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"COTTON TROLLIES." DECORATION
FOR LIVERPOOL TOWN HALL.
BY C. W. FURSE.

MR. C. W. FURSE'S PAINTINGS
FOR THE TOWN HALL AT
LIVERPOOL.

WE publish reproductions of the four paintings which Mr. Furse has recently completed for the decoration of the spandrels under the dome of the Liverpool Town Hall. We shall leave these remarkable designs to speak for themselves, with a few words upon two points of practical and theoretical interest in this enterprise.

First, the Liverpool Corporation is to be congratulated on giving an English artist a rare opportunity of working on a large scale for monumental decoration. Artists frequently complain of the lack of national encouragement for the fine arts. The nation, in these matters, is in a difficult position. When any definite piece of work is desired, our rulers and their official advisers are terrified to wager anything on their own judgment, and to choose their man on the promise of his work. They are afraid of the outcry of jealousy and criticism, and fall back on the kind of artist who is called "safe." The late Mr. Bœhn's Duke of Wellington with the attendant warriors, and the recently issued postage stamps are examples of the doubtful quality of salvation. The alternative is the invoking of a vast machinery of competition on the chance of a victorious design turning up. This method is wasteful of time, temper, and life. It "encourages" artists with a vengeance in its first stages, disappoints and embitters them afterwards; for it is apt to revert in the end to the first method, that of safe mediocrity. The competitions for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament in the late reign were a signal instance of this; a long story of suspense, timidity, waste of time, money, careers, and general futility in the upshot. The idea at the bottom of that competition that it is possible to summon a monumental art into existence at a stroke out of the vague, is a fallacy. Decorative painting calls for a development of habit and practice on smaller fields; for the emulation of artists who have tried their hand successively before a vast scheme can be hopefully tackled.

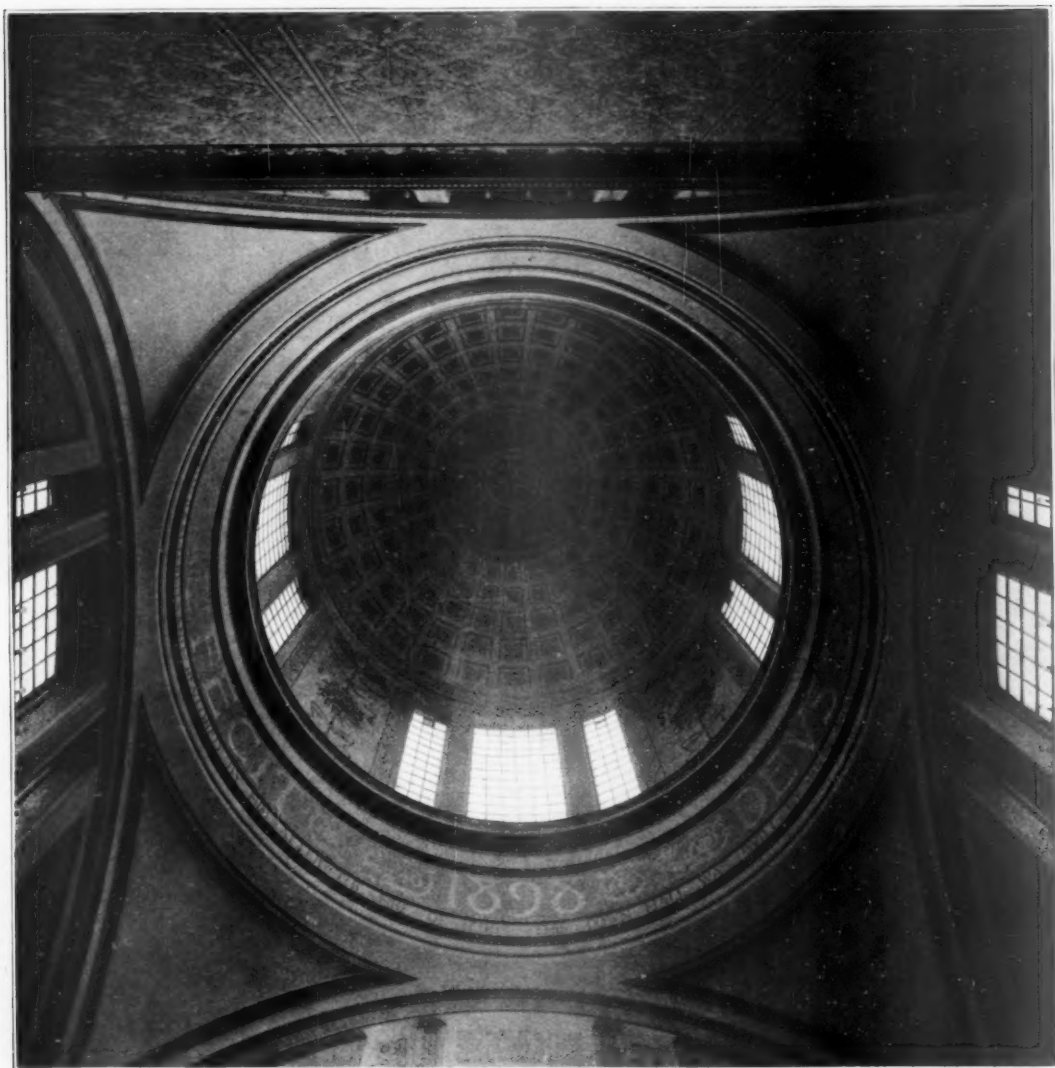
This being so, there is more hope in municipal than in national action if a monumental art is to be nursed. The smaller unit can act with a less killing sense of responsibility, a braver personal choice of the man. It is a hopeful sign of the times that Liverpool and Glasgow have recently given commissions for public work in this way without the desperate processes of committee-competition and academical big-wiggery called in to adjudicate.

The second, the theoretical point raised by these designs, is the question of light and shade in decorative painting. A kind of sleepy orthodoxy has ruled of late years in talk about decoration, an orthodoxy very imperfectly supported by the example of past times. It has been laid down that decoration of wall surfaces admits only of outline and flat tint, that relief by modelling and light and shade must be sacrificed, and with them the natural expression in painting of vigour and a whole range of the other emotion. The decorators contemporary with the development of these elements in painting had no such scruple. The advocates of this purism, moreover, do not allow enough for the nimbleness of the mind, which can accept a picture space as ideally broken and extended inwards without being troubled for the integrity of the space as a wall. The flattest figure ideally makes a hole, the most deeply modelled picture-surface still, as a pattern, refers itself to a continuous surface. Moreover, the purist's contention, logically carried out, would abolish all decoration of the wall; for the forms of flat painting contradict the jointed construction of masonry as much as light and shade does its flat surface. The flat shadowless convention is only one out of the resources that painting offers for decoration.

We will take leave to quote Mr. Furse's own words on this point.

"All through I have borne in mind the fact that the building is bright in light and gay in decoration, for there is a quantity of colour and gilt in the architect's scheme. Also the architectural space into which the work fits is enclosed by a heavy moulding. I have therefore gone for great masses of light and shade relieved against one another, the only bright local colour being the blue of the workmen's coats and trousers. I have intentionally avoided the whole business of 'flat decoration' by making the things part of the walls, as one is told is so important. On the contrary, I have treated them as pictures and have tried to make holes in the wall—that is as far as relief of strong light and shade goes; in the figures I have struggled to keep a certain quality of bas-relief, that is, I have avoided distant groups and have woven my compositions as lightly as I can in the very foreground of the pictures, as without this I felt they would lose their weight and dignity, which does seem to me the essential business in a mural decoration, and which makes Puvis de Chavannes a great decorator far more than his flat mimicry of fresco does.

"Everywhere I have tried to emphasise the big quality by making two or three figures give one silhouette, and by repeating action with slight modifications. Tintoretto in S. Rocco is my idea



INTERIOR OF THE DOME, LIVERPOOL TOWN HALL, SHOWING THE
FOUR PENDENTIVES IN WHICH MR. C. W. FURSE'S PAINTINGS WILL BE PLACED.

of the big way to decorate a building, great clustered groups sculptured in light and shade, filling with amazing ingenuity of design the architectural spaces at his disposal. A far richer and more satisfying result to me than the flat and unprofitable stuff which of late years has been called 'decoration.' I don't mean to say that there is only one sort of stuff, or that I am uninterested in Puvis, though I admit to being no enthusiast. I do see great qualities in his work, but do not count among them that particular *Côté extérieure* which enables the casual sightseer to detect his Puvis without a catalogue. Above all, I thoroughly disbelieve in the cant of mural decorations preserving the flatness of a wall. I see no merit in it

whatever. Let them be massive as sculpture, but let every quality of value and colour lend them depth and vitality, and I am sure the hall or room will be the richer and nobler as a result."

Mr. Furse has taken his subjects from dock labour at Liverpool, getting in that way a chance of painting vigorous semi-nude forms. The general effect of the photographs is too dark for the originals. Thus in the corn warehouse subject the effect is of masses of golden grain, silvery and ruddy flesh colour, and the blue of the men's clothes.

The decoration of the dome-space and adjoining parts of the building is the work of Professor Simpson.



"IN A CORN WAREHOUSE."
DECORATION FOR LIVERPOOL
TOWN HALL. BY C. W. FURSE.



"UNLOADING A SHIP." DECORATION
FOR LIVERPOOL TOWN HALL.
BY C. W. FURSE.



"DOCKMAKING." DECORATION
FOR LIVERPOOL TOWN HALL.
BY C. W. FURSE.

AVALLON AND VÉZELAY. BY S. N. VANSITTART.

AVALLON is a convenient centre for the study of a region of central France rich in architectural monuments, and also extremely picturesque. Hence can be visited the stately château of the ancient family of Chastellux, washed by the River Cure; Arcy, with caves of man and mammoth and fantastic stalactite grottoes nearly 3,000 feet in length; pretty Mont Réal, with church and vine-decked cottages of the fifteenth century; Pontaubert, once tenanted by the Knights of St. John; Pierre Perthuis, with mimic cañon-like escarpment and natural arch; and, further afield, St. Père, at the foot of that landmark of the district, the wall-surrounded hamlet of Vézelay. At Vézelay, seven centuries and a half ago, St. Bernard moved his enthusiastic listeners to "take the cross" to the cry of "Dieu le veut!" Here, in 1166, Thomas à Becket, seeking refuge from the ire of Henry II., pronounced sentence of excommunication against his enemies; and here, a quarter of a century later, Richard Cœur de Lion, meeting Philippe-Auguste, received the pilgrim's staff before starting on the third Crusade.

In this part of France the architectural carving is of the massive, boldly-executed kind known as Burgundian. This independent school was originated, apparently in the early twelfth century, by the monks of Cluny, whose artists, emancipating themselves from the stiffer romanesque forms, sought field and forest for the flora of their chisellings, and thus, Nature-inspired rather than merely Nature-copying, produced work of unusual beauty, characterised by fulness of relief, force of contour, and masterly touch, surpassed at no subsequent period.

A rich specimen of this local style is the doorway of St. Lazare, formerly Notre Dame de St. Lazare, at Avallon, built during the first half of the twelfth century; now sadly impaired by religious bigots of the sixteenth and by unbelievers of the eighteenth centuries.

Zigzags, scrolls, palmettes, masks, marguerites, of cunning light and shade effect, fruit-clustered *ajournées* vines; the signs of the zodiac, with the corresponding labours of the year—all proclaim the original wealth of these grandly-conceived porches, of which the third fell to pieces, together with the romanesque tower, during a hurricane in 1633, both porch and tower having been calcined, "brulées et la plupart en cendres," says the chronicler, in 1589.

On the summit of the uninteresting tower, raised in 1644, is preserved the solitary survivor of

the thirteen tall *statues colonnes*, which, standing on fretted and chevronned bases, lent solemnity and devotion to the elaborately decorated entrances. Pillars, undulated, twisted, and fluted, one intricately knotted and rope wormed, support the concentric archivolts; those of the smaller entrance are surrounded by a Greek border cut at that oblique angle so agreeable to the eye, drawn occasionally in perspective on floor mosaics of ancient Rome.

The east end of the plain interior being lower than the west, steps placed at intervals lead downwards, the architectural lines of the building following the same inclination.

Little more than seven miles from Avallon, close to the picturesque remains of a gateway of three pointed arches, is the twelfth-century church of *Mons Regius*, built on his return from the second Crusade by William Anseric, third of a line of feudal barons, which, after flourishing for two centuries, ended in a scapegrace, imprisoned on his own demesne of Chatelgelard by order of King Louis IX. This graceful church is considered so perfect in its proportions as to merit classification among the *historical monuments* of France.

Conspicuous in the valley of the Cure is the spire-topped tower of slender shafts and airy canopies, whence angels, blowing oliphants and trumpets, summon to the worship of *Saint Père*, or God the Father, to whom the church is dedicated. Like the church of Montréal, a *historical* monument and good specimen of thirteenth century architecture, its porch is of the fourteenth, with trefoiled central arch and graceful strawberry-leaf capitals. A niche still retains the effigies of the benefactors, Gérard de Roussillon and his wife Bertha, daughter of Pepin, of Aquitaine. The large cauldron-like holy water stoups are of the sixteenth century. Though much of the lower part is hopelessly mutilated, of the group of the Redeemer and Saints crowning the summit, Viollet-le-Duc observes, "l'iconographie de ces figures est complète et n'a subi aucune mutilation grave."

