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VOL. XXXII

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NO. 800.

ARCHITECTURE

ENGINEERING

DECORATION

TICKNOR & COMPANY

CONSTRUCTION

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DOORWAY OF HOUSE OF MRS. OLIVER DITSON, COMMON-
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[Heliochrome issued with the International and Imperial Editions only.]
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VOL. XXXII.

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APRIL 25, 1891.



SUMMARY:—

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THE discussion over the law proposed in Massachusetts to forbid the use of arsenic in wall-papers, has brought out some curious observations. Some years ago, when the same matter was brought up, in much the same way, certain manufacturers expressed their conviction that pigments containing arsenic were objectionable for paper-hangings, and some of them reaped, we hope, a considerable reward for the care which led them to have all their papers analyzed and to sell nothing containing arsenical colors. Now, the case seems to be changed. The principal manufacturers in New York seem to be unanimous in testifying that paper-hangings cannot be made without arsenic, but that there is "not the slightest danger" in them. One of them, indeed, testified that "whatever traces of arsenic there were in wall-paper were a boon to health." "Arsenic was a tonic, and a good thing." Professor Chandler of Columbia College, testified as a chemist that "arsenic in wall-papers did no harm," and did not believe that sickness was ever caused by the absorption of arsenic from paper by inhalation; but several manufacturers admitted that they had stopped using Paris green in their papers.

WHY they should stop using Paris green, which is the best known arsenical color, if they consider that arsenic is a beneficent "tonic," is not very clear. Obviously, the arsenic on the paper could not act as a "tonic" unless it was taken into the system, and, if it were taken into the system at all, it must make a good deal of difference in the "tonic" effect, whether it was brushed off in large quantities from a badly made paper loaded with Paris green and London purple, or in small quantities from a hand-made paper in delicate tints; while the age and susceptibility of the subject would have an important influence on the "tonic" effect of a violent poison. The fact is that an admission of the beneficial effect of arsenical colors in wall-papers is also an admission of their noxious effect under different circumstances. If the poisonous coloring matter can be swept off by the dusting-brush in sufficient quantities to affect a healthy person favorably, a little more energetic brushing might easily dislodge enough to affect a delicate child very unfavorably. Several experts thought that no case of illness had ever been traced to arsenic in wall-paper, but we know, and we imagine that many of our readers know, of at least one case in which a sensitive child was constantly ailing, so long as it slept in a certain room, improved in health on being removed, and declined when brought back to it; and, finally, was completely and per-

manently cured when the paper was taken off the walls, and a different one substituted. Of course, this is not proof that the coloring in the paper was injurious, but it is strong evidence, and there is a great deal of such evidence available. We were told once, by a decorator and dealer of the highest reputation, that some of the Japanese wall-papers were so loaded with arsenic that the workmen who put them up were often made ill. As he paid the workmen for their time he had good reason for ascertaining the cause of their lost hours, and we presume it would take a good many chemists to convince him that, as one of them expressed it before the Massachusetts Legislative Committee, their sickness was "merely a Boston fad." To our mind, wall-papers of all sorts are objectionable enough, without spreading poisons over them, and if the manufacturers cannot get along without decorating them with arsenical colors, the architects will gladly help people to devise some more wholesome means of finishing their rooms. Arsenic now enters into pigments of nearly every possible color, and is said to give a certain freshness of effect which is desirable; but most people can dispense with the freshness, if necessary, and we are inclined to think that before long, unless they can be sure of not having "tonics" brushed off in dust into the air they breathe, they will dispense with wall-papers entirely.

OUR readers will remember the competition instituted by the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, for designs for a public bath-house for New York, and may, perhaps, have seen the sumptuous design by Mr. John Galen Howard, which received the first prize. Although Mr. Howard's design was a beautiful one, it was for an establishment better suited to the use of a Roman Emperor and his friends, or a Millionaire Club, than to the more modest, but more urgent requirements of the plumbers, machinists, coal-handlers, expressmen, cooks, factory operatives and other persons, men and women, who have to work all day in the midst of dust and grease, and would like to go to bed at night feeling clean and sweet; and it is not surprising that the people who look on baths as the first hygienic necessity to be provided in great cities were disappointed in the result. Accordingly, a new movement has been started in New York, looking to the establishment of public shower-baths, like those which have become so common in Germany, without any attempt at swimming-tanks or other costly features. It is now quite certain that for public baths, intended to be of the greatest use to the greatest possible number of persons, the shower is by far the most suitable apparatus. Even the tub has nearly disappeared from public baths abroad, for tubs collect sediment, and must be very frequently cleaned, while they cannot be used to advantage without the aid of a sponge, which should never be allowed in any public bath. Moreover, a tub occupies almost the space of two shower baths, and requires about twenty times as much water for a satisfactory wash. The swimming-tank is even more objectionable than the tubs, and far more expensive. The summer floating-baths of our seaport towns, moored in a tidal current, are safe and clean enough, but the very idea of an enclosed tank, filled with "soup," and inhabited by a group of filthy tramps, suggests contagion, and no such arrangement would be countenanced by a municipal Board of Health.

WITH the shower-bath, on the other hand, a small amount of water refreshes, cleanses and stimulates more than the same amount applied in any other way. The bather stands in a box, large enough to give him elbow room, and receives a shower of warm water, from a tank or sprinkler-pipe over his head, where he cannot meddle with it, to its disadvantage. He is supplied with a bit of soap, which he rubs over his limbs in suitable sequence, and emerges more or less clean, according to the energy he has displayed in his operations, having enjoyed the luxury of having nothing but clean water in contact with him all the while, and of knowing that he will leave no epithelium cells or other debris in his compartment to greet the next occupant. In Germany, where bath-houses of this sort are built as an investment, and fuel is skilfully utilized for drying towels as well as for heating water, a bath, including soap and towel, costs about two cents; and this fee pays all expenses, besides the salary of the attendant, and a good interest on the capital invested. In New

York, although the cost of attendance would be greater, the water should cost less, and it is extremely desirable, for the sake of the humble people who need most the health and comfort that it gives, and to whom two cents is a very appreciable part of the day's income, that the cost of the bath should be kept at the lowest possible point. Messrs. Brunner & Tryon, of New York, in consultation with Dr. Simon Baruch, a distinguished physician, have made sketches for a simple establishment of the sort, which look promising, and we trust that architects in other cities may soon be employed on similar problems, not for the sake of designing imposing façades, but for securing the utmost economy and convenience possible. The best architects, contrary to the usual idea, are most likely to solve the problem successfully. Only thorough training and resource, joined to considerable mental force, can produce the happy solution, which seems so obvious afterwards, that every one wonders that it was not thought of before; while the feeble designer copies his plan from some one else and devotes himself to fitting it with a costly front. It should not be forgotten that the people for whom such baths are chiefly intended are the laborers, the hod-carriers and porters, who make an income of three hundred dollars a year support themselves, their wives and three or four children, honestly and happily. They would like to be clean, as well as good, and would willingly sacrifice some of their scanty luxuries for that one, but a fee of even five cents a week for a bath would amount to more than a child's boots and shoes, and shoes are more necessary for children even than baths. Let the fee be two cents, or, if possible, one cent, and thousands of families would manage to secure both boots and baths, to the unspeakable advantage of the community.

THE Lafayette monument is at last in position at Washington, but has not yet been formally exposed to public view.

The history of the choice of a site for this object, which, as the production of Falguière and Mercié, two of the greatest artists of the century, is likely to be for many years the most valuable work of art in Washington, is a curious illustration of the idiotic fatuity which curses the administration of public affairs in Washington, and, indeed, throughout the country. As every one knows, the beautiful square which faces the Government Reservation, and is overlooked by a line of the state-liest buildings in the world, is named after Lafayette, the courtly young noble whose enthusiasm for the cause of the poor and oppressed did so much to shape the destinies of the two greatest republics on earth. It might be supposed that a statue of Lafayette would be very appropriately placed in the middle of the square named after him, but, at the time the square was named, there was no statue of its hero available, and soon after, and before anything had been done about getting a Lafayette monument, a statue of Andrew Jackson happened to be made, and, as usual, a search had to be instituted for a place to put it. Lafayette Square being a conspicuous place, and possessing no sculptural adornments, the Jackson statue was put in the middle of it, undoubtedly with the idea that it should be moved if its place should be needed for a figure of the personage to whom the square was dedicated. Time went on, and no one could make any political capital, or gain a smile from a fair "sculptress," by securing an appropriation for a monument of Lafayette until a year or two ago, when, by some abnormal exercise of gratitude and taste, a commission for one, on a noble scale, was given to two French artists of the highest distinction, a sculptor and an architect, working together, as sculptors and architects generally do abroad. While the modelling was going on in Paris, the foundation for the monument was laid in Washington, under the direction of a commission, consisting of Senator Evarts, Secretary Proctor and Mr. Clark, the architect to the Capitol. These sagacious politicians, who were well aware that any attempt to move Jackson out of the way, to make room for the rightful owner of the position which he had temporarily occupied, would be followed by shrieks and groans of agony from their political opponents, meekly selected a site on the edge of the square, facing the White House, leaving the hero of New Orleans in undisturbed possession of the principal position. One would suppose that this was a sufficiently modest location for a monument which comprises eight bronze statues, one of which, that of Lafayette, is more than ten feet high; but he must be an ingenious person who can elude the vigilance of a politician intent upon advertising himself; and the foundation was hardly in before loud complaints were heard, designed to

resound, as they undoubtedly did, throughout the Mississippi Valley. If, it appeared, the Lafayette monument were placed on that foundation, it would obstruct the view of the Jackson statue from the sidewalk in front of the White House! It might be argued that the persons who preferred to look at the Jackson monument, instead of the Lafayette group, would be those who would want to inspect the curious spectacle of a bronze horse "a-rarin' up" from a much nearer point of view than that afforded from the sidewalk in front of it; while, if any wished to see the equestrian figure shrouded in the enchantment of distance, they could still do so by extending their necks a trifle, or, at most, walking a pace backward or forward; but these considerations were of no avail with people who thought that they could use Jackson's name to conjure votes from people who could not have told whether Jackson was a contemporary of Jefferson Davis or Alexander the Great; and a Congressional order was passed, requiring the position of the foundation to be changed. This has now been done, and the monument stands at the corner next Pennsylvania Avenue, in a place where, at least, it could not possibly offend the most sensitive organization that Mississippi patriotism ever produced. The Washington reporters smooth over the ridiculous treatment accorded to what will probably be for many years the most important work of art in the principal city of the United States, by saying that the figure of Lafayette looks toward "the Washington Monument and Mount Vernon." Considering that the latter attraction is a small wooden house about twenty miles off, and that the group of French heroes would need telescopes to get a satisfactory view of even the Washington Monument, there is not much comfort in the minute dose of sentiment contained in this observation, and we fear that the hard sense of people impervious to claptrap, who comprise the vast majority of the inhabitants of this country, will lead them, after all, to the conclusion that the beautiful group, an honor to France and ourselves, and a fitting memorial of the days when France and the young American republic, hand in hand, ventured first, through blood and fire, into the path of universal liberty, instead of being put into the place intended for it, and where it belongs, has been simply dumped into a corner, among the scavengers and newsboys, at the demand of people who do not believe even their own foolish arguments, and only urge them because they think they are deceiving some one else into supposing that they believe them.

IN illustration of the use which open elevator shafts may be in case of fire, a story was told at the Combined Committee meeting in New York of an insignificant fire which caught in a certain building, next the party-wall. There were seams in the wall, which allowed smoke to pass through, and, for some reason, the smoke preferred to take that direction. The original fire was easily extinguished, with a trifling loss, but the smoke which got into the adjoining building, although unaccompanied by a spark of fire, ruined ten thousand dollars' worth of property. In this case, if an elevator shaft, with a strong draught, had been open into either room, it would probably have cleared the smoke away without injury, and even in a dangerous fire, the risk is much diminished if the smoke is allowed to escape, so that the firemen can breathe, and see about them. For this reason, the fire-engineers, in attacking a conflagration, always, if possible, send men on the roof of the burning building, who reach over the cornice, and break the upper windows, not, as is sometimes imagined, so that streams of water can be thrown into them, but to draw away the smoke from the lower stories, and enable the men to see just where the fire is. It is evident that the two uses of brick elevator shafts, as closed chimneys for keeping fire in, and open ducts for drawing smoke out of the upper stories, are incompatible, and the Commissioners who drew up the new, and very strict building law proposed for Boston, decided to modify the present rule, which requires a brick shaft for every elevator, and allow both freight and passenger elevators to run in open wells, protected only by wire netting. Elevators of the same kind are also permitted in the West, and it remains for careful investigation to show whether, on the whole, brick shafts are advantageous or the reverse. In this inquiry, the insurance officials, particularly those of the mill insurance companies, to whose admirable records the art of building is already much indebted, can be of great service, and it is to be hoped that the question may soon be definitely settled.

