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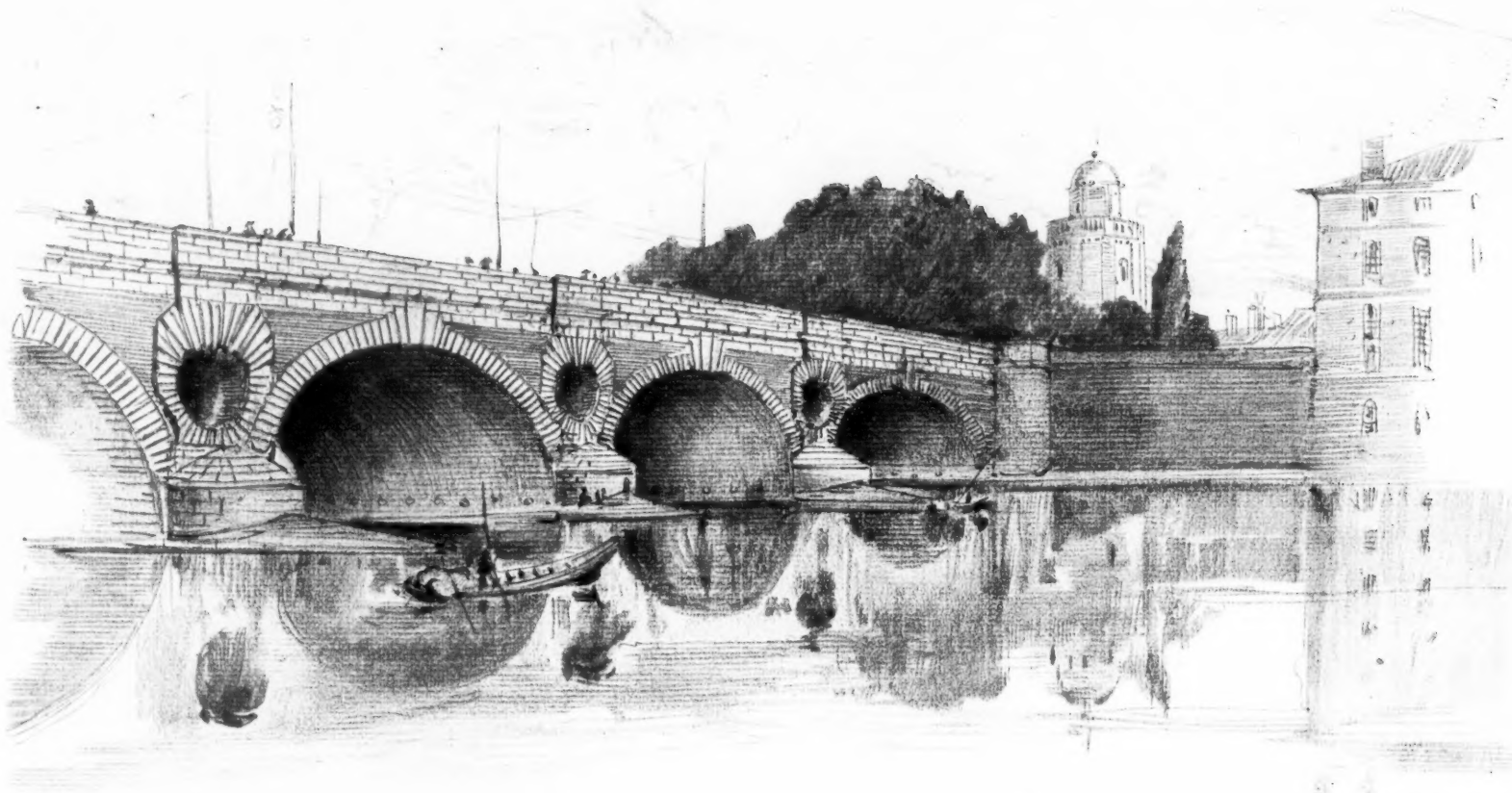


Pont. Neuf. Toulouse
Reginald. Blomfield. 1908.

Plate I.

July 1921.

PONT NEUF, TOULOUSE.

From a Drawing by Sir Reginald Blomfield, R.A.

Architecture Under Louis XIV and Louis XV.

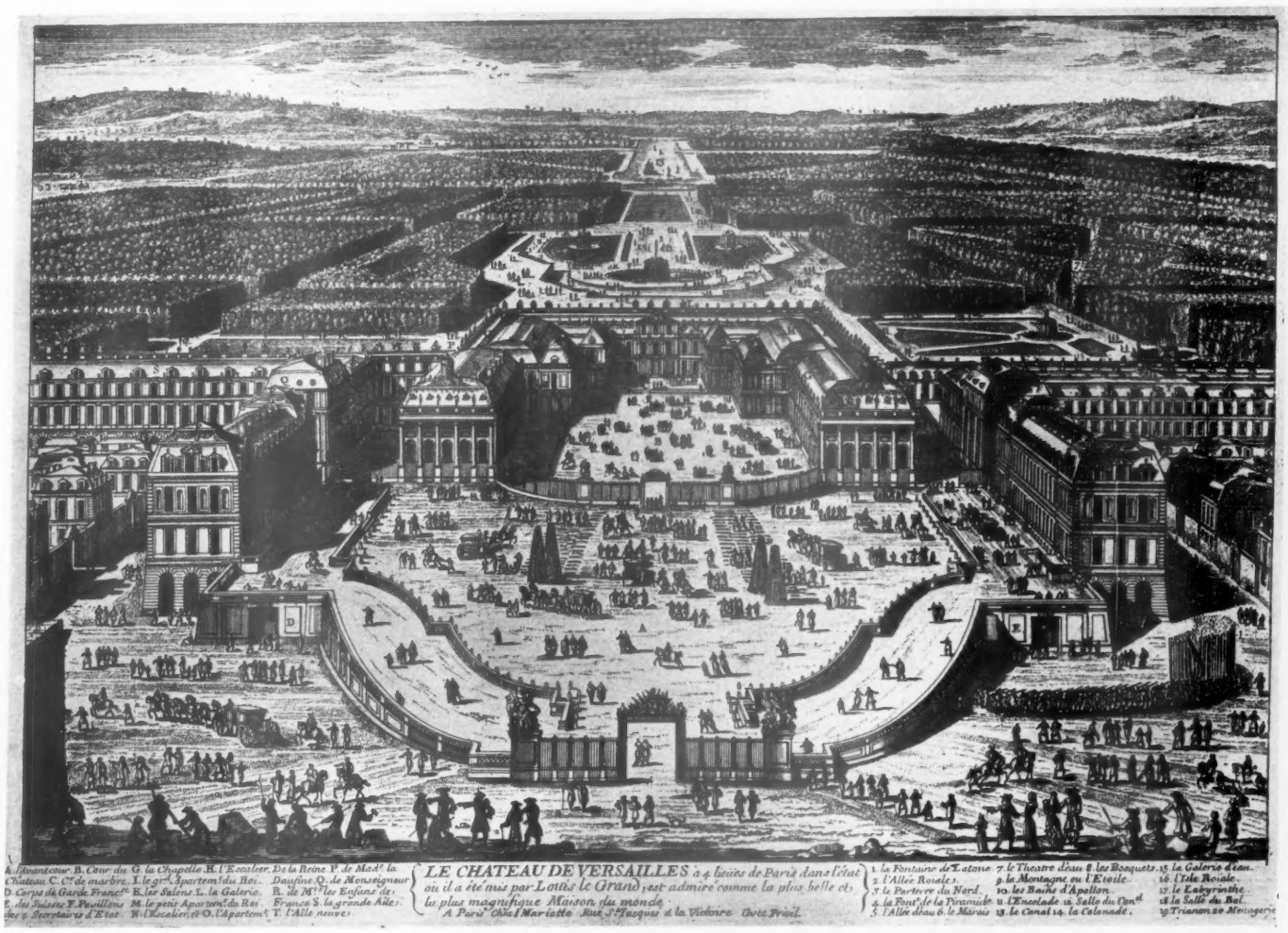
THE appearance of a work by Sir Reginald Blomfield is an event in our architectural history. Whatever reservations may be made as to his judgments on individual men and works, or as to his accuracy on particular points of history, there can be no question of the seriousness with which he approaches the history of his art and the lofty ideals which he invariably sets before its practitioners. And for the forcible inculcation of these ideals—if for none of many other reasons—his "History of French Architecture (1661–1774)" should be read by all who have architecture at heart. To those who with him dissent from the view that architecture should make its sole appeal "through the individual craftsmanship of the individual craftsman" and leave "the master mind out of account," and from "the school which regards architecture as nothing but scientific construction and the scientific use of materials," his vigorous defence of a broader and more comprehensive conception, in which tradition and scholarship find a place, will be doubly welcome.

"That architecture is pre-eminently the art of order and arrangement, τέχνη ἀρχιτεκτονική, is, I am convinced, the only conception of the art that justifies its place of honour and that entitles it to rank as one of the noblest expressions of the human intellect." This *obiter dictum* of his is the keynote to the book, and it is by such standards that he judges the work of the period before us.

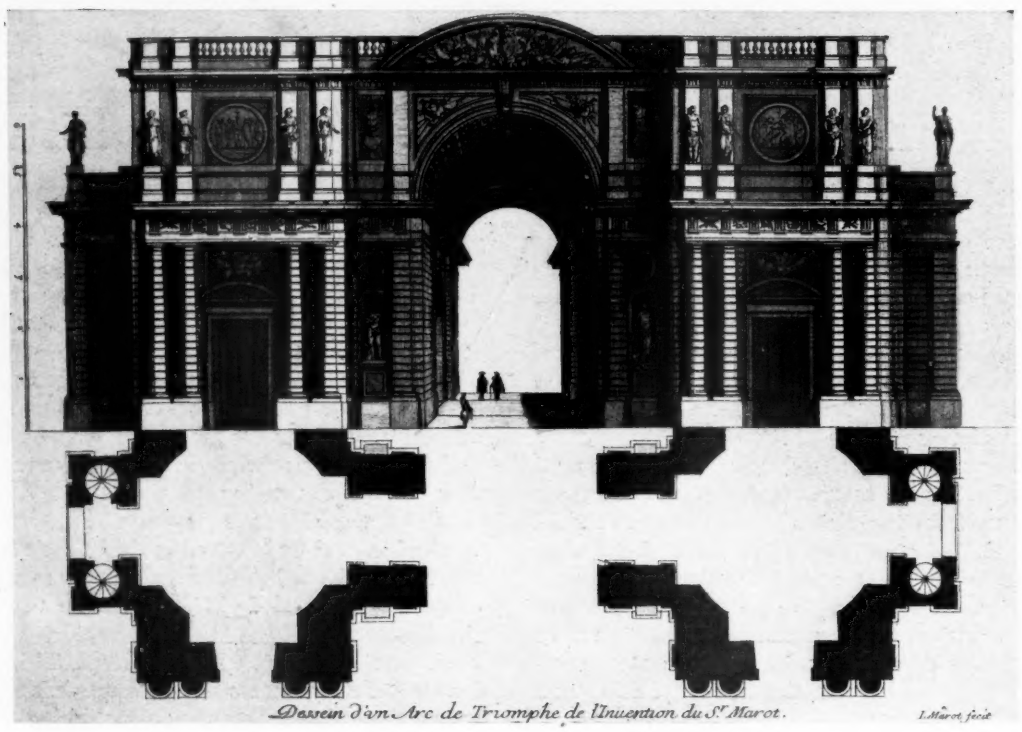
But there are, of course, many more reasons for reading his pages, full as they are of matters of the most varied interest concerning the architects and the building craft in a period which is a specially congenial one to the author, and to which he has devoted years of study.

From the closing years of the fifteenth century, when France began to be involved in the affairs of Italy, her building art, then in the full glow of the glorious sunset of mediævalism, entered upon a period of transformation under the influences of the South.

Its earlier stages, which Sir Reginald has described in his former volumes—not without some impatience at their immaturity—as little more than a garnishing of the native Gothic with tags of Italian embroidery, led in the course of the sixteenth century to the establishment of a genuine national



VERSAILLES: THE ENTRANCE FRONT AS ALTERED BY J. H. MANSART.



DESIGN FOR TRIUMPHAL ARCH BY JEAN MAROT.

vernacular, retaining the vigorous craft traditions of the land and many national characteristics of plan and elevation, and combining them with a classic feeling for broad and monumental qualities. To raise this vernacular—which in the utilitarian spirit of the age of Henry IV assumed a slightly pedestrian character—to a nobler plane, was the work of several considerable architects, culminating in the genius ot François Mansart. When Sir Reginald once more takes up his tale, the difficult slopes have been scaled, and he is concerned with that high table-land of mature and accomplished work which stretches unbroken from the Fronde to the Revolution. If none of the eminences which diversify its surface detach themselves with quite the same clear-cut beauty as the great summit on its rim, their actual elevation is only obscured by the average altitude around them.

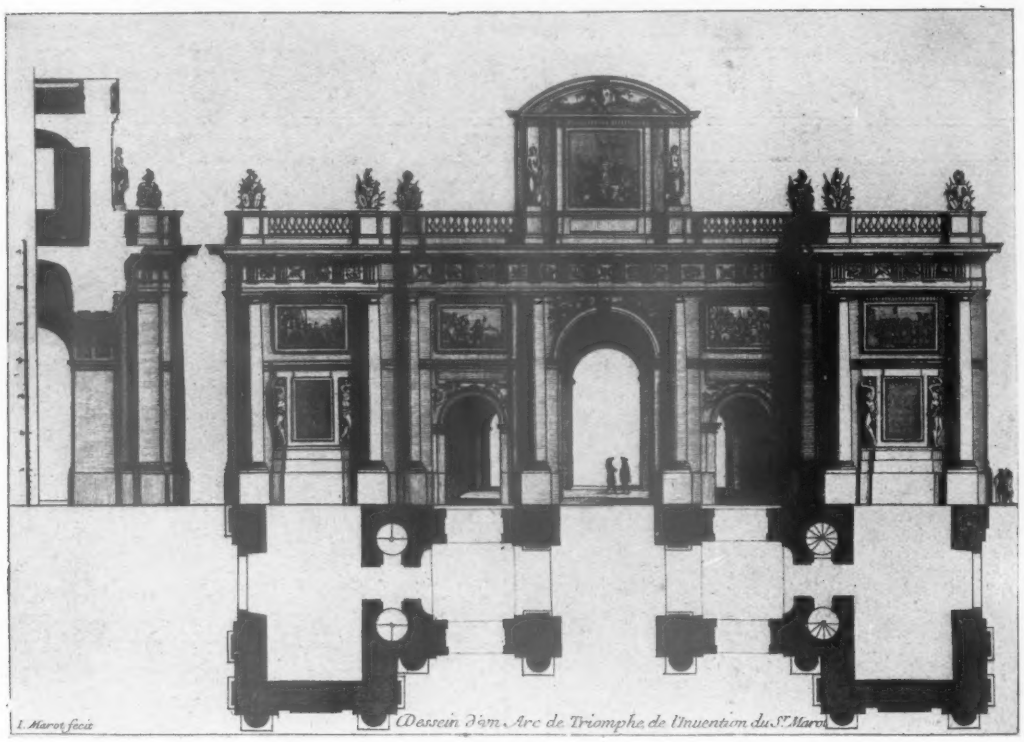
Among the factors which contribute to the maintenance of this high level of architecture under Louis XIV and Louis XV, the author dwells upon the extraordinarily painstaking work of Colbert in the organization of the hierarchy of the royal and national works and the establishment of the Academy as a body to direct taste and advise on technical points of construction, and of its concomitant the school for artists at Rome. The fortunes and varying degree of the influence of these institutions form the subject of many of Sir Reginald's pages, while the remainder are devoted to an account of the careers of individual architects.

