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Cour du Dragon, Paris.
From a Drawing by Frank L. Emanuel.

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Plate I. April 1919.

Fig. 1.—KELMSCOTT MANOR, OXFORD: THE ENTRANCE COURT.

From a Drawing by Hanslip Fletcher.

KELMSCOTT MANOR AND WILLIAM MORRIS.

By W. R. LETHABY.

With Drawings by Hanslip Fletcher.

IT gives me a sort of pleasure—the echo of a pleasure—to put down some notes on the country dwelling of William Morris, and it is the occasion for recalling three visits made there many years ago. The first time I saw Kelmscott must have been at least thirty years ago, when I had gone to the neighbourhood "to sketch"—a habit of that time. I put up at Lechlade, and walked out just to see the house where Morris lived. I remember half pushing open the door in the high garden wall to see the grey old house within.

Later (about 1892) I had the delight of really visiting the house and being shown it and the buildings round about by Morris himself. One of the days I had the great privilege of watching Morris "design" one of the borders of the great "Chaucer." His method ever was to think his design as clearly as he might, and then at once to work it out in a finished form. Evidently he thought that only thus could he maintain the freshness of growth. There were two saucers, one of Indian ink and the other of Chinese white, and two brushes: with one brush he blacked over a length of border, and then with the other began to paint in the stems and leafage of his pattern, solving all the problems of the twists and turns as he came to them. If any part seemed a failure a space was blacked out and the pattern led over it again with the white brush. The next great memory is of the house and its ways, and the next a driving excursion to the buildings in the neighbourhood. I specially remember Longford Church, with its Saxon carved slab; Broadwell Church, with some fourteenth-century windows having cusped rere-arches; Kelmscott Church itself, with some shadows of early paintings on the walls; and, above all, Great Coxwell Barn. It is a noble thirteenth-century structure about fifty yards long, with a great timbered roof resting on finely shaped stone corbels. This wonderful building was loved by Morris; not only deeply, but excitedly; he lit up and burned while showing its beauties. It was a primitive hall, and recalled sagas.

Morris found Kelmscott House in 1871, and in a letter written on 17 May describes it so: "Kelmscott, a little village about two miles above Radcott Bridge—a heaven on

Fig. 2.—THE HOUSE FROM THE GARDEN.

earth; an old stone Elizabethan house like Water Eaton, and such a garden! close down on the river, a boat-house and all things handy." Again in 1896 he wrote: "Through a door in the high unpointed stone wall you go up a flagged path through the front garden to the porch. The house from this side is a lowish three-storied one with mullioned windows, and at right angles to this another block, whose bigger lower windows and pedimented gable-lights indicate a later date. The house is built of well-laid rubble stone of the district, the wall of the later part being buttered over, so to say, with thin plaster, which has now weathered to the same colour as the stone and the walls. The roofs are covered with the beautiful stone slates of the district, the most lovely covering that a roof can have, especially when, as here, and in all the traditional old houses of the country-side, they are 'sized-down,' the smaller ones to the top, and the bigger ones towards the eaves, which gives one the same sort of pleasure in their orderly beauty as a fish's scales or a bird's feathers. The farm-buildings stand to the south of the house, a very handsome barn, and several other sheds, including a good dovecot. The garden divided by old clipped yew hedges is quite unaffected and very pleasant, and looks, in fact, as if it were, if not a part of the house, yet at least the clothes of it, which I think ought to be the aim of the layer-out of a garden. . . . A house that I love; for though my words may give no idea of any special charm, yet I assure you that the charm is there; so much has the old house grown up out of the soil and the lives of those that lived on it. Some thin thread of tradition, a half-anxious sense of the delight of meadow and acre and wood and river, a certain amount of common sense, a liking for making materials serve one's turn, and perhaps at bottom some little sentiment. This, I think, was what went to the making of the old house."

We will turn now to Mr. Hanslip Fletcher's drawings as a basis for an explanation of the house. Within the door, in the wall already mentioned, straight in front is the perspective of a flagged path up to the front door through a small square of garden (Fig. 1). At the left the boundary wall returns against a little branch road: to the right is another garden, and on the other side of the house another (Fig. 2). Beyond this garden is a meadow in the direction of the river. The house is quite small for a "big house"; some strange dignity is given to it by its gravity and honesty, and the perfect preservation of its old grey skin. In later years Morris saw to that. The plan is generally of an ┐ form which occupies two sides of the front garden or court. The "wing" which fronts the entrance is narrow, and contains the hall, which has windows in both directions; that to the front is shown to the right of the door in the sketch. This door opens on a short passage across the wing to the garden door; the passage is separated by a screen from the hall on the right, and on the left are the kitchen and offices (Fig. 3). The wing on the right is more of a block. It is roofed with two gables at the end similar to the two of the flank shown in the sketch, and around the other return there is another of these gables, five of a kind in a group. Altogether there must be a dozen gables.

Fig. 3.—THE KITCHEN YARD.

In the "block" is the great parlour on the ground floor (Fig. 4), and above it the Tapestry Room (Figs. 5 and 6). These rooms are higher than those in the wing, and seem to be a second building, but only a little later than the first. The whole house, with all its Gothic "feeling," was probably built in the first half of the seventeenth century. The parlour has a fine chimneypiece, shown in the sketch, and panelling of Georgian kind, over which are hangings of Morris stuffs. The Tapestry Room also has a handsome stone fireplace, bearing the armorial shield of the old owners on the lintel.

Fig. 4.—The Great Parlour.

Fig. 5.—The Tapestry Room: Door to Morris's Bedroom on Right.

KELMSCOTT MANOR, OXFORD, THE HOME OF WILLIAM MORRIS.

From Drawings by Hanslip Fletcher.

Fig. 6.—THE TAPESTRY ROOM.

The tapestry is covered with great fat figures framed in borders of twisted columns—just the sort of thing Morris loathed on principle, but loved this once. Worn and faded as they were, he argued that they must look better than the designer intended! Here, I remember, we played "Yes or No" or twenty questions, and Morris could not guess the buffer of a certain engine, because "Nobody would think of a thing like that." I see it better now; there was real wonder and impatience that people's minds should tend to gravitate in such ugly mechanical directions when there were so many other things. I wish now I had thought of the finial of the south-west tower at Chartres! Through the doorway on the right of the fireplace Morris's bedroom was reached (Fig. 7). The old "four-poster," like the tapestry, "went with the house." On the valence Miss Morris embroidered some verses, specially made for the purpose:

> The wind's on the wold
> And the night is a-cold,
> And the Thames runs chill
> 'Twixt mead and hill;
> But kind and dear
> Is the old house here,
> . . . . .
> And for worst and best,
> Right good is rest.

The garden was a perfect garment for such a house, and seemed as old as it. There were great blocks of yew, one of which Morris was clipping into a dragon, and there were wide spaces of free-blooming flowers.

I wish it might be suggested without "writing" how deep and passionate Morris's feeling for unspoilt country and old buildings was. It was part of his personal force, and at least we can see it is one way of getting something out of life. An old building was "living history," a piece of good workmanship, a link with the forefathers in the land. I remember his saying that Kelmscott must have been called from some Saxon Kenelm who possessed it. His experimental care of the old house, in which he had the help of Philip Webb, must have been one of the chief causes which led up to his founding the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings in 1877.

Morris, it must be recalled, was, amongst other things, an architect. His first ambition had been to build, and he articled himself to Street in January 1856, and worked with him for about a year.* Long before this time, and ever after, he studied buildings. A large part of his decorations—stained glass, wall-paintings, and tiles—were "architectural." His whole work in this kind sprang, indeed, from an appreciation of architectural needs.

His first prose tale was "The Story of an Unknown Church" (1856)—"I was the master-mason of a church that was built more than six hundred years ago"—and in nearly all the others there is, I think, an architectural interest: The new church, white in the moonlight, with the powder of the stone still about it, in "The Dream of John Ball"; the carvers at work, and the old house, the walls of which the visitors patted in affection (again Kelmscott), in "News from Nowhere"; and the city in "The Sundering Flood" (the London of a river which began at Kelmscott).

I must come to the end, and the last time I saw Kelmscott was on 6 October 1896, when the owner was carried to the grave in a farmer's cart—the most human and dignified funeral I have ever seen.

* "Street's senior clerk was then Philip Webb, a man a few years older than Morris. Between them there arose a close and lifelong friendship. When Webb left Street's office in 1859 his place was taken by Norman Shaw."

Fig. 7.—MORRIS'S BEDROOM

GEMS OF ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE.

III: Finchcocks, Goudhurst.

By NATHANIEL LLOYD, O.B.E.

THERE may be villages placed in more commanding situations than Goudhurst; but one which, together with its church, stands on the highest point at the extremity of a ridge some 420 ft. above sea level, is certainly not hidden under a bushel. It is said that, so extensive is the view in all directions, that almost sixty parish churches may be seen from Goudhurst church tower. Nearly a mile and a half away, on the lower slopes of Goudhurst ridge, but still 150 ft. above sea level, stands Finchcocks. There was an earlier house, which report says stood on a piece of flat ground to the east of the present building. Of this, however, no record remains. Hasted says there was a mansion of the family of the same name who were possessed of it as early as the fortieth year of Henry III, i.e. 1256; that they were succeeded by the Hordens of Horden, by purchase, in the reign of Henry VI. Edward Horden was Clerk of the Green Cloth to Edward VI, Mary, and Elizabeth; and for some considerable service rendered to the Crown he had the augmentation of a regal diadem added to his paternal coat-of-arms by the last sovereign. He had two daughters co-heirs, of whom Elizabeth married Paul Bathurst, and succeeded to Finchcocks; while Mary married a Delves of Fletchings and had Horden for her share. Through Elizabeth Horden, or Bathurst, the property descended to Edward Bathurst, who left his seat at Wilmington and rebuilt this house in stately manner about the year 1725. The Rev. Richard Bathurst resided there in 1790. It afterwards passed into the Springett family, and was purchased from them by the father of the present owner, Mr. E. W. Hussey, of Scotney Castle.

ENTRANCE DOORWAY ON PRINCIPAL FRONT.

Hasted calls the house "stately," and the building certainly presents an imposing appearance. This is increased to an extent which amounts to absolute domination by the art with which the approach to the entrance front is arranged. The drive passes close under the north wing, and when one reaches the main block its greater height seems magnified and produces an impression (in conjunction with the long frontage) of a vast pile of brickwork, such as would not be conveyed to the mind were the approach made straight up to the front entrance. It should be mentioned that the building is partially screened by trees, so that it is not clearly seen until one is almost under it. The trick—for trick it is, and a clever trick, too—is worth noting.

