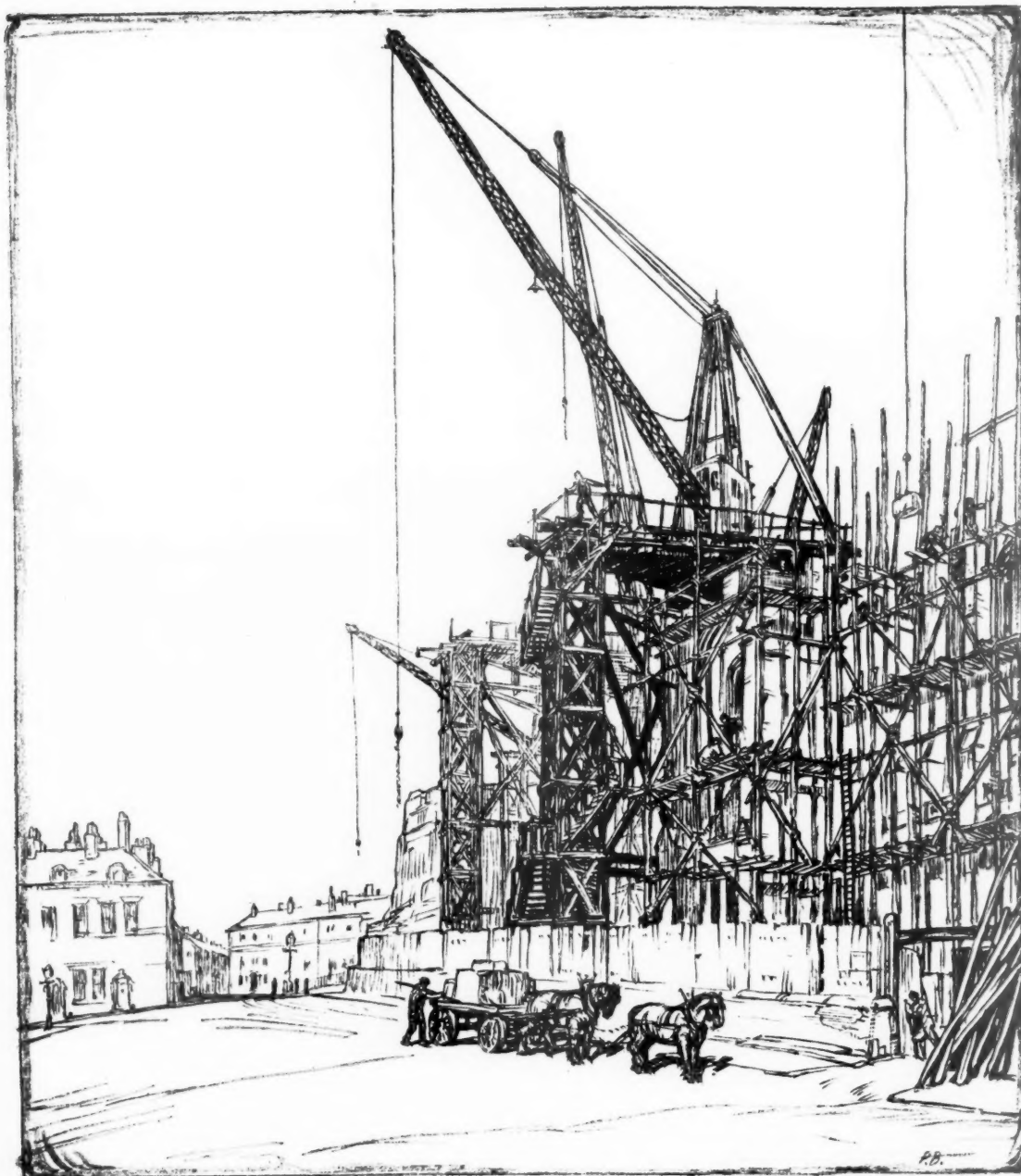


THE ARCHITECTURAL
REVIEW, APRIL,
1909. VOLUME XXV.
NO. 149.



THE RISE OF LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL.

From the lithograph by Percy Bulcock

The Practical Exemplar of Architecture.

XXXII.

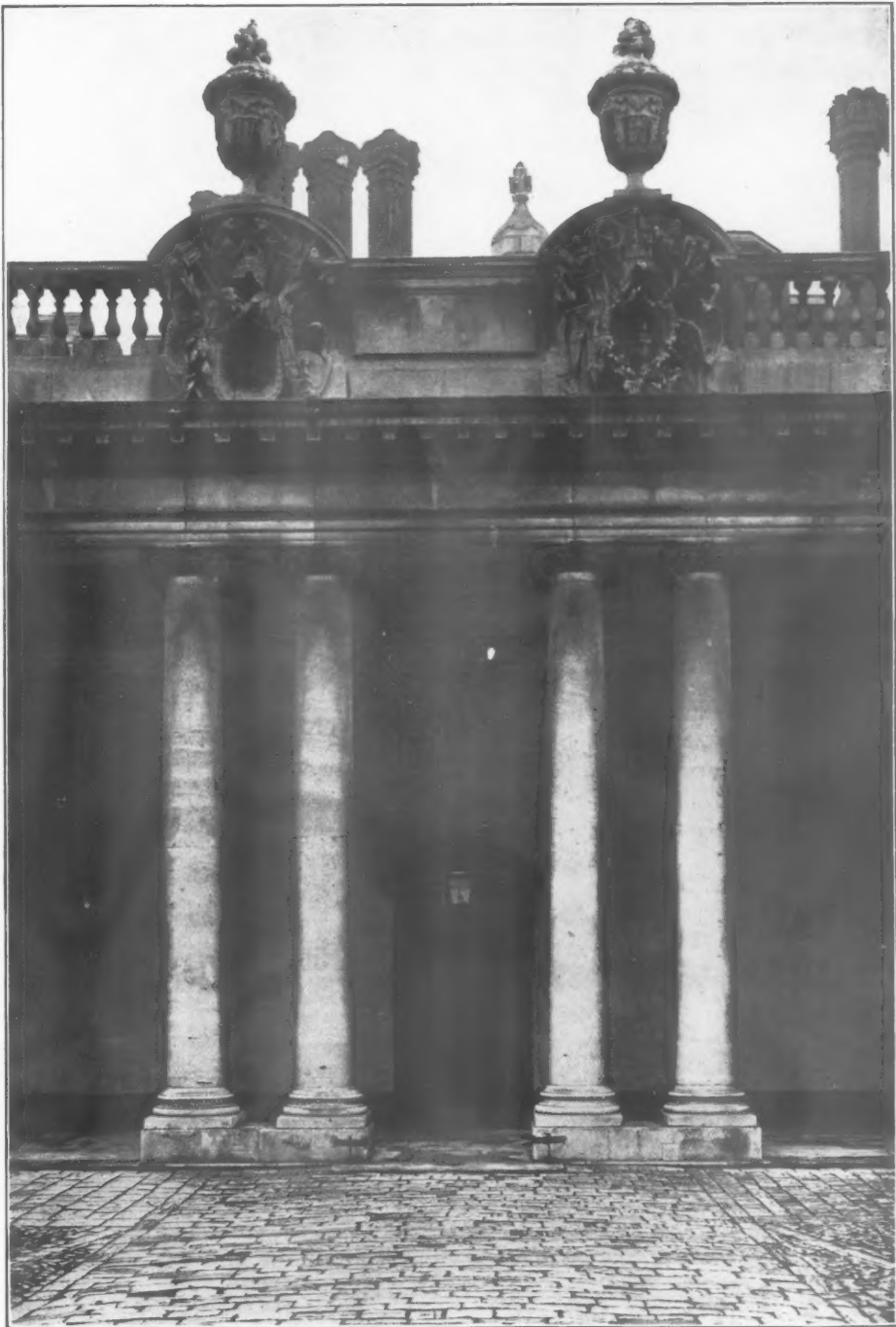
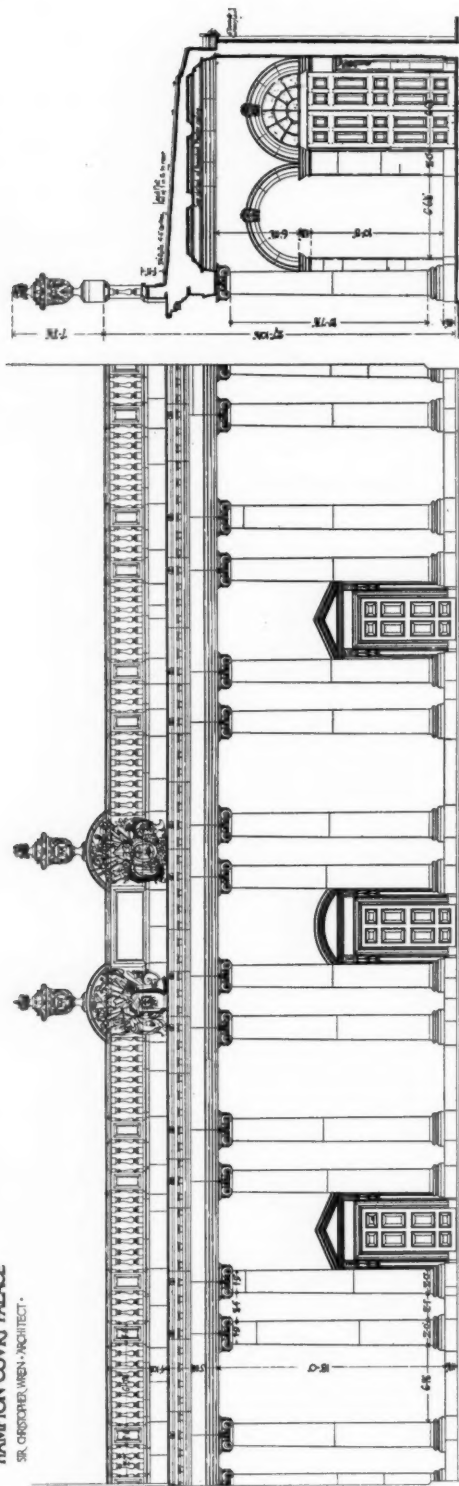


Photo: Darin Co.

ROYAL ENTRANCE LOGGIA, CLOCK COURT, HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

ROYAL ENTRANCE LOGGIA.

CLOCK-COVRT
HAMPTON COVRT PALACE
SR. ORSCHEW, WRN. ARCHTCT.

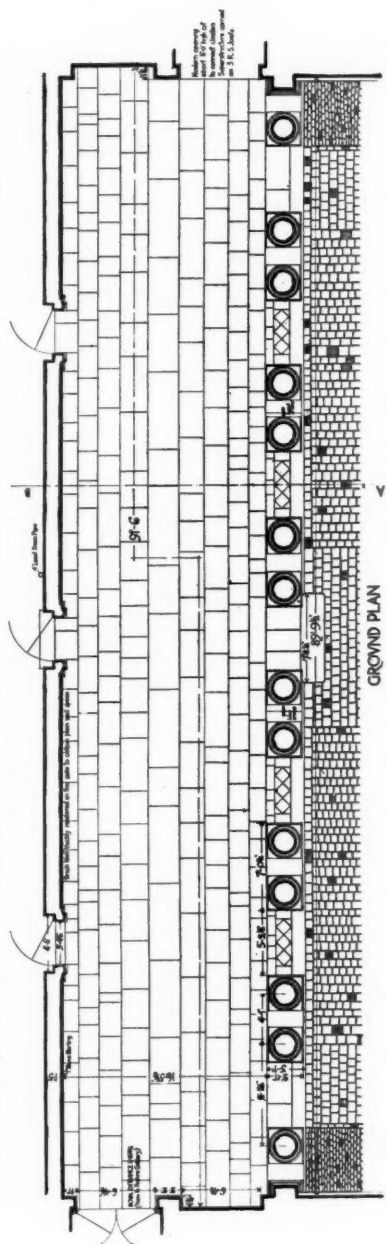


ELEVATION TO CLOCK COVRT

SCALE OF 1" = 10' 0"

SECTION AB.

SECTION WAS MADE BY J. C. ROGERS.



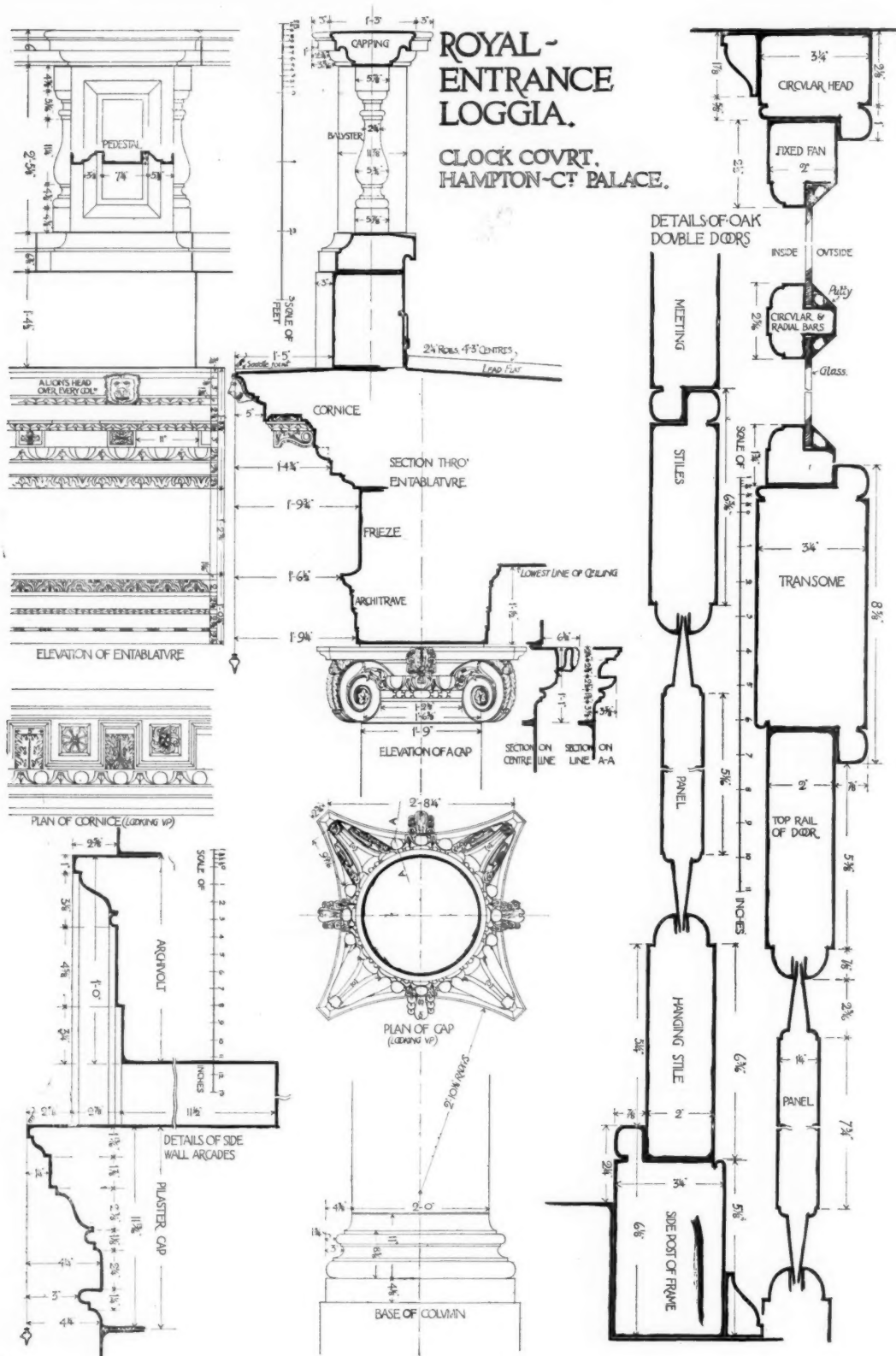
GROUND PLAN

MEASURED AND DRAWN BY J. C. ROGERS.



Photo: Dorian Co.

