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DECEMBER 20, 1890.



SUMMARY —

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ARCHITECTS will, we hope, take particular note of the New York Institute for Artist-Artisans, in West Twenty-third Street, and bestow upon it all the attention and encouragement that they can. This modest school, under the charge of Professor John Ward Stimson, with whom is now associated Mr. William Hamilton Gibson, is doing just the work which most of all needs to be done in this country, and is, apparently, doing it very successfully. The manufacturers, including both mill-owners and workmen, in various industries, have shown great interest in the school, and money has been liberally contributed to its support by jewellers, carpet-weavers, potters, wall-paper manufacturers and silk-weavers, as well as by dry-goods dealers and others who desire to see the design of American manufactures improved. Architects are not likely to have much money to spend in endowments, but they can help greatly by visiting the school, observing what is done, and offering the suggestions and encouragement which, of all professional men, they are best fitted to give. They, alone, perhaps, can understand and appreciate at a glance good designing in all the branches followed in the school, and they are likely to be able to find employment for the greatest variety of skilled and clever artisans. We need not say that one of the worst troubles with which architects have to deal is the impossibility of finding, in most branches of artisan work, men capable either of designing anything for themselves, or of comprehending an architect's design. All of us think with envy of the mediæval architects, who had only to lay-out the lines of their work, and indicate projections and shadows, leaving the rest to their stone-cutters, who seconded them with infinite taste, variety of fancy, cleverness of design, and perfect execution; while we, if we wish for anything decent in the way of detail, are obliged to draw it elaborately at the full size, with all the shadows cast, and sections of each part; and often find, even then, that the workman to whom its execution was entrusted has copied the drawing upside down, or has made the whole thing in intaglio, instead of relief, or has interpreted our elaborate modelling by a few scratches with a V-chisel on a flat board. We have seen an elaborate "swag," or festoon, put on by a workman upside down, because, as he explained, it looked "more natural" to see a "vine" growing upward than downward, while, in one establishment that we remember, we have seen the most careful and beautiful designs of architects rendered in terra-cotta with malicious and intentional variations, much to their disadvantage; while any attempt at remonstrance was suppressed by the principals with the explanation that if the modeller was "crossed" or criticised in any way, he would refuse to have anything to do with the job, and then it could not be executed at all; and every architect must have suffered in some such way. The two principal exceptions to the rule that good and intelligent execution of architectural detail cannot be had in this country are to be found in stained-glass

and paper-hangings. In the first of these arts our country now unquestionably stands at the head of all civilized nations; not that all American stained-glass is good, but because, as the English and French and Germans themselves say, the best American glass now surpasses in technique, if not in design, anything that they have dreamed of. In paper-hangings, although less attention has been called to the direct comparison of American with foreign productions, we think that most architects, who have ample occasion to make themselves familiar with both, will agree that the best domestic work is better in color, and more purely and directly decorative, than either the French or the English. These are only a portion of the indications, which exist in abundance all about us, that the Americans have it in them to be the most artistic race in existence, if means can be found for developing their powers; and we hope that the New York experiment will not only be itself brilliantly successful, but will be the precursor of similar undertakings all over the country.

SOME interesting conclusions are to be drawn from the statistics of building in the principal cities of the United States, during the last year, as shown in the records of the building departments for the cities in question. As usual, Philadelphia is far in advance of all other cities, in regard to the number of buildings erected, the total for 1889 being very nearly twelve thousand, while New York, which comes second in point of number, built only about sixty-seven hundred. The average cost of the Philadelphia buildings was, however, but little over two thousand dollars, while the average in New York was nearly twelve thousand; so that New York expended about seventy-six million dollars, to twenty-six millions expended in Philadelphia. Boston comes next to New York in the amount of money spent in building, having erected forty-four hundred buildings, at a cost of over thirty-two million dollars. Curiously enough, Minneapolis erected almost exactly as many buildings as Boston, but at a total cost of less than nine million dollars, or about two thousand dollars apiece. Washington built four thousand and forty-eight houses for six million dollars, or fifteen hundred dollars each; while Cleveland built four thousand and seven, at an average cost of less than eleven hundred dollars, this being the lowest average cost reported anywhere. As might be expected, the average cost of buildings in Chicago is now very high, the city standing next to Brooklyn in this respect. New Orleans builds a cheap house, the average cost being about fourteen hundred dollars, but it is to be remembered that the climate of Louisiana is very mild, and that the ordinary house has no cellars, and almost no foundation. The table shows some other curious facts, which are not so easily explained, if, indeed, there is not some error in reporting them. Thus Charleston, South Carolina, built in 1889, only two hundred and twenty-five houses, which cost less than two hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars. Duluth, in the same time, built two hundred and forty houses, which cost very nearly two millions and a half, or more than ten thousand dollars apiece. This is the highest average cost reported from any place except New York, but there may be a typographical error in the table. That the Charleston houses should average only thirteen hundred dollars apiece is natural enough, the climate being nearly as mild as that of New Orleans; but that the number of new buildings, and the total cost, should be far below that of some obscure Northern villages, such as Waltham, in Massachusetts, which, although it has no Building Department to keep a record, is said to have built more than three hundred houses in 1889, at a cost probably, of nearly a million dollars, gives a sad idea of the date of stagnation of the proud South Carolina city. Savannah, the rival of Charleston, makes no report at all, and we have also no statistics from the newer Southern towns, such as Atlanta, Birmingham, Asheville, Chattanooga, St. Augustine or the other places which are just now most talked about.

ANOTHER tunnel franchise has been granted by the New York Board of Aldermen, which has, probably, much more than a local interest. The franchise is for a tunnel across Manhattan Island, under Forty-second Street, and is granted to the Long Island Railway Company. Judging from the extensive schemes which has long been attributed to the Long Island Railway managers, it looks as if the construction of this

tunnel was intended as a part of a plan by which a great shipping-port was to be established at the eastern end of Long Island, to which freight should be brought from the West, without breaking bulk, by means of the Hudson River bridge, the Forty-second Street tunnel, and the East River tunnel, the plans of which are already settled. Of course, the freight from New York eastward, would have to pass over the Long Island Railroad, much to the advantage of its stockholders. Whether this scheme would prove successful, even if the various tunnels and bridges should be built, is, to our mind, extremely doubtful. The struggles of the French to shorten the Atlantic voyage by making Brest a great shipping-point, to the advantage of the railways through Brittany, have practically ended in nothing; and Montauk Point, however good the anchorage may be, has not, and could not in a century acquire the attraction and convenience for travellers and shippers or receivers of freight, which New York and Boston already present. However, there are other ways in which a tunnel across New York and the East River might be valuable, not only to the Long Island Railroad, but to the people of Brooklyn, and other parts of the Island, who would undoubtedly be glad to take a train for the West or South in their own station, without the trouble and expense of transfer across New York; and although the business derived from this source would not be likely to pay a large interest on the cost of two tunnels below the sea-level, the expense would not be wholly thrown away, at least so far as the public is concerned. As an important part of the plan appears to be the construction of the Hudson River bridge at Forty-second Street, it is interesting to know that financiers in New York think it very doubtful whether the fifty million dollars required for carrying out this enterprise can be raised in this country. There can be no doubt that for many years after its completion the business of the bridge must be carried on under a ruinous competition with the two Hudson River tunnels, which will be first in the field, or the ownership of the two properties must be consolidated; and in either case some one must suffer the penalty of building two roads for a business that one can accommodate.

THE *New York Evening Post* has an interesting letter from a correspondent who has been examining on the spot the work on the Nicaragua Canal. It seems that excavation on the canal itself has not yet begun; but a good deal of work has been done in preparing the approaches, and making ready to excavate to advantage later. As every one knows, the northern terminus of the canal is in what was described in the geographies of our childhood as the harbor of Greytown. Unfortunately for the Canal Company, the harbor exists no longer; and even the name of the place has been officially changed to San Juan del Norte. The fate of the harbor, which, sixty years ago, was entered by a channel thirty feet deep and nearly two miles wide, is a curious one. The enclosure was formed by a bank of sand, which was brought down by the San Juan River, and pushed itself northward and eastward, against the influence of the sea-currents and the prevailing winds. Many years ago, the river forced a new channel to the sea, about fifteen miles to the southward, and this has now become the principal outlet. The sand-bar, being thus deprived of reinforcements of material, and left to the unopposed action of the ocean-currents, began to change its place, and to drift westward, gradually closing the entrance to the harbor. In 1860, the entrance was only a hundred yards wide, and it soon afterward filled up entirely, making the once admirable harbor an enclosed lagoon, the depth of which was rapidly diminishing. In this condition the canal engineers found it; and their first step has been, necessarily, to clear out a channel, through which their dredges and lighters could be brought into a place of shelter from the terrific surf of the sea outside. In order to accomplish this, a breakwater of piles has been constructed, forty feet wide and eight hundred feet long, to the windward of the proposed channel. It is intended to extend the piling, later, about nine hundred feet more, but a scouring action has begun to the leeward of it, which has already cleared a channel one hundred feet wide, and six feet deep, through which the lighters, and some of the dredges, pass freely.

IN addition to the harbor works, a railway is under construction from the shore to the first lock, at a distance of about seventeen miles, for transporting tools, materials and workmen, which must, until the railroad is finished, be taken in canoes, against a rapid current, up the river. Five miles of

the line is already in use, and the remainder is in rapid progress. A portion, where a swamp is crossed, is built by sinking cribs of logs in the mud, to hold the earth together, and piling sand above. The sand was deposited by a novel process. The trains of gravel cars were pushed from behind by the locomotive, and were preceded by a sort of snow-plough, pointing backwards. On arriving at the proper spot, a long rope, by which the snow-plough was connected with the engine, was wound up rapidly by a steam windlass, attached to the engine, and the plough thus dragged backward over the whole line of gravel cars, throwing the sand off in a few seconds, and distributing it equally on each side. Owing to the softness of the substratum, the sand sinks, and the track has to be frequently levelled up; but when rock-cutting is reached, the debris from the blasting will be used for ballast. The Company has bought, at a low price, much of the machinery abandoned at Colon, and will soon have it in use. As usual, the contractors have failed to keep their promises, and the dredging of a channel through the bar, which should have been completed some time ago, is not yet begun, but it is hoped that work will be commenced within a few weeks.

AN ingenious little trap has, it is said, been sprung upon the owners of Millet's "Angelus," for the purpose of extorting from them the sum of sixteen thousand five hundred dollars, as duty. The picture was imported by Mr. A. H. Plumb, President of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, for exhibition at Buffalo, and entered by him, under a warehouse entry, in New York, the value stated, and a bond given for payment of the duty if it should not be re-exported within the usual limit of time. After Mr. Plumb had had the care of it for awhile, the owner, Mr. Kirby, took charge of it, and brought it to Boston, to be exhibited there. Since then, it has, as every one knows, been exhibited in all the principal cities of the United States, and has been sold for re-exportation, within the allotted period. The usual course, in such cases, is for the Collector of Customs at the port of exportation to issue a certificate of lading of the property, which cancels the warehouse bond, and discharges the bondsmen who had made themselves responsible for the payment of the duties. On application to the Collector at New York, however, demur was made, and it appeared, as the result of a hunt on the part of the Custom-House officials, that Mr. Kirby, when he took the picture to Boston, supposing that Mr. Plumb had done all that the Custom-House authorities required in connection with his property, had it shipped as his personal property, instead of going to the Custom-House again, and making a "transportation entry." How Mr. Kirby could divine that a "transportation entry" was needed for an object which had already been transported over a considerable part of the United States, no one but a Custom-House official could explain; but, although nothing was said about it at the time, it now appears that this ridiculous pretext is to be used for violating the obvious intent of the law in regard to the re-exportation of goods in bond, in order to force sixteen thousand dollars out of innocent people, who cannot, under any construction of the statute, be regarded as indebted to the Government in any way whatever.

WE trust that the Secretary of the Treasury will promptly reverse the decision of his subordinate, or, if not, that Congress will see that such an infamous robbery is not carried out in the name of the people of the United States. What would be thought of a banker who appropriated bonds left with him for sale by an incautious customer, who forgot to take a receipt for them, or of a merchant who kept wagons hanging about the freight stations, in the hope of stealing the goods that might be loaded into them by mistake? We need not say that they would not only be repudiated by their associates, but would receive prompt attention from the administrators of the criminal law, which looks with high disfavor on attempts to juggle people's money, by means of tricks and technicalities, into pockets where it does not belong; yet this is exactly what the Treasury officials of this great and honest country propose, if they are not much belied, to do in a particularly conspicuous and disgraceful case. It is understood that the American Art Association, which was the owner of the "Angelus" at the time of its last sale, will, if it is demanded, pay the sixteen thousand five hundred dollars; but we are inclined to think that the press of the country will express its mind pretty freely about the decision, if it should be enforced.

AUSTRIAN ARCHITECTURE.¹—XI.

THE SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES.—I.

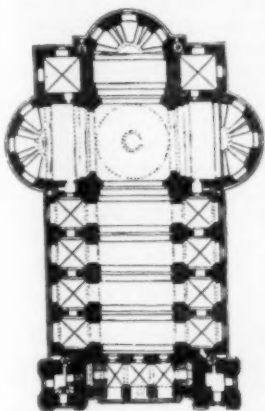


Fig. 1. Plan of Salzburg Cathedral.

THE Council of Trent, which was convened December 10, 1545, by Pope Paul III for the purpose of restoring peace and harmony in the Church, resulted eighteen years later only in a more absolute and more intolerant organization of the Romish power, and in a firmer and more exclusive establishment of the Roman Catholic tenets. The decrees of the Council gave the signal for the bitter and desperate struggle which

the Roman court and its paladins, the Jesuits and Catholic princes and nobility, waged against Protestantism and the Protestants—a struggle which developed ere long into the terrible 'Thirty Years' War. The democratic ideas, as well as the liberty of thought and conscience, which had begun to inspire the different European nations, rousing them to shake off the yoke imposed by the dogmas, prejudices, and privileges of the Middle Ages, were violently and relentlessly suppressed in Roman Catholic countries. This mighty reaction against the doctrines of the Reformation was accompanied and supported by a fresh and energetic impulse given to the arts, and especially to monumental architecture. The extraordinary eagerness displayed in the rearing of vast and splendid edifices was, however, but another manifestation of the then triumphant religious, political and social despotism; the mass of the people took no part in it, either owing to the necessities of the case or because of a desire for comfort, hitherto unknown to them; it was only with reluctance that they saw the sums extorted from them disbursed for the construction of monuments to pride and profligacy.

In Roman Catholic countries the architectural style of the period bears unmistakable evidence, in its pompous ostentation, of the sway of religious absolutism. Churches, belonging especially to the Jesuits, and cloisters endowed with immense free or forced benefactions, sprang up everywhere like veritable mushrooms, colossal in

important themes for monumental architecture and demonstrated in a manner mortifying to the simple burgher, overwhelmed in misery by persecutions and wars, the power, the



Fig. 2. Façade of Salzburg Cathedral.

wealth and the quite Olympic existence of a nobility enriched by confiscations and spoliating taxes.

In the seventeenth century and the beginning of the eighteenth,



Fig. 3. Interior of the Jesuit Church, Universitäts-Platz, Vienna.

their proportions and of showy and theatrical types that were calculated to captivate and dazzle the imagination of the weak-minded, and to preach the omnipotence—not of God—but of the clergy; the palaces of the lords likewise furnished most

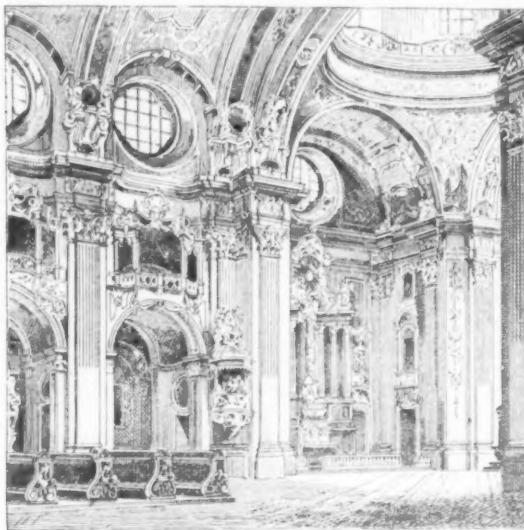


Fig. 4. View in the Interior of the Abbey Church of Melk.

teenth, no country offered a more favorable field for such a style of architecture than Austria. Austria became at this

¹ From the French of H. Semper, in Planat's "Encyclopédie de l'Architecture et de la Construction." Continued from page 162, No. 781.

period the stronghold of Jesuitism, and here the suppression of Protestantism and the persecution of its new adherents were followed up with such rigor that the emperor Ferdinand II did not recoil even at the prospect of a protracted religious war which would inevitably destroy for a long term of years the prosperity of the laboring classes of Austria and Germany.

