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[Gelatine Print issued with the Imperial and International Editions only.]
PROPOSED MAUSOLEUM FOR GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

HOUSE AND STABLE AT DOBBS FERRY, ON THE HUDSON, N. Y.

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SKETCH FOR CHURCH ON REGENT'S CANAL, PADDINGTON, LONDON, ENG.

INTERIOR, SECTIONS AND PLAN OF THE SAME.

BLOCK OF HOUSES ON THE MARINE PARADE, LITTLESTONE, ON-SEA, ENG.



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MARCH 21, 1891.



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BY invitation of the National Association of Fire-Engineers, a combined committee, consisting of members appointed by the American Institute of Architects, the National Association of Master Builders, the National Association of Building Inspectors, the National Board of Underwriters and the National Association of Fire-Engineers, is to meet in New York, April 2, next, to frame a model building ordinance. At the last convention of the Association of Fire-Engineers, held in Detroit in August last, the matter of the improvement of building methods was earnestly discussed, and the sensible suggestion was made that if a uniform code of building regulations for cities could be drawn up, and endorsed by the representatives of the architects, builders and underwriters, as well as by the fire-engineers and inspectors of buildings, it would be easy to get city governments and legislatures to adopt it, where the construction and enactment of a special local law could only be accomplished with great delay and difficulty. This idea met with the favor which it deserved, and, with the coöperation of the other national bodies interested, which entered cordially into the plan, the joint committee was appointed which meets in New York next month. The Association of Fire-Engineers, which has the matter very much at heart, has compiled a pamphlet of preliminary suggestions, embodying its views for the use of the joint committee, and it seems likely that the meeting will have very valuable results.

IT seems that, as we feared might possibly be the case, the American subscriptions for the purpose of clearing the site of Delphi, although the sum required was actually made up before the expiration of the allotted time, were too late to prevent the privilege from being promised to the French, and, after long and ineffectual effort, Doctor Waldstein, the Director of the American School at Athens, has been obliged to abandon all hope of having the concession restored, in accordance with the agreement; and the French preparations for excavating the spot, which have been making for some time, are now vigorously pushed. Doctor Waldstein consoles himself with the philosophical reflection that the French will undoubtedly do the work very well, but we fear that the American subscribers to the fund, when they hear about the French discoveries, will regret that the sum had not been raised before the change of ministry disturbed the arrangement that had been entered into. It is worth noting that the whole of the money

required, both for taking possession of the site, and for making the excavations, is to be paid by the French Government, apparently without any help from private subscriptions. Already, an appropriation of a hundred thousand dollars has been made, of which sixty thousand, which was the sum originally fixed for the purpose, goes to indemnify the people who now live on the site for having to move, and forty thousand is for the expense of excavation.

AN important decision has just been rendered in regard to the duties to be imposed upon stained-glass windows. The Convent of the Sacred Heart, at Philadelphia, recently imported a number of what were described as "pictorial paintings on glass," representing saints. The tariff law says that "all stained or painted window glass, or glass windows" shall pay a duty of forty-five per cent ad valorem; but it also says that "paintings specially imported in good faith for use of any society or institution established for religious, philosophical or educational uses, and not intended for sale," shall be admitted free of duty. There was no doubt that the Convent imported the windows for its own use, and did not intend to sell them, and the only question was whether they were "paintings," or "windows." The collector of the port of Philadelphia decided that they were windows, and liable to duty, and an appeal was taken to the Board of General Appraisers, which has just confirmed the collector's ruling. It would be hardly possible to find an institution better entitled to import its modest adornments duty-free than a convent for women, so that the decision may be taken as settling the point that no stained-glass windows of any kind, or for any purpose, can be imported without paying the regular duty of forty-five per cent.

THE *Wiener Bauindustrie-Zeitung* gives some interesting particulars about the life of the late Baron von Hansen. Hansen was, it seems, a Dane, having been born in Copenhagen in 1813. His father was a treasury official, and young Hansen was educated for the profession which he practised so long and so successfully. On reaching a suitable age, he left Denmark, to go to Berlin, where he hoped to study under Schinkel, for whose works he had a great admiration. Schinkel, however, died before this wish could be gratified, and Hansen continued his journey, studying and observing, to Italy, and finally to Athens, where his elder brother was already established in practice as an architect, and was completing the University buildings, which he had designed. The younger Hansen remained with his brother in Athens for some time, and with him restored the temple of Nike Apteros. He then went into practice for himself, and was commissioned to restore the monument of Lysicrates. This work was followed by the construction of a house for Antonio Dimitriu, and of the Observatory Building, founded by the Baron von Sina; and these by the designing of the great Athenian Library, which, however, was not built until 1886, and of the Academy of Sciences. In 1848, when Theophil Hansen had been about eight years in Athens, political troubles put a stop to building, with other business, and he left the city, and came to Vienna, where he married the daughter of Professor Ludwig Forster, a distinguished architect of that period, and, in connection with Forster, built the Evangelical Church at Gumpendorf, and the synagogue in the Leopoldstadt at Vienna. After this, commissions came rapidly to him. He built the Museum in the Imperial Arsenal; the Evangelical School; the Academy of Music; the Academy of Fine Arts; the Bourse, and a palace for his friend the Baron von Sina. Soon afterwards, he built palaces for the Archduke Wilhelm, Count Beust, and many others of the high nobility, and, a little later, the splendid Parliament-House. He continued in active practice to a very advanced age. Three years ago, he was called to Athens to design a palace for the Crown Prince of Greece, and, almost at the same time, was commissioned to remodel the royal palace at Copenhagen. In all his work he showed the same immense energy, joined with a classic delicacy of perception. He was a very skilful and rapid draughtsman, as well as a good constructor, and carried his ideas into the minutest details of his buildings. He was decorated with no less than seven orders, and was a member of countless scientific and artistic societies.

LA CONSTRUCTION MODERNE mentions some curious reports that are in circulation in regard to the recent competition for the two Parliament-Houses at Bucharest, in Roumania. It will be remembered that the commission was, in both cases, we believe, awarded to M. Maimarolu, a Roumanian, and it was reported that there was great rejoicing among the native architects, because one of their compatriots had succeeded in carrying off the prize from competitors of all nations. M. Maimarolu was a pupil of the Paris School of Fine Arts, so that it did not seem altogether miraculous that he should have surpassed the French architects, who were his principal competitors; but it seems, so far as we can interpret the rather mysterious language of the article, that "a certain Roumanian architect," who had not taken part in the competition, made his appearance in Paris two days before the time for handing in the competing drawings, and paid a visit to two French architects, who, as he had ascertained, were making designs for the buildings. The result of his visit was, we are informed, that one of the Parisian architects handed over to his Roumanian brother two sets of designs, completely finished, receiving in return two thousand dollars in cash. At the judgment of the competing drawings, we are further informed, both the first prizes were awarded to French architects. Of the French-Roumanian designs, the one for the Chamber of Deputies received no notice, while that for the Senate-House was awarded an inferior prize. What were the steps, supposing this account to be true, by which the authors of the two best designs were passed over in favor of a local architect, we are not told, and will not attempt to divine.

A NEW stone-cutting saw, with diamond teeth, has been constructed in France, which appears to have many advantages over the old ones. The diamond saws hitherto in use for such purposes have been steel blades, twenty-five or thirty feet long, set with black diamonds in the lower edge, which is arranged to move backward and forward over the stone, cutting it vertically, like the ordinary steel gang-saws, fed with sand. The reciprocal movement of the saw tried the setting of the diamonds severely, so that they needed continual adjustment, and we have been told that the expense of stopping for repairs was so great as nearly or quite to offset the gain in time by the use of the diamond saw. The new tool, which is made by MM. D'Espine Aclard & Co., is a circular saw, with its edge set with black diamonds, in the same way as the straight blades, but, as the strain on the diamond is all in one direction, the setting can be made much firmer. Moreover, as the movement of the circular saw is far more rapid than that of the straight one, the effect of the diamond teeth is increased by the force of their impact upon the object to be cut, without the exertion of more power in propulsion. In order to keep the saw, at starting, in a perfect plane, it is made to revolve between two pairs of guides, but as soon as the cut in the stone is deep enough to serve as a guide, the temporary ones are removed. The consequence of this care is that the cut surfaces of the stone, instead of being wavy, so as to need subsequent dressing to a plane surface, are straight and smooth, requiring nothing but polishing. The stone to be cut is pushed against the saw by a carriage similar to that used in sawing wood, and the rapidity with which it is divided is very great. At one establishment, where two saws are in use, the green Alpine granite is sawed at the rate of nearly an inch a minute; hard marble at three inches a minute, and marble of moderate hardness, and hard limestone, at four inches a minute. Carrara, or "Italian" marble, is cut at the rate of six inches a minute, and ordinary building stones at eight inches. It is remarkable that the rate of sawing is practically independent of the size of the block. Of course a large block must be cut by a large saw, which, by its weight and speed, is driven through its work as fast as the smaller ones.

MR. JOSIAH QUINCY recently argued before a committee of the Massachusetts Legislature in favor of the adoption in this country of a "zone system," like that now in use on the State railways in Hungary, by which passenger fares are regulated by dividing the territory served by the road into districts, the fare from any station in a given district being the same to any station in another district. The appeal does not seem to have met with a particularly enthusiastic response

from the committee, and it is much to be hoped that no State Legislatures will undertake the task of regulating passenger fares in accordance with "zones," or in any other way. Mr. Quincy does not appear to have mentioned that the Hungarian railroads on which this experiment is being tried are those owned by the government, on which, naturally, the government can fix fares to suit itself; and that no one in Hungary has ever dreamed of having the government dictate to private corporations how much they should charge for carrying passengers over their lines, although in practice, as the government roads compete for business with the private ones, the fares on the latter are likely to be assimilated to the government schedule. It has appeared, however, that the change on the government lines has resulted in an enormous increase of traffic over the remoter portions, which have hitherto been unprofitable, and this circumstance might well be pondered by directors of railroads which maintain long and unproductive lines.

IT is becoming quite common in the French, Belgian and German cities for benevolent persons to unite their resources, purchase a large tract of land in the suburbs of the town, and build it up with model dwelling-houses for poor people. After securing the land, the next step is usually to invite a competition for plans for the houses; and such competitions are now very frequent. Usually, three or four sorts of houses are erected, to suit families of different sizes and incomes, and we notice that in a recent competition, that invited by the Society for the Improvement of the Working-classes in Stuttgart, the competitors are requested to provide for variations in the external appearance; as if the aesthetic influence of picturesqueness and architectural interest in dwellings was beginning to be recognized.

IT is well known that the Corinth Canal Company has for some time been in difficulties, and that work has been suspended. The matter has been brought to a crisis by a decision of a French court, declaring the Company bankrupt, and terminating its charter; and a new company has been formed in Greece, with headquarters at Athens, for completing the work. The Greek Government takes no responsibility for the financial success of the enterprise, and has refused to guarantee any bonds or other obligations of the Company; but it has granted exclusive privileges, and extended the time for completing the work to December 31, 1894.

THE soldier of the future is going to be a much more modest looking being than he once was. It is not many years since the delight of wearing red clothes, ornamented with gold lace, was one of the principal attractions of the military career, but the invention of smokeless powder, according to *Le Génie Civil*, is about to change all that. During our own civil war, it was found that the number of casualties among soldiers in battle bore an appreciable proportion to the gorgeousness of their apparel, and it became customary to clothe the fighting warriors in dark blue or gray. Some pretext for vanity was, however, left in the shape of chevrons or shoulder-straps, but even this is, it appears, to be done away with. In France, the Ministry of War is in conference with the principal army officers, in regard to the question whether it will not be better, in view of the fact that, with the new powder, all the men engaged on both sides are constantly visible, to uniform the officers in the same way as the men, not only to prevent them from being made targets for the enemy's sharpshooters, but to avoid betraying the strength of the force, which could easily be determined by counting with a telescope the number of shoulder-straps visible in the officers' positions. In Germany, it is proposed in the office of the Chief of Staff, on account of the definite adoption of the smokeless powder for the use of the army, to abolish everything of a conspicuous character about military uniforms. The white leather blouses of the cuirassiers, which have formed so picturesque a part of German parades, are to be done away with entirely; the ordinary cavalymen are to have their purple cloaks replaced by a garment of more modest appearance; and the red lapels of the infantry will be discontinued. Even the brass points on the spiked helmets are to be finished in an inconspicuous bronze color, and all side arms, buckles and other metallic portions of military dress or equipment are to take on the same dismal hue.

A RUN THROUGH SPAIN.¹—VIII.

SEVILLE THE BEAUTIFUL.



"THERE is no evening train to Seville to-day, Señor."

"What, no train at all?"

"No, Señor. You may go last night and to-morrow, but not to-day nor the day after!"

"Humbug," we fretted, "what a stupid plan, to be sure!"

"Not at all, Señor. You are in Spain, and must not hurry."

"Very well, my friend," I replied, "then for to-morrow two compartments with divisions for four people."

Eight o'clock P. M. finds us under weigh in our two compartments, but with an impediment in the way of retiring, due to the fact that the division between the compartments was purely imaginary and conspicuous by its absence.

Now, I leave it to you, what is a modest and rather diffident young man to do under the circumstances. Worse by far is his predicament than the adventures of Mr. Pickwick, since he was safely esconced in his crib when interrupted by the entrance of the fair damsel of made-up parts. To curse the agent away back at Madrid was simply an internal satisfaction, which only half satisfied one and did no great damage to him. To pound the guard would have been equally unsatisfactory, and possibly a trifle more dangerous, while to get off and allow the ladies to retire was out of the question, and much like jumping from the frying-pan into the fire. I was obliged to bear it with Christian fortitude, as I was invited to examine the beauties of the Spanish cabinet-workers' skill, as illustrated in the panels which made up the walls of the compartment opposite to the ladies. The very recollection makes one laugh.

Ah, these Spaniards! They are not more particular than the French about small matters, and, if one will travel through such out-of-the-way places, one must do as the Spaniards do, and make the best of it.

As we approached Seville in the morning, my slumbers were unceremoniously disturbed by the feminine population, who poked at me with umbrellas and canes much as they would at a cat, and finally awoke me to a consciousness of the very limited surroundings, and obliged me to hang around outside the screen examining the same panel-work as the night before, which, of course, was monotonous, as it had not in any way changed during the night.

But all things have an ending, and it was not long before we all completed our toilets in some method or another, and were approaching the town which held so much of interest, and whose Giralda tower even now began to loom up in the distance.

What a terrible swindle are the local custom offices in all Spanish towns. You slip a couple of *pesetas* into your cabby's hand, and he quietly divides with the officer and shoulders your baggage with a chalk-mark on it. Your neighbor of the penurious hand hangs on to his *peseta*, and so ensures a thorough and disagreeable overhauling of his wardrobe. Note the result: *Peseta*, chalk-mark, no examination; no *peseta*, no chalk-mark, and a half-hour of lost time, disagreeable experience and bad thoughts, if not words. Subtract one from the other, and the total difference to you is one *peseta*, or twenty cents.

Did I say a moment ago that the customs were a perfect swindle? I was wrong; it is a delightful arrangement, and I should have expatiated upon the delightfully efficient method of examination of baggage in Spain.

Well, we reached our *fonda* and entered one of the most delightful *patios* yet encountered, and giving at once a delightful feeling of rest and luxurious *ennui*. Nothing can excel the beauty of a Sevillian *patio*. Here we are ushered from a noisy street into a central court-yard, once belonging to an old palace with a grand staircase of marble running up in a corner tower, lined with old frescoes, and shadowed by a rich *artesonado* ceiling, which is rich with the color of age. The *patio* is about sixty feet square, richly colonnaded with marble columns, which support a second story, and, as we look out of the second-story windows, we see that the pavement below is of marble, and that there is a simple

old fountain in the centre, from which comes the constant splatter of water. But more delightful than all are the palms and oranges and lemons, which make high in air, and fill the whole space with a delicious fragrance.

The sun is rising above the roofs, and commencing to cast its shadows upon the scene: they cling to the columns, break around the arch-work, throw their long circular shadows under the colonnade, and spatter the pavement with patches of rich foliage-shadows, till it seems as if it would be hard to find a more charming retreat than was here shown. And yet this is only one of a hundred that are found in every Spanish city, and fill the architect with a longing to build their like in his own country. Beautiful, cool, fragrant, delicious places, where one dreams and forgets the trials of life. I do not wonder that the Sevillian thinks there is no more beautiful place on earth. And yet, outside this very *patio* he finds scenes of excitement that are sufficient to satisfy his utmost longings.

The Frenchman goes to Paris, under like circumstances the Spaniard goes to Seville. The world is brighter here than anywhere else to him, the people are more light-hearted, the women handsomer and more vivacious. They laugh and sing and dance; they dream and drive dull care away, as they snap their fingers at the future.

I went out into the square, up and down the streets, past the cathedral, into the gardens, into the cafés, and everywhere found them the same careless, thoughtless, smiling people, bent on the enjoyment of the hour.

I asked a young fellow if it were a *fête* day?

"Non, Señor," he replied, "it is thus every day."

"But do you do no work?"

"Ah, Señor, we do nothing much but enjoy ourselves. Why should we work, there is nothing to do!"

Before I left Seville I understood it all. There is nothing to do. Spain is dead to much exertion, but the people still live and seem to enjoy their life. Here is food for a moralist, or to him who is seeking to get along without toil.

I met a Spaniard who asked me if we had ever seen the true Spanish dancing-girls. Ah! the dancing-girls of Spain! The *tangos*, the *fundangos*, the *rondena* or the famous dance of the bull-fighters! Wild excitement prevailed, of course, as we started out one evening. We tramped up and down a few alleys, from which hardly a spark of light was seen, except through the iron gratings of the *patios*, or down dark passages, narrow and tortuous. Gracious! what charming spots for crime! One might be easily struck like an animal, quartered or vivisected, and no one would be the wiser in a half-hour after.

As we pass along we meet a tall young fellow, who saunters away as we approach, but not so quickly but that we see a white-robed



figure, whose arm has just been drawn in behind the iron grille of the window. Ah! we have caught a bold Sevillian making love to his dark-eyed mistress, but shall never breathe a word of it until a whole ocean separates us, so he can return and finish up his little business with Juliet, and good luck to his endeavors!

