Biography, pp. 6-103.

thusiastic loyalty, and the conviction that the methods of the Ecole are the only methods.

But the only feature in this programme which has been, or can be, adapted to our own conditions is the practice of giving out from week to week or month to month problems in Architectural Design to be solved by each student as well as his knowledge and skill may permit. In this he has such aid and counsel as he can obtain from his fellow-students and also from a private instructor of his own choice. Some of the best Architects in Paris are glad to add to their resources by opening ateliers, as they are called, which are in fact private schools of architectural Drawing and Design. Here their pupils spend their days doing the work which the School requires, and when done is submitted to the judgment of a Jury. These instructors, who are called "Patrons," have no official connection with the Ecole, but hold somewhat the same position as the Tutors at Oxford and Cambridge. For the Ecole, like those Universities, is primarily an examining rather than a teaching body, the students being left to get information and guidance for themselves where best they can.

But under this system, as Chauncey Wright many years ago pointed out in the case of the English Universities, the examiners inevitably give prominence to those subjects in which satisfactory examinations can be held and equitable marks confidently given. This, as he shows, has restricted and narrowed the range of University studies, subjects upon which there might reasonably be a difference of opinion between the students and the examiners being excluded, to the great detriment of English scholarship. In something the same way the prizes of the Ecole have come to be awarded mainly for excellence in draughtsmanship and

for adherence to a conventional standard of design established by tradition, merits easily appraised. There has thus been developed what may be called a Beaux-Arts Style somewhat distinct from the contemporary fashions in building and less controlled than they by considerations of construction and convenience, while considerations of expense are treated as though they were not.

The special characteristics of Beaux-Arts draughtsmanship I have touched upon in the paper of which I enclose a copy.

The natural result of these conditions has been to concentrate attention and interest rather upon drawing than upon building. The strenuousness of incessant competition not only between individual students, but still more between rival ateliers, encouraging the habit of spending all day and some times all night over the drawing-board, to the neglect of the buildings and of the building operations which Paris and its neighborhood offers for study. It seems to be taken for granted that if the drawing looks well the building will come out all right. But this is not so, as the unhappy aspect of the executed works constantly bears witness. Of course buildings must be made from drawings, and those drawings must be made with pencil and paper, on tables in offices, by men who have little real aquaintance with building operations or building materials. This being so, and unavoidably so, Schools should do everything possible to lessen the evil result, and to encourage the designer to use his imagination and to think in terms of real things. The worst thing about the methods which the Ecole des Beaux-Arts pursues, and its followers perpetuate, is that this evil is not recognized, and not being recognized, is not guarded against. The architecture it teaches is

largely an architecture of paper and pencil.

The custom of very much confining the Problems to public buildings, though serving, perhaps, the interests of the Government, still further narrows the range of study. This has unfortunately led to the adoption of a sort of cycle, a limited list of subjects coming round in irregular succession, and this has naturally led to the recognition of certain accepted schemes as the proper solution of these problems. What these schemes are, has come to be pretty well understood, and the student who ventures to substitute his own conception for the "plan-type" does so at his ~~[illegible]~~ peril.

A disadvantage which immediately follows an excessive devotion to draughtsmanship, that is to say to the "presentation" of a design rather than to the design itself, is the great amount of time it consumes, the larger Problems occupying two months each. But it is a slow pace that covers only five or six designs in a year, and some of the Americans in Paris, with a pardonable impatience, have sometimes thrown over the stated means of grace and set up a special atelier, under a ~~[illegible]~~ Patron of their own. Here they have managed to do, for four or five months, all the problems assigned to all the classes in the school, carrying each to the point where it was ready to be " rendered." This strike was naturally regarded as an intolerable insult to the establishment. But they enjoyed a fruitful season.

It would seem then, that even in the particular in which the Paris school most invites imitation, our own schools should proceed with caution. It is as serviceable for warning as for example, even in this matter of Problems. It is clear, that admirably as it is adapted to the special service for which the French Government has established it, it falls short of being what we understand by a professional school. 38

does not educate, and does not [illegible]ate, men learned in their calling, such as it is the nature of a University to produce, though it turns out incomparable draughtsmen.

The rôle of Examiners rather than of Instructors, assumed by the officers of the École, perfectly suits the work they have to do. It enables them to estimate the knowledge and skill that the different students have managed to attain up to that moment, and justly to award the mentions, medals and prizes at their disposal. But it would be a more profitable experience for the students if instead of being, suddenly and without warning, asked to produce a sketch for a theatre or palace, on the strength of the knowledge they may happen to possess, they were invited to a preparatory study of their requirements, and of buildings in which those requirements have been more or less successfully met. So, also, after the [illegible], instead of being told that in the opinion of the jury one design is, on the whole, better than the others, the competitors would find it more improving to be told why. As it is, most of them get only barren disappointment for their pains. Intelligent criticism would be some reward for their labour. The lack of this however, is to some extent made up to them by the critical remarks of their fellow-students; and the public exhibition of all the designs, side by side, of [illegible] enables their merits and defects, and bring them home to their authors.

This being so, it would surely be of great educational value if each student were then required to prepare a revised version of his design, correcting its faults and adding such excellencies as the study of the other designs, and of his own in comparison with them, has suggested.

The award of Medals and Mentions for successful work, each of which counts for a certain number of "points", or "values", is a conspicuous feature in these competitions. It contributes to the excitement they occasion, and is often regarded as an essential element in the system. It is indeed, an indispensible means of determining the rank of the students and their claim to Government preferment. But men embarked in the serious study of a noble calling do not need these childish incentives, and the disposition shown in some of our schools to introduce them into this country seems to me to run counter to all our customs, and to degrade the profession.

Such a School as you have in hand, must, in order to meet the needs of such students as it may expect, proceed on different and quite new lines, though the attempts made by the schools in this country during the last forty years to fashion courses of instruction suited to our condition and needs are full of valuable suggestions. They have given a chief place to Architectural Drawing and Design, following, in the main, the methods of the Paris school, some of them have endeavored to avoid its less desirable traditions. They have also sought to find place for the Sciences with which the practice of Architecture is most directly concerned, a problem of great difficulty, which I myself contended with for many years without success, somewhat blindly feeling my way toward the solution which I see that your own school has now happily reached. This is not the only particular in which it seems already to be rather in advance of its neighbors. All the schools have also established courses in the History of Architecture and paid more or less attention to Architectural Theory and Esthetics. Some have undertaken to read in class French and German text-books, but I do not know

that any attempt has anywhere been made to extend sHistorical Studies into the field of Political Economy, so as to lay bare the relations between the course of Empire and the course of Trade, or between both these, and the enormous expenditures of money and labor which the great monuments of Architecture must every where have involved. At the present day also, when the relations of Capital and Labor are so difficult, it is proper that their bearing upon building operations should be expounded. It would be well also if in the designing of buildings and the study of those already built the element of cost, which is in practice of vital consideration, should be habitually taken into account. Even a crude system of estimating by the cubic foot or square foot would answer the purpose. It would take up but little time here and would suffice to keep this consideration constantly

How and to what extent all these requirements can best be met is a question, of course, which only study and experience can answer. It is a new problem, and one which is for this country to solve, especially since in this country our schools and colleges are teaching, not merely examining bodies.

The chief demand, in Architecture as in Science, is for practical Schools, but as there is a place also for, here and there, a School of Pure Science, so there is a place, here and there, for a higher grade of Architectural School. Both would seem to find a congenial atmosphere and their natural home in some University where the resources of Literature and Philosophy may be brought to the support of Science and Art.

This is substantially what I meant to bring to your attention

when we were discussing the subject. You will pardon me for having run on now at greater length and in more detail than that occasion permitted.

The Department of Architecture having been established and what was hoped would prove to be the right man secured as its future head, the time had now come for the latter to consider what he should undertake to teach and how. Should he set out frankly with the determination to track, hunt down, secure and drag out into the open that shy and ever evasive abstraction the great "American Style of Architecture", of which the key-note was understood to be picturesqueness, and for which many newspaper writers and some architects were constantly clamoring? Should the point de mire be the "Gothic Revival" as it was being contemporaneously worked out in Great Britain and exhibited weekly in the English architectural journals? Should an American rendition of "Victorian Gothic" be the aim? Or should Classic Architecture be made the main subject of study and the Five Orders be something more than the mere corner-stone of the future edifice? And the tools, the text-books that is, the all-important utensils in all other forms of educational instruction. What were they? Where were they to be found? A careful examination of the shelves in the "North Room" of the Boston Athenaeum, which sheltered at that time, one of the best and largest collections of architectural books that could be found in the country, disclosed the fact that, practically, there were no American text-books dealing with Architecture,— Hatfield's "American House-Carpenter" standing out as,

perhaps, one of the most usable. Amongst English books Gwilt's "Encyclopaedia of Architecture", Fergusson's "History of Architecture", and two or three hand-books in the Weales Series were the most promising. Amongst the French and German books there was a greater number that would form excellent text-books, but for two or three important obstacles: first, they were printed in foreign languages, and it was not to be expected that American pupils when enrolled would be found to have the desirable mastery of those languages; secondly, they were based on the metric system, although this was but a minor defect; and, thirdly, they dealt with methods of construction not in use in this country, methods not enough better than our own to warrant the belief that they would ever be imported and adopted. In any case it was plain that these foreign books could be of no use as text-books until they had been edited and translated, and this would take much time, if ever undertaken.

The outlook in this direction was unexpectedly disconcerting and to an uncourageous man, the fibre of whose character was not firmly knit, would have proved distinctly discouraging. Text-books are from the teacher's standpoint desirable since, amongst other things, they enable him to set lessons and later "hear recitations", in that way securing for himself mental relaxation and relief from the physical strain of delivering frequent oral lectures. But here was a case where it was plain that, there being no text-books available, the entire burdrn of instruction must fall on the instructor and so he must prepare himself to deliver, not a single lecture each week but practically a lecture, or even two, each day, and this, too, upon a rather wide range of subjects, when it is considered what ought to be the range of a four-year course, such as was to be the standard of the institution as a whole.

