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SUMMARY:—

Close of the Hearings on the Preservation or Destruction of the Bulfinch Front.—Will the Legislature be Patriotic or "Business-like?"—The Peripatations of the Heine Monument Scheme.—Death of A. J. Post, Engineering Contractor.—The Attempt to Place a Statue of Marquette in the United States Capitol.—New Rules of the French Government affecting School-houses.—Some of their Provisions.—Report on the Reclamation of the Zuider Zee.	125
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CAN any one enumerate the crimes that in this country have been perpetrated by legislative bodies under the allegation that they were acting like "common-sense business men?"

The protracted hearings on the three bills which affect the destruction, alteration or preservation of the Bulfinch portion of the Massachusetts State-house are closed, but who can say now which way legislative action will face? Will the few men who now constitute the Legislature arrogate to themselves the right of deciding that future generations will prefer to have new bricks, mortar and other materials, cast in another form, another garb, replace and stand for a structure now redolent of historical, sentimental and architectural impressions, feelings, memories? Will they presume to say that new bricks, mortar, etc., are as good, and better, when it comes to impressing on future generations the impalpable truths of history, sentiment and architecture, as these which stand here now clothed with the associations of a century's growth? Will they accept as good teaching and conclusive proof of the civilized and intellectual position that Massachusetts holds, as one of the largest, most civilized and most intellectual communities of the nation, that extraordinary argument of the introducer of one of the bills, the one which authorizes the destruction and an amorphous reconstruction of the building, who, while vehemently objecting to be considered a "vandal," declared that the true way to honor and preserve the name of Bulfinch—and he, even he, would like to have it honored and preserved—was to positively annihilate Bulfinch's actual work (which is abundantly good to last another century) and then spend in honor of Bulfinch, and as a declared memorial of his fame, a million and a half in reproducing—on changed lines, in new materials, with altered dimensions and new features, be it understood—the present State-house! Could anything be more business-like and commonsensical? Could anything be less patriotic, less civilized, less sentimental, less artistically appropriate?

NEVER have the advocates of the destruction of the Bulfinch portion of the State-house presented a weaker case than at this year's hearings. They have adduced at the several hearings almost absolutely no evidence of popular or

individual approval of their recommendations. The sponsors of the several vandalistic measures have advocated them almost unsupported. They have over and over again been forced to admit that the present building can be retained and made permanent, and this at a tithe of the charge upon the present and future generations called for by their own schemes. Their one claim to a standing is the allegation that they alone, of the hundreds who have attended the hearings, possess "common-sense" and are "business-like." If their views are to prevail, we beg that the members of this present Legislature may carry common-sense methods to a logical conclusion. Let them start, from this year of grace, a new era in history, sentiment and art. Let them decree the destruction of Faneuil Hall, King's Chapel, the Old South, the Old State-house, Bunker Hill Monument, etc., so that their common-sense future may have no connection with our sentimental and historic past. We sentimentalists have observed that the possession of these useless, unused, unpractical, "unbusiness-like" structures bring annually a considerable income to the citizens of the State by attracting visitors; but visitors, retail trade, hotel and railroad interests are possibly only sentimental considerations which the future need have no care for. Those who have been wont to rejoice at the beauty of the Granary burying-ground or muse over the relics in God's half acre alongside King's Chapel can in the future be business-like enough to be content with a bronze tablet in the vestibule of a department-store. Whatever you do, gentlemen of the present Legislature, do thoroughly, and rest content that your names shall not be forgotten, even in the records of a common-sense future. Your course cannot be predetermined: it is, like "all Gaul," divided into three parts. Either appropriate sufficient money—no matter how much may prove to be needed—for positively and permanently repairing and preserving the present building, the course which is demanded by every consideration except those of alleged common-sense and business, or have done with the past and start a new historic and architectural era from to-day with an appropriation of \$6,000,000. On no pretext whatever allow yourselves to waste a million and a half of the State's funds in an attempt to rebuild Bulfinch—with improvements. We are sure that even the architect of the annex—to his honor be it said—is in his private feelings in accord with the sentiment that desires the preservation of the present building.

THE Heine fountain has not ceased to give trouble to the citizens of New York. A short time ago, the Board of Aldermen voted, by a majority of nearly five to one, to accept the monument, and place it somewhere in the northern part of the city. This is, however, by no means the end of the matter, for, as it appears, a statute has just been passed by the State Assembly, providing that no piece of statuary shall be accepted by the city without the consent of the Mayor, the President of the Department of Parks, and the Presidents of the National Sculpture Society and the Municipal Art Society. This law, to become operative, must, it appears, be accepted by the city authorities, and a hearing on it was going on in the Mayor's office at the very moment of the vote by which the Aldermen decided to accept a work already condemned by at least three of the dignitaries whose consent is by the new law made necessary to complete such acceptance. What will be the outcome of the struggle, no one can say. If the new law, which is known as the "French law," should be accepted by the city, the fountain will, apparently, be finally shut out from public ground within the city limits; if not, the Park Commissioners will probably compel its seclusion in some unfrequented place, as the best they can still do for the public interest. Without criticising the owners of the monument, it certainly seems a pity that, after the flattering offers which, as they say, they have had from other towns, they should insist on driving it down the throats of the people of New York; but it is, perhaps, as well that the question should be now decided, whether the adornment of the public places in the city shall be put under the control of persons who know something about such matters, or not.

MR. ANDREW J. POST, the senior partner of the well-known firm of Post & McCord, engineers and contractors for ironwork, died a few days ago at his home in Jersey City. Mr. Post was born in Montpelier, Vermont, his father

Simeon S. Post, being one of the most distinguished civil engineers of his time. Young Post, after his school days were over, was apprenticed to a machinist, and, after thus gaining a practical knowledge of the handling of iron, began to devote himself to engineering problems, under the tuition of his father, choosing particularly the designing of iron bridges and similar structures. In 1876, after nearly twenty years of successful practice as a designer of bridges, he entered into partnership with Mr. McCord, as a contractor for iron structures, as well as a designer of them. The rapid development of iron building found them ready, and thoroughly prepared, to assist in this great work, and the firm was soon engaged in construction on a large scale. Many architects, who have profited by their judicious counsel, remember with pleasure their relations with Post & McCord, and, both as engineers and contractors, the firm rapidly acquired the highest reputation. Busy as Mr. Post was, he found time to interest himself in other people's welfare, and was an active member of many clubs and societies, as well as of the American Society of Civil Engineers.

AN extraordinary commotion has arisen over the gift to the United States, by the State of Wisconsin, of a statue of Father Marquette, the discoverer of the Mississippi River. The figure has been placed in the Capitol, where its missionary robes certainly present a striking contrast with the costumes of President Lincoln and Gen. Philip Kearney, between whose statues it is deposited, although the effect is hardly so overpowering as to justify the remark of a member of Congress, who is said to have declared that "Now the only thing necessary to give the Capitol the appearance of a complete cathedral is to change the exterior but slightly, by removing the Goddess of Liberty from the dome, and substituting a figure of St. Peter." Nevertheless, although it would take a good deal more than one statue in priestly robes to make the Capitol look, to ordinary eyes, anything like a cathedral, a member of the House from Michigan made a good point in calling attention to the fact that the Statutes of the United States provide only for the reception, in the Statuary Hall of the Capitol, of not more than two statues from each State, "of deceased persons who have been citizens thereof, and illustrious for their distinguished civic or military services." It is certain that Father Marquette was never a citizen of the State of Wisconsin, nor was he illustrious for distinguished civic or military services, and it is plain that, however worthy his exploits and virtues are to be commemorated by a statue, that statue is not entitled, under the plain and well-considered limitations of the law, to a place in Statuary Hall. However grateful we may be to the noble Catholic missionaries who began the civilization of the Mississippi Valley, the place to show that gratitude is not in the Statuary Hall of the Capitol, which is expressly and designedly reserved for memorials of citizens and soldiers of the United States, and the sooner it is removed the better.

THE municipal authorities of the City of Paris have just issued a new code of rules for the government of architects in designing school buildings, which have a certain interest, as being the latest expression of French opinion on the subject. As France is now spending a great deal of money on school-houses, and is obliged to make what it has to spend go as far as possible, it is not surprising to find that the rules call for the strictest economy in everything not essential to construction. Cut stone is to be used as sparingly as possible, walls above ground being required to be of brick or "moellons," answering, perhaps, nearly to our coursed rubble. On the fronts, the "moellons" are generally to be roughly dressed to a face, but walls facing on court-yards or playgrounds may be plastered. Floor-beams must be of iron, avoiding too great spans, and filled-in with deafening of the most economical description. A curious provision is that separate specifications must be made for each part of the work, so that the building may be erected under successive contracts, following each other in the order in which the several portions of the work succeed each other in building. In this country, such an arrangement would be viewed with suspicion, as a scheme for awarding the first contract at a low price, to some favored individual, and managing matters so as to throw all the succeeding contracts into his hands, on profitable terms; but the French idea seems to be to afford in this way a means for

checking off, so to speak, the cost of the building at intervals during its progress, by comparing the actual cost of the different portions of the work with the estimates. Architects are enjoined to be sure to include everything in their specifications, from the footing-stones under the walls to the gas and water meters and stationary desks, and not to forget to mention the sodding and planting around the building; but, in addition to this, they are directed to provide in their estimates a special allowance for contingencies.

IN the arrangement of the school-buildings, architects are required, as is usual in France, where children are much rougher in their play than with us, to provide separate entrances for boys and girls. Where a school for younger children is included in the group, the entrance for these children may be the same as that of the older girls, but the older boys are never to use the same entrance as the little children; nor is it allowed even to have the windows of the class-rooms occupied by the older boys or girls overlook the playground of the younger children. In the interior, partitions must meet with a bevel or a round corner, and the angle between walls and ceilings must be curved, with a radius of four inches. This is a common French provision, to facilitate dusting and washing the walls and ceilings, but it must add appreciably to the cost of a school-building. However, the regulations provide for rigid cleanliness everywhere. Even the benches of the parents' waiting-room are required to be hinged, so that they can be turned back against the wall, and the space under them washed out on occasion. Corridors and passageways leading to the class-rooms must not be less than a metre and a half wide, — about five feet, and must in all cases receive light and air from the outside. Stairs for the use of the children must have straight runs, with square landings, no winders being permitted; and no stairway must have more than fifteen steps without a landing. Stairs must be at least fifty-four inches wide, and the rise of each step must not exceed six and one-half inches. Stairs may be of iron or wood, but must in either case be fireproofed with mortar filling. Hand-rails must have projecting knobs, spaced about one metre apart; this provision being evidently intended to discourage the practice of "sliding down the banisters" which so strongly allures the infant mind. In schools for young children, all stairs must have a second handrail, on the wall side. Buildings containing more than four class-rooms in any story, or more than eight class-rooms in all, must have a secondary staircase, at the part of the building most remote from the principal stairs. It is, however, permitted to leave out this secondary staircase, where ready communication can be provided between two adjacent school-buildings.

CLASS-ROOMS must be rectangular, and must be planned to accommodate not more than fifty pupils, with at least one square metre, or about eleven square feet of floor-space for each pupil. The height must be thirteen feet, from floor to ceiling. Lighting may be either unilateral or bilateral, according to circumstances, but, with unilateral lighting, the light must come from the left of the pupils, and the width of the room must not exceed twenty-one feet; and in this case, also, openings for ventilation must be made in the wall or partition opposite the windows, occupying the whole of the wall-space above the level of the tops of the doors. All windows must extend to within eight inches of the ceiling, and no ceiling-light is allowable in class-rooms.

THE Commission appointed by the Dutch Government to study the question of the reclamation of the Zuider Zee has just sent in its report, which is signed by all the members. It considers the scheme practicable, although it will require the construction of a dike nearly forty miles long, and thirty-one years will be needed for constructing the dike and pumping-out the water. The cost, including compensation to the fishermen, is estimated at six hundred and fifty-six million francs, and the value of the land reclaimed at six hundred and eighty millions, leaving a balance of twenty-four million francs, or less than five million dollars. This is a profit of only about three and one-half per cent, even if the estimates are not exceeded — a very narrow margin for an undertaking involving so much uncertainty.

EVERY-DAY ITALY.¹—III.

VENICE.



On the Grand Canal.

the gray-brown cities of the North? All phrases must seem the veriest perbole. Venice is a shattered rainbow, built into a city.

Imagine, if you can, tints of pearl and of faint flesh-color, pinks like the inside of a sea-shell, greens, gray and ghostly, pale sapphire, tender violet, with now and then a red or brown or blue as deep and thick as velvet. Weave them all into a ribbon of color, adorning forms more beautiful still, and conceive the whole mirrored and multiplied in rippling sea - green water, underneath a sky blue "as my lady's eyes," where flocks of feathery clouds chase one another all day about the horizon, and at evening become iridescent in a death agony, as night overwhelms them. A night more exquisite even than the day, when the sky puts on a mantle of deep ultramarine, richer than any purple, embroidered over in strange figures with glittering, gem-like stars; when the lights, red, white and yellow, are reflected on marble palace walls and leave trails of liquid fire in the black void of water beneath, where sable gondolas, freighted with joyful life, and echoing song and laughter, appear from nothingness and vanish, as moths pass through a flame.