Unfold your *capa*, and you will hear the tinkle of a guitar. A little commonplace doorway is open, and ushers us into a *patio*,

¹ Continued from No. 793, page 157.

which has been roofed over, so forming a sort of small theatre, with its colonnaded balconies.

There are seated around little tables groups of men, women and children, laughing and chattering, sipping their sweetened water, which serves for wine with the Spaniard. Some are in their shirt-sleeves, some with their hats on, but all drinking and rolling



A. PATIO SEVILLE

cigarettes, which they smoke incessantly. But the place of honor is the little box railed off on one side, and which costs the alarming amount of half a *peseta*, or ten cents each, and into this enclosure the actors come and go at will.

What a weird effect the whole thing is! A little fellow who seems to be the master of ceremonies is bustling around, and at last steps forward with a graceful bow, and announces that *Señor A* will commence the entertainment. *Señor A* steps forward dressed in full Andalusian costume, the broad red scarf wound around his waist, and holding a cane in one hand. On each side of him are two guitar-players, who strike up a weird minor chord, which seems to infuse the *Señor* with a sudden enthusiasm. He throws back his head, draws in a long breath, and then commences a prolonged note, changing all the time with the minor music, and sending the blood tingling through your veins.

Will he never stop? He suddenly waves his wand, makes a sound that might be represented by a letter "S," and simply changes to another key, but still keeping the same breath.

But Heavens! By what forcing apparatus has he the control of so much breath? Soon he commences to trill and trill louder and louder, till at last he breaks into a wail and comes to an abrupt stop, while all the spectators clap and shout and applaud.

It is certainly a weird effect, partly owing to the music, but our chief comments are given up to a discussion of his tremendous lung-power. But the fascinations of the place and surroundings is upon us, and we forget that we are not Sevillians, and clap and applaud with the rest.

Now for the *fandango* of Arragon, in the costume of the province. Enter three girls and a beautiful youth, of exquisite form, and all holding castanets. From side to side they dance, now quickly, now languidly, with hands over their head, and a constant clatter of the castanets, emphasized by an expressive, quick stamp of the feet. Faster and faster they dance, the youth swings his companions in graceful curves backward and forward, and on go the guitars, weird and more weird. You are getting excited and breathless! You almost shout out with the rest "*Olé, olé, bonita chica!*" And you rise up in your seat and watch intently every movement of their bodies as they glide and swing and stamp. "*Olé, olé*, you shout out at last with the rest as they glide out of sight, and you suddenly become aware that you are Americans and have been witnessing one of the remarkable dances of this foreign country.

Again one of the actors appears, and this time it is a young girl dusky of countenance, a perfect gypsy, with glorious black eyes and slender figure. She is dressed entirely in white with a superb and voluminous bright pink shawl wound around her in a picturesque manner. This shawl, by the way, plays a remarkable part in her dance. The moment she commences her dance you can detect a change in her whole manner. A fire of excitement burns in her eyes and cheeks as she sways backward and forward. Unlike the horrible travesty of a modern stage, her dancing, although rapid, has no immodest suggestiveness. She scarcely moves her body as she glides around with a serpentine movement, yet you hear above the guitars a rhythmic stamp of the little feet, which bring out shouts of enthusiasm from her companions, who sit on each side of the stage and watch every movement.

"*Olé, olé, chica*—beautiful one, dance on,—well done, little one,—well done, brava, my little one!"

They shout always, the guitars scream, and the castanets constantly rattle.

Did you ever see a serpent coil himself up and, extending his head,

wave it around in ever-increasing circles? You have then seen just what this little gypsy tries to imitate. The body writhes slowly and steadily, her feet rattle, her arm encircles her head with her shawl drawn around in folds. Suddenly out darts her neck and head, the folds of her shawl change, her body assumes another motion, her eyes are flashing fire, but she seems unconscious of everything but her own movement. You are fascinated, your eyes protrude, you lean forward and sit enrapt, and are hardly brought to your senses by a languid movement of the little body as she stops, smiles, bows, and glides away, followed by tumultuous applause from every one. And then you take a long breath, utter a long exclamation, shudder at the first afterglow of remembrance, and at last join in with the applause.

Next comes a "dance of the shells," performed by men in costume, but not particularly interesting except from the little click, click of the shells, which is not unlike the castanets, however. But the taste of the former dance has given you a longing for more of the characteristic dances of the country, and you are not long in getting it.

There was said to have been in olden times a dance by Herodias before the king, wherein the head of John the Baptist was demanded as the price of his pleasure. And the dance that now followed was said to have been an illustration of this self-same dance.

As before, it was performed by a single girl with a modest lack of garments supplemented by a long scarf which she wound around her body. As she glides about with a fearfully weird and fantastic movement which can hardly be brought down to cold type description, she waves her arms and shakes the castanets. Added to her movement, however, is a wailing accompaniment from the guitars which I cannot describe, but which makes the cold shivers run down our individual vertebra and it is only when she stops that the spell is broken.

We went home that night tired with excitement; we had seen dancing by the French, but it was totally unlike this. The grisette, whose *cancans* represent the Paris dance, dances at the students' ball, and is not content until she elevates her little foot over the head of her cavalier. Not so in Spain. The click of the castanet is monotonous, the passion of the dancer increases, but never oversteps the boundary of decency, which led an Andalusian to say that "Venus herself might dance a Spanish fandango, but never a *cancan*."

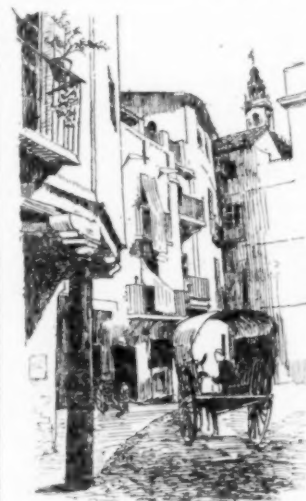
Perfectly true, but just imagine it!

For myself, I dreamt fitfully all night of snakes and reptiles, of black-eyed gypsies, who charmed me into terrible paths by their bewitching black eyes, who encircled me with their long hair and imprisoned me in their arms while they danced around and slowly wound me up. I acknowledge that the exact methods and results were not perfectly clear to my befogged mind, but my impression was of being literally wound up. Then I changed into a guitar, and my hair instead of being short became long, and these little gypsies pulled it down over my mouth and fastened it to my feet and actually played on me. Now I also acknowledge that this procedure was not very plain to me but that I was being played on was a surety in my mind. Suddenly something seemed to snap just like one of the strings, and I gradually changed into what at first seemed quite a respectable visitor in the garden of Eden, but which, later, I seemed to realize, was nothing less than a veritable serpent whose tail became a series of castanets, and whose business seemed more to amuse my neighbors than harm any one. And while thinking thus, for thought seemed always present, I again changed tactics and

glided into the very arms of the most voluptuous, enchanting, and beautiful black-eyed goddess of gypsy-land that I had ever seen.

I awoke with a consciousness of hanging on to this goddess, only to find myself at the bottom of the bed, and clinging lovingly to the huge post of an antique footboard, while the perspiration stood in beads on my forehead. I had travelled that night through every phase of life from the menagerie to the harem, and was completely tired out with my mental hallucinations. But those dances could never be forgotten, they are part of the country, peculiar to the nation, seen in their perfection only in just such a way, and full of an abandon unknown to the representation of them on any modern stage.

As I fully awake the air is laden with the sweet perfume from the

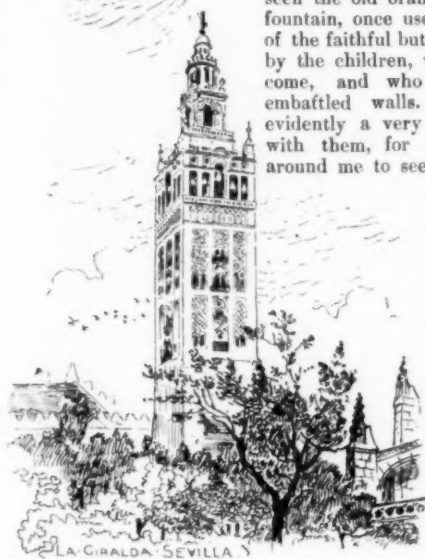


citron and oranges, and the gentle gurgle of the old fountain in the *patio* lulls me into a slumber which is only broken as the glorious sun rises and throws his rays across the columns and arches below.

The magnificent cathedral, with its orange court and tall Giralda tower, is possibly the chief point of interest in Seville. The latter is a glorious pile forty-eight feet square as it rears its ornamental head above the walls of the church, and one longs to have been able to see it when rich in the tile ornamentation of the ancient Moors.

Nevertheless, it is glorious still in its huge simplicity, ornamented only by the diaper brickwork and the sunken *ajaracas* which differ on the opposite sides.

As you approach the cathedral, imagine a plain embattled wall to the court, and in its façade a characteristic Moorish archway with niches filled with curious statues and immense doors in Moorish panel and bronze work, through which are seen the old orange trees and central fountain, once used for the ablutions of the faithful but now mainly enjoyed by the children, who seem to be welcome, and who play within the embattled walls. My camera was evidently a very questionable object with them, for while some flocked around me to see it work, others fled from it as if it were a dynamite gun about to sweep the whole court.



And so my picture of the old tower is fringed by the bushy little heads of a dozen or more children. One notices at once that the top of the tower is totally out of keeping with its shaft and this is explained by the fact that the Christians added the top with its

cupola and bell ornamentation. And away at the top, too, may be seen a female figure pirouetting on a huge ball and called by the Spaniards "La Fe:" but what connection they can see between faith and a fickle woman blown about by every wind, it would be hard to determine. The tower is ascended by an inclined plane inside, instead of by steps, and it is a hard climb.

And, by the way, while speaking of this glorious old town, did it ever occur to you while vainly endeavoring to make $x + y$ equal some diabolical unknown quantity, that Algeber was the inventing genius of that study known as algebra, and that it was here in Seville that he used to sit and meditate, and that in the night when he ought to have been abed, he was in reality communing with the stars, getting as near to them as possibly by climbing up the old Giralda tower? How like that other ancient, Galileo, who not content with watching cathedral lamps swing, must needs get down on his belly on top of the tower of Pisa, and study the swing of a rope and weight, in order to work out some of the eternal laws of the Creator.

A beautiful little balcony still remains in the second story of the tower, and it was here that the Mueddin stood when he shouted his invitation to prayer. The Mueddin has passed away, but twenty-one bells are his substitute, and they are all baptised and named like so many persons, and besides being strictly perfect in their lives, make fully as much noise as twenty-one Mueddins. So you see the change is not a bad one. From this little balcony, also, the two patron saints Justa, and Rufina, had a little difficulty with the devil, who, finding that the tower and its adjacent cathedral were monopolizing the attention of the faithful, demanded his proper proportion and threatened to blow over the tower upon their heads if they still persisted. And hereupon followed a most remarkable phenomenon, in which the two saints overcame the devil, turned his wind supply upon himself, and blew him so high that he never has reappeared on the scene to this day. We did not meet his majesty, at any rate, so the story must be true.

As I entered the Cathedral I noticed a huge, stuffed crocodile hanging from the groined ceiling above. My very look brought out both a sacristan and a *peseta*. The former resulted in a story while the latter diminished my supply of silver.

"You think," said he, "that a crocodile is a curious ornament for a church, *Señor*?"

"Well yes," I replied, "unless it is for a sort of waste-bag in which to stuff all the old sins remitted by the priests."

He smiled and replied, "No, that crocodile was a little love-token from a Sultan to a beautiful girl whom he wished to marry."

"A curious love-token, is it not?"

"So it is, *Señor*, for when Alonzo el Sabio opened his package, and the crocodile opened his mouth and smiled, the old Count was so enraged that he struck it a blow and exclaimed, "thus shalt the man be dealt with that seeks my daughter's hand by means of such a plaything!"

He, however, kept the animal — and his daughter also.

Ah! but what a cathedral.

If we leave aside the critical questioning of it as to its mixture of styles and periods, the *ensemble* is intensely impressive. If one will take the pains to approach it from the Alcazar, as he turns a little street with a single corner column, a view is seen of the simple massive walls of the chapels with their crocketed buttresses running

up much as at Segovia and Toledo, but grouping themselves here around the central low dome; and beside it the glorious Giralda.

A flying-buttress is not an easy object to design so that it shall fall into harmony with the general design and yet fulfil its object. Here, however, the grand wall-surfaces with their terraced parapets seem to be just the body from which to spring the highly decorated buttress tops, and the sky-lines are extremely picturesque.

I cannot say how it is with others, but to me this immense church is the most impressive cathedral in Spain. Its magnitude is simply tremendous, and it has that other quality, tremendous height of nave. The beautiful clustered columns are exquisite, and if you go into the church while the sun is shining they seem to reach up and up and up, and pass through a vapory atmosphere of light. And so they do; one hundred and fifty feet away are the groined voussours of the ceiling: and yet, taken together with the enormous size, the proportion is perfect and harmonious. Indeed, could the *coro* be taken away from the centre, one could place almost any New York building within its walls, and not be particularly crowded in looking around it. Is it a wonder, then, that we look up, and down, and across, and stand in awe at this monument of the Church? The more one looks around the more he is impressed with the fact of that quality which may be called grandeur, just as we apply the word elegance to Leon Cathedral, strength to Santiago or wealth to Toledo.

The church was, of course, originally a mosque, built in 1172, but pulled down in 1401 when the present structure was commenced and completed in 1519. A pleasant thought for the contemplation of the religiously inclined architect, is that although the architect's name is not known, his reputation remained, for it was said "that he worked not for self but for the glory of God." At any rate, that he builded better than he knew, is generally conceded.

But as in all such places, modern innovations have come in and taken away much of the solemnity of the sight. A couple of vergers run up to you, rub their hands with glee in anticipation of a *peseta*: a little imp of an acolyte, a perfect Murillo, also rushes up, and looks up at you with his saucy black eyes, eyes as bright as ever planned out mischief between the scenes, and he is so irresistible that much to the disgust of the antiquated old vergers, we adopt him at once and follow in his footsteps.

Heavens! what a race he ran us! Here is a Murillo! There is a candle containing 2,500 pounds of wax! There is the sepulchre of St. Ferdinand, son of Columbus, and there are the quaint ships of the navigator! Here are the bony relics of the saints (and the little fellow crosses himself and laughs), and there is the tomb of poor Maria de Padilla, whose life was somewhat questionable, but who was obliged to die like others, and was held in much higher reverence than many of her betters!

The little imp pleases us, however; his white teeth glitter as he laughs, his voice is soft and musical, and he looks like a veritable little priest in miniature, were it not for those saucy black eyes, which yet contain too much of the old Adam to fit him for a niche among the saints.

We went in again of a Sunday towards evening. As we entered rows of little tapers could be seen in the distance like will-o'-the-wisps slowly flitting about, while a priest in full vestments was preparing the sacraments. Backward and forward moved the acolytes, looking in the dusk like veritable Vandykes as their faces were lighted by the tapers. Soon a low sound of music seemed to roll out of the distance, and gradually traverse the aisles; the priests chanted with a monotonous cadence, moved slowly down the nave, the tapers fell into line, and swung gently to the tread of many feet which followed in the wake of the procession. Some poor mortal's soul was preparing itself for flight into the great unknown, while the priests were

bearing the last sacraments of the Church to ease it in its flight. The priests, the tapers and the people pass out, and the great church is left to the gloom of approaching night.

Again, we enter at noontide while the sun is bright above, and the whole interior is full of the perfume of incense. And while it is not my intention to speak of the glories of this museum of the Church, which might fill a good-sized book, there is one canvas which merits special attention and is known the world over as the "San Antonio" of Murillo.



Remember that the name of Murillo is dear to the heart of every Sevillian, as the city was his home, and hence this work of the master is of peculiar interest. The verger comes up with his ring of clanking keys, and taking of the number a huge iron one unlocks the high railing which is around the altar. The subject is simply the figure of Saint Antonio, in his prison cell, kneeling upon its cold bare floor in the attitude of supplication.

One's eyes soften into an expression of pity as he looks upon the wonderful face of the old saint, and brighten with a feeling of love

at the figure above, none other than that of the infant Saviour surrounded by a filmy light, which is full of angel faces as if in answer to the old man's prayer. Now I have never before been moved by the representations of angels: canvas and paint they have always appeared, but here are veritable beings, the very essence of another world, and here is a Saviour face worthy of the master's hand. And so exquisite is the work that in 1874 it had been mutilated by some miscreant and carried across the ocean; but it was found, and returned to its proper place.

"The Angel de la Guarda" by Murillo, and the "Deposition from the Cross" by Pedro de Campana, are possibly as fine as the above, but they did not move me as did this suppliant figure, which gave hours of enjoyment in the contemplation of it.

Ah! what a power of conception had Murillo! What must have been his daily life and thought, as he painted such a picture as the "Angel de la Guarda!"

I have read of the poor woman who was deserted by all her kindred, from whom the good Lord had taken away all her children, and whose only joy was to sit in a room in which hung their pictures that she might not be lonely, but rather strengthened by their presence. So one feels as it were the very presence of the guardian angel of Murillo, as he gazes at the canvas and feels stealing over his senses the influence of the angelic presence leading him as a little child. No wonder the poorest Sevillian clasps his hand before such pictures, and blesses the name of Murillo whose memory they reverence almost as a saint.

On leaving the chapel we dropped a small coin into the verger's hand.

"You have made a mistake, Señor, have you not?" growled the old fellow.

"Why, yes, I guess I did," I replied, as I re-pocketed the piece and departed, much to his disgust.

"Left!" was the only remark of our friends, which was very short, but exactly expressed the idea.

Walking down the west aisle we noted some sculptured ships of curious design, and immediately as we got opposite them a voice exclaimed from behind, "Columbus."

Taken somewhat aback by this information, I remarked the strange coincidence that the bones of Columbus should be in two or more places at the same time.

"Ah yes, Señor," he explained, "not the great Columbus, but only his son."

"Ah, that is a great relief," I replied. "Saints are privileged characters, generally, in the line of vivisection and transmigration, and yet it would be unpleasant to think of our beloved Christopher being in more than one place at the same time."

He smiled and replied, "Yes, this is only his son, Señor."