It became needful at once that the new appointee should consider the entire field, take stock of his own attainments, review the studies he

already pursued, combing out the tangles in his knowledge as he turned over familiar books and much-handled note-books, and then proceed systematically to "book up"on less familiar topics which obviously must be dealt with at sometime during the course.

There were, of course, in existence and procurable many valuable and useful books on Architecture issued by English, French, German and Italian publishers; but these were large and costly, not at all suitable for use as text-books, and, at any rate, altogether beyond the means of the average pupil. It was evident, however, that if the pupil could not buy such books for himself he ought to have ready access to them, and that the facilities for such access which might be afforded by public libraries would prove to be altogether inadequate. It was clear then that, lacking suitable text-books, it was all the more desirable, imperative even, that the Department of Architecture should have its own special library where these valuable but costly books should be kept at the service of the pupils.

In these later days, when there is almost a superabundance of architectural text-books, good, bad and indifferent, when not only are there several publishers in this country who make a specialty of publishing technical text-books, but where such books may be found sporadically in the catalogue of any of the leading publishers, it is hard to realise what an entire dearth of such books there was at the time, now fifty years ago, we are now considering. But there was unquestionably such a dearth, and it affected the field of Architecture and the Fine Arts rather more intimately than any other. Indeed it is open to question whether any other Department in the new school found itself hampered by any insufficiency of text-boos. Text-books dealing with Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Engineering in its several varieties seemingly always had been, and the publishers who purveyed such material were alert to keep abreast with the educational progress of the

times by issuing revised editions of old works or printing books on new topics by new thinkers. But with Architecture the case was entirely different: there was not in existence, even, a good Architectural dictionary, although the Architectural Publication Society of London had already begun the publication of its important "Dictionary of Architecture" which at this time had proceeded on its halting way as far, perhaps, as the letter G. Really, about the only things that promised to be serviceable were the series of articles published from time to time in the English weekly Architectural Journals, notably the Building News, that were especially prepared to meet the requirements of architectural draughtsmen and students; but as these were addressed to a British audience they were not altogether useful to Americans.

It is more than likely that the lack of architectural text-books accounts for the entire ineffectiveness of architectural education in this country up to the middle of the last century. So far as there was any system of education in general use, it was based on a modification of the English system of 'pupillage" or apprenticeship; that is, a student, through his parents or guardian, paid down a lump-sum to the practising architect selected, for permission to enter his office and there acquire an education in Architecture -- if he could. The education he actually did acquire consisted in the modicum of information that the, presumably, busy architect was willing or able to impart at irregular intervals; while the greater part of it consisted in the acquirement of such odds and ends of fact, principle and theory as might be picked up through sheer observation while taking more and more active part daily in the routine work of office practise . In consequence of defects inherent in this system, if system such irregular procedure deserve to be called, it may properly be said that architects who attained their education in this way were as purely "self-made" as were any

that "came up from the bench", as the common phrase has it.

To the new appointee it was plain that the Department of Architecture must have a good and therefore a costly architectural library for general use by the future students. But this was not the only educational aid it was desirable to procure. It was known that Schools of Architecture in other countries and Schools of Fine Arts everywhere found great advantage in having, in addition to their libraries, a more or less well furnished museum of plaster casts; and that such collections were even held to have a value for the general public was shown by the fact that at the South Kensigton Museum there was already being gathered a very interesting collection of architectural casts, duplicates of which could in all probability be obtained, and that at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham there were certain Architectural Courts wherein were installed many architectural and sculptural casts. And there were doubtless other casts to be had, since the current repairing of the English cathedrals had called for the making of many moulds. As in the case of books, which being costly to produce and so issued in but small editions and not likely to be found "in stock" long after the date of publication, and consequently to be procured only after prolonged search and then mainly in the form of second-hand volumes, the plaster casts must be secured by personal selection; they could hardly be ordered en bloc. At the very least, casts of the capitals and other details of the Five Orders must be procured. If these and other casts were found of value in European Schools where the originals, or others as good, might be found on every side within a couple of days' journeying, they must be of greater value in America where such originals were not to be found just round the next corner, or in the next town, or anywhere else for that matter.

It was no less evident that the man who was undertaking to teach Architecture should have a personal acquaintance -- the wider and more intimate the better -- with the monuments of Architecture then extant in Europe at least, and this personal contact with the Chefs d' oeuvre of architecture the new Professor had not yet had, save when as a boy he had seen a few of them in England. This dificiency in his qualifications should be removed as speedily as possible, and the present time was the time to do it. There was an inevitable delay in making the various Departments of the new school fit and ready for work at the time set for opening the doors to the expected pupils, and it was rather a relief to the officials to discern that the opening of the Department of Architecture could advantageously be postponed for a year. Therefore the new professor was granted a year's leave during which, in the interest of his future work, he might visit Europe for the purpose of inspecting the various Architectural Schools there to be found and making himself familiar with their methods of instruction, at the same time taking advantage of the opportunity to visit and examine as many of the most interesting architectural monuments as he could bring within the scope of his itinerary. In his spare moments, too, he could haunt bookshops, print-sellers and moulders for the purpose of getting together the nucleus of the very necessary special library, the equally needful collection of photographs and prints, and so much of a gallery of casts as might prove to be within reach. But although it was found possible to provide the needful funds for travelling expenses, the most scrupulous search could not disclose any money that could be expended for books, photographs and casts; and yet it was at last agreed that these were of the utmost importance to the new undertaking. What could be done? Whence and from whom could the needed funds be obtained? In the solution of these vexing questions there

sown at this time the seeds of a very serious misunderstanding which later developed unpleasant consequences.

As is generally known, the conception of the Massachusetts Institute of Technolgy was due to the prescience of William B. Rogers, and it was largely his energy and effort that brought about the State's gift of a building-site and an annual appropriation in aid of the maintenance of the School. Naturally Mr. Rogers had been elected President, and as such became the chief executive officer in control of the educational and other activities of the institution; and it can readily be conceived that, as his crowning work was about to flower, he was [illegible] busy and preoccupied man, and that many of his instructions, to, and agreements and authorisations with, those who were to assist him must have been given orally and not always reduced to writing and put on the office records.

Because of this, we may imagine that the final solution of the vexing matter of funds for the library came, after long discussion, in the shape of an opening question when either the new President broached it with :"I wonder if it would not be possible for you yourself to raise this money?" or the new Professor of Architecture began it by saying: "If you are willing, I think I could myself raise the needed funds." Whoever had the merit of devising the means, it was (then and there) agreed and understood between Mr. Rogers and Mr. Ware that, for the purpose of securing funds to provide an architectural library and other needed collections, the latter should undertake to secure from his personal friends and other public-spirited citizens of the Town of Milton the sum of five thousand dollars, and that in acknowledgment of those benefactions the Massachusetts Institute of Technology agreed to establish a scholarship in perpetuity for the benefit of a graduate of the Milton High School.

That no written record of this agreement was made by Mr. Rogers turned out later to be the cause of chagrin and embarrassment to several persons. Time was so short before the day for sailing that the entire sum could not be raised; but some $3000. was pledged, and it was clear that the remainder could easily be raised by a later effort; so the Milton Town-authorities were advised that the proposed scholarship would be established, and in favor of a High School graduate.

During his trip to Europe in 1868 Mr. Ware expended for books, photographs and casts not only the $3000. already raised, but made engagements for future delivery that would call for the expenditure of more or less of the unpledged balance. Later, in 18 , when perhaps the Town of Milton began to inquire when it could take advantage of the promised scholarship, the governing body of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the Corporation, looked into the matter and found there was no record of any promise to such effect. This led to prolonged explanation and argument which occurred at an unfortunate time, as, meanwhile, Mr. Rogers had resigned because of ill health and was then absent in Europe. The immediate outcome was that the Corporation declared that it would not consent to establish the Milton or any other scholarship unless there should be paid into its treasury the full sum of $5000., the income from which would serve to offset the tuition fee normally chargeable against a student. From this stand no argument could move the Corporation; its members simply ruled that they were bound to observe only their duly recorded votes, and there was no such record; a perfectly legal and businesslike decision, but hardly one conformable with good ethics. It was unfortunate, of course, that the testimony of one of the parties to the alleged agreement could not be had, because of sickness and absence from the country; but there seems to be no very good reason why the veracity of the other party to it should be challengod. The residents

of Milton could prove the terms upon which they had made their subscriptions; and here were the books and collections obtained by three thousand dollars of Milton money, and here were vouchers accounting in full for the dispensing of those dollars. The business men in control preferred to be bound by their own "red tape", and shut their eyes to the fact that a valuable library and collections, needed and useful adjuncts of instruction -- were actually in use by their students, although the conditions under which these had been acquired had not been carried out: they were seemingly oblivious to the fact that they had acquired something for nothing and had no right to do so. The discussions and correspondence relating to this matter continued at intervals over a considerable period of time. Indeed the matter was not finally adjusted until after Professor Ware had severed his connection with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1881. But before that date the Corporation, which had perhaps had an infusion of new blood meanwhile, on being once more urged to recede from its position on the Milton Scholarship matter, at length voted that such scholarship would be established provided the unsubscribed balance (understood to be about $2000.) should be collectible or deposited as cash in the hands of the Treasurer of the Corporation. Accordingly Professor Ware once more approached his Milton friends, at length secured the needed subscriptions and, having done so, informally notified the subscribers as a whole and the town officials that the scholarship had at length been secured. Having raised this final installment of the required sum Professor Ware, instead of turning it into the Treasurer, as required to do by the Corporation's recorded vote, did with it just what he had done with the preceding $3000., that is, he procured more books and photographs for the Departments's library! In short he had now carried out integrally the agreement as made between him and President Rogers, though it is open to question whether

President Rogers was legally empowered to make any such agreement . What occasioned this curious misunderstanding it is not possible to determine; perhaps it was due to the temporary mislaying of the Corporation's vote, or to some confusion of mind due to over-work. At any rate the result was deplorable, for the Corporation, finding no $2000. in its treasury to credit to the account of the Town of Milton Scholarship, once more refused to establish such a scholarship. It seemed to them a matter of no consequence that a Milton High School graduate was at that moment receiving instruction in the belief that he was benefiting by free instruction, and had been greatly shocked when he found a tuition-bill presented to him for payment. After a long time and much further explanation and correspondence the matter was finally adjusted and by transferring to a Milton Scholarship Account $5000. from the contribution originally made to the general endowment-fund by a wealthy citizen of Milton. In this way the great God of Book-keeping was at length satisfied. Milton secured a scholarship while, most important of all, the Department of Architecture secured the valuable nucleus of a much needed library.