In Venice everything seems to labor under the beautiful necessity of being beautiful. Where, but there, does one see those pictur-

ALL writers have been eloquent in praise of Venice; all painters have tried to match with mere pigments the colors of her palaces and sunset skies; yet everything that I had seen or read was clean forgotten, — swallowed up in wonder — and during my first moments on the Grand Canal I suffered from a sort of indignation that no one had in any way prepared me for what I found there. I determined straightway to perform that office for others who should come after, not realizing then that the charm of the place is incommunicable; that men through all the centuries have tried to utter it, and I was witness to their failure.

How should one convey the idea of light to a blind man, or of such color as is there to dwellers in



On the Grand Canal: opposite the Museo Civico.

esque black boats with terra-cotta colored sails (so poor a word to name a red which is half yellow, and wholly exquisite)? Where else do they use for window curtains cloth of such a noble blue? In what other city are there noiseless streets with floating carriages, and cabbies dressed in spotless white with black and crimson sashes?



Library of St. Mark's.

I have seen a red awning patched with yellow and olive-green: not in all an artist's paint-box could be found two other colors to do as well. I have seen a black boat with an orange sail above it, while beneath the prow the water, which in a less favored harbor would have been a dirty brown, was of purest emerald.

One cannot have known the ultimate possibilities of color until he has been to Venice, for there color takes on the attributes and assumes the rank of music, stirring the emotions and awakening the memory. Ride the length of the Grand Canal in a gondola just as evening falls, and abandoning yourself to the scene, you may experience all those stirrings of dormant soul-potencies, those evanescent, unembodied longings which are not yet desires, those hopes too dear to be finished by fulfilment, and regrets too gentle for remorse, which until then you had believed music alone was capable of inspiring.

Then, when the red embers left by the sun in the west have flickered and gone out, when darkness begins to thicken on the water and the lights to twinkle out, and you become for the first time conscious of the diners in the café of the Grand Hotel, by reason of the interior illumination, land at the Piazzetta and wander up and down with the crowd on the Piazza, letting the music of the band set the theme for your imaginings. Continue to walk thus until you are drunk with multitude, — until you have experienced that strange form of intoxication which is perhaps the effect of the contact of your soul's *aura* with that of so many others — the clash of the impalpable with the impalpable. It is unlike any other form of stimulation, and to sensitive souls it is most dangerous and fascinating. Its victims are in every great city, and in none more than in Venice, where the conditions for indulgence exist in rare perfection. The great Piazza is clean and brilliant as a ball-room, and the crowd to be found there bigger, more cosmopolitan and more idle than in Paris, even. There are lean and swarthy Greeks, with comic-opera clothes and huge gold ear-rings, dusky Armenians and Turks with insolent, bold brown eyes; fat and spectacled Germans; Frenchmen, languid, elegant and perfumed; Englishmen, with faces ruddy as rare roast beef, and their women, fair, large-bodied and awkward, with lily necks and long, flat backs such as one sees in Du Maurier's pictures. The Americans, men and women, refuse to be summarized in a phrase, for though they are unmistakable in foreign places, they have not crystallized into a type. They are mostly of two classes, one represented by those oldish girls and youngish women who have taught



A Minaret from St. Mark's.

¹ Continued from No. 1054, page 109.

school all winter, or denied themselves necessities, perhaps, in order to purchase those costly and worthless trifles which one sees them bargaining for in the shops, and who travel for improvement rather than for pleasure, and the other, by all the well-to-do who go in for a good time: alert well-dressed men, and handsome, high-voiced shirt-waisted women, whose every act and attitude betrays the queenship of their sex in their own country, — so different from the subdued manner of European women in public places. But of all the people to be seen on an evening on the Piazza, none are more interesting than the Italians themselves. The infantry soldiers, so small and swarthy; the cavalry officers, magnificent in their tight uniforms and silver braid; the family groups of fat mamma and father, and flower-like daughters, whose self-conscious eyes look always decorously straight ahead; the callow youths and mashers, dressed in grotesque imitation of prevalent London and Parisian fashions, who at a little distance pursue these unattainable fair ones; the women of the poor, — fresh, brown-eyed, black-haired maidens, arm in arm with old and shrunken hags — a contrast showing with fatal

sweet drinks of which the Italians seem so fond. Forget the crowd as much as its noise and immanence will let you, and become conscious, instead, of the deep blue sky above you, and of the passionless stars; of the campanile, illumined by the lights of the Piazza, piercing the darkness like a flaming sword; and of that Aladdin's palace,



The Bridge of Sighs.

clearness the effect of years of work and child-bearing, for the horrid old crones were once black-haired and rosy and desired of men; weary, patient mothers, with children fretting at their skirts; *facchini* in blue clothes and with brass badges who spend their waking hours — which are not many — in devising and performing useless services for opulent *Inglese*; beggars and boot-blacks in plenty, and members of that other lowest class of all, whose eyes are kept glued on the pavement, and the sight of whom always renews my determination not to smoke Italian cigars. Nor would the category be complete without including those women, unmistakable everywhere, from whom men buy brief pleasure and long-lived regret. Around and around the band-stand they all go, and you among them, just as they went for your father when he made the grand tour before you were born, and as they will go for your son, may be, when he has put off mourning for his father and can be decorously gay as befits his years.

When you are tired of all this, — and one gets tired even in Venice — find a place at one of the hundreds of small tables just outside the colonnade, and sit and sip strong coffee, or one of the weak,



In the Fondamenta Zorn.

Saint Mark's, whose domes, like bubbles, seem poised upon the air. Forget even the present, forget your very self, and summon up visions of the stirring, sumptuous past, and of all the dramatic scenes which had the Piazza for their theatre. Summon them if you can, more likely you cannot, but they will rise unbidden sometime and like the prince in Tennyson's "Princess," you will wander amid a world of ghosts.

Having traversed the length of the Grand Canal, and spent some hours on the Piazza, you will have seen all that there is of Venice,



Tower of St. Stefano.

many people will tell you. Such is, indeed, nearly all that the average tourist knows or cares about it. Some hours spent at the Academy, some minutes in Saint Mark's, a run through the Ducal Palace and over the Bridge of Sighs, and hurried and perfunctory descents upon the churches asterisked in "Baedeker," and his trunks are packed and he is off for Florence or the Italian lakes. But if you

would really know and enjoy Venice, see the Bride of the Sea in her boudoir, instead of in her ball-room; forsake the Piazza altogether, and the expensive, un-Italian hotels that line the Grand Canal, and find, instead, a room in some mouldering old palace that takes your fancy, on some quiet *rio* or *calle*, not too far from the



Tower of St. Nicola dei Mendicoli.

heart of Venice, but far enough from its noise and bustle so that you may distinguish each muffled dip of the oar of the passing gondola and the lap of the tide against the weed-grown walls.

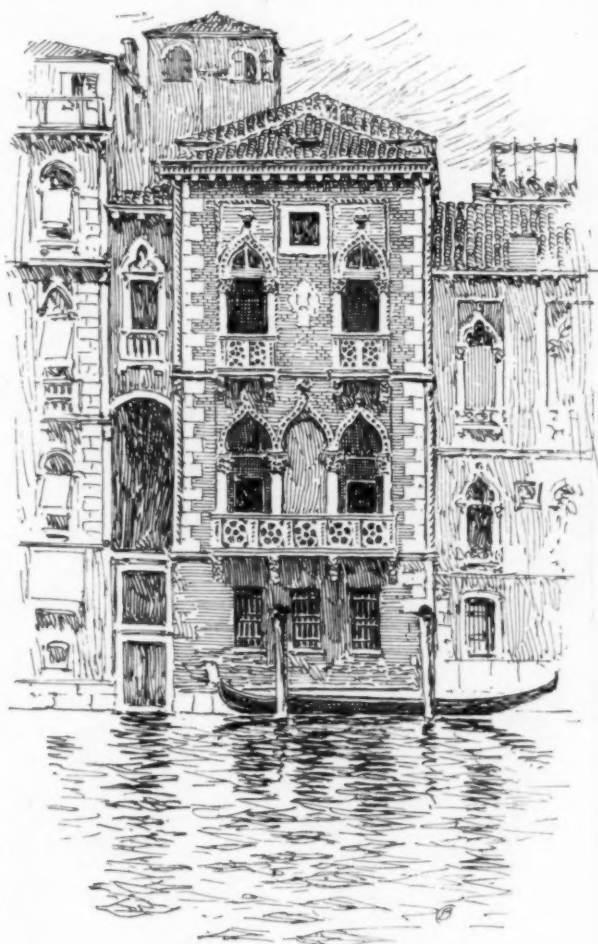
I found such a place at the end of the Via della Salute, within a stone's throw of the church of that name, whose spindling towers were visible from my window, and through the greenery of the garden in the rear I had a glimpse of the blue water of the harbor, a patch no bigger than my hand, but which I could have ill-spared from the prospect. To be sure, the Piazza was on the other side of the Grand Canal, but the *traghetto* brought it within five minutes. Instead of finding this crossing an annoyance, it formed an episode of every day which never lost its charm. In the morning, intent on business or pleasure, the brief glimpse it affords of so much loveliness, from one's black cradle near the water, was like grace before a meal, and returning, tired out at night, it was good to sit awhile on the marble church steps and let the calm serenity of night rest like a benediction on the soul.

Whatever be the state of your purse, you will do well to avoid those heavy and expensive *table d'hôte* dinners which are served at the hotels. Go rather to some little restaurant which looks clean and attractive, marked, if it all, by "*Baedeker*" as "second class," or "in the Italian style," and where the waiters speak no English, little French and very much Italian. There is such a one on the Fondamenta della Zattere, the same, beyond a question, that Symonds devotes some paragraphs to in one of his books on Italy. It is worthy of his eulogies, and cheap beyond belief. My appetite usually failed me before my bill exceeded two francs in amount. You may have your breakfasts in front of the hotel underneath an awning, in full view of all the life on the quay and in the harbor, and seasoned with all sorts of appetizing sea smells—salt and tar, and odors wafted to you from the holds of vessels from the other side of the world. By luncheon-time the sun will drive you indoors, or better, into the paved court-yard, completely covered over with green vines, through which the yellow sunlight filters down, like oil through a salad. As you eat you may be witness of the life of the place, which is a sort of Forum Romanum for three or four families. The children have a play-house in one corner and they chase one another around the old carved well-curb with shrill cries of "*Curri! Curri!*" and "*Basta! Basta!*" while their mothers gossip together as they perform their simple household duties. Two lean tortoiseshell cats and a little gray kitten will probably make their appearance simultaneously with the fish, and gaze up at you with hungry eyes, asking for morsels, which, if you proffer, they will as like as not refuse, in the quietly insulting way cats have. Young girls will appear at doorways, and shyly retreat at sight of you, if you are a stranger and well dressed. It is a great mistake to be conspicuously well dressed, and by all means keep your "*Baedeker*" deep hid in your pocket, because at sight of a "*Baedeker*" the Italians cease to be their sweet and natural selves and become mute and constrained, or servile, or clamorously importunate, according to their condition in life. These red-covered volumes are a symbol of wealth, and seem to arouse all the latent cupidity of a people whom excess of poverty and dearth of pride have made mendicant.

Your dinner will be served to you on a railed platform, built quite out over the water, so that you seem to be on the deck of a ship, with other real ships only a biscuit's-toss away. While you eat, the low sun slants its last beams across the Giudecca, bathing the towers and palaces in orange light; the shadows creep stealthily toward you along the quay; a great black vessel, like some huge leviathan, steams slowly out to sea; the water is like oil and every sound comes to you marvellously magnified; the dip of a distant oar sounds like the remembered last sob of a drowned man for whose death the sweet-voiced bells are tolling; the sun goes down in a fanfare of red and yellow clouds, and there are left only some streaks of bloody fingers in the west to tell of the departed day. Darkness draws veil after veil across the vision, and by the time you have finished your coffee and lighted your cigar, black night is all about you.

Oppressed with a subtle melancholy engendered by the scene, you flee for refuge to the gay, thronged Piazza and amid its lights and bustle, the burden of the sadness of a too-beautiful world slips from you for a time; but you cannot always as readily escape it. Just as Rome has its malaria, so Venice afflicts one with some nameless disease of the soul. What is more depressing than withered flowers, than the cold fragments of a feast, or any other of the relics of a bygone joy? Venice is a place of pleasure-houses fallen to decay. Florence was always stern and intellectual. Rome was, and is, powerful and grand, but the joy of life belonged to Venice, and when, in her fall, that fled away, it was as the soul which forsakes the body. Venice is like the bride found in the chest; her dress and jewels are as the day she put them on, but in place of the beautiful woman, a grinning skeleton looks out.

You feel nothing of all this on the Piazza, nor on the Grand Canal where the stream of life is strong and warm, but if you would experience what I mean, float or wander in the unfrequented ways, where sea-weed still stains the unfooted marble steps of palaces, where the traceried windows are boarded up, and the walls are cracked and crumbling to decay; look into little courts roofed now only by the open sky, where ruined staircases mount upward, not to sumptuous chambers, but to the noisome barracks of the poor; visit the



"House of Desdemona": Palazzo Contarini.

churches whose cloisters echo to the sound of bugles and the clank of spurs.