In the course of criticism of their works more than one reputation is revised. That, for instance, of Jules Hardouin Mansart, due in part to the glamour of his great predecessor's name, in part to the unrivalled opportunities contingent on his official posts and offices, comes out much diminished. "A most capable and unscrupulous man, a bad artist, and perhaps the most conspicuous example of the architect *entrepreneur*, of the man whose heart was set not on great architecture, but on a great position and a lucrative practice." Such is Sir Reginald's final summing up; and while he admits some merit in his work, he sees reason to believe that his more notable successes are largely due to the talents of his subordinates. Whether he has not been somewhat unduly biased by St. Simon's bitter hostility and given too little weight to Blondel's much more favourable criticism is a question which can only be discussed with full knowledge of the documents.

While the perpetuation of the architectural profession and of certain posts belonging to it in certain families had most valuable results in the continuity of traditions and the maintenance on a high level of average design, Mansart's career as described in these volumes illustrates the drawbacks of the system. The profession tended to degenerate into a close oligarchy, which, like the "noblesse de robe," consisted of a circle of families closely interconnected by marriage, and succeeded in monopolizing for its sons the lucrative posts, attractive openings, and wide influence attached to the Court, the Administration, and the Academy, whether these fortunate youths were of first-rate capacity or not. Outsiders were thus driven to flit as "ghosts" through the offices of the charmed circle, or eat out their hearts in distant provinces supervising the execution—and sometimes correcting the deficiencies—of designs sent down by the magnates in high places.

Among this class was D'Aviler, one of the first Rome students, who "found himself headed off from the quiet, studious future that he might have hoped for with the help of the Academy"—he had begun the studies later embodied in his well-known "Cours"—into the offices of Mansart, where, as he bitterly remarks, he wasted five precious years. He was then sent to Montpellier to complete D'Orbay's triumphal arch, and, more fortunate than many others, was building up a considerable practice in the South when he was overtaken by an early death.

Then there is Desgodetz, D'Aviler's friend and companion in the journey to Italy in the course of which they were captured by Barbary corsairs and endured sixteen months' servitude at Tunis. His sojourn in Rome resulted in his well-known "Édifices Antiques de Rome," "a most remarkable work," says Sir Reginald,"... not only in the labour ... entailed, but in its consummate accomplishment ... I



DESIGN FOR TRIUMPHAL ARCH BY JEAN MAROT.

doubt if there has ever been a finer collection of measured drawings." This work, which was published in his thirtieth year and distinguishes itself from all previous efforts in the same direction by sticking rigidly to the facts and eschewing the baseless guesses of his predecessors, earned him, it is true, eventual admission to the Academy, but neither brought him an independent practice nor saved him from engulfment in the anonymity of Mansart's offices. It is an attractive conjecture that the orangerie of Versailles, that most majestic and imaginative of the works which saw the light under the name of the plethoric Panjandrum of the Royal works, owes more than a little to Desgodetz and his Roman studies.

Another reputation which Sir Reginald does well to draw from the shadow of a greater name is that of Jacques (V) Gabriel (1667–1742), too long absorbed in the greater fame of his illustrious son, Ange Jacques. They were members of one of the greatest of the architectural families of France. The House of Gabriel flourished at least as early as the accession of the House of Bourbon with Henry IV, under whom Jacques (I) was in practice at Argentan almost till its fall at the Revolution, expiring with Ange Jacques in 1782, and for the greater part of that period at least one member of the family was connected with the Royal buildings.

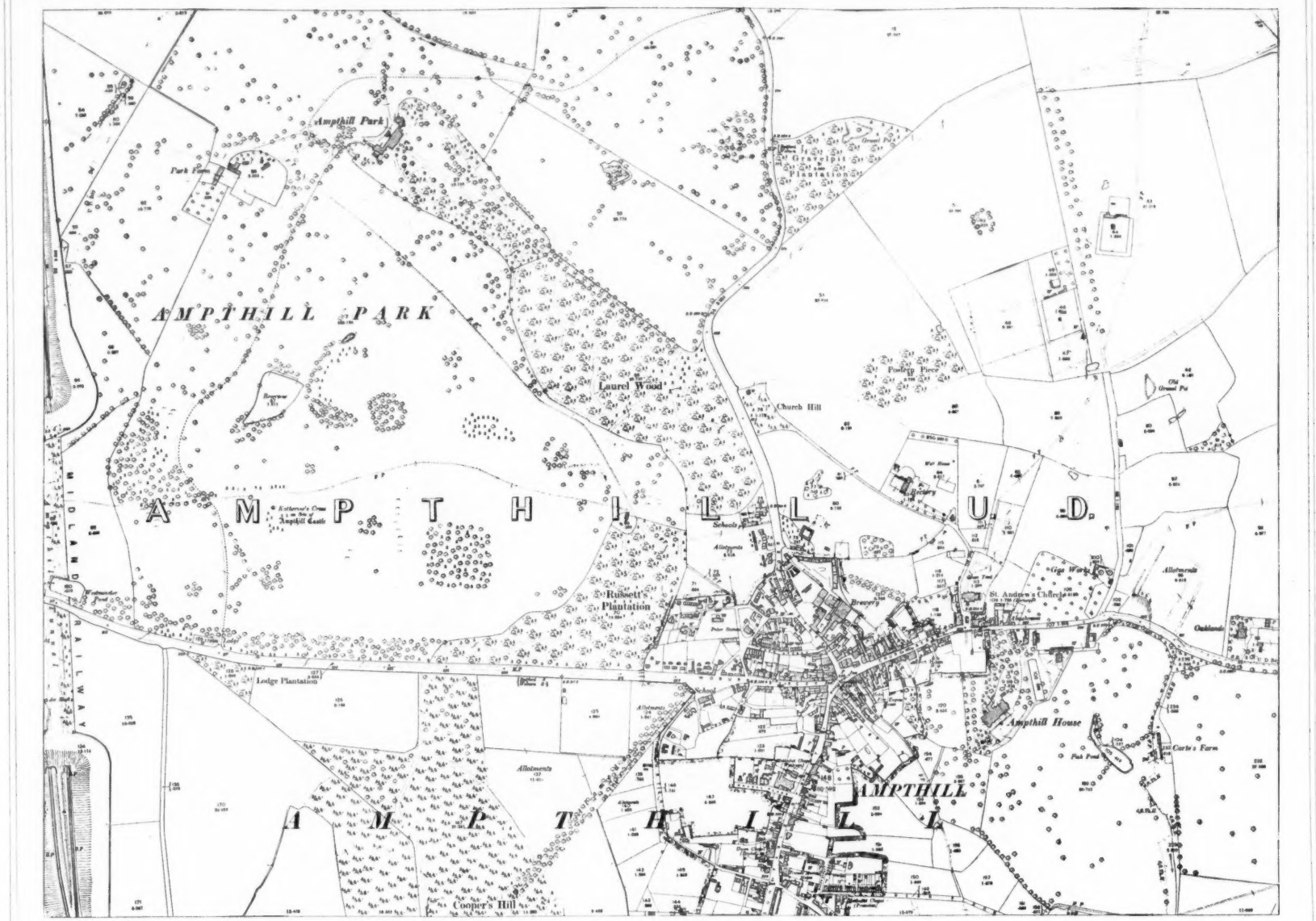
The Comte de Fels in his work on the last Gabriel says of the latter's father: "Jacques V Gabriel is the one whom the dictionaries designate—no one knows why—as Jacques Jules, although this second name appears in none of the documents relating to him." However, the pedigree given by M. de Fels points to an explanation in a confusion with a cousin, one Jacques Jules (1648–1743), contractor, and architect at Paris, both being great-grandsons of Jacques I.

Jacques V, who was surpassed in the accomplished character of his work only by his son, held official positions which gave him extremely wide and varied opportunities for the exercise of his talents, and he showed himself equal to his tasks. Whether carrying out a municipal palace such as the Hôtel de Ville of Rennes, a scheme of dignified town planning as at Bordeaux, a cathedral as at La Rochelle, an official residence such as the Archevêché at Blois, a private one such as the Hôtel Moras, or works of public utility such as the bridges at Blois, Lyons, and elsewhere, he showed not merely a mastery of the technique of construction and of architectural detail which were the fortunate heritage in more or less degree of all practitioners of his age, but also a boldness of conception and a broad feeling for the grouping of masses, combined on occasion with a playfulness of fancy, very much above the ordinary. Gabriel's work is, however, thoroughly representative of his age, and yet his active career covers the whole period of the rise and fall of the Rococo fashion. Though the Oppenordts and Meissonniers might cut their wildest capers and propose to treat stone as if it were of the consistency of icing sugar, they were powerless to make any serious impression on architecture, and the caprices of their school were confined practically to spots of freakish if often delicate ornament on façades of noble dignity and to the not unengaging enlivenment of boudoirs and drawing-rooms with unfettered scrollery.

Such was the service rendered to eighteenth-century France by the possession of an established tradition backed by acknowledged authority, the absence of which in other countries permitted such debauches as those of the Zwinger or Einsiedlen and the Churriguerism of Spain, and which, had it survived in modern France, would have sterilized the ugly microbe of Art Nouveau.

It is not possible within a short review to do more than indicate a few of the lines of interest which may be followed in this work, and to add that it is admirably illustrated by a series of the author's virile sketches and a generous allowance of reproductions of drawings and engravings of the period dealt with. While most of these will be familiar to its professed students, they are of necessity relatively scarce and not easily to be consulted outside of special libraries. It is therefore a valuable contribution to architectural studies to have placed a characteristic selection within the reach of a wider circle.

W. H. W.



AMPTHILL, BEDFORDSHIRE.

The Charm of the Country Town.

VI.—Ampthill, Bedfordshire.

By A. E. Richardson, F.R.I.B.A.

THANKS to the innate love of antiquity which the average Englishman has inherited or acquired to a marked degree, the records extant to-day are voluminous in the mass of detailed information they afford. He loves to read about them, even when he is not debarred from the pleasure of seeing them.

Pursuing the object of this series of articles, we come now to Ampthill, in Bedfordshire—a small town, not much larger than a fair-sized village, that by virtue of its natural position proudly claims to be the hill-town of this Ducal shire — a truly exalted distinction. Yet this town is unpretentious to the ordinary eye. It has little claim to formality in the arrangement of its streets, which have developed fortuitously from the time when Domesday Book was set up. It has, in fact, but one dignified approach—that from the west, along the road which is kept as neatly as a park drive from Woburn Town to where it debouches between Ampthill Park and the stately Alameda. Save for this one approach the place does not boast the distinction of being served by a trunk road.

THE "ALAMEDA."

Thanks to its lofty seat in the sheltered hollow near the top of the great mound from which no doubt the town takes its name, Ampthill commands the vast semicircle of surrounding country to the horizon in three directions — east, south, and west. By a slight stretch of the imagination it can, in its dignity and aloofness from other and larger hives of humanity, be likened to an island that stands near to the cliffs of the mainland. Due south sweep the flat lands of mid-Bedfordshire, meadows that are dotted with farms and cottages, lands that are not barren of interest nor yet unduly level, for they are enriched with wooded hollows, and there are minor hills in the middle distance crowned by church towers, hoary with age, that stand up like smaller islets.

Between the base of the town, which adheres strictly to its ancient limitations save where the modern brick and slate run downwards as though desirous of greeting Flitwick, a belt of green surrounds the lower slopes of the hill on which the town stands. Due south, nine miles away, stand the Chilterns, almost lost in a haze of blue recalling the great hills of the south country. Is it to be wondered at that Bedfordshire folk resent the ill-considered reproach that the country is flat, when they can view these undulations that stand magnificently athwart three Roman highways?

From the high places of Ampthill there are perspectives of ineffable beauty — views, however, limited to an eastern, southern, and western semicircle, but views inexpressibly delightful, whether lightened by the warmth of spring sunshine or (at times) swept by masses of clouds that uproll across the heavens in their passage from the Atlantic to the North Sea. From the vantage-points offered by Ampthill roofs, the vistas northerly are shut off by rising ground, but there are points above the town where the picture in both directions stands free.

It is in the nature of hill-towns to withstand the spoliation of progress, even as history records their successful defence in times of siege. In this is to be seen the true secret of the preservation of Ammetulle, Anthill, or Antehill, the sentinel town of the landscape of the home midlands. No place in this island of its dimensions and population enjoys airs more healthful or views more enchanting.

Viewed from the south, even from the near heights of Toddington, the town (if such you may call this neat assemblage of inns, houses, and cottages) scarcely appears between the umbrageous greenery that helps to screen it from travellers by road. There is little more than a hint or so of modern roofs to convey to the curious that an ancient market-town lies sheltered before the hilltop feathered with pines. From the obelisk in the market-place we learn that London is forty-five miles distant, and that Bedford is seven miles northerly.

Yet the place itself, no less than its atmosphere, is at least a century removed from the commotion of everyday bustle.

Travellers in the dark ages journeying east or west, ecclesiastics and pilgrims wending their way on foot from St. Edmundsbury to Woburn and Dunstable Priories, or to the Abbey at St. Albans, must have known the place, not only as a market town, but as a halt with many inns for ease. Early in the thirteenth century the Thursday market was established by grant to Nicholas Poinz and Joan his wife, a privilege confirmed some years later to Joan Albini. Hence it will be deduced that the market town was of importance to the country people for miles around long before the building of the famous castle and the neighbouring great house of Houghton; that the pack-horse tracks from Cambridge through Shefford and Clophill to Dunstable; from Oxford, Leighton Buzzard, and Woburn through Ampthill to Shefford and on to Cambridge; from Dunstable and Toddington through Ampthill to the castle guarding the river at Bedesford, were destined each and several to become important cross-roads in the later history of travel.

So far we have investigated the town from the south. Approached from the north it has nothing of outstanding interest to mark its position, save the noble trees still standing in Houghton Park, or the giant oaks, mighty in their decay, that guard the lower slopes of the "Hill of Difficulty"—much as they did when Bunyan reached Bedford, took the road to London, and found on the way material for his preaching there. A ruined smock-mill marks the outer wood of Houghton Park. At a little distance from it one may see the square tower of Houghton Church ensconced in the trees of Henelage, to which the Conquests gave their name. In the middle distance, on the slopes of the ridge, can be seen the remains of Houghton Towers, the "House Beautiful" of "Pilgrim's Progress," but as yet no sign of Ampthill town, which manages to conceal itself in a remarkable manner from curious eyes. The very shyness and reticence of the town, no less than its remoteness from frequented highways, has aided it in its somnolent privacy. It has never been very prosperous nor unduly celebrated, and certainly no other town of its size in England has escaped so completely the mania for modern improvements that in recent years has changed local topography. Even the railway, which in these times is thought to belong to things obsolescent, skirts the base of the hill a mile from the centre. Hence it is that few travellers by rail from north to south, or vice versa, suspect the existence of the town before the hill, neither has it become suburban in its expansion or unduly disfigured.