Mr Rice's

It was his good fortune to visit Europe five times, the first time in 1848, as a boy of fourteen years making the passage in a sailing packet, the "Columbiana", and spending some six months in London, and a few of the smaller towns and villages of the South of England.

The second trip, the one upon which he was now embarking, the longest and for him the most fruitful and interesting, came just twenty years later, and was undertaken for the purpose of informing himself as to the educational methods in vogue in the European Architectural Schools, and supplementing by a traveller's observation the professional studies already pursued. This trip covered with great thoroughness England and parts of Scotland, while on the Continent he covered with far less thoroughness parts of France, Italy and the Low Countries. During the Continental portion of his tour he had the benefit of the companionship of his friend Prof. J.M. Peirce and a younger companion T. Sergeant Perry, but in England he worked and studied alone. The English portion of this trip was particularly profitable, not only because of the compactness and great fruitfulness of the field open to his examination, but because of the way in which his letters-of-introduction were honored by a ~~really~~ large number of the leading architects, and especially by those interested in or occupied with promoting architectural education. ~~It must be kept in mind that~~ Up to this time the English architectural weekly journals constituted the sole means of contact with the architectural movement of the day throughout the world that American architects enjoyed, and, consequently, that the humble cis-Atlantic practitioner

mentally looked up to English architects and their doings with the greatest respect.

As to this attitude of the American architect towards his English confrère Mr. Wm. Ralph Emerson, of Boston, himself one of the masters of artistic expression and picturesque design, gave one evening before the Boston Society of Architects a ~~very~~ droll exemplification. Circumstances and a busy career had prevented the speaker's visiting Europe until he was practically through with his active life and about ready to retire. He declared that he landed in England quivering with excitement and expectation, eager to observe, applaud, even venerate, the achievements of this superior race. Firmest of all his beliefs was the feeling that he should find each and every one of these leading lights contentedly living on the top of a lofty and imposing pedestal in the full public gaze, carelessly tossing off gems of architectural design and composition. He easily found the pedestals and they were quite as tall and magnificent as his fancy had painted them. But, somehow, as he travelled about, observing and studying the executed work of English architects, and contrasted the accomplished result with his recollection of the promises held out by the original designs, as published in the English architectural journals, and then turned back to make his acknowledgment to the exalted authors, he seemed to find that the pedestals had shrunk, and each time he saw them afresh they had become lower and less overpowering. Finally, when the time came for him to leave England, he found that he, humble American architect and most modest of men, actually looked down upon and towered above these English demi-gods of his uninstructed years.

But Emerson's trip to England was made some thirty years later than the time of which we write. ~~At this time~~ English architects were very well

worth cultivating, and their works, the results of a new Renaissance, well worth studying;- in short the "pedestals" were still in the rearing, and the letters of the traveller written at this time amply prove it, and extracts from them are worth reproducing here at some length and in some variety. First, however, attention should be called to one individual proclivity which made this trip so successful. Every traveller visiting Europe has letters-of-introduction thrust upon him by earlier travellers: these are accepted with effusion, stored safely at the bottom of a trunk and left unused throughout the trip, this treatment occasioning in the aggregate a great waste of actual effort and the aborting of kindly intentions. The non-use of letters-of-introduction is due to two things: first, the traveller feels that he travels to see and observe things, scenes and customs, and not to make temporary and perhaps useless acquaintance ~~with, presumably, stupid fellow beings~~. In the second place, the average man is diffident and prefers to take soundings before making a new port in the island of friendship. But having very definite ends in view, which could only be satisfied through meeting certain [illegible] Professor "are sought on every hand, and procured before he embarked, a goodly supply of these passports to acquaintanceship and service. Not only did he procure them but he used them, almost to the last one; not only that, but, having made new friends of the strangers he met, he procured from them other letters-of-introduction addressed to other potentates in the fields of Science, Art and Literature. Of this practice he writes:-

"I finished the day at Dr. Begbie's who gave me five letters of introduction. I sow as I go and reap a plentiful harvest, you see, of this ephemeral literature."

This use of such letters illustrate his alert determination to get the utmost profit out of the passing opportunities no better than it does his gregariousness and vital interest in his fellow men.

(To M. E. W. at Sea Aug. 10, '66)

"Sea-going is very idle, and it doesn't seem as if one could ever do anything again. But I am not so afraid of indolence as I used to be, and suppose I shall get back my interest in things when I get at work again. But I feel more and more as if I was utterly ignorant of what is before me, and doubtful of my success in carrying things through. I can do something, of course, but not what another person might, and I am afraid that I shall find out too late that I have not accomplished all that I might myself have done."

(M. E. W. Aug. 18, '66) [Speaking of Liverpool.]

"It gives one the impression that, after all is said and done, Architecture can't but be a failure and a humbug, and that the less there is of it the better -- as if the only satisfactory thing to do is to be perfectly quiet and unobtrusive and make as little fuss as possible about what is at best only an awkward necessity. I begin to doubt whether things can, I will not say look as well, but have the same sort of effect as their pictures."

(Of Chester "Rows" and Cathederal.)

"We trudged along through the rain and under our cotton umbrella, passed under a modern-looking arch and presently began to see the oddities. They came along at first disposedly like the first drops of a thunderstorm, and then overwhelmingly. I don't think I enjoyed it exactly, it was too queer and grotesque, too little that was really beautiful to be quite satisfactory, and the absence of sunlight deprived the scene of the brilliancy of light and shade which it needed to bring out the picturesqueness which I can easily understand must make it captivating. But I think the real trouble was that it didn't seem bonâ fide. Perhaps, as I suspect,

the Sunday was unfavorable, making the closed shops with nobody going in and out seem like the 'impracticable' streets on the stage and even the crowds of people hanging about rather enhanced this effect than dispelled it, for they sauntered about without anything to do, just like the supernumeraries in an opera. The result was that the place seemed simply preposterous; one found it harder to belive than ever, that people could ever have taken to such a fantastic way of going on in good faith, thinking it was the natural way to do, and as work that is done in this way is the only satisfactory work and is what one travels to see on purpose., I confess that I regarded the vagaries of the Chester people with a mild exasperation. There are a good many new buildings conformable to the ways of the place, one might except them to seem artificial, but I thought the old ones were just as bad and not half so good."

[To ~~M.E.H.~~ — Ely. Oct. 11. 1866]

[Ely]

After finishing my dispatch I went to the Cathedral, found Mr. Hudson, got some items of information about the work he had at the moment in hand, then, service coming on, wandered into the nave, where we chatted in an undertone during the singing, and I made a memorandum of some very old decoration on one of the compartments of the ceiling in the south aisle. It was very much broken, and the lines remaining were so much like Renaissance scroll-work, that I could hardly believe they were not the work of the Revival. But they were undoubtedly the original Norman work, contemporaneous with the vaults on which they stand; it has a right to look classical, being nearer to the old Roman times than to our own. Then we made a survey of all the stained-glass, all that was not below criticism; differing in details, but agreeing in the main, and what was most encouraging, agreeing, I found, in principles of judgment Mr Hudson is a kind of a man I never met before, an active workman, or workman artist, fanatically enthusiastic and devoted,, and thoroughly believing that good work is impossible unless the characters are united, unless the conception can shape itself, head and hand together. Whether as a matter of biography he began at one end of the line or the other, I can hardly tell; but he was one of the Board of Frade's original pupils at Somerset House, under Mr. Dyce who was the master of the first provincial, or rather branch, school of art, the Spitalfields school, (which he developed from 14 to 300 pupils in six years on a salary of 50 pounds!), has lectured before some of the Architectural societies on mediæval polychromy, before Jones's Alhambra was heard of, restored the Salisbury Chapter-House from his own designs, and afterwards engaged on similar work at Lichfield, in regard to which he told me a curious story. He is now at Ely coloring the alabaster casing and sculpture of the Reredos

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He has a large collection of casts colored according to the existing remains on the originals, which he says he will show me in London, but some of which I hope to see at Lichfield. He seems more devoted than anybody I have encountered unless it is Mr. Trenfitt. I was glad to have him confirm my notion of Butterfield, that he is cranky, and he said Street was just such another-- there was no dependance to be placed on their sobriety of judgment. Not to continue this line of remark, you see I have fallen in with a most interesting acquaintance, and I may believe that my two evenings in his room and the morning walk in the Cathedral mark my Ely days with a red letter.