The composition of the principal front (Plate III) is interesting. The wings are treated similarly to the main building so far as windows, pilasters, cornice, and parapet are concerned; but they are necessarily on a smaller scale, and this difference in scale is not altogether satisfactory. The architect has shown some ingenuity in handling the difficulties arising therefrom. The wooden cornice of the wings is carried round the ramp and stopped against the main building, close to and at the level of the capitals of the larger pilasters of that structure. Similarly the brick parapet of the wings is carried up to the height of the wooden cornice of the main building, so that to some extent a feeling of continuity has been achieved between the centre and the wings. This unity is only partially successful, and does not overcome the unpleasant effect caused by the difference in scale. It has been suggested that the third and fourth stories are later additions, or that they have been modified at some date subsequent to the rest of the structure. There is, however, no record of any change of the kind having been made; and the treatment of these stories, with the excellent parapet and chimneys, negatives the suggestion. The architect shows appreciation of the value of good chimneys, having gathered his flues into well-placed stacks. There was a fourth chimney on the main building; but this was constructed of wood painted to represent brickwork, and, being in bad repair, was removed forty

Plate III.

FINCHCOCKS, GOUDHURST: PRINCIPAL FRONT, FROM THE EAST.

April 1919.

Detail of Central Portion of Principal Front.

Detail of Pediment, Statue, etc., on Principal Front.

FINCHCOCKS, GOUDHURST.

years ago. The eighteenth-century designer was not particular as to the devices he adopted to secure absolute symmetry; but a sham chimney so large as this is an example for which it would be difficult to find a parallel.

Finchcocks is built of red bricks, measuring 9 in. by $4\frac{1}{4}$ in. by $2\frac{1}{16}$ in.; the joints are about $\frac{3}{8}$ in. thick, and four courses measure $12\frac{1}{4}$ in. The window-heads, dressings, and niche are of rubbed bricks of brighter red, and the gauged work is well done. The statue of Queen Anne was brought from the City of London Guildhall when a new statue was put up there about twenty-five years ago. Moulded bricks up to $3\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick have been specially made for the cornice and chimneys.

One cannot fail to remark the distinction the main building owes to the tall windows of the ground and first floors, the openings in the brickwork being considerably more than twice the widths in height. They are, approximately:

Ground floor—
- Flanking doorway, extreme dimensions ... ... 10 ft. by 4 ft.
- Next to pilasters ... 10 ft. 9 in. by 4 ft.

First floor—
- Flanking niche ... 8 ft. 11 in. by 4 ft.
- Next pilasters ... 8 ft. 11 in. by 4 ft.

NORTH WING.

The windows in the wings appear squat by comparison, although the height of those of the ground floor is twice their width. It should be noted that the sashes of the windows in the ramps do not follow the curve. The unpleasantness

BACK ELEVATION.

of the deep reveals is less felt than would be the case in a smaller building. The insertion of large sheets of glass in the lower portions of four of the ground-floor windows, with the resulting ugly voids, illustrates the importance of sash-bars as furnishing window openings. Attention will be drawn to this point in a future article, when their value will be more forcibly demonstrated. Nothing can compensate for the loss of these, not even the advantage of a clearer view of outdoors, which actual experience and comparison shows to be much less important than is generally supposed.

On the field of the pediment is a mixture of trophies and heraldic achievements. The heraldry is much debased, and it is difficult to say where the quarters of the shield begin and where they end. They appear to include the coats of Bathurst of Franks, Horden, and Leveson, viz:—

1st. Bathurst: Sable, two bars, ermine, in chief, three crosses patee, or, with a crescent for difference.

3rd. Horden: Two wolves between three cinquefoils.

4th. Leveson: Azure, three laurel leaves, or.

I have been unable to trace the coat on the second quarter or the shield of pretence.

The crest in the left corner of the pediment is that of Bathurst, a dexter arm embowed, habited in mail, holding in the hand proper a club with spikes, or. The crest surmounting the shield is that of Horden, a demi-wolf, quarterly, sable and argent, holding in the dexter paw a quatrefoil, quarterly of the second and first. Apparently this description is of the crest prior to the augmentation of a royal diadem, to which reference has been made and which appears incorporated with the crest on the pediment. The Horden crest was adopted by Paul Bathurst, who married Elizabeth Horden.

The illustration of the west elevation (p. 72) shows that the wings have considerable frontage but little depth. The imitation chimney was symmetrical with the isolated one shown in this elevation. The bond is Flemish, as elsewhere, but here vitrified headers have been used. These are naturally darker in colour than the red stretchers, but, owing to their reflecting light, they appear lighter in a photograph. The wooden cornice of the east elevation is here carried out as a stringcourse in moulded bricks.

The interior has been greatly modernized, but the entrance hall retains the good staircase and other original features.

While it is interesting, and perhaps instructive, to criticize the architectural features of Finchcocks—for only by analysis can one learn—the building is an original and interesting composition, the designer of which has shown ability in overcoming, so far as possible, difficulties arising out of the general scheme. One is disposed to agree with Hasted that Edward Bathurst "rebuilt this seat in stately manner."

ENTRANCE HALL AND STAIRCASE.

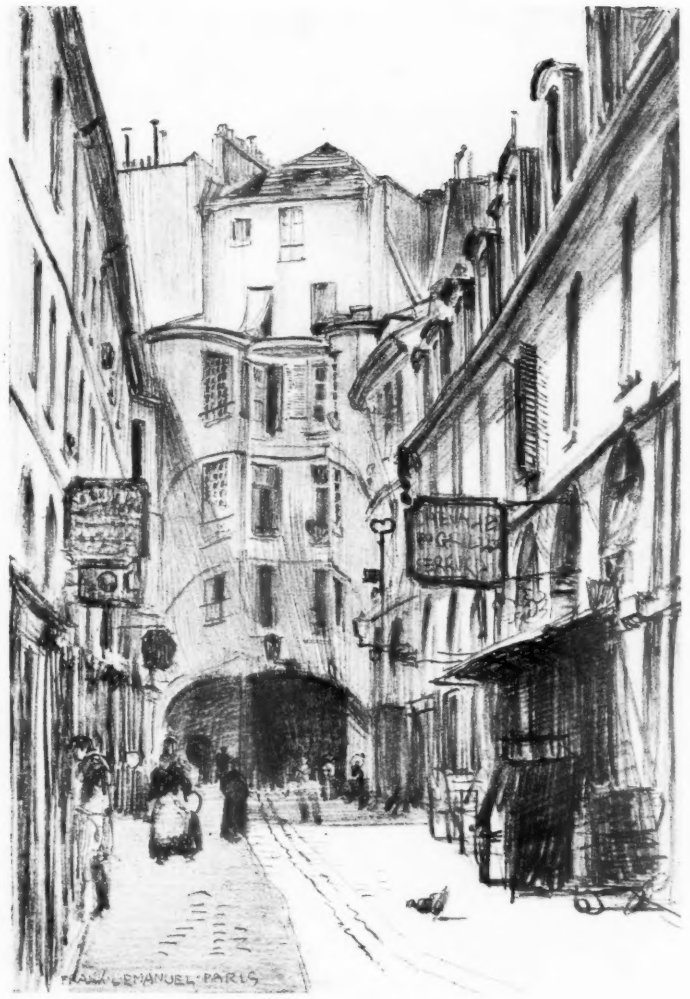
MEMORIES OF SKETCHING RAMBLES.

With Drawings by Frank L. Emanuel.

WHAT delightful memories a sheaf of old sketches recalls to one! Pleasure is invoked only inferior to the thrill felt on setting foot in a foreign country, or, for the matter of that, in an unfamiliar but promising district in the home lands.

One's blood actually courses faster on these latter occasions, and even the old stager becomes excited as, his senses doubly alert for characteristic impressions, he notes the peculiar and attractive features of his new field of operations, and decides on points of view best suited for treatment in oil, water-colour, or black and white. Nor is it only his eyes that are making notes; for unconsciously he is discriminating the town's or neighbourhood's distinctive sounds and smells. How often have most of us had a vivid picture of some delightful holiday jaunt of years ago instantly brought back to us by some chance street-cry, by the tone of a tin horn resembling that heard on Continental railways, by tramway bells or church bells

ST. ANDRÉ DES ARTS, PARIS.



COUR DU DRAGON, PARIS.

recalling some particular carillon in Belgium, or by the playing of some air which has happened to be the rage on a pier, in a casino or café. Then the smells: a single whiff of peat or charcoal burning, a sniff of garlic, or what not, may bring back a whole train of sunny memories forgotten for years. As a schoolboy the writer used to go where he could distinguish the characteristic puff of long-distance railway-engines, that the sound might recall the delights of the summer holidays, with their sketching on the coast.

And, by the way, may not these extraordinary resources of the memory have a deal to do with some of the psychic problems that people are trying to unravel? The memory, one knows from experience, is quite capable of recalling the appearance, the voice, and the action of persons long dead. In conjunction with the sub-conscious action of one's imagination, it also puts lifelike words and actions connected with entirely posthumous events in the mouth and hands of that called-up figure. May not the lifelikeness of such memories delude some into the positiveness of reality? It certainly is possible to record direct on to canvas places observed twenty or thirty years ago, in such a manner that they are mistaken for the result of direct and recent observation. This would prove the distinctness of the memory-vision. But the surest