While writing the above we have read of the late accident, which seems to have carried away the dome and without doubt partially if not wholly carried away the magnificent organ and the high-altar, which was worked in solid Alerce wood from Andalusia, and contained, in figure and relief, a continuous history of man's creation, the incidents of his life as recorded in Scripture, the trials of God's people, the coming of Christ, His glorious work, and at last springing from the very top, 130 feet from the pavement, the crucifixion.

All these and much more must have been destroyed, and the fact will be read with pain by those who know that this church of all others was built in great part by the priests of years past, who gave up the good things of this world that the Church might be benefited. I do not know, but I fear the clergy of to-day are not animated by such godly notions, but however this may be, there are no such churches to-day as is this at Seville, and it is sad to feel that the injury can never be repaired.

C. A. RICH.

[To be continued.]

THE GUELPH EXHIBITION.¹—II.



THE army and navy are, however, largely represented, though space will not permit much more than an enumeration of the most notable, beginning with General Wolfe, of whom we have a careful, anonymous portrait: entering the army at the age of fourteen, he had been in three great battles by the time he was twenty-one, and in this picture we see the "upright, religious, humane" as well as impetuous character of the short-lived hero. Just before sailing for America he dined with Pitt and Lord Temple, in order to receive final instructions, but during the evening he broke out into a strain of bravado, and, drawing his sword, began to boast of the deeds he should accomplish by it, greatly to the horror of Pitt, who exclaimed: "To think that I should have trusted the fate of the country to such hands!" As we well know, however, the trust was not misplaced, and at his death rich and poor wore mourning in honor of this "Nelson of the army." Clive is here, the idle dare-devil, who was shipped off to India, and was there so wretched that he twice attempted suicide. Having at last discarded the pen for the sword, this "Heaven-born general" founded our Indian Empire, which, with consummate skill, he afterwards ruled. At

the date of this portrait, by Dance, all that is over, and in the reckless dissatisfaction of his countenance we detect the suicidal tendency which shortly after ended his brilliant career. There is more pleasure in looking at the canvas on which Sir T. Lawrence has with skill depicted Sir John Moore, whose expression is marked by great sweetness and simplicity.

Of the portraits of Arthur Wellesley, that by Hoppner—in bad condition—has a boyish face, with no promise of his future prowess; a second, by H. P. Briggs, is capital—a quiet, dignified figure, in his prime, and the last, by Weigall, has the same stamp, while in it he wears the orders of the Garter, Bath and Golden Fleece. Near this hangs a remarkably life-like half-length of Blücher, in dark military jacket, thickly frogged, and covered with orders. With his short gray hair, dark, curled moustache and twinkling eye, he seems to be giving utterance to his well-known exclamation on seeing London: "Mein Gott! what a place to plunder!" Between these two, whom he had met on many a well-fought field, hangs the fine though saddening portrait of Napoleon, attributed to Phillips, though, if so, being unlike his style, he must have painted it after French originals. One cannot help commiserating the fate of this chained eagle, when we study the lineaments of his careworn face and mark the disappointed ambition seen in every line, and the far-away look in the deep-set eyes.

A first-rate Hoppner is the half-length life-size of General Sir Ralph Abercrombie, wearing the order of the Bath. But passing now to the portraits of our naval heroes, the first we notice is that of Admiral Lord Anson, whose rather stiff-looking picture, by Romney, is not quite a success. Much more noticeable is the unsigned one of Admiral Byng, who fell a victim to the severity of the articles of war, though acquitted both of treason and cowardice. His handsome, sailor-like appearance is impressive.

There is a very vigorous portrait, by Reynolds, of Keppel, who, more fortunate than Byng, was acquitted on his trial. This portrait is one of four presented by him to his counsel, who returned the £1,000 they received from Keppel after the trial. This has hung since 1786 next that of John Lee, one of his counsel, and has only been lent to the exhibition on condition of its retaining the same contiguity.

We have fairly interesting portraits of Earl St. Vincent, by Beechey; of Vernon, by Gainsborough; a fine one, by Romney, of Sir C. Hardy, knighted in 1755, while Governor of New York.

As the "elegant" Rodney was the favorite of a princess, we are not surprised to note that his handsome full-length portrait, by Reynolds, after a brilliant victory, at the age of sixty-six, is sent from St. James's Palace. The half-length of Captain Bligh of the "Bounty," and later Governor of New South Wales, whence his tyranny compelled his removal, has so mild an expression as the youth he was when he sat to Sir Joshua, that it is difficult to understand the overbearing character he afterwards exhibited.

The most glorious name in all our naval annals is that of Lord Nelson, whose features are as well-known as his deeds. The first portrait of him was painted by Rigaud, and of it Nelson wrote in February, 1781: "As to my picture, it will not be the least like what I am now, that is certain. Tell M. Rigaud to add beauty to it; it will be much needed." The portrait has an air of timidity about it never worn by the original. Hoppner's full-length is excellent; it was painted when he was more weather-beaten, and had lost his right arm and an eye. Those who read the charming story "Spring-haven," will have quite brushed up their knowledge of Nelson and his stirring times.

From some of his "Letters," just published, we give an extract, showing his bravery at the age of twenty. He says: "The first lieutenant was ordered to board her, which he did not do, owing to the heavy sea. On his return, the captain said: 'Have I no officer of the ship who can board the prize?' On which the master ran to the gangway, when I stopped him, saying, 'It's my turn; if I come back, it's yours.'" The large picture showing the incidents of Nelson's death in the cock-pit of the "Victory," from Greenwich Hospital, is so familiar from engravings as to require only a passing word. The sketch for it was made by Devis, the painter, on board, shortly after the battle.

Passing Lords Collingwood and Exmouth, the admirable and life-like portrait of Captain Cook, by Dance, deserves special notice, as in it may be seen all the typical features of a discoverer, answering, as it does, to an accurate description of this remarkable man: "More than six feet high, a small head, quick, piercing eyes, prominent eyebrows, face full of expression, but rather austere—a face to be studied, then admired." He took his first step to greatness when he volunteered for the navy, to avoid being "pressed," for in thirteen years from his enrolment as a seaman he received his commission as lieutenant, in command of the Royal Society's expedition to watch the transit of Venus. Had the officers of his ship been as alert as their captain, he would never have been murdered at Owyhee.

Postponing our notice of what is by no means the least interesting portion of the exhibition—viz: the poets, painters, dramatists—to a future paper, in which we hope also to say a few words on the almost unique collection of miniatures, as well as the letters and other relics, we close our present sketch with a short description of the exquisite portraits of ladies, of whom nearly every one was an acknowledged beauty in her day. One of the exceptions, though pleasing to note, is Miss A. Hogarth, whose features, nevertheless,

¹ Continued from No. 794, page 172.

show the great delicacy with which her brother used his pencil, and particularly the dress and lace cap, which are quaint and rather homely. Nor is there much beauty in the face of Charlotte, Countess of Warwick, the wife of Addison, as she is here portrayed by Kneller. Her face has rather too much of the doll in it, but over it is spread such an air of pettish discontent, as to fully account for her husband's now and then shaking off his gilded fetters and sitting in a Kensington coffee-house.

"Those Goddesses of Gunnings," as they were called, naturally form a prominent part in this galaxy of beauty. We fail, however, to discern in the two full-length portraits of the sisters, the marvelous loveliness about which every one raved, and which in Sir Joshua's hands would lose none of its perfection. Elizabeth, Duchess of Hamilton and of Argyle, who was married at dead of night, and with a curtain ring, was the younger and more sensible; she has a fine pleasing face, and tall elegant figure. Walpole in 1751 wrote: "I think there being two so handsome, and both such perfect figures, is their chief excellence." Maria, duchess of Coventry, who killed herself with the paint she put on her face, looks in her very charming portrait, rather like a doll in elegant attire. In a painting by Hogarth, she and her husband are standing in a garden, and appear very empty-headed. Walpole called her an "idiot," and she did not disprove it when on George the Second's regretting, in conversation with her, that there had been rather a lack of diversions for her, she replied, "there was only one sight she was eager to see and that was a coronation."

A decidedly handsome and intelligent woman, looks the queenly Arabella, Duchess of Dorset, as painted by Hoppner, her height being rendered more imposing by three tall ostrich feathers in her hair. Sent by the Duke of Cambridge, and a great centre of attraction, is a most exquisite portrait of a lady, in a white dress with a red scarf, leaning on a pedestal, said to be Maria Walpole, Countess Waldegrave and Duchess of Gloucester, the style suggesting Romney as the artist. However, as she is in the picture only about twenty-five, and wears a dress of the mode of 1800-1810, when Romney was dead, and the Duchess an old lady, if alive, there is evidently a mistake all around. Be the original who she might, she was a captivating woman. An undoubted portrait of the Duchess with the little Princess of Gloucester, painted by Reynolds, and exhibited in 1774, is a masterpiece. The laughing child dancing with delight, has been transferred to the canvas on the instant, as it were; the mother, once a great beauty, was then past her prime. When her husband "degraded himself by marrying her," as Hume put it, the Royal Marriage Act was passed!

In the elderly Countess Spencer we have the charming mother of the Duchess of Devonshire. From Sir Joshua's magic pencil, but one portrait, at the age of twenty, of the famous Georgina, "for whom," said Fanny Burney, "the word 'charming' must have been made." A sketch of a head only, but what a sketch! With her large hat coquettishly set to the side over the frizzed and powdered hair, the lovely features lit up by a ravishing smile, tempered by just a *soupeon* of pensiveness, we do not wonder that she afterwards proved so irresistible when canvassing for Fox. The sketch, not previously exhibited, bears evidence of having been done at one sitting, and has been carefully preserved. Some twenty years later Romney had the honor of portraying her features, and has done justice to the beauty of intellect, which, enhancing the mere physical beauty made her such an important factor in the politics of the day. "The gash right across the picture was made by George IV," so says the catalogue. If, while the original lived, it could not be, because she was on the opposition side — for he was then Prince of Wales — and they themselves were always on the opposition side; and she died in 1807.

The Duke of Devonshire married *en secondo noces* Lady Elizabeth Foster, whose portrait, by Reynolds, was purchased by him when exhibited in 1788. Mischief and fun lurk in the alluring eyes of this talented woman, of whom Gibbon said "no man could withstand, not even the Lord Chancellor on the bench."

A portrait described as one of the sweetest and purest Reynolds ever painted, is that of the Countess Pembroke, who was the "picture of majestic modesty." Her son, afterwards eleventh earl, who leans against her and looks out of the canvas, has quite the Spencer face.

A somewhat sketchy portrait, by Gainsborough, depicts the bright eyes and fine, animated face of Mrs. Fitzherbert. That she was married to George, Prince of Wales, who afterwards commanded Fox to deny it in the House, is well-known. The Fishmongers' Company lend a splendid full-length of Lady Craven, in Romney's best style; another excellent one of Mrs. Powys and her little daughter, who wears a mob-cap, is by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

One canvas, on which many have gazed again and again with extreme delight, is that on which Gainsborough has portrayed in a bewitching manner Eliza A. Linley and her brother, children of T. Linley, the composer. She was an accomplished singer, remarkable for her beauty, but was on the eve of entering a convent when she met R. B. Sheridan, to whom she was privately married. Words cannot fitly describe this exquisite picture, or the charming expression in the faces of this gifted brother and sister. Lord Sackville, after frequently refusing to part with this gem of the Knole Collection, has at last sold it to Alfred de Rothschild for £12,000: had he held out, he would probably have got £20,000.

We close with Reynolds's portrait of Mrs. J. Williams as St.

Cecilia, mentioned by Macaulay in his essay on Warren Hastings. When describing the celebrated trial, he says: "There, too, was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from a common decay."

[To be continued.]

EQUESTRIAN MONUMENTS. I—XXXVI.

GENERAL WASHINGTON. — III.



Egyptian Axe. From *La Vie Privée des Anciens*.

THE latest equestrian statue of Washington erected was unveiled in Allegheny Park, Allegheny City, Pa., on Monday, February 23 last, and forms a memorial which is noteworthy in several respects. First, because the project was conceived and carried out by the Junior Order of United American Mechanics and so is, so far as we can recall, one of those rare achievements which in recent years have given evidence that there are still such beings in the country as simple Americans. The American pure and simple in the eyes of the purveyors who furnish the matter to make up the daily newspaper is a much less interesting entity than his compound connections, the Irish-American, the German-American, the Anglo-Franco-Italo-John-Chinaman American, whose doings are narrated at length daily, and whose frequent habit it is to erect statues and memorials in American public places to the glory of people in whom Americans, as such, have no real interest—at least no more interest than all the rest of the world has in an English poet, a Scottish bard, an Italian patriot or a South-American liberator. But these Allegheny mechanics—and the fact that they are mechanics and not idlers and capitalists is not the point least worthy of note—being simply and solely Americans have chosen to give a hint that, though modest and retiring, the American of several generations standing is quietly at work in the background, content to know that he is still the brawn and sinew of the country both mentally and physically, and that with him patriotism is still a vital principle, which the conflicting impulses of this or that as yet unassimilated foreign element of the population cannot dislodge from his heart and conscience. We feel deeply the danger that may come upon the country through the national habit of letting one's fellow beings do pretty much as they chose to do—the American will allow more trespassing upon his actual private rights by the public, the individual and governing bodies than will any other civilized man—and look with no little apprehension at the way in which the foreign element is crowding into places of public trust and power, as can be



Washington, Allegheny City, Pa. E. Pausch, Sculptor.

noted by glancing at the names of the members of any of our governing bodies, from the members of Congress at Washington to the selectmen of a back country town. If these half-foreign Americans have won their places by dint of personal merit, all is well and as it should be, but if they have been put in place through the efforts of men of the same descent, simply or mainly because they are more men of some other race than they are Americans, then we think the

¹Continued from No. 790, page 107.

situation has its indications of coming danger which, of course, will come mainly in the form of special legislation. So it is peculiarly pleasant to see in this act of the American Mechanics at Allegheny City a token that the real spirit of American patriotism still lives. In time of peace this spirit has not much chance to show itself—for to be a patriot does not require any outward sign beyond being a good and law-abiding citizen—and one of the few ways there is, is in the erection of an outward symbol that shall have an admonitory effect on all beholders; and as the American artist has not yet been very successful in attempting to portray his conception of an abstract inspiration, there could be no better form adopted than a statue of the greatest of patriotic Americans.

Another point of interest that this statue has is that it is neither of bronze, marble nor wood, but of granite, and is, so far as we know, the only large equestrian statue which has ever been cut in this harsh and in-artistic material. The statue is a monument not only to American patriotism, but also to the patient skill and industry of the brothers Zerbarini, who patiently cut the huge block to the form indicated by the model furnished by the sculptor, Mr. Edward Pausch. As there does not seem to be anything strikingly American in the names of either the sculptor or his workmen, it is pleasant to find that all three were in the employ of a good American firm, the Smith Granite Company of Westerly, R. I.

In a granite statue one cannot rightly hope to find the fine lines and delicate modelling that can easily be produced in bronze or marble, so the lack of these qualities should not excite unfavorable criticism. How much better a result might have been achieved by a great sculptor it is bootless to surmise, for one can hardly believe that a great sculptor would consent to do a work of the kind for execution in granite, or if he did he would have insisted that the real qualities of the stone should not be beaten out of existence with a peen hammer. Ten to one he would say, "Put the estimated cost of your bush-hammering into a greater bulk of material and let me chip out a great, big, rough sketch which will be impressive in size and suggestiveness without vilifying the character of the material."

The Junior Order of United American Mechanics have won our hearty respect and commendation.

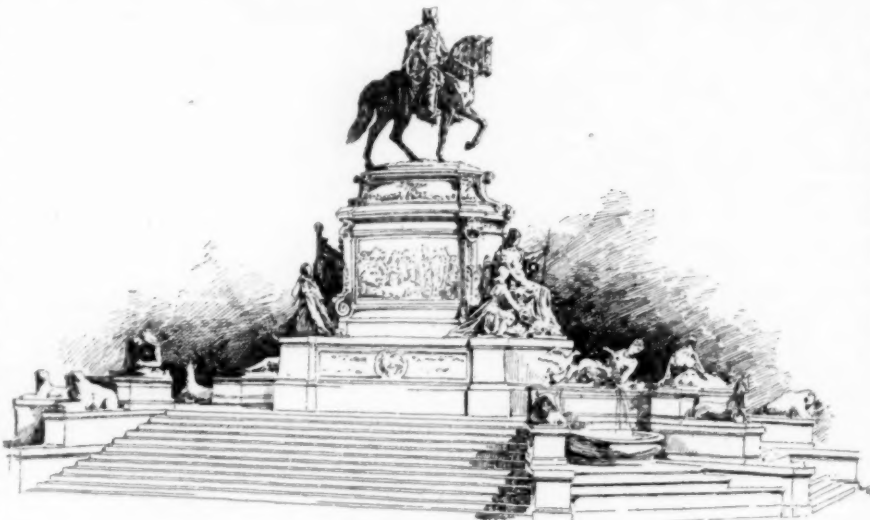
The erection of this monument is evidence that the honoring of the memory of Washington is yet, and is always likely to be, a vital principle with all patriotic Americans. And another excellent example of the tenacious vitality of this principle is to be found in the

he had restored peace to his country resigned his office, its powers and emoluments, and returned to the quiet pursuits of private life in the same way in which the officers of the Revolutionary army proposed to do. But before they separated these soldiers of the hour of necessity formed the Society of the Cincinnati, whose objects were, first of all, the cultivation and preservation of the principles of patriotism, the aid and relief of incapacitated members, and the cherishing of friendships and affections that had their birth during the recent struggles. The distinguishing feature of this Society is that its membership is hereditary, being largely, though not quite absolutely, confined to that single member—generally the eldest son—of a family who is in most direct descent from the original member. The parent society still survives and holds triennial meetings. Of the

thirteen State-branches, more than half have passed out of existence, and some of those remaining are seldom heard of. The Pennsylvania Society of the Cincinnati, however, is still a thriving body, and it is this that is now bringing to a successful issue the undertaking which it first took in hand on July 4, 1810.