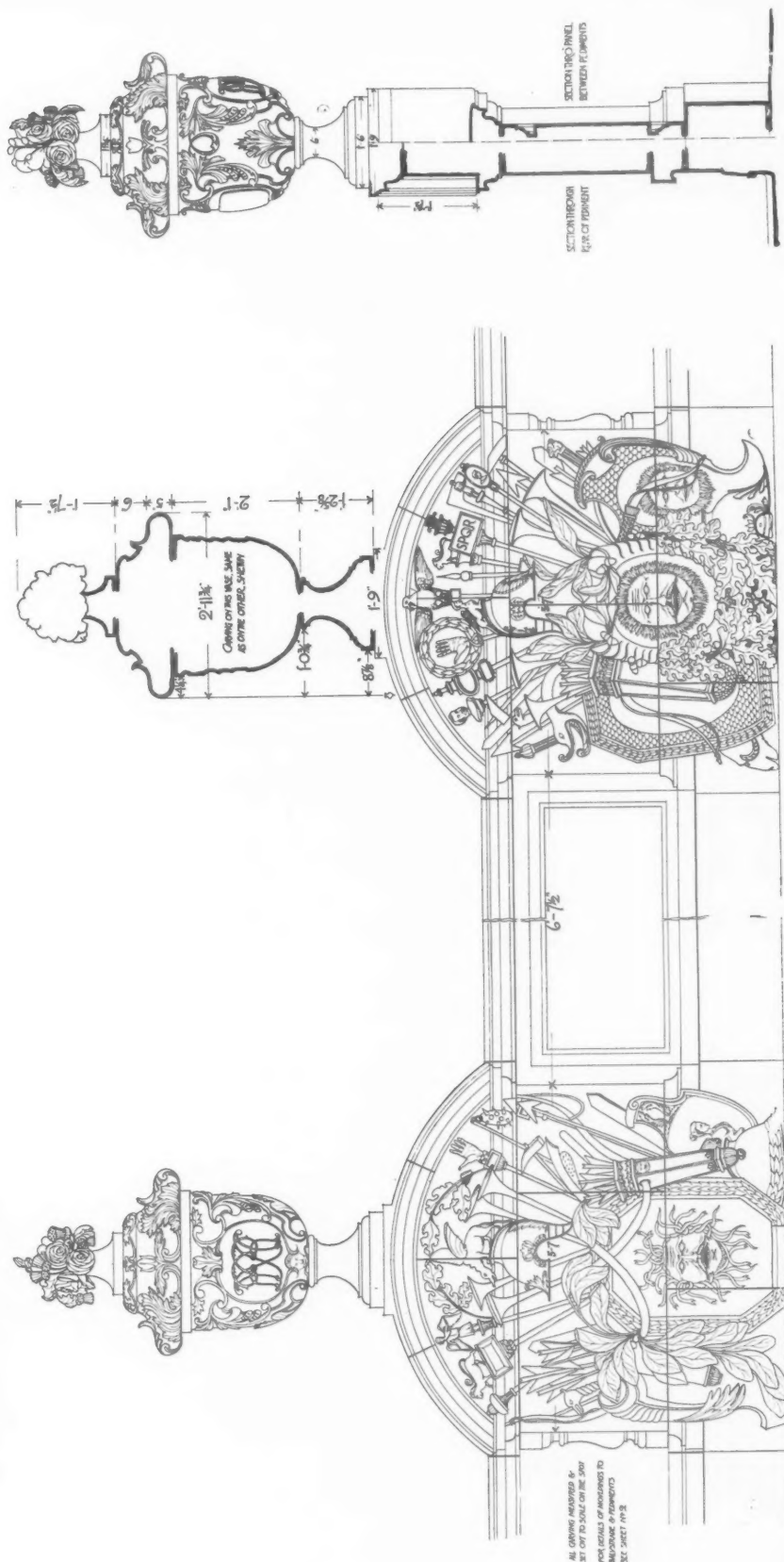
ROYAL ENTRANCE LOGGIA, CLOCK COURT, HAMPTON COURT PALACE.



MEASURED AND DRAWN BY J. C. ROGERS.

ROYAL-ENTRANCE-LOGGIA.

CLOCK COURT
HAMPTON-COURT PALACE.
DETAILS OF HERALDIC SCULPTURE,
& VASES ON BALVSTRADE.



ALL CARVING MEASURED &
SET OFF TO SCALE OF THE SHEET
FOR DETAILS OF ARCHITECTURE TO
BE DRAWN BY THE ARCHITECT
SEE SHEET 172

MEASURED AND DRAWN BY J. C. ROGERS.



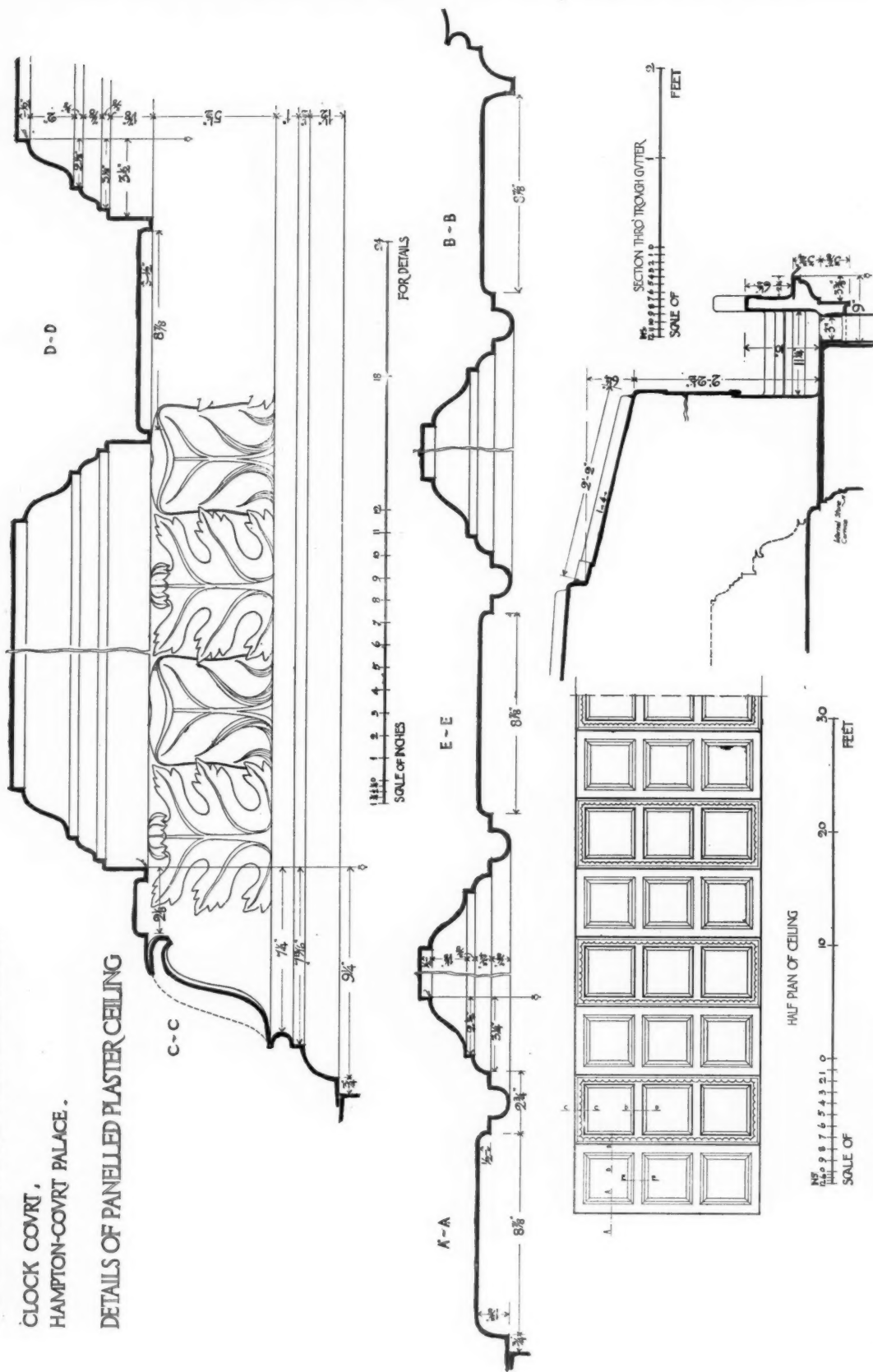
Photo: Darien Co.

DOORWAY: ROYAL ENTRANCE LOGGIA, CLOCK COURT, HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

ROYAL ENTRANCE LOGGIA.

CLOCK COURT,
HAMPTON-COURT PALACE.

DETAILS OF PANELLLED PLASTER CEILING



MEASURED AND DRAWN BY J. C. ROGERS.

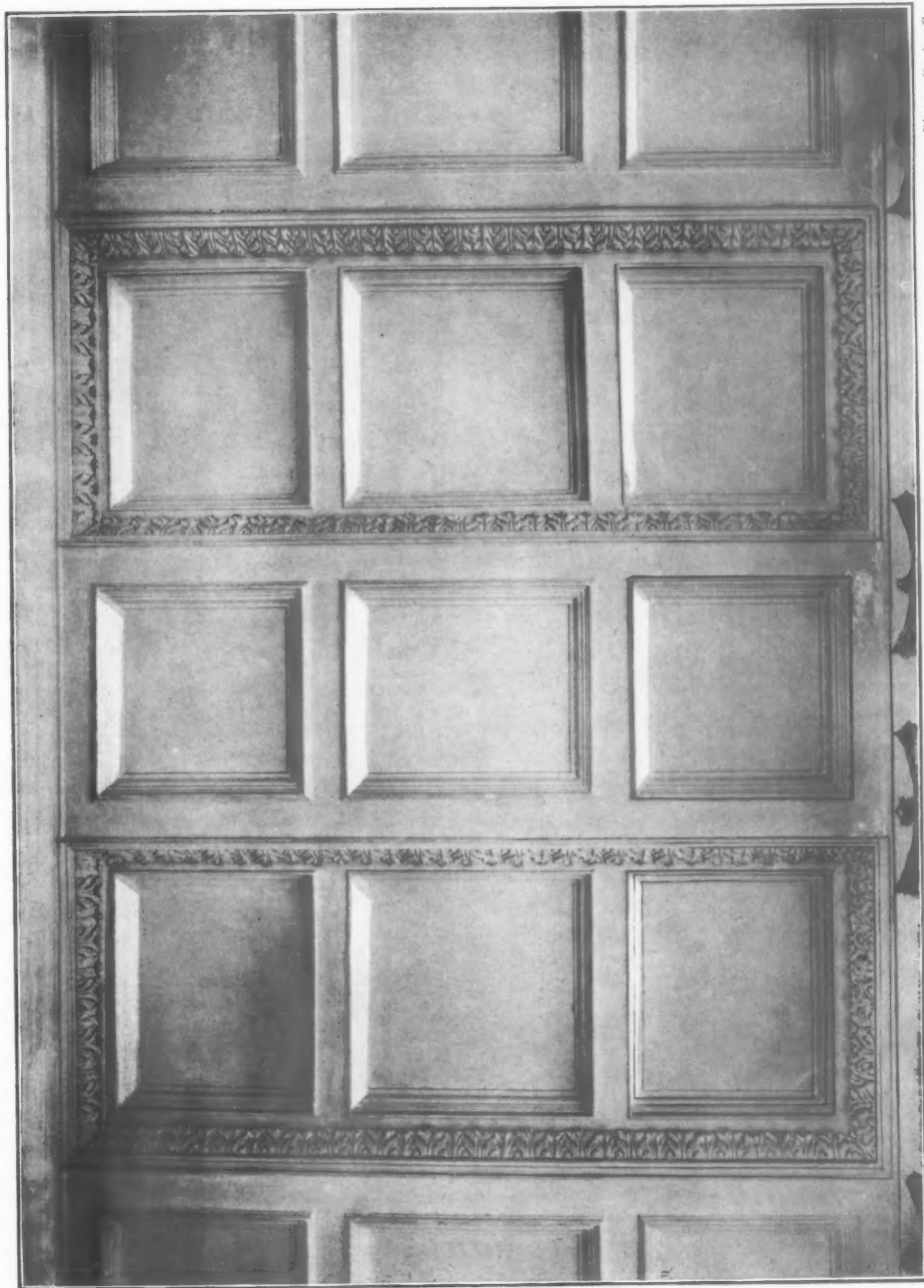


Photo: Darton Co.

CEILING: ROYAL ENTRANCE LOGGIA, CLOCK COURT, HAMPTON COURT PALACE.



Photo: Arch. Review Photo. Bureau.

I.—THE GATEWAY, TRINITY COLLEGE.

Cambridge Colleges.—I.



ANYBODY who attempts nowadays to write anything about the history or buildings of Cambridge must find himself somewhat in the position of the coster in *Punch* who, on being asked why he did not answer back an opponent, spluttered, "How can I, when he's used up all the best words?" The whole ground has, in truth, been quartered over and over again both in learned histories such as the monumental "Architectural History of the University and Colleges of Cambridge," by Messrs. Willis and Clark, and also in numerous popular guides and handbooks. While, therefore, the writer of the present series of articles cannot claim to be adding anything very original to the sum of human knowledge, he hopes that by his arrangement of his subject he may perhaps be enabled to bring out certain features in a different light, and by grouping his illustrations according to their subject to offer a few remarks of interest and value to architects. The photographs here shown have been specially taken for THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW with this purpose, and, while certain of the hackneyed views have been omitted, a number have been included which do not find their way into the ordinary guide-book.

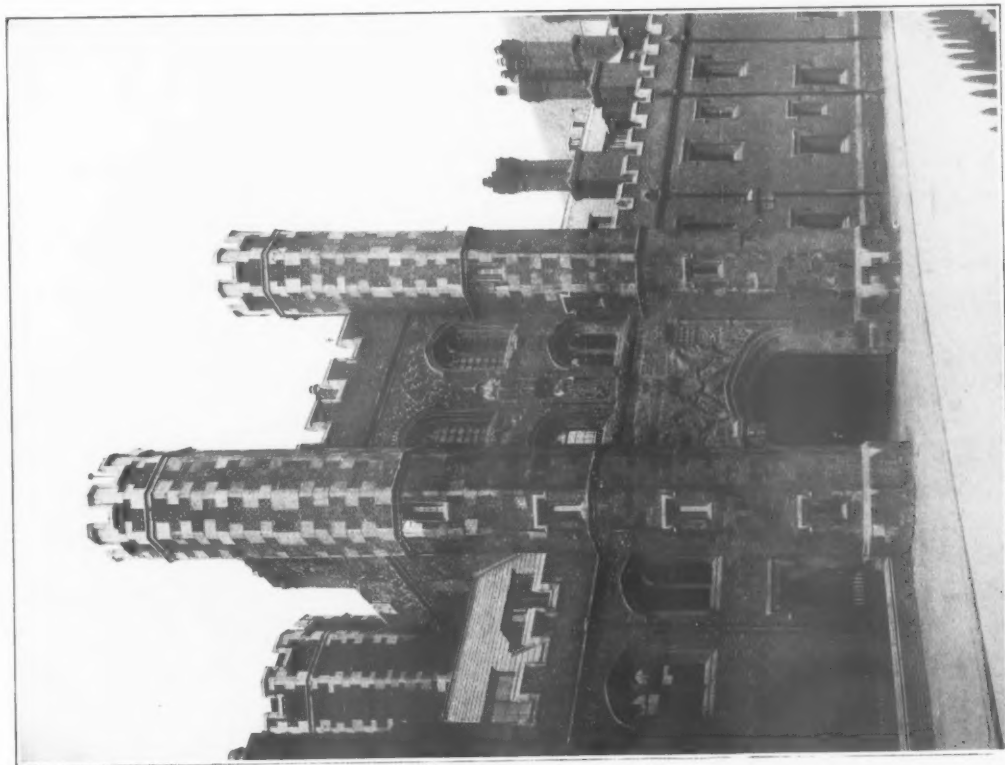
Of the architectural features of Cambridge, none is more distinctive than the fine series of gateways and doorways to her colleges, and this feature will perhaps be as good as any other to stand at the head of these articles. Cambridge is extraordinarily rich in gateways. The most frequent type, as we shall see, is the square three-storeyed block rising above the adjoining buildings and adorned with a turret at each angle, while the fine quality of the heraldic carving to be found upon so many of the gates is another notable characteristic. Of all these gateways, the grandest is the Great Gate of Trinity College (1), commenced in 1519 and completed in 1535 at a cost of £109 10s. The Great Gate, by the way, embodies one of the few remaining portions of King's Hall, which foundation, instituted by King Edward III, together with another named Michael House formed the foundation of Trinity College as constituted by King Henry VIII in 1546. Another portion of King's Hall has lately been found behind King Edward's Gate, facing on to the Bowling Green. It had been faced with eighteenth-century brickwork, and has just been restored. The Great Gate itself, it is worth remarking, was until about the middle of the nineteenth century covered with stucco as to the brick portions, and

even now the general effect remains spoilt by the vile plate-glass windows in the first floor. At one time, as is shown in old prints, an observatory used by Newton had been built upon the top; but fortunately it was not much used, and it was taken down in 1797. Another interesting gateway, in the great court of Trinity College also, is the venerated King Edward's Gate (2), which formed the gateway to the old King's Hall, and is remarkable for its singular cupola of oak and lead. The next two gateways (3 and 4), those of St. John's College and Christ's College, may be fitly considered together. Both colleges alike may, for ordinary purposes, be said to have been founded by Margaret Beaufort, mother of Henry VII, and the two gateways are ornamented with similar designs. The fine vigour and dash of the carving is in each case magnificent, but of the two the St. John's College gate is decidedly the superior, and has claims to be thought the finest in Cambridge. The sculpture over the arch commemorates the founders, the Lady Margaret and her son Henry VII. In the centre is a shield bearing the arms of England and France quarterly supported by the Beaufort antelopes. Beneath it is a rose, above a crown. To the right and left are the portcullis and rose of the Tudors, also crowned, and the ground is strewn with daisies, the peculiar emblem of the foundress. Over all is a niche containing a statue of St. John, which was set up in 1662, after the original figure had been taken away during the Civil War. Very different from these two is the entrance gate to Queens' College (5). Dating from 1448, this gateway is the earliest of the common Cambridge type, rising well above the buildings on both sides, and flanked by an octagonal turret at each angle. The tower is very nicely proportioned, and though quite plain it is as successful as any. In the next illustration (6), showing the Jesus College gateway, we have a very interesting and beautiful bit of brick-and-stone work. The photograph in this instance hardly does full justice to its subject, but it is just possible to see the diaper in the brickwork between the top string and the battlements. This is of yellow bricks on red, and delightfully unobtrusive, though naturally it shows rather more in execution than here. The Gate of Honour (7) in Caius College is so well known as hardly to need description. It formed the last in the series of gates designed by Dr. Caius, which gradually increased in richness in a manner intended to exemplify the career of an undergraduate. The college was entered by a simple archway in the wall, inside which were