A RUN THROUGH SPAIN.¹—X.

THE WHITE CITY AND A GLIMPSE OF AFRICA.



"SEÑOR," said our pleasant landlord, as we went out through the patio of the Europa, "you will return to Seville some time, for everybody makes two visits to our city, one to admire it, and the next to know it perfectly."

"Very possibly" we replied. "One can run down to Cadiz and Gibraltar, follow around the Horn to dirty Malaga and beautiful Grenada, and is then again ready to return to Seville and take his parting look before going North again. Yes, it is very possible that we shall see Seville again."

Meanwhile we are packed into our compartment with some biscuit and wine, and have noticed that two fellow travellers, friends of the Escorial, are ahead of us, and undoubtedly bound for the same place, while beside us is an old friend of the good steamship Alaska whom we have again met away down here.

Seville gradually fades away, and as we look for it from time to time, building after building disappears. The Giralda looms up still, and the Cathedral actually seems larger than ever: distance lends an enchantment to the scene, and the sun as it sets is making things golden with its subdued light. Yes, we say, possibly we shall return to the old city, fast fading from sight, for it is a gem which bears inspection for a long time, and is full of an interest which only deepens with closer acquaintance.

We have left the city and are on our way to Cadiz, a town so totally different that the change is much like the jump into cold water after a Turkish bath. Seville, feverish with excitement and gaiety, Cadiz beautiful in its whiteness, quiet and full of repose, but as dead as the Dead March in "Saul." Nothing could be more beautiful than its rock-clad situation with the bay running around to its harbor, and girdling its other side, and the whole mass of town between, as white as snow. As you look at it from the bay side, or as one sails out of the harbor, the embattlements start directly from the sea and encircle the city for four miles as with a girdle. But one must not forget to note the startling contrast between the water and the land; as well-defined do they seem as the white figures on the drawing of a blue-print. Blue sea and blue sky, and a town of houses, roofs and walls, absolutely as white as white can be.

On landing we walked up a little street, with our baggage on a man's shoulders. The whole mass of the houses seemed to hang out into the street, which being only about eight feet wide gave a close, cool effect not unwelcome, as the sun was shining down with terrible fierceness. The effect was owing to the little projecting bays and balconies with which each house was provided, certainly showing the neighborly feeling of the occupants, who could look into the opposite rooms almost as well as they could see around their own. In shaving or dressing of course this was an obvious gain, as you could use your neighbor's mirror almost as well as your own, but at times it was rather embarrassing, and apt to lead to confusion amongst members of a family. Strong wooden shutters, however, were provided which could be closed, but then they absolutely shut out both light and ventilation.

Cadiz differs from Seville in the method of building the patios. Cadiz seems to prefer close ones glazed over at the top, often with two or three stories of balconies.

After getting duly settled, we strolled out through the little streets, finding little of interest save the famous sea-walk and the beautiful sea. Hailing an old boatman whose face was seamed with furrows of age, we got aboard his boat, a heavy old craft with low mast and long lateen sail, stained reddish and extremely dirty. A cigarette opened the old fellow's vocabulary, and we found him to be a veritable sea-dog, up in all the Spanish lore of his city.

"How many years have you been on the bay?" we asked.

"Fifty years, Señor, and have seen many changes," he replied.

"Has Cadiz always been as white as we see it?"

"Qu'en sabe, Señor. I have never seen it looking any different, and have whitewashed my own abode every year."

"Is it true that Cadiz was founded by Hercules long before the Christian era."

"It is true, Señor," said he with a serious air, "and you will see the motto of Hercules grappling with two lions on the walls of the city."

The afternoon was far spent when we turned about and pointed

back for the old pier. Lights were beginning to sparkle in the town when suddenly seaward sprang a light from a lonely beacon.

"See!" cried he, "The old sea-wolves have lit their lamp."

"The sea-wolves!" we exclaimed.

"True, Señor," he replied more seriously. "For several years that light has sprung up from the beacon, and it is thus kept lighted by the sea-wolves."

Thus is the electric light considered by the ignorant fisherman, who cannot understand its power, and are content to believe the imaginative lore of the city. It was interesting at any rate to talk with such old fellows, and see the simple faith that seems to cling to them, refusing to accept the well-known modern agencies that have worked change upon change.

One has, of course, to see the famous old church of Los Capuchines, not because of any intrinsic beauty, but because the poor Murillo must needs tumble headlong from his scaffold while painting the "Marriage of St. Catharine," and shortly after die from the injury thus received.

But by far the most interesting trip is a walk around the Alameda. Imagine a lovely narrow garden encircling such a city, with huge palms, orange and lemon trees and immense cacti, while above them runs the irregular line of white roofs with little mosque-like domes on top. The walls of this promenade run straight down into the sea, and the waves dash against them with huge rollers. As beautiful is it as the promenades of Nice or Naples, and here the ladies of the town show their latest importations of dress, and talk over the gossip of the latest scandal.

We spent several days under a charming sky, and were beginning to think of passing on to the next place of interest. I had been studying up somewhat about the facilities of an African trip, and so proposed it one morning to our little group.

"Shall we go to Africa?" said I, as we sat far out upon the fortifications of Cadiz and gazed over the sea. Directly opposite, away across the water, was our own home America, to the North the ground over which we had passed, while to the South we had but one more place of interest before it would be necessary either to jump off the rocky promontory of Gibraltar, cross the Mediterranean Sea to the coasts of Africa, or else turn back and commence the return. The idea of visiting Africa was extremely exciting, although we could not know exactly what it meant. Childhood's thoughts had been of sunny Africa, and a few years had added to it the thrilling experiences of savages and roast missionaries, while later study, although it had divested the country of any such cannibalistic tendencies, yet replaced them by full as interesting accounts of the sandy deserts, the voluptuousness of the Moors and the dusky Moslems, not to speak of the homes from which slavery drew its tan-colored recruits. We all voted to go to Africa, so I went down to the wharves to see when any boat would be sailing to the African coast. Announcements of such events are posted on colored sheets on the walls of the town, for it is absolutely impossible to know when any boat will arrive, or sail: it is merely a matter of chance. "When the boat arrives," say they, "then we shall know when it will sail."

We found a colored placard at last with the pleasing announcement that a steamer was expected from the North on the next day morning and would leave in the evening for Tangiers. So we wandered down to the shipping-office and demanded tickets for the trip.

"The boat sails to-morrow?" I asked.

"Ah, Señor, who can say?" he replied.

"Why, what do you mean? there are your placards of announcement."

"Yes, but," with a shrug, "who can tell if there will be any boat here to sail. It may be delayed several days."

"Do you mean there may not be any boat after all?"

"Certainly, Señor, if there is no boat it will be impossible to sail, of course."

"Ah, yes, of course," we said, thinking of our own country where ocean steamers start to a minute, and telegraphic communication establishes the whereabouts of almost every boat.



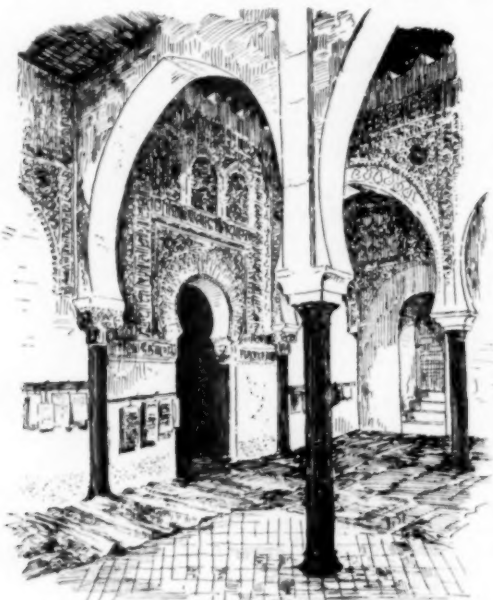
¹ Continued from No. 797, page 8.

This charming repose of manner was certainly refreshing. When the boat arrives, then will it sail. How simple an arrangement! Why did we not think of it before. It may be to-day, it may be tomorrow, or next day, or next week—possibly never.

Fortunately, however, a steamer of another line was already in the harbor and was to sail that very evening, so boarding a little lateen-sailed craft, a half-hour brought us alongside a good sized French steamer, commodious and pleasant.

A quiet night's sail, and the next morning brought us so far that the high mountains of the coast loomed up in the distance, blue and cold. This was about five in the morning and presently the east began to grow warm with the coming sunlight. Warmer and warmer grew the horizon as we churned our way along over a perfectly smooth sea, until at last the glorious orb of morning rose out of the sea and cast its rays upon the hilltops of Morocco, a sight never to be forgotten. Higher and higher it rose as we approached the land, the hillsides began to glow under its warmth, little patches of color changed to groups of palm trees, a long line of yellow showed itself to be the commencement of the desert sands back of the seashore town, while the little black moving specks resolved themselves into long lines of camels, laden and coming into the city. Now arose patches of white as Tangiers became visible, and back of the city white domes arose surrounded by patches of foliage. Tangiers was before us with its old Moorish walls and towers, and one tower there was with minarets that glistened with sparkling light as the sun touched its colored glazed tiles. What a sight! The sky a turquoise blue, with fleecy white clouds touching it here and there, the bluer water dancing and sparkling in the sunshine, and the white city backed up by the gray mountains looking still hazy in the far distance!

"A perfect scene from the 'Arabian Nights'!" said one. "'Tis the end of the world surely, there seems to be nothing but mountains



INTERIOR MOORISH MOSQUE

beyond," exclaimed another. "Aye, and here comes the avenging angels to carry us off," said a third. Sure enough, it did look that way decidedly, for no sooner was the anchor down than a half hundred Moors, Turks, Jews and Negroes clambered up the sides of the ship hanging from rope, spar or bulwark, and grinning at us with avaricious eyes.

"Why they are dressed in peanut bags!" we exclaimed.

"No, not dressed," we thought, "undressed more like, for they are certainly as near it as possible." A loose baggy cloak of any and every imaginable kind of stuff, picked up in odd lots and sewed together, seemed to be all they wore except a red fez or turban on the head, and yellow slippers or nothing on their feet. These completed the costumes, certainly not extravagant either in price, quantity or quality.

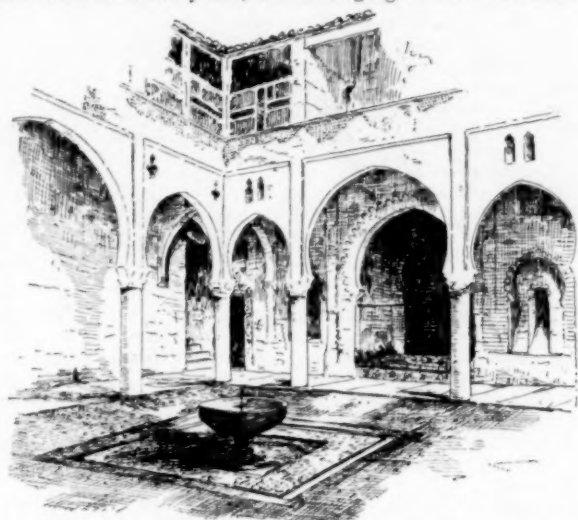
In the midst of this half-civilized looking crowd stood a young fellow of Hebrew mien, but master of the whole group. He boarded the ship quickly, shouted to some Arabs in a tone of command and then turning to the passengers spoke in Spanish to one, in French to another, in German to another, in Arabic to still another and turning to us commenced in English.

"Well amico," I said, "how many more languages can you rattle off if you please?"

"Whatever you wish," he said, and turning sharply around rushed at a half-dozen negroes and almost slung them over the side, while he turned on a torrent of language at his Infidel brethren which showed him to be fully competent to run the whole country.

He straightened us all out in a short time, filled the boats with baggage and living freight, of which we formed one boat load, and at last gave the word of command to start for the shore.

Our boat was manned by a fierce-looking dusky Moor, a negro as black as the blackest ink manufactured, and a dark Arab boy who constantly chattered to the grave Moor. Of course we could not understand a word they said, and the language was so different from



anything we had heard, that it was totally incomprehensible. Thus were we launched from one world to another, where everything was entirely new in customs, language and appearance.

