THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW

A Magazine of Architecture & Decoration.

South-east Front and Lily Pool, "Wardes," Otham, Kent.

FEBRUARY 1919

27-29, Tothill St., Westminster. London. S.W.

VOL. XLV TWO SHILLINGS NET NO. 267

Plate I.

"SYNYARDS," OTHAM, KENT.

February 1919.

GEMS OF ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE.—II: ANCIENT TIMBER HOUSES IN KENT.

Wardes, Otham; Synyards, Otham; Link Farm, Egerton, Etc.

By NATHANIEL LLOYD, O.B.E.

OF all the ancient houses in the parish of Otham, near Maidstone, that known as Stoneacre has the longest and fullest historical record. There was an Elys at Stoneacre as far back as Thomas Elys, Sheriff of Kent, in 1426, who bore arms, "or, on a cross sable, five crescents argent." In a roll of arms, temp. Richard II, Sir John Elys bore the same arms with a difference of escallops instead of crescents, probably because in the time of Edward I crescents and escallops were drawn almost identically. While the history and succession of Stoneacre can be traced for nearly five hundred years, it is odd that practically nothing is known of that remarkably early and interesting timber and plaster building now known as Wardes. Its very name is modern, being taken from a late nineteenth-century occupier. Even the name by which it was known prior to this has been lost, being just beyond the recollection of that general fount of information, the oldest inhabitant. Here is a strange thing. A house of some importance, dating from the fifteenth century, and an addition to it of equal size, apparently made in the seventeenth century; yet not one record, nor one memory, not even a name remains attached to it. If the country is happy that has no history, it is reasonable to suppose that the same may be inferred of the house so barren of all records as is Wardes.

Reference, for convenience, has been made to the older portion of Wardes as dating from the fifteenth century, but the date of its erection is not so easily to be determined with exactitude. The illustrations show the north-west and south-east fronts, the top one on Plate II including the seventeenth-century addition, and showing a further addition made by the present owner. The central portion of the first elevation marks the limits of the central hall, open to the rafters; the chambers on the left, with oversailing upper floor, comprise the upper or solar end; while those on the right, also with oversailing upper story, form the lower-end chambers. The entrance through the pointed doorway opens into the lower end of the hall. Directly opposite this is a similar doorway which may be seen in the lower view, Plate II. The four-light windows face each other from opposite sides of the hall, and are situated near its upper end.

There was no provision for a fireplace: the fire was laid on an open hearth in the middle of the hall floor, and the smoke from this escaped as best it could through the window openings or through holes in the roof. In larger halls there might be a louvre in the roof for this purpose, but in a yeoman's house such luxury was not provided. It must be remembered also that the windows were not glazed. They were protected from

Fig. 1.—"WARDES," OTHAM, KENT: NORTH-WEST FRONT.

intruders by wooden bars, as still filled. These were about two inches in diameter, and were set upright, but diagonally in plan. Behind these were wooden shutters, one to each of the four lights. The shutters to the lower lights usually ran on the sills, their heads running in inch-deep grooves in the transoms. The shutters to the upper pair of lights would be hung on hooks and be furnished with strap-hinges, to open back against the walls on each side. This and closing could easily be done with the aid of a short stick. The shutters were kept closed on the weather side of the house, and open for light and air and escape of smoke on the leeward side.

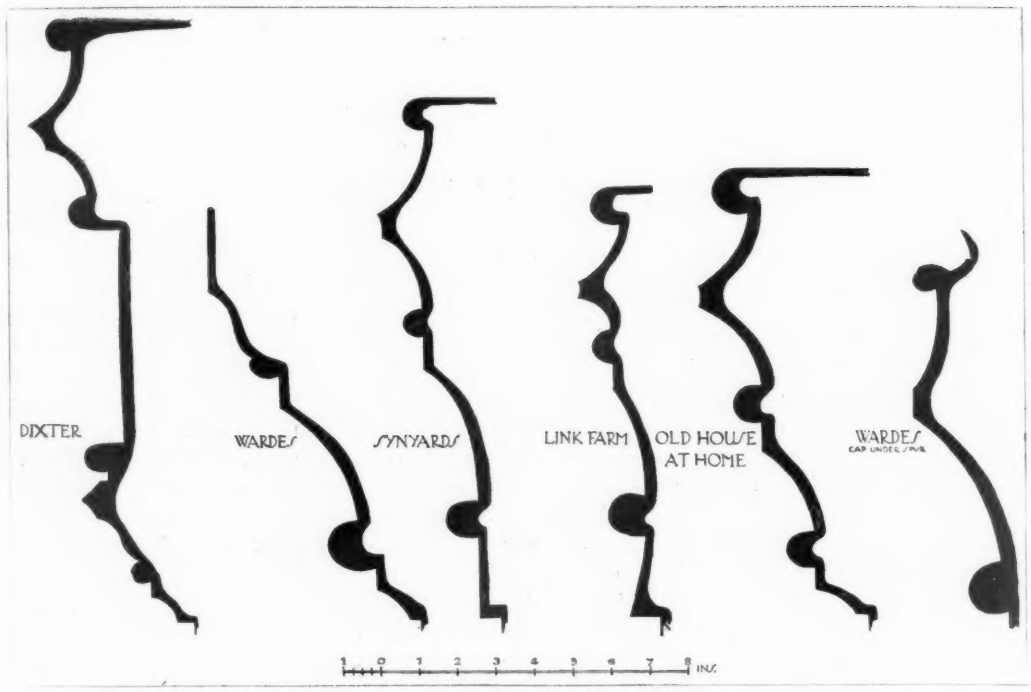


Fig. 2.—SECTIONS OF MOULDINGS.

Our forefathers, who lived in such cold and draughty conditions, must have been hardy folk, for this was the invariable plan of the mediæval house for several centuries, and not until the latter half of the sixteenth century did the practice of building houses with these open-roofed halls cease, and that of filling in the halls of existing houses with floors and dividing into separate chambers become general. The largest hall of this type is that of Westminster, the roof of which (it is the most extensive timber roof ever constructed, having a span of no less than sixty-eight feet) is now undergoing reparation.

An example of the central open hearth, to which reference has been made, may be seen at Penshurst Place, the hall of which has a span of nearly forty feet. In the halls of great houses, such as Penshurst, a partition ran across the hall, which cut off the space between the two outer doors, and over which was the so-called minstrels' gallery. This partition was called the screen. There was a screen at Dixter, just over the border, in Sussex, the hall of which house had a span of

Fig. 3.—"WARDES," OTHAM: DETAIL OF CRENELLATED SPUR.

Fig. 4.—"SYNYARDS," OTHAM: DETAIL OF SPUR.

Fifteenth-century and Seventeenth-century Buildings from the South-east.

South-east Front and Lily Pool.

Plate II.

February 1919.

"WARDES," OTHAM, KENT.

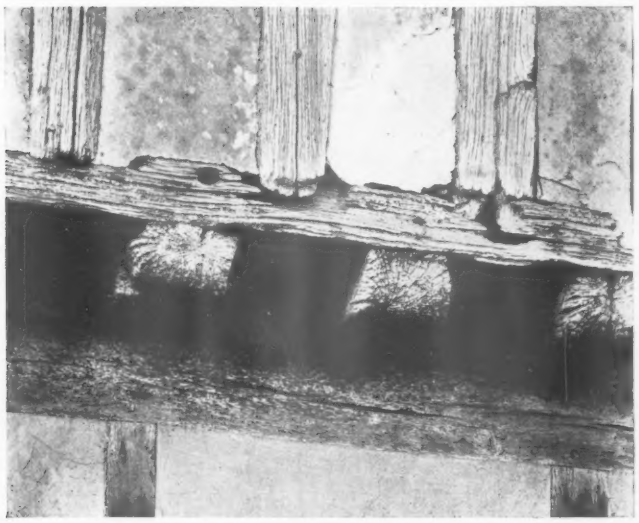


Fig. 5.—"SILVERDEN," NORTHIAM: EXPOSED ENDS OF STUDS.

26 ft.; but small halls, such as that at Wardes, had no screens; indeed, the limited floor space would not admit the loss of space involved. One feature of Wardes which will attract the attention of anyone familiar with early timber houses is the large size of most of the plaster panels. Narrow, upright panels are characteristic of early timber buildings, and the earliest remaining have panels slightly less in width than the timbers with which they alternate. We find some of these narrow panels on the north side of the lower-end chambers at Wardes; but the timber studs may not be original. Elsewhere the plaster panels occupy the whole areas enclosed by the framing timbers, and this fact may help to account for the discrepancy between the panels here and those in contemporary work elsewhere. The principal timbers, sills, posts, beams, rails, and wall-plates were tenoned, mortised, and then pinned together with oak pins. The narrow upright studs were not tenoned, nor were they pinned to the horizontal timbers. The

Fig. 6.—LINK FARM: WEST DOORWAY.

method adopted was to cut a V-shaped chase or channel in the horizontal timbers which received the ends of these studs, and the ends were either cut to a short tenon or, in some cases, to a V shape, and were slid into the chases after the framing was put up. Water lodged in the chases, and the lower ends of the studs decayed so much, that when the plaster required renewing, long after the erection of the building, it was often less trouble to take out the rotten studs and fill the whole panel contained by the main timbers with plaster. Fig. 5 shows the feet of studs in various stages of decay. Fig. 3 shows an unusual and very fine spur, carrying the angle of the solar story at Wardes. The introduction of crenellations in the capital of the post from which the oversailing spur springs is an interesting and, as we shall see later, a significant feature.

Fig. 7.—LINK FARM, EGERTON: WEST FRONT

The north-west front of another Otham hall-house, long known as Synyards (a corruption of Swineyards), is shown on Plate I. The hall of this house was filled in with two floors divided into apartments about the end of the sixteenth century. The gable, dated 1663, was inserted later. The erection of this house was probably not earlier than the closing years of the fifteenth century. The timber studding (close,

with narrow panels) is complete, and much of it appears to be original. The doorhead is four-centred, with crenellated cresting. Of the six-pointed window lights, three are original and three restorations. I am unable to say whether there were six lights under these below the transom. The spur at the angle of the solar story, which carries the end of the dragon beam, is another fine example; but the crenellations of the entrance doorway were not introduced into the capital of the post below. Fig. 4 shows the grain of the wood very clearly. It will be seen that this follows the shape of the spur, so that there is no weak short cross grain. This was accomplished by using for the post a tree having a large splayed root, and turning the root upwards to form the spur.

Link Farm, near Egerton (see page 23), is a few miles from Otham. This also was a hall-house, and a few years ago the silvery timbers were unsurpassed for soundness and for beauty of colour. Unfortunately, however, they have been painted over with some brown preservative, which has utterly ruined their charm. The soundness of the oak can be seen in the detail photograph of the doorway (Fig. 6, page 23), and it is strange that anyone should think it necessary to coat with a "preservative" timbers which have stood the action of the weather for four hundred years. The similarity of the entrance doorways of Wardes and Link Farm is striking. The branching of the post which forms the left half of the latter doorhead is evidently obtained by cutting the post from a tree having a large bough. The timbers forming the doorway at Link Farm and the framing generally are more substantial than at Wardes, and the studding is substantial, but I cannot regard the house as being of as early a date. The hall here is also filled in with floors, and the central chimney is of the same date as the floors. There are hundreds of these hall-houses still in use as cottages and farmhouses. All have the halls filled in as described. All had the halls originally open to the rafters, yet some halls had floor area measuring only 16 ft. by 10 ft.

(To be concluded.)

THE CANADIAN WAR MEMORIALS EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE Canadian War Memorials Exhibition, containing as it does so many truly fine works, would have been an unqualified success were it not that it includes so large a proportion of lamentable examples of wilful "anarchy in art." But the bubbles arising from ponds of poisonous art-twaddle and calculated insincerity are bound to burst sooner or later.

Possibly these things are for our chastening. It may be that, as we are often told, we were in need of being shaken out of our smug complacency. On the other hand, it is equally possible that this widespread revolt from convention is merely symptomatic of the epidemic disease of unrest which is devastating the four corners of the earth, now in one form, now in another. A morbid craving for change *qua* change has become so general that the domain of art could not be expected to escape its ravages.

But there is much that is excellent in the show. Among the greater successes must be mentioned Mr. Nevinson's "War in the Air" (No. 4), wherein the skilfully rendered aircraft are warring in the giddy heights of a glorious sky. Mr. Nevinson, by adopting normal methods of expression, has flown directly counter to all the nonsensical conventions of futurism, etc., which we have hitherto been told entitled him to everlasting fame, and has achieved a genuine success. Let us hope that it marks his final abandonment of the eccentricities to which he sometimes condescended.