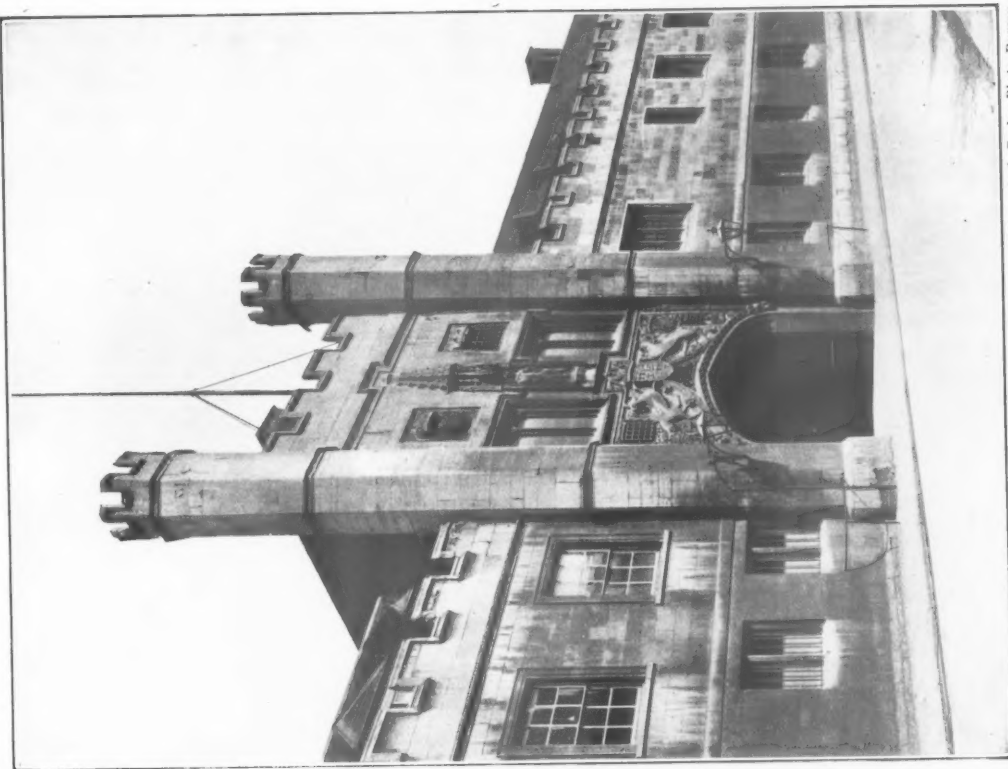


Photo: Arch. Review Photo. Bureau.

2.—GATE AND FOUNTAIN, TRINITY COLLEGE.

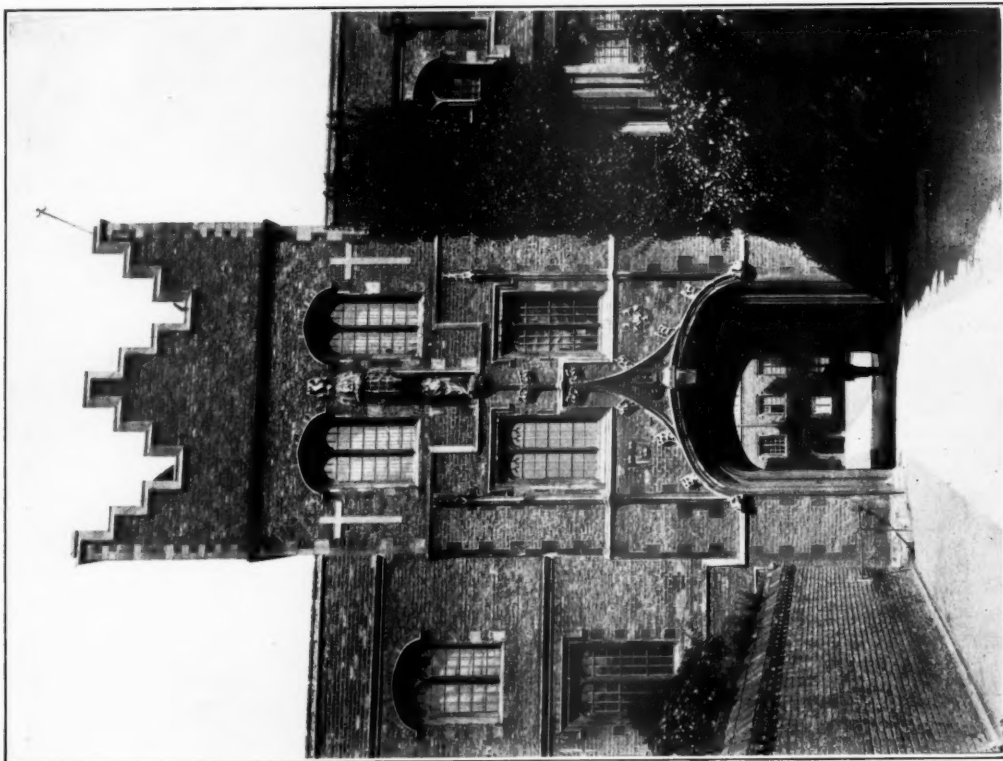


3.—GATEWAY, ST. JOHN'S.



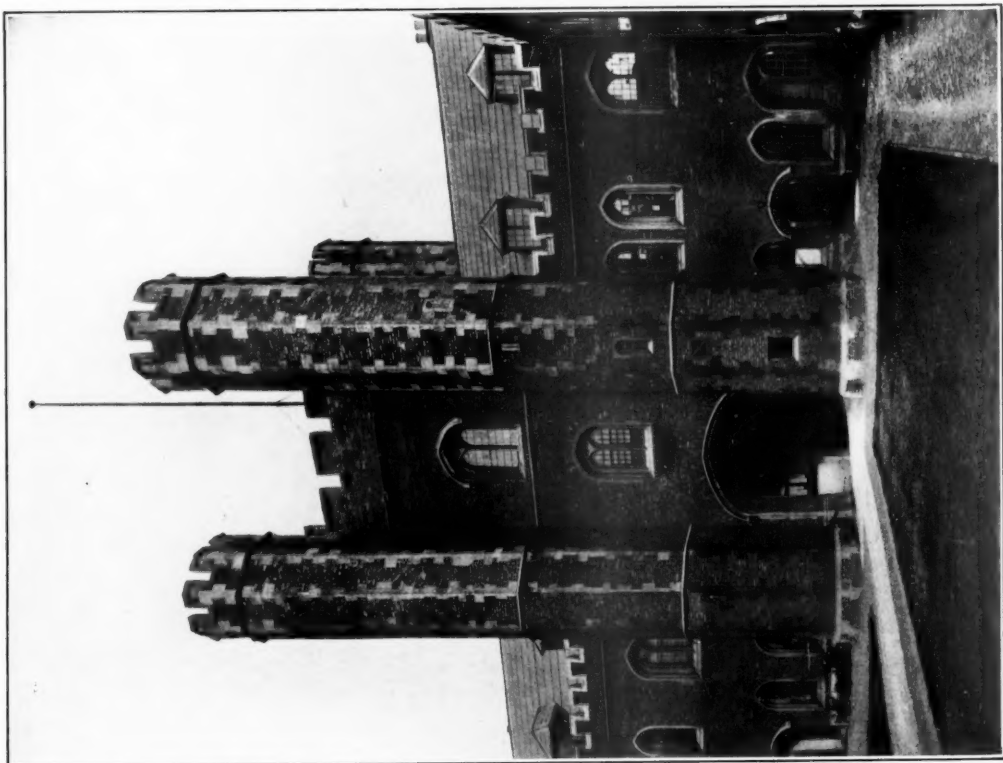
Photos: Arch. Review Photo. Bureau.

4.—GATEWAY, CHRIST'S COLLEGE.



Photos: Arch. Review Photo. Bureau

6.—ENTRANCE TOWER, JESUS COLLEGE.



5.—GATEWAY, QUEENS' COLLEGE, FROM FIRST COURT.

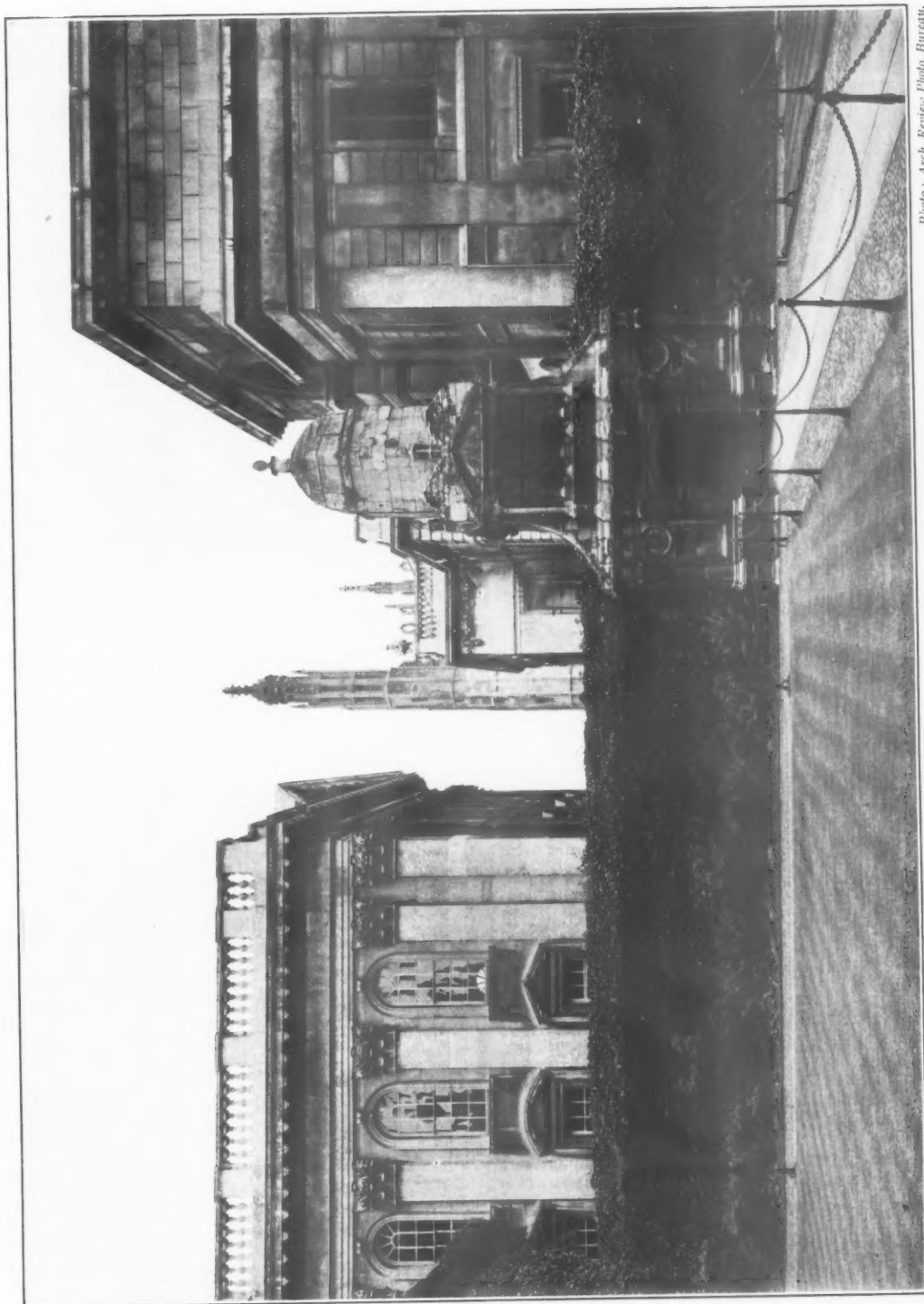


Photo: Arch. Revue. Photo. Bureau.

7.—THE GATE OF HONOUR, CAIUS COLLEGE.



Photo: Arch. Review Photo. Bureau.

8.—GATE OF VIRTUE, CAIUS COLLEGE.

detached columns bearing an entablature with the word *HUMILITATIS* carved upon the frieze. This gate was removed in 1868, and now stands in the master's garden. The second was the Gate of Virtue with the word *VIRTUTIS* inscribed upon the frieze on the eastern side of the arch, while upon the western side was the inscription (8), "*IO. CAIUS POSUIT SAPIENTIAE 1567*," from which the gate is sometimes, and erroneously, described as the Gate of Wisdom. Last of all came the Gate of Honour built some two years after Dr. Caius's death. With its graceful Renaissance details and admixture of Gothic in the lower portions, this beautiful gate is very different now from what it was originally. Directly above the lowest cornice at each angle, a tall pinnacle reached nearly to the second cornice. More pinnacles sprang from the juncture of the

central stage with the hexagonal tower, and on each side of the hexagon was a sundial, and at its apex a weather-cock in the form of a serpent and dove. These particular illustrations may be dismissed with two remarks. The gable over the Gate of Virtue has no roof behind it, while the photograph of the Gate of Honour is interesting as showing a group of important buildings, the Senate House, King's College Chapel, the Woodwardian Museum, and the University Library, which illustrate examples of architecture of each century (except the seventeenth) from the fifteenth downwards. King's College Chapel is probably the most familiar and popular building in either Oxford or Cambridge, and really little need be said about the west doorway of the chapel (9), beyond pointing out how extremely spirited and curiously large in scale the carving is. This door



Photo: Arch. Review Photo Bureau.

9.—WEST DOORWAY, KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL.



Photo: Arch. Review Photo. Bureau.

10.—ENTRANCE GATEWAY, PEMBROKE COLLEGE.

is evidently contemporary with the organ screen inside, and belongs to the same period of fine Italian tradition. In the entrance gateway to Pembroke College (10) we get something quite unlike the previous examples shown. The whole forms a very pretty piece of grouping, and the bay windows, together with the great height of the parapet above the string course and the heavy corbelling below the windows, are extremely finely designed. Unfortunately, modern vandalism has largely spoilt the windows with plate glass, and the effect of the whole is marred by the weak treatment both in outline and detail of the actual doorway itself. Architecturally speaking the gateway may be said to date from 1717, when it was faced with ashlar as had already been done in 1712 to the rest of the street front; but the original design was closely adhered to. One little

feature which comes into this illustration is the rivulet flowing between the roadway and the pavement which disappears underground just past this gateway. Another similar stream flows along the opposite side of this same road, and a third goes along the road past Christ's College. These watercourses, carried out in 1610 for the "cleansing easement benefit and commodity of divers and sundry colleges halls and houses of students within the University, as also for the cleansing and keeping sweet one common drain or ditch commonly called the King's Ditch, and for the avoiding the annoyance infection and contagion ordinarily arising through the uncleanness and annoyance thereof," terminated for the most part in a fountain in the market place. This conduit was said—wrongly—to have been built at the sole expense of Thomas Hobson, the famous carrier to



Photo: Arch. Review Photo. Bureau.



Photo: Arch. Review Photo. Bureau.

12.—DOORWAY, SECOND COURT, ST JOHN'S COLLEGE.

whom Milton ascribed two sonnets, and eponymous hero of the phrase "Hobson's choice," and is still called by his name. It now stands some little way along the Trumpington Road. Of the next illustration, which shows a doorway in Jesus College leading into the second court (11), there is really nothing very much to be said, but attention may be called to the cock which is the principal emblem of the college, and recalls John Alcock, Bishop of Ely, who by a charter of 1497 converted the old existing nunnery into a college. With a doorway in St. John's College, leading to a staircase in the second court (12), this branch

of our subject comes to an end. This second court at St. John's College was mainly paid for by the Countess of Shrewsbury, and was built between 1598 and 1602, and is interesting because it was an early example of a building wholly erected by contract. The doorway here shown is actually quite small, but it is made important by its vigorous treatment, and was evidently a later addition. There is only just room to fit in the doorway, but the design is so bold that all feeling of overcrowding is avoided.

MAXWELL H. H. MACARTNEY.

(To be continued.)

Notes of the Month.

