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DR. J. H. GIRDNER, in the *North American Review*, seriously proposes that a society should be incorporated, having for its object the prevention of noise in cities. He points out that the nerves of city people suffer very much from the continual noise about them, and, as city noises are nearly all preventable, he thinks that a society, having in view their prevention, might accomplish an excellent work. As a suggestion for facilitating this work, he classifies city noises in six divisions, of which the rattling of vehicles is by far the most important, while the sound of bells and steam-whistles is probably next. After these come the sounds of music of various sorts, the voices of beggars and peddlers, and of cats and birds, and the reports of explosions. If all city vehicles were drawn by horses, as they were a few years ago, the abatement of the noise made by them would be a comparatively easy matter, for asphalt pavements are well known to be effectual in suppressing almost all the noise from vehicles drawn over them. Where electric-cars are used, however, the case is different, and the problem of reducing to silence a moving mass of loosely-hung windows, propelled by a fifteen-horse-power motor, revolving at a rate of some two thousand revolutions a minute, and guided by a man who continually kicks a bell, made intentionally large enough, and harsh enough, to attract the attention, above the roar of the streets, of people fifty feet away, is one which Dr. Girdner’s Society will, we fear, wrestle with in vain.

IN streets not infested with the roaring and clanging electric-cars, there would be no great difficulty in procuring comparative quietness. Besides the essential asphalt pavement, for preventing the concussion of wheels, and the consequent rattling of vehicles and their contents, the passage of teams conveying particularly noisy loads might be prevented, or permitted only under certain regulations. For example, the most intolerable of all city noises with us is that caused by the passage of a wagon-load of iron bars. These bars are, in this country, usually thrown loosely into the wagon, and their free ends vibrate, clashing together with a fearful jangling. In Paris, this sort of nuisance is suppressed by the simple method of compelling all persons concerned in the transportation of loads of such bars through the streets to see that they are

firmly tied together at their ends, so that rattling is impossible. Loads of boards often cause annoyance in the same way as iron rods, and their rattling can be prevented in the same manner. Next to the rattling of vehicles and their loads, certain sounds of manufacturing, including the screeching and din of whistles and bells, are probably most troublesome. Many a steam-boat, or factory, or ferry-boat whistle can easily be heard five miles away in a still morning, and every New Yorker must know the chorus which resounds through the city at seven o’clock every morning. Here again, while a large part of this noise is unnecessary, and might be suppressed, some of it is unavoidable. If, however, the avoidable noises of American city life can be mitigated, a great deal will be gained. As a rule, American operations seem to be carried on purposely with the greatest noise possible, instead of the smallest. While, in a foreign railway-station, the trains glide in and out in almost complete silence, giving notice of their departure only by a single momentary whistle, our larger stations present a foretaste of pandemonium. All the trains that enter and leave them do so to the accompaniment of the violent ringing of a twenty-five-pound bell, mounted on the engine, mingled with the hissing roar of the steam from the safety-valve, it being the regular American practice to keep up steam at all times to the working pressure, and trust to the safety-valve to relieve the sudden strain thrown on the boiler by shutting off steam from the cylinders. In addition to this, the fire is generally pushed under locomotives waiting for the moment of departure, until the steam pours steadily from the safety-valve, with a noise which makes conversation impossible within twenty-five feet of them. To make themselves heard through this uproar, the signal-calls of the train-starter to the engineer are given by huge electric-bells; and, to complete the din, great rattling trucks, propelled by hand, convey the baggage in all directions through the crowd. Nearly all this terrible noise might just as well be dispensed with, and, without being Sybarites, we may fairly ask for some relief from the habitual uproar which is helping most efficiently to disorganize the nervous systems of our people.

WE are in receipt of a letter asking us why we cannot organize an expedition to explore the corridor beneath the Pyramid of Cheops at Ghizeh, which, as our correspondent observes, is said by Rosengarten not to have been investigated. We are glad to note evidences of an interest in archaeology on the part of students, but if present conditions warranted our fitting out expeditions in behalf of science, it would hardly be to Egypt that we should send them. Rosengarten, it must be remembered, is a very old authority, and the passageway under the Great Pyramid has long been accurately known. If our correspondent has an ambition, as we hope he has, to learn something not yet known about antiquity, the most promising field for amateur investigation is probably to be found in Southern Italy and Sicily. Both these regions were, until the time of the Carthaginian Wars, purely Greek, and even under the Roman Empire they retained much of their Greek civilization, while their population is in great part Greek to this day. Readers of Napoleonic history will remember that Greek was currently spoken among the old families of Corsica in the time of the Bonapartes. According to Madame Junot, Napoleon himself understood it, and her own mother, when she was excited, always spoke in Greek. The great Italian statesman, Crispi, is a native of a village in Southern Italy where Greek is said to be still the language of the peasantry, and this is said to be the case in many other places. We know that Greek civilization in the Italian colonies was carried to a great height, and Sybaris, Syracuse and Tarentum far surpassed in wealth and luxury the cities of Greece proper. Sybaris, as we know, lies practically intact, buried under the mud of the river Crathis, and those who have seen Pompeii can imagine what wonders the much larger, and purely Greek city has in store for some courageous explorers; while a careful study of the present Greek population of the Peninsula ought to throw much light on the characteristics of their Hellenic ancestors.

THE *Engineering Record* mentions a curious effect of the currency agitation which has well-nigh destroyed the building business for the present. The last Congress appropriated sixty million dollars for river and harbor improvements,

and the War Department is busily engaged in preparing specifications and plans, in order that the work may be put under contract. The law requires that advertisement shall be made for proposals for work of this sort, and advertisements have already been published, inviting proposals for four of the contracts out of the thirty-six into which the work has been divided. It might be imagined that in these times of idle hands and general depression there would be many bidders for contracts amounting to several million dollars; but, up to this time, not a single bid has been received. The explanation of this, as given by contractors, is that the contracts, like all similar Government contracts, provide that payments shall be made in lawful money; and, as the work is likely to extend over several years, no one with money to lose wishes to furnish a large amount of work and materials for which he must accept payment in such dollars as may be made legal tender by Act of Congress when his work is done. If the transaction were with a private owner, the contractor could, for the present, protect himself by stipulating that the payments for his work should all be made in money at the present gold standard; but there is no authority in law for such a stipulation in contracts with the Government, and, even if there were, it is very doubtful whether it could be enforced, if the Congress should take it into its head to declare all such stipulations void, as it would be quite likely to do if the principles of the Chicago platform should prevail. Under such circumstances, the most reckless contractor hesitates before risking his own property, and that of his bondsmen, upon the outcome of an election, and it seems quite likely that the bidding, and, in consequence, the commencement of the work, will be postponed until the standard of value has been settled.

WE cannot say that we have a very high opinion of the collections of ready-made plans which are so extensively sold in this country, as compared with the work of a thoroughly accomplished architect; but they may, at least, be useful in places where the science of house-planning is less developed than it is here, and we are quite inclined to suggest that their authors might, with advantage to themselves, circulate them in Germany, where, judging from the plans of dwelling-houses which we find in some of the German professional journals, they would be looked upon as marvels of ingenuity. A certain corporation in Germany has undertaken the business of building houses for sale, according to certain stock designs, of which we find a selection, accompanied by estimates of the cost, exclusive of land and foundations. Concerning the exterior aspect of the houses, as shown in the perspective views, we will say nothing, as such things may suit the German taste, whether they please ours or not; but the floor plans are legitimate objects of criticism. The estimated cost of the houses, above the foundation, ranges from twenty-four hundred to seventy-two hundred dollars, so that they belong to the class in which, in this country, evidences of careful, and sometimes of very skilful planning would generally be found; and it might be presumed that an incorporated company, intending to build a large number of houses from the same patterns, and possessing capital enough for such extensive operations, would avail itself of skilled professional advice at the outset in determining its stock designs. We do not say that this was not done, but if so, the ideas of German architects on house-planning are very different from ours. Out of the eight houses whose plans are given, four show the only water-closet in the house just inside the front door, with its little window to the outside forming a conspicuous element in the entrance *motif*. After getting past this feature, we reach the door of the kitchen, which, in every one of the eight plans, opens directly into the front hall, within a few feet of the front door. Even in the seventy-two-hundred-dollar house there is not the slightest trace of the "cabbage cut-off," in the shape of a pantry, or vestibule, between the kitchen and the stairway, which would here be considered indispensable for even the smallest and cheapest of the houses shown.

UPSTAIRS, the characteristic weaknesses, as we should consider them, of German planning are even more conspicuous. Two of the houses possess a bath-room, which in both cases is reached only by passing through one of the chambers. In fact, in one case the only way to get to the bath-room is to go through all the masters' bedrooms in succession, these apartments, owing to a difficulty with the stairs, having

only one doorway from the staircase hall, and following each other *en suite*, and winding up with a sewing-room, which forms the fifth in the series. Whether it is that only one person in a German family is allowed the luxury of bathing, or that the apparition at intervals in the sleeping-rooms of people wrapped in towels, on their way to or from the bath-room, is not considered inconvenient, we cannot say; but even in Germany, the advantages of the American system of planning, by which all the chambers, and the bath-room, if there is only one, have independent entrances from the hall, so that any one in the house can have a bath at any time, without waking up the rest of the family, must be apparent. As for closets, it is hardly necessary to say that no provision is made for such things in the plans before us. There is, to be sure, in some cases a store-room attached to the kitchen, and several of the plans have a "Bodenkammer," or what we should call a trunk-room, somewhere in the second story, but beyond these there is absolutely no representative of the multitude of closets which every American housekeeper finds indispensable to her comfort. In this country, the smallest of the houses on the list, which has only two rooms in the second story, would have at least five closets, and the largest one, costing seventy-two hundred dollars, would probably have fifteen. How much more convenient these are than the small, expensive and rickety wardrobes which do duty for closets everywhere in Europe, no one need be told; and, for this, as well as other reasons, the American system of planning might, with a little effort to bring it to the notice of intelligent people, become, as we think, very popular, at least on the Continent.