Major J. Kerr-Lawson scores a far greater success with his "Cloth Hall, Ypres" (40). Here we see ruined architecture most lovingly rendered in exquisitely subtle colours. Great soaring fragments of the lordly Cloth Hall and of the Cathedral rear themselves, still proud and graceful, into a serene, sunlit sky. The very beauty of the day makes the terrible wreckage appear the more pitiable. One is reminded of a beautiful woman stricken down with grief, bravely trying to smile through her tears.

Another picture of haunting beauty, which likewise constitutes a valuable war record as well as a loving note of a fleeting and natural effect of great beauty, is Patrick H. Adam's "Night in Belgium, 1914" (237). But one's greatest admiration must be reserved for Laura Knight's "Physical Training (Boxing) at Witley Camp" (29). This is an epoch-making work, a "mistresspiece," in which a greater number of good qualities are combined than in many a recognized world masterpiece. It is fine throughout, for when one has been astounded at the vigorous drawing and painting of the tense, lifelike figures, the startling truth of the crowd of onlookers, and the beauty of the landscape, one may finish to marvel at the most miraculously painted and intangible peep of blue sky that I know of in art. All has been attained by honest and straightforward means, so that technique is rightly the last, and not the first, thing to strike the observer.

Another large picture of very high quality is Edgar Bundy's "Landing of the 1st Canadian Division at St. Nazaire" (116). This work again is a skilful combination of subtle atmospheric effects with truth of incident, and that love of detail kept in proper relationship to the whole of which Mr. Bundy is a past-master.

Professor Moira in "Canadian Foresters in Windsor Park" (192) has painted in admirable fashion a typically rich piece of English landscape which should be much appreciated in the Dominion. His "Canadian Stationary Hospital, France," has considerable decorative qualities, but his dark-toned figures become at a little distance so many dark isolated spots.

Two of our leading painters of a younger generation, Messrs. Munnings and Talmage, sustain brilliant reputations; indeed, Mr. Munnings, for whom as an unknown man I predicted early fame, has during the War added many leaves to his laurel wreaths. He might be termed a Sargent-of-Horse. His knowledge of the horse as evidenced in this exhibition is unsurpassable, and like Talmage he revels in the characteristic

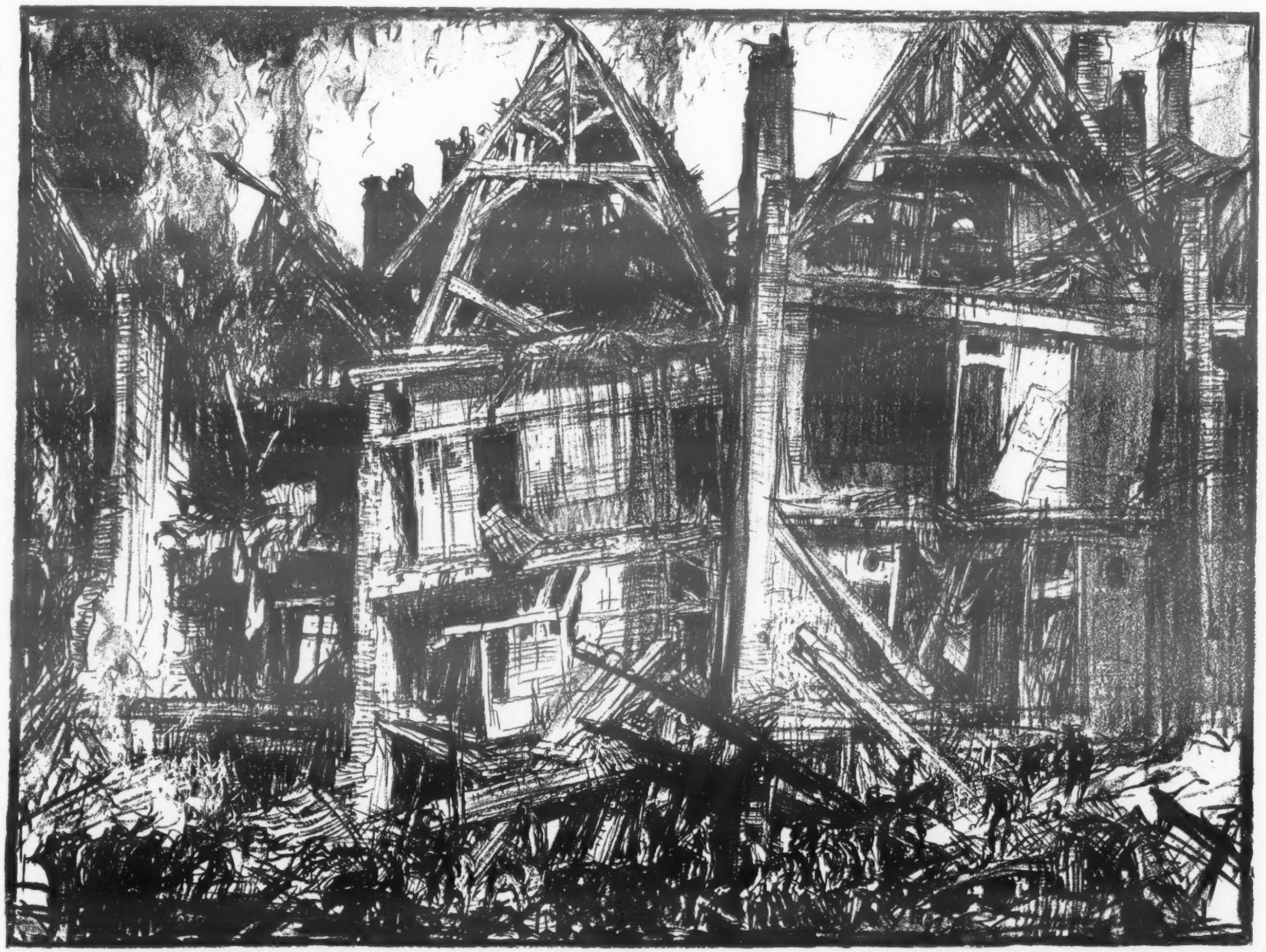


Plate III. February 1919.

FROM A LITHOGRAPH IN THE CANADIAN WAR MEMORIALS EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

By Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A.

juicy qualities of oil-paint. They are both particularly fine craftsmen who are at the same time keenly sensitive to the subtleties of line and colour. Not for them any pretence of seeing all forms in cubic, or triangular, or hexagonal, or any other mad geometrical convention.

Lieut. Gyrth Russell, junior to them in the art world, also fully justifies my prophecies with regard to his work. The pearly brilliancy of his paintings bathed in sunlight must captivate all. The quality of his work is in striking contrast to that displayed in numerous canvases by Lieut. A. Y. Jackson and others. Capt. Kenneth Forbes shows dignified arrangement in his "Canadian Artillery in Action" (31), which lends it an heroic air, such as seems suitable to a memorial collection.

There is good work in J. A. Turnbull's "Red Air Fighter" (87), in Capt. Beatty's very convincing "Ablain St. Nazaire" (127), vigorous painting in Leonard Richmond's "Canadian Railway Construction in France" (216), and in his very subtle "Early Morning near Albert" (224).

Major Augustus John shows the cartoon, presumably preliminary to a forthcoming painting, of "Canadians opposite Lens" (25). This huge *catalogue illustré* of war incidents and types has been put together in panoramic form with considerable pluck and skill. Despite the modernity of the subject, the influence of the old masters is evident throughout. The grouping is not sufficiently pronounced, so that one is apt to be attracted or distracted by each figure or small group of figures separately. Some of the soldiers would appear to be men nine feet tall, although the drawing of other figures compels one's admiration. The carthorse on the left has been given a tiny head and neck which would appear to telescope into the body and its huge quarters. Colour, provided it is kept reasonably free from what may be called acridity, should improve this important work.

Of Major Jack's two imposing battle pictures his "Second Battle of Ypres" (34) is the finer. Lieut.-Commander Wilkinson's "Canada's Answer" is, as we should expect from him, a spirited marine picture. One feels that a little more liquidity in the foreground—or forewater—would have been an improvement.

Major Jack is strong again in his portraits, and is in good company in that department with "Sir G. Porter" (7), a silvery work by Lt.-Col. S. J. Solomon, R.A., superb little equestrian portraits of the late Capt. Prince Antoine of Orleans (147), Brigade-Major G. Brooke, and the little masterpiece "Strathcona Trooper" by A. J. Munnings, Major T. Macdowel, V.C., by Harold Knight (105), Lt. F. Harvey, V.C, by Flora Lion, Lt.-Col. W. Bishop, V.C., by James Quinn, Major-General Hughes by G. Spencer Watson (7), and so forth.

Several fine artists contribute to the exhibition work which barely does them justice. One might cite Byam Shaw, whose colour in "The Flag" lacks harmony, and his very clean figures lack outdoor *enveloppement*; Anna Airy, whose "Cookhouse at Witley Camp" (17) is none too sure in its values, and would have looked better on a smaller scale:

THE CLOTH HALL, YPRES.
By Major J. Kerr-Lawson.

Clare Atwood, whose "On Leave" (23) suffers from woolly technique, an unconvincing light effect, and poor perspective in the windows; and Lieut. Ginner, whose "Filling Factory" is very chalky and sickly in colour, and the perspective of wheels of the carriers so far out as to promise derailment.

Lieut. Julius Olsson, A.R.A., has painted a fine tumultuous sea in his "Night Patrol" (35), but the sky and castle might have been treated less dramatically to advantage. Still farther from his best form is the fearless Professor Rothenstein, while Lieut. Weirter, in the "Battle for Courcelette" (135), has attacked with fine fervour a huge and very difficult subject. The black-and-whites are of a high order of merit, Brangwyn's lithographs being a superb sextette. Two Belgian artists also distinguish themselves. Lieut. Wagemans, renowned as a painter of the nude, contributes masterly drawings of "The Gunners," "German Concrete Gun Emplacement," and "A German Dug-out;" Lieut. Bastien a first-rate drawing of the "Hôtel de Ville, Nieuport, 1917," and Lieut. de Witt, whose work was previously unknown to me, proves himself worthy of a place among the foremost contemporary etchers with his very powerful "Canadian Troops entering Cambrai."

Others who distinguish themselves in this section are Lieuts. Mowat, Jackson, and Barraud, and Mr. Spencer Pryse.

It will be gathered that this exhibition is, on the whole, meritorious and interesting. One feels sorry, however, that so many young artists are still in bondage to perversity and eccentricity. In this untoward course they are greatly encouraged by a certain type of criticism, which seems to care more for novelty and sensation than for the abiding principles of art. And the strange part of the business is that these erratic persons—especially the critics—seeking novelty have become violently reactionary, and, defying conventionality, have tumbled headlong into the thickest part of it. But it is of little use to protest. The rival schismatics may be safely left to their marked tendency towards mutual destruction. It may even be good (though we doubt it) for the young artist to catch this distemper. At all events we do not wish to dogmatize about it.

"STRAIGHT."

THE PASTEL SOCIETY'S SHOW.

THE twentieth Exhibition of the representative society of artists in this brilliant medium is being held at the Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly, and the connoisseur who finds nothing to charm him must be hard to please, for the variety of method and degree of merit represented is very wide—so much so, that the works of a certain number of the exhibitors could very well have been dispensed with.

A glance around the North Gallery, by which one starts one's voyage of discoveries, confirms one's opinion that the crumbling nature of the pastel-stick, combined with the difficulty of retaining a point on it, renders it unsuitable for works of less than certain proportions.

Edward Chappel's "Wealth of England" (16) attracts by reason of its pleasing scale of sombre evening tones. Terrick

CANADIAN TROOPS ENTERING CAMBRAI.
By Lieut. de Witt.

Williams's group of land- and seascapes (21 to 26) is perhaps the most enchanting in the whole show. Not only is his handling of the medium most delightful in its just freedom, but, as in all he produces, his sense of colour is most acute, and he manages, without exaggeration of any kind, to reproduce the coloration of Nature in her most lovable moments. His exhibit demonstrates once more the conviction that, along with Mr. Munnings and Mr. Lamorna Birch, he is one of the most brilliant artists outside the Academic fold.