Had it been low tide, and I sincerely wish it had been, we should have been landed upon the backs of the Arabs and dumped on the sand with our baggage, but as it was, the tide was well up the beach and we were landed in the conventional method upon a little staging loaded with shouting and gesticulating devils, who endeavored to grab our bags and bodily carry us off. And here entered upon the scene our good guardian angel, in the shape of a fine-looking Moorish guide, whom I engaged on the spot to pilot us around while we remained in Tangiers. His name was sufficiently artistic to be mentioned, for it was Mohammed Patecola, and a better fellow it would have been hard to find in this country where every one looks as if they would cut your throat for a pesata.

Patecola was dressed much like the rest, with a single garment of white rough stuff and a pair of yellow slippers. His wardrobe was not extravagant but extremely well calculated to keep cool and airy. The cloak had a pointed hood which went over his head and made him look not unlike a monk, had it not been for his smiling dark face and sharp eyes, which glistened with fun as he enjoyed our strange exclamations of surprise at every step.

Walking up the beach we passed through the customs arch, where sat an aged old turbaned Sheik, in cream white robe, grave and solemn, and seated crosslegged under the projecting hood of the arch. He was not so grave but that he extorted his entrance-fee from us, although nothing was due as we had nothing dutiable in our bags. But all the same we paid him, as it looked as if he could make trouble for us in a thousand ways if he cared to do so. He must make hay while the sun shines and his sun will, presumably, set after one year's office. He looks as honest as a saint, but in reality is as dishonest as the proverbial New York alderman and would take your last pesata if he dared.

Patecola, however, saves our pockets from too heavy a levy and shoulders his way up a winding path only a few feet wide, between two high walls. By this time the sun has got well up in the heavens and the work of the toilers has been done for the morning. Along these walls, there in the shade, lay dozens of half-naked savage-looking fellows in all attitudes, covered with vermin and dirt, indolent and extremely odoriferous. To pick our way through this mass of



ENTRANCE TO SUHO

humanity without stepping on some of the bundles of rags was no easy task. Patecola smiles and chuckles to himself, gives somebody here and there a poke to make just room to pass. I give you my word it required a strong heart and stomach, and the nostrils of an apothecary to stem such a tide.

Here we pass a woman, the first yet seen on these foreign shores;

she is totally enveloped in a gauzy scarf-like cloak, wound around her body and covering her from top to toe, leaving exposed only one eye, a saucy looking little bead which turns and watches us as we pass. From eight years of age upwards, says Patecola, a female must never show her face in the street, but must be content to roam around a veritable one-eyed beauty.

Here comes a huge negro, black as the ace of spades and clad lightly like the rest. Surely he must speak the language of our native land. But no, Patecola knows him, and jabbars away in the unknown tongue, and reminds us that instead of his being the stranger, we are the strangers and are treading upon the soil of Africa where he is at home.

You may ask how we were enabled to carry on any conversation with our good guide Patecola, but it is only necessary to say that with a smattering of Spanish and a gesture, often more expressive than elegant, we managed to pass our thoughts from one to the other; but we could not help thinking what a grand thing a little Volapuk all over the world would be, a universal language for all. Nevertheless, we caused much sport and enjoyed it hugely ourselves.

I could not stay in the hotel a moment, so interesting did everything seem. Here we are, only a few hours' sail and yet transported to another clime, another country, another language, another people, and scenes to which the eye is an entire stranger. Are we surely awake, and is it reality or only a dream? We pinch each other, think of America and friends, and joyfully rush out for the enjoyment of the moment, knowing full well that in a few months we must enter again the hum of everyday business and our experience here will be in reality like a dream of the past. Yes, pinch us again, good Patecola, and make sure that we are really here and not somewhere else.

Here comes a troop of beggars; we must surely be awake for beggars have nothing in common with Aladdin or his golden lamp, or the pleasures of the "Arabian Nights." They are dirty and half-dressed and have to be roundly scolded before they make off in another direction. They eye us suspiciously, for they hate strangers but love their gold. Patecola smiles! Fine-looking fellow he! He enjoys every moment surely, for we are as new to him as he to us, and he likes the excitement almost as much as ourselves.

We passed down again through labyrinths of dirty lanes, none wide enough for any carriage, all lined with drowsy humanity, and soon arrive at the principal street that runs irregularly up the hill, through the public square and out to the plains back of Tangiers. Here is a Moorish arch with a fountain in its centre, and here are gathered a few women enveloped in their cloaks, with only one eye visible. They carry earthen water-jars on their heads, holding the jar with one hand and their garment with the other.

Here are the famous little bazaars so often pictured in Moorish sketches, one story high, and each one only about six or eight feet wide. In the very entrance sit the Moors, crosslegged, stately-looking old fellows, most of them surrounded by their wares on all sides, composed of silks, curtains, guns, swords, knives, slippers, cushions, pipes, murderous looking daggers and all sorts of Oriental wares. We pick up some curtains, of a rough material yet extremely artistic.

"Quanto vale, Señor?"

"Diez pesetas, Señor."

Ten pesetas! Two dollars!

"Diez pesetas, for a dozen?" we ask.

He does not see the joke, and looks as glum as a sphinx. Patecola does however, and smiles.

The Moor looks grave and repeats his "diez pesetas." We say "no," and bid him adieu.

"Ocho pesetas, Señor," says he, calling us back.

"No, Señor, esta mucho," we say, regardless of pure Spanish.

"No, esta pocho," he answered.

"We will give you cinco pesetas a pair, and take four pairs," we say as a parting shot and start to move off.

But the old fellow never lets a bargain go and so calls us back, does up four pairs of the curtains and we go on four dollars poorer and four pairs of curtains richer.

Patecola smiles, probably knowing that we have paid enough, but we also smile back and say "all right, old Patecola, if they are not worth that much they are worth nothing."

Here is a merchant reading an old Koran. We try to buy it of him, as it is an antique, bound in pig-skin, but he will not sell it; it is his Bible and he thinks more of it than the average Christian I am afraid can conceive. He will sell you a cheap little copy of the Koran, but not that one. We want that one or none, so we pass on again, buying here and there a trinket, and enjoying ourselves hugely. Indeed to stand in the street for a half-hour is to confront a perfect panorama of motion and color, which interests us because of the absolute novelty of everything around. Suddenly a huge black fellow appears opposite us, and shouts and howls and jumps around in a strange



nervous manner. He is black and villainous looking and his body

is naked except at his waist, while his hair is long, straight and oily like an Indian; he is anything but clean, too, being covered with blood and dirt. He carries in his hand a large, ugly, hoe-like knife and around his neck are a dozen sharp bodkins which he seizes and pokes around as he howls. He holds them up before us, glares, shouts until we cannot make out whether he means to transfix himself or us with his barbarous instruments. We look with questioning gaze at Patecola, who laughs and says "Give him some little bits of money." So we fish out some copper coin, always ready to pay the piper, while he bowing low chooses one of his



bodkins, whose size is supposed to be measured by the amount of money given him, and without further ado thrusts it through his arm without a groan, and bows again as much as to say, what do you think of that? To see this naked, half-civilized being thus maltreat his ugly carcass, already covered with wounds was not a very pleasant spectacle, still, for the advancement of science, I would have

paid a good sum to have seen him make away with himself entirely. To this end I slung a handful of coins at him and was about to prepare for his total dismemberment by means of his vicious looking hoe, when the remainder of the party pulled me along out of his way, while he probably further amused the audience by cutting off a part of his scalp or something equally disgusting. It was a horrible sight and tells much in regard to the ignorance of these barbarians, whose blood seems to be measured by the amount of money they can collect for the shedding of it.

But the scene again changes as we enter a large open square packed with all kinds of beggars, blind men who have plucked out their eyes in order to enlist sympathy and howl on the corners some terrible words which Patecola interprets to mean "blind, blind, blind!" Frightful old hags try to sell rotten vegetables and garlic, dirty feathers plucked from the game exposed for sale, but through the midst of this pass fine-looking Moors seemingly regardless of the surroundings and engaged in deep meditation. Some are on horseback with their guns slung over their shoulders and it is remarked that the horses are of Arab breed, full of life and fire; magnificent specimens.

Pushing our way along through groups of poor overlaid little donkeys, we pass through another archway and immerse upon the famous Soho or public square, which seems to be in this case on the outskirts of the town. Here are groups of all nationalities, including the Bedouin Arabs, robbers from away back, and Jews, whose descent is seen at first sight. Here, too, are groups of camels squatted down with their long necks and singular looking heads bobbing around continually. I cannot begin to describe the scene as it looked, because it was like the slides of a kaleidoscope, in which were black faces, white faces, bronzed faces, heads entirely bare, heads turbaned or covered with the red fez, women with their peek-a-boo eyes, and men and boys with not enough on to hide their modesty even, while the children many of them were surely in their birthday costumes. Donkeys braying with the exhausted grunts of a wheezy pump-handle, necromancers of all kinds, snake-charmers and droves of beggars, dirt and garbage in profusion and odors indescribable — if you take all this and a hundred other things and put them within the walls of a box and shake them up, you can get some faint idea of the sight that greeted us as we entered the Soho of Tangiers.

I desired much to get some of those peculiar long guns of the Moors and so advanced into the middle of the square where were half a hundred people huddled around a dark-faced Arab who, with strange gesticulations and much mumbling, was loading one of these long guns with powder and ball. He, like all the others, was urging the donation of copper money, for which he would go through with the William Tell act. We threw him some coin, which he acknowledged with a profuse bow, and proceeded with his loading, after which he placed a boy some hundred feet away with a turnip in his raised hand. Then he lay down on the ground, all the time talking away while a couple of men rapped away on some indescribable instruments as an accompaniment and poisoning his long rifle on his toe, fired away. Sure enough crack went the turnip, rolling out of the boy's hand. Of course he was ready for a bargain, and helped out by Patecola, I bought his gun for a song, and had it sent back to the hotel. It stands now with another one beside my old clock, a lasting remembrance of this strange land. It is six feet long, as light as a common small gun, and has a chased repousée barrel, and stock inlaid with silver filagree and a Moorish name. In order to give this fellow a few copper coins we had taken a five-cent bit of silver, bought three pomegranates and had received in change literally as many copper coins as we could hold in our two hands. They were of artistic design and covered with Arabic inscriptions. A few of these were the price of a shot, and were gratefully received by the marksman.

"But how long will he do this sort of thing?" we asked Patecola.

"All day long, or until he gets enough for a lodging and a pipe of keef in the evening."

"And how much do you suppose that will be?"

"Oh, about a pesata, probably."

"And how many boys will he require for these experiments?" we asked laughing.

"Oh, he never kills one; but suppose he should, there are plenty more," replies our philosophic Patecola with a shrug and a laugh.

But still another group interested us, although it was a hideous sight and repulsive in the extreme. There squatted a horrible wretch, the serpent-charmer, one of the noted entertainers of the Arabs, and one often depicted on canvas by our best artists. They pretend to belong to a band of magicians, who have received power over venomous animals to such an extent that even their bites are harmless. Whether there be any truth in their power, it is impossible to say, but most surely the bites do not have any effect, as is daily seen. This old fellow was naked to the waist, with dirty black hair and sunken cheeks, from which looked out a pair of eyes as vicious as the eyes of his reptiles among which he lived. He also had music surrounding him, if such sounds can be called music. It was supposed at any rate to add enchantment to his powers, but was more villainous than a cracked country melodeon. The sounds came from a shrill sort of flute, accompanied by a tom-tom in the hands of an attendant, and continued during the five minutes in which he was supposed to gain control over the snakes. In like manner he hopped around a large, black, dirty bag, which upon closer inspection proved to be a pigskin tied up at the legs and neck and all the time wriggling and twisting in a horrible manner, most infernally suggestive of its contents.

He recited the history of his gang of charmers, at least that is what Patecola explained, told where the snakes came from, made passes the while over the hideous black bag, and emphasized his howls by wailing out notes on the flute in the minor key. Of course money was his object, which he collected as he proceeded and at last commenced his business. Things began to be rather exciting as he opened the bag and hauled out long writhing snakes, uttering the while, a running incantation. With these whip-lash ornaments he performed all kinds of tricks, which the snakes emphasized by darting out their long tongues and hissing with rage; and he ended by taking the tail of one of them in his mouth, and swinging his snake-ship over his neck. Then he put his hand into the bag and drew out another one, larger than the first and tied the two together. Then a third, and a fourth, until snake and man seemed to become one object, repulsive and horrible. What else happened I know not; we had seen enough and started for the hotel.

A good siesta is the order of the afternoon in Africa and the latter part of the day we spent in a walk along the beach which stretches away for miles, and gradually loses itself in the desert sands, over which long lines of camels slowly pass.

When we arrived at the hotel again the moon was shining softly, casting a long shimmer of light across the sea and the only sound that reached us was the low monotonous ripple of the waves as they broke on the beach below. To our right were the low roofs of the houses, on which could be seen here and there bundles, which proclaimed the presence of sleepers all about us. One of the most beautiful sights was the tower of the mosque near by, which being covered with colored glazed tiles, threw out flashes of soft, translucent light.