If you stay long in Venice, you are sure, sooner or later, to succumb to her mood. Like Vivian, she weaves a spell in which your consciousness is stimulated, but your power of performance is gone.

If you are a healthy and energetic American, with work to do, you will soon loose yourself and be gone; but I think there must be some who continue to live on and on, in dreamy lethargy, unable to bestir themselves, like Merlin in the wood. I have even fancied that I could identify them in the people I encountered on the Piazza. They sit very still all day over endless cups of coffee at Florian's, and at evening when the band plays they move up and down with the crowd. Theirs is a spirit of dreamy good-nature, not unlike the condition of mind I have always fancied to be an opium-eater's. Seeing them, life seems unreal, and afterwards when you are hard at work in raw and ugly, but earnest and energetic America, Venice will seem unreal too—a dream that you dreamed once, and that you hope to dream again.

CLAUDE F. BRAGDON.

(To be continued.)

VENICE TO-DAY: THE OTHER SIDE.

WHEN the train drew near, how eagerly I craned my head out of the window to catch the first glimpse of Venice, the Enchanted City! And this is what I saw: A stretch of yellow puddles, fringed by sour, arid grass; beyond that, a huddle of black chimneys vomiting out smoke; then a dingy confusion of dirty shipping, and beyond all, a gray scramble of warehouses and mean buildings. I rubbed my eyes and asked myself, Can this be "where Venice sits in state, throned on her hundred isles"?

We were hustled out of the station into a crazy gondola and paddled along the Grand Canal to our hotel. "So this is the Grand Canal!" we said, gazing at it in stony disappointment and sniffing at it suspiciously. It was infinitely dirtier than the Thames at

open sewer, with its unspeakable filth, be part of "that unsullied sea, with its eddy of green wave"? Was this "the golden city," paved with emeralds? How often afterward I wobbled along this same canal, and others equally terrible in their wan misery, going

home always crushed and broken in spirit! Here is a description of what these canals are, taken from my diary, and it is literally truthful, which the poets and painters never are:

On either side staggers a crowd of decayed buildings; from the roof downward they are a mass of squalid ruin; broken balconies cling to the stained and discolored walls, great scabs of plaster have fallen from their fronts as if a leprosy had eaten into them; for a foot above the water the walls are black with slime, the broken windows are stuffed with rags or paper, the shattered steps lead up to doors that swing by one hinge; the steps themselves are slippery with a greasy scum; to the edge of the lower stair there is a fringe of foul, green weed—it swings slowly in the crawling water; the iron grilles, once so beautiful, are eaten by bitter salt rust; the shutters hang at all angles, flapping and creaking in the wind; in the crazy balconies there is a number of broken flower-pots, with dead flowers in them; and through all these reeking alleys the greenish-gray water slowly pulses and oozes, covered with straw, eggshells, cabbage-stalks and nameless refuse. Over all this brood a hundred filthy and obscene smells, each canal contributing a particularly putrid stench of its own.

No longer does Venice sit in state; hour by hour and stone by stone she is sinking into her dishonored grave. Then there is the other side of the shield—Modern Venice seized with the accursed craze for restoration, daubing her lovely old pictures with new paint,



Colored Terra-cotta Roundels from the Building of E. D. Chamberlin, Esq., St. Paul, Minn. Cass Gilbert, Architect; Johannes Gelert, Sculptor.



Colored Terra-cotta Roundels from the Building of E. D. Chamberlin, Esq., St. Paul, Minn. Cass Gilbert, Architect; Johannes Gelert, Sculptor.

London Bridge; up and down it tore and puffed cheap steamers, churning up the foul water into a deep brown froth. Very soon we turned into a side canal, and then, indeed, my heart sank. Was this really Venice, or was it a dreadful nightmare? Could this foul,

tearing down her old mosaics and sticking up ridiculous modern rubbish. Why, I myself saw the Bellini in St. Giovanni Crisostomo in actual process of so-called "restoration." All the world knows what has been done at St. Mark's and Torcello, and actually a few years

ago there was some talk of pulling down the Ducal Palace and rebuilding it!

Do you know the little church of St. Andrea, in Western Venice? For me, it had associations sacred and beloved, and I particularly wished to see it. I made my pilgrimage to it through the usual net of pestiferous canals, thinking much of the "little grass-grown campo opening to the lagoons and the Alps." Like everything else, it is a shame and a desolation; a huge railway bridge shuts off lagoon and Alps, the little campo is green no longer, it is trodden into black slime; the poor little church stands shamefaced, crowded round by factories and tall chimneys.

Then Torcello — what memories gather round it, and though restoration has been cruelly busy there, the ineffable pathos and peace of its life in death still move one's very heart. Coming back from a long day there, I read my Shelley, and, looking up from the ideal to the real, this is what I saw: In the far distance the usual defilement of ironworks and factories, in the middle distance a string of filthy coal-barges dragged by a puffing tug, nearer still, a frightful steam-dredger scrabbling up the mud and vomiting out a volcano of black smoke, and all around me were big steamers polluting air and water, and little steamers scuttling along, shrieking, squeaking and puffing. I read no more Shelley.

Night in Venice and music on the canal — that, surely, would have its own charm. I had pictured the soft air pulsing with sweet voices, and over all a sky "thick inlaid with patines of bright gold." Well, every night about eight o'clock the singing certainly began, guitars tinkled, and now and then one heard a fairly good tenor voice, but as a rule the men's voices were harsh and worn, and the women's indescribably shrill, and the songs they sang were Verdi and Bellini at their worst — "Ah, che la Morte," and its companion absurdities. And when once they began, they kept on; no sooner had one boatload of singers exhausted its *repertoire* than another took up its place, and repeated the same songs with the same quaverings and tinklings. — *Westminster Gazette*.

SPANISH ART AT THE NEW GALLERY. — III.

HAVING endeavored in the two preceding papers to give an idea, though inadequate, of the fine pictures in this exhibition, we trust that space may be found for a few words on the other objects of art, to the number of seven hundred, the majority of which are so choice in color, design or workmanship as to form an *ensemble*, both splendid and interesting, only second to the collections at Cluny and South Kensington. For some unaccountable reason, there is a total absence of Spanish leather, of which there is a fair quantity in England, however, and had all the collectors been equally liberal, the New Gallery would certainly be overcrowded.

We miss from amongst the jewelry Sir Charles Robinson's collection, which is at the Guildhall: Sir A. W. Franks and Mrs. Bontine lend some particularly fine emeralds set as pendants and necklaces, while there are two pairs of splendid amethyst ear-rings, 6" x 8" in length; but, indeed, the goldsmith's work in these is greatly wanting in the delicacy and finish we find in some of the pendants and reliquaries.

The superb display of silver and silver-gilt plate, lent by Sir Francis Cook, Colonel Sandeman and others, amply repays a long and careful inspection, on account of the vast amount of skill lavished upon it. The ecclesiastical plate consists of processional crosses, monstrances, *custodias* or tabernacles used for the exposition of the Host on Corpus Christi day and other great festivals. Mr. Stirling mentions a *custodia* made for Leon Cathedral, eleven feet in height, which was of Gothic design in five stories, adorned with numerous small figures of saints, and terminating in a tapering spire; and another similar to it, but larger, which occupied forty-five years in making. Both these "noble temples in silver" were melted down by the French into five-franc pieces! The vast quantities of silver and gold brought from the New World induced the Spanish sculptors to cease working in marble and bronze, and to exercise their talents in the precious metals, (their statues and busts were also

carved in wood). Amongst these sculptors, the most skilful was a German settler named Henrique de Arpe, whose fame was well sustained by his sons and grandsons, all of whom we may term rather "architects and sculptors in plate" than mere silversmiths. Sir F. Cook lends a fine *custodia* made by Juan de Arpe, about 1550, for the parish Church of St. Isidoro, Leon, as we learn from an inscription. (As a rule no details beyond hypothetical dates are given of any exhibits other than the pictures.) A certain Fray Juan de Segovia was also famous for his chalices, crucifixes, etc. His best piece of work was a salt-cellar in the form of a lion (*leon*), tearing open a pomegranate (*granada*), which was presented to Ferdinand and Isabella when they visited his monastery. The chalices lent by Sir F. Cook are exceedingly beautiful, and by the date assigned to them, 1500-1510, some of them were made by this brother. Lady Layard lends a monstrance of silver-gilt almost entirely covered with carved coral, which has a peculiarly rich effect. A small silver-gilt salver, not above twelve inches in diameter, of Portuguese Gothic work is embossed in high-relief to represent a battle, in which more than a hundred men in armor, both infantry and cavalry, are engaged in combat. On one side of the rim is a castle, and on the other are large ships sailing on what seems a stormy sea. The centre is crowded with soldiers and the entire embossing stands out sharp and clear. Where all is rich and rare one need not, however, particularize. A large marriage rose-water dish in *repoussé* has two hands holding a crown, while below are two winged hearts; many of these dishes have large tulips and pomegranates in high-relief. Besides the shining contents of the cases, there are two very fine objects, tarnished, and apt to be unnoticed: the one by its elegant shape and workmanship appearing to be intended for a sort of epergne, but proving to be a silver brazier; while near it is a silver canopy about four feet in each direction, supported by four embossed columns, enriched with gold and having a cornice and frieze in *repoussé* work, the whole surmounted by a large round crown with a cross and bell. The base contains a throne for the figure of a patron saint, and we learn from an inscription that it was presented to the Carmona Convent in 1637 and cost a thousand ducats. At the New Gallery it forms a receptacle for a large Gothic group of the Entombment carved in one piece of wood.

We may appropriately turn from the metalwork to the tapestries and embroideries, since both were largely used for ecclesiastical purposes. That these are of elegant and graceful design is only

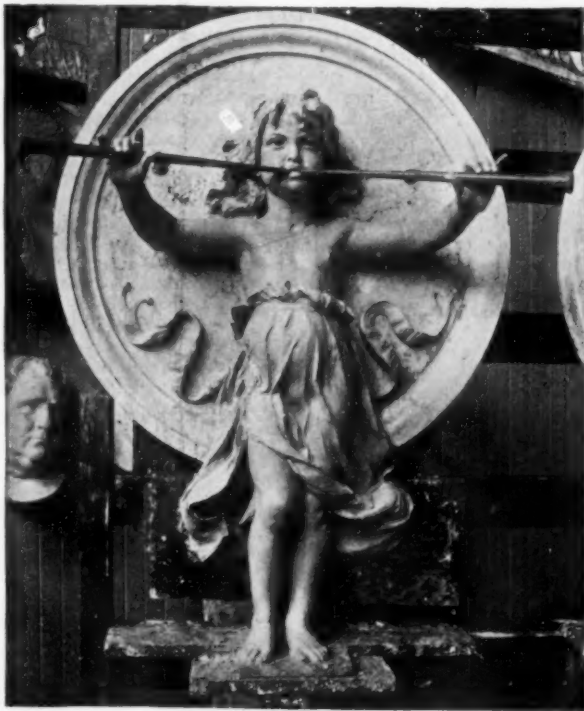
what may be expected from the fellow-countrymen of the skilful Moor, "whose decorations, vivid painting and lace-like stucco work had begun to be imitated before the fall of Granada," for Cean Bermudez quotes a formally drawn-up contract, in which a certain painter bound himself to paint with Moorish work the corridors of the Duke of Alba's castle.

Silk-weaving was introduced into Spain by the Moors before the twelfth century; during the Middle Ages the silk fabrics of Seville rivalled those of China, and at the fall of Granada no less than five thousand spinning-wheels were in operation. After this time, the victorious Christians, profiting by the secrets of the vanquished, were soon able to produce at Toledo, Murcia and Valencia silken stuffs equal to those of old.

Gratitude for their success stimulating their devotion, Isabella and her ladies vied with each other in embroidering vestments, banners, etc. Phillip II, in whose reign embroiderers ranked with artists, established a school of embroidery where the designs of Tibaldi and other painters were copied in exquisite needlework, in order that nothing might be wanting to the splendor of the Escorial. This may have been the origin of

some of the vestments exhibited, since none but the most gorgeous materials have been used in them. So harmonious are the colors of the silks when they occur, so rich are they in gold and silver, and even gems, that they are almost worth a king's ransom, and in their pristine beauty must have been dazzling. Mrs. C. Morell lends a tenth-century set of such, made of white silk and silver tissue, richly embroidered in gold and corals, the laid silk being held in place with small silver clasps.

From Oscott College, Birmingham, comes a vestment of white satin, on which flowers are embroidered in silk of exceedingly pure and lovely color, while for the border, gold-thread has been entirely



Colored Terra-cotta Roundels from the Building of E. D. Chamberlin, Esq., St. Paul, Minn. Cass Gilbert, Architect; Johannes Geert, Sculptor.