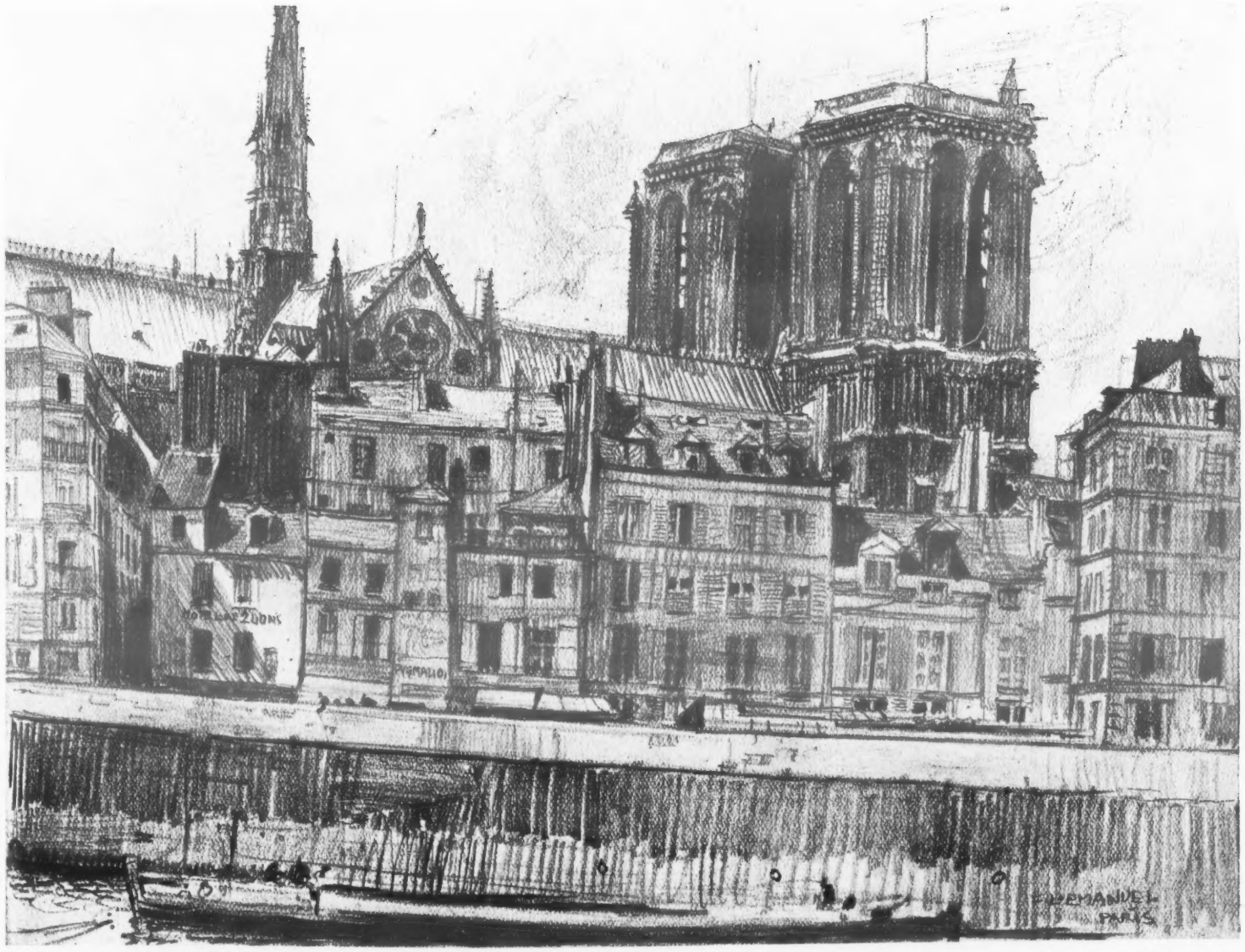


Plate IV. April 1919.

NOTRE DAME, PARIS.

From a Pencil Drawing by Frank L. Emanuel.

Plate V. April 1919.

THE TOWERS, CALAIS.

From a Pencil Drawing by Frank L. Emanuel.

A STREET CORNER, MONTREUIL.

way to preserve a string of memories is to secure a string of sketches or photographs; though, all said and done, the sketch is a work of art, and the photograph is a work of artistically manipulated mechanism.

Wherever one goes, even in the most abject of manufacturing towns, there are fine subjects awaiting the sketcher, provided he is—as he should be—receptive. Some mood or another of nature will clothe the most uninspiring surroundings with beauty. The writer can speak with some experience, having been challenged to bring back sketches from places hitherto regarded as impossible.

It is not with such, however, that we are now dealing. Before us lies a little group of sketches culled in France. Paris, Calais, St. Valéry-sur-Somme, and Montreuil, have been laid under contribution. For the artist of the physiognomy of the French capital there are, broadly, two Parises: the brilliant one of the boulevards, the Champs Elysées, the Bois, and whole quarters of elegant luxury; and, on the other hand, that abounding in tall, sinister old houses, leaning backwards from tortuous little byways in the Marais, "the Quartier," and the so-called eccentric quarters—not to mention Montmartre. It is the latter Paris, so little known to the travelling public, that the artist seeks, inspired by the splendid work in etching by Méryon, Martial, the forgotten Saffrey; by Delaunay, Toussaint, and others; by the lithographs of Boys, by the exquisite wood-engravings in tone, done long before he attained his well-earned popularity as an etcher; by the recently deceased Auguste Lepère; by the brilliant paintings of Luigi Loir, and far more recently by the drawings of Houbron and draughtsmen of the day. To all of them, the dark, irregular, sinister streets and passages, gabled

THE MARKET-PLACE, MONTREUIL.

houses, with here and there a sculptured turret, appeared much more picturesque than the handsome regularity of set-square Haussmannism. And so it always is. The serenity of classical outlines does not attract the artist in the same way as the more varied contours of, say, Gothicism; just as the broken landscape of the dunes and the forest and the moor appeal to him more than shaven lawns and tidy parks.

The Place Notre Dame is a woeful example of the meeting of these incongruous factors in one picture. The mediæval picturesqueness of the west front is quite countered by the banal plain of paving-stones and deserted roadway in front of it, surrounded by monotonous terraces of nineteenth-century Classic flats all around, which destroy its scale and sentiment. A Gothic cathedral should not be isolated among jarring modern edifices, however meritorious in themselves. Indeed, the artist would claim that the accretions tacked on to the body itself in the course of centuries should, unless in themselves hideous, be allowed to remain. For they invariably give scale to the building around which they cluster for protection, and render it more pictorial. That a cathedral should not remain hemmed in by the immediate surroundings which have grown up about it is another matter. Luckily it is still possible from certain points, such as the quays, to sketch Notre Dame with a more or less appropriate foreground.

The portions of Calais which will prove more attractive to the sketcher may be found around the remains of the Courgain, or old fishermen's-quarter, with the strange historic church, and more particularly around the Grande Place, where an ages-old lighthouse tower, peering head and shoulders above the ancient houses which have been tacked on to it, gives an unwonted touch to the usual fine group of towers of church and Hôtel de Ville. Our sketch is of a street leading to the Place. Despite this very interesting corner, Calais cannot compare with Boulogne or Dieppe, both of them so rich in "motifs," as an artist's haunt.

The beau-ideal of such a summer camp is Montreuil—by courtesy "sur mer," frequently confounded with the Montreuil near Paris or with Montreux in Switzerland. Similarly to Rye, its English counterpart, it was at one time kissed by the sea; but it has been deserted with much fickleness. Both towns are on a hill isolated from its neighbouring ranges, both have their precipitous streets swept by sea breezes, both have their river and their mills, and both have their rambling streets and church square packed tight with mediæval houses. But, unlike those of Rye, Montreuil's ramparts are intact; bastion succeeds bastion, linked together by a broad ribbon of hilly sward, embowered under ancient trees, from which one looks down on the one side over the red-tiled town, and on the other over miles of velvety tree-clad scenery to the ocean.

Montreuil has played a very important part in the War, and I understand that the exceptional culinary and other joys of the hotel, immortalized by the amorous exploits of Sterne while on his Sentimental Journey, have been fully appreciated by those lucky enough to have been quartered in this lovable spot. At the mouth of Montreuil's river is that other artists' haunt and war depot, Etaples, with its fishing fleet and all that pertains thereto; while a little farther afield, around Camiers, is one of the most beautiful wildernesses in France, a spot that Mr. Hughes Stanton has frequently portrayed with such power and charm.

ST. VALÉRY-SUR-SOMME

There are at least two well-known St. Valérys on the French coast—St. Valéry-en-Caux and St. Valéry-sur-Somme. It is at the latter that the accompanying sketch was made. This lively fishing port stretches its lengthy sunny self along the quays of the broad Somme estuary, a few miles from the quaint miniature port of Le Hourdel, where it joins the treacherous Baie de la Somme. The currents and tides are fierce at St. Valéry, but they leave great expanses of golden sand gleaming below the tree-clad cliffs on which are perched its fine

Plate VI. April 1919.

RYE PARISH CHURCH AND PRECINCTS.

From a Drawing by Frank L. Emanuel.

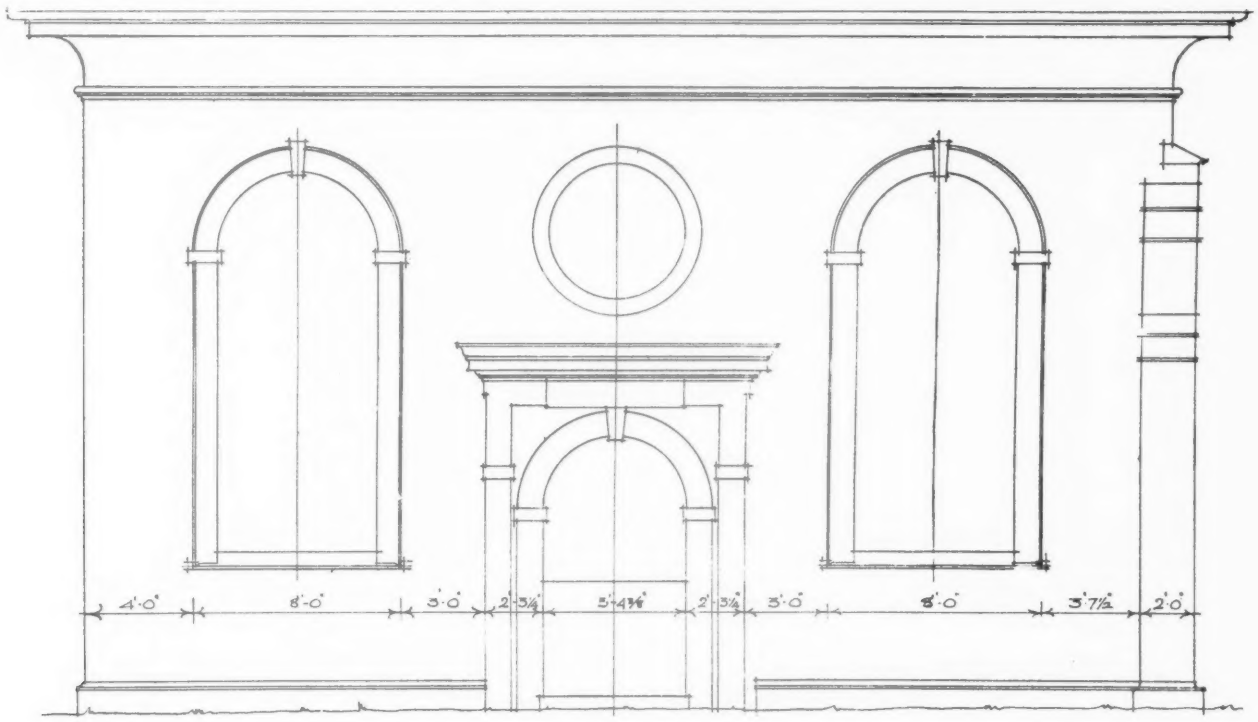
old church and several hoary gateways into the old town. St. Valéry has a very distinct character of its own—quite of another shade from that of historic, fashionable little Le Crotoy across the streaming waters.

THE PRACTICAL EXEMPLAR OF ARCHITECTURE: SOUTH ELEVATION OF OLD CHELSEA CHURCH.