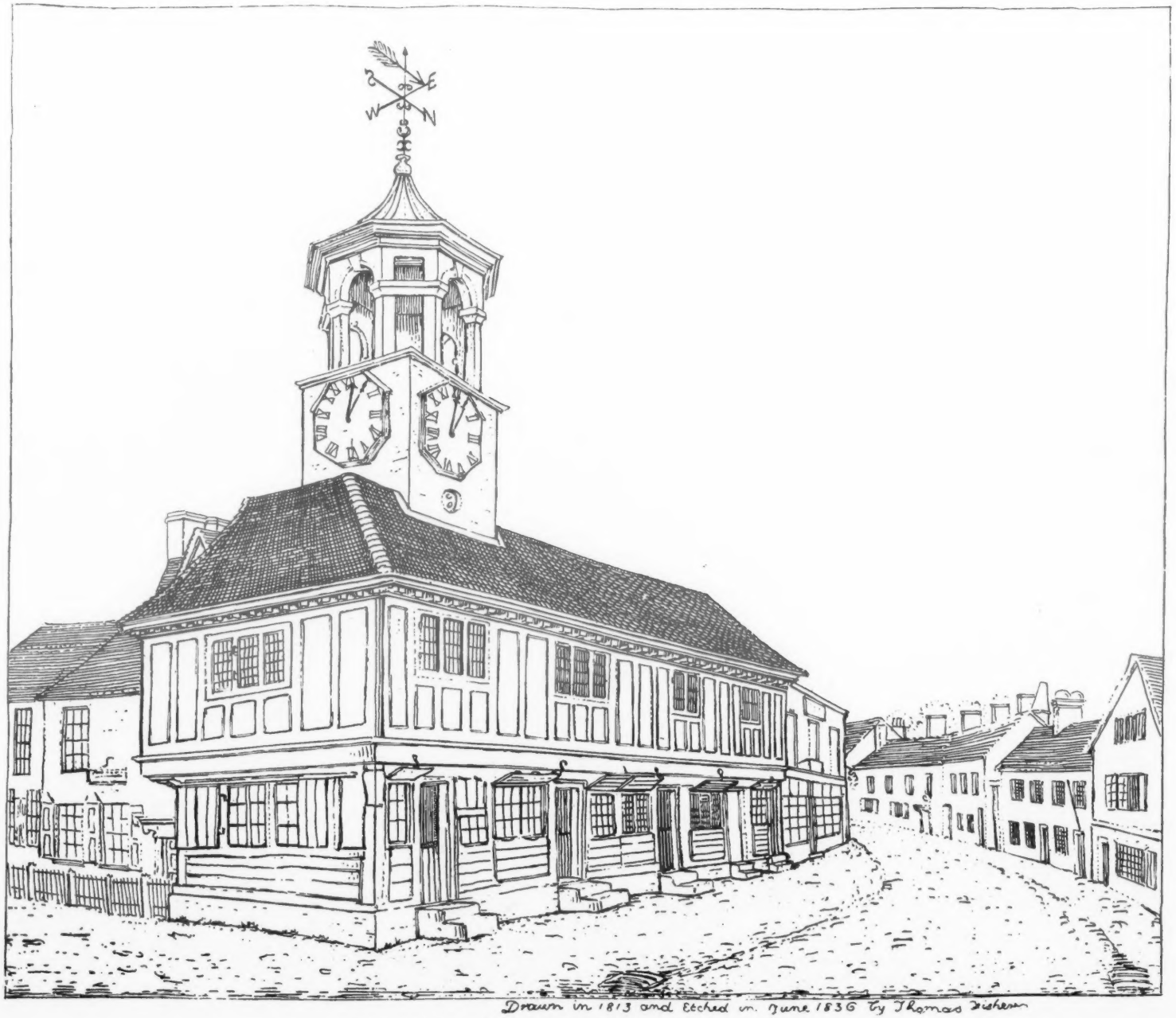
Long before the building of the castle, Ampthill was primarily a market town. It is also probable that a small colony of Flemings carried on the making of cloth within the town some time between the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. If this be true it is equally certain that King's Lynn was the seaport used by these enterprising clothmakers. The lace-making industry, as well as the making of straw plait, belongs to another chapter of local history. I have said that Ampthill has no pretensions to undue architectural display; the town is none the worse for that, but the local building traditions are among the best of their type in the home counties. Architects famed in history knew the place in its sleepy days; kings and queens had an affection for the neighbouring parks; it has figured in deeds and charters, in court rolls and gifts. So far this account has dealt with the views to the south which can be seen from any roof in the town; what of those to the north? Beyond doubt the finest is the one commanded from the site of the castle in Ampthill Park. The other view from the vicinity of Houghton ruins is almost as good, although deficient in poetic interest. From both eminences can be viewed expanses of landscapes ranging from Northampton to Norfolk. Tradition hath it that on clear days the horizon to the north-east marks the estuary of the Ouse. Small wonder, then, that those who chose the sites on which to build the great houses standing aloof from the humble roofs selected positions commanding the countryside in both directions.

It is the local boast that Ampthill's chief glory is the park and its magnificent and stately oak avenues. In the early years of the sixteenth century there were two parks, known respectively as the Great Park and the Little Park. Henry the Eighth paid frequent visits to Ampthill between the years 1524 and 1532 to hunt the deer; but during the reign of Elizabeth, who had no liking for the castle, in which Catherine of Aragon was virtually kept prisoner during her trial by the ecclesiastical court held at Dunstable Priory, the park and the castle were neglected, and the stock of gums was left to decline.

The story of Ampthill Castle belongs to the early part of the fifteenth century, when Sir John Cornwall, the then Lord of Ampthill Manor, built a "faire castle" there out of treasures taken during the wars with France. No record of this place, once a favourite resort of Henry VIII, now remains. We are told that the area of this castle was a square of about 220 ft. Parry, who wrote a description in the "Gentleman's Magazine," obtained his particulars from a model he had seen that had been made for the Earl of Upper Ossory. According to this description the plan consisted of a large court 115 ft. by 120 ft. Behind this were two small base courts each 45 ft. square, and between these was an oblong courtyard. Marking the junction of the front and back courts the castle had two lateral projections. In front, probably at the centre, were two square projecting towers, and round the building at irregular distances were nine other towers, principally five-sided octagons. When the castle and the parks became a royal demesne Henry VIII frequently stayed there for hunting. In 1528 he wrote a letter to Cardinal Wolsey, of which the following is an extract: "I and my people are well ever since we came to Ampthill on Saturday last, in marvellous good health and clearness of air."

When the estrangement took place between the King and Catherine of Aragon, the Queen decided to live at Ampthill Castle pending her trial at Dunstable. There is an old walled garden of the Tudor period in Dunstable Street, with an eighteenth-century gazebo at the corner; according to tradition it is said that Catherine frequented this garden and taught the townswomen the art of Spanish lace-making. By the close of the sixteenth century the castle was in a ruinous condition. This part of the country, however, still held attractions for royalty, even if Queen Elizabeth could not bring herself to like the abode of painful memories. James of Scotland evidently entertained ideas of improving and adding to the castle. James the First visited the Conquest Family in 1605, the year of the dreadful conspiracy, and stayed two nights at Conquest Bury, the ancient seat: it is more than likely that, as a result of this visit, John Thorpe, the architect, was commissioned to prepare plans for the remodelling of Ampthill Castle for the convenience of the King as a royal hunting-box. Thorpe's plans can be seen at the Soane Museum, but they do not indicate the lines of the mediæval building, the walls as drawn being very thin.

It is evident that nothing further was done to improve the state of the castle, and that the local stone, which formed the walls of the ancient building, was taken by the townspeople and used locally for building material from time to time. The original lodge to the castle was on the site now occupied by the King's Head Inn, and in this regard it is interesting to note that a Tudor window of stone, with a portion of the



THE MOOT HALL, AMPTHILL, BEDFORDSHIRE.

original walling, now forms part of the bar parlour. It is also more than likely that when Lord Ashburnham built his new seat in the park in 1694 the architect used some of the old stonework from the castle for the foundations, for by 1770 every trace of the original structure had vanished.

Ampthill Park House.

Although in strict chronological sequence it would be more correct to proceed with a description of the building of the mansion of Houghton Towers, it has been deemed more convenient to describe Ampthill Park House in order to preserve the connexion with the park and the mediæval castle. The house is essentially a building showing the influences of the school of Sir Christopher Wren. In design the original fabric recalls such a mansion as Belvoir. Search of all known records has failed to reveal the name of the architect, some opinions inclining to Hooke as being the author, and others to the belief that Sir Christopher himself drew the plans. The original entrance front follows the usual recipe for compositions then in vogue—namely, a two-storied range of windows above a basement, with a pedimented feature at the centre, the focal point in the design being an ornate door approached by a flight of stone steps with wrought-iron railings. When Lord Upper Ossory held the demesne as his country seat he caused the brick walls to be dressed with Roman cement, that the mansion might be up to date according to the classical theories current during the second half of the eighteenth century. It is not known with certainty who the architect for the improvements was; in all probability Lord Ossory employed Holland. Lord Ossory evidently desired to make the Park House vie in scale with other great houses, and his architect gave particular attention to the façade overlooking the vale of Bedford; but in addition to stuccoing the original brickwork the improvements embraced two projecting wings, each of two stories, connected to the main building by corridor links, the latter embellished with pilasters and handsome vases. The period of these improvements dates from 1775 to 1785, when Henry Holland, the architect famed for his Græco-Roman taste, was at work in the county. Thanks to the scale of the new work Park House was transformed from a large seventeenth-century mansion into a country palace of the first magnitude.

Lord Ossory engaged Essex, whose forte was Gothic as well as Classic, to design the stone cross on the site of the old castle to perpetuate the memory of Catherine. This stone cross is in all probability one of the first examples of the revival of Gothic. The design consists of a base of three octagonal steps above which rises an octagonal shaft with a richly diapered base; just below the arms of the cross, which are foliated, is a shield bearing the arms of Castile and Aragon, the royal arms impaling quartered a lion rampant and castle. The legend carved on the base is said to have been composed by Horace Walpole:—

> In days of old here Ampthill's towers were seen,
> The mournful refuge of an injured Queen;
> Here flowed her pure but unavailing tears,
> Here blinded zeal sustain'd her sinking years.
> Yet Freedom hence her radiant banner wav'd,
> And love aveng'd a realm by priests enslav'd;
> From Catherine's wrongs a nation's bliss was spread,
> And Luther's light from Henry's lawless bed.

Although it is not possible to overlook Lord Ossory's predilection for stucco and the spoliation of the fair brickwork of Ampthill Park House, it must be ceded to the noble earl that he took a great interest in local affairs, and his influence contributed largely to the improvement of the town. He it was who caused to be erected in the market-place the obelisk of Portland stone with the pump and trough bearing the date 1785, and denoting the distances from London and Bedford. At this stage it will be convenient to leave Ampthill Park and to pass through the town, noting the houses of Stuart and Georgian date, and to proceed between the tower of the church and Dynevor House across the meadows towards the ruins of Houghton Towers. Our walk brings us to the ancient drive fringed with Spanish chestnuts that passes between two fruit gardens of vast size, enclosed by walls of mellowed brick designed to step leisurely as the ground rises. These gardens were formerly part of the demesne of Houghton Towers, and were evidently schemed for the enjoyment of the fastidious Countess of Pembroke. The original approach to the mansion was from the south, not from the north as many suppose. The great avenue of elms (now, alas! demolished) was planted to give effect to the extensive view across the plain to Bedford.

PARK HOUSE.

(To be continued.)

PARK HOUSE, AMPTHILL, BEDFORDSHIRE.

Mr. W. Reid Dick, A.R.A.

His Work Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1921.

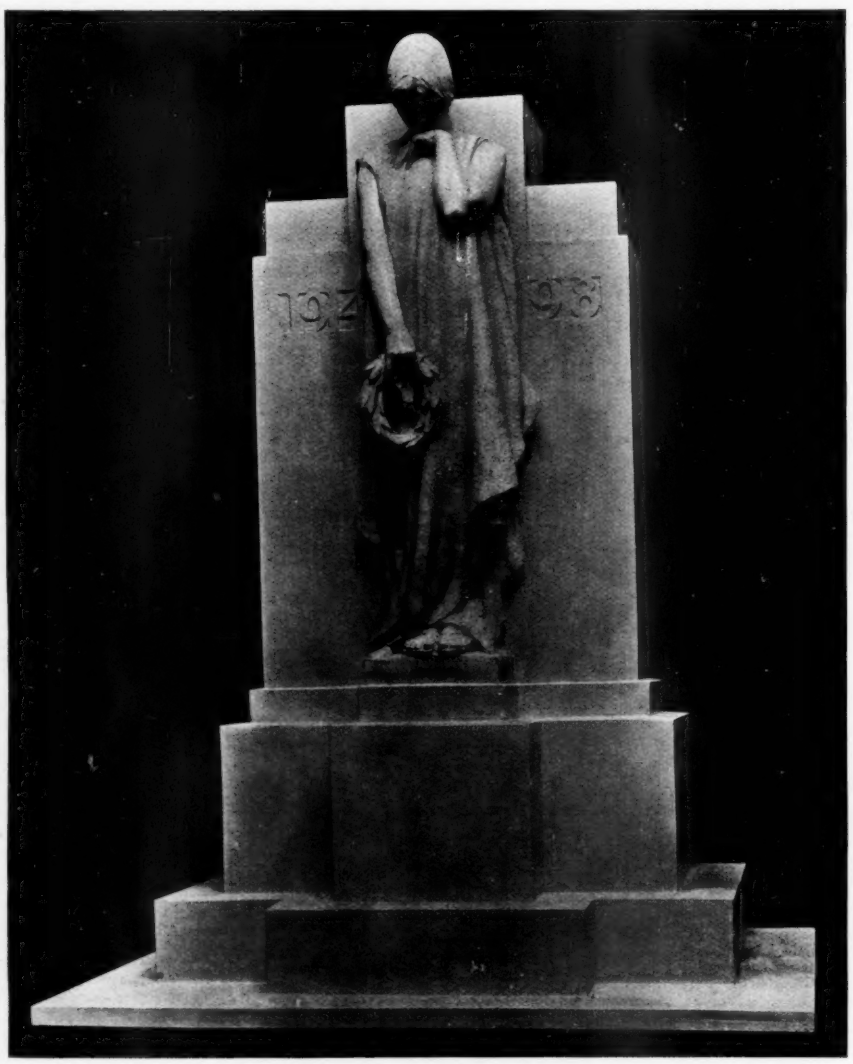
IT is difficult for an artist to grasp the fleeting images that cross his imagination—to crystallize them without losing much of their freshness and interest. Perhaps few artists have such logical minds that they can co-ordinate their ideas and fill in all the details without losing some vital part of their original conception. Perhaps this is why Rodin leaves blocks of uncut stone upon his finished heads, and other more eccentric persons produce work which appears to have been rushed into solidity when it was only half complete.

Mr. Reid Dick has a mind which is imaginative and logical at one and the same time. He can create a work and can also refine it. He can execute its detail and finish it so that it is definite and precise in every line and part. These dual faculties result in sculpture which is full of interest, which seems so simple that it looks spontaneous. Yet those of us who have been responsible for any artistic production know that such results are the outcome of much patient labour as well as considerable skill and knowledge.

"Dawn," a marble head of an infant, is one of those simple works that carry with them an element of charm out of all proportion to their size. In point of fact, the "sitter" was Mr. Reid Dick's own son and heir at the age of two days.

What man, sculptor or otherwise, would not be inspired by such a subject? Many will find pleasure in this small form cut in marble. "John," a bronze, is another stage in the career of the same small boy. This time he has reached the age of seven months. Character is just forming, intelligence dawning. The rounded outlines are full of charm, large eyes opening in wonder on the world around. Like one child—typical of many, and therefore having a wide appeal.

In quite another category is the Bushey War Memorial. More than life-size, designed for the open air, involving elements of composition, architectural adjuncts, and other features, it calls forth qualities which are quite different from those required for naïve modelling like "Dawn" and "John." The Bushey Memorial is remarkable for the simplicity of the idea and of the detail, and for the excellent effect obtained. The architecture consists simply of plain blocks and offsets entirely lacking in mouldings or enrichment, yet wonderfully effective. "Spots" of ornament are created by the use of "1914" and "1918" on either side of the figure. The figure itself contrasts well with its background, is well modelled and in every way attractive. It seems to receive just the value required to make itself the centre of interest.