A TEST of masonry laid in freezing weather was made recently in Riga, Russia. The climate of Riga is cold enough to satisfy any requirements for such a test, and the experimental piers were exposed for several years to the weather, so as to show decisively the resistance of the different sorts of frozen mortar. Fourteen piers were laid, some with ordinary, and some with very hard bricks, some with lime and sand alone, some with the addition of salt, some with Portland cement and lime, and one with Portland cement alone, to five parts of sand. This pier proved far stronger than any of the others. The bricks were laid wet and warm, and the cement, which was of a slow-setting variety, hardened without difficulty, although the work was exposed to a temperature below the Fahrenheit zero. Years afterward, the pier rang clearly on being struck, and the bricks were with difficulty separated from the mortar, the iron bar used to loosen them sometimes breaking the brick, rather than the mortar. Of the other piers, those laid with a mortar of three parts lime to one of Portland cement, and nine parts of sand, stood best, an iron bar being required to loosen the bricks. In this case, also, the bricks were laid wet and warm. The addition of one-and-three-quarters per cent of salt to the water used for slaking the lime made, with three parts of sand, a mortar which resisted frost successfully, here, as before, the bricks being laid wet and warm. Except with cement, however, the wetting of the bricks does not seem to have been essential, for piers laid with dry bricks showed nearly or quite as much resistance as the others. It was found, however, that the hard-baked "iron bricks" gave much better results, either wet or dry, than common bricks, so that the absorption of the water from the mortar by porous bricks, laid dry, is evidently a thing to be avoided in cold, as well as in warm weather.

THE construction of the Jungfrau railway has actually begun, one hundred workmen having been engaged, since August 1, on the first section of the line. Visitors to Interlaken will remember the Black Lütschine river, which comes from the peaty meadows toward Brienz, and joins, at the hamlet of Zwei Lütschinen, the White Lütschine, whose waters come loaded with pulverized rock from the glaciers of the Eiger. The waters of the twin river are to be used to drive the air-compressors and electric machinery for use in excavating the tunnel, which forms much the larger portion of the line. In fact, the impossibility of building a surface road over a peak covered with eternal ice and snow, and exposed to continual avalanches, has been evident from the first, and all the plans for the line have contemplated an underground route from a point not far above the plain of Interlaken to the summit, passing under the glaciers which extend down the mountain nearly to the valley.

THE REVOLVING STAGE AT THE MUNICH ROYAL RESIDENTIAL AND COURT THEATRE.

MODERN stage-settings and scenic appliances demand the attainment of realistic effects. Scenes representing interiors, architectural decorations and large open-air or landscape scenes require a great many preparations and the employment of such a large number of stage-hands and stage-help as to offer in some cases almost insurmountable difficulties to the stage machinist and the scenic artist.

The invariable consequence of these modern requirements of stage-setting has been the lengthening of intermissions between the scenes, or the acts of a play, and the spectators are very apt to become impatient. Very long intermissions between the acts are bad enough, but long pauses between the various scenes of the same act are worse, because they take the spectator away from the illusions of the play. Practically, for instance, a play of Shakespeare, requiring many changes of scenery, is at times drawn out to about the length of twenty acts.

At the Munich Court Theatre, an attempt was made some years ago to overcome the difficulty, by arranging the scenes in such a manner that the front part of the stage remained unchanged while different prospects or views were arranged on the raised rear part of the stage. This plan, however, proved only partly successful. Herr Karl Lautenschläger, the stage machinist of the above theatre, set about to devise a better plan, and in 1894 he came forward with a new proposition which he described in his monograph, entitled

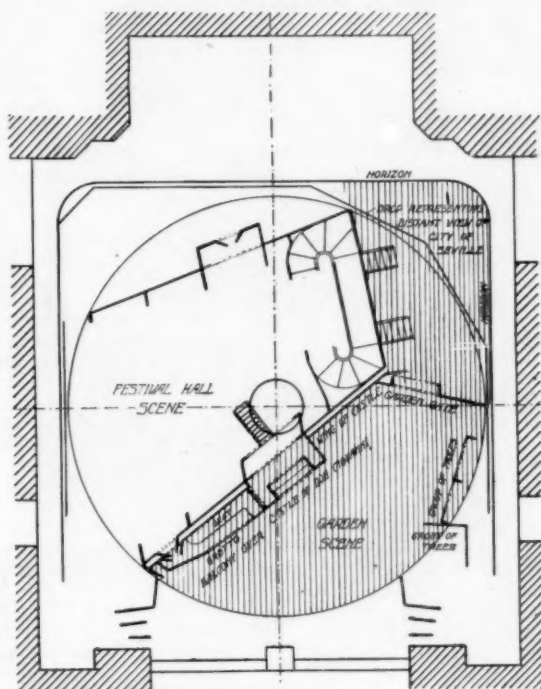
A scene, for instance an interior view, is built up on that portion of the stage which opens towards the auditorium; a similar scenic setting can at the same time be placed on the opposite side of the circle, and the same is true of the right and left quarter circles of the turn-table, which can thus be made to hold four scenic decorations at the same time.

For a four-act play or for four scenes of one act, all the scenes can, therefore, be prepared and set up beforehand, thus doing away entirely with the necessity of long intermissions. It takes but ten seconds to revolve the table a quarter-circle turn, and as soon as this is done the next scene is ready.

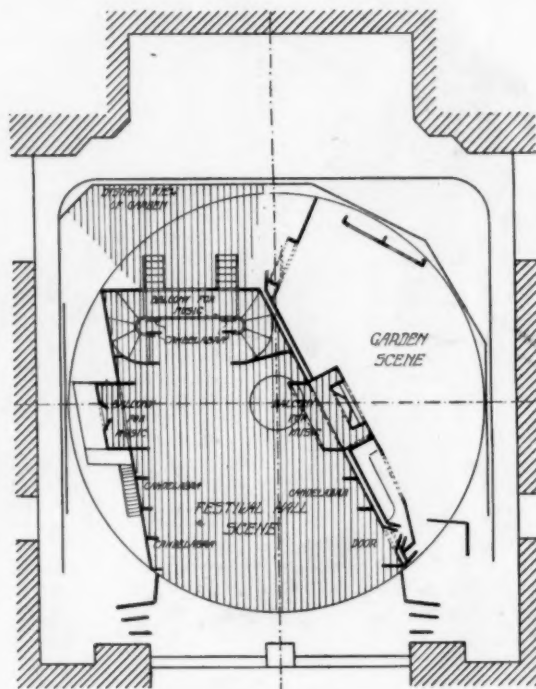
The same is done where one act has several scenes, and when the first scene is over, the setting for the second act can be begun at once.

The turn-table permits the setting up of any kind of scenery, not merely of interiors. The scenes may vary in size and depth, and even should a scene require the whole of the stage, the arrangement is still practicable, but of course leaves a smaller space for the side scenes.

Where two scenes with great depth of stage-setting follow each other (for instance, landscapes with views in the distance), the inventor of the revolving stage overcomes the difficulties by placing the decoration parallel to the radius of the turn-table, getting thereby a rather foreshortened perspective. He is thus enabled to gain the necessary depth for the scenery of the following scene. Moreover, he introduces into the stage-setting an element of picturesqueness and of greater freedom, and likewise more artistic elements.



DON GIOVANNI
ACT I SCENE 3
PLAN OF STAGE SHOWING
DON GIOVANNI GARDEN
FIG 1



DON GIOVANNI
ACT I SCENE 4
PLAN OF STAGE SHOWING
FESTIVAL HALL
FIG 2

SCALE OF FEET
0 5 10 15 20

"Description of a Theatre Stage with Revolving Stage Floor, and with all Stage Machinery Operated by Electricity." The theatre manager of the Royal Theatres at Munich, Herr Possart, at once took up the plan, and decided to give it a practical trial in the Munich Court and Residential Theatre. This trial took place the last week in May of this year, and showed the plan of a revolving stage to be entirely successful and practical.

The critics were at first inclined to compare this novel arrangement with that used in the Japanese theatres, which have a sort of a turn-table in the centre of the stage, but the two arrangements are really quite dissimilar. The plan of Herr Lautenschläger might, rather, be considered as being similar to the one used in the United States and in England for the setting of "living pictures," though the latter arrangement has not yet been adapted here to the management of theatre stages.

At the Munich Theatre the revolving stage was arranged substantially as follows: A turn-table of sixteen metres in diameter (about fifty feet) was placed on top of the regular stage floor, whereby the latter was raised slightly, and with a proscenium-opening of about ten metres (thirty-four feet) not quite a quarter circle is visible from the audience. The turn-table is rotated by means of electrical transmission of power, the table turning on rollers, which run on a circular track.

To illustrate this novel form of revolving stage further, we reproduce herewith, from a recent issue of *Ueber Land und Meer*, a German weekly pictorial, two plans and one perspective view of the stage.

Figure 1 illustrates the stage-setting and position of the turn-table for the third scene of the first act of the play "Don Giovanni," which represents a garden scene. By revolving the stage platform, the scenery is changed into the festival-hall of Scene 4 of Act I, as shown in plan (Fig. 2).

As will be seen from the plans, the depth of the stage in each scene is nearly entirely taken up by the stage-setting.

The perspective view (Fig. 3) illustrates the revolving stage during the change from Scene 3 to Scene 4.

Any system of stage-setting may be used on such a revolving stage; but in conformity with modern ideas the usual old-fashioned parallel wings are not used. For interiors, so-called closed set-pieces are used. Open landscapes are built up largely with movable pieces, and use is also made of the "horizon" of the *Asphaleia* stage, consisting in a painted canvas, surrounding the stage on three sides and tinted in different sky and cloud effects, which canvas may be revolved to obtain any desired atmospheric conditions with the aid of the stage-lighting effects from colored lights.

The perspective view (Fig. 3) illustrates the arrangement of a

revolving stage, as proposed by Herr Lautenschläger for new theatre stages, and in this case the entire under-stage is intended to be made to revolve, whereas, as already stated above, in the experimental revolving stage of the Munich Court Theatre, the old fixed stage was kept and a revolving turn-table placed upon the same. In larger theatres the under-stage is built in two tiers, and is provided with all usual and necessary traps, etc.