The meeting held at that date appointed a committee, who, in the course of the next nine years, had secured less than \$4,000, and the fund had grown to only \$6,500 in 1825. Just about this time, or

a little earlier, in consequence of Lafayette's visit to Philadelphia [1824] a new project for a monument was set afoot, and a small sum of money was collected before enthusiasm died out. These two small funds were not united, but kept as independent funds in the hands of gentlemen who were trustees in deed, and not merely in title, so that these small beginnings grew with the lapse of time. In 1832, at the time of the celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of Washington's birth, still another attempt was made to erect a monument, and the master-masons of the city having offered to provide a corner-stone at their own expense, it was laid with due ceremony in Washington Square. Those having charge of this project then made a demand on the Cincinnati for its funds, but met with a rebuff, as the Society was not satisfied with the responsibility of the applicants; so this project went no farther, and its corner-stone has gradually sunk, like itself, out of sight, though it is really still lying below the surface of the pavement in the centre of the Square. In 1858 the matter was again revived, and the trustees of the two funds and some other gentlemen, endeavored to incorporate a society which should erect a fitting monument, but, owing to political trickery, unknown and undesirable men were substituted as incorporators in



Model for a Monument to Washington at Philadelphia. L. R. Siemering, Sculptor.



Bas-relief from the Monmouth Battle Monument. J. E. Kelly, Sculptor.

statue, which may be expected almost any day—since the equestrian portion of it was received in this country more than three years ago—to be set up in Philadelphia. This monument is due very largely, though not entirely, to the initiative and continued effort of one branch of a pre-eminently American society—the Society of the Cincinnati, a title derived, not from the riverain metropolis of Ohio, but from the fact that the Roman dictator, Cincinnatus, when



Bas-relief from the Monmouth Battle Monument. J. E. Kelly, Sculptor.

place of the real promoters, and consequently the matter was again dropped, although it had gone so far that Ball Hughes carried to Philadelphia a model for an equestrian statue.

In 1870 the Cincinnati fund having grown to \$125,000, a competition was held which resulted in the offering of only five designs, three of which, by Thomas Ball, Franklin Simons and A. L. Lansing, were not equestrian. Frémiet, however, sent two small sketch models,

one of which was equestrian, and the only other equestrian model was that submitted by Siemering of Berlin, the sculptor of the Victory Monument at Leipsic, in which are introduced four large equestrian statues as accessories.

The model submitted by Siemering exhibited a scheme of considerable elaborateness and it was evident at once that the Cincinnati fund was not enough to cover the cost. Successful negotiations were then undertaken to secure the other fund spoken of above and generally known as the Ingersoll fund. As the sum at the command of the Cincinnati was now increased to \$200,000, it was thought safe to make a contract with Siemering and he at once began his studies in earnest and after a lapse of eight or nine years the equestrian figure of Washington was delivered in Philadelphia in the fall of 1887 where, since its arrival, it has remained in seclusion awaiting the arrival of the other pieces of sculpture which are to complete the monument. These accessory pieces include, besides the large bas-reliefs for the sides of the pedestals, two large groups of several figures each at the front and rear of the pedestal, four recumbent figures at the short ends of the platform typifying four American rivers and a number of American animals which serve to decorate the piers at either end of the flights of steps. In what state of completion these many subsidiary groups are at present, we do not know nor do we know that work upon them is being actively pushed.

It is understood that the expected cost, which it was hoped to keep within \$250,000, is already largely exceeded and some believe that \$400,000 will hardly discharge all the bills. As the monument is unusually elaborate, covers an area of sixty by seventy feet and is some eighty feet high, the cost may not be excessive, though the shivering officers at Valley Forge could hardly have thought that such a sum would ever be spent by their descendants in honoring the memory of the leader against whom they so often grumbled.

Between the wooden horseman at Boisé City and this elaborate affair there is a long distance in point of cost and probably in artistic merit, but as Washington will always be made use of as a desirable and highly valued piece of urban decoration, it is not impossible that some city which is as yet not founded may hereafter erect an equestrian statue in honor of our first great patriot, which shall as far eclipse the Philadelphia group as that does the one at Boisé City.

This monument is to be set up not in the city proper but on some spot in Fairmount Park, which has been fixed upon and then changed more than once, and when the time actually comes for setting it up still a new site may be adopted.

The only other cases where equestrian figures of Washington exist is in the cases of bas-reliefs where he has been treated more or less interestingly. One such instance is shown in one of the panels of the bronze doors which Crawford modelled for the Senate Chamber. A better one and one much larger, moreover, is to be found in one of the bronze bas-reliefs with which the sculptor, J. E. Kelly, decorated the Monmouth Battle Monument at Freehold, N. J. In this Washington is shown, upon a horse which Governor Livingston had just given him, trying to rally the troops thrown into confusion by Lee's defection. The sculptor's own sketch here shows the spirit and vigor he has thrown into his modelling.

SIEMERING. — Leopold Rudolf Siemering was born at Königsberg in 1835, and studied under Bläser at Berlin. His works comprise many reliefs; a statue of Penelope; a statue of King William in the Berlin Stock Exchange; a memorial to the oculist Gräfe in Berlin; bronze groups of soldiers going to and returning from the war, for Cassel; the monument to Frederick the Great in Marienburg, and the War Monument in Leipsic.

(To be continued.)

THE BYZANTINE MOSAICS OF SICILY.¹ — V.

CATHEDRAL OF MONREALE. — II.



Capital from the Cloister.

IF this vast whole be taken in at a glance, surely one is astonished at the powerful decorative effect produced by the great development of these mosaics. But compare the figures of the apse with the mosaics similarly placed which cover the cathedral at Cefalu; although they are generally accompanied with Greek inscriptions, and by virtue of this should doubtless be attributed to Byzantine masters, and although the important place they occupy in the decoration of the church would justify this hypothesis

— still the mosaics of Monreale are far inferior to those of the preceding epoch; the attitudes are more stiff, the eyes steady and wide open, which render the faces ghastly and staring; the blunt symmetrical folds of the draperies and the less skilful coloring betray the decline.

This decline appears even more sensibly in the representations which cover the remainder of the church, and which offer in many places striking analogy in the mosaics with the nave of the Palatine Chapel. There are the same Latin inscriptions, the same freedom in drawing, combined with the same unskilfulness in attitude, also the same care to keep to the imprescriptible formulas of Byzantine art in the composition, which shows in what school these native masters were formed, and also in what measure and with what

success they freed themselves from the teaching of the Byzantine artists.

At the side of the cathedral, in the shadow of the edifice, is the beautiful cloister built by William II for the monks of the abbey. Two hundred and sixteen little columns, coupled by twos and sometimes by fours, supporting pointed arches decorated with mosaic incrustations, surround the flower-perfumed and verdant enclosure



Capitals from the Cloister.

of the monastery. Each one of these little columns is a gem. No one of them is similar to the next: here finely chiselled arabesques run over the marble; there incrustations in multi-colored mosaics relieve by their varied pattern the monotonous whiteness of the columns; some are plain, others wind themselves in deep spirals or taper in fine grooves. On the capitals is a wonderful blossoming,



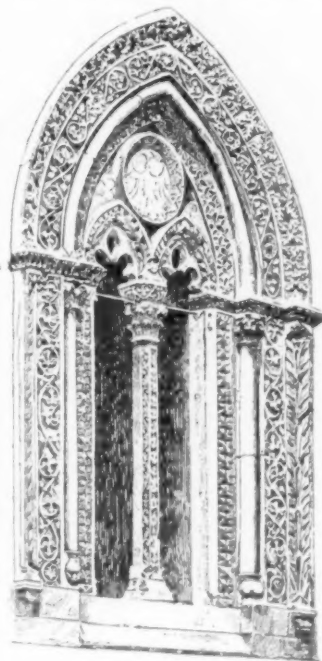
Capital from the Cloister.

where the artist's imagination has condensed all the religion, poetry and fancy of the epoch. The whole Bible is on these pages of marble, from the expulsion from Paradise to the scenes from the life of Christ: here are Adam ploughing and Eve spinning; Cain murdering Abel; Joseph's and Samson's histories; the Flight into Egypt, and the Visit of the Three Magi, one of the most beautiful

amongst these representations. Next are the saints and apostles, then symbolic figures and grotesque statues; and at the middle of the opening of high leaves of acanthus there are soldiers, hunters, monsters, animals and birds of every kind. Finally, on one of these capitals King William presents the Virgin with the church and abbey founded by him. Above this scene is engraved a Latin inscription, "O King who governs all things, receive these gifts from the king of Sicily."

One cannot praise too highly the exquisite elegance and infinite charm of the cloister of Monreale. Even in Rome, St. Paul's extra Muros and St. John Lateran do not present anything which can be compared with it. Under these vast and peaceful galleries, where softly murmurs in a marble vase a beautiful fountain, which, in one of the angles of the cloister evokes in this arcaded court a very memory of the Alhambra — in this great monastic garden with its penetrating fragrance, where no noise from the outer world disturbs the eternal silence, under the transparent and liquid sky, which adds to everything a touch of gayety — life should be sweet and good; and more than one forgets himself to dream, under the arches of Monreale, of those illustrious monks, who, far from the ambitions and troubles of this world, have learned how to find rest of mind and peace of heart in the solitude of the cloister.

At the time when William II finished the construction of the Cathedral of Monreale, the old preceptor of the sovereign, Walter of the Mill, who became Archbishop of Palermo and Grand Chancellor of the kingdom, finished the construction of the Cathedral of Palermo [1184]. Latin architecture triumphed in this splendid edifice more than at Monreale, as is attested by the four towers which flank it,



West Window from the Cathedral of Palermo.

¹ A paper by M. Ch. Diehl in *L'Art*. Continued from No. 794, page 176.

its walls surrounded with battlements, the ranks of arches which decorate its south front and apses, and the three naves which divide the interior of the basilica. In this sumptuous monument, partially erected upon the site of the old royal chapel of Saint Mary Magdalen, the



West Doorway of the Cathedral of Palermo.

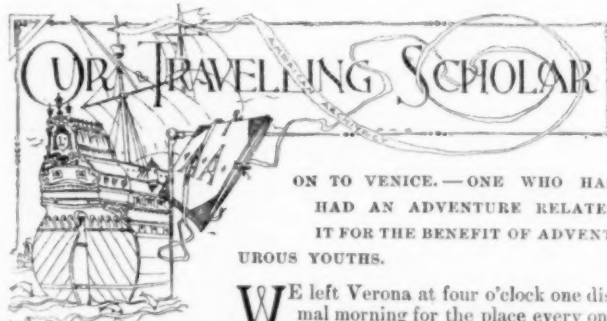
kings of Sicily and their families were to receive sepulture; and if the archbishop was prevented by death from finishing the splendid decoration he intended to give to this Saint Denis of the Norman monarchy, at least his intentions were partially accomplished. William I and William II are buried at Monreale; but the great King Roger rests in the Cathedral of Palermo, and at his side his daughter Constance and grandson Frederic II, of Hohenstaufen, the last Norman king of Sicily, sleep their last sleep.

Unfortunately, the Cathedral of Palermo, more than any other monument of the Norman epoch has been dreadfully altered by the

the great portal and the window which is above it date from the 14th century. Nevertheless, to the end of the 18th century, the general lines remained untouched, but then the Italian architect, Ferdinand Fuga, inflicted on the monument the most scandalous restorations. He opened its lateral walls in order to build fourteen chapels, the wooden roof was pulled down, and replaced with white-washed vaults, and the edifice was topped with an ungainly cupola which gave the finishing touch of deformity to the beautiful cathedral built by Walter of the Mill.

The Cathedral of Palermo is the last important edifice erected in the time of the Norman kings, and we have seen what a prominent place was taken by Latin architecture. This is because at the end of the century the skilful policy, formerly inaugurated by the great Count Roger and faithfully pursued by his first successors, was losing its influence with the counsellors of the Prince. Under the reign of William I, a cruel persecution was directed against the monks of St. Basil, and the Catholic and feudal party allied with the Latin clergy was not less hostile to the Musselman than to Hellenism. When King William II was placed in the tomb, the policy of conciliation, which had made Sicily great in the 12th century, disappeared with him. At the beginning of the 13th century, the Roman Church forbade the Greeks to have any relation with the clergy of the East; she expurgated the libraries of the Byzantine convents, revised the Greek liturgy and made strict inquiry about the opinions of the Orthodox clergy; at the same time the Musselmans were slaughtered by thousands or exiled to Capitanate, for they revolted against the Christian nobility and the Latin clergy on account of the unbearable annoyances they endured from them; and if the necessities of politics led Frederic II to seek among Greeks and Arabians a support against the barons and the Roman church, if his altogether modern genius and inclinations induced him to adopt again the traditions of King Roger, the death of the last of the Hohenstaufen was forever the ruin of the system. This unprecedented combination which was realized by Sicily at the end of the 11th century lasted hardly one hundred years. This is the reason why the eccentric and beautiful monuments erected during this short but brilliant civilization will always be of great interest.

CH. DIEHL.



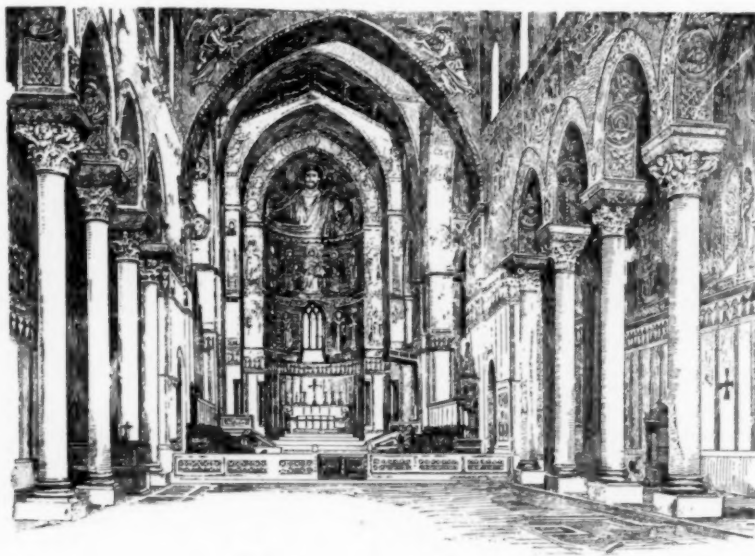
OUR TRAVELLING SCHOLAR

ON TO VENICE.—ONE WHO HAS
HAD AN ADVENTURE RELATES
IT FOR THE BENEFIT OF ADVENT-
UROUS YOUTHS.

WE left Verona at four o'clock one dismal morning for the place every one has oft-times dreamed of, the place poets never tire of singing of, the place where artists always find an over-abundance of material for sketches — for Italian sunsets in every shade of possible and impossible red. It is a disagreeable sensation



Detail of North Door from the Cathedral of Monreale.



Interior of the Cathedral of Monreale.

restorations of the Latin epochs. Its western front, the least changed, was still a good deal modified in the Aragonese time; and

to be driven out of bed at three o'clock in the morning and requires all one's energy and will to resist the temptation of rolling over and

dropping off again, nor less to refrain from telling the *garçon* to go back to his kitchen—or to a hotter place. But the *garçon*, during his years of apprenticeship, becomes persistent and hardhearted, and moderate language will not drive him from his post, for he knows human weaknesses too well.

In consequence of the early hour and the circumstances attending, we started on our journey to Venice not as brightly and as full of spirits as we imagined we should be, a few months before. But when, as we reached Padua, the day began to break, we almost blessed the *garçon* for his zeal. From that moment, when our vision was no longer obscured, the ever-changing panorama kept us busily at our posts, looking out of the windows at the refreshing scenes, yet moist with dew, which, as the hours rolled on, would vanish. Soon Venice lay in the distance, like a floating island, none the worse for the fact that it had been sketched, in an out of all proportion and from all conceivable points, an infinite number of times.

As we silently plied the Grand Canal in a funeral looking gondola, we rejoiced in the thought that this was to be our home for the coming week. Many times afterwards we were on the same waters, by moonlight—when illuminated gondolas, from whence came strains of music, moved to-and-fro; and during the day, when only tourists lingered in the heat of the sun.

Once I witnessed a funeral at Venice, though I missed table d'hôte in doing so. For the life of me I could not throw as much solemnity into the expression of my countenance as I desired—not because I had missed table d'hôte, but because such occasions demand it. All was so bright and every one, excepting the chief mourners, who were hidden behind their dense veils, seemed so indifferent. It was a novel sight, and had it not been for the priests, and boys with lighted candles, I should have thought a picnic-party was embarking, and the burden of the pall-bearers luncheon for the living and happy, not food for the worms.

In most cities, it is not advisable to stop at *pensions*, because of the difficulty and inconvenience attending on getting back to meals at the proper time, but in Venice, where the distances are small, and good restaurants, perhaps, more scarce than elsewhere, one can advantageously make use of the reduced rates offered at *pensions*. There are many English and Americans in the city, and, indeed, every one at our hotel, from the porter to the chamber-maid, spoke English fluently. I will pass over the days we spent among the treasures of Venice: its palaces, its churches, curious streets and narrow canals.

There is one thing the sight-seer must beware of, lest he be placed in an awkward position; San Marco is the spot where all the guides assemble, to worry the visitor: no sooner have you gotten rid of one, with much difficulty, when another appears. There is the guide who wants to take you through the cathedral, the more impudent one who offers to show you all the sights of Venice, a third, who confines himself to the clock and the Doge's Palace, the fourth, who quotes a lot of erroneous history, and the worst fiend of all, he who knows Bædeker as well as the author himself. He takes you Bædeker, and, as a schoolmaster would, points out passages, which he insists on your reading. But evade them all! A good book is better than a hundred of them. There are more facts within its red covers, than in the heads of the whole herd of them. And it is a patient guide, not one who drags you hither and thither, into this place and into that, out of this and into another, until your head begins to whirl; and at the end, will tell you you owe him twice as much as stipulated for. Take a guide, and, when you have left him, you will have one idea, and that a wrong one—that you have seen Venice. But, if there is one worse than the learned student of Bædeker—aye, there are hundreds of them—it is the fiend of the mosaic-works. "Where all the beautiful mosaic of St. Mark's was made"—or was not made.

"I'll show you in, Sir, for only two-pence, only two-pence." True, but out for how much?