[During this trip Mr. Ware was especially concerned to post himself as to the methods of modern glass-stainers since at the time the firm, Ware & Van Brunt, were on the point of placing contracts for the stained-glass memorial windows of the First Church in Boston]

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Counting upon my fingers I find that I have now seen ten of the English Cathedrals, Chester, Bristol, Peterborough, Oxford, Winchester, Salisbury, Chichester, Norwich, Rochester and Ely and, counting again, I find ten other yet to see; Lincoln, York, Ripon, Durham, Hereford, Worcester, Gloucester, Wells, Exeter, and Canterbury; leaving St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey out of the count, which I may be said to have half-seen. About half of each set belong to the front rank. What has surprised me most I find in looking back from my present post, in mezzo cammin (I fear my Italian is no better than my Greek) is the prevailing Norman character of the buildings. The Norman chapter is a short one in the books, and in the account of these churches the "interesting Norman remains", nave or transepts, as the case may be, is dismissed with a sentence. Now, excepting Salisbury, of course, and also Bristol and Chester, every one of them is mainly Norman, outside and in. The later styles, which fill the books with beautiful detail, are found on the spot to be merely incidental; the additions or embellishments or superstructure of an original work, which, in spite of all that has been done to it, remains substantially unchanged. The alterations in most cases are so trivial and superficial as to merely disfigure without changing the original design. The whole of Norwich, except the vaulting; the whole of Ely except the choir and façade; the whole of Peterborough, except the façade; the whole of Rochester, except the choir and the vaulting; about the same proportion of Chichester and Oxford and of Winchester even, although the nave and choir are cased with Perpendicular work the Norman original is felt underneath, is undisturbed in the transepts, and gives character to the whole outside. They are all far more Norman than anything else. I do not speak, of course, of chapels and porches, which

are separate structures and very little affect character of the whole, though of these a large proportion [illegible] original work. Consider what this implies. It means that in all these buildings the nave and transepts with [illegible], and the aisle vaulting, by all odds the most conspicuous [illegible] building, and covering four fifths of the plan, *ab solo usque ad cœlum*, or at least up to the clerestory windows, are substantially just as they were first built, outside and in. The case cannot be stated so strongly in the case of the smaller class of buildings; but Norman remains are no where uncommon, and indeed one get the impression that the great building ages were the 12th and 15th centuries, and expects to find everything Norman that is not Perpendicular, and everything Perpendicular that is not Norman. The intermediate styles may have flourished equally on their own ground; but so far as concerns the cathedrals at least they are exceptional and partial, so that one wonders how they could have kept themselves alive on such short commons. They have too, so far as I have met them, an experimental air about them, as if things were done for the nonce, by an effort of personal ingenuity or caprice, only for the particular time and place, and without the matter-of-course conformity to received methods which mark the others--which seem to have become established styles, and to have passed out of the hands of the inventors into popular use and abuse, as I was saying about Chester. The consequence is, of course, that a very little Early English or Decorated work affords more "examples" of the style than a whole Norman Nave, and fills the books. The spirit and interest that attach to it are proportionately great, but of course it lacks calmness and repose; and it frequently happens that things are admirable for once, but not satisfactory. When they do succeed it is a great success.

When they fail it is, on the part of the earlier style, from being too stringy and so light as to be weak, as in the east end of Winchester and the upper transepts of Rochester; or on the part of the Decorated from a florid and meaningless elaboration, as in the Lady Chapel and famous choir-boys at Ely. The Early English work at Ely is lovely and the Decorated at Winchester and Romsey. These styles run into each other so much that it takes more of a connoisseur than I propose to become to tell the richer examples of one from the plainer of the other, as e. g. at Peterborough.

The discrepancy in character between the Norman's inside and outside work is a thing hard to reconcile with one's notions of the embodiment of character, and all that. The exteriors are almost without exception tame, ~~lattiood~~ poor, meagre in design, with no effort apparently made to make good the want of buttresses in the light and shade. The interiors are grand,--Egyptian, as I think I have said, in weight and mass, if we understand that the Egyptians, no more than the Normans, were not barbarians, but in their art at least, cultivated and refined. The beauty of these buildings, as is also said to be the case with the Egyptians, strikes one quite as much as their grandeur, and in places, as in the nave of Rochester, which I have before spoken of, and also of Romsey, they have an elegance and grace quite masterly, and utterly unlike what one is used to expect. When we consider that these broad and simple forms, were once, again like the Egyptian, entirely covered with decorative paintings in color, the old notion of a rude and gloomy art vanishes altogether. These traces of color, by the way, occur everywhere, and would be more numerous than they are, had not the restorers, in their zeal to get rid of "whitewash", scraped off every thing clean down to the stone, gesso and all, and wondered ignorantly

at their barbarous predecessors, who have covered the beautiful tints of the natural stone with successive coats of whitewash, in some places actually a quarter of an inch in thickness'. Where the original coating has not been disturbed, colored decoration seems to be found pretty much everywhere. They do not seem to have colored the stone itself, which is indeed generally too rough, rough enough to take plaster excellently. They don't seem to have considered work finished until it was colored, but then of course a good deal never was finished.

The work of each generation seems to have been regarded by the next with no sort of consideration or respect, as we know; pulling down and cutting and slashing being done upon the slightest excuse or none at all. But I was not prepared to find that these Gothic people were also Vandals, spoiling things as often as improving them. They seem to have had no generosity of feeling for art at all, but to have had a fanatical self-confidence in their own devices that is often exasperating. They had tremendous vigor and great skill and fertility within their range, but don't seem to have had an idea outside of it, and often within it, seem to have had but little moderation and judgment. It is surprising how much one meets that is careless, out of taste and extravagant, showing the want of some controlling influence either of principles or persons. The line may be applied to them, which was composed for a somewhat different set of men:

"Quod placet his fas, quoddam placet, hi faciunt," a pentameter you will observe, in which the ictus is appropriate to the emphasis.-- If this is true of parts it is emphatically true of the wholes. Singleness of purpose is an excellent trait and ensures things being done, but it is apt to disregard the general good. These old people seem to have cared very little for the ensemble, so long as they carried out their own little enterprises. Salisbury, which hasn't been

"knocked about", and which shows the most careful study of outline and general effect, is the only Cathedral I have seen in which the builders, at least the latest builders who are responsible for the result, seem to have had any regard for the total effect. I say "seem," for it is impossible to say what they may not have intended to do....

The result of this is a patchwork effect which is far from agreeable and in some cases disastrous-- as I could not help feeling it to be at Ely. The intrinsic beauty of the "Octagon" is very great. There are things to regret about the florid character of some of the detail, unsuitable to a feature of such dignity. It is however in its whole form and treatment rather a thing of beauty than of grandeur, and except that, as I have said before, it is to my mind too high, it could hardly be finer; at the end of a nave like Salisbury it would be overwhelming. As it stands, however, its value as the central and culminating feature of the whole building is neutralized by its being set at the intersection of a Norman nave with Norman transepts. The choir is more in keeping with it, but so much richer, as it should be, that here again the "Octagon" suffers. The most impressive view is from end to end of the transepts, which are so short as to make the real spread of the Octagon apparent. The junction of things at the center is well managed outside, and picturesque; but the lantern does not unite with the octagon below, and I think Scott threw away a chance when he neglected to make it do so. It is moreover covered with lead which looks like cast-iron, which is stoney and painful. Neither are the Western towers good in design. They are feeble in detail, like Norman walls. The only really delightful things are the two ends, Early England: the Galilee and the chancel. But the 14th-century people have very much injured the outside by destroying most exquisite Early English windows in the triforium, of which only two remain.

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Still the Eastern end is rich and rare. They did the same thing with the Norman apse at Norwich, even more disastrously. You see Ely is the text of my diatribe, above, about the Vandals.

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[To H. VanBrunt. Dec. 20, 1866] Sincoln

Cathedrals are very much, in approaching them, like men, or women, or books of poems. One is hardly inclined to take them up on another person's commendations, and the more they are praised, and the greater their undeniable claims the cooler is one apt to grow. Even just expectations cause a certain resentment if they are too prominently put forward. I suppose it was the first symptom of that satiety which sooner or later, I am told, dulls every palate, that something of this same indifference fell upon my spirit as I passed this portal. It was the famous "Angel Choir" I had stumbled upon, and my heart sank when I saw how much enthusiasm and admiration I should have to expend before I had done with it. Being cold in spirit, at the moment, probably because in the flesh I was hot, tired and hungry, it didn't seem possible I ever should be up to all this. I didn't believe I should ever care for it as I did for my old friends, Winchester, and Salisbury, and Norwich, and even Ely. I had my Tennyson and Wordsworth--Why ask me to read Browning? So I sat down just inside the door and gazed about in a hopeless bewilderment of admiration and listened to the music--for it was the hour of prayer. Happily the Verger turned out to be remarkably intelligent, and getting a little rested I soon recovered my tone and my appetite. I was pretty well up in the history, and understood all about Remigius and St. Hugh, (both St. Hugh's) and had a grand time. Getting at last into the nave I saw that I had made a mistake in beginning at the east, that the church was not overloaded and heavy, but only rich, culminating around the altar, as it should. This nave is one of the great things. Fergusson says, "almost a failure", but I don't think so. I have seen Fergusson and am not afraid of him. It has just what I was wishing for last week, breadth as well as height, 40 feet instead of 30, as at Ely, and about the same height--80 feet. The aisles are a little narrow, but this does not pre-

an unexampled air of amplitute and well-proportioned space. This is due in great part to the slenderness of the piers, but the lowness of the roof has a great deal to do with it. It looks wide when you look up, and it is the first building I have seen of which that can be said. I dare say it would bear a few feet more of height, but not many. (and so far Fergusson is right)

The most noticeable novelty at first sight was the hexa-partite and quinquipartite vaulting. (What a frightful jumble of etymologies!) It is I am sorry to say very ugly and a serious blemish to the Cathedral, the only thing of any importance one could wish to change. But even that is a trifle and not worth mentioning. For harmony, nicety of design, taking it as a whole, Lincoln is hardly inferior to Salisbury and in the richness and beauty of the parts far superior. There is almost too much for a day or two, it is really oppressive; but it is all so pure and good and so free from the luxuriousness which so much hurts the tone of Ely, that this is more a merit than a fault. I know it well know and set it high up on my list of acquaintances.