*The Case of Bath Street at Bath—Emotion in Architecture—St. Anne's, Soho—
Historical Monuments—The Relentless Scythe of "Progress"—A Piece
of Roman Sculpture—A Mysterious Deputation.*



THE letters recently published in *The Times* on the subject of the threatened mutilation of Bath Street will have helped to give publicity to a proposed act of vandalism that should not be allowed to pass unnoticed; they may perhaps succeed in making public opinion sufficiently strong to influence the corporation of Bath to repeal their decision granting the necessary powers to do this destruction.

Briefly the proposal is this—to build a new hotel in Bath Street, which will necessitate the removal of a colonnade forming part of a scheme which includes the Roman Baths and the Pump-room.

It has been pointed out that it is not impossible for some scheme to be designed whereby the present derelict hotel should be rearranged, and all the comforts to which modern travellers are accustomed provided, without interfering in any way with this street.

Bath Street is an excellent example of effective planning. It is of a fair length, and spreads out at its terminations to crescents with centre-pieces of a fountain at one end and a small one-storey building at the other, half closing the vista in a most elusive way. The street and crescents are colonnaded with slender Ionic pillars of Bath stone carrying walls two storeys in height, covered by a mansard roof with dormers. The windows on both floors are plain square openings; every third window on the first floor, however, is ornamented with a frieze decorated with festoons, crowned with the usual pediment, giving a rhythm to the façades. It is not suggested that the architecture is of a very high order; but it is simple, and within its limitations good. The general design and arrangement of the street is admirable, and its 120 years has given it a fragrance so pleasant that one would not willingly lose it. Besides, it has associations, and we have all walked with Jane Austen's very respectable progeny in the flecked light and shade of these colonnades. An inscription on the



BATH STREET, BATH, AS IT IS TO-DAY



VIEW OF CROSS BATH, BATH STREET, BATH.
From an old print of 1804.

foundation-stone tells us these buildings were erected "for the dignity and enlargement of the city" in 1791 by delegates from Parliament, the mayor J. Horton, and T. Baldwin the architect.

A great part of the dignity of Bath was imparted to it by the Woods in the early part of the eighteenth century. The elder Wood was an architect of great ability, to which his master-work of Prior Park, near Bath, amply testifies. Ralph Allen's town house, though much abridged in length, is also a fine masculine piece of work, and quite worthy of Wood; but it is chiefly to his appreciation for vistas and a fine sense for balance and composition, the bigger elements of architecture, that Bath owes its character and charm. In applying these effects to the street architecture he made it a model which in many respects is one of the finest in Europe.

The treatment of the Crescent and the "Circus" are admirable examples of street architecture, and terminating as they do long vistas become by their arrangement very high art indeed. By the introduction of these devices into planning Wood did a great service to English architecture.

The elder died in 1754, and his son in 1782. Baldwin proved a worthy successor. The course of architecture taken in the eighteenth century made it impossible for him to guard the vigour of the earlier men; his work is more trifling, and was apparently influenced by Adam. But the apprecia-

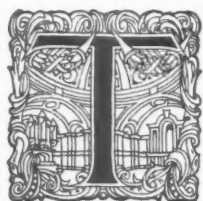
tion of the wider issues of his art he received as an inheritance—the sense for columnar effects in perspective and ordered design was his, and of these qualities Bath Street is a good example. It is an extremely refined piece of work, and although on a small scale has a stateliness unknown to most of our towns.

Have the guardians forgotten "the honour and dignity of the city" that they are willing to part with it? It is true there are pecuniary considerations, but surely there are others more pressing, more worthy than the immediate one of money. For one thing there is the tradition of a city that was built for the pleasure of its citizens, its visitors and admirers—is this to be set at naught?

Besides, the time is curiously inopportune for mutilation of this sort. The Local Government Board is giving considerable attention to questions of town planning on comprehensive and sane lines, the public is awakening to the possibilities of civic architecture, and architects are responding to these feelings, and the Palladian manner is being advocated on all hands—at this time, we say, mutilation is curiously inopportune.

Had the plan of either Evelyn or Wren been adopted for London we might have had colonnades and vistas on a magnificent scale with a corresponding stateliness and grandeur; but that is all a dream to us now. But we have Bath with its carefully planned streets, colonnades, wide side-

walks, pleasant vistas, and all the beautiful effects incident to thoughtfully considered architecture. Do not let us, then, without a struggle, have it abridged by the least iota.



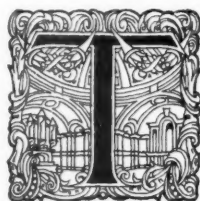
THE intellectual standard of criticism in art and architecture having been for a long time in the ascendant, there seems for the moment a revulsion in favour of the more emotional school. Mr. Voysey, lecturing to student builders the other evening, exhibited in his own proper person something of the animus of the new movement when he asked and answered the question, "What has the intimate knowledge of the history of Greece and Rome done for us? It has made us vain, not thoughtful; arrogant, but not emotional. Let us say," he proceeded, "that we are at the end of a hideous night; for all around us are signs of spiritual activity and of a reaction from materialism." Pay more attention to spiritual matters, he said, and we shall regard ugliness as a form of sin. Perhaps it was some such concrete realisation of "the exceeding sinfulness of sin" that prompted the observation by another apostle of artistic feeling that certain buildings "swear at you as you pass." One expects some originality from Mr. Voysey, and certainly some of these are new ideas. It is usual to become vain and arrogant with study! One remains "thoughtless" and without emotion before what moves one to admiration. Some mitigation of the severity of the coldly intellectual view may have become necessary; but the danger of tending towards the extremes of emotionalism is equally for avoidance. Some expounders of the faith have even gone the length of declaring that modern buildings owe too much to the set-square and compasses, and hence are spiritless. Mr. Voysey, for instance, deprecates over-insistence on mere mechanical perfection, and points to "the soft effect of the outline of an old building when the angles were put up by eye compared with the hard mechanical effect of the modern drafted angle." This is a somewhat dangerous doctrine for babes and sucklings, who are exceedingly apt to wrest such teaching to their own destruction. It seems not to have occurred to Mr. Voysey that age is a sad wanton and wears away sharp angles and delves the parallels in beauty's brow. That some old builders made their angles true and firm is shown by the few buildings spared by the house-breaker. Mr. Voysey, however, cannot be accused of running to emotional extremes. In fact, the authentic emotionalists would probably suspect him of an inclination to-

wards rationalism; for in stating his preferences he is never at a loss for a reason for his faith. Thus, in imagining a decent dwelling, he asks for no cornices, which produce shade; for no ornament on the ceilings, which can only be seen at the expense of a crick in the neck; and no finger-plates, "because they suggest that I keep dirty fingers in my house." Mr. Voysey would be happy to build in some sunless locality. He might there use cornices without fear of shadows, and even dirty fingers would not be noticed. It may be taken, however, as one of the many and various indications of the growth in volume and force of the feeling to which the Rev. Professor Caldecott gave expression in a recent lecture on "The Place of Emotions in Mental Life." This philosopher boldly maintained that for the present rationalism or intellectualism had exhausted its force, and it was therefore important to give more attention to the study of the emotional aspect of life. Emotions, he said, influenced our power to receive ideas, and stimulated creative imagination. Knowledge "was largely constituted under the guidance of fears, hopes, and passions, and in forming it we were much more like artists than had hitherto been supposed. . . . Love, hope, fear, and faith made humanity, and the first especially was the crown of emotional life." These utterances are cited as showing in what quarter the wind is set; and there is no counterblast in the Slade Professor's recently issued "Notes on the Science of Picture-making," in which the ominous word "Science" seems to be neutralised by the professor's definition of a work of art: which, he finds, should summarise "personal experience emphasised by emotion in terms of decoration." The difficulty of emphasising it in terms of reinforced concrete is perhaps an irrelevant insinuation; but when the experience has been acquired, it is possible—would that one were sufficiently sanguine to say probable—that the emotion and the decoration will redeem the situation without any overwhelming suffusion of "fears, hopes, and passions"; while yet, to quote a memorable saying of Professor F. M. Simpson's, there may be occasionally found in it "a trace of that indescribable something which makes one catch one's breath on first seeing it and exclaim, "By Jove! that's jolly!" For a professor the expression borders on emotion; and since it was made in 1897, it is plain that the note of emotionalism in architecture is not a fad of the moment. But just now it seems to be waxing in momentum; and the inconsistency with which it is being sounded in so many different directions stirs to fresh energy the sometime slumberous "hopes and fears for art" and architecture.



CONTRARY to the customs of the country, no outbreak of passionate protest has greeted the proposal to make extensive alterations at St. Anne's, Soho, and the vicar has obtained his faculty without opposition. The proposed renovation of Dyce's decorations at All Saints', Margaret Street, is exciting keen controversy, but there is never a murmur against the structural alterations in connection with St. Anne's, Soho, where, however, the proposed changes mainly affect the vestry building. The vaults beneath the vestry are to be transformed into a basement which may be used for a boys' club (pavement lights being provided if the Westminster City Council will consent); the ground floor is to be made into a choir vestry and caretaker's quarters, and an entrance is to be cut through into the church through the ground floor; the back additions are to have their walls thickened to carry the additional weight of the two new storeys, part of the south wall of the church being used as a party wall, and a superfluous window to a gallery in the south-east corner of the church will be blocked. Even if the church itself had been more seriously implicated, nobody, it may be supposed, would have greatly cared, for neither by its intrinsic merits nor by its associations does it make any very potent appeal to the emotions. The main fabric was built in 1686 by the senior Hake-will, on a spot which was formerly known as Kemp's Fields. The most interesting feature is the tower, which was rebuilt by S. P. Cockerell "about 1806" some say, although the vicar, in applying in person for his faculty, stated that the vestry hall and lodge were erected under a faculty in 1802, "when the present tower of the church was built." The tower was of sufficient interest to attract the attention of the fastidious James McNeill Whistler, who many years ago contributed a sketch of it to this REVIEW. It forms, in fact, the frontispiece to the first volume, which was published in 1897. It has been supposed—very fancifully, and perhaps quite erroneously—that the name Soho has a direct reference to building. "Soho is the same as 'Pray stop!'" Hence it may have been applied [in this district] to the extension of building in this direction, more especially as it was prohibited by a proclamation in 1671." But Soho is found in the rate-books of St. Martin's as early as 1632. Soho, like almost every other district in London, has its literary and artistic traditions. In Greek Street the elder Wedgwood had ware-rooms before he removed to St. James's, and in the same street Lawrence resided before he became Sir Thomas and R.A.

Sir James Thornhill lived in Dean Street, where he painted his staircase walls. At the "Turk's Head," in Gerard Street, Johnson, Reynolds, and Burke (the last-named was living in that street at the time of the trial of Warren Hastings) founded in 1764 the Literary Club. At the "Turk's Head" there met, as early as 1753, a Society of Artists, and it was from the same house that a similar society petitioned George the Third to patronise a Royal Academy of Art. It was in Gerard Street that, in 1700, John Dryden died, and his funeral procession had not left the street when it was disgracefully disorganised by "a party of drunken Mohocks," headed by a noble lord. The peculiar businesses of Wardour Street were probably introduced by French Protestant refugees. St. Anne's stands sentinel in the midst of many memories, which it at least focuses if it does not share in them. It is true that this simile loses much of its force in consideration of the comparative youth of Cockerell's tower, which cannot have witnessed much more than a century's tale; but, on the whole, one must feel glad and grateful that a worse fate has not happened to St. Anne's, Soho, than that expressed in the terms of the new faculty.



THE zeal for historical monuments, which has been, no doubt, stimulated by the prevalence of pageants, is to receive further illustration at Brentford and at Reading. At Brentford a still stronger stimulus has been provided by the researches of Mr. Montagu Sharpe, Chairman of the Middlesex Sessions, who, in a paper on "The Great Ford across the Lower Thames," supports the view that when, in 54 B.C., Cæsar crossed the river, which he found fordable at one place only, and that with difficulty, the spot indicated was at Brentford, and not, as Camden and others have supposed, at Coway Stakes, fourteen miles higher up stream. With later events of historical importance Brentford is associated with less incertitude—as the Synod of 790, the battle between Ædmond Ironside and Canute in 1016, and the engagement between the Royalists and the Cromwellians in 1642. It has been decided that these associations are worthy of commemoration by a monument. Inscriptions, it is stated, will be cut on granite that was formerly part of the old bridge over the Brent, but whether or not there is to be any statuary is probably a question of funds. A mere landmark is perhaps a sufficient indication of the scene of happenings for which supreme importance can hardly be claimed; but no matter how simple this.

"monument" may be, it is a welcome sign of a revival—or, perhaps, it would be safer to say an awakening—of the historical sense, which may yet materialise in forms that may appeal more forcibly to architect, painter, and sculptor. At Reading, Dr. J. B. Hurry has suggested to the corporation that the founding of the Abbey there, by Henry Beauclerc, in 1121, and that king's burial on January 4, 1136, before the high altar of the Abbey Church, in the presence of King Stephen, are events worthy of commemoration in artistic form. Accordingly, Dr. Hurry offers to erect, on the site of the abbey, a memorial to Beauclerc, for which Mr. W. Ravenscroft has prepared a design. It represents an Early English cross, to be 20 ft. high, carved in silver granite, with mouldings appropriate to the Plantagenet period. The corporation have not hesitated to accept Dr. Hurry's generous offer.



IN his march, Progress—pregnant with much that is good and beautiful as with much that is evil and vulgar—is ruthless, like the busy scythe of Time: is continually active and as little discriminating—the wise and the good equally with folly and badness are mown down. We have already noted the proposed mutilation in Bath Street.

The house-breaker is as busy in Paris as he is here, but public opinion is less strong in that country than in this against obliterating these landmarks in history—these ancient buildings. Nothing seems to be sacred, and the marks of the 14th and 15th centuries disappear in a night and no questions are asked. Town planning on a great scale has been responsible in the past for some of this demolition. If something is taken, something fine or noble is often given in exchange; but in England we get nothing back but barrenness and vulgarity.

Brent House at Brentford is to be pulled down to make room for two modern villas, and so another Georgian building is gone. It is a plain brick building three storeys high, with a frontage of five windows on each floor, diminishing in height on the various floors. The windows have arched heads with stone keyblocks, and the sash-frames are put close to the face of the brickwork; the sashes are divided by astragals with well-proportioned panes. In the centre of the front a porch, consisting of projecting wooden pillars carrying a circled pediment, marks the entrance. The roof is hidden by a brick parapet.

Nell Gwynn is supposed to have lived in it; Charles II. is said to have ridden up the staircase on horseback—rather a difficult feat.

But the house does not seem to have been erected till the 18th century, of the building of which century it is a good specimen. The staircase is, however, the most interesting feature. The ramped handrail, the spiral balusters with little Corinthian columns for newels, the beautifully carved spandrels to the steps, and the treatment of the apron to the landing with its carved frieze of flowing acanthus, make it a charming example of work of this period. Probably it was designed by a builder, like so many of these quiet brick frontages with which we are all so familiar—modest and orderly architecture guarding in its russet brickwork a memory of old times. At the middle of the 18th century architecture had become a thing for the Virtuoso, above the understanding of humble minds; and while correct Palladian buildings, with all the life gone, were being designed by the architects, the builder was holding fast to a tradition of fine building.

The number of books on architecture published in the 18th century was legion, many of them addressed expressly to builders, who were, besides being fine builders, keeping alive a dying tradition.

The architecture of this century is fast disappearing from our streets; indeed, whole districts get wiped out in a few years. Still, there is much left, and it is possible, nay easy, to drop out of the hurly-burly of some great thoroughfare into some quiet street retaining from end to end its character.

Many a quiet brick frontage from that century, that must surely have loved orderliness in building, still looks out on the bustle and a mode of life foreign to that which engendered it. The old brickwork, deep red-coloured—like masses of wall-flowers which keep for us an odour of childhood—guards the faint aroma from an earlier century when London was nearer the country.

Plain and without affectation of any sort this quiet modern style never ceases to interest. East and west, everywhere they are to be found, modest and seemingly memorials of other days. Not, however, altogether devoid of conceits and idiosyncrasies, speaking of the varied temperaments of their forgotten builders—moulded cornice and doorpiece, devices cut into the rubbed brick window arches, strings and mouldings, all speak of them—the modest forgotten dead.

The doorpieces are in infinite variety—in brick, in stone, in wood, with projecting hoods supported by marvellous dainty brackets, shell hoods wrought in plaster, wooden pillars fluted to entice the play of light and shade, with capitals of all kinds.

The variety is exhaustless. How well they mark the entrance, and withal with such modest

demeanour that we would willingly pass in and out by these in our daily walks. The doorways are usually well proportioned, as are the windows and the few ornaments used, and the building is always of the highest excellence.

While amateurs and professional architects were enamoured with Palladio, they employed only stone in their buildings. The traditional feeling for brickwork, which became so much an English material in the 16th century and which Wren knew so well how to handle, was known to the builder. He it was who built many of these old houses where many of us would fain dwell and repeople again their old panelled rooms.