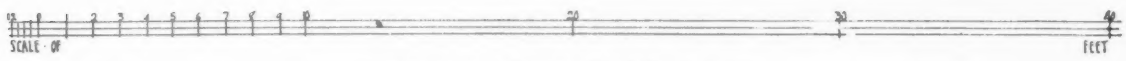
THE old church of St. Luke, Chelsea, was probably founded before the middle of the twelfth century, but no part of the existing structure can be said to have been built before the thirteenth century. The oldest portions of the church are the chancel (thirteenth century), the chapel on the north side (fifteenth century), and the chapel on the south side, this last having been specially built by Sir Thomas More in 1535, for the private devotions of himself and family.

By the middle years of the seventeenth century the congregation had increased to such an extent that, according to a contemporary report, "many of the ancient inhabitants and their families were too commonly putt from their seats." Thus, in order to secure better seating accommodation, it was decided to pull down best part of the old building and to erect in place something on rather more commodious lines. The whole western part of the church was demolished (with it, of course, the old tower), and a new rectangular nave was erected, embracing rather more than the entire width of the old building, and supported on the east side by three new arches opening into the chancel and its flanking chapels. A new tower was built at the same time, the whole being carried out in Renaissance style. The result is undoubtedly

DETAIL OF DOORWAY AND BRICKWORK.



SOUTH · FACADE · CHELSEA · OLD CHURCH
KEY · ELEVATION

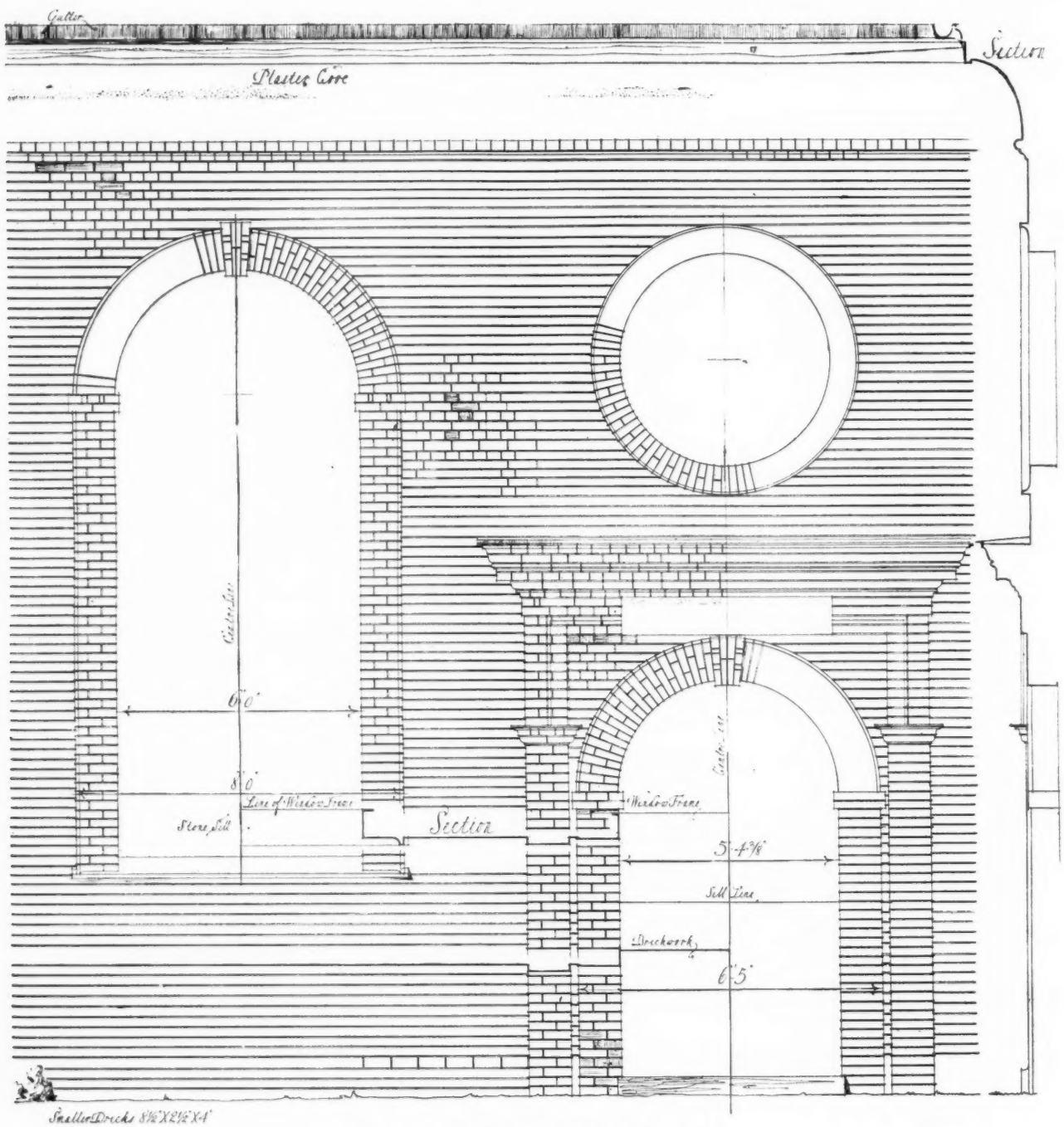


Measured and Drawn by W. Godfrey Allen.

picturesque, but there is an obvious lack of harmony and co-ordination.

Historically, the most interesting part of the church is the More Chapel; architecturally, the seventeenth-century south façade, shown by the accompanying photograph and measured drawings. This is a most arresting piece of early Renaissance design, comprising a central doorway (now blocked up) with a circular window above, and a tall round-headed window on either side, the whole crowned by a heavy plastered cove. Bricks of different sizes are employed in the elevation, giving a texture of peculiar richness. The smaller bricks measure 8½ in. by 2½ in. by 4 in., four courses and one mortar course measuring 11 in.; the larger bricks measure four courses to 11 in.

We hope to include a fully illustrated article on Old Chelsea Church in our next issue.



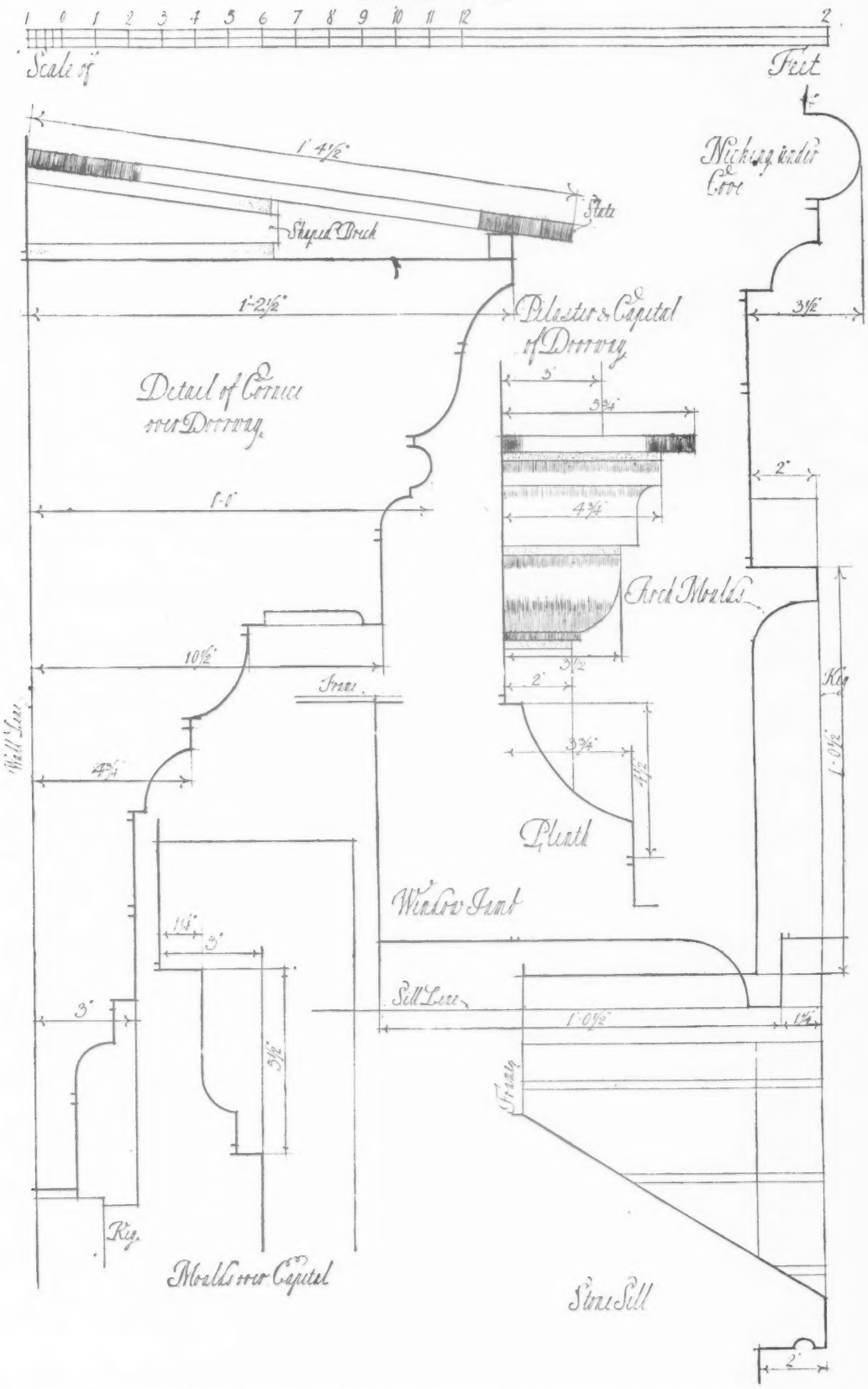
DETAILS OF BRICKWORK FROM CHELSEA OLD CHURCH, LONDON, S.W.

Scale of 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 20 24 Feet

Measured and Drawn by W. Godfrey Allen.

DETAILS OF BRICKWORK FROM CHELSEA OLD CHURCH

LONDON. S.W.



Measured and Drawn by W. Godfrey Allen.