It is regrettable that Mr. Williams's counterpart in French art, M. Le Gout Gérard, a member of the Society, does not exhibit this year.

Miss M. Agnes Cohen next attracts attention, not only by the versatility indicated by the variety in her exhibits, but by the excellence of two or three of them, such as the "Pte. 305965" (30), wherein we see the portrait of a very marked personality skilfully limned and placed on the paper with great judgment. Others of her works which attract are "Sunrise" (31) and "Japanese Bowl" (33). Other ladies who score successes are Miss Ann Sterndale-Bennett, with the tints of her cool tones in "Grassington, Yorks" (72), and Mrs. M. A. Eastlake with "The Mill," a broadly treated study of a water-mill, likewise treated in sombre tints.

To Miss Maude Harris must be accorded the honour of exhibiting some of the very best work in the Exhibition. Her pearly colour in the sunlit "Petit Déjeuner" is quite delightful; while truly masterly characterization combined with fine drawing and extreme sensitiveness of colour in "The Orange Seller" (106), and more especially in "Bank Holiday," place her in the front rank.

Miss Aimée Muspratt's best work is "The Cave of Mazd'-Azi," a stupendous cavern, through which runs a thoroughfare on which are figures that, by contrast, look so small as to be barely visible; the reflected light in this awesome place is very well rendered.

Mrs. Jean Burn-Murdoch's extremely refined portrait of Lady Williams (136) is perhaps the best example of portraiture in the show, but her other exhibits do not by any means sustain this high standard.

Reginald Jones, in his "Hazy Morning," displays a delightfully crisp quality in his pastel, rivalling therein the masterly Frenchman, Nozal.

William Redworth and Reginald Wilkinson both show true and beautiful renderings of sunset-time, the former in "Afterglow" (160), and the latter in his resonant "Tintagel: Twilight" (188). Mr. Wilkinson also scores with his "Peace" (183), a charming study of a serene morning.

Mrs. Helen Burford, using a very limited palette—or perhaps in connexion with pastels we should say "box"—has succeeded in producing a set of excellently modelled portraits (230–236).

Arthur Wardle fully comes up to high expectations with a truly splendid study of "A Polar Bear" (238).

It does not surprise us that J. R. K. Duff's best exhibit is his humorous and otherwise captivating "Curiosity" (244), wherein a lamb and a hen and her chicks are taking rapid mental notes of one another; for Mr. Duff has long exhibited in his work a positively unsurpassed knowledge of the sheep. His "Yacht Club, Venice," though in a less accustomed mood, fascinates with suggestion of tender colour. If Mr. Duff were to banish black from among the colours he uses in various mediums, one feels he would frequently increase the charm of his work.

Similarly T. Blake Wirgman, who sends an attractive work in his "Sunny Morning: Witley, Surrey" (342), allows black (outlines in his case) to arrest the eye far too persistently.

T. W. Hammond shows two very successful landscapes, "Symphony of Spring" (273) and "In Wharfedale" (274), which is most lovingly treated throughout. The sky is so truthfully rendered that the clouds positively seem to move before one's eyes.

Leonard Richmond's art, of a far more robust character, is as good as ever. His "Sunset" (323) provides one of the most beautiful colour-schemes in the show.

Subtlety of colour is the dominating feature in Miss Dorothea Lyster's interesting group of works (326–331); and apparently haphazard, though in reality purposeful, arrangement leads to pleasing decorative qualities in Miss Sarah Constable's work (349–356). Far the best of Miss Marjorie Bates's work is her "Treasures" (312).

Lewis Baumer sends a group (365–369) of his charming studies of the fair sex; needless to say, the workmanship is of the daintiest. The same adjective must be applied to the quality of the pencil-work in Mr. Frank Carter's precious little drawing of "Miss Irene Dowson" (370).

"STRAIGHT."

THE RE-PLANNING OF STEPNEY.

PREVIOUS to his departure for work in distant Salonika, on 17 January Mr. Thomas H. Mawson, at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, described and illustrated by means of lantern slides and the exhibition of plans and designs his startling scheme for the re-planning and re-building of the greater part of the Borough of Stepney. Councillor Miles, J.P. (the Mayor), supported by well-known local people, was in the chair: and this fact, along with its apparently enthusiastic reception by the railway companies concerned and by others vitally interested, would tend to strengthen the great town-planner's view that there is every prospect of the scheme going through, despite its evidently enormous proportions and presumably enormous initial cost. The scope of the improvements is so vast and drastic, and they have so many sides and ramifications, that at present one can do little more than touch on main features.

It is undeniable that, east of the Tower of London, road communication with the district of the Docks is lamentably involved and indirect, and if allowed to remain so must seriously hamper that vast extension of business in the Port of London which the crippling of Hamburg and other factors, lead us to hope and strive for. Around each dock grew up its labyrinth of rambling, haphazard roads, arranged, like most other London estates and areas, without any regard to a harmonized plan mapped out for the advantage of the metropolis generally. Indeed, no such plan existed. Even so late as the commencement of the building of the Tube railways the writer urged that a complete co-ordinated system of lines which would cover present and future traffic requirements should be immediately mapped out—companies, as they were formed, to be allowed to build on one or other of the lines as planned, and nowhere else. This was not done. Stepney being in great part a maze, and a maze of a sordid character to boot, is now in view of a great transformation which would not only remove the disabilities from which she suffers for lack of a comprehensive plan, but would advance her very much farther, and constitute her, in essence, an extension of the City of London proper. For, despite the knowledge

that most cities develop westward, it has always struck one as strange that so short a distance from the Bank of England as Aldgate fine commercial and office buildings of the City type suddenly cease, and immediately, within a stone's-throw of the heart of the City, we enter upon the huge, sordid East-End, honeycombed with mean streets and forbidding alleys. It is not so north, south, or, of course, west of the Bank.

The main artery of Mr. Mawson's system is a magnificent boulevard running from a point just north of Tower Hill (with which it will be connected by a short and wide spur street), either as far as the Regent's Canal Docks or, by an alternative and more favoured scheme, to a point somewhat less distant on the same line. Here the proud vista would be closed by a commanding edifice to be used as a Workmen's Club and Auditorium, and the boulevard, to be known as "Stepney Greeting" (a quaint title honouring the victors in the Great War), would be crossed by a thoroughfare running at right angles down to a Shadwell Park arranged in most happy fashion on the river's bank.

At its western end "Stepney Greeting" would be linked up by new thoroughfares with Fenchurch Street and Broad Street Stations, around which considerable improvements are down for execution, including among other items an hotel at Fenchurch Street.

Seeing the comprehensiveness of the scheme, one is tempted to the criticism that it seems to lack unimpeded continuity with the great arteries running westward, such as those enjoyed by Mile End Road, Commercial Road, etc. Perhaps, however, this is planned to take place at Fenchurch Street. A brilliant idea for overcoming much of the clearance otherwise necessary for the main artery is a proposed arrangement with the Company to build it over the London and Blackwall Railway, whose lines will be sunk, not to emerge until just beyond the Workmen's Club building previously mentioned, if that be decided upon as the end of Stepney Greeting—otherwise, farther east. Provision is also made for linking up this line westward with central underground railways and tubes.

But the climax of the splendid main boulevard would be near its centre, where would be grouped at each of four corners impressive public buildings, from between two of which would rise a noble campanile of remarkably graceful and happy proportions. This commanding tower is designed to serve as "a monument from a grateful Empire, to the Saviours of Liberty and Justice." It would be a campanile in more than name, for in the elevation we notice the great and little bells destined to waft cheery music far beyond the confines of Stepney.

A slight improvement in the particularly happy design of the campanile suggests itself, and that is at its base. One regrets the ability to see daylight through the central arch of the arcade. In view of the enormous structure above, an appearance of extra solidity (to be obtained by the provision of doors to this and its fellow arch) would have been acceptable at the base.

One of the four corner buildings constituting this monumental "Civic Centre" is, by arrangement with the Borough Council and the architects, to consist of the new Town Hall, designed by Messrs. Thornely, Wolstenholme, and Briggs, and hitherto destined for another site. Its fellow is to consist of a building of similar design.

It is safe to say that if this "place" materializes it will be one of the finest architectural groups in the land, and should help by acting as a magnet to attract and inspire with confidence those who by acquiring sites will recoup the outlay involved in the manner so confidently predicted by the Borough Council and by Mr. Mawson.

I hope I have given some idea of the majesty of the proposed new artery. Judging by Mr. Raffles Davison's aeroplane view of it, it will be about the widest and noblest thoroughfare in London. Yet this street forms but a small portion of the whole scheme; it is but a main artery into which new veins are planned, running from every direction practically over the whole borough. Then, provision is made for stretches of park-lands and easy access thereto, for riverside warehouses of striking elevation provided with low-level quay communication direct from the riverside to their basements, the while an esplanade freed from congestion caused by the loading and unloading of merchandise, and commanding the ever-changing panorama of the great silent highway, is carried along a high-level quay. Herein we see a plan wisely borrowed from America, in whose great cities the bulk of the merchandise is not carted along the streets, but turntabled into and out of the warehouse basements from an underground railway.

There is also provision for workmen's dwellings provided with communal kitchens and with workrooms in the attics (one presumes that means will be provided for conveying raw materials and finished articles up from, and down to, the street). There are also ingenious schemes for aerating and otherwise dealing with such slum areas as are not to be entirely rooted out, by partial re-erection, and so forth. Everywhere there is evidence of sound design and of patient forethought.

The enlargement of Old Shadwell Basin is on the plans, not to mention innumerable widenings immediately around that and other docks; there is provision for a new Stepney railway station at the eastern extremity of the "Greeting."

Shadwell Park is to be provided with terraces, a river walk, bowling greens, games grounds, a bandstand, and all the amenities of a first-class formal garden. Such a view-point on to the toiling river will be greeted as an inestimable boon, not only by the natives, but by artists and others from afar.

Mr. Mawson, in conversation with the writer, seemed to place considerable importance on his inclusion among the public buildings to be erected in pivotal situations of a kind of clearing-house for consular work—a Joint Consular Office—and although one may be sure he has been as thorough and painstaking in his inquiry as to requirements in this as in other directions, perhaps one may be permitted to doubt whether so useful an office were not better placed near Whitehall, Victoria, and Charing Cross.

Finally, one hopes that Mr. Mawson has considered the possibility and practicability of his system being extended in the course of time very much farther east.

FRANK L. EMANUEL.

THE LATE BYAM SHAW.

BRITISH art will be distinctly the poorer by the untimely death of that genial spirit Byam Shaw. He was one of the most brilliant and individual of our younger painters, combining in his work virile strength with poetic feeling.

He was a fine illustrator of books, while his work in oils was decorative and rich in colour. One regrets that he did not undertake important mural work.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF SOUTHAMPTON.

TO the exile returning to England, the streets of Southampton provide an introduction to the towns and buildings of his native country which before his wanderings had been familiar. He arrives on the threshold of his native land in the early morning, and decides to break his journey. The ship is berthed, customs formalities are arranged, and his luggage is directed through to London. It is a soft, sunny morning in the cool month of September, with the town just awakening to the bustle of a vigorous day. Precisely the hour to view a place rich in storied and poetical associations. He leaves the wharves and the network of railroad tracks and looks about. There is a road direct from the main dock entrance leading to a smoky quarter of the town, and to the left another, formed on what was once the foreshore. A moment's hesitation, and then we suppose our traveller makes his choice and turns to the left, compelled, no doubt, by the external aspect of the venerable old walls and massive towers which stretch with irregularity facing the sea, and frown with lordly indifference on the arrival and departure of passengers from and to the beyond.

It is a morning to call forth all the latent romance of an exile's temperament; his mind is filled with patriotism; he would, if he could, quote poetry. As it happens, he gazes intently at the silvered stones and tiled roofs, half expectant of their secret being revealed. "I will not buy a guide-book," we can imagine his saying; "I will not absorb dry facts; to-day I will indulge my fancy; for this town is a part of old England, the people are of my race; I am not expectant of seeing grandeur and display, neither do I desire to wander through magnificent saloons and long echoing galleries wherein pictures are tiered." This miniature seaport is a picture; its streets of smiling bow windows are galleries of homely charm; these walls, grimly machicolated, have witnessed conflicts between French and English warriors, and these overhanging house-fronts have formed the background of many centuries of island life. "The harled battlements, serene with the settlement of eld," give place to buildings of a later age, built on foundations of ancient date, and in turn these terminate at a point where the High Street debouches on the Town Quay, ending the trunk road from London which for nearly eighty miles has traversed the fair lands of Surrey and Hampshire, through Winchester, and now, by a gentle slope under the Bargate, reaches the extreme limits of the land.

