many of our most pretentious buildings. Down town, in the irregular districts of the city, and along Broadway, north of Union square, where the lateral streets cross the chief thoroughfare diagonally, the necessities of the irregular site are sometimes observed and sometimes unobserved, and wherever they are not observed the architectural performances are painfully discordant. But in pleading for a picturesque order of architecture as best adapted for these exceptional sites the writer would not like to be misunderstood. Such an order is most suitable for buildings with an acute angle in view, and possibly also for buildings with an obtuse angle; but with proper treatment for the obtrusive corner the classic is not to be altogether condemned. There is danger in towns of a too deep indulgence of the picturesque intoxication. Less governed by law than the classic this order of architecture is easily carried into the grotesque. We have some very conspicuous examples of its deflection in New York.

But this discussion is somewhat though not altogether in the nature of a diversion. To uphold the importance of proportion as the crucial test of fine art in architecture is the purpose of this article, and advocacy of the picturesque



Glasgow, Scotland.

TOWER, UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS,

J. Oldrid Scott, Architect.

under any conditions may seem like a relaxation of the bonds. But the relaxation is more seeming than real. The picturesque, though differing from the classic, is subject to its own laws, and so long as the material of construction used is the same in all orders and styles, there is a general law which must be universally comprehensive. The picturesque must therefore remain subject to this general law, as well as the pure Greek, the pure Romanesque, and the pure Gothic. In fact the truly picturesque can be nothing more than modification, more or less original, of one or all of these styles; and the man with a truly æsthetic instinct will not try to move along any very erratic lines.

It would be hard to explain precisely how the laws of proportion for architecture were formulated, as no single object in nature could have furnished the standard. There is nothing to teach the proper relations between the column and its capital or plinth, the door and its pediment, the façade and the cornice. Yet men of even the most uncultivated taste are conscious that these objects hold very close relations with one another, and that disproportion between them means deformity. There is an immeasurable difference, however, in the powers of different men to judge of these relations. Whence is the origin of these powers?

Some men might tell us that they have their origin in an inner sense. But this would be a transcendentalism hardly worthy the analyst. The metaphysical may stand aside, and let us maintain that there is no inner sense not acquired from the productions of nature or art. Fundamentally, the sense of proportion in architecture must be a fruit of evolution. During the many centuries that architects have wrought, architecture has created its own code, to which all its disciples must conform at the peril of ostracism if they fail.

But this does not quite cover the ground. The sense of proportion and taste are as nearly synonymous terms as we can find, and the best architects gain instruction in a school that transcends architecture and comprehends

in its curriculum the entire domain of art. They have been taught in the school of nature, and learned to know a graceful, a strong, or a consistent line when they see it. Michael Angelo learned to build the dome of St. Peter's when he was engaged upon his marbles and pictures many years before, he thought of becoming an architect.

The limits of a magazine article will not permit a very exhaustive discussion of this subject. It is so broad that it comprehends almost the entire philosophy of art; and little more can be attempted than to call attention to first principles, leaving the reader to make his own deductions. The main object has been to give such an analysis of architecture that young architects may know when they are working in the different departments of their art, and thus escape the wrong direction which may lead them to draw mistaken lines during the whole course of their career. The old proverb which says "A bad beginning makes a good ending," is given a much more truthful meaning when it is made to read: A good beginning makes a good ending.

Architecture is a many-sided profession, and there is always great danger that in the management of details the architect may forget the fine art side, and try to play Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out. It is so easy to mistake decoration for fine art!

Yet it is not the purpose here to maintain that decorative art is not legitimately an important feature in architecture. It is indispensably necessary. But it should always be regarded rather as an architect's material than his object and it is safe to say that no really good architect regards it from any other point of view. Decorative art is necessary; but fine art is only reached by making decorative objects into a symmetrical whole.

How should students of architecture cultivate their sense of proportion? This is a question that may very well be asked, for an architect's training at present is too little suggestive of artistic training to be altogether satisfactory. Why should not architectural

students enter fine art drawing classes and become good draughtsmen as a preliminary to their professional career? It is thought that they do not need the special kind of tuition given in those classes. But it is precisely what they do need. An art student does not draw in order that he may practice his eye and learn to imitate, so much as to cultivate his artistic sensibilities and his knowledge of form; and if an architect does not

need this sort of cultivation it would be hard to say who does need it. Michael Angelo built the best dome ever erected because he had worked himself up to a sense of grand combinations by his studies as sculptor and painter. To the degree that architecture is a fine art the architect needs precisely the same kind of training that a painter or sculptor receives. Such a training can only be adequately given with the crayon.

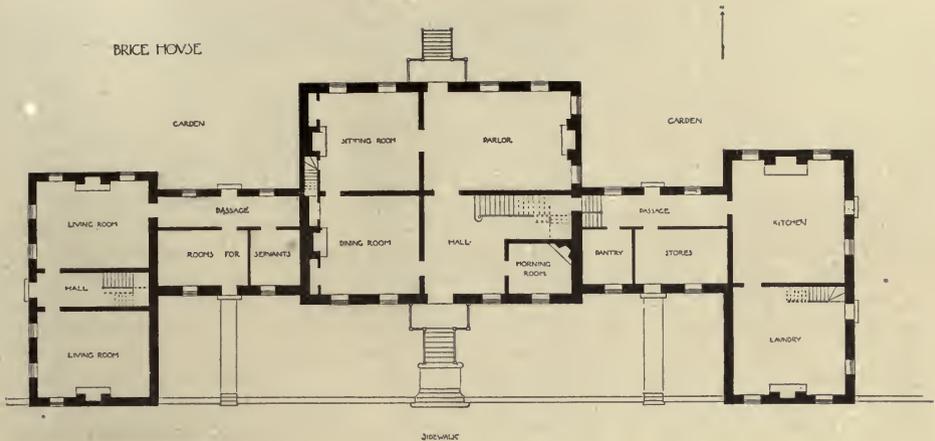
Wm. Nelson Black.





BOY ON DOLPHIN.

Miss Ellen M. Rope, Sculptor.



COLONIAL ANNAPOLIS.

IN dealing with a subject partially historical and partially descriptive like that before us it is necessary by way of introduction to go into the question of the causes which have brought about a revival in this country of the style of architecture which we are about to discuss. Of course, we could not affirm that the merits of our Colonial architecture, however great they may be, were enough in themselves to produce a reaction against the effort to make a national style out of a variety of Mediæval forms. The work of our forefathers, however estimable it may be, is only one form of expression among a numberless variety of those great truths that underlie all the architecture that has drawn its inspiration from classical laws, "orders" and proportions, and which have been handed down by successive ages to ourselves. If that "style" which some are pleased to call "Romanesque" had not gone so far in the direction of breaking down the very principles that underlie architecture and common sense, this reaction would never have gained force so suddenly nor have been so enthusiastically welcomed over the entire land.

Our people have seen liberty running riot and the country being covered with buildings that give expression to an endless variety of individual conceit. However conspicuous and however valuable may be the ability of those who led in this "Romanesque" movement and gave it its whole life and purpose, the influence that it was having upon the less conservative and upon the poorly-educated students of architecture was certainly most unfortunate—in fact, demoralizing in the extreme.

A style which was only half known and poorly understood and whose motives and examples were being taken here or there or anywhere soon produced a crowd of imitators, mere "blind leaders of the blind," who seemed to glory in the fact that their enthusiasm was unrestricted and that their ambition was to produce novelties in design, never before dreamed of in this land or in any other. And yet this was not a broad field for a liberally-educated architect. On the contrary, he constantly found himself hemmed in between classical motives on the one side and Gothic principles on the other. He had no standards of his own, no rules of proportion, no "orders." What authorities could he turn to for advice? Who was to decide for him

what was right and what was wrong? He consequently took the whole matter into his own hands and assumed a position as his own authority and his own judge, with the results that are unfortunately too common and too conspicuous to-day to need any description.

A reaction, therefore, against such loosely-compiled formulas, or rather against this painful lack of any method, law or limit in the expression of ideas was a perfectly natural result, and its influence to-day is all tending to bring again form out of chaos and place law and order where they belong. Our revival of classical motives expressed in every variety of Renaissance has been the result.

Among all these forms of Renaissance architecture in the Old World, representing historical epochs and great nationalities, our students turned to seek their favorites and their ideals. At the same time they recognized the value of certain examples of Renaissance work in this country, not only that portion of it which dated back to the first years of the last century, but equally good examples of a widely different type belonging to the early years of our own. But to all of this, with more or less inaccuracy, they have given the name of "Colonial architecture," whether it is found in the Northern, Middle or Southern States, whether its prototypes were English, Dutch, French or Spanish, or whether its examples were built of frame, brick or stone. To be sure, it is poor in comparison with its prototypes in Europe, yielding little else than examples of domestic architecture scattered widely over the land. It was born, too, when the colonies with few exceptions were poor, struggling communities, when skilled labor, wealth and variety of materials were greatly needed, and when obstacles of all descriptions had to be overcome.

This native architecture of ours, growing up with our colonies, sharing their privations here and their prosperity there, and reflecting in no imperfect way their general tastes, lives and wealth, has left us with splendid models for our work to-day, in their simplicity, their dignity, their refinement of detail and

the good common sense generally that pervades them throughout.

Whatever criticisms we may have to offer upon the taste of our forefathers in planning and in decorating their buildings, they have very rarely indeed been accused of either ignorance or carelessness in the construction of their homes; while taking their work as a whole, even in the matter of design alone, we may well hang our heads with shame at the contrast afforded by comparing the Colonial work of any section of the country with the average production of to-day. Whether that undeniable fact points the moral of confining one's self to a well-tried and thoroughly understood form of expression, or whether it teaches that simplicity in carrying out what reason requires and demands is the sure path to success, we shall not stop to discuss now, but proceed to exemplify these suggestions in what we shall see presently. Each of these colonies built its own peculiar and characteristic type of dwelling, planning it strictly in accordance with what common sense and means permitted. Custom, climate and taste gave to each its individuality, so that you never have to question to what portion of the country a certain type of house belongs, for its plan, material and general appearance at once indicate that. Why this should have been so in that one matter of material we cannot always understand, for stone was as plentiful in New England and in certain parts of the South as brick or frame, yet the colonists of New York and Pennsylvania seem to have almost entirely monopolized building in stone, while the New Englander, with that material in even greater quantities, and with brick at hand in abundance, preferred frame; and the Southerner with both of the other two confined himself almost entirely to brick. No Colonial work is more easily recognized than that of the Marylander or of the Virginian. Circumstances and tastes combined to make his life and his pursuits wholly unlike those of his more Northern cousins. Springing from a different type of the

same stock, his ambitions were realized in that free and happy atmosphere where he had founded his new home; and just as his Puritan brother carried simplicity and frugality in all things to their bitter end, so the Cavalier of the South sought to make his colony the ideal of comfort and luxury that would compare favorably with the best the Old Country possessed. With a charming climate and a soil easily cultivated and naturally productive, his wealth was assured him, while his fondness for cultivation, ease and good living soon gave its expression to every detail of the home he built. That stamp of refinement, elegance and durability that was borrowed from the old homes of England of this date characterize the appearance of his house, while the arrangement of the plan is throughout in perfect harmony with its surroundings and the requirements of each case.

One peculiarity of his colonial life that required expression in the plan of his house was the large number of Negro servants (generally slaves), with which he was at all times attended. These had to be provided for in quarters conveniently near, and yet not under his own roof. From these requirements grew the broad expanding plan, with its "wings" at one side or both, and in order to turn this necessity into a valuable part of the general composition he treated them in such a subordinate manner as would give to the central building an importance and a dignity that it would not otherwise possess. Essentially a countryman by preference, he loved, above all things, the comparative solitude of a great country home, with its dependent village of servants, farm hands and mechanics, its stables of English horses, its barns filled with high bred-cattle, and, beyond, its flourishing fields of tobacco and grain.

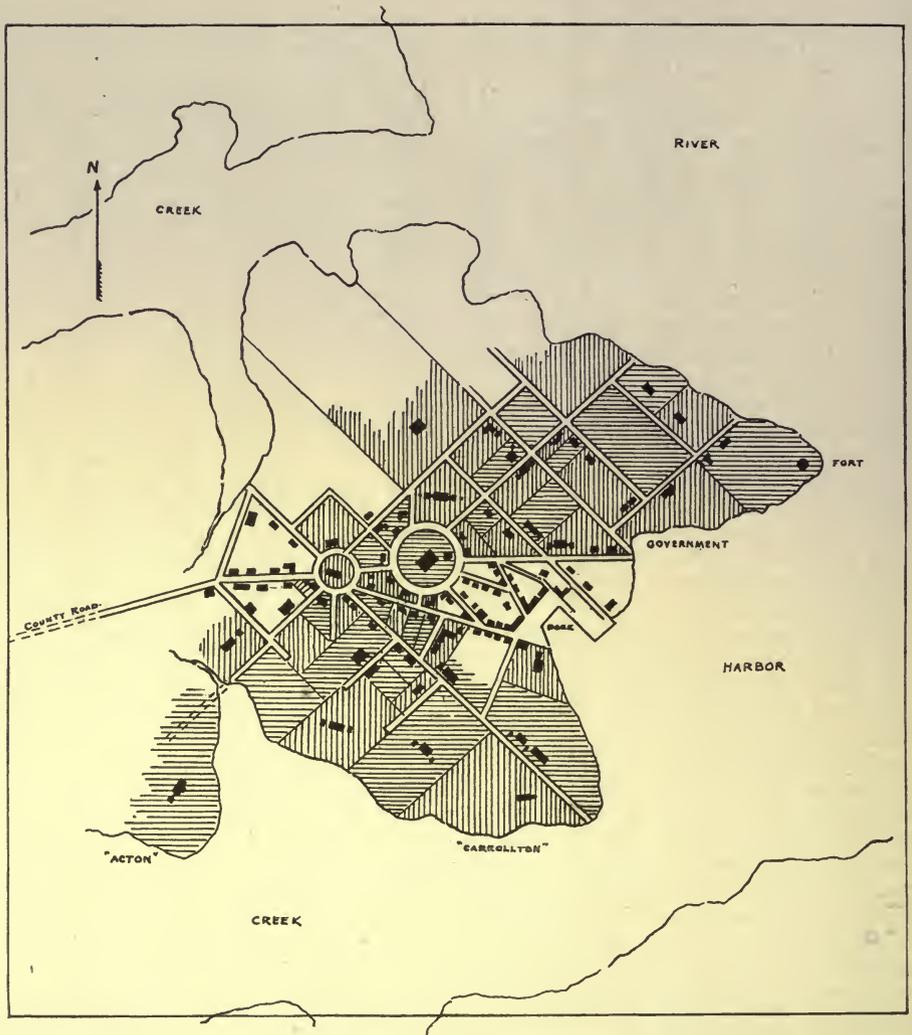
When, however, his business or profession required him to live a part of the year in some town or city, we find as a rule the same general plan for the house followed as he had already adopted in the country; and the small allowance of room for garden surrounded by a high brick wall is laid out

with exquisite taste, and with the evident purpose of making it as private and secluded as circumstance would permit. It is with this latter type of Southern house that we are now to confine our attention, and especially that one which was developed through circumstances and under conditions quite unique in the history of our American colonies.

The City of Annapolis, once the chief port of Maryland and the seat of its Colonial Government after the year 1694, owes its origin and many of its early traits of character to its Puritan settlers. It was offered as an asylum by the Lord Proprietor to a body of these hardy colonists, who were persecuted in Virginia and finally driven from that State. Here they laid the foundations of "Providence," as the first settlement was called, although it was probably not on the exact site of the present city. "Anne Arundel Town," named after the wife of the third Lord of Baltimore, was the real parent of Annapolis, the City of Princess (afterwards Queen) Anne of England. On the beautifully-formed peninsular at the mouth of the Severn River, nearly surrounded by exquisite sheets of water, the first colonists found an ideal site for a prosperous town, and between it and the Chesapeake Bay a harbor which promised to give to it the commercial supremacy of the colony.

Here they laid out their town, not at random, but with a fixed idea of making the most of all the advantages that the formation of the ground, as well as its surroundings, possessed. Circumstances, which in later years turned the tide of prosperity away from here and left this quaint old town to remain almost unchanged for a century "as the finished city of America" as it was called, have been kind to us and to students of colonial life, in that we have been left with so charming a sight of something which time has erased from the appearance of almost every other city in the land.

From its infancy, Annapolis had a peculiar and quite unique manner of development, as unlike that of her sis-



MAP OF OLD ANNAPOLIS.

ters as her appearance to-day differs from theirs. She did not begin with hurriedly-built huts, scattered over the surface, that were transformed later into comfortable dwellings and arranged with order and symmetry; but from the very first her English colonists seemed to have conceived a delightful ideal in the planning of their new city, and to have had at hand both the means and the authority to carry out this arrangement to its completion. As a starting point, in the centre of the city, and upon the greatest eleva-

tion the peninsular afforded, they set apart a circle with a radius of 528 feet, which space was to be occupied by such buildings as were necessary for the officers of His Majesty's Government. To the west of this point they reserved another circle as the site of the church. From these two centres streets were laid out, radiating in all directions and parallel with the river. Others were carried from the shores of the harbor to the opposite side of the city. The larger circle soon became the site for the House of Burgesses,

probably the oldest building in Annapolis to-day, and later, when the seat of government was moved here from St. Mary's in 1694, the first State House was erected at the highest point on this hill, which may originally have been occupied by a fort. In 1699 the first church was built, and then the State and Church, as the two centres of influence, completed a picture that was as unusual as it was appropriate. Along the river's banks on the north, on the harbor and overlooking one of the river's branches called the "Spa," which bordered the city on the south, the property was deeded by the Lord Proprietor for building sites; a small area being reserved on the harbor for a dock and for commercial uses. Likewise that portion of the city between the State House and its northern and southern borders was apportioned among the more influential colonists, the amount of this property depending upon circumstances and varying in extent from an entire square to a fourth of one.

Only a few houses to-day have their original terraced gardens leading to the water, and overlooking the harbor and the creek, but these few are enough to give us a very clear impression of what must have been the appearance of this charming old town when, in the height of its glory (1750-1776), its entire water front, with the exception of the wharves and dock on the harbor, was lined with stately mansions, surrounded by their gardens and partly hidden among luxuriant foliage. Certain streets connecting the "State House Circle" with that part of the harbor front that had been reserved for commercial purposes and with the high road to the west, were set apart for the homes and places of business of the trades-people. To the west of the church was left an open area of ground called "Bloomsbery Square," reserved as a "Common" for this class of the towns-people. Overlooking the open space about the dock were the Government Custom-House and stores, and on Duke of Gloucester street, at the head of Market, was another open space where the markets were held. Some of the city's streets were named after popular princes, such as Charles

street, Prince George (of Denmark), King George (of Hanover), Duke of Gloucester, etc.; two after the well-known London highways, Fleet and Cornhill, and others again after the points of the compass and the trades that were practiced there. What an unusual picture this miniature city must have presented to His Majesty's Royal Governor and the happy Burgers of Annapolis as they looked out from the Colonial "State House" (as it was called) upon a scene that must have been even more charming than it is to-day, and possessing in all its features an effect that must have been as impressive as it was unique. On all sides but one delightful estates met the eye, and from among the thick foliage that surrounded them the dark red walls and chimneys of proud homes appeared; while at their feet lay well-shaded gardens and lawns separated by brick walls to complete this picture of a thoroughly English character. Beyond these, others like them in general effect appeared, until the last line of houses overlooking the river, the harbor, or the creek, could be seen forming the boundary line of the city's limits in those directions. To the east, and therefore directly in front of the State House, was the triangular section of the city connecting this centre or "circle" with the dock and wharves which, we have said before, had been reserved for the purposes of trade and commerce. Within this portion small closely-built hip-roofed houses extended to the dock where large storehouses lined the open space and stood out conspicuously above the others. Within this region and in another west of the church to which we have already referred the trades-people lived and worked, and outside of these restricted limits they could do neither. In fact there was an old city ordinance in effect at the time prohibiting any one whose occupation produced either noise or smell from living within a certain distance of these well-defined limits.

Still further were the boundaries enjoyed by these people restricted upon certain festive occasions. For when the gentlemen of the town masquer-

aded in the streets adjoining their homes, and made the air ring with their noisy merriment, no tradesman, or any of his kind, was permitted in these streets to witness this highly entertaining and not unusual sight.

This exclusiveness at such times may have been most fortunate as far as its example was concerned; but no one would be apt to explain it, taking other customs into consideration of a similar character, in any other way than as the inborn desire of these lordly aristocrats to show forth old conservative relations between "the classes and the masses." Their houses were as a rule placed almost directly upon the streets, with the walled gardens at the side and rear. These gardens still show traces of the great skill that was devoted to them; and especially is this noticeable when they were laid out in terraces along the water fronts.

Covered porches were few and small, as a general rule, and piazzas were almost unknown to the first colonists. Shade trees and arbors answered their purpose then, for our forefathers still adhered to their English habits of life as well as to their English plans, and it was left to succeeding generations to discover that this Southern climate required marked alterations in the arrangement of their homes to insure perfect comfort and convenience. From the early years of the last century, but more particularly from the middle of it, down to the breaking out of the Revolution, Annapolis saw her "palmy days," and certainly in the length and breadth of this land it would be impossible to find such another perfect miniature city, with all the habits, life and tastes that were common among the aristocracy of England at that time, and possessing peculiarities of her own in appearance and in her life unknown elsewhere on this continent. To quote from an old record descriptive of the city as it appeared in 1749, after referring to the fact that all traces of her early Puritan origin and life had disappeared, it goes on to describe the condition of the city and the character of its inhabitants in these words: "The outlook of the city was fair and promising; its merchants had secured the

chief trade of the province; ships from all seas came to its harbor; its endowed school (King William's) educated its citizens for important positions; its thought made the mind of the province, the gayety of its inhabitants, and their love of refined pleasure had developed the race-course, the theatre and the ball room; their love of learning the 'Gazette' and King William's school; creations and enterprises that made the province famous in after years as the centre of the social pleasures, of the culture and of the refinement of the American colonies."

To quote from letters of the English Surveyor of Customs at Annapolis, we have a few more pictures of that life that might be worth adding here, illustrating the city just at its highest point of development—a few years before the Revolution:

"I am persuaded," he wrote, "that there is not a town in England of the same size as Annapolis which can boast of a greater number of fashionable and handsome women; and were I not satisfied to the contrary, I should suppose that the majority of our belles possessed every advantage of a long and familiar intercourse with the manners and habits of your great metropolis. * * * In this remote region the phantom pleasure is pursued with as much avidity as on your side of the Atlantic, and certainly with as much gratification. * * * Our races, which are just concluded, continued four days, * * * and, surprising as it may appear, I assure you there are few meetings in England better attended, or where more capital horses are exhibited."

Then he continues by describing the "assemblies" and theatrical performances that this "fashionable and brilliant" society enjoyed at the time. The Drama in America began its life here, and with the encouragement of the Royal Governor it attained as great a state of perfection as was found in the most celebrated provincial theatres of England at that date. Club life at this time seems to have almost monopolized the attention of these people. No less than sixteen existed, and the chief of them, the "Tuesday Club," had so wide a national reputation that it counted among its members distinguished men from all parts of the country.