Now let us ascend Vézelay, the *pointed hill*, for such is the meaning of the Celtic words *vezellac* and *awch*, whence derives the not unmusical name. After the destruction by Norman invaders of the nunnery of Benedictines which stood at the base of the hill, Gérard de Roussillon, in 876, founded a new monastery within the walls of Vézelay for monks of the Order, conformably to the ecclesiastical prescription that within the precincts of a *place forte* only communities of men should reside.

Placed exclusively under papal jurisdiction, little is heard of the abbey, upon whose inmates St. Hughes imposed the strict rule of the house of



AVALLON. THE SMALLER DOORWAY OF THE CHURCH OF ST. LAZARE.

TWISTED, FLUTED, AND ROPE-WORMED COLUMNS; PALMETTES,
MARGUERITE, VINE, GREEK BORDER, ETC.

Cluny till the eleventh century, when the translation hither of the remains of Mary Magdalen from Aix in Provence raised it to distinction among places of *minor* pilgrimage—though, according to an old tradition, the relic was brought to Vézelay during the lifetime of the founder. At all events, owing its prosperity to the monks, Vézelay, from a mere shrine of devotion, became a mart for the holding of fairs, a centre of trade, and a resort of ecclesiastics and laymen for the settling of differences and the drawing up of contracts. In a word, it became one of the most frequented and well-known townships of France, easy to reach by highways comparatively excellent following the track of those of Imperial Rome.

Of the west front of the Madeleine, deprived of its towers by the Huguenots, and by lightning of the spire they had spared, the most remarkable feature is the large gable of five bays, whose mullions are crowned with statues of the Bourguignon School. The Last Judgment and the other reliefs are modern restorations. The interior is monumental and impressive. Springing from piers faced by half columns, ten round arched bays of alternate blocks of black and white support the plain cross-ribbed vaulting of the nave, built, together with the aisles, between 1110 and 1130, these being the earliest portions of the edifice. The arches of the aisles are sustained in like manner, the pilasters having columns on each of their sides. The proportion of capital, including abacus, to shaft in these columns is 1:4, giving a pleasing sense of strength. Ornament, outside of these capitals, is limited to a denticulated and flowery frieze meandering over cornice and archivolt and beneath the windows of the nave.

The choir, perfect example of the admirable architecture at the time prevailing in Central and Eastern France, was erected in all probability by Abbot Girard during the twenty-seven years of tranquillity enjoyed after 1190, when the meeting between Philippe-Auguste and Richard Cœur-de-Lyon brought new lustre and profit to the abbey, the original choir having been burnt in 1165 by the Count of Nevers, during one of his chronic quarrels with the monks. Eight monoliths, upwards of 18 feet in height, whose broad bases rest on a raised stone hemicycle of happy effect, sustain airy pointed arches and vaulted ceiling 78 feet from the ground. For some unknown reason, possibly difficulty of quarrying or of transport, the places of two of these large columns, intended to be ten, are filled, not unpicturesquely, by more slender pillars. The capitals are remarkable for vigour of execution and sharpness of chiselling. Characteristic of early Gothic are the tall lancet windows divided by pillars, and the

triforium of twin pointed arches contained within a semicircular arch.

Nine chapels, of which four are square and the remainder circular, embellished by numerous slender shafts of varying height with foliated and crocketed capitals, form an apse beyond the aisles, which continued behind the choir adds considerably to the breadth and beauty of the building. On the keystone of the vault of the Lady Chapel is a finely sculptured aquarius. Round arched and pointed style here blend harmoniously and easily, the dominating romanesque—or more correctly speaking, its Cluny variety—imparting to the whole a grandiose solemnity such as befits the severe rule of the Order of St. Benedict.

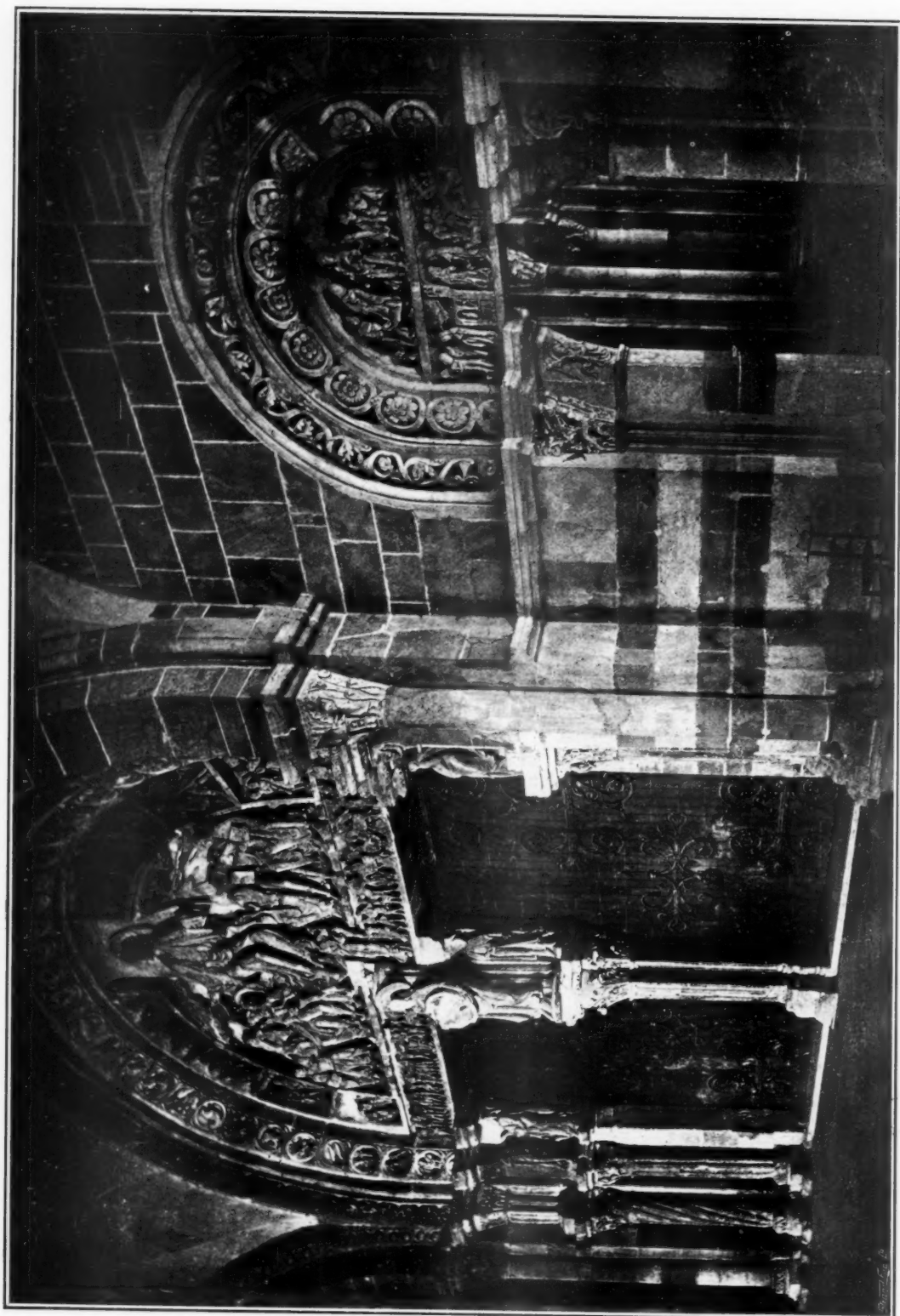
Soon after the completion of the nave, a narthex of great structural beauty was added, as usual with abbey churches of the Order of Cluny and Cîteaux. Divided by piers into three parts corresponding to nave and aisles, it is encircled by a deep triforium reached by a handsome broad staircase. This narthex, which had an altar for the celebration of mass, was a convenient place of assembly for pilgrims, who could be easily addressed from the gallery and instructed to fall into processional order before entering the church. Solemn grandeur is the effect of the powerfully chiselled ornamentation of the three portals, belonging to the most original period probably of French decorative art. Under cover as they are, they would have come down to us in their pristine beauty but for Huguenot iconoclasm and Republican “belief in the existence of a Supreme Being,” inscribed in 1793 after further mutilation of the figures.

On the pediment of the central door, “before which all other romanesque porches pale,” a majestic Christ of colossal proportions clad in pleated *peplum* sits enthroned in the midst of the Apostles, over whose heads he stretches his ray-emitting hands, all, with the exception of St. Peter, who has two keys, hold open or closed books. On either side are the apocalyptic river of living water and the tree of life.

The procession on the lintels of the main entrance, long a puzzle to antiquaries, has been interpreted by Viollet-le-Duc, who for twelve years was engaged in restoring the much dilapidated basilica, as the festival of the *Apport*, when tithes and dues, mostly in kind, were brought to the abbey. On one side are the elect, the bearers of the good things of earth; on the other the forgetful sinners depicted as slaves to evil passions—discord, anger, pride, calumny; they form groups of men-at-arms fighting, a family brawling, a little man mounting a horse by means of a ladder, and a cluster of huge-eared figures.



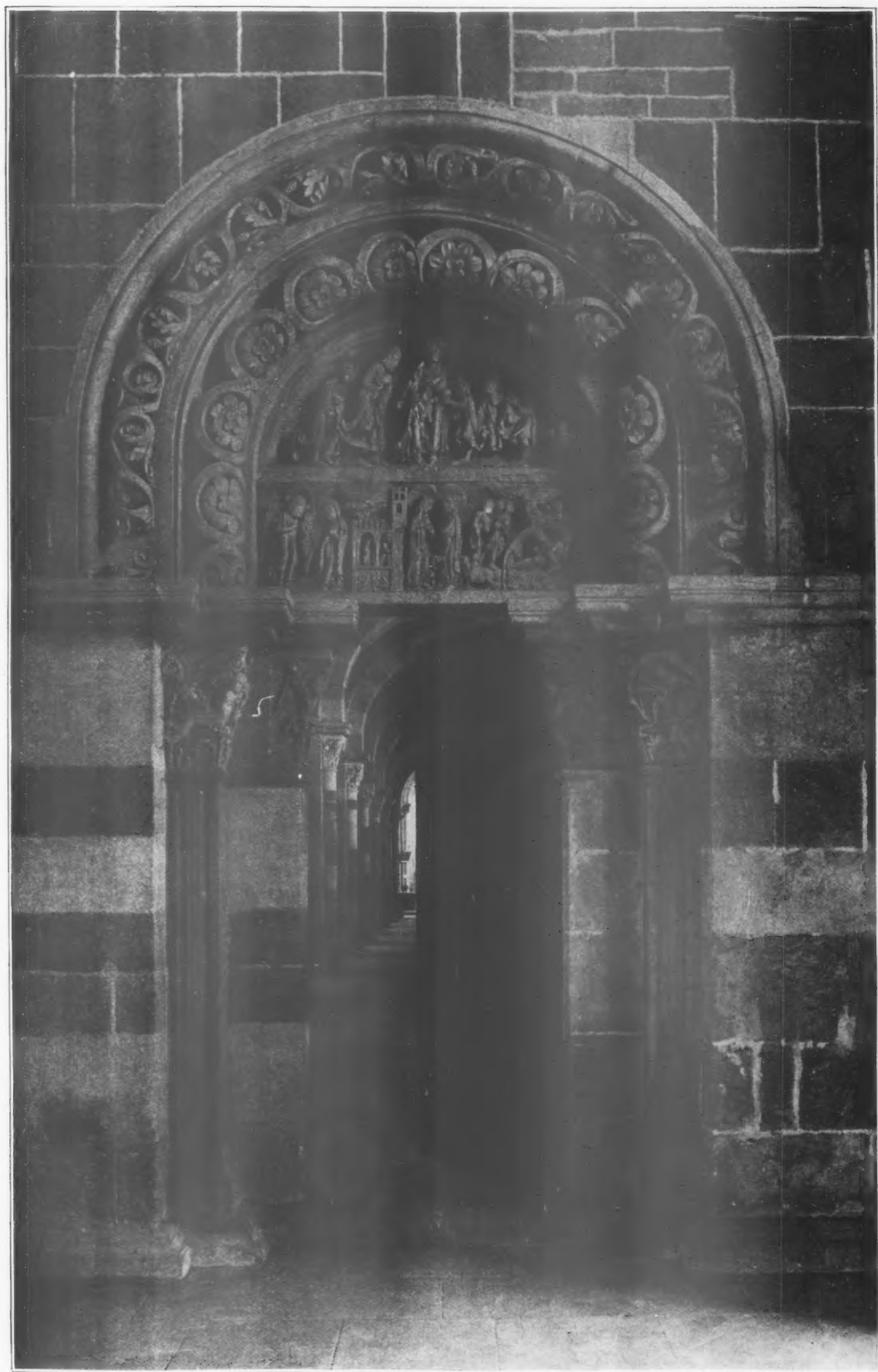
VÉZELAY. WEST FRONT OF THE MADELEINE.