Such a revolving device approaches more perfectly the ideal stage for use in connection with electric power, and it is to be hoped that the larger National Court Theatre in Munich may soon be equipped with the new device in its entirety.

A few words in conclusion about the ingenious inventor of the new revolving stage:

Herr Karl Lautenschläger was born April 11, 1843, near Darmstadt, Germany. His foster-father was an actor at the Grand Ducal Theatre, and this fact caused him to have early contact with the stage. He himself showed early signs of talent for the stage, but his parents objected to his taking up this career. Thanks, however,

arrangement for the Empire Theatre. Combined with a thorough technical education and great natural ability, Herr Lautenschläger has the feeling of a true genius and artist.¹ W. P. G.

SIR JOHN MILLAIS.

A GREAT painter has passed from among us and a great personality has faded away into the unknown land. For the last forty years, the pictures Millais had painted for the spring exhibitions were the talk of the town as May drew near, in so far as the town consisted of the cultured few; and even the ignorant many propounded all sorts of outlandish opinions upon the great artist's various new departures. Artists admired the splendid technique and looked with pleasure or pain, according to their temperaments, upon his last new development. Intelligent amateurs praised or abused his work — mainly his happy or his uncomfortable composition — according to their divers tastes. Even our old friend "who knows nothing about art, but knows what he likes," found

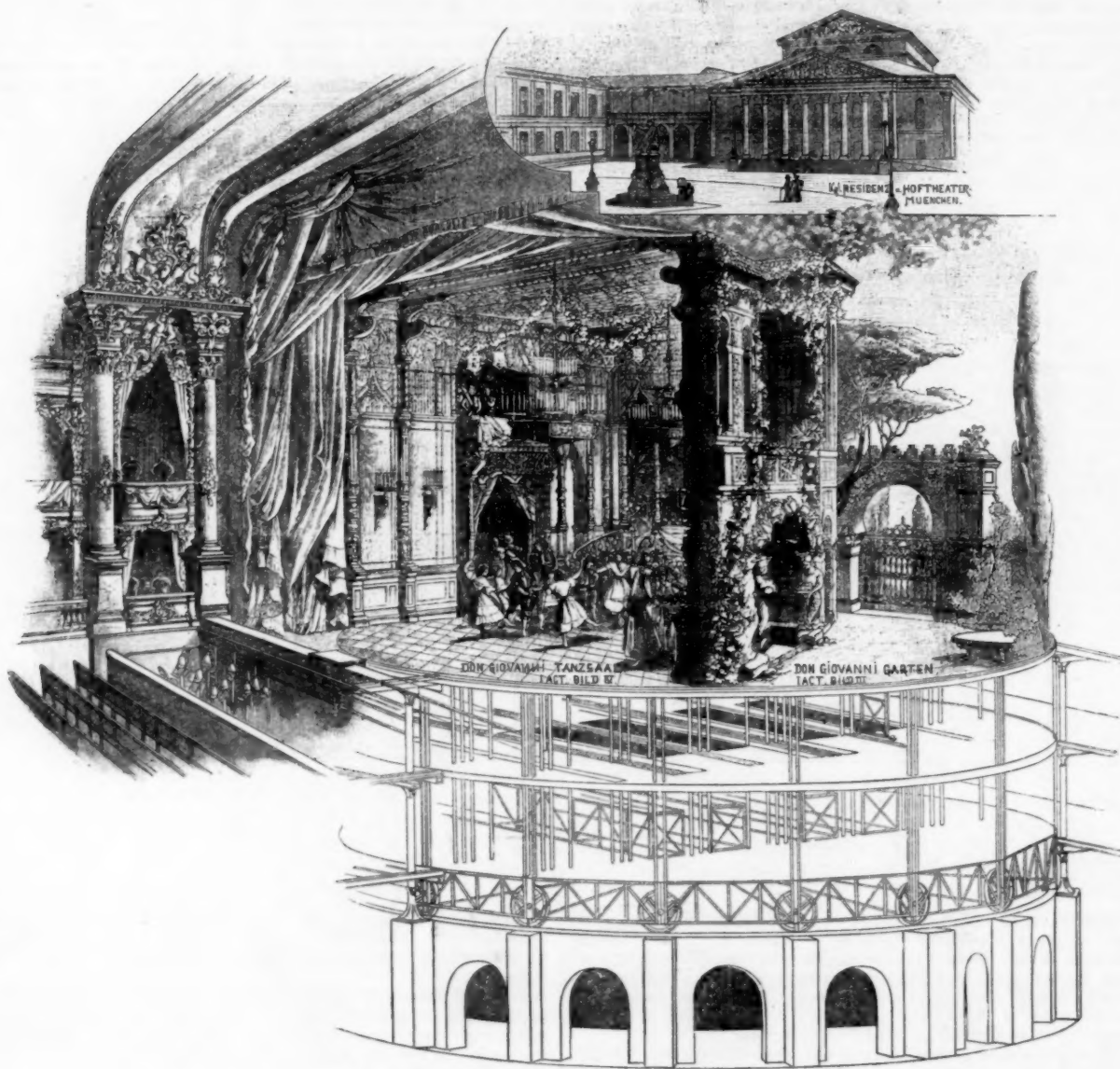


Fig. 3. Revolving Stage as proposed for large Theatres.

to the intervention of the theatre machinist, Herr Karl Brand, he received a thorough education as a mechanical stage-engineer. He occupied responsible positions at the theatres in Riga and Stuttgart, and in 1880 he moved to Munich, where he received a permanent position in connection with the Royal theatres; but he did not confine himself entirely to the work in the Munich theatres. There is to-day not one new theatre-building of any importance in Germany in which the stage machinery and stage-setting have not been either entirely or partially designed by him, or in the construction of which he did not act as advisory or consulting engineer. Even beyond the limits of his own country his fame has reached, and several years ago he achieved a great triumph in London in the mechanical stage

endless opportunities for vapid talk, in order to express, mostly, what he did not like.

The younger generation, who only know Millais by his later work, or who look upon the "Huguenot" as a fine work of an archaic order, have no conception of the furious onslaughts made upon some of the painter's works in the "fifties." Even Mr. Ruskin sometimes lifted up his voice in sharp-tongued rebuke, as witness his criticism (1857) of the quaint "Sir Isumbras crossing the Ford": "As it is possible to stoop to victory, it is also possible to climb to defeat, and I see with consternation that it was not the Parnassian rock which Mr.

¹ Free use is made in this article of a sketch by Herr Holthof in *Ueber Land und Meer*.

Millais was ascending, but the Tarpeian. The change in his manner, from the years of 'Ophelia' and 'Mariana' to 1857, is not merely fall—it is catastrophe; not merely a loss of power, but a reversal of principle; his excellence has been effaced, 'as a man wipeth a dish—wiping it and turning it upside down.' There may still be in him power of repentance, but I cannot tell. . . . I have not patience much to examine into the meaning of the picture under consideration. If it has one, it should not have been disguised by the legend associated with it, which, by the way, does not exist in the romance from which it professes to be quoted and is now pretty generally understood to be only a clever mystification by one of the artist's friends, written chiefly with the view of guarding the awkward horse against criticism. I am not sure whether the bitterest enemies of Pre-Raphaelitism have yet accused it of expecting to cover its errors by describing them in bad English." Then he goes on to apply such epithets as these to the picture: "ill-painted," "errors too visible to need proving and too many to bear numbering," "coarse and ghastly in fancy," and so on. And here I must note a curious error of the critic—Mr. Ruskin finds fault with the reflections in the water. "The primal error in pictorial grammar, of painting figures in twilight as bright as yellow and vermilion can make them, while the towers and hills, far above and far more exposed to light, are yet dark and blue, could hardly have been redeemed by any subsequent harmonies of tone, much less by random brilliancy; and the mistake of painting the water brighter than the sky which it reflects, though constant among inferior painters in subordinate parts of their work, is a singularly disgraceful one for a painter of standing." Now, here Mr. Ruskin forgets that the water may reflect a part of the sky over the painter's head and out of the picture; and that, if the declining sun suddenly shone out from a bank of cloud, it might light up the faces of the knight and the children with a golden brilliancy, and yet not catch the hills and towers in the background. Every landscape-painter knows these facts and has noted them from time to time; and surely it is allowable to an artist to leave certain riddles to be solved by the intelligent and observing public. That Mr. Ruskin, so acute an observer, and generally so absolutely correct in his knowledge of nature and art, should have fallen into so strange an error, only proves that an infallible guide is sometimes extremely fallible.

Of the pictures of 1856, Mr. Ruskin was highly enthusiastic and certainly more just. Of "Peace concluded," 1856, he says: "Titian himself could hardly head him [Millais] now. . . . it is one of the world's masterpieces. . . . I am not sure whether he may not be destined to surpass all that has been done in figure-painting, as Turner did all past landscape." Possibly these words might not be endorsed fully by the modern critic; but we who admire Millais's later manner can yet see the grandeur of the earlier style—"the great the very great," as Mr. Ruskin says, "picture of the fireman,"—"The Rescue."¹ Possibly in the far future, the "Huguenot," the "Vale of Rest," the "Yeoman of the Guard" and some of the portraits, such as the magnificent "Cardinal Newman," will be the works upon which the foundations of his lasting reputation will be laid. No one who saw the Paris Exhibition of 1878 can forget the grand old "Yeoman," as he sat facing us on entering one of the long suite of rooms. French painters and connoisseurs went into raptures over it, and with reason. But, curiously, his early admirers and critics do not seem to have favored the change in Millais's style; they would not see that it was the development of an individual mind. Hear Mr. W. M. Rossetti, upon that marvellous quality possessed alike by Rubens, Rembrandt, Velasquez, Reynolds, Regnault, Henner and Millais, viz, *facility*—the ease with which they all, with one stroke of the brush, put a perfectly true and telling touch upon the canvas—a touch which was just sufficient and no more; the quality, in fact, of knowing exactly *where to stop*. "Souvenir of Velasquez"² (diploma-work deposited in the Academy on his election as an Academician). It is not for an outsider to surmise whether or not the Academicians court the deposit of diploma-pictures which may have cost their painters, working with the quick-handedness of a Millais, perhaps a couple of days' labor [the italics are mine]. However this may be, they have here got a diploma-picture of that description and an admirable one, in its way, it certainly is. The resemblance to Velasquez is hardly such as to justify the title."³