Annapolis, Md.

CARROLL HOUSE (CARROLLTON).
(See page 316.)

In religious feeling, Annapolitans were thoroughly loyal to the "Mother Church," which was "established in this State as well as in Virginia, and though the fact that the Governors and most of their advisors belonged to the Roman Catholic Church placed that faith in great prominence, its followers were in a small minority, and at this time had no church for divine service.

The first Colonial State House was built in 1696, the second in 1706, and the present building from a design, it is said, by a pupil of Wren's, was erected in 1772.

There was probably at that time no State capital in the colonies superior to it. It had always been the centre of the social as well as the political influence here, and its legislative halls were as celebrated for their brilliant receptions and balls as they were for the weightier matters in the affairs of the colonies that were here considered. Its exterior is not so good as the interior. Its walls are absolutely square and plain and its dome is too high for its base. But its plan and interior finish is what most interests us and what best explains the taste of its architect. Unfortunately it is just that portion which has suffered from the hand of the political "restorer"—and destroyer.

As we enter its great hall or rotunda from the eastern porch we find a stately interior that still retains traces of its former beauty. The octagonal dome is well placed on its four supporting arches, and rises more than a hundred feet above us. On the right is the Senate Chamber, one of the most historical halls in this country. Here it was that the National Congress met in December, 1783, when Washington resigned his commission as Commander-in-Chief of the American Army, and here in the following year the peace with Great Britain was ratified before Congress, thus closing one epoch in our nation's life and opening the new one. Here, again, the first National Constitutional Convention met in September, 1786, to take steps towards framing our present system of government.

With the exception of its four walls

and the huge portraits of Maryland's "signers," together with the picture of Washington resigning his commission, there is little left of its original charm. Vandalism and "politics" have stripped this historical hall of nearly all its beauty to make way for cheap-looking, modern "finery" and decorations that already have a melancholy and dilapidated appearance. The old "Ladies' Gallery," a beautiful work of art, which extended across the southern wall, has recently been removed to make room for benches where the idle and the worthless sit and stare and enjoy the staple weed to their hearts' content.

On the east side of the hill and below the State House is the old Treasury of the State, in the early days of the capital used also as the House of Burgesses. Although quite small, its quaint outline always attracts attention. It was here recently that an old safe was found that had been hid away during the Revolution, and upon being brought to light and opened a great discovery was made. Besides numerous papers, of more or less value, were found the original seals of the colony, being the private seals of the first Lord Baltimore. Like other States of the Union, Maryland had adopted a new seal after the Revolution; but in 1872 its Legislature decided to restore the original seal intact. The great seal of Maryland therefore presents a marked contrast to those of the other States of the Union in that its device possesses armorial bearings of a strictly heraldic character, being the family arms of the Lords Baltimore, which were placed by the first Proprietary upon the Seal of the Province at the time of its founding.

To the south and at a short distance from the "Circle" stands an old house with brick ends and clapboarded sides. This is probably the oldest dwelling in Annapolis and together with the "Green House," on Charles street, it represents the earliest type of house that the colonists erected. Next in chronological order and among the most interesting and imposing "mansions" of the city is the "Carroll House," the town residence of our famous "signer" and



REAR PORCH OF RIDOUT HOUSE.
(See page 318.)

statesman, and the centre of "Carrollton," the name that he always affixed to his own. From its delightful terraces that remind one constantly of Southern France or Italy, one looks out upon the "Spa," a broad, clear sheet of water, wooded to its very brink and winding its way far off to the south among luxuriantly wooded hills. No more ideal spot could be found to-day for quiet and peaceful meditation than this site. Perhaps the religious atmosphere of the adjoining church and college (of which this house was the parent) gives it one of its peculiar charms. The old house has been entirely changed within and its great rooms and halls cut up into small ones to serve as a dormitory for the students of the Seminary. It still possesses, however, a wonderful amount of dignity and impressiveness, and with its delightful surroundings strikes one immediately as a most appropriate home-stead for the "first gentleman in the county."

In one of its rooms, consecrated for divine service, the small band of Roman Catholics worshiped (before their first church was built), and from this little chapel the influence of that church was felt throughout the land and began the development which to-day has placed it, in point of numbers, in the first rank.

Not far from here and overlooking the harbor and the lower part of the city stand three massive dwellings in one block, and next to them a most charming example of Colonial work, with its wings detached from the main house and brought slightly forward. Their fronts touch the sidewalk, while at the rear the gardens fall in terraces to what was once the water's edge. The brickwork of this house is a splendid example of what one notices universally among the earlier buildings in Annapolis. The bricks generally are a very dark red, with occasional glazed or fine brick introduced to give more variety and character to the effect. They are much larger than the brick now in use, and are laid with headers only showing over an entire wall space. The mortar is laid in a narrow, rather deep joint, and is to-day harder than the brick itself.

As we enter its large square hall we find a room opening on both sides, and two in front of us. The staircase is in a small hall by itself with an arch connecting the two. The staircase rail and balusters are of very dark mahogany and lead up to a well-lighted landing above. The drawing-room and dining-room are at the back, their windows overlooking the terrace-garden, the harbor and river with its high green banks beyond. To the north lies the city itself, with its dark red chimneys and brown roofs appearing here and there in a setting of green. The porch opens directly from the drawing-room, a feature which is almost universal among the houses of this date, and its old stone steps lead directly to the garden. This house was built about 1750 by John Ridout, and the three adjoining houses also for his three children. Such were the difficulties of transporting materials from England in those days that it is said that seven years were required to complete this one house.

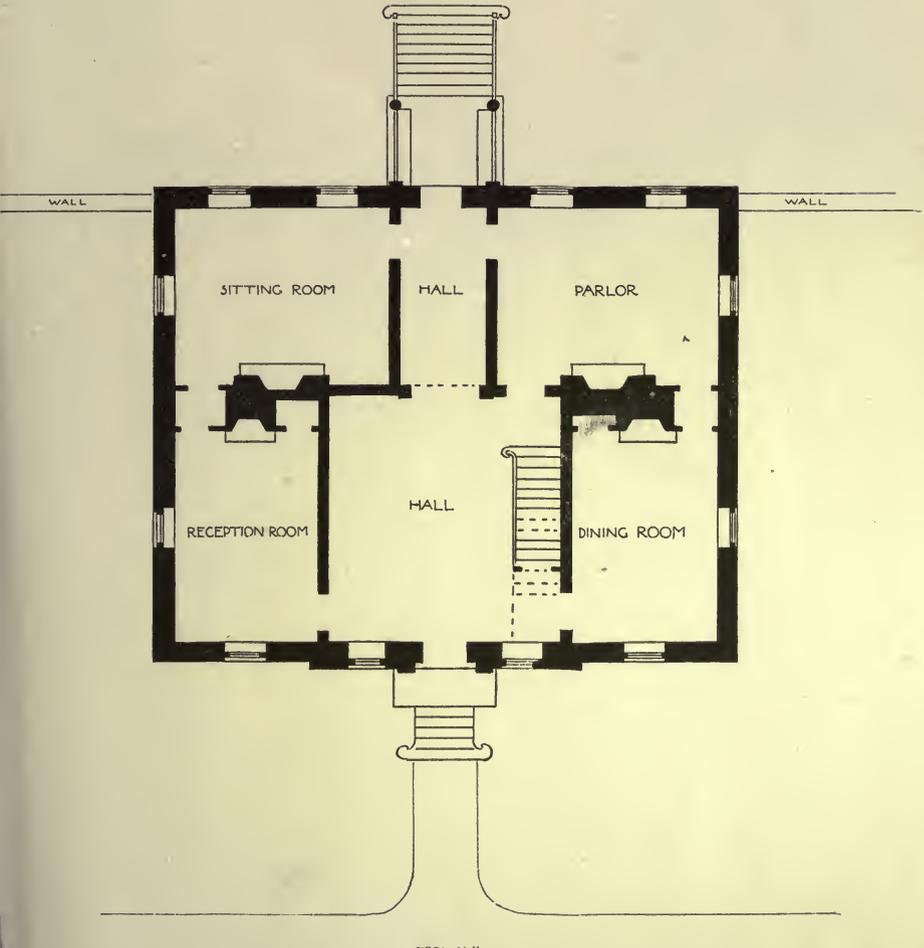
Such monumental patience as this indicates must have deterred many contemporaries from sending to England for their materials, and must have stimulated home manufacture more than any amount of protective tariff could effect to-day. Much of the brick used in Annapolis evidently did come from the Mother Country before the colonists succeeded in producing from their own soil a substitute as good; but the interior woodwork was evidently done on the spot, as can be proved by the fact that old works upon architecture are now extant that were in use in the middle of the last century, from whose pages it is very evident that some of the designs for finish of certain houses were taken. These works were English* and possess copies of designs, among others, by Inigo Jones and his school of English Renaissance. The architect then was his own builder. He began his professional studies by being regularly apprenticed in England or in the province, and besides being proficient

*One of them is the "British architect or Builder's Treasury," by Abraham Swan, architect. London, MDCCVIII.

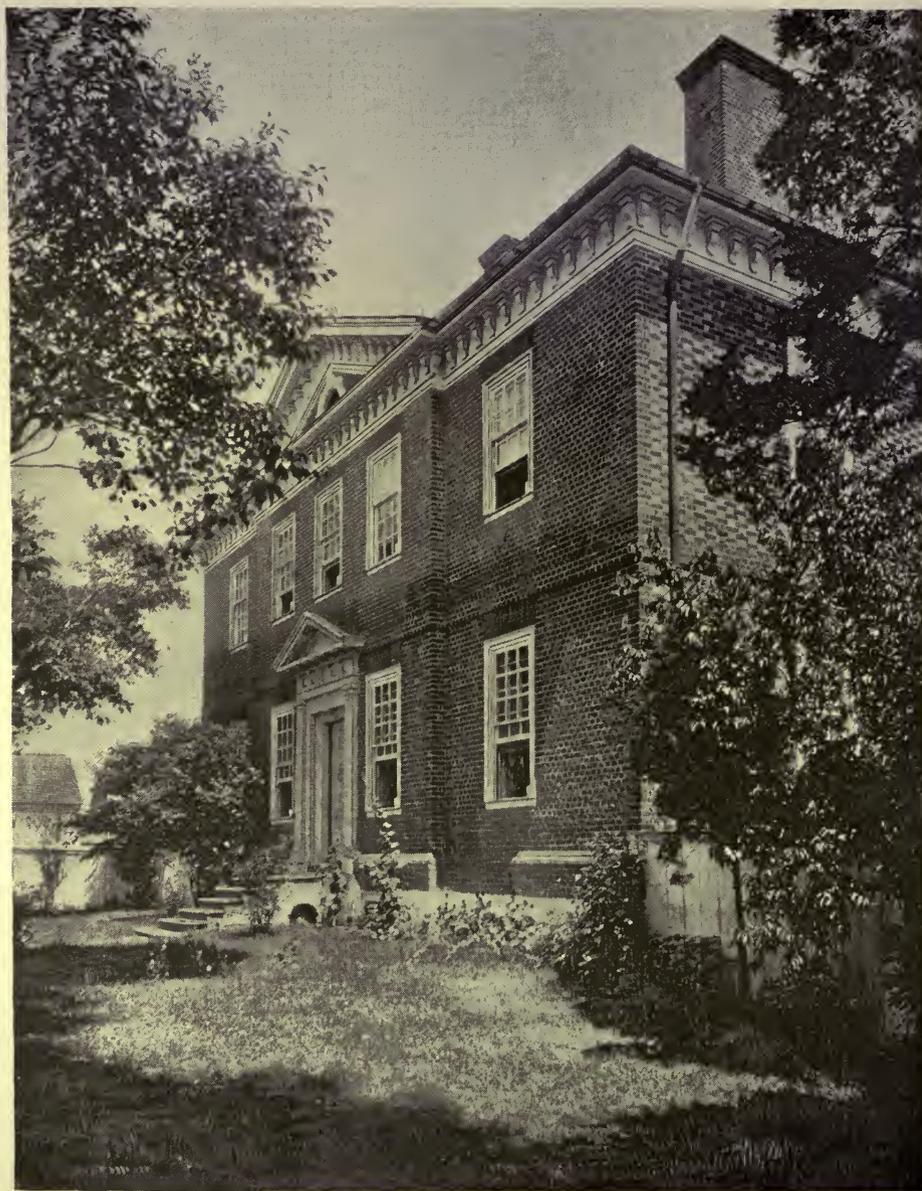
SCOTT HOUSE

SISTERHOOD OF NOTRE DAME

GARDEN



SIDEWALK
(See page 322.)



Annapolis, Md.

THE "SCOTT HOUSE."
(See page 322.)



REAR OF SCOTT HOUSE.
(See page 322.)

Annapolis, Md.

in drawing and perfectly familiar with his "orders," he had to undergo training in mason-work, carpentry and carving before he was considered properly qualified to practice. This latter requirement must have been most irksome and disagreeable to the high-bred youth of that day, who often had to live as well as work with the common workmen while they were undergoing this apprenticeship.

Of these houses the first that claims our attention is a most perfect place further up the "Spa" and adjoining "Carrollton." The house itself (built about 1750 by Dr. Upton Scott) is placed on the ridge of the high plateau overlooking the creek at a most beautiful point where it sweeps around the side and front of this estate and disappears towards the south. Terraces evidently extended from the front to the water, and at the rear a charming old-fashioned garden surrounded by a high brick wall now entirely covered with vines and creepers. This house is now owned by Sisters of Notre Dame, a Roman Catholic order, who have charge of the school connected with the adjoining church, and in whose care this old house has received the very best care and attention. But what a contrast do their serious, earnest faces and their sombre garments make with the brilliant costumes and merry groups of gay Annapolitans that so often in the old days were gathered here. The merry music of the dance has gone and in its place one hears at times the voices of the nuns intoning service in the chapel. Upon entering this house from the front through its great handsome doorway we find ourselves in a large square hall, with the staircase on the right and doors opening into three of the rooms adjoining. A narrower hall continues between the two rear rooms, that were probably sitting-room and parlor, to the rear porch and the garden. Unlike the majority of the houses here the kitchen is in the basement at the rear, and the wings are entirely detached from the main building. The woodwork in this house and particularly in the hall is elaborately carved. The architraves

of the doors, the consoles under the staircase treads and the mouldings around the fire-places are beautifully and elaborately ornamented in more or less the same general detail which gives a unity of ideas to the whole.

Further up the "Spa" and on a line with the "Wolf House" was another, celebrated in its day, the "Tasker House," long since destroyed by fire; and nearly opposite its site across a "cove" and buried amongst the greenest foliage stands "Acton," the homestead of the Murrays, with its splendid old trees, hedges, flower garden, and lawn stretching in all directions. The flower garden itself, as we see to-day so often in England, is separated from the lawns by high hedges running down to the water's edge from the southern side of the house, and divided into beds by curiously-planned walks lined with box.

We have in the plan of this house the same general arrangement and number of rooms as we have seen before, but the drawing-room is much improved by a great bay which extends across the centre of the rear and opens upon the porch and the lawn stretching down to the water.

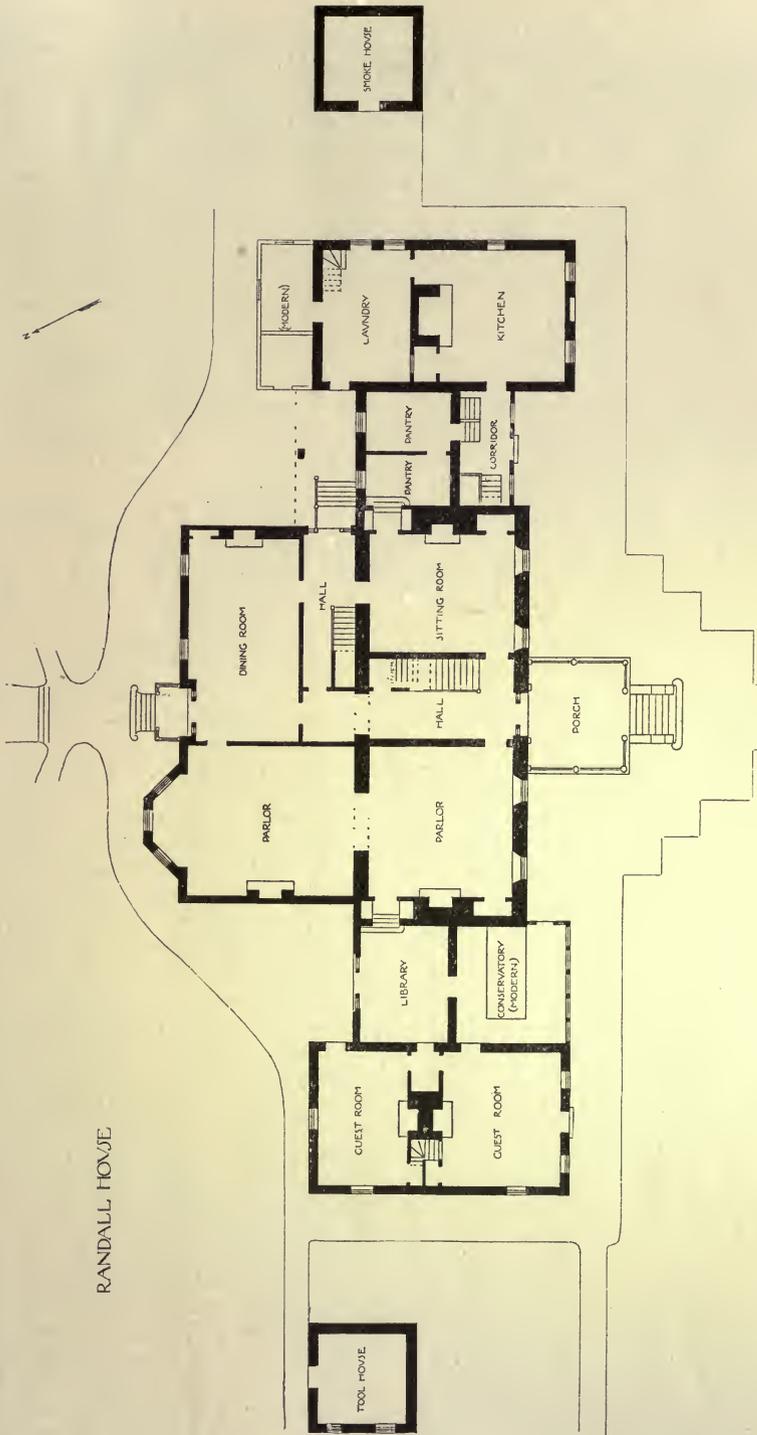
Returning to the centre of the city we pass the old churchyard where the first church, endowed by William III, stood in 1695, where the second, consecrated in 1792, remained until within our own day and then was totally destroyed by fire.

The story is told that the old bell in this church, given by Queen Anne and stamped with her name and the arms of her family, which had called worshippers together for over a century, rang out its own death knell when the fire reached the tower.

The walls of the present church covering the old foundations are already entirely enveloped in ivy and Virginia creeper. Below them still rest the remains of many of the old city's distinguished sons, and a few of the gravestones, with their coats of arms covering half of their surfaces, still remain in spite of the perils to which they have been subjected.

Looking to the north from the State House, and hidden among locusts,

RANDALL HOUSE



(See page 324.)

poplars and magnolia trees we see the "Randall House," erected about 1730 by Thos. Bordley. It stands in the midst of a charming old-fashioned garden with lawns in front and diverging walks behind lined with flower beds and high box borders, and possessing in its great stretch of front some of the most striking characteristics of an Annapolis home, besides the peculiarity of being in the centre of its grounds and not on the street. That part of the main house beyond the sitting-room has been added within the present generation (to take the place of a frame addition that was removed), but it so thoroughly carries out the characteristics of the plans of its day in its arrangement that no one would suspect that this later portion was not of the same date as the rest.

The front hall, as in the case of two other examples (the "Ridout" and "Brice" houses), is not on centre with the axis of the house, and the staircase rises directly from the entrance with a most charming rail, wainscot and balusters in French walnut or mahogany. The library is in the wing connecting with the parlor, and is placed a few feet below its level, forming a most interesting and attractive room. It opens upon the garden on one side and upon the conservatory on the other, and its ceiling follows the lines of the roof above, giving unusual height and a charming effect.

On the front of this house, and running its full length, once stood a row of columns supporting the projecting eaves and resting upon a long porch that had long ago disappeared and with it a charming façade, such as one always associates with the houses much further south than Maryland. To the north of these grounds and overlooking them from its high ridge and flanked by dormitories and professors' houses, stands a great square brick building, with brown stone quoins and belt courses with classic porches front and rear and surmounted by an octagonal cupola and an open circular belfry. This old building was erected in 1744 as an executive mansion for the Colonial Governors, but was never completed as such. When the governors of King William's

School (the third oldest institution of learning in this country) decided to change its site, and its name to St. John's College, this building was selected for the purpose, and rearranged to meet its new requirements. Since then, dormitories and the houses of the president and the professors of the college have been added, giving to the whole a thoroughly dignified and attractive appearance. Facing the college campus, and opposite its north-eastern boundary, is a delightful old Colonial house, quite unusual in plan and general appearance, standing back from two streets that meet here among splendid trees that look as if they had been left as guardians of its life and comfort.

This was the town residence of the celebrated Colonial Governor Ogle and was built by him in 1742.

The stable of this eccentric old gentleman was built at the corner and in front of his house as a mark of his devotion to the fine horses that he so dearly loved and to which he was wont to give such an extraordinary amount of personal attention.

Adjoining the Ogle place, and separated from it by a high brick wall, stands the home of Governor Lloyd, now called the "Chase House," and probably as noble a dwelling as this country has ever produced. Although among the last of the Colonial houses in Annapolis, dating from 1770, its superb massiveness, its color and its unusual proportions, together with the delightful simplicity and refinement of its details, place it in the first rank among the most successful productions of its kind. Its plan is simplicity itself, and its axes are preserved with the skill of a genuine "classicist." The whole effect of its interior bears witness to the fact that its owner fully understood the art of "good living" and of entertaining on a scale not common even in that day. Its long hall, the walls of which were recently hung with fine old family portraits, runs through the centre of the building and opens into each of the rooms and passages that flank it.

Opposite the entrance and in the centre of the hall rises the staircase to a landing under the broad window so



Annapolis, Md.

OLD GOVERNOR'S HOUSE.—EXTENSION AT REAR, MODERN.
(See page 324.)