And so we leave the imaginary exile, joyous in his return, pacing the High Street until the gateway of "The Dolphin" receives his figure; and as this mythical person has served the purpose of introducing the subject, we can divine his intentions in the way of further research and anticipate his future wanderings in the streets and alleys of the fair seaport.

Of all the coast towns in the South of England that are shipping centres, Southampton is the most curious; yet in relation to other seaports standing in proximity to the Channel its features are akin, inasmuch as the harbours of Falmouth, Plymouth, and Portsmouth are land-locked. A peculiarity is that it is difficult to obtain an impression of Southampton as a whole, or to comprehend its ramifications at a single glance; indeed, there are only two methods by which such a perspective can be gained. One is from the navigating bridge of a great Atlantic liner, and the other from a vantage point on the east bank of the Itchen, Pear Tree Green, where the contour of the peninsula on which the town has sprung, together with the windings of the waters and the dark framing of the New Forest, makes up a bird's-eye view of extreme interest. The serried streets packed with houses, fringed with innumerable quays and wharves, and veiled with trailing smoke, show what the life of the place means. If we essay to enter the town by road from Salisbury through Romsey when the evening is drawing in, we obtain a different impression, especially if the lower road through Redbridge is pursued; from this point the myriad lights of the docks

Rock Bros., Ltd.

Fig. 1.—TUDOR HOUSE, NOW THE MUSEUM.

and riding lamps of ships flickering on the broad waters of the Test hint of the chief attraction, but there is no manifest of the town proper. In these days there is little or no foreshore; the mediæval quarter is practically shut off from the sea, for the age of steam has brought about a gigantic platform of masonry extending beyond the confines of the place far into Southampton Water, and converting the former stronghold into a passenger station of the second magnitude.

Rock Bros., Ltd.

Fig. 2.—THE AUDIT HOUSE, HIGH STREET.
Crunden, Architect.

As the topography of the place is studied, so are its natural charms unfolded in soft harmonies. Due south stretches the sea, a broad avenue of green studded with ships at anchor and smudged with the smoke of liners. On clear days the heights of Vectis rise above the spit of land at Calshot, forming natural bulwarks to the waters of the Channel beyond. To the south-west, almost to the shore, the umbrageous depths of the New Forest screen old-world villages and the remains of monasteries, while a fringe of foliage along the Netley side balances the *mise en scène*. To the north the heights of Shirley and Bitterne marshal the road to Winchester and London.

Southampton is a small town, despite its modern aspirations; it is eminently provincial in its amenities and unpretentious in its civic display. Even the railway stations, which are generally a sure index to the doings of a community, are in this instance diminutive. It is a place with a dual individuality, a sort of Jekyll and Hyde character; for in many ways the residential and leading part of the place, ringed as it is by a crumbling remnant of the Middle Ages, is divided from the modern seaport by steel roads, and a wall impenetrable save to those whose business calls them forth on ships. Passengers who pass through the town, outwards or inwards, have little time to spend investigating its charms. The traveller from distant lands who stands expectant on the deck of the ship which has brought him across the waters catches the glint of the sun on its sharp spires, and wonders at the continental flavour of the great hotel which heads the Docks as though to challenge the funnels of the steamers. Americans and Frenchmen, with the inborn curiosity of their type, cannot resist exploring the narrow streets and courts that in the past played no unimportant part in the history of both races; for it was from Southampton the "Mayflower" sailed, and at the base of these massy gates and bastions many an attack from France was foiled.

No longer is the town regarded as a health resort; gone are the fashionable crowds who, a hundred years since, obeyed the decisions of their doctors and underwent the rigours of sea-bathing. Vanished into the limbo of things is the aristocracy that formerly peopled the smart houses which building speculators erected for their pleasure; and derelict are the mansions and villas on the surrounding heights, where garden cities now dispute the rights of ghostly landowners. No longer can the place be deemed residential in all that the term usually implies, and a look of regret flickers from the glazed bow windows of the principal street, as though these inanimate objects were mourning the glories of past customs, when honest tradesmen were not superior to living over their shops, and before the exodus to the Avenue took place. Southampton,

Rock Bros. Ltd.

Fig. 3.—BELOW BAR STREET, SHOWING SOUTH FRONT OF BAR AND FRONT OF ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, DESIGNED IN 1795 BY WILLEY REVELEY.

Fig. 4.—AN EARLY NINETEENTH-CENTURY VIEW OF BELOW BAR STREET.

together with its girdle of arcaded masonry, has assumed the settlement of age, mellowed and dignified it is true, a place of expectations unrealized and memories of erstwhile prosperity, which even the sirens of steamships or the call of one locomotive to another cannot entirely dispel.

If the foregoing sketch is deemed insufficient another can be limned for contrast. We can liken the town to an elderly lady dressed in faded silk of good quality; even her petticoats, although much worn and patched, are presentable; she is, as can be imagined, a gran'dame, and is surrounded by a bevy of unruly children who have little respect for her traditional discipline. Such is perhaps a briefer simile of the present state of the place and the chain of suburbs which have arisen at the demand of modern industry.

Now, at the beginning of this gossip, when it was implied that our returned traveller would have nothing to do with guide-books, dry facts, or unmeaning dates, it was assumed that he would determine upon a certain course of action in his peregrinations, which implied that it should be possible to obtain an authentic reading of the town's architectural history from the buildings alone, with the addition perhaps of such information as could be gleaned from converse with any of the townspeople who manifested interest in their surroundings. There are, let it be understood, many such attractive guide-books in existence, some of which in the long ago were prepared for the edification of the stranger and sold at the price of a shilling; but they always leave much unsaid, and before a town can be analysed by a visitant some sort of reliable key must be found to unlock its secrets. It is therefore necessary to have recourse to Tudor House, near St. Michael's Church, which John Leland, antiquary to Henry VIII, chanced upon when he was commissioned to search for the relics of ancient times in England. This old chronicler wrote: "There be many fair merchauntes houses in Hampton, but the chefest is the house that Huttoft, late Custumer of Hampton, builded in the west side of the town; the house that Master Lightster (Lyster), chief baron of the King's escheker, dwellith yn is fair; and soh the houses of Nicoline and Guidote, Italianes." Huttoft's spacious house is now the Museum, and herein is to be found the index to the growth of the town, particularly the collection of maps which make the story of the seaport pleasant reading. There is also a monstrous key that formerly served as a shop-sign in front of one of the chief locksmiths', but that is neither here nor there. The house built by the Keeper of the King's Customs has suffered restoration: its external aspect has been altered, and the interior has been remodelled. There is, however, evidence of past splendour in its apartments, proving that the owner was a man of parts, and it is just to accord a meed of praise to the eighteenth-century builder who introduced fireplaces of Adam design to suit the needs of later tenants.

We are at this juncture intent on studying the architecture and growth of Southampton. Is it to be gleaned from the exhibit of letters in cases, from architectural fragments resting on the walls, from the group of odd bicycles belonging to the second half of the nineteenth century? None of these, notwithstanding their interest, can help in the matter. The collection of maps is more to the point, and after examining them we can proceed once again to read the buildings bearing more intimately on modern needs.

There are two periods that mark the rise of the town from the mystery of the dark ages. Both occurred within the short cycle of a century. The first is connected with the transformation of the mediæval houses when the Hanoverian kings swayed the destinies of England; the second belongs to the age of steam, when the docks were formed, and when the railway forced people of fashion to build villas in the New Forest and Gothic halls at Christchurch and Bournemouth. Evidence of

Fig. 5.—ANDREWS'S COACH MANUFACTORY.

Fig. 6.—VIEW OF BELOW BAR STREET, SHOWING THE DOLPHIN INN AS IT APPEARED IN 1830.

eighteenth-century taste in architecture is to be seen in the neighbourhood of French Street and Bugle Street. There is the house in French Street where Dr. Isaac Watts first saw the light, which afterwards became the post office, and has since reverted to its former dignity—a reserved mansion with spacious staircase and elegant panelling intact, built around and shaped upon an ancient stone building. There are the houses of dignified mien in Bugle Street whose square bay windows project over the footway, so eager were the subjects of Queen Anne to feast their eyes on the sea and the New Forest. Cheerful houses these, the bricks, stones, and timber of which speak plainly of retired admirals and military officers who with wealthy merchants made this quarter their social centre. Even to-day a certain air hovers over the scrupulously neat fronts. In the middle of Bugle Street on the left is Bugle House, which was built to accommodate a retired sea dog. Like Admiral Anson, he had a penchant for Grecian gusto, and commissioned John Plaw to design something out of the common. Hence it came about that mahogany was employed for the interior fittings as well as for the windows. A geometrical staircase is a feature, and balconettes of brass enrich the first-floor windows, the metal tarnished to the nature of black iron. We notice the skill of the designer in the proportions of the portico, and gather some idea of the sailor's taste from the character of the twin sea-horses that form the sides of the door-knocker. Yes, we have seen that door-knocker before: it figures among the designs in Bury's book of Ironwork.

To some people the aspect of house-fronts conveys little. They are just bricky steeps pierced with windows; and as the countenances of Orientals appear monotonous to Occidental eyes, and vice versa, so the minds of the uninitiated fail to perceive what is patent to the observant. Yet it needs but a glance or two to understand why the houses are dissimilar, and the reason for certain materials in their construction. The rest follows. Any imaginative person can repeople the street with old-world costumes and conjure up the customs of the past that called into being certain forms with which moderns are familiar. A little reflection, and the hand of time is set back; we marvel at the ingenuity and taste of our forbears, we gather that Hampshire has long been famous for its bricks, we notice how comfortable good bay windows make a house, or we gather impressions of personalities long since vanished, but of whom the spirit remains permeating once-familiar haunts.

Rock Bros., Ltd.

Fig. 7.—CUMBERLAND PLACE.

Rock Bros., Ltd.

Fig. 8.—THE ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT.

Fig. 9.—BERNARD STREET.

Bugle Street, its houses and former inhabitants, would provide material for a novel, for in its vicinity have been enacted the lives of many. Jane Austen, who lived for four years in a house near Castle Lane, must have looked upon this assemblage of peeping windows with joyous eyes when on her way to the sea front, and nearly all the people who resorted to Hampton in the second half of the eighteenth century made their way from St. Michael's Square to the little theatre in this street, which in those days was the only house of entertainment in the town (See illustration of Tudor House, Fig. 1.)

Fig. 10.—THE ROYAL VICTORIA SPA AND ASSEMBLY ROOMS, PORTLAND TERRACE.

Having investigated the two streets that at one time formed the social quarter of the town within the walls, we proceed up the High Street, noting the shops wherein are displayed all sorts of chandlery for the use of ships, pick out the wine-shops, which are a survival of the period when the trade with Oporto was removed from London, and try to remember the variety of cornice mouldings and reeded architraves which stamp the windows and door-casings with regimental formality. We pass on our right an opening into Gloucester Square, where Georgian houses of the middle period form a colony to themselves, and where the doorways are roofed like Siamese twins with a broad ligament of wood. On this site, tradition has it, a large friary once hummed with monastic life. In the late eighteenth and early part of the nineteenth century many of the houses were occupied by prim madams who kept boarding-schools for young ladies and instilled the discipline of the backboard with lectures on deportment. A little farther on we encounter the dilapidated front of a palace once frequented by Henry V. It is now an ale-house known as "The Old Red Lion."

On the left-hand side of High Street is the Audit House, which, with several modern buildings, forms the only civic centre in the town (see Fig. 2). From the viewpoint of

Fig. 11.—THE ROYAL PIER HOTEL AND THE GRANARIES.

minor architecture of the late eighteenth century this building is of interest, primarily because its composition was the prototype of much of Crunden's work, and it forms besides a good example of what the suggested designs this architect published would have looked like in execution; and secondly because it recalls Boodle's Club in St. James's Street, which is stated on the unimpeachable authority of Malton to have been the work of Crunden. Unfortunately, the original idea of an open market beneath the Council Chamber has been marred, and the space formerly devoted to this purpose has been partially appropriated to offices; so that with the exception of the Fish Market, which occupies the original position at the back of the building fronting French Street, it is difficult to follow Crunden's scheme. The erection was brought about in the following manner: In 1771 land was acquired for the building and a letter forwarded to the architect, then residing at Bolton Street, Piccadilly, asking him to undertake the commission. The work was completed with expedition, and for over a century was left undisturbed; but, alas! the vandal hand did not spare it. Crunden's staircase has been demolished, but the Ionic columns with rich decoration gaily tricked out in gold remain as evidence of the taste of the Macaroni period. These remarks apply equally to the embellishment of the Council Chamber, and enable us to form an estimate of the ability of an architect who flourished at a time when the Adams were claiming the attention of the public, and when even the work of Leverton in Bedford Square passed almost unnoticed or was credited to the wrong hand.