Now, here we have exactly the *outsider's* opinion upon a work of art; but from such a writer as Mr. W. M. Rossetti we might have expected something different. Surely Mr. Rossetti ought to have known, even in 1868, enough of art in its widest sense, to have understood that the greatest work is, in execution, spontaneous. The artist may spend months in mental development of an idea; but once he takes brush or pen in hand, the most perfect and the greatest work is direct, and to the point. When Velasquez paints a jewel or a pearl, he knows exactly the right place for his high light; and once placed, he knows how to stay his hand. To the thorough artist, the man who has spent his life in study, "a couple of days' labor" is ample to paint a head; indeed, it is more than probable that a longer period spent upon elaboration would rather take away from, than improve the work. When Millais painted the "Huguenot" he was only a student, an advanced student from the "Isabella" period, but still a student. Witness the exactitude with which he copied the nasturtiums and ivy from nature—one might fairly call

them fac-similes of nature; but when he gave us the "Yeoman of the Guard," or the "Souvenir of Velasquez,"⁴ he was a master, and a great master, of the brush, though still a student of nature—possibly his only real master. Moreover, he had learned that greatest quality of the artist, the law of sacrifice. To copy nature is impossible (witness all the hopeless attempts of the Pre-Raphaelites' followers); but to render such an account of her beauties as will appeal to the spectator, and to represent her through the poor mediums at our command, is the work of the great artist.⁵ That Millais meant his picture to be a souvenir of the little "Infanta Marguerite," in the Louvre, seems not to have struck the critic, or he would not have said that it did not "justify the title."

Of the early period, the "Vale of Rest"⁶ will probably be held by most people to be Millais's greatest work after the "Huguenot." It could hardly be classed as belonging to the Transition period, for the ugliness of the nuns stamps it as an example of the Pre-Raphaelite School. It is a curious fact, that all revolutions in art seem to be a revolt against pre-conceived and popular ideas of beauty. A great painter like Reynolds starts up and makes the most of the beauty which surrounds him. His disciples follow suit; but gradually idealizing nature (as they call it), they turn handsome women into mawkish, simpering, passionless dolls, until reformers, disgusted with beauty as represented, turn their backs upon it, and become rabid disciples of pure ugliness. We have lately seen this revolt carried out by the Impressionists and the various Purple Schools, just as, nearly fifty years ago, it was set on foot by the Pre-Raphaelites; and in both cases it was a Nature-renaissance—as if nature were ever so hopelessly ugly as the faces of these poor nuns, or as many of the specimens of womankind presented to us by some of the Impressionist painters! That Millais had a purpose in representing convent-life thus, is certain; and I cannot refrain from quoting Mr. Ruskin once more, as his characteristic words probably express the painter's own thoughts: "If you think what the kind of persons who have strength of conviction enough to give up the world, might have done for the world, had they not given it up; and how the King of Terror (Death) must rejoice when he wins for himself another soul that might have gone forth to calm the earth, and folds his wide white wings over it forever—he, also, gathering his children together—and how those white sarcophagi—towered and belfried, each with his companions of living dead, gleam still so multitudinous among the mountain pyramids of the fairest countries of the earth: places of silence for their sweet voices; places of binding for their faithfulest hands; places of fading for their mightiest intelligences;—you may, perhaps, feel also, that so great wrong cannot be lovely in the near aspect of it; and that if this very day, at evening, we were allowed to see what the last clouds of twilight glow upon in some convent garden of the Apennines, we might leave the place with some such horror as this picture will leave upon us; not all of it noble horror, but in some sort repulsive and ignoble." Granted that the contemporary public found, not unjustly, that the figures in this picture were "frightful,"—most people who saw it at the Grosvenor Gallery and at the Guildhall some few years ago admitted that it had the qualities of a pure and right sentiment, and an exquisite harmony of color. Millais probably exaggerated the plainness of the ordinary, natural, work-a-day nun, in his revolt against the silly, weak, and up-turned faces of the conventional nuns of his contemporaries; such women as would never have had sufficient strength of will to take to a conventual life; and after all, truth, if ugly, in art, is better than falseness and lying, however "sweet" and "pretty" they may be represented. Truth to nature was the cardinal virtue which the Pre-Raphaelites thought the aim and end of all art; that they sometimes fell, through good intentions, into falseness of another kind, simply proved them to be fallible, like the Impressionists of our own time. Such movements are necessary to the perfecting of art, and all lesser minds owe a debt of gratitude to the pioneers, who may, personally, be somewhat mad and extreme in their views.

That we all owe an enormous debt of gratitude to Millais for purging English art from maudlin sentimentality, is as certain as that European art has gained equally by the more modern Renaissance worked out by Manet, Bastien-Lepage, Dagnan-Bouveret and their followers. It has been said that *rien n'est vrai que le Beau*, but a truer motto would be, *Nothing is beautiful but the True*; and that was the end and aim of Millais and his Pre-Raphaelite friends. That the great master has worked upon those lines all through his career, no one can deny—his life has been one long search after truth; and herein lay his power of influence over a whole generation of painters. He moved on and developed his *technique*, but his art was always equally true; even when he pandered to popular taste, the pity of it was not on the score of want of truthfulness. As a master of the brush, he was the greatest that our country has produced during this century; as a colorist, he rarely erred. His art was robust, strong, healthy and, generally, happy; imaginative at times; poetic, rarely; wanting sometimes in refinement and culture, but never, intentionally, vulgar. A fashionable painter cannot always dictate to a lady-sitter what she should wear, or desire her to dispense with the enamelling which usually hides the natural charms of her face; moreover, would the portrait be true without the war paint? Yet, one would imagine, most people would be

¹ Exhibited 1855.² Exhibited 1868.³ "Notes on the R. A. Exhibition, 1869," by W. M. Rossetti.⁴ Exhibited 1868.⁵ Turner, for example.⁶ Exhibited 1859.

willing to dispense with this sort of truth to nature—flesh, with all its variety of tones, is surely more beautiful than *poudre de riz*; still, if the end and aim of faithful portraiture be a faithful representation of the man—or society lady—portrayed, we must, forsooth, human nature being what it is, reconcile ourselves to powder, paint, wigs, excess of jewelry and ornaments.

An exhibition of the artist's works, all that could be gathered together at the time, was held at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1886, and then one saw how temperament had been the handmaid of his artistic genius; for the guiding spirit of his work was confidence in himself. Whatever he painted, and however he painted, he always felt, for the time being, that he was right. Nature was his guide, but it was Nature as seen through his own spectacles. Think only for a moment, of the distinct styles of the "Huguenot," the "Eve of St. Agnes," and the "Portrait of Cardinal Newman"; and yet, from the point-of-view from which he started, they are all equally true to nature.

His first wonderful picture, "Isabella," was painted in 1849, when he was only twenty years of age. Then came the much-abused "Carpenter's Shop," in 1850, which may be looked upon as the forerunner of the modern realistic religious school, led by M. Lhermitte, M. Béraud, Mr. Hitchcock and others. In 1851 "Mariana" and the "Return of the Dove to the Ark." In 1852, the "Huguenot" and "Ophelia"; "The Order of Release," 1853; "Sir Isambard" 1857; the "Black Brunswicker," 1860, exemplifying one of the painter's faults, that of repeating a success; for, as composition, the "Huguenot," "The Order of Release" and the "Black Brunswicker" are as much akin as the "First Sermon" and "Second Sermon," and others of the "pot-boiling" class. The "Eve of St. Agnes" appeared in 1863; "Rosalind" in 1868; "The Gambler's Wife," 1869; "Hearts are Trumps," 1872; "The Northwest Passage," 1874; the "Yeoman of the Guard," 1877. These are the most notable of the earlier pictures and most of them were at the Grosvenor; the total at that exhibition amounting to 159 pictures, out of the 228 which had been painted up to the year 1886.

S. BEALE.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.¹

SOME fifty years ago an English architect won, in open competition, the honor of building a church in a German seaport. In the preparation for his design he studied on the Continent innumerable buildings which he considered would train him in the style he should adopt. To be sure, in a German building it was excusable that he should wish to be German, and it is therefore not wholly to be regretted that he made Germany his field of study. But the reason of it is almost beyond our modern intelligence; it is hard nowadays to realize that this architect did not understand till three years afterwards that France, not Germany, was the real cradle of Gothic ecclesiastical architecture. The architect was no less a man than Sir Gilbert Scott, who paid his first visit to the French cathedrals *after* his appointment as restorer at Ely. Scott had built a matter of eight churches and carried out three restorations before he made that simple pilgrimage to the great churches of France which many a lad now takes in his pupilage. This goes to prove that even as recently as half a century ago the difficulties of scanty records were infinitely increased by actual doubt, even among the professors of art, of the right sources to which to look for inspiration and teaching.

In Street's time such difficulties were less, but with him, also, his own sketch-book and his own memory were his standards of reference. What a sketch-book his was too, and what a memory!

In those days there sprang up the duty of sketching as a means of record. It became a duty on the part of architects, young and old, both to travel and to sketch, and in sketching to make faithful memorandum of what they studied and what they saw. The duty, at least in that special aspect, is now practically gone. You can hardly visit a building of beauty anywhere in Europe without the discouraging sense as you pull out sketch-book and pencil that all you see before you, and every detail of it, has been already recorded and published, and probably much better drawn than you can draw it yourself.