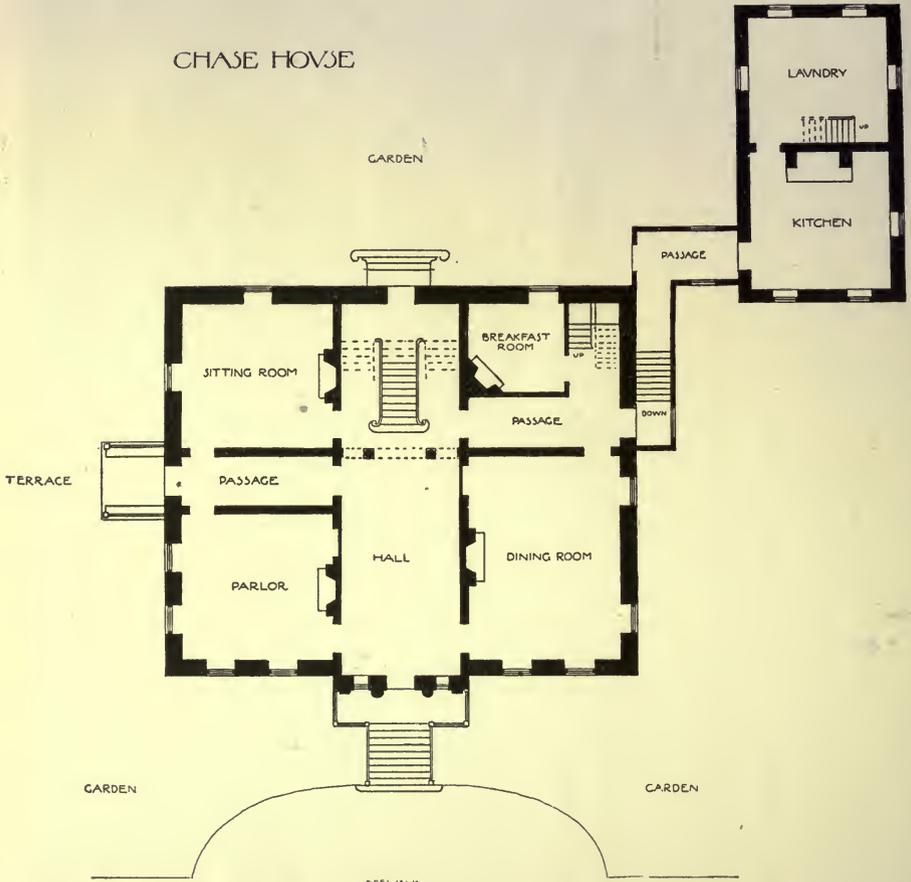


"OGLE HOUSE."



BIKD'S-EYE VIEW OF ANNAPOLIS, MD.

CHASE HOVJE



SIDEWALK

(See page 324.)

characteristic in detail and outline of the houses of that date. From this landing it divides and rises on the right and left to a charming hall above, with its beautiful woodwork and ceiling. It will be noticed that the steps themselves are solid wood with the inner edge resting on the step below and its end against the wall securely braced. This is not an uncommon feature of the staircases here. All the doors in the first story are of the choicest mahogany, and the latches and rings of wrought silver. The parlor on the left has a beautifully refined marble mantel and the ceiling is very effectively worked in stucco.

The dining-room, however, on the right is the finest room by far, and displays much the greater share of decoration in wood carving that this old house has to show. The passage adjoining it has been used as a pantry of late, but such modern necessities were not appreciated or desired a hundred and fifty years ago. For it is a remarkable fact that among all the houses in Annapolis there is not a pantry in connection with the dining-room, and the only store rooms that exist are near the kitchen or in the basement. Probably the quantity of old silver and glass used then was kept exposed or under cover in the great mahogany cases and cupboards that still remain in some of our dining-rooms, or in small closets that we are apt to find adjoining them.

The facilities for prompt service in those days (in spite of the number of attendants) must have been sorely strained when we consider the usual distance between dining-room and kitchen, as well as that long passage that seems to be a most unnecessarily awkward means of connection between the two. But to return to the "Chase House." One of its most charming features is the passage between the parlor and sitting-room that leads out upon a porch at the south side of the house overlooking the garden.

In the basement of this house and below the hall is the great wine cellar with a barrel vault of brick above running the full depth of the house. Another of the striking peculiarities of this house is that it has three stories

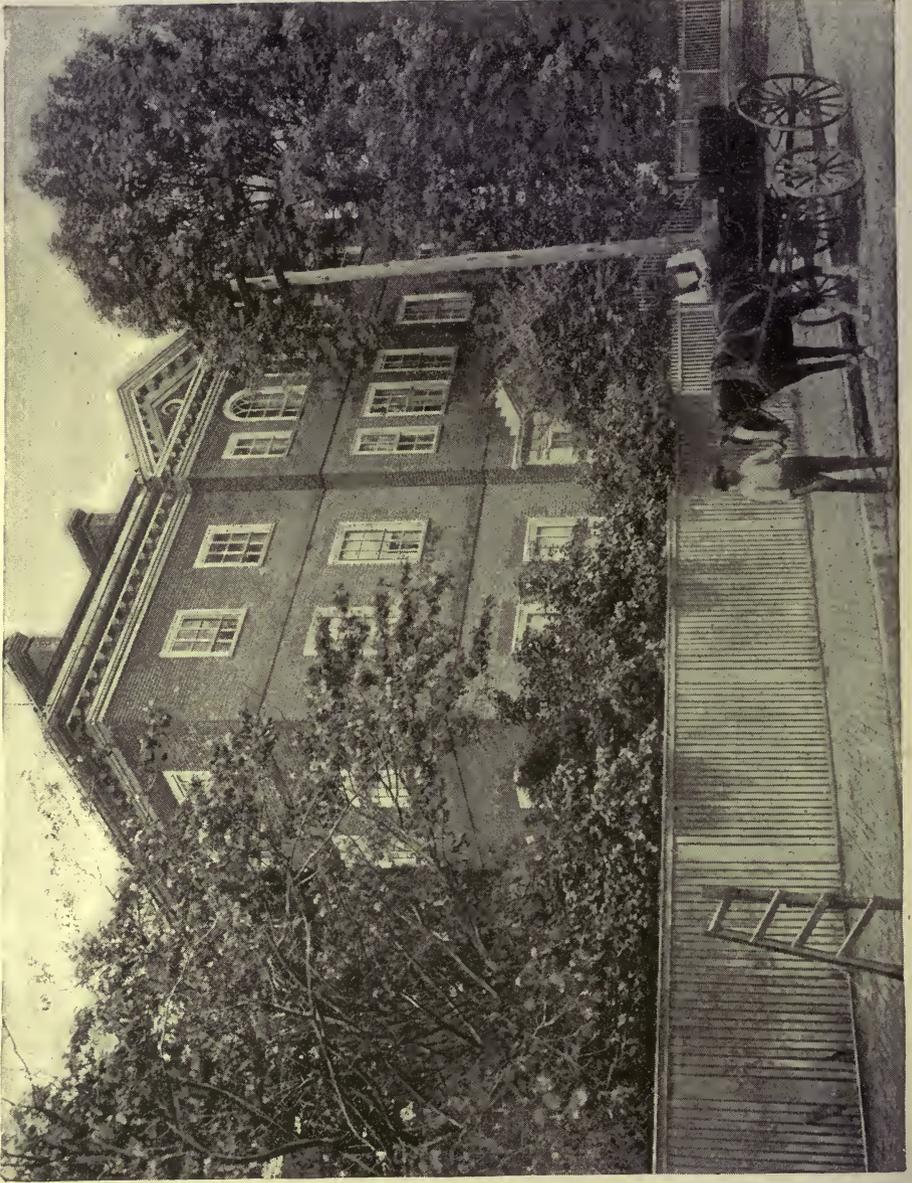
above its basement instead of two, which is the universal rule, and also that it possesses a *rear staircase*, a sign of great extravagance or else of a decided change in the long-established domestic arrangements common *in that* day. From the windows of the upper stories the whole harbor can be seen and the long stretch of bay beyond. On the opposite side of the street stands the "Harwood House," also called the "Lockerman House," built in 1770, and made purposely low that it might intercept as little as possible the water view that their opposite neighbors so greatly prized. The general effect of this house with its outstretching wings is most pleasing and bears testimony in its beautiful lines and proportions to the skill of some thoroughly well-educated and sensitive designer.

The entrance doorway is a gem of its kind and its effect with the two windows above, each as perfect in itself as the doorway, impress one as most unusual. Its narrow central hall leads directly to the parlor at the rear, a lovely room overlooking the garden and, as in the case of so many others, opening directly upon it down the old stone steps. The staircase is in a separate hall to the right and therefore combines all the usefulness of two.

In the second story is the most delightful feature in the house. This is a beautiful room, elaborately decorated and extending across the entire rear above the parlor and dining-room. It was evidently used as the ball-room.

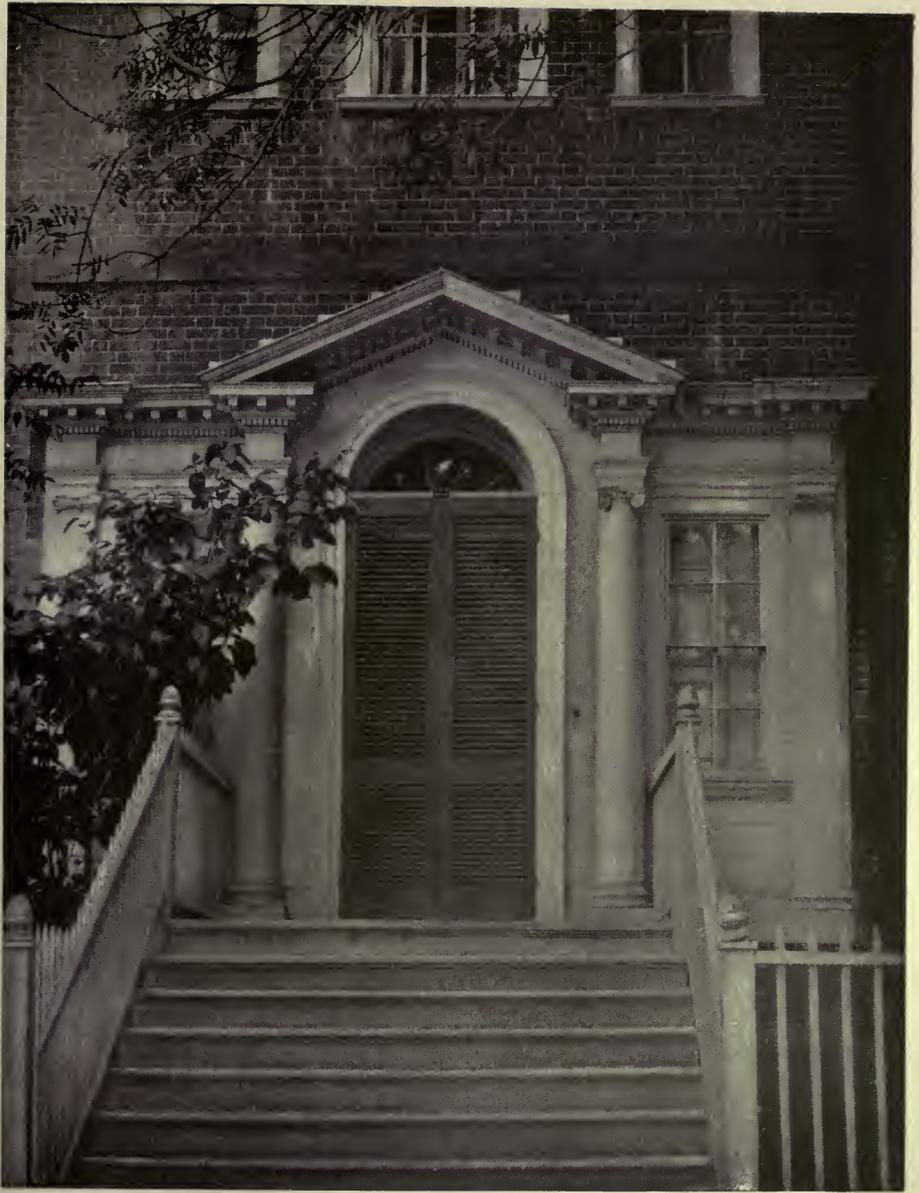
The wing and "lobby" on the left do not seem to have been connected with the main house. The right wing contains the kitchen, laundry and servants' sleeping rooms. The garden at the rear falls gradually to the east. The old box borders of the flower-beds have long since overgrown the walks which they once followed, and are now great hedges, indicating still the landscape gardener's plan originally in existence.

Across the low ground that separates them, we see two splendid specimens of Annapolitan architecture, with their high unbroken roofs and outstretched wings. These are the "Brice House,"



Annapolis, Md.

FRONT OF CHASE HOUSE.
(See page 324.)



Annapolis, Md.

DOORWAY OF CHASE HOUSE.

(See page 329.)



Annapolis, Md.

THE HALL OF CHASE HOUSE.

(See page 359.)



Annapolis, Md.

STAIRCASE IN CHASE HOUSE.

(See page 329.)



REAR VIEW OF CHASE HOUSE FROM GARDEN.

and the "Paca House" (now the "Swann House)."

They were both built about 1740, and stand quite close together upon two intersecting streets (Prince George and East). The ground behind them falls rapidly to what was once an inlet from the harbor, and the boundary of the property in the water is marked by a brick wall upwards of 12 feet in height and pierced by narrow slits that would have given in a mediæval fortress perfect protection to crossbowmen.

The Brice House has many beautiful features within. Its exterior is exceedingly dignified, but rather severe. The entrance hall is large and nearly square, with its elaborate mahogany staircase rising to the left. The drawing-room is unusually beautiful and commands an outlook of the entire garden. Its mantel and cornice are well known to most of the architects in the East, and is much admired, though few probably know where it belongs. The walls of this room, as in the case of so many of the old houses here, are paneled in plaster. The sitting-room adjoining has a secret staircase in the wall connecting it with the bedroom above.

We have now examined perhaps the most characteristic private dwellings of Annapolis, although hardly half of their full number; and as a proper "winding up" of the subject we will make our way down to the Naval Academy grounds and, near the lower gate, see a splendid old, dignified mass of brick-work that looks as if it had been built to outlive all time. This was the executive mansion of the Governors of Maryland from 1753 to 1866, and no Governor in America had a more charming home or more delightful surroundings, overlooking the harbor from its rear, with a fine sweep of lawn reaching down to the water and stretching along the harbor's front as far as the mouth of the broad Severn.

The front has a broad pediment above its central entrance, resembling closely that of the "Harwood House." From its rear a great bay projects, running up through the roof. The central hall is flanked by rooms that might have been used for the official business of the

Governor, or as reception rooms. Before you is the room that was the great drawing-room or State dining room, running across the larger portion of the rear with its inviting bay, its porch and its charming view over lawns and water.

The staircase hall was entered from without by a side porch, which was probably used only by the family of the Governor. Like the staircases in the "Ogle House" and in the "Chase House" the steps (riser and tread) are solid wood.

Another conspicuous work of an earlier date is the old "City Hotel" where Washington stopped when he visited Annapolis officially, and where distinguished men from home and abroad were received with a hospitality that was celebrated far and wide. Wainscoted from floor to ceiling, with deep window seats and delicate mouldings, those old rooms still possess convincing signs of the good taste and careful design that had produced them, and which seems to have been so universal among the architects of that time.

Thus we have sketched the history and architecture of these interesting people as well as their general mode of life. With the breaking out of the Revolution the whole character of this old city of Queen Anne underwent an entire change, and its days as the "Social Athens of America" came to their end. The breaking up of families, the loss of that stimulant that the gay followers of the British Governors and their garrison had given to the social life of the place; and last but more important still the loss of her commercial supremacy and the rapid growth of Baltimore, all combined to take from her those characteristics that had made her so famous under the old regime. Annapolis belonged distinctly to the earlier epoch of this country's history, and with the birth of the new century she settled down into comparative obscurity and only retains to-day the suggestions of her former character.

Such a hurried and imperfect description of a place possessing treasures of uncommon historical interest and of architectural skill is certainly quite un-



Annapolis, Md.

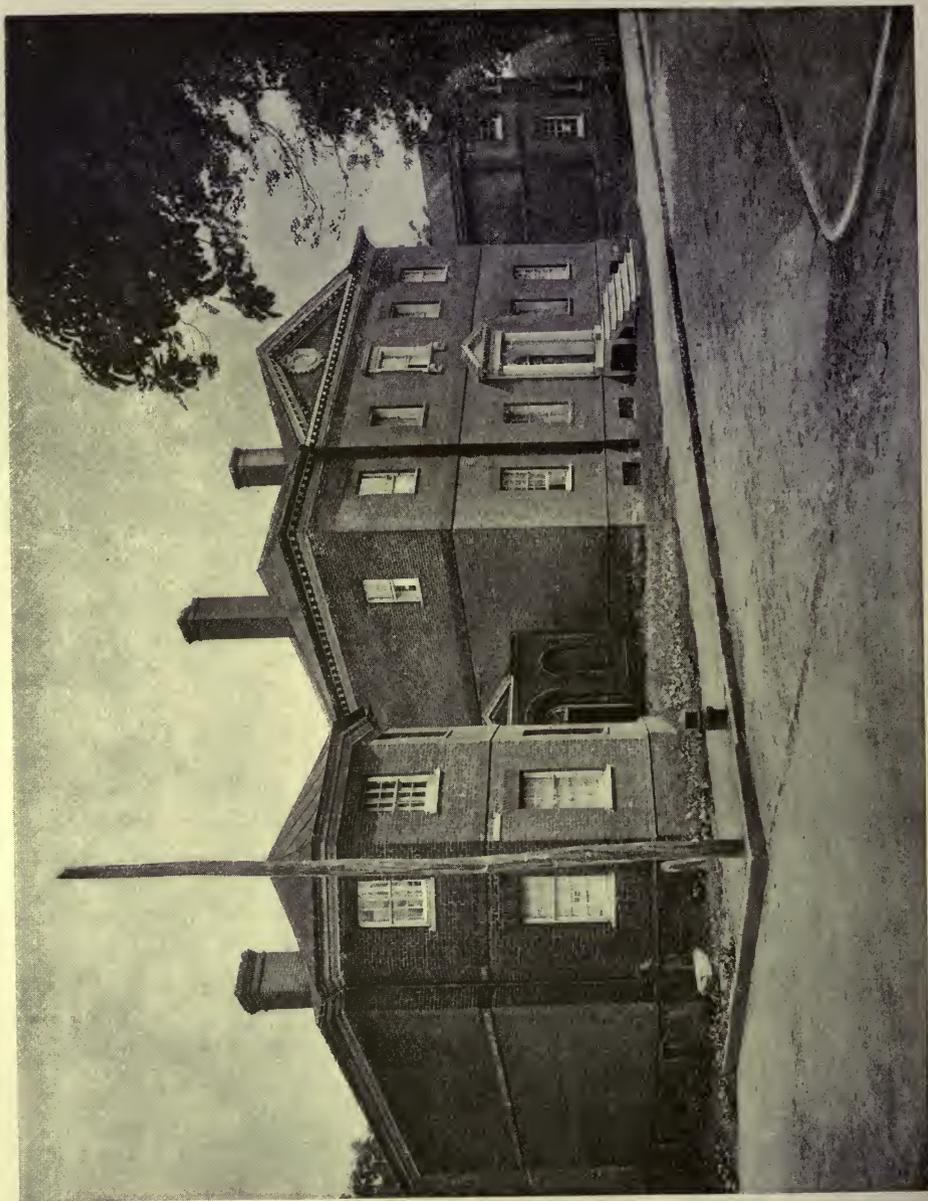
BRICE HOUSE.
(See page 33.)

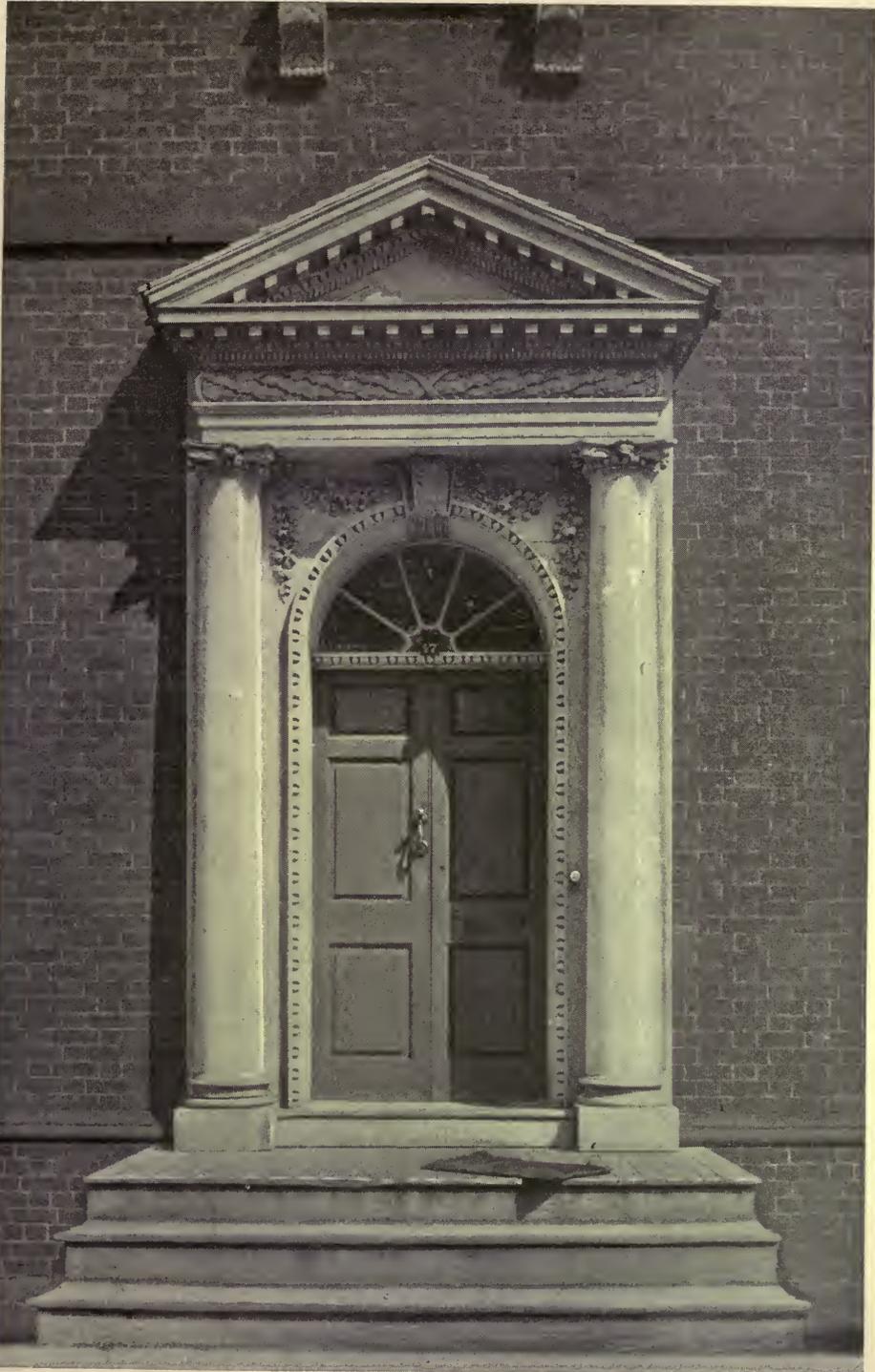


Annapolis Md.

MANTEL IN DRAWING ROOM OF BRICE HOUSE.

(See page 335.)