¹ Continued from No. 1065, page 118.

used. One set of robes, embroidered with scenes from the life of John the Baptist, has been mounted to form a screen; it was exhibited at Madrid in 1893, and is lent by Sir S. Montagu. Tapestries and carpets hanging from the balcony give an Oriental setting to the more brilliant contents of the cases.

The lace calls for no special mention; the fans, mostly small, are mainly noticeable for the sticks or mounts of ivory or mother-of-pearl, exquisitely carved—the fan itself suggesting renewal in a later and more tawdry age. Many are painted on chicken skin. Lady Layard lends one, of the time of Charles III, having on the front a view of the Plaza Mayor de Madrid and on the back a bull-fight, the mount being composed of pierced and stained ivory.

One of the attractions of the exhibition is found in the large and magnificent display of Hispano-Moresque pottery, the majority of which, exceeding choice in design, manifests the art which conceals art. The prevailing tints are blue and golden brown—a proof of their antiquity, while the "lustre," though unobtrusive, would "make sunshine in a shady place." The oldest of Moorish plates extant have the centre of the dish enriched with heraldic escutcheons of Leon and Aragon, and of these there are several examples in excellent preservation. Many have also the eagle, the symbol of St. John, with occasionally the first words of his gospel, showing them to have been manufactured at Valencia, of which he was the patron saint. Valencia has been long famed for its pottery, Pliny, who was governor of the province, mentioning the numbers employed in making the "red-jasper ware of Saguntum." On some more modern plates the lustre is more coppery, while the inscriptions either imitate Arabic or have "*Ave Maria*." The symmetrical moulding of the three large jars exhibited would of itself arrest the visitor's attention. Of these, the smallest one, in perfect condition, placed in a glass case, is lent by the Hon. Mrs. Mostyn. It is of terra-cotta, has flanged handles and is lustrated in two shades of delicate blue. This, with a larger specimen bearing marks of hard usage, resembles very closely the beautiful "Jarra" illustrated in Owen Jones's *Alhambra*, within which building it was discovered underground and, rumor says, filled with gold.

The largest of the three jars was made at the famous Malaga Works in the eleventh century, and decorated at Orihuela in an Arabesque design—in cream and gold (though we might more properly say *was*, for few traces of ornament remain on this jar)—from three to four feet high, and which, also, appears to have been underground for years. It is supported on a foot of gilded metal, made, signed and dated by Fortuny. "It has been conjectured," says a writer on the subject, "to account for the comparatively fewer remnants of pottery in Spain than in other countries, that the Spaniards broke them to obliterate as much as possible the memory of the hated Moor."

Marryat says that "The extent of the Mahomedan domination in the Old World and of the Aztec in the New would be clearly pointed out by their pottery, if no other record had been transmitted to us." The fine arts, and especially pottery, never recovered from the blow they received on the expulsion of the Moors, and each new church erected after that period was uglier than its predecessor.

The art of the printer and illuminator is well displayed in the manuscript and books lent by the Earl of Crawford, the Bishop of Portsmouth and Mr. Butler. From the very famous library of the former comes a fine manuscript on vellum on "Arms and Heraldry," containing two hundred and fifty-six coats-of-arms and flags richly emblazoned—the work of a Portuguese officer attending the Council of Constance, 1416. There is also the "*Commentary on the Apocalypse*," by St. Beatus, 1150, with one hundred and ten miniatures, some larger than 14" x 6", which is considered the finest manuscript produced in any country during the twelfth century; a Hispano-Moresque Koran, A. D. 1000, quarto, five lines to a page; and a Hebrew Passover Service, 1516. All these are more or less profusely embellished with vivid and dainty devices. The books in black-letter have their title-pages splendidly engraved, one of these being rather curious, a hand being held out with the palm towards you, and above each finger there is an open eye, "*Vigile et Labore*."

The armor is similar to that exhibited in the Tudor Exhibition, and fully described in your issue at that time, but there is one figure worthy of note, namely, a figure of a man and horse in complete war harness of the sixteenth century—the first object of interest that meets the eye as you enter the hall. The carved and inlaid cabinets, which are exceedingly fine, must be passed over.

It has been impossible to do more than summarize but a few of the numerous contents of the Exhibition. Enough, however, has perhaps been said to show their remarkable variety and interest.

STATUE OF BEROLINA.—The colossal statue of Berolina, the allegorical representative of the City of Berlin, in the Alexander Platz, of that city, is twenty-five feet high from the feet to the crown, and will stand on a pedestal of red granite of equal height. Dressed in a coat-of-mail and covered by a flowing gown, the strong, but still well-rounded shape of the figure is shown to best advantage. The left hand is held out as if extended to welcome, while the right is resting on a shield. On the breast she wears on a long chain a copy of the gold medal with the portrait of King Frederick William III, which was given by that monarch to the Mayor of Berlin, to be worn as an insignia of his office. The sculptor, Professor E. Hundrieser, has been signally honored by the German Emperor for the work.—*The Collector*.

ELEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE.¹—II.



League succeeded last week in getting the six premiated designs for the City-hall competition, and in order to exhibit them had to sacrifice one of the smaller galleries devoted to the decorative arts. This having been done, necessarily on very short notice, leaves us under the necessity of passing over one of the most attractive of the small galleries, as we had hoped to return to it later and to give a fuller account of its merits.

It was more particularly devoted to women's work, though not to them alone, and the general effect was that of good and substantial progress. Textiles and embroideries, designs for stuffs, carpets, rugs and wall-papers; book-covers and posters were most prominent, with an interspersing of schemes of decorative and leaded glass, and we shall have occasion to notice several of the exhibitors on account of work shown in other rooms. E. J. N. Stent, W. B. Van Ingen, T. D. Wadelon and Herman Schladermundt had some interesting schemes for interior decoration. The Misses Roberts, Eliason, Hill and Van Salisbury had completed work in silks; Miss Richards had book-covers and posters; the Misses Gillian, Turkish and Moorish draperies; there were a number of good designs for rugs and wall-papers, all of which we regret not to have seen a second time and noted more carefully.

The prizes awarded for the City-hall seem to show that the expert committee were wedded to one conception and one only: the Hôtel de Ville in Paris. Each of the six designs had a distinct leaning in that direction. It is almost a waste of time to take issue on this point, yet certainly a very strong argument could be made against the Hôtel-de-Ville type in connection with the City-hall surroundings. The Hôtel de Ville has plenty of space in front, with real trees and grass-plots; it is on the river, and none of the surrounding buildings tower above it. The City-hall would have an acre or so of asphalt and a couple of wretched fountains; the Post-office in all its hideousness in front; the *World* and *Times* Buildings on one side, and the *Sun's* office-cat is publishing designs from time to time for the sky-scraper it is contemplating to dwarf the *World's*; it probably defers building only because it is trying to add a dozen or more additional stories, without getting its foundations down too near the infernal regions. On the other side of the City-hall are the Postal Telegraph, the Home Life Insurance and a few other sky-scrappers. Under such circumstances the Hôtel de Ville might possibly look like a frosted cake in the bottom of a basket. To compete in height with its neighbors present and to come in, however, out of the question, but scale and dignity of composition, a magnificent cornice, perhaps a tower, which like the civic towers of the Italian Middle Ages, would impress one with the power of a great municipality and be a landmark combined, might give a sufficiently worthy result to dwarf the surrounding commercial conglomerates, even in the eyes of the most casual observer.

It may be that not one of one hundred odd unsuccessful competitors had a well-developed scheme differing from the Hôtel-de-Ville type, or we may be wrong in our reasoning as to the effects or defects of actual surroundings. The judges in their report admitted that they could not consider any of the designs as solving the problem satisfactorily; perhaps it was insoluble on the lines laid down. The problem was, as a matter of fact, reduced to two elements: first, a plan which was so shaped and circumscribed as to greatly hamper any monumental development, and became, therefore, largely a study of conveniences and utilities to which all else was subordinate; second, the adaptation to that plan of an exterior, which, taking into account the surroundings, would architecturally, intellectually and sentimentally express its purpose—the governing force of a great metropolis. With this in mind, it seems a matter for hearty congratulation that the Legislature killed the proposition. The next time a city-hall for New York is called for, the conditions may be more favorable: they cannot be much worse.

To return to the premiated designs, it is difficult to discover why Mr. Thomas's was selected for the first prize. His plan is a good practical fulfilment of the conditions elaborating a greater familiarity with the details of administration than is shown by his competitors, but having on the other hand æsthetic defects, which became fatal in elevation, especially the jogging back of the south-east corner. His perspective shows this very clearly, and that his style is modelled on that which is so well known to us as "Government" architecture—the bastard French-Italian Renaissance to which we owe, amongst the other things, the Post-offices of New York and Boston, the brownstone "palatial mansion" of fiction, and the General Government and Illinois State Government Buildings at the Chicago Fair.

The best design, certainly the most ably studied, developed and rendered is Mr. Flagg's. He gets over the crooked corners by means of well detached octagonal towers on the three difficult corners, which work out well in plan, but are less fortunate in perspective where they recall the ornate side entrance of the Paris Opera-house. He frankly adopts the Hôtel-de-Ville type in scale and detail, but he has mansards of so many heights and pitches, and his Hôtel-de-Ville central turret is relatively so small, that the general effect seems to lack breadth and dignity.

¹ Continued from No. 1054, Page 110.

Mr. E. P. Casey's design is the next best. He has made his building rectangular by keeping well back from the limiting lines, thereby losing considerable space on each floor. It is always a question whether a public building as large and as near the sidewalk as this will not suffer by not following the line of Broadway and of Park Row. With room for gardens and approaches that bad effect is overcome, but the City-hall leaves hardly more than the regular sidewalk. Mr. Casey's perspective shows skill in composition and rendering, but his central motive hardly dominates enough to count as he evidently meant it to; perhaps, as it seems to enclose unoccupied space, he had compunctions based on the price per cubic foot he was entitled to spend for the city. He places his Council Chamber projecting from the centre of the east wing, which gives a good, strongly-marked feature for that front, but leaves unoccupied a considerable space within the limiting line, and his thoroughfare for pedestrians, being under the centre of the Council Chamber, is a long gallery likely to be dark and therefore to become dirty and littered up.

The other competitors, Rankin & Kellogg of Philadelphia, Gordon, Bragdon & Orchard of Rochester, and P. D. Weber of Chicago, have no very salient features to comment upon. They get as near to the Hôtel de Ville as they conveniently can and add one or two little flourishes of their own to emphasize their originality. The six prize-winners certainly arouse one's curiosity to know what the unknown multitude did, and it would be most interesting if the League or some similar body could get them together for exhibition, or if some means could be found for publishing a very considerable number of them.

In the League rooms proper is an exhibition, very interesting to the architect, if not so fascinating to the public at large. It comprises designs for various League competitions, W. C. Ayres winning the gold, and E. R. Bossange the silver medal this year, also students' competitions, Columbia College students' work, the work of students of the School of Applied Design for Women and the Thesis for the diploma of the E. D. B. A., Paris. There are also competitive designs for the Avery Prize, won this year by J. F. Harder. There is shown in all a great deal of good, sound work, an uncommonly high degree of skill in rendering, and it is altogether very encouraging for the future. Mr. Friedlander's drawings for the Thesis deserve special mention for their thoroughness, clearness and very brilliant rendering.

The women's work in architecture as here exhibited shows, on the other hand, a tendency to minuteness and to the working-out of finished drawings at too small a scale, which is not to be encouraged.

The general decorative work this year is well up to the average. We see, as we always expect to, sketches and cartoons innumerable, and of a high degree of excellence, from the Tiffany Glass Co., Maitland Armstrong, Fr. Crowninshield and other well-known specialists. Walter Shirlaw has some interesting color cartoons for glass, and one, looking like a Japanese stencil, one finds on closer examination to be the thin shred of paper cut out by the double knife of the glass-worker in cutting patterns. In this case it is a perfect cobweb, about two by three feet, cut with the most delicate appreciation of line, and not a slip of the knife apparent. This cobweb is of detail paper and has been mounted on dull black ground and covered with glass to hold it in place.

The most interesting and encouraging features in the exhibition are the various competitive and other sketches by painters and sculptors for work of a more or less public character.

First in importance is the work on the Congressional Library, for which Kenyon Cox exhibits in a most interesting way: his first color-sketch at a scale of one inch to the foot; the studies from the nude for the several figures in monotone; and finally, a careful color-sketch at three-inch scale, squared off for his final painting. His subject is "The Arts," and the panel, a lunette. Vedder has five most interesting panels completed for the hall of the Library. The compositions have a general similarity: a seated central figure with supporting figures of children on either side; the panels are semicircular and the figures fill them very fully, yet do not look crowded. The subjects are "Anarchy," "Corrupt Legislation," "Peace," "Government" and "Good Administration," and it is refreshing to see how much character and how much variety Mr. Vedder has succeeded in putting into his work within the extremely narrow limitations of space and the general uniformity of composition. It is decorative art as the old masters saw it. Herbert Adams has a plaster model of a tympanum for the Library. Nothing he touches can be poor or uninteresting, but one feels in this case that he is not entirely at home in the purely architectural ornamentation. Philip Martiny has a corner cove showing his usual skill.

