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THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION, 1906.
MODEL OF NEW STRUCTURE, WILLIAMSON PARK, LANCASTER.
JOHN BELCHER, A.R.A., ARCHITECT.

Photo: S. B. Bolas & Co.

London Street Architecture.—IV.

(Conclusion.)

TIME was, in the early years of the nineteenth century, before railway-embankments and viaducts came to divide up South London into so many airtight compartments, and to supply an object lesson of improvident administration hardly to be paralleled elsewhere, when the Londoner seemed to have a fuller and more practical appreciation of the value of uninterrupted air-currents and ventilation, as well as a higher ideal of the standard of comfort which a citizen might reasonably demand, than the inhabitants of big continental towns. Writing of Paris in 1824, Hazlitt thus described it: "Fancy yourself in London with the footpath taken away, so that you are forced to walk along the middle of the streets with a dirty gutter running through them, fighting your way through coaches, waggons, and handcarts trundled along by large mastiff-dogs, with the houses twice as high, greasy holes for shop windows. . . . Paris is a vast pile of tall and dirty alleys, of slaughter-houses and barbers' shops, an immense suburb huddled together within walls so close that you cannot see the loftiness of the buildings for the narrowness of the streets." And Leigh Hunt in the same connection told a story of a lively Parisian who, on his first visit to London, fell on his knees in the street in grateful ecstasy at the sight of a pavement, thanking God that there was a country "in which some regard was shown for foot-passengers." Hazlitt had good words indeed for the boulevards and the gardens of the Tuileries, but still reserved his best for the West End of London, thus: "For a real West End, for a solid, substantial cut into the heart of a metropolis, commend me to the streets and squares on each side of the top of Oxford Street, with Grosvenor and Portman Squares at one end, and Cavendish and Hanover at the other, linked together by Bruton, South Audley, and a hundred other fine old streets . . . and with Portland Place looking out towards Hampstead and Highgate, with their hanging gardens and lofty terraces, and Primrose Hill nestling beneath them."

Much water was still to run under the bridges before Haussmann became Prefect of the Seine and started on that expenditure of thirty-five millions sterling which was effectually to let light and air into many a dark and musty corner, and to rouse the vengeance of a people made healthy as well as magnificent against their will. Haussmann was possessed with a megalomania, which would seem to have undermined his sense of responsibility, and it was his fortune to serve a master of congenial

mind; the precariousness of his position led Napoleon to grasp at anything which should occupy the public mind and divert it from the consideration of public affairs. As the Roman emperors had been forced to avert the clamour for *panem et circenses* with ever-increasing extravagances, so Napoleon threw these colossal building schemes to his people and gave their hunger for novelty and change a passing satisfaction. Desperate expedients, however, come home to roost, and when the bill came to be presented, Haussmann fell. The same year saw another and more desperate expedient—the war with Germany—prove fatal to Napoleon himself. France emerged from defeat and revolution, purified and ready to start life afresh with new and saner ideals; but the lesson that Haussmann had taught Paris was seen to be sound in itself, the fault lying in its too wholesale, rapid, and drastic application by a man in a hurry. Since those days the authorities of the city of Paris, moving on the same lines, have shown an enlightened spirit both in the laying out of property and in its maintenance, which has long made our supremacy in such matters a thing of the past, and has caused our methods and ideals to appear hopelessly provincial and out of date.

Hazlitt, however, although at the time he wrote his impressions of the Paris of our grandfathers he had only another six years of life before him, was to see the first inception of a work which, in its entirety, would have appealed to his liking for liberal elbow-room and those "evidences of comfort, of wealth, of taste and rank all about you," which he notices with approval as being characteristic of the region of upper Oxford Street. The formation of the large district since known as Belgravia, which was begun in 1826, lasted about a quarter of a century. Such as it was at completion it still is, possessing a certain unity of design, but poorer, probably, in works of individual interest than any area of similar size in London, with the exception of its poor relation Pimlico. Houses there are by the hundred which suggest the presence of wealth and comfort in a somewhat crude and obvious way, houses which were endowed by their builders, acting up to the best of their lights, with the sort of dignity which is associated with glimpses of powdered heads through the hall windows. It is to the general disposition and laying-out that we must look for what virtues the district possesses, and we must admit that in this respect there is considerable evidence of the working of a liberal and enlightened spirit, combined with a fair measure of

skill. The connection of Belgrave Square with Hyde Park Corner through Grosvenor Crescent, and with Knightsbridge through Wilton Crescent and Wilton Place, is well managed, and offered an opportunity for good architectural effects which was not turned to account. The planning of the square, again, is not without merit, though the result may leave one cold and uninterested. The most effective, as well as the most truly architectural, treatment of the angles of a square is probably that in which the buildings are carried on continuously, as in a courtyard or cloister, an arrangement which obtains in Grosvenor and Manchester Squares among others, but is much more completely exemplified in the Place Vendôme. The disadvantages, however, are so obvious where the chief living-rooms must be on the front that a compromise such as that offered by the placing of big single houses across the angle, as in Belgrave Square, is perhaps the nearest possible approach to it. This, at any rate, does something to give the cohesion and unity which is wanting when a square is simply composed of four distinct and separate blocks of houses. It satisfies every requirement of privacy, and avoids those disagreeables and dangers of unventilated corners in which columns of dust eddy round and round without means of escape, unless it be into open windows; and finally it offers none of those impediments to traffic which may result from such an arrangement as that of Manchester Square, where, except on the north, the streets are placed in the middle of the sides. Eaton Square, again, is noteworthy, not only because of its fine scale, but also because it is planned on original lines, which might be repeated with advantage; its chief drawback, an unnecessary one, is the divorce of the houses from their gardens. This is brought about by the placing of the mews immediately at the backs of the houses, and too severe an economy in the amount of space left between them and the houses in Eaton Place. This faulty arrangement pervades the district; a little more liberality in the setting out, and a plan like that of Hyde Park Gardens would have been possible, where a broad approach at the back completely divides the houses from the mews, and allows them to rise directly from their gardens. The advantages of an entirely separate and self-contained system of stables, indirect as well as direct, are too obvious for mention; but even with this defect Eaton Square is a finely conceived protest against little peddling schemes for supplying the irreducible minimum of light and air. In Evelyn Gardens, South Kensington, in Lower Sloane Street, and elsewhere, we get a recognition on a small scale of the possibility of letting a large thoroughfare pass the door without allowing it to

interfere with the amenities of the private house, by the simple expedient of setting the building line back, and creating a sort of "buffer-state" of garden between it and the traffic, with as much advantage to the thoroughfare as to the houses; but Eaton Square has, so far, no precise parallel. Like two spokes in a mighty wheel, Eaton Square and Sloane Street converge upon that somewhat mean and irregularly treated space, Sloane Square. Seated with a map before one, a feeling of utter irresponsibility, and a consequent disposition to toy with colossal impracticabilities if they obtrude themselves, one cannot fail to be struck, not only with the near approach to accuracy with which Sloane Square plays its part as hub to the wheel, but with the remarkable correspondence between Eaton Square and Cadogan Place in the matter of bulk. Without putting the tape over them one may guess that from area railing to area railing the difference between the two in width is a matter of inches, and in the length something under forty yards in five hundred. In a dream one might imagine them both running down full bore to a great *place* with noble effect; but our business is with actualities, and Sloane Street as it stands is worth some consideration as perhaps the most cheerful and engaging of the big thoroughfares in purely latter-day London.

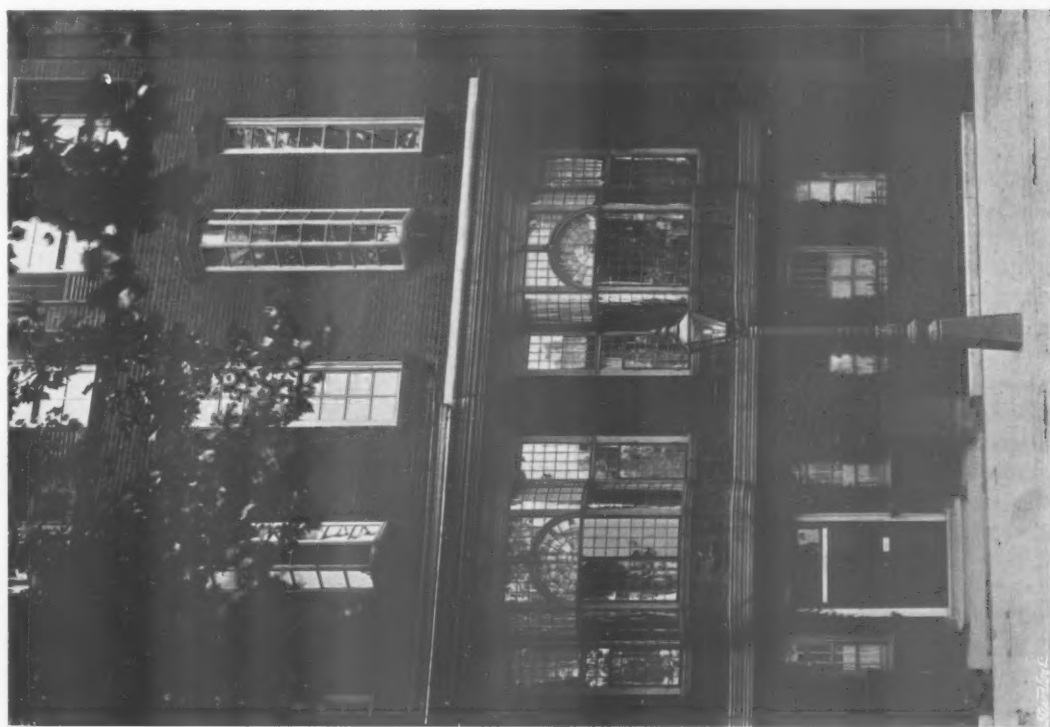
This is due to several contributory causes: to the variety resulting from the central portion being open to the garden of Cadogan Place, to the relief afforded to the duller part of the street by the picturesque façade of Holy Trinity Church, to an architectural setting which is diversified without being extravagant, to the presence of a few good buildings (and the two houses south of Hans Street may be particularly mentioned), and the fortunate absence of anything absolutely monstrous. Architecturally as well as geographically the centre portion is the most favoured; here the best of the houses are clustered; the very narrowness of the garden of Cadogan Place has the virtue of allowing the essential characteristics of street scenery to be preserved—Piccadilly, Park Lane, and the like, which have an appearance of practically unlimited open space before them, are in a different category, and the glimpse down Pont Street, itself laid out on generous lines and affording a fine opportunity for an effective design where the Church of St. Columba stands, has its share in producing a result which, viewed with an eye not too critical of detail, is bright and pleasant.

Hans Place, an irregular octagon with two long sides, is a happy illustration of the effectiveness of a plan from which the everlasting rectangle is absent, a point which is further emphasised by the satisfactory results of the oval form which



Photos: E. Duckett.

THE MANSIONS, EARL'S COURT ROAD, S.W.



OLD SWAN HOUSE, CHELSEA, S.W.

obtains close by in Lennox Gardens. In the latter instance at least the actual architecture has very little to say in the matter, and yet the tedium of the ordinary modern square, of which Earl's Court can supply more than one example, is to a great extent avoided. It has been said of Lord Cadogan that his estate has been laid out in a statesmanlike way. It compares favourably, it may be, with many residential quarters in London; it maintains a moderately high level throughout; it does not lack variety or convenience, so far as existing conditions allowed of their being attained; but it cannot be said that there is evidence of any aim beyond the provision of reasonably comfortably dwelling-houses, reasonably wide roads, and a fair proportion of open space. Its average does not so much represent the balance between good and bad, as the prevalence of the mediocre. The statesmanship displayed is that of the safe rather than the enterprising order—of the man who thinks in parishes, not in continents. Cadogan Square, for example, which is the largest open area on the estate, shows a somewhat indifferent appreciation of the dignity and value of really spacious setting out. It may be formed on a better model than long narrow parallelograms like Lowndes and Chester Squares, but that is the class to which it belongs, and what is small in Belgravia counts as large on the other side of Sloane Street. To anyone who wishes to study the comparative advantages of uniformity and variety, Cadogan Square would offer an unequalled opportunity if the mere juxtaposition of the two were enough. The east and west sides of the square are, however, not only marked examples of different treatments, but also quite obviously belong to different orders of merit. The picturesque group on the west side contains examples of really good house-fronts, while the uniformity of the east side is of an ineffably dull and lifeless description. The materials employed are not without their share in producing a result which is a sort of embodiment of tedium; the new advent of red brick in the days of the so-called Queen Anne movement was hailed as the beginning of another and more cheerful epoch in street colouring; the colour sense of the world in general was suddenly stimulated to new activities; people who could not live in Queen Anne houses were moved to contribute their quota to the general gaiety of things by substituting varied colours for the time-honoured white and stone tints which adorned the ground storeys of hundreds of London streets. All this was a quarter of a century and more ago, and yet we cannot be said to be much nearer the solution of the colour question than we were then. For the outside decoration of our houses we have long since reverted

to white, or something in its neighbourhood, and after a considerable experience of sober claret tints with occasional heavy greens and greys, it cannot be said that a return to the old order of things has been other than welcome. Desperate efforts were made here and there to strike an original note—a canary-coloured house still exists a hundred yards away from that of the present writer, and even that leaves somewhat to be desired—but as a rule the colours chosen were safe rather than exhilarating, and an undue absorption of light their most noteworthy characteristic. The east side of Cadogan Square, like most of the neighbourhood, is of red brick, and should by rights be cheerful; but red brick is a description which does anything rather than define; brown, russet, crimson, vermilion, orange, all and severally are included in this comprehensive term, as well as those cold and sombre neutral tints which have only too many votaries: when these latter are associated, as in the present instance, with red terra-cotta equally cold and equally dark, and with black mortar joints, a degree of gloom is attained which would have put Harley Street to shame in the heyday of its drab monotony.

"Brick and terra-cotta," said a gentleman well known in the world of art the other day, "come out well in a few years' time." An utterance such as this, in which London grime seems to be recognised as a beneficent agency, shows that even among artists and designers there is no general agreement as to what is desirable. The opinion here expressed is probably that of most of the outside public; to them a new building in almost any material seems to suggest the inevitable criticism that it will look very nice when it has "toned down." London is clearly precisely the right place for those who set a high value on the toning process. But there is another school which looks to find salvation in the use of vitrified materials, which under periodical washings are expected to preserve a perennial freshness. Whether an increasing blotchiness of complexion will not gradually result from the action of the acids in the London atmosphere may however be doubted, unless, perhaps, the whole surface of each brick should be vitrified, as has lately been done with the mosaic tesserae in the Albert Memorial. But in any case the brilliancy of the vitrified surface is to a great extent imaginary, or if not its brilliancy its power of holding colour: unless looked at from almost immediately in front, the full-bodied greens and reds which generally prevail are practically neutral-tinted, and the more highly glazed the surface, the more completely does the colour disappear. The pale tints of the Birkbeck Bank and the new Savoy Hotel Buildings, on the other hand, retain their full value under every aspect,



Photo: E. Dockree

KENSINGTON COURT.

and the last-named shows the material to every advantage.

A material less open to objection, with much indeed to recommend it, both because its colour is little affected by the London atmosphere, and because it successfully resists the natural vandalism of the small boy, is the salt-glazed brick, and its use has so far been pretty much confined to the street level, where its powers of resistance are more particularly tested; but it has a value of its own, either used alone or in conjunction with ordinary red or brindled bricks, quite independent of its quality of endurance, its virtue being a certain depth and richness of tone, its defect an appearance of heaviness when used over a large surface. Being what it is, though, it seems to have the wherewithal to commend itself to both parties.

The gentleman whose opinions on brick and terra-cotta have already been mentioned was further reported to have said that he did not think that stone showed to advantage in London. To others the stone buildings of London from Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, and the Banqueting House, Whitehall, down to the two house-fronts in Cavendish Square; the bridges, the spires of Bow Church, St. Bride, St. Clement Dane, seem rich in a colouring which, while it is full and various, is marked by a certain austerity not out of place in a northern city. Are those who are anxious that we should live behind lustrous and many-coloured walls supported either by reason or analogy? It would hardly appear so. Nature and man's own instincts agree to teach us that brilliant colouring belongs to brilliant sunlight. The plumage and skins of bird and animal life, costume and material among men, vary with the conditions about them. Crude colours and violent contrasts are mellowed and harmonised in the intense warm light of a southern sun, which under our paler skies would look loud and garish. We live in an atmosphere of tender lights and shadows, of shimmering sunlight and purple haze, and our streets should be dressed in a livery of like delicacy. Nor are we so badly off for colour after all. Terra-cotta, with all its drawbacks, has done something to eke out the varieties offered by brick and stone. The two houses which stand side by side in Wigmore Street, occupied respectively by Messrs. Daniel and Messrs. Bechstein,³ may be cited as examples of the material at its best; they stand as the half-way house between dull and heavy effects like those in Cadogan Square and the vivid and strenuous colouring which appears to be in the minds of some among us.

If colouring is to be of a strong or violent character the question of uniformity and variety

is at once raised in a new form. So far the colours which prevail in the streets vary within well-defined limits, which practically secure us against distressing or even noticeable discords; but imagination stands aghast at the possibilities which are latent in any extended application of strong colouring, such as that of vitrified materials, and in forms which, unlike those materials, should allow the colours to assert themselves fully and completely. We must look into the windows of the sweet-shop for an illustration in little of what might follow; but enough for the day is the evil thereof, and dulness rather than excess of colour bids fair to be our failing for a long time yet.

The district north, south, and west of Lennox Gardens is chiefly marked by narrow streets with houses back to back, and airless culs-de-sac. Egerton Gardens, however, with its own grassy enclosure and the open ground of Brompton Terrace opposite it, is a pleasant little oasis, and Egerton Place would have contributed an element of simple but satisfactory architectural character to the group, had the architect who built the northern half of the crescent been allowed to complete it. As it is, what was designed to be a harmonious whole—of which each house was so much an integral part that the two centre houses share a wide gable between them—begun by an architect, was completed by a builder, the revised version supplied by the latter, like some other revised versions, being anything but an improvement; but even if it had been better than the original, and far better, there would still have been no justification for a proceeding which could only result in substituting confusion for order.

The treatment of the houses in Lower Sloane Street has already been mentioned with approval; and Sloane Court, which lies between that same street and Burton Court, deserves a word of commendation. The houses are arranged in what is now the favourite way, facing the street and backing on to a garden, common to them and the next row of houses, and open at each end to the street running at right angles. There has been too much compression, but the houses are not bad in themselves, the open ends of the gardens are a distinctly good feature, and the whole compares very favourably with the tall houses which overlook Burton Court. These have an aggressive air of rawness which is deplorably out of keeping with the deep and tender tones of the hospital, and move one to a degree of sympathy with the lovers of the "toning-down" process.

It is impossible to walk this neighbourhood without a feeling of dejection at the impending removal of the Duke of York's Military School. Over a

³ Written before the recent alterations to their front.