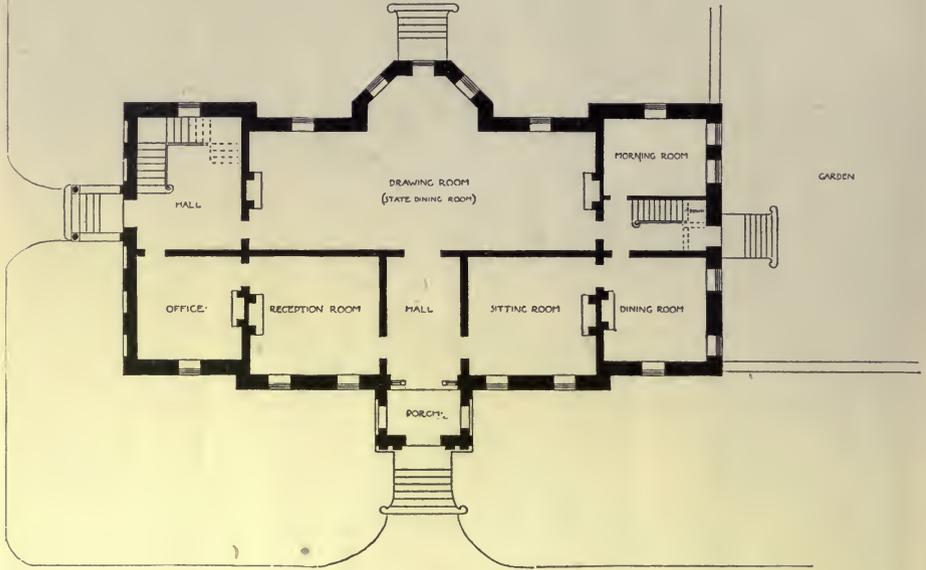




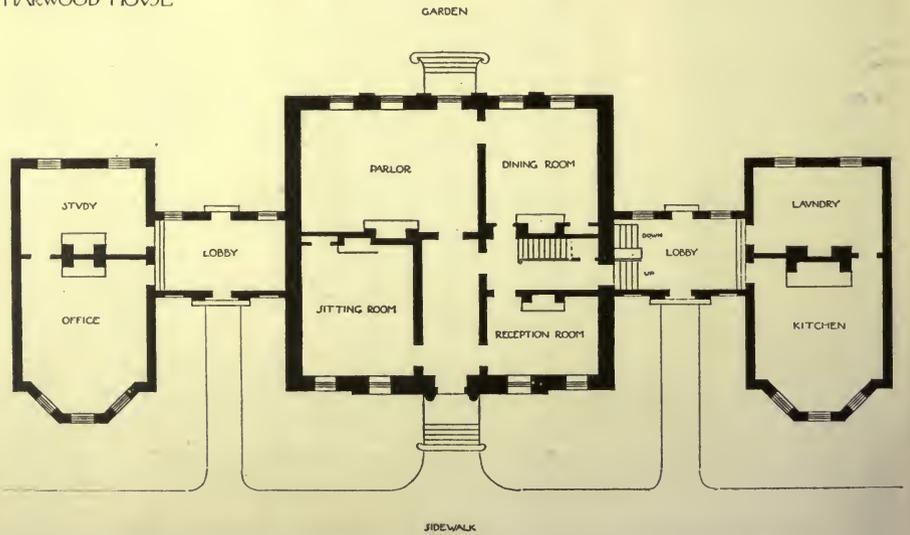
DOORWAY OF HARWOOD HOUSE.

GOVERNORS HOUSE

• U.S.N.A. LIBRARY •



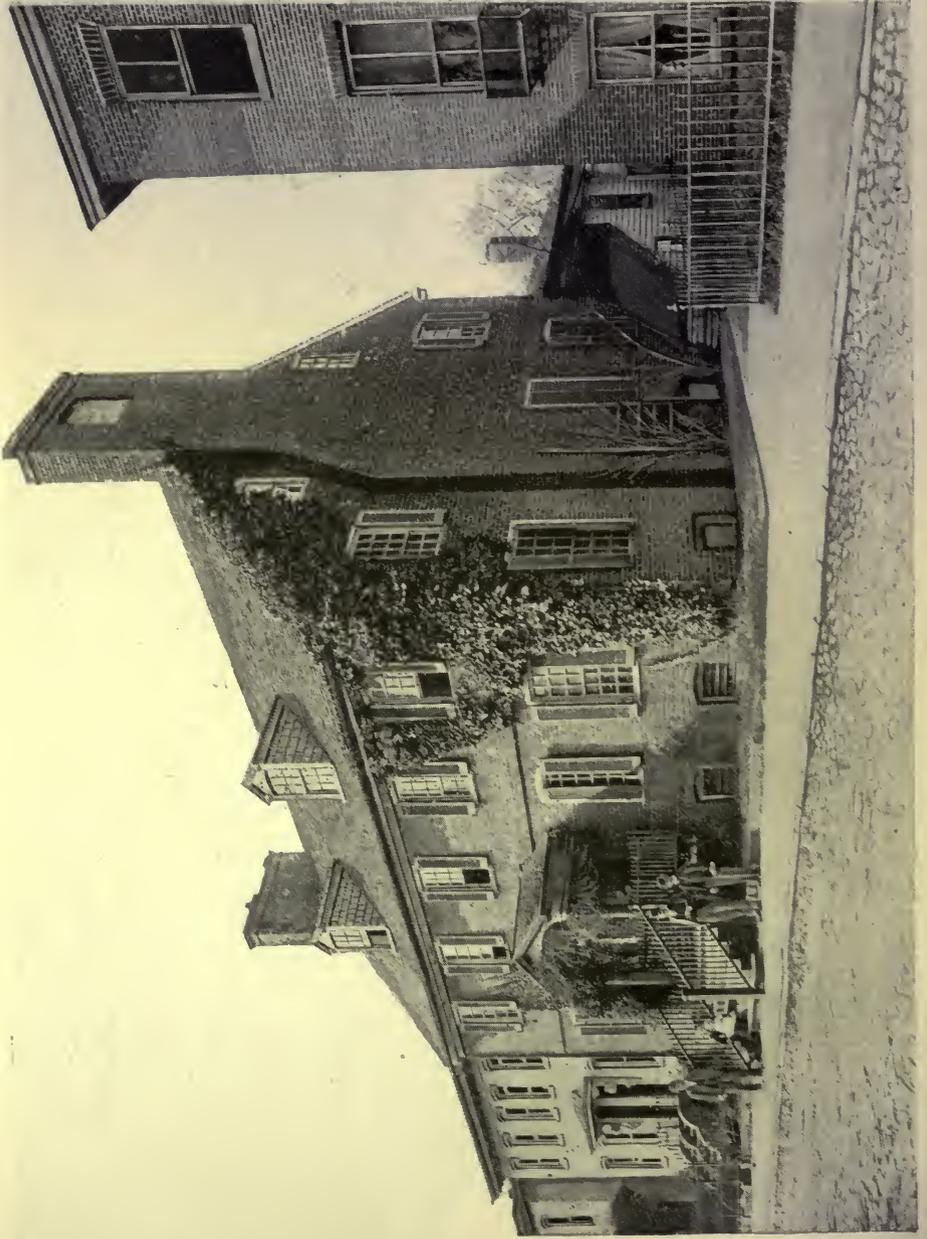
HARWOOD HOUSE





Near Annapolis, Md.

WHITE HALL.



Annapolis, Md.

WELCH HOUSE.

worthy of the subject ; but much has to be omitted in an article of these dimensions, and a mere outline of the whole, such as this, can readily be supplemented by any one desiring to make a careful study of the subject in detail.

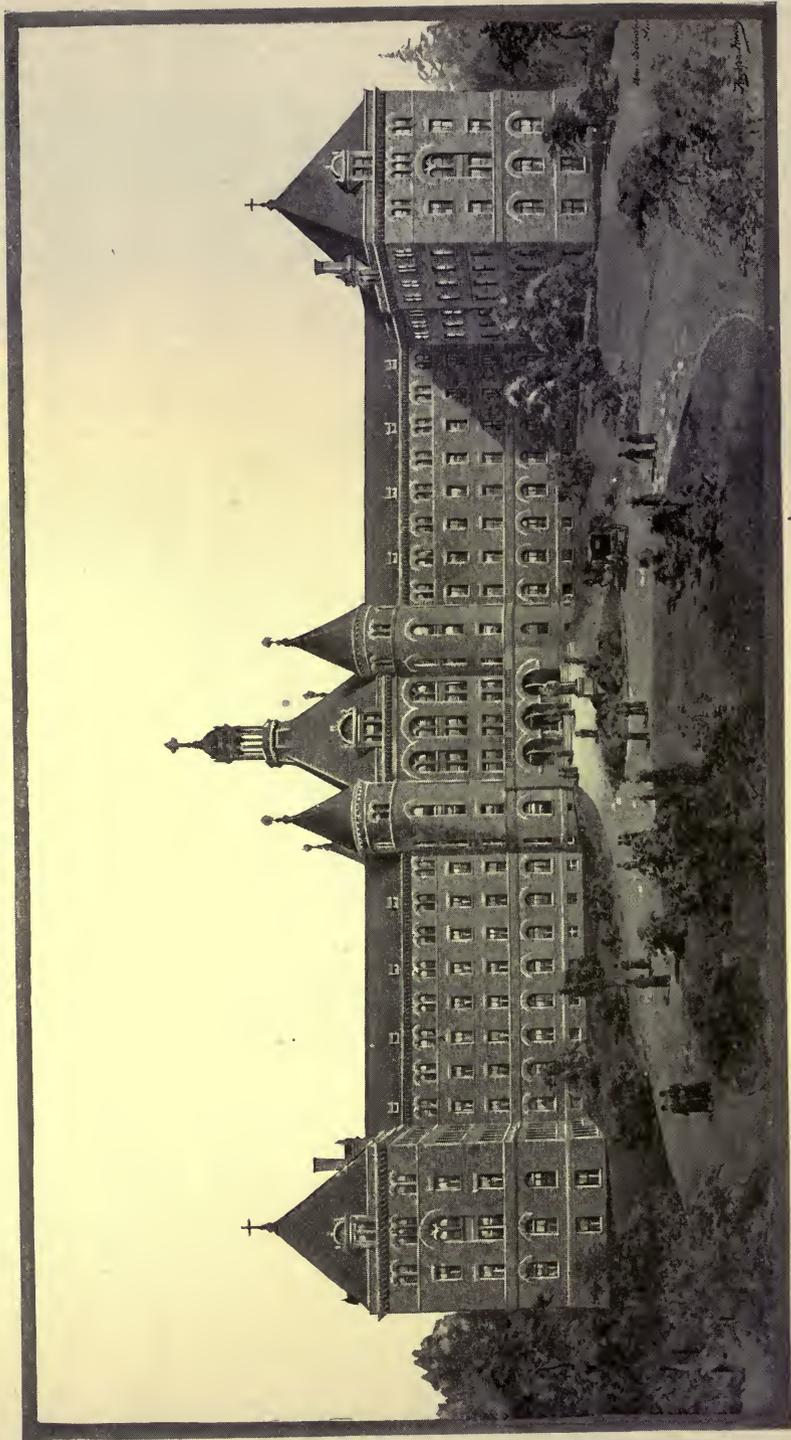
Annapolis stands to-day quite as unique in her character and general appearance as she did when in her prime, years before the Revolution. Affected in only a small degree by the changes that a century has wrought upon her former rivals, by that irresistible march of progress and of improvement that characterizes everywhere, in the "Old World" as well as in the "New," the spirit of the Nineteenth Century.

Cultivated and charming homes still exist there, as witnesses of the traditions and manner of life so celebrated there, and the old foundations in brick and stone that were laid generations ago, still stand firm and unchanged as monuments to her former life and character.

Annapolis may still be called the "finished city," and those who love her quaint old streets, her well-shaded gardens and her dark, red walls of brick, can see in them something which no other city in this land affords, and find there a link of exquisite workmanship binding the hurrying business life of to-day with the old-fashioned peace and cultivation of Colonial Maryland.

T. Henry Randall.





Dunwoodie, N. Y.

CATHOLIC SEMINARY,

Wm. Schickel & Co., Architects.

SUNSET OF THE AGES.

Sad Souls, what seek ye there
Amid the sunset light?
The great world rolling onward
Brings the night;
The visions that ye see beyond the golden bars
Are further than the stars.

Sad Souls, what hear ye there?
What voices whisper cheer?
What message have the dead
For ye to hear?

Learn not again old prophecies fulfilled,
Nor strive to sing the songs the Silence stilled,
Pluck not the withered flower,
Mend not the broken lyre,
Strive not to warm the soul
Before the blackened fire,
Faint not, nor weep, nor think the grave
Holds anything 'twere well to save.

For larger prophecies shall yet be born
Of those fulfilled,
And vaster melodies shall yet arise
From old songs stilled,
Dead flowers shall blossom yet
On paths untrod,
And Faith shall reach the light
That shines 'round God.

Nothing the soul hath felt was vain—
No faith, no hope, no sorrow, no pain.

'Tis the tears of men that water
The fairest flower that blows—
Out of the mire of human life
The lily Perfection grows.

The soft south wind is coming,
Ye Souls that yearn and faint;
The Dove of Love is hastening
To answer her mate's complaint.

See, with their golden sandals,
Come trooping the joyous Hours,
And Faith and Hope are blossoming
Into everlasting flowers.

Lo! The breath of the larger life shall come on the air to ye,
As the soft wind brings on its dewy wings the odor of the sea.

Harry W. Desmond.





SECTION OF ST. SERGIUS, CONSTANTINOPLE.

BYZANTINE ARCHITECTURE.—PART III.

(CONTINUED.)



VEN if we had not some of the important buildings erected in the time of Constantine, we could form a shrewd guess of what they were like, for we roughly know what there was in Rome up to his time, and he began to reign but eight years (313) after the abdication of Diocletian (305), for we may call him reigning after the defeat of Maxentius in 313, and when he issued the edict giving liberty of public worship to the Christians. Diocletian's Palace at Spalato, and his Baths at Rome still remain, and Constantine's architects could only have altered a little, or improved a little, on what had immediately preceded them. We are also told that at Constantinople Constantine had palaces built like those in Rome and its vicinity, to induce the Roman nobility to come and stay there. We know that he gave one of the private basilicas at Rome for the Church of San John Lateran, and that he had the original basilica of St. Peter's built. Vitruvius

Lib. V., cap. i., par. 4), and that the private basilica was like it (Vit., Lib. VI., cap. v., par. 2); he began to write when the Republic still nominally existed, and important decisions had to be given by able Senators on what we should now call international questions. The private basilicas were then arbitration-rooms, where numerous deputations probably had to be seated, crowds of witnesses, and possibly many assessors; and they were also used for political meetings, but in Constantine's time I fancy they were a sort of music-hall. The Lateran Basilica was originally built by Lateranus, a senator of Nero's days. Besides the basilicas Constantine turned into churches or had built, he had other churches constructed after the fashion of the Circular Temple of Portunus at Ostia, and it is believed others of an octagonal shape, after the manner of the Golden Temple of Antioch. We also know that most of his buildings at Constantinople were roofed with wood, and so badly built that when they were not burnt they fell, or had to be pulled down; that he was so short of architects that he granted immunities to those who would allow their



Corner Astor and Schiller streets, Chicago.

RESIDENCE OF JAMES CHARNLEY, ESQ.,

Adler & Sullivan, Architects.



Genoa, Italy.

GROTTO OF PODESTAT PALACE.

sons to be brought up to that profession, and bestowed a salary on the students, and the edict for this applied to Italy and a great part of Northern Africa. The prevalence of building in his new capital, and in several parts of the empire, must have given, too, a great impetus to the immigration of architects into Constantinople, as well as into other cities where large building operations were being carried on.

We also know that the art of figure sculpture was at so low an ebb that statues from existing buildings were transferred to his triumphal arch in Rome, because there were no sculptors capable of doing them. We believe that there was not much change in the forms of churches for more than a century after his death, although the bema or sanctuary was made much deeper, and, perhaps, also the form of the Greek cross or the Tau was more insisted on, though it is stated that some of the civil basilicas at Rome had a transept in front of the apse which gives the Tau; this form is seen at the basilicas of St. Paul, outside the wall, and St. Mary the Greater, at Rome. The present church of St. Demetrius, at Salonica, is said to have been built in 412-413. The Tau is made in this basilica by two inclosures in the aisles, just in front of the apse and at a higher level—*i. e.*, at the level of the paving of the bema, which was always raised a step. The semi-circular atrium to St. Demetrius' tomb is domed after the fashion of the Temple of Jupiter at Diocletian's Palace, only here it was made ornamental, and evidently was meant to be seen, apparently pointing to a later date. Still an important step had been taken in regard to capitals, for there are some at St. Demetrius which we now look on as purely Byzantine. It is not, however, until we come to the reign of Justinian that we have any exact dates to rely on after the date of Constantine. Although archæology is not of any direct use to architecture, except where it is all the architecture there is, it is of the utmost importance that we should know the dates of buildings when we want to trace their influence on the plan, the construction, or the ornamentation of subsequent ones.

Procopius has given us a list of some of the buildings erected by Justinian's order to within ten years of his death, and this includes St. Sergius and Bacchus at Constantinople (see lithograph), called "the little Sta. Sophia," whose interior is very similar to San Vitale at Ravenna. At first sight, the upper part of the three flat sides of the octagon are scarcely noticed to be different from the apses. San Vitale is believed to have been begun in the year before Justinian was associated with his uncle Justin as joint Emperor, and that when he was sole Emperor he and Theodora contributed funds for its completion; it is also said to have been designed on the plan of Constantine's Golden Temple at Antioch. I must tell you that the history of Byzantine architecture is in a perfect state of chaos as far as dates are concerned, and when we have exhausted Procopius' list of the buildings, we can only make guesses at the dates of churches from this arrangement, construction or ornamentation.

A list of the buildings erected by Constantine's order is given, I believe, by Eusebius, and in Ciampini are illustrations of the ecclesiastical buildings erected in his reign. Our Archæological School at Athens is now mainly devoting itself to the study of Byzantine architecture; its students, Messrs. Schultz and Barnsley, have for some time past been making drawings of the remaining Byzantine churches in Athens, Epirus, Macedonia, etc., including their mosaics; and Mr. Gardiner, the head of the school, has been assisting them in the deciphering of inscriptions.

In the early Christian Church the question was, where it could get a place to meet in without molestation, and we know that the catacombs of Rome were used for that purpose, and there was no thought then about orientation. As late as St. Augustine, who was born in the fourth and died in the fifth century, all that he asked for was a square room like the Ark of Noah, with a recess for the altar; but as early as Clement, at the end of the first century, the new churches were arranged, when they could be, like the temples are recommended to be by

Vitruvius, with the entrance to the east. St. John Lateran and St. Peter's are so placed; the priest at the altar stood facing the congregation, and the women were put in the aisle to the left of the priest, or north side, and the men to the right or south side. When the orientation was changed in the fifth century, and the altar was at the east end, the priest turned his back on the congregation, and though his hands were the same way as before, the right and left of the altar remained in their original position. This has introduced great confusion. S. Apollinare Nuovo, at Ravenna, is oriented with its front to the west and the altar to the east; but it is evident that the women were on the south side and the men on the north, for their attention must have been directed to the examples of their own sex, and the procession of virgins is on the north and that of the saints on the south side of the nave, *i. e.*, to the old right and left of the altar. The ambos were retained in the old places after the change of orientation, the Gospels being read from the left, or north ambo, and the Epistles from the right or south. I should here say that the clergy had usurped the nave for its own use, and the congregation were left in the aisles, the nave being fenced off by a low balustrade; where Christian churches have been converted into mosques these balustrades are often found used for paving. Besides these arrangements, there was an atrium in front of the church with an impluvium, a labrum, a fountain or a well in the middle for ablution, and a narthex at the entrance of the church for catechumens and penitents.

As the population gradually became Christian, the atrium, which was partly used for sheltering candidates for baptism and partly for ablution, was only needed for the second purpose, and began to fall into disuse; and when, in the seventh century, it was found that the Moslem faith prescribed ablution, it was given up altogether in the Christian Church. Extreme personal uncleanness then became almost synonymous with sanctity—it showed, at least, the Christian's repugnance to this injunction of the Koran. We read

of monks who were so holy that they had never been washed all over since they were baptised. The holy water stoup in Roman churches is said to be a relic of pristine ablution. In the early churches the baptistery was a separate building, outside the church; but eventually adult baptism was given up, and the font was admitted into the church. The altar originally stood just in front of the apse, and the apse itself was used for the clergy, and was called the Presbytery, with a seat all round it called the consistorium, and with a higher seat in the middle for the bishop; this arrangement may still be seen at St. Fosca, at Torcello, near Venice, and I believe is still used in the Orthodox or Greek Church. In the Orthodox Church the altar was, and is still, merely a table with a crucifix on it; but in the Papal or Western Church, it became the martyrrium, and was erected over the sarcophagus of a saint, or over the grave where his remains, bones, or fragments were buried. Eventually each aisle was consecrated as a separate church, and each had a little apse at the east end. The Basilica of San Pietro ad Vincula at Rome, said to have been built in 442, is, I believe, the first church in which this feature is seen, but I fancy if it were examined it would be found to be a much later alteration. The use of three apses became, and is now, universal in the Orthodox Church, but it does not exist at Sta. Sophia, at Constantinople, built in 532. It is, perhaps, not to be looked for in circular and octagonal churches, but it does not exist in the Basilica of San Demetrius at Salonica, though at the east end of its north aisle there is a little chapel with the three apses (which I could not get into), and there is only one little apse at the east end of the north aisle, besides the great central apse at the Great St. Mary's, now called Eski Djouma, at Salonica—possibly a later addition; nor does this feature occur at St. Irene, St. John Studios, nor at the Kalender Mosque at Constantinople, so that if we are quite sure these small apses—the French call them *absidioles*—have not been added subsequently, it gives us some idea of the

date of the church. The church at Dana, on the Euphrates, said to be built in Justinian's time, has only one, and not three apses, although it has a nave and two aisles.

It is, perhaps, as well to say here that Christian churches, after Constantine's edict, possessed the right of sanctuary, and I was told by a member of the Orthodox Church that the iconostasis was adopted for this reason—that robbers, thieves, and murderers, when pursued, were accustomed to rush into a church and cling to the altar. To prevent this abuse the altar was protected by the screen and doors, called the iconostasis, so that the sanctuary could not be obtained until the priest was satisfied that the claimant deserved the privilege.

The apse was originally without light, and was only lit from the nave or transepts. Justinian unfortunately had a dream that at Sta. Sophia it was to have three windows, though before his time windows had been put in the apses.

Since the Marquis de Vogüé published his work on Central Syria, great attention has been given to the buildings he found there, and to their influence on Eastern and Western architecture. These buildings of Central Syria, whether lay or ecclesiastical, were of stone, and most of their floors and ceilings were formed of stone slabs carried by arches, the roofs being mainly of concrete, though there are the ruins of churches that once had timber roofs; in short, we may say that where forests were at hand the architects used timber; but where no timber was to be had they made shift with stone, just as at Babylon they used burnt brick.