The competition for the Sherman Monument with eight of the models is here on exhibition, but they have already been fully reviewed in our issue of February 1. The Hahnemann Monument at Washington is interestingly exhibited with working-drawings of the exedra, pedestal, etc., by Marsh, Israels & Harder, and a half-size model in plaster, by Mr. Niehaus, the sculptor.

Mr. Hardenbergh instituted a competition for the decoration of the walls of the dining-room of the Manhattan Hotel. C. Y. Turner, the successful competitor, Herbert Denman, Edward Simmons, Will H. Low and Frank Fowler each exhibit their designs, in each case a small sketch, a color-scheme and a more careful study about one-fourth full size. It is not only difficult, but dangerous to do as Mr.

Turner has done in his successful sketch, i. e., to show a marble floor with rugs, etc., and people walking around ten feet or more above one's head, and a horizon line near the top of his canvas.

Others of the competitors did much the same thing in different ways, but Mr. Simmons disguised it more cleverly by strong groups in the foreground; had he met his judges with his scheme a little more carefully worked out, he would have been a more dangerous antagonist. Very few judges have the ability to see what will be the final outcome of a certain kind of vague, rough sketch, even when they are perfectly familiar with the particular painter's finished works.

E. Hamilton Bell has two color-schemes for the Jefferson Hotel in Richmond, for Carrère & Hastings. W. E. Van Ingen has an allegory for a ceiling cartoon, sketched in black-and-white, in very good style, but the perspective seems a bit forced, the figure in the foreground too large or those in the background relatively too small.

Heinigke & Bowen have some designs for mediæval windows that are cleverly drawn and colored, but so very mediæval that the twentieth century will perhaps find them difficult to live up to.

Mr. E. H. Blashfield has had the hard luck of making some very charming decorations on a very ugly piano. One of the most prominent objects in the first gallery is a very large composition covering a large part of the end wall, and is called "Adoration of St. Jeanne D'Arc." It is by J. W. Fosdick, and is done in burned wood, with a little gilding here and there. The whole scheme is strong and decorative, the color is good, and with such skill as Mr. Fosdick's to rely on, it is easy to see great future possibilities for this method of treating wood. In another room is a very successful table done in the same method. In the same method, in technique at least, is some work by Sylvia Sewell, a poker table. Miss A. A. Sewell has a series of pastels of cupids for a frieze, which are very charming in color, rather vague in drawing, and give one an unsatisfied feeling, like that produced by Mrs. Wheeler's shadow silks. You never know whether you know too much to like them or too little, and still you like them. Shakespeare expresses the feeling, when he makes Polonius discover that the cloud is "very like a whale."

Philip Martiny has a clever sketch in plaster for the attic of the Art Gallery at Chicago which it is a pity could not have been added to the memorial alcove where Atwood is so meagrely represented. He has also a good conventional figure of an angel holding a font, for a church of T. Henry Randall's. There is a good deal this year and it is more than usually good. The cleverest modeller and ablest to catch the best quality in the Louis XIV and Louis XV styles is Karl Bitter, who has caryatides and spandrels full of swing and style and splendidly modelled. Compare with Bitter's work two Regency panels over doors, that are more than ordinarily good in workmanship, yet lack style absolutely.

There are a number of casts for wood-carving and other interior work for Mr. George B. Post which show a good deal of cleverness. A good part of the sculpture or casts exhibited, on the other hand, are not essentially decorative and it seems to us best to draw the line on them so as not to exceed the limits of this notice.

J. Massey Rhind's "Madonna and Child," however, is conventional enough to come just within the limit and is a very charming work with a pleasant slight savor of the earlier Italian sculptors.

Two pilaster figures, by Isidore Konti, are worthy of mention as free in handling and decorative in composition.

The iron and metal work is rather sparingly exhibited this year, a wrought-iron gate by L. Hershheim being the only really good piece, and that is not fully up to the standard set of late years. Out in the hall there is a remarkable brilliant rendering of a Château Gate in good late style by Ballantyne & Tracy.

Mosaic is represented interestingly by a three-fourths-inch scale model for the Delivery-room of the Chicago Public Library for Shepley, Rutan & Coolidge. The mosaic treatment is shown in color on the model and a panel of the finished mosaic is hung near by. The design is largely in slender scroll-work with leaves and flowers on a creamy ground. It is the Tiffany glass mosaic, which may have advantages in the Chicago atmosphere, but which cannot compare in texture or tone with marble mosaic, nor in richness with the Italian enamel. It has, of course, merits of its own in the beautiful gradations of color and in the opposition of pieces of very different sizes and shapes, and Mr. Holzer, who has the work in hand for the Tiffany Glass Co., will no doubt bring out all its possibilities.

We must not close without a mention of Messrs. Olmsted & Eliot's drawings for landscape-gardening. They have a very interesting exhibit ranging from very modest plots to public parks and domains like "Biltmore," and we would be glad to see the landscape-gardeners, or architects, as we are getting to call them, more generally represented; they are certainly one of the most important of the allies of the architect.

The catalogue itself calls for brief mention; the cover, as in previous years, is the result of competition amongst the members, Mr. W. W. Kent being the successful one this year, with a very well-drawn design, the black-and-white and red distributed with great art. What is modestly called "The Architectural League Reference Book" anglice, the advertising, bearing testimony to the diligence and persuasive powers of the committee in charge, contains one hundred and fifty-five pages and advertises besides with very good photographs or lithographs thirty-two recent buildings. Of course the architect does not advertise, that is not professional etiquette, but of course, also, the contractor who puts in this, that or the other,

and wishes the public to know what handsome or prominent buildings he is privileged to work on, has the kindest of feelings for the architect who gave him the opportunity to advertise, and sees to it in the kindness of his heart that the architect's name is also connected with the building.

Trade circulars run more and more to that kind of advertising, which practically makes the architect *particeps criminis*, and whether it ought to be stopped or can be stopped is a question on which the profession is much divided. Why should not the League take the matter up for discussion, using its own catalogue as an exhibit in the case, and decide whether professional etiquette is to be modified, or advertising?

THE TWO PRESIDENTS.



A Greek Altar, Theatre of Dionysos, Athens.

THE news of the passing away of Lord Leighton burst upon London like a thunderclap. Accompanied by a friend, I had passed a certain Saturday afternoon with Trilby and Little Billee, the Laird, and Taffy of the dumb-bells. We had been thrilled by the wonderful impersonation of Mr. Tree's Svengali, and horrified by the death scene; we were saddened by poor Trilby's pathetic love-story, and her still sadder end; and then, as we passed from the theatre door with the mournful, foggy atmosphere of a dripping London evening, we were met by the shrill cries issuing from a dozen juvenile throats—"Death of Lord Leighton!" And, strange as it may appear to outlanders, it is none the less true, that we both exclaimed, "Lord Leyton? Who is Lord Leyton?" That it was Frederic Leighton, the great artist, did not occur to either of us for some minutes. And now, we have to consider our new president, who was elected last evening—"Le roi est mort; vive le roi!"

Possibly no two men called to fill the same post, could have been more diverse in every respect than Sir Frederic Leighton and Sir John Millais. Both are consummate artists in their several manners—both may be called essentially conscientious workmen in all that they have undertaken; but their systems are as opposed as the two poles.

In Frederic Leighton there was much of the refined and elegant scholar of the Italian Renaissance, added to the artist. Like the great Italians, Leonardo and Michael Angelo, he was an all-round man. Painter, draughtsman, sculptor, musician and scholar, he might possibly have been a poet, an architect and a goldsmith, had he minded to emulate the Italians of the fifteenth century, for he was eminently a decorative artist and a graceful designer. His one desire was beauty of composition, hence the awkwardness, occasionally, of his coloring, and the unpainter-like, waxy surface of his flesh. That there is a want of masterliness in the handling of the brush, a softening down of all trace of the tool, is evident to the most superficial observer; but to the artist or amateur who loves beauty of line either in nature or in drapery, Leighton's pictures form a never-ending pleasure. Look at the composition of "Wedded"; observe the lines of the drapery in the "Bracelet," and many other of the single-figure pictures; study the Panathenaic procession, and it will be seen at once what a master of style the artist was. And the refinement of his work! One cannot recall a single instance of vulgarity, coarseness, *double entendre*, or other objectionable quality. Leighton has been compared to Monsieur Bouguereau; but beyond the same smooth quality in the painting, where is the similarity? The Englishman was so refined, so straightforward, so to speak, in his meaning; the Frenchman is graceful and elegant, no doubt, but he is frequently somewhat *leste*. Perhaps the French prototype of Leighton was, rather, that distinguished artist and clever professor,

the late Alexandre Cabanel. He, too, was a waxy painter; but he had none of the meretricious sentimentality of Mr. Bouguereau.

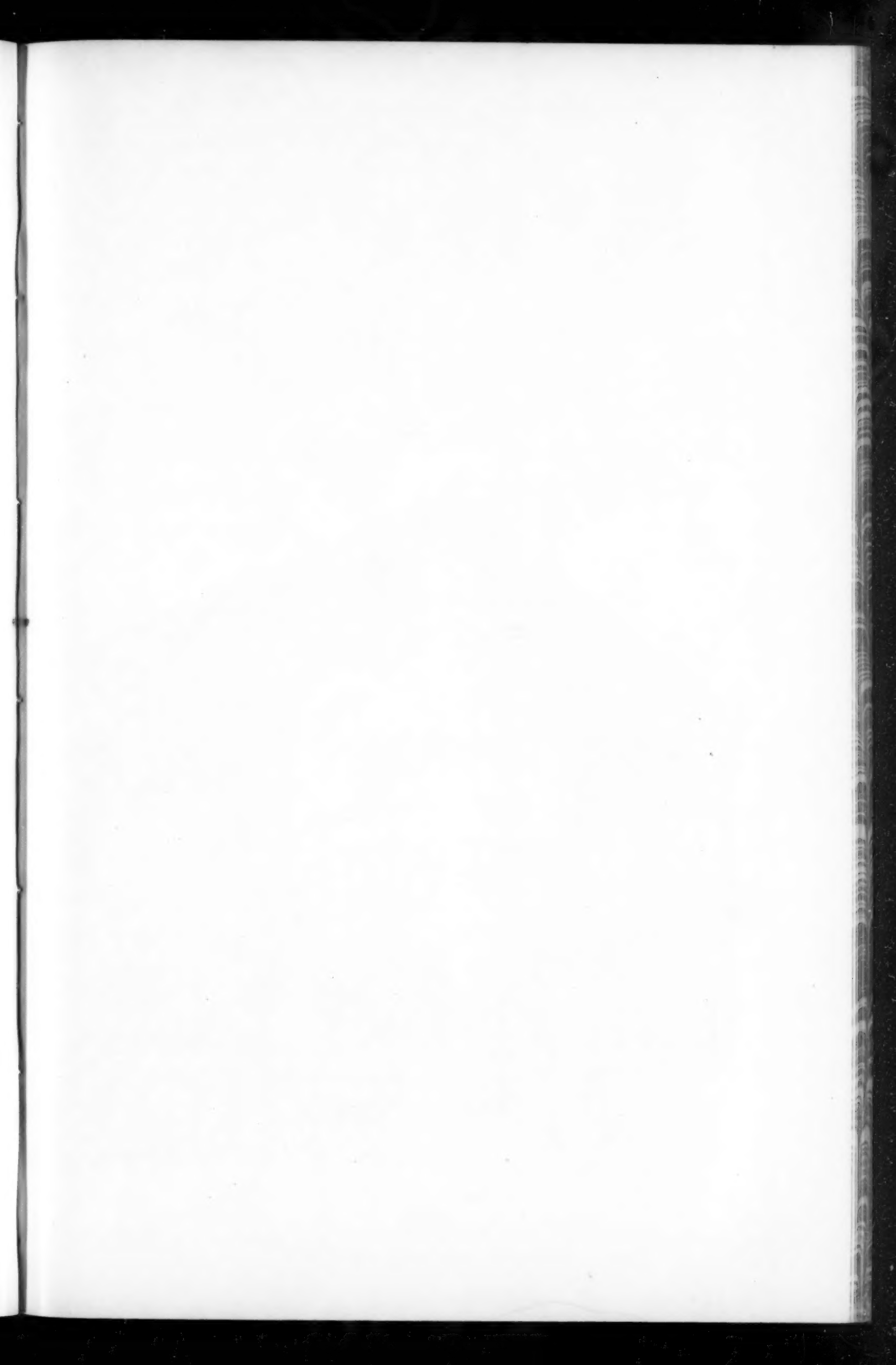
One of the late president's last acts was the desire to see justice done to our greatest sculptor, the late Alfred Stevens. Some time ago Lord Leighton initiated a subscription in order to place the tomb of Wellington in its proper place in the nave of St. Paul's Cathedral—and it was done. Crowds of Londoners and foreigners wander round the great church, gazing at many sculptural horrors; but how many of them recognize the work of genius of one of their own countrymen? To Sir Frederic and the educated few, Stevens's work is equal to the grand monument of Lamoricière, by M. Paul Dubois, or indeed, to any of the Scaliger tombs at Verona, or their fellows in Sante Croce, at Florence. In Stevens's day, the British public, headed by the Dean of St. Paul's, objected to a warrior riding into the cathedral upon his charger. They were so passing ignorant that they had never seen, or seeing, had not noticed, the many Renaissance tombs of the same character in Italian churches; and so the great man was poked away into a side chapel, which, like the one in old San Michele at Florence, was too small for the great work of art which was destined to ornament it. Sir Frederic realized the beauty of the monument, and succeeded in getting it removed; but he has not lived to see the equestrian statue, which it is to be hoped may one of these days crown the erection. Would this not be a fitting memorial to these two great artists—Stevens and Leighton? Letters have appeared in the papers, haggling over the monies paid to Stevens for his great work; but surely £28,000 is not an enormous sum to spend upon one of the finest tombs of modern times? For a big gun, or a little war, or a public funeral, it would not be grudged; but for an artistic monument—go to! I'll none of it.