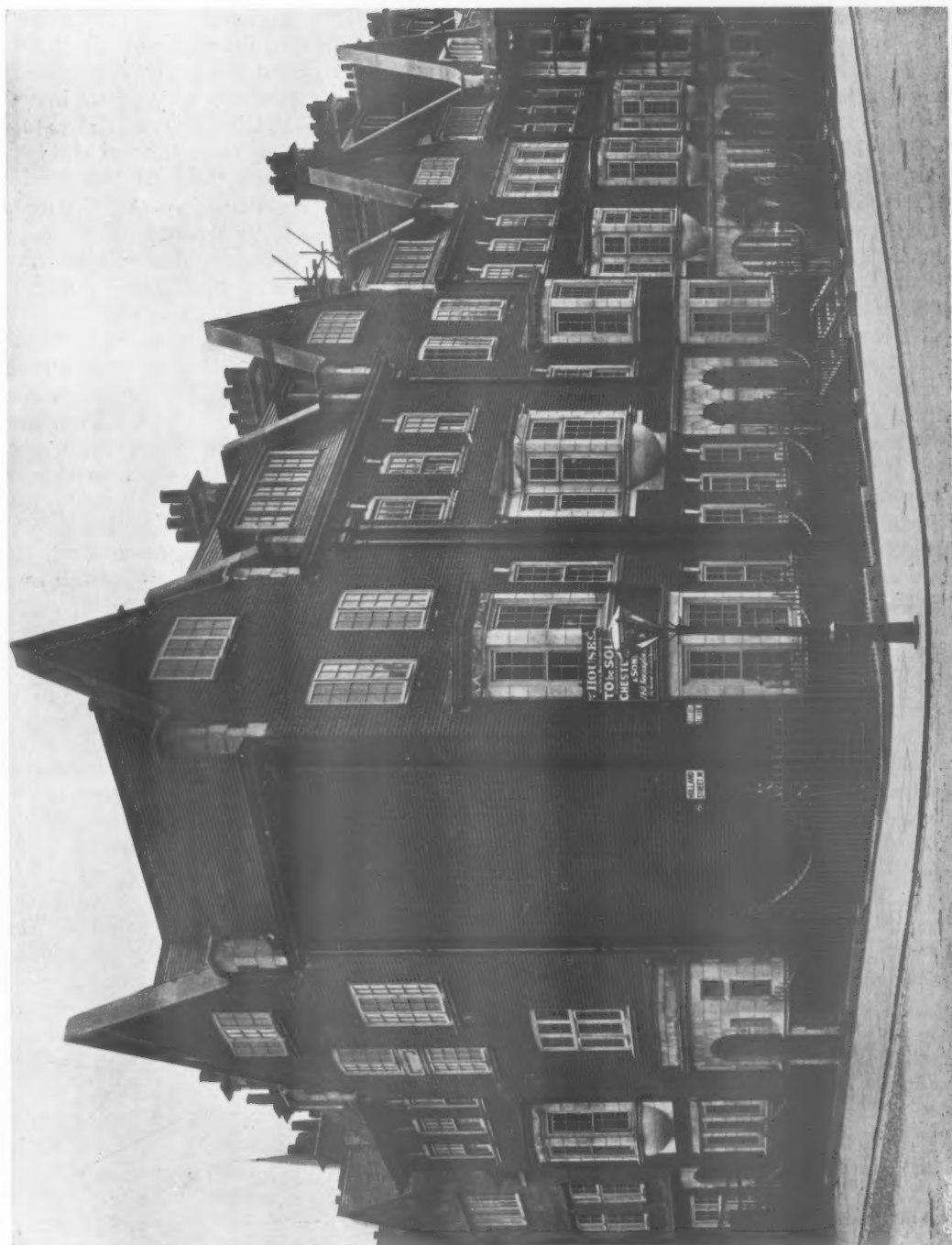


Photo: E. Duckett.

HOUSES, HORNTON STREET, KENSINGTON.

hundred years it has stood there, the home of the soldier's son cheek by jowl with the home of the veteran; and its architecture, which is severe and unemotional, is the least of its recommendations. Is solicitude for the boys, or the desire to develop a valuable property, at the bottom of the decision to move to the country? The welfare of the inmates is a convenient stalking-horse, but the boys have a marked propensity to look strong and well. The great open space, the near neighbourhood of the river, everything favours a supply of better air than London can ordinarily afford. To compare the conditions to those of Christ's Hospital is to plead guilty to a mind already made up. The decision is no doubt final; meantime, if the boys benefit, the neighbourhood will be the worse off.⁴ Another lung will have become congested, to say nothing of the loss of the moral effect which must be produced by the presence of these smart and self-respecting little soldiers on the slouching hobbledehoyhood of Chelsea. Mere variety of any kind, stimulation of interest in any direction, is indeed of untold value to those who pass their early years among the depressing surroundings of city life.

Years ago the late Mr. Cawston whimsically suggested that the sites of the Foundling Hospital and the Duke of York's School should be covered with artisans' dwellings; the artisan must be content to live further out, but a new little township of flats will be quite as effective as a draught-preventer to all the neighbourhood north of the King's Road. Why the playground should have been walled off, it is too late to ask now, but what was such a charming feature in Newgate Street might very well have been repeated here. The King's Road is indeed a sufficiently modern and commonplace thoroughfare for the most part, yet drawing a certain vague charm from the known neighbourhood of a building whose distinction might redeem a far meaner condition of things. Something of this was felt when Royal Avenue was laid out, a rare instance, and one much to be commended, however feeble the carrying into execution, of a plan formed with a definite architectural end in view. The axis of Royal Crescent coincides with the centre of the hospital, a quarter of a mile away, and leads directly from the King's Road to the lodges at the entrance of Burton Court, but not one person in a thousand who passes along the end of it is conscious of the fact, and this is excusable because the character of the avenue is not such as to attract an eye in search of the beautiful: still, there it stands, with large and undeveloped possibilities for good. The day must come, and the sooner the better, when the

present poor houses will be swept away, and the settlement of the question how the site should be treated ought not to be allowed to lie on the knees of the speculative builder.

Chelsea spells the river, and it is on the river bank that Chelsea is most really itself, from the Victoria Bridge past the garden of the Hospital, the group of houses (some of them eminently worthy of their position) which ends in "Old Swan House," along Cheyne Walk, and so to old Chelsea Church; here there is much still left to be thankful for, though the sight this spring of Whistler's exquisite renderings of old Battersea Bridge came as a bitter reminder of things lost. Back from the river bank there are still many buildings actually old, or with the sentiment of age about them. Cheyne Row, with Mr. Philip Webb's characteristic house showing at the end of it; Royal Hospital Road, boasting a row of charming houses, typical old country-town dwellings, and that almost unique survival, the physic garden—all these do something to keep up the fond illusion of a past age, when simple beauty seemed to fall naturally from the craftsman's hand. Tite Street, hard by, offers big new houses to the artist who loves the neighbourhood of the more modest old ones, but even here the genius of the place seems at times to have been at the designer's shoulder. It is at Chelsea, too, that the river itself, discreetly veiled by foliage and seen in a summer twilight, comes most nearly to being that same river which was once the busy highway of the wherry, the leading motive in many a gallant pageant, the citizen's place of recreation, the centre of all that was most picturesque in a picturesque world.

By the mere fact of being put to frequent use, the Thames above London Bridge in old days was a part of the life and scenery of the town in a way which it is not now, but the noble volume of its stream, its ample width, was always a quality which carried its defects with it. There are rivers of which one may say that they form an intimate part of the street architecture of the town through which they flow, but to say that of the Thames is impossible. Where an insignificant stream, like the Pegnitz at Nuremberg or the Spree at Berlin, is in intimate touch with the town, the Thames stands aloof from it. The view of the great curve of the river from Westminster Bridge backed by the roofs and spires of the city and crowned by the dome of St. Paul's is of almost unequalled grandeur, but it is a thing apart, a splendid monument in which city and river for once join hands. If only some tributary found its way into the mother stream through the heart

⁴ There is some chance, it appears, that the buildings may be converted into barracks.



Photo: E. Dockree.

COLEHERNE COURT, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

of the town, something of more importance than the mere ditches and bournes whose names breathe a savour sweeter than ever belonged to their reality, how enormous the gain! We would not barter the Thames as we know it for a smaller self, but we may almost regret that it did not divide as it passed through the town, like a smaller Neva, encircling islands, washing the walls of warehouse and palace, associating itself closely with the whole life of the city, instead of surging by in lonely and untameable grandeur. It is hoping against hope to suppose that a prolongation of the Southern Embankment, or a County Council Hall at the Surrey side end of Westminster Bridge, can bring the river into near relation. It would be to achieve the impossible. "A great river," as Stevenson said, "is more fit for poetry than to adorn a neighbourhood." The Thames is a thing by itself and must always remain so.

The outward and visible signs of the change which has been taking place in English home life are the hotel, the restaurant, and those lofty blocks of flats which during the last twenty years have introduced what is practically a new element into the street scenery of residential London. Side by side, however, with a lavish provision for a life in which the family circle shall be replaced by shifting crowds of fellow publicity-lovers, there has grown up a species of square or garden in which the privacy of the householders is catered for somewhat at the expense of the general amenities of the town—a conversion, and a very reasonable one, of the old order of things in which the square garden gave light, and air, and greenery indeed, but rarely gave seclusion.

The district stretching northwards from Chelsea to Kensington High Street offers examples of gardens of every possible variety; some, like Elm Park Gardens and Wetherby Gardens, almost wholly enclosed, the majority approximating to the form first adopted it may be in Gloucester Square, on the other side of the park, the public road bounding the garden on two or sometimes three sides, the remaining side or sides being entered directly from the houses. In this district, more particularly that part which is south of the Brompton Road, there is little, if anything, which calls for notice. Evelyn Gardens, however, both in its general disposition, to which reference has been made before, and in its architectural features is commendably superior to the earlier work in the same neighbourhood, to Elm Park Gardens, Onslow Gardens, and Cranley Gardens, all of which conform pretty closely to a particularly dismal and repellent type. This same district was also witness to some of the earliest and by no means the least satisfactory efforts in the building of flats, such as "The Mansions," for instance, near Bramham Gar-

dens; and the movement begun in the lower part of the Earl's Court Road twenty years ago bids fair at the present moment to effect far-reaching changes in the neighbourhood of Kensington High Street which will not be by any means altogether for the better.

Forty years ago, as the writer recalls with a spasm of impotent regret, from "The Boltons" and Drayton Gardens—inscribed with the legend "J. Blore, Architect"—on the south, and Gloucester Road and Hereford Square on the east, there extended a large tract of open ground, largely devoted to market-gardens, a veritable relic of the pleasant old-time fringe of the big city, which has its affectionate memorial in the pages of "Old Kensington:" then, year by year, when the opening of the District Railway had made communication comparatively rapid and easy, little groups and rows of stucco-fronted houses came to herald a new and lamentable order of things. This particular phase, fortunately, was to wear itself out, and a walk through Courtfield or Cornwall Gardens further north—regions of gloom which sunlight, trees, and flowers are alike powerless to dispel—makes one thankful indeed for the mercies, however small, of such recent developments as Gledhow, Bina, Barkston Gardens, and the like. There is a certain virtue of the unexpected in the whole of this quarter; open spaces, varied and not too scrupulously rectangular, lend an element of the picturesque to building masses which are almost universally without architectural distinction. In Collingham and Harrington Gardens, however, which together constitute a kind of *locus classicus* in connection with this type of work, a higher level is reached, and there are points of view on Collingham Road where one willingly lingers till the memory can carry away a picture whose chief defect is its somewhat monotonous and heavy colouring.

What is perhaps the last considerable work to be finished in this neighbourhood is also the best. I refer to "Coleherne Court," a very extensive block of flats—or rather series of blocks, since there are air-passages at intervals—which is bounded by the Grove, the old Brompton Road, and Redcliffe Gardens. This stands on what was the site of Coleherne Court and Hereford House, and retains much of the original gardens now almost entirely hidden away from the too curious eye of the man in the street. Contrast this building, pleasant in colour, sufficiently simple and refined in detail, with the white brick atrocities on the other side of the old Brompton Road, smirking behind the florid caps and polished granite columns of porticos, every detail of which is hideously familiar, and we shall be satisfied that at least we have managed both to learn something and forget something in the last quarter century.



Photos: E. Dockree.

HARRINGTON GARDENS, SOUTH KENSINGTON, S.W.



CAMPDEN HOUSE CHAMBERS, KENSINGTON, W.



OLD HOUSES, ROYAL HOSPITAL ROAD, S.W.

Photo: E. Dockree.

Till quite recently the roads and squares adjoining the upper part of the Earl's Court Road remained comparatively untouched. Pembroke Square, Abingdon Villas, a region of little houses with roads and open spaces relatively ample, spoke of a time when the land on the fringe of the somewhat remote Royal Suburb was not of much value, but now the Royal Borough has come to its own. The old days when the dwellers in Kensington blinked lazily in the sun live only in the memories of a few; the Kensington shops have few rivals, crowds of well-to-do residents throng the pavements; rents and rates increase, and paupers multiply; old houses and old gardens are swept away, those in Church Street being among the last to go; and now the towering flat is beginning to rise in every direction, where low buildings of two or three storeys lately stood; a conspicuous instance is the so-called "Iverna Court," just off Wright's Lane, where a veritable well is in process of formation. Wright's Lane itself, name of strange and mournful incongruity, is vulgarised by a glittering length of shop front of the latest pattern; Scarsdale House and Garden have been swallowed up by the shop aforesaid, which has also taken to itself the old name, whether as a patent of respectability, or as a concession to the susceptibilities of the oldest inhabitant, is not known; but, though much history is indeed stored up in names, there are times and occasions when the old inhabitant would prefer the merciful anodyne of slow forgetfulness

to this constant jogging of the memory of things lost and gone.

Little more of Kensington High Street itself will be left soon for those who knew and loved it as it was. That the widening was a necessity cannot be denied, but the manner of doing it might have been less blatant, less hopelessly discordant with the few old relics which survive and the dignified old houses which have been pulled down. Even the picturesque corner by the church has been disfigured by the too exuberant loyalty of an irresponsible mayor. From the "Monument" to the Kensington Memorial, through the Duke of York's Column, the Nelson Column, and the Gothic example in the Broad Sanctuary, is a succession which should give us pause.

It is a story of deterioration at once regular and rapid, and reads like the gradual decline of some effete dynasty, from a Charles the Great to a Charles the Bald and a Charles the Fat. Did this accurately reflect the condition of contemporary architecture at the several periods during the last 200 years we might well despair. It is significant enough that a municipal body should be formed to initiate and a public to condone, if it does not applaud.

Where there is so much to regret and condemn it is pleasant to be able to give a word of praise to the new fire station which faces down the road which forms the eastern boundary to Messrs.

Barker's new premises. There is a very noticeable want of proportion between the bold stone detail of the lower building in front and the windows in the brick block at the back, and the building suffers also from being little more than a substantial theatrical flat, so entirely has the front monopolised the attention of its designer; but by contrast with the vulgarity of its big neighbour it is as welcome as a spring of water in the desert. The death-knell of the High Street was sounded when the Palace Hotel was built. Its monstrous size was only too accurately prophetic of what was to come; but at least it was architecture, and the new houses which from time to time were built opposite it, a bank, a public-house, and what-not, all gave evidence of a desire, more completely attained in some cases than others, to assist rather than dispel the illusion of age, which lay more in the general lines of the buildings than in the definite examples of old work.

Kensington Court, earliest and best example of those little coteries of houses which in one form or another have since had so considerable a vogue, demands a word in passing. Mr. Jackson's picturesque house at the entrance, and the row of houses by Mr. Stevenson, have their share in the result; but it is the happily-conceived group of houses in the centre, an arrangement without precise parallel before or since, to which the effectiveness of the whole is chiefly due. Subsequent additions, like other new work in the neighbourhood, have been very much less happy.

Kensington Palace Gardens, which has not been the scene of building operations since the completion of Mr. Philip Webb's eminently dignified and characteristic house at the southern extremity, is now in process of being filled up. Immediately north of the passage to Church Street the vacant ground has been divided into building plots, four of which have been taken up, and as many new houses are approaching completion. If it is not possible to wax enthusiastic over any of them, they are generally of a good stamp, and far removed from the class to which the feebly-fantastic quasi-Oriental mansions further on belong; the site, however, divided only from the Palace by the road and a stretch of greensward, is something so much out of the common that it might have been expected to supply a more potent stimulus than has been the case.

The sword which has fallen on Kensington hangs menacingly over Campden Hill. Already the middle portion of Campden Hill Road, where for many years past there has been a large open space big with opportunities for good or evil, has been irremediably spoilt, and the pity of

it is that the great pile of buildings in which everything has been blindly sacrificed to the desire of making house room for a multitude, securing the greatest possible misery for the greatest possible number, has struck a sort of keynote, has deliberately set a bad example, which must almost necessarily affect the treatment of the spacious gardens in front of it when their time comes to be developed. Doubtless the local house-agents smack their lips over the multiplication of big buildings; they are looking forward, it is said, to seeing the site of the Grand Junction reservoir covered with rows of houses. When that is done, as probably it will be done, it will be found that the goose which laid the golden eggs has been killed, and the glamour of a name will hardly avail to prevent a slump in values when all the qualities for which that name stood have been improved away. Fortunately a more enlightened policy has prevailed elsewhere, and certain tracts of garden ground of fair extent are assured a permanent existence.

Twenty-five years ago, and more, the first encroachment on the private gardens which were the glory of the neighbourhood took place when Airlie Gardens was built. Planned to front two roads, which formed an obtuse angle with one another, the inevitable result was a wedge-shaped house at the angle, but against this had to be set a minimum of waste of open space, and the subsequent addition of a strip of market garden by the owner of the southernmost house was as great a gain to the general amenities of the situation as the additions to the house itself were to an architectural scheme which was badly in want of a fillip.

This, then, may be put to the credit side of the account, and we may say in passing that Bedford Gardens, a locality much in request with those to whom air and sunshine and a strip of veritable garden are first considerations, has been developed on just the right lines. Practically every house has been added to, and sometimes to the extreme limits of the possibilities, but in no case in such a way as to impair the character of the surroundings.

Little Campden House, albeit built in and overshadowed, still remains to give a note of interest to a quarter which is all of recent growth; but fate has been so far kind that the new houses on Gloucester Walk and the block of flats on Sheffield Terrace are not only quite free from the brutal aggressiveness of other work close by, but, in the latter case more particularly, have a considerable measure of good quality of their own. Campden House Chambers, the work of the architects of Mr. Beit's house in Park Lane, and immeasurably more successful than that somewhat ponderous

example, studiously simple in mass and detail, is, in spite of some obvious affinities with that of Mr. Philip Webb, an original and characteristic work. Florid accessories to which the incompetent fly for their effects are here replaced by such touches as the coursing of the stonework in alternate deep and shallow bands, one of those details by which the eye is flattered, even when it does not consciously discern them.

order have given way to other little houses, overfull perhaps of little conceits, and marked by that sort of originality which one seems to have seen before, but deserving something better than captious criticism, pleasant to look upon, and peculiarly welcome where they are placed, if not important enough to be an effective set-off against the monstrous bulk of their near neighbour. This it is which fills one with alarm for the future.