The Pretorium at Mousmieh is supposed to have been one type for early churches. This building consists of an open portico in front, with a nearly square chamber behind it, divided into a wide central nave and two narrow aisles. The nave is formed by four detached and four attached columns, each aisle by four attached columns, and those of one side of the nave; the central square of the nave is formed by arches resting on the four detached columns, and has over it a four-sided

groined dome, of which only fragments remain. The base of this dome was abutted by four semi-circular vaults. Beyond the end of the central nave is an apse, and a small, square chamber at the end of each aisle. This building is said to have been erected between 161 and 169, in the days of Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus, and is consequently Roman. A great number of Christian churches have also been found, but there is very little external evidence to show their date. One little chapel at Omm-es-Zeitoun, built in the year 282—*i. e.*, before the days of Constantine—was domed on a square plan, but the circle is obtained from the square by corbelling at the angles, and not by pendentives.

It is worth noticing that though the Roman Empire, after the loss of the western part, extended over the exarchate of Ravenna, Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, and a part of the north littoral of Africa, till the invasion of Syria by the Moslems in the reign of Heraclius (634 A. D.), yet there seems to have been no uniformity of style or method of building. Special local schools seemed to have existed, that produced special forms of churches, partly influenced by the materials at hand, and partly by the existing types. In 515 or 516, the baptistery of St. George at Ezra was built, an oblong-square building, consisting of two concentric octagons, with two vestries and an apse, wholly built of squared stone, the inner octagon being domed over in rubble with an oviform dome, circular on plan like the Persian domes; a very similar baptistery, cathedral, or church is found at Bozrah, in the Hauran, said to be of the year 512, or preceding that of St. George of Ezra, only circular instead of octagonal in plan. Some believe that the baptisteries or churches of this shape were built after the fashion of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. This was built by the orders of Constantine in 326, and was destroyed by Chosroes II., the king of Persia, in 614, some twenty years before the Arab invasion. The controversies on the shape and position of the Holy Sepulchre still continue, so I will leave the subject alone.

I may say that most of the Syrian churches had but one apse, and mostly two square chambers on each side like those of the Prætorium at Mousmieh, and that the basilica at Behio (Central Syria) has a square apse. These Syrian buildings from 330 to 635 are technically Byzantine, but have not much resemblance to those built elsewhere.

We must believe that the numerous schools of architecture started by Constantine had great influence on architecture, and must have made the architects more scientific; we must also recollect that there had been a greater and greater inclination at Rome to make public buildings unflammmable by vaulting and doming. The baths had all their halls or chambers vaulted or domed, and the basilica of Maxentius finished by Constantine was wholly vaulted and domed. We also know that building gradually became more scientific, for there was a gradual diminution in the ratio of the supports to the total area, for while the ratio of Caracalla's baths is .176, that of Diocletian's is .167, and the Basilica of Maxentius .127. Still, if we are to believe Cælius Spartianus, who lived about 297, in the days of Maximianus and Constantius the Green, the architects had in certain respects fallen off in skill, for he says they confessed they were unable to rival the solar cell of Caracalla's Baths. I mention this prevalence of incombustible structures at Rome because so many of Constantine's buildings at Constantinople appear to have been roofed with wood, and the only reason that can be assigned for this is his haste and the want of skilled architects. Two processes seem to have been going on between the time of Constantine's brief (334 A. D.) for starting architectural schools, and the accession of Justinian in 527 A. D., namely, the Church seems to have been settling the best form of building for its ritual while the architects were perfecting themselves in domical construction and its abutments, and they were learning how much piers of brick and stone and monolithic columns of marble would carry. The octagonal church at San Vitale at Ravenna is said to have been founded by Ecclesius in 526, the year Theodoric

the Great died, and consecrated by Maximianus, the Archbishop of Ravenna, in 547, eight years after the taking of Ravenna by Belisarius; the Emperor Justinian and Theodora are said to have been at its opening; it is very similar in plan to *Minerva Medica* at Rome, but it is said to have been built after the model of Constantine's Golden Temple at Antioch. It consisted of an oblong narthex, two stories high, flanked by two round towers containing staircases; for the long narthex set askew, and now I believe pulled down, is said to have been modern. The church is an octagon about 118 ft. across. Inside the external octagon is another concentric to it which supports the dome, about 50 ft. in diameter, with seven of the sides of the octagon formed into semi-circular apses, two stories high, and each supported by a triple arcade with two columns on each story. The seven openings have semi-circular arches at the level of the roof of the gallery, the eighth side forms the sanctuary, with a projecting apse at its end, the triumphal or sanctuary arch rises to the height of the arches over the apses, and on either side of the sanctuary are two staircases, and beyond them two circular vestries or chapels. The space between the outer and inner octagons form the aisles, and over these are galleries—one side at least was originally meant for the women, if not both. The octagon sides run up and are brought into the circle by small pendentives, from which a hemispherical dome rises, roofed outside with a hipped timber roof; the bottom of the dome is pierced with eight two-light windows. The arch to the sanctuary runs up the two stories, and just above it the sanctuary roof is groined as far as the apse, which is domed over at a height that will allow of a window over it. The parts to the north and south, between the arch and the apse, have three-light openings in two stories on each side. The aisles have barrelled vaults, into which the openings of the outer windows and the arches of the seven apses groin. The walls of the aisles are cased with marble in panels; these panels are streaked in red and white, and believed by Mr.

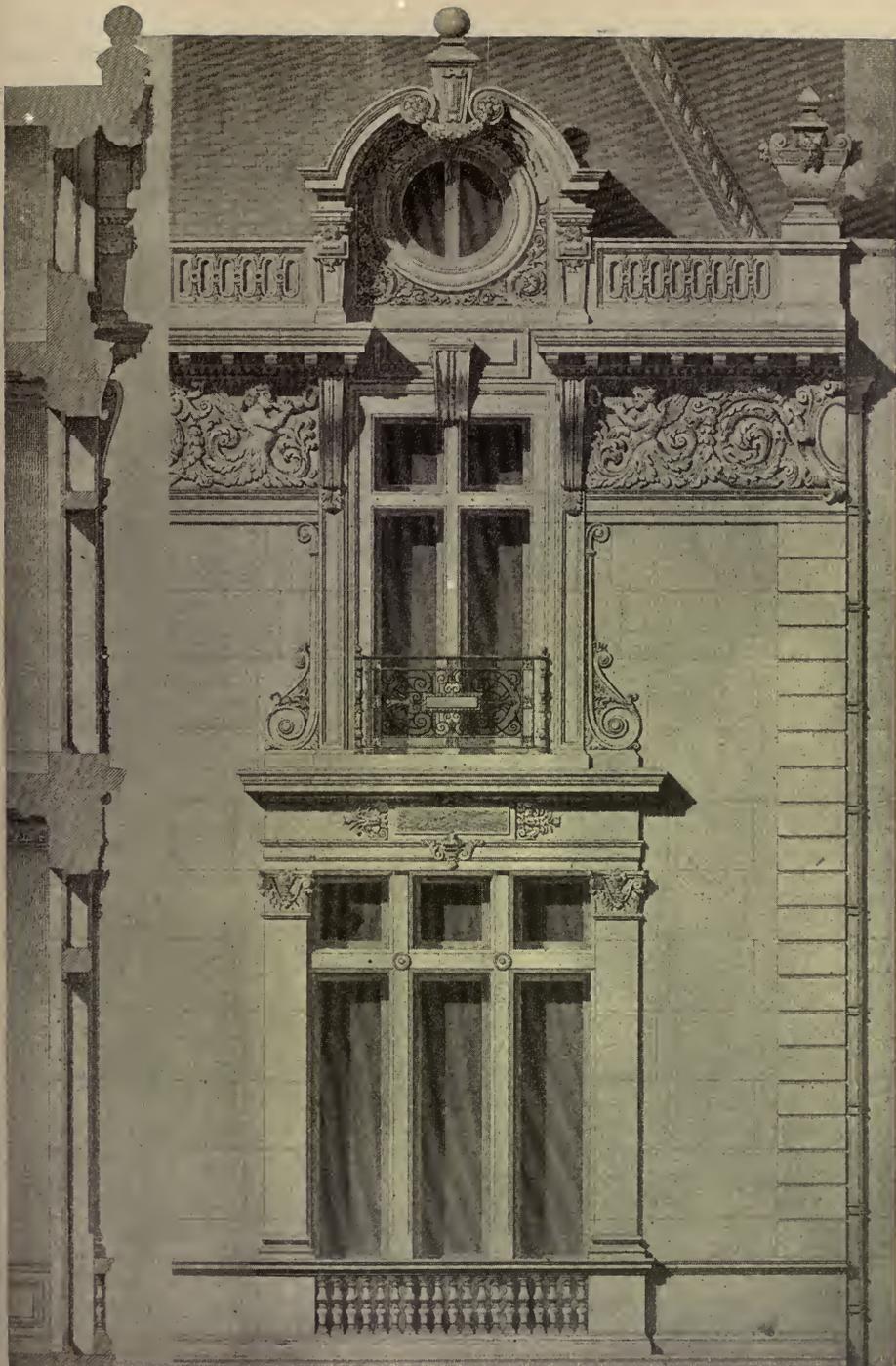
Brindley to be Rosso Antico and are formed of slabs in two or four pieces so as to make a pattern.

On the sides of the triumphal or sanctuary arches are fine Classic bas-reliefs of Cupids, one with a trident (engraved on plate 148 of *Moses Vases*, 4to, London, 1814), and are said to have been taken from a temple of Neptune, for San Vitale is said to have been built on the site of a temple to that god. There are green porphyry pilasters imbedded amongst the marble linings of the lower aisles, and a superb circular piece of opus Alexandrinum of red porphyry inlaid with mother-o'-pearl, giallo antico, and fine stones of red, green and blue. The whole of the sanctuary is covered with superb mosaic; two panels at the back of the altar represent, on the right, Justinian with his guards and officers; and on the left side, Theodora about entering the Church of San Vitale. She is sumptuously dressed, and has a robe of the Imperial purple embroidered in gold at the bottom as a border, with the adoration of the Magi. The groined vault over the altar has the most beautiful ornamental mosaic I have ever seen. All the columns have carved blocks over their capitals. Many of the caps are Byzantine; the upper blocks are in some cases carved with a cross and two lambs. Procopius tells us that the churches of SS. Sergius and Bacchus, at Constantinople, were built by Justinian. One was basilica shaped and has been destroyed, the other consists of an open Turkish porch, a narthex, and the church with a projecting apse. The church itself is an irregular oblong square on the skew, about 95 ft. by 112 ft. with the narthex; it has an octagonal centre; the outer oblong square is made into an irregular octagon by four large niches in the angles, the seven sides of the inner octagon are treated as follows: The side opposite the entrance has a triple opening with two columns, and this is repeated on the two other square sides, the diagonal sides have semi-circular apses, also supported by two columns, and the whole of the ground-floor has an entablature. The eighth side is occupied by the sanctu-

ary, with a semi-circular apse at the end, the arch of which goes up to the springing of the dome. The first floor over the aisles is much higher than the ground story, and is treated in the same way, only the triple openings are arcaded, and seven semi-circular arches rising from the level of the caps of the columns connect the whole. Between these arches are the spherical pendentives, supporting a semi-circular dome, fluted with sixteen flutes; each flute dies against the vertical wall, and in each alternate arch so formed is a single window. The upper gallery goes over the narthex. The entablature, which is of marble, has an enriched architrave. The frieze is divided in two, the lower part being a torus with fillets, ornamented with the Byzantine acanthus scroll, and a flat surface above with a Greek inscription.

The cornice has an ornamented cyma without a fillet below; the corona is replaced by canti-levers; below them is an ornamented bead with a dentil band and fillet below. Eight of the columns are of Verde antique, the rest appear to be syennadic; the capitals are Byzantine, those of the upper galleries are of the splayed cubic shape enriched with ornament and with a sort of dwarf Ionic capital below them. The joints of the columns between the bases and caps are filled with lead. It is a very striking church as far as its internal design is concerned, but it is at present whitewashed; it is hoped the mosaic exists below the whitewash. The dome is a hemisphere about 54 ft. in diameter.

We must probably look to Asia Minor to find where Anthemius and Isodore made their maiden essays; for when Justinian first decided on the new Sta. Sophia, Anthemius seems to have had no hesitation in making his model; and though Procopius tells us that he and Isodore met with great difficulties from the unprecedented weights to be carried, they successfully completed the building; and this, as far as we now know, was the first great European building with spherical pendentives, the original dome, too, being the flattest ever built.



Paris, France.

FAÇADE, BOIS DE BOULOGNE,

A. Pollet, Architect.

Architects will admit that less than forty days was not much time for making a model of an original building with one of the largest and flattest domes ever built. I beg to draw your attention to a model being the oldest and best way of showing a design. It was from a model that Sta. Maria-dei-Miracoli at Venice was built, and Sir Christopher Wren recommends a model to be made for all important buildings.

The buildings forming the church of Sta. Sophia and its dependencies were as follows: An open atrium, surrounded on its three sides by a peristyle, and having in the middle of its open area a cistern or fountain, an exo-narthex, a narthex preceding the church, the church, and a passage at the back of it; on the south side a range of buildings, and attached to these, at the west end, but further south, the baptistery.

The buildings on the south side, beginning at the west end, were as follows: A staircase for the superior catechumens, the vestibule to the narthex, a passage and court, the clock-room, the holy well, the metatorion or large hall, the triclinum Thomaites, and a wooden staircase for the superior catechumens, forming a communication between the galleries of Sta. Sophia, Sta. Maria Chalcopratiana, and the Palace. The exo-narthex is about 19 ft., the narthex about 30 ft. wide, and both are about 200 ft. long; the height of the narthex is 43 ft., and is lit by nine windows above the roof of the exo-narthex; the church is about 262 ft. long externally, exclusive of the narthex and the projection of the apse, or 278 ft. long to the outside of the apse, and about 240 ft. wide. The nave consists of an oblong square, 110 ft. wide by 103 ft. long, with two vast hemicycles about 103 ft. in diameter at the east and west ends; and each of these have a subsidiary apse on each side, about 42 ft. in diameter, each supported by arches on two columns, and the square openings in the middle of the hemicycles are about 48 ft. wide, the eastern one ending in an apse about 40 ft. in diameter, with two tiers of windows in it, as

well as windows in its semi-dome. The aisles, in the clear of the walls and front columns, are about 56 ft. wide.

The dome is about 103 ft. in diameter and 48 ft. high in the clear, and is lit at its base by forty windows, and is carried by the four arches of the nave, and the four vast spherical pendentives—four enormous piers about 35 ft. long over all and about 25 ft. thick at their widest point—have each a quarter of the weight of the dome, one arch and a pendentive to carry, the two projecting piers at the back of the first main pier are nearly 6 ft. square. These main piers, 25 ft. by 65 ft., are hollowed out by an oblong chamber about 13 ft. by 30, and by the openings for the aisle and to the window, and have a net area of about 1,110 ft. super; they carry a portion of the gallery as well, but the external part of the pier is mainly an abutment. From the pavement to the crown of the dome is 185 ft.; but this is the new dome which was put up by the nephew or grandson of Isodore, and is said to be 25 ft. higher than the original one.

If you look at the plan of St. Sergius and Bacchus, you will see how well it deserved the title of "The little Sta. Sophia." It is an oblong square outside, with a projecting apse at the east end like Sta. Sophia, and if you cut the church in two in the middle on a line running north and south, and remove the two halves far enough away from each other to get in two more columns and arches, and turn the two half hexagons into semi-circles, you would have the precise form of the nave of Sta. Sophia, and to complete the resemblance you have only to clear away the angle niches of the aisles and insert four columns; only as Sta. Sophia has a nave about 110 ft. wide, and St. Sergius and Bacchus has its nave only about 53 ft. 6 in., with a hemispherical dome of the same diameter, all the supporting parts of the former had to be very much larger: if we take two of the angle piers of St. Sergius and Bacchus their sectional area together is about 95 ft., while the front half of one of the angle piers at Sta. Sophia has a sectional area of 537 ft., and this was not a brick or rubble pier, but one built of solid stone.

Returning to *Sta. Sophia*, you enter the narthex at one end, and walk down this magnificent gallery, lined with slabs of lovely marble, panelled by means of projecting slips of white marble ornamented with what has been called the Venetian dog-tooth, capped with a carved marble string and *pietra dura* work. The groined vault of the narthex is covered with gold mosaic enriched with silver and colors. As you walk down it, you come to the bronze-plated jambs of the royal door-way in the centre, and step into the church. The sight that then meets your eye is thrilling, partly from its magnificence, but mainly from its overwhelming vastness. You are in a hall 110 ft. wide—a width of hall you have never seen before, and, though the length is 265 ft., the eye embraces it at once, and the whole of the vast space is absolutely without anything intervening between you and the end of the apse, while above your head is the immense dome, seemingly supported on nothing, and below the arch is the crescent of the hemicycle, with its windows; the bulk of the light is overhead or screened by the columns of the aisles, and the windows in the apse, being partly of stained-glass, are not at first obtrusive, as you naturally throw up your head; the whole interior is lined with beautiful marbles, panelled like the narthex, and with *pietra dura* work in splendid patterns; the screen columns are monoliths of verd antique from *Ephesus*, presented by *Constantine*, the prætor of that city. The columns of the apses are of purple porphyry banded with bronze, and were presented to *Justinian* by a wealthy Roman widow named *Marcia*; they were probably taken from *Palmyra* by *Aurelianus* to adorn his Temple of the Sun at *Rome*. The domes and vaults, as well as the walls above the marble lining, are adorned with gold mosaic enriched with slight patterns in color. There is a subdued magnificence about the effect that is enchanting, though I believe the effect would be improved by repolishing the marble, as at present, the gold mosaic of the upper part overwhelms the dim pale color of the lower marble work. It is not, however, until you go up into the galleries, each

250 ft. long by 60 ft. wide, besides the upper narthex 200 ft. long by 26 ft. wide, that you are fully aware of the vastness of the structure, and the altitude of the building is also better observed there, for although you are only 43 ft. above the pavement, the chandeliers with which the mosque is filled seem to touch the ground, and yet you seem no nearer to the dome; almost every trace of figures has been obscured by the *Mussulmans*—the very heads of the six-winged cherubims have been replaced by mosaic stars.

Justinian's pious boast when he opened the church, "Glory be to God who has thought me worthy to accomplish so great a work, I have vanquished thee, O *Solomon!*" strikes us as being only too modest, for he had caused to be erected a temple as superior in science and effect to *Solomon's Temple*, as the Pantheon is to an Indian wigwam—he had in fact caused to be produced one of the wonders of the world.

In the description I have just given I tried to convey the impression made upon me on entering the church. There are, however, a few more particulars I should like to give you, although you can see most of these from the diagrams (see section of *Sta. Sophia*). The upper story is only five-sevenths of the lower one, and to make the arcades of the nave in tolerable proportion, six columns have been put over the four beneath, and round the upper apses of the hemicycle there are six columns over the two below, the effect of which is satisfactory. The height to the crown of the four main arches of the nave is not a fourth more than their width. The screen walls, which fill in the north and south aisles, above the upper arcades, are pierced with two ranges of circular-headed windows, so that the whole of the upper part is flooded with light. In looking from the floor of the nave at the arcades you are satisfied with them, but in looking down at the lower ones from the end gallery the capitals do not profile well; there is a want of style and accent about them which makes the whole of that piece of the composition look tame and feeble.

In the aisles, the twelve columns

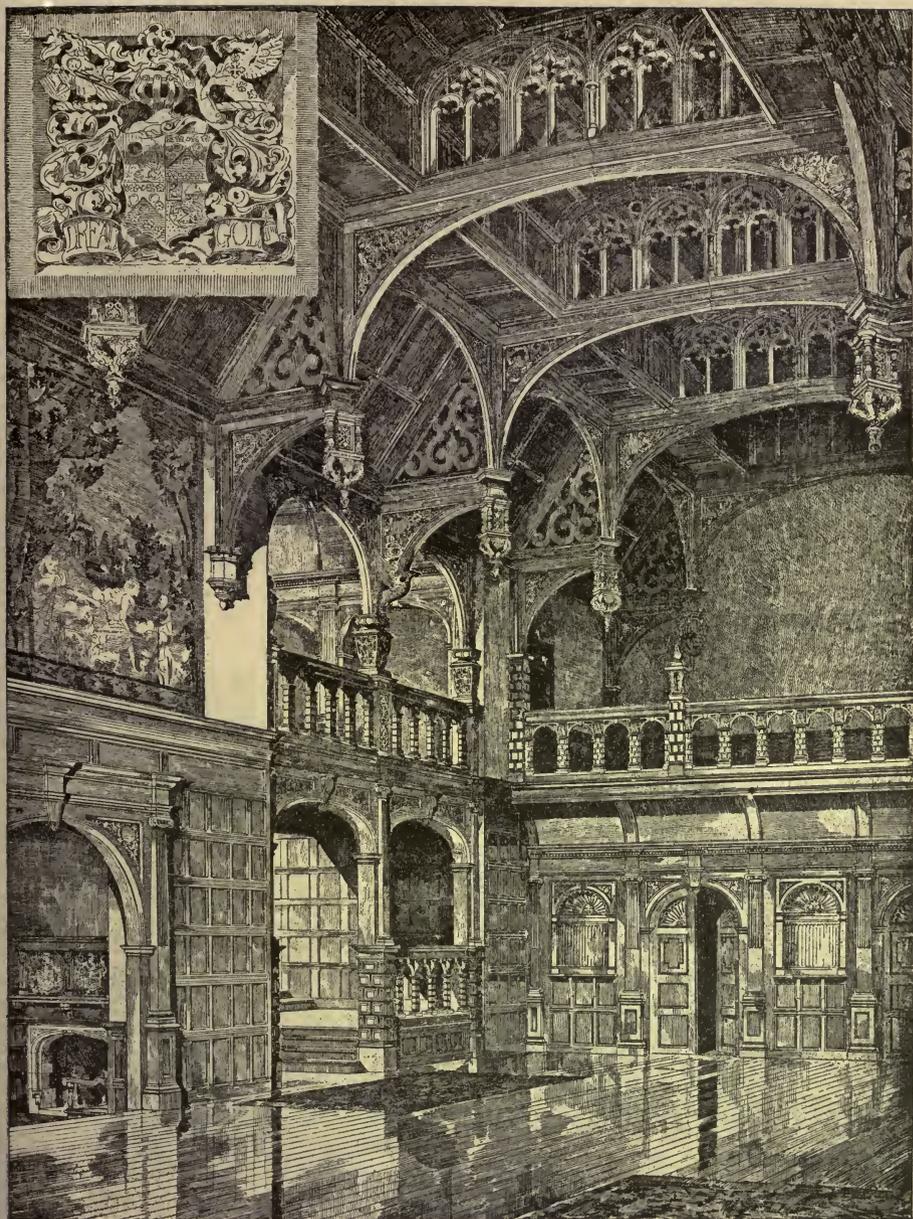
have rather the appearance of having been put in after the work was done; the position of eight of them has a sort of haphazard look, which is intensified by two of each, four being square piers, while the other two are round columns. One of the round ones of each group of four is nestled into a corner by the solid part of the subsidiary apse. The extra weight the square piers have to carry seems hardly a sufficient reason for making them square; still they are not unsightly.