MEMORIAL FOR BUSHEY.

Here is a successful composition—contrast and effective detail. It is on a high level from every point of view, and will gain immensely when placed in its final surroundings.

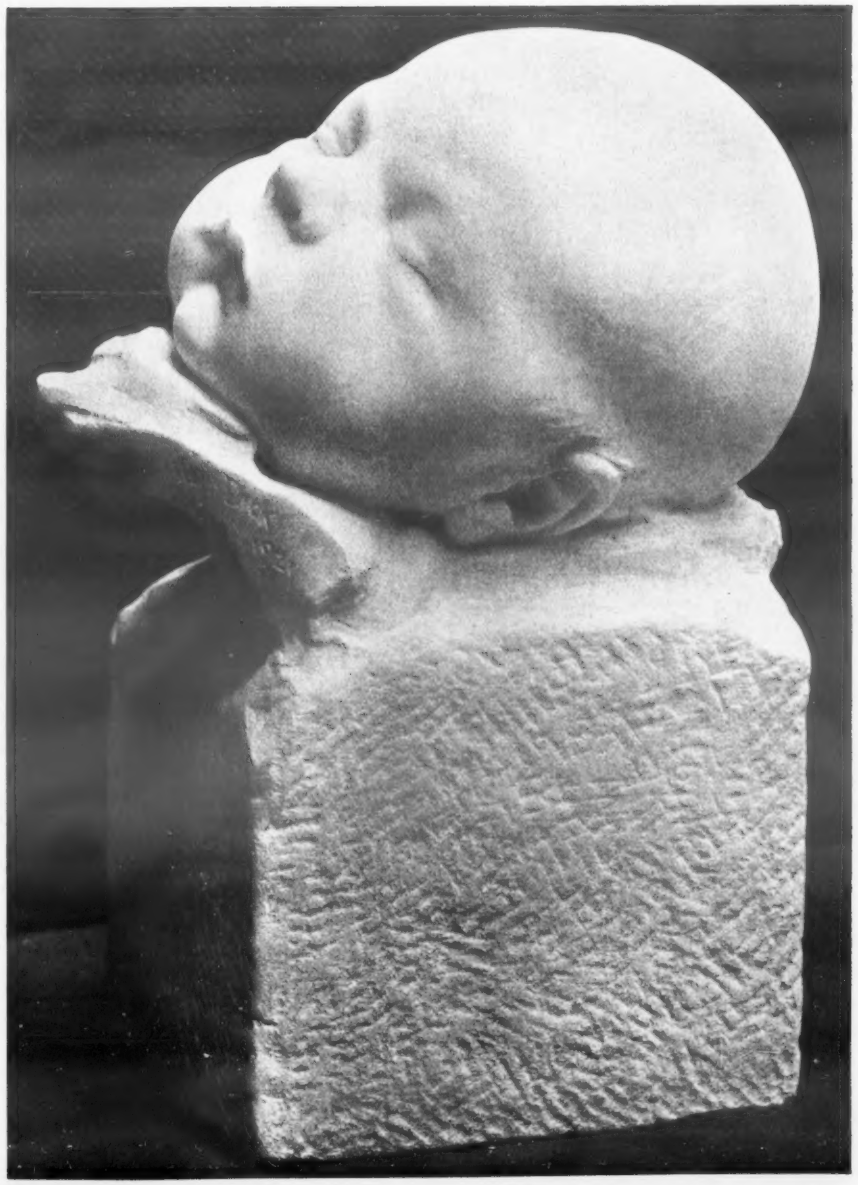
There is more true artistic feeling in monuments of this type than in those more florid and ambitious in character, and they are a delight to the critic as well as to the layman.

As for the material facts, the whole memorial, including the figure, is to be in Portland stone, and is 13 ft. high, the figure being 8 ft. It is to be placed upon an angle site in Bushey Hill, between Bushey and Bushey Heath, with a background of trees—delightful surroundings which should provide just the setting required.

Plate II.

"JOHN" (BRONZE).

Reid Dick, Sculptor, Royal Academy 1921.



July 1921.

"DAWN" (MARBLE).

Reid Dick, Sculptor, Royal Academy 1921.

Plate III. July 1921.

WATERLOO BRIDGE.

From a Water-colour Drawing by W. Walcot.

The New Southwark Bridge.

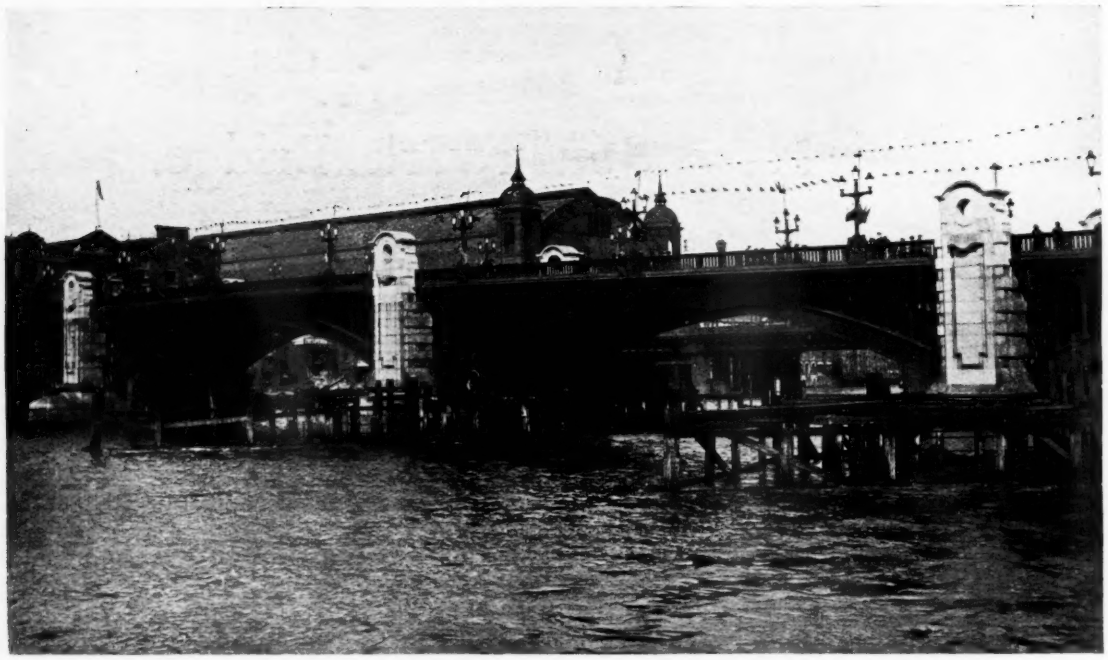
OCCASIONALLY comparisons may be odious, but they are as often inevitable. How is it possible, for instance, to consider the new Southwark Bridge, which His Majesty the King threw open on 6 June, without reverting to the old and not ungraceful bridge which Sir John Rennie built between 1814 and 1819? Again, that would be a peculiarly concentrative mind which in thought could isolate Southwark Bridge from the series of Thames bridges of which it forms the latest unit. Nor, once more, the subject of reflection being bridges, is it possible to shut off from the mental view all those that do not happen to span the Thames in London. Naturally and spontaneously one ruminates, "Thus and thus is the Thames bridged from the Pool to Putney: then what of the bridges of Paris, for example—to go no farther abroad?"

For the purposes of comparison, the bridges of Paris need not be invoked and examined one by one, nor need any of them be considered in detail. A sweeping glance reveals in a flash their superiority, taken as a whole, to the bridges of London—superiority in numbers as well as in individual merit. Twenty-nine bridges span the Seine; joining the banks of Thames in London there are but a bare half-dozen that properly come into the reckoning. As a matter of fact, St. Paul's Bridge, if and when it materializes, will make but the sixth of the undistinguished series of truly metropolitan public bridges. Even if we were, somewhat recklessly, to count in those minor and generally insignificant bridges—Lambeth, Vauxhall, Chelsea, Battersea, Putney—our grand (or grandiose) total would fall short by half the tale of the bridges of Paris. Our railway monstrosities are, of course, rigidly ruled out; but either with or without their baleful aid it may be averred without slandering London that few and evil are the bridges thereof.

From this sweeping condemnation two—perhaps three, if Southwark Bridge finds the favour that it ought to deserve—should in fairness be excluded. Is not London Bridge generally held to be at least "of fairly respectable appearance," a substantial bourgeois citizen among bridges—sturdy and competent, without pretending to be in the least degree elegant, still less ornamental; well tailored, but no dandy. Every true citizen faithfully subscribes to the pious dogma that in virtue of these qualities it is the finest bridge in the world. It is fully expressive of London, alike of its parochialism and its pride—above all, of its peculiar grime, which is the grime not of manufacture, but of commerce—engendered not of the factory chimney, but of the ship's funnel below bridge. The dome of St. Paul's (which comes naturally into every view of a metropolitan bridge) is said to be the epitome of London; but London Bridge could claim a moiety of the honour.

Neither by size nor by situation can Southwark Bridge hope to compete with its nearest neighbour for the affection of the Londoner. It must depend entirely on its beauty for the attraction of admirers. That it has a certain degree of charm cannot be denied even by the most callously critical; but that it will never be uncritically and in some few instances

THE NEW SOUTHWARK BRIDGE, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.



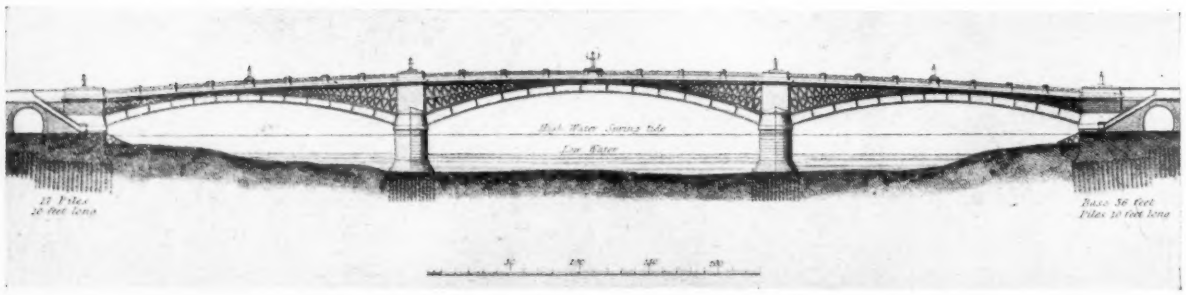
SOUTHWARK BRIDGE FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

almost passionately worshipped as Waterloo Bridge is can be only too easily conceived. From London Bridge it can by no means wean the constant affections of the stodgy citizen, and Waterloo Bridge it cannot depose from its supremacy as a reigning beauty; but it is unquestionably finer than the other bridges, in respect that it is infinitely more architectural than they.

Moreover, it has been invested with individual character. That is a priceless endowment. Now, the consideration arises that where the earlier bridges of London suffer rather excruciatingly is in the mean bareness of their approaches, their cold disdain of the aid of the sculptor who could give them decoration and dignity. Sir Ernest George, R.A., has seen to it that Southwark Bridge shall not altogether deserve to come into this dismal category.

Pont Alexandre III is always held to be the most exemplary instance of the collaboration of architect, engineer, and sculptor. Southwark Bridge will not supersede it in that proud pre-eminence. Nevertheless, it is pleasant to be able to congratulate very sincerely the architect (Sir Ernest George, R.A.) and the engineers (Messrs. Mott, Hay, and Anderson) on their having united to produce what is indisputably the second finest bridge in London.

It will be useful to append a few purely practical details. In the old bridge there were but three arches; in the new there are five. In reducing the gradient to a maximum of 1 in 45.24 it was necessary to reduce the clearance above high-water level from the 28 ft. 9 in. of the old bridge to 26 ft. in the new; but navigation will not be affected by the change, which is in conformity to the clearance under the other bridges. The roadway is 35 ft. wide, and the two footpaths are each 10 ft. wide, as against the former widths of 29 ft. and 6 ft. 9 in. Sir William Arrol & Co., Ltd., of Glasgow, were the contractors.



RENNIE'S OLD SOUTHWARK BRIDGE.

The Cathedral Church of Christ, Liverpool

Architect, G. Gilbert Scott, A.R.A.

By Hope Bagenal.

ANY thoughtful traveller retracing the pilgrim's way of civilization will find on the threshold of Europe the phenomenon of Liverpool Cathedral. He has, perhaps, some interest in archæology not confined to past centuries, an eye for architectural forms, and will accept evidence that bears on the present as well as on the past. Here is a large incomplete Gothic church, not in ruins, but in process of being built. A building of enormous size, of undefined utility, not an investment. Something, then, that falls in the category of monuments.

The large buildings with an obvious utility that meet his eye will doubtless interest him, but their type he knows well. That transept face standing beyond and above them, with its cheek of shadow, and the flank of an enormous choir behind it, will draw him inevitably. A new cathedral in England is liable to be a different affair from a new cathedral in the States. He will hurry towards it, seeking the kind of evidence that architecture can give to the initiated, with curiosity in his brain and doubt in his heart.

"By their Monuments ye shall know them," might be said of nations, if you will use the word "monuments" in its widest sense. The reflection is driven upon anyone seeing the streets of Liverpool for the first time. The vast flux of modern life, the instability of its results, is nowhere more visible. The width of the Mersey and the height of the various sandstone ridges on its bank have given a natural scale to the city which has been consistently dwarfed. The three great buildings on Pier Head are jammed so close together that half their value is lost. St. George's Hall reposes its majestic length like Hyperion asleep in a litter of small objects; and the effect of setting back the Adelphi Hotel is to render almost unbearable the trivial dimensions of Lime Street. Only here and there Liverpool asserts itself above Liverpudlia.

It is everywhere apparent that that which is utilitarian *only* is not only ugly, but negligible and to be swept away. Uses change with the fluctuations in wealth, and with the uses the utilitarian buildings. The useful building becomes with fearful rapidity the useless and to be superseded. Only the thing that dares to be beautiful can eternally attract and subdue to itself generation after generation and become more circumstantial with the years. In other words, only the "monumental" has the element of permanence necessary to architectural evidence. But then the standards must be æsthetic! The criteria—the criteria of "beauty."

All this time you are to imagine our traveller drawing nearer to his goal. Here is St. Paul's Church, the dock labourers sitting in groups on its steps. It is a gritty perpendicular. The new cathedral must be something different from that. It must have a new beauty; and new beauty is the one thing in life most difficult to judge. It will be no discrepancy in the evidence if it is condemned wholesale by the populace, if it is dubbed anomalous, ugly, "out of keeping with the age." No discrepancy if it is branded by the critics as not "sound construction truthfully expressed," as not "adequately fulfilling its function." Alas! Liverpudlia is full of buildings that all too accurately express and fulfil both. No, neither populace nor critics can help the real collector of evidence. He must go towards a new beauty with nothing but his own humanity and sincerity. He must go towards it as towards heaven.

The neighbourhood of St. James Mount, one of the sandstone ridges roughly parallel with the Mersey, has been difficult to spoil; slums and mean streets creep up the western slope from the river; but on the top there is a space about four hundred yards north and south by three hundred east and west, consisting of open ground. This ground has been half quarried away until it has formed a little valley, now overgrown with shrubs and trees, and formerly used as a burial-ground. Along the ridge a space about three hundred feet wide remains unexcavated. On the east the quarry is overlooked by what was once a fine and complete terrace of classical houses, but which, during the last century, was half demolished and rebuilt in a Victorian manner.