If the Renaissance had been much more directly influenced by Italy in Austria than it had been in Germany, clearly, during the following period, when the Roman court, through its Jesuit representatives, had gained almost unlimited power throughout the empire, and when also Italian masters and architects were largely employed there, Austrian ecclesiastical architecture would, far more naturally still, follow the Italian lead.

The construction which served as a model for many other so-called Baroque churches, in Austria as well as Germany, was the Cathedral of Salzburg (Figures 1, 2), in the form given to it by Scamozzi's successor, Santino Solari, of Como, who directed the work on it from 1614 to 1634. Instead of Scamozzi's three-aisled plan, Solari copied the system adopted by Vignola in the Gesù at Rome, sub-dividing the side-aisles into separate chapels. A porch with three bays, surmounted by a balcony and flanked with two towers precedes the façade; the latter exhibits in several stories that arrangement of pilasters accumulated at the angles which forms such a prominent feature of the Italian Baroque. Four huge pillars bear the arches of the choir-cupola, which is surrounded by barrel-vaults and supported by three apses.

This type, the characteristic of which consists in the union of a single broad, long nave—accompanied by lateral chapels and covered by a barrel-vault—with a central disposition around a huge cupola on four pillars, was as generally followed in Austria as in Italy. We see it repeated at Vienna, in the church of St. Anna, ceded to the Jesuits by Ferdinand II, and especially in the Jesuit Church itself (University Church), which was founded in 1628 by the same emperor. The sumptuous interior decorations (Figure 3) of the Jesuit church were, however, not completed until the beginning of the eighteenth century; it was Father Andrea Pozzo who finished the work and who introduced into the arched openings of each of the lateral chapels the two columns with an entablature, in imitation of a motive of the Pantheon at Rome.

The Carmelite Church and the church of the Order of Our Lady of Mercy (founded in 1622 by the emperor Ferdinand II), and the parish church of the Alservorstadt (Alser Suburb of Vienna), are examples of the same type.

In the province of Lower Austria, the abbey-church of Melk

on the Danube (Figure 4), erected by the architect Prandauer, offers one of the finest specimens of this style, which moreover finds representatives in the parish church of St. Nicholas (Figure 5) and the Church of the Saviour (Figure 6) at Prague, the Jesuit Church [1626-1646] and St. James's [1717-1724] at Innsbruck, the conventual and parish churches of Wilten, near Innsbruck, the cathedral of Brixen, and so forth. The decorations of nearly all these churches are faithful reproductions of the Italian Baroque; this style was carried everywhere by Jesuits who had made a study of architecture, or by Italian masters in their employ, and whom the native Austrian architects of the seventeenth century slavishly imitated.

At the close of the seventeenth century and the beginning of the eighteenth, when the struggle for picturesque ended in the complete abandonment of architectural severity, and when plastic decorations were lawlessly allowed to break and over-run all the lines, when the orders were applied without regard to rules as simple decorative motives, when the walls, entablatures and pediments were curved and diversified in all possible ways, an attempt was also made in church architecture to add variety and effectiveness to the plans and to the distribution of light, preference being given to central over longitudinal dispositions. The central disposition was especially popular at Salzburg in the eighteenth century, probably because the Archbishop, John Ernest, Count of Thun, who ruled there from 1687 to 1709, evinced a marked predilection for this type. During his supremacy were founded the central churches of St. Erhard [1686-1689], St. Cajetan [1687-1697], the Trinity [1699-1700], the Ursulines [1689-1704], St. John at the Hospital [1699-1705], and, more important than all the others, the Collegiate Church [1696-1707],

by the celebrated architect Bernhardt Fischer von Erlach (Figure 7). This last church is in the form of a Greek cross, with five cupolas.

One of the most enthusiastic champions in Austria of the extravagant Baroque style of Barromini was Kilian Dinzenhofer, the architect of the churches of St. Nicholas, St. Thomas, St. John in Scalca and the Ursulines at Prague, and of the abbey-church at Braunau. However, through the influence of French architecture which, notwithstanding its *rocaille* character tended toward Classicism more than was the case in the contemporary Italian style, the extravagances of Barromini's manner were gradually moderated in Austria. The architect named above, Bernhardt Fischer von Erlach, who introduced Classic elements, into a few churches of his designing, was largely instrumental in effecting the change. The fine construction of San Carlo



Fig. 5. Parish Church of St. Nicholas at Prague.

Borromeo (Figures 8, 9), at Vienna [1716-37], was executed according to his plans by Domenico Martinelli of Innsbruck; the façade extended latitudinally with a pavilion at each of the extremities: the Classic porch and the two triumphal columns plainly indicate the influence of French architecture and French

is true of the chapel of St. John at Vienna, although the details are in the Louis Quinze style; this latter style was likewise adopted by the architect Neumann in the church of the Fourteen Saints at Gossweinstein in Lower Austria.

[To be continued.]

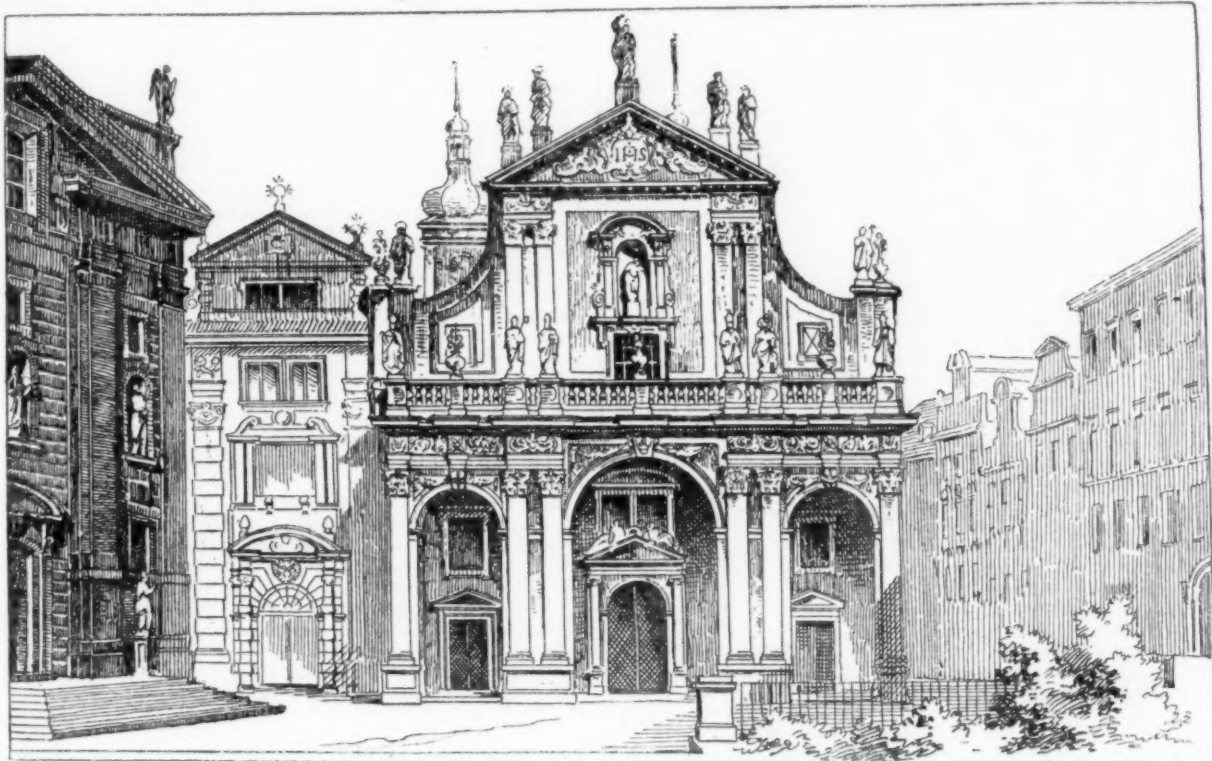


Fig. 6. Church of the Saviour, Prague.

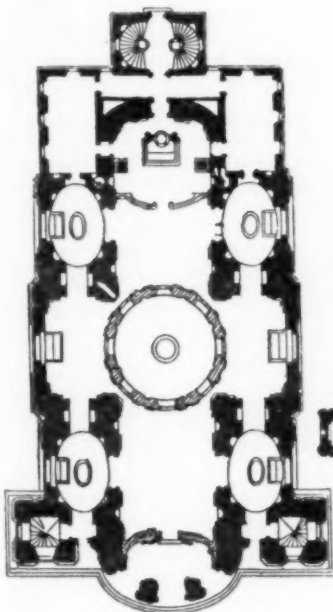


Fig. 7. Plan of the Collegiate Church of Salzburg.

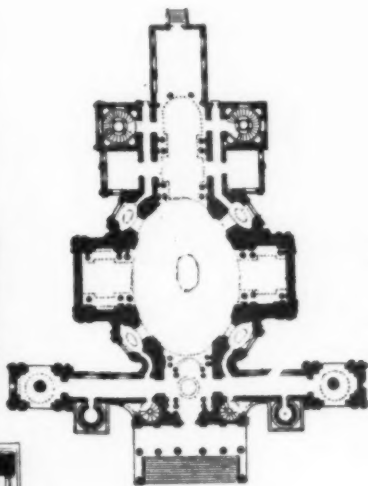


Fig. 8. Plan of the Church of San Carlo Borromeo, Vienna.



Fig. 9. Façade of the Church of San Carlo Borromeo, Vienna.

interpretations of Roman Classic forms. The interior exhibits an original and very effective plan, but it has no connection with the façade; the latter is nothing more than a juxtaposed decoration. Yet in a general view of the exterior the imposing oval cupola above the central space harmoniously dominates the façade, completing the picturesque silhouette.

St. Peter's in the Graben at Vienna [1722], another of Fischer's churches, offers a quite similar disposition.

At Innsbruck, the central church of St. John of Nepomuck (built in 1729-1735 by Joseph Hyacinthe Döflinger), also shows a return to the severer forms of Roman architecture; the same

AN HISTORICAL CHURCH IN GOA.—The chief interest that centres in the famous Jesuit Church of Bom Jesus, is that it contains the chapel and tomb of St. Francis Xavier, "the Apostle of the Indies." The extra-mural aspect of this huge building is anything but attractive, though the façade of black granite adorned with pillars, relievos, and rich carvings and embellished at the summit with arabesques, presents by itself a magnificent appearance. The interior of the church is in simple Mosaico-Corinthian style, and is certainly very handsome. It is being thoroughly renovated for the great ceremony in December, and this it wanted badly enough in all conscience. Fortunately its architectural arrangement is such that ornamentation or no ornamentation the same superb effect remains, and it matters little that the walls formerly gilded and adorned with frescos are now simply limewashed, or that the skilfully carved galleries formerly richly gilded are now only painted. — *Indian Engineering*.

A RUN THROUGH SPAIN.¹—II.

VALLADOLID AND A BULL-FIGHT.



It was thick, rich and delicious, and had such a delightfully lulling sensation that before we knew it we were all nodding at the monotonous scenery along the way, and at last forgot to take the bottle with us as we descended at the next stage of our journey. A stupid thing to do, you will say, no doubt, and I agree with you fully.

On the way to Valladolid is a little town known as Palencia which contains a church that is interesting because of its evident Italian influence. Now, from the mass of churches in Spain it seems as if the architects spent very little time in the consideration of the exteriors, a majority of them being plain-walled, with little ornamentation, but with a feeling of solidity that tells of an evident object. Many of them we know were so built as a means of defence, but this does not fully answer the question which so often arises in one's mind, and it is therefore a pleasure to meet such a little church as San Miguel, that shows not only a curious planning of the tower, but also a very satisfactory outcome of the same, full of vigor. Over the deep recessed entrance is the effect of a gallery, and some heavy corbels in the wall seem to indicate that one was to be added at some time. Above this the plain though strong façade wall is flanked by two massive buttresses, and from these spring the western steeple, tall and dignified, with dentilled moulding near the top and heavy projecting cornice to the roof. Why the architect chose to make two of the windows round-headed, while the remainder are pointed may well be questioned, but probably never will be answered.

Fête week at Valladolid! How fortunate we are to be here at this time! A Spanish city with its streets full of costume is certainly a sight to behold. Booths on all sides present their goods in a most tempting manner. Fountains constantly play, music is in all the churches, grand bull-fights in the afternoon with gay toreadors and fierce bulls, and all the people excited and joyous. I shall tell you about the bull-fight later.

All this is what the people are talking about as we enter Valladolid towards evening, and after a good dinner prepare to lay out our scheme of enjoyment.

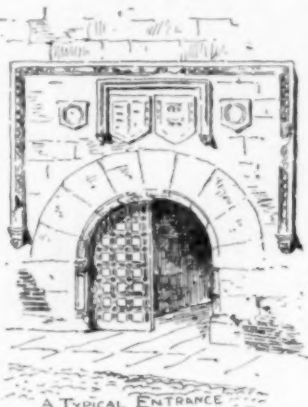
Falling to sleep under the influence of a hard day's ride, a clear sky, and delicious air, my dreams gradually weave themselves into a panorama of events just passed. The grand views of old Biscay Bay slowly roll themselves into mountains of waves which are gradually covered with verdure green, and huge masses of rocks which suddenly change into forms of the past, whose history we had read, and who were now becoming part of our daily life. Don Quixote stalks past helmeted and anxious for the fray with imaginary foes. Cervantes who gave life to the Don seems to be again a visitor to his ancient city, and the spirit of Columbus floats past in the old vessel which bore him to our own beloved country. Philip II, also, with his magnificent display of courtiers occupies the mind, and a gay host of highly dressed fellows pass along whom I know to be the bull-fighters of to-morrow's fête, and I speculate upon the question of just how many of them will be killed, and how many of them will live to fight again.

Suddenly I am awakened by a tinkling bell, and jumping up go to the window. I find it is about midnight, and all is quiet except a tramp, tramp, tramp, in the street below. Stepping out on the balcony I see a figure enveloped in a long black cape-coat, slowly walking past and every few minutes singing out with mournful cadence "*Sireno, sireno!*"

The effect is terribly uncanny to my mind, for he starts high on the S, and ends with a long wail on the O. But not so does it impress the Spaniard, for he knows that all is well, and falls back into peaceful slumber.

"*Viva le toro! Viva le toro!*" awakens us in the morning, and gives us a quick shock of expectation. We arise immediately under

While waiting for the train at the station of Burgos a number of little girls were crying out "*Agua fría!*" in such a doleful manner that we could not help drinking some of their fresh water, which they held up in tiny glasses. But after drinking it we stumbled upon a stand covered with bottles of wine of all kinds, and bought a bottle for one peseta (twenty cents), wondering what it would be like. Tales of the wine that cost not much more than water were fresh in our minds, and I remember that



A TYPICAL ENTRANCE

the stimulating sound, and find the streets full of people in holiday attire. Red and yellow scarfs seem to predominate; queer, broad-brimmed sombreros of velvet, backed with black cloak and pants, are seen on nearly all the peasants, and the women are often covered with silver-filigree ornaments and chains of immense length, while the heads are nearly always without covering.