NO. 1, AIRLIE GARDENS, KENSINGTON, W.

Photo: E. Dockree.

Building is now practically continuous all round the four sides of what was once the garden of Campden House, and the general public gets nothing more than rare glimpses of distant leafage; but something in the nature of a lung still exists, and within the boundaries formed by the new houses big trees can still spread their arms and air circulate.

Latest of all the building in the district is that on Hornton Street, only now on the point of completion. Here little houses of the doll's-house

Conceive a flood of brickwork pouring over the grounds of Niddry Lodge and the Gothic château below it, over the range of gardens from Campden Hill Road to Holland Park, even over Holland Park itself. It sounds like the stuff that nightmares are made of; yet this is doubtless, for many a Kensingtonian, who would be surprised to have his loyalty to the borough called in question, an ideal to the realisation of which he looks with joyful expectation.

A. E. STREET.

Some Dublin Buildings.—I.

THE eighteenth-century buildings of Dublin, both civil and domestic, have hardly received in England the attention and appreciation to which their merits entitle them. Although they are as fine as similar and contemporary work to be found in other cities or towns of the kingdom, they have been but little illustrated or studied. Fergusson, in his "History of Architecture," does not even mention them, and Mr. Blomfield in his book on "Renaissance Architecture in England" only illustrates the Custom House, and gives some particulars about its architect. This may be another injustice to Ireland, but not to Irishmen, for hardly any of the architects who designed, or the craftsmen who worked under them, were native-born.

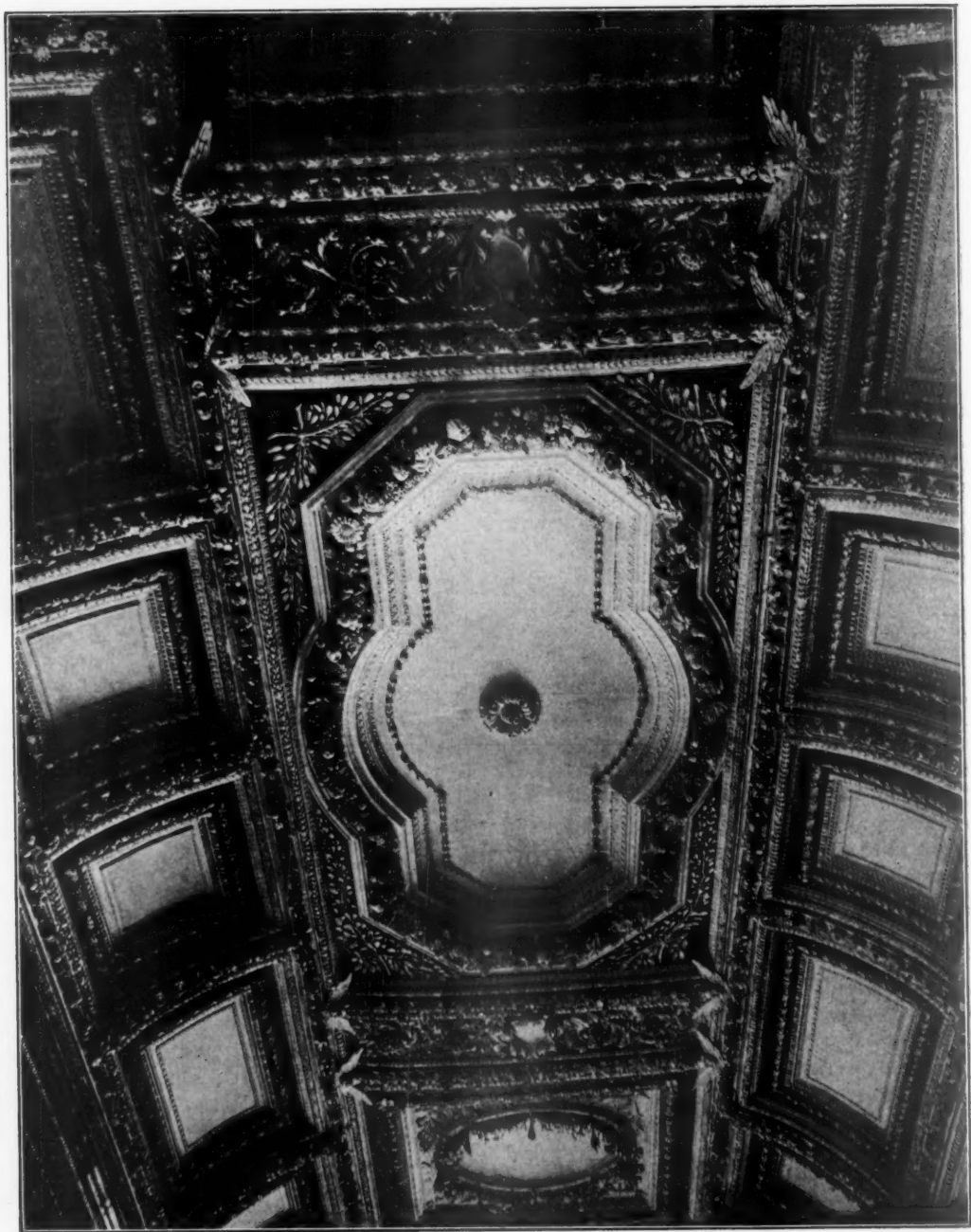
The first building to be noticed, although not strictly of architectural beauty or importance, is interesting as being, if documentary and internal evidence can be trusted, the only work of Sir Christopher Wren in Ireland. This is the Royal Hospital at Kilmainham for aged and infirm soldiers; and it may be worth while, as illustrating the methods of the time, to give a short account of its history and foundation, and trace Wren's connection with it, before touching on the few points of interest in the building itself. The project was first mooted in 1675 by Earl Granard, "Martial-General" of the army in Ireland; and the Earl of Essex, then Lord Lieutenant, took some steps to find a site. He, however, was called away from Ireland, and it was his successor, the Duke of Ormonde, who took up the scheme and eventually started the building in 1680, which was completed under another Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of Clarendon, in 1686. King Charles II. made a grant of sixty-five acres of crown land, formerly belonging to an abbey of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and directed that sixpence in the pound was to be deducted from all military pay to provide funds for the work, an income tax which I imagine was not relished by the officers and men of the day. Ormonde appointed a large standing committee, of archbishop, bishops, and high military and legal officials, and their successors in office.

This committee when established "issued out orders to *His Majesty's Surveyor of His Buildings* (whom they thought most proper to advise with in that behalf), requiring that he do with all convenient speed view the lands of Kilmainham . . . and that a draught or design of a building to

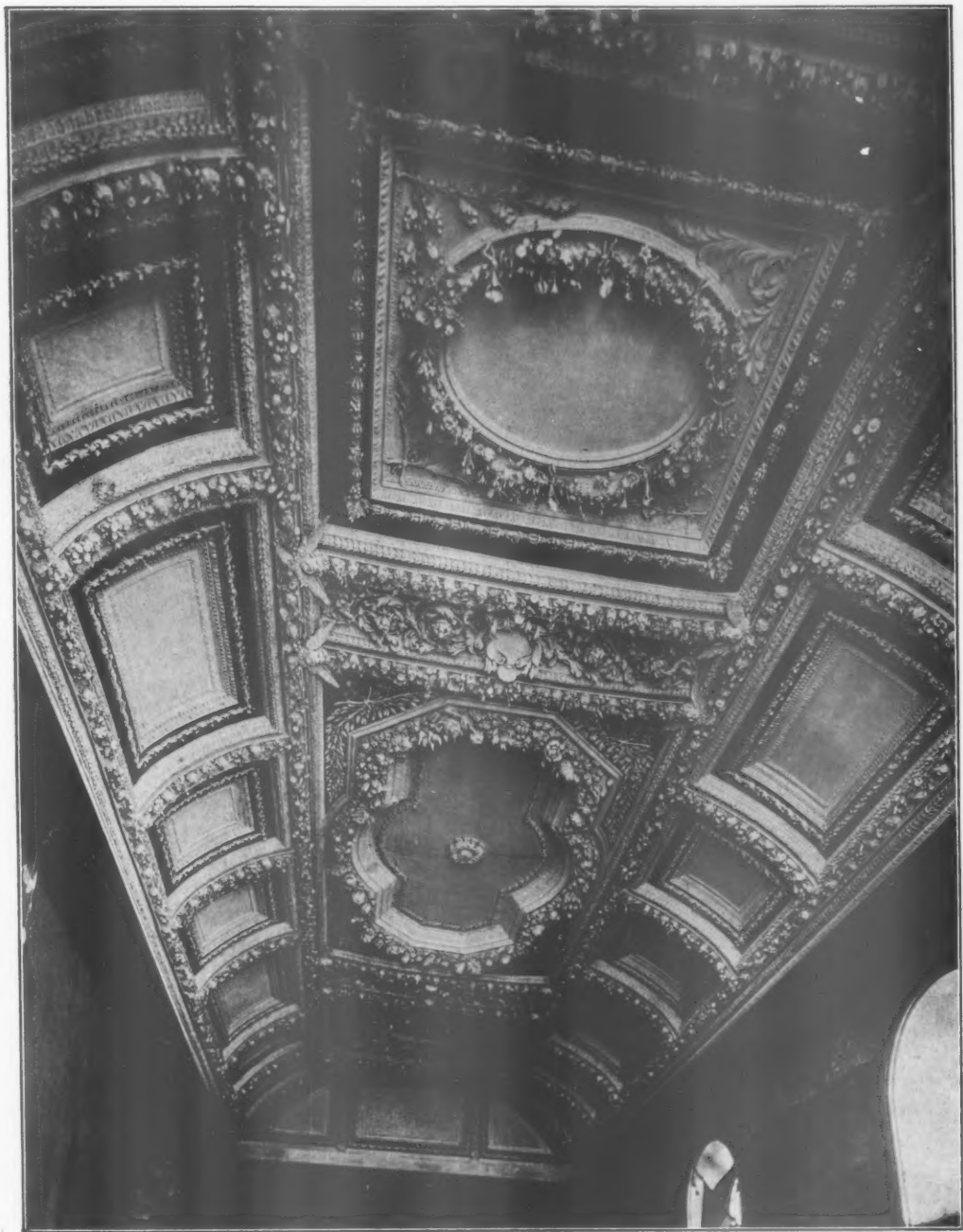
be erected on the most advantageous part of the said land be prepared." Now Wren was appointed by letters patent in 1669 Surveyor of His Majesty's Buildings, and held the office until deprived of it by George I. in 1718, and during that period there was no one else who had such a title. It must be taken, therefore, that the committee consulted Wren. I cannot find any definite record that he made a journey to Ireland, but the account from which I have quoted goes on to say, "accordingly the Surveyor having taken a view of the said lands of Kilmainham, returned a model, with his opinion that the easternmost part of the said lands would be the fittest place for erecting such a building," and accompanied this with his instructions as to how to set about the building and to provide for its supervision. The "said Surveyor" also made ingenious calculations based on muster rolls, etc., by which he arrived at the proper number of men to be provided for, which was 300.

The building is not one which adds to the illustrious architect's fame. It consists of an arcaded quadrangle with chapel and hall on the north side, official residences, etc., dreary and without distinction externally.

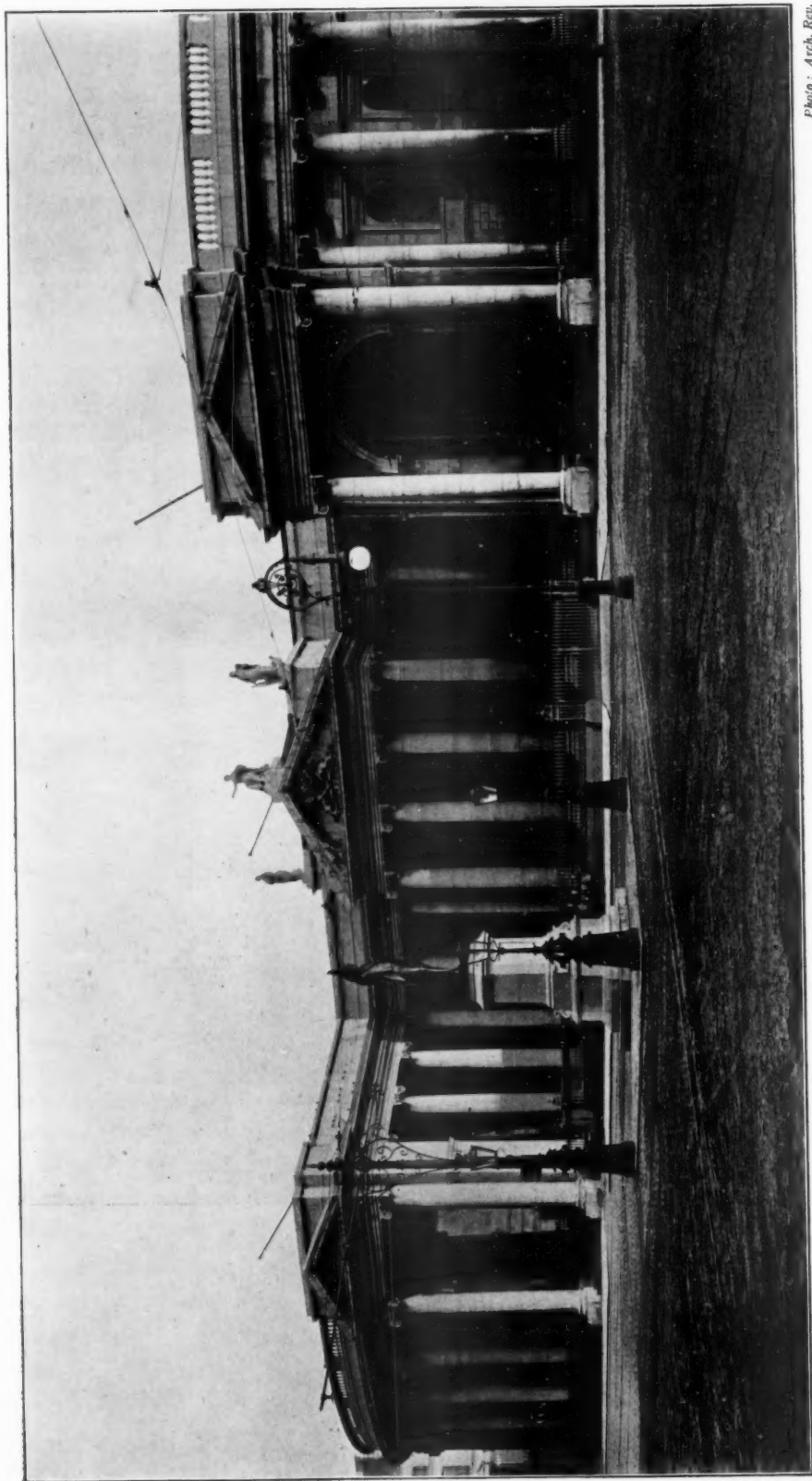
In 1680, when the work was begun, considerable ruins of the old abbey existed, and its chapel walls were still standing. These were pulled down and the stone re-used in the new building. Apparently the large east window of bald geometrical tracery was re-erected, and a most incongruous jumble thereby produced at the east end. For around this in the manner of Grinling Gibbons, and perhaps by him, is put an arrangement of Corinthian columns, entablatures, swags, and the rest of it, all in oak. Above this is the very elaborate plaster ceiling, the line of which cuts the pointed arch of the window, leaving a gap between. The large plaster cornice butts abruptly on to the carved oak work, and is there incontinently cut off. For such lamentable confusion the architect cannot be held responsible, for it is certain that a Gothic east window formed no part of his "model." The ceiling is really the most interesting feature of the building, and some of the methods used in its construction are very curious and unusual, if not unique. The character and general design of the ornament clearly point to Grinling Gibbons as its designer. The very rich and varied but always rhythmic and well-balanced arrangement of the flowers and fruit in the great borders gives evidence of his peculiar skill in this work, and it was most



CHAPEL CEILING, KILMAINHAM HOSPITAL.