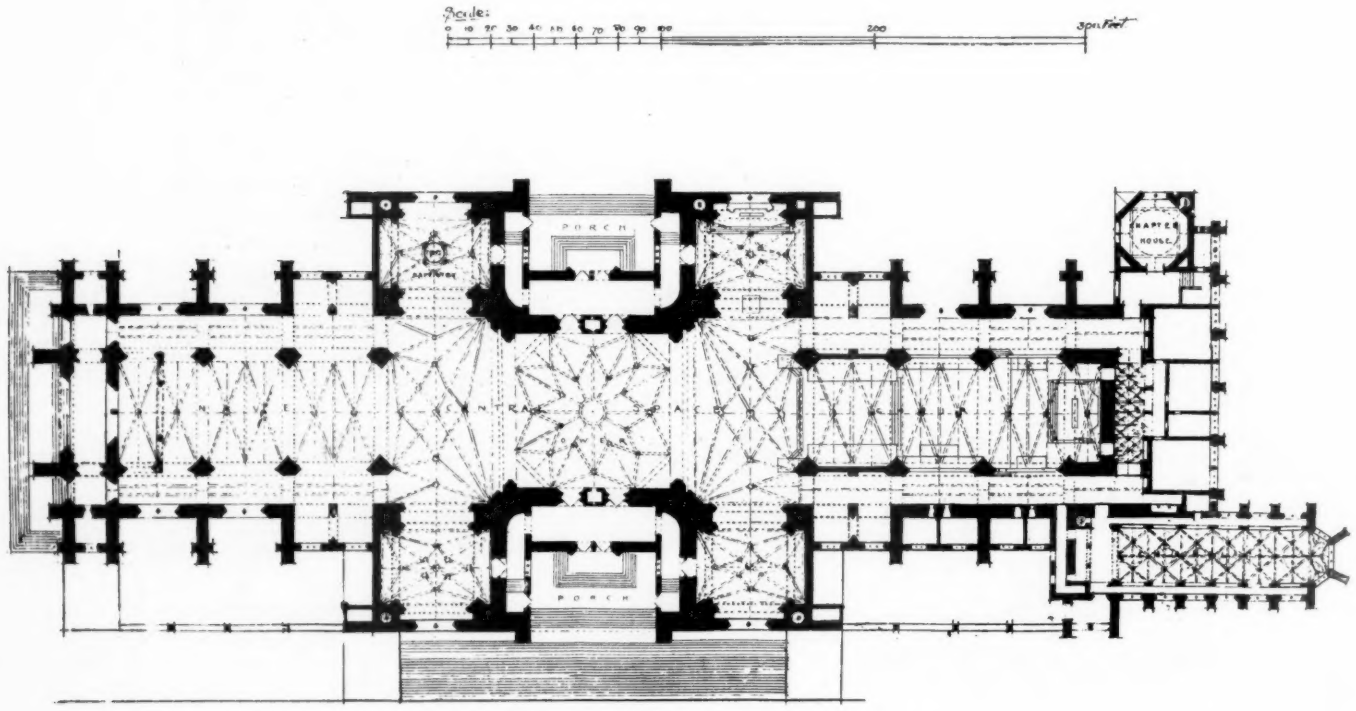
The site is that thousand by three hundred foot of ridge. A cathedral *there* could be seen for thirty miles along the Mersey; westward, also, to the Dee, and south to Chester. On one side it would overlook a riverside population of a million on the most strategic acreage in the world; and the Cunarders berthed below it would measure it with their length. On the other its plinth would descend 20 ft. to the tops of quiet trees, and its vast pious shadow be cast appropriately over the graves of city fathers.

And there Mr. Gilbert Scott's cathedral is being built. Mr. Scott's grandfather was an archæologist of encyclopædic knowledge, his father an artist of great talent. He has himself inherited exceptional facility in Gothic forms, but his attitude to the question of style is an interesting one. Styles, in his opinion, are only ranges of values in form; and they are for those who can use them. If you can once dissociate Gothic from its antiquarian barnacles, you can use it as a scale delicate and powerful and possessed of a range wider than any other. In his own words, "The element of vitality in Gothic is a matter of the sections of mouldings. The shadows and high lights must be on a system of your own. In Classic, of course, the system of lights and shades—in other words, the system of mouldings, for a given effect—is already worked out, but in Gothic you've got to work it out for yourself." The absence of finality in Gothic fits it specially for the architectural expression of religious ideas. Mr. Scott does not maintain, however, that Gothic is the only language for that purpose. There are religious values in Renaissance, but they are limited. The artist is free to choose which best suits his ideas. Our thoughtful traveller might reflect, therefore, on three things: on the obvious need in Liverpool for a great building expressing the permanent, on an epic site, and last, but not least, on an artist with a mind of his own.

The building lies north and south, the rubrical "east" pointing south. The plan (p. 14) is free from the dominance of any tradition. It is composed of well-known elements about a new focal point—namely, the central tower rather than the "east end." The plan consists of three enormous cells. A central space, 72 ft. by 200 ft. in length, is formed by a central tower with the crossings of two pairs of transepts, one on each side of it. Eastward is a choir in three bays, and westward a nave in three bays. Beyond the nave again is a

narthex, and beyond the choir an ambulatory with a Chapter House on the "north" and Lady Chapel on the "south." The internal length is approximately 480 ft., the length of York Minster, and considerably greater than the long dimension of many a French cathedral. But this English length is not used in the English way. Even at Westminster Bentley was influenced by the English idea of length and by the desire to secure monumentality by means of a succession of unit bays vanishing eastwards. So great is the length of some of our mediæval churches that the effect is that of two or three successions definitely broken by the crossings, and forming, as it were, tunnel beyond tunnel to the sacred east. The grand point of view was therefore just within the entrance at the west end, and the conception was symmetrical about the long axis only. In this plan, however, the conception is symmetrical not only about the traditional long axis, but also about the short axis. The axes of two conceptions have intersected. The point where they intersect is necessarily the dominant, and inevitably the focus has shifted from the "east end" to that new point. The difference is that the new point is both the focus of the design and the grand point of view. The worshipper (æsthetically) is not 500 ft. from the focus, but at it and upon it. He has not now the old simplicity of the single symmetry and the single direction. Instead he must look on every side, behind and before and above him, if he desires the whole. Into this central space the lesser cavern of the choir will enter at one end, and of the nave at the other. Vertically overhead at a height of some two hundred feet an octagonal lantern is designed to have a crowning and centralizing effect, which will be emphasized by the upward lift of the vault over the crossings from the height of the choir arch, some three feet to the height of the tower arches. Here, then, is a unity not found in the Renaissance cathedrals of St. Peter and St. Paul, in both of which the dome or double axis motif disputes the nave or single axis motif as the major feature of the plan. Symmetry about the short axis is marked by the great flight of steps leading up, on the side towards the river, to the large porch. The principal entrance is here, and not at the "west end." Looking at the perspective drawing by the late Charles Gascoyne(Plate IV) the reason is obvious. This aspect from the river and from Birkenhead is the aspect from which the building must assert itself. The whole length must speak. Not as a mere flank to a "west end," but as a principal front. Mr. Scott has been led to remodel his design by the most logical of forces—the psychology of his site. If we consider the elements separately the tower is the dominant on the elevation as on the plan; next in value comes the group formed by the tower with its flanking transepts; and, finally, the group formed by the centre group flanked in its turn by nave and choir. The disadvantage of this unity is that the design is terribly dependent on its own completeness, and will never be at its best as a fragment. Something more than the picturesque is involved. That splendid porch without the tower above it will be as incomplete æsthetically as, in the region of ethics, an invitation to worship without a belief in God. But this drawback is, perhaps, inevitable in any modernist design. Mr. Scott is here designing with groups of masses rather than with groups of lines. The effect is of æsthetic values in three dimensions—an effect rare enough, and especially rare in modern Gothic. Gothic elevations, as a rule, convey the impression of being engraved. This is modelled. In English Gothic, however, the existence of the large central tower has always involved an inherent domination of the length over the "end," and an inherent instinct for the group. Salisbury is notorious for its side view, and the satisfaction it gives arises from a certain unity. It would not take much to make its groups roughly symmetrical. Mr. Scott's design has a new beauty; but, after all, it has an ancestry.

For many reasons the first view of the actual building is bewildering. The stone is red sandstone from Woolton. It weathers a greyish pink, in smoky atmosphere, and it is here used with a half-inch joint. The mortar used is a black cement mortar, which is to be raked and pointed in white. The sandstone has none of the sweetness of limestone ashlar, and is a material requiring its own idiom. Mr. Scott has obviously experimented with it in the Lady Chapel. This building,



LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL: REVISED PLAN.

LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL.

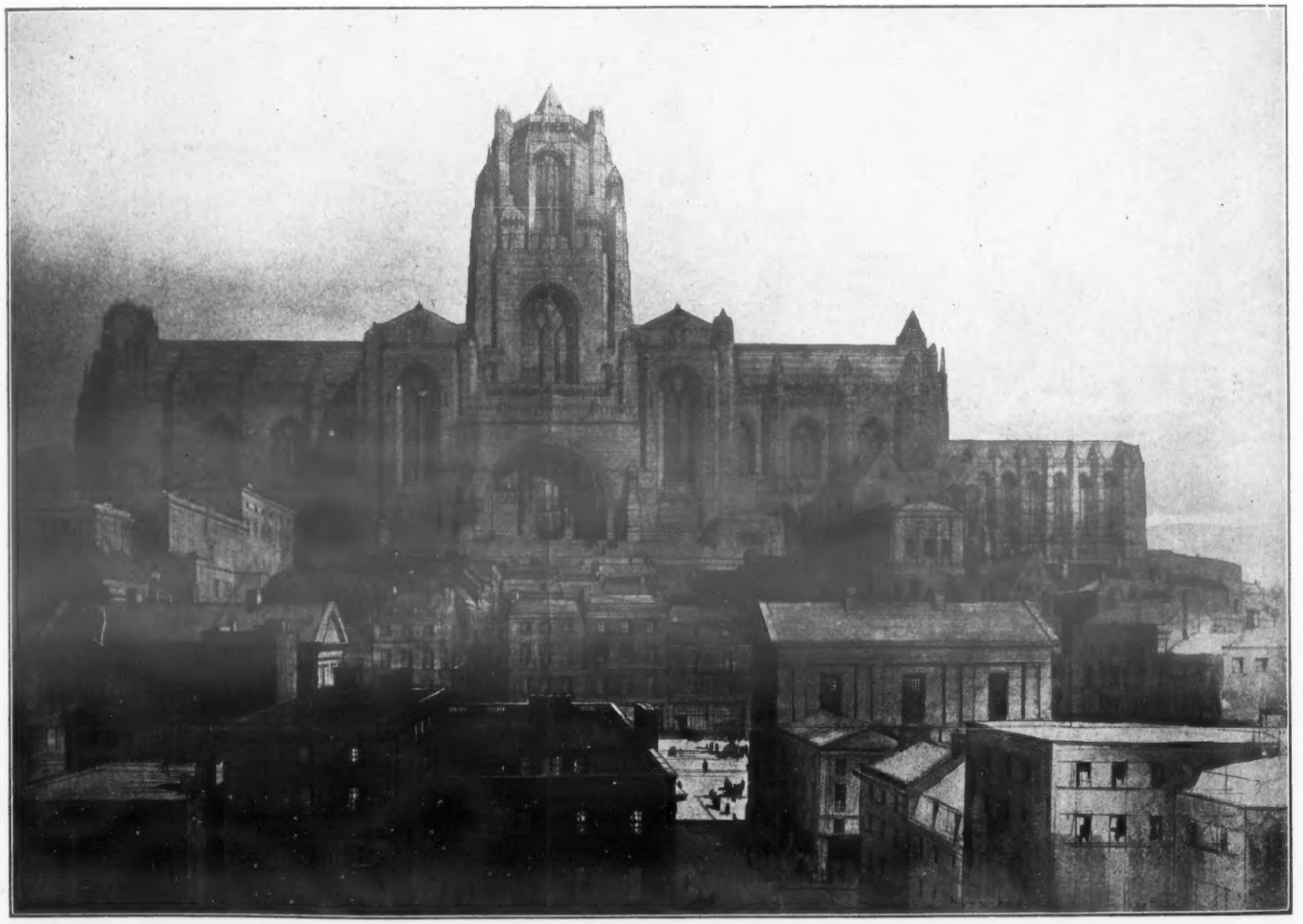
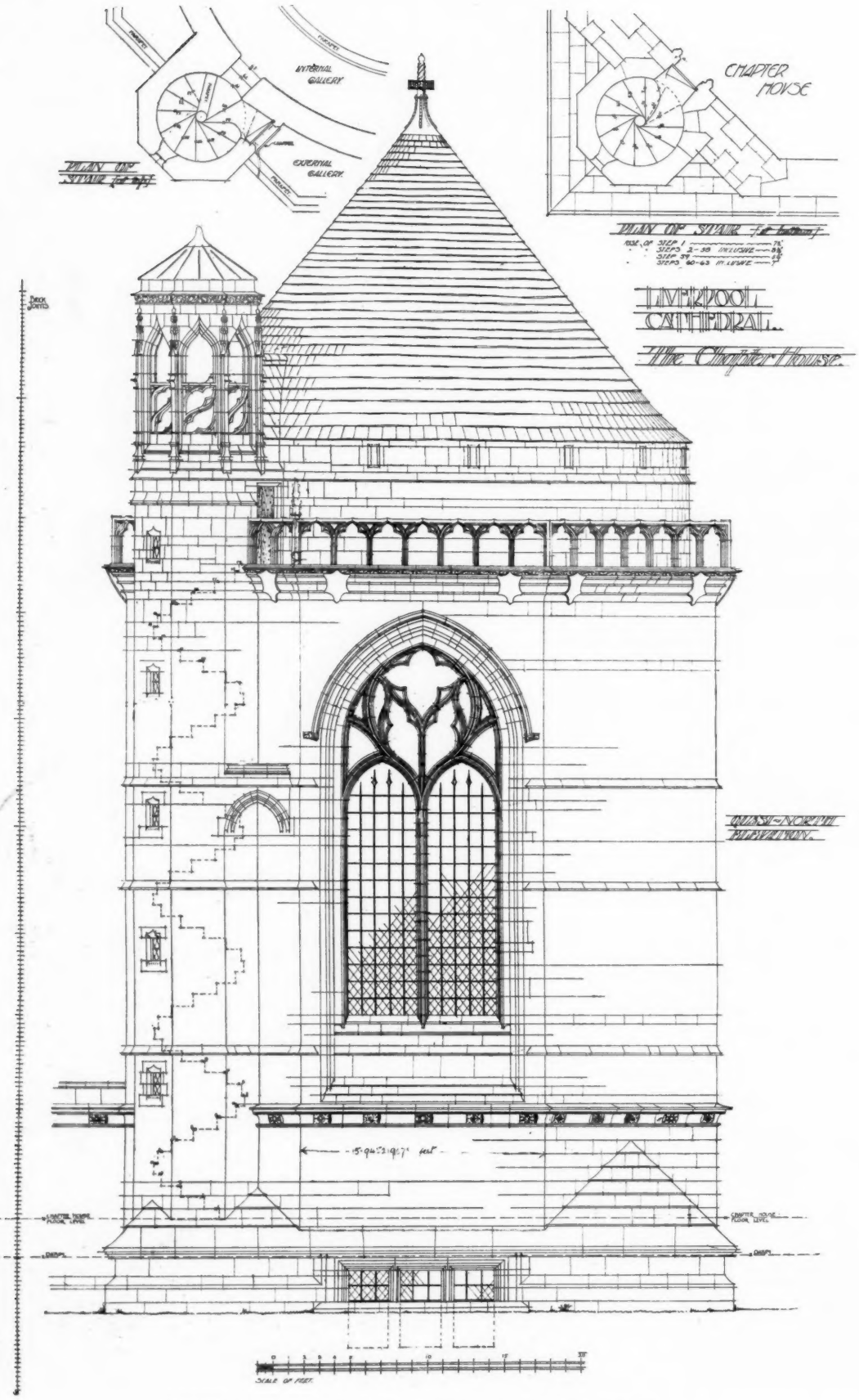


Plate IV. July 1921.