Are we in Africa! Can it be possible? Surely it was so, for a low chanting sound suddenly broke the stillness of the night and the wail of the Moorish watchman was heard as he chanted his watch.

"God is great! It is better to pray than to sleep!"

C. A. RICH.

(To be continued.)

THE EXPIRING OF THE BELL TELEPHONE PATENTS.—The oft-repeated assertion that telephonic service cannot be afforded at a lower rate than that which prevails in most of our large cities, and the oft-repeated statement on the part of the American Bell monopolists that the "larger the business the larger the expense"—which is contrary to all known data of commercial science—have of late received a most convincing set-back. As everybody knows, the fundamental Bell patents have expired in Great Britain. In 1893 the same patents will expire in the United States. By reason of certain adverse judicial decisions there exists just across the border, in Canada, a state of affairs which is plainly indicative of what will take place here in 1893. To-day Montreal furnishes the cheapest telephonic service on this continent. The long-established "Bell" company demands only \$25 a year for either residential or business houses. The opposition company, the Federal Telephone Company, which brought rates to their present basis, charges \$35 a year for business houses and \$25 a year for residences. Both concerns are doing a lively business. The local "Bell" company has about 5,000 subscribers in the city, and the opposition company has about 6,500 subscribers. Both organizations use the same apparatus. This reduction in telephone rates not only applies to cities with from 5,000 to 10,000 subscribers, but is also taking place in Berlin, which has even a larger number of subscribers, and also in London, where the rates have been reduced from £15 to £10 per annum. What better evidence than these facts can be adduced to prove that the business can be done, and is being done to-day, in the largest cities of the world, when the patents have become invalid through the expiration of their terms, and that Legislatures in this country will regulate the rates so as to conform to these, in some just proportion, after the patent monopoly on the Bell and Blake apparatus have expired.—*Practical Electricity.*

EQUESTRIAN MONUMENTS.¹—XXXVII.

THE NAPOLEONS.



Napoleon I. (Bronze Statuette) David, Sculptor.

WHILE Americans were being led by moral causes to seek their liberty, the most repulsive of physical forces were compelling Frenchmen of the middle and lower classes to seek relief from wrongs, from which there was practically no appeal, which the degenerate feudal system had so long showered upon them—at length past all endurance. Between the steadfast and high-minded contest waged by the colonists and the furious and bloody revolt which ended in the establishment of the short-lived first French Republic there are few points of resemblance. In the one

case an essentially pure-minded people sought liberty, in the other an oppressed and in many ways a degraded race sought license. Not that the French Revolution did not produce pure and ardent patriots, as Lafayette, Desmoulins, Carnot, Bailly and a host of others, but that the general plane of morality was so low that these men, who were constituted by nature to be safe leaders in a movement whose moral purpose was not wrong, were quickly set aside by leaders more in touch with the base natures of the crowds, undisciplined and uncontrollable, who made Paris, Lyons, Marseilles and the Vendée a very shambles, whose reek still overhangs the name of the French Republican.

The Directory, the Consulate, the Empire followed in rapid succession the overthrow of the Monarchy, with always for a central figure



Marceau. Clesinger, Sculptor.

the most remarkable man that modern history knows. Historians and partisans will never come to an agreement as to whether Napoleon Bonaparte was a demi-god or an arch-fiend. But all must agree that he was the bright particular glory of the most splendid and glorious epoch of French history, and probably neither one party nor the other will ever consent that there shall be displaced from the galleries at Versailles—from the Salle des Maréchaux and elsewhere—the Napoleonic subjects which form part of the famous series of paintings which so help to make the study of national history a delightful pastime to French youth.

One thing, at least, Napoleon knew and that was man, and this knowledge enabled him to surround himself with a brilliant throng, the mere mention of whose names is a temptation to writer, painter, sculptor. No inconsiderable number of these famous soldiers have been immortalized by the sculptor and the last of them all will

¹ Continued from No. 795, page 185.

probably not be left unhonored, though not all will look down on the beholder from the saddle.

There is not time to go into the details of the histories of David d'Angers's marble equestrian statue of General Gobert on his tomb in the cemetery of Père-Lachaise, Paris; of the two great equestrian figures of Marceau and Kleber which Clésinger made for the École Militaire at St. Cyr, or of the companion figures, Hoche and Carnot, which the sculptor had not time to carry farther than the full-size model. Nor can we stop over the equestrian statue by Fogelberg erected at Stockholm to the honor of Karl (XIV) Johan once the famous Bernadotte, the only one of the Napoleon-made monarchs who kept his throne (though, really, Bernadotte became king rather in spite of, than because of, Napoleon), nor of the statue of the same famous man at Christiana by Bergslien. And there is still less time to speak of Lemot's unexecuted statue of d'Hautpoul for the Pont de Jena at Paris, of Cartellier's colossal figure of Lannes or the equestrian statuette of Marceau that Le Veil made. If these may not be spoken of at length, still less propriety would there be in halting at the equestrian figure, by Lanz, of General Dufour in front of the Conservatoire de Musique at Geneva, for he only reached the grade of captain while serving in the armies of France and achieved distinction at a much later date. Even the histories, both interesting, of Poniatowski and his statue must be passed over here.

But Napoleon himself is too considerable a figure to be dismissed with a word, and though there is no first-class equestrian statue of the Little Corporal, there are still extant several whose claim upon attention, though it depends rather upon the personality of the subject than upon sculptural merit, must be heeded.

The times were too disturbed during Napoleon's brief career for much to be accomplished in the way of an equestrian portrait during his lifetime—a miniaturist or a portrait painter could hope to complete his work before his nervous sitter was up and off again on



General Dufour, Geneva, Switzerland. Lanz, Sculptor. From *Allgemeine Zeitung*.

another campaign; but the careful plodding sculptor must have more time for his work, and it is not known that Napoleon ever sat for such a statue. It is uncertain what is really the earliest group. Perhaps it is the very inferior and battered bronze statuette recently to be seen in Sypher's store window in New York, a statuette that is signed "David," but whether the painter David, David d'Angers or some other of Solomon's ancestors cannot be told.

The only figure known to have been modelled during the Emperor's lifetime was one undertaken by Canova, who, in 1807, modelled an equestrian group rather more than life size. This, like the pedestrian figure by the same sculptor, at Milan, was conceived in strictly Classic vein and was destined for the City of Naples; but before it was finished Canova received orders to convert it into a likeness of Murat, at that time King of Naples by the grace of Napoleon I, his brother-in-law. But the harlequin career of this statue did not end here; before the sculptor could complete the transmogrification to his satisfaction, Murat had joined the Allies but had not saved his kingdom to his heirs by this act of almost inexcusable apostasy, for another Caesar reigned in his stead; and when once things had settled the much-puzzled sculptor received orders to behold the effigy of the recently executed King Murat, descendant of a noble line of inn-keepers, and replace it with the likeness of the Bourbon, Charles III. At last finished, the statue stands with its companion, Ferdinand I, in the Piazza Reale in front of the great theatre at Naples.

Next in date to this, probably, is Barye's statuette of the First

Consul, modelled in 1838, of which an admirable wood-cut can be found in the *Century* for February, 1886. This, one of Barye's early efforts, is excellent, so far as the rider goes, but the horse shows none of the command over equine graces that this sculptor so often displayed later in life in his many equestrian statuettes. Between this statuette and the small model that, nearly thirty years after,



General Dufour and the Conservatoire de Musique, Geneva.

Barye made for an equestrian statue of Napoleon at a greater age, which it was proposed to erect at Grenoble, there is great resemblance both in the type of horse and the pose both of rider and animal.

The statue actually erected at Grenoble was by Frémiet, and if the account given in a recent issue of this journal¹ is to be implicitly relied on, the commission was won in competition. Yet on the other hand, an autograph letter of Barye's, shown with others at the New York Exhibition of his works in 1889, evidently addressed to some official—perhaps the mayor of Grenoble—expresses the sculptor's renunciation of the task of making an equestrian statue of Napoleon for Grenoble, because his landlord had just turned him out of his studio, and so gives some countenance to the tale that Barye at one time had the commission but abandoned it because the mayor showed a disposition to offer a suggestion or criticism upon the model. At any rate, Barye made only a model while Frémiet actually executed the statue, which was set up in 1867 but had only a brief public existence, for at the downfall of the Empire it was taken down and is now stored in the Garde Meuble at Paris.

Probably the reason why Barye found himself associated with the Grenoble enterprise was because a short time before, on May 15, 1865, there had been set up at Ajaccio on the Island of Corsica, the birth-place of Napoleon, an elaborate monument which was to honor the Bonaparte family and not the Emperor alone; for besides the equestrian figure of the Emperor his four brothers were honored with pedestrian statues. The architectural portion which, besides the pedestal consisted of a platform and two detached exedras, was designed by Viollet-le-Duc, the equestrian figure of Napoleon was modelled by Barye, the figures of Joseph, Lucien, Louis and Jerome being respectively by Millet, Thomas, Petit and Maillet, while the figures of Victory on the exedras are by Vital-Dubray.

The precise character of the monument resulting from the efforts of seven men of marked ability—even genius, it does not seem possible to determine. Few travellers go to Ajaccio and of these few apparently none have been photographers, for search far and near has not brought any photograph of it to light, and the accompanying cut must be but the merest suggestion of the group. It is a pity that this is so for Barye's group is said to have been one of his most successful efforts, the best of his large work. In one thing the Ajaccio monument is peculiar, the figures are all modelled after the Classic manner, thus forming a very peculiar conception for sculptors in the years 1864-1865 to carry out. If the group had been modelled in the days of the Empire itself its Classicism would have been in keeping with the humor of the times, but the only way to explain this reversion from the methods of modern realism is to suppose that the Classic character of the group was a necessary consequence of Barye's taking as his model of the Emperor the toga-clad and leaf-crowned figure which originally surmounted the column in the Place Vendôme. In some such way as this the Classic character of the group must be explained, for it interrupts the tradition which the earlier equestrian statues of Napoleon established.

The earliest of these, which disappeared with the fall of the Second Empire, was set up in the Place Napoleon III, at Lyons, in 1852.

This statue was the work of Count Nieuwerkerke, sculptor, senator and, when Minister of Fine Arts, the steadfast friend of Frémiet, a friendship the more remarkable because untinged with the jealousy that one almost always expects to find one artist entertaining against a

more able worker in the same field. It is to be hoped that if this statue still exists it may be again set up, not only as a memorial of its amiable and gifted author but also as a piece of sculpture deserving preservation. Even the over-wrought and elaborate white marble pedestal, the work of the young architect Manguin, with its heavy

¹ See *American Architect* for March 14, 1891.

burden of bronze wreaths, eagles and escutcheons, modelled by the sculptor Georges Diebolt, it is a pity to lose.

Why the Napoleonic statues in some places should have been re-

moved in consequence of the events of 1870-71, and in others still remain in place is not easy to determine. Very likely popular feeling varied on this point in different places as, of course, it is well known that some towns and departments are strongly Republican, while others are as staunchly Royalist or Imperialist in their sympathies. Possibly, too, the manner in which the town came into possession of the statue had its effect. A statue erected at the order of the despised nephew of his uncle and paid for out of the privy purse or the public treasury might well be made way with in the belief that its destruction was but a spoiling of the enemy. Where the town bore half the cost of the statue, as at Grenoble, it may have led to a degree of care on the part of the citizens for their own property, a care which safely landed the discarded statue in the unfrequented store-rooms of the Garde Meuble.

But where the statue was paid for, out and out, by a public subscription, as at Cherbourg, civic pride and the instinct of safeguarding

seemingly, than which none could be better. Other statues are placed upon the seacoast or a river's bank, but none is as peculiarly adapted to its position as is this. The quotation inscribed upon the pedestal:

"J'avais résolu de renouveler à Cherbourg les merveilles de l'Egypte" is said to have reference to the building of the great docks that now make this seaport famous, but it is easy to conceive another meaning in the outstretched finger that points toward England, which by itself alone is enough to recall the Emperor's elaborate preparations to carry out his favorite dream of invading England. To tell the truth, the horse is an impertinence and is a false property to introduce amid this historic setting. The sculptor tells the story as if the emperor, seized with a happy thought, had cantered up to the water's edge, and calling out to the scattered sailors and fishermen told them to jump into their boats pull over to England and bring back the keys of St. James's palace before supper. His group tells the story, but in a pictorial, or rather in a theatrical way, and this is the more provoking because of the

judicious selection of the site, which, with the sea outlook from one direction for a background, and from another the interesting old



Karl (XIV) Johan (Bernadotte) Stockholm, Sweden. Fogelberg, Sculptor.