From an excellent steel engraving by Philip Brannon an impression can be gleaned of the aspect of Below Bar Street, in itself a continuation of High Street northerly, as it appeared eighty years ago. The frontage of the houses on either side follows the sinuous curves of the mediæval thoroughfare. On the right is Holyrood Church with its copper spire and a modern tablet to Dibdin; near by is the famous Dolphin Inn, sandwiched between Holyrood and the churchwarden edifice dedicated to St Lawrence, and farther along stands another inn, "The Star," in the bar of which many political meetings were held before the Bill for Reform was passed. Spanning the street at its extremity is the Bar Gate, looking askance at the front of All Saints as though in wonder at the temerity of Willey Reveley, who had the audacity to depart from

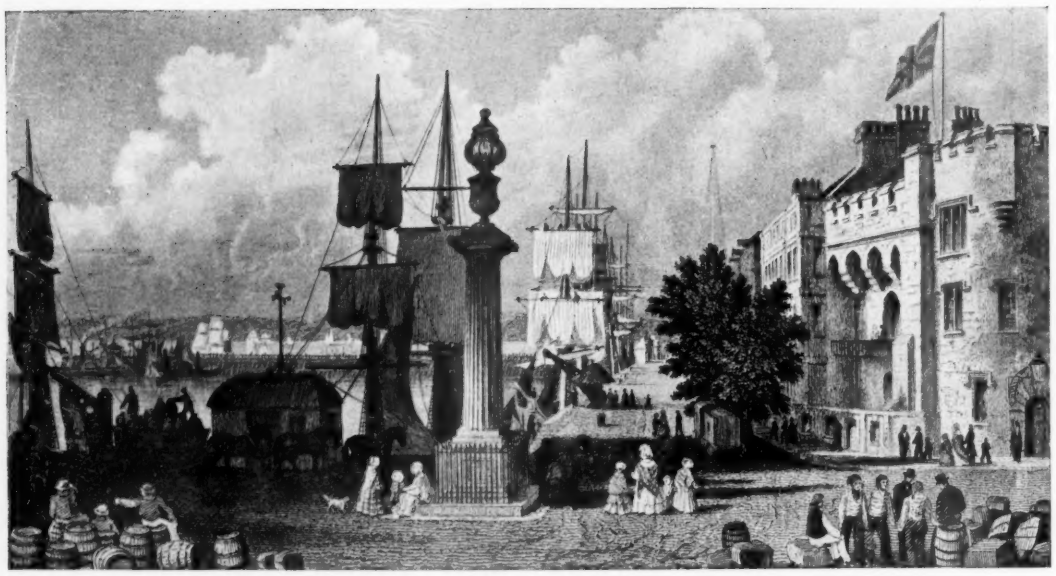


Fig. 12.—THE GAS COLUMN, QUAYS, AND VICTORIA PIERS.

the teachings of his former master, Sir William Chambers, in order to gratify his youthful taste for newfangled Greek. (See Figs. 3 and 4.)

And so, after gaining a fleeting impression of the lower part of the principal street in Southampton, with its innumerable windows, we retrace our steps to investigate the doyen of South-country hotels, which, with its dual bow windows of aldermanic proportions, governs and quells all the myrmidons of like aspirations.

"The Dolphin"! What a title for an inn, and how appropriate to a seaport! In the eighteenth century the inns bore the same relation to travelling by road as the large stations do to journeys by rail. This dignity was shared by "The Coach and Horses" Above Bar, "The Star," and "The Crown"; from the gateways of each special coaches started, and the coffee-rooms echoed with the buzz of conversation that preceded an adventurous journey by road. A fragment of the seventeenth-century house is preserved at the back of "The Dolphin," and it was not until the eighteenth century was well into its second half that the proprietor decided to dress his house in the latest mode. This apparently took place in 1768. But the façade of those days was an innovation. The interior had plaster ceilings bedizened with French scrolls. There is nothing on earth so attractive as a noble inn. We all retain some memory of these pleasant places, but how willing we are to confer praise on one of architectural pretensions, more especially when we realize that the glass chandeliers lit up smiling faces and the broad stairways and spacious rooms were once frequented by many brilliant assemblies. Much does this inn add to the charm of Southampton, and democratic it is in its attractions: we find, besides lofty rooms, gilt cornice-poles and faded hangings, curious passages, and bedrooms with four-posters; there is one of the snuggest taprooms in England, on the shelves of which stands a collection of rare pottery, pewter pots, and oddments. With such an example combined with historic charm we could haunt its precincts for days. (See Fig. 6.)

As we continue our tour beyond the Bar we gather information regarding one of the chief industries of the town in the past—namely, coach-building. Andrews's Coach Manufactory on the right-hand side of the street is the last of the old order of things, and retains many of its original features, including the painted Royal Arms attached to the balcony. The lion, it is true, has left his stand on the acroteria, and the smart barouches, private berlins, and carriages heavily hammer-clothed have likewise vanished, their place to-day being taken by motor vehicles, and few if any of the townspeople give heed to the tale unfolded by the elliptical arch and sprawling voussoirs of the entrance. (See Fig. 5.)

For the moment we can leave the later buildings of the Regency now surviving in the neighbourhood Above Bar, such as Portland Street and the Terrace with the Assembly Rooms built in 1830, and turn eastwards to view the old-world grace of the Georgian houses called Hanover Buildings, which, with the adjoining York Buildings and the odd archway of flint, brick, and stone, recall the atmosphere of one of the Inns of Court.

During our quest the fame of the Polygon reaches us, and another pilgrimage is made, this time in a north-westerly direction. An old engraving in the collection at the Library gives some idea of the scheme projected by General Carnac and designed by his architect Leroux. The original scheme was to consist of a dozen houses placed on the facets of a twelve-sided polygon, towards a basin in the centre of which the gardens were to converge. As fortune would have it, only three of the houses were built, and to-day only two blocks are in existence. Leroux was an architect of French extraction who practised in London, his office being in Great Russell Street. There is little evidence of his having carried out any other work in the town, but it is possible that he may have prepared the drawings for the alteration of "The Dolphin," and perhaps was the author of the archway at the back of York Buildings, previously mentioned.

From 1770 onwards the town gained in popularity as a health resort, and the demand for good-class houses steadily increased. At the close of the eighteenth century new terraces

Fig. 13.—"ITALIAN HOUSE."
Hack, Architect.

were erected as rapidly as funds and the exigencies of the struggle with Napoleon permitted. The naming of the streets took on a topical significance. Cumberland Place, Bedford Place, Louisa Place, and Brunswick Place were begun, and in Above Bar Street Thorner's Charity with its neat gardens and prim stock bricks showed the town's appreciation of the funds left for the purpose of housing the needy. Attracted no doubt by the building activity, the fame of which had reached him in his office at Westminster, John Plaw, who combined the profession of a designer of houses with that of a master builder, left London to take up permanent residence in Southampton. It is certain he arrived in 1795, and began operations almost directly. Such terraces as Brunswick Place, some of the houses in Cumberland Place (Fig. 7), with a fine house facing Portersmead, prove his skill. In 1806 he built the Cavalry Barracks, now the headquarters of the Ordnance Department, which were subsequently altered, and now present the appearance of one of those French institutions which were built in many French towns from 1820 onwards, such as Gourlier illustrates. (See Fig. 8.)

At the same time he was engaged in adding to old mansions as well as designing many attractive villas in Hampshire, among which a villa at Hartley Wintney, with twin elliptical projections and shaped railings, is the best. After 1819 he appears to have left Southampton for North America. It must not be overlooked that John Plaw spent nearly a quarter of a century in the town, and without doubt trained many pupils in the journeyman style he himself pursued. On this account Southampton to a great extent is stamped with the idioms of his architectural language, mainly through the agency of his assistants and pupils. Hence the predilection for stuccoed surfaces, key patterns, panelled pilasters, and other features characteristic of the works of Foulston at Plymouth, and others in the South, who followed the lead of that master of tattooing, Sir John Soane.

The opening up of Bridge Street, the institution of the Floating Bridge across the River Itchen to Woolston, and the designing of Bernard Street belong to the reign of William the Fourth. (See Fig. 9.) Bernard Street has lost much of its former unity by the erection of modern buildings and the insertion of shop-fronts; but its prospect, fronted by the premises of the National Provincial Bank, which John Gibson designed, and the spires of St. Michael's and Holyrood, gives it a local flavour which is one of distinction.

Fig. 14.—COPELAND'S SHOP ABOVE BAR.

From this period (1830) onwards we can gauge the growth of the town and the development of the residential centres such as Carlton Crescent, where taste fluctuated between Greek with a flavour of the style of the French Empire, and a smattering of the newly discovered Italian with which certain designers were inclined to flavour their concoctions. Notwithstanding such experiments, some really creditable designs were produced, such as the Royal Victoria Spa and Assembly Rooms in Portland Terrace on a site overlooking the New Forest (see Fig. 10), the New Riding School, and the Royal Pier Hotel, as well as the Granaries adjoining, which were designed by Guillaume, and rank among the best-looking of their type in the country. (See Fig. 11.)

Westlake's Corn Store, situated on the banks of the Itchen, is another example of good taste. This building was erected by an architect named Kent, and its composition is unique, by reason of its simplicity. Early in the first quarter of the nineteenth century gas was introduced for lighting the streets, and a commemorative monument was erected in honour of a Mr. Chamberlayne who gave the gas-lamps, which are indeed of very graceful design. This column has since been re-erected on a site near Houndwell (see Fig. 12).

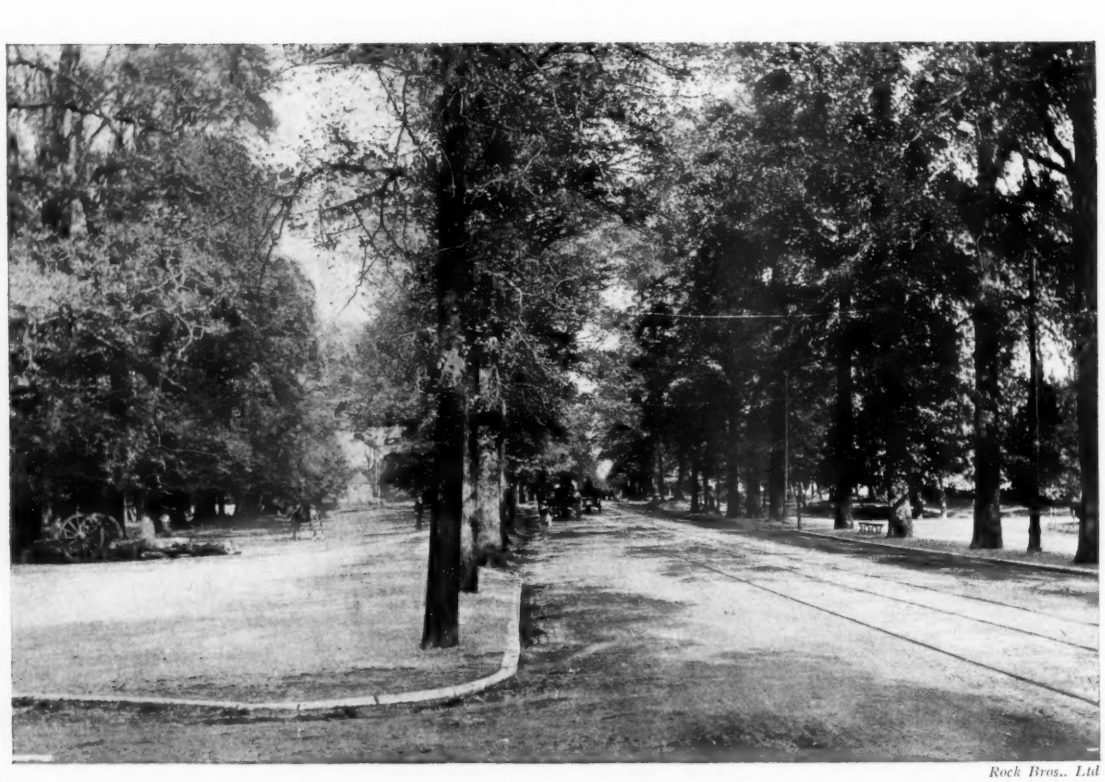
About the year 1840 a newcomer appeared among the architects of the town in the person of a Mr. Hack, to whom fell the task, four years later, of erecting two or three buildings in the Italian mode, a course no doubt inspired by the furore in the Metropolis favouring a return to pure Italian models and a close study of Sir Charles Barry's methods. The first building to be erected in the new manner was the Hampshire County Hospital, in Fanshawe Street, a grouping both simple and pleasant, in which a central external staircase provides the novelty. Then followed, in 1844, the Southampton Yacht Club, a building of fastidious design and remarkably rich detail. At the same period the architect was engaged upon the new Sessions House in Castle Lane, and finally designed a house for himself, which is still called Italian House (see Fig. 13).