"Are you going to the bull-fight, Señor?" 'T is the first question of the morning, and is universally answered by a joyful "*Si Señor.*" Of course, everybody is going.

But the fight does not occur until afternoon, and it is an observable thing throughout the Continent, that although the fights occur in general on Sunday the people spend the morning in devotional attendance at the churches, and having thus eased their minds of all spiritual shortcomings, are not loth to go *en masse* to whatever is on the boards for the afternoon. Thus is Sunday no less a fête day than a holy day, to all foreigners. To-day, however, it is not Sunday, but a fête day and only a few prayers are necessary to prepare for the sport of the afternoon. We therefore stroll through the town on pleasure bent.

The Cathedral is an ungainly structure, and hardly worth a look. It was built by Herrera in 1585 and seems to show the character of the man in every stone. He must have been a melancholy sort of a fellow, and we remember that he also built the Escorial, which is often proposed as an antidote for too lively spirits and giddiness of behavior. Almost any of the works of this old architect would have the same effect, and in this case the tremendous flying-buttresses, solid masses of stone projecting forty feet from the clerestory wall are sufficiently depressing to drive one mad.

The intricate streets are far more interesting and as we run around, we find that we are no less interesting to the peasants than they are interesting to us.

An old fellow who evidently disliked the presence of foreigners, and who also had evidently imbibed too freely, tries to stop us from taking a photograph of the little church tower of S. Maria l'Antigua, back of the Cathedral, a beautiful bit somewhat in the Lombard style of architecture, with a balcony over the apse, and pinnacles and buttresses of fine proportions. The experiment proved very funny, but unfortunately very dirty, and remembering that cleanliness is next to godliness, we were glad to move on.

It was not far from here, in the Plaza Mayor, that the fierce Cardinal Torquemada caused the *auto da fé* to take place, where victims of different faith were used as kindling-wood—it is told in history how he caused them to be dressed in colored robes enriched with figures of his Satanic majesty, and how thus arrayed they stewed and sizzled to the intense delight of the crowd, who probably enjoyed it as much as they do the bull-fight of to-day. These little pleasantries, however, did not form such a favorite amusement as the bull-fight, and passed away upon the death of the Cardinal. I do not know how he died, but it might well be hoped that his Satanic majesty took possession of his own, and subjected him to the hottest weather which the place afforded.

It is singular to note the life of one of those terrible old fellows, whose very lives seem to be full of wickedness and cruelty, and yet who obtained such favor as to become the confessor of Isabella the Catholic. For to Torquemada may be traced much of the work of the latter, because she had promised him to aid "in the extirpation of heresy for the glory of God and the exaltation of the Catholic faith" and yet while burning his fellow men he was at the same time working for the cause of the same God of the heretics, by rebuilding one of the largest convents in Valladolid—San Pablo.



SAN GREGORIO.

Although the whole façade is a mass of ornamentation it is not particularly interesting, because the work is coarse and totally unintelligible. Along the front, however, about fifty feet from the entrance is a row of high pilasters, with columnated fronts, and bearing armorial tablets on the top. They give the exterior an original sort of look, but whether there was formerly a sort of metal grille-work, like a railing, between, it is impossible to say. Such a disposition would not be uncommon to-day, and would have been in this case extremely imposing. Its adjoining college of San Gregorio is far more interesting, however, and I was enabled to sketch a fine old interior doorway, and walk through the richly ornamented cloisters.

It is said that Carpintero, the architect, getting into a dispute with himself, cut his throat as the easiest settlement of the difficulty. It was a foolish thing to do, as he deserved a better end; but being

¹ Continued from No. 779, page 132.

unfortunate enough to first see the light of day at Medina del Campo it might be said to have been the natural outcome of such a misfortune. If my fellow voyagers ever have an opportunity to read the above, they will fully understand his feeling.

"Let us see," said one of our party, "the house of Cervantes is near here!"

"Yes, to be sure," I said, "sketch that one yonder, it has an entrance with a coat-of-arms, and will surely do. Don Quixote had



a coat-of-arms whether Cervantes did or not. Here is a man, we will ask him."

"Where is the house of Cervantes, Caballero?" I asked.

"*Qu'en sabe, Señor?*" he replies with a shrug, "who knows?"

"Well, I declare," I said, "that is just what I wanted to know." He passed on with a shrug of the shoulders. Here comes a soldier, he will know surely.

"Where is the Cervantes house, Caballero?" I asked again.

The fellow looked up and down the street, across the way, and then shook his head.

At last, however, came a man who pointed to a house which we straightway sketched, but whether this pleasant old man knew or not, I do not know; at all events the house he pointed at was directly across the street diagonally, and I suppose he thought one would do to moralize over as well as another. The immortal Cervantes, and not to know his abode!

Then we tried another hunt. It was after the house of Christopher Columbus, and we found no trouble in finding it, as the tale was written over the doorway of the little hovel, flanked by a long white wall. I took a photograph of it, which elicited the remark "that it was a splendid stone wall."

So much for the abode of celebrities.

As the time for the bull-fight drew near I got into a feverish anxiety to hurry along towards the ring, and this feeling was intensified by the steady stream of people all going in the same way. My excitement did not decrease at all as we came in sight of the huge brick amphitheatre. I had heard that the buying of a ticket to a Spanish



place of amusement necessitated a certain amount of red tape to be gone through, and as the ladies had thought it best to be conspicuous by their absence, I began to feel like a stranger in a strange land, and to wish I had some one to share the enjoyment with me. So I stepped up to a little fellow with a *manta* slung over his shoulder, and a sort of wistful glance in his face, and tapping him on the back, I endeavored to enter into conversation with him.

"Do you go to the fight, Caballero?" I asked.

"*Non, Señor,*" he replied with a shrug.

"Will you go in with me?" I asked boldly.

"*Si, Señor,*" he replied, with a grin on his face as long as the width of his face would allow, adding "*Se gusta?*" So giving him the money I allowed him to pilot us to the office, and was soon seated inside the ring.

What a sight greets us! Tier above tier of seats all filled to overflowing, filled often too, it is said, by men and women who have saved and saved their little bits for months in order to see the spectacle

There is the king's box, and it will be filled with royalties of some rank. There are the private boxes filled with ladies of high degree, and below are the peasants in holiday attire. Everybody is in good spirits, and smokes incessantly.

The arena is perhaps 200 feet in diameter and covered with soft earth. On the outside is a low fence of strong woodwork about six feet high and having a foot-piece at the bottom to allow the toreador to run, set his foot on the rest, and with an easy movement vault the fence and out of danger. The poor bull will butt his head against the fence, and look surprised to see his enemy nowhere in sight. This is painted a brilliant red as are also all the upper works of the seats. Back of this four or five foot alleyway the seating begins, and runs up tier above tier much like the Roman amphitheatres.

The band suddenly strikes up an inspiring strain! Everybody shouts to his friends! Cries for the procession to enter come from all sides, and my notebook is full of the expression "band plays furiously and people laugh and shout." Verily this is a perfect pandemonium, the like of which I have never seen before and never expect again to see! Suddenly a bugle-note sounds, and the first part is to commence. For weeks the names of those about to enter have been in the mouths of the whole town and their glory and powers have been sung and pledged by all. The bulls, too, have been duly inspected and much is expected of them: their horns have been sharpened to a point, and food has been kept from them until voracious and lack of food have made them fierce and wicked. "Ah! what a sight we shall see!" say they. And now they are about to enter.

"*Viva le toro!*"

"*Viva Frascuelo!*"

"*Viva Mazzantini!*"

"Long live both bull and toreadors!"

From thousands of throats the cry springs as the gate opens, and the combatants led by the major-domo enter in gorgeous array. This gentleman wears a black cocked-hat and is seated upon a black horse; he is followed by six first-class espadores who are to distinguish themselves by playing the final act with the bull and giving him his death blow. Next come eight banderilleros who are to plant the arrows in the bull's flanks and worry him by their athletic pranks; then come a dozen or more capeadors in tight pants and short coats, with their hair done up in a little cue at the back, and each one wearing a long cloak of very light material, bright red predominating in the lining. This array is flanked by twelve picadors with huge hats, and legs entirely encased in leather, mounted on horses which show that they are not young at least, and have worked their whole lives for a mankind that is now to subject them to a horrible death. Thank Heaven, they know it not however, having their eyes blinded by a bandage on one side, the object of which will be seen later.

To describe the gorgeous costume of these notables is impossible; their stockings are always white and their little shoes are low black ties with long heels; beyond this it is enough to say that with the exception of a loose cloak their garments are tight-fitting and covered with ornaments in spangles and colors. Most certainly there was never a more gorgeous spectacular entrance upon any real stage, and my blood begins to boil with excitement. They march around the ring once and stop at the box of royalty, from whence is flung the key to the *toril* which the major-domo is expected to catch in his peaked hat. The march is then continued until the exit is reached, when the group disperses, a part staying in the arena and the remainder retiring for the present.

The noise of the cheering now ceases and every eye is strained towards one spot, just under the stand where the band is playing as furiously as ever. I give you my word, as for myself, I was trembling like a leaf; the excitement up to this time had been intense, simply from its novelty and strangeness, and from the knowledge that the end of the beginning would bring forth a scene possibly of death for some of the players, and certainly of plenty of blood.

Only for a moment, however, does the hush of voices last, for in another minute the door of the *toril* is thrown open, and a loud and savage bellow issues forth from the cavernous door. The time has arrived! From every throat in that vast assemblage seems to spring a shout that must have echoed away over the housetops, and been heard all over the town. At the same moment in rushes a huge bull, frothing at the mouth, and beyond any cavil as angry as it is possible for bull to be.

What a sight he presents! With head erect and tail lashing his haunches he looks around with quick, nervous glances, turns quickly as some boy throws a small pebble at him, bellows forth his challenge, and trots away into the centre of the arena. He does not yet sniff danger in the air, but he is surprised by the glitter of faces and colors, and paws the ground with rage. At once everybody cries out to his neighbor, "*Viva toro!*" Long live the bull!

"*Bravo toro!*" Brave bull. He will fight to the death, they reply.

"*Seco toro,*" cries another. Ah, he is an ugly bull you can see!

And so he is brave, so he is ugly, and so he will fight to the death as bravely as bull can fight with such fearful odds against him. Heaven help the man who feels his horns!

Meanwhile the shouting ceases; they have welcomed the fighters, they have welcomed the bull, and now await the result of the struggle. Not long do they wait, for in an instant the bull becomes aware of an adversary in a little lithe figure that runs up behind him and with a flout in his face of a *capa*, is off like a shot with the bull after him. Another capeador rushes past him and is off like a flash across his course; he is not so successful, however, for the bull with a quick

turn catches his *capa* on his horns, and pulls it from its owner as if it had been paper; he bellows at it, stamps it, hooks it as if to find a solid flesh and blood form under it, then quickly raises his head with another challenge to its owner, as much as to say, "Come take your cloak if you dare!" One huge fellow, braver than the rest, accepts the challenge, and cautiously approaching, plays with the fierce animal and blinds him with his cape. Will he take the cape from beneath his feet? Heavens! There he springs directly under his nose, and is away like a flash, the *capa* flaunting over his shoulders and the bull in full career after him. Not an instant too soon, for this time the bull catches him on the flank just as he is about to jump the fence, and with a terrific bellow pitches him clear over the alley and into the audience beyond.

Bravo! bravo! bravo! springs from all throats in a perfect torrent. Is he killed? Did he hit him? 'T is a momentary interest only, which in a moment is transferred to the bull, and changed to long shouts of *Viva toro!*

Yes, poor fellow, he has been hit, and most cruelly gored, but not killed, and is carried away in a minute, with not a thought from the thousands of spectators. Had he not been hit his fame would have risen tenfold; but as it is the bull now receives the honor.

Meanwhile the picadors and banderilleros have entered the ring amid renewed applause, and the really terrific work is about to commence. My blood actually stopped in my veins at the sight which now occurred. It is but a moment, but yet in that moment the bull has fixed his eye upon a poor horse who with his rider has wheeled across his path. The horse has a bandage firmly bound across his eye next the bull, and cannot see his action. The bull lowers his head, and with a rush that would seem impossible to stop, plunges against the horse with a fearful bellow of rage and pain. 'T is but an instant, but in that instant a grand melee of horse, rider, bull and cloak sweeps across the vision like a nightmare, and in another instant reveals the poor horse with his stomach ripped open, cut up in a horrible manner, and the picador pitched over his side and held to the ground by the horse's weight.

"*Oh maman, regardez ces belles entrailles!*" cries a little French maiden sitting near me who seems to enjoy it hugely.

Merciful Heaven! Is he too killed, and has five minutes carried off two men in a twinkling? A tremendous shout arises, a half-dozen capeadors rush in, fling their capes across the bull, and draw off his attention from the horse to themselves, and in an instant the whole crowd is scampering across the arena, the bull in full pursuit.

Meanwhile the poor horse has tottered to his feet, and the picador has risen and limps away. His strong lance had not held the bull at bay, and he has been worsted. Another horse is still in the arena, and for him the bull now rushes; this time, however, the picador has more time; you see his mouth drawn down with a firm expression, he holds his lance far out, and as the bull rushes at him, he turns his horse quickly and with a strong lunge actually holds the bull at bay by very force of muscle on the end of his lance, which cuts into the neck of the bull, and causes him to jump and rear his head with a fearful bellow of pain and rage. But his horns have not wholly missed the poor horse; a huge gaping wound is rent in his flank and his leg drops with pain.

Surely, you say to yourself, he will be ridden off the field and allowed to retire. Oh no! he is good for another dash, and with his wound stopped up will do as well as a fresh horse. Imagine it, ye lover of this friend of man! This horse is sore wounded, and yet a wad of cotton or waste is thrust into the cut, and plugged in as if he were a block of wood; again he must bear the brunt of the attack, and again he is unmercifully gored.

And are such men human that they can thus engage in such butchery? Aye, they wear the guise of humanity, are applauded by this vast assemblage of humanity, and are lauded to the skies as brave, noble men, who risk their lives for the pleasure of humanity. Nothing is said of the poor horses, they are not human, and a half-dozen, more or less, are nothing.

Now come the feats of gymnasts. A picador whose horse is pierced to the death seizes his lance and advancing shakes it at the bull, who is not loth to attack his enemy. On he comes at him and just when you rise excitedly in your seat, and shout out at him, away he goes in the air clear over the bull's head, and as quick as a flash. He has used his lance as a jumping-pole and cleared the enraged animal at a bound.

"Bravo! Bravo little one!"

"Ah what a joke" they cry. "The bull thinks he has him but he has'nt. Bravo! Bravo!"

The bugle now sounds, and another group of men join the festivities. The banderilleros are men noted for their quickness and dexterity. Notice the tall one, who advances towards the fence, and with a smile throws a kiss to his sweetheart in the seat above; he has sworn to do his part, and he will strike for his love to the girl, when he faces the bull.

It made my blood run cold to see these fellows as they faced the infuriated animal. Sure death seemed to face them as they raised their barbed arrows above their heads. All of a sudden the bull wheels, and is away at another picador; he clashes against the horse, but is held off by the pain of the lance, and turning directly, faces one of his enemies with glittering shafts above his head. He cannot avoid him, and so with a snort rushes at him with lowered head.

"He is killed!" you shout!

"No, he is all right, bravo, bravo, bravo!"

"*Buenos pares!*" Ah, what a beautiful pair!

He has plunged both arrows into the neck of the bull, and with a quick movement has jumped one side as the bull rushed past; another banderillero meets him as he raises his head, and for him also he plunges, with his tail high in air. But it is of no use; two more cruel shafts enter his neck, and worry and excite his anger. He is getting cautious, blood streams out from his wounds, and he bellows with pain.

Will he sulk and refuse to fight? If he does it is of no use, he must fight to the end, for the people are wild for blood.

"*Banderillas de fuego!*" cry a few boys in front of us!

"*Banderillas de fuego!*" cry the soldiers, and amid a babel of shouts and imprecations the Alcalde gives permission to the fighters to introduce the torture arrows, lighting a small cracker which explodes in the wound and causes excruciating pain yet does not kill, but maddens the bull.