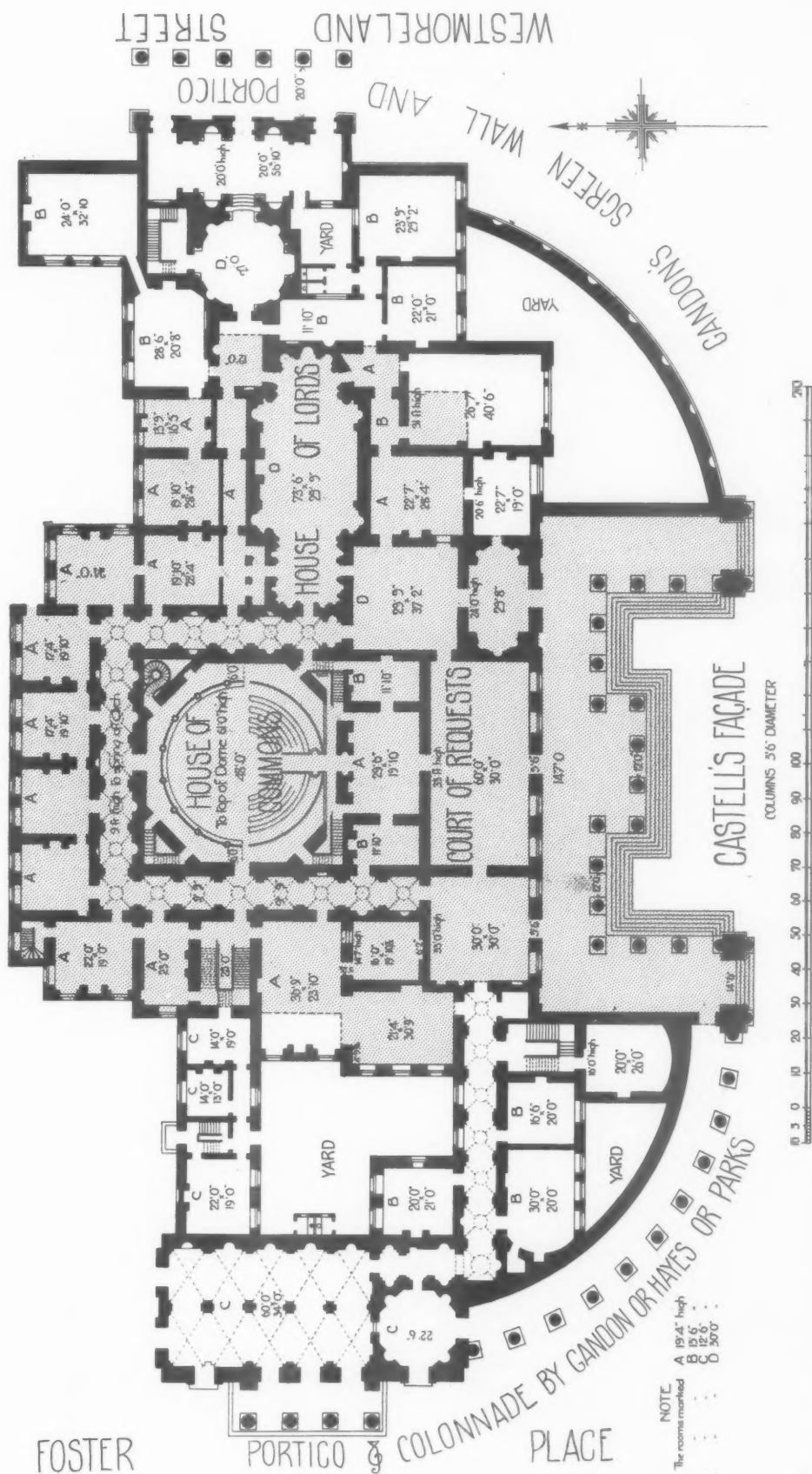


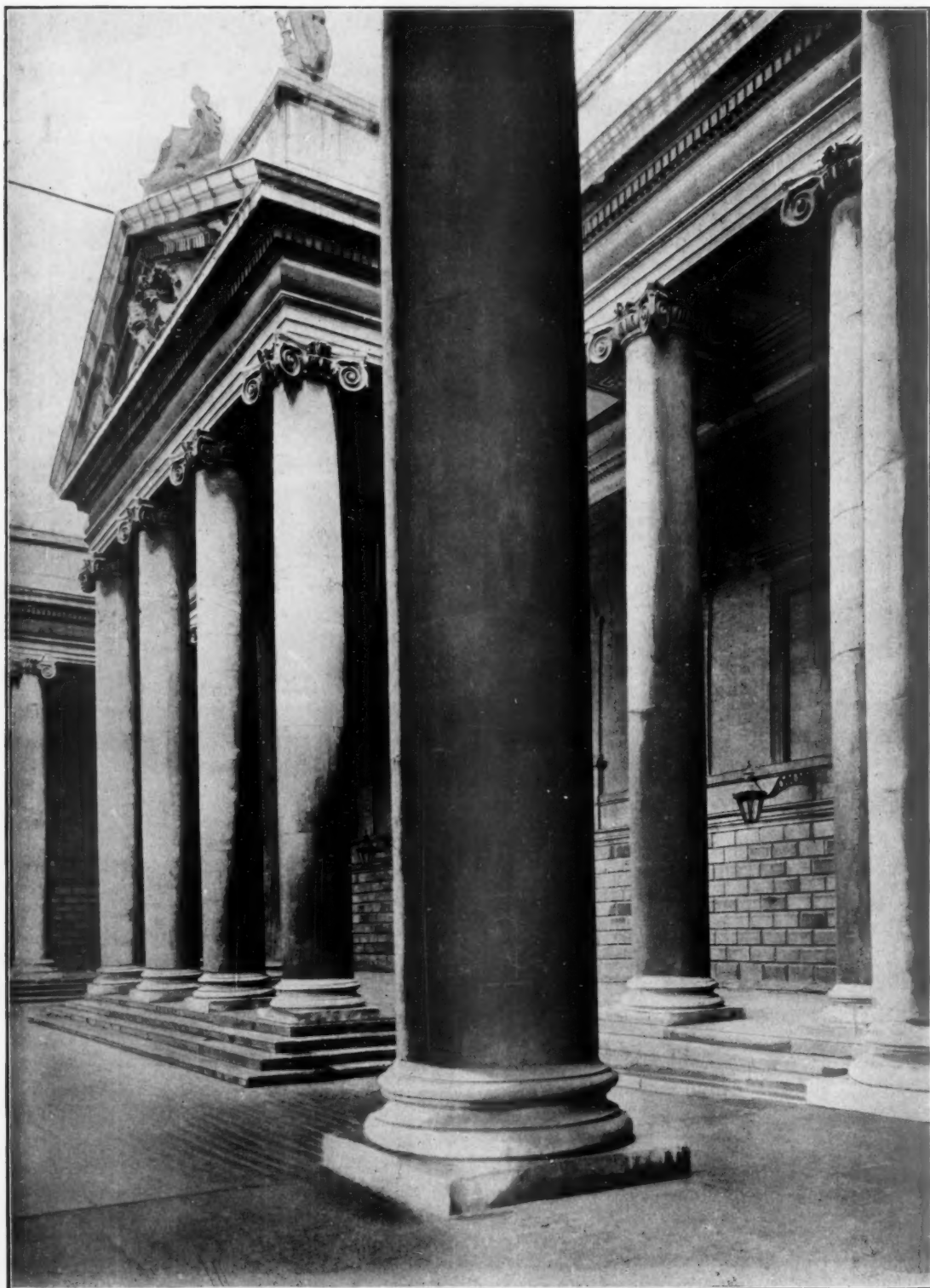
CHAPEL CEILING, KILMAINHAM HOSPITAL.



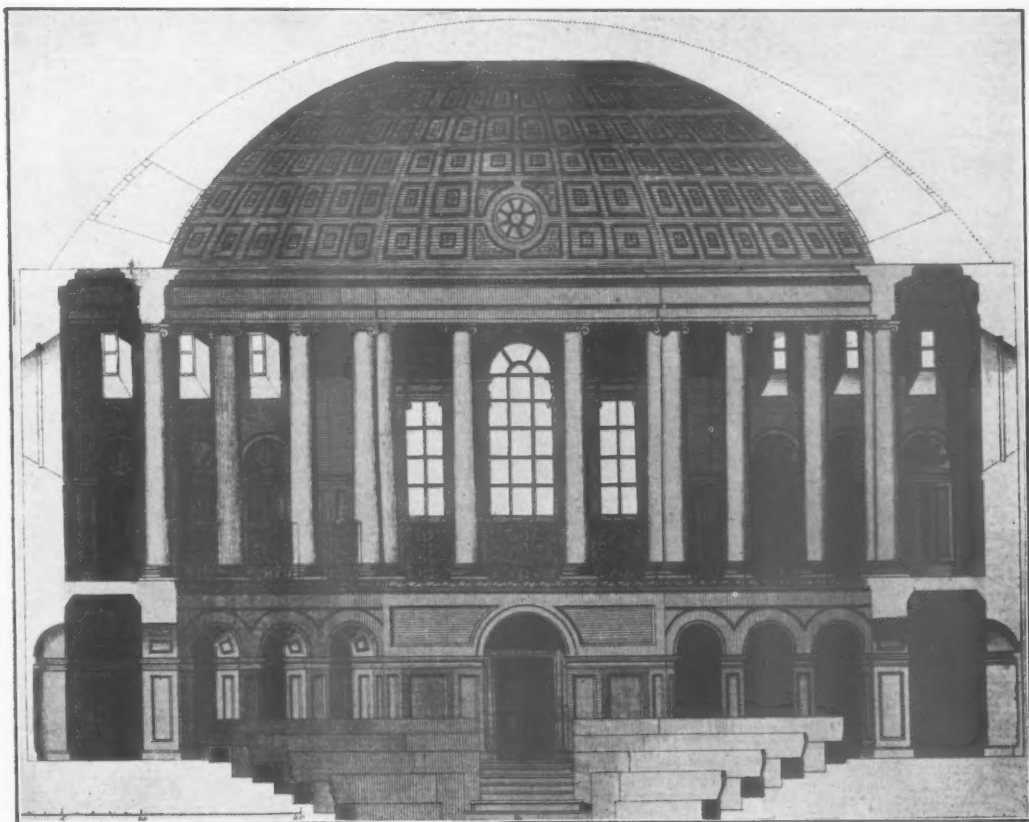
BANK OF IRELAND, DUBLIN. VIEW FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

Photo: Arch. Rev.



*Photo: Arch. Rev.*

BANK OF IRELAND, DUBLIN. CENTRE PORTICO.



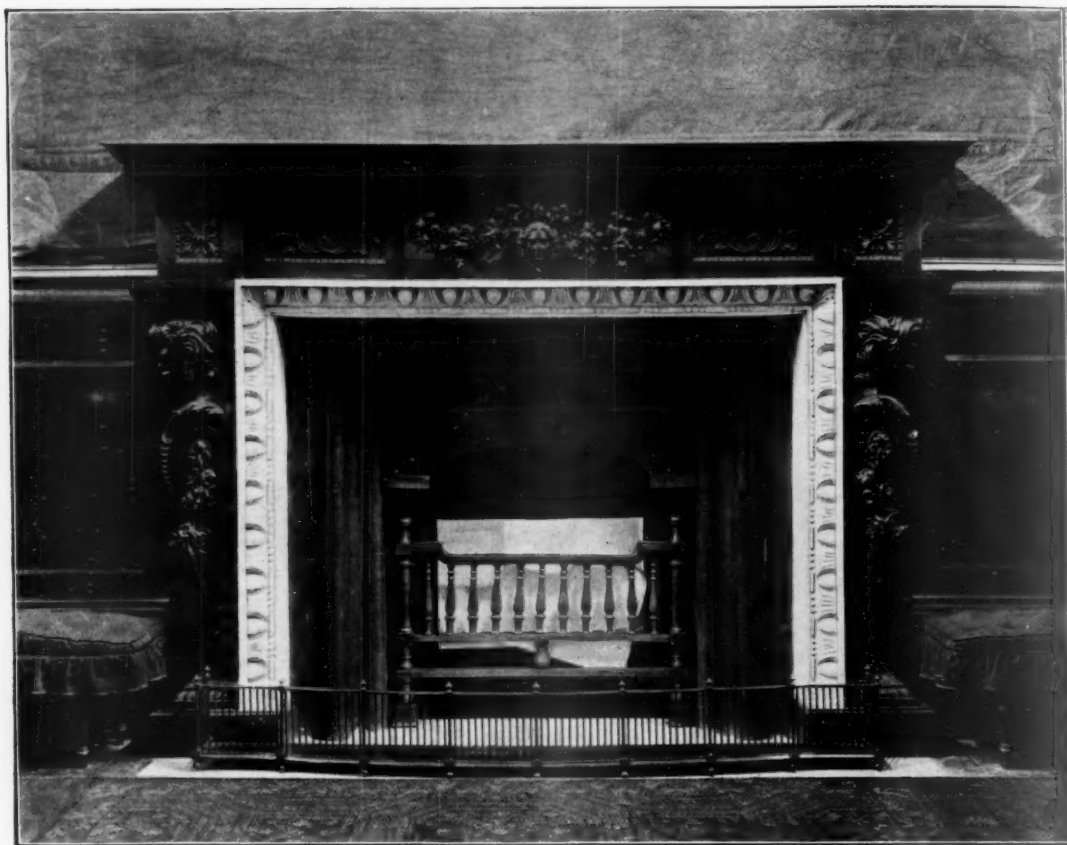
PARLIAMENT HOUSE, DUBLIN.

SECTION OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

likely executed by Italian stucco-workers under his direction. The coffers, beams, and plain mouldings were formed on split oak laths attached to an elaborate cradling of fir timber, partly suspended from the main roof and partly supported by the walls. A good deal of the ornament gives evidence of having been modelled *in situ*, but in the wreaths of fruit, flowers, and foliage each individual unit was separately cast or modelled on an oak or blackthorn twig, forming a core. These were then grouped and attached to the ground of the ceiling by the twigs. Thus by constantly changing the combination immense variety was gained with comparatively few units. Difficulties of projection and undercutting were also overcome by this method. The projection, indeed, as will be seen from the plates, was very great, and single flowers or fruits could be swung like a pendulum. Probably from the first the cradling was too weak for the immense weight of stucco, and soon sagged. In 1843 it was unsafe and had to be strengthened, but decay was going on, and towards the end of last century careful examination showed it to be in a very bad state, and beyond preservation. Wet coming through the roof at some former time, and want of ventilation, had rotted both cradling

and laths, and the key had gone. Messrs. Jackson, of Rathbone Place, were called in, and instructed to take the ceiling down and reproduce it. This they have accomplished most successfully, adopting practically the old method of separate units on blackthorn twigs, but using modern materials, such as papier mâché and fibrous plaster, thereby reducing the weight to about one-tenth of the original stucco. The illustrations are from photographs of the old ceiling. In the new the ground is happily not picked out.

The most notable building of the eighteenth century in Dublin is undoubtedly the Bank of Ireland, formerly the Houses of Parliament. Its architectural history perhaps exceeds in interest its political record. Not knowing this history, one would say that the façade was the design of one man, finely conceived, well detailed, and carried out as a whole, whereas it is the growth of nearly a century, and the work of four or five architects. It is very remarkable that each of these men in his own way should have furthered the evolution of the building towards the complete development that we now see. This, of course, applies only to the exterior, for the interior no longer serves its original purpose.



THE BANK OF IRELAND, DUBLIN.

Photo: Arch. Rev.

CHIMNEYPIECE IN THE OLD HOUSE OF LORDS.

The first portion was begun in 1728-9 on the site of old Chichester House, in which Parliament had met since the Restoration, and completed in about ten years. The façade consisted of the central and two wing porticos only, behind which were the Houses of Lords and Commons with the various offices. Both to the east and west it abutted on old buildings. On the former side were mean hovels and lime kilns, and on the latter stood Daly's Club House, and so it remained until 1784.

Before going further it will be well to consider the authorship of this part of the design. Official records give the credit of it to Edward Lovet Pearce, Surveyor-General at the time. This young man was a captain in Neville's troop of Dragoons, but lately returned from campaigning in the Low Countries. It is hardly probable or even possible that he could have gone through the training absolutely necessary to gain a knowledge of classical architecture so accurate and thorough as shown in this design, to say nothing of the power to apply it so finely. There were "ghosts" on the earth in those days, even as in these modern and decadent times. Fortunately it is

fairly easy to materialise this "ghost." Pearce's authorship was scoffed at from the first, and a pseudonymous writer of the time published a set of Latin verses plainly stating that a certain "Castellus" was the real architect. Other references to him and a comparison of his known work confirm this. The man thus identified was Richard Castell, Cassels, or Castles, as he is variously called. He was a German invited to Ireland by Sir Gustavus Hume, of the county of Fermanagh. His work on the Parliament House and elsewhere plainly shows him to have been a well-trained and able man with a turn for vigorous detail. He was doubtless the Castell who in 1728 published his "*Villas of the Ancients*," a theoretical restoration of Pliny's *Villas* and others described by Varro and Columella, and the influence of this study can be clearly traced in the design of the House of Lords, with its coffered barrel roof, high-set lunettes, and apse beneath. Moreover he was something of an engineer, and constructed the Newry Canal, with the first stone lock, in Ireland. He afterwards obtained a large practice, leaving works all over the country, and died suddenly in 1751.



Photo: Arch. Rev.

BANK OF IRELAND, DUBLIN, THE OLD HOUSE OF LORDS.

Returning to the story of the Parliament House we find that in 1778 the Peers were desirous of adding a new entrance and other accommodation, but owing to the state of the country the undertaking was deferred. In 1782 it was revived, and the work placed in the hands of Thomas Cooley, but this scheme also was given up. Various architects were then consulted, who agreed that owing to the steep fall of the ground on the east side the proposed additions were hardly practicable. James Gandon was finally called in, and undertook to make a design which should solve the problem. The chief difficulty was this: if the Ionic order of the rest of the building were adopted for the columns of the new portico, the fall of the ground would compel the use of a podium and steps, or pedestals for them to stand on. The former would obstruct the new street (Westmoreland Street) which was to be made, and the latter would be a trivial and undignified makeshift. Gandon therefore devised a curved screen wall with blind window recesses to connect his work with Castell's façade, and on this he carried round the original Ionic entablature, and varying it slightly in the new portico, supported it on Corinthian columns whose extra length enabled their bases to be laid practically at the street level. He purposely omitted any enrichment of the screen wall by attached columns in order to enhance the richness of the portico and to prevent undue clashing of the two orders. To this very sensible and successful departure from hard and fast rules he managed to get their lordships to agree, which at a time of strict academic correctness and dilettante purism was rather remarkable. It did not, however, escape adverse comment, and once when Gandon was asked on the works by some passing dilettante what order he was using, he replied that "the order was a substantial one, being that of the House of Lords." The work was begun in 1785. A year later the Speaker of the Commons asked Gandon to undertake some additions to the west side of the building. The latter was unwilling to do this as he was hard at work on, and much worried by, the building of the Custom House. However, as he was pressed, he consented. The Speaker sent him requirements and dimensions, and he made sketch plans, strictly carrying out his instructions. These were returned to him for slight alterations, and nothing more was done for some months. He then met the Speaker, who asked him to give his opinion on a design made by Col. S. Hayes, M.P., an amateur. Gandon was annoyed, and more so when he found that Hayes's design was on quite different lines from those laid down for himself. It was agreed to submit both plans to the decision of the members. To this meeting Gandon brought another design, which

was pronounced to be the best, and adopted. Again there was a long silence and delay, until Gandon discovered that although his design had been adopted he was not to carry out the work, which was given to Robert Parks, another architect, and completed in 1794. Gandon claimed that the finished work exactly corresponded to his accepted design. Col. Hayes, on the other hand, in a letter written at the time, says that it was carried out precisely in accordance with his first sketch, except that he took from Gandon the idea of niches instead of windows in the screen wall. In the face of these opposing statements it is impossible to get at the truth, but that it was a discreditable piece of jobbery, and that Gandon was badly treated, is pretty clear.

In February 1792, while the House of Commons was sitting, the dome was destroyed by fire caused by a new heating apparatus installed by a "smoke doctor" named Nesbit. It was not rebuilt, but was replaced by a "wagon-headed roof with high brick wall and chimneys having a disgusting appearance," whatever that may mean.

The plan shows the building as it stood in 1800, when by the passing of the Act of Union its occupation was gone. The centre tinted part is Castell's first building. On the east is Gandon's screen wall, portico, etc., and on the west is the Gandon-Hayes-Parks open colonnade and House of Commons portico, and additions.

In 1802 the Bank of Ireland bought the whole building from the Government for £40,000 (about the cost of the first portion), and several architects were asked to send in plans for adapting it to the uses of the bank. The first premium of £300 was awarded to Mr. H. A. Baker. He was a pupil of Gandon's, who later on when his master retired was recommended by him to the authorities as being capable of supervising the completion of his (Gandon's) work. He may have been equal to this, but he has shown his ignorance and incapacity elsewhere in Dublin, and it is very doubtful if he had any part in the design of what was done at the Parliament House. He evidently gave up architecture to become secretary of the Hibernian Academy. It was Francis Johnston, the last architect to come on the scene, who actually carried out the work for the bank, and who saw so clearly the way to pull together the differing parts of the great façade, and weld them into the harmonious whole which, in spite of the juxtaposition of the two orders on the east, we now admire. To do this he pulled down the screen wall on the west and built it up behind the free columns, thus making them into three-quarter attached columns, repeated this treatment with Gandon's wall on the east, and thus created the



Photo: Arch. Rev.

BANK OF IRELAND, DUBLIN.

TELLERS' SEATS IN THE OLD HOUSE OF LORDS.

*Photo: Arch. Rev.*

BANK OF IRELAND, DUBLIN.