VÉZELAY. WEST DOORWAY WITHIN NARTHEX.

CHRIST AND APOSTLES ON PEDIMENT OF CENTRAL DOOR;
COFFERS, WITH FIGURES OF THE NATIONS OF THE WORLD;
SIGNS OF ZODIAC AND LABOURS OF THE YEAR;
FIGURE OF JOHN THE BAPTIST ON THE JAMB.

SIDE DOOR:
THE ANNUNCIATION;
THE NATIVITY;
THE ADORATION OF THE KINGS.



VÉZELAY. DETAIL OF RIGHT-HAND DOOR IN NARTHEX.

SHOWING CARVINGS—THE ANNUNCIATION; THE NATIVITY; THE ADORATION OF THE KINGS; AND DEEP CUT SALIENT ORNAMENTATION OF THE ARCH.



VÉZELAY. INTERIOR OF THE MADELEINE.



VÉZELAY. CAPITAL: DEMON ON A GRIFFIN.

The reliefs of this doorway were set off by parallel black lines on a white ground.

The extraordinary figures of the coffers are supposed to be outlying nations of the world as the ideas of the time fabled them, in shapes uncouth and bestial. Outside of these are thirty medallions of the labours of the year and the signs of the Zodiac.

According to Henry Havard, "la superposition de deux idéals contradictoires est l'intérêt qui prime tous les autres dans cet admirable ensemble de sculptures." The archaic hieratic figures of the pediment belong to a traditional art which is passing away, while in the purely human scenes taken from life—some figures are clothed in the dress of the day—a new untrammelled art reveals itself, faulty in some respects, such as misplaced ears and squatness of figure; for small heads and long bodies are peculiar to old established art.

In the crypt with its floor hewn out of the rock, the cone-shaped capitals of four columns still retain their original colouring.

The internal dimensions of the building are 392 feet in length by 75 feet in width and 78 feet the greatest height. Two varieties of stone are employed: an oolitic limestone from quarries nineteen miles distant, and a white compact coral rag, excellent for carving.



VÉZELAY. CAPITAL: ST. MARTIN OF TOURS CONVERTS PAGANS BY PREVENTING, WITH THE SIGN OF THE CROSS, THE TREE (IN PROCESS OF BEING FELLED) FROM FALLING ON HIM AS THEY EXPECTED IT WOULD.



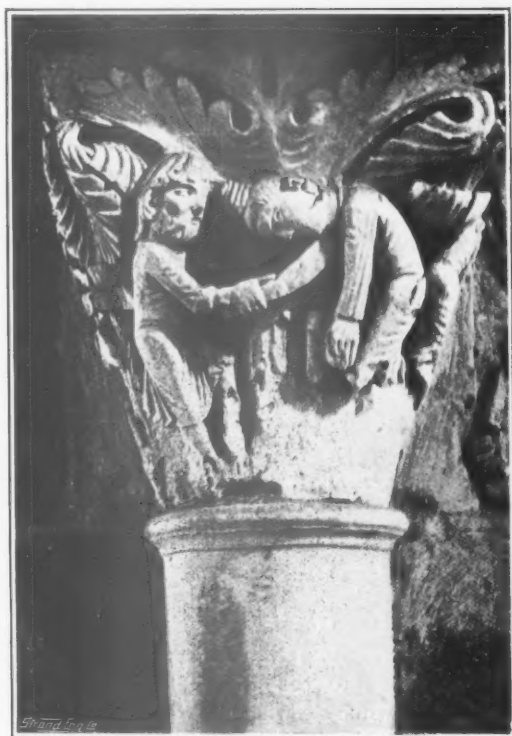
VEZELAY. CAPITAL: THE DEVIL TEMPTING ST. ANTHONY BY INTRODUCING ANOTHER DEVIL IN THE FORM OF A WOMAN.

The storied capitals,* more noteworthy than any of the same period, constitute "a rich study to which one is ever ready to revert." The rude execution of many of the figures is compatible with force of grouping and captivating expression. Placed in position regardless of order, as they came from the hands of the craftsmen, these cubiform blocks with richly-ornamented projecting abaci display an infinite variety of subjects from Biblical history, incidents in the lives of anchorites and saints, deadly sins, and tortured sinners. A few, older by about 200 years than their fellows, are remnants of an earlier building. There are delightful composite beasts from the fantastic *bestiaries* of the day, so logically constructed as to appear copied from life, and the Devil in a variety of forms, each of which has an appropriate meaning. As suggestive of evil-doing he is a dragon, a serpent, or a basilisc. As intermeddler in the affairs of men, his shape, though human, is hideous and grotesque. This speaking imagery found little favour with the preacher of the second Crusade, who, writing in 1125 to William, abbot of St. Thierry, thus expresses himself: "Of what use such deformity, or such deformed beauty; what meaning have

* Some are facsimiles of which the originals are preserved in the gallery of the narthex.



SAMUEL ORDERING THE EXECUTION OF AGAG.



JEPHTHAH SACRIFICING HIS DAUGHTER.



ST. PAUL DRAWING FROM A MILL THE "FINE FLOUR" OF THE BIBLE FOR HIS EPISTLES.



MOSES BREAKING THE TABLES OF THE LAW, AND DEVIL ESCAPING FROM THE GOLDEN CALF.

CAPITALS AT VÉZELAY.

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these unclean monkeys, these furious lions, these monstrous centaurs, these combating warriors, these serpent-tailed quadrupeds?"

That gem of art, the chapter hall, part of which was constructed after the days of St. Bernard, besides carving "recalling the Greco-Syrian remains of Hauran," has foliated ornamentation whose leaves of simple plants such as columbine and St. John's wort are beautifully rendered.

The great abbey after nine centuries existence full of dramatic interest, one Sunday morning of the year 1790 saw its doors closed by order of the *Directoire*, and its last abbot escaped the guillotine only by dying before his trial. In the presence of "a brute named Maure the hammer of the vandal fell upon the building," razing to earth the monastery which in its days of prosperity had counted as many as 800 inmates, while the town of Vézelay possessed 10,000 inhabitants as compared to the scant 1,000 of to-day. Thus was ended the career "of supine idleness and profound ignorance" of a religious community, which, besides promoting material prosperity, had cultivated art even to the evolution of a school. This school, while showing its Byzantine origin, possessed from the first characteristics of its own, "as a seedling may produce a plant of novel

aspect, better developed, and more beautiful than the parent stem." Of that art in its perfection, Vézelay remains the solitary example, since the earlier sister of Cluny has been ruthlessly destroyed.

THE HARDWICK HALL TAPESTRY AT THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM. BY S. ARTHUR STRONG.

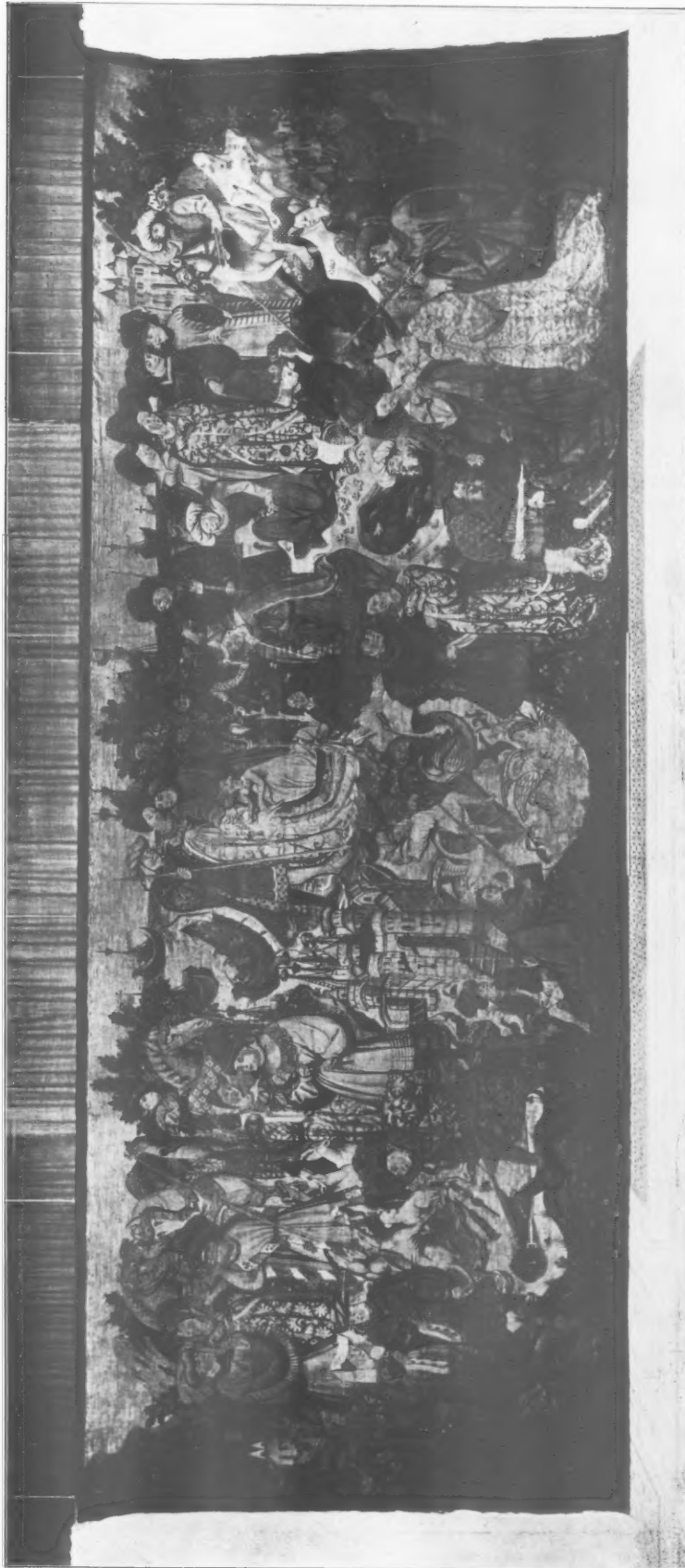
AMONG the stately homes of England Hardwick Hall stands out as something unique. There are other houses, Hatfield for example, as interesting historically; others again like Knole as interesting architecturally, but there is scarcely another place in England where a great tradition can still be read in so genuine and imposing a framework. At Alnwick a restored feudal castle enshrines a modern Italian palace. At Wilton there is enough of Wyatt to put even Inigo Jones and Holbein out of countenance and out of joint; but Hardwick, owing to the good fortune of its having been almost deserted of late years, is practically untouched. We still see it much as the great Countess left it, gaunt and stern, and perhaps more convincing than comfortable. The two great features of Hardwick are externally the gigantic windows which impart such an air of lightness to the towers and facade, and internally the tapestry which covers the walls of every room from top to bottom. The Countess was herself an expert needlewoman, and the house boasts numerous relics of her industry in the shape of embroidery and panels allegorical and scriptural. Unlike the emancipated woman of a later time who begins by forgetting what her grandmother knew, she ran with the hare and hunted with the hounds. She faced with manlike grip and vision the risks of public life at a time when the charge of a pretender like Mary and an heiress like Arbella was no sinecure; but she minded her needle and her account books all the same.

The most showy, if not the most precious, of the Hardwick tapestry has long been familiar to all visitors to the House, for example the set in the Hall designed by Rubens, the Mortlake series made for the family or the Wanderings of Ulysses in the presence-chamber. But some months ago it was discovered that attached to the wall behind the pictures in the long gallery there were strips of a much earlier time sewn together apparently at haphazard and making no connected or intelligible story. These were taken down by order of the Duke and sent to South Kensington, where under the direction of the skilled and zealous officials of the Board of Education they have been sorted and put together. It appears that the

* Hume's sweeping and false assertion regarding monks in general.



VÉZELAY. CAPITAL: EAGLE MOUNTED ON A DOG, SEIZING A CHILD.



THE HARDWICK HALL TAPESTRY IN THE
SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

fragments make up into a homogeneous set of four hangings, of which the first now restored in its entirety is here reproduced.*

The subject is a hunting scene. On the right a bare-footed Oriental riding a camel emerges from behind a rock. He carries the *jarid*, or long dart—Byron's "flung on high jerried"—still used in the East. This, as well as the accurate details of costume, seems to show that the artist must have had some genuine Eastern miniature before him. Lower down a bear is being assailed on all sides *vi et armis*. The women, one of whom has provided herself with a lapful of large stones, seem no less forward and eager than the men. In the centre of the composition some boys are robbing a heron's nest, or teasing the swans on a lake. The left is taken up by an otter-hunt. The animal is being hoisted up out of the water on a trident, while the horn sounds *morte*. In the distance we have a broken coast-line and the sea. A boat, with what looks like a person of quality seated under a canopy in the stern, rows out to a ship lying at anchor, while from the masthead of another ship there floats the cross of S. George. The scene is crowded with groups of richly dressed gallants and their dames, who stroll about looking gravely on at the hurry and heat of the chase.