HIS fine piece of sculpture was discovered recently in a villa outside Rome. It is composed of segmental slabs of marble, each with a draped figure cut in low relief, with a border at the top. With

our present information it is impossible even to conjecture to what use it was designed. The idea of the sculpture and the drum form of the marble remind us of the bases of the pillars from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, although it is not suggested that its use was at all similar. It may have formed part of a tomb or fountain. But the real interest of the find is the sculpture itself. The carving of the thin drapery, half veiling the form underneath, is good; its easy flow, its soft clinging to limb and body, the light-



Photo: Topical.

SCULPTURED SLABS RECENTLY DISCOVERED
IN A VILLA NEAR ROME.

ness of the portions set free of the figure, its pleasant contours and folds, are infinitely pleasing. Its design gives the figures life and action, so that they appear to dance in rhythmic motion. The slow movement of the body and limbs is easily felt under the soft draperies, affecting us like "unheard melodies," and these are by far the sweetest and most subtle which—

" . . . pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone."

She is a graceful lady, the centre one, with the stately movement of her body, the fall of the reluctant clinging draperies, their escape over her shoulder to wanton with the wind; the bending and attitude of the arm, lifting away with dainty finger the too intimate touch of the drapery. The raising of the arm half conceals, half exposes, her bosom—

"Thou still unravished bride of quietness."

The figure on the left pulls the draperies from her knee to give freer action; the right leg is taken across the body to give the forward movement, whilst the head is turned backwards. The third of the dancers moves away like a wingless Victory.

From these indications we are inclined to think it a late Græco-Roman work, our opinion being the more confirmed by the exquisite border finishing the drum. Suggestive of the twining of honeysuckle with the wild rose and other flowers, its execution is so delicate and intimate, and withal so full of art, that we prefer to believe it the work of some Greek.

The fragment has been offered to the Italian Government for 300,000 francs, and in all probability they will accept it.



"IMAGINARY conversations" are a delightful device in literature, when the reader is in the secret of their genesis; but surely they need never leave him in doubt as to whether or not they have actually occurred. A well-

known provincial paper published, the other day, a very ably written leading article on the subject of copyright in architecture. This article was apparently based on the assumption that (we are quoting the words of the article) "during the past few days an influential deputation has waited on Mr. Asquith with a request for legislation in that direction [the securing of copyright in buildings] in the United Kingdom." It was further stated that "the Prime Minister found it necessary to throw cold water on the proposal." In face of such positive statements, we do not like to assert bluntly that no such deputation has been received by Mr. Asquith; but, after inquiry of his private secretary, we can get no confirmation of the report. We await our provincial contemporary's elucidation of the mystery.

Current Architecture.

NEW CENTRAL LIBRARY, NELSON, LANCASHIRE.

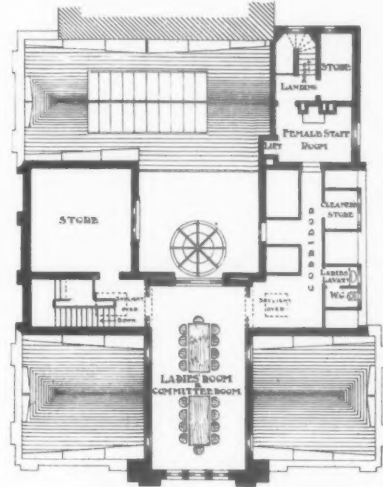
J. RIGBY POYSER AND W. BRANDRETH SAVIDGE,
ARCHITECTS.



HIS building is situated at the junction of Carr Road and Bootle Street. The site is a very restricted one for the accommodation required, which had to be confined as far as possible to the ground floor.

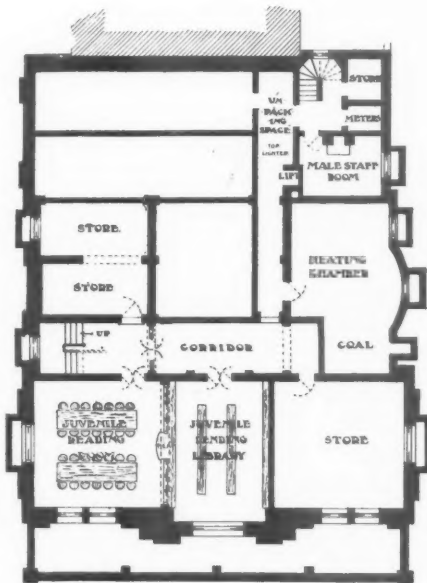
The building externally is faced with rubbed Keighley and Catlow green stone. The roofs are covered with Arfon green slates, with the exception of the roof over the hall, which is of concrete and steel covered with asphalt. The interior woodwork generally is in Danzig oak, as well as all furniture and fittings. The general contractor was Mr. T. E. Sugden, Keighley, and the following are some of the sub-contractors:—Stone carvings, H. H. Martyn & Co., Cheltenham. Arfon green slates, W. Thornton, Bingley. Casements and fittings, Williams Bros.

& Co., Chester. Patent glazing, W. H. Heywood & Co., Huddersfield. Stone, &c., Standard Range and Foundry Co. Sanitary ware and fittings, W. E. Farrer, Birmingham. Mosaic flooring,



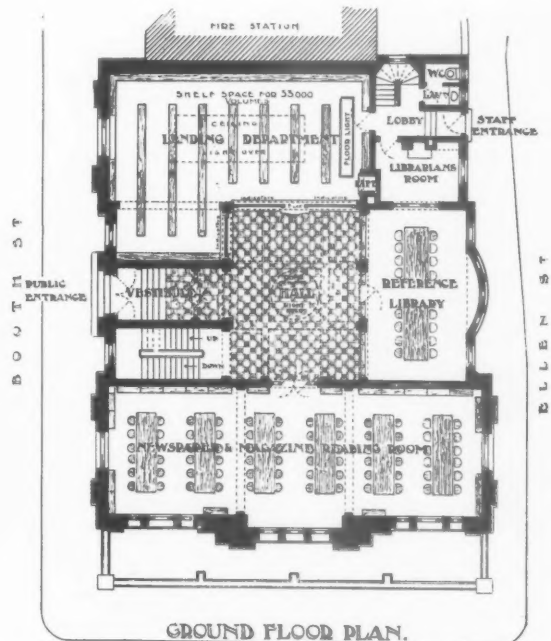
FIRST FLOOR PLAN

Scale of 0 10 20 30 40 Feet.



BASEMENT PLAN.

Scale of 0 10 20 30 40 Feet.



GROUND FLOOR PLAN.

CENTRAL FREE LIBRARY, NELSON.

JOHN R. POYSER AND W. BRANDRETH SAVIDGE, ARCHITECTS.



Photo: T. Lewis.

CENTRAL FREE LIBRARY, NELSON.
JOHN R. POYSER AND W. BRANDRETH SAVIDGE, ARCHITECTS.



Photo: T. Lewis.

The Hall with Lending Library indicators.



The Hall from the Vestibule.

CENTRAL FREE LIBRARY, NELSON. JOHN R. POYSER AND W. BRANDRETH SAVIDGE, ARCHITECTS.

Diespeker & Co. Electric wiring, Carter & Co., Nelson. Modelled plasterwork, the St. George's Guild. Stained glass, Williams Bros. & Co., Chester, and Mr. R. Bennett, Manchester. Electric light fixtures, the General Electric Co., Manchester. Door furniture, James Gibbons, Wolverhampton. Gates, railings, &c., Jones & Willis, and the St. George's Guild. Stair treads, Patent Victoria Stone Co., Ltd. Heating and ventilating, James Stott & Co., Oldham. Special furnishings, Jas. Garvie & Son, Aberdeen. Ordinary furnishing, J. Wood & Co., Harrogate.

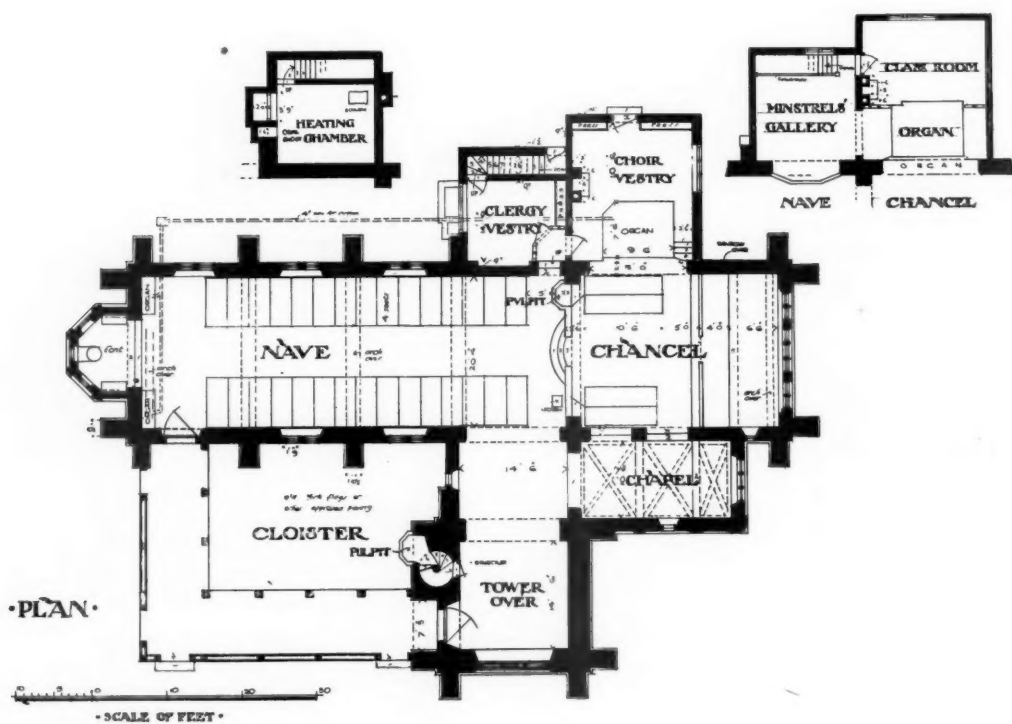
DODFORD CHURCH, WORCESTERSHIRE

ARTHUR BARTLETT, ARCHITECT.

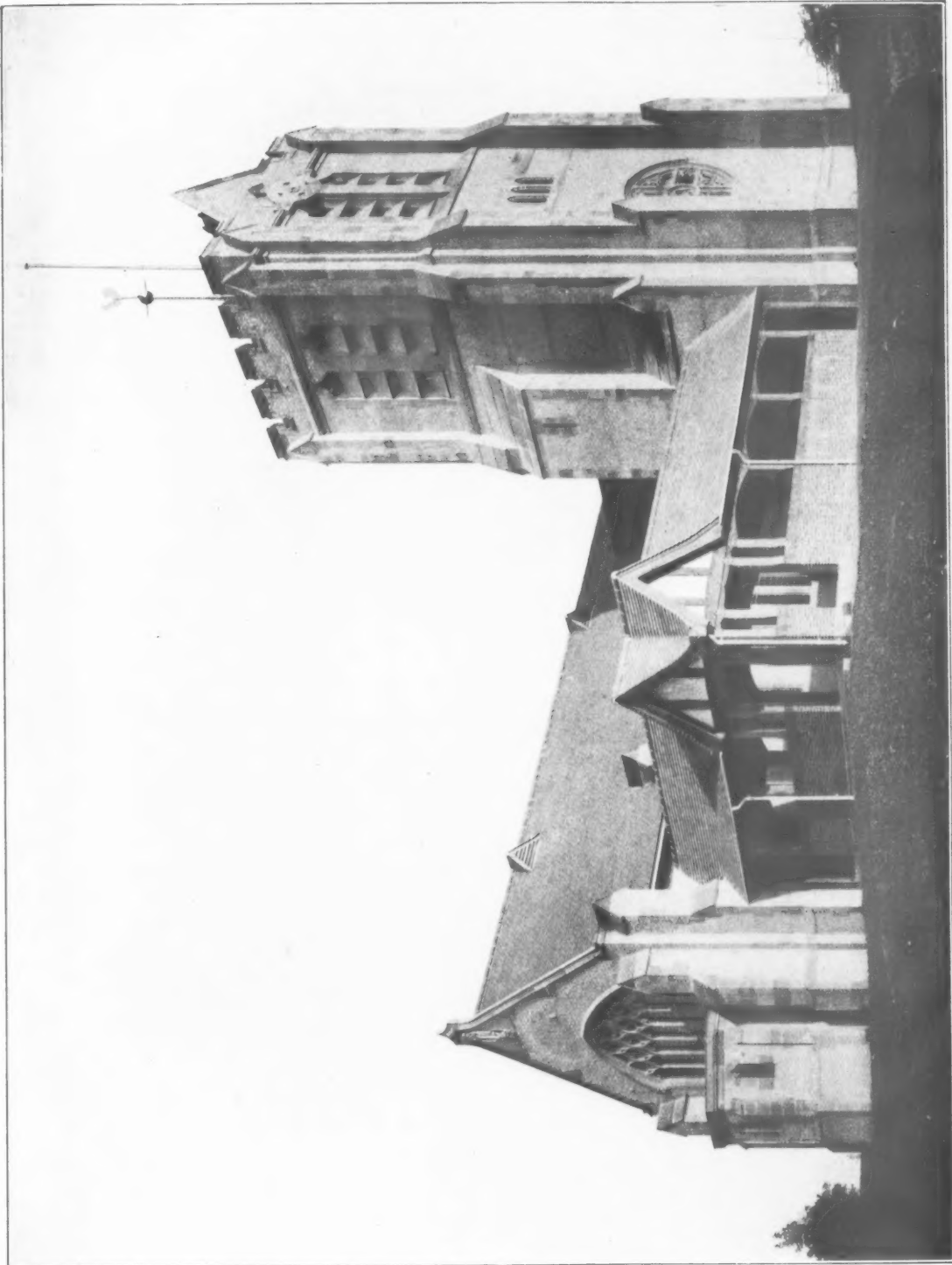


THIS building has been erected on the western slope of a hill between Kidderminster and Bromsgrove, looking out on to the Malvern Hills. The new parish of Dodford was carved out of the mother parish of Bromsgrove, the living endowed and the new church buildings erected through the munificence of the Rev. W. G. Whinfield, a former curate of Bromsgrove. The

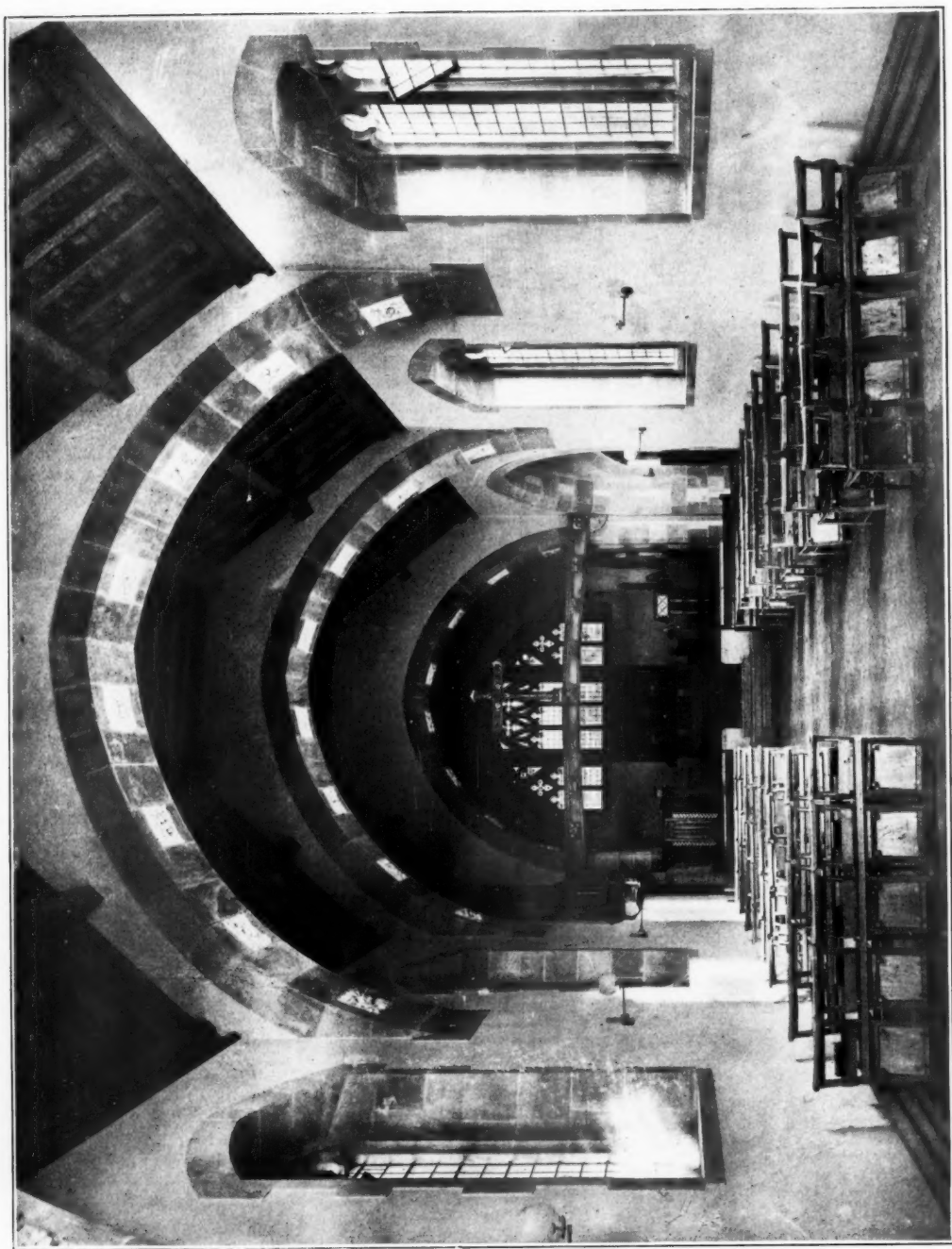
cloisters shown in the photograph surround a paved court, with an open-air pulpit reached from the tower staircase. It is intended to have open-air services for children and others during the summer months in this cloister court. The structure is built of local bricks, covered with cement rough-cast, and with local stone dressings. The general arrangement can be seen from the plan. Massive stone arches span the nave and take the place of roof principals, and in the soffits of the arches are modelled plaster panels with representations of the produce of the district—most of the parishioners get their living by market gardening. The cross shown on the rood-beam, made of metals and enamels, is the work and gift of Miss Amy Walford, a pupil of Professor Herkomer. The beam itself is made of silver hawwood, with emblems of gilded lime tree, and is the work of Messrs. Martyn, of Cheltenham. Mr. Charles Beacon, sculptor, modelled the Madonna and children on the gable over the cloister entrance. The general contractors were J. & A. Brazier. The modelled plasterwork was executed by the Bromsgrove Guild; the stained glass and leaded lights by A. J. Davis. Messrs. Wooland, of Hereford, executed the acetylene gas lighting; Messrs. Ward, Worcester, the heating; and Messrs. Nicholson, Worcester, supplied the organ.