HOUSE OF LORDS PORTICO.

two symmetrical unpierced wings which contrast so finely with Castell's open porticos in the centre. He placed a top-lighted banking office behind the centre portico, and by filling up the windows underneath it added a monumental touch to the whole. The only important room of the old Parliament House which remains intact is the House of Lords, now used as a Board Room. The effect of its lighting by means of lunettes high up at each end is very happy. The contemporary tapestry hangings on the side walls are by Robert

Baillie, of Dublin, and represent, one, "The Battle of the Boyne," the other, "The Relief of Derry."

The section of the House of Commons is taken from Pool and Cash's *Views of Dublin Buildings*, and in a measure it justifies their quaint encomium that "prejudice itself must acknowledge that the British Empire (we might have added Europe herself) cannot boast of so spacious and stately a senatorial hall."

GODFREY PINKERTON.

The Practical Exemplar of Architecture.

II.—CHIMNEYS.

THIS month we illustrate some examples of chimneys. Nothing is more characteristic of an English building than this feature. Partly due to our climate, partly to our wealth of fuel, the chimney-stack has become the most distinctive mark of our houses and public buildings as compared with other countries, though in the valley of the Loire we get elaborate examples (notably at Château Chambord), and in Belgium in the Town Hall at Ghent; but there is no country where it is so essentially a part of the composition of the design. Moreover, it has been elaborated and developed in the various districts of the country in a way that is most interesting to the student. In Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk we find the use of enriched brick shafts; in Kent the employment of brick in ingenious combinations of caps and plinths of shafts; in Gloucestershire the use of stone more or less intricate; and in Devon the massive stone stack, admirably proportioned to its purpose. Sometimes a circular form is adopted, and so on, each county almost having its typical treatment of the problem. No country

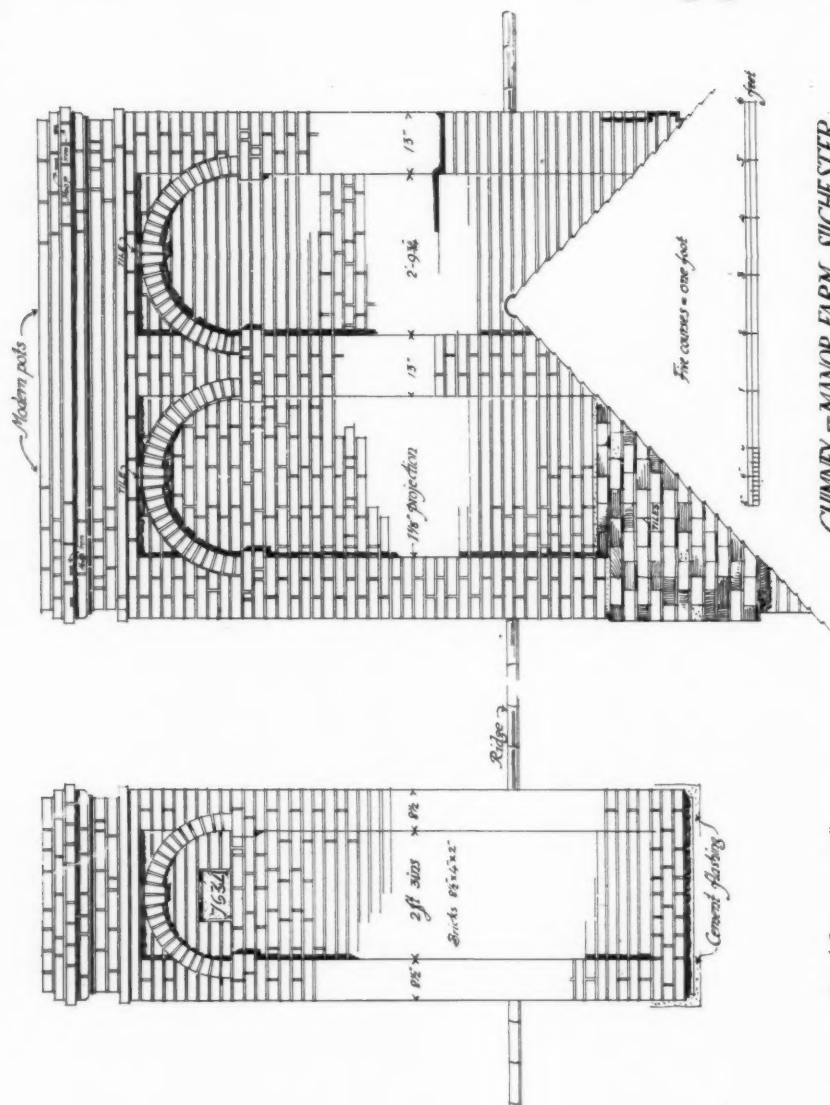
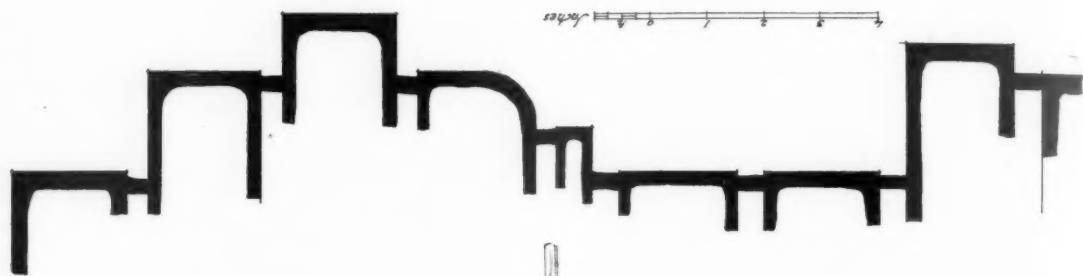
has spent so much thought on the subject as our ancestors, and the result has been that we have a wealth of examples that we can draw upon—the difficulty is rather what to omit than include in our selection. There are few “spooks,” the best known being the central stack of a house in Blandford and the bell-turret in some almshouses at Newbury. Both we intend to illustrate later because they are useful as well as interesting.



CHIMNEY AT MANOR FARM, SILCHESTER.



Photos: Parry.



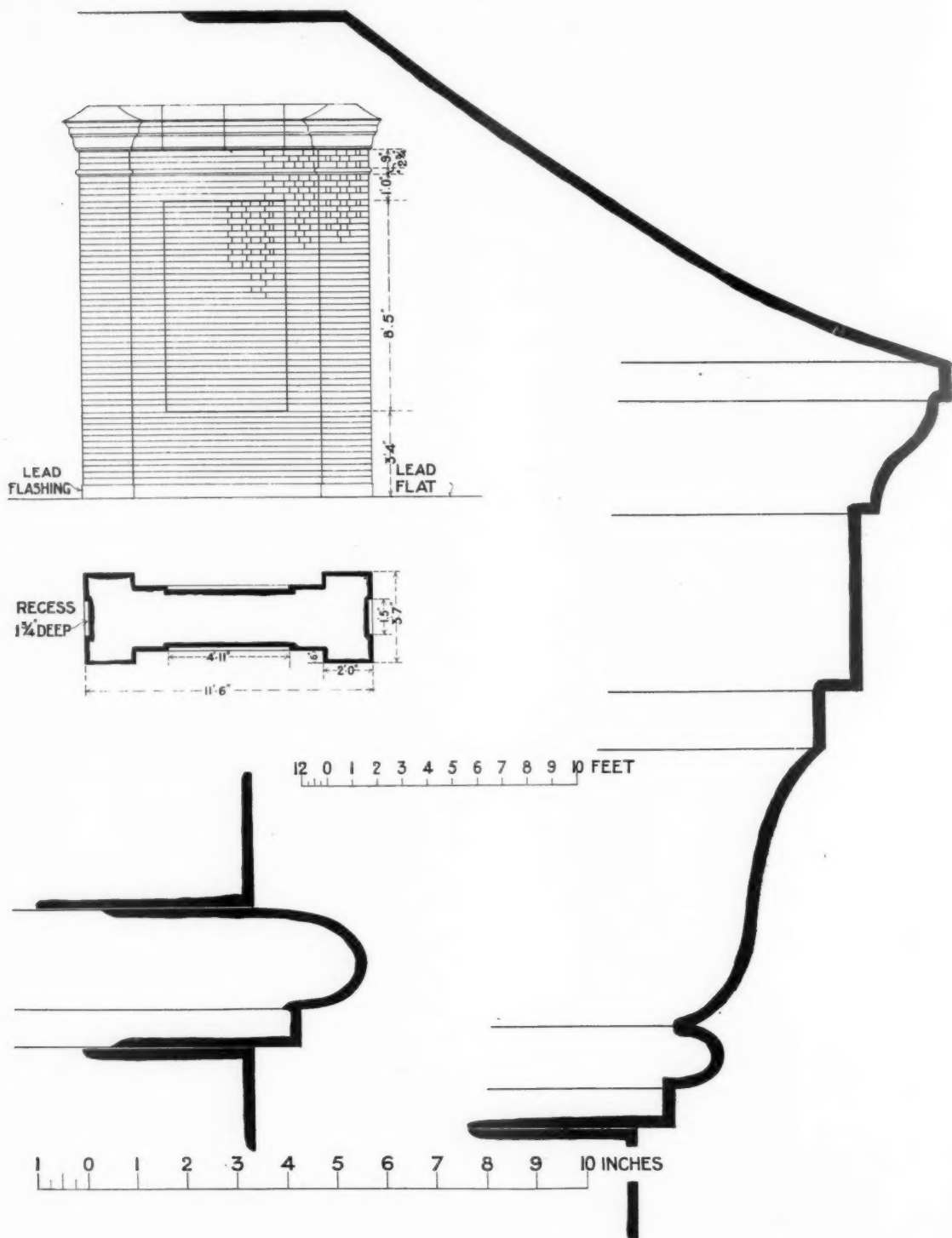
CHIMNEY AT MANOR FARM, SILCHESTER.

Robert Barry Mansel-Pleydell.

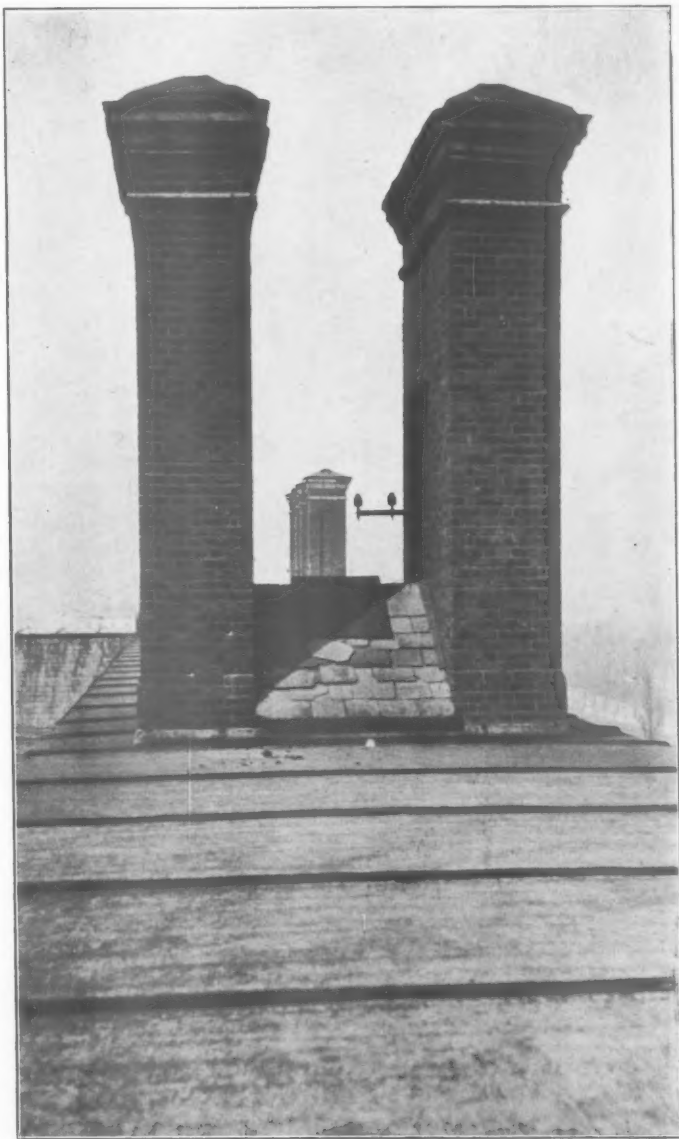


Photo: Arch. Rev.

CHIMNEY, ROYAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA.



CHIMNEY, ROYAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA.
MEASURED AND DRAWN BY FRANCIS BACON, JUN.



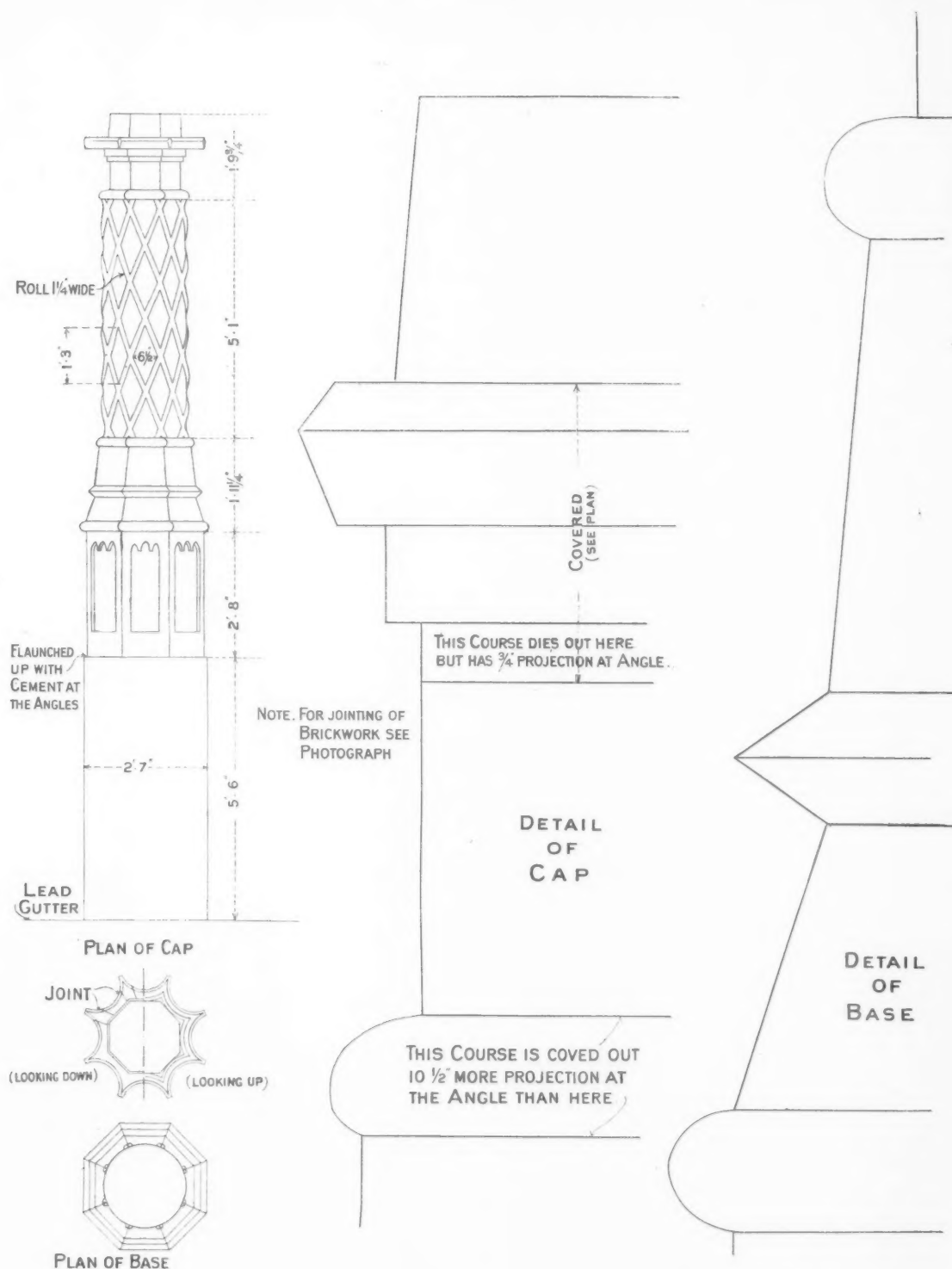
CHIMNEYS, ROYAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA.

Photos: Arch. Rev.



CHIMNEY, ETON COLLEGE.

Photo : Arch. Rev.



CHIMNEY, ETON COLLEGE.

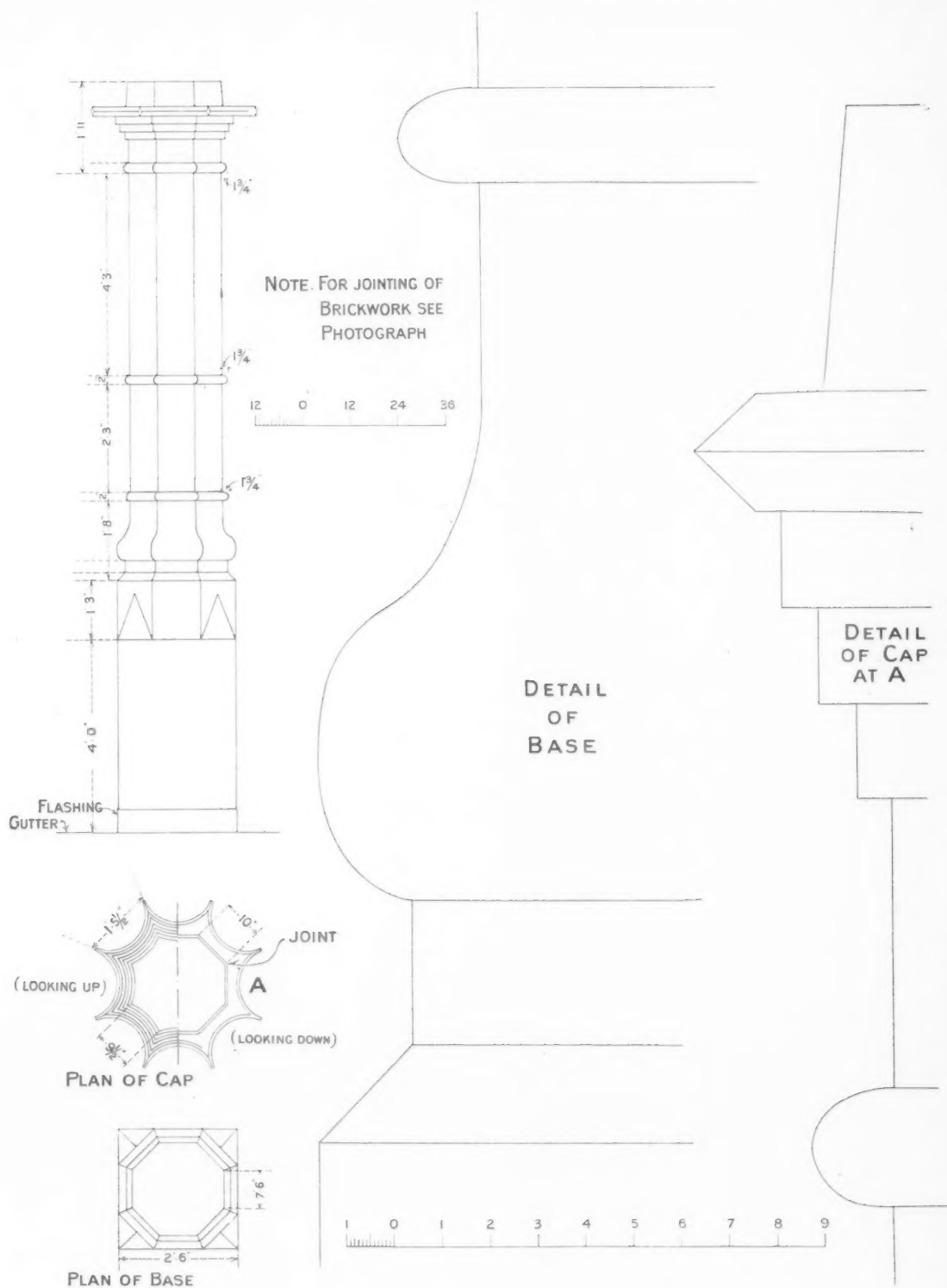
MEASURED AND DRAWN BY FRANCIS BACON, JUNR.