Poor bull! he does not know what is in store for him! He does not know that however well he fights the end is the same; he may kill a dozen horses, and slay his enemies even, yet the *espador* is his equal and his death sure. "Death to the bull," is the shout towards the close, no less than "long live the bull" as he enters.

The excitement throughout the ring is now intense even among the Spaniards. *Banderillas de fuego* are seldom used and only for bulls who are timid or lose courage. Like birds who can sing and wont sing, they must be made to sing, and the Spanish bull-fighter knows no mercy, and his heart is as hard as adamant.

"What," they say, "shall our fun be spoiled because a bull suffers?"

"*Saragossa!* what a fool the Alcalde is, to hold back the banderillas!"

"Look! he is afraid! See he runs away from the lance! Death to the bull! Death to the bull!"

"*Banderillas de fuego!*"

So the darts are brought out, and as the crack, crack, is heard the whole crowd rise and yell with delight as the bull roars with pain, rushes pell mell first at a picador, then the banderilleros, and all the time shaking his sides and trying to dislocate the arrows which burn and give him terrible agony.

Again the trumpet sounds, and this time there is a noticeable excitement, for the final scene for the bull has arrived. Frascuelo enters the arena greeted by applause, which the bull supplements by a loud bellow and pawing of the earth.

Frascuelo looks as cool as if he were on the floor of a café; he carries simply a little red cape only a few feet square, and his trusty Toledo blade; he advances gracefully and, touching his hat to the box of royalty, devotes his life to the pleasure of the box; the whole audience applaud and call him all sorts of endearing names; they love him even as they do their king, and it is not too much to affirm that he stands next to the king in public appreciation.

Frascuelo no doubt has his lovers by the score who are watching him: to them he waves his hand and with a graceful movement throws a sweeping kiss around the ring. The bull meanwhile has been worried by all the combatants in the ring, and Frascuelo turns his attention to him; he watches him for a few moments to note his action, his strength, his strong and his weak points; full well he knows the meaning of any failure on his part to pierce him with a graceful blow, for if he wounds him simply, he will injure his own reputation and place himself open to the hisses of the crowd; if he dispatch him at the first blow he will have upheld his reputation which stands foremost in Spain; Frascuelo is an artist, you see, and his work must be done in an artistic manner.

To say that I was terribly excited at the present moment is only a faint idea of the reality. I trembled, and my pulses were beating with the force of a trip-hammer. I had to let it out in some way, and so screamed with the rest of them, and shouted the name of the great Frascuelo like a veritable Spaniard.

The bull has caught sight of his new enemy, and is lashing his tail, bellowing and pawing the earth, desperate with pain, and the blood is trickling down his back from the cruel banderillas; his eyes flash fire as he shakes his huge head, and he seems in his turn to measure his antagonist. So here they stand opposite each other, brute force maddened by cruelty, against coolness and courage and a keen steel blade.

Frascuelo stands erect and flaunts his little cape before the bull, who at once plunges at it, as if to annihilate it; but he rushes past and looks up surprised to find that his horns struck nothing. He tries it again and swerves a little this time just catching the cape on one of his horns; but it weighs nothing, and he feels that he is foiled again. A mighty bellow issues from his throat, as he rears his head and paws and stamps.

There stands the man as cool as an iceberg, flaunting and still flaunting the abominable red cape before his eyes like a nightmare. The whole mass of people howl with delight!

"Beautiful Frascuelo!"

"Ah, the magnificent Frascuelo!"

But Frascuelo does not make a motion; his eye is intent upon the bull, who has grown wary and cunning; he runs straight but jumps sideways and is dangerous.

Once, twice, and again thrice does the bull charge upon the bold *espada*, once raising a cloud of dust and a loud cry from the mass of people.

"He has pierced him!"

But no, there stands the man as cool as ever, but the bull flaunts the red cape on his horns, stamps, twists, bites at the cape and bellows his defiance, but he has not yet conquered.

Frasuelo, now without his cape, seems to nerve himself for the final stroke: his hand tightens over the sword; he plants his feet firmly as he steps toward the enraged animal, and just as suddenly as the bull advances so does the man, an instant, then with a movement like lightning he has thrust the sword clear to the hilt, and stepped aside.

The bull lurches to one side, catches himself, vomits a huge volume of blood from his nostrils, and with a gurgling bellow falls upon his knees. The science of a blow has conquered the brute force of an animal. Frasuelo draws out the sword, wipes the blade carefully, bows profusely and walks away.

Pandemonium let loose is the result! Hats, flowers, canes, cigars and anything the audience can get hold of shower upon the man as he walks across the arena. He smiles with an admirable sang-froid, kisses his hands to his excited admirers, and at that moment stands higher in the eyes of Spain than her Prime Minister. His cape, his slipper, his sword are worth to them a fortune. "Did not Frasuelo wear them?" "Was it not the sword with which Frasuelo killed his bull?" "Viva Frasuelo!"

The poor brute is dragged out by a team of mules, the band plays louder than ever, another bull enters, and the same scene is enacted a half-dozen times, the people grow wilder and wilder, and at last go out glutted with the bloodshed and the day's sport is over, and will form the conversation for the evening café's entertainment.

But what is it after all, ye plumed knights, ye cavaliers, ye brave toreadors, ye multitudes in sparkling array of men and maidens? A slaughter-house wherein six courageous animals have braved your lances and swords, and expired in torrents of blood, yet fighting against odds that never could be overcome to the very death!

Where twenty-one horses, the faithful companions of man, have been cruelly blinded from their fate; given no show of escape, and have borne their riders to victory and safety, while giving up their own lives in a terrible agony, too horrible to be watched by a Christian!

Where two men, as gay as the gayest but a few hours since, have been pitched into the hereafter in the twinkling of an eye, carried out and forgotten in five minutes, without any particular regret, or mourning!

And all this slaughter for the feverish excitement of a cruel entertainment, where men and women are on a level with the brutes, and in fact suffer in the comparison with them!

Returning to the hotel nothing is talked of but the glories of the fight, the courage of the bulls or the agility of toreadors. A priest beside us takes the side against the spectacle *in toto*, yet the very same priest attended the fight, arrayed in borrowed robes — since no priest may enter the ring with the badges of his holy calling. The church frowns on the ring, yet attends it and enjoys it; such is the intense love of the Spaniard for what is truly the national sport of the country.

And what concerning myself? Was I as horrified and disgusted as I seem to be in thinking and writing of it? Yes, I certainly was so, yet fie to the fickleness of human nature and the morbid, never satisfied curiosity of the mind — here 'tis only a short time since these six bulls bit the dust, and here am I, who trembled at the sight of the spectacle, and left long before it was finished, and yet conscious of a longing to go just once more. Alas for the fickleness of mankind, I say again!

C. A. RICH.

(To be continued.)



THE Ontario Architects' Act having now been in force over three months, since the appointment of the registrar, the time for practising architects within the Province to register according to the Act has expired. About one hundred and thirty-five have fulfilled the requirements and shown that they are eligible for registration and have therefore signed the declaration. Any others desiring to register must prove that they have served as students for not less than five years with qualified architects, and must pass such examinations as are required by the Act. The various committees are hard at work on by-laws and examinations and such subjects, hoping to have them ready for the annual meeting of the Association to be held early in the new year.

The School of Practical Science, Toronto, has issued its calendar for the session 1890-91, and in it is contained the curriculum of the new "Department of Architecture." This is the Ontario School of Practical Science, alluded to in the Architects' Act, concerning which it says that any person having graduated from this school "shall be required to serve only three years as a student, one of which three years may be served during the vacations of the school." The school is a young one, having been in existence as an individual establishment only thirteen months, although previous to that for a period of twelve years it had existed in conjunction with the University College, so that the students of the school received the instruction given by the professors and lecturers of the College. On November 6, 1889, a principal was appointed and the management of the school entrusted to a council, its connection with the college having terminated under the University Federation Act which at the same time affiliated the school to the University of Toronto.

The five departments of instruction, in each of which diplomas are granted, are:

1. Civil engineering, including mining engineering.
2. Mechanical engineering, including electrical engineering.
3. Architecture.
4. Analytical and applied chemistry.
5. Assaying and mining geology.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say how very glad all architects would be if would-be architects came to them fresh from this school rather than from the ordinary schools of boyhood, and how satisfactory to them is the formation of such a school with such an object. The desultory education which a boy can only receive under existing arrangements in an architect's office can never fit him for a qualifying examination; but with such a ground-work given him in this school and then two years in a good architect's office, together with his home study, for which after three years he will have acquired a habit — and will be able to keep his nose to the grindstone without any exterior compulsion — this ought to be sufficient to open a young man's eyes to the fact that he has a life-long study before him, and that instead of being ready to hang out his shingle at the completion of his five years, it would be better for him and the public if he knuckled down to another course of five years' duration first.

The Montreal Board of Trade is asking for plans from architects for its proposed new building, but the conditions of the competition are such that no architect of standing, with any self-respect, will be likely to go in for it. One would have thought that the example of the Toronto Board of Trade competition and the disastrous results, described in previous letters, would have made the gentlemen composing the building-committee of this Board anxious that they should not put themselves in a position in which there is every possibility of their being badly treated through the incompetency of so-called architects who will probably submit designs. The Board has been remonstrated with and been shown that it was to its own advantage that the conditions of competition should be changed. Architects have had enough of this kind of competition work and will not be likely to run the risk of having their fingers burned, their self-respect slighted or wounded and their good work, the result of much time, labor and study, thrown out or treated as so much waste paper, and themselves snubbed and treated with contempt. But the committee think they know how to manage the matter for themselves and that they know better than do architects, how an architect's business should be carried out. The Board, no doubt, thinks that it would not be fair to give the work into the hands of one man no matter how competent for the work he may have proved himself to be, because each of the members, probably, has his own architect, whom he would like to employ. So in order that there may be no "favoritism," they advertise for designs, but in a manner and under conditions, that will shut out the best and most competent men. The Quebec Association of Architects and the Ontario Association, advise all their members to abstain from competing, if they do not wish to have all their trouble for nothing and get a good snubbing into the bargain. Our professional brethren in the States should remember the recent Canadian Institute Competition and abstain from sending in designs which might, probably, be left in the Custom-House till the competition was over because of unpaid duty on designs which, without looking at them, the Government considers "works of art" or something approaching to it, and accordingly includes them in the tariff.

The volume of statistics of minerals and mineral production of Canada for the past twelve months has just been published by the Geological Survey. The mineral production is valued at \$19,500,000, an increase of \$3,000,000 over the previous year.

The total exports reached \$3,419,170, an increase of \$309,000 over 1889, of which the following are the items and values that most concern the readers of this journal.

Coal	\$2,334,905	Lime and Cement	\$161,249
Gold	609,250	Copper	168,457
Silver	212,163	Slate	3,303
Iron and Steel	310,000	Stone wrought and un-	
Iron Ore	39,887	wrought	49,578

We imported less minerals this year than previously, owing to the gradual development of our own resources, and we may expect these figures to be lowered every year. Last year the value imported was \$28,230,788, while this year it has been not more than \$25,652,667, in the following articles. (I omit those of no special interest to us.)

Coal.....	\$8,000,108	Brass and Copper.....	\$991,798
Iron and Steel.....	9,650,653	Building Stone.....	206,108
Paints.....	633,351	Marble.....	109,089
Lead.....	356,732	Zinc.....	106,085
Tin.....	1,334,577	Asphaltum.....	33,550

Winter has set in early with unusual severity. Heavy falls of snow all over the country and temperatures corresponding with those of February in most years. Nearly every winter we see in English building journals, discussions on the wisdom or folly of carrying on building operations during the severe weather, but here every year more and more work is executed through the cold; one sees the masons setting stones in hot cement and the bricklayers warming their mortar and when the men leave work for the night they cover up the unfinished walls with straw and planks on top and trust in Providence that the work will not get injured. It is the general opinion in England with its far milder climate, that it is best not to build in winter and many architects used to refuse to be responsible for works executed between October and March, but this seems to be changing now. Surely, if it is safe for Canadian architects to build with the thermometer averaging 20° Fahrenheit, English architects need not object. I do not say they are wise in letting their work go on, it is certainly running a great risk, but some of them, at any rate, may be supposed to know what they are about and probably are taking greater precautions against injury, than appear upon the face or to the superficial spectator.



THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN FAIR. — APPOINTMENT OF THE CHIEF OF CONSTRUCTION. — DISTRIBUTION OF THE BUILDINGS. — THE COLLECTIONS OF THE ART INSTITUTE. — THE VAN DECHEND MACHINE FOR CLEANING CASTS. — THE EXHIBITIONS.

THE poet Dryden was quite right when he sang "None but the brave deserve the Fair." Much moral bravery the average Chicagoian has had to call up to help him in self-restraint, when he has read day after day, and week after week and month after month of the incessant and unnecessary delays which the Board of Directors of the World's Columbian Fair manage to bring up to avoid any definite settlement of the vexed question of site and building. Chicago and her citizens are blamed that nearly a year has now passed in fruitless squabbling as to whether most of the available money collected should be used in filling up Lake Michigan, so land could be obtained on which to hold the Fair, when all around the city lie rich acres perfectly fitted for the purpose.

Nevertheless, this month some work has really been accomplished. Mr. D. H. Burnham, of the firm of Burnham & Root, already appointed consulting architects, has been appointed chief of construction with a salary of twelve thousand dollars per annum. A section of the resolution under which the appointment was made, reads as follows: The chief of construction "shall have general charge of the constructions of building, supervision of the designs therefor, the preparation of the grounds and the engineering incident to a proper prosecution of the entire work; also have supervision of the buildings erected by outside parties, of the maintenance of all buildings belonging to the Exposition Company, and shall examine all bids and proposals for work under his control and recommend to the committee for approval such plans as commend themselves to his judgment. He shall organize, subject to the approval of the committee, bureaus of architecture, engineering, landscape gardening, sanitation, etc., and shall be given, subject to the approval of the committee, authority to hire and dismiss all employés in his department and fix the compensation for their services." He shall report to the committee from time to time the progress of the work, and shall perform such other duties as the committee may assign to him."

A few days after this resolution was passed another was adopted which seemingly promised to entirely put a quietus upon the hopes that any other architects may have tried to delude themselves into entertaining, since it was then resolved that "the Hon. George R. Davis, and the chief of construction prepare plans and specifications, to be submitted to the commission at the earliest possible moment, for buildings to be located upon Jackson Park and the Lake Front. Any change, modification or extension that may be found necessary to be made in said plans and specifications thus presented by the directory and accepted by the commission shall be made with the approval of a joint committee to be composed of the grounds and building committee of both sides, or sub-committees thereof."

In spite of this, still another report was presented which after rehearsing that there were four methods of procuring the needed designs for the several buildings, viz.: (1) The selection of a single individual as designer for everything, (2) General competition, (3)

Limited competition, and (4) Direct selection of a limited number of designers — and explaining the advantages and disadvantages of each method, concluded by recommending the adoption of the last. This met with the approval of the powers at large and the plans for the several buildings will be prepared by a board of five firms, subject to the revision of the consulting architect and his superiors. The architects, unofficially mentioned as likely to have a place in this board of design are: Adler & Sullivan, S. S. Beman, W. L. B. Jenney, H. I. Cobb of Chicago, McKim, Mead & White of New York and Peabody & Stearns of Boston.

The National Commissioners, it was reported, had arrived hot for the fray, eager to have matters settled. Much valuable time has been lost trying to decide what should be the duties of the lady managers, etc. Finally a report has, however, been made by Chief of Construction D. H. Burnham, Consulting Architect John W. Root, F. L. Olmsted & Co, Landscape Architects, and A. Gottlieb, Consulting Engineer. This report has been accepted by both directors and commissioners. The report taken as a whole seems to have for its object the collection of the greatest number of words that will sound best and prove the least binding to the officers. It abounds in such terms as "extensive body of native woods," "basis of a passage of natural landscape to supply an episode of scenery," "sylvan retirement," "shores of island having informal outline masked in foliage," etc. Certain of the commissioners have seen that this report might mean absolutely nothing to the agricultural interest, so far as any promises that could be binding might be concerned, but when they made honest objections to it they were denominated "kickers" by the local press.