The two inner columns of the screen, and the two behind them, tell their story well—they act as stiffeners to the screen-wall, but, as in the aisles and the galleries, the columns had to be shorter than the screen ones to get in the groined vaults, ingenious devices have been hit on to accomplish this; in the aisles the arches between the front columns and the back ones are quadrants, in the galleries the difference of height is got over by each line of columns having its own wall over it, and these walls are joined at a higher level by a small barrel vault. The galleries show, alas! too many signs of the effect of the earthquakes with which Constantinople has been afflicted; vaults have opened, columns have been pushed out of the upright, and the marble slabs of the floors have cracked and sunk: these appearances, together with the iron ties, besides the original wooden ones, tell their own tale. The floor of the church is completely hidden, like that of all mosques.

It is, perhaps, hardly fair to criticise the outside, as it is doubtful if it was ever finished, and since the completion of the church many additions have been made to increase its stability. The dome being planted on a square terrace is depressed by the perspective, and you only see a flat segment rising above the buttresses at the sides of the windows of the dome. The narthex, with its large semi-circular windows divided by a transom and columns, looks like a riding-school or a factory; the enormous buttresses below hardly explain themselves, and are not lovely to look on. The north and south sides have each two enormous towers reaching to the terrace of the dome, the last

stories being round-headed; these towers almost look as if they were of prehistoric times; between them the circular-headed walls of the aisles are filled with vast circular-headed windows, and look as if they were workshops added to a railway station. The whole exterior is covered with whitewash and narrow stripes of ruddle. Externally you would take it for a factory, or an overgrown railway station, added to by an engineer. It is not unpicturesque, as seen from the entrance to the Bosphorus, with the sun setting behind it; you see a heavy square reddish lump with a flat dome, but it compares very unfavorably with the fine outline of the great Turkish mosques.

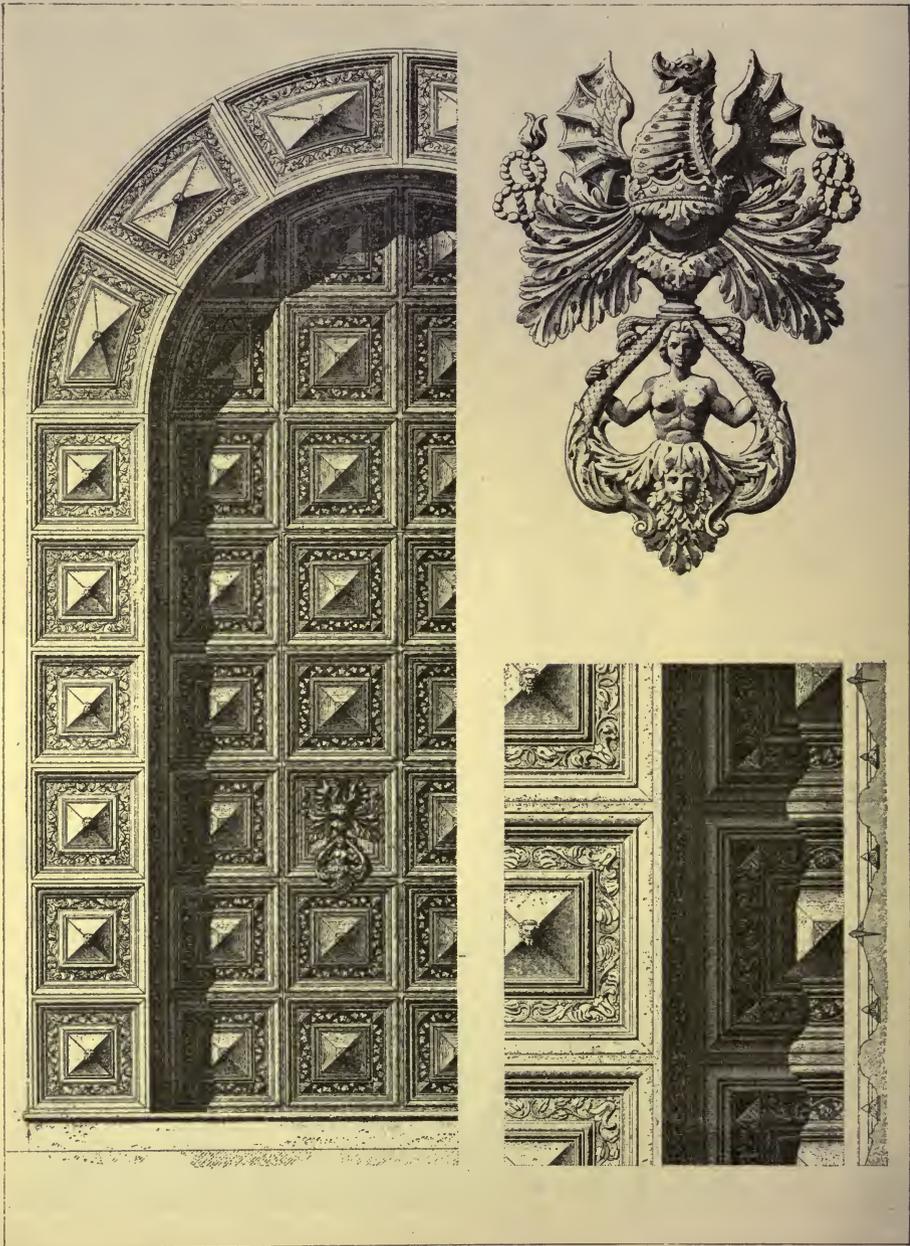
It will, I think, be now interesting to hear the account Procopius gives of the difficulties encountered in the building. These difficulties, if real, show that the architects were not very perfect in their knowledge, or, if the difficulties were imaginary, that they were adroit courtiers. There is something dramatic in human difficulties and emotions that attracts our attention and enlists our sympathies, while these sympathies are not touched when the skill of the architects is so great that we hear of nothing but the completion of the building. Viollet-le-Duc sneers at the twelfth-century architects, who were always seeing visions, of having angels visit them to help them out of their difficulties; but for that very reason we feel a personal interest in them, and a kindliness towards them which we do not feel towards their more skillful successors. There is hardly a passage of such interest in the whole thirty-seven books of Pliny's "Natural History" as that in which he recounts the architect's trouble with the lintels when he was building the Temple of Diana of the Ephesians. Pliny says: "The great marvel of this building is, how such ponderous architraves could possibly have been raised to so great a height." This, however, the architect effected by means of bags filled with sand, which he piled up upon an inclined plane until they reached beyond the capitals of the columns; then, as he gradually emptied the lower bags, the architraves insensibly settled in the



Hampshire, Eng.

RHINEFIELD,

Romaine-Walker & Tanner, Architects.



Bologna, Italy.

DOORWAY (WITH DETAILS), PALACE GOZZADINI.

place assigned them. But the greatest difficulty of all was found in laying the lintel which he placed over the entrance door. It was an enormous mass of stone, and by no possibility could it be brought to lie level upon the jambs which formed its bed; in consequence of which, the architect was driven to such a state of anxiety and desperation as to contemplate suicide. Wearied and quite worn out by such thoughts as these, during the night, they say, he beheld in a dream the goddess in honour of whom the temple was being erected; who exhorted him to live on, for that she herself had placed the stone in its proper position; and such in fact, next morning, was found to be the case, the stone apparently having come to the proper level by dint of its own weight (Pliny, "N. H.," Book xxxvi., cap. 21).

We must be thankful for small mercies in the way of contemporary history of architecture, as we mostly have none at all; but when we know that Procopius had been the secretary of Belisarius, on whose courage and skill the very existence of the Byzantine Empire depended, and that he subsequently became a senator and prefect of the city, we think he might have learned the names of the parts he describes and the real particulars from the architects themselves; but he behaved just like a modern historian does who describes battles—there are pages, if not chapters describing the charges and the carnage, but when you have read the description you do not see why the losing side should not have won. The historian never thinks of asking a master of the art of war the causes of the victory. I now give you extracts from Procopius about the method of building the piers, and about some of the troubles encountered; he speaks, in the first place, of the main piers supporting the four great arches, as follows: "The Emperor Justinian and the architects Anthemius and Isidorus used many devices to construct so lofty a church with security. One alone of these I will at this present time explain, by which a man may form some opinion of the strength of the whole work. As for the others, I am not able to discover

them all, and find it impossible to explain them in words. It is as follows: The piers of which I just now spoke are not constructed in the same manner as the rest of the building, but in this fashion: they consist of quadrangular courses of stones, rough by nature, but made smooth by art. Of these stones, those which make the projecting angles of the pier are cut angularly, while those which go in the middle parts of the sides are cut square. They are fastened together, not with what is called unslaked lime, not with bitumen—the boast of Semaramis at Babylon—nor anything of the kind, but with lead, which is poured between the interstices, and which pervading the whole structure has sunk into the joints of the stones, and binds them together; this is how they are built." I may say on this, that Professor Unwin has found by experiment that lead is the worst material that can be used to bed stone on.

Procopius then goes on as follows to tell us of the behavior of these piers, while the arches were being turned: "The above is an account, written in the most abridged and cursory manner, describing in the fewest possible words the most admirable structure of the church at Constantinople, which is called the Great Church, built by the Emperor Justinian, who did not merely supply the funds for it, but assisted it by the labor and powers of his mind, as I will now explain. Of the two arches which I lately mentioned (the architects call them 'lori'), that one which stands towards the east had been built up on each side, but had not altogether been completed in the middle, where it was still imperfect. Now, the piers upon which the building rested, unable to support the weight which was put upon them, somehow all at once split open, and seemed as though before long they would fall to pieces. Upon this, Anthemius and Isidorus, terrified at what had taken place, referred the matter to the Emperor, losing all confidence in their own skill. He, at once, I know not by what impulse, but probably inspired by Heaven, for he is not an architect, ordered them to carry round this arch; for it, said he, resting upon

itself, will no longer need the piers below.

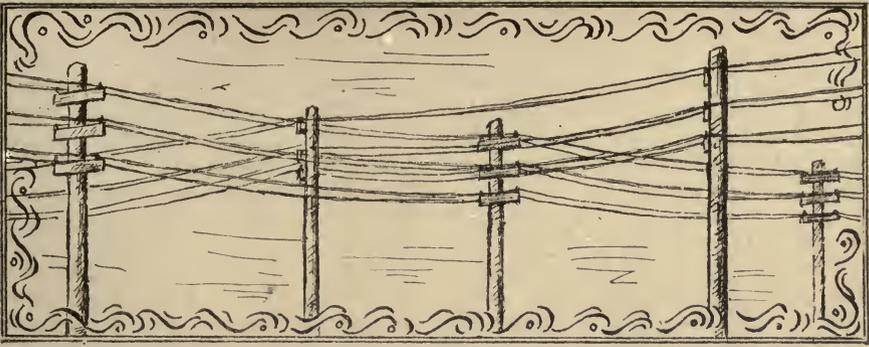
"Now, if this story was unsupported by witnesses, I am well assured that it would seem to be written in order to flatter, and to be quite incredible; but as there are many witnesses now alive of what then took place, I shall not hesitate to finish it. The workmen performed his bidding, the arch was safely suspended, and proved by experiment the truth of his conception."

I may say here that if this application to Justinian was not an adroit piece of flattery, and the architects were really in anxiety, they must in the first place have greatly trusted to luck, for in modern practice the architects would have made themselves sure that the piers would carry the weight before a stone was laid. Next, if they were really alarmed, why did they consult Justinian? unless, indeed, the old fiction of the Roman Emperors being gods was still believed, for Procopius says Justinian was no architect. This splitting open as though it would fall to pieces may have been an exaggeration of Procopius. There may have been some slight cracking or scaling from imperfect bedding that the architects were not really alarmed about. We see what Justinian thought, that when the arches were complete they were held up by vertical friction against the piers. If the piers absolutely split open what did it mean? Procopius tells us nothing but the fact, and leaves us to infer that no reparations were made. We naturally suppose that all the work was carried up evenly to the same height, and that if serious settlements took place, that it was from the arches being on a comparatively small surface, which caused the foundations and that part of the pier to compress, and so tore it away from the adjoining part; but, if this

were so, they would hardly have dared to let it remain, so I think the uneven pressure caused a few hair cracks which were exaggerated by common rumor, for if these piers had split through, and looked as if they would tumble to pieces, we can hardly imagine that the architects would have ventured to complete the arches upon them and put a dome on the top as well. Procopius goes on to say: "So much, then, for this part of the building; now, with regard to the other arches—those looking to the south and to the north—the following incidents took place: When the arches (called 'lori') were raised aloft during the building of the church everything below them labored under their weight, and the columns which are placed there shed little scales, as though they had been planed. Alarmed at this, the architects again referred the matter to the Emperor, who devised the following plan. He ordered the upper part of the work that was giving way where it touched the arches to be taken down for the present, and to be replaced long afterwards when the damp had thoroughly left the fabric. This was done, and the building has stood safely afterwards, so that the structure, as it were, bears witness to the Emperor."

This case is very simple, the arches were probably of brick, and while coming to their bearings pressed on the screen wall, filling the space between the piers, and caused a scaling of the columns at top and bottom; many now have bronze rings on the necking, and at the base. Justinian's advice was right; but we cannot believe the architects did not know what to do in such a case; probably the whole thing from beginning to end was a judicious piece of flattery to allow the Emperor to exhibit his extraordinary wisdom.

Professor Aitchison.



CROSS-CURRENTS.

IT cannot be long now before all of us will be given over to the Columbian celebration. It will be like the family party. Paterfamilias having discovered the harmony between avoirdupois and ease may ask at first why *he* has to be drawn into these things; Materfamilias is sure amid the preparation to have days of perturbation, when she will nervously wish "people would only let other people alone;" and sons and daughters, relatives and servants will each suffer, according to his kind or hers, some sort of irritation. But when the festivity is come! What excitement and expectation! And the carriage that finally arrives to take us away at least was made in the same factory as Cinderella's (for I rejoice to say that that firm is still doing business, though it is true its work has sadly deteriorated). So it will be with this Exposition of ours. Paterfamilias just now may be grumbling and exhibiting a very odious state of mind, other members of the household may be fuming and fretting, but everything will yet be right, and we shall all drive off and heartily enjoy ourselves to the envy of our neighbors, who are sure, *we* know, to be watching us from points of concealment. The eagle is showing signs of "mewing her mighty youth," and I fear that already the noble bird has lost several feathers, one of which I am sure I detected the other day in the shape of a pen on the desk of one of our "great" editors, amid census reports and other statistical measurements of national bulk—"greatness" was his expression, but I have ventured to correct it, for it is permitted to use words in speech with less nicety than in the editorial columns of the *People's Trumpet*. There you find the Qu—People's English employed with a raciness that in itself savors of the paper's immense circulation; and wonderfully employed it is, too, in dividing the eighth part of an idea into little paragraphs, each of five or six lines.

These paragraphs in the *Popular Trumpet* re-
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mind me of a cook-book which I understand is quite a favorite in religious families. In the midst of the recipes for rare green turtle, delicious oxtail and rich consommé there is one for a nameless extract, entitled by the author "Soup for charitable purposes." Ah! here is the *bonne bouche*, I thought; the soup which surely we would wish to be fed upon; an elysian, or more properly speaking, a heavenly decoction—rich with kindly feeling and warmth of heart and thankfulness for the lordly position of giver. Of course, as was right, all this sentiment was left in the recipe to the imagination, but I found upon reading so was the meat.

I hope the foregoing isn't so wide of Progress (for it is *that* I started out to speak of) that the Editor will run his pencil through it. I am afraid—indeed are there not signs already visible?—that the coming celebration will offer an opportunity, too enticing to be passed over, for the making and publishing of dithyrambs upon Progress and the great strides towards the Millennium mankind has made in the last four hundred years. Now, if there is any word that we all ought to be more heartily sick of than another it is this word "Progress." It represents one of our modern fetiches, as repulsive as a barbarian's totem, suggestive of ignorance, superstition and inhumanity. I know that the great journalist into whose sanctum I penetrated lately, stirred by the Exposition, will soon be plying that eagle's quill in climax upon climax of figures about our miles of railroads, bushels of wheat, tons of iron, growth of population, per capita calculations of beef and bread consumed, annual income, letters carried by the mails, telegrams flashed, books printed, and—culmination of civilization!—newspapers circulated. The whole confusing array of figures will be used as a sort of gigantic alphabet to spell out this superstition called Progress. Really it is surprising the trum-

pet-sound the word has for most people. No doubt it suggests vividly enough what Balzac called "the prodigious development of the financial element in human nature," but can that be Progress which stands for so little of those higher elements in human nature which constitute the real dignity of Humanity? What is it Apollodorus says in the Symposium: "But when I hear another strain, especially of you rich men and traders, such conversation displeases me, and I pity you who are my companions, because you think that you are doing something when in reality you are doing nothing." That is the strain to harp back to to steady one's self and restore the equilibrium of reason when one is deafed with the bacchanalian cry about Progress. The "financial element in human nature"—it has so overmastered every other that we have come to regard tons of coal, miles of rail and other physical quantities as an end and a good in themselves. Poor Humanity! Statisticians are forever busy calculating what it costs to produce a yard of cotton cloth, a bushel of corn, a ton of steel. But why is it they figure only the financial element? The human element is never considered, and of what real value are these calculations to civilization with *that* left out? Has Civilization, too, become a mere affair of finance, a sort of ledger account of the Human Race? The fact of the matter is, this country (and indeed every other great commercial nation) is paying a very heavy price in the coin of humanity for its wealth. Quite one-quarter of the people of New York City pass their lives in squalid streets and crowded tenements, where the savor is hardly that of anything one dare call civilization. Mr. Rüs has written a very dismal, but, I believe, veracious, book upon "how the other half live," which it is difficult to think any Rhapsodist about Progress can have read. It is worth reading, however. I am sure, too, Civilization would gather up her silk skirts (made in Paterson, N. J., so a protectionist friend of mine tells me) if she were compelled to pass through a Pennsylvania mining town. Delicate dame! She would close her eyes and ears and take the very next "Pullman vestibuled palace sleeping car" for some fashionable resort. I wouldn't like to say how many millions of the people of our country live lives of dirty toil—I don't refer to the grime that soils hands and face—there is soap and water for that—but the grime that quite spoils the cleanliness and sweetness of life. And what shall we say of our Progress in politics, with our Quays and our Hills, our bosses big and our bosses little, our heelers and our

buffers—a vast army of them! As far as a general statement can be correct, we may safely say that political position is absolutely impossible to-day to an honest, intelligent gentleman. Look where we will, was life ever so vulgar and sordid? Wealth is accumulating; men decay. As much as at any other time in the history of the world Civilization is an affair of the few. Our measure of Progress is taken *at the wrong end*. No wonder in the heart of man there is discontent, and the shepherds are watching again for a star over Bethlehem. Only the other day a friend of mine advertised for a "middle-aged bookkeeper." What a spectacle of threadbare humanity, stricken with the palsy of commercial life, was summoned from the vasty deep. Ink and figures! Ten to fifteen dollars a week! What a fate at the end of forty years of endeavor! Why not confess the slavery? Listen to the story: "I am a thorough accountant, Sir, was fifteen years with Dollars, Cents & Co., the great dealers in Humanity; you know them, Sir; they will speak well of me." Then out comes the much-used testimonial—"To whom it may concern." Did Swift ever write a deeper satire? Said Dollars, Cents & Co. affixing their weighty signature thereto: "With us for fifteen years"—"Competent"—"Trustworthy"—"Sober"—"We part with him only because we are cutting down expenses." Diapason of commercial heartlessness. To whom it may concern!

My friend and I paid the tribute of a sigh to the forlorn spectacle, moralized a little, and like true children of our day—partakers of Progress—lunched heartily afterwards at the Savarin. Hypocrites we all are. To whom it may concern! What better motto can we inscribe on the banner of our Progress!—*Secundus*.

* * *

On the whole the Editor is rather in favor of committing suicide. This does not mean that we are thirsting for our own blood; that we are taking lessons in pistol practice, or that we are making inquiries as to cheap and tasty poisons; it means only that we have reached a Logical Conclusion. When the foregoing paragraphs were sent in for publication we pondered them deeply. We spent time and thought, most valuable to the public, in the effort to penetrate every dark corner of their meaning, and when we finally finished we said to ourselves: "There is no other way out of it; we (another we) must all commit suicide."

For if the Gods are unjust what can mortals do? Every pessimist will admit that men are

placed in a most perplexing and even a somewhat agonizing position. They will still cherish a humble wish to do the right thing under the circumstances, but the trouble is that when the Gods are unjust there is no right thing left to do. A mortal cannot defy the Gods, for it is They that give life, pervade creation and constitute law. He can only walk meekly in Their way; and if he finds that way nothing but a delusion and a snare and himself only an outcast in the world, he may well stop and ask himself the use of further traveling. True, all men whose souls have been tried in this manner have not shared this conclusion. Mycerinus, for instance, took out a lease of pleasure for the remaining years of his life, and this has in all ages proved to be such a popular course that the Editor, who believes in the people, reflected some time before throwing it over. Then others whose souls were too high for mere hedonistic grovelling, simply held aloof; they said: "We will not mix with the poor, blind, struggling crowd; we will mount the Hills of our Understanding, look at them and smile." But the Editor has lived too much on the moral side of things to be deceived by any such trifling. Those who adopt either of these courses put themselves in the place of the Gods and deny the supremacy of the latter; they are the blindest of the blind. To live is to live for something; if the Gods grant man nothing he had better die. That is why the Editor is in favor of committing suicide.

The logical consequence of this conclusion, however, is not that we all immediately give up business and join Mr. Stevenson's Suicide Club. That course the Editor believes to be distinctly immoral. It is very well for you and for us; but how about the rest of the world? Ought not they to die too? Shall we, to whom the light has come, basely desert them that know it not? Shall we escape from the Great Sham without taking them with us? No, it is just here that the Editor's high sense of morality again comes in. Let us spread the light. Let us go forth among the people and tell them that Mankind is a mere bubble on the frothing current of time, that Hope is a plaything for children, that Ambition is a rose in the distance and a thorn in the hand, that Progress is a vain dream, and that Life is a sorry jest. (The Editor forgets what Charity, Love, Virtue, Truth and Faith are; but he is sure that they do not amount to much anyway.) Then when the people are converted, we can all commit suicide together.

Up to this time it must be admitted that the pessimists have not lived up to their doctrine. In these days, when every little reform movement

has its association, with presidents, secretaries and headquarters, the pessimists alone have failed to organize. Yet it needs no very keen and penetrating mind to discern the enormous difficulty of their task. At present public opinion is entirely opposed to suicide. Men may see that Progress is a particular fraud, and that fifteen dollars a week is small pay for a whole life; but, nevertheless, they do not want to die. Every one of those associations mentioned above is for some an argument in favor of life. If the pessimist should begin to tell these people what deceitful things Hope, Progress, Love, Faith, etc., are, they would answer: "Very true; I have often thought something like that myself, but there is my idea for the amelioration of mankind by the use of concentrated meat extracts. That is a reality for you; that is something worth working for. Why, sir, if you will step down to the office of our association at No. 345 Bunkum place I will show you"—and the pessimist would have to withdraw in order to escape an argument about meat extracts. It is just this stupid clinging to particulars that pessimists would be obliged to combat, and they would have every bit of organization in society dead against them. In order to stem this purblind but overwhelming torrent in favor of life, even at fifteen dollars a week or less, they also must organize—not a selfish secret suicide club, but a downright, outspoken association, with the name over the door in gilded letters and no lack of vice-presidents.