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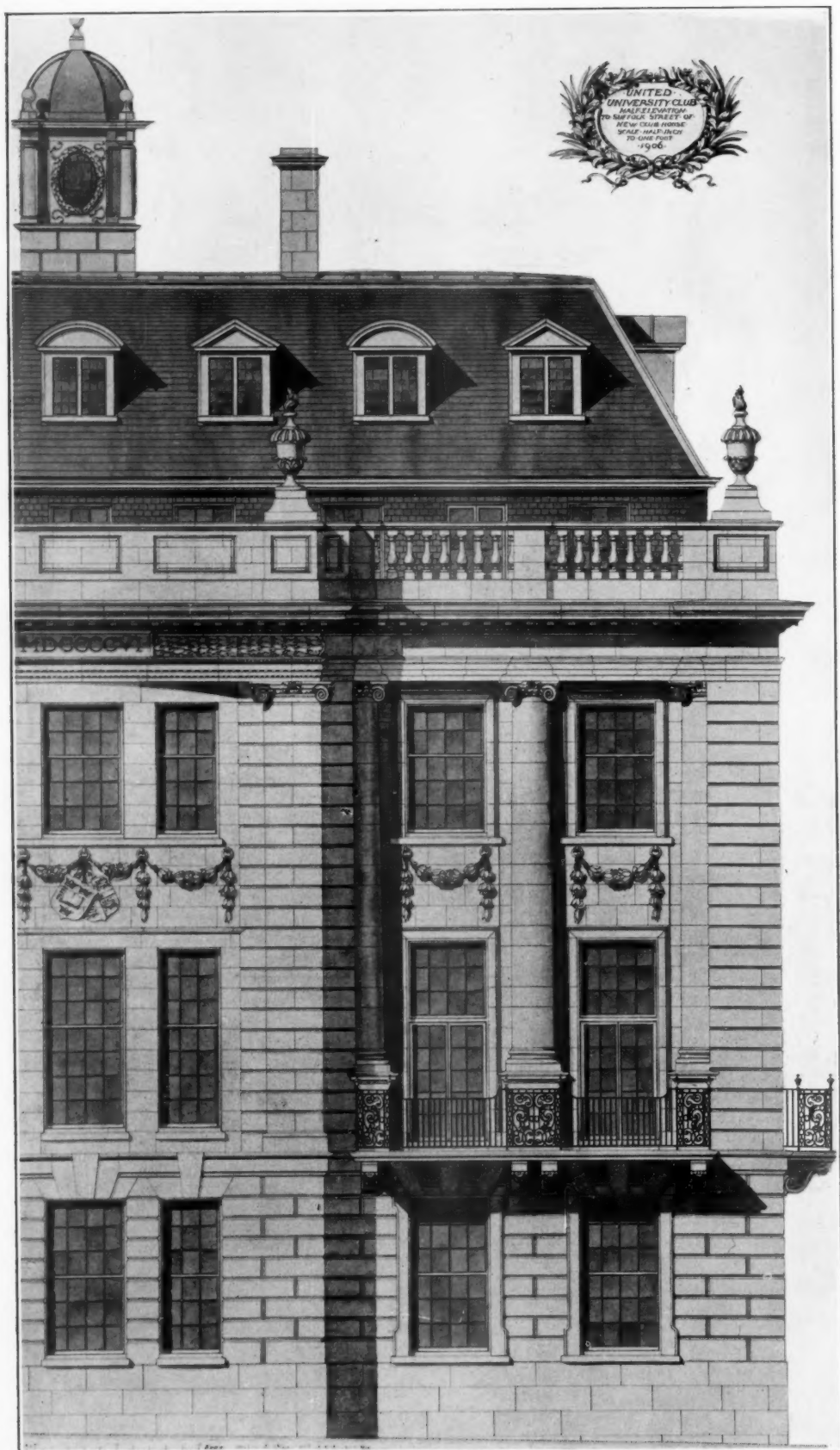
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CHIMNEY, ETON COLLEGE.



CHIMNEY, ETON COLLEGE.

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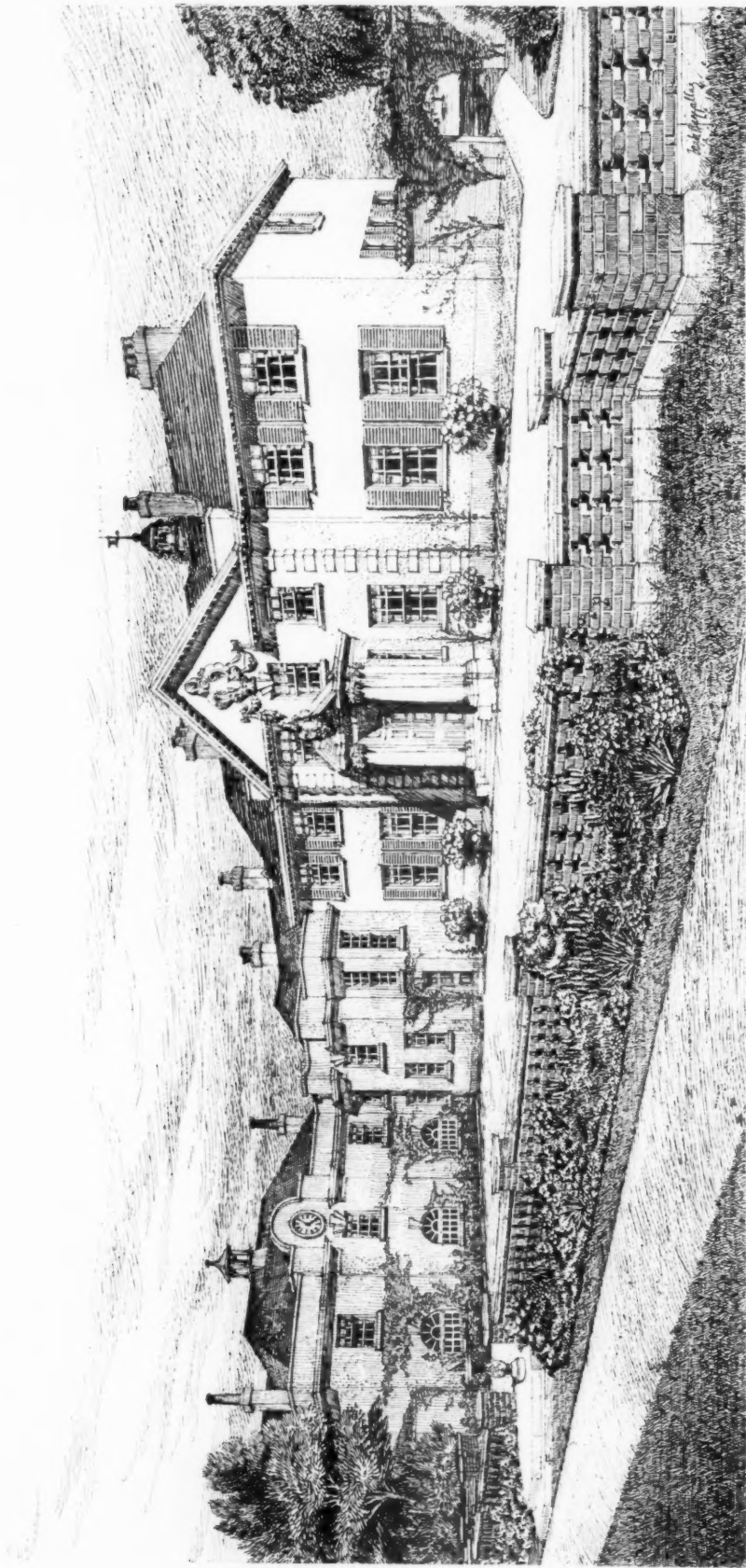
NO. 1435. REGINALD BLOMFIELD, A.R.A., ARCHITECT.

Architecture at the Royal Academy, 1906.—I.

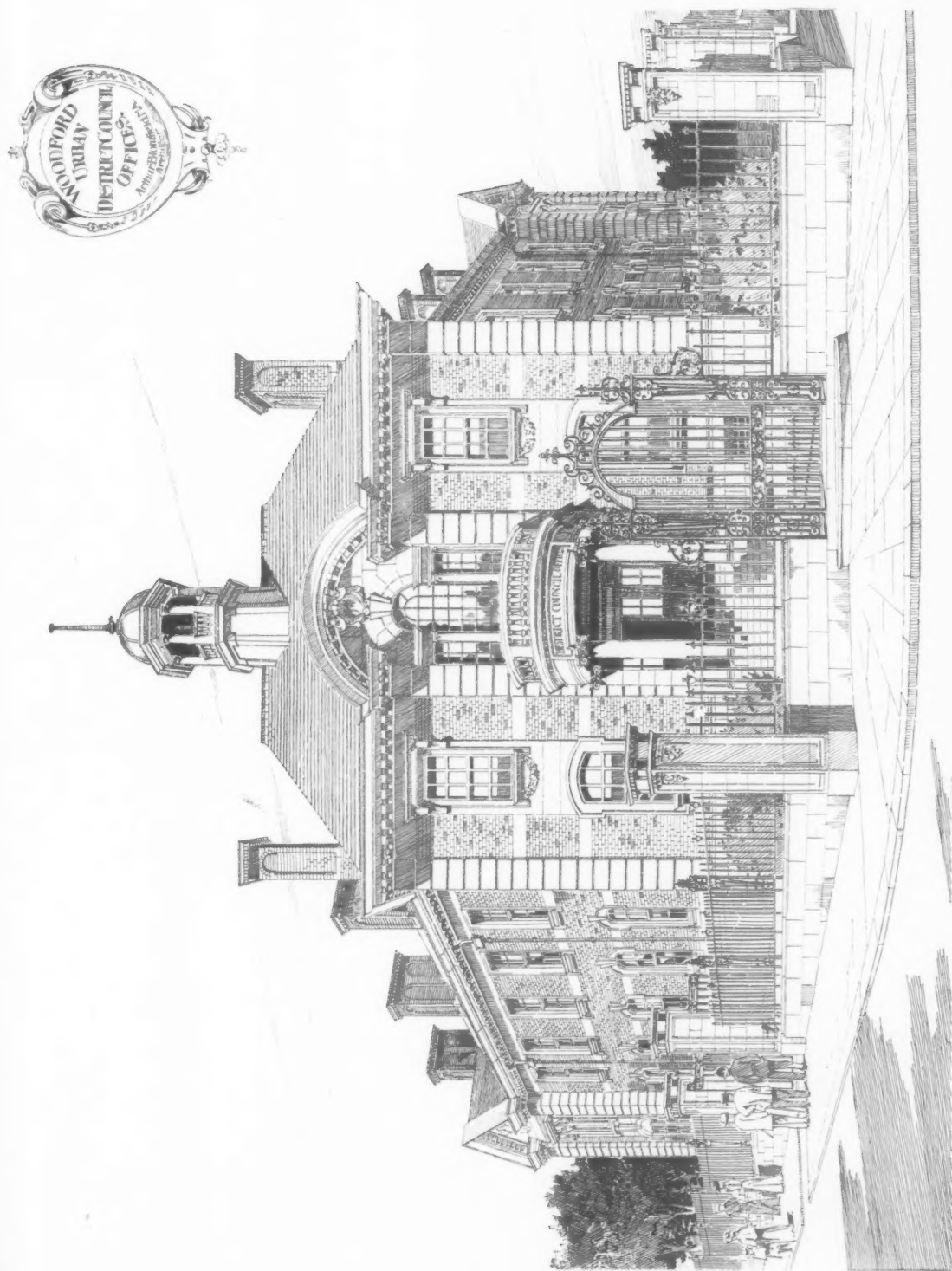
WE present here a number of illustrations of drawings exhibited in the Architectural Room of the Royal Academy this year. The exigencies of the press prevent the whole of the drawings reproduced being included in this issue, but others will appear next month with a general criticism on the Architectural Exhibits.



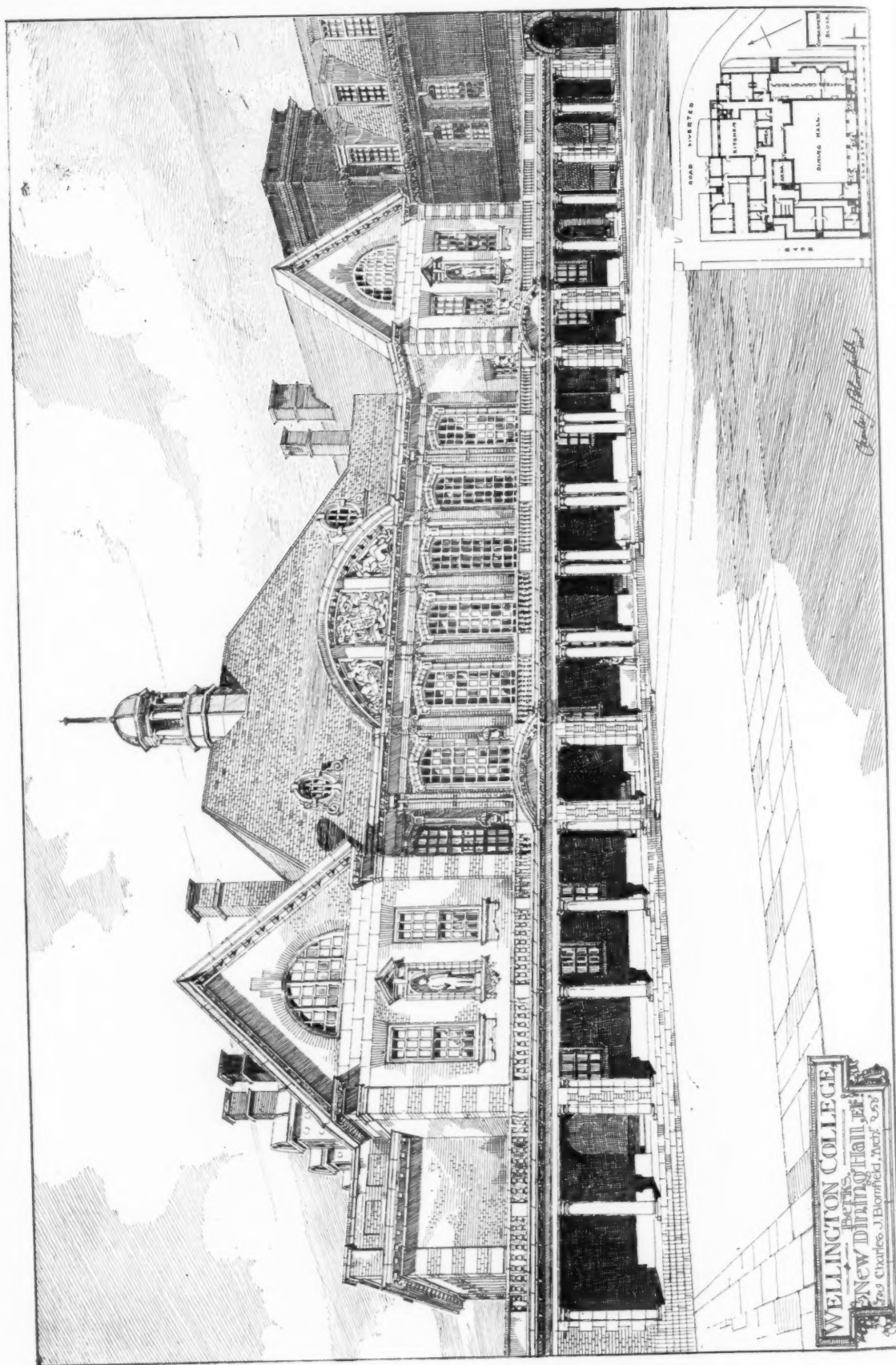
NO. 1412. COTTAGE, FARNHAM, SURREY.

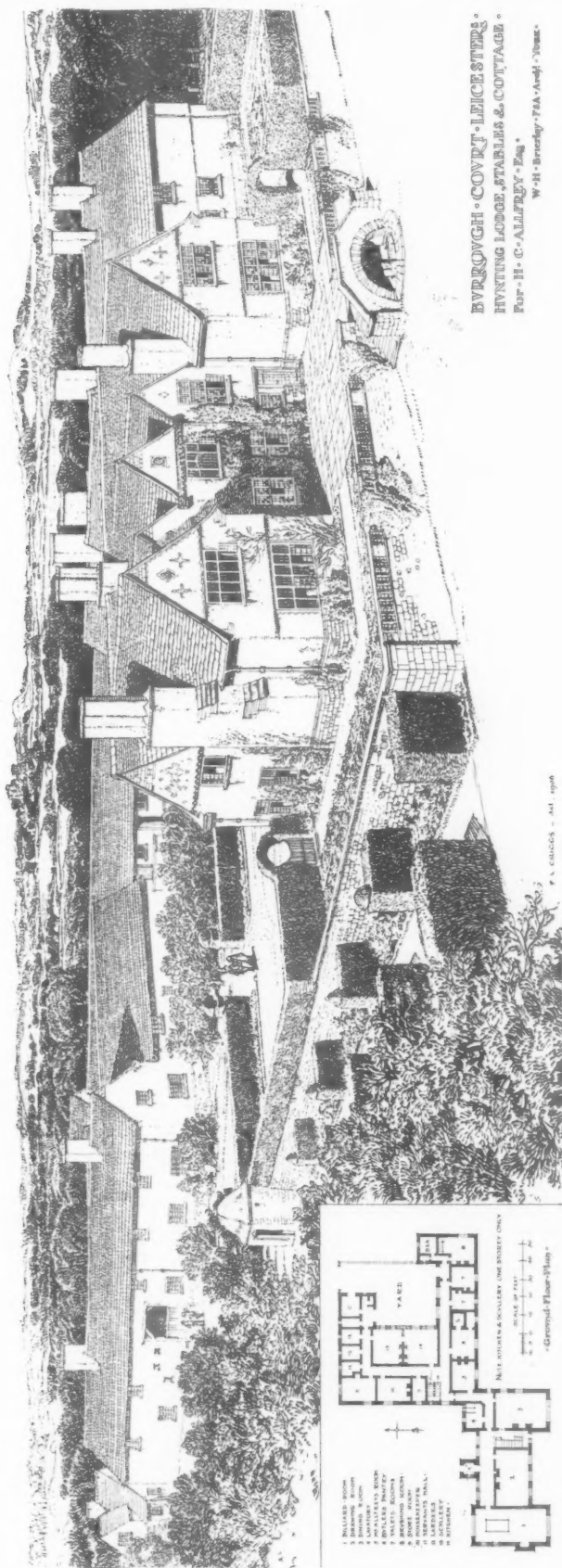


NO. 1490. SHENLEY HILL, HERTS, AS REBUILT.
FRANK T. BAGGALLAY, ARCHITECT.