Napoleon I, Lyons, France. De Nieuwerkerke, Sculptor.



Napoleon III, Ajaccio, Corsica. Barye, Sculptor. From L'Illustration.



Karl (XIV) Johan (Bernadotte) Christiania, Norway. Bergslien, Sculptor.

one's own seem to have been enough to preserve it in undisturbed serenity.

The statue at Cherbourg, by the sculptor Le Veil, has a position,

church leaves little to be desired in this respect. Not one of the equestrian statues of Napoleon can be considered adequately satisfactory — unless it may have been the one on the bridge at

Montereau, of which we can learn absolutely nothing, save that it was modelled by General Pajol, an amateur sculptor. It may be still in place or it may have been destroyed: it probably was not a great work of art or its reputation as such would have caused the record of its history to be entered in many archives.

The fact that another statue which was paid for by public subscription survives unhurt, adds force to the supposition that such a form of ownership is in some sense a guaranty of perpetuity. This statue stands in front of the Hôtel de Ville of the City of Rouen, under the shadow of the great Church of St. Ouen, where it was placed August 15, 1865. Vital-Dubray, the sculptor, who has represented Napoleon bare-headed on a rearing horse, has succeeded no better than the others in the attempt to make a satisfying statue of this unquestionably great man, and until such a statue is erected somewhere in France, the assertion of some critics that the modern school of French sculptors is the greatest that has ever lived and practised may be challenged fairly. Political prejudices will for years probably stand in the way of any attempt to erect a new statue of the great emperor, but it is to be hoped that, if the Republic endures, it will before long find itself able to set aside a mere emotional prejudice and let her most capable artist at length do justice to a great historic fact. The Arc de l'Etoile has as little right to existence, if such prejudice is to prevail, as had the statues at Lyons and Grenoble, but it is doubtful if any one ever suggested

alike with a slack hand, and he had a personal ambition to immortalize himself in every way, yet one must go to Milan to find an extant equestrian statue of the man who accomplished the *coup d'état*. This statue was, of course, a recognition, not of the French pretender to the imperial succession, but to the leader who enabled Northern Italy in part to throw off the oppressive rule of the Austrian. But Louis Napoleon was not a person to inspire very

lasting feelings of gratitude, admiration or respect, and this statue, by the sculptor Bazzighi—a colossal figure which represents the emperor as he entered Milan in triumph, in 1859, and not a bad specimen of modern Italian work—has never been placed upon a proper pedestal, but stands in a court-yard of the Palace of the Senate, supported upon a few courses of humble brickwork. The explanation of such a treatment of so good a pictorial statue lies probably in the fear of giving offence to the all-powerful Bismarck which has had

such a restraining influence on even the domestic doings of governments who might find themselves accidentally converted into foes though really preferring to be allies. Even now, though Bismarck is discredited at home, the Dreikönig exists and Italy will hardly substitute a proper pedestal for the brickwork that has, since 1881, kept the base of this statue above the reach of corroding moisture.

The displacing of the Napoleonic statues at the fall of the Second Empire and the loose way in which these events are chronicled leads to a doubt whether certain statements refer to the removal of the



Napoleon I, Cherbourg, France. Le Veal, Sculptor.



Napoleon I, Cherbourg, France. Le Veal, Sculptor.

its annihilation. Even the bas-relief upon it by Cortot, of which the central figure is the Emperor's, has been restored.

These few statues, the unfinished model by Clésinger now stored in the Palais de l'Industrie and the statuette by Odier, which was in the Exhibition of 1851, complete the list of equestrian portraits of Napoleon I and in number and quality, considering the subject, it appears a singularly meagre and shabby one.

The claims that Napoleon III had upon art were even less distinguished than in the case of the man he asserted to be his uncle. He was a fine horseman, he held the strings of privy and public purse

statue of Napoleon Bonaparte at Lyons, or to the fate of an equestrian statue of the third Napoleon, the work of the same sculptor, De Nieuwerkerke. It seems probable that there was but one statue and that the confusion was caused by the fact that it stood in the Place Napoleon III. The same confusion exists with reference to the statue, also by De Nieuwerkerke, which is said still to exist at La-Roche-sur-Yon, once Napoléon Vandée, though no illustration of it has yet come to light. The mere fact that it exists, inclines one to the belief that the figure represents the great emperor and not Napoleon the Little, for the latter was so thoroughly hated by large

classes of the men he ruled over, that even Barye's bas-relief on the Louvre, fairly inaccessible as its position was, had to be removed,¹ so a more approachable statue could hardly escape the outward effects of the popular condemnation of the original.

At any rate such condemnation was pronounced against J. B. J. Debay's (Jr) equestrian group of Napoleon III, which, after being



Napoleon I, Rouen, France. Vital-Dubray, Sculptor.

exhibited at the *Salon* of 1855, was erected at Bordeaux, April 20, 1858.

If any of these statues are stored in an uninjured condition, they may—if the next war with Germany is more successful than the last—once more see the light in a public place. If, however, the present foes never again come to blows, or if the next war leads to a still further loss of French territory, it seems safe to predict that, however, future generations of Frenchmen, of whatever political complexion, may regard the victor of Austerlitz and statues of him, they will never re-erect any statue that will commemorate the name of the man who lost to France the fair fields and cities of Alsace and Lorraine.

GOBERT.—J. N. Gobert, a French general, was born at Guadeloupe in 1770. He was made a sub-lieutenant in 1790, and, distinguishing himself by bravery, rapidly arrived at the rank of general. In 1801, he rendered valuable service in suppressing an insurrection against the French at Bologna. The following year he went with General Leclerc to St. Domingo, and, after his return to Europe, while in Spain, in 1808, was mortally wounded in the combat of Baylen.

KLEBER.—Jean Baptiste Kleber, a French general, was born at Straßburg in 1754. He studied at the military school of Munich, but returned to France in 1788, and was soon made an adjutant-major. For his gallant conduct at the siege of Mayence in 1793, he was appointed general of brigade. He gained many laurels at Fleurus, at Mons and at Maestricht, and accompanied Bonaparte to Egypt in 1798. Here he added to his renown in various battles, and, on the return of Napoleon to France in 1799, was made commander-in-chief. While carrying out his plans to make Egypt a valuable colony of France, he was assassinated by a Mohammedan fanatic in 1800.

MARCEAU.—François Séverin Desgravières Marceau, a French general, was born at Chartres in 1769. He entered the army in 1786, and was made a general of brigade at the age of twenty-two. In 1793, he obtained the chief command of the army sent against the Vendéens, whom he defeated at Mans. In 1795 and 1796 he gained advantages over the Austrians. He was killed in battle near Altenkirchen in 1796.

HOCHÉ.—Lazare Hoche, a French general, was born at Montreuil in 1768, and entered the French Guards at the age of sixteen. His rise was so speedy that, when only twenty-four, he commanded the army of the Moselle. In 1793 he defeated Wurmser, and in 1795 gained a victory over the Royalists at Quiberon. In 1797, commanding the army of the Sambre and Meuse, he opened the campaign against the Austrians by a daring passage of the Rhine in their presence, and defeated them in several actions. Hoche died, of poison (as was suspected), in 1797.

CARNOT.—Lazare Nicolas Marguerite Carnot was born at Nolay, Burgundy, in 1753, and studied at the military school of Mézières, which he quitted in 1773 with the rank of lieutenant of engineers. He espoused with ardor the popular cause, and in 1792 was elected to the National Convention. In August, 1793, he was chosen as one of the committee of public safety, and exercised the functions of war-minister of the Republic with the greatest success for a number of years. He opposed Napoleon's assumption of imperial power. On the restoration of Louis XVIII he was proscribed, and died in exile, in Germany (at Magdeburg), in 1823. He was also distinguished as a man of science.

LANNES.—Jean Lannes, Duke of Montebello, a celebrated marshal of the First Empire, was born at Lectoure in 1769. He was one of the volunteers of 1792, and was rapidly promoted. He was made a colonel for his conduct at Montenotte, and distinguished himself in Egypt and at Montebello and Marengo

in 1800. He added to his reputation at Austerlitz, at Jena, at the siege of Saragossa, at Eckmühl and at Ratibon, but was mortally wounded at the battle of Aspern in 1809.

DUBRAY.—Gabriel Vital Dubray was born at Paris in 1813, and was a pupil of Ramey. His principal works are the equestrian statue of Napoleon I at Rouen, a statue of the Empress Josephine, now in the gallery of Versailles (a replica being at Martinique); a statue of Pothier at Orleans; one of Joseph Bonaparte at Corte; one of Cardinal Fesch and one of General Abbateucci, both at Ajaccio; one of Jeanne Hachette at Beauvais; and statues of the sculptor Clodion, the poet Jasmin, General Delzons, Napoleon II, Marshal Lannes and Sully. He also produced a number of ideal works and portrait-busts, and executed the two Victories on the exedra of the monument to Napoleon I at Ajaccio; the Mourning Angel in the chapel of the Christian Cemetery at Canton, China, in memory of the French soldiers killed during that expedition; and the ten bas-reliefs on the pedestal of the statue of Joan of Arc at Orleans.

D'HAUTPOUL.—Jean Joseph d'Hautpoul, a French general, was born at Salette, Languedoc, in 1754. He entered the service in 1777, and obtained the rank of general for his conduct at the siege of Nimuegen. He was severely wounded at Altenkirchen (1796), and distinguished himself at the battles of Hohenlinden and Austerlitz. He died in 1807 of a wound received a few days before at the battle of Eylau.

DUFOUR.—Guillaume Henri Dufour was born at Constance, Switzerland, in 1787, and entered the French army in 1809. He served in the Engineers, and attained the rank of captain during the Hundred Days, retiring after the peace that followed Waterloo, and returning to his native land, where from 1819 to 1830 he was chief instructor in the military school of Thonon. Among his distinguished foreign pupils was Prince Louis Napoleon, afterwards Emperor of the French. After receiving numerous promotions, Dufour was appointed in 1847 to the command of the Federal army, and quickly suppressed the rebellion of the Sonderbund, a Catholic faction which had menaced the unity of the Swiss Republic. General Dufour won distinction also as a writer on military science, and executed the great trigonometrical survey of Switzerland, made between 1842 and 1865. He died in 1875.

PONIAŁOWSKI.—Joseph Antony, Prince Poniatowski, was born at Warsaw in 1762. He was the son of a general in the Austrian service, and nephew of Stanislaus Augustus, King of Poland. He commanded the Polish army in the war against Russia in 1792, and served under Kosciuszko in 1794. In 1806 he raised an army of Poles to fight for Napoleon, who had persuaded him that he intended to restore the independence of Poland. He and his army of Poles fought against the Russians in 1807, and opposed the Austrians with success in 1809. He commanded a corps of the grand army which invaded Russia in 1812, and rendered important services in that campaign. On the first day of the Battle of Leipzig, October 16, 1813, he was created a marshal of France, but on the last day of that great struggle, endeavoring, while wounded, to swim his horse across the Elster in retreat, he was drowned. He was called "The Polish Bayard."

BERNADOTTE.—Karl (XIV) Johan, King of Sweden and Norway, Prince of Ponte-Corvo and Marshal of France, was born at Pau in 1764. He was the son of a lawyer, and his original name was Bernadotte. In 1780 he enlisted as a private in the royal marines, and rose rapidly in the service, until in 1794 he became a general of division. He was afterward made Minister to Vienna, and in 1799 Minister of War at Paris, becoming a Marshal of France in 1804. The next year he joined the grand army which invaded Austria, and maintained his reputation at Austerlitz, and in 1806 gained a decisive victory over the Prussians at Halle. On the death of the Crown Prince of Sweden, Bernadotte, who had gained credit for moderation and humanity during the war between France and Sweden in 1807-8, was elected heir to the throne. This was in August, 1810, and he immediately went to Sweden and became the colleague of Charles XIII in the government. France invading Pomerania in 1812, Sweden made a treaty of alliance with Russia, and in the campaign of 1813 Bernadotte joined the allies in Germany with an army of about 28,000 Swedes. Later, taking command of a larger army designed for the protection of Berlin, he defeated Oudinot at Gross-Beeren and Ney at Dennewitz, and also contributed to the victory of Leipzig. He did not take part in the invasion of France by the allies in 1814, but returned home, and soon effected the conquest of Norway. On the death of the King in February, 1818, Bernadotte succeeded to the throne as Karl (XIV) Johan and reigned until his death, in 1844.