An Editor suggests, and he is done. It is for others to take the path thus clearly indicated. We have, properly, nothing to do with all the details of this most important movement of our time. Because, however, of its very importance, we are willing to carry our suggestions one step further. There are a number of dangers to which every young and vigorous campaign is subject, and these should be strictly guarded against. In the first place, the really enthusiastic pessimists will surely wish to go too fast, to make mankind appreciate the desirability of suicide in perhaps a year, in ten years, or in a lifetime; and if they do not thus immediately succeed, they will grow discouraged, and perhaps get out of the hateful world long before their part of the work is completed. Such a disastrous contingency can best be provided against by teaching the younger members of the band not to expect too much, that Truth spreads very slowly, and that it may take several generations to make the majority of mankind see in suicide a relief and a repose rather a dreadful uncertainty. And if the garden

young proselytizers naturally feel disappointed at this postponement of the day when they can say a happy good-bye to the aimless misery of mortal life, they may take comfort in the fact that, at all events, they cannot be cheated out of this refuge: they must die some time.

Another error, which might easily be made is that of giving some name to the association which would repulse people at the outset. If, for instance, it was called the "Society for the Propagation of Suicide," it would immediately awaken that blind and stupid prejudice against self-murder, which Shopenhauer has so mercilessly, so eloquently, and so justifiably denounced. The purposes of the organization should be hid under some ostensibly innocent designation, such as the "Society for the Eradication of Misery." Then good pessimistic literature should be freely circulated—rather in the way of poems about woe, and tracts illustrative of the fleeting nature of happiness than in any more virulent and outwardly suicidal shape. It might be well also to print and distribute a regular periodical, which, perhaps, could build up a steady paying circulation by appealing to the undertakers' business instincts. We are aware that these benefactors of our race already possess a sprightly trade paper called the *Shroud*, but obviously the vigorous spirit of death which the capable and energetic pessimists would put in their journal would leave the *Shroud* far behind in the competition for trade. The Editor is overflowing with a great many more suggestions of this character; but we withhold them until we are able to observe some evidence of organized proselytizing activity on the part of the pessimists; adding only this final assurance, that when the whole human race is ready for suicide, the Editor will not be behind the rest, either in discussing the convenient methods or in putting them to effective use.

—*The Editor.*

* * *

If pessimism were a matter of reasoning, even weak and harmless satire like that of my friend the Editor might have some effect; but in truth it is almost entirely a matter of emotion, and emotion is impervious to the shafts of ridicule. Few races have been so totally lacking in any sense of humor as the Hindoos; and among them of all nations the pessimistic view of life was dominant. A strange passive race they were, living in a cloud of visionary sentiment, scarcely ever rising to the Manichæism characteristic of the East, but enveloped in a hopeless atheistic pessimism. A race whose tendencies are mainly towards action are never troubled with

these diseased hallucinations. The world to them is something to be made, not to be suffered; and the civilization of the Western nations is traceable to their steadfast and energetic efforts to realise this instinctive conviction. In the Nineteenth Century, however, life has been reduced more than ever before to its elements, and the emotional side thereof has been but too largely divorced from the intellectual side. So we have a din of many voices telling us that things are infinitely bad—which signifies no more than that they are very trying to some delicate sensibilities.

In few cases, however, do these outcries stand for a theory of things; they simply represent an emotional attitude towards life. Shopenhauer and some others have developed pessimism into a moderately coherent system. These authors, being consistent, have logically advocated, as the best way out of a very bad bargain, the instantaneous suicide of the whole human race. But, noticeably, they did not themselves commit suicide. It is only hysterical pessimists who do that—their characters becoming, as it were, diffused in emotion. But your pessimist will generally prefer life without philosophy and with emotion to philosophy without life and consequently without emotion. In other words, the emotionalism which, as a rule, blinds them to the logical necessity of suicide does in extreme cases supply the crazy desperation needed for its commission.

It follows that pessimists too frequently assume the privileges of a poet for the purposes of a dogmatist. If they have a real poetical gift we can sometimes forgive this assumption, although even then their pessimism would be accompanied by a grave limitation of their literary sufficiency; but generally their susceptibility to the sweeter, finer and deeper phases of life is so cumbered and colored by their prevailing spirit of melancholy that their intimations of experience are almost worthless to their fellow-creatures. For be it observed the trouble with all didactic literature is not so much that it proposes to teach a lesson as that it fails to teach lessons enough. He who can find but one song in the world has a dull ear. So your pessimist must die to the best of life whether he will or not.

If this pessimism could be traced to simple immaturity there might be some hope for it, but I find it impossible to plead for its votaries extreme youth, implying thereby irresponsibility and a prospect of reformation. Some people can never learn anything, for learning is a relation among several terms and they are composed of but one

term. A sympathetic, hospitable attitude towards life is a condition of experience. Marie Bashkirtseff is continually complaining that our three-score years and ten are too few for the attainment of anything but the merest fringe of knowledge. Poor child! As if she could learn even her easiest lessons by approaching science in such a spirit—by incontinently beating her head against the first hard fact. So impatient a disposition towards the conditions under which science can alone be reached is akin to the spirit which animated the astrologers and alchemists of the Middle Ages, who endeavored to cheat the world out of its secret by some expedient and might not illogically send Mdle. Bashkirtseff off in search of some miraculous elixir of everlasting life. But if she could have found it, think you that she would have compassed perpetual youth and consummate knowledge? Science is not for the impatient and the fretful. They may crave it, but they are like unto that eager maid whom Heine tells about. She drank of the elixir that her mistress so successfully used, but drank too deeply and found herself restored not merely to the freshness of youth, but to the babbie of childhood. Such people fly in the face of Time, and Time, who cannot bear to be defied, adds nothing to their years but leaves them everlastingly children.

We cannot judge the work of God by the principles which we use in judging the work of man. We cannot ask the jury to free their minds of all prepossessions, to purge themselves of all knowledge of the matters in hand, and to take their seats in the box the colorless embodiments of blind Justice. The Creator of this world demands a packed jury in favor of His creation. The evidence in these final cases cannot be read by those who run. The witnesses are audible and visible to them only who qualify their eyes and ears for the message, and who spend their years in the box. "I do not know of any method," said Burke, "of drawing up an indictment against a people." The attempt to draw up an indictment against life is equally futile. By the very act one is ruled out of court. In order that life may be known life must be loved.

Truth is no suction pump drawing men irresistibly towards the centre of things; neither is it a coy and hasty bird, which can be snared by grace of a few grains of salt cast upon its tail; it is an atmosphere, a living and moving atmosphere. Its coarser touch we cannot escape; its fullness and glory we cannot reach; but if we are faithful and willing we may approach it. And re-

member this, O! *Secundus*. A man's relation to this atmosphere is never consummated, for the final synthesis of life is growth and always growth: The assumption that the relation is consummated or that it can be consummated is the source of all intellectual error and moral perversity. What you and I and all of us and all things must do is to go on, good and bad alike, giving place to better. Of course, evil is inseparable from incompleteness, and Frauds political, editorial and commercial bristle on the back of a laboring world. But when, my good *Secundus*, you meet them on the highways do not fly panic-stricken to cover and waste good time in wailing. If you need comfort take unto heart this salutary truth, that of all the fleeting things of this world the most fleeting is a Fraud.

Be, then, easy about the slave-drivers and the mongers of clap-trap. They go the way of all idolaters; and just think, my friend, it rests with you, who dislike them so, and the rest of us, to see that they are not succeeded by others equally idolatrous. Here is a most glorious service, to which all men with clear heads and stout hearts should swear fealty. They must track the frauds relentlessly to their lairs, expose the false prophets in the market place, and laud the true ones from the house-tops; they must succor the slaves of modern machinery wheresoever they can, and treat their bookkeepers as much like human beings as possible. Strenuous work of this class wisely ordered not only kills Frauds, but helps to kill the Spirit of Fraud and so make way for the Spirit of Truth.

The Ideal lives to-day or never. Alas! I know not where it is to be found. In truth, we may not put our hand on any particular spot (the City Hall or the Stock Exchange, for instance,) and say that it is there. Its only abiding place is in the spirits of its ministers. But it is among us at this moment—so much we may be sure of. The present is in no want of justification by the future or the past, either by a Garden of Eden in the beginning or a millennium in the end. Let the nurses of the world coddle the children with such fairy tales. Truth is the great organizer of life. No one need sacrifice home, kindred, friends, associations, and wander forth lonely in search of the Holy Grail, for there are some traces of it here in New York, on January 1st, 1892. To find these traces, *Secundus*, you have only to live and to think wholesomely—that is in the whole—remembering that civilization is more than a few centuries, that human nature is more than its latest phase, and that man is more than a mood.

—*Primus*.

RAYMOND LEE.

CHAPTER IV.

CIRCE'S COTTAGE—THE END OF ALL ENCHANTMENT.

PILGRIM was short, rotund and fat. On the morning after the storm he dressed himself in the little bedroom in the Cottage in anything but the spirit of thankfulness and content proper to a Christian in his circumstances. Our every-day nature so soon resumes its sway—returns with the normal beating of the heart—and Pilgrim's every-day nature was as sensitive as his white fat flesh to little discomforts. With him, life was entirely a matter of petty things. Since his wife's death, which happened soon after his arrival in India, he had lived a sort of Bohemian existence, but one upon a substantial, if not always completely adequate, cash basis. The only vital idea known to Pilgrim was comfort, the comfort that tends to fat; and how, my good sir, could any gentleman of ease be comfortable in a cramped, scantily-furnished room like that in the cottage, where there was not a single convenience; and that, too, after a night spent on a bed that creaked and complained under 200 good pounds avoirdupois. How to get out of the place at once, that was the question for Pilgrim; and not an easy question to answer, either, when one has nothing to stand up in but a red dressing-gown. Isn't it in annoyances of this sort that the real cruelty of misfortune is felt? With a dash of determination Pilgrim parted the few hairs left to him by his forty-five years, and then, as though that completed a war-like attire, descended to the little parlor to do immediate battle with his position.

But the first thing that met his sight as he entered the room was the bright fire and the table set for breakfast. Surely it was with some such subtle charm as this that Circe tried to enslave Ulysses; for was not he hungry, weary in longing for what we term the "comforts of home;" and is it not much more in conformity with our experience that Circe, who admittedly knew well her particular business, should have spread before him the allurements of fragrant bohea than offered him a cold drink of a philtre. The frank acceptance of this supposition—the scholarly ingenuity of which the learned will appreciate—not only enables us to reject the idea of magic, which no one really accepts, but, however much it may damage our opinion of Circe's abilities, immensely increases our perception of the heroic force of character of the Greek hero.

At the first glance of the cosy room the determination of our Ulysses relaxed. A feeling of comfort stole over him as he planted himself in front of the fire and gathered in the warmth with his chubby fat hands. Not for a minute or two, not until he walked to the window to get a view of the hills, over which the white clouds were racing in the sunshine, did he perceive Raymond who was sitting behind the curtain of the bay.

"Ah, you here? Good morning, my lad. It was you, wasn't it, who assisted us last night? To be sure. I was so disturbed I scarcely distinguished anything. And let me see, your name.....? Raymond Lee. There, we *were* wrecked on a lee shore. Ha, ha. I told my daughter we should be. She hasn't been down yet?"

"Not yet, sir."

"No, she must be tired. It was a fearful night. I hope she didn't catch cold. She bore up well until they got us into that wretchedly uncomfortable life-boat. She surprised me. Really, I declare she was calmer than I was, for usually Marian—my daughter, you know—is very timid. You will see she has eyes like a deer's, and her disposition is the same—half confident, half shrinking. All yesterday afternoon she knelt by me and prayed, and really became calmer as the storm increased. Ah, my lad, it's a great thing that, being able to pray, isn't it? I am too fat

to kneel; of course you do. Yes, yes. You must live a quiet life here, somewhat as my Marian did with the two maiden friends of ours. Your mother is alone, I understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, yes," said Pilgrim, softly.

"No brothers or sisters?"

"No, sir."

"Ah, it must be lonely for you here; but I suppose you have your companions in the village. How large a place is it?" and Pilgrim surveyed the little cottages that were visible from the window, as though they might indicate the number of the population.

"They say about three hundred."

"A vivacious and progressive place, no doubt," said Pilgrim, smiling. "By the way, who is the fashionable tailor here?"

"There is none," Raymond replied, laughing. "The élite buy what they need in Seahaven; the rest are content with home-made clothes."

"The devil you say," exclaimed Pilgrim, surveying his dressing-gown. "How the deuce, then, am I to get out of here?"

"You'll have to measure yourself and send Zipcy to Seahaven?"

"Zipcy—who's he? Where is he?"

"Zipcy does all our buying in Seahaven. You can't see him to-day. He left this morning to fetch Mr. Fargus."

"Fetch whom? Fargus? Do you mean John Fargus, my old friend John Fargus? Why, boy, how does he know I am here?"

"He doesn't know you are here," said Raymond. "Mr. Fargus is mother's old friend. He is coming to see us."

"See you! Why, do you know John Fargus?"

"Mother has for years, ever since.... she has always known him I think."

"Lee, Lee," said Pilgrim, trying to recall the name. "I don't remember him ever speaking of Lee. I thought I knew of all his old friends. Let me see—there was a lady friend he spoke to me of shortly before I left for

India, but her name was . . . dear me, it ended in ly . . . what . . .”

Mrs. Lee and Marian Pilgrim, hand in hand, entered the room just in time to hear the last few words of Mr. Pilgrim's speech. Mrs. Lee uttered a cry, half stifled in the utterance, dropped Marian's hand, turned pale, struggled to recover herself with a painful effort and hurried forward to Mr. Pilgrim.

“Oh, Mr. Pilgrim,” she said, nervously smiling. “I . . . Marian . . . such a lovely morning,” and sank into a chair very nearly fainting.

“Oh, what is the matter, dear Mrs. Lee? What is it?” asked Marian Pilgrim. She was greatly alarmed and knelt by Mrs. Lee and stroked her hands. Pilgrim was quite at a loss to understand the change in his hostess, and emergencies of any kind always upset him.

“Mother, shall I fetch Mr. Wilson?” asked Raymond.

Mr. Wilson was the apothecary in St. Michael's, who acted as physician in mild cases.

“No, dear,” said Mrs. Lee, trying to recover herself. “This—a passing giddiness—so foolish”—and she laughed hysterically—“wasn't it, Mr. Pilgrim?”

“Hadn't you better let your son call in the doctor?” asked Pilgrim. Mrs. Lee entreated Raymond not to do anything of the kind. She said she had caught cold the night before; that upon entering the room it had seemed very warm; that she really felt quite herself again; and then with an effort took her seat at the table and rang for the meal. After breakfast she insisted that Raymond should show Marian the village. “Take Miss Pilgrim for a good long walk,” she said. “It won't do to keep her indoors. She will lose the roses from her cheeks, won't she, Mr. Pilgrim?”

“Well,” said the little fat man, unable to understand Mrs. Lee's anxiety. “Marian can scarcely be in need of fresh air, but . . .”

“Oh, you don't know what a difference a day in the house makes. Those roses,” she said, stroking Marian's face, “need the air as those in the garden do. You, Mr. Pilgrim,” she continued, jauntily, “will have to keep me company until—yes, we will talk of that; I mean Mr. Fergus, you

know, is coming, you will be interested to know. Now, Raymond, don't lose the sunshine ; I am sure Miss Pilgrim is dying to see what sort of a place she has been cast upon. Eh, dear ?”

* * * * *

Saint Michael's glistened in the sunshine. The great craggy cliffs glistened, the little white houses glistened, and the sea in a joyous mood danced and sparkled as though it was flecked with gold. The little waves purred upon the shingle with a lazy murmur and scarcely stirred the seaweed that fringed the rocks. Across the heaven snow-white clouds sailed slowly like great argosies heavily laden with a golden burden.

“How small the coast-guards' houses look down there,” said Marian on the cliff top.

“Yes. This cliff is two hundred feet high.”

“It makes me giddy to look down.”

“Then don't look down. Look out to sea.”

“Oh, isn't that glorious! How far you can see! Isn't it grand! Is this where you heard the gun, Raymond?”

“Yes—but if you are not afraid, Marian, lie down and put your head, as near to the edge of the cliff as you can and then look out to sea. You will think you're hanging in mid-air.”

“No, I'll sit on this old stone, please. Supposing you hadn't been here that night.”

“What is the use of supposing? Look”

Raymond stretched himself at the edge of the cliff and was putting into practice his own scheme for aerial suspension.

“Now, I'm sinking, Marian; down, down. The bottom is a thousand miles down, like a blue mist.”

“Please don't! you frighten me. You may roll over the edge.”

“Nonsense! No fear. Don't look like that. I'll come away at once and lie at your feet. Why, you are pale. Did I really frighten you?”

“Yes—no.”

“No, yes—yes, no. Which do you mean?”

"Raymond you are impudent. Papa is right, you have been spoilt."

"Did he say so? How can he know? He is right, though, about you. Your eyes are like a deer's. You have a funny way of looking at a fellow so seriously and then turning away quickly, as though you had just found out what you were doing and were ashamed of it. There, you're doing it now; you're blushing."

"You are a rude boy," said the girl, laughing in spite of herself.

"Am I? When are you going to London?"

"Papa said he thought we could start on Saturday."

"What are you going to do there?"

"What questions you ask! How could I know yet? I do not think papa has fixed upon any plan. We may take a house there, or we may go to live with some friends. Won't you ever come to London to see us?"

"Oh, no; mother won't let me leave her."

"But soon you will have to leave her."

"Why?"

"You don't mean to live here all your life, do you? Won't you go to college or—do something?"

"You should ask mother that question. I think she positively dreads even the thought of my going anywhere."

"You will have to be a fisherman then."

"Yes, I suppose so; and some day if you should happen to come here you'll find me dressed in a blue Jersey with a thick beard and smelling of tar like Tom Burroughs," and the two laughed. "Would you know me?"

"I think so. But you will never be a fisherman. What do you want to be?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Wouldn't you like to be what your father was? I would if I was a man."

Raymond was silent.

"What was your father?"

Still no answer.

"Oh, forgive me! I've hurt you," and a hand was placed softly on the lad's shoulder.

"No, you haven't. Really, I was—I don't know—thinking, I suppose."

"About what?"

"I don't know—about my father."

The answer was given in a tone of wonderment, and as one speaks who is making an effort to comprehend.

"Do you remember him?"

"No-o."

"Oh! He died when you were a little baby?"

"I—suppose—so."

Raymond was vigorously pulling up the turf.

"Doesn't Mrs. Lee ever tell you about him?"

"Don't bother me, I don't know anything," and the lad arose and walked to the edge of the cliff, and then stood there looking out to sea.

"Please don't stand there, you make me shiver."

"Here, then, I'm six feet away from the edge."

"I didn't mean to hurt you. I'm sorry. Forgive me."

"You haven't hurt me, I'm thinking."

"About what?"

"Oh, never mind. Let us go home."

Marian arose from the stone. The color came to her cheeks, and she trembled in spite of a very hard effort to be calm.

"What's the matter, Marian?"

"Raymond, I want—will you take this from me. Papa said I might give it to you," and she thrust into Raymond's hand an old Indian gold coin.

"Marian!"

"Don't refuse. It's only a token for—the other night. I haven't got anything better or I would give it to you."

When Raymond returned to the cottage he found that Mrs. Lee had gone to bed and was in so high a fever that Mrs. Stewart, the Scotch woman, had insisted upon sending to Seahaven for a doctor.

"It's only a cold, dear," she said to Raymond. "I must have caught it last night."

"By and by, mother, I want to ask you something," said Raymond.

“Very well, dear, by and by.”

* * * * *

“Raymond, my boy, you must go to bed to-night. You will be ill, too, and then you will not be able to do anything for your mother. You haven’t been to bed for three nights.”

Mr. Fergus said this in a whisper close upon midnight in an upper room in the cottage, where burned only a night-light, which gave forth scarcely more than a faint yellow glow, and revealed only as black objects the bed wherein Mrs. Lee was lying and the rest of the furniture. Raymond had drawn a chair close up to the end of the bed, and was sitting there with his head resting upon the counterpane. He answered Mr. Fergus with a slight impatient movement of dissent.

“Come, Raymond, just for an hour or two. I will watch here with Mrs. Stewart,” said the clergyman, putting his hand on the lad’s shoulder.

Raymond freed himself with a hasty shrug.

Mr. Fergus recognized the uselessness of further insistence and left the room.

“Better so, perhaps,” he thought.

Raymond did not know that his mother was dying, for the doctors had said that afternoon that the pneumonia had entered the last acute stage and that there was scarcely any possibility that Mrs. Lee would recover. So he kept his watch, as he had done for three nights past, with a feeling of dull sorrow in his heart; but without realizing how black those hours really were. One by one they came like dark forms and took their stations in a circle around the bed; but the boy don’t see them. He watched the night-light burn away, watched the flame sink down within its yellow paper case, and shiver with every movement of the air. The gloom deepened. The corners of the room became darker. The silence of the night buzzed in his ears and the weight upon his eyelids grew so heavy that he could scarcely keep them open. Several times he whispered softly, “Mother,” but the only answer he received was the heavy, stifled breathing from the bed. Once the hand beside him on the counterpane moved and he took it

within his own. He felt the feverish warmth steal along his veins ; and the drowsiness which is on the very border land of sleep came over him. He saw the things before him as in a dark mist. They took fantastic shapes of old men and grinning faces. The head of the bed appeared to be a great black door, at the sides of which were tall white figures which stirred not. Were they Seraphim and Cherubim, angels of light and love ? Surely they were present. For a moment the apparition was so real that he was startled ; but the tired brain said : " Those are the bed curtains." Then the black door opened wide and beyond stretched a moonlit sea—dark purple and silver—and a ship that was also of silver sailed upon it. A voice like the passing of the wind whispered : " The sea has charmed my boy. He has sailed away. I could not keep him." And Raymond slept. To this day he wonders whether what he saw was a dream or a reality.

When he awoke the bright sunlight was streaming into the room. Mr. Fergus was kneeling by the bedside.

" Oh," he cried in surprise, arousing himself. " I have been sleeping. Mother."

He touched her hand. It was cold. The frozen North holds not such coldness. It pierced to his heart.

" *She* is sleeping now, my boy," said the clergyman, softly. " Pray with me."

* * * * *

In the afternoon of the same day Marian said : " Raymond, won't you sit down ? You have been wandering about all day. Sit down and talk with me."

" I can't sit down, Marian, and I can't talk. Don't mind me." And he went up stairs humming :

" 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."

Marian went out into the garden in front of the cottage to gather flowers for the dead ; but the first white rose she touched seemed to say, " Life is so beautiful," and the little

yellow and red geraniums looked up and laughed and said, "We are happy." So Marian sat down in the porch by the door and her thoughts carried her away to the old Indian home and to the grave in the cemetery at Lahore where the mother she scarcely remembered slept in loneliness.