The idea embodied in the report is to have the chief group of buildings located at Jackson Park. This group will contain the following structures: "The administration building, also the machinery, the manufactories, the mining and electrical buildings. They are to form a whole in design; they are intended as a mass to be impressive, as a plan most convenient, and as structures, to be very substantial. The material entering into their composition will be largely iron and masonry of brick and stone, though a free use will be made of terra-cotta, wood, and other materials. In the centre of the court, round which these buildings cluster, is to be a large basin, fed by a canal leading directly from the Lake through the Lagoon.

"The Administration Building is to cover many functions, among them that of a station more extensive than any one now existing. It will also contain the full administration forces; for information, for police, fire, transportation, public comfort, expenditure and accounts, and any other similar purpose. It is, therefore, headquarters where nearly all visitors will arrive, attend to any business they may have, and depart, and where all forces and employés report and take their orders. It should be the most important in architectural appearance."

"The Machinery Hall, which will be larger than any before built, will not only cover machinery, in the ordinary sense, but will furnish a great central space spanned with wide trusses, where there shall be the best chance possible for the display of the different transportation exhibits.

"The Lighting of the Exhibition will be by electricity and much of the power to be supplied will be by the same means. Displays are to be made under fountains and waterways, and possibly under the outer Lake itself.

"For live-stock the buildings are to be adapted to the needs as shall be expressed by those having this department in charge. In general there will be housing for stock and their attendants, and hospitals for the animals. There will be grand stands and display wings, and other buildings to meet all proper requirements. These buildings while temporary and therefore to be cheaply erected and made largely of wood, will be carefully designed, with due regard to beauty and general effect. Realizing the importance of the agricultural and live-stock exhibits, it is the intention of the designers to make these departments interesting in plan and appearance by all arts at their command."

Of course, all the arts at the command of the architect are many in number, and the least thing to be expected will be mosaic floors and possibly frescoed ceilings and walls.

"Without destroying the improved part of Jackson Park on the north, the horticultural exhibit is to be placed there upon the open meadow. The building will be largely of iron and glass, and furnished with a plant for purposes of heating and ventilation. The large open green in front of the building will be used for out-of-doors horticultural exhibits. Among the trees near this location, and placed in a way to preserve them, will be a few finely designed houses, either for the States or of some archaeological interest. These smaller structures are to be made of material substantial enough for one season, but as inexpensive as possible, compatible with the desired effect."

Again, it is a comfort to know that these wooden edifices, in the horticultural department, can with certainty be expected to stand upright one summer.

"A large campus will be left" near the agricultural buildings "for Government use and display. Across the inlet from the Government exhibits will be the buildings for the fisheries. A building here, beautiful as possible in appearance [!] will be erected of durable material and fitted with every arrangement and detail to carry on the propagation, subsisting and display of water animals. A plant

for heating will be supplied." Quite a point seems to be made in the report of the heating arrangements, which seems a little unnecessary considering the season at which the Fair is to be held and the capabilities of our climate.

Concerning the Lake Front the report further continues to state "Until it is determined how much land is to be used on the Lake Front and whether new land is to be made there it cannot be definitely stated how the buildings will be arranged." Resolutions had been adopted by the Directors as to the buildings advisable to put on this down-town site. Since the arrival of the Commissioners this list has been changed, being materially reduced in number. The Decorative Art Building and the Art Building proper will probably, beyond a doubt, be located in the down-town district. The Art Building it is expected will be a very fine one and it is said draughtsmen are already at work on designs for it. It is proposed to ultimately make of this structure a permanent museum of fine arts to be accessory to the Art Institute, which will be only a school and place of study.

At present the Art Institute Building holds the nucleus for quite a good museum. The lower floor is almost entirely given up to casts, which form by far the best collection in the West, and one of the largest in the country. The exhibition is arranged in chronological order, but unfortunately the size of the rooms and of the different collections did not make it possible to place the oldest works in the room first entered. All is most carefully labelled and a full and satisfactory descriptive catalogue will, some day, be the result of the labor, which Mr. William M. R. French, the able Director of the Institute, is now giving to the ordering of the entire collection. The room, containing what is known as the Eldridge Hall donation, is entirely given up to Greek casts. Next to this is the room holding casts of the Roman masterpieces, and next to that the one containing those of the Assyrians, Egyptians and Early Greeks, the latter being the connecting link between the Assyrian and Egyptian works and the later Roman and Greek masterpieces. The casts in the fourth room are chiefly after the Greek models, the frieze of the Parthenon being one of the most prominent features. A cork model of the Temple of Paestum is a recent addition to this room.

Of course, in the specially smoky atmosphere in which the Art Institute is located, the question of a successful process for cleaning the casts is a very important one. At present those in charge of the collection are trying a certain preparation, which put on with a brush, dries, and in drying takes off the dirt in small flakes and rolls, which can be simply dusted off. This seems quite successful, though occasionally some of the dark shade is left in the parts most difficult to reach with a brush. Together with the Boston Art Museum and the Slater Museum of Norwich, Conn., the Institute has ordered a machine invented by a German, von Dechend, for cleansing old casts, and hardening the surface of new ones. The work from this method will be noted with interest.

The room numbered XI contains a very fair collection of electrotype reproductions of old metal-work. This department, to those interested in work in silver and gold, is most interesting.

As sundry additions have been made in this branch from time to time, it would seem as if the trustees meant to make a very useful collection, containing copies of many of the works of masters of this art, that are at least known by reputation to many of the visitors at the Institute. If America cannot boast of being the owner of the wonderful pontifical button that Benvenuto Cellini made for His Holiness, the Pope, or the salt-cellar wrought by this same famous man for the beauty-loving Francis I, it is at least pleasant and interesting to look upon their "counterfeit presentments," and to be able to grow familiar with work that has been the admiration of men for so many years.

The room, which is numbered X, contains a very fair beginning for a collection of Greek pottery. The greater part of the specimens of vases, fifty in number, are of the later Italo-Greek period, and the shapes of the more usual form such as the amphora, crater and cantharus. One quite large case contains figurines, unfortunately not from the far-famed Tanagra, but from Smyrna, and chiefly fragments. In this case the fragments, however, happen to be much better than whole figures. Near to them is a small case of Egyptian figurines and some wonderful old Syrian glass.

Next to this room is the library connected with the Institute, fast growing to be of much value and constantly frequented by pupils and other designers. One of the latest additions is a very beautiful copy of the well-known work, the "Basilica of St. Mark," comprising a great number of chromo-lithograph and heliotype illustrations, with accompanying text in eighteen large portfolios.

Room VIII contains Gobelin tapestry and some modern casts, such as Mr. Daniel French's "John Harvard." There is also in this room the head of Michael Angelo's colossal "David," and a "King Arthur" after an original in Innsbruck, in ordering which the Art Institute joined the Boston Art Museum.

The room marked VII contains a permanent loan from the Century Publishing Company of the original designs of a great number of the illustrations in the *Century* and *St. Nicholas* magazines. This collection, showing the method of some of the best illustrators in the country is of inestimable value to the young student whose paths are to lead in this direction.

Besides the collections already mentioned there is the nucleus of a collection in most of the other departments belonging properly to an art museum, such as engravings, ivories, textiles, coins, drawings,

arms, etc. We regret to state that the architectural part is found with difficulty, being decidedly microscopic.

Mention has been made from time to time in these letters of the exhibitions, which are a constant and ever-changing feature of the five fine galleries in the upper story of the building. Not a few very good pictures are already owned by the Institute, the collection being recently enriched by purchases made abroad this summer, chiefly of some of the old masters.

The Architectural Sketch-Club has just held its annual exhibition in its studio in the Art Institute Building. Last year it will be remembered that the honor of bearing off the Clark prizes was accorded to Eastern draughtsmen, but this year two Chicagoans are placed on the list of victors. The problem for the competition was to provide a pedestal for a statue of General Lee. The second and third bronze medals were carried off by men from New York State, while the other three medals were awarded to Chicago men.

EQUESTRIAN MONUMENTS.¹—XXXII.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.—I.



Lafayette, a Model by C. E. Dallin, Sculptor.

THE unwisdom of George III in allowing Lord North to follow out his injudicious policy with regard to the American colonies, brought about, for one thing, the destruction of his own equestrian statue in New York and allowed the colonists to make an independent history for themselves and to add a new member to the world's quarrelsome family of nations.

While this history in its early stages was making, many individuals of unsuspected worth and force of character came to the front and by their efforts won for themselves fair records on the pages of history and warm affection in the hearts of the descendants of those who shared their struggles. The times that followed the signing of the Treaty of Paris, which brought the Revolution to a close, were not favorable for the creation of monumental records of the great leaders in the late struggle; there was little demand for such memorials—more in keeping with the artificial life of the old world than with the stern realities of the struggle for existence in the new; there were few artists to meet the demand if enounced and no money to pay the artists if a commission could have been entrusted to them. All that could be done was to cut on the tombstones of the fallen the brief testimony of the living, that their countrymen present and to come were and would be grateful.

During the first period of growth, a period of sordid self-seeking in many respects, no one found time to think of the propriety of creating lasting visible records of the men who made the present greatness of this country possible. It is doubtful whether for long years to come, anything would have been done toward procuring statues and monuments to honor the memories of Revolutionary heroes, had it not been for the intensity of feeling evoked by the losses during the War of the Rebellion, a feeling which caused the rank eruption of "soldiers' monuments" in every part of the country, and by a species of induction suggested the propriety and advantage of erecting monuments to commemorate facts and further immortalize individuals connected with the Revolution. But the quickening of public sympathies brought about by the losses during the war of 1861-5 and the occurrence not long afterwards of the not yet ended series of "centennial celebrations" brought to mind the fact that the nation had an early history to be proud of, and that the present generation of Americans had not only the means but the will, the sympathy and, to an extent, the talent needed for producing those monumental records of historic performance that elder nations have always created.

The propriety and opportunity once perceived, steps have been taken here and there to erect monuments and statues to the honor of local celebrities, and, as a consequence, nothing has been undertaken in a sustained and consecutive way, but has fallen rather under the influence of individuals, who for family or sympathetic reasons have picked out some one out of the many, and have either actually set up statues or have taken earnest steps toward procuring them. The only sustained and coherent effort has its partial result in the Hall of Statuary, in what was the old Senate Chamber in the



General Greene, a Model by W. G. Turner, Sculptor.

¹Continued from No. 778, page 118.

Capitol at Washington, but here the scope of representation is not confined to the Revolutionary period, but ranges from the early Colonial days, down to and past the Rebellion period, for all that is required, is that each State shall be there represented by her two most famous sons or foster-sons. Within the walls of this small hall

even to this day there is practically little of the city to be found to the east of the Capitol, yet here it is that the wisdom of some committee has placed Henry Kirke Brown's statue of the Rhode Island patriot, seated on the thoroughbred animal that this sculptor knew so well how to model. The statue is in some ways less

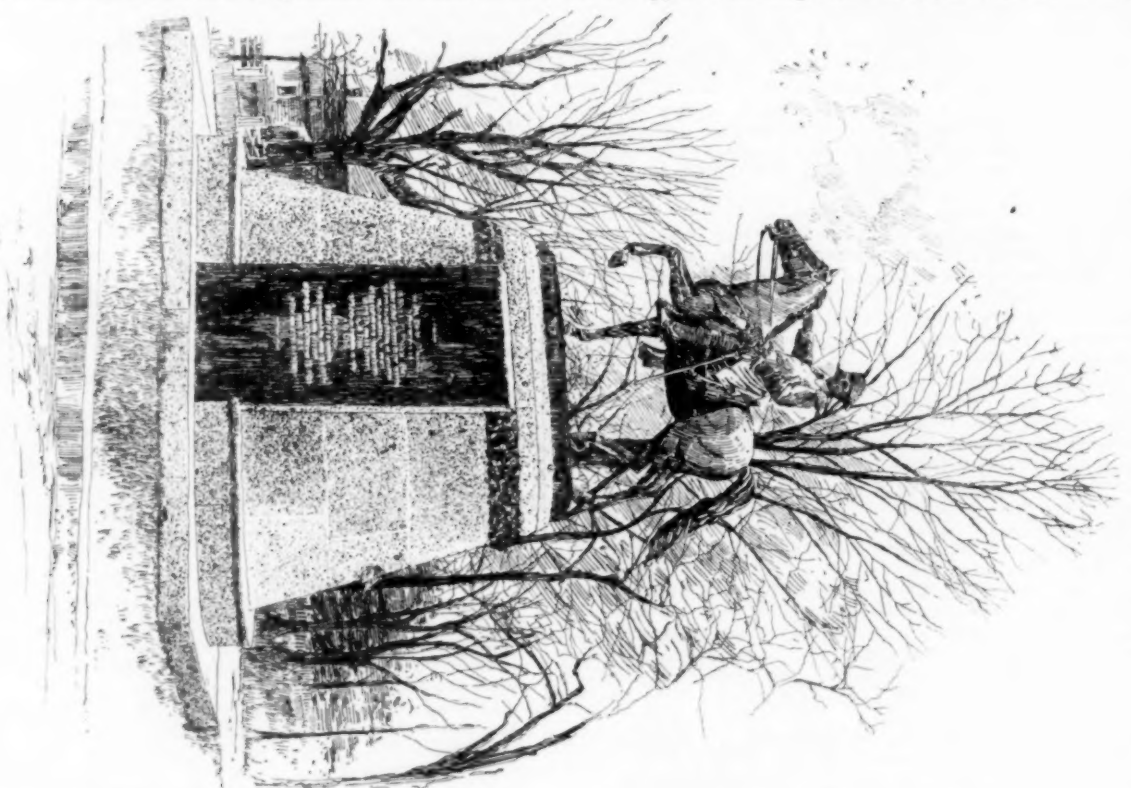
Gen. Nathaniel Greene, Washington, D. C. H. K. Brown, Sculptor.



the statuary is, naturally, wholly pedestrian, but it is not necessary to go far from the building in which they are placed before there is found an equestrian statue which has its relation with the Revolutionary period. Nearly due east of the Capitol and midway between the place of his birth and the field of operations with which, in the

successful than the same sculptor's General Washington in Madison Square, New York, or his General Scott, to be found in another part of Washington; yet it has the elements of a better statue than either. It is imperfectly picturesque in composition; it is effective without apparent straining after effect, but it has the air of being

Gen. Israel Putnam, Brooklyn, Conn. Karl Gehardt, Sculptor.



mind of the writer at least, he was most associated, stands on a granite pedestal the equestrian statue of General Nathaniel Greene, which is probably less often seen than any other statue of its merits in the world. Contrary to the expectation of L'Enfant, Washington developed westward of the Capitol in place of to the east, so that

unfinished — as if either the health of the sculptor or the appropriation for the group had given out before the completion of the work. The sculptor has admirably caught and fixed the independent intellectuality of the thoroughbred horse, which makes him so much more satisfactory a companion than his less high-strung and less

sensible fellows, but he has not succeeded so well in giving character to the rider, whose features are expressionless and whose pose—bar his seat—is merely conventional, not individual. One of the peculiar features of the group is the inscription that, upon one side, recites that the group is:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
NATHANIEL GREENE ESQUIRE,
A NATIVE OF THE STATE OF RHODE ISLAND,
WHO DIED ON THE 19TH OF JUNE, 1786.
LATE MAJOR GENERAL IN THE SERVICE OF THE U. S.
AND COMMANDER OF THEIR ARMY IN THE SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.

The wording of this inscription reads like a transcript from the tombstone that marks General Greene's Southern grave; at any rate, the dubbing "esquire" a man whose fame rests on military rather than civil performance must be quite unique in the annals of obituary declarations.