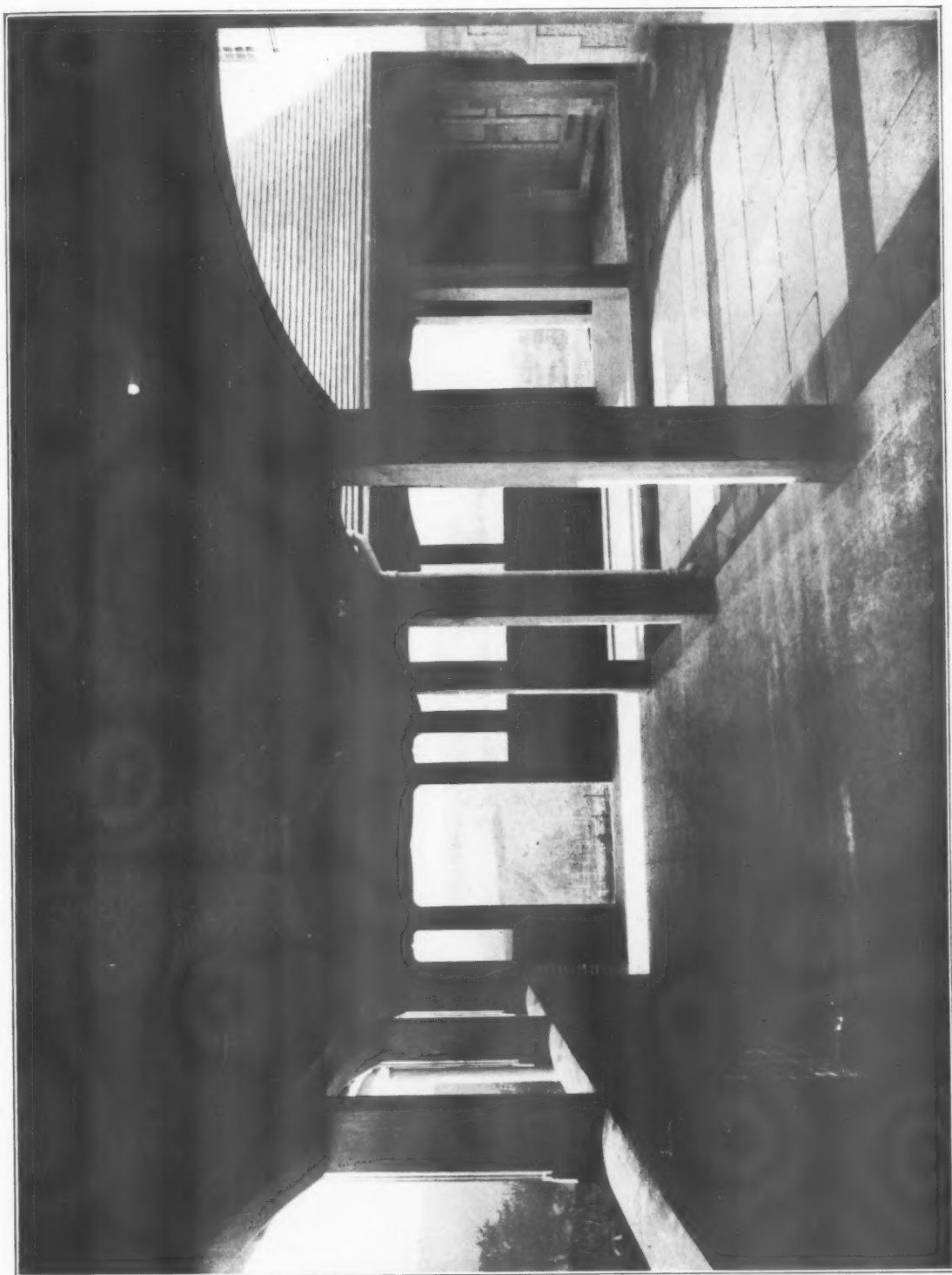
PLAN: DODFORD CHURCH, WORCESTERSHIRE.
ARTHUR BARTLETT, ARCHITECT.



DODFORD CHURCH, WORCESTERSHIRE, FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.
ARTHUR BARTLETT, ARCHITECT.



DODFORD CHURCH, WORCESTERSHIRE. INTERIOR, LOOKING EAST.
ARTHUR BARTLETT, ARCHITECT.



DODFORD CHURCH, WORCESTERSHIRE. THE CLOISTER.
ARTHUR BARTLETT, ARCHITECT.

Current Periodicals.

A Review of Some Recent American Publications.



MR. SWALES, in his articles published in these pages and in his paper read recently before the Royal Institute, has given a fair idea of modern architecture in America. It is especially interesting at the present time, as our best energies are bent to the recovery of the tradition roughly broken in the eighteenth century. A barren century intervenes, but we are slowly picking up the dropped threads, which presently we shall be able to weave into a rich and perfect fabric.

If there is no tradition in America, there is no futile eclecticism to work clear of—no Gothic revival to retard the forward trend of thought in matters architectural; if they have no tradition of their own, they have chosen wisely in accepting that of France. French influence is strong, and the Beaux-Arts education is the model on which their own is based—preferable in some respects to our own.

The Architectural Review (American), in the November issue, published photographs, which we reproduce, of the Columbus Public Library, Columbus, Ohio, of which the architect was Mr. Albert Randolph Ross. The arrangement of this building is an admirable example of axial planning; it is true that, no difficulties of site having had to be considered, the problem was simplified to a great extent, but in architecture the simple problem is hardly less difficult than the complicated one. One does not less admire a Greek temple because of the elementary requirements of its plan—it is the result as a whole that counts. In this case the conception of plan has gone with that of the façades to make a perfect building. High praise, but we think it deserved, and we can recollect no Renaissance building of its size more charming. The Petit Trianon has not more intrinsic merit as architecture. The impression these buildings give is one of a stately dignity and repose unmarred by any trifling—indeed, of the two, the American building makes

From "The Architectural Review," Boston.



APPROACH TO THE LIBRARY AT COLUMBUS, OHIO.
ALBERT RANDOLPH ROSS, ARCHITECT.

From "The Architectural Review," Boston.

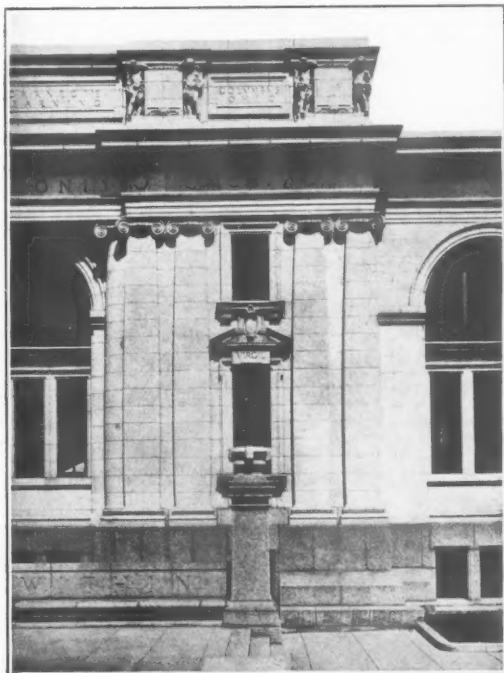


LIBRARY, COLUMBUS, OHIO.
ALBERT RANDOLPH ROSS, ARCHITECT.

its appeal more directly by reason of its chastened simplicity.

On each side of the spacious hall of the library are the main reading and the general reference rooms, with the stack-room directly at the back. Two staircases are situated on each side close to the entrance. A nicely-proportioned cornice joining up the wings to the main block gives a sense of unity to the whole composition. The centre part of the front is advanced some two feet in front of the wings, and is ornamented with flat pilasters and three-quarter pillars in the Ionic style, taking a rich texture from this treatment which is further enhanced by the plainness of the wings with their semicircular-headed windows. A well-proportioned

From "The Architectural Review," Boston.



DETAIL: LIBRARY, COLUMBUS, OHIO.
ALBERT RANDOLPH ROSS, ARCHITECT.

From "The Architectural Review," Boston.



DETAIL: LIBRARY, COLUMBUS, OHIO.
ALBERT RANDOLPH ROSS, ARCHITECT.

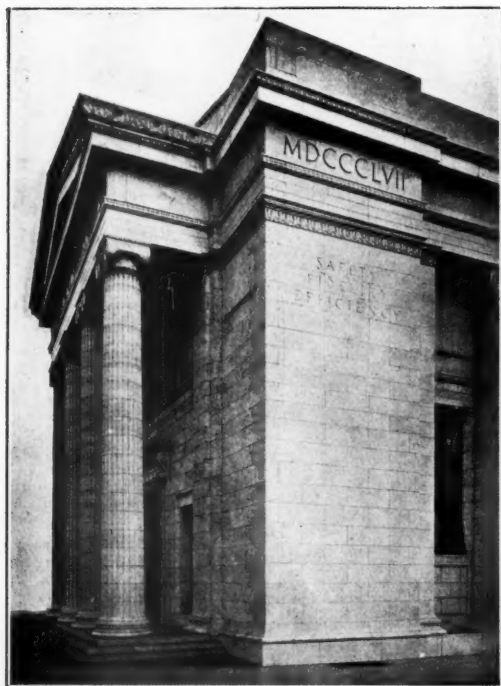
tioned attic also helps to give the centre importance. The sculpture to the attic, the children at the sides of the end panels, is admirably adjusted to its position. The details are vigorous, and nicely designed for their various positions; the moulding of the archivolt, for example, instead of running out against the glass, has a stone member expressly made to stop it. Both pillars and pilasters are reduced to the base as well as to the capital, as in a lot of Venetian Renaissance and modern French work, with a very pleasant effect. The diminution to the base is very slight: an excess in this matter leads to disastrous results. The view of the approach is, we think, of the greatest beauty, and possesses all the qualities of

From "Architecture," New York.



THE CONNECTICUT SAVINGS BANK, NEW HAVEN, CONN.
GORDON, TRACY, AND SWARTWOUT, ARCHITECTS.

From "*Architecture*," New York.



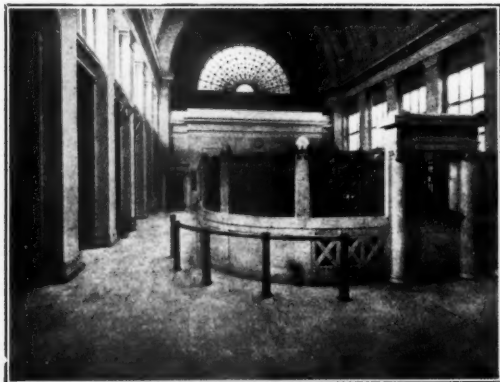
DETAIL: THE CONNECTICUT SAVINGS BANK,
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
GORDON, TRACY, AND SWARTWOUT, ARCHITECTS.

fine architecture—dignity, unity, and quietness of effect, with an exquisite sense of scale.

The Connecticut Savings Bank, New Haven, Conn., of which Messrs. Gordon, Tracy, and Swartwout were the architects, is a good example of American Renaissance work. The views are taken from our contemporary, *Architecture*, of March.

The fine flank, the contrast between the columnar portion and the strong and bastion-like ends, the projecting portico crowned with its pediment, make an appeal of strength and power. The detail is after Greek models, but the effect has more of Roman sternness than of the suavity of the

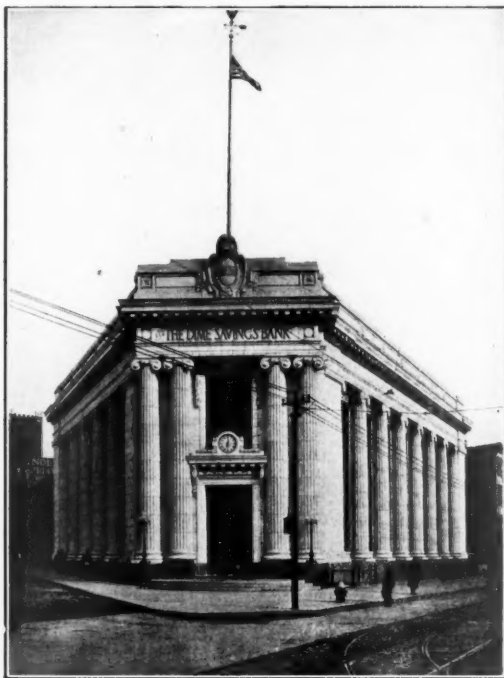
From "*Architecture*," New York.



INTERIOR: THE CONNECTICUT SAVINGS BANK,
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
GORDON, TRACY, AND SWARTWOUT, ARCHITECTS.

earlier work. This building is composed of the simplest elements, but the scholarship and feeling for proportion is evident. The interior view is very interesting, and shows a finely-proportioned

From "*Architecture*," New York.

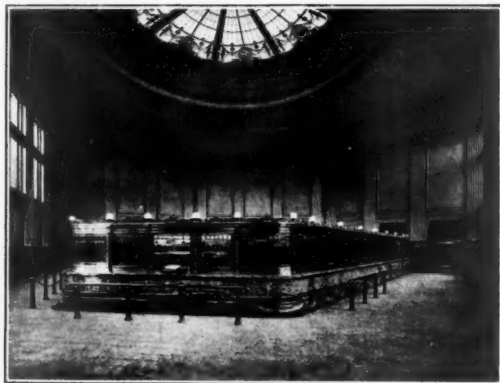


DIME SAVINGS BANK, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.
MOWBRAY AND UFFINGER, ARCHITECTS.

hall, with antae running down the side, from whose entablature springs a fine vault. This is, unfortunately, cut off in the view, but we think it makes a most impressive bank interior.

In the February number *Architecture* published photographs of the Dime Savings Bank of Brook-

From "*Architecture*," New York.



INTERIOR: DIME SAVINGS BANK, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.
MOWBRAY AND UFFINGER, ARCHITECTS.

lyn, New York. Messrs. Mowbray and Uffinger were the architects. The site seems to be a triangle, a shape to which we have lately become accustomed in this country. A corner entrance

From "Architecture," New York.



INTERIOR: DIME SAVINGS BANK, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.
MOWBRAY AND UFFINGER, ARCHITECTS.

with axis bisecting the angle is the logical method of solving this problem. The views show how this has been done with quite a satisfactory result: the columnar effect is good, but somehow it leaves us cold and critical. The interior is much more satisfactory. One must admit that in this sort of spacious interior the American architects are fine designers.

The bath interior from Phipps Natatorium, Pittsburgh, is published to show how different the

American ideal is from ours in this respect. Generally speaking, "baths and washhouses" is a class of building given over in this country to architects who have ideas of utility deeply seated in their souls, and who seldom dream of clothing the bare fact in anything but the thinnest veneer of thought. It is not to be denied that this interior shows a poor feeling for proportion—it errs much on the side of clumsiness, and the brick vault destroys instead of helping the scale; but in spite of defects it is much more architectural than the skeleton to which we are accustomed. The detail of the gallery front is lacking in style, but the idea of the design is good; and the great window at the end is a great success. The Americans are great designers of lamps, and these great globes (a typical design) are splendid examples of such necessary accessories.