To return to Southwell. I perhaps should not have taken pains to go there at all but for Mr. Baxter Lewis's urgent injunction. He had just been there when I last saw him in London. In fact he took his run in the region while I was in the South counties. It is the carvings that are the famous thing. He had never seen them before and meeting Mr. Street in the height of his enthusiasm declared they were the finest in England. "I think", rejoined Mr. Street, coolly, "they are the finest in the world." After this little anecdote, I couldn't but give half a day to it, especially as I had always had a private enthusiasm about the Norman tower. The carvings are most wonderful. They are Decorated, of course, of very late Early English. To the first head belongs the screen-work about the choir, a little florid, but adorned with the most extraordinary grotesque heads imaginable. They were so comical that I actually laughed out loud, standing all alone looking at them. But these are only by the way, and I suppose were not included in Mr. Lewis's category. The great thing is the carving of foliage in the Chapter-House and in the passages leading to it. The columns belong to an arcade running round the building and along both sides of the passage, and the capitals, which are about 8 inches high, on shafts only two or three inches in diameter, are about on a level with the eye. The bell you see is very slender: it is in all the caps perfectly cut to a true curve inside of the foliage; the leaves themselves, which are perfectly naturalistic, being entirely undercut and only attached by their stems and tips. The general design is that of a little twig running round the bell just above the astragal, with leaves rising from it up against the bell on stems (or petioles, I believe you call them), alternately long and short, or rather the leaves grow as in nature first up and then down; the latter are turned up across the twig, and of course come between the others and

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lower down on the bell, This is the most common type, but there are several varities, and in many even this slight conventionality is disregarded, and the cap is a mere handful of foliage. In all of them however, even the finest, the convex outline of the foliage is carefully preserved and filled out. There is every variety of leaf, oak, ivy, hawthorn, blackberry, occasionally garnished with birds and even beasts: (the pig, e.g.) and there are two or three Early English caps with their conventional leafage which look queerly enough. What is very singular is that almost all the leaves Are shown wrong side out, and the ribs and veins on the back are raised on the surface with astonishing delicacy. Some of the leaves are broken away, and you can see the twigs underneath, which must have been quite concealed when the cap was whole, perfectly modelled, with rough bark and knots. The work in the passage is not quite so fine, and the casts I got at Lincoln are from them. It is impossible to get "squeezes" from the others; they are too much undercut.--The Verger said that on the sill of one of the clerestory windows is a head carved, in altissimo relievo, just as if it had fallen down from one of the corbels under the eaves above. It can't be seen except from the roof, and I missed it. I understood it to be on the Norman work. It grew dark painfully soon, so that my stay in the Chapter House was in tenebris, and before the Verger had had time to go his rounds and look up, the Nave was quite dim.

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[To H. Van Brunt 13 York- Aug 3. 1865]

I joined a party surreptitiously who were going the rounds, gave a forbidden fee to the Verger in charge, and got leave to stay behind in the Chaper-House till another party came 'round. It is arranged very much like Southwell, and is restored something like Salisbury, as to the roof, but though larger than either is inferrior to each in their special points of interest. It has a wooden groin like all the rest of the building, and though this is disagreeable in the Minster, where it looks like stone, I don't think it is fairly to be objected to when it is painted up. These groins are nothing but ceilings, anyway, and in the richer examples merely a constructive decoration. Wood is an extremely manageable material and I don't see why wooden ceilings shouldn't be made of any handsome form that suggests itself. The suggestion of another material is of course to be deplored; but the suggestion may come from one's prejudices. At any rate, I am inclined to think that the York Chapter-House ceiling would be perfectly legitimate, if there had never been such thing as stone vaulting.

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[To H Van Brunt Edinburgh, Nov. 25. 1866]

In dining with my dear old Mr Bryce, R.S.A., the lively Doctor Middin, of ~~Nevins~~ Nevin, of whom I have spoken, made great fun of the architectural works of "the great Pilkington," and I have mentioned in writing to my sister that I stumbled upon the Barclay church, by him, which is to churches what the Strand Music-Hall is to halls, clever and unscrupulous. Even Mr Bryce admitted his smartness, but said summarily, "the young man didn't know his business." Mr Bough, he of Punch and Judy, had mentioned that Pilkington was a neighbor of his, and now on leaving Ballantine's, who gave me his cards for some London men he thought could help me, I sent my steps to Mr. Bough's studio with a double purpose. Both ends were covered, Mr Bough showing me some admirable sketches, and a picture of Edinburgh from Salsbury Crags on which he is at work, a subject I felt myself competent to criticise. Among the papers was an interesting sketch of Kirkwall Cathedral in the Orkneys, built of different colored stones, gray walls with belts and cornice of red sand-stone. It is a little place, the nave only 16' wide, as small as Roslin, but it must be higher. Then upstairs to "the great Pilkington." He proved to be a young fellow of about 30, frank, vigorous and a little bumptious, excellent company, not uncomfortably self-possessed, in fact too much of a gentleman to be disagreeable. He showed me all his things, plans and papers, was much interested that I had seen his church, and quite agreed with my estimate of it. He said he had had the brass to set up for himself at 21, when his head was full of crude notions, and the Barclay church was just the result that might have been expected. He never would let anybody do so till he was 30; up to that age the best one can do is to profit by other people's experience, enjoy their opportunities and experiment at their expense. There were a hundred things about the

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church he wouldn't do again, and which he saw now were unjustifiable, unless a strict rationality in working out the problem was their justification. We agreed most cordially in blackguarding its extravagancies, and I was the freer to express my admiration of many parts, and of the highly intellectual character of the whole work. This pleased him very much, for he said with all its faults there was an amount of real hard work in it, that he didn't find people appreciated. He has since built others more or less on the same plan, but toned down, which I should think must be admirable. He is by all odds the most vigorous and original person, I have encountered, a little preposterous and amusing, like his work, but admirable. He offered to show me the church before he knew that I had seen it, and insisted on my accepting his offer notwithstanding; and I spent an entertaining and instructive morning there, with animated talk going and coming. To show by example how outrageously logical he is in his work, I will mention that finding, as we all know, that the theoric or isoscopic curve, or whatever its name is which gives the whole of an audience an equal chance of seeing the speaker, is shaped like this:-- he has actually made the floor of the church sink away from the pulpit, which thus stands on a little hill-top; only there is a break, or "fault," in the line; the right hand part being in a gallery and the floor continued out level, as per dotted lines. Anything more ugly or more [illegible] was seen, but it perfectly answers the purpose and brings the front of the gallery down to a level with the pulpit. He says that the effect is so disagreeable that he never would do it again, at least in a church, though it isn't so bad when the church is full. I went a little out of my way to prolong the talk and not leave him to walk home alone.

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The Scott Monument, by the way, is a success. It is Melrose moulded into a pyramid, and Melrose is rubbish. Accordingly the detail is uninterestering, and if you please to use that form of expression, bad. Nevertheless it is a fine and effective composition, large and rich, with singularly good contrasts of broken light and shade, and it is very happy in preserving without undue prominence the features of the Scotch Gothic, the clumsy pinnacles and overhanging parapets with their little turrets at the corners. As to Scott, it seems to me to be just fit his vein of picturesque make-believe. Kemp, who designed and partly built it, was a carpenter, uneducated except in joinery and drawing, who wandered all over Europe working and drawing, and put his soul into this. He was a poor creature, and not of habits to make any social position, so that nobody was surprised when one dark night he fell into the canal and was drowned. But he had a spark of genius, they say, and I can believe it. His successors added 15 feet to the height of the monument; which Edinburgh people growl about, but I don't see that they hurt it. It improves on acquaintance and I think will hold its own.

[To H Van Brunt 77 Glasgow Dec 7 1866]

These Scotch churches have a particular and almost unique interest as tentative solutions of the identical problem which is presented to us in New England. The English churches founded upon the Chancel are very much apart from our purpose as examples, however valuable as architectures. The Presbyterian demand however is the same as the Congregational, the question being how to bring a thousand sitters within ~~easy~~ easy sound and sight of a pulpit, and yet give solemnity and an appropriate ecclesastical character to the building. Mr. Stevenson's church is about 90 feet square, or perhaps 80 feet X 100 feet, divided into naves and aisles by round iron columns which support deep galleries over the aisles and opposite the pulpit, and a clerestory above resting on stone arches. The columns are large, with fine caps, broad and bold, with deep foliage, and bear the simple stone arches without any disagreeableness arising from contact of material. The walls, the ceilings, and the clerestory down to the actual arch stones are plastered, and covered with deep and sober color in horizontal bands, mostly pompeian red with triple markings off of stone-work in yellow and black, in courses about a foot high, but with occasional bands of white, buff and black, with a running pattern, instead of a course of stone. The result was remarkably rich, sober and brilliant, far more so than All Saints, St. Margarets, and St. Albans in London where something of the same design is carried out in brick and tiles, but is faded and dingy from smoke. The nave was about 40 feet broad, and covered with a simple open roof, plastered so as to hide the rafters, with a light tie-beam truss with a semi-circle between the queen-posts. I may get wrong if I go more into detail, as I made no notes, expecting to get a photograph, which is coming still but not yet come. It is by far the most interesting piece of colors I have seen, and done by a young fellow named Cottier(Cottear) a red-haired Scot, who studied in London at the Royal Academy and Heaking's school.

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himself)

Mr. Stevenson said he only exercised a very general control, substantially putting the church into Cottier's hands, not pretending to know anything about decoration himself, except as an outsider, to approve or disapprove. I may say that pretty much all the ornamentation carving, plaster, glass and paint, seems to be done in this way, at the hands of superior workmen. "They take more interest in their work, the more you let them lay it out for themselves."