The costume points to the latter end of the fifteenth century as the probable date of this imposing piece; but the question of its origin reminds us that so far we have no sure sense even of what we have a right to expect on English ground. Such work is usually called Flemish; but the type of the Flemish craftsmen was grave and ascetic, and they were more at home in the clouds of allegory than on *terra firma*. The bear has been appealed to, as a sign that the tapestry must have been worked out of England, probably in France; but this argument, if it proves anything, proves too much, for camels are no more found in France than bears in England, and if a camel can get into the composition by pictorial licence, a bear might get in on the same terms. The subject is far too difficult and obscure for the random experiments of Italian picture-fancying; but one may go so far as to point out that there is something in the open-air vigour and zest of the scene that breathes the insular spirit of English miniatures. Meanwhile, until the true history of the artistic commerce between England and her nearest neighbours shall have disclosed itself to scholars, we must be content simply to enjoy that which, either way, Flemish or English, is one of the most notable relics of the kind in England.

* The dimensions are 35 feet by 17.

THE ARCHITECT'S USE OF ENAMELLED TILES.—I. THEIR QUALITIES AND TECHNIQUE.

[From a paper read by Mr. Halsey Ricardo before the Society of Arts.]

THE architect uses enamelled tiles either on hygienic grounds, for the purpose of reflecting light, or for decoration. These uses shade off into each other, and sometimes all three objects are attained simultaneously in one scheme of tile-work. Thus the staircase hall in Lord Leighton's house presents a wall whose surface can be thoroughly and easily cleaned; whose glaze checks the diffusion of air, dirt, and moisture; retains its light and colour even in the darkest corners; and by its pattern and hues constitutes a beautiful scheme of decoration. More often a combination of two requisitions only is secured, as in the case where tiles are used to line underground passages, railways, lavatories, dark rooms, and courtyards. In a dairy, to take another example, the decorative as well as the hygienic aspects of the case are sometimes considered. For the present I shall pass by the builders' and plumbers' use of the material, and shall consider the employment of enamelled tiles mainly as a mode of decoration. Incidentally for this form of decoration I shall claim the collateral advantages it affords both as regards the economy of light, and the wholesomeness of the practice of covering one's walls with an impervious glaze; but the decorative treatment is what I shall most concern myself with, considering its use and the limits of its use, and what should be the architect's attitude in regard to this method of enrichment. In referring to the examples of tile work in the past, I shall allow myself some latitude in my definition of an enamelled tile, for I shall want to cite the Assyrians' use of glazed bricks, the Persians' treatment of glazed terra-cotta, and the Della Robbias' of glazed earthenware; but the differences which are so apparent are not essential, as they arise from the nature of the material. A glazed brick is only a thicker tile, and a glazed plaque but a wider one. An enamelled tile, then, is a slice of terra-cotta with its face glazed, with white or colouring matter put on it or in the glaze. As a rule, the terra-cotta foundation has a distinct colour of its own, which shows through and modifies the effect of a transparent stained glass poured over it. To obviate this—when the simple result is undesired—there are two methods generally practised: one, to render the glaze partially or entirely opaque, by the admixture of oxide of tin; the other is to mask the surface of the terra-cotta with a film of

white ware or porcelain (technically known as slip) and on this to flow the glass. The difference, in effect, of these two methods is very striking, comparable, in terms of water-colour painting, to the use on the one hand of transparent tints, on the other of body colour. In the first instance, the brilliancy of the hues and the subtlety of the gradations depend upon the whiteness of your paper; that is your highest light, and every tint you lay on it causes so much diminution of brilliancy. So with the slip-faced tile, the white porcelain face is your highest light, and the more brilliantly white it is, the more brilliant show the colours of your stained glass upon it; it is the light reflected from the ground behind the glass that brings out the glory and the splendour of the dyes. So it is, precisely, with transparent enamel-work on metal: the more brilliant the ground, the richer and more beautiful the enamel.

With painting in body colours, the nature and colour of the ground is less important—brown paper will do; the brilliancy of the finished effect depends more upon the purity of your white paint. So with opaque enamels, whether upon metal or terra-cotta, the brilliancy must be in the glass itself, the ground contributes nothing to the effect. The glass face to the tile is one of the difficulties in tile manufacture. It has to be melted on the tile, brought to a viscid state like treacle, and by rights the glass and the terra-cotta should contract equally on cooling. But they do not; and the addition of a white ware slip complicates matters. Consequently cracks, generally minute, but sometimes serious, occur in the glaze—known in the trade as “crazing”—and may be classed under two heads, those that occurring in the thickness of the film still do not actually split it, and those that really divide the glaze, and in consequence expose the body of the tile to the elements. In many cases the “crazing”—where the cracks do not come through the glaze—adds a quality and charm to the tile. The walls of the fissures on either side slope at an angle, and catch and reflect the light, giving a lustre and a sparkle to the tile. But where the “crazing” is thorough, it is an evil, for it renders the tile unfit for use if exposed to the weather, and even for internal use the beauty of the tile is gradually dimmed, because the cracks in time get filled up with a fine siltage of dirt, and the effect is that of a black cobweb sullyng the surface.

The question of using tiles externally is made very difficult by the doubtful behaviour of the tiles themselves. It is common to see great patches on walls, where tiles have been and have dropped off—to find them cracked and discoloured. The Underground Railway here is painfully rich in examples of their failure, and I note that the linings

in the Twopenny Tube are beginning to discolour. Wet, followed by a frost, with an imperfect key for fastening at the back of the tile, accounts for the downfall in most cases, whilst the impure atmosphere of London endeavours to discolour everything that it cannot corrode. In Mr. William De Morgan's opinion, tiles made on the “dry” system—*i.e.*, of clay ground dry and shaped by hydraulic pressure—are unable to withstand the action of frost when damp. The particles are in such a juxtaposition that the tile is soon saturated with moisture, and when this crystallises there is no room for the expansion of the water, and consequently the ice breaks up the tile. By the “wet” system, when the clay dust is mixed with water, and pugged and variously handled before it is dry enough to go into the oven, the disposition of the particles of clay allows for some expansion of the moisture that has soaked in, and enables the ice to be formed without doing damage to the tile or its cement backing. Fixing is often imperfectly done, and, unless the fixing is perfect—that is to say, absolutely solid over the whole area of the back of the tile—its detachment is only a matter of time. Tiles made by the “dry” process keep very true in shape throughout all the steps of their preparation, which is by no means the case with those made by the “wet” process. This accuracy makes their fixing much easier, and when a wall is being tile-plated with a view to protection from the weather, or reflecting the maximum of light, a close joint is a desideratum. Too much stress, however, I think, is generally laid upon this fine joint and even surface, and the tile-work is apt to look mechanical in consequence. We lose much of the inherent qualities of our materials in our attempt to secure an excellence that really does no justice to them, and whose chief merit is to save labour and promote convenience. Now, as regards the necessities of our lives, these be great and real excellencies. To be able to build a wall rapidly and well with bricks that can be equably and truly laid, set in mortar mixed, and mixed most efficiently, in a mortar mill, is a true convenience, and all thought to that end is thought worthily expended. But when we come to the luxuries it is another matter. If you cannot afford to have them done well, why have them at all? It is their excellence that is the justification of expenditure, and these not quite first-class luxuries defeat their own end. They are not luxuries unless they amuse and interest us, and how can the blind fingering of a machine tell us of anything beyond its inhuman perfection? Compare a slab of marble, hand-polished, with one that has been polished by machinery. In the first instance the surface is

full of life and movement; the light falls on its tiny depressions and irregularities, awakening wayward reflections, strengthening and palliating its colours, developing its lustres and translucencies, so that it becomes rich in story as well as in hue. In the other there is the dead level of polished surface, unassailably perfect, but, comparatively speaking, uninteresting. The life and vivacity of the marble are gone; it is merely a polished record, with the pleasant part of its individuality rubbed away into a wearisome uniformity. So it is with the machine-made wood panelling with which we decorate our rooms and halls. From lack of any other special qualities, its mechanical excellence becomes an offence, and we hang pictures on it, and back furniture up against it, to mitigate and interrupt its exasperating uniformity. So with mosaic work. To keep the tesserae equal and to set them all to one level face, is to renounce the great quality of life in one's work, and to throw away much that constitutes the charm of the material. With tile-work the same holds good. A great sheet of exact shaped tiles, with dead true faces, irreproachably fixed on a dead straight wall (such as one sees at the Wallace Gallery, Hertford House), is sad misprision of the qualities of the material. The want of thought in the arrangement, the presence of mechanism both in the design and the facture (I can hardly use the word *manufacture*, for the hands only guide, they do not make), render the result a bore, and oppressive from the consciousness that it must have been expensive. That all tiles should be made by the wet process and all be hand-painted, is asking, in these days of economical production, more than the circumstances demand, but we might narrow our requirements down to these few particulars, and refuse to allow ourselves to be tempted to enlarge them: that all tiles should have a sufficient key for fixing; that they should be coated with a glaze that protects them from injury by dirt, acid, or attrition; that those which are to be used for external purposes should be able to withstand the weather; and that when a printed pattern has to be put on its face, that pattern should be of a very simple character, so that its mechanical repetition may be as little tiresome as possible. In firing a batch of tiles, there are generally some variations in the intensity of the colours, etc., and where the pattern is very simple these discrepancies become fairly marked, and when judiciously assorted help to alleviate the regularity of the printed design. There are various shifts that may be legitimately used to temper the exorbitancy of hand labour, such as stencils, printed outlines, and so forth, but the cloven hoof is apt to peep out from amongst them. And the larger the area of repetition the

more marked becomes the mechanical regularity of the design: a tile used in a single series down the side of a grate hardly betrays the method of its colouring, but a square yard of them blurts out the story beyond any possibility of suppression or disguise. Where cost is a consideration, and a large quantity of space is to be covered, use plain coloured tiles, and encourage such processes as exhibit the humours and behaviour of the kiln. The glory of a tile is its colour, the pattern is little more than a set of pegs on which to hang these colours.

(To be continued.)

CURRENT ARCHITECTURE.

BROCKLESBY PARK.—The east block of Brocklesby Park, the seat of the Earl of Yarborough, was destroyed by fire in 1898—and was rebuilt 1898-1901 by Mr. J. A. Hunt, of Hoddesdon, from the designs and under the superintendence of Mr. Reginald Blomfield, architect, of New Court, Temple. The plan of the interior was entirely rearranged in the rebuilding. In the views here given the plaster ceilings were executed by Messrs. G. Jackson, to the architect's designs. In the new vestibule or outer hall the columns are of green Cippolino with statuary marble caps and bases; the floor is of Cippolino and Piastraccia marble. New terraced gardens with water pieces are now being formed on the east and south sides of the house from the designs of the architect.

GIGGLESWICK SCHOOL CHAPEL: T. G. JACKSON, R.A., ARCHITECT.—The chapel is built in a romantic position on a projecting knoll of millstone grit that crowns a spur of the hills overhanging the school and village of Giggleswick.

The walls are fitted into the naked rock which comes to the surface, the inclined planes of the stratification forming fine lines in the configuration of the site.

It was a condition of the design suggested by the donor's experience of the East, especially in the exploration of Palestine, that it should include a dome.

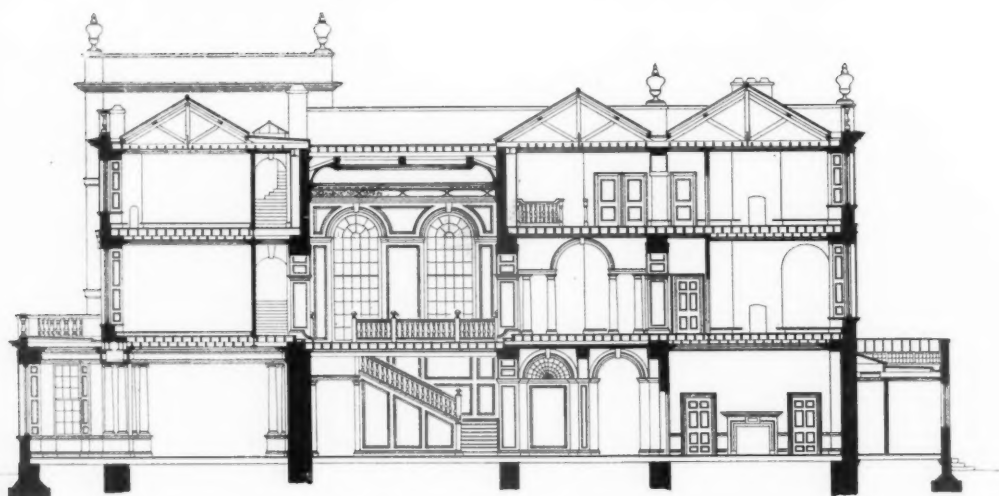
It was the wish of the donor that the building should be finished and furnished in every respect from the beginning, leaving no room for subsequent intrusion of possibly unsympathetic work; and the chapel affords an instance of a building in which every detail, not only of construction but of decoration and furniture, has been completed at once, and designed by the same hand or under the same direction.

The plan is that of a Latin cross with a dome over the intersection of the four arms. There are narrow aisles opening to the nave by an



BROCKLESBY PARK. THE PRINCIPAL STAIRCASE.
REGINALD BLOMFIELD, M.A., ARCHITECT.