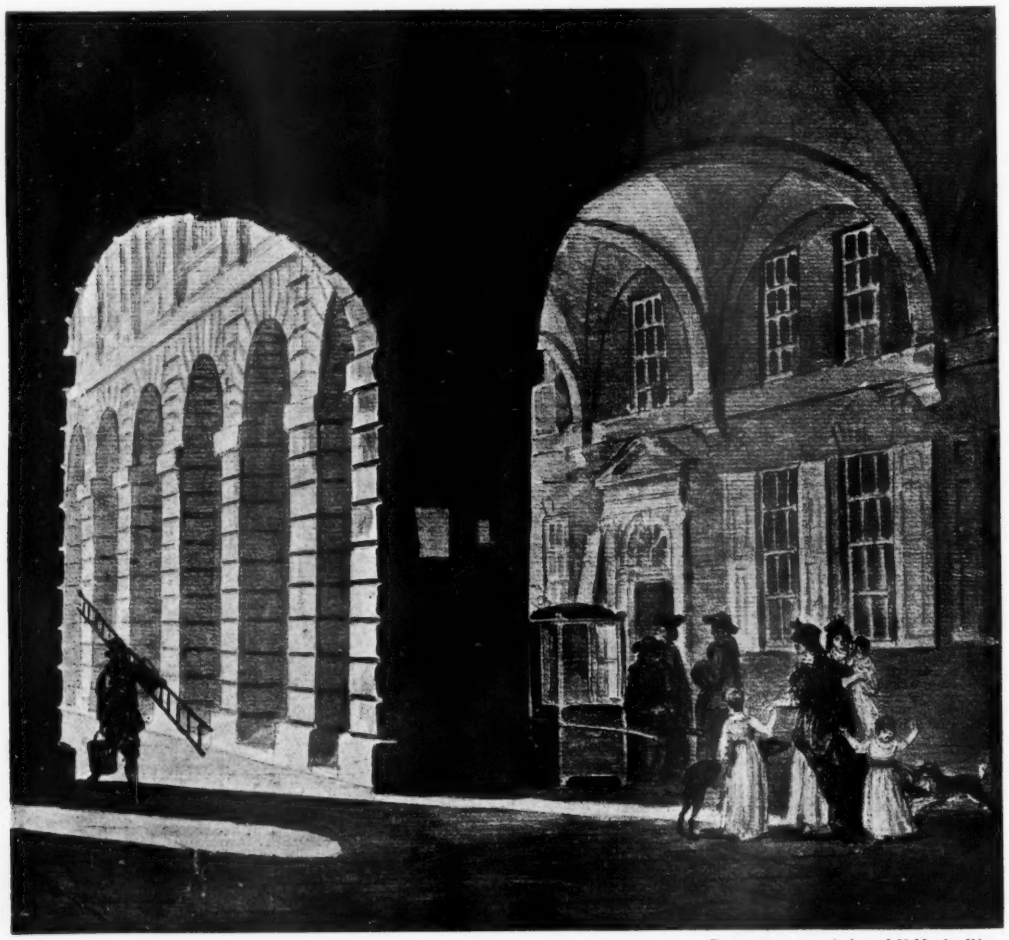
SOME OLD DRAWINGS OF LONDON.

A NOTICE of the very interesting exhibition of early drawings and pictures of London now being held at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, appeared in the March issue of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW. By courtesy of the Club and kind permission of the owners of the originals, reproductions of a selection of the drawings on view are now given. These embrace works by H. Danckerts, Thomas Wyck, Canaletto, and Thomas Sandby, and all have a special interest, inasmuch as they show some feature or features of London still extant. With these enduring landmarks as a guide, the student of London topography may envisage the London of two and three centuries ago much more clearly than if the drawings merely represented objects that have long since passed away.

In Danckerts's "Whitehall from St. James's Park," for example, we get a wonderfully vivid idea of Whitehall and the Horse Guards Parade at the time of the Restoration—before Kent had erected his Horse Guards and Treasury buildings. What a picturesque medley of structures disappeared before the energetic onslaughts of the Classicists! It is interesting to note, too, the odd appearance of the Banqueting House before the insertion of conventional sash-bars in the windows.

In Thomas Wyck's "Westminster from below York Stairs," we see York Water Gate when it really "functioned"—when the waters of Thames lapped caressingly around its steps. This view also brings us to realize acutely how much of picturesqueness London's water front has lost by the construction of the Embankment. Yet the gain in dignity is more than compensation. The same thought is stirred by Canaletto's "View from an Archway of Westminster Bridge."

Thomas Sandby, in his water-colours of London, has given us contemporary studies of many buildings that, happily, still remain. His "Piazza, Covent Garden," might have been drawn yesterday, so far as the buildings are concerned. Arcaded promenades and colonnaded walks, it may be remarked, have never flourished greatly in this sunless clime, and it is rather remarkable that Inigo Jones's ambulatory should still exist when we consider the fate of many others—Nash's Regent Street Quadrant, for example; though, of course, the colonnades in this instance, not forming an organic part of the buildings behind, lent themselves to easy removal. It is interesting to recall that some of the columns from Regent Street were used to build the colonnade at the side of Drury Lane Theatre.



By gracious permission of H.M. the King.

THE PIAZZA, COVENT GARDEN (CIRCA 1760).
From a Drawing by Thomas Sandby, R.A.

Following are brief biographical particulars of the four artists to whom reference has been made:—

Thomas Wyck was born in Haarlem in 1616, and, after studying under his father, spent some time in Italy. He came to England at the time of the Restoration and met with considerable success, painting many views of London, including several of the great fire. He died in England in 1682.

By kind permission of the Earl of Berkeley.

Plate VII.

April 1919.

WHITEHALL FROM ST. JAMES'S PARK (CIRCA 1667).

From a Drawing by H. Danckerts.

By kind permission of E. C. Grenfell, Esq.

WESTMINSTER FROM BELOW YORK WATER GATE (CIRCA 1660).

From a Drawing by Thomas Wyck.

Henry Danckerts was born at the Hague about 1630, and was brought up as an engraver. After studying for a time in Italy he came to England about 1667, and met with much encouragement from Charles II, who engaged him to paint views of the Royal Palaces and many of the seaports of England and Wales. No fewer than twenty-eight of these, one of them being a sliding piece before a picture of Nell Gwyn, are mentioned in the catalogue of the royal collection as it existed in the days of James II, and three of them are still at Hampton Court. Danckerts was very popular in his day, doing work for many important personages, including my Lord Sandwich and the amiable Pepys. Danckerts, being a Roman Catholic, was obliged to leave England through the Popish Plot about 1679. He settled at Amsterdam, and died soon after, but in what year is not known.

Canaletto (1697–1768) was educated in Venice under his father Bernard, who himself was a scenic painter. In 1719 he went to Rome, where he employed himself chiefly in drawing ancient ruins and studying the effects of light and shade. Returning home, he devoted himself to portraying his native

By gracious permission of H.M. the King.

VIEW FROM AN ARCHWAY OF WESTMINSTER BRIDGE (CIRCA 1747).

From a Drawing by Canaletto.

city, which he painted with a clear and firm touch. In his later days he came to England. His pictures, of which there are several in the National Gallery, still remain unrivalled for their magnificent perspective. The drawing reproduced in this issue is a fine example of his black-and-white work.

Thomas Sandby (1721–1798), though entirely self-taught, was undoubtedly one of the most accomplished draughtsmen of the eighteenth century. He was born in Nottingham, where it is said he and his equally famous brother Paul kept an academy before they came to London in 1741 to take up appointments in the military drawing department at the Tower of London. Sandby, like many of his contemporaries, owed a good deal to patronage. In 1743 he was appointed private secretary to William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, who did his utmost to advance his young protégé's interests. Sandby well repaid him by accompanying him on his campaigns in Flanders and Scotland, where he worked somewhat in the manner of the modern war artist. He was present at the battle of Dettingen, was at Fort William in the Highlands when the Pretender landed, and at the battle of Culloden. In 1746 the duke was appointed Ranger of Windsor Great Park, and he gave Sandby the post of deputy-ranger, which he held till his death. Being now assured of a definite and regular income, Sandby set to work to develop his architectural and artistic talents. He enlarged the Great Lodge (now known as Cumberland Lodge) and made it a residence for the duke; undertook extensive alterations of the park; and, with the assistance of his brother, planned Virginia Water. A number of his plans and drawings are preserved in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle and in the Soane Museum. It was Sandby's custom to spend a part of each year in London, and he rented a house in Great Marlborough Street from 1760 to 1766. It was during this period that he did most of his delightful drawings of the metropolis. Both he and his brother were among the twenty-eight original members of the Royal Academy who were nominated by George III in 1768. Thomas was the first professor of architecture to the Academy.

His only architectural work in London was Freemasons' Hall, Queen Street, opened in 1776. He has been very unlucky as an architect, for most of his works have disappeared. Freemasons' Hall was partly destroyed by fire in 1883, a carved oak altar-screen for St. George's Chapel, Windsor, has gone, and his stone bridge over the Thames at Staines had to be removed because of its insecurity. He built many houses in the neighbourhood of Windsor, and designs exist for many other buildings which cannot now be identified. Though by no means unaccomplished as an architect, Sandby will be chiefly remembered as an artist who produced fascinating water-colour drawings of London. He died at the Lodge in Windsor Park in June 1798, and was buried in the churchyard of Old Windsor.

For the foregoing particulars we are mainly indebted to the "Dictionary of National Biography."

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR WAR MEMORIALS.

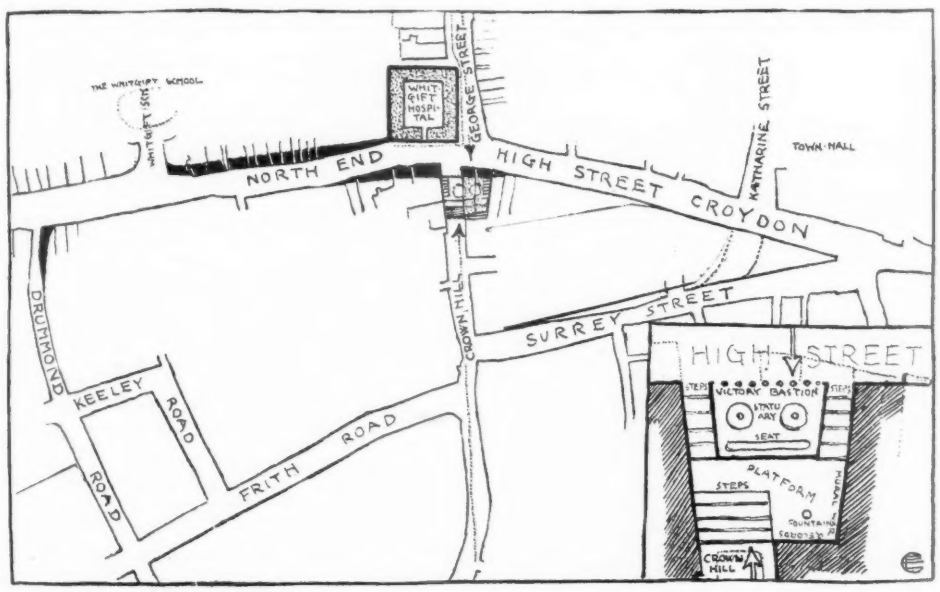
THE WHITGIFT HOSPITAL PROBLEM.