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Sunday was rainy again and with a list of eligible churches in my note book, I spent the day going from flower to flower on my feet from 10 till 5, seeing more or less of six or eight inside. I will only mention two very remarkable ones by Mr. Alexander Thomson, who has elaborated a most interesting series of Greek buildings, houses, shops, and these two churches. There is a sensibility and refinement about them that is almost touching; the pathetic element deriving perhaps from the feeling that one cannot help having, that it is labor lost: that such a style cannot take root and flourish, that it must perish as soon as the delicate intellectual atmosphere of its author is withdrawn. This is tragedy.--

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[To H. Ware London Jan 15/67]

Sunday I heard Mr. Martineau preach, not very forcibly. It now set in warm and rainy, and I was glad to spend the time from Sunday noon to Wednesday noon writing in my room, which I did without other interruption than going to Mr. Hatter Lewis's Architectural lecture at the University, Tuesday evening. He is one of my best friends, I was glad to see how he did his work. I should mention also that as I was writing on Monday the girl came up and announced a visitor--quite a new thing, as I am always out when people call. I did not identify the name, and was surprised to find my own Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary sitting in state in Miss Halstead's dining-room. He talked very pleasantly for ten or fifteen minutes, and sent the next day a note in the first person saying that Mrs Adams hoped I would come and meet a few American friends on Wednesday at half past 7. So after posting my long letter to Van Brunt, calling on Mr. Fergusson, who was out, and on Sir Charles Lyell who was just going out, besides Mr. Pickman, who was in, and Mr. Digby Wyatt and Prof. Donaldson, who were not, I came home after a rather short and useless day, prosecuted my correspondence, and dressed in my fine clothes, getting to Portland Place just as the half-hour struck.

Mr and Mrs Dudley Field, a U.S. gentleman whose name I did not catch, and Lady Lyell, Mr and Mrs Benson, the host and hostess, Miss Adams and I made the party. We went down to dinner at about 8 o'clock and got home about 12. Funnily enough I had never seen Mr and Mrs Benson. I had a little talk with everybody byt Mrs Field. Lady Lyell was sorry to have been out when I called, and asked familiarly about Boston people, telling me what I did not know, that the Technology had doubled its numbers. The only thing said of any interest was that the position of things here is very unstable, great changes must come; and the disturbing element is, curiously enough, the improvement that has taken place in the

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character of the aristocracy. So long as they were spendthrifts, they were merely discreditable, and their personal and peculiar failings disregarded from their social position; but they were not in a way to do much harm, however little good they did. Now, however, they are thrifty, hardworking men, who save and increase their means. The consequence is that their landed estates are rapidly getting free of all encumbrance, and they have surplus to invest. This they naturally put into more land, as the safest investment in the long run. The whole landed interests of the kingdom is accordingly rapidly being concentrated in very few hands, the character of an hereditary aristocracy and one of wealth being united in the same persons. This state of things creates such a strain upon society, it is so exceptional and exceptionable, that society will hardly stand it, and trouble must come of it, sooner or later. I spent a very pleasant evening, rather slow, but very pleasant.

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[To H. Van Brunt — Boston. Jan 30. 1867]

It is now your turn, and happily the past week has been a particularly architectural one. There are indeed in the previous weeks things that I should have mentioned if I had been writing to you instead of to my sisters, but which it is not worth while to go back and recall. The only thing of special interest I recorded at length, my successful debut upon the boards of thr R.I.B.A. The printed matter I enclosed which I beg you will send to Milton herewith, contains an official record of the same, and shows, what I did not convey in my note, that the same performer was accorded for the next occasion in an original piece. I was a little vexed at the violent way, I was pressed into the service, willy willy, I kicked a little, as I trust is sufficiently apparent to the reader of the report. I was willing enough to appear, however, if I could do so on my own terms, and should have been foolish to throw away so conspicuous an opportunity of furthering the object I had in hand; of promoting actual relations between the society and the American Institute, and of making known my own present wants and objects. Having got the thing put into a shape that did not require any elaborate and difficult discourse, I was very comfortable. I could not undertake to write anything out, but on easy and familiar ground I thought I could get along without. The little experience I had in lecturing from notes at the Technology last year, gave me confidence, especially as I had found the atmosphere of the R.I.B.A. stimulating and cordial. I would not have attempted it before a cold or hostile array. I managed to keep my courage up to the last, without a moment's flunk, turning the general topics over in my mind, getting up a few felicitous phrases especially by way of exordium, and within the last 24 hours making half a page of minutes--topics and catchwords. There was quite an array, sixty or seventy, more than usual they said,

of unusual quality, My own friends in full force, the Donaldsons, Mr Hayter Lewis, Mr. Kerr, the three professors, Digby Wyatt and Thomas Henry, both the Honorary Secretaries, Mr Hayward and Mr Seddon, Mr Godwin, Mr Roger Smith, Mr Rickman, Mr Waterhouse and MrWithers. Mr Fergusson and Mr Cockerell made me careful apologies for not coming. So you see I was quite the lion. It was near nine before I began, and it was proper to stop at ten, so that I didn't get through with my half sheet, but there was time enough to say something about the condition of the profession with us; to describe the rise and progress of the Institute and the work it had done and proposed to do; to go through the photographs, which covered an entire wall and made a famous show, and which excited the greatest interest and curiosity, as well as approbation, saying who did which, and so giving in a gossiping kind of way, a view of the personnel of the Institute, not neglecting those whose works did not appear. I thought this sort of thing would do more than any thing to create personal interest and sympathy between the two bodies. I had them hung so that the wooden building made a long row, and finished with an account of the method of their construction, which was listened to with breathless interest, pencils and note-books. But indeed they were very attentive all through, and their little spasmodic--"hear, hear," is a very encouraging kind of applause. A shorthand writer took down my valuable remarks as they fell from my lips. Mr Beresford Hope was very cordial and friendly, and did not resent my handing him things to look at while he was asleep. It was my maiden speech, except my five talks with my boys, and I was quite charmed to find that I could really do it. After it was all over I concluded however, that the company had found it a little slow, and I should certainly have hurried more if I had seen the clock. Still it answered the main purpose in exciting interest in us and our work, and establishing what

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I hope will be the beginning of a really serviceable intercourse. Mr. Hope amid great enthusiasm proposed that, that distinguished American Architect, Mr. Richard Upjohn, President of the American Institute of Architects, should be made an Honorary and Corresponding member of this society, which was done with acclamation. I assured him that nothing could be more gratifying to our feelings than this recognition. I have been longing to see some results of my prosperous doings, and am much pleased to find this excellent piece of work successfully accomplished.

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[To M.E.W. — Sunday Feb. 8 1867]

Thursday Mr. Arthur Cates came early to show me the new Record Office building, by Pennethorne. We were there untill 11, an interesting building. A volumne of Doomes-day Book was brought out for me to see, a beautiful MS on parchment, as fresh as if it were not more than fifty years old. Then in a hurry to meet my appointment with Scott. I had no idea he would keep it, and was quite prepared to have Mr Thompson say he would go down to the Abbey with me and show me about in case Mr. Scott wasn't able to come." I did this eminent man injustice, for we hadn't been five minutes in the Chapter-House when in he came, and came to stay. We had two men, one with a lantern and one with keys, and when necessity required and keys wouldn't fit, a third man with a crowbar to force our way withal. Up stairs and down, in and out, for five mortal hours and a half, we were at it, beginning with the conventual buildings and little scraps of Edward the Confessor's walls, all over Westminster School and the Abbey gardens, till I thought I should never get into the church at all; then all round all the chapels, under the monuments and on top thereof, up into the triforium, as the afternoon service drove us out below, into the roofs, and on to the leads. I believe nobody ever went the rounds before so thoroughly or in such state. Scott was full of information, and very chatty. I found after all, though, that the things he saw were just what I had been in the habit of looking at, and the questions that puzzled me, he hadn't any particular answer to. Almost dead with hunger, I walked up with him as the day declined and took my leave at the corner of Spring Gardens. He asked me to come out some night and spend the night at his house, which rather capped the climax, asking whom I would like to meet, but this question I prudently set aside.

The evening I had devoted to my Institute paper, but letters took precedence, and I didn't get to it. However I put a dozen letters into Friday's mails, so that I was consoled. They even consoled me for a frightful casualty. Mr Needham had three weeks ago sent an invitation to dine. I was a little nervous to find I had lost the note, but cherished a distinct recollection of Monday being the day, and thought it would be foolish to write and make sure. What was my horror on Friday to get a note regretting my absence and hoping I was not sick! Misfortunes never come single, especially those caused by one's own folly. I had already declined an invitation to dinner on the Monday from Mr Tagart who wrote offering to ask some young architects to meet me. I made a desperate rush to checkmate fate by getting a place in the House of Commons for the Reform debate on Monday, which would have consoled me for the loss of many dinners, though dinners are things I dearly love. But Mr Adams sent word that all his places were taken and Mr Mill that I had better apply to Mr Adams, as he feared he could not serve me.

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[To H. Van Brunt — Sampa (near Genoa) March 20, '87]

~~March 20th~~. It occurs to me to add a line about spires. The Glascow men give an entasis of about 1 inch in ten feet to their spires, and so do the Edinburgh men. This is not so common in England, and Scott said he never did it, though he knew that in some countries all the old work had it. It is not absolutely imperceptible, though you do not notice it, unless just beneath, unless you look for it. It is very pleasing when you do see, or half see it; and it is claimed of course that it lends a charm even when not perceived, which is doubtful. Another thing they do in Scotland is to slope in the pinnacles and dormers of the spire several inches. I have no doubt this ought to be done. They also make great account of setting-in a little at every stage where opportunity offers, so as to make the vertical wall of the tower gradually recede and diminish on the outside. This is on the Pyramid principle, and I am inclined to think is right, and almost necessary to prevent a high-shouldered look. I am amazed to see the extent to which this is done in some classic buildings, and to see how harsh they look when it is not done.