In the early forties, nearly all the people of fashion who lived in the district drove into the town to superintend their purchases, and the tradespeople were eager to attract such custom. Randall's, the famous chemist's in Below Bar Street, still remains much as it was in those days; but Copeland the grocer, who sported the Royal Arms as part of his outfit, has only left the skeleton of his shop as a sign of the trade he once enjoyed (see Fig. 14).

Rock Bros., Ltd.

Fig. 15.—THE LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY HOTEL, SOUTHAMPTON.

John Norton, Architect



Rock Bros., Ltd

Fig. 16.—THE AVENUE, SOUTHAMPTON.

We now arrive back at our starting-point, the Docks, and allow our thoughts to revert to the early 'seventies, when steam compelled the railway company to enlarge its accommodation—not, let it be understood, in the way of tampering with the Italianate façade of the Docks Station, but by judiciously adding more tracks at the back, and by the erection of a vast hotel on continental lines, to appeal to passengers voyaging to France. John Norton, a former President of the Architectural Association, was commissioned to undertake this work, and at a time when most of his professional brethren were dallying with the pointed styles, and he too had many churches to his name, he set out to produce a building astonishingly French in its composition (see Fig. 15). The hotel is generously proportioned, and moreover attractive in the selection of ornament. It wears a distinct Late-Victorian stamp; but if we are to accept the Ritz Hotel in Piccadilly as a recent expression of the French manner, it is impossible to overlook the scholarly dignity of its earlier rival at Southampton.

Another feature of the town is the magnificent avenue of elms on the road to Winchester, which is in the nature of town development, and is without question a feature of civic interest. The avenue was originally projected in 1745 at the expense of the corporation during the mayoralty of Arthur Atherley, and throughout the coaching period it was the wonder and admiration of those who journeyed down by road. Since the date when the trees were first planted the avenue has been added to, and now extends for nearly three miles. (Fig. 16.)

And so, disdaining guide-books and relying solely on old maps, prints, and the simple story of the buildings, we close our survey of Hampton. Nothing in detail has been told of the movement and industry of the town; the chief scenery of the streets alone has been attempted, and mention of the tossing of the trees which spread their shade athwart its open spaces has been left to the last. At all times the clouds are uprolled from the channel; frequently the slate hangings and the stuccoed walls are wet with heavy rain; the smoke of the gasworks and the clang of hammers in shipwrights' yards, with the tramp of armed legions, continue. Summer and winter find the streets rich with soft colour. There is nothing to excite the interest of a painter, nothing of exception to encourage the pencil of an architect; for the town is homely, provincial, and unsophisticated. But there is no lack of spirit or sweetness, the peculiar attribute of old-world places. When the touches of the sun are perceptible among the red-tiled roofs and brickwork of streets that have kept their ancient narrowness, there is engendered the gentle splendour of the South, for a tender colour burnishes the slow decay, resembling the harmony of an intricate and faded tapestry.

A. E. R.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE CHURCHES OF BRIGHTON AND HOVE."

To the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

SIR—

If in response to Mr. Goodhart-Rendel's suggestion in THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW of November last I can throw any further light upon the above subject, I am most pleased to do so.

Were I called upon to erect a memorial statue to the modern British architect, doing my best to make a representative figure of my brethren (and of course myself included), I should devise a figure far from feeble or approaching the defiant; but instead of looking forward to the future, as we ought to do, I would turn its head round. Its face should look right over its back. The dismal mental attitude is, alas! not only common to us architects, but to most of our fellow men. Whether they be houses, churches, chairs, tables, or other things, all must pretend to be old or must be old. The following was said to me some few years ago in a large carpet shop when I questioned the genesis of a certain carpet laid out for show: "Ah, sir, I see you want an *old* antique," when in truth it was not the antiquity but the quality of the Eastern carpet I was requiring.

When I was a small boy there was but one church in Brighton (and not one in Hove) which aimed at monumentality—St. Peter's, now the Parish Church (then called the New Church), and referred to in your August number.

One has seen all the rest rising, one by one, and has felt no little interest in observing how, in a mere sea-side town, a place without manufacturers or wealth, so considerable a number of ambitious, and some of them really successful, churches have been erected. Not neat little "Gothic" structures, like, for example, St. Anne's Church, referred to in your August number, but buildings aiming at the monumental.

It is interesting, also, to have been to a certain extent behind the scenes in sundry cases, to have seen the methods of work made use of by men now passed away, but well known in their time.

In my young days, 1864 and onwards, blind imitation of the mediæval was impressed upon us as the right path. The building of all others we were to admire was Pearson's Church of the Holy Trinity, Vaughan Bridge. Very pretty it is, and "as dead as mutton." The gaunt Pimlico Houses lift their cornices as high up as the ridge of his roofs. There is not a thought given to the fact that a church suitably placed on a village green is altogether out of place in the middle of a town. Within, all the inconveniences of a cruciform plan, and on quite a small scale, are thoroughly exemplified. Pearson's face was firmly fixed over his back.

Carpenter did the same at St. Paul's Church. From the beginning it was wedged in between adjoining houses; yet, except the east and west windows, all the rest were in the neighbours' back yards or giving on their party walls.

One of the first churches to break away from this deadly method was St. Patrick's, Hove, which is referred to in your number of September.

The detail is abominable. Mr. Goodhart-Rendel is justly heavy on it; but as a building intended for a town church with a large congregation, and with high houses around, is it not well lighted, capacious, and so large as to be somewhat impressive? It may be claimed for this building that, utterly bad as it is in the eyes of the mediævalists, the architect really took a step forward in this building. It serves the purpose far better than either the churches of Pearson or of Carpenter serve theirs. Its extreme tenuity is not a little due to the fact that it was built as a private speculation under the auspices of a gentleman who had a remarkable and peculiar knowledge on what should be done with sixpence.

I can tell a little tale about the pulpit by Sir Gilbert Scott.

All architects will, I suppose, admit that a design must be controlled by the materials. Scott was most orthodox in conversation; not in practice.

This architect had developed a particular fancy for what he called "gems." A piece of church furniture, made of alabaster or stone, was in his hands subject to a painful eruption or rash of little dots, blots, and angular pieces of Blue John, red or green Irish marble, and the like. Reredoses were very subject to this disease. The pulpit under consideration, a gift, was designed to be made of white stone. It worked out too expensive; but executed in wood, with eruptions in wood, the cost was not prohibitive. So the material and not the design was changed.

The next departure from mediæval orthodoxy was the very impressive church of St. Bartholomew. It and my church of St. Martin were in building at the same time, both of them not a little influenced by a recent visit made by the Rev. Arthur Wagner to Spain. He was very appreciative of simplicity and the dignity gained by height. He told me he greatly admired the vast reredoses he had seen in Spain, the windows high up, lots of elbow-room, and thick walls. He would sooner have a few feet more of height than all the little mouldings and marble pillars in the world. Joyful news to me, but for myself I saw no reason why one should introduce Spanish or any other foreign detail. Economy dictated brick: let one therefore design for brick. For how much I had to thank Mr. Arthur Wagner! No one will ever know how much Brighton has been indebted to the Wagner family for their wonderful liberality.

I am glad to be able to satisfy Mr. Goodhart-Rendel as regards some questions he asks about St. Martin's. The stained windows. These, entirely the gift of Mr. Henry Wagner, were all made by Messrs. James Powell and Sons, Whitefriars, the arrangements and subjects selected by the donor; but in the exemplification of the truth, I must state that the depth of colour and transparency of effect were not left to Messrs. Powell in all cases. I insisted that in the chancel we must work for light and pearly tints. In the nave I am sorry to say the colouring is far too opaque; large as are the windows, artificial light is constantly needed, so I again took possession of the west windows, drew the canopy work, and selected the colours, whilst the figures were drawn by that excellent artist the late Mr. H. Ellis Woolridge. The pictures in the reredos were all painted by him, and are well worthy of study.

St. Bartholomew's is, in fact, a large fragment, but loses not a little by its eastern extremity not having been completed. The architect, whom I knew well, favoured an apse. Mr. Arthur Wagner was in favour of a square end as giving more scope for a great reredos. It has been with this church as with Bentley's stately Westminster Cathedral: all the efforts at furnishing have been more or less detrimental, and especially in this case, where scale has been completely lost.

With regard to the Church of the Resurrection, mentioned in your number for October last, its history is curious. The difficulties were great, and I think it must be admitted that Mr. R. H. Carpenter got over them very cleverly.

The Rev. Arthur Wagner determined to build a church as an overflow for St. Paul's, which, wedged in, as before stated, between houses, could not be enlarged. Mr. Wagner therefore purchased some property across the road immediately west of St. Paul's. A brewery lay directly west of this.

The immense height of St. Bartholomew's Church, causing all the neighbouring chimneys to smoke, gave great apprehensions to the neighbours of the newly proposed church. It was known that, in Mr. Wagner's view, a church must be lofty. Mr. Wagner also had an idea that to be thoroughly equipped a church should have a crypt: this he often told me. He began to dig a large hole wherein the crypt of the Church of the Resurrection was to be placed. The owners of the adjoining brewery decided to prevent the erection of a lofty building on the site, and raising a claim of ancient lights, they put an inevitable limit to the wall upward. So Mr. Wagner determined to do without the crypt and place the church floor where the crypt floor would have been. The result was a very picturesque interior, but damp and cold in the highest degree. The bishop only licensed the building, declining to consecrate. It therefore remained private property, and at Mr. Wagner's death was sold. It was indeed a white elephant, as the bishop had foreseen.

I must not take up more space, or could tell an amusing tale about the stately parish church at Hove. Also why you go down steps into St. Martin's and St. Mary's, etc., etc.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

SOMERS CLARKE.

[Mr. Somers Clarke's further letter whets our appetite for some more of his fascinating reminiscences, which we shall be only too pleased to publish. We must confess that our curiosity is aroused by his final paragraph.]

A LONDON BY-WAY.

THE little *cul-de-sac* known as Gray's Buildings lies at the back of Somerset Street, immediately behind the Selfridge Store. It is to Oxford Street as a backwater is to a big river—a quiet haven where one may take refuge from the crush and turmoil of the main stream. Moreover, it has the additional charm of being wholly unexpected in so close a relationship to London's ultra-modern shopping thoroughfare. Here is the real eighteenth-century atmosphere, serene and mellow, and refusing to be disturbed by the spiky gable of St. Thomas's Church, Orchard Street, which asserts itself rather aggressively above the level roof-line of the enclosure. It is odd that this old-world by-way should have escaped the attentions of the housebreaker, for the site it occupies is one that seems specially suited to what our modern vandals are pleased to describe, euphemistically, as "development."

Gray's Buildings have long lost their residential character, and are now fallen into a sad state of decay. The stucco-work of the ground story, looking pitifully squalid in its dingy coatings of brown and yellow paint, is dropping away; here and there doors are permanently blocked up; and windows long since broken have never been repaired. The lower end of the enclosure has become a depository for a miscellaneous assortment of packing materials—wood boxes, boards, straw, paper, etc.—apparently in connexion with the dispatch department of the Selfridge Store. Everywhere are melancholy evidences of the fact that Gray's Buildings have had their day. Yet, despite the general squalor of the place, it has a certain austere charm of its own—a charm that is deftly caught by Mr. Emanuel in his drawing. Here we have a perfect architectural conception; nowhere may a false note be detected. Stucco, brick, sash windows, all combine in sweet, simple harmony, rising to a subdued crescendo at the lower end, which is closed in by an architectural composition of singular refinement. The panel below the crowning pediment bears the date 1767.