The inscription upon the other side of the pedestal declares that "the United States in Congress assembled, in honor of his patriotism, valor and ability have erected this monument." The date of erection does not appear, and later generations may infer from the only date that does appear, that the statue is a work of the eighteenth century.

The singular wording of the inscription has by right its flavor of antiquated formality, for it is the inscription which, on August 8, 1786, the Continental Congress decided should be cut on the pedestal of Greene's equestrian statue, then resolved upon. At whose suggestion this resolution was adopted it does not much matter, but it certainly indicates that the contemporary law-makers, who had personal knowledge of the man, recognized that General Greene had certain preëminently heroic qualities which made this particular form of memorial peculiarly fitting. It must be borne in mind, too, as having a bearing on the signal importance of this act that there was at the time of its passage no equestrian statue whatever in the country, that there could have been very few people who could properly appreciate a work of sculpture, and still fewer who could execute one, and that the mere idea of a new country, impoverished by a long war just concluded, should think at such a time of a piece of urban decorative sculpture seems wildly irrational in the last degree. Still the Continental Congress adopted the resolution in spite of its infeasibility, but, seemingly, nothing more was done and no appropriation was made, for the country's income was too slight. There the matter rested. Greene's friends and relatives recognized the impossibility of giving the resolution a tangible form and probably felt that the expressed desire to create a fitting memorial was all that, under the circumstances, could be expected. State pride, however, is with some people a curiously vital concern, and small as she is, Rhode Island has her full share, and because of her size is better able than some others to keep in view the records of her honored sons; so that the intention of Congress may have been kept in mind through the following century awaiting a propitious time to press for execution. This moment at length arrived in 1874, when, on May 12, Senator Anthony of Rhode Island, introduced a resolution that the intention of the Continental Congress should be given effect, and in the following June introduced a bill to that end, which was concurred in by the House of Representatives and an appropriation of \$40,000 was incorporated in the appropriation bill for sundry civil services. This appropriation had to be increased by another of \$10,000 in October, 1875, to provide a pedestal. The modelling of the statue was entrusted to Mr. H. K. Brown, and the casting, which cost \$10,000, was done by Robert Wood & Co., of Philadelphia. The statue, which was erected in 1877, measures, including the pedestal, which is twenty feet high, thirty-three and one-half feet; the weight of the statue is three tons.

State pride is an amiable virtue, family pride hardly less so, and when there is an artist in the family the chances are that sooner or later a sort of atavism (if we may coin a word) enthusiasm will seize him, and with brush or chisel he will seek to immortalize for the enjoyment of others the ideal he holds in veneration. Such an impulse took possession of Mr. William Greene Turner, a descendant on the mother's side from General Greene, and in the hope that State pride would at some time bring about the erection on Rhode Island soil of a statue of the old hero, he modelled while at Rome, an equestrian figure which as yet has not passed beyond the model stage.

The fact that for nearly ninety years an expression of the desire and intention of Congress to erect an equestrian figure lay hidden and forgotten, makes it possible that the same musty archives may contain records of similar intentions in behalf of the memories of other no less worthy and no less active upholders of American rights in the Revolution? But who knows just where to look?

The Government is blameworthy because more has not been done by it in the way of creating the same sort of artistic historical record that France, in particular, has created for herself and her famous sons. For years there has been ample means to do it with, for years there have been skilled hands enough to creditably execute such commissions, but all that the Government has been brought to do is to say, within a few years, "if you who are interested in marking Revolutionary events and battlefields will raise such a sum the Government will add an equal amount." And this attitude on the part of a wealthy and powerful government is a very trader-like, or, as Southerners would say, a very Yankee-like attitude for it to assume.

Francis Marion is one who deserves an equestrian statue, and

"Light-horse Harry" Lee would be properly associated with a sculptured horse.

As the Government, in spite of the reminder in the form of the resurrection of the Greene resolution, remained oblivious to its duties, there was nothing for it but that private individuals, municipalities and States should undertake what the Government neglected, if the American people hoped to be relieved of the odium of ingratitude towards the makers and defenders of their country. Individuals, both singly and in association, have taken up the task and in some cases brought it to successful issue, notably in the case of the equestrian statue of General Israel Putnam, whose headlong and headstrong personal bravery has made him one of the most familiar figures in our history. What child has not heard of Putnam and the wolf, Putnam's ride down Horseneck and Putnam at Bunker Hill? So well known is he, that, better than almost any other leader, he could have rested quietly without any bronze memorial and yet, if such memorials are to be set up, he surely should be amongst the first remembered and, in the chronological sequence of erection, his statue follows Greene's. None of the leaders of that time offered a more picturesque personality to the sculptor's chisel, for none had a more stirring and varied career, and some of the brotherhood would have incorporated in their design, as accessory bas-reliefs, some of the many incidents of which he was the central figure; but Karl Gerhardt, the sculptor to whom the State of Connecticut entrusted the designing of the statue, contented himself with adding to his pedestal merely a small bronze wolf's head at the front and rear of the pedestal's die. The statue as executed might be called a clumsy copy of Brown's statue of General Greene: dress and pose are the same and the gait is that of a team-horse stepping in the same file with Greene's nonchalant but springy animal. This statue is particularly interesting, for it shows clearly how the present interest in Revolutionary



General Stark, a Model by John Rogers, Sculptor.

memorials owes its being to the feeling made active by the demand for monuments in honor of those who saved the country in 1861-5. On the same day in which Putnam's statue was unveiled, June 14, 1888, there was dedicated in the same town a soldiers' monument which Mr. Thomas S. Marlor presented to the town, and the act is made further interesting by the fact that Mr. Marlor was by birth an Englishman. Mr. Marlor appears, too, as a connecting-link between Putnam's statue and the soldiers' monument, for it was his action in giving to the town a site whereon to place the statue that cut the Gordian knot in which had resulted the fierce local quarrel as to whereabouts in Brooklyn the statue should stand—in the old cemetery where Putnam was buried or in the town itself where it was actually set up. Although few people know there is such a town as Brooklyn, it was as reasonable a place as any to erect the statue, for there Putnam lived in his early manhood, thence he rode at one flight to Concord when he heard the news of the skirmish there, there he retired near the end of the war and there died and was buried. It is, moreover, an agreeable break in the time-honored custom which gathers within city-limits alone works of fine art. It always gives the visitor an unexpected pleasure when he finds in a quiet country place a statue, a monument or a memorial of any kind which habit has led him to look for only in and about large towns.

These two are the only equestrian figures of Washington's subordinate officers which as yet have an actual existence. Steps have at times been taken, and in some cases the attempt has not yet been given up, to create similar memorials of other leaders. One of these came to naught last year when the city of Concord, N. H., determined to erect a statue to General John Stark, a brave and competent but less generous and interesting character than Putnam. The leader at the Battle of Bennington was not by any means unworthy

of posthumous honors, but there was no reason why such honors should be recorded at Concord rather than at Manchester (Derryfield, in his day) or at Bennington itself. The selection of Concord is an instance of urban selfishness and the lack of perceptiveness which is one of the many failings of most committees. The competition which was held, resulted in the selection of a pedestrian statue to be placed in front of the State House and because it is pedestrian it will probably not be the statue of General Stark which will be most commonly known. The terms of the competition were such that the figure might be either pedestrian or equestrian, and several suggestions for a statue of the latter class were submitted. Amongst these was an admirable and animated group submitted by John Rogers, a sculptor widely known by reason of the excellent



Paul Revere, a Model by C. E. Dallin, Sculptor.

quality of his popular statuettes and the author of an equestrian statue of General Reynolds, at Philadelphia. It does not detract from the merit of this model that it is evidently based on Foley's splendid statue of General Outram, now at Calcutta. It is no easy task to devise a pose that has not been used in some earlier work and Mr. Rogers showed great good sense in adapting the one used by Foley with such signal success. In that portion of the group which is all his own, the horse, sculptor is less happy than in the General's figure: the gait selected is evidently the outcome of an examination of Mr. Muybridge's diagrams illustrating the real ordination of a horse's legs in all his varied gaits. In course of time people will get used to having horses painted and modelled in positions which the unaided eye cannot definitely perceive and fix, but until that time comes they will experience a kind of repulsion whenever time-honored outlines have been abandoned in favor of inartistic truth.

A local paper, whose editor evidently was something of a partisan, gave it to be understood that one reason why the Committee and their expert adviser decided against Rogers's model was that they felt sure the biting New Hampshire winds would soon wear away Stark's outstretched sword!

Once in a while a sculptor's rejected model in one competition can be made to do duty in another or secures a commission outright from some other party, and this is not unlikely to be the case with this model; for the city of Manchester, which, when called Derryfield, was the home of Stark, has taken preliminary steps towards erecting a memorial of the local hero, and the Rogers model is regarded favorably by those who are interested in the movement.

Putnam and Stark both fought at Bunker Hill and with propriety their statues might have been erected in Charlestown under the shadow of the great granite obelisk, but there is another claimant for such an honor; for though Paul Revere did not take part in the Battle of Bunker Hill, it is generally understood that it was from that part of Charlestown that he set out on his midnight ride to Lexington to warn the patriots to stand by their secreted guns. Longfellow's poem has made this ride the most memorable act in Revere's long and useful career as a patriot and citizen, so that the association of him with a horse in any sculptured memorial of him seems to be an absolute requirement, and the City of Boston recognized this when in October, 1882, it instituted a competition for a model of an equestrian statue to Paul Revere, to be set up at some undetermined place within the city's corporate limits. The cost of the intended statue, irrespective of pedestal, was fixed at \$20,000, and the sculptors were allowed until April 19, following, for the completion of their studies; three prizes of \$250 each being offered as a stimulant—these prizes were subsequently increased to \$300. A number of models were submitted and the prizes were awarded in the following order to C. E. Dallin, James E. Kelly and Daniel C. French. Owing to delay in shipment, the model sent from Florence by Thomas Ball did not arrive in time, but by some agreement it was considered with the others at the time all the models were passed in review by the Massachusetts Historical Society: this did not affect the award of the prizes, however, though it might have resulted in Ball's receiving the commission on the ground that the statue of Washington on the Public Garden was sufficient evidence of his capacity, while how

successful the very youthful Dallin would be in carrying his model up to full scale must be a matter for future determination. Just at that time Boston had a government which was seized with a whim to decorate the city with monuments and statues and several projects were set afoot at the same moment, but changes in the make-up of that interesting body and other natural causes have stood in the way of the prompt execution of any of them, and the Revere statue enterprise languished with the rest. It is believed that now that the city has an Art Commission in which it can have confidence something will be done in the case of the Revere statue, at least. Meanwhile, Dallin, feeling safe in what he understood to be the assurance that at some not too-remote date the statue would be his to execute, went to Paris to carry on his studies in general and, in particular, to fit himself for making the Paul Revere a thoroughly satisfactory work. How conscientiously he has labored may be indicated by the fact that to his half-size model of a Sioux Chief on horseback was awarded honorable mention at this year's Salon, and, better than this, that he received the hearty commendation of sculptors of unquestioned standing.

The illustration shows Dallin's original model after he had adopted the slight alterations suggested by the Massachusetts Historical Society, but how far he would now be disposed to change it cannot be determined. It is known, however, that he dislikes the apparent disproportion between man and horse, but unfortunately there are family records in existence not only concerning Revere but also concerning the horse he rode, and hence Art is likely to have to yield to the requirements of History.

What pose was adopted by Ball we do not know, but French represented the man already mounted with his head turned over his shoulder watching for the signal. Dallin's idea is to represent the rider shouting his warning as he halts for a moment before some slumber-enwrapped farm-house. Kelly conceived the subject in quite another vein; the action was to be the man's, the animated quietude the horse's, and it is a pity that it cannot be carried out, for the pose has no prototype anywhere. The illustration, from the sculptor's own sketch, has all the dash and vigor that made the author's woodcuts in the *Century* so attractive before he dropped that branch of art and entered on a higher grade of work.

While in Paris, Dallin also modelled an equestrian figure of Lafayette, about three feet high, which was cast in bronze, and during the exhibition of 1889 stood in the gallery in front of the United States section. For some reason, hard to explain, Lafayette seems out of place on horseback, and though several statues in his memory have been erected in this country none of their authors has chosen to associate him with the horse. Ward's statue in Central Park, New York, shows him in the guise of a French dandy, and the new

statue at Washington does not promise to be much more satisfactory. Lafayette's was a quite unformed character when the impulse of a moment led him to cast in his lot with the Americans, and it is at least somewhat doubtful whether it would have so solidified as to make his after-career even more notable than that portion spent in establishing the United States, if it had not been his good fortune to be thrown into intimate association with a man of Washington's



Paul Revere, a Model by J. E. Kelly, Sculptor.

mental and moral stamp. It is really the Lafayette of a later day that we usually picture as the man who aided us, not the beardless stripling that he actually was, and Dr. Thomas W. Evans, known as the leading American dentist in Paris, at one time an intimate friend of Louis Napoleon and, later, the instrument of the Empress's escape from Paris, had a happy thought when he instructed Dallin to conceive his subject in the form of the most adolescent of Continental officers. It seems that Dr. Evans has long been a collector of Lafayette relics and years ago conceived the idea of presenting to the French government a statue of his favorite. The first model made in pursuance of his intention was by the French sculptor Clesinger, but it, no more than Dallin's, never got beyond the first stage. About the time of Clesinger's death, Dr. Evans came into possession of an authentic portrait of the young Lafayette, and this suggested the possibility of making a real portrait statue of the general as he

really appeared during his first revolutionary experiences. The French government has signified its willingness to accept Dr. Evans's gift, but it is doubtful if it is ever called on to do more than this. Dallin has left Paris and it is unlikely that he will be recalled to go on with the work. Still, at the next world's fair in Paris another equestrian model by yet a different sculptor may serve to remind the Parisian world of the doctor's amiable intention.

GREENE.—Nathaniel Greene was born in Potowomut, Warwick, R. I., June 6, 1742, of Quaker ancestors. In common with the other boys, he was trained to work in the field, the mill and the forge, but, while evincing a love for athletic sports, in which he excelled, he was also of a studious disposition, and lost no opportunity to educate himself. Removing to Coventry in 1770 to attend to the business of the Greene forge situated there, he was shortly after sent to the General Assembly as a representative from that place, and soon became known as an upholder of the claims of the colonies. Being convinced that war would be the outcome of the negotiations then going on, he applied himself to the study of tactics, and in 1774 joined an independent company formed in his neighborhood under the name of the Kentish Guard. When the news of the battle of Bunker Hill aroused the Rhode Island Assembly, they voted to raise a brigade of three regiments to join the forces around Boston, and Greene was commissioned as brigadier-general. During the siege of Boston he was stationed at Prospect Hill, and commanded a brigade in the affair of Dorchester Heights. Promoted to the rank of major-general and ordered to Long Island after the evacuation of Boston, Greene commanded the left wing of the American army at the battle of Trenton, December 25, 1776, and his conduct and wise counsels throughout the campaign commended him to Washington. He also distinguished himself at the battle of the Clouds, where his prompt execution of Washington's orders rescued the American army from an utter rout. At the battle of Germantown, also, Greene's wonderful skill covered the retreat. In March, 1778, urged by Washington, he accepted the office of quartermaster-general, and in the following June took part in the battle of Monmouth. In August, 1780, he resigned the office of quartermaster-general; the following October, West Point was confided to his charge, and in December he was chosen to replace General Gates as head of the Southern army. In March of the next year Greene fought the battle of Guilford Court-House with Cornwallis, and in April that of Camden against Lord Rawdon, whom he met again some months later at Eutaw Springs. Congress testified its appreciation of Greene's conduct by presenting him with a gold medal and a vote of thanks. In December, 1782, he marched into Charleston at the head of his army, and the next summer, when the army was disbanded, stopping at Philadelphia on his journey homeward, he was greeted by enthusiastic crowds. The State of Georgia having presented him with a plantation at Mulberry Grove, he removed thither, where he died, from a sunstroke, June 19, 1786, leaving behind him the reputation of a soldier who invariably reaped from defeat all the fruits of victory. Alexander Hamilton said that his qualifications for statesmanship were not less remarkable than his military ability, which was of the highest order.