Photo : E. Dochree.



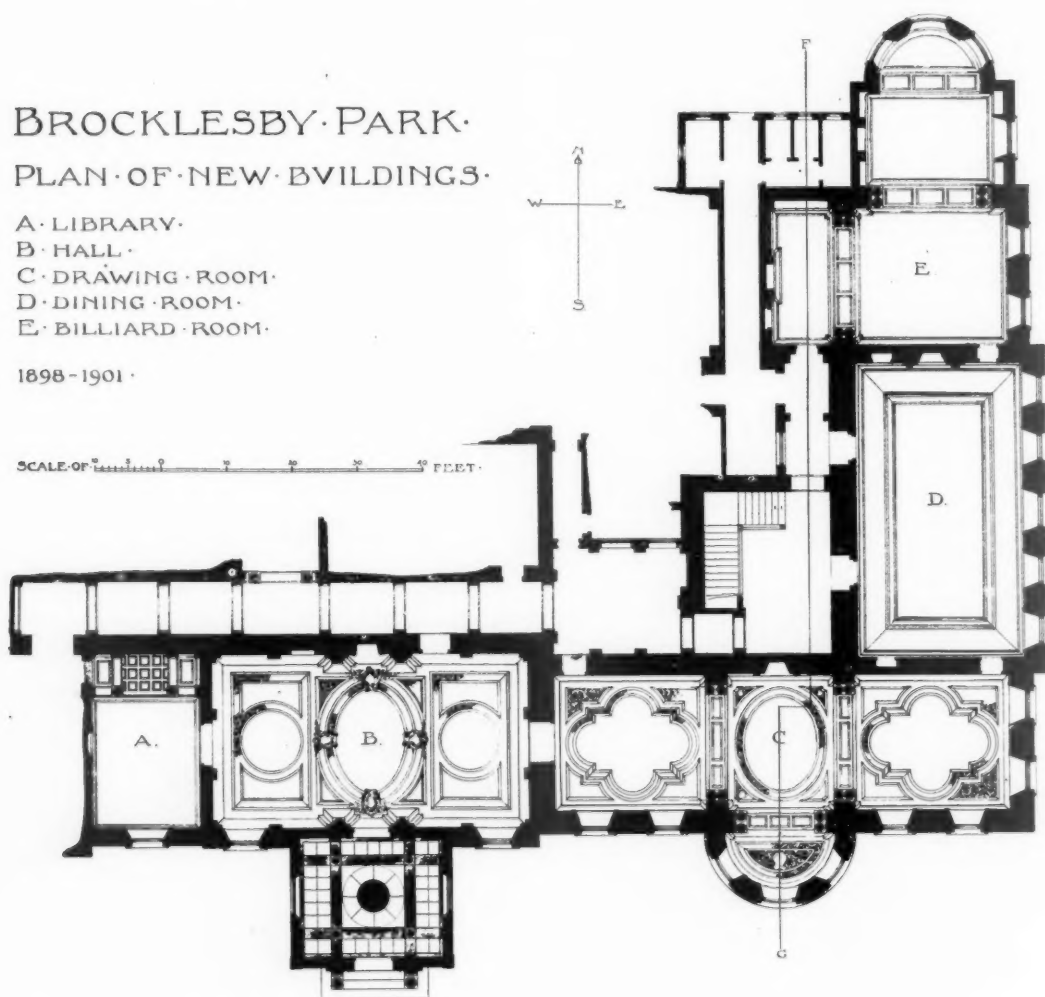
BROCKLESBY PARK. SECTION ON LINE F.G.

BROCKLESBY PARK. PLAN OF NEW BUILDINGS.

- A. LIBRARY.
- B. HALL.
- C. DRAWING ROOM.
- D. DINING ROOM.
- E. BILLIARD ROOM.

1898-1901.

SCALE OF FEET.



REGINALD BLOMFIELD, M.A., ARCHITECT.



BROCKLESBY PARK. THE VESTIBULE.
REGINALD BLOMFIELD, M.A., ARCHITECT.

Photo : E. Dockree



BROCKLESBY PARK. THE DRAWING ROOM.
REGINALD BLOMFIELD, M.A., ARCHITECT.

Photo: E. Dockree.



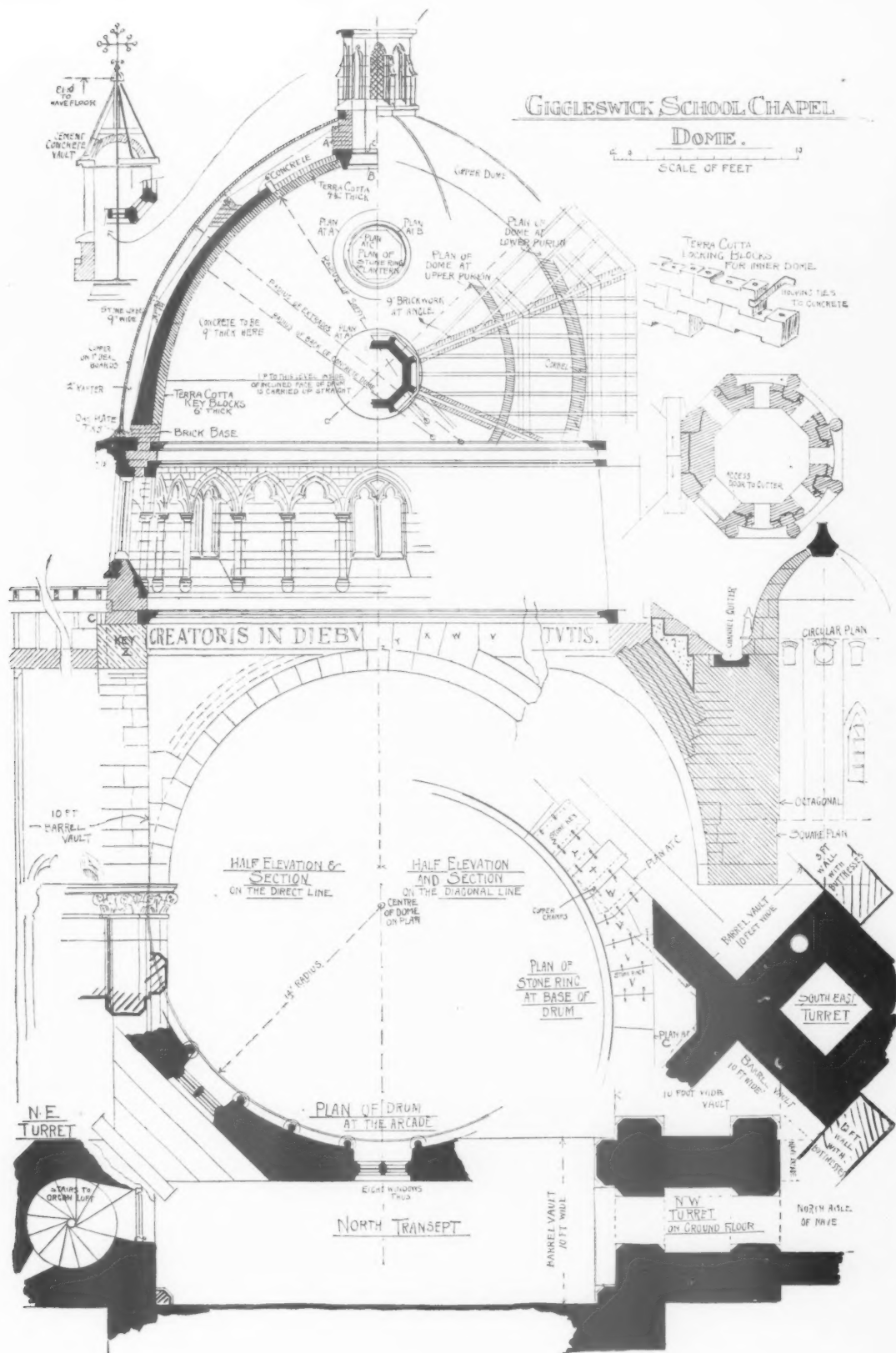
Photo : Elliott and Fry.

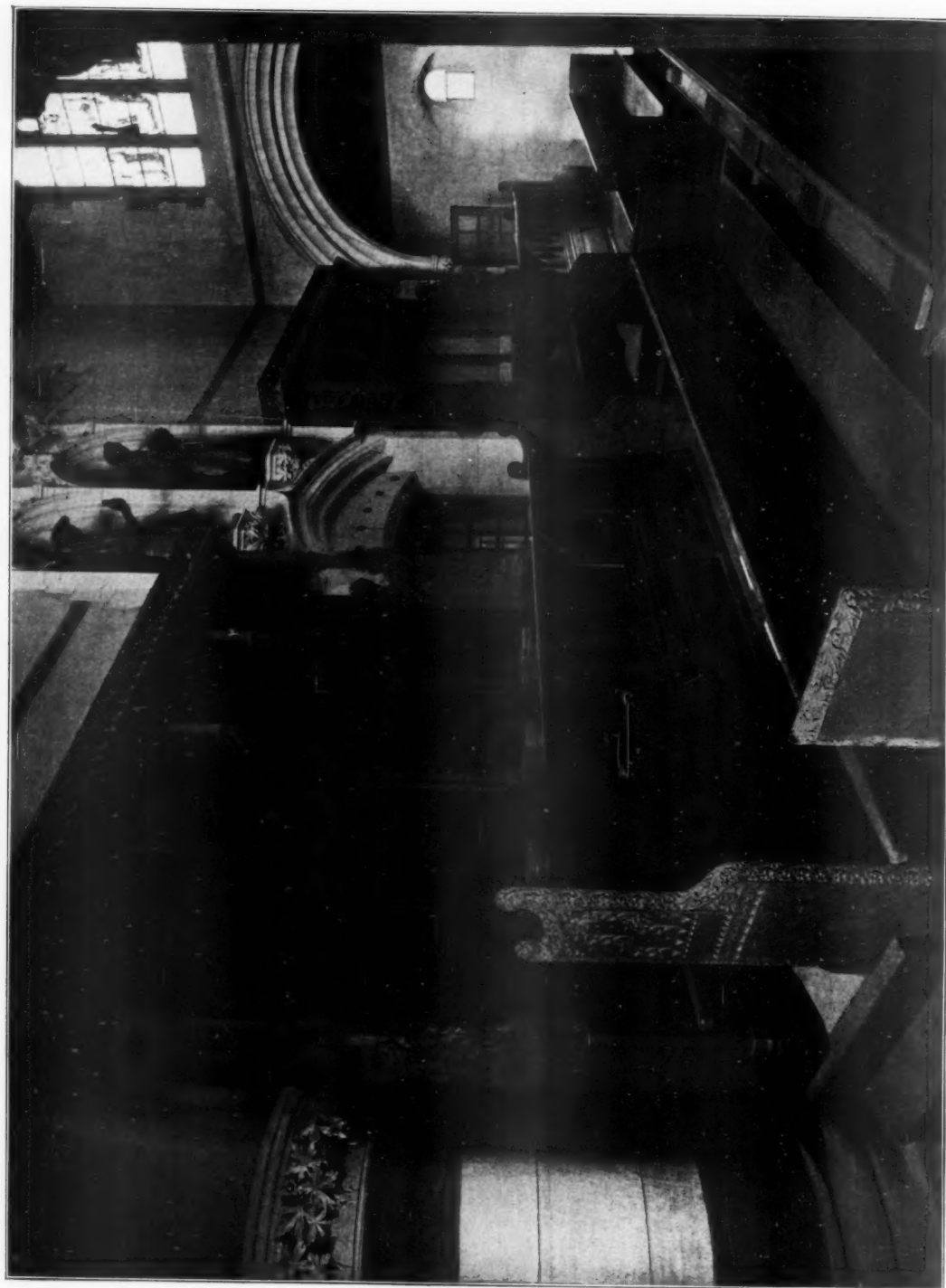
GIGGLESWICK SCHOOL CHAPEL FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.
T. G. JACKSON, R.A., ARCHITECT.



GIGGLESWICK SCHOOL CHAPEL. THE NAVE LOOKING EAST. T. G. JACKSON, R.A., ARCHITECT.

Photo: A. Horner.





GIGGLESWICK SCHOOL CHAPEL. THE WEST END OF THE NAVE SHOWING
STATUES OF KING EDWARD VI. AND QUEEN VICTORIA BY
G. J. FRAMPTON, A.R.A. T. G. JACKSON, R.A., ARCHITECT.

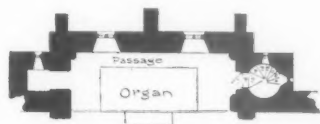
Photo: Elliott and Fry.