Plate IV. February 1919.

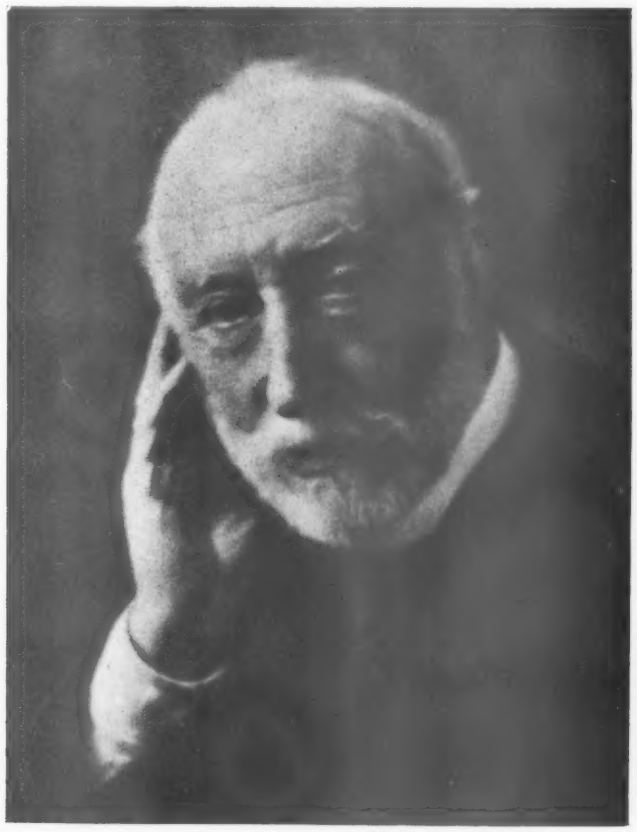
GRAY'S BUILDINGS, DUKE STREET, MANCHESTER SQUARE.

From a Pencil Drawing by Frank L. Emanuel.

MODERN BRITISH CRAFTSMEN:

I.—Mr. J. STARKIE GARDNER.

MR. STARKIE GARDNER has for fifty years pursued the calling of metal-worker on the artistic side. His father, J. E. Gardner, F.S.A., is remembered for his large and unique collection of prints and drawings of Old London, contained in 100 ponderous portfolios, which were open to all wishing to consult them, the passport being in most cases that the student should remain to lunch or dinner. His mother, a descendant of one of the Lancashire Starkies, was a no less devoted collector of gems, corals, crystals, and natural objects of intrinsic beauty. Brought up by such parents in such surroundings, the child was bound to follow in the footsteps of his parents. Thought to be delicate, he was educated mainly in Switzerland, where his holidays were spent in travel with his parents, who made no difficulty in letting him climb Monte Rosa at thirteen, the Jungfrau and Finsteraarhorn at fourteen, the Ortler Spitz, etc., at fifteen. During these and other adventurous explorations he developed a passion for natural history, science, and collecting, and no more was heard of the delicate health.



MR. J. STARKIE GARDNER.

Returning to England, he entered the Art School at South Kensington, and after a time settled down to business with an elder brother as ironworkers. Gates being needed for the side entrance to the Victoria and Albert Museum in 1868, Sir Philip Owen desired him to carry them out in wrought iron, though designed to be cast iron. These gates, still *in situ*, are in perfect preservation. Connexion with the Museum has never ceased, for he has made their reproductions of wrought-iron objects, advised, lectured, and written their hand-books on wrought-iron work. A third volume is now in the press. In addition, contributions to the literature of art comprise the three fine folio volumes issued by the Burlington Fine Arts Club, illustrating the three exhibitions of antique objects in enamel, iron, and silver which the Committee invited him to carry through on their behalf. Other publications are on armour and similar subjects, and he also translated a German technical book on iron-working into English. His brother retired early, and his own productions in metal are in all the royal palaces and Edinburgh Castle.

On the accession of Edward VII Mr. Gardner was appointed metal-worker to the King; while his present Majesty personally helped him to measure the site of some work at Sandringham. The patronage accorded to this pioneer in the revival of artistic hammered iron work, by Scott, Street, Pearson, Waterhouse, Edis, Seddon, Sedding,

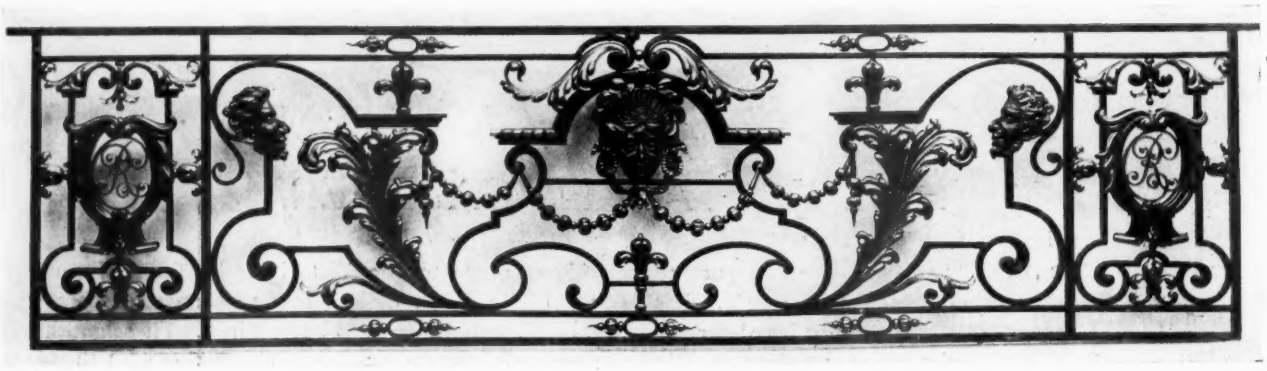


Fig. 1.—EMBOSSED AND WROUGHT-IRON BALCONY ON S.S. "EMPRESS OF ASIA."
Designed by George Crawley.

Bentley, and Rowand Anderson, led to his work finding place at Eaton Hall, Welbeck, Clumber, Alnwick, Arundel, Sion, Lambton, Gosforth, and many others. Only one of these great architects is now living, but a never-failing succession of work has remained, adding Hever, Knole, Penshurst, and scores of others to the list, due to Ernest George, Harold Peto, Edwin Lutyens, Niven, Romaine-Walker, and G. A. Crawley. That there is no deterioration a glance at the stair balustrades of Australia House will show.

But the *magnum opus* of Starkie Gardner's career bids fair to be the rich screen, with three magnificent pairs of gates, to commemorate Edward VII at Holyrood, nearing completion, and to the designs of Mr. G. Washington Browne. Though iron is the *spécialité de la maison*, the works in gold, silver, pewter, lead, or bronze and enamel are scarcely less important. His talented wife, *née* Alys Bateman, is his sole partner, devoted and enthusiastic.

Absorbed in business as Starkie Gardner has always been, his leaning to natural science has constantly asserted itself, and his discoveries in this field have been interwoven with his other work. Especially has he devoted himself to the elucidation and past developments of plant life in the British Isles. Vast collections made by him are deposited in the British Museum of Natural History, collected in England, Scotland,

Fig. 2.—REREDOS IN CRYPT CHAPEL OF ANGLICAN SISTERHOOD OF ST. PETER'S CONVALESCENT HOME, WOKING.
Designed by Frank L. Pearson, executed by J. Starkie Gardner.

Fig. 3.—GRILLE TO MUSICIANS' GALLERY IN THE CRITERION RESTAURANT, LONDON.
Designed by Frank T. Verity. executed by J. Starkie Gardner.

Fig. 4.—MONUMENT TO OWEN, THE FOUNDER OF CO-OPERATION.

Designed and made by J. Starkie Gardner.

and Ireland, which also led him farther afield to Iceland and the Faroes. Contributions on these subjects have been published by the Royal, Linnæan, Geological, and Palæontographical Societies, and he has lectured on them at the Sorbonne in Paris and in Brussels. Papers on Art subjects are in the Journals of the Society of Antiquaries and Royal Society of Arts. The great work which he hopes to complete is more ambitious and educational—"The Building-up and Civilization of the British Isles."

Fig. 1 shows an embossed and wrought-iron balcony, one of the many designed by Mr. George Crawley for ships of the Canadian Pacific and other liners on the China route. The masks represent Comedy and Tragedy. They are polished and gilded.

Fig. 2 illustrates a fine reredos, erected in 1908 as a memorial to the late Mother Superior of the Anglican Sisterhood of St. Peter, whose Hospital Home is at Kilburn. It is placed above the altar in the crypt chapel of their Convalescent Home at Woking. Mr. Frank L. Pearson was responsible for the design, which is in the style of the eleventh century. Scenes from the Passion of Our Lord are represented in the panels, and the emblems in the arcading below, on either side of the superb tabernacle, somewhat recalling in its form the apse of a Byzantine temple. The whole is bordered by a delicate golden filigree set with gems (many of them contributed by the sisters), with a protecting margin of embossed metal beyond. The whole is richly gilded.

Fig. 3 recalls the highly successful remodelling of the Criterion Restaurant by Mr. Frank Verity some years since. One of the most difficult and essential features was the construction of a musicians' gallery over the lounge of the main entrance, from which central position the music might be well heard in all the salons and principal dining-rooms. This appeared an almost impossible undertaking, but was overcome by suspending a light iron gallery from the roof, which neither blocks nor disfigures the spacious stairway which it partly oversails. It is marked by a grille of light ironwork in the Chippendale taste, gilded; the electric fittings in similar taste being suitably designed at the same time.

Fig. 4 shows the last resting-place of the working-man's benefactor, Mr. Owen, the founder of co-operation. The monument is fittingly simple, but the rails protecting it are massive, of wrought-iron and bronze on a marble base, the tablet of bronze representing the principal event in a well-spent life. The monument was both designed and made by Mr. Starkie Gardner.

Fig. 5 illustrates a portion of the wrought-iron railing to the Astor Estate Office on the Victoria Embankment, designed by the late J. L. Pearson, R.A., in 1894. The building is surmounted by a large vane of gilded copper representing a ship under sail, and the entrance gates are remarkable for their richness and dignity. This railing, in spite of its somewhat delicate detail in wrought iron, is so carefully constructed that it has for a quarter of a century defied the efforts of the hooligans who have scarcely left a single panel of the Embankment railing uninjured.

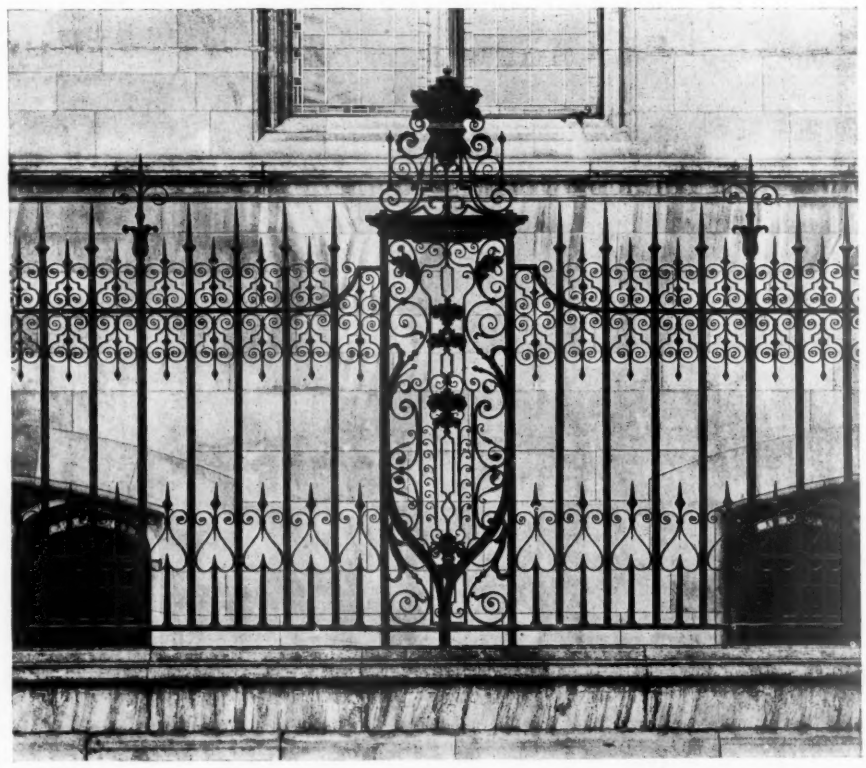


Fig. 5.—PORTION OF WROUGHT-IRON RAILING TO THE ASTOR ESTATE OFFICE, VICTORIA EMBANKMENT, LONDON.