Here, then, we face the questions, what is the need of sketching, and what is the good of travel? The bookshelves of any good office, or failing them the Library at Conduit Street, will afford you the opportunity of studying, comparing and committing to memory any building of importance in any country or of any age; why, then, should one travel a few hundred miles to make an inferior copy in one's own sketch-book or study these things under less comfortable circumstances? The man who could seriously ask this question could never arrive at, could never understand, the answer. It is, of course, the fact that our many and accessible records have made study a thousand times easier, and have rendered possible as never before the science of *comparative* archaeology. Nay, further, these ready helps have made it no unlikely thing that a man should become even expert in the architecture of a country he has never visited: certainly it is possible for a student to have knowledge, and real knowledge, of more than he can ever attempt to see with his own eyes and draw in his own sketch-book. But is the sketch-book therefore to die? Never, and for these reasons: Pri-

marily, because in architecture the pencil works with the brain, and the brain with the pencil. To draw is to learn. It is impossible to learn architecture without drawing; it is impossible to draw architecture without learning. You can draw from engravings and photographs, of course, but that is a lifeless sport at which Nature revolts, and you have to reckon with human nature even in an architect's fibre. Again, there are more things in a building than the best book can give you. We are saved the necessity of visiting all buildings, but we must visit some at least and we must draw some. The resources of other men's labors, engravings, lithographs and photographs have brought us much; they have taken away the need of sketching as a means of essential record, but they have not killed the sketch-book—rather they have given the sketcher a new scope and a glorious liberty—a liberty which no man should abuse. So long as you draw—and draw you must—you may now draw what you will. Some of the necessity has gone, but none of the duty; and duty has its laws. Here are some of the guiding lines: Never draw to make a pretty sketch-book—Burgess taught us that. Of two subjects, never choose the easier because it is the easier. Draw what you think you cannot remember rather than what you can. Never be timid, and, above all, draw whatever you admire. Such are the rules we glean from the direct teaching, and still more from the indirect example of those who have been and are the great masters of that magnificent and most modest art, the art of keeping an architectural note-book.

The young man of to-day who visits for the first time some famous building is relieved from the necessity of making anything like a complete record of it; but this should not by any means lighten his conscience of the duty of carrying away in his own mind, aided by his sketch-book, such memoranda as will enable him in imagination to reconstruct what he has seen. The practice of entering a cathedral and gleaning from it just so much as will provide a few pages of tasteful sketches is of course utterly reprobate. No doubt that man will learn most who on his first visit to the building draws nothing, but endeavors to absorb much. If on leaving the building he will attempt to put together on paper the general outlines of what he has seen, and on his second visit corrects the mistakes of his rough sketch, and fills the inevitable *lacuna* by fresh observation, he will then have learned much—far more, indeed, than if he had spent his first half hour in making jottings of gargoyles or drawings of foliage. In buildings such as cathedrals, where plan is of importance, the plan should certainly be noted carefully, and rough general sections are by no means to be despised. They are not pictorial, and they do not interest the lady friends who look through your sketch-books, but they give the key to many a building, and they are as a rule sadly neglected by sketchers. Many men need to be reminded that there is a class of drawing which lies between the strictly measured drawing and the purely freehand sketch which is of infinite practical value. A record of the leading dimensions and an approximation of the main proportions can often be obtained when time does not allow of measuring in the usual sense. Notes of this kind, even if they be burned as soon as made, will put more knowledge into a man's brain than the execution of volumes of pretty bits or whole sheaves of water-colors.

Briefly, our new position comes to this. We shall soon have no need, except in rare cases, to store up records for others, nor even for ourselves. Our process in drawing will be the same, accurate as ever, careful as ever, but for a changed purpose. We shall sketch, in fact, for the training of our hands, the strengthening of our memories, and the cultivation of that nameless and indefinable faculty which is the mainspring of art.

OLD LOMBARD AND VENETIAN VILLAS.¹—III.

CASTELFRANCO, October 5.—If one has long been under the spell of Giorgione, feeling the charm, the mysterious magic of this man's personality acting even in the works of others, and beckoning to one, with sighs so often delusive, from one masterpiece to another (the "Concert," the "Three Ages of Man," for instance, which are now proved to be Titian's), nay, from work to work of lesser, sometimes least great, masters, Catena, Bonifacio, Cariani, nay, wretched Schiavone. When the mere name Giorgione has grown a spell and a riddle one feels strangely moved as one enters his birthplace, as one stands before the curtain which covers his only signed and documented work.

The picture hangs in a whitewashed modern-looking little church: a great altarpiece, with the Virgin enthroned on a brocaded dais, against the usual landscape, St. Francis and a young knightly saint holding guard. There are no singing angels, as is usual with Venetian pictures of this sort—"majesties" they are briefly called in Umbria; but the picture, once it lays hold of one (for, like all Giorgione's, it has nothing catching about it), seems painted to the sound of grave and buoyant music, and to emanate music all round. On the back of the canvas are scrawled the only words which still remain in Giorgione's hand,—a rude verse calling on his beloved, whom he names by name, Cecilia. Was this Cecilia the woman who, in some mysterious manner, plague or jealousy, caused his death, and, stranger thought! was she that enthroned Madonna?

One is glad that it should be at Castelfranco, for the place is worthy to hold it. It is a charming little town, or two towns, rather,

¹ Portion of a paper by Mr. Paul Waterhouse, published in the *Journal* of the R. I. B. A.

² An article by Vernon Lee in *Cosmopolis*. Continued from No. 1080, page 79.

one within the other, still in the plain, but with the green hills of Asolo, the far-off blue dolomitic peaks beyond. The church containing the picture is in the inner town, surrounded by a moat-like river, and by walls and towers (the main tower with the winged lion) of delicate pink brickwork, grown with ivy and caper flowers. The very inn is of the old days, Venetian, with pillared and lioned balcony, above which creaks the sign of a gigantic sword; it was standing, most probably, before the birth of "Big George, of the March Burgh" — Giorgione di Castelfranco.¹

Villa M —, between Treviso and Mestre, October 7. — Dusty roads bordered with plane trees and little canals, barely visible in the twilight; a long avenue as the stars begin to come out, and the lights of a long, low, Venetian house shining orange in the blue night as we drive up, among the hum of crickets and the gusts of *olea fragrans* and ripe American grapes. After dinner the whole big family gathered round the majestic and gracious mother² in the long room, hung round with the portraits of senators in purple and admirals in steel; ancestors who may look down without sorrow on this houseful of vigorous, active sons — soldiers, sailors, farmers, not an idle one amongst them, even as in the old days of Venice. The daughter goes to the piano and plays a lot of quaint old minuets and gavottes. But why nothing by the great-grand-uncle? Why, he was the greatest composer Venice produced, and one of the greatest of the great days of Bach and Handel. "He was also," remarks one of the sons, "an excellent official of the Serene Republic, and gave great satisfaction here on the mainland and in Dalmatia, where, as you know, he died."

Venice, October 10. — Here our journey has come to an end; our journey from friendly house to friendly house, even as in the old times.

Of those days on the mainland — among those famous villas where the voluptuous Venetians once took their pleasure — I must note down, while it is fresh, the impression of the ghostly coach-houses of the Morosinis at Matelágo.

We went there to see the vintage, which, for the rest, was raging all round. Before the farms — those low, long Venetian houses with funnel-shaped chimney — men were treading the grapes with reddened legs, and unharnessing the bullocks bringing ever new vats. The vast, cool entrance-hall of that Morosini villa (once of the Grimani, and now, alas! of a score, literally, of impoverished co-heirs and heiresses) was filled with the finest musk grapes on mats, and more were spread on the grass before the door, watched over by the allegorical goddesses which the pupils of Veronese once painted on the house front. Below, extend an endless suite of cellars, dark, cool, where bare-legged men were hurrying to and fro with wooden crates of fruit and copper pails of new wine, vats looming huge on all sides (the big ones holding some two thousand litres!), the air becoming, as you go farther, more and more heavy with fumes of must. In the midst of the cellars a cross reaching to the great rafters, pincers and hammer and spear black in the gloom. Here, in the great day when men were rich, and grapes still ignorant of diseases, the Morosini, or Grimani chaplain, descended with torches and banners, to bless the new-made wine. Even in these times of phylloxera and peronospora, and kindred vine plagues, the fumes in that cellar were more than our Northern heads could bear; and we speedily fled upstairs into the granaries, where the grain and maize lay in bronze and golden heaps. On we strolled, till the granaries turned into buildings, as vast and as endless, but filled — not with corn, not with vats, but with every conceivable sort and shape of vehicle. Every sort and shape, that is, which was known in the eighteenth century; not one modern wheeled thing among them all.

There was a wonderful emblazoned wedding coach, and a travelling coach on high leather C-springs, poised on wheels five feet high, which had brought a Morosini's bride from Vienna a hundred and many years ago. By its side huge wagons for carrying the servants, and still containing, intact, it is said, an entire *batterie de cuisine*! And more melancholy and stranger, a fantastic melon-shaped chaise, with the trunks still in their place and the bottle-shaped lamps — lighted last, who knows when? — ready for use.

Strange, silent, motionless things, once so noisy with wheels and bells and postillions, whip-cracking and horn-tooting, once so solemnly stately in roll, or so nimble in swinging rattle! Could we mount into one of them, some night of waning moon, as the must-fumes rose heady from the cellars of Matelágo, would not witch-horses, bred of the winds and clouds that scour the lagoon, harnessed by ghostly grooms and driven by ghostly postillions, carry us also into distant parts, into the far-off places where the dead Venetians still hold revel?

BOOKS AND PAPERS

THE accumulation of literature on technical and art topics has of late years become so vast that any one may feel confident that an account or explanation of the fact or theory that interests him has been published already by some one in book, pamphlet, magazine, or periodical and should be within his immediate reach. Unfortu-

¹ Mr. Ruskin, in a famous passage, translates *Brave Castle*. But Castelfranco is a common name for boundary places.

² Alas, now no more. 1895.

nately, matter of this kind is distributed by its authors in a most unscientific way through many publications, and the editors of periodicals are anything but precise in the classification of the matter they accept for publication, so that an investigator does not and cannot know with certainty just where to turn in search of the information which he rightly assumes must exist somewhere. If search amongst the most probable sources of information reveals nothing, he must abandon the effort, unless chance brings to his hand the article he needs, practically concealed in some medium where he would not naturally think of looking for it.

To minimize this evil and in some sense to take the place of cooperation between the editors of periodicals, the attempt has been made in this and other countries to publish topical indices of papers on matters of interest and importance that have been published in the leading and standard magazines and periodicals, crediting to its author each paper indexed and giving the title and date of the periodical in which it appeared.