Follow him, and enter the factory: you are met by a polished, really an agreeable gentleman, with a tongue as well oiled as the macaroni he devours every day for dinner. He is glad to show you through the extensive plant—through the passage in front of the solitary mosaic-worker, making cuff-buttons, and the just as solitary glass-blower; the others [this is only a branch establishment] are in the country. This over, you are where he wants you—in the ware-rooms. Behold the array of glass-ware, mosaic cuff-buttons and the jewelry! Behold the individual who greases them with his oily tongue so that one or all of these articles may flow into your hands! Buy them, and you pay dearly for the radiance of his smiles, his polished manner, and his murdered English. Do not buy them, and you are no gentleman, you can't be a gentleman; it is impossible for you to be one and not embrace the opportunity; you are led forth like a convict; you are a convict; you are an impostor, a deceiver, a—but no matter what you are—you are on the street.

When the sun has set, all Venice, hidden during the day from the scorching rays of the sun, assembles on the historic Piazza di San Marco. Sauntering through the brilliantly lighted arcades, now and then turning into the darkness of the Piazza, or up the Riva di Schiavonia, long the Grand Canal, and, occasionally looking-in upon the displays of the various stores, the evening passes rapidly away. Not the least attractive are the numerous cafés, their whole furnishings, moved on warm nights into the arcades—barring the coffee-making apparatus and the potentate who rules it—obstructing the whole thoroughfare, to be sure. But what of it? If desirous of elbow-room,

go out into the piazza. You may have it all to yourself, for the pigeons have gone to roost, and the flagged acres of the Piazza di San Marco resound with not a single footstep.

Single or double file, down the narrow passage left by the tables they pass, with scores of eyes upon them. Eyes of all kinds and of all shades, pretty eyes and once pretty eyes, bright eyes and dull eyes, and eyes which will be dull if their owners summon the waiter many more times. One wonders, if placing the tables so that only one or two can pass by at a time, is not a scheme on the part of the café proprietors to amuse their guests. Conversation languishes, the sterner sex, with its legs crossed, views, between puffs of smoke, the passing throng—passing for muster, one is almost tempted to say. An occasional sip of coffee, a mouthful of wine, or a teaspoonful of *gelati*, and, up go the eyes again, staring at the endless chain of humanity. Truly, indolence, the state of doing absolutely nothing, is not synonymous with being bored. Doing nothing is an art; there are hundreds of ways of doing it, all of which the European has thoroughly mastered.

But let us join those at the tables, as much to seek refreshment as to avoid the importunities of the enterprising store-keepers, who insist, with more than usual Italian energy, upon showing everybody everything that nobody wishes to see, much the less to buy.

With an almost inaudible, "Pardon, Signor," a very slight bow and a touch of the hat, a stranger, whom one could single out in a crowd as being a foreigner, seated himself at our table. A foreigner, I mused—having nothing else to do—not an Englishman, or he would not have bowed; not an Italian; nor a German, nor yet a Frenchman. But what is he? Perhaps, an American. Possibly, but not a very American appearing American, at any rate. And so he was, as further developments showed, and, one who had been abroad many years, had travelled much; one who made it a duty to adapt himself, as nearly as possible, to the customs of the country in which he happened to be sojourning. Thus, he had made himself a puzzle to him who would discern his nationality. He was a peculiar mixture of politeness and brusqueness, of English clothes and German clothes, French neckwear and a nondescript hat, while his hair and beard stilled showed traces of the artistic touch of a Parisian barber.

He was a sociable gentleman and I soon learned all about him. Yes he had had many adventures and experiences and had seen a good deal of the world. "But one which I shall never forget was my first one." If he had no objections, would he be so kind as to relate it. Oh no, he would be glad to.

By way of prologue, he remarked: "I was a romantic and sentimental boy when I came over, a passionate admirer of everything that had a slight tinge of romance about it. Italy and France to me appeared paradise. I had exhausted all the literature of the Province within my reach. I was an ardent champion of the literary achievements of the troubadour—those famous minstrels who confined themselves to three subjects: love, war and satire. I skipped the war, I skipped the satire and the love remained."

With a sigh, which came hand in hand with a puff of smoke, he continued, "I was a fit subject for an asylum, I was an ass."

"Yes?"

Seeing, however, that he expected another reply, I remarked, "Years ago." But fearing that he might think I wished to insinuate that there was a possibility of his having, in the course of time, grown older in that capacity, quickly added, "You are changed." "Changed, yes," he replied and continued: "I had lived in dreams and books, and, when opportunity offered itself to go abroad, Southern France was my goal. I expected to find all unchanged—even though I knew this could not be the case—as in the days of benighted knights and troubadours. I saw myself the hero of many an adventure, as I had seen myself in dreams before. Dull cares of life, the strife and hardship of human existence, could not have crept into this sunny land, I argued. Crept it has indeed, and that with the days of Cæsar. I had dreamed of love, nonsense! troubadours, bosh! written poetry by the yard, serenades, memorized dialogues by the scores, to fit all occasions, for the benefit of unsuspecting maidens of all descriptions, with eyes and hair of every hue. But, thank Heaven, I never used them, either in their original state of imbecility, or in a revised form," added he, coming to his present self and at the same time emptying his glass, as though to drown all recollections of his former self. Out of kindness to me (who was getting anxious to hear his adventure) before he had quite accomplished his murderous design, he relinquished his glass, and, coming back to his self of twenty years ago, he proceeded:

"Nîmes was my first stopping-place; it was late in the afternoon when we arrived and I was hungry and thirsty, and almost despised myself for it. I thought, however, that without exhibiting too much of my brutish nature, which was of course entirely out of place in this country, I might indulge in a glass of wine. Wine, which even the troubadours, as well as later poets had not hesitated to eulogize. I entered the most secluded café: they were numerous."

"No wine, only beer." What a blow that was to me, how I shuddered when I thought of drinking that common-place plebeian stuff.

And, as though wishing to make amends for having shuddered at the thought of beer some twenty years ago, he drank deeply out of his glass, and could not again proceed, until the previous one had been replaced by a fresh one.

"I tried another café, and another, but with the same result. I had almost given up in despair when a dingy sign bearing the cheerful

word "Vins" attracted my attention. Descending the rickety old staircase, and pushing open the door, a dense cloud greeted me, to say nothing of an odor which almost drove me back to the much-despised café. But, mustering courage, I entered. A *carafon* was soon at my disposal. Most happy in anticipation of a delicious mouthful, I drank deeply of it. But, Heavens! how bitter!

"I must have shown my displeasure very markedly, for the attentive *garçon* immediately took away the *carafon* and glass and replaced it by another.

"Ah, that was better! and, not wishing to put a damper on this most civil *garçon's* attention, I believe I allowed him to replace this last one several times.

"I was deep in meditation, or whatever you might term it, when I was aroused by two strange characters coming down the stairs which I myself had descended some hours before. One of the aforesaid characters may briefly be described as having been an old woman, who, if she ever bore any resemblance to her young companion, gave no evidence of it. The other was a young girl, and a beautiful one, too — dark in type, with large, expressive black eyes, and as graceful of figure as can be imagined. These two persons, whose presence, for the moment, had put a stop to all conversation or other occupations in which the guests were employed, were of scanty attire and barefooted, which, though rendering the old woman positively obnoxious to view, seemed to be more becoming to the young girl than the best efforts of Worth would have been, and displayed her charms even more.

"To quickly glance around the room and take place in the largest space which was, as yet, unoccupied by tables — near where I chanced to sit — was the act of a moment. While approaching she had unloosened her bodice, and, ere one had a chance to recover from the surprise created by her entrance, she was dancing to the monotonous click of the castanets she held enclosed in her right hand. Her dance was characteristic, but bore resemblance to the usual terpsichorean efforts of Provençal or Spanish — vagrants, I had almost said; or call them gypsies, for the word is now loosely employed.

"The movements are incessant: now the feet come into play, then the body sways gracefully forward and backward, then the hands are held aloft and dropped; movement follows movement, ever varying, now a smile and a bow, then a rapid whirling of the body, so that the skirts stand out horizontally, which always brings a round of applause. The dropping of the handkerchief and lightly stepping around it, the drawing of the mantilla across the face and peeping out from under it, are all but parts of the same dance. No halts, no bars of music, between which the performer snorts and pants like a race-horse, or delights the audience with a brazen smile; there are no violent movements, no apparent exertion, but all is grace and ease.

"Such was the dance I witnessed. I was charmed and interested, and when the hat, full of copper, was held before me, I dropped into it a forty-sous piece. The unusual sight of silver made the bearer lift her eyes. I looked into them, and then, strangely embarrassed, at the outstretched hands, attempted to utter some commonplace remark, but could not. With me the dancer's task was ended; the hat had been passed around the room, and now she seated herself at the table nearest at hand — my table. Then it was her companion's turn, who, by comparison, seemed even more hideous than at first sight. Her sallow and wrinkled skin was as unwashed as her garments, which were dirtier than the dirtiest of the blue blouses, with which the major part of the audience were attired. She might have borne no little resemblance to the imaginary witch with whom she claimed connection, the author of the marvellous elixir which she offered — oh, no! not for sale, that was impossible — she could only give a limited number of the precious vials to a chosen few. They, in return, might give her a small offering, but not, be it distinctly understood, for her precious elixir, which could not be sold for base gold — copper, she might have said, with more appropriateness, and even that in as minute quantities as gold is usually dished out to the average mortal.

"In the meantime, her companion had remained seated, impassive and immovable, but yet, whenever I raised my eyes and looked to where she sat, I met her glances, and when I turned I thought I beheld them still. Time and time again I designed to utter some remark, but the words would never come, and so I remained silent, outwardly, at least, but inwardly I called myself a fool. In this way I had worked myself into a state of drowsiness, from which I was startled by the old woman appearing before me, holding in her hand the last precious drop of the concoction of such mysterious origin. Mechanically, I brought forth my purse, and searching among the gold and Bank of England notes for a bit of silver, found none, and was about to press a Louis-d'or into the wrinkled hand when suddenly the young woman rose, and, with a peremptory gesture, beckoned her companion to come and for me to desist. The old woman drew back her hand, and mine still held the gold. Recollecting, then, that I kept my small change loose in my pocket, I brought forth a handful of copper and laid it upon the table. It was accepted with many a bow and hideous grin by the older person, but the younger remained indifferent, and thus they passed out of the room.

"Once I turned around, as they had reached the door, and saw her eyes riveted upon me. No sooner had the door closed behind them when, almost involuntarily, I arose, and, reaching the street as

they were disappearing fast in the distance, I followed. Up the long street we passed; then it narrowed, and we turned into an alley. I still kept them in sight, but suddenly they disappeared. Reaching the spot where they had vanished, I found myself but a few steps from the great amphitheatre — the noblest structure of Roman times, which had withstood the depredations of man, even more destructive than the storms of centuries.

"*'Voulez-vous entrer, Monsieur.'* With these words the gates were thrown open to me, and I entered. Unaccustomed as I was to foreign ways, I had forgotten to drop some coppers into the custodian's hands, and, as the heavy gates closed behind me, I could hear his imprecations.

"The sun had set, but in the twilight I reached the top by means of some scaffolding. The arena was undergoing restoration, much needed, for blocks upon blocks of its stone had been carried away and used for other purposes. The steps were incomplete, and deep holes and bottomless pits were everywhere. It was a *fête* day, and Nîmes was in holiday attire. The large place in front of the arena was alive with pleasure-seekers, gay booths and stands for popular amusements. Now and then voices and shouts reached me, and occasionally strains from a passing band or hand-organ were wafted to where I stood, alone. Not a single person but myself was within the vast arena. Even after the sun had set, and my view was confined to the piazza below, I wandered about on the last tier of seats and surveyed the ever-changing crowds below. Then I thought of leaving, but how? Where was the scaffolding I had used in ascending? Far beneath me, on one side, was the piazza, on the other a bottomless pit, for all within was darkness. Everywhere I searched for a foothold, and when I succeeded, and had descended a step or two, it was only to find, in front of me and on each side, deep crevices, whose bottoms I could not touch, even with my cane.

"Finally I gave up in despair, and decided, rather than run the risk of breaking my neck, to spend the night as best I could on the top of the lofty amphitheatre.

"I slept. When I awoke it was yet dark. Without, all was quiet, but in the arena, seated around a small fire, over which a kettle was hanging, the strange couple who had excited my curiosity in the dingy café were bending. I arose, shouted and waved my handkerchief, but they appeared not to hear me. Once I thought the young girl had looked up to where I stood. But, silently as they came, they disappeared. The fire was still glowing, but before the last spark disappeared to leave me in darkness, I slept again.

"I dreamed two soft arms were stealing about me; gently I was lifted from my resting-place; warm breath was upon my face, and as I murmured in my sleep I felt soft lips pressed against my own again and again. Some invisible form held me in close embrace, and my breath mingled with its own. Suddenly I dropped heavily back and awoke with a start. My arms were outstretched, as though to grasp some vanishing form, but I was alone, and all material forms were hidden in darkness.

"The next morning, at the café, where I had sought refreshment in a steaming cup of coffee and a glass of cognac, I recalled the events of the day and night before. What a dreamer I am, I mused, half angry with myself and fate, which destined me to be the hero of an adventure only in my dreams. Having finished my repast, I sought my watch to learn the time of day. It was gone! I reached for my purse. The purse was gone! It was not all a dream, but my first adventure." THEO. F. LAIST, late Travelling-Scholar.



THE RISE IN REAL ESTATE VALUES. — TWO PROPOSED SIXTEEN-STORY BUILDINGS. — THE SETTLING OF THE AUDITORIUM TOWER AND SIMILAR STRUCTURES. — THE COMING BUILDING-STRIKES. — LABOR DEMANDS AS THEY AFFECT THE WORLD'S FAIR. — OFFICIAL HINTS AS TO THE CHARACTER OF THE EXHIBITION BUILDINGS.

RECENT transactions in down-town real estate have considerably interested architects as pointing to several new business buildings of importance; incidentally also the real-estate brokers have been afforded a chance to boast of the phenomenally rapid increase in values of choice, centrally located Chicago property. This rise in price is indeed well illustrated by these transfers; in the case of the Major Block at the southeastern corner of Madison and La Salle Streets the purchase price was \$625,000, while this same property, less than fifteen years ago, was sold for \$325,000. The sum now paid amounts to near \$9,500 per front foot on Madison Street, or a valuation of over \$70 for each of the 8,910 square feet of ground.

On all such valuable property, the tendency is, naturally, to erect high buildings — but high is now merely a comparative term, since high ten years ago is now low. Upon land, 94 by 80 feet on Dearborn Street (leased for 99 years at from \$22,000 to \$28,000 per

year) a company is to erect an office-building of sixteen stories. This is said to be the highest building yet designed for a lot of so small size; naturally, steel instead of iron will principally be employed, but the novel feature is that two of the diagonally opposite corners, occupying a space of about 20 by 50 feet in area, are to be really steel towers, the constructional parts of which are concealed in walls and partitions. They will be braced and trussed from ground to roof and are expected to very materially stiffen the whole building, helping to resist the immense lateral pressure of the wind, as well as the pressure due to weight of walls. This is considered especially necessary, since the height will be about two and one-half times the diameter, towering up some ten or eleven stories above its neighbors, while the light-court forms a convenient pocket for the reception of southwest gales.

On Madison Street, the Y. M. C. A. is hoping to put up a sixteen-story building, seven stories of which are for the use of the Society while the remainder would be stores and offices—also an Abstract Company is contemplating a building of about equal height on Washington Street, while rumors of one or two more are in circulation. The demands for large return on investments has now reached such a point, that no one would contemplate a down-town improvement of less than ten to twelve stories, while sixteen, eighteen and twenty stories are now as glibly talked about as seven, eight and nine were but a few years ago, and the practical constructive results of these buildings will be watched with great interest. As is well known our foundation is neither rock nor sand, but the softest and most treacherous of clay, so that what is perfectly feasible in most of the Eastern cities becomes here a possibly doubtful problem. None of these extremely large and heavy high buildings have yet been completed and it is possibly unjust to judge them by towers of corresponding height. However, if such judgment be permissible, we may surely believe that there will be a great deal of settlement, and if not dangerous it will be at least very disagreeable. The Auditorium tower, built with every known precaution, from testing the soil with weights before commencing work, to gradually loading the tower as it was built, has nevertheless settled more than was originally allowed for. As a result it has caused, if nothing more, the most serious annoyance and some expense with water-pipes, plastering, etc., and it seems to be questionable whether the settlement has yet ceased; if not, where will it stop? In like manner the tower of the Board of Trade and also that of the Dearborn Station have caused much trouble and some uneasiness. Owners of property adjoining these high constructions are beginning to wonder if the settlement of adjacent buildings will have any effect upon their own, and as for wondering about the loss of light in the lower stories, they have got beyond that already, and complain of it as a well-established fact. Our streets, fairly wide as they are, with fourteen, sixteen and twenty story buildings on both sides, become practically dark and narrow alleys, with no sun.

The labor question seems to be gradually growing more acute and it now appears very probable that there will be some sort of a struggle next month. The plasterers have decided to strike for \$4.00 per day and the carpenters will demand 37½ cents per hour as minimum wages instead of 30 cents as at present. The Unions are all preparing for a most vigorous campaign and most of them have recently joined the Building Trades Council, which is in fact a union of unions. The practical object is evidently to so centralize all crafts that, as a matter of dollars and cents, employers can better afford to grant demands than incur the loss necessary to the stoppage of labor in all building trades. This fact is brought out in possibly not quite so blunt, but an equally plain, manner by the Section 2 of their constitution recently adopted, where they state that their object is "that they may form a compact body with the common interests to prevent that which may be injurious and properly perfect and carry into effect that which they may deem advantageous to themselves and the common good of all." Two of the other sections are interesting as showing, if possible more clearly, the intents and purposes of this Council. Section 20 says, "It shall be the duty of this Council to use the united strength of all the organizations represented herein to compel all non-union men to conform to and obey the laws of the trade to which they should properly belong." Section 27 says, "It shall be the duty of inspectors to see that none but union men are employed on buildings." Starting out with such a plan it is evident that there is ample opportunity on the part of the contractors either for a hard fight or else an immediate and almost unconditional surrender. Both ways have their advocates, but some definite action will probably be taken within the next ten days. Future action of the World's Fair Directors upon the labor question may also have some bearing upon the struggle; but it would appear as if the managers had now done all that they intended to do in the way of answering the demands of the laborites, and all other questions will be quietly laid over from time to time without action. About what was foretold in the last letter has come to pass: not very much of practical importance has been done, but a great deal of smoothing down of ruffled feathers, and patting on the back have taken place.