GIGGLESWICK SCHOOL CHAPEL

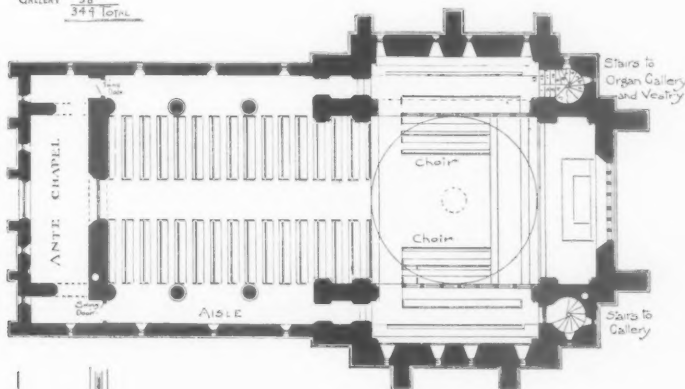
Scale of Feet 0 10 20 30 40 50 60 70 80

ACCOMMODATION

NAVE	210
CHOIR	36
TRANSSEPT	58
GALLERY	38
TOTAL	342



PLAN of ORGAN GALLERY



PLAN of GALLERY

arcade of three arches on each side. At the west end is an antechapel, and in the angles formed by the intersection of the four arms of the cross are four turrets, which serve for abutment to the four great semicircular arches on which the dome rests.

Between these arches, which are in fact stone vaults with soffits 10 feet wide, the pendentives gather over to support the stone ring which carries the drum—octagonal outside and circular inside, pierced by eight windows and ornamented by arcading—from which springs the dome, surmounted by a lantern.

The dome is constructed on a novel method, with interlocking blocks of terra-cotta, invented and made by Mr. Pulham of Finsbury Square, London, and Broxbourne, Herts, with a backing of concrete. With these blocks and some additional contrivance it was found possible to build the dome without centering, an architectural performance which has probably never been attempted before—at all events on so large a scale—in this country.

The outside of the dome is of timber covered with copper; the four main roofs are laid with cast lead; and the aisles and antechapel are covered with green Elterwater slates.

The walls are of millstone grit, quarried on the spot, faced externally with yellow Idle sandstone

up to the plinth, and above it with Mr. H. R. Simpson's red Lazonby stone, intermixed with bands and chequers of sandstone and black limestone from Mr. T. Delany's quarry at Horton. The wrought masonry outside, including the window traceries, is of Messrs. Obank's Lees-moor sandstone, a splendid material, of great hardness and durability. The interior dressings are of Ancaster Oolite from Messrs. Lindley's quarries, banded with red Egremont sandstone, supplied by Mr. James Smith.

Advantage is taken of the fall of the ground to form a vestry under the east end, which communicates with the chapel above by a stair in one of the turrets.

The dome and four pendentives are lined with glass mosaic on an arrangement and scheme of colour devised by the architect; the cartoons being drawn by Mr. George Murray, a student and medalist of the Royal Academy, and executed by Messrs. Powell of Whitefriars.

In the pendentives, on a gold ground within a border, are seated figures of the four Evangelists with their respective emblems.

Round the base of the drum in letters of mosaic is the text:—

MEMENTO CREATORIS TVI IN DIEBUS IVVENTVTIS
TVAE ANTEQVAM VENIAT TEMPVS AFFLICTIONIS.



JARDINE HALL, DUMFRIESSHIRE, N.B. THE PRINCIPAL STAIRCASE. E. J. MAY, ARCHITECT.

Photo: F. W. Tassell.

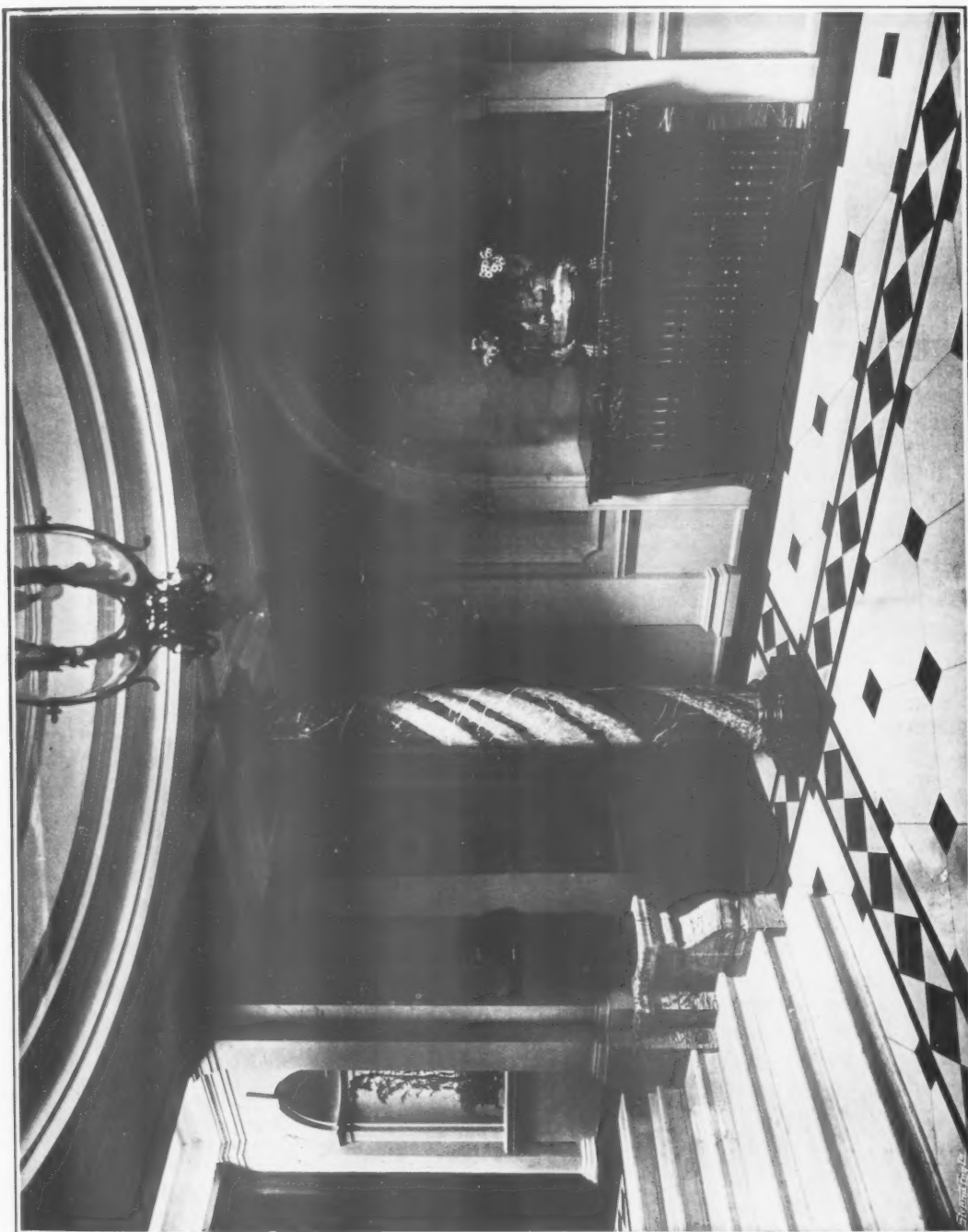
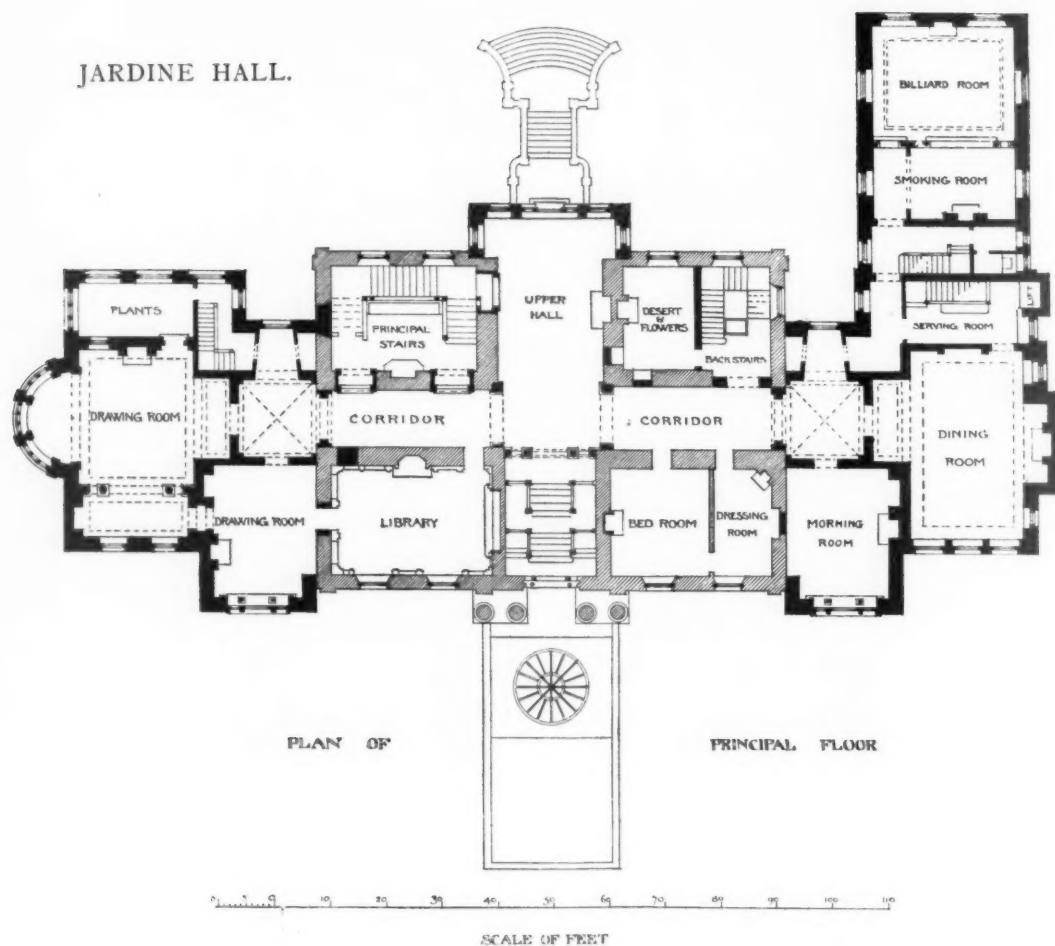


Photo : F. W. Tassell.

JARDINE HALL, DUMFRIESSHIRE, N.B.
THE ENTRANCE PORCH. E. J. MAY, ARCHITECT.



The scheme of decoration is continued beyond the limits of the mosaic by 'sgraffito' in the four great vaults which support the drum of the dome, and in the nave ceiling.

The sgraffito was cut and worked by two young Oxonians, pupils of the architect, Mr. William H. Nicholls of Hertford College, and Mr. Douglas Stewart of Oriel.

The painted glass throughout is by Messrs. Burlison and Grylls.

The great window of the south transept refers to Giggleswick School and its benefactors and *alumni*. In the middle light is Edward VI. copied from an illumination in the charter given by him to the school, and below him is the figure of James Carr of Stackhouse, who founded the school in 1512, holding a model of the first building in his hand. In the other lights are Mr. Walter Morrison, holding a model of the new chapel of which he is the donor, Archdeacon Shute, Archdeacon Paley who was a boy here, and the Rev. George Style, the present Head Master.

The figures in this window were drawn by Sir James Linton, R.W.I.

In niches over the west door inside the chapel,

are two admirable figures in bronze, by Mr. George Frampton, A.R.A., representing King Edward VI. who gave the school its charter, and Queen Victoria, whose Diamond Jubilee the chapel was built to commemorate.

The whole of the furniture is of cedar imported by Mr. Morrison direct from the province of Tucuman, in the Argentine Republic. It is exceptionally fine in colour and scent, and of unusually large and sound scantlings, and it has a peculiar silky sheen of great beauty.

JARDINE HALL, DUMFRIESSHIRE.—The illustrations show some of the enlargements of this house which have been carried out. The old central part, shown on the plan by shaded walls, was built about 1814, and had nothing of architectural interest about it. The interior has now been entirely remodelled, one part having been cleared out for the new principal staircase, and another for the new entrance. The stairs and dado panelling are in unpolished mahogany, the newels being inlaid, and the upper parts of the walls of the staircase are white, with panels for silk. The architect was Mr. E. J. May.

MUNICIPAL BODIES AND ARCHITECTURE.* BY REGINALD BLOMFIELD.

THE subject on which I have the honour to address you this evening is one that might be approached from many points of view. It would be quite impossible for me to deal with all; and, indeed, I do not propose to offer you any suggestion as to the practical business details with which municipal bodies are concerned in relation to architecture, such as the organisation of competitions, the selection of architects, and the like. There is a far more widely reaching question to be attacked, and that is the mental attitude of municipal bodies towards architecture, the faculty of judgment which they possess, or do not possess, as representing the average public. I propose to show that there is a growing necessity for wider and more intelligent education here, and to offer some suggestions as to the lines this education should follow.