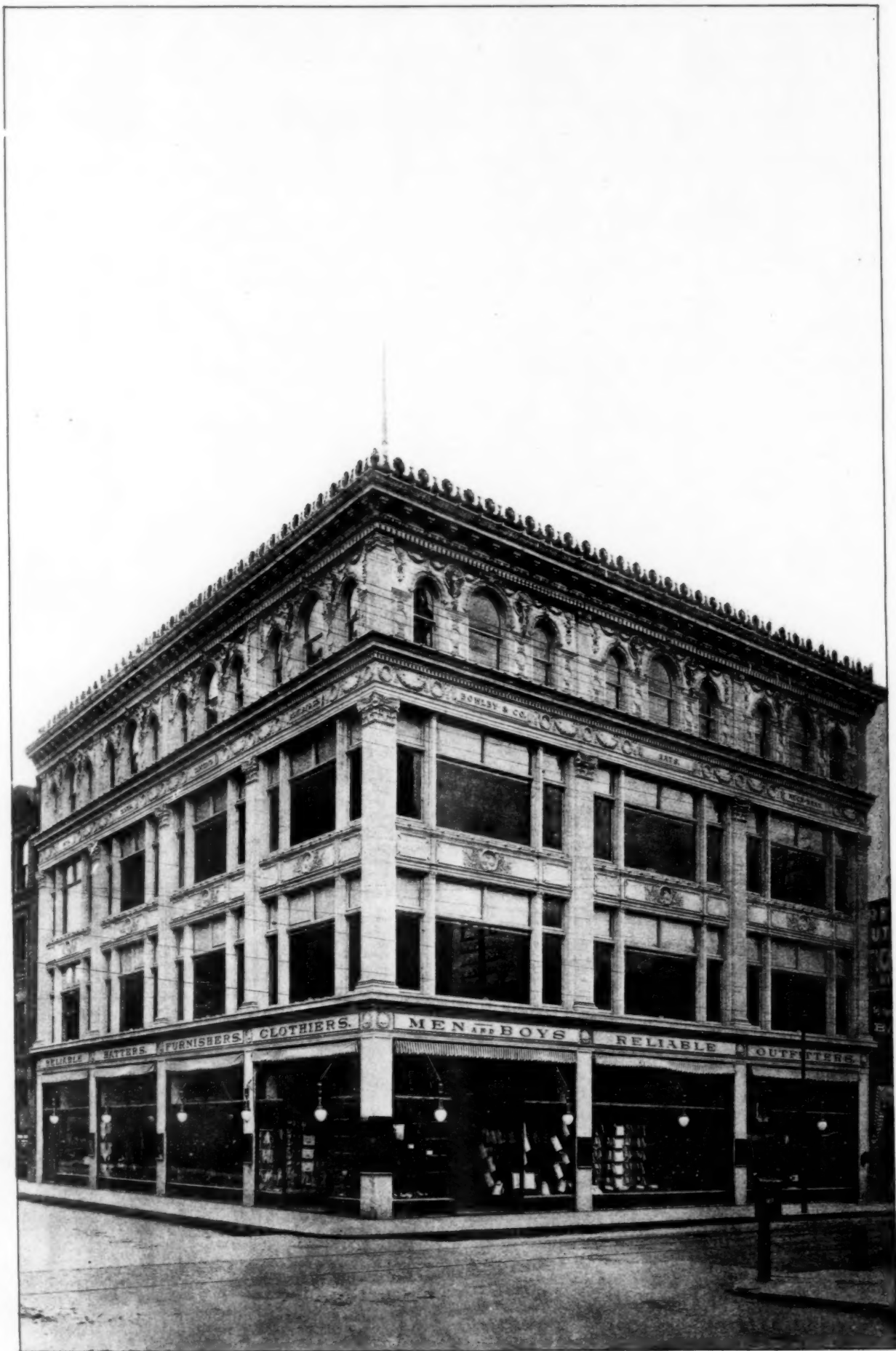
The new president of the academy is a very different man. Sir John Millais is as truly the Englishman (or, possibly, the Scotchman) of the nineteenth-century, bluff, manly and sturdy, as Leighton was the refined courtier of the Italian Renaissance. One can conceive Sir Frederic entertaining the Medici and the Strozzi princes, or figuring about after the manner of the elegant gentleman in the pictures of Watteau—he was so eminently the fine gentleman of all times—self-possessed, courteous to high and low, kindly and considerate.

Sir John Millais is an artist of a totally different calibre—he is essentially a Britisher, whereas his predecessor was a cosmopolitan. No foreigner would have detected the Englishman in Leighton; no one but a lunatic would imagine Sir John to be anything but an inhabitant of the British Isles. But he is also a great artist. Brought up in the austerity of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, he has, of late years, emancipated himself from its fetters, but remained true to its principles. The grand "Yeoman of the Guard" was but the complement of the exquisite "Huguenot"; and the "Isabella" remains the most wonderful piece of work executed by a youth of nineteen that the present century has yet seen.

Sir John is, above all things, a catholic in art; he can admire the minute finish of a Metz, the exquisite grays of Ter Borch, the splendid handling of a Velasquez, the strength of Rubens and Rembrandt, the elegance and grace of Watteau, and the atmospheric truth of the modern Impressionist. Do we owe to him, the latest acquisition as a Foreign Honorary Member of the Academy, that great artist, painter as well as sculptor, M. Paul Dubois? As Sir John is a great believer in the perfection of French art, he may possibly have saved us from M. Bouguereau, whose popularity with the public no one disputes. Will the new President some day strike out into a new line, and favor the election of that greatest of animal painters of all time—Rosa Bonheur—and so open the doors of the Academy to womankind? Mrs. Moser and Angelica Kaufmann were Academicians; and it seems somewhat hard, if not unjust, to place Rosa Bonheur and Madeleine Lemaire on a lower rung of the artistic ladder than those ancient ladies. Of native-born women artists, I preserve a judicious silence; although I may cast a side-glance upon more than one who seems to merit the position so easily obtained by some of their brothers of the brush. "Art is long—but life is short."

Sir John is possibly, as a painter, a more popular man than the late president, both with artists and the public; the former cannot fail to bow down before his splendid *technique*; the latter adore his "Cinderellas," his "First Sermons" and the like. His children are "dears." So were Sir Joshua's; but somehow the older man threw a dignity into his little people and their ways which Sir John's do not possess. Nor can we exonerate him from pandering, now and then, to the public taste, and lowering art to the level of those who delight in "Christmas" and "Summer Numbers." Sir Frederic never did this; if his work had ever appeared in cheap colored reproductive form (and I cannot recall the fact), he would have raised the public taste to his own artistic eminence. He never degraded, nor even lowered, art; she was his lady-love, to whom he gave all that was best in his nature—his intellect, his time, his enthusiasm. He served her loyally and truly; and hence, he was one of the few artists of the day, whose work was always dignified and noble. If the public did not appreciate its good points, or condemned it for the absence of qualities it never was intended to possess, what mattered it to him? He pursued his path steadily, neither looking to the right nor to the left—a noble example of devotion to the highest principles of art—and had he been a painter of cottages and common folk, the principles would have been the same, for subject has nothing whatever to do with the matter. S. BEALE.

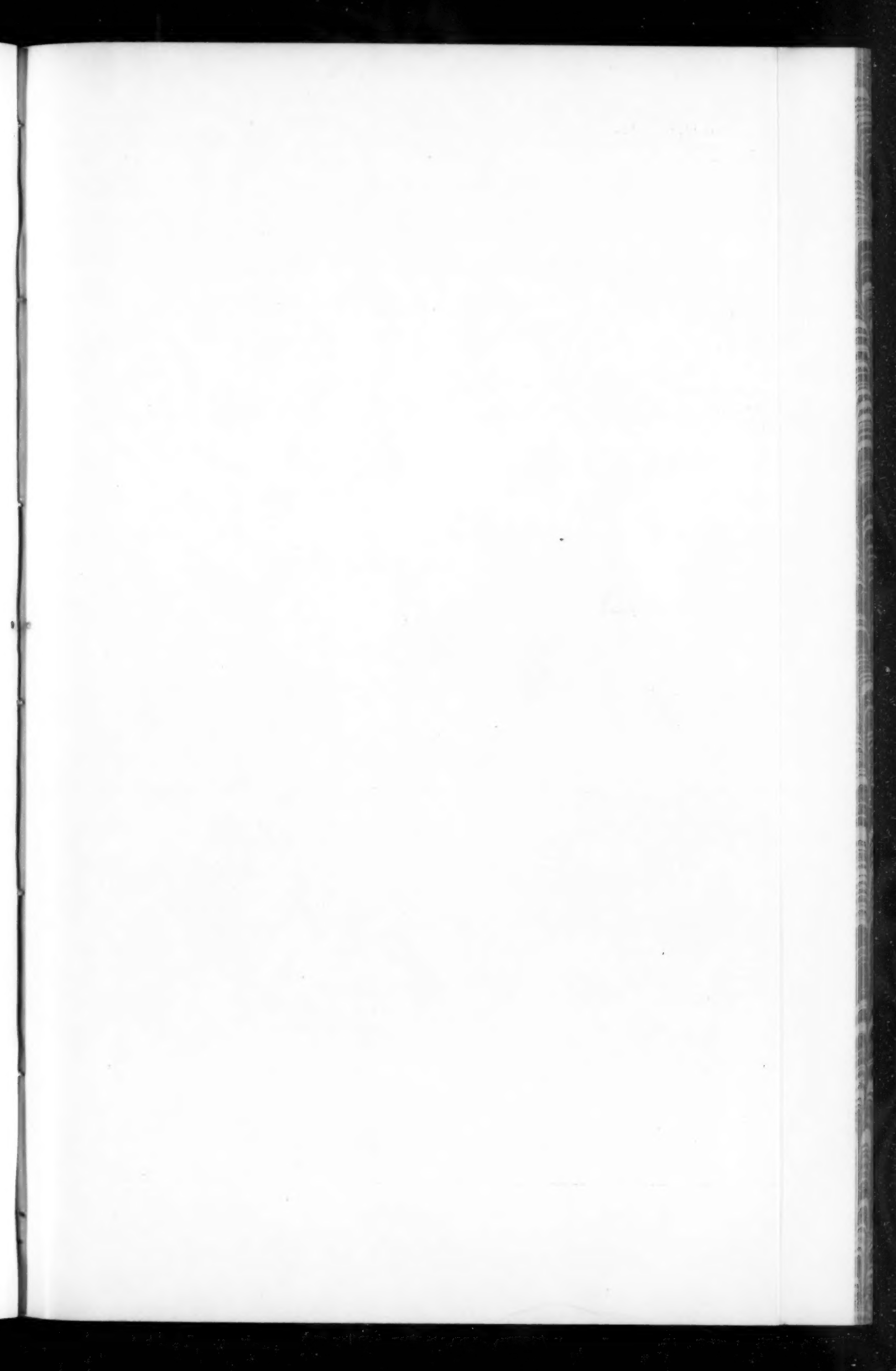




E. D. CHAMBERLIN'S BUILDING, ST. PAUL, MINN.

CASS GILBERT, Architect.

RELIABLE PHOTOGRAPH CO. BOSTON



Drawings for First M. E. Church

Scale eight feet to one

Submitted by



Geo. T. Pearson, Architect
Philadelphia.