From "Architecture," New York.



SWIMMING POOL, PHIPPS NATATORIUM, PITTSBURGH.
GROSVENOR ATTERBURY, ARCHITECT.

A Design for the Reformation Memorial at Geneva.

Lanchester and Rickards, Architects. Henry Poole, Sculptor.



HIS design, for a garden commemorating the moving spirits and the chief events of the Reformation, was prepared in response to the invitation of the city of Geneva for the treatment of a public space in that city.

The decision of the adjudicating committee was finally made in favour of designs emphasising the old city wall running along the north side of the site, and concentrating the decorative treatment on this, in preference to any form of garden treatment such as is here shown.

From the point of view of dramatic effect and creating an immediate impression on the spectator, the decision was probably right, though no preference for such a treatment was expressed in the conditions, and the adoption of this view involves the sacrifice of many attractive possibilities in the way of architectural effects and pleasant vistas such as a design on a garden basis affords.

In the preparation of this design the importance of the Place Neuve appeared to demand that the main approach from the west end of the ground should be preserved.

At the same time the position of the University buildings was not disregarded, and these were



MODEL OF THE MEMORIAL GROUP.
LANCHESTER AND RICKARDS, ARCHITECTS. HENRY POOLE, SCULPTOR.

brought into axial relationship with the plan of the monumental area.

The authors recognised that the proposed enlargement of the Rue de la Croix Rouge would involve the destruction of the Orangerie but not that of its façade, and they suggested that the Mur des Réformateurs could be preserved by carrying the widened street on a loggia, forming a pleasant adjunct to the gardens.

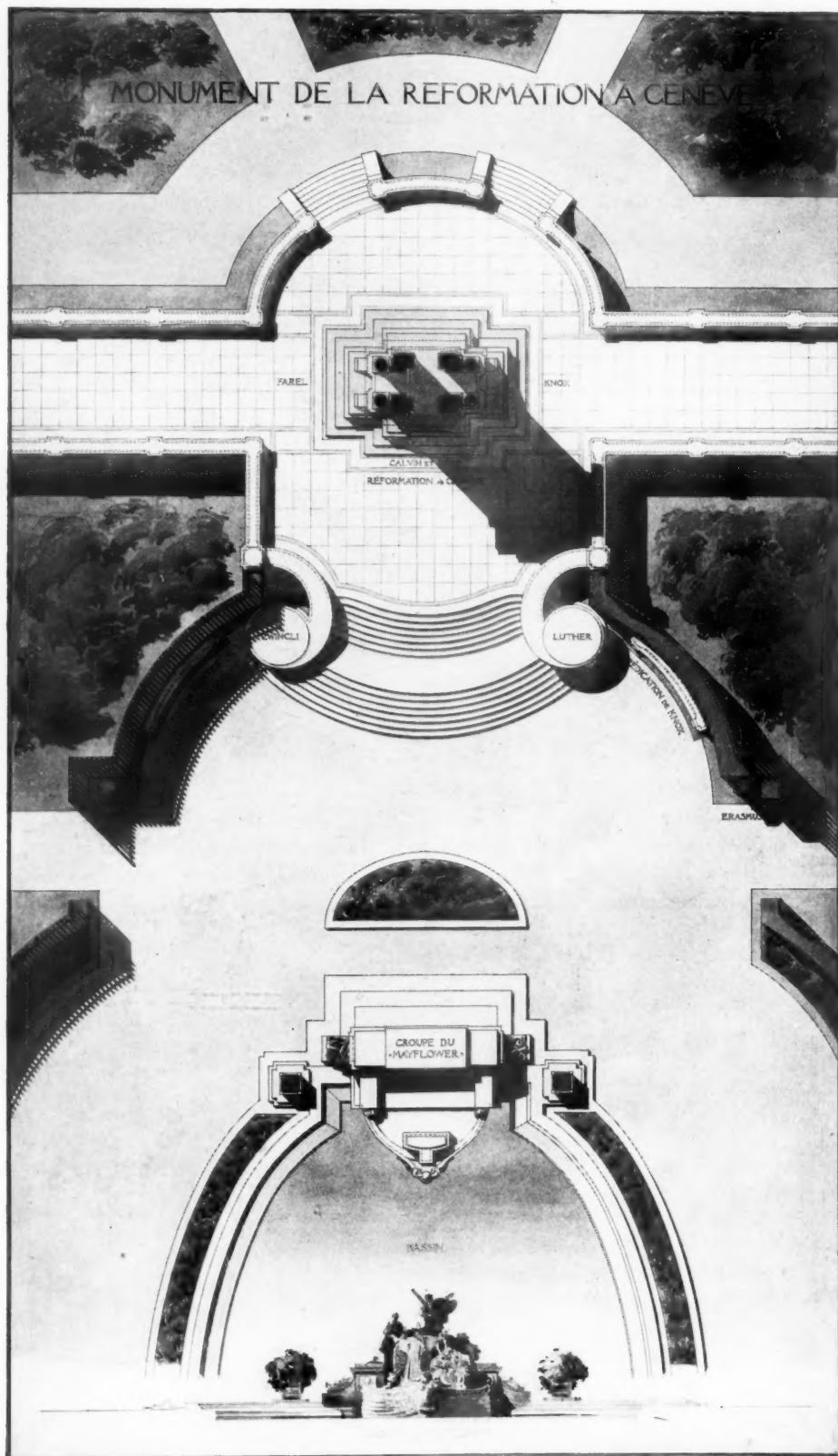
As archæological, æsthetic, and financial considerations all combined in rendering it desirable that the design should not be massive in treat-

ment or large in scale, the authors aimed more at forming a pleasant garden, relying on the judicious distribution of relatively small monuments illustrating the various phases of the Reformation and sufficiently descriptive to create in the observer a lively interest in the men and episodes they represented.

The central area of the ground was closed in with closely-clipped hedges and "treillage," forming, as it were, a large open-air hall, leading up to the chief monument placed on a terrace at the east end, with the other memorials arranged



A DESIGN FOR THE REFORMATION MEMORIAL, GENEVA. BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.
LANCHESTER AND RICKARDS, ARCHITECTS. HENRY POOLE, SCULPTOR.



A DESIGN FOR THE REFORMATION MEMORIAL, GENEVA. PLAN OF CENTRE PORTION.
LANCHESTER AND RICKARDS, ARCHITECTS. HENRY POOLE, SCULPTOR.



A DESIGN FOR THE REFORMATION MEMORIAL, GENEVA.
LANCHESTER AND RICKARDS, ARCHITECTS. HENRY POOLE, SCULPTOR.

symmetrically at suitable points around this open space. The centre of this area has a basin of water surrounded with flower-beds, a feature adding materially to the interest of the design, and providing, moreover, an admirable setting for the *Mayflower* monument, designed to represent the prow of a ship cleaving the water, surmounted by a group of the pioneers gazing forward toward the land that means so much to them and their followers.

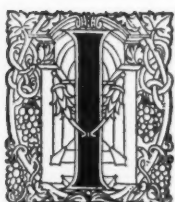
The height of this group did not interfere with the monument to the Reformation in Geneva, which is naturally the dominant feature of the whole composition.

In this monument the closer association of Calvin and De Bèze as successive occupants of the Academic chair was indicated by their being grouped together in the centre, Farel being placed on the north side and Knox on the south.

Flanking this monument on the ramps of the approach were placed two groups illustrating other developments of the Reformation, that on the left representing Zwingli wounded on the battlefield refusing the offer of priestly ministrations and receiving the death stroke in consequence; and that on the right, Luther in conference with Melancthon during his argument with Eck.

The A.A. Play, 1909.

With Special Sketches by E. A. Rickards.



It is a little difficult to place this year's production in the dramatic category. The authors, none other than our confrères of *The Purple Patch*, call it "an up-to-date pageant"; a contemporary refers to it as "episodical"; and a daily paper designates it a "comic pageant," which, remembering Mr. Louis N. Parker's stately efforts, seems a contradiction in terms. But if we accept the author's phrase we shall not be far wrong, and it may at once be admitted that this year's play was conceived on a grander and more elaborate scale than those of previous years. Once again Purple Patch, "the personification of a spasmodic periodical," appears as the good genius of architects and architecture, and under his happy ægis the architects have a fairly good time throughout the six stages of "The Rise and Fall of Architecture," until the very end of the last scene, when Mr. Sparing emerges from last year and the memories of Metopemania to cast a sinister gloom over the troublous times of architecture.

What, then, is the story our authors have to tell? Well, they disdain a plot, discard the eternal feminine, and (except for a whisper in the third scene) banish the love interest; and, having thus thrown overboard the accepted canons of their temporarily adopted art, they do amazingly well. In six chapters they review choice passages in the history of architecture, and tag a moral on to each, and they do it with wit and point and airy persiflage. So much is indicated by Purple Patch in his prologue, the whiles he pipes a little melody, which Mr. Claude Arundale-Kelly, the composer, preserves as a *leit motif* throughout the play.

Then we are introduced to Ung and Boo and their missing-link acquaintances of prehistoric days, anticipating in various styles of motor coats the raiment of descendants, centuries later. Ung and Boo have been evicted from the ancestral cave by the Great Green Beast, who must have been a near relative of Fafner the Dragon. They meditate on the inevitability of living once more in trees, a course greatly displeasing to Boo, who glories in being a snob. His father, Ung, pines for "Letchworth and the simple life"; but, as Boo observes, they have now taken a new and "upright position in society," from which it is impossible to retire without risk of being *déclassé*. "It is by

snobbishness that humanity will rise to its pinnacle of glory, the British Upper Middle Class. Papa, when you left that tree you were yourself a snob; when grandfather Missing-link insisted on starting life without a tail he was a snob." There is introduced to meet their needs Ariba, the first architect, armed by Purple Patch with mystic instruments, the "too-square" and compasses, and aided by "cheek," the mainstay of the novice. As the first architect he is prepared to build the first house. Nothing is simpler. They can't have their cave; they won't take to the trees. "Very well, then. Enter Art!"

"Now 'twixt bird and beast is manhood's proper station.
He's a little bit of both it seems to me;
So I suggest you make an imitation
Of a cave, built out of branches of a tree."

No sooner said than done. The house is produced and bears an uncanny resemblance to some Art Nouveau manifestations of modern times—rough-cast walls, steep roof, low casement windows, un-



CALLICRATES (MR. F. DARE CLAPHAM).

"How can I judge of his excuse till the damsel I have seen?"

buttressing buttresses, rainwater tubs and sundial all complete. "A little archaic," grumbles Purple Patch. But Ariba contends—

"Clients can't have everything they want to in this world,
But you really needn't tell them so;
There'll be time enough to grouse
When they occupy the house,
We are architects—and we ought to know."

The second scene finds us on the banks of the Nile, by the Temple of Smawk (near the Pyramids) to be precise, and in the reign of Queen Hatezu of the one-eighth scale dynasty, 1909 B.C. The subtle



TORTOS (MR. FREDK. HARRILD, JUNR.).

"My lord, the noble Prince. Ebon . . . awaits without."

and unseen influence of the feminine is indicated by a deputation of the W. S. and P. U. on camels interviewing the Sphinx (Mr. Asquith) in the middle distance; and by the difficulties which Her Majesty's advisers are experiencing over her desire to build "a fair temple to Christabel, yea, and to all the Pankhursts." Ariba, who is fulfilling his second time on earth as Manrula, F.R.I.B.A., has prepared a design for this, but the Queen's opinion was, "I don't like the plan; and



TORTOS (MR. FREDK. HARRILD, JUNR.).

"Enter, O Lord of Dusky Sands."

as for the sections, I think they are horrid." She wisely suggests that they start with the foundations and she will think about the rest; "a clear, most reasonable way," as one of the priests observes, only no site happens to have been selected. The fortunate arrival of Ebon, Lord of the Dusky Sands, who is to wed the Queen, makes it probable that Manrula, to his great joy, will have a man client to deal with, and Purple Patch indicates the second moral, "Tact," as a necessary equipment of the architect. Build the temple as you please, he urges, and praise the Queen for her marvellous judgment in having it so.

As Manrula observes, he has "progressed a bit since prehistoric times"; but in the third scene, as Callicrates, the architect of the Parthenon, Ariba, in his third incarnation, reaches his zenith. Of course there is Ictinus. But Callicrates explains his practice had become so immense that he had to get somebody to do the dirty work; and Ictinus, though a bit of an outsider with no feeling for art, does look after the business part. Callicrates is the real thing—he is "now distinctly IT," and from Pericles to the office-boy they are all a bit afraid of him. He presides over an arbitration case to decide the fate of Bryx, the builder of the Parthenon, who through dalliance



NEST-OR, THE CHIEF PRIEST (MR. C. WONTNER SMITH).

"'Tis hard to satisfy a lady."

with a fair maid on the scaffold, is behind his contract time. Callicrates suggests a dose of hemlock at 12.30, which will give them time to get back to lunch, and tosses up with Ictinus to decide on the verdict. Bryx puts in a counter-claim for extras involved by the unnecessary architectural refinements insisted upon by the architect. Great fun is extracted from the examination of the witnesses, but things look black for the builder, until Purple Patch provides a third moral in a plea for forbearance; and, finally, Callicrates agrees to delay his verdict until he has seen the fair maiden and judged whether her beauty is sufficient excuse for the builder's shortcomings.

Scene four finds us in Mediæval England at the Abbey of Blastonbury, c. A.D. 1400. Sir Ralph de Moneybagges, by enlarging the abbey church and adding to its towers, hopes to make his peace with heaven. Robert of London, the first monk, hopes to outvie the Benedictine Abbey Church of Bussy en la Vite. Our old friend Ariba, now Sir Thomas de Tufton, Abbot of Blastonbury, finds himself in a funny position, for he is "a sort of parson as well as an architect." The great beauty of the position is that he never did a design in his life; someone else does all the work, and he gets all the glory, and goes down to posterity as the Architect of the Cathedral, "and all that sort of thing." But in the presence of his benefactor he must appear to know something; his attempts in that direction and the antics of Roger, Bill, and

Bob, three unemployables, pointing stonework from a Palmer's cradle, give plenty of scope for humour. A lawyer's clerk suddenly appears to serve right-of-light-and-air notices on all concerned. The inhabitants are groping in darkness and panting for breath because of the now prodigious height of the abbey towers. In the midst of the general consternation Purple Patch appears to point a way out. What other office does this clerk hold? Well, he is the Urban District Surveyor, and has to pass all plans of new buildings, and he has never seen the plans of the Abbey. They inquire, tactfully, as to his fees, and while the Abbot draws a plan with chalk on the south transept roof, Sir Ralph treats the surveyor's outstretched palm with gold—"the auro-concrete system of construction," he calls it—and all is well. The drawings are passed, and the notices are found to be invalid.

The fifth scene (scene two of the second act) is a little gem, though the dramatic progress of the fall of architecture drags a little through it. Architecture, in the year of grace 1711, has become a tail for the literary kite-flyer—in this case Addison to wit, who after chopping metaphysics with Purple Patch is sufficiently inspired



EBON (MR. W. O. LANGBEIN).

"Petzani potolongi tanganyike oh!"



ROGER (MR. W. O. LANGBEIN).

"Why should the working-men work?"

to write an overdue *Spectator* article. They conjure up a vision of a house "designed as a place to live in: not an exercise in gentility." "Outlook and aspect," says Purple Patch, "have ever vied with each other for superiority." To which Addison sorrowfully agrees, and adds: "My architect decided, eternal fool that he is, on the outlook: hence I suffer from a depression of spirit when I inhabit my best rooms. Think of it! the lumber-rooms face the south and the slumber-rooms the north." This scene is cleverly conceived and written, and if it does not assist the dramatic action, it forms an admirable foil to the hustle of the others.

The last scene finds us at Olympia and the Ideal Home Exhibition, facing the winning design, which bears a remarkable resemblance to the abode of Ung and Boo in primeval days. Architects must advertise, it seems, and Ariba, now known as "Snatchall," the winner of the competition, has pinned his business card to the design, and is booking orders right and left from members of the great British public. He tots up to £10,000 on his day's orders (with extras), but loses one client to Mr. Snatch-as-Snatch-can, a Scotch assistant, who furnishes the Harry Lauder turn to the piece. Snatchall rather congratulates himself on his acumen, and even taunts the dread

Sparing, who has now appeared, that he will beat him at his own game. His enthusiasm, however, is tempered by the reflection that all his clients insist on the firm of Sparing and Flashy doing the interior decorations. And Sparing, with a cynical laugh, reminds him that with a little use of the firm's well-known persuasive powers they may even obtain the work of designing and building them as well. Which uncomfortable observation brings Purple Patch to sing:—

"Oh! you architects, you must be going blind;
Can't you see you're getting left centuries behind?
Your antiquated methods do not pay.
The wholesale art-providers soon will have you on
your knees;
Your practice is already growing smaller by degrees
And beautifully less."



MR. SNATCH-AS-SNATCH-CAN (MR. J. B. SCOTT).

"I'm a Scotchman to the hilt, frae my bonnet to my kilt."