The labor leaders made five demands, viz: 1. The employment of union labor so far as possible. 2. Eight hours. 3. Preference given to local residents and American citizens. 4. A minimum rate of wages of \$1.50 per day of eight hours for unskilled and unorganized labor. 5. The establishment of a system of arbitration to include all cases of dispute between employers and employes. The second and fifth of these demands have been assented to, while the others have been in a general way objected to, but referred to a com-

mittee to be hereafter appointed, which would seem to indicate no definite action in the very near future.

Important progress in the architectural work of the World's Fair has to be noted. The latter part of last month the architects of the board met here with their preliminary sketches, which were accepted with very few changes. Estimates have been made by the Construction Department, and approved, so that the working-drawings may now be said to be fairly under weigh. Some few changes in the general disposition of buildings upon the grounds were made, and under the suggestion of Mr. St. Gaudens, a new feature was introduced in the lake pier arrangements. He proposed to send out two embracing moles closing in towards a centre about 400 feet from shore, but not coming entirely together, thus leaving an inner harbor. Upon the moles are to be placed 42 isolated columns, each representing a State, and bearing a coat of arms over its capital. In this harbor there should be a commanding statue of Columbus, or an emblematical figure of the Republic, standing upon a pedestal rising out of the water.

Unquestionably, the designs for the various buildings are, on the whole, extremely satisfactory, but as they have not yet been publicly exhibited, a description was prepared for the press by the Superintendent of Construction. For high-flown and gushing style it seems to exceed anything published for some time: still, if divested of most of its superlatives, and if, likewise, all "spread eagism" and fulsome praise for the architects be dropped out, one can get a fair intimation of what is to be expected, if it be not supposed that the styles mentioned are to be carried out in the strictest manner.

The largest building, for Manufacture and the Liberal Arts, designed by George B. Post, is 800x1700 feet: style, French Renaissance, with a dome of 370 feet in the centre. This entire building is encircled by a two-story portico. The Administration Building, by R. M. Hunt, is in the Italian Renaissance, with a dome over 200 feet in height. The Mines and Mining Building, by S. S. Beman, is in the French Renaissance. The Electricity Building, 700 x 300, designed by Van Brunt & Howe, is of delicate French Renaissance suggestive of the Gothic, which, it is believed will readily lead itself to effective results in lighting.

The Machinery Hall, by Peabody & Stearns, covering with annexes about 26 acres, is rather severely Classical in detail. The Transportation Building, by Adler & Sullivan, is Romanesque in treatment, and covers nearly ten acres. The Horticultural Building, by W. L. B. Jenney, is of glass and iron, with small domes at the ends, and a more important one in the centre. The Fisheries Building, by H. I. Cobb, is rather Spanish in character, and will be treated with a good deal of color; it consists of a central main building with two curved arcades, connecting two smaller pavilions. On the main pier is a pavilion (Greek Doric and Ionic), by Burling & Whitehouse, which is to be finished in white and gold and to be used as a summer-garden and music-hall. As a matter of curiosity, and as a sample of the report from which the above summary is culled, the following is taken, verbatim: "Now comes the last of the great buildings, that of Agriculture (Messrs. McKim, Mead & White, architects). What was said of the Machinery Building might well be repeated of this. To take up the study of a great building 800 x 500 and design it in the Classic styles, is not so hard for a trained man of patient mind. He may do it well enough to make it respectable and pleasing. One would think that the personal feeling of a man could do little more; but Mr. McKim's work in this case must dissuade us out of this. It is a straightforward Classic building, and yet one is impressed with its subtle spacings, its suggestive proportions in the borders [What does this mean?] by its deep and sure knowledge of ornamentation, and its clear expanse as a whole. It is rich, and failure might come with so much relief-ornament and so many statues; but McKim impresses us that we may trust him for the outcome, besides, in this case, it is altogether likely that his friend St. Gaudens will take the direction of his sculpture so far as not purely architectural; and who may not anticipate what the result must be from such an arrangement. An enthusiast will say of this building, 'It is a dream'; a good strong Chicago scholar would say, 'It is fine, indeed'; and they of Boston will say, 'Well, it is not so very bad, you know.' It is therefore going to be satisfactory." Imagine the feelings of the architects!

Among other important decisions arrived at by the Directors is the final abandonment of the Lake Front as a site for a portion of the fair. This places everything at Jackson Park as it should be. As a result this does away with several buildings for which architects had been provisionally appointed, as noted in the last letter. Although official action has been taken, some enthusiasts hope that such decision may be reversed so far as the Art Building is concerned, but such a result is scarcely probable. The only point to be urged in favor of such a foolish procedure, is a strictly selfish argument on the part of the citizens of Chicago; an art building must necessarily be fireproof, and hence is practically a permanent structure, and if erected in the city it can hereafter be used by the Art Institute; while if located in the park it becomes of little use to the citizens. The work at Jackson Park of actually grading, filling and laying out the grounds is now well under way, and it is hoped that contracts may be let so that work on some of the buildings will commence not later than June.



THE SECOND ANNUAL CONVENTION OF
THE ONTARIO ASSOCIATION OF ARCHITECTS.—THE PROCEEDINGS AND
THE PAPERS READ.

THE Ontario Association of Architects has just held its second annual convention in Toronto (February 17 and 18) and it appears to have been in every way a most satisfactory meeting.

Particular interest was given to this convention, through the fact of its being the first since the passing of the Act of Incorporation, and the members came up from all parts of the Province to take part in the proceedings. The Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, very kindly put the School of Practical Science Building at the disposal of the Association, which gladly accepted the invitation to hold their convention there. Professor Galbraith and Mr. Wright, the lecturer on architecture, received the members with great courtesy and did their best to make them comfortable and at home. The civil engineers of Toronto have always taken the liveliest interest in the Association and some of the principal members took the opportunity of showing their interest by being present at the meetings and lending their aid in the discussions of practical subjects. The new wing of the Schools in which the convention was held has not long been finished and there remains a great deal to be done in the fitting-up of the machinery and engines before the work of the School can be set going in the manner which is intended. Professor Galbraith and Mr. Wright conducted the members over the building and indicated the arrangements of the various appliances yet to be set up, of which perhaps the most interesting feature to the architects was the room for the machines for testing building materials.

The President (Mr. G. W. Storm) in his opening address stated that he felt a particular gratification in opening this convention. At the previous convention no one could say whether the Association would be actually in existence at the present time, or if in existence, what form it would take, the Act of Incorporation had only been drawn up but had not been before the local House. But, now, all that time of anxious waiting was over and the Association met as a corporate body, not it is true, in the exact position it desired to be, but nevertheless incorporated by Act of Parliament and with a great future before it. The President alluded very feelingly to the late Mr. Durand, one of the vice-presidents, who died during the year, and whose death has been mentioned in a previous letter.

The Treasurer and the Registrar presented their reports, which were eminently satisfactory and which were consequently adopted.

Owing to the mass of business in the hands of the Council in organizing the new Association, two matters, namely, certificates and rules for competitions, which they had been requested to take up at the last convention, had been left untouched. It had been decided that the Council should prepare a form of certificate that would define on the face of it the exact position of the architect in issuing it, and the amount of responsibility that was rightly his in issuing it so that there could be no room for doubt on the part either of proprietor or contractor as to the purpose and object of the certificate. This matter was therefore brought up again, and the discussion that ensued resulted in the decision that the position of the architect was established by the wording of the contract between proprietor and contractor, and therefore the certificate was not the proper place for any such statement, and that the best kind of certificate that could be used was one which simply stated that the contractor was entitled to receive so much on account of works executed, and so the matter was dropped. With regard to rules for the governing of competitions, these will be taken up by the Council.

Mr. Billings, from Ottawa, then read a paper prepared by Mr. Ewart (of Ottawa) and himself on "Hot-water heating of Dominion Public Buildings during the past ten years," illustrated by a number of plans of work carried out. This paper was particularly interesting and, as covering a great deal of ground in actual experience, it was free from theories which, while interesting, are often delusive and impracticable. Mr. Billings showed that it was as easy to heat buildings of all kinds, no matter how large and straggling, with steam as with hot water, but that as to the question of economy it had been impossible to experiment satisfactorily between the two systems. The first day's session closed with a paper by Mr. Gordon (Toronto) on "Building Materials."

The session of the 18th opened with a discussion on the by-laws, which I have previously reported, and these were passed with but few and unimportant amendments. Mr. Allan MacDougall, Chairman of the Toronto Branch of the Civil Engineers Association of Canada, who had very kindly volunteered to read a paper on the "Weathering of Building-Stones," was then invited to come forward. He described some curious instances of fractures in stones under certain conditions of position, with regard to sunshine and prevalent winds, that had come under his notice in various places. Stones that had been thus acted upon were all imported stones, and Mr. MacDougall showed that local stones were undoubtedly more suitable for use in

their own localities than stones imported from other climates and consequently formed under other conditions. As a result of the discussion which followed, it was decided that the Council should take up the matter of the building-stones of the Province and take such action as would enable them to prepare a conclusive report on the nature, formation and suitability for use of these building-stones.

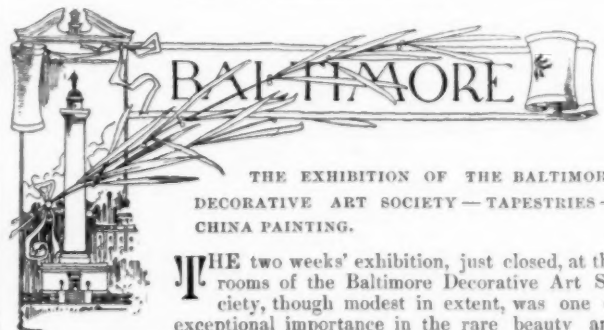
Mr. Edmund Burke then followed with a paper on "Slow-burning Construction," describing the best methods of treating various elements of construction so as to ensure the best results, that is, the least amount of damage in case of fire. He concluded with the warning that there was a danger in applying any system of slow-burning construction indiscriminately to all classes of buildings, stating that the constructive problems of every building should be separately worked out. The convention then adjourned for lunch provided in the building, after which a visit was paid to the New Hospital for Sick Children—on the invitation of Messrs. Darling & Curry, the architects. This new building is situated about three minutes' walk from the Schools, so that most of the members availed themselves of the opportunity of seeing it, and were well repaid for going there, and would have liked to have spent much more time than could then be spared in examining the system of the working and management of the institution upon which, of course, the plan was based.

On the reassembling of the members for the afternoon session, Mr. Gambier-Bousfield read a paper on "Architectural Education in Canada." He outlined the systems of France and Germany—the want of a system in England, in which country, however, some of the greatest architects of the world had arisen. The systems of the schools in the States he believed to be as perfect as was possible, considering the disadvantage of being in a country without ancient examples, and he pointed out in what, and how, students in Canada should endeavor to make themselves proficient. A discussion followed upon the proposed examinations for students. This finished the programme with the exception of the elections, but as there were only the vacancies of the three one-year offices to be filled, they did not take up much time. Messrs. Ewart and Burke were returned again and the third place was filled by Mr. S. H. Townsend—until this time the energetic, much valued Registrar of the Association. His election to the Council, leaves the registrarship vacant and causes a considerable amount of questioning as to whom the Council will select for the office.

After passing a vote of thanks to the Minister of Education for his permission to use the School for the meeting of the convention, the members adjourned, to meet again for the interesting and practical business of a dinner given by the Toronto members of the Association to the outside members.

There could hardly have been a more representative gathering than that which surrounded the dinner-table. Invitations had been extended to the Members of Parliament for the city, the presidents and secretaries, local and general, of the civil engineers, as well as to other prominent members of that profession. The various art associations of the city were included and all the members of the Council of the Province of Quebec Association of Architects were also asked. The Architectural Sketch-Club (the students' association) was also represented by three of its prominent officers. There were, of course, a few regrets from persons unable to attend, but all were couched in terms expressing the greatest interest in the Association and its work. About seventy sat down, however, to dinner which was discussed with more general satisfaction even than the papers.

Mr. William A. Langton (Toronto) has been appointed to the vacant office of registrar. Mr. Langton took a lively and active interest in organizing the original meeting of the Association and has always shown himself to have the interests of the Association at heart. He acted as secretary at the inception meeting and though nominated for the office of Secretary of the Association, declined to take office.



THE EXHIBITION OF THE BALTIMORE
DECORATIVE ART SOCIETY—TAPESTRIES—
CHINA PAINTING.

THE two weeks' exhibition, just closed, at the rooms of the Baltimore Decorative Art Society, though modest in extent, was one of exceptional importance in the rare beauty and value of the articles shown, and as an exponent of the ability of this Society to gather together from different sources in the country such a collection of decorative art work, with such excellent discrimination in the selection, and to show them so successfully and attractively, with such limited accommodations of space.

The only two branches of work included were needle-work and china-decoration, and in these there was no attempt at any classification, systematic arrangement or cataloguing; but this was hardly felt to

be necessary, from the limited number of the exhibits and the very concentrated grouping, that the small amount of wall and floor space in the unpretentious work-rooms of the Society demanded, and one received a rather satisfactory general impression from the skilful artistic massing together of rich effects in color, form and fabric, just sufficiently classified to render the exhibition quite comprehensible with a little effort on the part of the visitor. There was a marked evidence throughout of the existence, among those who arranged it, of a sensitive feeling for harmonious coloring and effective grouping, that produced most pleasing results, conspicuously noticeable in a collection of Rookwood pottery where the color-schemes were happily repeated and blended, almost as if by accident, in the metallic shades of some textile fabrics upon which the potteries had been placed; and not only here indeed, but throughout the entire exhibit the very skilful arrangement of the miscellaneous collection, so as to avoid clashing and injurious juxtapositions, and to bring out pleasing harmonies and contrasts added much to the satisfaction of the visitor.

Among the numerous articles of various kinds, and of varying importance and value, one or two of the predominating groups will suffice, by way of description, to give a general idea of the merit of the exhibition. First in importance—as to space occupied and decorative value, as well as in general interest created—was, decidedly, the contributions from the "Associated Artists" of New York, and by far the larger part of these were specimens of their now widely-known and peculiar form of tapestry. One or two of these had been previously shown here, the others were all new to Baltimore. The place of honor was properly given to their largest piece, a reproduction by their method of Raphael's cartoon of "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes," which, as the story goes, was first woven into tapestry at Brussels in 1515, from one of the series of cartoons made by Raphael for Leo X, and known as the "The Acts of the Apostles." The tapestries were hung in the Sistine Chapel, and regarded as among the world's art treasures, while the cartoons remained for more than a century at the manufactory in Brussels. Rubens is said to have told Charles I of them, and induced him to purchase several of them for the newly-established Mortlake Tapestry-works, near London, about 1630. In the time of Cromwell most of the royal tapestries were sold and dispersed, but the cartoons remained hidden for generations, and at Hampton Court and South Kensington Museum have reappeared only in these later days as objects of special art interest.

The piece of work now exhibited is said to be the most important of the kind the "Associated Artists" have, as yet, undertaken. Reproduced from a photograph of one of the old tapestries, it is not stated whether the scheme of color adopted followed that of the original work, or whether it is a new arrangement of the Associated Artists; it is certainly a fine piece of decoration from point of color alone, and the drawing, we assume, is reproduced from the master's own; but the whole composition does not entirely suggest the idea of Raphael, corresponding to the impression conveyed by his more familiar works, perhaps owing to the limits of the peculiar medium of reproduction. The design is a landscape of lake and mountain and sky, with boats and figures, naturalistically treated, and full of interest and strength, and, when viewed at a little distance, gives the effect of an unfinished wall-fresco.

Just such a piece of work as this brings up again the ever-recurring question of the limits of naturalistic and picture treatment for decorative purposes, a question that the uninitiated continually insist upon asking: "Why do you do so laboriously with needle and silk what you could represent more truthfully, more easily and better with brush and pigment, and put a picture on a textile fabric, whose essential nature it is to fold and drape, whereas the existence of that very characteristic tends at every instant to destroy the effect of your picture?"—a pertinent question, and one easier to ask than to answer readily.

Two others of these tapestries were "Venus and Cupids": a pretty piece of delicate coloring, all pale flesh-tints and fleecy whites against a blue-green background of sea and sky, and a smaller one, "The Harvester": a study of dark greens in shadow, with a single figure in the foreground against a bright sunset sky, the whole suggesting a treatment partly Breton, partly Millet.

Among the other exhibits of the Associated Artists was a *portière* of *appliqué* work on a sheeny metallic ground, the design being two conventional dragons, apparently in a deadly combat, and formed of minute bits of plush and silk, combined with stitching in silk and gold threads, the whole forming a most careful, elaborate and successful study of decorative form and color. These productions, together with others shown here and elsewhere, certainly place this Association in the first rank among decorative artists, and, in this special treatment of fabrics and textiles, unrivalled in modern work.

By Mrs. Weld, of Boston, were shown two *portières*, one a simple piece of coarse, unbleached linen, upon which was literally sketched in crewels, with apparent ease and rapidity of execution, a tangled mass of chrysanthemums, charming in their color and unstudied arrangement, and in their suggestiveness of nature. A little table-screen showed the same touch and method on a smaller scale; but the second *portière* was in quite different feeling, and greatly lacking in the interest and merit of the other—a design of huge chestnut leaves, or something similar, outlined over the entire ground, with a great deal of elaborate and laborious filling-in work, rich and effective to examine, but telling for very little in the whole result at a slight distance.

In the centre of the room were two large glass cases filled with numerous specimens of work, as applied to the variety of objects now capable of decoration by the needle, in satin, silk, linen, cotton, cloth, leather, kid, etc., from the mere coarse outline of a crewel on unbleached linen to the most exquisitely elaborate, graceful and dainty designs in the richest silks on the most delicate fabrics. This was far from a heterogeneous mass of objects of more or less merit, frequently seen at such exhibitions; they were, on the contrary, carefully selected, each for special merit of its kind. Each was truly a work of art, and worthy of close examination and a pleasure to look at.