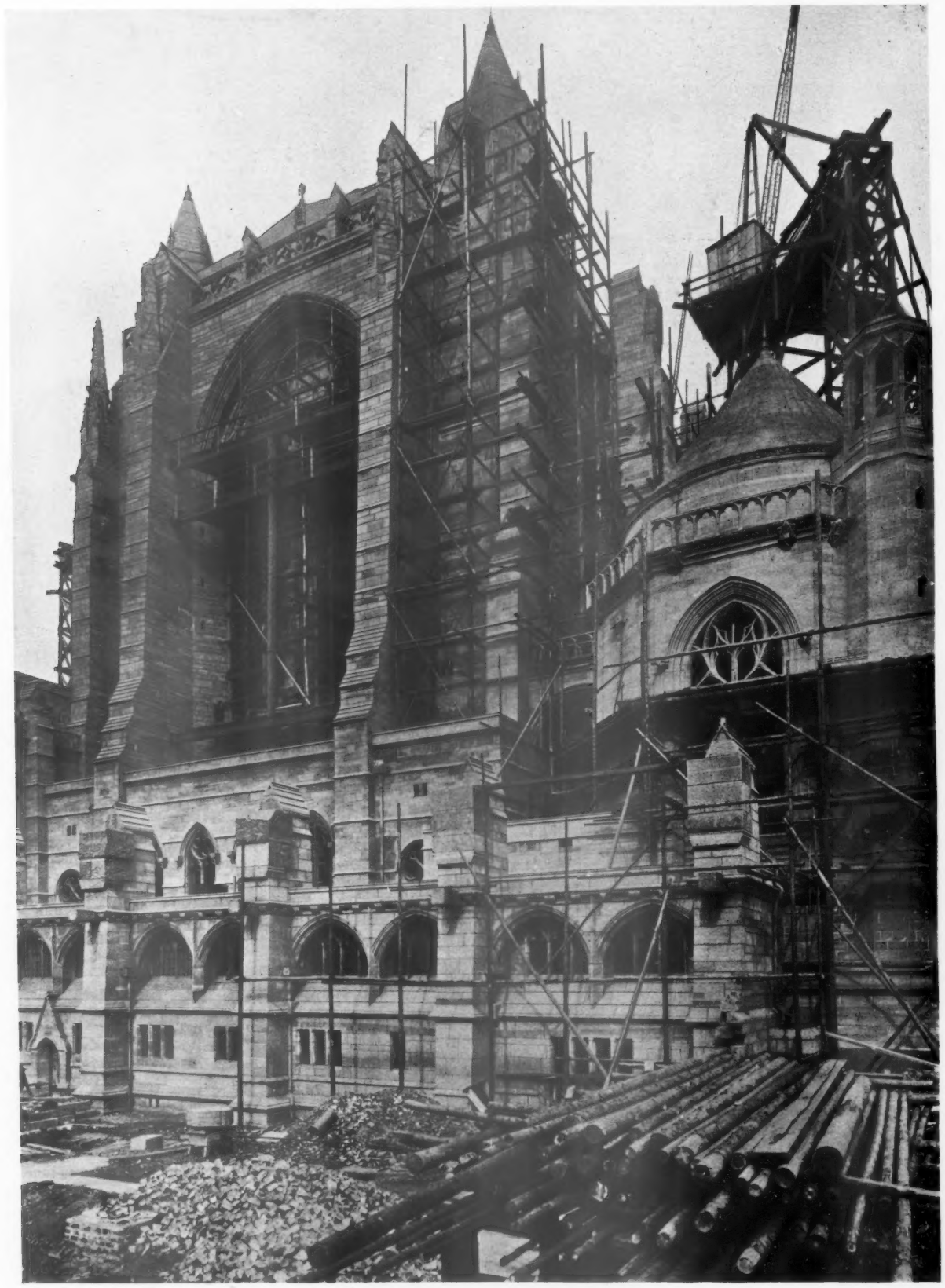
PERSPECTIVE VIEW BY THE LATE CHARLES GASCOYNE.

GENERAL VIEW FROM CEMETERY. 1909.

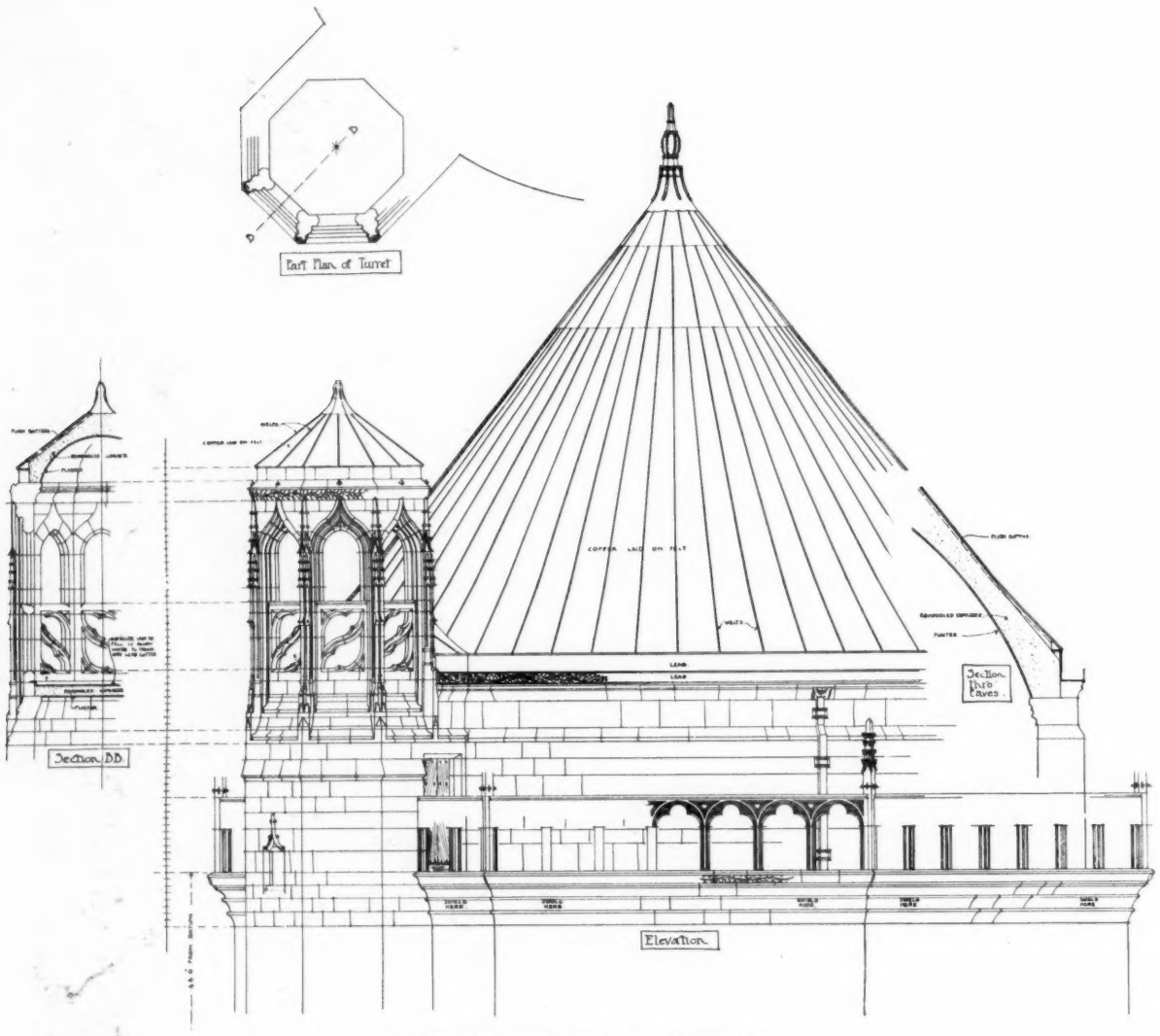
GENERAL VIEW FROM CEMETERY.



LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL: THE CHAPTER HOUSE.



EAST END, SHOWING CHAPTER HOUSE ON RIGHT. 11 MAY 1915.



ROOF OF THE CHAPTER HOUSE.

This is a later solution of the roof of the Chapter House. This is as built. The design grows and alters as the work proceeds.

now complete, is too well known to require much comment. It is interesting as containing the elements of the cathedral choir, namely, the regular upward buttresses, the single window to each bay, the cornice to mark the thrust-line with arcading above it, and the horizontal attic screen at the top. The idea is here already. But entering by the wide porch Mr. Scott's talent is at once clearly seen. Here is something more than an idea. True Gothic, like Mogul architecture, should have a special quality in its concavity. The inside of its outside should have a hewn or sculpturesque feeling. The inadequacy of mere lines to get this feeling is as true within as without. Mass, or its converse space, is equally required. The interior of the Lady Chapel is finer than any illustration suggests. It gets something of that sculptured concavity. Its beauty can only be realized within its walls. The visitor on leaving the Lady Chapel suddenly feels that the cathedral choir, big as it originally appeared, has grown bigger. The impression of size increases hourly. Its scale is really first grasped in front of the east end. Here is the grand manner, the unmistakable answer to the grand site. The two lower rows of windows at its base are vestries, above them the ambulatory windows are seen between the feet of the buttresses; the whole of this lower part is completed by a marked horizontal string before the east window begins. The buttresses go upward with enormous effect, the strength of which is enhanced by the plain splayed reveals of the window. The arch of the window only is moulded, the mouldings dying on to this splay. Above the window-head the spandrel wall is finished by a cornice and balustrade very slightly pitched up from the horizontal and stopped by the buttress heads, which at this height have light-heartedly sprouted pinnacles. Appearing above the Chapter House can be seen the upper part of one of the great side buttresses surmounted by a carved figure. The three side buttresses of the choir flank seen on the angle are very fine, each with its plain surface just touched by the cornice at the point of thrust, and above that point becoming quite legitimately ornamental and sentinel. One of our illustrations shows the pleasant balance of the "east end" group of Lady Chapel, Choir, and Chapter House. The Chapter House is an octagon on plan with four short and four long sides, the windows being in the short sides. In the elevation Mr. Scott's later method of contrasting wall-surfaces with window-openings charged with thin moving tracery can be well seen. The little building has an airy beauty seen above the tree-tops. An illustration is given of the working drawing for the copper roof which is now built.

The development of treatment from the Lady Chapel "westward" is very noticeable. The modern architect finds that he can no more build a Gothic cathedral all in one piece than the mediæval builders could. The development is

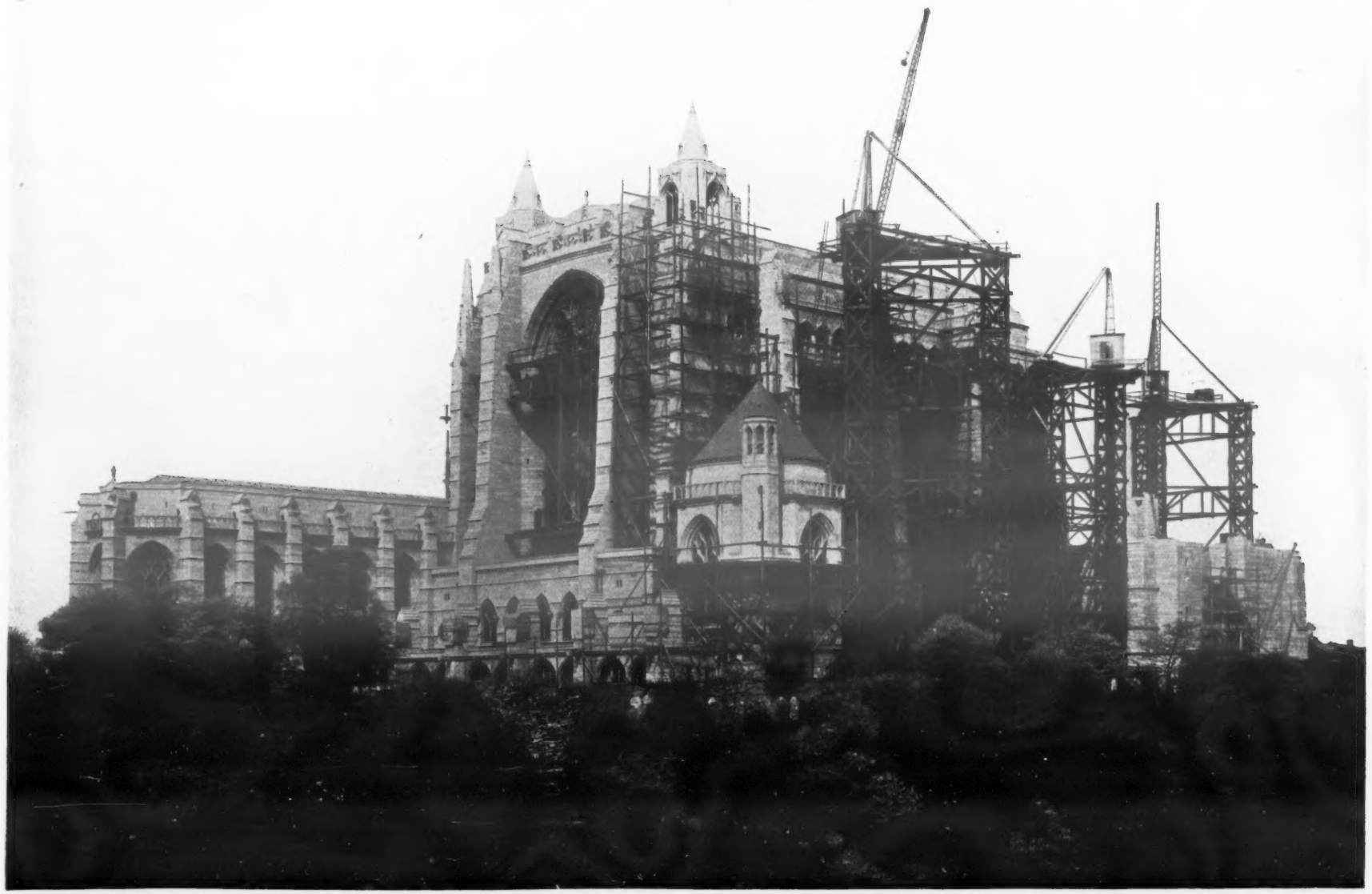


Plate V. July 1921.

LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL FROM THE CEMETERY. 20 MAY 1915.