For ten or a dozen years the *Journal of the Association of Engineering Societies* has published from month to month such an index, giving not only the bald fact of publication, but also a concise statement of the purpose and result achieved by the writer, this work being directed by Prof. J. B. Johnson, of Washington University. This work has been done by a purely professional journal and purely in the spirit of profiting the profession which maintained the *Journal*. But during the last few years the publishers of the *Engineering Magazine* have been conducting — as a profitable and money-making feature of their publication — an index of essentially the same kind which, to a large degree, duplicated and made unnecessary the index as published in the *Journal*. The result has been that the elder periodical now abandons to its contemporary this useful undertaking and has turned over to it the plates ready for the publication of its second completed volume, which covers the years 1892-5, and the publishers of the *Engineering Magazine* have now issued this matter, in a book³ of some five hundred pages, bound in cloth, and will continue the index monthly in their own publication, republishing in bound form from time to time.

The value and labor-saving advantage of such an index of fugitive but valuable records are beyond dispute and these bound indices would form a valuable addition to the library of any engineer and many architects, but we hope that future issues may be arranged on some system which does not require one to consult a key in the preface before he can discover the proper way to use the book.

To our mind there is no more popularly useful index than one that conforms itself strictly to the simple alphabetical arrangement and it seems to be a great and incurable defect that in this volume this simple line of procedure has not been strictly adhered to. When one who is interested in dams has run his eye down the page from "Black Eagle" to "Vyrnwy," he has a right to feel that he has got to the end of his search, but with the expenditure of a little more time he discovers that this curious index continues, page after page, giving titles of other dams arranged after no perceivable method of indexing, "Austin" following "Perigar" and "Bonzey" succeeding "Titicus," till he feels like changing his noun into a similar sounding verb and applying it vehemently to "such an index as this."

ILLUSTRATIONS

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

STATUARY HALL, FORMERLY THE HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S. CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, D. C. BENJAMIN H. LATROBE, ARCHITECT.

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

This plate forms one of the series illustrating Mr. Brown's papers, now being published in this journal, on the National Capitol.

HOUSE OF W. M. WARNOCK, ESQ., EDWARDSVILLE, ILL. MR. F. C. BONSACK, ARCHITECT, ST. LOUIS, MO.

"THE MOUNTFORT," CORNER BEACON AND MOUNTFORT STS., BOSTON, MASS. MR. C. E. PARK, ARCHITECT, BOSTON, MASS.

HOUSE FOR J. S. FLOWER, ESQ., DENVER, COLO. MR. WM. COWE, ARCHITECT, DENVER, COLO.

INTERIOR OF THE NEW GREEK CHURCH, RUE BIZET, PARIS, FRANCE. M. EMILE VANDREMER, ARCHITECT.

CIRCUMSTANCES prevented the publication of this view in the same issue (Aug. 15) in which a description of the building was printed.

³ "The Engineering Index." Vol. II, 1892-5. Edited by J. B. Johnson, C. E. New York. Published by the *Engineering Magazine*, 1896. Price in cloth, \$4.00.

UNSUCCESSFUL COMPETITIVE DESIGN FOR ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, ROCHESTER, N. Y. MESSRS. CRAM, WENTWORTH & GOODHUE, ARCHITECTS, BOSTON, MASS.

We hope, sooner or later, to be able to exhibit to our subscribers the design of Messrs. Heins & LaFarge to whom the competition was awarded.

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

ACCESSORIES OF LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE, NO. XXVIII: MUSIC PAVILION IN THE PARK OF THE PETIT TRIANON, VERSAILLES, FRANCE.

OLD COLONIAL HOUSE ON LONG ISLAND. DRAWN BY F. B. NOLAN, 1896.

GROUP OF THEATRES.

[Additional Illustrations in the International Edition.]

SIDE ENTRANCE TO THE NEW MARKET-HOUSE, DRESDEN, SAXONY. HERREN RETTIG & FISCHER, ARCHITECTS.

[Gelatine Print.]

We desire to call attention to the fact that the printer has blundered in printing the date and number upon this plate.

PORTAL OF SAN MIGUEL, SARAGOSSA, SPAIN.

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL, AFTER A DRAWING BY MR. BERESFORD PITE, ARCHITECT.

This plate is copied from the *Builder*.

HALL OF THE DRAPERS' COMPANY, LONDON, ENG.: THE STAIRWAY.

This plate is copied from *Building News*.

MONUMENT TO BOUCHER, IN THE GARDEN OF THE LOUVRE, PARIS, FRANCE. M. AUBÉ, SCULPTOR.

This and the following illustration are copied from *La Construction Moderne*.

COMMEMORATIVE MONUMENT AT PUY, FRANCE. M. PROY, ARCHITECT.

CAIRNS CHAMBERS, SHEFFIELD, ENG. MR. CHARLES HADFIELD, ARCHITECT.



[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.]

JOHN HENRY PARKER.

DENVER, COL., September 2, 1896.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE AMERICAN ARCHITECT:—

Dear Sirs,—I wish to ascertain the year in which Mr. John Henry Parker, author of the "Glossary of Architecture," died. I think it may be found in "Gwill's Encyclopedia," but there does not appear to be a copy of the book in Denver. If any of your readers can give me the date, I shall be greatly obliged. The date given in my pocket-book is evidently an error.

Yours truly, F. E. KIDDER.

[JOHN HENRY PARKER was born in 1806 and died January 31, 1884.—EDS. AMERICAN ARCHITECT.]



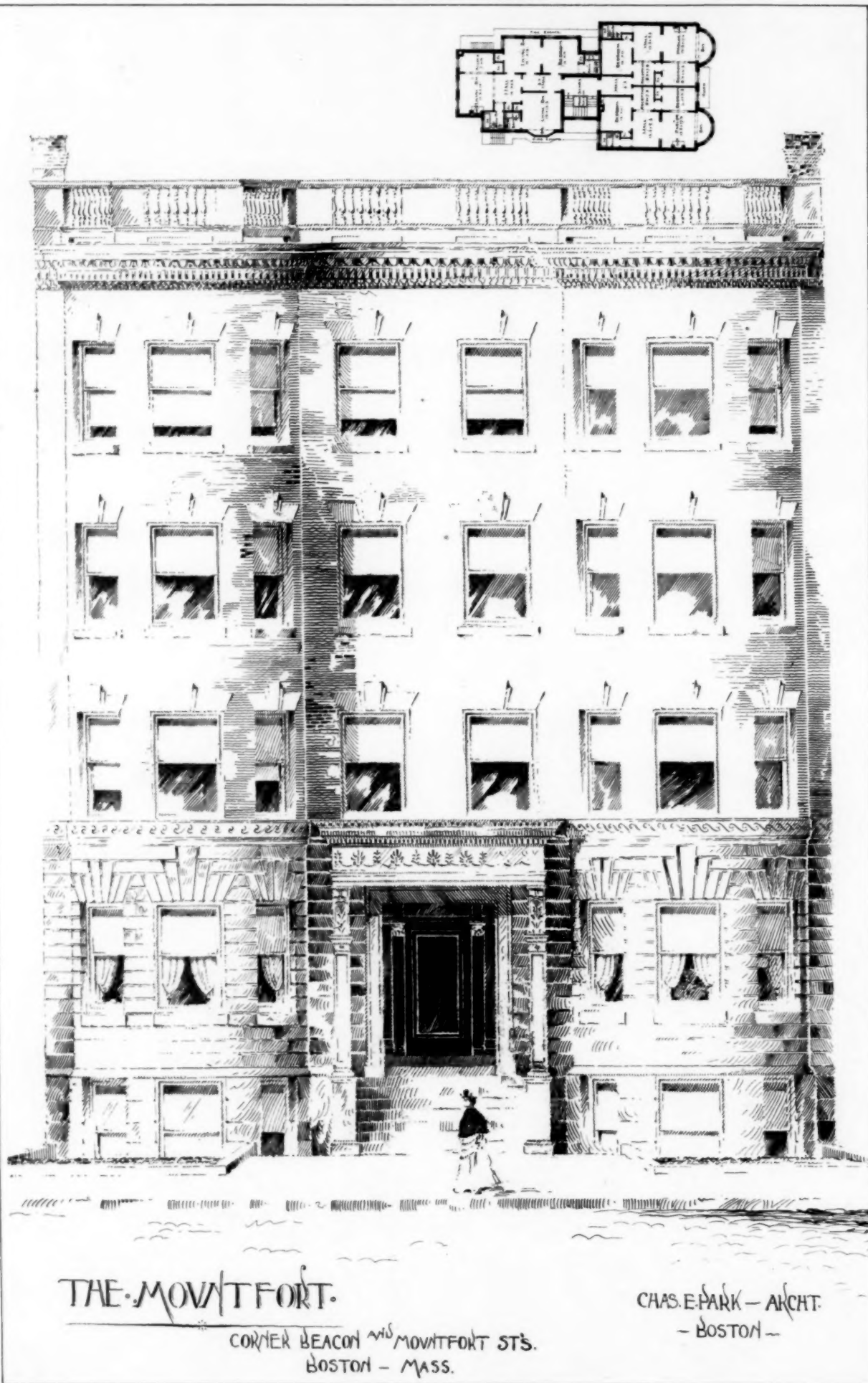
ALUMINIUM IN GLASS-MAKING.—Aluminium is destined to play a prominent part in glass manufacture in the opinion of M. Léon Appert, a French glass expert. From numerous analytical tests of ancient window glass he has reached the conclusion that glass modified by the introduction of aluminium is more solid, less changeable, and more elastic. The aluminium can be added up to a proportion of 7 or 8 per cent without any inconvenience. The fusibility of the glass is slightly increased, while its ductility is not sensibly diminished. The only disadvantage of the aluminium glass is that it may be slightly colored by the iron oxide when the aluminium contains an impurity.—*Invention*.

THE DINNER-HOUR AND THIRTEEN O'CLOCK.—One of the features of Trafford Park is the clock-tower, or rather the clock itself, which has the peculiarity that it strikes thirteen when all other clocks in Manchester are striking one. It appears that, one day, the father of the present Baronet noticed that the haymakers were still idling over their dinner at quarter-past 1 o'clock. They declared that they had not heard the clock strike. Sir Humphrey retorted that they should not have any excuse of this character in the future, and from the following day forth the close of the dinner-hour was announced by thirteen strokes of the clock.—*Marquise de Fontenoy in the Phila. Press*.