UNDOUBTEDLY the problem of widening High Street, Croydon, at its junction with North End, George Street, and Crown Hill, without removing or injuring that delightful old building the Whitgift Hospital, is a difficult one. It would hardly be advisable, even if practicable, to adopt American methods and shift the whole building back the depth of one set of the quadrangle's flanking lodgings. This might be accomplished by taking down and rebuilding the east side at a sufficient distance to allow one house at either extremity of the north and south sides of the quad to be fitted into the gap so made, and then setting the west side fronting North End back a similar distance so as to complete the quadrangle once more.

But far better for the people of Croydon to insist that their rare treasure shall remain untouched and undamaged.

Traffic is congested in the narrow and crowded thoroughfares outside the Hospital. New buildings on the old building line have been allowed to be built opposite it since the problem first came under discussion, and, to increase the difficulty, the ground falls rapidly to westward. George Street and North End, with its continuation High Street, are main thoroughfares provided with tramways. Crown Hill is a steep market-street, frequently crowded with pedestrians, but with no great amount of wheeled traffic. Perhaps the following suggestions may lead out of the difficulty.

Leaving the Hospital severely alone, set back the frontages of the line of shops on the east side of North End from the Hospital to the Whitgift Grammar School entrance; they are old, mean, and ready for rebuilding. On the west side of the street widen the entrance to Drummond Road by demolishing the shop at its south-west corner, and re-aline the frontages to north and south of Crown Hill as shown on the plan. Two or three buildings next the hill on either side are modern, and probably would form the most expensive item in the scheme. Indeed, it looks as though it is a question of whether a modern tavern or an ancient treasure is to



go. These new buildings should never have been built on their present site. Having widened the main thoroughfare by setting back the building line, I would close the upper end of Crown Hill to wheeled traffic, which could be diverted to easier gradients via Drummond Road, thirty-four houses north, and via Surrey Street, twenty-seven houses south. Both lead, very little lower down its course, into Crown Hill.

The gradients at the junction of High Street and Surrey Street might be improved, though a new opening into it from the High Street, as a continuation of Katharine Street (shown by dotted lines), would be preferable, if practicable.

On the closed-up end of Crown Hill I would build up a level platform, or bastion, on which to erect a War Memorial in the shape of two statues representing respectively, say, a man of the Surrey Regiment and a woman war worker. George Street not being in line with Crown Hill, one of these monuments is planned to close the vista (as shown on the plans by arrows) of either thoroughfare. A flight of steps for pedestrians passing between High Street and Crown Hill would flank the memorial, linked half-way down by a platform, whence by a single flight the whole breadth of Crown Hill that street would be reached.

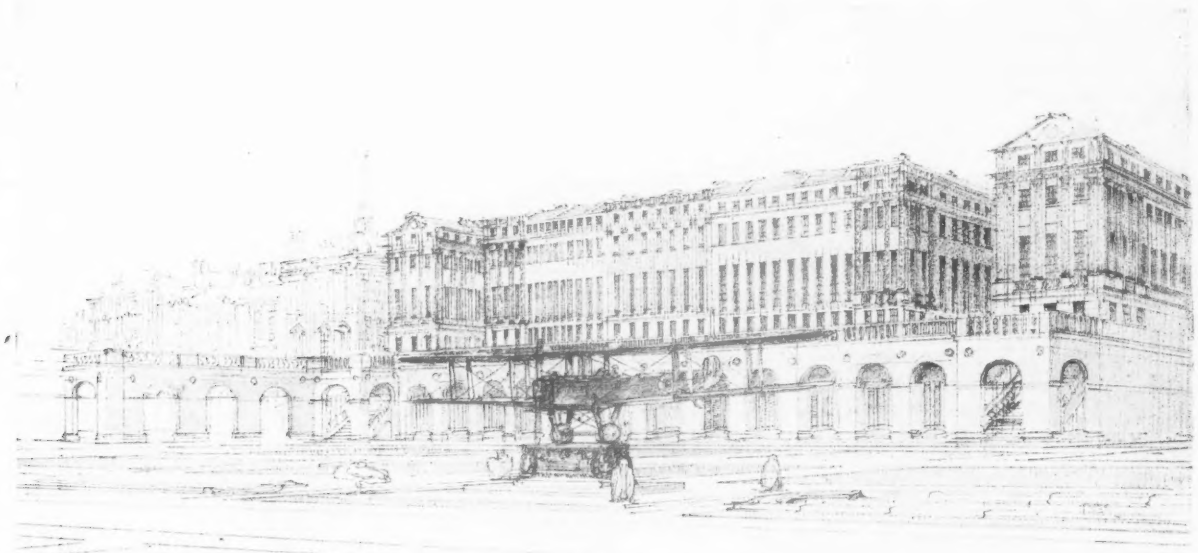
The upper "deck" would be provided with a seat, or seats, the lower with a fountain or drinking fountain. Against the south and west walls of the platform could be affixed Croydon's Rolls of Honour.

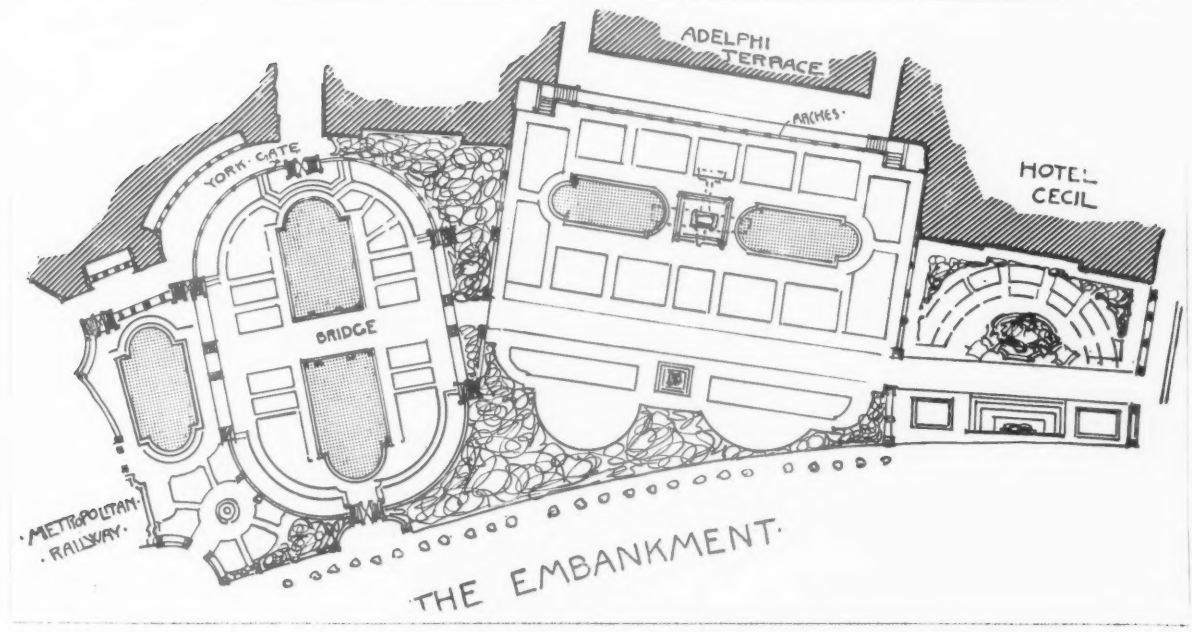
Some rich Croydonian might present his town with a much-needed art gallery to flank the proposed memorial on the north—that is to say, facing the hospital.

E.

A SUGGESTED MEMORIAL TO THE R.A.F.

THE accompanying drawings illustrate a proposal, by Mr. Harold Falkner, to throw the whole ground in front of Adelphi Terrace into the gardens, and thus provide an excellent site for various War Memorials, including one to the Royal Air Force. If these gardens were more readily





DESIGN FOR R.A.F. AND OTHER MEMORIALS, EMBANKMENT GARDENS, LONDON.
By Harold Falkner.

approached from the Strand they would be much more frequented, and would become a valuable adjunct to this, the most popular part of all London. It is suggested that steps be made down through the Arcade of the Adelphi and also through York Gate. Part of the scheme is to make a water approach to York Gate on the level of the ancient landing-place, and thus restore this fine example of Carolian architecture to its original significance. A formal garden would be made round this, surrounded by an architectural setting in keeping with York Gate.

The R.A.F. memorial suggested is a full-size model of one of the most famous aeroplanes, in bronze, on an architectural base, with pilot and observer in the act of landing. Water and beds of old-fashioned flowers—lavender and rosemary—and stone-flagged paths and gardens reach right up to the Adelphi Arches, in which chapels or shrines would be erected, with tablets commemorating all the fallen airmen. On the other side of the main walk would be a position for a single statue.

THE LAW COURTS GARDEN: SUGGESTED SITE FOR TEMPLE BAR WAR MEMORIAL.

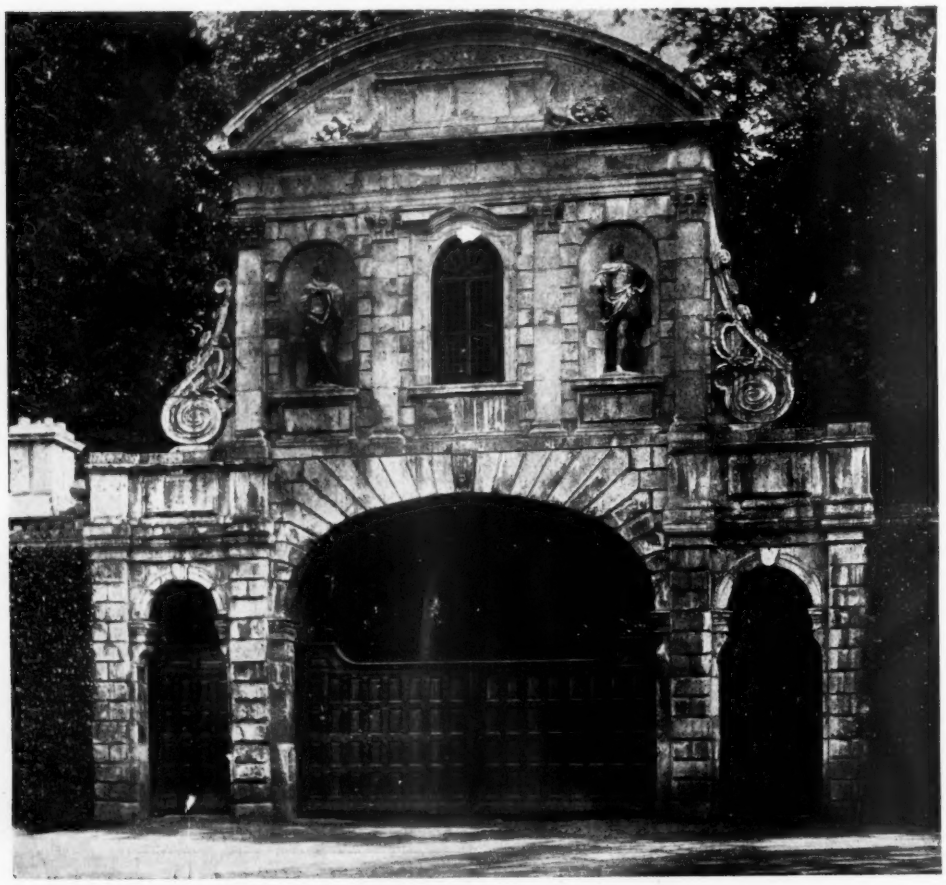
The garden in front of the Hotel Cecil might be consecrated to some other special corps, such as the M.G.C. or Tanks; the garden in front of York Gate possibly to the Guards.