Municipal bodies in modern cities (and I use this term in its largest possible sense) have more important functions to discharge in dealing with architecture than anybody else. The buildings for which they are responsible are public buildings, and therefore are, or should be, monumental in character, in regard to the fact that they are built once and for all, for certain special and permanent uses, and are not liable to the changes of tenancy and purpose which affect private buildings. The Town Hall, the Technical Schools, the County Prison, and Asylum, are buildings set up not merely for the present but for future generations. For good or for bad they represent the average public taste and intelligence of the time, and it is a reflection that should make the more thoughtful of our public men ponder on their doings with some misgiving, that future generations will look with wonder and contempt on the mere barracks and masses of vulgarity that have too often done duty for our hospitals and town halls. Unkind things are said about modern architecture, all tending to the conclusion that there is no such thing, and that architects have nothing to say. This may or may not be the case, but it is not the fault of the architects. It is the fault of the bodies who employ them. These bodies too often take a very easy view of their responsibilities, and considering architecture a matter of slight importance, cheerfully treat the selection of their architect as a matter of merely local and ephemeral interest. Individually, the members of our municipal bodies are men of intelligence and sound sense, but these qualities seem to lose their edge when employed collectively; and the attitude of Town and County Councils to architecture but too faithfully reflects the attitude of the general public towards that art.

That this attitude is quite unsatisfactory I fear

* Read as the "Warburton Lecture" at the Owens College, Manchester.

there can be no doubt. I think that any competent observer who took note of the average of architecture in our great cities, would be driven to the conclusion that the general level of taste and ability is low; he would find that some of the least admirable of these buildings were the most admired; and lastly, if he compared his observations, not only with the criticisms of the press but with individual opinion, he would find no common standard of appreciation, merely a mass of unrelated judgments, amounting to little more than individual expressions of like or dislike. He would, in short, find public opinion on architecture in a state very little removed from chaos. He would find that there is no intelligent body of opinion to which a competent architect can appeal as a matter of course; and that the public, in the pursuit of architecture, are like sheep without a shepherd. The uncertainty of taste shown in the treatment of public buildings of the last fifty years is conclusive evidence of the confusion of judgment which exists in the minds of our representative public men. First we had the Houses of Parliament, then the Foreign Office, a Gothic design violently converted into classic to satisfy a masterful Prime Minister. Then again, the mediaevalism of the Law Courts rendered more than usually impracticable by the interference of the Judges, and now (I think fortunately) the classic of the new Government buildings. Yet even in this latter case consider the action of the Government. By a tragic coincidence, both the architects of these buildings died when they had merely laid down the general lines of their designs, and no detail drawings were left beyond what were necessary for the immediate purpose of the quantity surveyor. Now in designs of this character the crucial test is the way in which they are carried out. St. Paul's Cathedral, for instance, is an infinitely finer building than anything that is shown in the surviving drawings, and a second-rate man can knock all the life out of a design by want of knowledge and refinement of thought. But the most powerful Government of modern times cares for none of these things. They hope to shuffle out of the difficulty with the least possible trouble, so they turn over the business to the Office of Works. Then there was the notorious fiasco of the Strand improvement competition, and the wild revulsions backwards and forwards between extreme utilitarianism and lavish extravagance which characterise the dealings of the London County Council in municipal architecture, are clear evidence that the authorities have no sort of principle to guide them. So the pendulum swings backwards and forwards. Unhappy officials, burdened with a responsibility of taste beyond their capacity, catch wildly at any passing fashion. Their chief idea seems to be to make a desperate bolt for cover, and as for any consecutive tradition of taste, any steady development of ideas on architecture, the case seems as hopeless as ever.

Now there is no reason in the nature of things why this state of chaos should indefinitely continue. It has not always been so in English architecture.

Dealing only with such buildings as come within the range of municipal bodies, I will mention one or two examples to show how our forefathers dealt with the problem. You are probably all familiar with the grave and simple dignity of Chelsea Hospital. This is how Wren was permitted to build by the public authorities of his time. But Wren was a great man, and he built in London. Yet, in second-rate provincial towns, the same spirit prevailed. At about the same period as that of Chelsea Hospital, the townsmen of Abingdon wanted a new Market Hall, and they built a stately building of stone, which towers high above the roofs of the peaceful little town on the banks of the Thames to mark the centre of the business life of the place, and as a monument to future ages of its quiet prosperity. Then there is the charming custom house of King's Lynn, with its quaint cupola and high-pitched roof, a reminiscence of the Stadthaus across the German Ocean, to show how the merchants and citizens of the seventeenth century conceived of their public buildings. Through the eighteenth century this excellent habit lasted. When the Corporation of London rebuilt old Newgate, they did not build the walls of stock brick and cover it in with blue Welsh slates; they employed a young architect of brilliant reputation, and they gave him an absolutely free hand with his exterior, both as to cost and design, with the result that to this day Newgate is one of the most impressive public buildings in London. Even as late as the middle of the nineteenth century, there were people in Exeter intelligent enough to allow that fine design for the County Gaol which frowns grimly over the London and South Western Railway station. But these men had one great advantage over their modern successors—they were not tormented by the question of style. In the seventeenth, and still more in the eighteenth century, when a building was to be put up, such questions as have recently exercised the Liverpool Cathedral Committee did not exist. If, in the last century, Mr. Vardy or Mr. Ware, Mr. Wood of Bath, or Mr. Flitcroft, was called upon to design a building, he knew exactly what he had to do, there was no necessity to clear the ground by a long preliminary discussion as to the style to be adopted. That insidious person, the architectural draughtsman, with his attractive but incorrect perspectives, and quite fallacious water-colours, hardly existed. Architects had confidence in their own manner of architecture, and had no need to make a frantic effort after the picturesque and sham original. Given their client's general instructions, everything followed as a matter of course. The workman had all the details at his fingers' ends, and the client would have been much surprised if he did not get a house up to the accepted standard of taste, and as like as two peas to the nine hundred and ninety-nine "seats of the nobility and gentry" then being erected in every part of England. Everything went as smoothly as clockwork. Such a state of affairs has, of course, its defects. It may lead to dulness, pedantry, and stupidity, yet architecture is so difficult an art that it is only by long-continued

effort on familiar lines that any excellence may be attained; and without this state of things we should never have reached that complete accomplishment within prescribed limits, that clean precision of workmanship which is so essentially characteristic of eighteenth century work in England.

But about a hundred and fifty years ago a new element appeared. The amateur and the *virtuoso* assumed an importance they had never previously enjoyed. Distinguished noblemen dabbled in design. Eminent men of letters amused themselves with architecture. In 1750 Horace Walpole writes: "I am going to build a little Gothic castle at Strawberry Hill," ominous announcement of the impending change; and in the next few years Walpole completed his ridiculous house, to the admiration of all his acquaintance. The worst of it was that, though perfectly absurd in his notions of architecture, Walpole was a man of brilliant literary ability, and a reasonably good connoisseur. Moreover he thoroughly understood the temper of his class, and the result was that his ideas "caught on" and were accepted by a good many foolish people as a necessary part of polite taste. Moreover—and this was where the mischief came in—they took their place in that Romantic movement in literature which was soon to over-run the whole of civilised Europe. It is rather curious to reflect that the eighteenth century, supposed to be *par excellence* the century of logic and lucidity of thought, should have seen the birth of that confusion of ideas as to the limits and relations of the different arts from which we suffer at present. Walpole subordinated architecture to the elegant insincerity of his own taste, and the loss of all tradition in standards of judgment was now only a question of time. Literary men had got the control and it was not for mere architects to dislodge them. Moreover, these very architects were, too often, their humble and obelient servants. Though Chambers, last of the Romans, made a determined stand for the old ways, Robert Adam devoted his extraordinary cleverness to the introduction of a new manner in design; the Dilettante Society had set the ball rolling, according to the latest lights of Stuart and Revett, and now there was this direct attempt being made to reproduce Gothic architecture, in obedience to a purely literary sentiment. It was hardly to be wondered at that the layman should lose his bearings. In the turmoil of all this revivalism, he might be pardoned for thinking that taste in architecture was a mere matter of pitch and toss.

Thus, the nineteenth century opened with three styles struggling for ascendancy. The old traditional classic of Chambers and his school, the new Greek method which was to be carried to such a high degree of excellence by Decimus Barton, and later by Thomson of Glasgow, and lastly, this revived Gothic. All architects of reputation followed one or other of the first two manners. The amateurs stuck to the Gothic, and the amateurs carried the day; but when one considers that the whole force of the Romantic movement was behind them, the result is not

surprising. So Wyatt, or Wyattville, or whatever he chose to call himself, started his career of architectural murder. Then Pugin followed, and threw himself into the cause with the enthusiasm of an ill-regulated mind, for Pugin lived in a permanent state of make-believe, and was always trying to induce himself and others to believe that the only possible environment for a thinking person was that of the thirteenth century; and then came Ruskin, a man of narrow prejudice, but brilliant genius, whose eloquence won a sort of St. Martin's summer for the Gothic movement, prolonging its life quite two generations beyond its appointed time. I need not follow further the familiar history of the Gothic movement, but there is one important conclusion which I should venture to draw from this hasty survey, and it is this: all these men, from Horace Walpole to Ruskin, seem to me to have laboured under one very serious vice in their handling of architecture. It never occurred to them that architecture is an art which deals with practical and immediate necessities, that it is founded on use, and based on construction, and that the details which so much exercised their attention—Walpole with his ridiculous Gothic, Ruskin with his exquisite sense of detail and no more—were not architecture at all, but mere words or phrases in its language. So Walpole treated architecture as a subordinate expression of literature. Pugin, and still more Ruskin, translated it into terms of ethics. The result has been that the sense of architecture as an art, with its own limits, its own technique, and its own ideals, has almost disappeared, even among architects.

The result, so far as the public is concerned, is that laymen have first of all lost their bearings in architecture, and finally lost their interest in it, as an art of no serious bearing on the immediate concerns of life, and therefore to be dealt with according to the fashion of the time, without regard either to first principles or to the teaching of the past. This habit of mind has been faithfully reflected in the conduct of the various bodies that represent the public. The history of public competitions for Town Halls and similar buildings erected in this country during the last fifty years, is too painful to go into; but, with rare and brilliant exceptions, the deplorable results are to be seen in every part of England to this day, asylums that disfigure a whole country-side with their deformities, municipal buildings that bring their cities to shame. As for public parks and gardens, in these we have reached about the lowest note of vulgarity ever sounded in our country. So far as my observations have extended in England, these fiascos in municipal architecture are a matter of the last fifty years or thereabouts. Up to that date, that is to say, prior to about 1850, public buildings may have been unimaginative and dull, but the majority of them preserved some glimmering of an architectural sense—they regarded proportion, they are not devoid of a certain staid dignity, such as one finds in quiet old-fashioned people. But this sort of thing would never do for the histrionics of the modern revivalist. He must have something that knocks

you down then and there, something to be talked about, something that reproduces well in the art papers. In the dust and din of modern advertisement, we are apt to forget that brave men lived before Agamemnon, perhaps too, we sometimes forget that living artists, in any sense of the word that is admirable, will hardly consent to find their *Vates Sacer* in modern art journalism.

The absurd thing about it is, that meanwhile there exists a high degree of individual good taste and culture, and the difficulty is to get this knowledge into line, and to make its weight felt in municipal dealings with architecture. We want to instil sounder and simpler views into the man in the street, we want to make him more anxious and inquisitive about the buildings he has to live with, and to suggest to him larger ideas as to his duty in the matter. It is pretty certain that if the public wanted good architecture, and really cared about it to such an extent as to make it a matter of serious interest, they would very soon get it. An architect should speak with modesty of his own profession, yet I think there is no doubt that there is no lack of ability among the architects of this country, the only thing is, that ability does not appear to be wanted. If it were, public bodies would hardly tolerate what they get in some of their public buildings; London, for instance, or the London County Council, would hardly permit magnificent frontages in new streets to be taken up by financial syndicates and covered by piles of hideous buildings which make one long for a second Nero. Important public buildings would not be handed over to mere office draughtsmen of unproved capacity, the care of our cathedrals and great public monuments would not, again and again, become what is more or less of a public scandal. There is no need to go on with the catalogue. The point is how are we to get at this state of indifferentism; how are we to rouse our municipalities and public bodies to a sense of their responsibilities? The question becomes one of education, and in a great and intelligent city such as this, the question is one which should be seriously considered by its representative public men. Cities such as Manchester are not hampered by the traditions of our older universities, moreover these universities are fully occupied with educational work on other lines of inestimable value. But here, with a new foundation specifically designed to meet modern requirements of a different nature, there can be no excuse for neglecting to provide for this growing educational need.