It is wicked to write from Genoa and say nothing about it. It is most interesting and splendid. The people are most attractive, and the interior of churches and palaces far beyond my imaginings. Outside it is excessively shabby; all the town and except a few of the palaces and a few of the churches being of stucco outside, and generally without any mouldings, the architectural details being painted. This is the case in every Italian town I have seen. Hardly a moulding and the walls painted just like old scenery on the stage. The finest churches are shabby outside, but within all --- literally everything--- marble, pictures and gold! I am amazed at the beauty and variety of these Renaissance churches. They are extremely interesting and grand, quite unlike all I have ever heard of them. I am puzzled by this--But this is not the place to begin upon that topic.

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[To M.E.W. Bologna, March 2, 1867]

The unexpected features [as we drove along the famous Corniche road from Nice] were the constantly recurring valleys opening up into the interior, with villages, perched on the nearer hills on either side, and glimpses of rocky and snowy mountains beyond, and the perpetual recurrence of villages along the shore. They were most interesting, a single long narrow street, generally, the houses very high and so near together that we could touch them by leaning out a little on both sides of the carriage. Many of them were quite large towns and very interesting. Before Napolenn made this road they had no connection except by sea. The houses were almost without exception perfectly smooth, plastered outside and a large proportion of them painted with cornices, mouldings, sculpture, false windows and blinds, and even balconies and people standing on them. They are all excessively shabby and dusty looking, and seldom really picturesqe, though they would make most picturesque pictures. It seems to be different in France and Italy from England where nothing looks shabby, however old, and the soft air and subdued light make things perfect pictures as they stand . Every now and then we found a shady street with reflected light of the same positive merit, but not often.

The sea is wonderful, but finer near Nice than farther along, but perhaps that was the day, streaked with green, purple and an intense blue. There is a prevailing tone of what we call robins-egg about the color, and near the shore it is more or less milky, with lime, even at Nice the waves rolling in like milk and water, very weak. Further along, the shore is in places more muddy and the water milky for some distance out. As the tide doesn't rise and fall, the water of course can't come and go, so that it is quite unchanged and permanently tinged. Here again as so often before, the best known facts are the most surprising. I knew from infancy, of course, that there was no tide, but never used my imagination to see what that implied, and was surprised at Nice to find how it affected

the character of the shore, and so all along the coast. The sea seemed lifeless and dead, lazily lapping the shore in just the same place hour after hour, day after day, It is not the "restless, toiling sea" that we are used to, and I was surprised to find how flat and insipid, how utterly without purpose and character it seemed. And to think that the ancients never knew any other! Of course so far as size goes it looks, as Perry said, bigger than the ocean. It was queer to think of Africa just over the other side. This by the way is one of the funny things about traveling--However familiar your surroundings, even in bed with your eyes shut, you feel your position on the map in the marrow of your bones, and never seem far away; it is other places that seem distant. The terrestrial globe always seems to turn so as to bring the place you are standing on at the top. "Where Alexander sits, there is the throne!

I will not go any further into this picture business however, than just to say this. There are two things about seeing them that are very satisfactory. In the first place all the pictures you like are sure to turn out to be by Titian, Paul Veronese, Tintoretto, Vandyke, Parmigiano or somebody else that it is perfectly proper to admire. The great masters do assert themselves unmistakeably. In the second place if you like a picture and it turns out to be by somebody nobody ever heard of, you are just as confident of its merits, as if it were down in all the books. The good pictures assert themselves unmistakeably. Of course there are famous pictures that it takes time to learn to like, but there is much less of this than I imagined.

[To M.E.W. — 91 Naples March 21. 1887]

We spent the mornings in the Museo Borbonico, or Nazionale, a tremendous accumulation of antiquities, besides the paintings and sculpture and the Pompeian frescoes. The frescoes are extremely interesting, much better and much more exciting than I expected, though I have always taken the greatest interest in them. The sculpture galleries contain some very fine things, both things famous and others; but they have a special interest in not being a selection of masterpieces, as most such galleries necessarily are, but in being an omnium gatherum of every thing that turned up, good, bad and indifferent. It is most instructive to see what an enormous quantity of second-rate work accompanied the first rate, all of the same general character, all working the same vein, but a hundred failing where one succeeded. This is, as I think I have said more than once, every where one of the most striking results of seeing work in the mass and not by specimen; and it gives a far more just idea of the conditions under which success is attainable, of what Mr. Taine calls the milieu. Another noticeable thing is the constant repetition of the same forms. In one instance, for instance, in the Museo are nine Venuses all in the attitude and costume, so to speak, of the Venus de' Medici. There is hardly one of them worth looking at a second time. There are also several instances of Harriet's old friend, the Crouching Venus; two in particular I remember, slightly larger than life, almost exactly alike, one lovely, the other totally uninteresting, but so nearly identical that at the first glance they might be supposed to have come from one mould. Whether these are to be regarded as copies more or less successful of some famous masterpiece, or whether they are all to be looked upon, famous masterpieces as well as the others, rather as independent solutions of what was considered a stock subject, is a question. I am not enough of a connaisseur to answer. I have no doubt an answer is to be found somewhere in the books, right or wrong. The question is merely a single instance of that which arises in every case of resemblances and coincidences.

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the question whether the phenomena are to be regarded as standing in the relations of cause and effect, or as being all alike the effects of a common cause. The phenomena are very interesting, whatever is the explanation. It seems as if half the objects in the museum could be paired. Pretty much the same thing may be said of the paintings, both ancient and modern; It is surprising how frequently an identical treatment occurs. But this is of course less common than in sculpture.

[T. H. Van Brunt — Parma May 26 1873]

I now hardly see where to resume. That however need not prevent my acknowledging your two letters, without further delay, received one at Naples, the other only last week at Florence. I thought nothing could give me more pleasure than the first, until I recieved the second. You can hardly understand how much they have lightened my cares, nor believe, perhaps, how much I was needing the relief. It is a great satisfaction to have you think I was right, I mean of couse wise and judicious, in undertaking to come abroad when I did. It seemed so to me at the time, and so I came; but I never felt quite sure, and my misgivings have rather grown as I have found how long it takes to do things; and how impossible it is in a hurried journey to bring any thing substantial to pass. I do understand things better, but I don't see that I can do any thing I couldn't do before, nor that I know any new thing in a practical, useful way. These considerations had been forcing themselves on my attention at Naples, where I found myself at the end of my string and was led to review foreign travel and the travail thereof until I was filled with a mild despair. Your friendly and succoring letter came like a soothing balm to the tender spot; and though I am afraid you expect too much in the way of results and look upon the thing more as I did than as I do, not yet seeing the vanity of expectations, it is as I say a great satisfaction to have your cordial co-operation.

It was a growing sense of the impossibility of studying or working while one is traveling, a dismay, at discovering that traveling is travail not leisure at all for mind or body, but incessant exercise and fatigue for both, and that if I was to get the personal benefit I had hoped for either I must sit quietly down when my travels were through; that led me to write to you and Mr. Rogers from Genoa. The interval has every day strengthened my conviction of the inestimable value even of the cursory and hurried observations I make; but at the same time increased my

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anxiety while doing this not to leave the other undone; not to go home without doing something to increase my personal efficiency, without meeting the dearest wish of my heart by doing something to supply, even at this late day, some of the deficiencies of my education. Things have taken longer than I expected and I was almost in despair to find time slipping away with this end unaccomplished; and not without remorseful misgivings over the use I had made of the 8 or 9 months I had spent; when your letter arrived followed soon by Mr. Rogers's, setting me free to do as may at the time seem best. It is like having a new lease of life. Hope perches again upon my standard. I cannot yet tell to what extent I may avail myself of this liberty, but the freedom is everything. I trust I may see my way clear to a wise decision. What is best for one purpose is best for another. What is best for me is best for you. It is the greatest possible pleasure and satisfaction that you see this as I do, and I am much obliged to you for saying so. I hope to see my way to make good use of these privileges, and justify your confidence in my discretion, for which again I am much obliged. It seems to me that with my present knowledge and experience and definite idea of what I want I can, by a few months of well directed discipline, obtain a command of my resources that I know just fall short of, which I greatly need, and which if I do not get now I may never obtain. I may be mistaken, but it seems to me that a few months in Paris over drawing and French will give me a real lift . If that won't, nothing will, and I must resign myself to my old ways in the belief that it is the state of life God has appointed. But this is enough about myself. I try to show things to you just as they seem to me, so far as paper and ink and a villianous pen, suffice to do so. Your friendly interpretation must make good their deficiencies.

[To A.B.W. — 95 June 25. 1867]
[by Symonds of Sugano]

But these pictures impressed me very much, as again and again have other treatments of these and other subjects in the New Testament cycle, with a new sense of the tragic power of the story they illustrate. One can hardly wonder that it moved the world.

But in every other respect the Catholic Church, past and present, its ministrations and appliances has very much disappointed my expectatio It seems just false and weak, and always to have been so, a mass of lies and superstition. The movements of its remotest antiquity show it substantially the same as it is now, It seems never to have been pure; the Xtianity of history, which is identical with it seems always to have been a bundle of superstitions. What the true and original Xtianity was is of course another question; but the Xtian institutions and most of all the Christian antiquities of Rome lead one to place an absolute distrust in every thing that at any period has come through the channel of the Catholic Church. It is mere paganism, and the wonder is that Christianity having, in virtue of a new principle, overthrown paganism should have so soon been overwhelmed by it. It is a very strange story, the whole thing, and I don't believe the truth is known about it yet. As to the present position of the Church, though thinking people have no respect for it, and there are plenty of scoffers among all classes, the great bulk of the population take it as a matter of course and cherish it with a superstitious and sufficiently sincere regard. It is not true that this is chiefly on the part of the women. It may be true, probably is, that it is the men mostly, who are unbelievers; but for all that the churches are full of men, all the time, both for public and private service. Two other things surprised me, one is the amount of preaching. Nothing is more common, on a week day, than to find preaching going on, and large audiences collected. The other is the delightful Sunday-schools, generally

on a Sunday afternoon. At Milan the other day, we found a church with half a dozen classes of boys and young men each with a priest in the middle of a circle haranguing them with great earnestness, and they listening devoutly. Its all very queer. I think the priests themselves less corrupt than I had supposed, more bona fide.