FOGELBERG.—Bengt Erland Fogelberg, a celebrated Swedish sculptor, was born at Gottenburg in 1786. He studied at the Academy of Fine Arts in Stockholm, in Paris under Bosio, and at Rome. His works include "Mercury," "Paris," "Achilles Wounded," "Hebe" and "Psyche," with many other ideal subjects; a statue of Birger Jarl at Stockholm, one of Gustavus Adolphus at



Napoleon III, Milan, Italy. Barzaghi, Sculptor.

Gottenburg, and the equestrian monument to Bernadotte in Stockholm. He also executed the lions at the foot of the statue of Charles XIII (by Göthe) in Stockholm. The National Museum there contains marble statues by him of "Thor," "Odin," "Venus Triumphant," "Apollo Citharoedus" and Karl XIII in his coronation robes. Fogelberg died in Trieste in 1854.

¹ See the *American Architect* for April 13, 1889.

LANZ.—Alfred Lanz was born at Chaux-de-Fonds, Switzerland, and studied under Cavellier in Paris. His works include the monument to Pestalozzi in Yverdon; the equestrian statue to General Dufour in Geneva; an "Excelsior" for the monument to the L— family, and a bust of Emile Welti, President of the Swiss Confederation. Lanz received an "Honorable Mention" for his model for the monument to General Lee in Richmond, Va., exhibited at the competition in Washington in 1886.

NAPOLEON I.—Napoleon Bonaparte, born at Ajaccio, Corsica, August 15, 1769; educated in France, and entered the army of the Republic; took Toulon, 1793; commander-in-chief, 1795; campaign of Italy, 1796; expedition to Egypt, 1798; First Consul, 1799; second campaign in Italy, 1800; Emperor of the French, 1804; crushed Austria, 1805; Prussia, 1806; occupied Spain, 1807; invaded Russia, 1812; campaign in Germany and "War of Liberation," 1813; occupation of Paris by the allies, March 13, 1814; abdicated and retired to Elba; returned to France, March 1, 1815; battle of Waterloo, June 18, 1815; abdicated again June 22; banished to St. Helena, where he died May 5, 1821.

BARYE.—Antoine Louis Barye was born in Paris, 1796. He studied under the engraver, Fourrier, and then became a pupil of Bosio and Gros. He first exhibited at the *Salon* in 1827, and won his earliest medal in 1831. For twenty years before his death he was professor of drawing and modelling at the Museum of the Jardin des Plantes in Paris. He died in 1875. His most important works are the "Lion crushing a Serpent," in the Tuilleries Garden; the "Jaguar devouring a Hare," now (with other of his sculptures) in the Luxembourg; the equestrian statue of Napoleon I at Ajaccio; the groups of War, Peace, Force and Order on the pavilion of the new Louvre; the Lion on the Column of July in the Place de la Bastille, and the two seated Lions of the Tuilleries. Among the numerous smaller sculptures of Barye may be mentioned "Theseus slaying the Minotaur" and "Theseus slaying the Centaur"; "Roger and Angelica"; the hunting groups made for the Duke of Orleans; the "Tiger devouring a Crocodile"; the candelabrum designed for the Duc de Montpensier; and equestrian statuettes of Napoleon I, Charles VI, Charles VII, the Duke of Orleans, Gaston de Foix, a Tartar warrior, and a lady in the riding-dress of 1830. He modelled an equestrian relief of Napoleon III for the Louvre (since removed); and four large groups of animals at the Chateau d'Eau at Marseilles.

PAJOL.—General Charles Pierre Victor, Count Pajol, was born at Paris in 1812, and was the son of General Pajol. He served with distinction in Algeria, the Crimea and Italy and during the Franco-Prussian War. He executed several works in sculpture, among them a monument to his father (whose life he has also written) at Besançon; a bust of General Bailly de Monthion for the monument in the Island of Reunion; and an equestrian statue of Napoleon I at Montebello, the distinguished services of his father in the battle which took place there in 1814 having been specially recognized by the Emperor. Pajol died in 1891.

NAPOLEON III.—Son of Louis Bonaparte and Hortense de Beauharnais, was born at Paris, April 20, 1808, and was registered at the head of the family in preference to the children of the older brothers of Napoleon I. He made an attempt to proclaim himself emperor and take possession of the citadel of Strasbourg in 1836, and was banished to the United States, but returned to Europe in 1837. He was arrested at Boulogne, 1840; escaped from Ham, 1846; a member of the French Assembly, 1848; elected President of the Republic in December of that year; effected the *coup d'état*, December 2, 1851, and became Emperor in November, 1852. He declared war against Russia in 1854, against Austria in 1859, against Mexico in 1862, against Prussia in July, 1870; surrendered at Sedan the following September, and afterwards retired to England, where he died January 9, 1873.

BARZAGHI.—Francesco Barzaghi was born in Milan in 1839, and studied at the Academy of that city. His works include the equestrian statue of Napoleon III at Milan; a statue of Dom Pedro at Lisbon; "Hercules strangling Antaeus"; "Presentation of the Child Moses"; "Blind Man's Buff"; "Phryne" and "Vanity."

[To be continued.]



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

DOORWAY TO HOUSE OF MRS. OLIVER DITSON, COMMONWEALTH AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS. MESSRS. ROTCH & TILDEN, ARCHITECTS, BOSTON, MASS.

[Heliochrome, issued with the International and Imperial Editions only.]

PIERCE BUILDING, CORNER FRANKLIN AND HUDSON STREETS, NEW YORK, N. Y. MESSRS. CARRERE & HASTINGS, ARCHITECTS, NEW YORK, N. Y.

HOUSE FOR J. K. WELDEN, ESQ., BINGHAMTON, N. Y. MR. A. W. REYNOLDS, ARCHITECT, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

ST. OZEN, ROUEN, FRANCE, AND VITAL-DUBRAY'S STATUE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

SEE article on "Equestrian Monuments" elsewhere in this issue.

MANTEL IN THE OLD GOVERNOR WENTWORTH HOUSE, PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

[Additional Illustrations in the International Edition.]

DETAILS FROM THE IMPERIAL MUSEUM, LEIPSIK, SAXONY. HERR T. UNGER, SCULPTOR.

[Gelatine Print.]

DOORWAY OF THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE BUILDING, MONTREAL, CANADA. MESSRS. BABB, COOK & WILLARD, ARCHITECTS, NEW YORK, N. Y.

[Copper-plate Etching.]

DOORWAY FROM THE EAST CHAPEL TO THE VESTIBULE OF THE PRIESTS' QUARTERS, MONREALE CATHEDRAL.

[Gelatine Print.]

LIKE others of this series this subject is reversed in printing. The reversion is, however, quite immaterial except for those who may desire to decipher the Latin inscription on the door lintel, and even such persons will find the task made simple by using a mirror.

WINDOW OVER VESTRY DOOR, TROYES, FRANCE. DRAWN BY MR. D. BLOW.

ABBEY HOTEL, KENILWORTH, ENG. MESSRS. ESSEX & NICOL, ARCHITECTS, BIRMINGHAM, ENG.

THE illustration shows the new assembly-room, with suites of rooms over, facing the tennis and bowling lawns and ornamental gardens lately added to this hotel. It was partly built in 1885. The place as now completed is a very convenient one. It contains large public dining, smoking and billiard rooms on the ground-floor, and suites of private sitting-rooms and bedrooms on the upper floors. The windows of the principal rooms command excellent views of the historical ruins of Kenilworth Castle and Monastery.



ENGINEERING ASSOCIATION OF THE SOUTH.

THE regular monthly meeting of the Engineering Association of the South was held at the Y. M. C. A. Building, Nashville, Tenn., on the evening of April 9, 1891, with first Vice-president W. L. Dudley presiding, and about twenty-five members and visitors present.

The death of Mr. H. S. Butler of Anniston, Ala., was announced to the Association, and Messrs. R. C. Lewis, Nashville, Tenn., W. H. Spradlin, Gallatin, Tenn., and Mr. W. M. Newbold, Birmingham, Ala., were appointed a committee to prepare a biographical sketch of the life of Mr. Butler.

The following resolutions relative to the forthcoming annual convention of the American Society of Civil Engineers were adopted.

Resolved, That the Engineering Association of the South has learned with gratification of the selection of Lookout Mountain, Tenn., as the place of the meeting of the forthcoming annual convention of the American Society of Civil Engineers which is to convene May 20, 1891, and that it extends to the American Society a hearty welcome to the South.

Resolved further, That the American Society of Civil Engineers be invited to include the city of Nashville, the headquarters of the Association, in its route to or from Lookout Mountain and if practicable to hold one session of the convention in Nashville.

On motion the Chairman was empowered to appoint a committee of five to carry out the wishes of the Association in the matter of courtesies to be extended to the American Society of Civil Engineers, which committee was authorized to place itself in communication with the Committee of Arrangements of the American Society of Civil Engineers and learn their wishes.

The paper of the evening entitled "The Engineering Profession," was then presented by Maj. W. F. Foster of Nashville. The paper treated the subject under three heads: First, the relation of the members of the engineering profession to one another. Second, the relation of engineers to their clients. Third, the relation of engineers to the general public. The writer held that engineers in charge of work should take a greater interest in the welfare and professional advancement of their subordinates and that a spirit of mutual aid and good faith should be characteristic of the intercourse between engineers rather than one of professional reserve and criticism. No tolerance should be shown to pretenders or charlatans for whose exclusion it was suggested that it might become desirable to inaugurate a system of State examinations and licenses. Maj. Foster spoke strongly on the importance of engineers maintaining their true status as arbitrators between their clients and their contractors, and not simply act as the agents of their clients; it would be disgraceful for an engineer to receive a bribe from a contractor as an inducement to accept inferior work; it would be equally dishonorable that he should allow his salary to be the bribe to do injustice to the contractor in the interest of his employer. The writer was of the opinion that while not generally desirable or proper, still in certain cases under certain conditions and clearly-defined stipulations, professional work might be undertaken for a fixed compensation regardless of the time or the difficulties to be encountered.

The practice, however, of bidding for engineering work was held to be all wrong in theory and bad in effect, undignified and unprofessional, and a practice to be discouraged as lowering the high standard of the profession.

The paper will be published by the Association.

COMMUNICATIONS

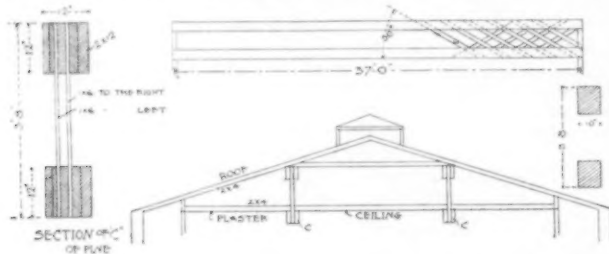
[The editors cannot pay attention to demands of correspondents who forget to give their names and addresses as guaranty of good faith; nor do they hold themselves responsible for opinions expressed by their correspondents.]

A WEAK TRUSS.

April 14, 1891.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE AMERICAN ARCHITECT:—

Dear Sirs,—I have tried to make the sketch a little clearer; had I more time I would send you a regular sketch to scale, but hope you will have no trouble in grasping the above. The girders "C" have



settled and it is a subject of dispute as to who is to blame for it, the contractor or designer.

The capacity of girders to carry their load was found by means of bending-moment ($\frac{wl^2}{8}$) and the moment of resistance of section, but the deflection was not figured for the specification called for bolts in chords about four feet apart.

Hoping to see the reply in the *American Architect*,
I remain, "TRAUTWINE."

[The truss would have been better with the lattice web members nearer together and inclined at 45° instead of 30°. With board struts, there will always be some effect from shrinking, bending of the spikes or nails, splitting of the boards, etc., which can hardly be calculated from a deflection formula, but will show themselves by settlement under a heavy snow load; and this effect is greatly increased, as a moment's reflection will show, by diminishing the angle of the struts with the horizon. Whether the contractor or designer is responsible for the settlement in this case it would be impossible to say. Of course, imperfect execution might result in settlement of a truss perfectly designed; and the truss as shown might, with proper execution, resist any load that could come upon it, but we think it might have been improved in the way we mention.—EDS. AMERICAN ARCHITECT.]

EXHIBITION OF CARVED INCRUSTED CAPITALS.

BOSTON, April 21, 1891.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE AMERICAN ARCHITECT:—

Dear Sirs,—It may be interesting to architectural students of this city, to know that I have had six capitals carved in white marble, not from this fact only, but from the fact that they are faithful reproductions, as far as possible, of the incrustated style of Byzantine work, and selected from what I consider "gems" of Byzantine art. Two of them are of the lower and upper orders of S. Vitale, of Ravenna, also found in San Marco, and the third, from a capital in the Belles Arts, Ravenna.