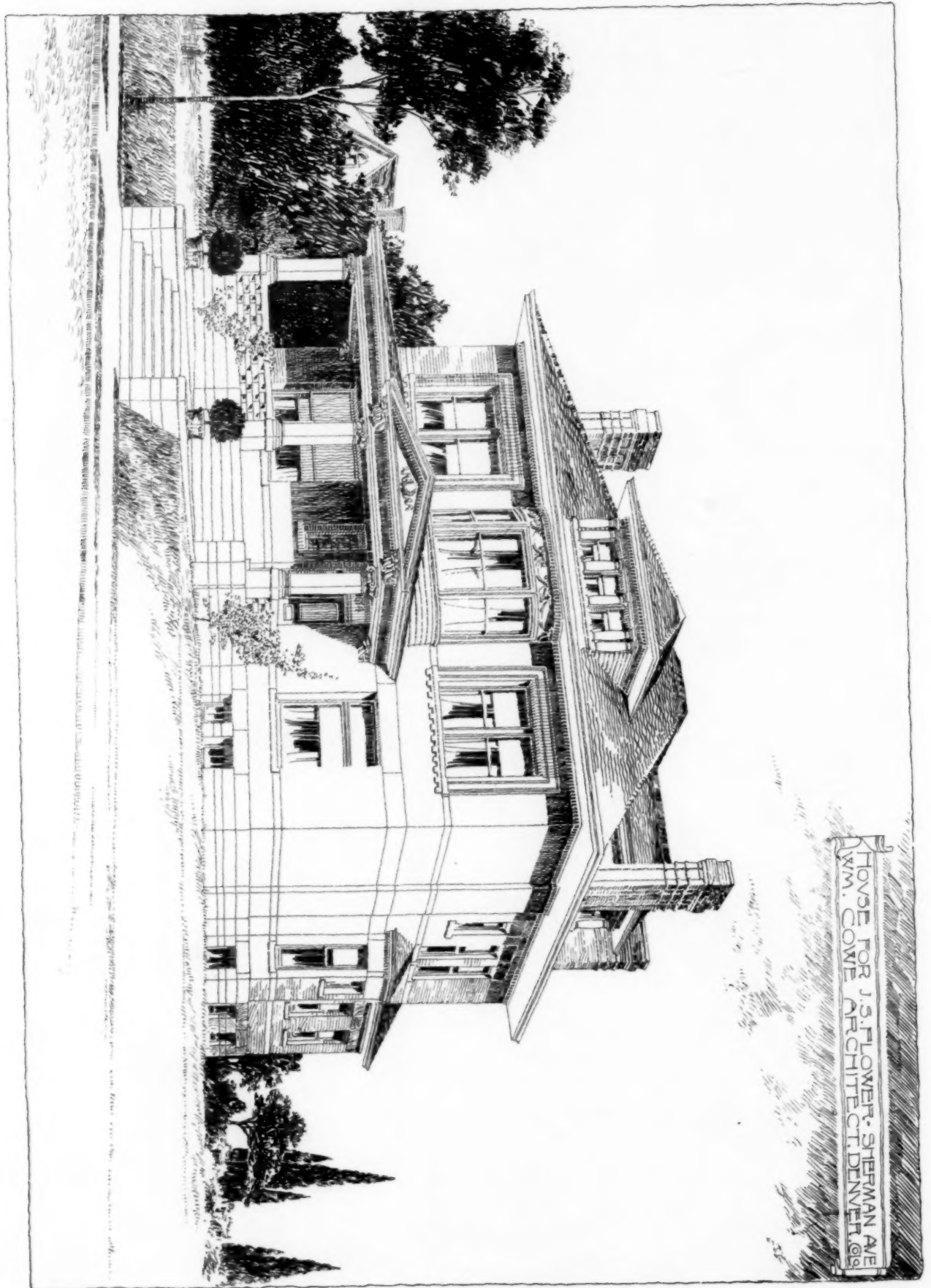
THE SAINTE CHAPELLE, PARIS.—Some critics have claimed that of all the churches of the Middle Ages in France the most perfect, that which shows on the part of the architect the highest amount of talent, is the Sainte Chapelle at Paris, for that church keeps a perfect stability without the aid of flying-buttresses; and starting from this point, the same critics, happy without doubt at having made this discovery, have added:—"The flying-buttress, a permanent stone support, exposing the weakness of the builders, is thus only a barbarous overgrowth, a useless toy, since even during the Middle Ages skilful artists knew how to do without it." The argument is forcible, but the Sainte Chapelle has no aisles, and at the start the architect was not obliged to cross that space and transmit the thrusts of the great vaults outwards beyond those aisles. It is thus, nevertheless, that people nearly always talk of an art that they do not understand and the multitude applaud, for the professionals do not think it necessary to refute such arguments. They are wrong, for an error repeated a hundred times even by the most ignorant, but repeated with assurance, ends by being admitted among the most undeniable truths; and we still see printed to-day in perfect good faith on the subject of the arts, and especially upon Gothic architecture, arguments long since refuted by the criticism of facts, by history, by monuments and by demonstrations based on geometry. All this labor of truth which seeks to assert itself passes unperceived before the eyes of certain critics, who probably boast that they forget nothing and learn nothing.—*The Architect*.

IS THE "SISTINE MADONNA" A REPLICA?—Are all visitors to the Engadine aware, we wonder, that the proprietor of one of the hotels at St. Moritz—Mr. Caspar Badrutt—is the happy possessor of an admirable replica or early copy of Raphael's most famous picture, the "Sistine Madonna"? We have said "a replica or early copy," but Mr. Badrutt himself boldly claims his as the original work and the Dresden picture as the copy. A handsome folio, setting forth his case and giving photogravures of the two pictures, has recently been published at Zurich. A complete history, with many curious details, of the St. Moritz picture is also given. It was originally in the possession of Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, and was bought by Mr. Badrutt's father from a house in Reggio, in the Emilia. In 1887, he sent it to Herr Sesar, in Augsburg, to be restored, and it is now for the most part in good condition. Mr. Badrutt bases his claim for this as the original on certain doubts and difficulties about the Dresden picture which have always exercised the art historians. Thus: Vasari's account is so inaccurate in many particulars that it may be inaccurate in all. How were the obscure monks of San Sisto, in a small town like Piacenza, able to secure a great masterpiece by Raphael at the very height of his fame? Why did Raphael paint it (alone among his works) on canvas—and on coarse canvas, too, with two cross seams? Mr. Badrutt claims that Duke Alfonso was a more likely purchaser, and that he commissioned the work as a processional banner to be carried in the coronation procession of Pope Leo X. And his—the St. Moritz picture—is painted on one piece of the finest and strongest damask linen. All this is somewhat in the air; and unless, or until, further documents are discovered, the relative position of the two works must be decided by internal evidence—and, tried by this evidence, we doubt if the Dresden Madonna has anything to fear.—*The London News*.

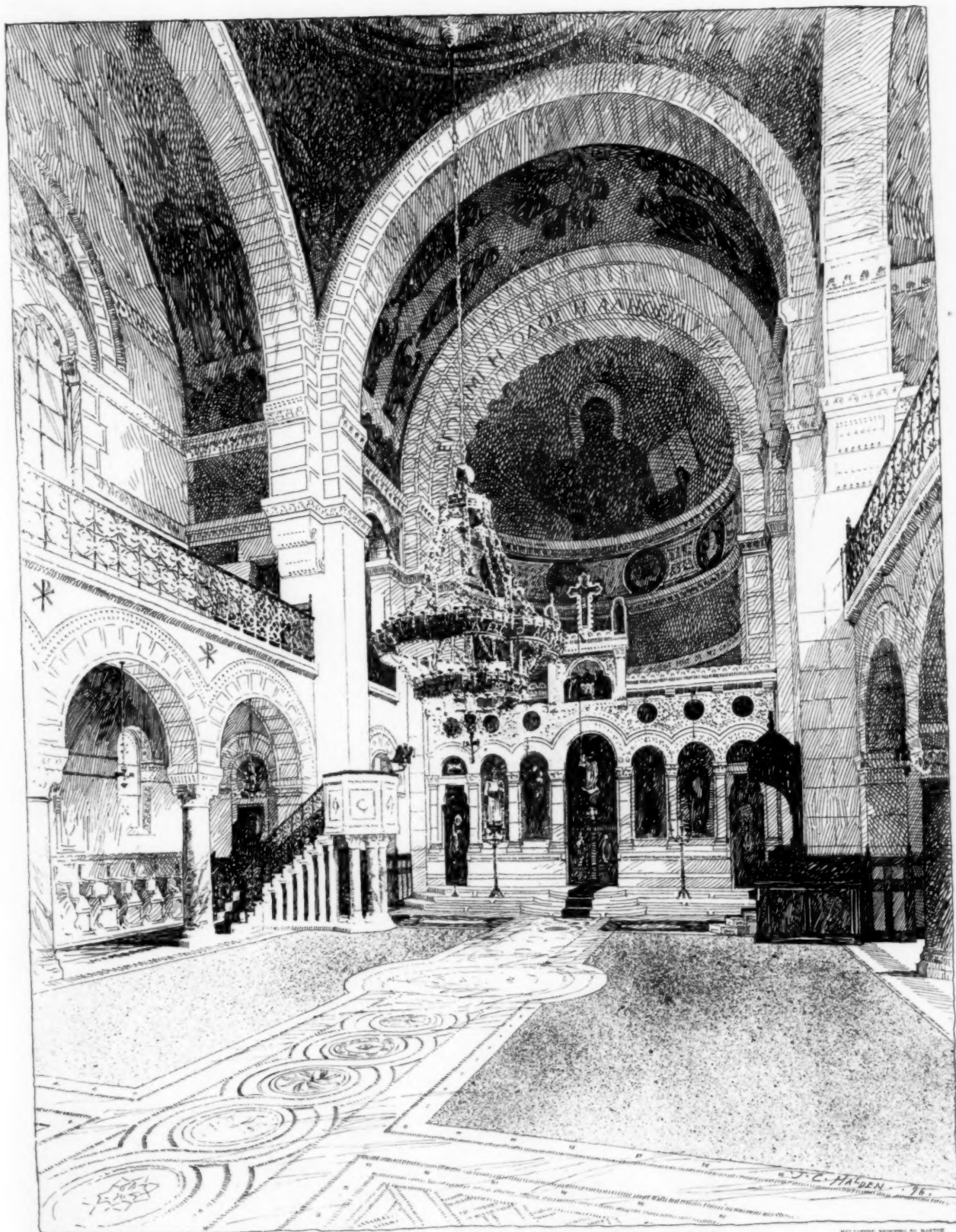
DUTCH INFLUENCE ON ENGLISH GARDENS.—The Dutch influence grew strong with the advent of William III, and left its mark on many a garden and park. Topiary work was carried to excess; fountains came still more into fashion, and the knotte was replaced by the parterre, "furnished with greens and flowers," or "cut out curiously," as Hammer tells us, "into embroidery of flowers and shapes of arabesques, animals, or birds, or feuillages." Gardens were laid out of much larger size; attempts were here and there made to get still further away from the old formality, and a desire to see beyond the confines of the garden was evinced that was destined before long to alter its character altogether. So large were many of the new gardens that their owners found it no longer possible to keep them trim and neat. The gardens of the Duke of Montague, in Northamptonshire, covered more than 100 acres, and others were laid out of from 50 to 80 acres. The avenues in the park were planted so as to fall in with the plan of the garden; and the straight walks of the garden, which belonged especially to Queen Anne's time, were edged with trees, kept clipped, so that the eye might be led to some distant point in the park beyond. But while clipping thus remained in fashion, people grew tired of the hedge and the alley and turned their attention instead to clipping single trees and shrubs. To such an extent was this carried that it became at last ridiculous. Many turned it into fun altogether, and Pope's satirical remarks on "the verdant sculpture" of the period shows how the custom was regarded in some quarters. An artist puts out a catalogue of his productions, the same being offered for sale: "Adam and Eve in yew, Adam a little shattered by the fall of the Tree of Knowledge in the great storm; Eve and the Serpent very flourishing. St. George in box, his arm scarce long enough, but will be in condition to stick the dragon by next April; a green dragon of the same, with a tail of ground ivy for the present (N. B.—These two not to be sold separately). Divers eminent modern poets in bays, somewhat blighted, to be disposed of a pennyworth. A quickset hog shot up into a porcupine, by its being forgot in rainy weather."—*The Quarterly Review*.