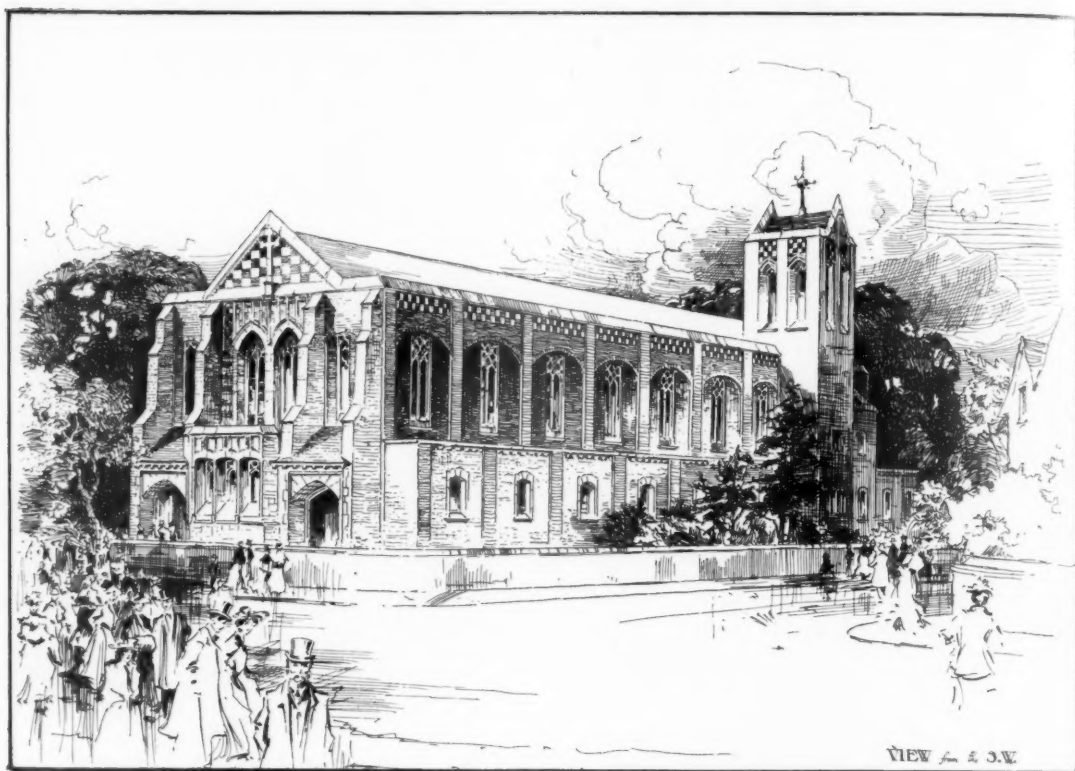
NO. 1440. A. C. BLOMFIELD, ARCHITECT.





WYKE HOUSE, WYKE, WILTSHIRE.
DESIGNED BY
MR. H. C. ALLFREY, Esq.
W. H. BROADBENT, F.R.S., Architect.

F. A. CROOKER - ART. 1906

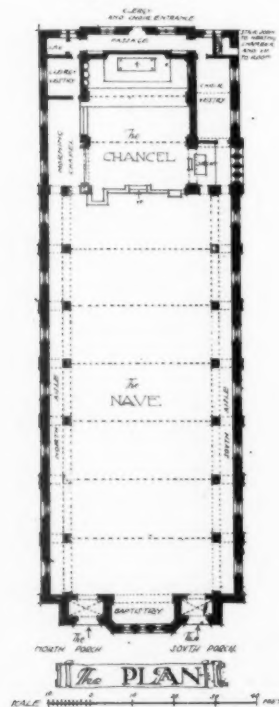


VIEW from S.W.

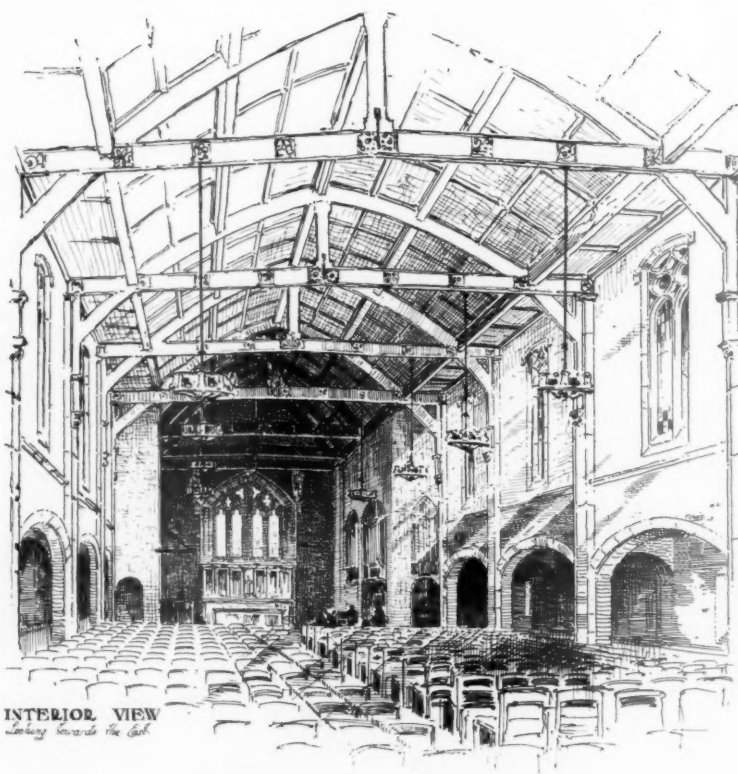
SKETCH DESIGN

for the
**CHURCH of ST. JAMES'S
HILL NEAR OXTON**

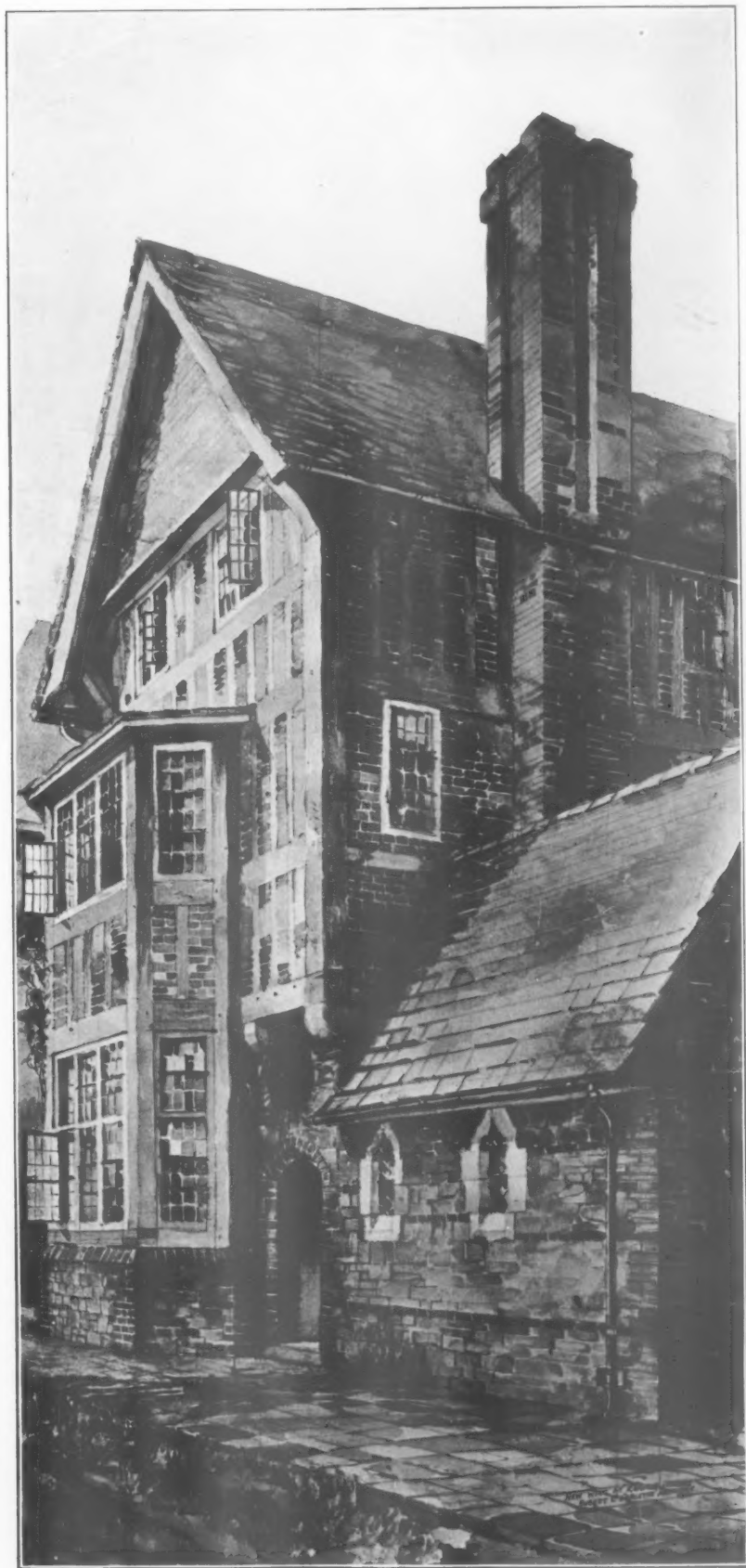
Wendland & Hargood-Tanner
Architects
25 A Broadview Street
BIRMINGHAM



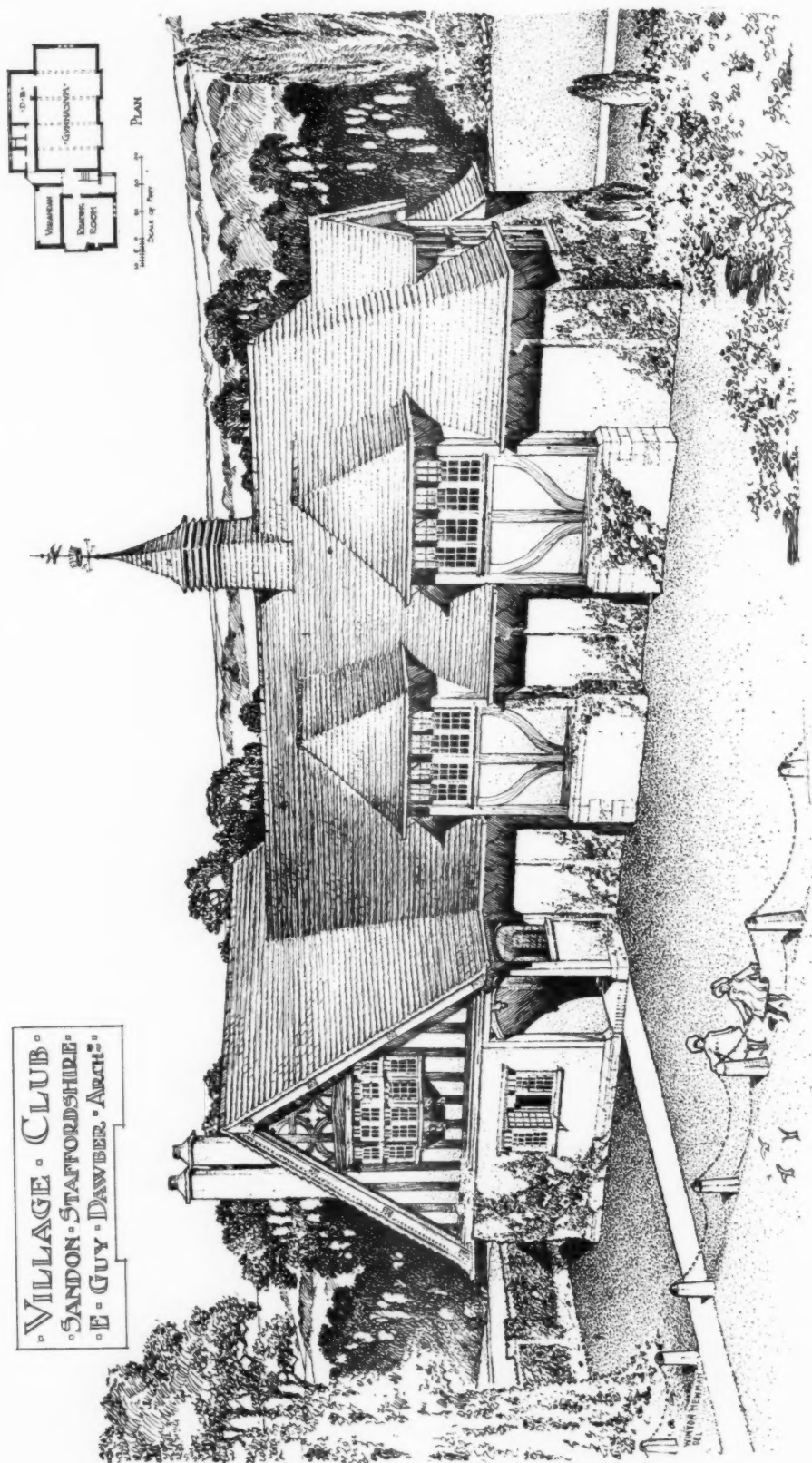
NO. 1494

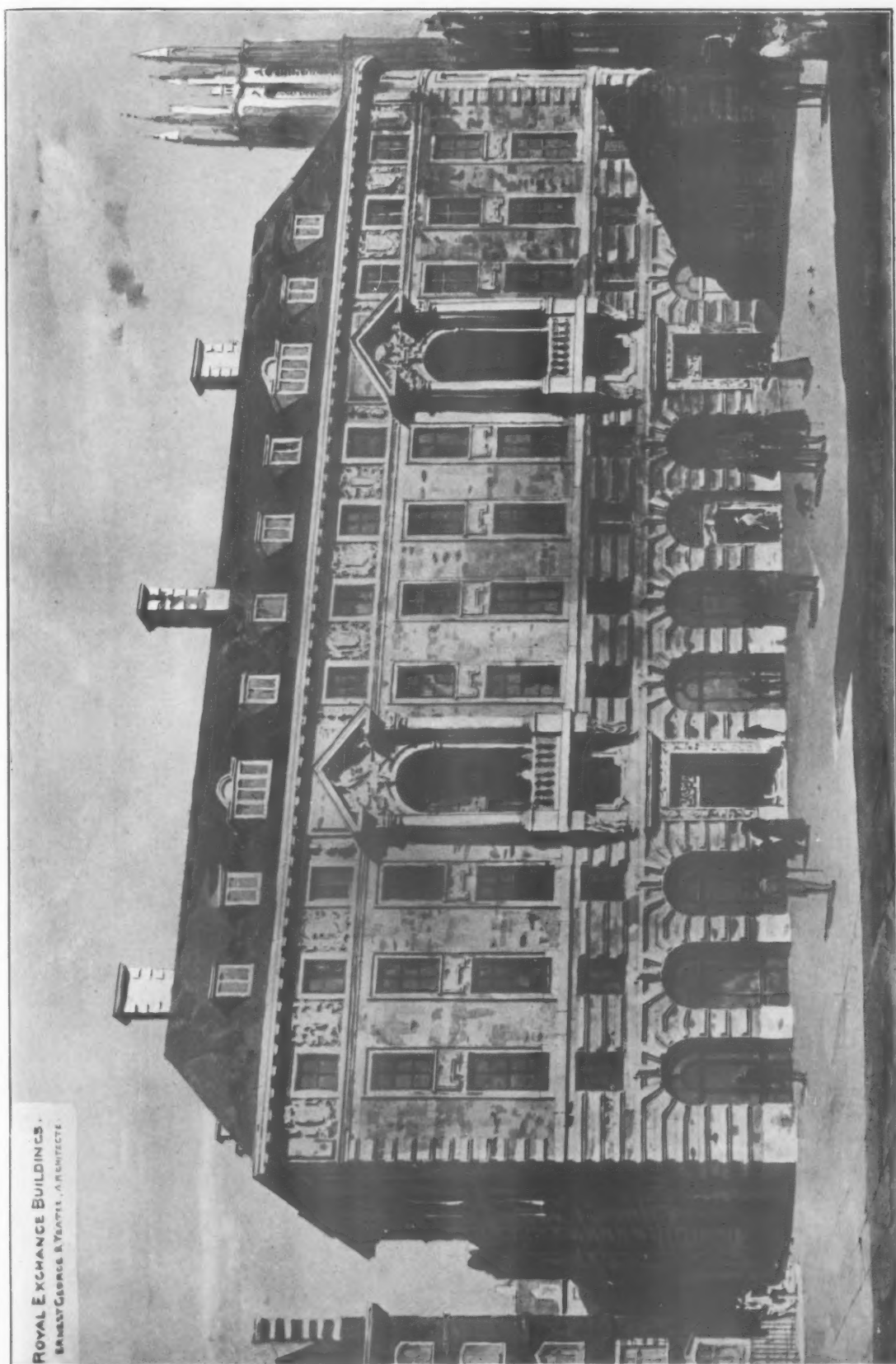


INTERIOR VIEW
Looking towards the Altar



NO. 1544. NEW WING, KEMSING VICARAGE, KENT.
HUBERT C. CORLETTE, ARCHITECT.





ROYAL EXCHANGE BUILDINGS.
ERNEST GEORGE YEATES, ARCHITECT.



NO. 1607.