The rapid development in the last few years from the simple, conventional treatment of decoration, soon exhausted, through various stages to the elaborate grace and daintiness and multifarious methods now in vogue, is very marked. Some things now seem to have reached almost perfection, to admit of no further change without loss, to be the acme of beauty and fitness, and to afford almost a species of intoxicating pleasure to the eye, so that we tremble for the next step, lest it be in the wrong direction, and bring with it a line of work tending to a debased style. May all the Muses and the education and good sense of American people defend us! But still we tremble.

One of these glass cases contained work collected from various places, while the other was filled with that alone from the work-rooms of the Baltimore Society itself; and while all was beautiful, and we would draw no discourteous comparisons, the very special attractiveness of the Baltimore work was the subject of general comment and deserving notice.

Next in interest to the tapestries were undoubtedly the very beautiful and rare pieces of Japanese and Chinese work, in the form of embroidered robes and bed-spreads, loaned by Miss Skidmore of Washington, the ground of silk being in many cases almost entirely covered with the delicate embroidery, of exquisite coloring and conventional flower-forms, as a brocade would be, but still retaining all the subtle charm inherent to hand-work and individual touch. These fabrics seem to fairly illustrate the highest type of needle decoration, in all the richness of form, color and delicacy that it is capable of, without infringing upon the limits of pictorial art, showing the best elements that we have yet found in decoration, with nothing unfitted for the purpose. The subordination of superfluous detail to the general effect, combined with a minuteness that gave delight on closer examination and the seductive scheme of color pervading the whole, without a harsh or discordant note, are truly triumphant achievements in this branch of work, which we find in all the best Oriental fabrics, to be sure, but we have never seen them more beautifully shown than in these pieces.

A case exclusively devoted to decorated china of various kinds occupied the entire end wall-space of the room. A promiscuous collection of mostly small pieces, not of exceptional merit, but above the average for such work, with generally a fine feeling for color and no single piece that was not attractive and of some artistic value. The most highly finished specimens were contributed by the decorator, M. Putyky, now quite well-known as a teacher of this branch in Washington. On the top of this case were placed the groups of "Rookwood" ware, before referred to. These showed two distinct styles of treatment: the one already so long associated with that manufactory, of Japanese feeling in the shapes and low relief decoration and in the beautiful shades of bronze coloring so much to be admired. The other style is, we think, a distinct deterioration from their earlier work, the coloring a shade of the pinkish salmon, or "peach blow," or "old rose," or what-not, that has been the late fad, and the decoration flower-forms in white, transparent low relief of *pâte-sur-pâte* effects, that have a certain prettiness of extreme delicacy on close examination, but owe this popularity rather to novelty and appropriateness for special purposes—to the treatment of toilet china, and the like, perhaps—than to any general and lasting artistic qualities of the same degree of merit as shown in the earlier style.

One cannot pass over, among the many scattered small articles shown, the exceedingly attractive specimens of inlaid wood in many varieties of form applied to useful articles, and all, we believe, from a Boston contributor, who constantly keeps in the salesroom of the Society a stock of these very good things, which find ready purchasers at by no means low prices.

Last, but not least, was the leather-work sent by Yandel of New York, wall-hangings, furniture-covering and screens, treated by what is termed a "hand-tool" process of fine embossing, then "bronzed" in very varied and beautiful metallic shades, and finally painted with fruit and flower and landscape designs in a wealth of truly gorgeous coloring that avowedly aims at the reproduction of old Dutch and Flemish work, and with commendable success, in spite of a certain mechanical effect in the lines of the embossing, and the too-glossy newness of the surface.

A word, in closing, of this Baltimore Decorative Art Society. Established thirteen years ago, it has gone through similar vicissitudes to those that have probably beset like institutions, but now finds itself on a comparatively firm basis, having always kept two main objects in view—affording means of instruction in the principles of decorative art, and providing a place for sale of work which was up to a certain standard established on these principles. The element of charity involved was twofold, the offering means of livelihood to the contributors of such work, and the continual education of the popular taste to appreciate what is really good and to reject

the bad. The effort has always been to keep the "shop" subordinate to the "studio," or to make the salesroom dependent on the results of the teaching. Two studios, one for drawing and painting, the other for needle-work, are open during the entire working year, each in charge of a most competent teacher. In these studios there are constantly six free pupils in each department, while to the others a very moderate tuition fee is charged; the Society has thus constantly on hand a corps of workers to whom they can with confidence give the orders received for the finest work and to whom good prices are paid. Any one may become a contributor of work to the Society for sale, but such work must pass the examination of a critical committee, to whom it is submitted without name under number only, and if rejected a printed form of criticism is returned with it, if accepted it is put in the salesroom, and when sold ten per cent commission is retained. The Society is partly supported by annual subscribers, who become such simply out of interest in the work, with the privilege of nominating free pupils in the studios. All the affairs of the Society are in the hands of a Board of Managers consisting of both men and women with, at present, most active and efficient officers, able attendants in the salesrooms and two thoroughly competent English ladies in charge of the studios. The artistic standard of the work accepted is raised every year; the orders for work are continually increasing and the sales large. Much is done in this line in summer, at mountain and seashore resorts, where some of the best things are sent, and a sale of several days is held and orders taken, and not the least of the benefits of the Society to the community are the annual exhibitions, like the one just closed.



[Contributors are requested to send with their drawings full and adequate descriptions of the buildings, including a statement of cost.]

ENTRANCE TO HOUSE OF ANDREW J. WHITE, ESQ., FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y. MR. JAMES E. WARE, ARCHITECT, NEW YORK, N. Y.

[Gelatine Print issued with the International and Imperial Editions only.]

PROPOSED MAUSOLEUM FOR GREENWOOD CEMETERY. MESSRS. CARRERE & HASTINGS, ARCHITECTS, NEW YORK, N. Y.

THESE plans were made for the New Masoleum Company, and are to show a typical mausoleum; it being intended that they should serve as the basis for different schemes in different cities, as mentioned in our issue for January 31. They now have under consideration, the erection of mausoleums in New Orleans, Chicago, Minneapolis, and other cities. The immediate object of this drawing was the erection of this building as here shown, in Greenwood, and the trustees of the cemetery are now considering the propriety of adopting the scheme.

HOUSE AND STABLE AT DOBBS FERRY, ON THE HUDSON, N. Y. MR. FRANK FREEMAN, ARCHITECT, NEW YORK, N. Y.

[Additional Illustrations in the International Edition.]

ENTRANCE TO THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY'S BUILDING, ST. PAUL, MINN. MESSRS. BABB, COOK & WIL-LARD, ARCHITECTS, NEW YORK, N. Y.

[Copper-plate Etching.]

THE GERMANIA BUILDING, VIENNA, AUSTRIA. HERR. CARL TIETZ, ARCHITECT.

[Gelatine Print.]

CHAPEL, EAST OF THE CHOIR, IN THE CATHEDRAL, MONREALE, SICILY.

[Gelatine Print.]

LIKE the other prints in this series, this view is reversed.

SKETCH FOR CHURCH ON REGENT'S CANAL, PADDINGTON, LONDON, ENG. MR. JOHN BELCHER, ARCHITECT.

INTERIOR, SECTIONS AND PLAN OF THE SAME.

BLOCK OF HOUSES ON THE MARINE PARADE, LITTLESTONE-ON-SEA, ENG. MR. H. E. KNIGHT, ARCHITECT.

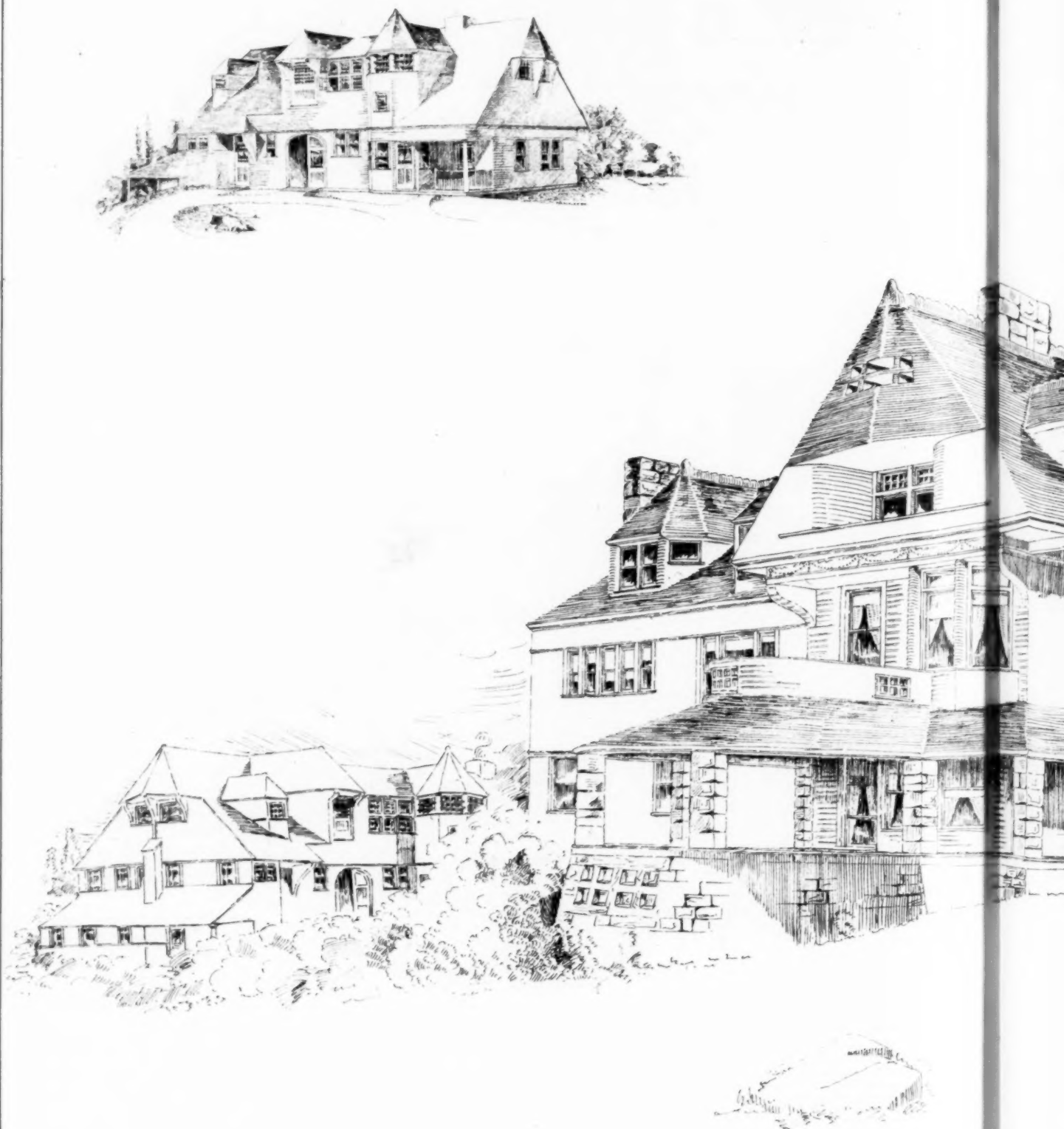
NOTES AND CLIPPINGS.

THE BOSTON PLUMBERS AND THE REFORM SCHOOL.—This is apropos of a report recently issued by a committee appointed by the Journeymen Plumbers' Union, of Boston, to "investigate" the Concord Reformatory Industrial School. It appears that in that school there exists a very efficient system of technical or industrial training, whereby the youths "committed" are, at the end of their term, sent into the world again with a knowledge of how to gain an honest living. In other words, when they are liberated they are mechanics, not young jail-birds. It is needless to say that from a humanitarian as well as an economic point of view this is excellent. But because the Boston plumbers think their pockets are affected thereby they denounce the system as "simply abominable, disgraceful and criminal." "It was a sight," the report runs, "that nearly took away our breath," and, accordingly, the Massachusetts Legislature has been asked to restore the Plumbers' breath by forbidding technical education in the Reformatory.—*Review and Record*.



THE growing hesitancy of Eastern money-lenders to expand their loans in Western States is due to threatened turbulence in the fields of legislation. If granger antics are to be repeated, the effects will be more quickly felt, and will be productive of more harm. The competition for money is keen everywhere. Eastern monetary institutions are relaxing their holding in policy somewhat, but necessities of business men, agriculturists and others have not declined. The question of free silver coinage has been discussed during the past few days by commercial bodies in different cities, and it will be brought up in several Western cities during the next few months. Public opinion has not been crystallized on this subject. A long and animated discussion on the subject is inevitable, and, as heretofore stated, a political reorganization is probable, with the silver question as the dividing line. Latest reports from governmental and private sources lend strength to the probability of good crops. The agricultural area is being steadily extended. Figures as to the extension are wanting, but agricultural implement people say the increase is great—so great that a general organization of those interests is now in progress. European requirements for American farm and plantation products are increasing. Schemes to develop competing sources of supply loom up one after the other. Egyptian cotton experiments failed, and now projects are under consideration for governmental aid and assistance in developing East Indian and Central Asiatic sources of cotton supply; but America, with its cheapening facilities and lowering freight-rates and improved systems of transportation, which are gradually lessening cost, all point to the continuance of supremacy of American cotton. Further, the property of Southern cotton mills, and the increasing favor with which American cotton goods are being received throughout the world, furnish reasons to leading textile manufacturers for the belief that the home consumption of that fibre will be doubled within a very few years. Eastern textile manufacturers have been revising their opinions and views on this subject of late, and textile journals have recently been publishing statements that much greater capacity is soon to be established in the cotton States. That an additional impetus is soon to be imparted to that industry there is no doubt. This fact is referred to because of its bearing upon manufacturing prospects in other directions, especially in iron, steel, coal and lumber. The agricultural interests throughout the entire United States are in a fairly satisfactory condition. The chief complaints come from States where large loans have been made, and which have been visited with unprofitable seasons. There is an intimate connection in those States between the tendency to repudiation and prolonged drought. Fat crops will mend matters. Apart from this source of anxiety, the agricultural statistics of the country are encouraging. The prosperity and good prices are largely due to the steady decentralization of industries and to the consequent creation of local markets, creating short hauls for railroads. This source of prosperity is not sufficiently kept in view by those who watch the course of events. A study of trade statistics in some Western States shows a doubling in five years. Compared to this, foreign trade is nothing. This rapid growth of agricultural interests points to a growth of manufactures, but not an immediate growth. The present season will probably pass without much additional advantage from this source, but the law of the correlation of forces demands that an expansion of manufacturing occur in the not distant future. The evil from which we have suffered in former depressions was an over-supply of manufactured products. The rapid growth of agricultural interests forbids this in the future, but depressions can come from other causes. Those who are building railroads and manufacturing plants, buying-up lands and emptying their money into land securities, all do so under the conviction that the causes here indicated are actively at work. But economic legislation is unsettled. Fortunately, however, every year makes it a matter of less and less importance whether the McKinleys or the Mills are at the helm. The country is rapidly growing beyond the reach of harm from legislators, whose eyes are fixed first on political considerations, rather than on the wisest national economic policy. The week's commercial reviews are favorable. One hundred and forty-five railroads show an increase of four per cent in net earnings, for February, over February last year. Heavy disbursements about April 1 will help out. Europe is not drawing much gold. Large supplies are drifting to the interior. Stock-speculation is conducted with fear and trembling. The public are awaiting the announcement of important railway consolidations. New railroad-building is unimportant. Locomotive-builders are overcrowded, and shop people are nearly all busy. Textile manufacturers are realizing good orders, and hosiery manufacturers are busier than they have been for years. House-building will not probably fall below last year's limit, because wage-workers everywhere have steady employment. The cost of production, on the whole, is declining, but at such a snail's pace that none suffer, and enterprise is not alarmed. Electricians, mechanical engineers and practical people are all crowded with engagements. There is no ground for apprehension. The effects of the stringency are still felt, and nothing was done in Congress to make the public feel easy. The month of April will bring in a season of activity in all directions. As the markets are not overloaded, prices will be firm. Sudden fluctuations are not probable. Great accumulations of stock are impossible, and are contrary to the spirit of trade and manufacturing organization. In all of the labor discussions and demands this season the employers have gained the point at issue, though in a few instances slight concessions were made.