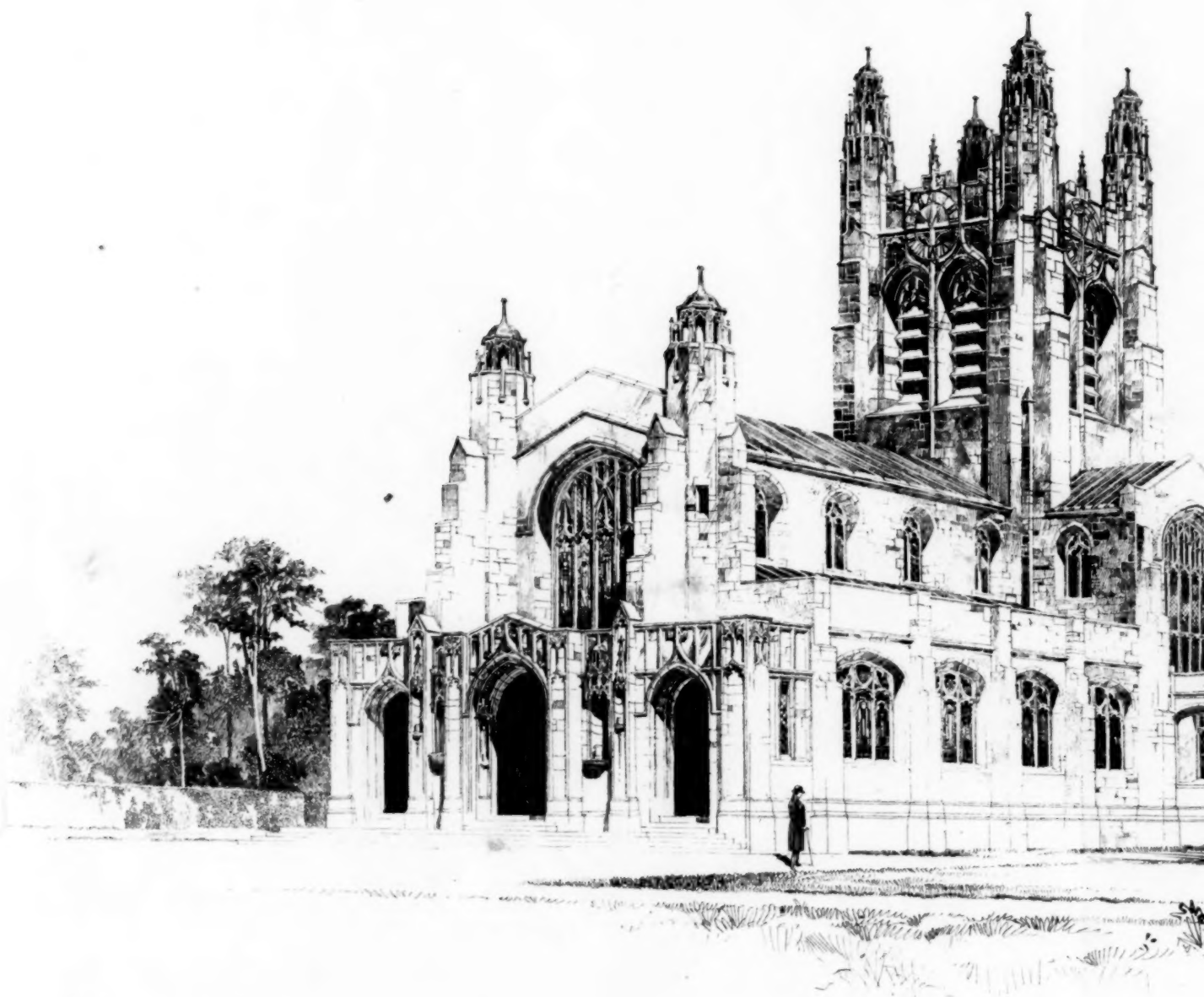


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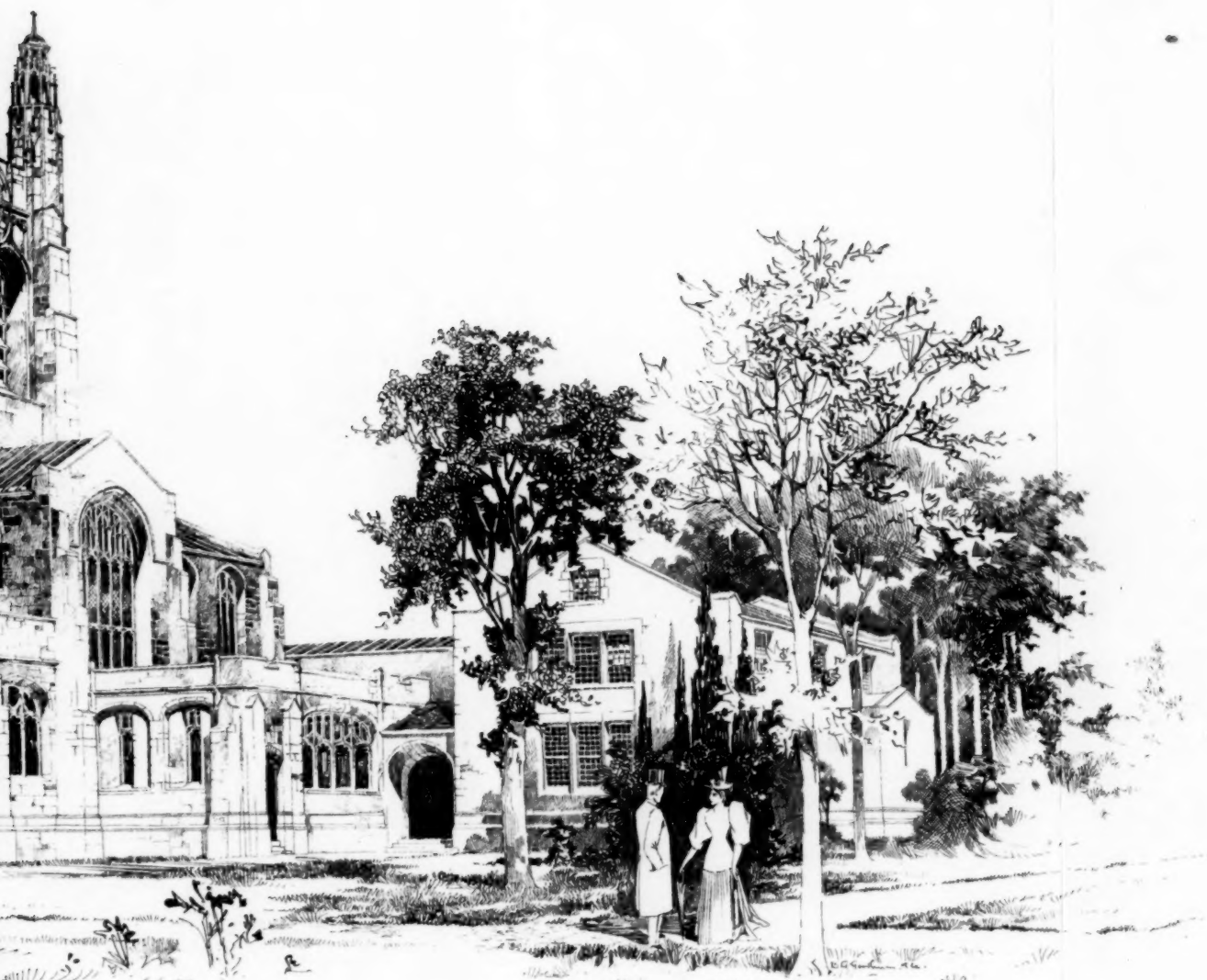
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