These capitals may be seen in a shop at the corner of East Canton and Albany Streets (northwest corner) Saturday afternoon—where I will be at 3 p. m.—and be pleased to explain, to those who come to see them, the early manner of carving such work.

Yours truly, JOHN LYMAN FAXON.

PICTURE-MAKING WITH PEN-AND-INK.

FALL RIVER, MASS., April 21, 1891.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE AMERICAN ARCHITECT:—

Dear Sirs,—Please furnish me with the name and address of publisher of "Picture-making with Pen-and-Ink," by Linfoot, and oblige,
Yours truly, EDWARD P. WATERS.

[We believe that Mr. B. Linfoot (719 Walnut St., Philadelphia) is his own publisher.—EDS. AMERICAN ARCHITECT.]

BALLOONS.

SEATTLE, WASH., April 13, 1891.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE AMERICAN ARCHITECT:—

Dear Sirs,—Would you kindly let us know if there is a manufactory of silk balloons in the States, where we could get a balloon made to drawings and specifications.

Yours respectfully, EVERS & KEITH.

[We believe that Prof. Ezra S. Allen, 20 Hylestead Street, Providence, R. I., makes the balloons for his own ascensions, so perhaps he makes them for other people.—EDS. AMERICAN ARCHITECT.]

NOTES & CLIPPINGS

SCENTED MORTAR.—When the Mosque of St. Sophia in Constantinople was built, more than 1,000 years ago, the stones and brick were laid in mortar, mixed with a solution of musk, and the building has been infected with the odor ever since.—*The Brickmaker*.

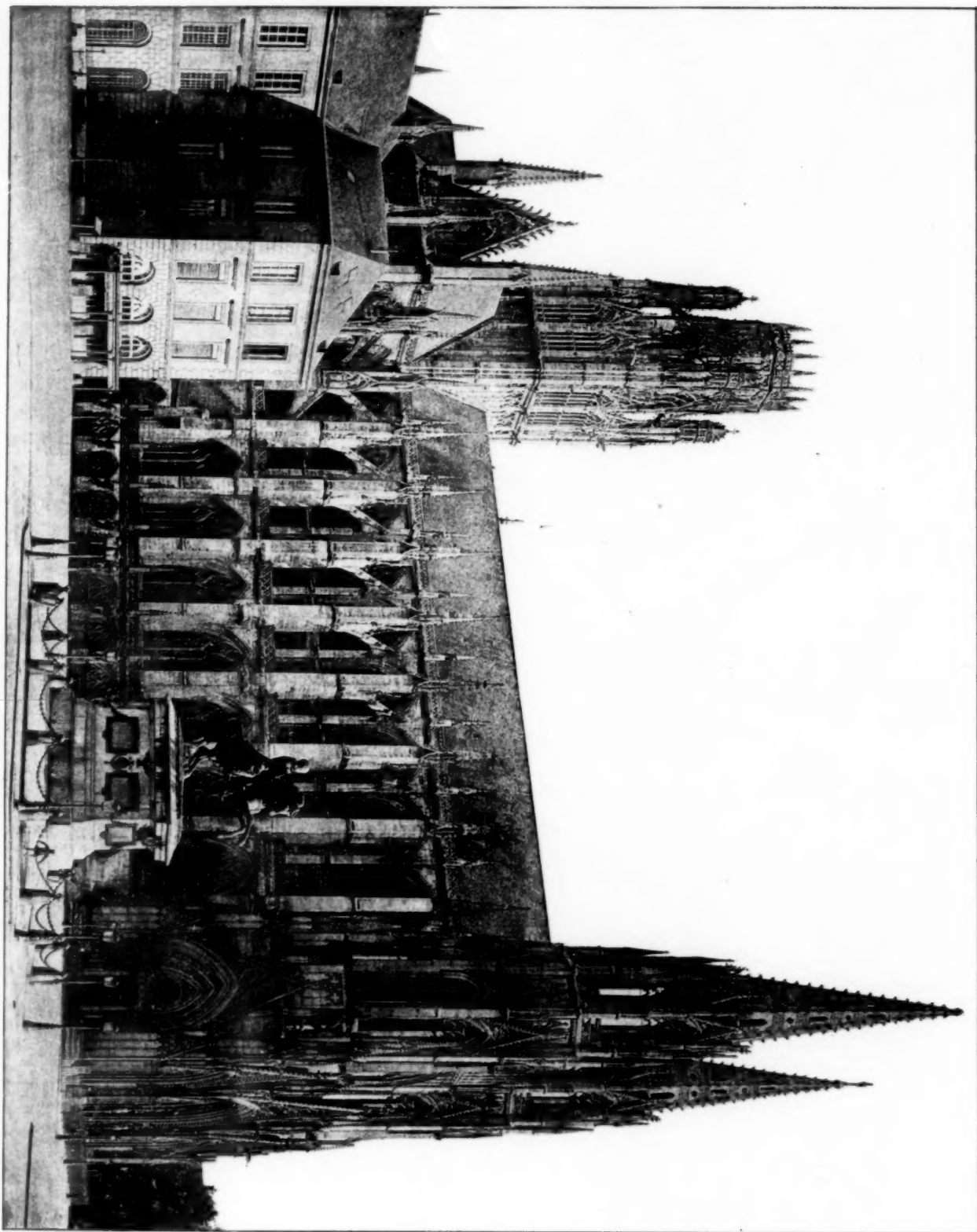
WOOD-PAVING THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.—At the meeting of the London County Council on Tuesday the following report of the Highways Committee was adopted: "We have, in connection with the question of the future maintenance of the Victoria Embankment carriageway, considered whether, having regard to the large cost, amounting last year to about £3,100, of remetalling, it would not be advisable to adopt some less expensive surface for the road. We have received from the engineer a report, stating that the annual cost of maintenance of the existing carriageway is 2s. 1d. per square yard, while the annual cost of wood-paving for the same area would probably amount to only about 1s. 11 1/4d. per square yard, including the provision of a sinking fund to repay the cost of the wood in eight years, and of the concrete foundation in thirty years. He further states that when the cost of the foundation shall have been repaid, the cost of maintenance per square yard per year will be reduced by 2 1/2d., and that in his opinion the adoption of wood-paving would result in a present saving of £500 per annum in this item. The superficial area of the carriageway of the embankment amounts to 54,500 square yards, equal to a length of four miles of an ordinary 40-foot road, and the engineer estimates that the cost of wood pavement for this area would be about £28,250. He further suggests that if the wood-paving be adopted, the work of laying it should be carried out in three sections in three successive years, in order to avoid, as far as possible, a prolonged interference with the traffic, both in the first laying of the pavement and in the execution of repairs, which may become necessary thereafter. Having fully considered these statements and estimates which have been laid before us of the cost of macadam as against other kinds of road material, we have come to the conclusion that it is advisable that wood pavement should be laid on the carriageway of the embankment; and we recommend that, subject to an estimate being submitted by the Finance Committee as required by the statute, the carriageway of the Victoria Embankment be paved with wood, at an estimated cost of £28,250; that the repayment of the cost of the wood be spread over a period of eight years, and of the concrete foundation over thirty years; that the work be carried out in three sections in three successive years; and that it be referred to the Highways Committee to prepare a specification, and to make arrangements for the execution of the works."—*Timber Trades Journal*.