While Sparing's retort—

"And oh ! you architects, a long good-bye to you ;
While you talked of Art
We played the part,
And took the practice too !"

brings down the curtain.

We have no space to mention the numerous quips and jests with which the editors of our joyous contemporary bedeck their pageant. For these we must refer readers to the 10th Spasm of the periodical.

Of the actors Mr. G. B. Carvill and Mr. F. Dare Clapham bore the brunt of the work as in

previous years; and Mr. Carvill, resuming his inimitable rendering of Purple Patch, was, perhaps, the happiest man, in that one costume served him throughout the piece. When one thinks of the other principals, who had to change costumes four or five times during the evening, appearing as Early Forefathers, Ancient Egyptians, Proud Grecians, Mediæval Monks, and Modern British Architects, one can only marvel at the display of energy involved. Each principal appears to have made one scene his particular study. Mr. Clapham showed to most advantage in the Grecian scene, which he played with considerable gusto. Mr. Wontner



PURPLE PATCH (MR. G. B. CARVILL) TO ADDISON (MR. C. WONTNER SMITH):

"Outlook and aspect have ever vied with each other for superiority."

Smith made a clever and interesting study of Addison; and Mr. W. O. Langbein delighted his audiences with the Socialistic sentiments of Roger in the Mediæval scene. Mr. J. Buyers Scott, "in kilt and sporran all arrayed," supplied the Scots humour, and his song, "What Every Scotch Girl Knows," and the fling that followed it, were enthusiastically encored. Special praise must be accorded to Mr. Fredk. Harrild, jun., who made the subordinate part of Tortos the Messenger dominate the whole Egyptian scene. His adoption of Egyptian hieroglyphic attitudes was not less clever than his ease and grace in changing from one posture to another. Mr. H. M. Whitehead, with less opportunities, rendered very valuable assistance throughout; and of the others, it is want of space and not want of appreciation that makes it impossible to give individual mention.

Mr. Claude Arundale-Kelly's music (there is now no hesitancy about the name) was more ambitious this year; the refrains, if less catchy, were marked by greater breadth and more flowing melody. The A.A. Musical Society, who supplied the orchestra, added to their already considerable laurels, playing with great verve and brilliance. The success of the play was never in doubt for an instant, encores were many and frequent, and the audiences enthusiastic; and for this happy result all concerned are entitled to a due share of credit.



BOB (MR. STANLEY M. SPOOR) AND BILL (MR. J. B. SCOTT).

"Rock 'im to sleep in his Pawmer's crydle."

Books.

THE ARCHITECTS' LIBRARY.

A History of Architectural Development. In three volumes. Vol. II.: Mediæval. By F. M. Simpson, Architect, Professor of Architecture in the University of London; Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects; sometime Professor of Architecture in the University of Liverpool: Royal Academy travelling student, 1884. pp. xvi, 404. Illustrations, 257. 21s. nett. London: Longmans, Green, & Co., 39, Paternoster Row.



EUROPE is a wide field to cover, and from the eleventh to the fifteenth century a long interval in time. This the author has essayed to do, and although the book is crammed with facts and dates, copiously illustrated by very legible line diagrams and photographs, it fails to arouse in one any great enthusiasm.

Its arrangement—the sub-division into the

various constructive elements which mark the development of style, as arches, columns, capitals, buttresses, windows, vaulting, &c., in the first part; and in the second, from the genesis of plan to more detailed consideration of entire churches under their several countries—should make the book a useful addition to the list prepared by the Royal Institute for the use of students reading for their examinations. This study of architectural development is intensely interesting, and, brought together in a concise way, should prove valuable.

The method of spanning openings has always been an accurate index to style, and Mr. Simpson opens his treatise with this consideration: "The keynote of mediæval art is arch construction," he writes; he then proceeds to trace the changes it has undergone clearly and succinctly, with simple diagrams to illustrate his points. In a similar manner he has treated the other elements.

But is it that our sensibilities to this style are so dulled that it is possible to write of it with so little imagination? For the student it may suffice as a text-book, being widely annotated with plans and views. But the great quality in a book, especially of this sort—the heightening of interest in a special subject—is missing. One reads through, hoping to have one's enthusiasm awakened for what is certainly one of the most beautiful manifestations of religious ideals, but without any great measure of success.

Although it is generally admitted that the spirit which inspired mediæval building is dead, as well as the society which engendered it, we all feel in the presence of a great cathedral its wonderful charm and variety and the impossibility of compassing its peer. An indefinable emotion fills us with a quiet and sweet pleasure before these old stones wrought passionately by forgotten men.

It is in the power of invoking this enthusiasm that the book fails—and it is enthusiasm as well as scholarship that we require of our students.

SCOTTISH PAINTING.

Scottish Painting, Past and Present. 1620-1908. By James L. Caw. 10 in. by 7½ in. pp. xii, 503. Plates 76. 21s. nett. London: T. C. & E. C. Jack, 16, Henrietta Street, W.C.

TRULY a monumental work—a monument both to the fine achievements of Scottish painters and to the sympathetic industry and sound judgment of the able director of the National Galleries of Scotland. The division of Past and Present is made at 1860, and the Present takes up three-fifths of the book.

Scotland possessed, we may believe (but iconoclasm has been so complete as to destroy practically all evidence one way or the other), no great schools of mediæval painting such as flourished in England, and indeed there cannot be said to be a truly native art until the end of the eighteenth century. Up to 1860 the chief influences were the commanding genius of Raeburn and the genial if middle-class power of Wilkie. It may be said in a rough generalisation that colour came into Scottish art with Robert Scott Lauder, himself an artist of no great calibre, but an influence in teaching that led to notable results in the broadening of the basis of Scottish painting. It is impossible to do more than refer to Mr. Caw's always sympathetic and often eloquent appreciations, of Chalmers the Scottish Rembrandt, of the amazing powers of McTaggart, so little known outside Scotland, of David Murray, worthy to be classed with the greatest of landscape painters, and the hundred others who come under review. It was Scott Lauder who helped so much to divert Scots artists from a too exclusive devotion to portraiture, and sent them to the wide field of Italian art for instruction and inspiration.

We observe that Cecil Lawson is given as a Scotsman, as both his parents were Scotch. This is not so; his mother was a Shropshire woman, and he was only half Scotch. Mr. Caw makes a worthy tribute to his great genius, but curiously does not refer to "The August Moon" in the Tate Gallery.

From the reading of this fascinating book we take the impression of Scots painting as above all sincere, individual, masculine, full of humanity in its *genre* aspects, deficient in mysticism, whether in portraiture religious art or landscape, but delighting in Nature and devoted to truth.

OLD SILVER.

The Plate Collector's Guide. Arranged from Cripps's "Old English Plate." By Percy Macquoid. 8 in. by 5½ in. pp. xi, 300. Illustrations 67 and Tables of Plate marks. 6s. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street, W.

WE cannot all possess Cripps, but most of us have some bit of old silver, and hope to beg, buy, or steal more. Ecclesiastical plate is only for the Mæcenas among collectors, and in the course of abbreviation Mr. Macquoid has wisely, we think, omitted all reference to it. The book is a treasury of facts, and is certain to achieve a wide popularity.

A RETROSPECT.

A Century of Archaeological Discoveries. By Professor A. Michaelis; translated by Bettina Kahnweiler, with preface by Percy Gardner, Litt.D. 8½ in. by 5½ in. pp. xx, 366. Illustrations 29. 12s. nett. London: John Murray, 50A, Albemarle Street, W.

GERMAN archaeology has no more distinguished representative than Professor Michaelis. It was an heroic idea to give a bird's-eye view of the progress of antiquarian research in all countries within the compass of one volume of moderate size; on the whole the effort is successful. It was inevitable that German achievement should bulk largely, and that the British archaeologists should receive something less than their deserts. Professor Michaelis says, for example, of Roman Britain, that in addition to the northern walls "accidental finds are occasionally made of baths, mosaics, &c., which offer nothing peculiarly British." He has apparently heard neither of Silchester nor Caerwent. The main argument, however, is the triumph of stylistic analysis of ancient art, and with that thesis we are in profound agreement.

As giving a broad view of a great century's achievement in the discovery and criticism of classical remains, the book could probably not be bettered.

STORIES OF PAINTERS.

Stories of the English Artists, from Vandyck to Turner: 1600-1851. Collected and arranged by Randall Davies and Cecil Hunt. 8½ in. by 5½ in. pp. xiii, 288. Plates, coloured 8, half-tone 24. 7s. 6d. nett.

Stories of the Flemish and Dutch Artists, from the Van Eycks to end of seventeenth century. Collected and arranged by Victor Reynolds. 8½ in. by 5½ in. pp. xiii, 318. Plates, coloured 8, half-tone 23. 7s. 6d. nett.

London: Chatto & Windus, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

Two very charming books, containing pretty pictures, pleasant little biographies, and anecdotes, which will serve to make the painters that they celebrate more real and alive to the general public. Mr. Reynolds has elected to follow the original historians not only in the matter of his narratives, but in a mediæval diction which accords well with the subject, but becomes a shade wearisome. However, the book is one to be dipped into rather than to be read continuously. Mr. Davies and Mr. Hunt employ a less studied literary method, and have produced a very readable book. There are good stories interspersed, but none better than the well-known *mot* that Gainsborough gasped out to Sir Joshua Reynolds as they were reconciled by Gainsborough's deathbed: "We are all going to heaven, and Vandyck is of the company."

The publishers are winning a great and deserved reputation for their excellent colour-books, and the two under review seem peculiarly inexpensive. The bindings of both are based on historical examples, a practice that might with advantage be more often followed.

The Committee for the Survey of the Memorials of Greater London.

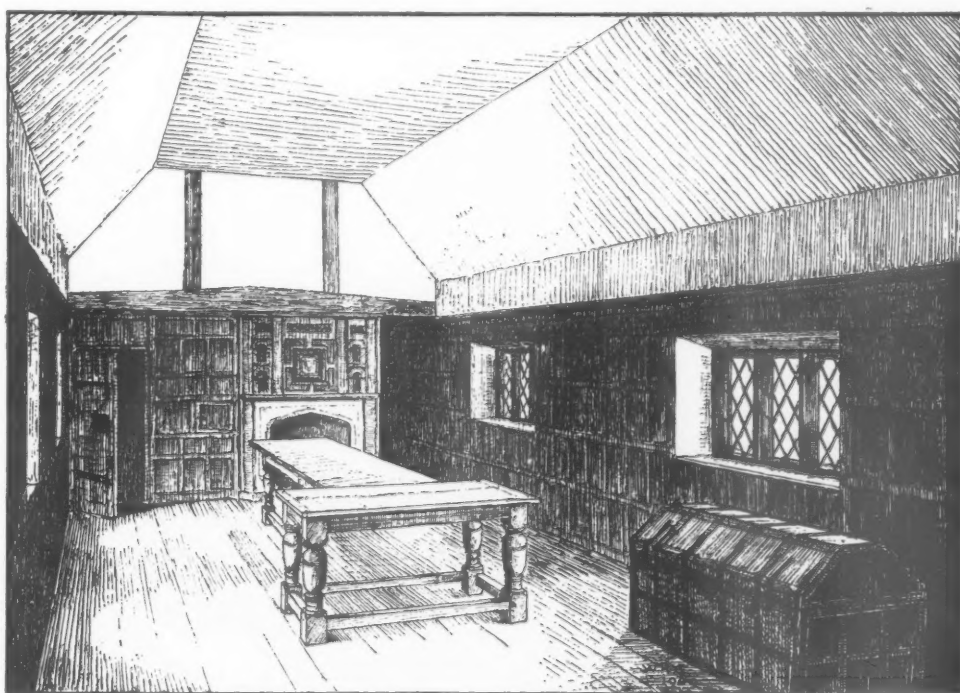
The Whitgift Hospital, Croydon.



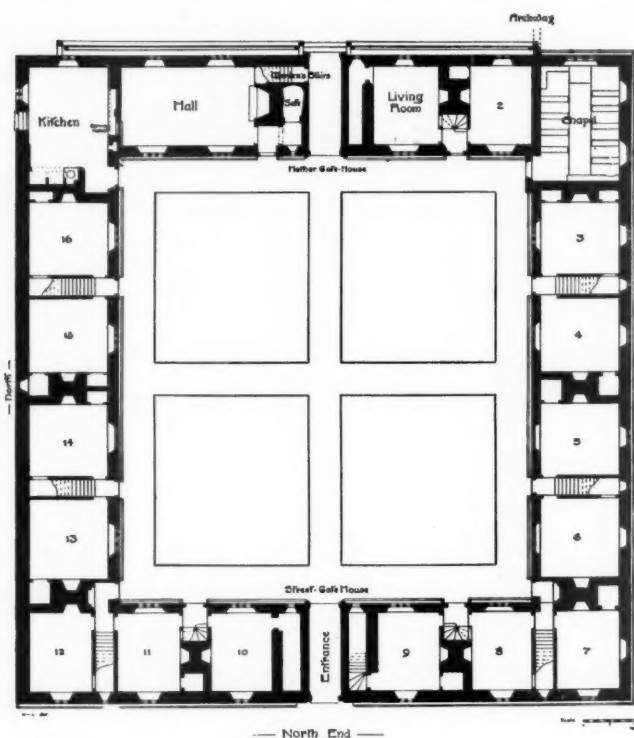
IN last month's note in THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW I referred to the Whitgift Hospital at Croydon, and expressed the hope that in spite of its precarious position the town would make some effort to ensure its preservation. At the monthly meeting of the Survey Committee on March 16th the members were informed that the subject of the hospital was again receiving public attention at Croydon, and that a decision on the policy to be pursued may be precipitated by a recent change in the adjoining property. It will be well, therefore, for us to review briefly the whole situation.

In 1596-7 John Whitgift, Archbishop of Canterbury, built and endowed an almshouse and school which he called the Hospital of the Holy Trinity, for the benefit of the poor of Croydon

and Lambeth. He chose for its site a position on the outskirts of the Elizabethan town, upon the hill overlooking the church and the Archbishop's palace. Of the original buildings the hospital itself remains entire. A complete quadrangle (over 80 ft. square inside), it is built of brick, with stone quoins, window dressings, &c., and is of two storeys, excepting over the gateways, where the gables are carried high enough to give a room on the second floor, the rooms over each gate being dignified in old documents with the name of gatehouse. The buildings include, beyond the thirty-three rooms for the inmates, a common hall, a chapel, and a large kitchen on the ground floor; the "Great Chamber" and three other rooms above, forming the Warden's apartments; and a muniment room over the street gatehouse. The Warden's rooms, which were occupied at times by Whitgift himself, possess the



THE WHITGIFT HOSPITAL, CROYDON. THE HALL.



THE WHITGIFT HOSPITAL, CROYDON. PLAN.

most interesting architectural work. The "Great Chamber" over the hall, and the smaller room over the inner gatehouse, are panelled in dark oak. The former has a curious overmantel above the fireplace, with Whitgift's arms finely carved. The chapel, of which a drawing appeared in *THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW* for August 1908, is simple in design but particularly interesting, having a quite excellent window for the period, with well-designed tracery, and effectively shaped ends to the benches. The hall and the chapel possess some good contemporary glass with coats of arms, and there is no lack of charming Elizabethan furniture and plate.

It is of course impossible, in a note, to give any kind of description of the building, but enough has been said to show that it is of very real architectural value, and among the almshouses of the country—and certainly among those near the metropolis—it is almost unique in its completeness and interest. To Croydon, for many other reasons as well, it should be a monument to cherish. Since Whitgift's time the town has

grown towards and far beyond the hospital. The "old town" is scarcely ever seen or visited by residents, and the ancient building now stands at the very juncture of the four main streets, having one frontage to George Street and one to North End. Following unskilful or prejudiced advisers the town has sanctioned the widening of these two roads (and the consequent setting back of the frontages), in both cases on the side of the hospital, although the lines of the streets would have been improved by just the reverse policy. George Street is already widened, and the south side of the building, including the chapel, projects into the street. The widening of North End has approached to within a short distance, and its continuation is daily anticipated.

News has now reached us that the largest business house on the east side of North End (actually adjoining the hospital) has changed hands and some alteration in the premises has been advertised. The question thus raised is: If the frontage line should be discussed in this matter, will the borough adhere to its official plan and seek Parliamentary powers to destroy the ancient building?

It is not too late for the discussion of an alternative scheme if there is any opinion in Croydon to back it. The new building-line in North End is, as far as it has been projected, in a line with the north-west angle of the hospital, and it would be still possible to make the widening at this point on the other side. The George Street difficulty is a more serious one, but its gravest danger, that of the foot-traffic, could be overcome by running a 15-ft. walk or arcade round the hospital to connect George Street with North End. This should not really entail more expense than the present scheme, and it would secure to Croydon a possession which will win a growing appreciation as people learn to take a pride in their town's history and to honour those who helped to build and mould it for them. In this case it is not an act of private vandalism which we desire to avert. The initiative will come from the borough, and it is Croydon that will bear the responsibility.

WALTER H. GODFREY.