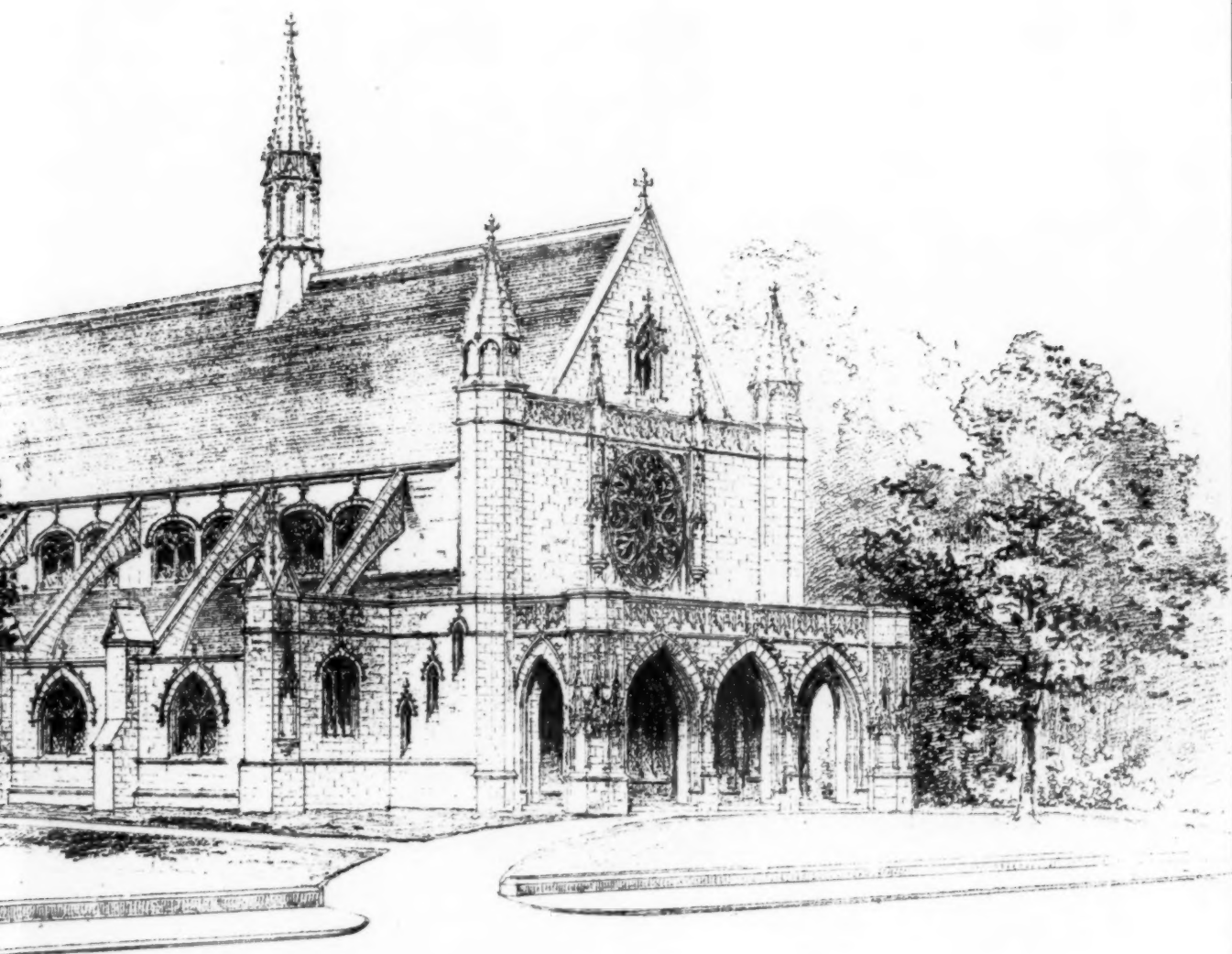
E. Church Germantown.

Scale: one inch.

Designed by

W. B. Smith, Architect.

Philadelphia.

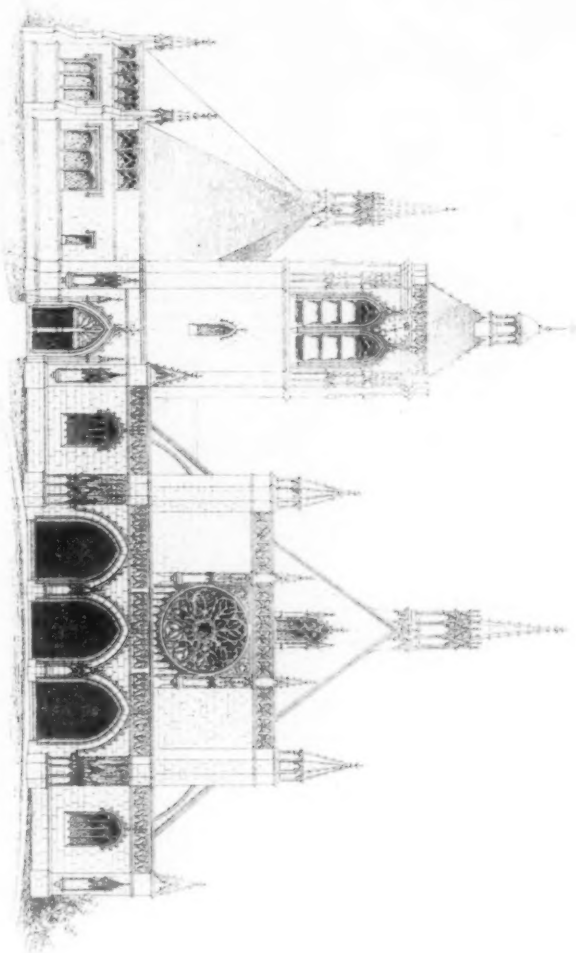


Drawings for First M. E. Church, Germantown.

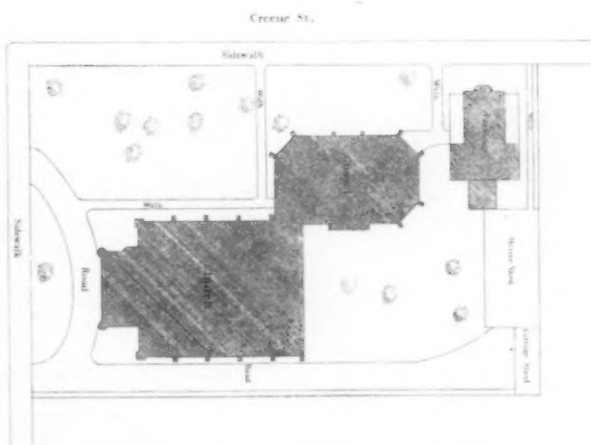
Submitted by



Geo. T. Pearson, Architect,
Philadelphia.



Elevation Facing Walnut Lane.



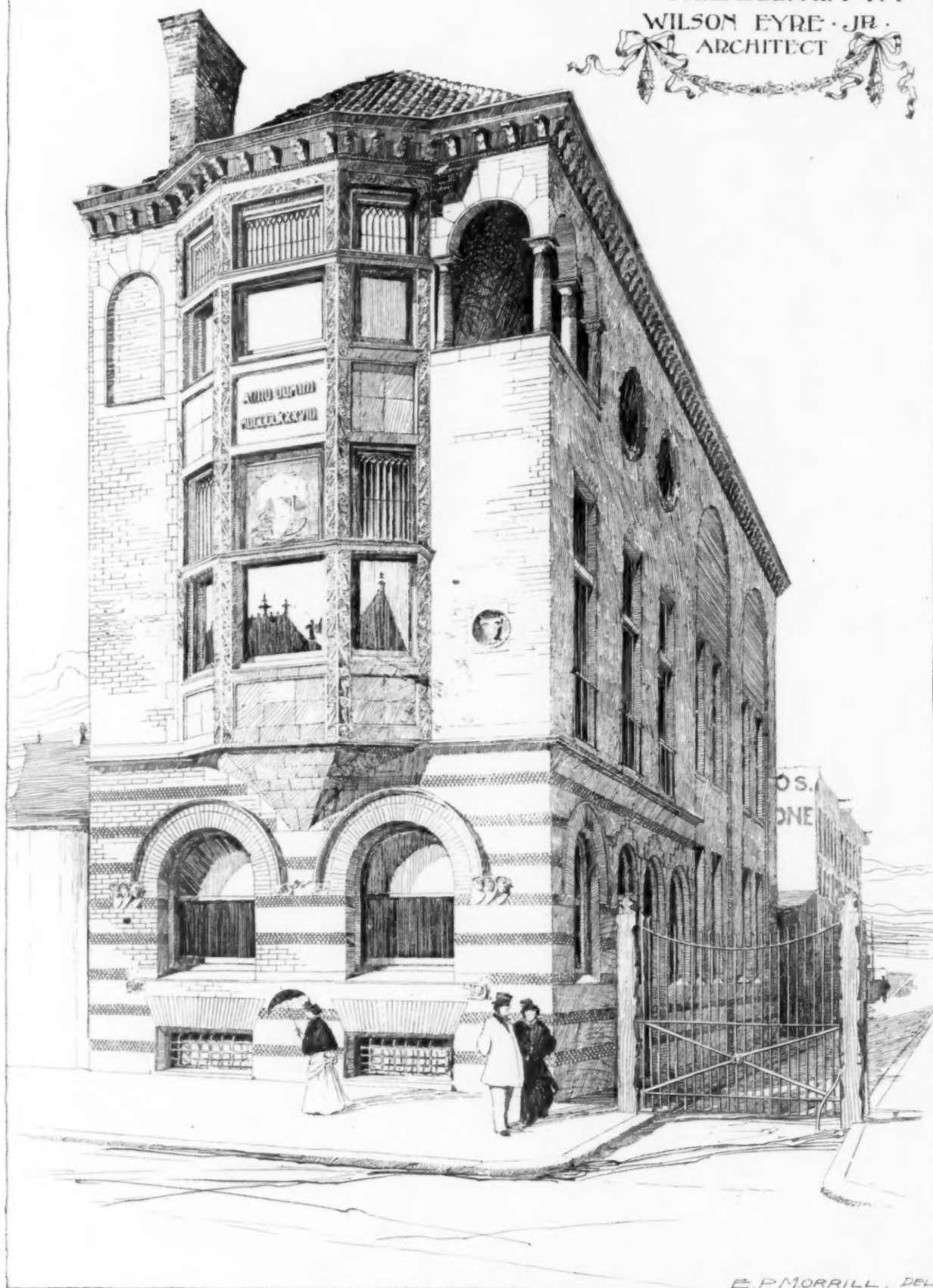
Plan of Grounds

ST. ANTHONY CLUB

· PHILADELPHIA · PA ·

WILSON EYRE · JR ·

ARCHITECT





ROMAN ARCH, ORANGE, FRANCE.

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SKETCH-CLUB OF NEW YORK.

THE regular monthly meeting and dinner of the Sketch-Club of New York was held on Saturday evening, March 7th, forty members being present.

Mr. Walter T. Owen and Mr. G. F. Moore were the guests of the Club.

After the dinner Mr. J. Oliver Cummings, the President, favored the Club with an interesting criticism of the drawings submitted for a "Book Cover," the March competition.

A communication from Mr. John H. Duncan, a member of the Club's Advisory Board, was read, suggesting "A Building for a Bank and Safe Deposit," as a subject for the April competition. It was decided to give this subject two months' time, drawings to be handed in at the May meeting, and a "Small Tablet," suggested by Mr. Owen, was adopted as the subject for the April competition.

Eleven designs were submitted for the *American Architect's* competition for a \$500 memorial.

Three designs were selected according to the programme.

The meeting was adjourned at 10 P. M. to enable members to attend the "League Smoker" held that evening.

HARRY P. KNOWLES, Recording Secretary.



[Contributors of drawings are requested to send also plans and a full and adequate description of the buildings, including a statement of cost.]

SKETCHES BY MR. WALTER H. KILHAM, BOSTON, MASS., LATE HOLDER OF THE ROTCH TRAVELLING - SCHOLARSHIP: TWO PLATES.

[Issued with the International and Imperial Editions only.]

BUILDING OWNED BY E. D. CHAMBERLIN, ESQ., ST. PAUL, MINN. MR. CASS GILBERT, ARCHITECT, ST. PAUL, MINN.

THIS building is interesting not only for the success with which the demand for excessive shop windows has been met, but also because it was ready for occupancy 129 days after the workmen began to tear down the buildings then occupying the site. It is also interesting for the occurrence of a series of enamelled terra-cotta roundels — the first work of the kind, it is believed, that has been executed in this country. The coloring of these roundels is secured not by slip glazes, but by true opaque enamels, some of the lighter portions being treated with a transparent glaze. This work and all the terra-cotta was executed by the American Terra-Cotta & Ceramic Co., Chicago, and especial credit is due to Mr. Gates, President of that Company, for his intelligent and enthusiastic efforts to do better work than had yet been done. The great technical difficulties encountered in the preparation and burning of these little figures, which are in high relief, some parts being entirely detached from the surface, required him to give it the closest attention both in the preparation of the clay, and in the burning. The figures were modelled, after the architect's design, by Johannes Gelert, sculptor, of Chicago.

DESIGN FOR THE FIRST M. E. CHURCH, GERMANTOWN, PA. MR. G. T. PEARSON, ARCHITECT, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

ELEVATION AND PLAN OF THE SAME.

ST. ANTHONY CLUB-HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA, PA. MR. WILSON EYRE, JR., ARCHITECT, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH, ORANGE, FRANCE, AFTER A SKETCH BY MR. THOMAS G. HOLYOKE, ST. PAUL, MINN.

[The following named illustrations may be found by reference to our advertising pages.]

FRIEZE BY PIERINO DEL VAGA, NO. 8, VIA TOR MILLINA, ROME, ITALY. — FRIEZE IN A HOUSE, NO. 82, VIA GIULIA, NEAR S. GIOVANNI DE' FIORENTINI, ROME, ITALY.