BROWN.—Henry Kirke Brown was born in Leyden, Mass., in 1814. In youth he showed a talent for art and studied painting under Chester Harding, in Boston. After some time spent in railroad surveying, in 1839-39, he took up modelling, and finally devoted himself to sculpture, opening a studio in 1840, in Albany, N. Y., where he made busts of the Rev. William B. Sprague, Erasmus Corning, Dr. Eliphalet Nott and others, and also produced two ideal works, "Hope," and a "Discobolus." He went to Italy in 1842, and studied there for several years, during which period he made "Ruth," a group of a boy and a dog (now owned by the New York Historical Society), "Rebecca," and "David." Returning to New York, he modelled the altar-piece of the Church of the Annunciation in that city and portrait busts of his friends William Cullen Bryant and Dr. William Parker. He then made the statue of De Witt Clinton, now in Greenwood Cemetery, and next the equestrian statue of Washington, for New York City. In 1857, the State of South Carolina, invited him to undertake the decoration of the State-house in Columbia with sculptures, and he did considerable work on a colossal group for the pediment, which was, however, destroyed by Sherman's army in 1865. In 1859 and 1860, Brown served on an art commission appointed by President Buchanan during the civil war as an active officer of the Sanitary Commission. He died in Newburg, N. Y., in 1886. His works, not mentioned above, are equestrian statues of General Greene and General Scott, both at Washington; and statues of Lincoln in Prospect Park, Brooklyn; of Dr. Berthune in Packer Institute, Brooklyn; of Lincoln, in New York; of Gen. Philip Kearney, in Newark, N. J.; of General Greene, Richard Stockton, General Kearney, and General George Clinton, all in the statutory hall, in the National Capitol; "Adonis," "Indian and Panther," and "The Resurrection." He was, if not the first, one of the earliest who practised the art of casting in bronze in this country. He was made a member of the National Academy, in 1851.

TURNER.—William Greene Turner was born at Newport, R. I., in 1833, and studied his art abroad, at the Academy of Fine Arts in Florence, and in other Italian cities. His works comprise medallions of "Night" and "Morning," and statues of "Transition," "The Fisherman's Daughter," "Rhoda," "Sabrina," "Incredulity," and "The Herald of Peace." He has also modelled an equestrian statuette of General Greene, and a group of a Spartan mother sending her son to death or victory, intended for a soldier's monument. The monument at Newport to Commodore O. H. Perry is from his hand.

PUTNAM.—Israel Putnam was born in that part of Salem, Mass., which has since been set off as the town of Danvers, January 7, 1718. His family had always been prominent in the history of Salem and its neighborhood. In 1739, having married the year before, Putnam, with his brother-in-law, bought a large tract of land in what is now known as Wyndham County, Conn., and for many years thereafter devoted himself to farming the old Putnam farm in what is now the town of Brooklyn, Conn. The one stirring event of his life before 1755 was the well-known hunting and capture of the great wolf which had slain a number of his sheep. In the year just mentioned Putnam was made captain of a company in the force of a thousand men sent from Connecticut to defend the northern approaches to New York against the anticipated French invasion. He was present at the battle of Lake George, became one of the leading members of the noted band of rangers which did so much to annoy the enemy, and in 1757 was appointed a major. Among the many stories told of his personal prowess are those of his rescue of a party of soldiers from the Indians by steering them in a bateau down the dangerous rapids of the Hudson near Fort Miller, and his saving Fort Edward from destruction by fire at the imminent risk of losing his life in the flames. In 1759, having been taken prisoner by Indians in a skirmish near Wood Creek, his captors decided to burn him alive. He was stripped and bound to a tree, and the flames were already searing his flesh, when he was rescued by a French officer. Being afterwards freed by exchange, he was made lieutenant-colonel and put in command of a regiment. In 1760 he disabled and captured by strategy a large French schooner mounting twelve guns, which guarded the approach to Fort Oswegatchie, thus enabling General Amherst to capture the latter. In 1762 Putnam accompanied General Lyman in the expedition to the West Indies, which ended in the capture of Havana, and in 1764 commanded the Connecticut regiment in Bradstreet's army sent to relieve Detroit, then besieged by Pontiac. At the end of this year Putnam returned home with the full rank of colonel, and for some ten years he kept an inn in Brooklyn under the sign of "The General Wolfe." He was prominent among the Sons of Liberty in Connecticut, but during this time his life was uneventful; if we except a voyage made with General Lyman up the Mississippi in 1772-3. In the April of 1775 a messenger reached Putnam's home with news of the fight at Concord, and found the veteran ploughing. Putnam left the plough in the furrow, and, without any uniform, mounted a horse, and at sunrise next morning galloped into Cambridge. Later the same day he was at Concord, whence he sent a despatch to his home about the bringing-up of the militia. Soon after he was summoned to Hartford to consult with the Connecticut Legislature, and in a week returned to Cambridge with the chief command of the forces of that colony and the rank of brigadier. At Bunker Hill, Putnam played an important part, threw up earthworks on the crest of the hill in the rear and conducted the retreat, and directed the fortifying of Prospect Hill. After the formation of

the Continental army Putnam was made one of the four major-generals under Washington, and, after commanding the army at Cambridge, was sent to New York, where he took command in April, 1776. He took part in the battle of Long Island in August of the same year, was put in command of Philadelphia, and afterwards entrusted with the defence of the Highlands of the Hudson. In 1777 he returned home to hasten the work of recruiting the army for the next campaign. It was not long after this that he made his famous escape from General Tryon's troops by riding down the stone steps at Horseneck. In December, 1779, Putnam was seized with an attack of paralysis, and his remaining years were spent at home. He died May 19, 1790.

GERHARDT.—Karl Gerhardt was born in Boston, in 1853, of German parents, and in early life was employed as a machinist, and then as a designer of machinery. Having, however, modelled a bust of his wife and a work entitled "A Startled Bath," so much talent was displayed in these productions that he was sent to Paris to study. There he contributed several works to the *Salon*, including a statuette of "Echo" and a life-size group entitled "Eve's Lullaby." Among his other works are busts of General Grant, Samuel L. Clemens and Henry Ward Beecher; the Welton Fountain at Waterbury, Conn.; the equestrian statue of General Putnam in Brooklyn, Conn.; and statues of Nathan Hale in the Capitol at Hartford, Conn.; of Josiah Bartlett at Amesbury, Mass.; of Gen. Gouverneur K. Warren at Gettysburg, Pa.; of Seth Boyden at Newark, N. J.; of Governor Hubbard at Hartford, and a tablet to John Fitch in the Hartford Capitol.

STARK.—John Stark was born in Londonderry, N. H., August 28, 1728. His father was a farmer, and the young Stark grew up with few educational advantages, but with abundant opportunity for training in hunting and athletic employments. In 1755, while on a hunting excursion, he was taken prisoner by the Indians and kept in captivity until he was ransomed by the colony of Massachusetts. His brave bearing excited the admiration of his savage captors, and, after the initiatory ceremony of running the gauntlet, in which he took the unexpected part of using a club on the Indians, he was released from drudgery and called "the young chief." In 1775 he was made a lieutenant in Major Robert Rogers's famous band of rangers, and served with it, soon rising to the post of captain, through all the campaigns around Lakes George and Champlain. After the war, retiring from the army, he engaged in farming at Derryfield (now Manchester, N. H.), and remained there until the news came of the battle of Lexington, when he at once set out, at the head of several hundred of his neighbors, to join the army at Cambridge. Being there appointed colonel, in one day he organized a regiment of eight hundred backwoodsmen. He did much service at Bunker Hill, in which battle he took part without orders, and brought off his men in good order, though under a hot fire. After the evacuation of Boston he marched with his regiment to New York, was subsequently ordered to Canada, and then, rejoining Washington, was with him at Trenton and Princeton, but, thinking himself slighted in the promotions, resigned his commission and retired to his farm. When news came, however, of the fall of Ticonderoga, New Hampshire flew to arms and called on Stark to lead her soldiers, which he consented to do on condition that he should be free to act for himself. This was agreed to, as the men would not march without him. Setting out with his force for Bennington, he attacked Colonel Baum near that place on August 16, 1777, and totally defeated him, together with a second British force which arrived under Colonel Breyman. Of 1,000 men, the enemy lost, by death or capture, all but about a hundred, and Baum was mortally wounded, while Stark's loss was only about seventy. For this victory he was made a major-general and given the thanks of Congress. While in active service during the rest of the war he displayed everywhere distinguished ability, and commanded the Northern department in 1778 and 1781. Retiring to his farm in 1783, he lived there simply until his death, in 1822.

ROGERS.—John Rogers was born in Salem, Mass., in 1829. He was educated in the Boston High School, and afterwards worked first in a store and then in a machine-shop in Manchester, N. H. It was during his stay in the latter city that he first turned his attention to sculpture and began to model in clay in his leisure hours. In 1858, he visited Europe and after his return, went to Chicago, where he modelled "The Checker-Players," a group in clay, which attracted much attention. About this time, he also made some other groups, but it was "The Slave Auction," exhibited in New York, in 1860, which first brought him to the notice of the general public. This was the first of the well-known war series of statuette, which was followed by a number having social subjects for their theme, and several in illustration of Shakespeare and other authors. He has, in all, produced about fifty of these well-known and popular statuette groups. He is also the author of a design for a monument to John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians, a small equestrian group of "Ichabod Crane and the Headless Horsemen," the equestrian monument to General Reynolds, erected in Philadelphia, and an equestrian statue of General Stark for Manchester, N. H. Rogers was elected a full member of the National Academy in 1863.

REVERE.—Paul Revere was born in Boston in 1735, and was trained in his father's business, a goldsmith's, becoming skilful in drawing and engraving designs on silver plate. In 1756 he took part in the expedition to capture Crown Point from the French, and was made a lieutenant of artillery and stationed at Fort Edward, near Lake George. He also practised copper-plate engraving, and produced a portrait of Rev. Dr. Jonathan Mayhew, a print of the Boston massacre, and one representing the landing of British troops in Boston. In 1775 he engraved the plates for the paper money ordered by the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, made the press and printed the bills. He constructed a mill for making gunpowder, was one of the chief spirits in the "tea-party" in Boston Harbor in 1773, and in 1774 was a member of a secret society of young men who watched the movements of the British soldiers, and endeavored to detect the designs of the Tories, reporting such knowledge as they gained to Hancock, Adams and other patriots. Observing suspicious preparations on foot among the British forces in Boston just before the battle of Lexington, Revere was sent by Dr. Warren on his famous ride to Lexington, rousing the minutemen on the way and safely delivering his message, after narrowly escaping capture by some British officers. Revere was the messenger usually employed for difficult business by the committee of safety. After the evacuation of Boston a regiment of artillery was raised in that city, of which Revere was made major and then lieutenant-colonel. He took part in the Penobscot expedition of 1779. He repaired the cannon in Fort Independence; erected a foundry for casting church-bells and bronze cannon; manufactured copper bolts and spikes for ship-builders, and was the first in the United States to smelt copper ore and to refine and roll copper into bolts and sheets. He was first president of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association. He died in 1818.

DALLIN.—C. E. Dallin was born in Springville, Utah Territory, in 1861, and at a very early age began modelling in clay. He came to Boston in 1880, and studied under T. H. Bartlett, and some years later studied in Paris under Chapu and Fremiet. His works are busts of Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell and others; a statue of an "Indian Hunter," which won a gold medal in 1888, at the exhibition of the American Art Association in New York; an equestrian figure of a Sioux Indian, entitled "The Signal of Peace," which received a *Mention Honorable* at the *Salon* of 1890, and equestrian figures of Paul Revere, General Grant and Lafayette.

KELLY.—James Edward Kelly was born in New York in 1855, and began his artistic career by entering a wood-engraving establishment. He studied at the schools of the National Academy of Design and the Art Students' League, and afterwards became an illustrator, doing much work for the leading magazines, and gaining a wide reputation by his vigorous drawings of men and animals. His designs include, among others, "The News of Lexington," "The Return from Bennington," "The Vigil," "Sheridan's Ride" and "Kearney at Seven Pines." He turned his attention at a later date to sculpture, and has modelled an equestrian statuette of "Sheridan's Ride," exhibited at the National Academy in 1878, one of Grant at Donelson, and one of Paul Revere. He also made a bronze medallion of Edison. He is the sculptor of the figure of Liberty and of the reliefs on the Monmouth Battle Monument, and of two of the reliefs for the Saratoga Monument. His other works include the figure of Columbia calling the nation to arms in 1861, for the Troy Soldiers' Monument; a large relief of the charge of the Sixth New York Cavalry, for the monument at Gettysburg; a half-length figure of Gen. Thomas C. Devin, also at Gettysburg; and heads of Gen. Anthony Wayne and Gen. Ely S. Parker, Secretary of General Grant's staff in the Civil War.

BALL.—Thomas Ball was born in Charlestown, Mass., in 1819. In early life he was a favorite singer, and later a successful portrait-painter in Boston. About 1852 he turned his attention to sculpture, and produced busts of Jenny Lind and Daniel Webster. He then studied in Europe for several years, executing while abroad "Truth," "Pandora," and the "Shipwrecked Sailor-Boy." His other works include busts of Everett and Choate; an equestrian statue of Paul Revere; statues of Webster, Clay and Lincoln; "Eve," "David," "St. John," and the following portrait-statues: Washington (equestrian), in Boston; Gov. Andrew, Charles Sumner and Josiah Quincy, also in Boston; Forrest, as "Coriolanus," at the Forrest Home for Retired Actors, near Philadelphia; Webster in Central Park, New York, and at Concord, N. H.; and the group entitled "Emancipation" in Washington, a replica of which is in Boston. He has lived and worked in Florence for many years, and is now engaged upon a colossal monument to Washington, to be erected in Methuen, Mass. He also designed the Odd Fellows' Monument in Mount Hope Cemetery, Boston.