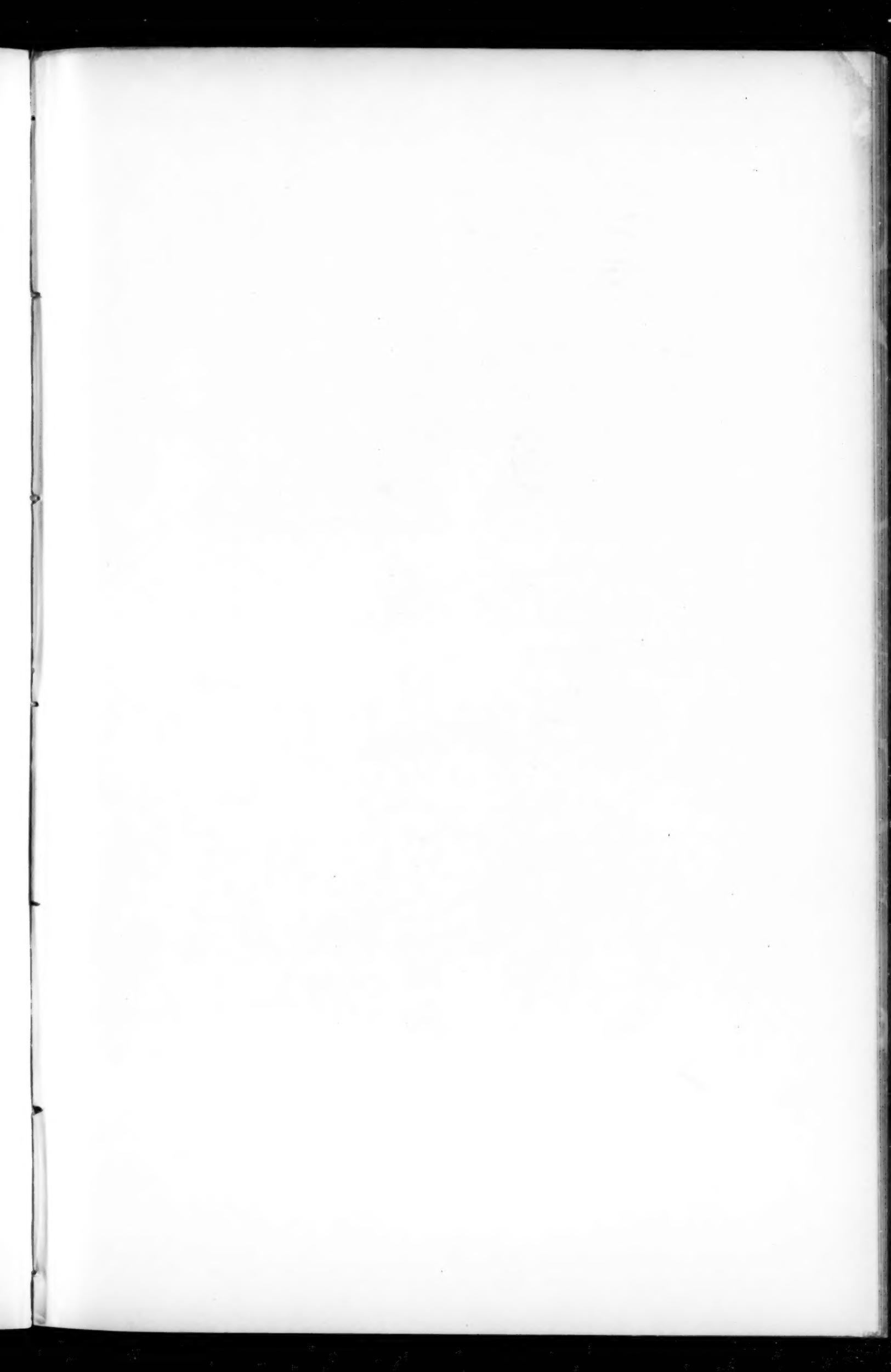
TRADE SURVEYS

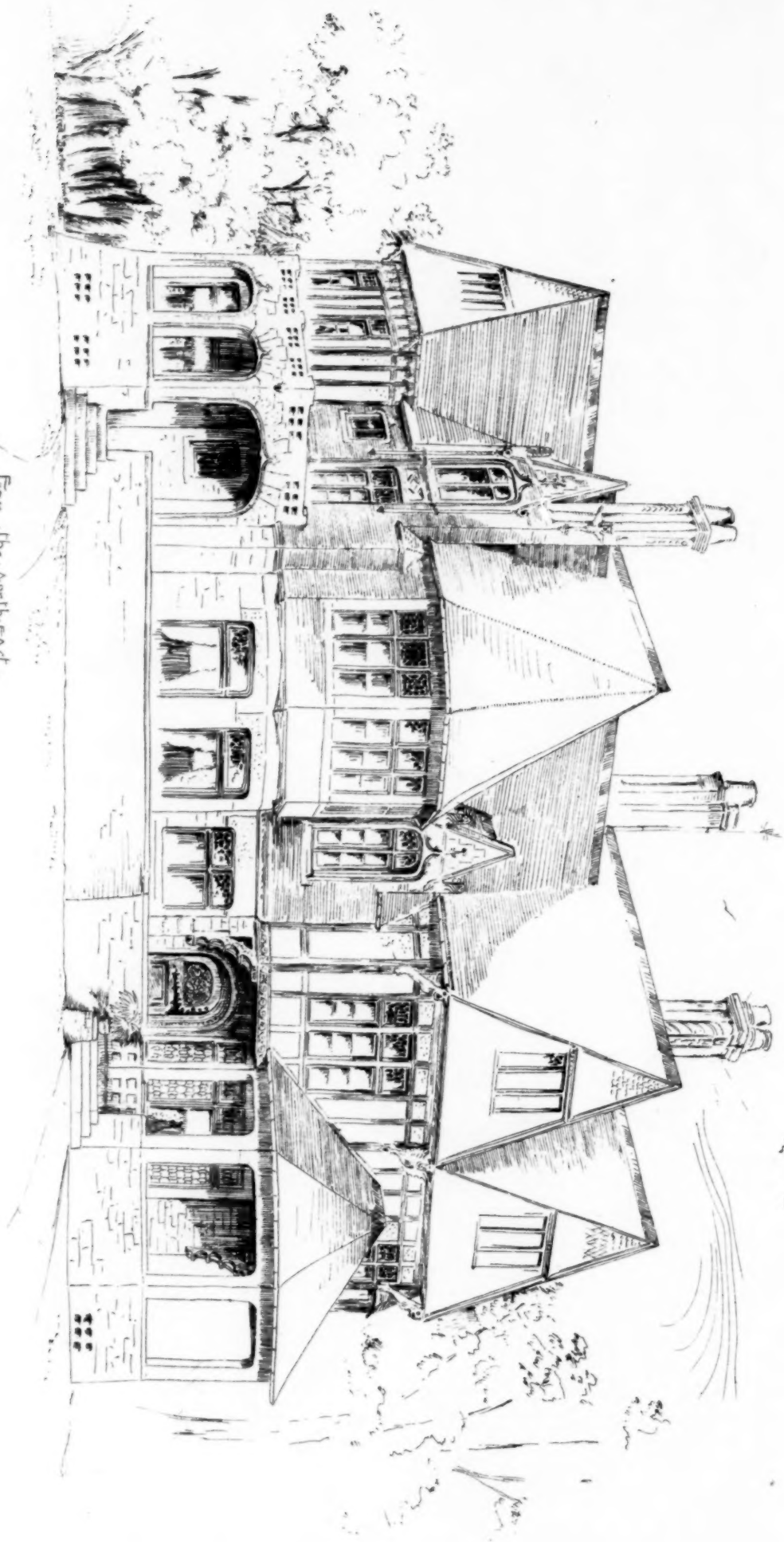
AMONG the unsettling influences in the commercial and financial world may be mentioned these: the continued inability of small traders throughout the interior to make prompt settlements; the insufficient supply of currency from financial centres; the heavy exportation of gold, and the evident insufficiency of the circulating medium to meet the requirements of business. Among the favorable influences at work are the growing necessities in business channels; the rock-bottom condition of prices; the willingness of lenders to lend to the extent of their ability; the absence of accumulating stocks of manufacturing products and raw material; the solvent condition of the great body of manufacturing and business interests, and the natural expansion of demand for all kinds of products. One of the things which is not understood, and to which very little of the right kind of attention is being paid, is the degree of scarcity of money. The conservative and old-time view is that there is enough, and that these recurring stringencies are natural and right, and that the best interests of the country can be subserved only through a continuance of existing conditions. Those who think so strongly oppose any and all schemes for an enlargement of the currency, and prove, from their standpoint, that the views they entertain are in accordance with an harmonious development of energies. The question as to whether the policy of a minimum volume of currency is correct will, as has been previously stated, be discussed before the whole body of the people. The movement has already taken shape in the West under auspices which show that the discussion will not be one-sided, nor confined to one section of the country. In commercial circles, there is more or less disquietude over the hampered expansion of business. In retail channels there has been a fair distribution of goods, but within the last week or two agents of many large houses in New York and Philadelphia, and doubtless in other cities, have sent home reports that retailers are not maintaining that steady and heavy distribution they did earlier in the season. Scattering reports of this kind may not represent actual trade conditions throughout the country, but, so far as they go, they indicate that the retailers and the consumers, at least, are beginning to feel a stringency which, six months ago, began at the top, so to speak, among the large banking houses of Europe. The checking up which has been done in every department of activity during the past six months has, in reality, done more to strengthen confidence than to weaken confidence; it proves that there is a certain automatic action in trade and business affairs, by which evil or dangerous tendencies may be checked or averted. There have been remarkably few failures, considering the enormous risks run. We are now in sight of a heavy crop, and an excellent foreign market for the same. Manufacturers in many avenues see what they regard as excellent prospects for a rapid and immediate expansion of the export trade. The industries at large are thriving, even though capacity is not taxed. Business men, as a mass, are able to pay what they owe, and hence it is that a scarcity of money such as the country has experienced for the past few months is not followed by such disastrous results as followed monetary stringencies fifteen to thirty years ago. The country at large is solvent, and, as production is organized, there is a minimum of danger from those evils which in years past have brought about destructive depressions to capital as well as to labor.



ST. OZEN AND THE STATUE OF NAPOLEON I. KOEHL, FRANCE.







From the Northeast.

Preliminary Study
for Mr. J. H. Welden.
A. Suburban House
Binghamton N.Y.

and
Binghamton N.Y.

HELIX Press Printing Co. Boston

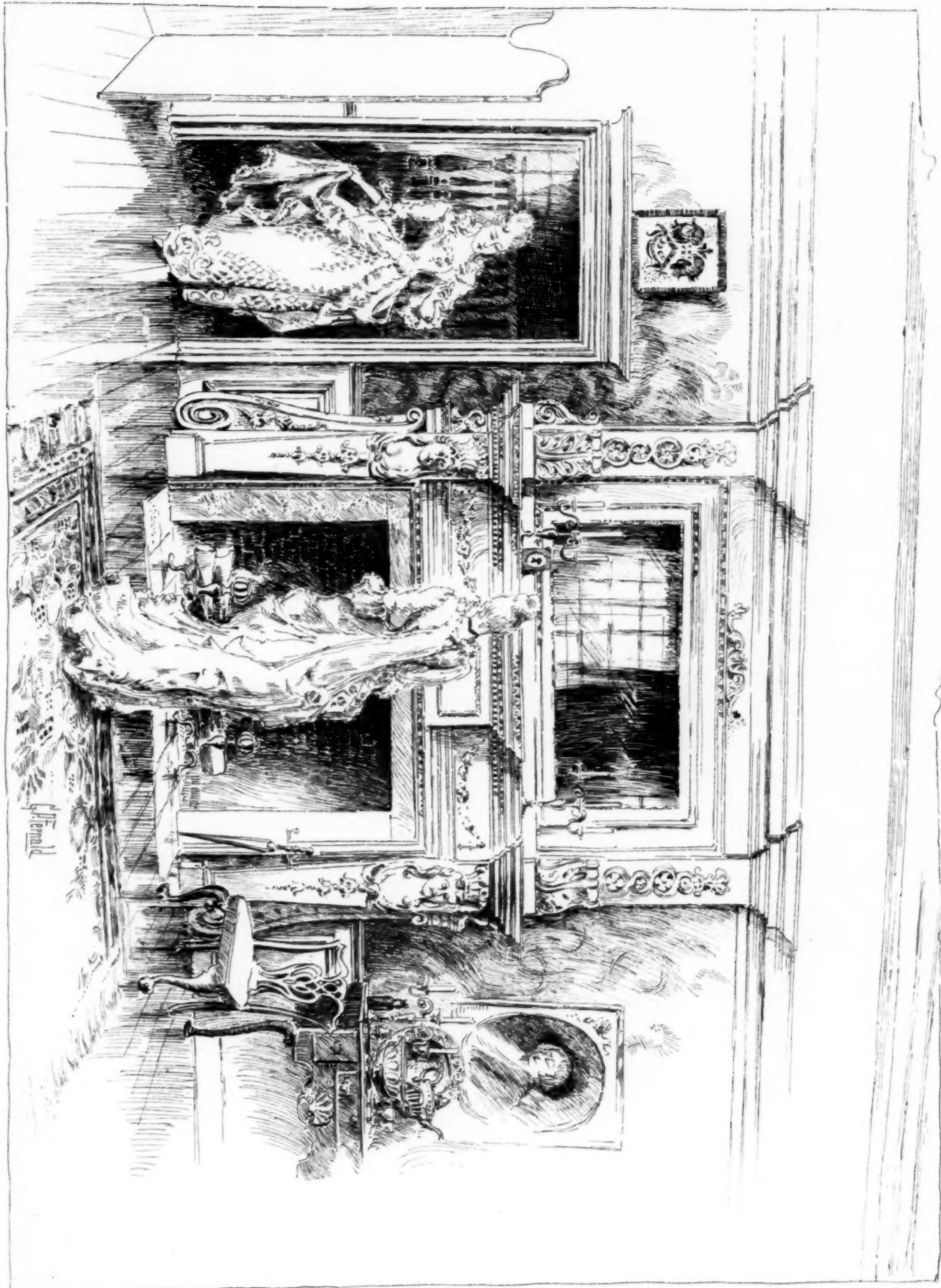
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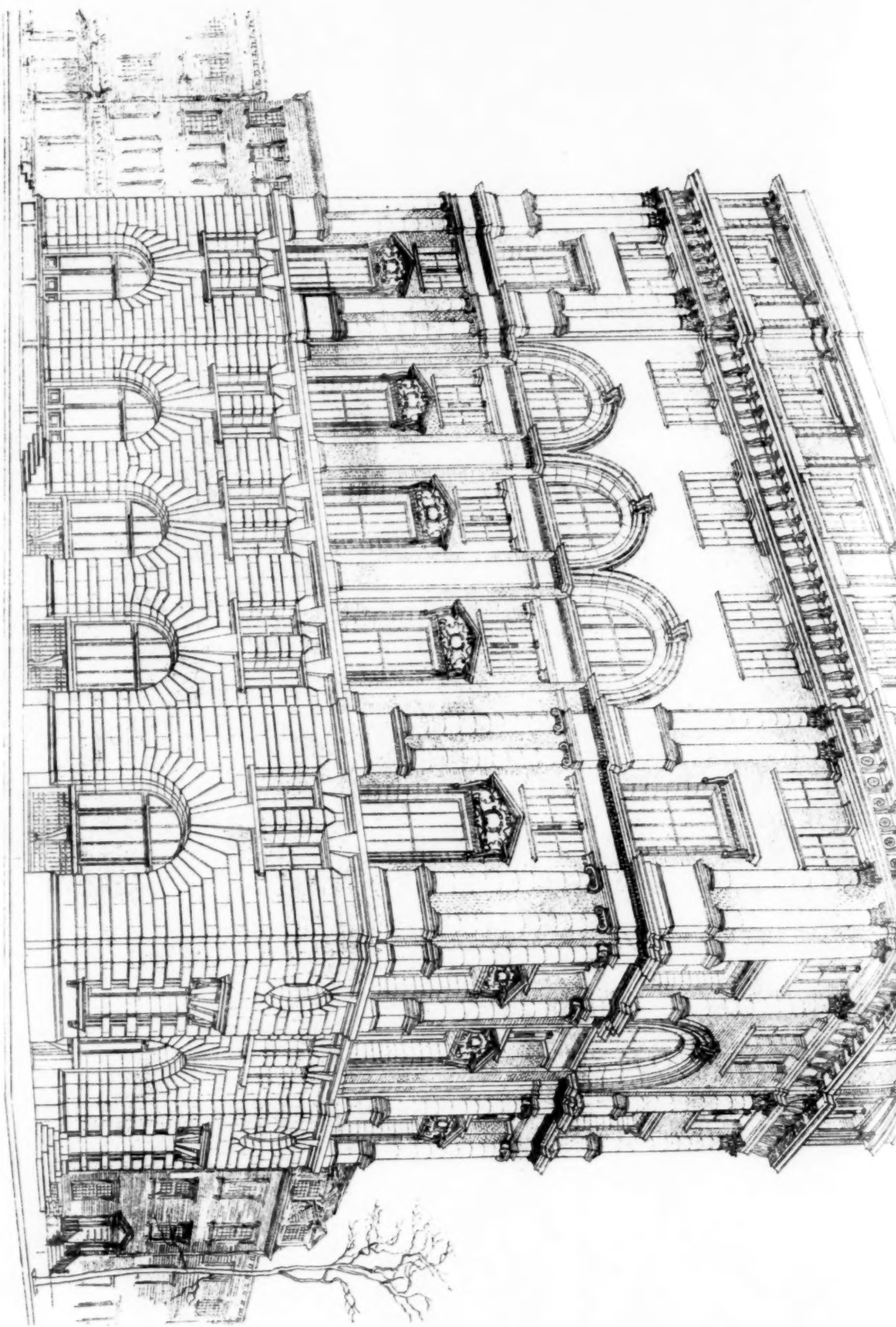
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From the north-west.



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