Mr. Falkner suggests the Adelphi Gardens as a suitable site to commemorate the R.A.F., partly on account of its proximity to the Hotel Cecil—so familiar to all airmen—and the Adelphi Arches, which became one of the biggest air-raid shelters, where crowds of people have sought refuge from the Hun airmen who, but for the sacrifices of our men, would certainly have held London at their mercy.

It will be noticed that Mr. Falkner has drawn the Adelphi in its original guise, to which it should certainly be restored.

The stone birds round the plinth are pelicans, symbolical of sacrifice.

The buildings behind York Gate will probably be remodelled when the Charing Cross Bridge comes to be rearranged. Mr. Falkner suggests that a block should be erected to balance in mass (though not in detail) the Hotel Cecil.



TEMPLE BAR AS RE-ERECTED AT THEOBALD'S PARK.

TEMPLE BAR AS A WAR MEMORIAL IN LONDON.

TRUE lovers of London have never ceased to regret the heartless expulsion forty years ago of its historic monument, Temple Bar, to serve incongruously as a mere gate to the Hertfordshire park of the Meux family. Here was the last of the old gateways of the City of London, miraculously escaped from the complete destruction suffered by its fellows, banished instead of being treasured, as it certainly should have been treasured, not alone for its historic interest, but also for its architectural value.

Failing the cutting around the monument of roadways in the form of a "circus," of which it could have formed the centre, it was evident that this bone in the throat of the surging traffic rolling eastward and westward along the Strand and Fleet Street had to be removed. There was never any necessity, however, to expel it from London. Any number of sites were available for it. Once gone, another though a lesser obstruction, ludicrously inferior to the Bar in interest and artistic worth, erected on the selfsame spot, remains as a butt for ridicule.

Unless the present writer has been misinformed, the owners of Theobald's Park are not averse to the restoration to London of her strayed relic. At any rate we must be thankful that the relic still exists and has been well guarded.

The writer's proposal is that the Bar should be taken down and re-erected on a site (first suggested by the present writer many years ago) within a few yards from its original position, but where both sides of it will be seen to great advantage, while it will cause no obstruction to pedestrian or wheeled traffic.

Thus, from the south-west corner of the Royal Courts of Justice along the Strand to Clement's Inn, fronted by an exceptionally broad stretch of pavement, there runs an open arcade or Gothic screen, provided with a gateway, enclosing a garden much appreciated by the public as a charming haven of rest. The suggestion is either (1) to insert Temple Bar in the centre of this screen so as to constitute it the gateway to the garden and its much used pathway to Carey Street, or (2) to place it at the extreme western end of the screen instead of the existing gates so as to form a gateway to the cul-de-sac known as Clement's Inn.

If it should be felt that the depth of the arch (no great matter) would encroach too much on the garden area, half at least of that depth could project on to the present unnecessarily broad pavement. The Strand here is at its widest, for just here it bifurcates to encircle the island on which stands St. Clement Danes Church; this fact would permit of an exceptionally fine view of the Bar from the south side of the Strand, except where obscured by the island church.

This project would provide a war memorial suitable for erection by any or all of the following bodies, and for the appended reasons, viz.: The Law (site on the Law Courts), the Press or Journalism ("Fleet Street"), the Corporation of the City of London (their ancient gateway), Architecture and London-lovers (antiquarian relic).

The old monument could be made to express its new significance and the manner of its reinstatement by fitting it with metal or carved wooden gates inscribed in memorial manner, the whole to be in harmony with the architectural setting.

FRANK L. EMANUEL.

"THE DOLPHIN" AT SOUTHAMPTON.

By courtesy of the Home Counties Public House Trust Ltd. we are able to show the accompanying modern view of the Dolphin Hotel at Southampton, which charming old hostel was the subject of appreciative comment by the writer of the article on Southampton which appeared in the February issue of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW. It is interesting to compare the view of "The Dolphin" as it is to-day with the early nineteenth-century engraving of it reproduced with the article. It will be seen that, as far as the exterior is concerned, hardly any changes have occurred during the past hundred years. What will the historian have to record a hundred years hence? Not, we hope, that the dear old "Dolphin," which had witnessed the passing pageant of nearly two centuries, was demolished (circa 1920) in order to make room for a more up-to-date establishment. Yet this may, perhaps, be his painful duty. We sincerely hope not, for genuine eighteenth-century hostels are by no means so plentiful that we can afford to lose this delightful, and in many respects unique, example. Yet, according to a writer in "The Southampton Times," there is to be a brand-new Dolphin Hotel, to cost probably £50,000. We can only hope that this new building may be erected on a different site, and that the quaint old "Dolphin," with its snug tap-room, faded hangings, and four-poster beds, may be allowed to live on for the delight of generations yet to come.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE CHURCHES OF BRIGHTON AND HOVE."

To the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

SIR—

To a letter of "recollections" connected with the above subject you have been so good as to add a note asking me for more.

I must, before I obey you, ask your permission to make a correction in regard to the pulpit at St. Patrick's Church, Hove. I believe I should have stated that the pulpit, as designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, was to be made of wood, and that for cheapness' sake it was actually made in Bath stone. My memory in this matter does not serve me well, but the naughtiness of the architect remains the same.

Also may I add that Mr. Pearson's church referred to is at Vauxhall, not Vaughan Bridge.

Let us now come to the note you have placed at the end of my communication: "why you go down steps into St. Martin's Church and St. Mary's."

We must go back a little, referring to St. Bartholomew's Church. I am the more pleased to make this reference, as it enables me to pay another tribute to the splendid liberality of the two brothers Mr. Arthur and Mr. Henry Wagner.

The design for St. Bartholomew's Church had been completed and the work begun when Mr. Arthur Wagner—who, alone, built this large fabric—ever ambitious for height, began to long for even a greater altitude than Mr. Edmund Scott had designed. From the floor to the wall-plate was to be ninety feet. Mr. Wagner began to yearn for one hundred feet. He asked my opinion. I knew very well that Mr. Scott felt that a great excess of dimensions in one direction may quite upset the equilibrium of the whole. So I ventured to do my best with Mr. Wagner to support his architect's views and rest content with ninety feet of height, but we see his liberality in that he was willing to pay for the addition of ten feet to this large building if thereby it should be made more impressive and worthy of its user.

In designing St. Martin's Church I was employed by the two brothers, but at first was chiefly in touch with Mr. Arthur Wagner, and knew his delight in altitude. My wall-plate, however, was, and is, but at a modest fifty feet above the floor. The church stands in the trough of a valley running through the South Downs towards Lewes. When the Lewes Road was made the level was kept several feet above the valley floor. For me to raise all the floor of the church up to the road level would involve building much wall which would be hidden from view. So I set the floor at the ground level, a matter of several feet below the road, whilst the floor of the west bay of the nave was laid at the road level. Hence the steps. Mr. Wagner got all the height I could give him.

In a large interior which is often very crowded, as the church is used by the soldiers, the raised western bay has really much utility, and I venture to think a good effect architecturally.

In praise of my liberal employers it should be stated that the design having been approved by them, tenders were obtained, and, as we have all experienced, came out too high. What could be done? One of them could not tolerate that for economy's sake the floor area should be reduced, and proposed to lower the walls by ten feet; the other could on no account suffer that the walls should be less than fifty feet high. Happily for me, after due consideration, they agreed to keep the design untouched, and thus the building is carried out. Their liberality did not fail.

Now we come to the case of St. Mary's Church. In the days when the churches we are referring to were in building, Brighton had still in it a remnant of staunch Evangelicals. St. Paul's Church and Mr. Wagner in it were a rock of offence to many. St. Martin's Church, emanating from the same source, was looked upon with considerable dismay. The great reredos which it was rumoured would display its popish symbolism all over the east wall caused no little trepidation.

It was decided by some nobly benevolent ladies and others that a church at least equal to St. Martin's should be built, spacious and ornate, but in no way open to the suspicion of unsound doctrine or the mark of the beast. It happened that the conditions of street level and ground level were, in this case, the same as I had to deal with at St. Martin's.

The architect, very reasonably desiring to gain all the advantages of height, paid me the compliment of adopting the same device as I had used. Of course, some kind gossips discovered that St. Mary's had imitated St. Martin's, but that was not so. The same conditions produced the same results.

We now come to consider that very noble building the Parish Church at Hove. I would especially ask your readers to view the exterior of the east end. It will stand much looking at. To me it is as noble and dignified a composition as one can anywhere find, whether ancient or modern.

The (at that time) Vicar of Hove took a most active part in gathering the funds, and then without consulting his committee went to Mr. Pearson for a design. Mr. Pearson was in those days beyond measure in love with a vaulted roof, and would sacrifice most things to attain that end. He had made a great success, as some thought, with the Church of St. Augustine, Kilburn, a building of no particular size, in which it will be found on analysis that everything is sacrificed to the vaulting.

The nave is not lofty, but is made to appear so by comparison with the little low-pitched aisles encumbered with many slender columns. Scenic effect overrides convenience; indeed, for the purposes of a parish church, the plan is decidedly lacking.

For Hove a design was produced based very completely on that of St. Augustine's with all its defects. The scenic effect, both inside and out, would have been very pretty.

It happened that there were sundry residents at Hove who were not of opinion that they should be made to swallow a plan in the devising of which they had not been taken into account. The most active of the malcontents honoured me with a visit, asking if I would make a design for a building more spacious and in which scenic effects did not override utility. It was pointed out to them that Mr. Pearson had been asked to make a design by the Vicar, and in all good faith had done so. He must be paid for what he had done, and then they could make a fresh start. Then crept on the scene the magic word "competition." Mr. Pearson's eminence and unquestionable abilities were pointed out; that it could not be expected he would, after what he had already done, enter even a limited competition. By this time the gentlemen had realized what they really needed. The suggestions were put in a practical form (perhaps I helped a little) and submitted to Mr. Pearson. He agreed to scrap his first scheme, and in result we see Hove provided with a spacious and noble church.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

SOMERS CLARKE.

PICTURE EXHIBITIONS.

THE GREAT WAR IN LITHOGRAPHS.