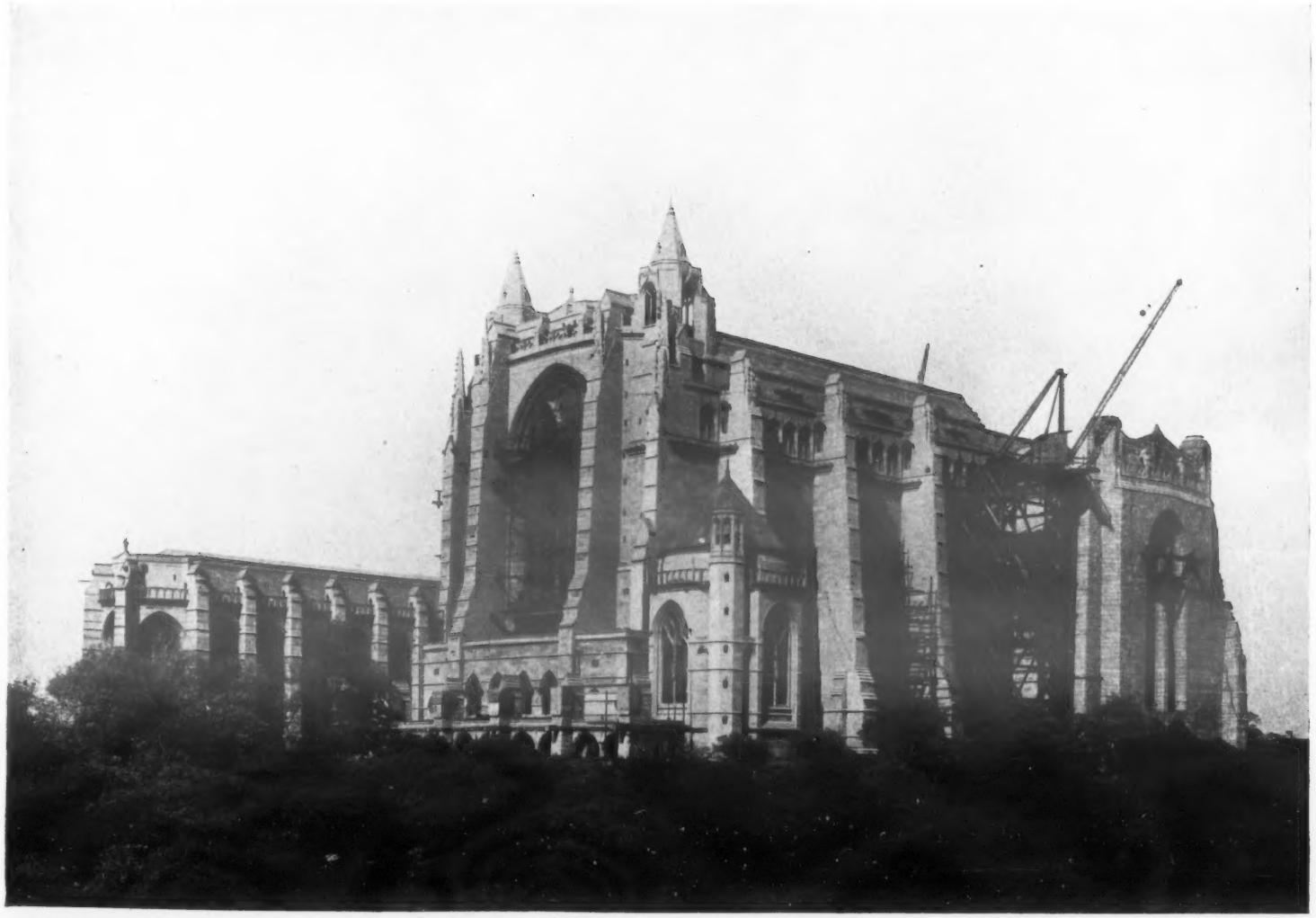


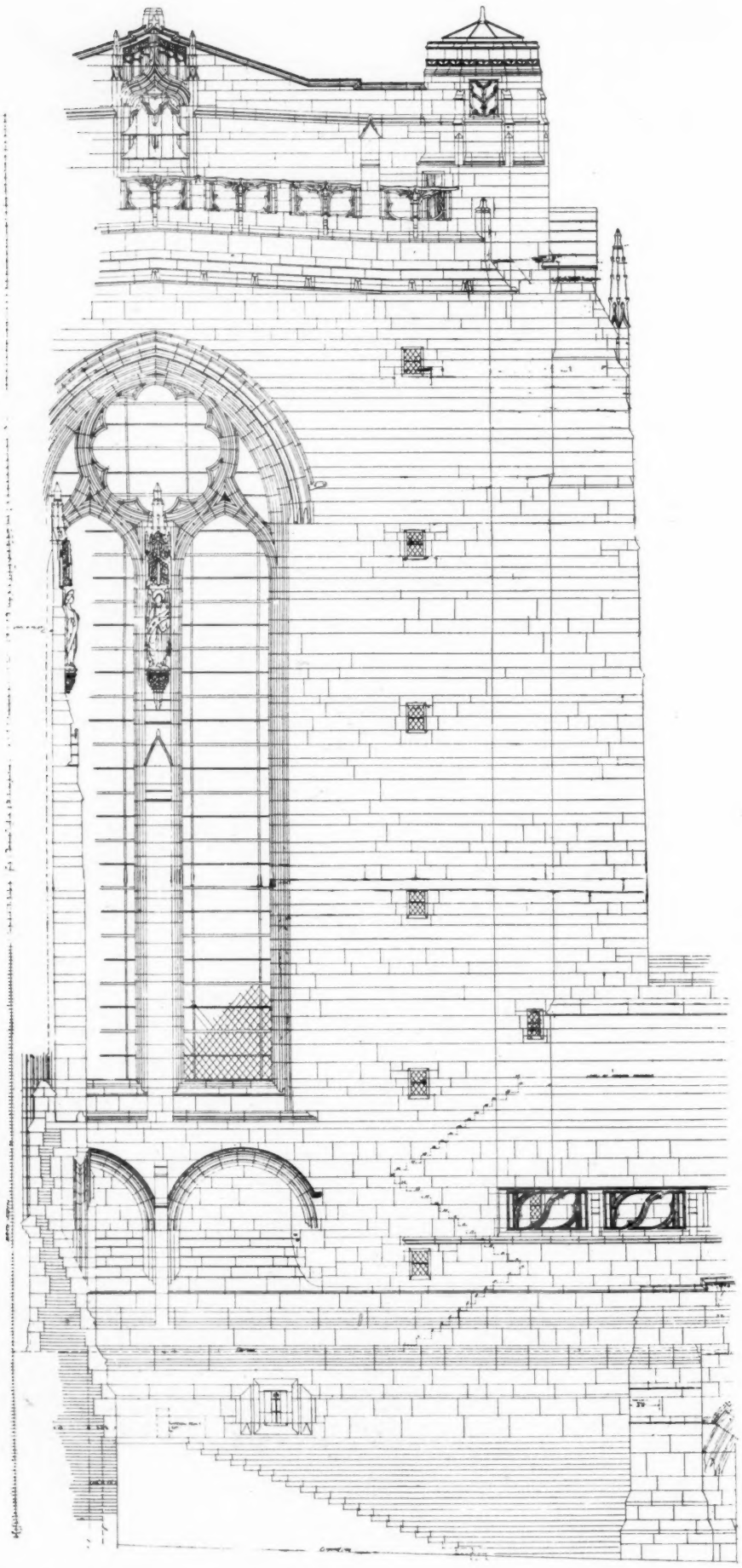
Plate VI. July 1921.

LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL. FEBRUARY 1920.

ENTRANCE TO LADY CHAPEL.

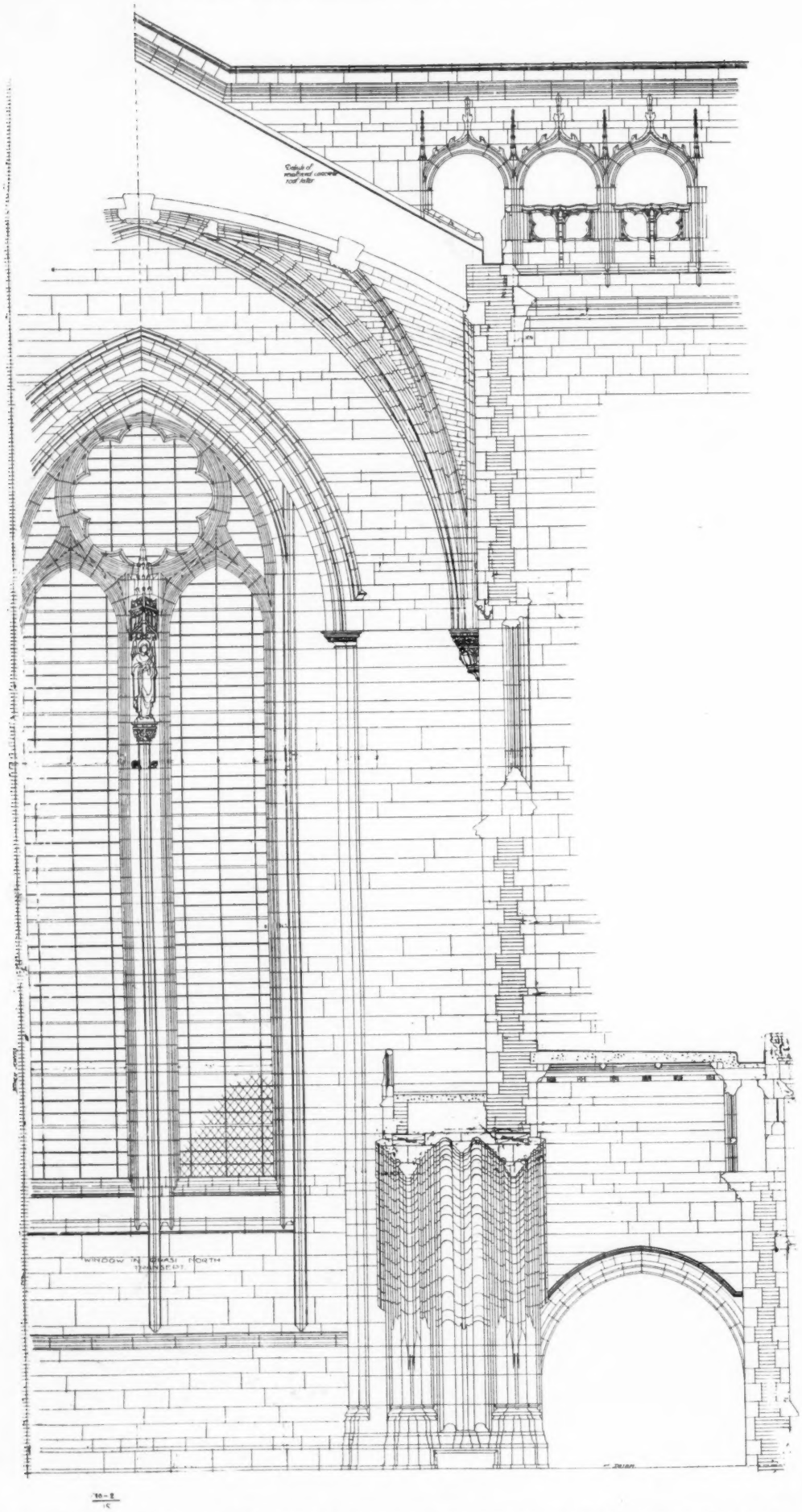
undoubtedly towards a greater mastery of a difficult material. In the choir, unlike the Lady Chapel, the windows between the buttresses have considerable jambs. Sharp lines are less used, surfaces are broader. The latest phase is illustrated in the recently completed transept face. On paper, however, the improvement is less noticeable than is actually the case. The broad splay is worth many edges, and the smaller more irregular courses give a more obvious scale than a multitude of strings. The working drawing is given. The tracery is more restful than in the earlier windows, but there is a vigorous kick in the balustrading. The turrets at the top are without the pinnacles that are found on the east end, and are happier without them. The explanation of the pinnacles on the east end, however, can be found in the perspective drawing of the length. They are required for the long front, as a kind of lift at each end of the roof line. The section through the transept giving the vaulting shows also the beautiful detail of the arcaded walking-way along the choir and behind the buttresses. A photograph shows the extrados of the transept vault now covered with a concrete roof.

The general vaulting is shown on the plan (p. 14). The choir, having a span of 47 ft. 3 in., is covered by means of a pair of quadripartite vaults to each bay. The necessary intermediate ribs are developed from a respond over the apex of each main arch. The vertical design of the bay is not the ordinary progression of arcade, triforium, and clerestory. It consists instead of a tall arcade of a height to include the first two stories: above that the main vault begins to spring; and a blind gallery separately vaulted takes the place of a clerestory. The illustration shows the magnificent scale of the vault, and the effect produced by the darkness of the gallery spanned by a delicate breasting. The choir is lit in each bay by the single large window in the external wall set 13 ft. 6 in. back from the arcade wall. These windows resemble aisle windows in their position, but aisles are only developed by piercing the lateral wall between bay and bay as at Westminster Cathedral. These lateral walls are produced and form the buttresses, and by this means some thirty foot of buttress stands behind the thrust points of the main transverse arches of the vault. The main ribs are 3 ft. deep. A 9 in. slot takes the filling, which consists of courses of long stones, each course forming an arch, in the French manner, between rib and rib. The vault is therefore domical. Its height from floor to crown is 116 ft., approximately 13 ft. higher than the vault of Westminster Abbey nave. The plainness of the ribs is set off by a fine ornate boss at their point of meeting. To understand the construction of a vault of this size it is necessary to get close to it. A considerable vertical journey is necessary for the purpose. But a little lift is provided, which has been contrived in the scaffolding on the outside wall. The charmed traveller ascending can see through the frequent cracks a series of splays, gutters, window-heads, and portions of buttress pass down below him. When he steps out there are still enormous walls extending above him. He is in the walking-way that runs in the thickness of the wall round the choir, crossing the head of the east window. A few steps westward along this walking-way, through an opening inwards and up some steps, brings him on the level with the top of the vault at a spot where it is in process of being built. This is the great vault over the first bay of the central space. Looking at the plan it will be seen that the problem is to cover the crossing space between choir and tower from four points of support on one side to two on the other; and at the same time the height has to be raised 3 ft. The space to be



LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL: END ELEVATION OF QUASI SOUTH TRANSEPT, NEXT CHOIR.