LAFAYETTE.—Marie Jean Paul Joseph Roche Yves Gilbert du Motier, Marquis de Lafayette, was born at the castle of Chavagnac, in Auvergne, September 6, 1757. His family had for more than three centuries been distinguished in French history, and his father, a colonel of grenadiers, was killed in the battle of Minden. In 1770, the death of his mother and grandfather left him with a large fortune. He became a page to Marie Lezinska, and then, through her influence, received a lieutenant's commission in the royal musketeers. Marrying, in 1774, a daughter of the Duke d'Ayen, he was made a captain of artillery in a regiment stationed at Metz, where, in 1776, he chanced to meet at a dinner the Duke of Gloucester, a brother of George III, and heard of the Declaration of Independence and the other events that had lately taken place in America. Lafayette had always been imbued with liberal ideas, and the news filled him with a strong desire to aid the Americans in their struggle for liberty. He proceeded at his own expense to fit out a vessel at Bordeaux, in which he sailed for Passages, a port in Spain, from whence, taking with him Baron de Kalb and other officers, he departed for the United States in April, 1777. Arriving in America in due time, he reached Philadelphia, where Congress was in session, and offered his services. These were not at first accepted, but when it became known that Lafayette's wish was to serve as a volunteer, and at his own expense, Congress appointed him major-general. The next day he was introduced to Washington, and the lifelong friendship between the two was at once begun. For a time the young Frenchman served upon Washington's staff, and on September 11 he was wounded in the battle of the Brandywine. On December 4 he was appointed to command a division of Washington's army, and during the winter rendered important aid in connection with the (unsuccessful) scheme for an invasion of Canada. The following summer he especially distinguished himself at the battle of Monmouth, and, being afterwards sent with two brigades of infantry to operate under Sullivan in Rhode Island, his zealous efforts in this campaign were rewarded by a vote of thanks from Congress. Lafayette now obtained leave of absence, and early in 1779 sailed for France, where he was appointed colonel of dragoons to serve in the army with which it was intended to invade England in the coming summer. This project being abandoned, however, Lafayette laid before Count Vergennes, the minister of foreign affairs, a clear and correct statement of affairs in the United States, and urged him to send a land force, as well as a fleet, to cooperate with Washington's army, and these views being supported by D'Estaing upon his arrival in France early in 1780, they were adopted by the ministry, who finally despatched an auxiliary force of 6,000 men under Count Rochambeau. Lafayette again sailed for America, and after his arrival was given command of a special corps of 2,000 light infantry, who served with the American army, and not with the French auxiliaries. Early in 1781 he was sent to Virginia to aid in the defence of that State against its invasion by Arnold, and during the campaign which was conducted against the latter and Lord Cornwallis, Lafayette rendered most important services to the American cause, and contributed in no slight degree to the great result. In the December of 1781 he again returned to his native land, where he was greeted with enthusiasm. In 1784 he again visited the United States. In 1787 he was a member of the Assembly of Notables, and in the States-General of 1789 he sat as representative of the nobility of Auvergne, and was chosen July 26 of that year to be commander-in-chief of the National Guard. In 1791 he was made a lieutenant-general, and, on the declaration of war against Austria in 1792, was appointed to command the army of the centre, 52,000 strong, between Philippeville and Lauterbourg. His moderate views, however, displeased the Jacobins, and his influence and popularity diminished with their rise to power. From his camp at Maubeuge, June 16, he wrote the famous letter to the National Assembly, denouncing the dangerous policy of the Jacobins. This was followed by the insurrection of June 20, and on the 24th Lafayette came to Paris and appeared before the Assembly to defend his course; but, after two days, finding the Jacobins all-powerful in the city, he returned to camp, and formed a plan for removing the king from Paris. Before this was matured the revolution of August 10 and the imprisonment of the king took place. Lafayette refusing to obey the orders of the Assembly, they removed him from command and appointed Dumouriez in his place August 19; his impeachment was also decided upon, and, seeing that his soldiers were in sympathy with the Jacobins, he fled to Belgium. He was, however, taken prisoner by the Austrians, who handed him over to the Prussians, and by them he was imprisoned at Magdeburg. Refusing to gain his liberty on condition of assisting the allies in their invasion of France, he was kept prisoner first at Magdeburg, and then at Olmutz, until 1797, despite the efforts of his sympathizers in England and America, and treated with much cruelty. Set free at last by the victories of Napoleon, he returned to France, after a sojourn in Holstein and Holland, in March, 1800, and retired to his castle of La Grange, where he declined the offers of Bonaparte, who sought to gain his adherence. In 1818 he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies, where he sat till 1824 as a leader of the opposition, voting for all truly liberal measures. In this year, having been invited by Congress to do so, he visited the United States, and in the course of the next fourteen months after his arrival travelled through the whole country, everywhere being received with enthusiastic reverence and affection. For his distinguished services in the Revolutionary War, Congress voted him a grant of \$200,000 and a township of 24,000 acres. Returning to France in the autumn of 1825, he was again elected to the Chamber of Deputies two years later, and in the revolution of July, 1830, was made commander-in-chief of the National Guard, and became instrumental in placing Louis Philippe on the throne. He remained a member of the Chamber of Deputies until his death, which took place May 20, 1834.

[To be continued.]

ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE GIRALDA TOWER, SEVILLE, SPAIN, AFTER A WATER-COLOR SKETCH, BY MR. F. L. V. HOPPIN, ARCHITECT, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

[Aquarelotype issued with the International and Imperial Editions only.]

THIS illustration is the product by an entirely new reproductive process, and although any one can pass judgment on its merits, the fact that it is an absolute fac-simile of the original cannot be detected, it must be stated.

WINDOW OF THE MISSION SAN JOSÉ, NEAR SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century the Spanish Government took seriously in hand the matter of civilizing and colonizing some of its possessions in Spanish America. One of the agencies it employed was the order of Franciscan monks who entered heartily into the project of converting the Indians and Mexicans to Christianity, and as an essential factor in their efforts established many mission-houses during the latter part of the eighteenth and the first quarter of the present century. The architectural character of these buildings is similar throughout the series and, naturally, has a certain similitude with the simpler Italian monasteries. Now and then,

however, are found in some of them, bits of architectural ornament and distinct features which seem to indicate that some architect, sculptor or other well-trained artist had tired of the world and retired for the remainder of his life to the glowing beauty and gentle savagery of the semi-tropical life, to be found in the Spaniards' unsophisticated possessions on this side of the Atlantic.

FOUNTAIN IN THE TUSCHERHAUS, NUREMBERG, GERMANY.

It is, perhaps, worth mentioning that this and the other drawings in this issue, including the Chapel of Notre Dame de Larmor in the International edition, are made in the *American Architect* Drawing Office, each by a different hand, and that they, therefore, fairly indicate the character of work that this department is capable of producing.

CHURCH DOORWAY AT PERRECY-LES-FORGES, (ALIER) FRANCE.

INDUSTRIOUS consultation of guide-books and gazetteers has failed to disclose the exact whereabouts of the little town where this subject is to be found, and as the first step in the inquiry was taken in vain it has not been possible to discover anything that throws light upon the subject itself.

VOTIVE COLUMN NEAR LEOBEN, STYRIA.

[Additional Illustrations in the International Edition.]

ON THE RIVER DYLE, MALINES, BELGIUM.

[Gelatin Print.]

In the *American Architect* for September 6 and 13 last, were published views of other groups of interesting buildings, which front on the narrow, wall-confined little river that flows through the town. Indeed the group shown to-day adjoins, to the left, the one published on September 13. The thought suggested by these groups and by others of similar character wherever found, was that here were suggestions, that could be cribbed outright or easily "adapted" by American designers, particularly the method of obtaining abundant light, which is here obtained through glass which practically takes up the full breadth of the building, and is particularly adaptable to the requirements of iron and glass structures, which are such a necessity with the mercantile owner or lessee. Buildings of this character would form a welcome relief to the prevailing verticality of the method of obtaining light, and two or three stories of glass and iron or of iron reinforced stonework, would give a better architectural support to the design for a street front, than the single sheet of plate-glass now usually employed, and would in design better sustain the heavy upper stories of brick and stone.

THE RUDOLFINUM, PRAGUE, BOHEMIA.

[Gelatin Print.]

DETAIL OF THE NATIONAL POSTAL SAVINGS-BANK BUILDING, PARIS, FRANCE. M. J. BOUSSARD, ARCHITECT.

[Copper-plate Engraving.]

CHAPEL OF NOTRE DAME DE LARMOR, PLOUERMUR, FRANCE.

ANY one who has travelled through the seacoast towns of France, particularly in Brittany, must be familiar with the sight of models of ships and boats hung up around the walls of the side chapels in large churches or grouped under the shadow of the main altar of smaller ones. All seamen are superstitious, but the Breton sailor is devout as well, and he, or the female portion of his family, never forgets to seek, with proper offerings, the protection of the local saint. Myriad tales and legends can be collected in these parts, all turning on the escape from disaster of some faithful contributor to the fleshly needs of the early priest or later *curé* who cares for the temporal abode of the spiritual divinity. The ceremonials that are practised in connection with these buildings are curious and picturesque, but the chance observer passes them by as merely such, and in enlightened modern superiority of mind regards pityingly those who share in the observances. A different frame of mind, however, has to be adopted when one finds the public officials of a great modern State also taking part in them. This is the case with the ceremonials which attach to this chapel of Our Lady, for it used to be the unfailling practice, and, perhaps, it still is, of French ships-of-war to fire a salute as they passed it on their way in or out of the harbor of Lorient near by. The building is an ancient one, parts of it being built at various epochs, the north porch in the sixteenth century and the tower in 1615. The peculiar entasis given to the spire, is a very noticeable feature.

PLANS OF THE ST. LAZARE STATION, PARIS, FRANCE. M. LISCH, ARCHITECT.

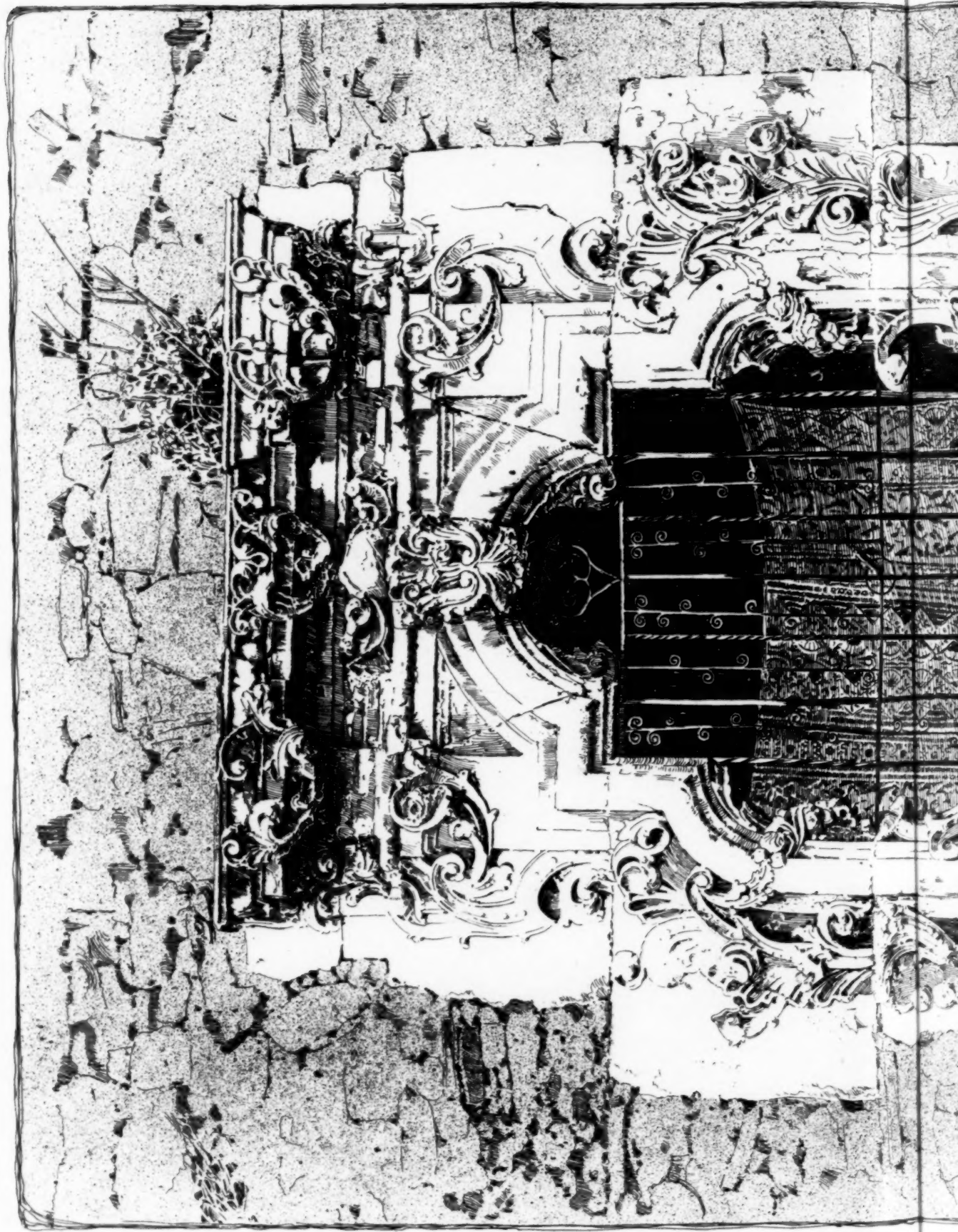
As it has been pointed out to us that the bird's-eye-view of this important group of buildings published in our issue for September 20 last, would have been more intelligible if plans had been published at the same time, we have hunted up the plans and reproduce them this week.

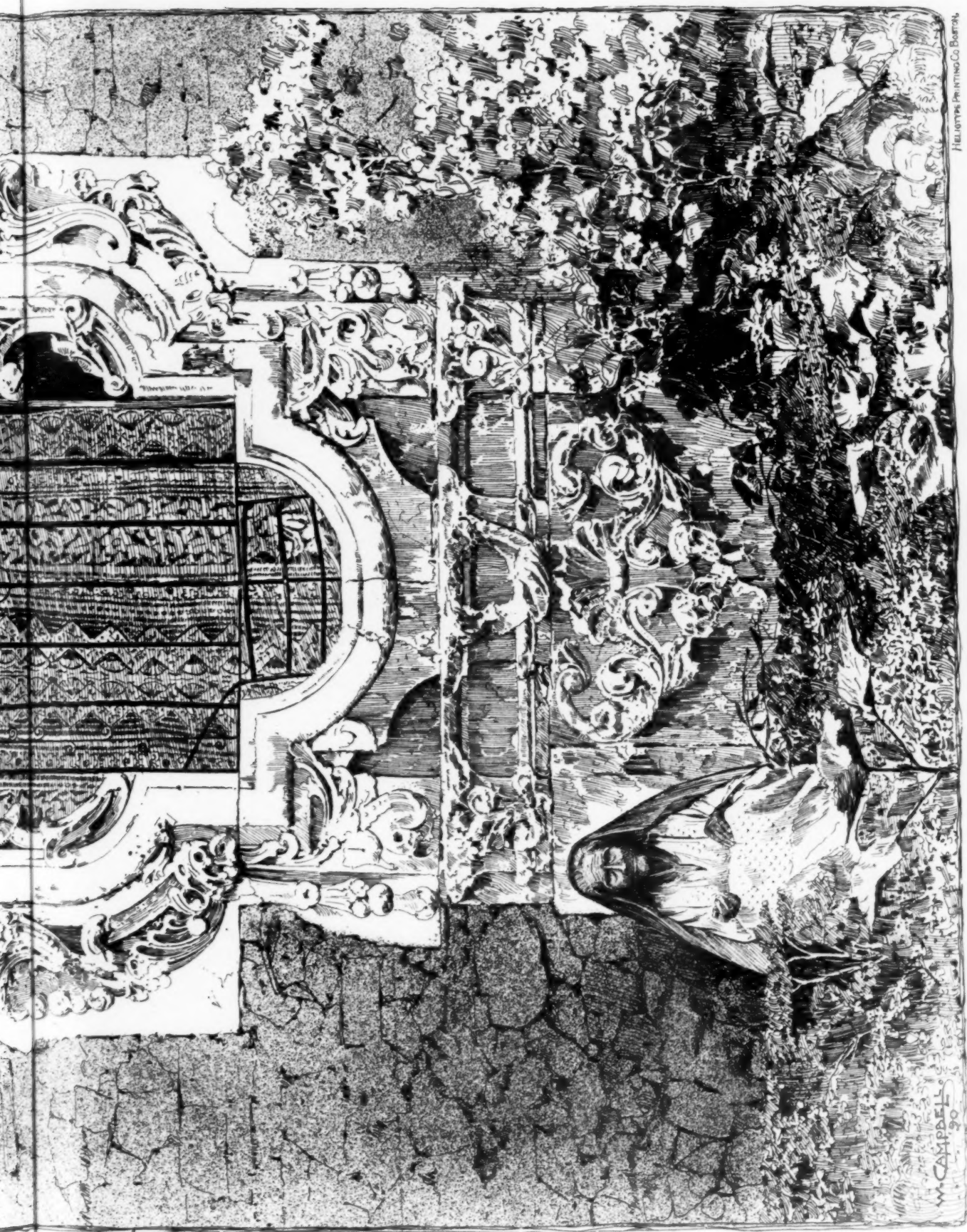
ROSEWOOD TABLE AND WALNUT CABINET. MR. W. R. LEATHABY.—MAHOGANY WRITING CABINET. MR. E. W. GIMSON.—MAHOGANY CORNER CUPBOARD. MR. R. T. BLOMFIELD.

ST. WULFRAN, ABBEVILLE. MR. A. H. POWELL.

APSE, BEAUVAIS CATHEDRAL. MR. H. WILSON.

RESIDENTIAL CLUB, OSTEND.





~ WINDOW OF MISSION SAN JOSÉ ~
~ NEAR SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS ~



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