FRIEZES, NOS. 14 AND 15 VICOLO DELLA FOSSA, ROME, ITALY. — FRIEZE IN THE COURT-YARD OF NO. 8 VICOLO DELLA VACCHE, ROME, ITALY.

ACCESSORIES OF LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE, NO. VIII.: THE ESCALIER LESAGE, NICE, FRANCE.

WROUGHT-IRON GATES, HIRSCHBERG, SILESIA, GER.

[Additional illustrations in the International Edition.]

MUSEUM, NANTES, LOIRE-INFÉRIEURE, FRANCE. M. CL. JOSSO, ARCHITECT.

[Copper-plate Photogravure.]

THE NEW LAW COURTS, COBLENZ, PRUSSIA. HERR ENDELL, ARCHITECT.

This plate is copied from the *Zeitschrift für Bauwesen*.

ETABLISSEMENT DUFAYEL, PARIS, FRANCE. M. RIVES, ARCHITECT; MM. DALOU AND FALGUIERE, SCULPTORS.

This plate is copied from *La Construction Moderne*.

NEW SHIRE HALL, DURHAM, ENG.

THIS County Council building is now in course of erection in Old Elvet, Durham, from the plans of Messrs. Barnes & Coates, of Sunderland, whose design, it will be remembered, was chosen last summer in public competition by the council, who gave preference to this, the adopted plan, it was said, on account of its agreement with the limitations of cost, which had been exceeded by others. The geometrical drawings of the selected design were published in the *Building News* for August 16 last; but we have at no time expressed any opinion on the merits of the disputed points raised over the award, as the evidence was so conflicting. The conditions of the competition, at any rate, left no doubt as to the rights of the promoters, who reserved powers to themselves which architects should have declined to recognize, and by refusing to compete have rendered impossible in practice. After accepting the terms by becoming competitors, protest was futile. As to the relative architectural merits of the premiated designs, there could have been but little difference of opinion. Messrs. Barnes & Coates's plan for clever arrangement is, however, undoubtedly a good one.

The plate is copied from *Building News*.

DETAIL OF ORGAN, DUNBLANE CATHEDRAL, AS RESTORED BY MR. R. R. ANDERSON.

PULPIT, CHOIR-SCREEN, ETC., DUNBLANE CATHEDRAL, AS RESTORED BY MR. R. R. ANDERSON.



[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 "SIGNED" BUILDING.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 16, 1896.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE AMERICAN ARCHITECT:—

Dear Sirs,—Apropos of the editorial on the subject in the last number of your valued publication, many of its readers may be interested in knowing the fact that the Trustees of the Corcoran Gallery of Art have allowed the architect, Mr. Ernest Flagg, to place his name with the date of erection in a suitable place on the façade of its handsome New Gallery Building now in course of construction in this city.

They very wisely thought that the public would be as much interested in knowing who designed a notable building as who painted a fine picture, and that the one was as much entitled to credit for a successful achievement as the other. MERCATOR.]



BALTIMORE, MD.—The Walters Art Gallery will be open to the public on all Wednesdays till May 1, on all Saturdays in April, and on Easter Monday.

BOSTON, MASS.—Paintings recently purchased; the Martin Brimmer Pictures; Japanese Paintings; Line Engravings, Mezzotints and Etchings by Rembrandt: at the Museum of Fine Arts.

Paintings by New England Artists: at the Jordan Art Gallery, 450 Washington St., until June 1.

Loan Collection of Portraits: at Copley Hall, Clarendon St., March 2 to 22.

Paintings by Boston Artists: at the St. Botolph Club, March 10 to 21.
 Works by Swedish Artists: at the Boston Art Club, until March 28.
 Drawings by George Du Maurier: at James M. Hart's, 220 Boylston St., until March 21.
 Paint and Clay Club Exhibition: at 7 Hamilton Place, March 17 to 27.
 Pictures of Holland by Charles H. Woodbury and Marcia Oakes Woodbury: at Chase's Gallery, 346 Boylston St., March 13 to 27.
 Symbolistic Paintings by P. Marcins-Simons: at Doll & Richards's Gallery, 2 Park St., until March 25.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Fifth Annual Exhibition of the Buffalo Society of Artists: March 23 to April 11.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Works by Gustave Doré: January 21 to March 21, Annual Exhibition of the Cosmopolitan Club: March 11 to 31, at the Art Institute.
 Ninth Annual Exhibition of the Chicago Architectural Club: at the Art Institute, March 27 to April 8.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Twenty-ninth Semi-annual Exhibition, including Loan Exhibition of Early American Paintings, Old English Paintings, and the Cullum Collection of Classic Sculptures: at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Pictures by J. B. Jongkind: at the Durand-Ruel Galleries, 389 Fifth Ave., March 7 to 21.

Pastels and Water-colors by Edwin A. Abbey: at the Avery Galleries, 308 Fifth Ave., March 9 to 21.

Paintings by Arthur B. Davies: at the Macbeth Gallery, 237 Fifth Ave., March 9 to 21.

Exhibition Illustrative of a Century of Artistic Lithography: at the Grolier Club, until March 28.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Sixth Annual Exhibition of Water-colors and Pastels: at the Art Club, March 23 to April 19.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Exhibition of the Providence Art Club: opened March 4.

Second Annual Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-color of Holland: at Jackson Galleries, 301 Westminster St., opened March 18.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Art Gallery of Thomas E. Waggaman will be open to the public on Thursdays during March and April.



ONE OF THE "OLDEST HOUSES."—The oldest house in the United States is, it is claimed, the house of Dr. Carver, of St. Augustine, Fla. In it he has surrounded himself with a collection of antiquities connected with the history of Florida and the Spanish, who once ruled it, that is of itself a veritable museum. The house was built in 1562, and was occupied by monks before St. Augustine was founded. In some places the wood has rotted away and has been renewed, but much of the old hand-hewn timbers and boards are still in fine preservation, and the walls and floors made of powdered shells, made into a plastic with sea-water and hardened with age, are still as firm as adamant. Some partitions in the house and several of the doors are the very parts taken from the cabin of a vessel found wrecked upon the shore when the house was built, and are of Spanish cedar. Dr. Carver's collection of curiosities contains relics connected with the first Spanish settlers that date back into Moorish history one thousand years ago. And, by way of proving that there is nothing new under the sun, the famous nickel-in-the-slot machine has a progenitor in Dr. Carver's collection. It is a slot machine used in the fore part of this century to deliver packages of tobacco by dropping an old-fashioned big copper cent in the slot.—*The Collector*.

THE PALAIS ROYAL TO BE DEMOLISHED.—Though it is no longer the abode of royalty, and has long since ceased to be the centre of Parisian life, the Palais Royal is nevertheless so familiar a landmark of the French metropolis that the news of its projected demolition and conversion into a huge hippodrome, similar to that which formerly disfigured the Avenue de l'Alma, will come as a shock to the readers of the *Tribune* who have visited this city as tourists or lived for any length of time on the banks of the Seine. Built by the great Cardinal Richelieu in 1620 it has undergone many strange vicissitudes since then. It originally bore the name of the "Palais Cardinal," which was changed when Richelieu presented it to King Louis XIII, to its present name of "Palais Royal." On the death of this monarch it was used as a residence by Queen Anne of Austria, Regent during the minority of Louis XIV, who was brought up there and who in 1700 gave it to his nephew, the Duke of Orleans, as part of his marriage portion, on the occasion of his union with Mlle. de Blois. Toward the close of the eighteenth century the debts of that Duke of Orleans who bore the surname of "Egalité" grew so enormous and pressing that he transformed the apartments on the ground floor of the palace into shops for the purpose of increasing his revenue. During the First Empire it was inhabited by Prince Lucien Bonaparte, and after the Restoration by the Duke of Orleans, who afterward ascended the throne under the title of King Louis Philippe, the latter assigning it as a residence to his eldest son and heir, who was killed in the Rue de la Revolte, while trying to get out of his carriage in a runaway. In 1848 it was entirely devastated by the revolutionary mob; but after the *coup d'état* of 1851 was put into complete repair preparatory to being occupied by Prince Napoleon and Princess Clothilde. Since the overthrow of the Empire the residential portion has remained unoccupied, gradually falling into decay, while with the drift of Parisian life westward it has gradually

ceased to be the popular resort that it used to be during the first fifty years of the present century. In those days all the principal restaurants were within its precincts, the "Véry," the "Véfour" and the "Trois Frères Provençaux" being among the most famous. Inter-spersed among these restaurants were the principal shops of the capital, especially those devoted to the sale of jewelry, while upon the first and second floors were all the leading gambling resorts. Indeed, there is probably no single spot on the entire Continent of Europe, not even Monte Carlo, where such immense fortunes have been squandered as at the public tables of Frascati and of other gambling-shop keepers of the same stripe. The gardens, adorned by beautiful fountains, statues and fine lime-trees, constituted the daily afternoon resort of all that was most brilliant in the political, literary, military and social world of Paris, and if the weather was bad the rendezvous took place underneath the spacious arcades which surround the building, both on the outside and on the inside. Columns, indeed, might be written about this, once the most characteristic feature of Parisian life, which is now about to disappear. There is simply no end to its interesting associations, and tawdry, decayed and disreputable looking though it has become, yet its disappearance must be a source of regret to all those who have any regard or veneration for olden times.—*Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune*.

THE COLOR OF A BUILDING AS IT AFFECTS OTHER PROPERTY.—There are many stringent regulations to secure the amenity of Paris; but none of them appear to relate to color. A man may paint his house in any colors which please him without receiving a visit from a municipal officer. What is more remarkable, his neighbors, although they may be shocked and suffer in business from the colors, cannot obtain the least softening of their crudeness. A case, which exemplifies the law on the subject, came lately before the Tribunal Civil. The owner of a house in the Rue Montesquieu, one of the small streets near the Palais Royal, had it freshly painted in ultramarine, with great bands of red to serve as grounds for announcements of the various departments of his business. He was a contractor for advertisements, and, of course, he was eager to display the possibilities which were attainable under his direction. The owner of the opposite house was troubled by the chromatic spectacle, and his tenants, who followed a variety of art industries, found that the reflections and refractions from the blue, red and white made it difficult for them to harmonize colors, and their assistants threatened to leave through a fear of ophthalmia. So much misery was alleged to be produced, the claim for damages seemed insignificant, for the amount was only 5,000 francs. The restoration of the house to its ancient sobriety of appearance was also demanded. The Tribunal decided that there is no law or regulation known in French courts to limit the right of a proprietor to please himself in the choice of colors for his house, and that it was one of the conditions of living in streets to endure inconveniences which might be reciprocal. The complainant was, therefore, ordered to pay the costs of the action.—*The Architect*.

WATER-PRESSURE AT TWO HUNDRED FEET.—A crushed mass of iron now lying in a scrap yard at Pittsburgh, demonstrates the tremendous pressure of water at a great depth. It was constructed for a diving-bell, and was intended for use in Lake Michigan. As originally constructed it was a cube about six feet square, tapering slightly at both ends. The material was phosphor-bronze, five-eighths of an inch thick. Each plate was cast with a flange, and they were bolted together, the bolts being placed as closely together as was consistent with strength. The side plates were further strengthened by ribs an inch thick and two inches wide, and the entire structure was strongly braced. The windows, intended to be used as outlooks by the divers inside, were three inches square, fortified with iron bars and set with glass plates one inch thick. The entire weight of the bell was 23,000 pounds. When completed it was sent to Milwaukee and towed out into the lake about twelve miles, where there was over two hundred feet of water, and was sent down for a test. The manufacturer of the bell was so confident of its strength that he wanted to go down in it on the test trip. It was well he did not. When it reached a depth of about two hundred feet, strong timbers which had been attached to it came to the surface in a splintered condition. Suspecting an accident, the bell was hauled up and found to be crushed into a shapeless mass. The inch-thick plate-glass bull's-eyes were pulverized and the entire body of the bell forced inward until none of its original outlines remained. On a basis of two hundred feet depth, the pressure that crushed this seemingly invulnerable structure was 86.8 pounds per square inch, or 353,924 pounds to each side of six feet square. The total pressure, therefore, on the cube was 2,723,548 pounds, or 1,361.7 tons.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

DURATION OF OIL ON BRICKWORK.—A number of experiments were recently made to ascertain the length of time that brick and sandstone are rendered waterproof or protected by oil. The three oils used were linseed oil, boiled linseed and crude mineral oil. The amount of oil and water taken up by the sandstone was very much less than that absorbed by the brick, although the area of the sandstone cube was much greater. Equal amounts of the raw and boiled oil were absorbed. The mineral oil, however, was taken up in much greater quantities by both brick and sandstone. By the end of twelve months the mineral oil evaporated from the bricks, but such was not the case when the other oils were used. After an exposure of four years, the bricks practically retained all their oil.—*Boston Transcript*.

STATUE OF A GALLIC GOD.—At Chassenon, in the Department of the Charente, noted for its brandy, a statue of a Gallic god has been found in an old well believed to have been filled up in the time of the invasions of the barbarians. It is two feet high, squatting like a Hindoo Buddha, and has the collar of the Gauls around its neck.—*Philadelphia Telegraph*.