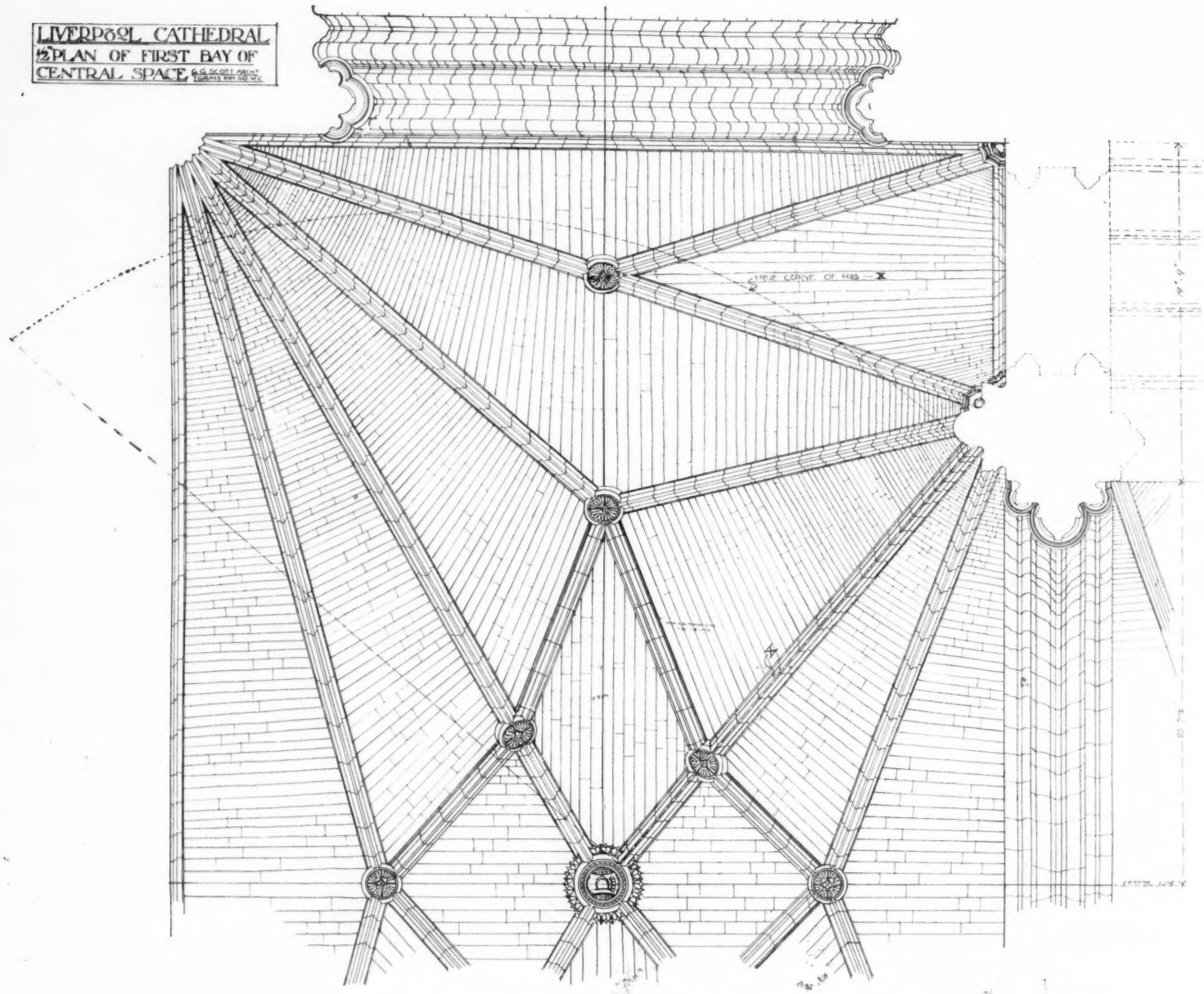
VIEW OF SOUTH-EAST TRANSEPT. APRIL 1921.



LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL: CROSS SECTION THROUGH QUASI SOUTH TRANSEPT.

ROOF OF TRANSEPT. JUNE 1918.

CHOIR VAULTING. MARCH 1914.

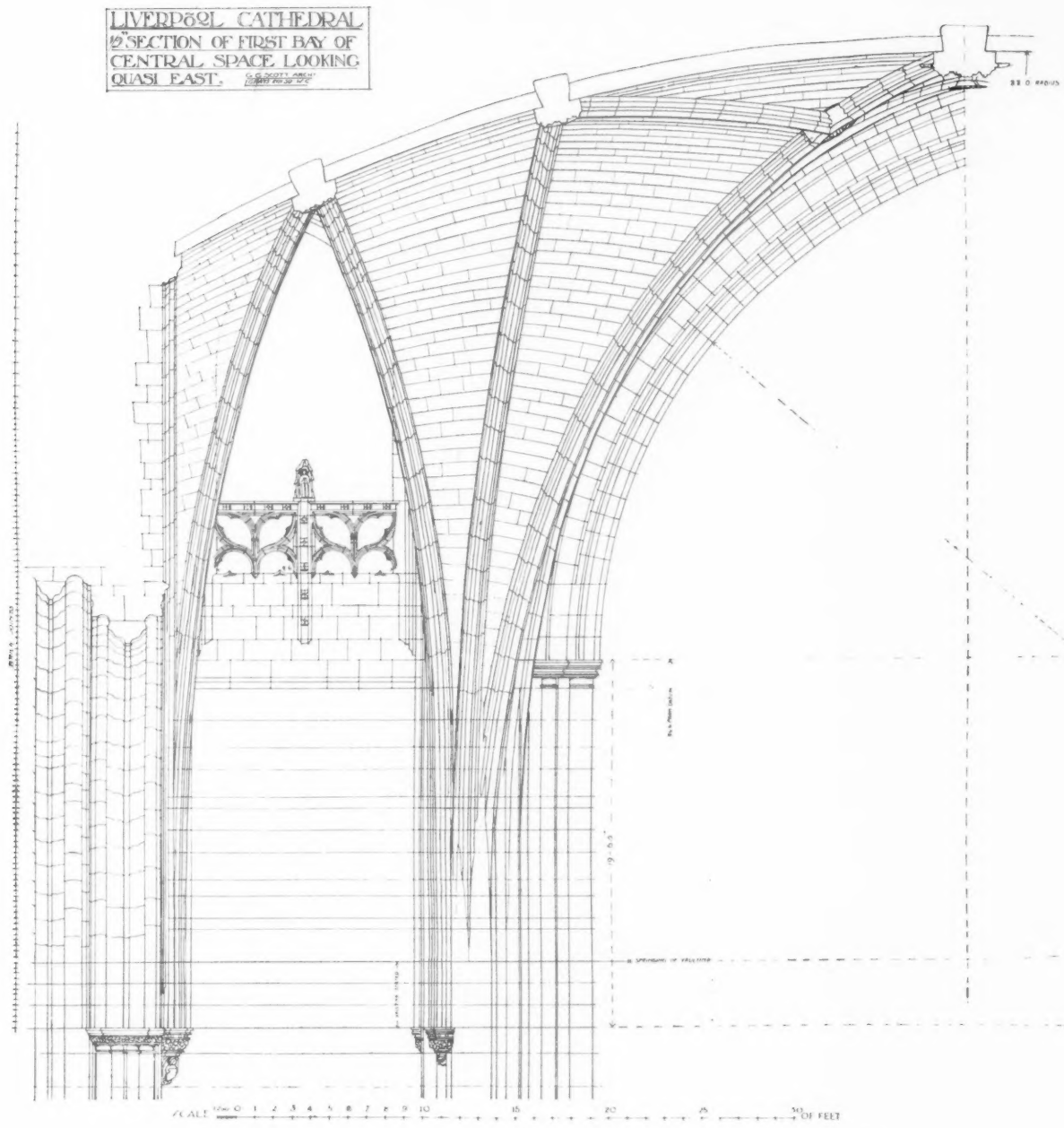


PLAN OF VAULTING TO FIRST BAY OF CENTRAL SPACE.

covered is approximately 50 ft. by 87 ft., and the part plan shows the setting out of the ribs. They consist of eighteen main ribs strengthened by eight liernes; and the filling, like the choir vault, is in long courses slightly cambered. The spectacle of this work from above is scarcely to be described. Each monstrous rib, a bridge in size, goes outward to find the forehead of its partner some twenty, thirty, or forty feet away in space. The ribs are wide enough for an able-seaman to walk across safely. Below them the eye drops down the timbers of the centering and finds here and there a gulf without bottom. From the walls the vault filling is beginning to creep out between rib and rib; each course continued on until it finds its true abutment against a wall. Only thus can any lateral thrust on the ribs be prevented. Men, like dwarfs, work here and there on platforms, or descend ladders from regions unknown; and if the traveller shall dare to lift his eyes he will see, some forty feet in the air, the jib of the Scotsman crane swing clear with another section from the hands of the masons, lifted incredibly from the earth and lowered now without haste to a position where it is likely to spend the next thousand years.

Descending from this drama, however, to the floor of the church, the visitor has still perhaps the most interesting and the most critical experience before him. He has to sit quietly within the completed choir and allow his impressions to clear. He must get into contact with the huge forms around him. This is the test after all—the slow spark, the salutation in the mind of the temporary dwarf man. The peculiar gift of Architecture is to use immediate physical impressions to produce a mood. The beholder climbs, falls, explores, breathes, rests: the whole physical organization of a man is enlisted to imaginative activity. The senses lead forward and convince the soul.

Here he may note with his brain that the mouldings are broad and soft—are "Perpendicular"; but that the massiveness of the walling is "Romanesque." He may note the foreshortening of arches which he knows from recent inspection to be of great height; or that, internally, the sandstone, unsmoked and unweathered, has preserved its warm tone and responds admirably to the soft blaze of the glass. But all these things are unimportant beside the increasing consciousness of the fact that the whole enclosed space is somehow



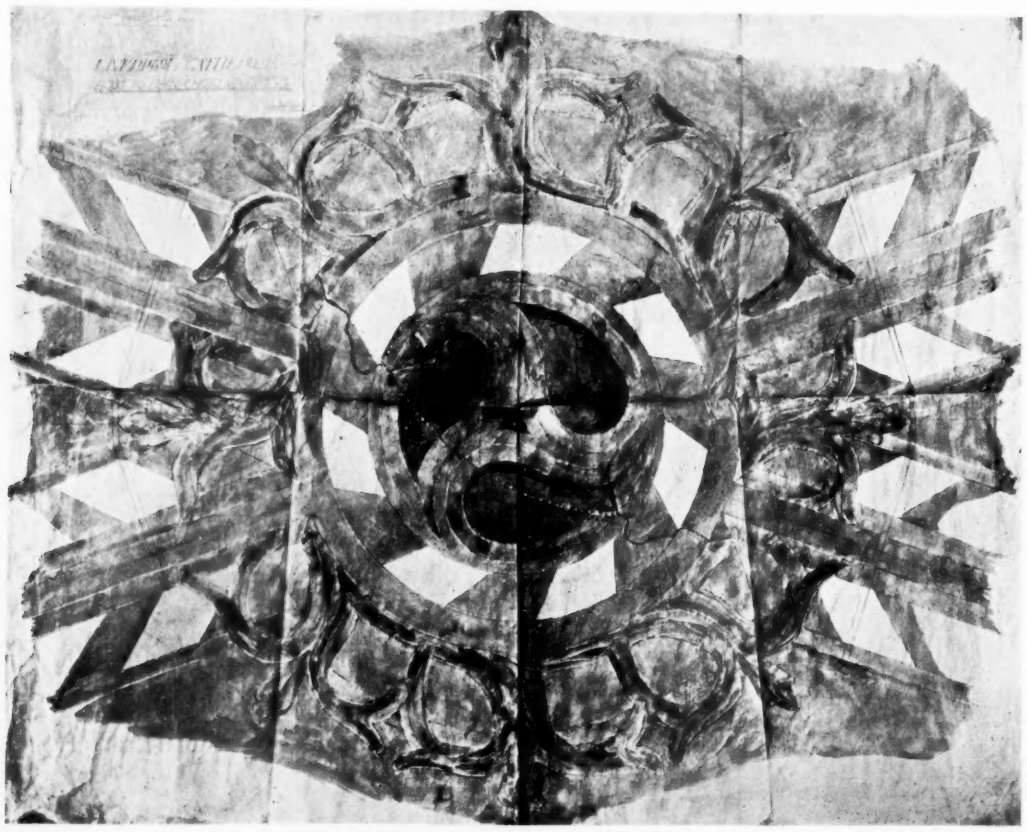
SECTION OF VAULTING TO FIRST BAY OF CENTRAL SPACE.

satisfying, that it is to be possessed and enjoyed without reason. Externally, in spite of a compelled admiration, there was present the consciousness of the taste of the individual artist, an apprehension of the danger involved in expanding a single personality to so large a size. But within, the apprehension has vanished. The artist has achieved the impersonal. The choir is a fragment only, but the internal effect can be appreciated, like the first movement of a symphony, both for itself and for the expectations it gives rise to. The direction of movement, as in French Gothic, is upward. But it is leisurely and complex. The three great bays must first be explored. Since there is no clerestory, these bays, recessed and pierced, are the chief sources of light, and the eye travels towards light as inevitably as along the edges of shafts. Each bay encloses a lofty space, itself beautiful and satisfying; and there are three such spaces. They are of a shape that is enhanced by being set three together, each similar, but, owing to perspective, each made to appear different, and with its window more screened. Possessing these singly and in trilogy, the eye goes to the apex of one of them, and thus finds the springing of the vault. The choir vault actually seen at its remote height is of a strength and scale which no illustration can give. On each side the seven springings are separated from each other by the gloom of the gallery behind them, so that the eye owns only the two elements of the vault, the Atlas ribs and the large side-lit faces of the panels. The panels have a functional beauty of their own, appearing to contribute to the stability by means of their long cambered courses. In each apex, much in shadow is the gentle assertion of the boss, an æsthetic object (owing to its construction and its ornament) as dominant here as a rich key-block to an arch. "Why," the visitor may ask himself, "have I never *understood* Gothic before?"

If the peculiar gift of architecture is to enclose a great space within the orb of the human senses, its peculiar charm is by the same process to inspire the mind by identifying it immediately with a vast achievement of order over chaos. A cathedral appears as large as a mountain, as hollow as a sea

cave; but its forms and its construction are ours, and intelligible to us. They are *planned*, therefore they are human, and an image of human aspirations. Both the thought and the activity of creative effort are ingredients of the enjoyment derived from architectural experience. But a change in human values, especially a change in the nature of the reaction between sense and spirit, will bring inevitably a change in the humanist values looked for in architecture. That which we now desire to identify with ourselves is not that which the public of the great architectures of the past desired. The language of Gothic remains, but what it shall say must inevitably be something corresponding to new desires. In a religious building that which we desire is difficult to analyse—it is something specially individual and specially inclusive. The motives of life and of belief, seeking new images, are aware only of their own passion and their own power. At such times in history a new image will sometimes gather inarticulate forces into an incandescent point and appear like a revelation. In the world of form who shall say that the language of Gothic with its enormous spiritual content cannot be used in a new image? The two obvious factors in religious thought are the humanist attitude with its anxiety for a perfect and harmonious world-scheme on the one hand, and on the other the intensely individual revelation of a Christianity that has survived scientific criticism. These two factors must be acknowledged in any large religious conception, and their paths recognized. The path of the one horizontal with man's achievement, owning the beauty of the physical world and seeking its perfection in time; that of the other striving always upwards beyond the "final," beyond the ascertainable. But at the point of juncture of these two paths, at the cross so formed, may be found, perhaps, a balance between the two conceptions, an equilibrium of effort capable of translation into a building motive as powerful as the old motive of salvationism and the fear of hell. Some such duality can be discerned here—in the architect's design, both in the double symmetry of his plan, referred to at the beginning, and (in the perspective drawing) in a new unity for old forms. But, more important still, it can be felt with an unfamiliar satisfaction within the completed choir. The finality of that vault closes, as it were, upon the confines of the senses, but not without a suggestion at the crossing of a new direction. The mind made greater and possessed of an image of perfection is not left quite satisfied, but is summoned to itself, and made aware of a more inward centre and a more remote and nobler synthesis.

[As the illustrations to this article are somewhat numerous, it has been thought advisable not to interrupt and cumber the text with frequent references to the pages on which they respectively appear, but to append here a summary of their inscriptions, together with indications of the pages on which the illustrations are to be found. The references are: Revised Plan, page 14; Perspective View by the late Charles Gascoyne, Plate IV, facing page 14; General Views, pages 15 and 17, and Plates V and VI between pages 18 and 19; The Chapter House, page 16; East End, page 17; Roof of the Chapter House, page 18; Entrance to the Lady Chapel, page 19; End Elevation of Quasi-South Transept, page 20; View of South-East Transept, page 21; Cross Section through Quasi-South Transept, page 22; Roof of Transept, page 23; Choir Vaulting, page 23; Plan of Vaulting to First Bay of Central Space, page 24; Section of Vaulting to First Bay of Central Space, page 25; Boss to Main Choir Vaulting, see illustration below on this page. The drawings reproduced on pages 16 and 18 and the photographic view on page 17 afford an interesting gloss on the observation that "The design grows and alters as the work proceeds." Mr. Scott has been rather exceptionally fortunate in his enjoyment of unrestricted liberty in the revision and development of his design.]



BOSS TO MAIN CHOIR VAULTING.