It was charming, wasn't it, to find these famous frescoes at Lugano, to end off withal?

The third trip, made in 1883 in company with the son of his friend J. C. Bancroft as travelling-companion, was made advisable by the state of his health which had suffered seriously in consequence of his having been knocked down by a carelessly driven grocer's delivery wagon. Except from a hygienic standpoint, the travels of a valetudinarian are not apt to be of very great interest; and this trip made no breach in the rule. It was in the main largely restricted to a visit to Egypt and a short trip up the Nile, taking in also for the benefit of his young travelling companion brief tours through

The expedition, however, was otherwise profitable since it facilitated and made more enjoyable his next trip abroad which was made in 1890 in company with his sister Harriet. Foreign tours should, to be fully profitable, always be made in duplicate, the first time for the sake of discovering what there is worth seeing and how to get access to it, while the second trip enables one to seek at once what is most profitable and with the greatest avoidance of fatigue, cost and worry. This trip, which was of the nature of a "Sabbatical year", was probably the one that brought him the most direct personal pleasure; for not only did he have agreeable companionship, but the route again lay through Egypt, Syria, the cities of the Aegean and Greece, and this time they were being visited by the fully ripened scholar.

It must be acknowledged that, however great Professor Ware's interest was in the strivings and accomplishments of the practising architect, he had in still greater degree the scholar's interest. In the book lore, the literature of the Art, in its history, in the valuing of accomplished results and above all in the archaeology of past times he was deeply interested through natural attraction; and of course his interest in these departments of

the composite art had been greatly developed and strengthened through and because of his professorial occupations during so many years; and so this leisurely passage through the Classic and historic scenes and remains he was so fully prepared to appreciate and understand afforded him rare personal pleasure.

It was while the little party was known to be in the neighborhood of Greece that the present writer was surprised by the receipt from Athens of this brief and cryptic cablegram: "Mail open fireplace." The signature was authentic and genuine, and there seemed no reason to suspect a cipher or code despatch; but what or whose fireplace was wanted, where it should be sent and, of all things, how any open fireplace could be mailed to anyone anywhere, was not at all clear. After long puzzling it was recalled that, years before, we had published a book, now long out of print, called "The Open Fireplace," by J. P. Putnam. A copy of the book was finally hunted down in the market and mailed at a venture. Fortunately the puzzle had been solved correctly. The fact was that one of the reasons for visiting Greece at this time was that he might have the pleasure of seeing the school building he had recently designed for the use of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens sitting in modest companionship with the impressive remains of an ancient architectural grandeur. On reaching Athens he was chagrined to find that the winds eddying over the bleak hillsides adjoining caused an apparently careless smoking of the open-fireplaces in the building. Finding that all of the devices of the fumiste's art that he could recall proved unable to effect a cure, and as a last hope, he despatched his cryptic cablegram. Fortunately a study of Putnam's book enabled him to detect the cause of the evil and apply a cure.

The last trip to Europe was made, again in Company with his sister Harriet, in 1907, to take his part in the international jury selected to decide the Carnegie Peace Palace competition. The trip was a short one and only covered a few places in the Low Countries, France and England, most of them old friends he was glad to revisit.

[illegible]

Thursday, [illegible]

Dear Sherman:-

I can hardly believe that it is four weeks since I sat on deck as we passed the coast of St. Michael's. This is the first day it has been warm enough to sit writing on deck again, for after we left the Azores it grew a little colder, the Gulf Stream being left behind. Meanwhile we have come in "from island unto island to the breaking of the day" Fayal, St. Michael's, Gibraltar- which an island is in all but name,- Sardinia, Sicily and Malta, with the Levant, (which is day break) just at our bow.

Save for the omission of Spain the programme I had sketched has proved a practicable one, the fates having smiled when we were most uncertain about making our connections, and save for a [illegible] storm before we got to Fayal our voyages have been something to dream of. On shore we have not been quite so happy, three of our six days in Naples and two of our eight in Sicily being rainy, which cost us the sight of Etna. But we had fine weather for Vesuvius and for Pompeii, and two beautiful days in Palermo and three [illegible] in Malta, so we do not complain. At Malta we were told that we must wait from Monday A.M. till Friday or Saturday and then not get to Egypt till the following Thursday- a week from to-day. But just as our philosophy had reconciled us to this delay, an unexpected ship of the first class turned up, and took us off Tuesday evening, with the promise of making Port Said on Saturday, the 11th, day after to-morrow. As this is the earliest date I had ever contemplated and we have done just what we first proposed without hurry and without missing anything, we are very happy over it all. On the whole, I think a stroke of luck is more satisfactory than an approving conscience. I had that when submitting to fate at Malta, for I was sure that we had done the proper thing at every turn and that it was pure mischance and no fault of mine that we were losing six days. But we were not happy over it.

It has been delightful having Heins along,- as these English people say- even more than I had fancied. I thought I knew him pretty well, but he bore knowing better. On the voyage we had some excellent talks about the Scholarships and about his Cathederal sketches. He is delightfully honest-minded, and indeed I think this is the only thing he takes pride in. He said, indeed, one day that the only thing a man had a right to be vain of was of not being vain, or words to that effect. When we got on shore and began to see things, I found four eyes much better than two, and as the things he cared most for-- effects of decoration and color,- were things, I had not specially in mind, it was all very stimulating and improving. The morning we landed in Naples, Sunday the 22nd, at 10 o'clock, we walked out at once, discovering unheard of churches, two of these stunning ones. I found we agreed about them very well and rejoiced in his generosity of appreciation. Thence to Palermo, a place even more animated and gay than Naples, and cleaner. I think that may have been because we got there just after a drenching shower. The splendid mosaics were just in his line, and we were up to the ears in them for a couple of days. Then he went back to Naples and we were left lamenting.

These mosaics raise a difficult and important question, one which presents itself elsewhere also. But elsewhere it can be blinked. Here there is no dodging it. Alongside the old mosaics were some new ones, restaurations, of substantially the same material as the old ones and much better workmanship, the surface smoother, the colors more even, the lines more definite, the fitting more exact. This was the case both in the figures, and in the decorative patterns whether geometrical or conventional. Now, the new ones looked hard, stiff, mechanical and uninteresting, while the old ones were full of charm and a sort of picturesqueness. Even the purely geometrical arrangements of squares and triangles, put together so as to form regular figures, looked better when the figures were a little irregular, that is to say that when the avowed object was to produce a certain kind of figure it was more satisfactory

to miss than to hit. It was more agre able to have the idea suggested- so that it was clearly and fully suggested- than to have it fully expressed. The straight lines were more acceptable for not being straight, and the circles for not being round. It was the same with the decorative patterns. They lokked better when ~~carefully~~ most carelessly drawn, and executed with ~~mighty~~ roughly cut bits of stone and glass, than when executed with precision. Yet exquisite workmanship is certainly one quality of the best work.

I was inclined to think that it was really a negative phenomenon; that it was simply that precision introduced an air of harshness which was in itself so unpleasant that we were glad to purchase exemption from this evil even at the sacrifice of perfection of form; that the irregularity had no charm, in itself, but only the negative merit of not being stiff. But the somewhat analagous phenomenon of color makes this doubtful. In the new mosaics the gold of the backgrounds was not of just the same tint, and the tesserae were laid with parallel their ~~them~~ surfaces so as to present as uniform a surface as possible. In the old ones not only did the surfaces lie at slightly different angles, so as to make a varying play of reflected light, but the gold seemed not all to be of the same color, so that there was a play of varying tones. ~~lines~~. Moreover, in many places the gold-leaf had fallen off, leaving the tesserae black, or dark blue, and this peppered the gold ground with spots that added greatly to its texture. This last was of course only one of the picturesque touches of the finger of time, but the others were original in the work, and whether intentional or accidental, formed a positive merit, not a negative one. In the colored tesserae, this was more marked than with the gold ones, especially in the blues, which- as in LaFarges' windows- were mixed with greens, and the different shades of reds, and of yellows, were mixed together in like manner, and obviously with similar intention.

Now if this variety, play, call it what you will, is a positive merit in color, in surface, why may it not be so in line, also? Is it or is it not the fact that, so long as the character and intention of the form are unmistakeably indicated, a little looseness and freedom in the delineation is agreeable in itself.

Two things seem to argue on this side. One is that even in Architecture, which, as much as Opus Alexandrinum, is the expression of geometrical ideas, many works present analagous irregularities of execution, of which it may be and has been claimed, with good show of reason, that they not only give ease and animation to the works in question, but that they have been seduously introduced to that end. The Greek deviations from horizontality and perpendicularity are the best known and least disputable examples. But sumilar phenomena are claimed to exist in the best works of the Middle Ages.

In the the second place, the preference for hand work over machine work would seem to rest in part at least, and so far as it is an aesthetic and artistic preference, upon this same basis. There is to be sure the moral preference, which Mr. Ruskin so much insists upon. There is undoubtedly an interest, a human interest in what has cost time and trouble. Still more in what has been done with affectionate diligence, than in what has been turned out by the action of unintelligent and unfeeling forces. But, apart from that, the thing itself seems preferable, not because the hand and eye work truer than the compass and triangle, but because they do not work so true.

Something, though not all, of the difference between an etching and an engraving, between a drawing and a photolithograph of the same drawing, seems due to this. They have a quality of animation, accident, play, which, for whatever reason, is itself agreeable. ~~These drawings~~ of