Raymond aroused her from her reverie.

"I am going down to the beach," he said; "I can't bear the house any longer. Do you mind?"

"No. But don't be long, Raymond. Papa and Mr. Fergus will be back soon, you know. They said they wouldn't be more than an hour or two in Seahaven."

The afternoon was then fully half spent. Not a soul was on the beach. The sea was as smooth as glass and a summer haze was in the air. Two fishing smacks were on the shingle, with their brown sails and the nets stretched over them to dry. Raymond laid down in the shadow of the furthest boat, and the familiar things around him—the sunlit peace that seemed to drowse upon the cliffs, and the little waves that ran up the shore and scampered away as though frightened at their own temerity—all seemed cruelly indifferent to his sorrow; for they were like playfellows who now when grief had befallen him carried on the old game and laughed and made merry without him. The sight made his sorrow harder and harder to bear. He watched the sea sadly, for beyond the shore it stretched away a melancholy waste that seemed to have sympathy with him, until after a time he fell asleep. He slept until the sun had sunk behind the cliffs and the heaven was flushed with red, and the tide was far away from him out on the sand where the great black rocks are; and the sea beyond was a purplish gray. A little chill wind had arisen which shivered upon the surface. When he awoke he would have leaped up and hurried home but, a voice at the other side of the boat arrested him and fixed him to the ground.

"Mrs. Lee? Mrs. Fergus, you mean. Mrs. Lee!"

It was Zipcy's voice, and it was like a snarl.

"What are you talking about, Zip," exclaimed another voice, which was Joe Slagg's.

"Would you take me for a fool, Joe?"

No, Joe wouldn't; and he frankly acknowledged it, which pleased Zipcy.

"Well, then, call her Lee if you like, but her name, if you want to put a Mrs. before it, is Fargus."

"Mebbe you're right, Zip. Mebbe you know something, as...."

"I know these clergymen, Joe, that's what I know; full o' text and iniquity, damn 'em. They has too much of their goodness before people. There ain't none of it left when they shut their own doors."

"Don't you think she was married, Zip?"

"Depends upon your idea of marriage, Joe."

"Oh, no, Zip; I tell yer yer wrong."

"Wrong, am I? Then just tell me why a lady should come to live here with all new things, as you yerself know, and see nobody but the parson, which you know, too; no friends, no relatives—and, more than that, you look at Raymond Lee and see if you can't recognize the parson in his face. Why, it's as plain there...."

Zipcy's sentence was abruptly ended, for Raymond rushed from behind the boat and threw himself upon the little 'bus driver. Zipcy was like a baby in his hands. The lad's fingers gripped around the old man's throat, and the two fell heavily to the ground. The red sunset flashed for a second into Raymond's eyes as he fell and he saw a fearful face looking into his—but *it was not Zipcy's*. He could distinguish the features only dimly, as though they were partly hidden by darkness, out of which peered two eyes burning with ferocity and terror. In an instant they vanished; for Raymond fainted.

Marian was running down the cliff road, and she saw the struggle between Raymond and Zip. Her father and Mr. Fargus had returned from Seahaven (by the way, Zipcy had given up driving the 'bus, and, as he said, his nephew reined in his stead), and she sat out to bring Raymond home for tea.

"Oh, what has happened, Mr. Slagg," she cried, bending over Raymond.

"Zip—ere—was saying something, Miss, and Master Raymond there 'e took offence,"

Zipcy, who was more frightened than hurt, was sitting on the beach rubbing himself.

"That's enough, Joe," he said.

Joe Slagg, admonished thus, changed the subject by filling his hat with water from a pool in the sand, and bathing Raymond's face. The lad revived, and Marian, who was holding his head on her lap, bade Slagg conduct Zipcy home and tell some one to hurry down to her from the cottage.

"Raymond, don't you know me," she asked, as the lad rolled his head restlessly from side to side. She put her hand on his forehead.

"That is nice," he murmured, "very nice. Oh, mother, is it true?"

"Is what true, Raymond?"

He raised his head quickly. The bright look of expectation faded instantly.

"You are not mother," he said bitterly, and he staggered to his feet.

His tone stung the girl so that the tears came into her eyes.

"Raymond," she pleaded, "let me try to be a part of all she was to you."

A mocking laugh was the answer she received.

"You are only a girl, Marian."

Mr. Fargus and Mr. Pilgrim arrived in a state of great excitement.

"What did that tinker frighten us for," asked the latter, blowing and puffing after a run down the cliff. "What has he been doing, Marian?"

"Nothing, papa. He is not well; he fainted."

"Fainted, eh? Well, you do look white about the gills. Take my arm, lad. You gave me a leg upon this cliff once. I'll return the compliment now."

What surprised Marian was the sulky manner in which Raymond avoided Mr. Fargus.

* * * * *

Zipcy hobbled over to Joe Slagg's cottage that night "for a friendly call," he said; but as he was departing he whispered to Joe:

"I wouldn't say anything about what I told you on the beach, Joe; I think I am all wrong, you know."

Herein Zipcy lied.

And, too, that night Marian put her arms around her father and sobbed with her head on his shoulder.

"Papa, take me to London soon."

"What, my Marian, are you not happy here?"

The tears flowed faster for reply. But surely there was no cause for Marian's weeping. What disenchantment had come to *her* in Circe's cottage? Did she weep because there was a new light dawning in her life—and it was strange?

* * * * *

Mrs. Lee was buried in the little churchyard in St. Michael's. On the day after the funeral, Raymond sat out with Mr. Fargus for London. Nine-tenths of our conclusions or judgments are not "arrived at," as the everyday phrase runs. On the contrary, in most cases they force themselves upon us completely formed and definite, independent of any conscious mental process on our part. Despite subsequent efforts to cast out the odious belief, Raymond was convinced that Zipcy had spoken the truth on the beach concerning his (Raymond's) origin and the real relationship between his mother and Mr. Fargus. What the eye has once seen cannot be hidden from the mind by turning the back to it, and as Raymond found he could not do this, in spite of efforts made in despair and agony, he deliberately faced around again and confronted the belief which it was impossible for him to reject. At once a multitude of hitherto unregarded facts, only feebly held by the memory, arose to corroborate and strengthen what Zipcy had said. Devilish was their potency. Evil tongues whispered to the lad out of every remembrance of his quiet, happy life in St. Michael's, and Raymond had no power to silence them. Then came a determination to possess the entire truth of the matter. Raymond vowed that he would lose no time in forcing Mr. Fargus to make a full confession. That brought at least some comfort, as decision to act usually does in a mental crisis. But determination to the inexperienced is as dangerous as a weapon in uncertain

hands, and Raymond wounded himself when the opportunity for action came, as it did come after several weeks of waiting in London.

It happened in this way. Raymond was reading one afternoon in Mr. Fargus' library, and the clergyman was writing. After a while the latter pushed the papers away from before him.

"Raymond," he said, speaking slowly, "it is time, I think, that you should know something of your position and, at least, begin to prepare yourself for making some determination about your future."

"Well, sir, I am ready, I am sure."

"Don't misunderstand me at the outset, my boy. Don't think I want to hurry you; there is no hurry. None at all. This home, such as it is, is yours always. It is not mine a bit more than it is yours. Never forget that. But your poor mother's affairs are all settled now and you have an income assured to you of, I should say, fully £200 a year. That's something to start with, isn't it?"

"Where did it come from?"

"What a question, Raymond; from your mother."

"I know; but where did she get it from?"

"Your father."

"My father! Who was my father?"

"Never mind that now, Raymond."

"I do mind it, Mr. Fargus; I would like to know."

"He was a great writer, Raymond. I will tell you some day. We will talk about yourself now. Have you any..."

"Tell me what he wrote."

Raymond perceived that Mr. Fargus was perplexed and annoyed.

"He was a scientist. As I was about to ask, Raymond..."

The lad, however, saw his opportunity and resolved doggedly not to let it slip by him. He arose and half pleading, half sternly asked, "Won't you tell me the name of one of my father's books? I want to know. I must know. I will know."

The lad stood trembling with excitement.

Mr. Fargus turned pale.

"What do you mean by this, Raymond?" he asked

"Oh, you are trying to deceive me, Mr. Fergus. I know it. You say my father was a great writer. Tell me, then, the name of one . . . of anything that he wrote."

"Be calm, be calm."

"I won't. Tell me. Tell me."

"My boy, I cannot. I am bound by promise to your mother not to."

"To my mother! You lie! You are my father. I know it."

The clergyman sank back in his chair as though he had been struck.

"Hush, hush, Raymond! In heaven's name be silent. Do you realize what you are saying? O! my God!"

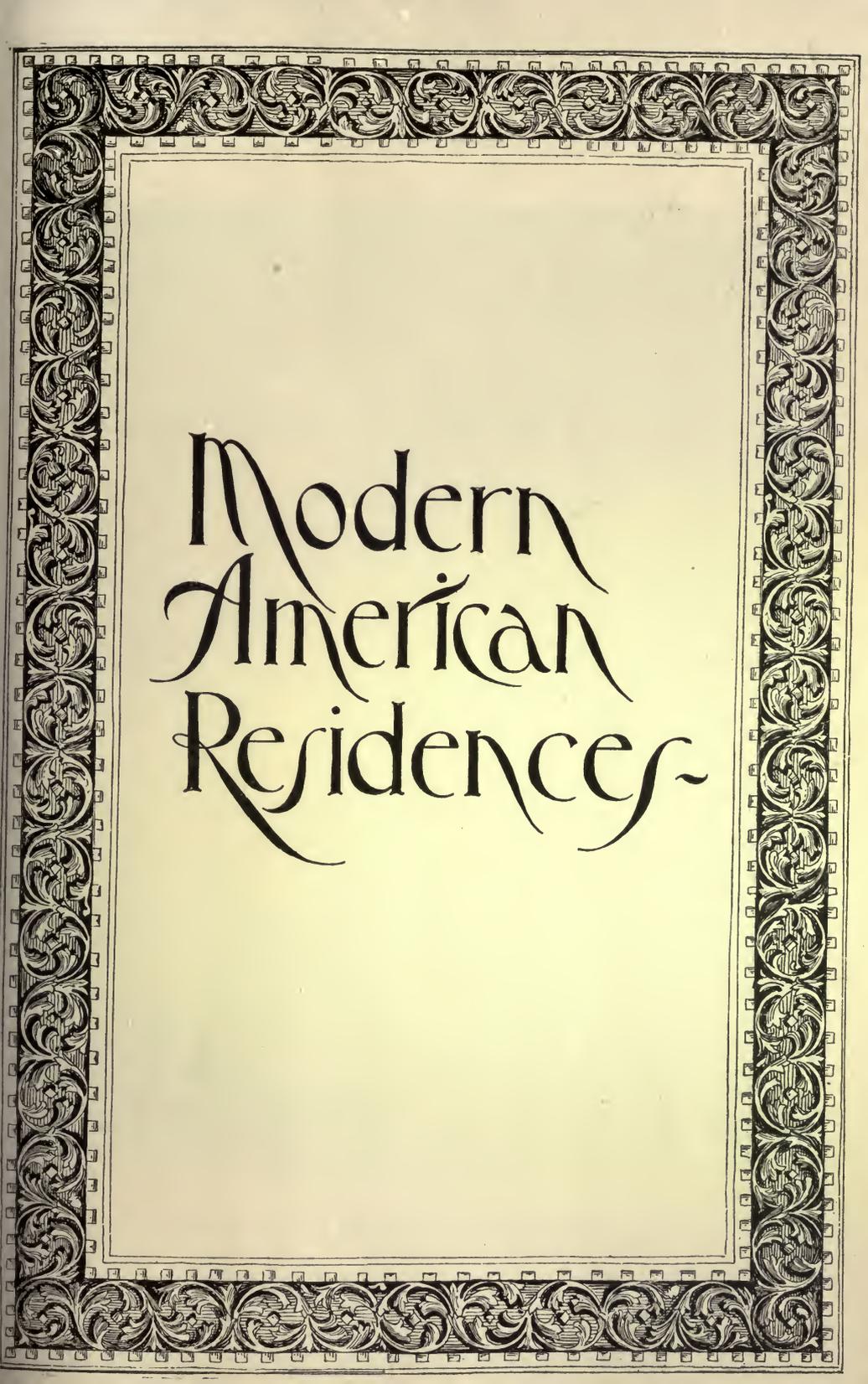
"Bah! hypocrite," Raymond cried wildly. The pent-up anger of weeks was freed. The lad spat at the clergyman. "Hypocrite," he cried again and again. Then his feeling turned upon himself, and almost choked him. "I don't care," he wailed. "I—renounce—I—O, mother—" and he rushed out of the room.

"Raymond! Raymond!" gasped the clergyman, rising.

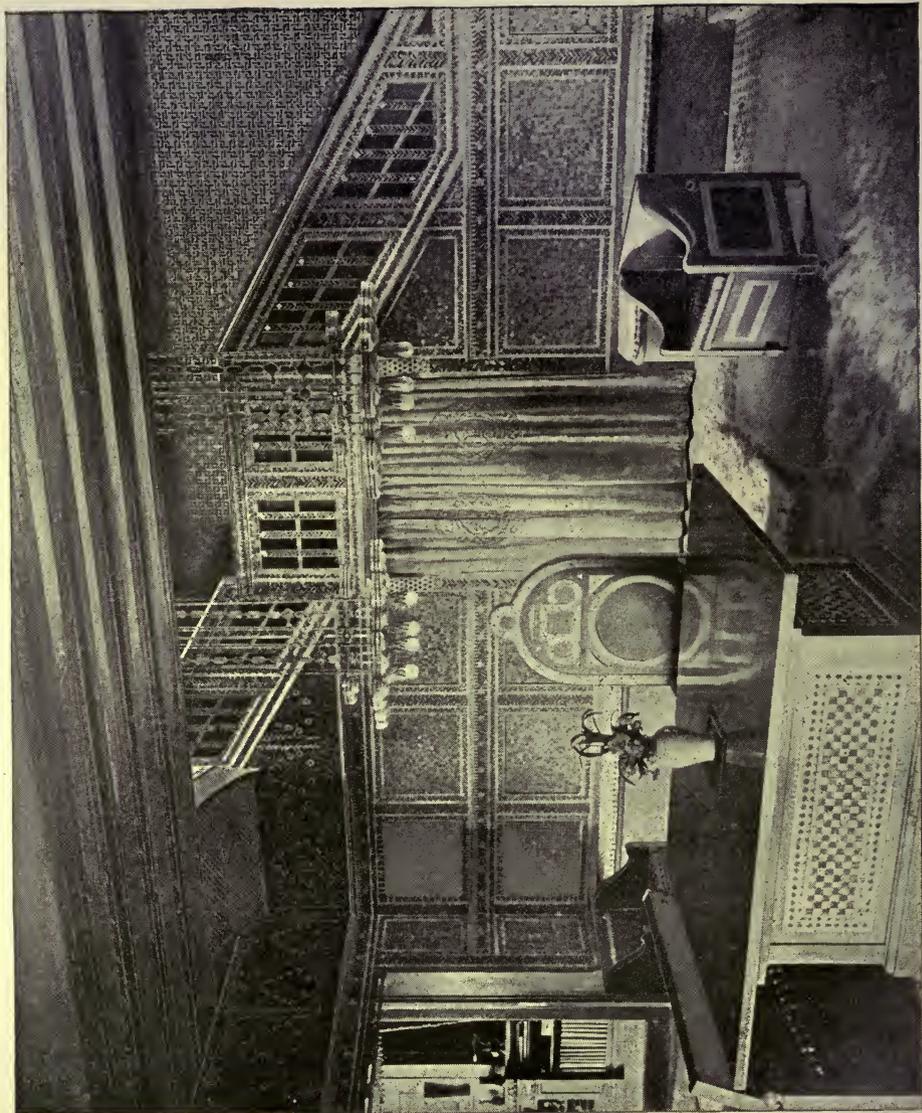
But before he could say another word he heard the front door slam. The sound went through the house. Effort was paralyzed. The clergyman sank down in his chair.

The question had been asked.

To be continued.



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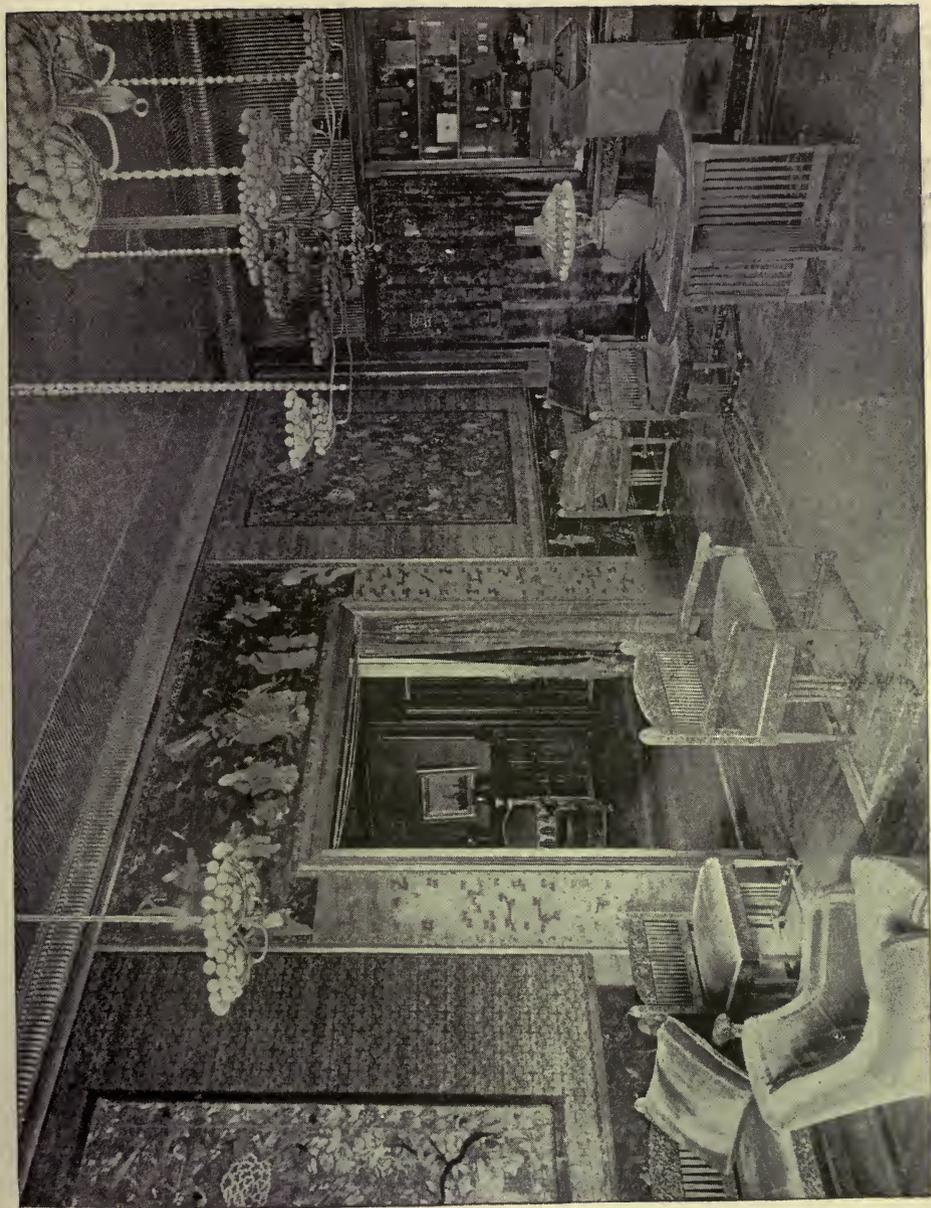


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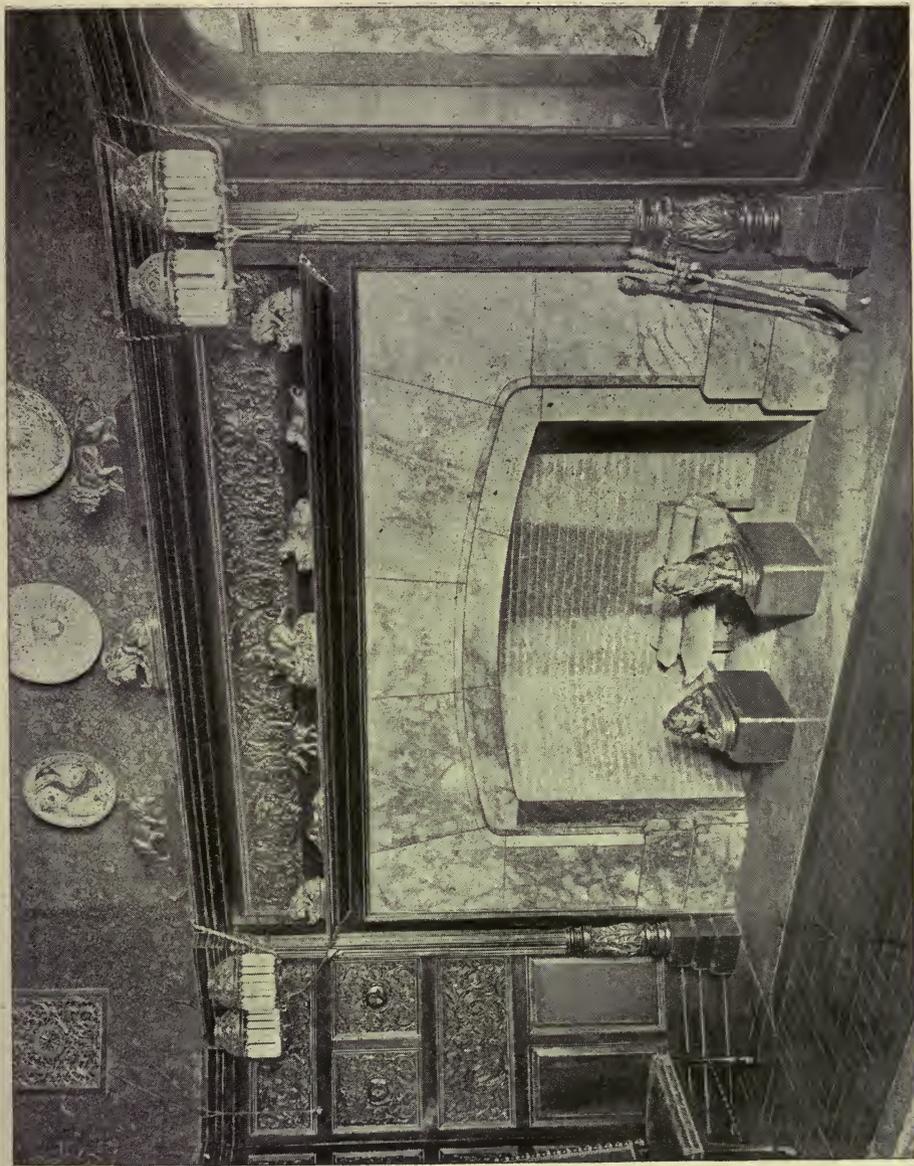


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