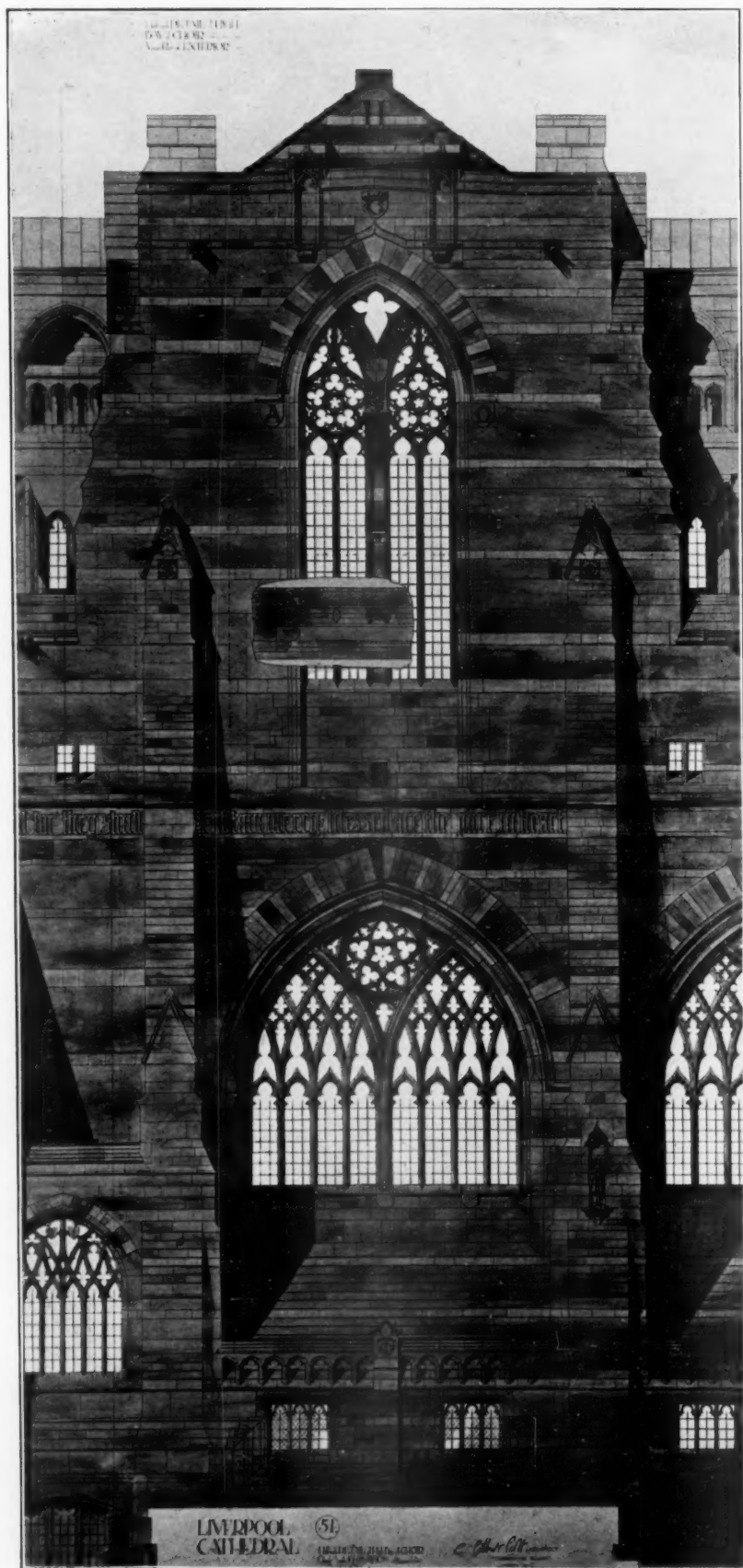
NO. 1601. LANCASTER TOWN HALL. ELEVATION TO DALTON SQUARE.
EDWARD W. MOUNTFORD, ARCHITECT.



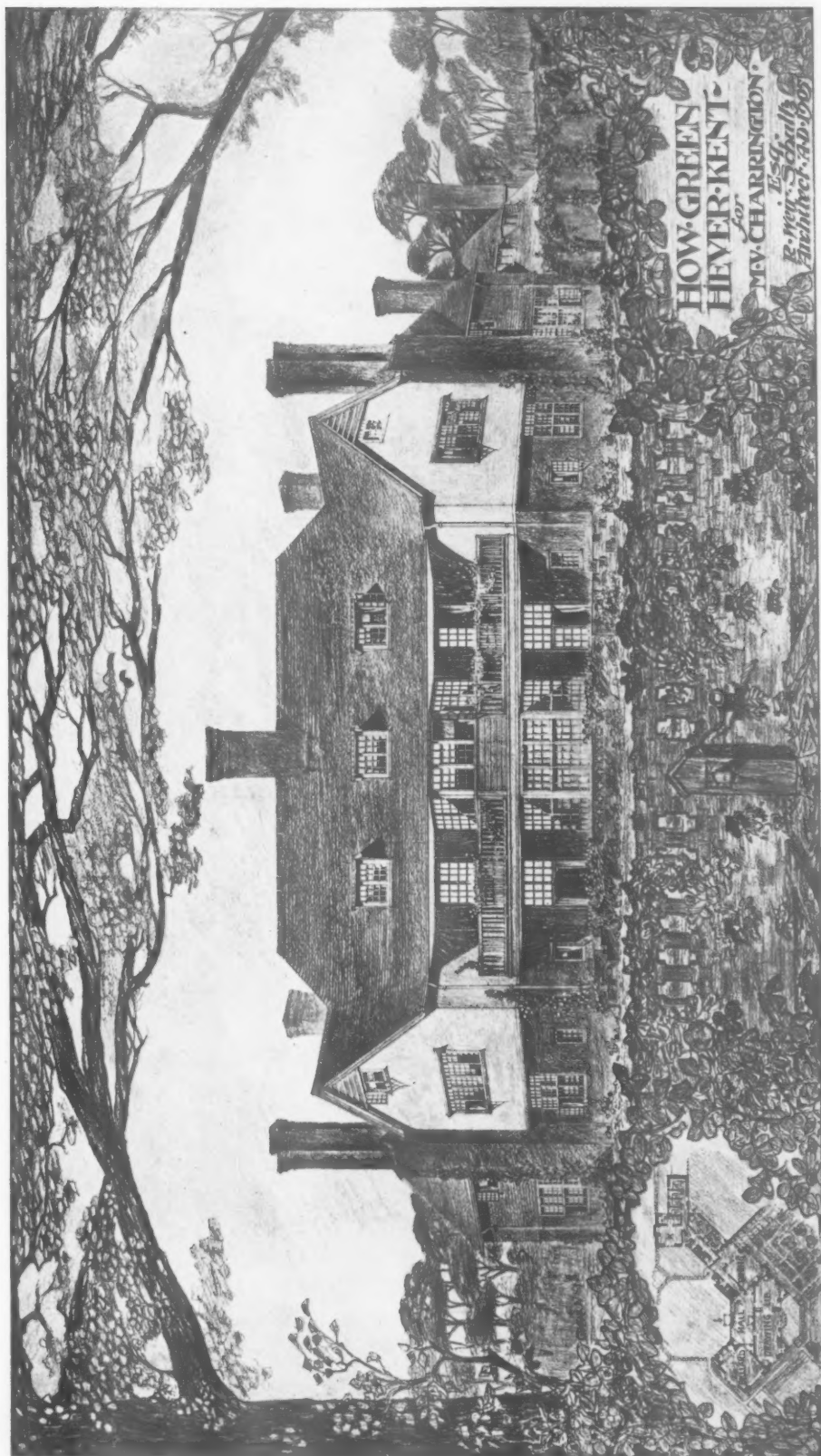
NO. 1511. ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, TOOTING GRAVEENEY. INTERIOR.
TEMPLE MOORE, ARCHITECT.



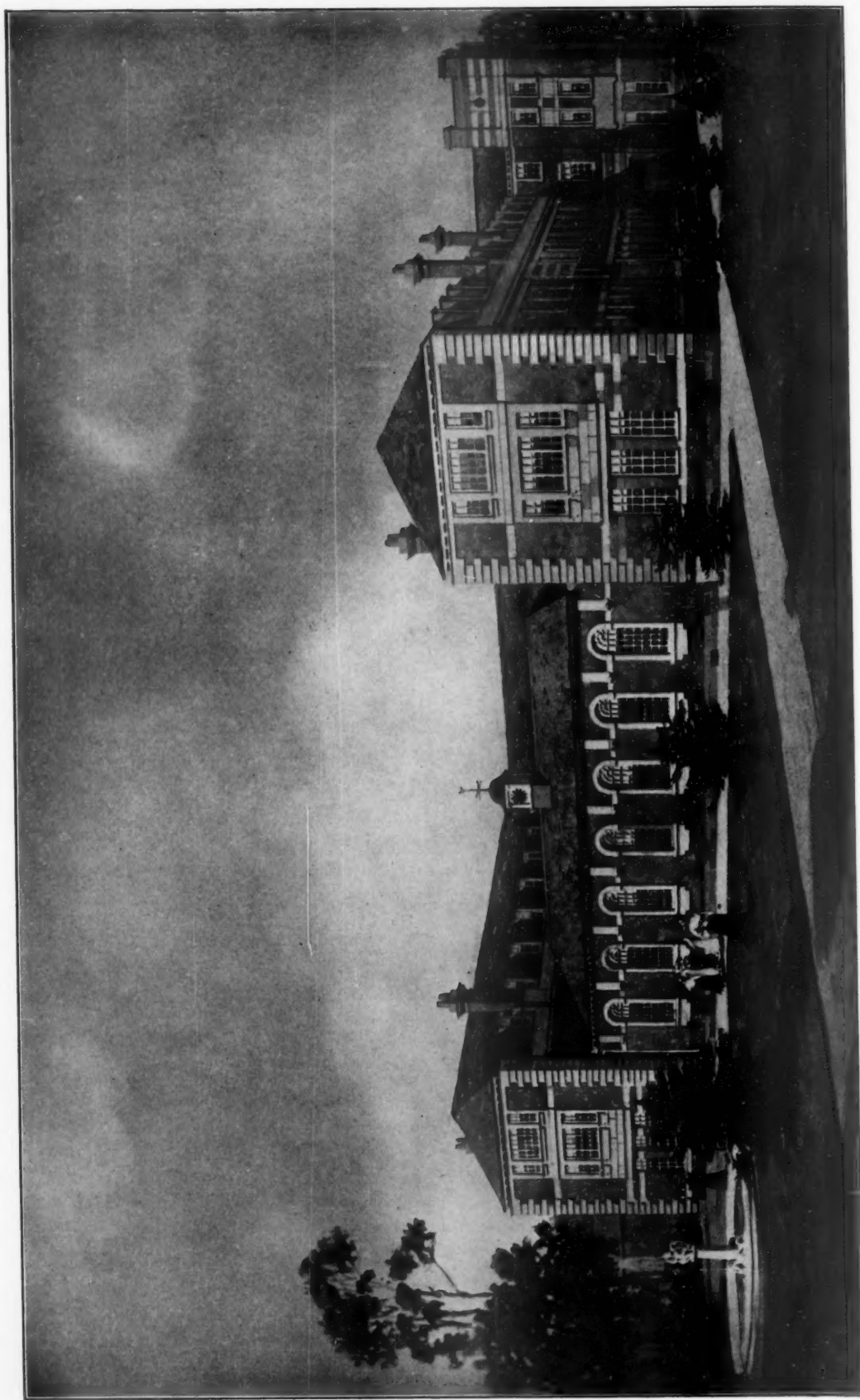
NO. 1505. A STEEPLF, LEADED.
SIR C. A. NICHOLSON.



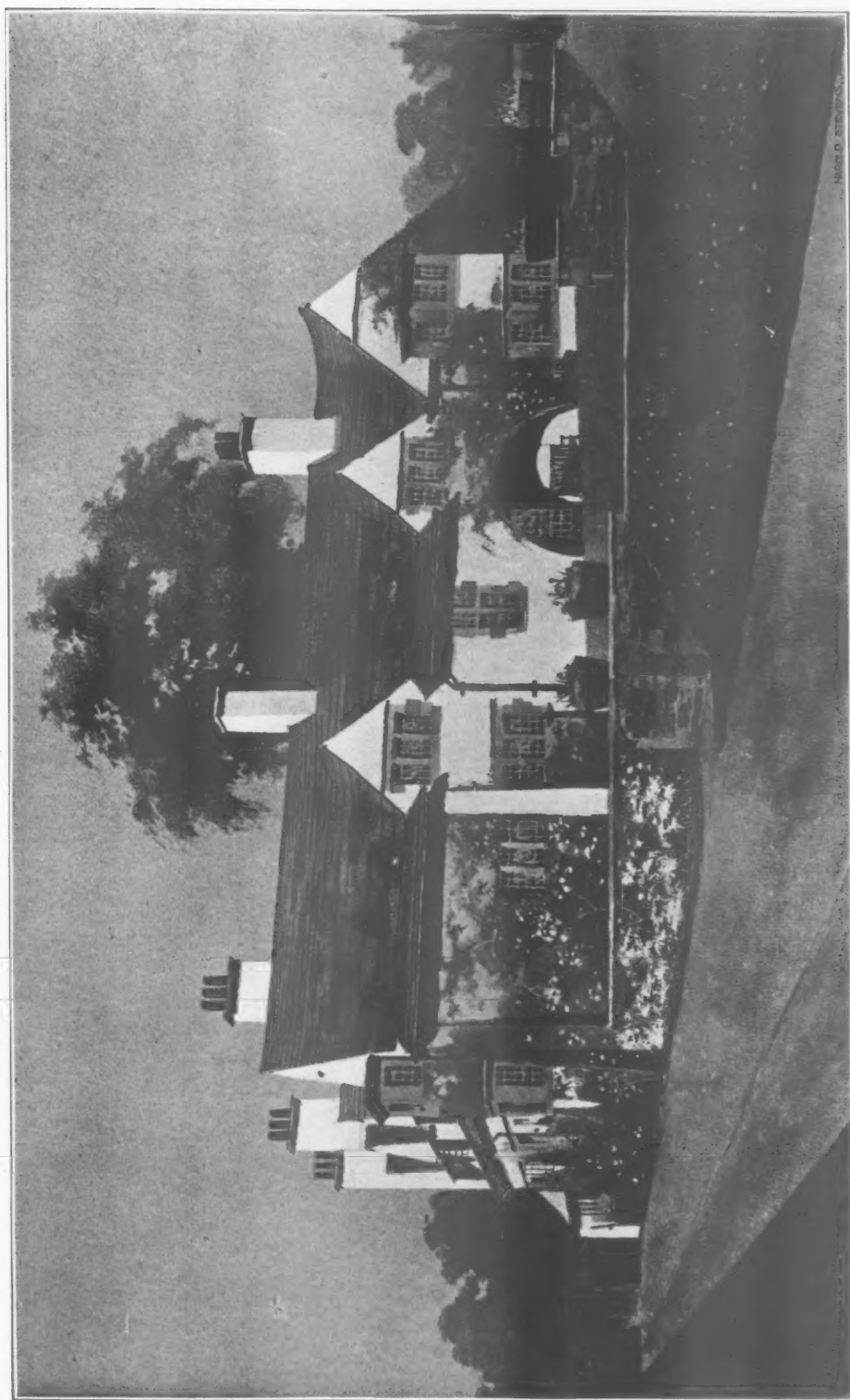
NO. 1513. HIGH BAY OF THE CHOIR, LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL.
G. GILBERT SCOTT, ARCHITECT.



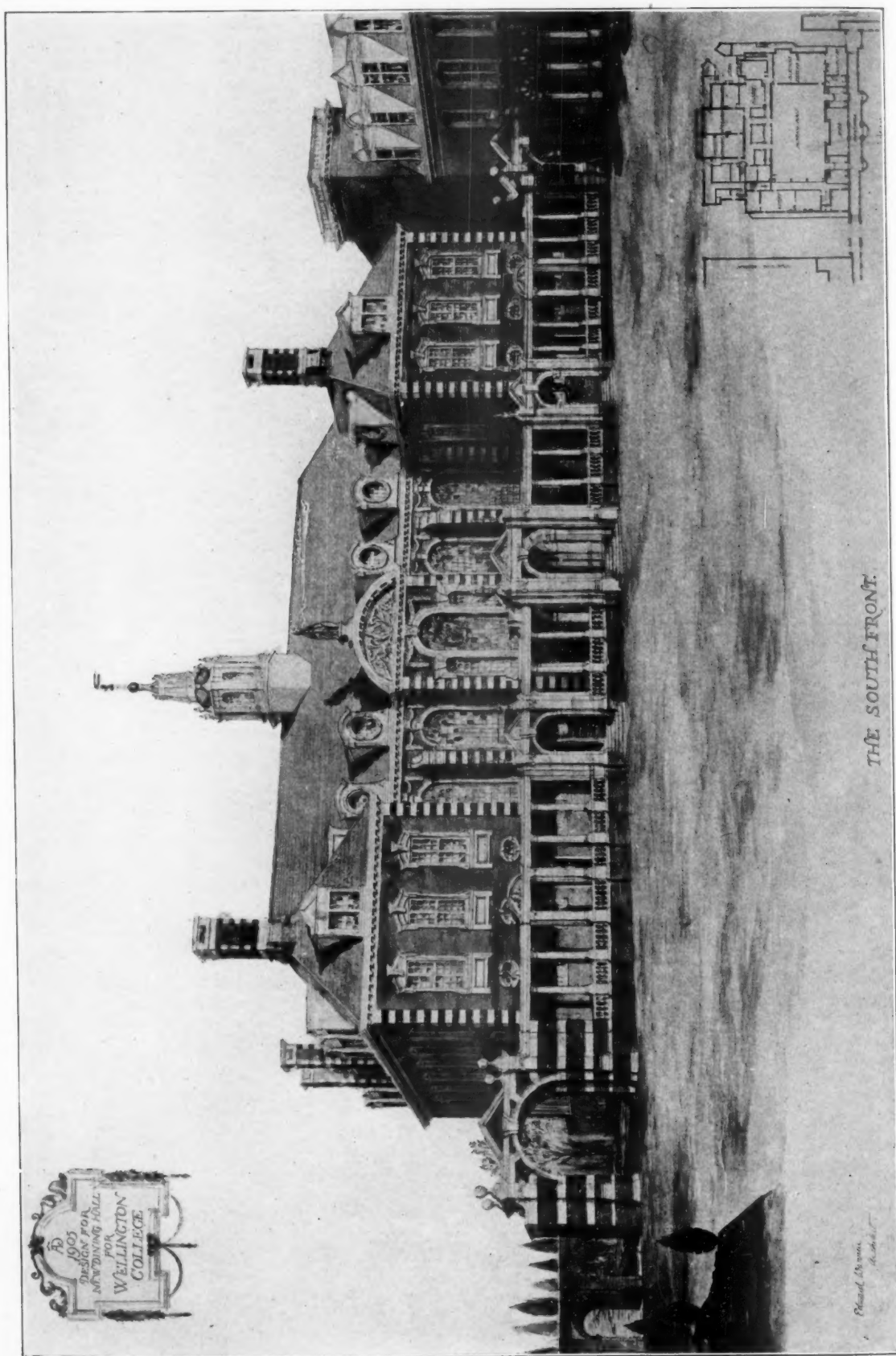
NO. 1411.



NO. 1531. ST. MARY'S TRAINING COLLEGE, NEWCASTLE, SHOWING REFECTORY.
LEONARD STOKES, ARCHITECT.



NO. 1548. HOUSE AT NORTH LUFFENHAM, RUTLAND.
C. F. A. VOYSEY, ARCHITECT.



NO. 1533 EDWARD WARREN, ARCHITECT.