Designed by the late J. L. Pearson, R.A., executed by J. Starkie Gardner.

Fig. 6.—WALL FITTING IN REPOUSSÉ IRON, GILDED, WELBECK ABBEY.

Designed by Sir Ernest George, R.A., executed by J. Starkie Gardner.

Fig. 6 represents one of a number of gilded repoussé iron wall fittings designed by Sir Ernest George, R.A., for the lighting by electricity of Welbeck, where a large number of chandeliers and varied fittings were required.

"SERVICE HERALDRY."

UNDER the above heading, Mr. Walter H. Godfrey contributes to "The Connoisseur" a delightful article, in which he makes the interesting suggestion that the various military decorations and badges might be utilized to develop a new form of heraldry. He illustrates his ideas with a number of excellent designs, in which appropriate use is made of such things as the Mons ribbon, rank and service chevrons, wound stripes, and so forth.

"The idea in its simplest form," says Mr. Godfrey, "is to assemble the badges of rank and the marks of distinction in one design, and to display them on the time-honoured background of the heraldic shield. The chevrons of the sergeant, the crossed batons of the field-marshal, the gold lace of the Navy, and the wings of the air-pilot, can all be shown perfectly in this way, and with them can be associated the service chevrons, wound stripes, and other badges worn by every rank. The ribbons and medals lend themselves peculiarly to this treatment, and the many quarterings of the ancient coats of arms suggest a ready method of arranging them, however numerous they may be. The more one thinks of the subject, the more one is impressed with the essentially heraldic nature of all the marks that soldiers wear. Like the devices of true heraldry, they have a direct relation to the usages of warfare."

NEW BOOK.

EGYPT IN WAR TIME.

FOR several reasons Captain Martin Shaw Briggs's book "Through Egypt in War Time" makes a very welcome addition to the literature of the War. For one thing it deals with a campaigning area that has not been over-exploited by the War scribes, and for another its character and purpose are quite distinct from those of the average War book. The object of the author, to quote his own words, was "to picture Egypt as the soldier has seen it, from Sollum on the borders of Tripoli to Gaza in Palestine, and from the Mediterranean to the First Cataract at Assouan. It has no military significance," he says, "for it only records the trivial doings of a non-combatant who has had the unusual experience of having lived in nearly all the camps occupied at various times by the E.E.F." In his capacity of a sanitary officer in the R.A.M.C., Captain Briggs travelled many thousands of miles in Egypt and Palestine, and he enjoyed opportunities of visiting many remote and interesting places—opportunities that were not generally available to the ordinary soldier, whose sight-seeing, having to be crammed into a few days at most, was necessarily limited.

Captain Briggs reached Egypt in February 1916, a time when things, in the military sense, had become stagnant and uneventful. The Dardanelles had been evacuated, and most of the surviving troops were back in Egypt; the campaign against the Senussi was virtually at an end; the attacks of the Turks against Egypt had long been beaten off, and our troops were patiently holding the line of the Suez Canal. The advance into Palestine did not begin until 1917. Hence Captain Briggs enjoyed many months of complete freedom from the distraction and excitement that attend military operations—even though one may not be taking a combatant part in them. That he took full advantage of his opportunities is evident from the sustained interest of his book, which does not appear to suffer through the unfavourable conditions under which it was written, though Captain Briggs has to record that many of his personal diaries which were intended to supply the narrative and descriptive passages failed to arrive in time for inclusion, and that some of his sketches have been lost at sea.

Captain Briggs being an architect, it were almost superfluous to say that his work abounds in references to Egyptian architecture and archæology, though he makes no attempt at a methodical estimate of either—and rightly, for that sort of thing has already been done more than well in the architectural histories and text-books, and Captain Briggs obviously had no desire to appeal to an exclusively architectural audience. Nor has his work anything of the character of a guide-book, for it contains only casual references to such familiar objects of interest as the Pyramids, the Sphinx, and so forth. The real value of his book lies in the careful accounts that he gives of out-of-the-way-spots completely off the track of the peace-time tourist—towns and temples in remote oases of the Libyan desert and along unfrequented coasts which before the War were only known to the venturesome explorer or the enthusiastic and rare archæologist. All these distant spots were and no doubt still are garrisoned by British troops (often a mere handful), and it was to examine, or provide, the sanitary arrangements for these plucky if desolated men that took Captain Briggs so much off the beaten track.

Before we make any further reference to this most fascinating part of the author's work, we should like to join issue

with him over something of rather more civilized interest. In his chapter on Cairo Captain Briggs naturally has something to say about the New Heliopolis—that astonishing suburban city that was erected out on the desert beyond Abbassia in 1906. "Imagine," he says, "the White City transplanted from Shepherd's Bush into the desert, with a few sweet-smelling shrubs scattered about, and all the canals and gondolas omitted, and you have a very fair idea of New Heliopolis." Has not Captain Briggs rather inverted the logical order of things? Certainly he does injustice to Heliopolis, which is not too well represented by the small view given in his book. In any case, this kind of architecture is perfectly in keeping with the Orient, and the dazzling white city harmonizes superbly with its desert setting. Certainly it has more of the authentic character of the East than the hideous *art-nouveau* monstrosities in Cairo itself—than the aggressively European exteriors of Shepheard's or the Continental.

A STREET IN HELIOPOLIS, NEAR CAIRO.

The chapter entitled "The Libyan Coast" will appeal to the average reader as the most interesting of all. In it Captain Briggs deals with the *terrain* over which that remarkable "side show" with the Senussi was so successfully fought by our men. It is a stony and waterless desert containing a few almost inaccessible oases, the most interesting of which—Siwa—is about 360 miles from Cairo as the crow flies and nearly 200 miles from Mersa Matruh on the Libyan coast. It is very significant that the one person who before the War was most familiar with this inhospitable area was a German archæologist, Herr Ewald Falls, who, with Monsignor Kaufmann, explored it very thoroughly in 1905. Herr Falls, indeed, seems to have combined with archæological research a good deal of espionage and not a little seditious propaganda. "Here," says Captain Briggs, "is an innocent archæologist strolling over an obscure corner of Egypt, availing himself of the assistance of English officials, and apparently interested in nothing later than the Roman period. He is a German to the soles of his boots. He makes a note of places where he sees German machinery, and we find that at the little harbour of Matruh—the only inhabited place on the coast beyond Dabaa—a German engineer was boring for wells. He points out that the Khedival railway from Alexandria towards Matruh was largely due to German enterprise, and that German material was everywhere employed. . . . It is significant that he carried round his neck 'the official German route-books,' and that the name of nearly every previous explorer that he quotes is German too. But that is not all. He discusses the strategic importance of the Khedival railway. He describes the enthusiasm of the Bedouins at Abu Menas for his native land. The Kaiser's birthday was celebrated there with great rejoicings. The Senussi were dissatisfied, the possibilities of sedition were excellent. There was universal hatred of the English. . . . Next follow various estimates as to the extent of Senussi influence, the number of armed men that could be raised, the cost of stirring up sedition, which he thinks would be quite cheap!" Captain Briggs gives some startling facts also with regard to the German commercial penetration of Egypt. The only comment upon all this, of course, is "Never again!"

The oasis of Siwa is mentioned by many of the ancient historians, and it was visited by Alexander the Great in 331 B.C. Its main archæological interest is found in the ruins of some temples dating from about 398–379 B.C., principal among these being the "Temple of Ammon," at Ummebeda, of which a large fragment remains in a good state of preservation. There would be more of it existing to-day but for the vandalism of the Turks, who twenty or thirty years ago literally blew it to bits "to obtain stone for the new *Markaz* (Government offices)."

Siwan dwelling-houses are so remarkable in appearance and construction that we cannot refrain from quoting Captain Briggs's description at some length: "The houses . . . where the natural rock has reached ground level rise sheer for eight or ten stories in height. At this end it is a cross between a mud honeycomb and a block of flats. The only materials used in this extraordinary structure appear to be mud and palm-trunks, and the result is certainly more like a honeycomb than anything else I can suggest. It is said that when the head of a family dies in a Siwan house, that house is accursed if his family continue to live in it. So they simply build another flat on the top of it. . . . The staircase problem is solved . . . chiefly by avoiding staircases altogether. The alternative is not, as you might expect, an electric lift, but a sort of sloping burrow starting from the ground and twisting upwards like a worm-hole in an apple. These passages are very steep and quite free from light. . . . The mud walls of the flat on the top story are only about six inches thick, and the whole structure looks very crazy." Obviously Siwa knows neither Building Acts nor district surveyors.

Captain Briggs's book contains much matter of general interest—notes on flora and fauna encountered, descriptions of scenery and of native customs and habits, and no little about the drawbacks of life in Egypt under military conditions. Also he relates many amusing anecdotes of soldiers. We have no space in which to follow his travels through the valley of the Nile to Assouan, nor across the Suez Canal into Palestine with the army, at which point his book comes rather abruptly to an end. We are sure that it will appeal to the architect and the general reader as much as to soldiers who have served in Egypt, for whom it seems to have been primarily written. It is illustrated with a coloured frontispiece and innumerable line and wash drawings and photographs by the author, all excellently reproduced, though to rather a small scale. Plans illustrating his considerable itinerary are also included.

"Through Egypt in War-time." By Martin S. Briggs. Price 21s. net. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd., Adelphi Terrace.

THE MARKET PLACE IN THE TOWN OF SIWA.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

Sir Aston Webb, P.R.A.

By the election of Sir Aston Webb to succeed Sir E. J. Poynter as President of the Royal Academy, a bad old tradition has been broken. It seems almost incredible that this recognition of architecture should have been deferred for about a century and a half; but, though the Academy was founded in 1768 "for the purpose of cultivating and improving the Arts of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture," Sir Aston Webb is virtually the first architect to be elected President. It is an occasion for rejoicing that at length Architecture has, in a sense, come to its own, however tardily. Possibly the feeling has hitherto prevailed that architecture, while patently and undeniably an art of sorts, yet had its feet in the clay; and, besides, had it not a sort of Academy of its own—its own institute, its own schools, its own perfect independence and autonomy? And the Art was recognized after a fashion in the meagre space allotted to it at the annual exhibition, where, however, it has been so little impressive, whether in size or in quality, as positively to encourage the ignorant idea—so naïvely expressed a week or two back by "The Saturday Review"—that the election of an architect as President of the Academy was simply inconceivable. Sir Aston Webb has been freely described as the first architect President of the Royal Academy, although it will be recalled that James Wyatt, the architect of Fonthill Abbey, was a sort of *locum tenens* for Benjamin West in 1805, who was reinstated next year, when he had purged himself of the offence of belauding Bonaparte. As Wyatt's election was never confirmed, it is a nice technical point whether he qualified as an actual President. But Sir Aston's election to so high a dignity is sure to stimulate the public interest in architecture.

Norman Remains at Westminster Abbey.

At a recent meeting of the British Archæological Association Mr. Philip M. Johnston gave a lantern lecture on "Little Known Nooks and Corners of Westminster Abbey and Architectural Notes on the Temple Church." Mr. Johnston said that many people would regard the Abbey as the last place in which to study Norman work; but there were many early and late Norman remains for anyone who would look for them. The Norman masons who came over for the Confessor continued their occupation after the Conquest, and when Duke William started on the Tower he had ready to his hand a number of trained workmen. The Abbey contained a window decorated with the Tau cross, and it was a curious fact that nearly all the capitals in St. John's Chapel in the Tower were decorated with the same emblem. That seemed to point to the fact that the same school, if not the same masons, were at work in the Abbey and at the Tower. In another portion of the Abbey was to be seen a round-headed window having above it a series of blocks of tufa and chalk alternating with tiles coloured either in olive-green or a tomato-red—an example, he thought, of the fact that the Normans sometimes attempted coloured decoration. In the Deanery he had found another specimen of this reticulated work, and parts of Westminster Hall, he added, were similarly decorated. It had been stated, continued Mr. Johnston, that no authentic piece of the external masonry of the great Abbey Church remained, but he thought one was to be found on the east face of the north transept. Within the last thirty years the removal of an obstacle had disclosed the doorway made in the time of Henry III, through which he and his successors entered the Abbey for their private devotions.