THE poster for this Exhibition was too reminiscent of less pleasing shows we have seen at Heal's—the most delightful galleries in town—to prepare us for the real feast of art which we found awaiting us.

Many years ago, when purchasing some splendid German colour-lithographs (we must give the devil his due), the present writer discussed with the English agent the scandal of our having no British enterprise competing to meet the growing demand for such prints, and suggested that efforts should be made to rectify the omission.

Although the contrary was confidently asserted, one ventured to express the conviction that we had numbers of artists who could do equally fine things, and that, if necessary, German lithographers should be imported to teach them the latest improvements in colour-work. Shortly afterwards these views were expressed to Mr. F. Ernest Jackson.

The proofs on exhibition at Heal's Galleries were produced under the direction of Mr. Jackson, and he himself has trained many lithographers. What one sees on the walls justifies one's prediction as to the capability of the British artist, and should prove that our determination not to trade with the Hun will not mean that we must deny our young scholars the best illustrations to aid in their education.

Several times recently numbers of large German colour-prints have been seen hanging on the walls of L.C.C. schools. There is no longer need to buy the foreign article, for many of our leading artists are now producing lithographs worthy of their reputation. For instance, Muirhead Bone, in his "Ready for Sea," of the "Building Ships" series, shows a fine architectural draughtsman successfully grappling with a marine subject of great intricacy and difficulty. In others of the series he shows that in drawings of great modern factories and giant machines he can quite hold his own with the greatest masters in this new school. Where the delineation of ships and sky and sea is concerned, Mr. C. Pears has won a most enviable position for himself, for he combines a practical knowledge of all kinds of craft, and the effect on them of all conditions of wind and weather, with a most sensitive sympathy with the more fleeting and subtle colour by-plays of Nature. He certainly carried off first honours with his paintings at the Sea Power Exhibition; and here it would be difficult to surpass such lithographs as the stately "Maintaining Food Supplies," "Maintaining Export Trade," or "Transporting Troops." Mr. Pears has won a high place in British art, not alone as a marine draughtsman and painter, but as a "Punch" artist and landscapist, who, at the same time, is known as a poet, an author, and an expert yachtsman.

As conveying the force and rigour of warfare, it would be difficult to surpass Eric Kennington's powerful prints, "Into the Trenches" and "Bringing in Prisoners." Mr. Nevinson also scores a success with his "In the Air."

There is a number of more or less decorative prints, such as the "Rebirth of the Arts," by C. Shannon, a composition somewhat marred by the unsatisfactory drawing of the angel. Augustus John spoils the message of his "Dawn" with a rather ungainly main figure. On the other hand, C. Shepperson, showing the peaceful side of things, enchants one with his delightful "Convalescence in England." M. Greiffenhagen's "Restoration of Alsace-Lorraine to France" is a fine strong work, composed on monumental lines. More exotic, but equally masterly, is E. Dulac's "Poland a Nation." Professor Moira with his "Restoration of Serbia" and C. Ricketts with "Italia Redenta" both score successes.

Mr. Brangwyn is, of course, in his element here, with an astounding show of direct and forceful prints, and in some of his tenderer moments, as in the "Orphelinat des Armées" prints, the "Solitary Prisoner," etc., he is surpassingly great. His sense of balance and composition seems well-nigh unerring, and such prints as the "United States Appeal," "Antwerp, the Last Boat," "Refugees leave Antwerp," "Landing Men from a Naval Fight," and so forth, are epic. One small regret in regard to all of these great war prints by Mr. Brangwyn is that he has depicted almost exclusively the disreputable-looking types that form so small a proportion of the personnel of our Army and Navy. The extraordinary number of fine, handsome, honest faces (war-worn and begrimed if you will) one encounters in the Forces finds little or no representation in Mr. Brangwyn's records.

Professor Rothenstein would seem to require to impart to his prints some of the admirable strength and vigour of his paintings. The prints are rather thin and colourless, though his delicate and nervous workmanship tells well in his "Threshing." The "Great Hammer" and the "Radial Crane" are impressive black-and-white works by G. Clausen, R.A., while in colour his "Reconstruction of Belgium" should prove inspiring.

Mr. F. Ernest Jackson achieves a veritable *tour de force* in the technical excellences attained in his "United Defence against Aggression"; while A. S. Hartrick has been entrusted with the series recording "Women's Work," and has limned most typical specimens of women workers—for example, in the excellent "On the Railways" and "On Munitions."

The exhibits mentioned are but a selection from the fine series of prints to be obtained at the Avenue Press, 57 Drury Lane, which will become historical, and, moreover, can never deteriorate in artistic value.

GUNS AT THE GOUPIL.

IT is significant that practically all the "big guns" of the later "extravaganza" movements in art have found it necessary to explain in writing what their pictures mean, or what their authors intend them to represent.

Mr. Wyndham Lewis has adopted this course; but, truth to tell, his foreword does not explain much to the plain man, but is rather involved and confusing. With other writers this may have been actually the intention. Mr. Wyndham Lewis, however, quite clearly claims "to give an interpretation of what I [he] took part in in France." Many of those who have in recent times produced incomprehensible work with drawing and painting materials have sought to silence all inquiries by stating that they believe it the duty of the artist to record, not what he has seen, but the emotions caused by what he has seen.

And there is no reason why he should not do so, provided the emotions are interesting and the ability to express them is adequate. But art, or anything else, which requires so much explanation, is *ipso facto* at once suspected of lacking

self-justification; and it is a pity to excite this prejudice, which crops up more often, we imagine, than the sympathy and understanding which it is the intention to evoke.

When, moreover, this propagandist writing involves disparagement of artists who have achieved greatness, it is but little likely to make converts. Quite otherwise. Such lame apologetics provoke the hardened sceptic to say that he has seen many presentments of soldiers and of the paraphernalia of war, done by school children from memory of things seen, which convey a far more convincing and lifelike impression of facts and movement than do the works of any of the growing band of ultra-modernists.

A collection of the works of the decadents, or whatever they may choose to call themselves, illustrating the extraordinary way in which common objects may be seen through abnormal eyes and brains, or seen with wilful perversity, would certainly be of immense psychological interest.

A man suddenly dropped from Mars, confronted with war pictures produced by some of the impressionists, might be excused for assuming that combatants in the Great War were clothed from head to foot in cranky, ill-fitting, black-leaded sections of stove-piping, and that smoke, earth, and all else on the battle-fields was likewise made either of tin or of staff. It must be conceded, however, that some of the landscapes produced by impressionists do occasionally approximate the naturalness of the reproductions set up in Trafalgar Square or Knightsbridge.

Mr. Wyndham Lewis can see sanely enough and draw well enough to lift him well out of the category of artists whose impressions require elaborate apology and camouflaged explanation. It is the greater pity, then, that he should choose to follow in any of the devious ways of his inferiors.

These somewhat sombre reflections on ultra-modern tendencies in art have no direct application to Mr. Lewis's work. It would be manifestly unjust to load him with the sins of a multitude. It must be confessed, however, that things seen at the Goupil on this occasion have started this melancholy train of thought.

Mr. Lewis, in the foreword to his catalogue, writes rather contemptuously of such great painters of warfare as Detaille and Meissonier (and would presumably do the same of Aimé Morot, de Neuville, and so forth), who were tried soldiers themselves, and who, instead of making us laugh, do, at any rate, convey to the non-combatant the thrill of thundering hoofs, the clash of arms, the horror of deadly combat, to stir his blood. Beyond all that, they produced splendid works of art, giving joy by means of their colour, their draughtsmanship, and their technical beauty.

MR. SICKERT AT THE ELDAR GALLERY.

A COLLECTION of Mr. Sickert's later work, such as that recently exhibited at the Eldar Gallery in Great Marlborough Street, always causes one to regret that this genial artist has chosen to depart from the sound methods and the wholesome choice of subjects we remember so well in certain delightful pictures of streets, etc., he produced in a French seaport.

Since then the subjects of his paintings have often been, in our opinion, much less happily chosen. Much of Mr. Sickert's recent work, moreover, seems to have suffered by being apparently subjected to the pointillist method of drawing and painting, which requires that the observer should finish the work of the artist by retiring to such a distance as would, in extreme instances, necessitate the demolition of the wall behind him. Work done under such conventions seems to preclude sensitiveness to the variety of textures depicted, as well as surface quality in the painting itself.

Mr. Sickert's Eldar Gallery works seemed, for the most part, to have been composed according to some such formula as one decadent female, one iron bedstead, one or two articles of lingerie.

OBITUARY.

AUGUSTE LEPÈRE AND GEORGES CAIN.

FRENCH art and lovers of old Paris have recently suffered a severe double loss in the deaths of Auguste Lepère and Georges Cain.

Before us lies an album of exquisite wood-engravings cut by Lepère, in which, to an extraordinary degree, he mingled his great love for the aspect and architecture of old Paris with the keenest delight in setting his subjects in some dramatic or soothing moment out of Nature's inexhaustible répertoire. The collection was started many years before Lepère's name was known in this country, even among artists.

He had worked at first engraving the drawings of other artists for the publishers of illustrated books by Victor Hugo and others, and for some of the weekly illustrated journals, notably "L'Illustration." Even then his engraving was distinctive and distinguished. But he rapidly became France's leading artist-engraver—that is to say, engraving his own work. He excelled in giving the atmospheric and smoke effects of his beloved city, not in the thick isolated lines he later affected in conformity with the return to the much more conventional earlier methods in the history of the art, but, so to speak, in washes. They have all the spontaneous effect of having been done direct from nature on to the block. "The Magazine of Art" was, I believe, for a very long time the only English magazine to publish his work, which consisted of very charming illustrations of the Forest of Fontainebleau. One or two superb series of Paris views were later done for one of the American monthlies, but it was not until later still that Lepère gained the laurels that made him famous the world over. This widespread fame was won with the etchings with which, old as he was, he took collectors and connoisseurs by storm.

GEORGES CAIN.

Having made a great reputation as a painter, Cain made a still greater as Curator of the Musée Carnavalet in Paris, the precursor of our London Museum. But perhaps his greatest service was rendered by a whole series of entertaining books on Paris, as replete with knowledge and love of his subjects as they are generous in illustration. To Cain is due, in this matter of the illustrations to such books as "Les Coins de Paris," "Promenades," and "Nouvelles Promenades à Paris," and others, the rescue from undeserved oblivion of a whole succession of splendid draughtsmen who, like himself, had been head over heels in love with the fair yet ferocious city. It was pleasant, as these books appeared, to see such old favourites of one's own as Martial, Saffrey, Gautier, Toussaint, Taiée, Delaunay, and Nicolle, brought to the front again in company with Maignan, the great topographical painter Lansyer, and that exceptional living draughtsman of Paris, Houbron.

FRANK L. EMANUEL.