It seems to me, broadly speaking, that there are three channels through which the public can be reached; (1) by direct school teaching; (2) by treatises on architecture; (3) by the work of the architects themselves. I am not here addressing architects only. I need therefore say little on this latter point. It must be obvious to everyone that in an art such as architecture, which must make its appeal through the eye, the object lesson of a beautiful building is worth all the treatises in the world that can be written about it; but then in the first place the architect must be given

the opportunity to design such buildings, and the public must have the eye to see them with when they are built. We are therefore again thrown back on the problem of education. Now, with the exception of the Professorships at the Royal Academy, at King's College, and at London and Liverpool Universities, and the course provided by the Architectural Association in London, no serious provision exists for the education of the public in architecture; for the architectural training provided in the science and art schools is too rudimentary to be of much real value. Moreover, owing to the inadequate knowledge of the instructor it is usually little more than a training in draughtsmanship, and so far does more harm than good, because it teaches students to think that the whole business of architecture is to turn out good-looking drawings. The architectural school at the Royal Academy confines itself, I think properly, to the artistic side of architecture; the other institutions I have referred to deal successfully, as far as their opportunities allow, with the scientific teaching of architecture; but they are not co-ordinated, and they are seriously impeded by want of funds. We have as yet nothing at all on the scale of the technical schools of Germany; but the question will have to be dealt with sooner or later in the great commercial centres, and I do not think it can be left any longer in its present incoherent condition. Hitherto, and until quite recently, no systematic public education in architecture has been attempted in this country. It has remained outside the lines of general education, and from this point of view has been considered rather as a mere hobby for which no special provision need be made in educational schemes. At our great public schools, for example, while some little attention has been paid to the historical study of the arts of sculpture and painting, architecture has been left in the cold. In most of these schools there is an art museum of sorts, a drawing class, run on rather old-fashioned lines, and usually some intelligent master with a cultivated interest in the antique and a sentimental attachment to early Italian art. Now, I am not in the least depreciating the work so done. It is good as far as it goes, and is a very great advance on the neglect of any such teaching habitual thirty years ago. What is wanted is a more complete organisation of this teaching and a more comprehensive scope. Boys, those at any rate with reasonable powers of observation, are quick to pick up impressions, and there can be no doubt that they acquire some valuable elements of culture from the casual information that they are able to gather in this manner; yet I think I am correct in saying that the boys' attention is called to art, not from an artistic, but from a literary standpoint. Our public schoolmasters are, as a rule, very excellent educationalists, there are probably none better in matters of scholarship and literature, but they regard the arts from the point of view of the average British public, rather as an elegant and perhaps superfluous accomplishment than as a serious expression of thought. Architecture, in especial, from every point

of view the most important of the arts, is hardly ever dealt with in our public schools. A boy gets some slight acquaintance with sculpture from the casts in his school museum, and learns the names, at least, of the great painters; he may also hear something about churches and buildings from the school antiquarian society, but of architecture never a word.

At our older universities there are professors of the fine arts, men of eminence and ability, who have given admirable series of lectures, yet with the notable exception of the late Professor Willis, they were not qualified by their training to deal with other arts than those of painting and sculpture, and as a rule have not attempted to do so. Architecture has, in fact, been allowed to drop out of the family of the fine arts, partly on account of its great technical difficulty, and partly on account of that supersession of the expert by the amateur to which I referred earlier in this paper. It is for the modern universities to remedy this defect, and to organise a system by which, at the great provincial centres, not only technical instruction for the student, but some reasonable education in the nature and history of architecture should be provided for the public. It is extremely important that these two points of view should not be confounded. The subject may be studied either for the general educational value or to obtain exact technical knowledge; but technical instruction is not education, and one and the same system of training will not do for both. Yet though this distinction should be carefully kept in view in organising a course of architecture, there are certain points at which technical instruction inevitably merges into education, and any well-considered scheme should provide for both so far as is possible.

Let us consider first the question of technical instruction. The point has been laboured by eminent statesmen—perhaps with superabundant enthusiasm. In their opinion the trade of the country is going to the dogs, and the panacea is technical instruction. But eminent statesmen have not, as a rule, gone through any course of technical instruction themselves, and are perhaps a little apt to apply their remedy wholesale. In regard to skilled labour, all such matters as mechanical process employed in the manufacture of textile fabrics, or chemical works and the like, there can be little doubt that there is a real and pressing necessity for a thoroughly organised system of exact training. Witness, for example, the tremendous strides made in the chemical industries of Germany. These trades deal with hard knowledge of facts, and the sooner they master that knowledge and put it into practical use the better for them. But the art of architecture does not consist solely of hard facts—the habit of mind, the highly trained intelligence necessary to make use of such knowledge is a matter of general education and outside the range of technical instruction; so much so indeed that distinguished authorities in Germany have doubted whether architecture can be brought within the scope of technical instruction at all, probably having their eye on the architecture of the streets around them.

Yet with this limitation there is not only room, but a growing necessity for more exact technical training in architecture. The old-fashioned system of articles, though not to be dispensed with, is not entirely satisfactory. Its good points are that pupils can see actual work in the process of design, and in good offices they can pick up some idea as to how to set about designing themselves, and can develop their ideas by association with each other; but the good and the bad of the system is too contingent on the degree of intelligence and industry possessed by the student himself. There is little systematic training in building construction and knowledge of materials, and the result is that young architects sometimes emerge into practice full of magnificent ideas of architecture, but with the vaguest possible grasp of building, and with a lordly indifference to practical matters, which brings them to grief at the first opportunity. There is no royal road in architecture. Young designers often begin with the outside of their buildings, and are far more intent on a pretty elevation than on a practicable plan, but the basis of good architecture is good building, and it is quite as important for the young architect to wrestle with the hard facts of materials and construction as it is for the young engineer. Even in actual designs the ignorance of scale, which is one of the worst faults of modern architecture, is the result of inattention to the actual facts with which an architect has to reckon, and to the neglect of the two-foot rule. Now these matters, forming as they do the groundwork of architecture, are matters that can be taught and learnt; and though no amount of training will create a genius in architecture, yet training can prevent gross blunders of ignorance, and even genius is none the worse for the limitations of knowledge. My own opinion and experience is that anyone who intends to become an architect should be put through a course of technical training in these matters as thoroughly as possible, before he enters an architect's office at all. The means of such training should be provided at the great modern universities, and should include not only lectures, but practical training in workshops and laboratories. In this matter we might take a hint from the industrious Germans, who put their students through a thorough course of training at their technical schools, and supply them with splendidly-furnished museums and workshops; in fact, if it were only necessary to turn out architects all to a tailor's pattern, the Germans leave no stone unturned to effect their purpose. But this is just where the difficulty comes in, and makes it so essential that we should have a clear understanding of what can and cannot be done for architecture by technical training. Roughly speaking, it must limit itself to the teaching of exact knowledge as the groundwork of the art; such mathematics as are necessary, building construction, knowledge of materials, knowledge of the processes of manufacture and the use of tools in the various trades, such as plumbing, carpentry, joinery, brickmaking, and masonry; and such knowledge must be taught in workshops and not merely by books. Moreover, this

training should not be confined to architectural students only. It is a well-known fact that the great majority of buildings erected in this country are not designed by architects at all, and though a good and experienced builder undoubtedly knows his business, it is also the fact that a great many contractors depend on clerks and foremen for their practical knowledge, and we should hear a good deal less of buildings tumbling down before they are up, of drains laid the wrong way, and the like, if all builders had to go through a course of good practical training. Moreover, the speculative builder might avoid some of his worst iniquities of taste, if he had any, even the most rudimentary, acquaintance with what has actually been done in architecture. This is about as far as the technical training can go, and after that the work must become more or less educational, for, as I suggested above, technical training will not do everything, and the results of the German system, as seen in German architecture, are not exactly encouraging. Moreover, German methods suit the German temperament, and it appears that the youthful German can be drilled and drummed into being quite a respectable architect, just as he can be drilled and drummed into becoming anything else. Individuality and initiative are not encouraged in Germany, but they happen to be the strong point of the Englishman, and we must take account of this fact in any system of training.

Thus we reach the point at which technical instruction must necessarily merge into education, at which the practical teaching of specialists must be supplemented by the broad grasp of theory, the wide insight into the philosophy of art, which will enable the student to make intelligent use of the knowledge he has gained. It is evident, therefore, that some highly-trained, controlling mind will be necessary to undertake this education in the art of architecture, and, indeed, such a teacher will have his work cut out for him, for it will be his business to clear the air of misconceptions, and to lead, not only students, but the wider circle of an intelligent public to a sounder appreciation of the theory and function of architecture.

At this moment, as I suggested at the beginning of this paper, the public, that is the average man, does not appreciate architecture, and he does not understand it. In the first place there is that old stumbling block and rock of offence, the question of styles. It is evident from a recent controversy in regard to a great building enterprise, that, to the lay mind, architecture presents itself as a question not of style, but of a style, that is to say, he must be able to label it definitely Gothic, or Classic, or Greek, or Egyptian, or whatever else it may be. Consider for a moment what this means; it means that the design in question shall present such a number of familiar features that it can at once be pigeon-holed as Gothic or Classic, because even the layman can see that it reproduces the mouldings and traceries, or the orders and entablatures which he has learnt from his text-books to be the distinctive features of the style in question. And so the layman goes his way quite satisfied. He thinks

he has got his style according to his prescription, and fancies he is building as good a Gothic Cathedral or Classical Temple as ever was built in the days of Edward I. or Pericles. But he is not, he is only getting a more or less knowledgeable copy; he is getting, not architecture, but archæological pedantry, and the better it is the worse it is, because so far it divorces architecture more effectually than ever from the actual uses and necessities of the world we live in. Our professor, such a man as I have suggested to you, would make it clear that these styles are merely the classifications of historians, often of amateurs; that they are merely labels of identification, dealing with exteriors only, and that behind them there is an elusive spirit to be caught, the real meaning of architecture. No one indeed can consider that he understands architecture until by thought and study he has succeeded in catching some glimpse of this spirit, in comparison with which the details of architecture are but as the letters of an alphabet. The first thing to be done is to shake off this tyranny of pedantry, and to concentrate all our energy on the attainment of a very different matter, namely style; that is, that distinction of expression which may be a natural gift, but in any case can only be reached by having ideas of one's own and expressing them with the assured mastery which comes of full knowledge and original thought. In architecture this would mean that the architect attacks his problem squarely in front, he would not try to turn the corner by tricks of the trade, but he would think out the issue on its merits, and the exact expression, in other words, the actual form of his design would more or less shape itself. Like Socrates, he would follow the *λογος* whithersoever it led him. I need hardly say that this is a work of greater difficulty than the copy work which has done duty for most of our architecture for the last hundred years; it requires more study, more knowledge, far more thought and imagination; but we are not to shrink from it for that reason, rather it is an added inducement for the effort. We have left the nineteenth century behind us, with its gross materialisms, its confused ideals and blundering experiments in art. It is time that we return to the narrow way, and by slow degrees work out the ideal of an art which shall express ourselves as truly as the aqueducts and baths of Imperial Rome expressed the nature of their builders. The study necessary for such a task, the amount of knowledge implied in it, should be far more comprehensive than merely academical exercises in design, because it must embrace a critical study of history, and the knowledge of the workshop and the builders' yard, as the ground-work of thought.

It would be a great thing, once and for all, to clear away this initial misconception of architecture, but there are others hardly less formidable. Fifty years of unchallenged dogmatism on the part of an eloquent writer, now passed away, have taught the public to believe not only that architecture cannot do without painting and sculpture, but by a hazy extension of thought that architecture is, if not painting, at any rate sculp-

ture. The author I refer to was a great writer, but not an architect, and never understood architecture. He took little interest in the problems of construction which fascinated the higher minds of the Renaissance, and have always fascinated the minds of architects worthy of the name; but give him some filagree of sculptured marble, and he was at home with pen and pencil of most subtle sympathy. Of course, to an architect, sculpture and painting are arts that he can call in to his aid for special purposes, but he can very well stand without them; and merely to see architecture in the colour of marbles and in capitals of elaborate ornament is much the same as if one were to find the genius of Titian in the paints on his palette, and not in the glory of colour that he spreads on his canvas.

It cannot be too strongly insisted on that architecture is construction in its fittest expression.

We want a new Lessing in the arts.

When Lessing wrote his *Laocoon*, over a hundred and thirty years ago, there existed in the minds of critics a most complete confusion of ideas as to the relations of the various arts. Poetry, painting and sculpture were considered as more or less interchangeable terms, or it must have occurred to Spence, for example, that for a sculptor to endeavour to drive into his figure each detail of emotion which the poet could draw out in his verse was simply to stultify himself. Since that date, and in spite of Lessing's monumental effort in criticism, the confusion has increased. In literature, there is the dangerous habit of word-painting, writers have heaped epithet upon epithet in the vain attempt to call up ideas which it is the province of the painter to realise, and all that habit of mind which could never resist translating architecture into terms of ethics, and carrying back its ideas of ethics into architecture, was only a signal instance of this inveterate confusion of ideas as to the limits and intentions of the arts. It was an evil day for the arts when literature took them under her wing.

The way out of all this welter is not easy. A century or more of experiment in the arts has brought us little but disappointment and disillusionment. At least we are learning that the way of the copyist leads nowhere, and it is dawning on us that the architecture of the future, if ever we are to have it, can only come by freeing our minds of conventions and prejudices, and doing some very hard thinking for ourselves. We cannot indeed escape the past, rather we should look to it as the wise teacher by whose example we are to correct our own crude efforts; but it is the spirit and not the letter which we are to seek. We cannot hope for immediate success. Architecture is slow growing, and a long leeway in education will have to be made up before we shall approach our ideal; but the effort should be made, and if we work in this patient and tenacious spirit, we may hope some day to bring back architecture to an intellectual and imaginative level not unworthy of the record of a country that has had its mighty men in architecture not less than in the other arts.