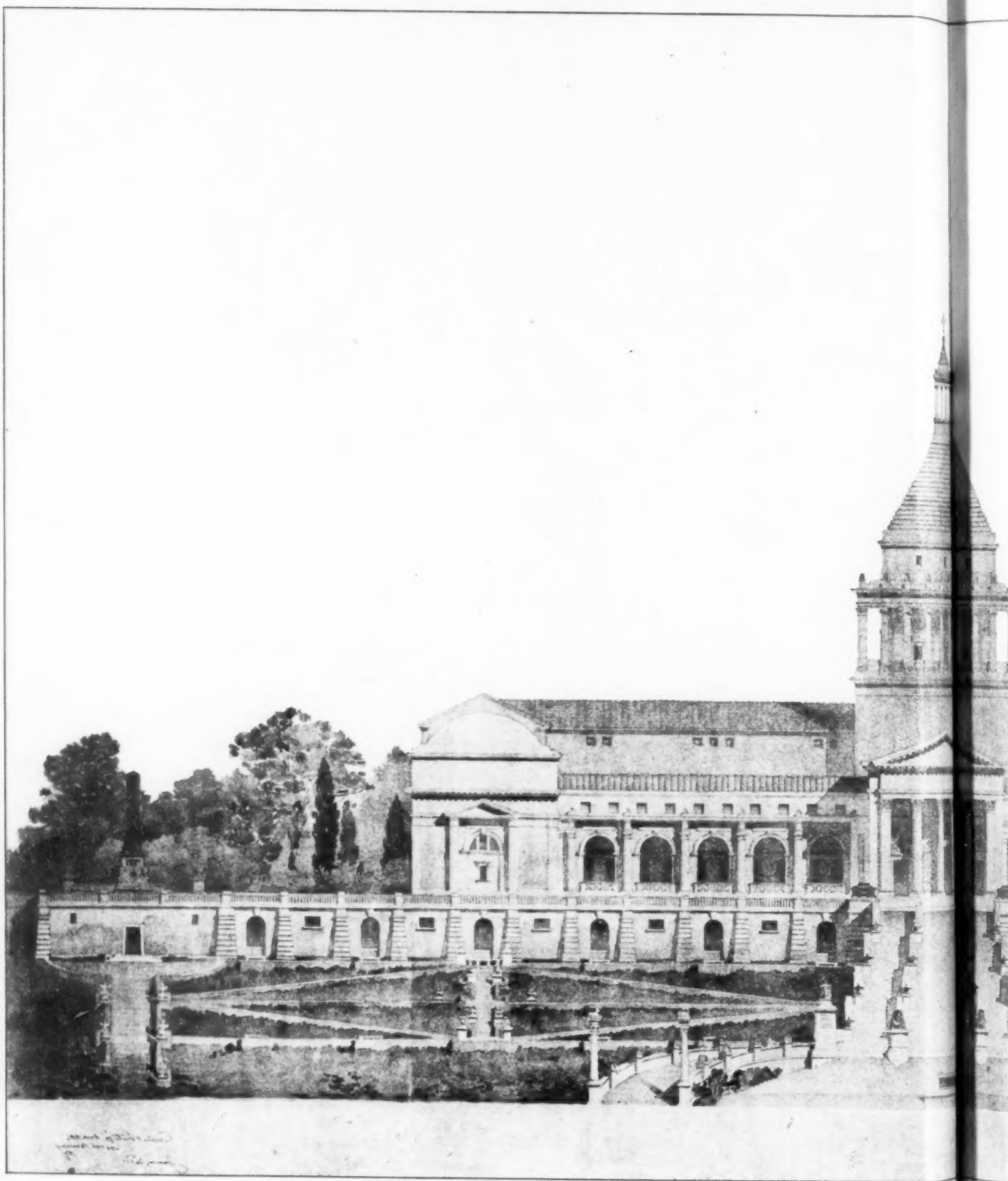
STABLE AT DODDS FERRY
ON THE HUDSON



RESIDENCE AT DOBBS FERRY
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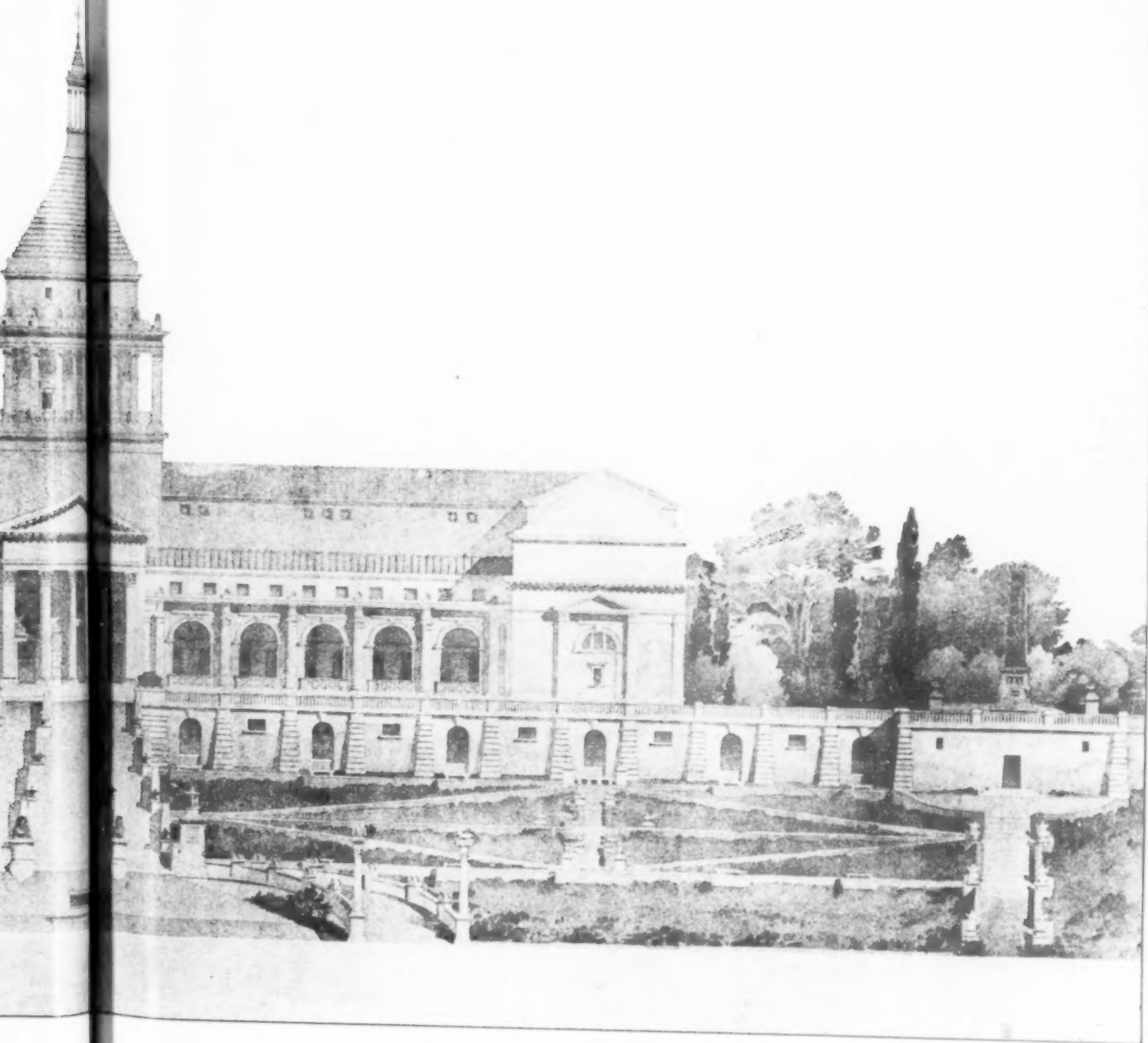




THE PROPOSED MAUSOLEUM FOR GREENWOOD

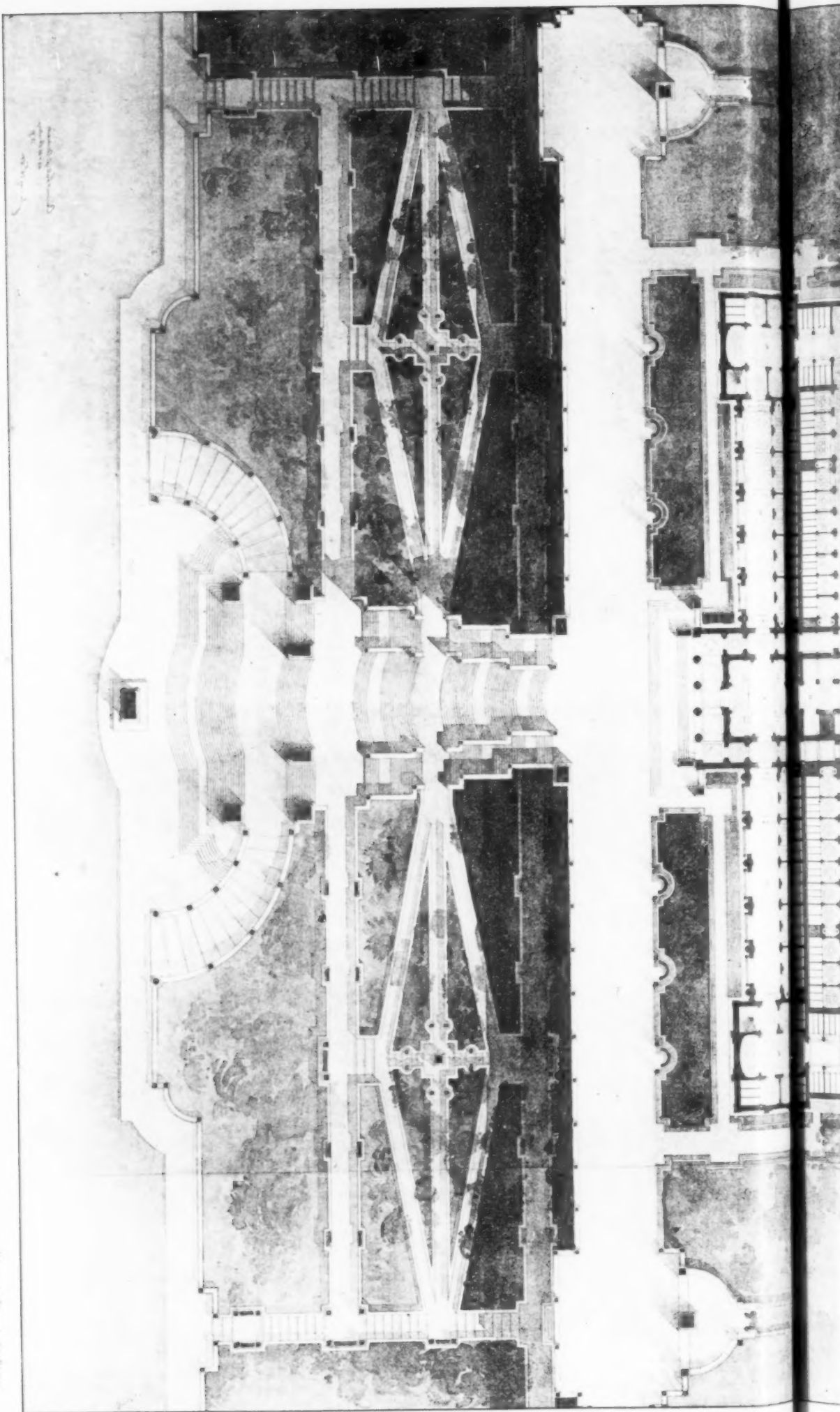
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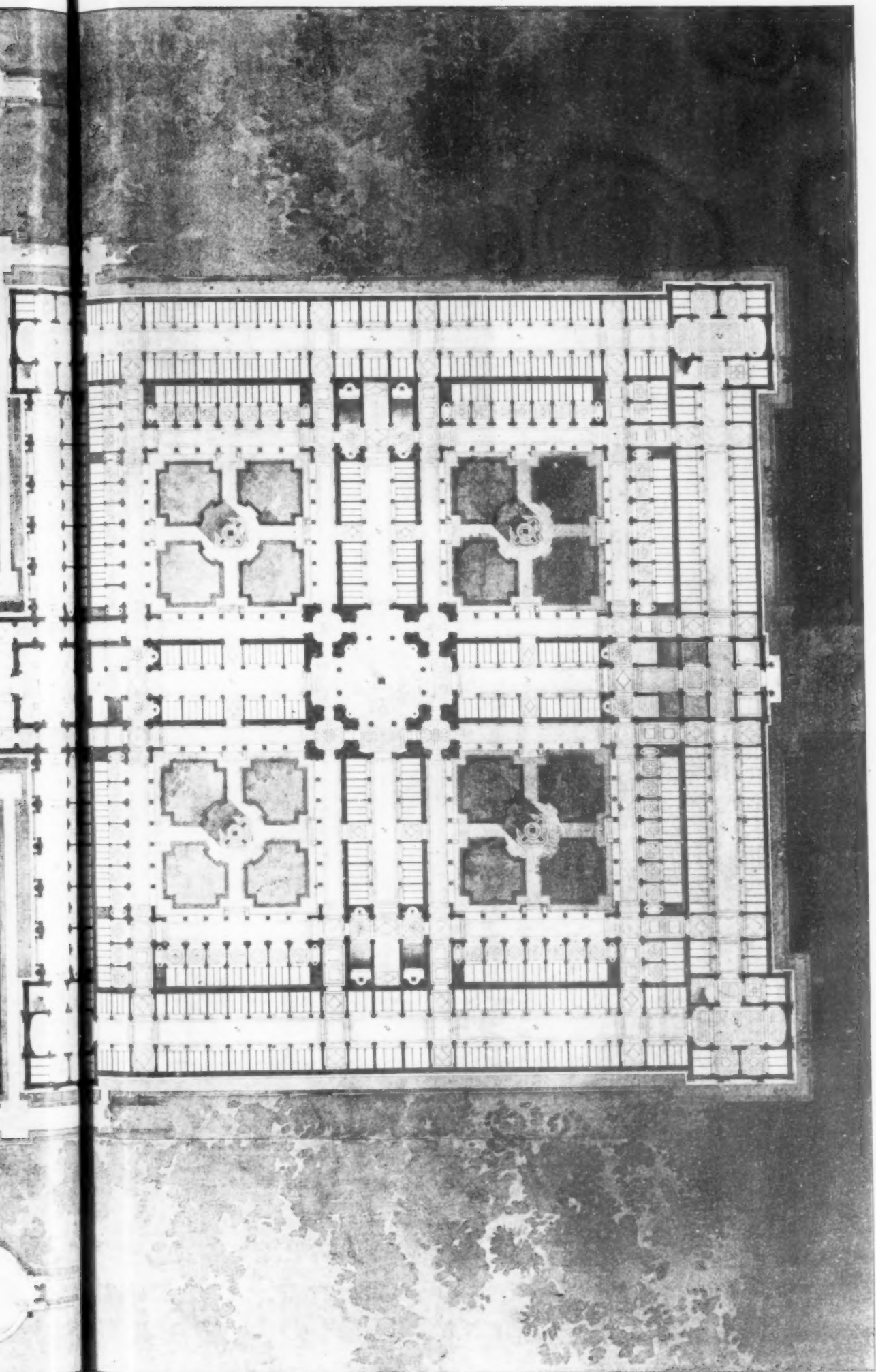


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Denver Athletic Club	- - - - -	"

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Dover City Hall	- - - - -	Dover.
Hitchcock Memorial Hospital	- - - - -	Hanover.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia Market	- - - - -	Philadelphia.
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RHODE ISLAND.

Morgan Stables	- - - - -	Newport.
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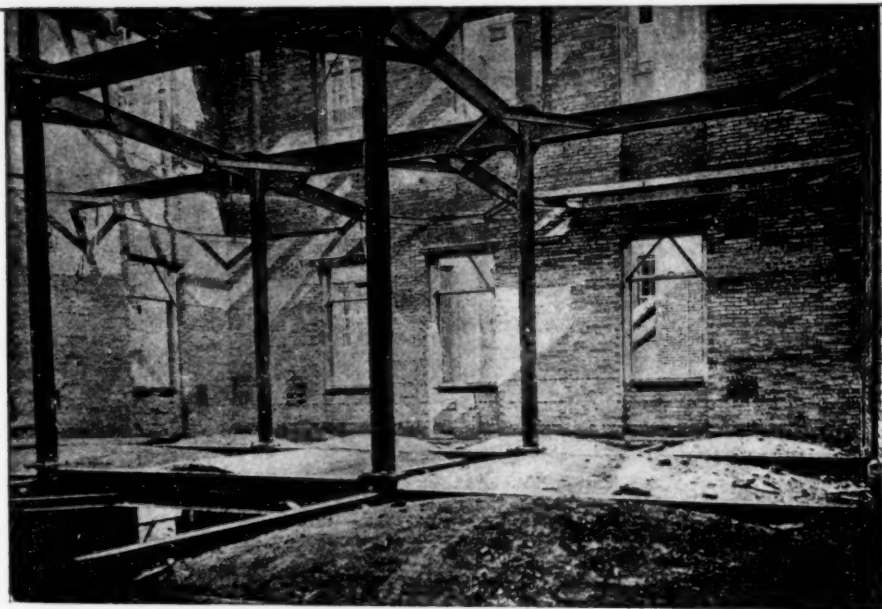
NEW JERSEY.

W. Fellows' Residence	- - - - -	Montclair.
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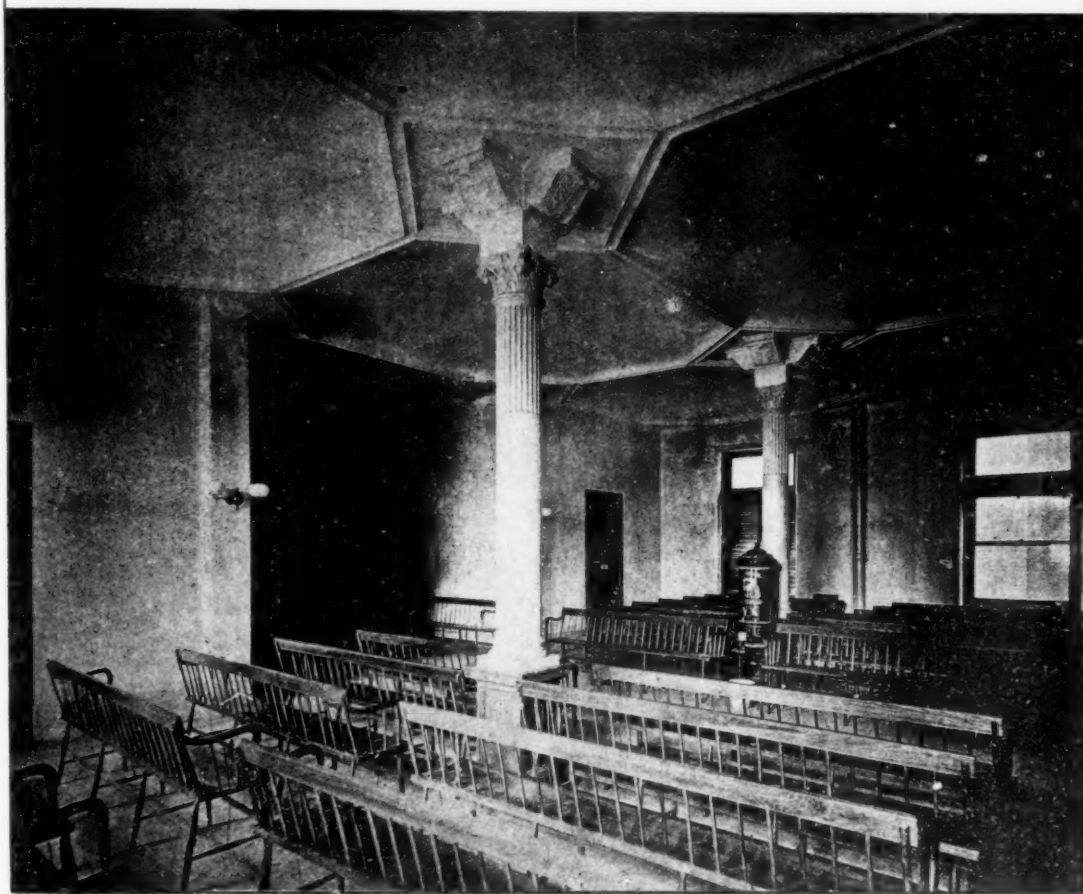
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