

a heathen temple, an entrance to a station-yard that is but an enormous sacrifice of the art of architecture at the throne of the railway demon, and a college that for more than a generation was but a feeble out-building to a portico which was an approach to emptiness. In each building the march of time and the progress of national life have branded the works on which the architects bestowed such earnest care as anachronisms.

The Gothic revival which raged in its turn after the Greek, and had an Italian rival as well as offshoots of its own to compete with, commenced, flourished, died, and is condemned upon the same archæological ground as the Greek movement we have just described. The presence of rivals produced friction, and the contesting archæologies each claimed antiquarian precedent only as their ultimate test of beauty. Is it not utterly illogical and ridiculous to reflect that the beauty or propriety of nineteenth-century architecture should be judged by the accident of birth to some detail either in the twelfth or thirteenth century of some corresponding epoch? Traces of this error can be still observed in architectural examination question papers. In ecclesiastical design the iron bondage and dead weight of antiquity was endured longest, but when the evident revolt came it was only to resort to foreign types for a while and then to some period of hitherto forbidden fruit at home. The absurdities of most of this work are manifest to us now, but it is only a very short time ago that tremendous efforts were made to combine incompatible elements, and to compel the nineteenth century to wear the cast-off clothing of its Mediæval ancestors. But all dead men's clothes soon wear out and want replacing. What shall we say to the revivals of the use of indistinct glass in small pieces fastened together with lead straps, of rough rubble walls unplastered, of chilly paved halls, of wide-mouthed, open-throated chimney openings, of confining the influence of the fire-place to the ingle nook and numberless other barbarisms that have made us laughable to the world at large? And to what other lengths of imitative foolishness will not this historical method lead those who will blindly and unthinkingly follow? Apart from all questions of use or comfort, what beauty of form or of architectural idea is there in half the tricks of design and construction by which a modern building is made ancient in character. Put aside the fact that the Goths did so, we could give no reason, good or bad, for more than half of modern Gothic architectural design. The disposal of thicknesses in walls and buttresses, the scantlings of roof timbers and their framings, are governed by considerations which were good in days when walling was not paid for by the rod and timber was not purchased in scantlings at the Surrey docks. The fact is that English architects have been first bewitched with one beauty and then with another, and have finally endeavored to be in love with all the beauties at once; in losing their hearts they have lost their heads, and have lived in a Mediæval dream of bliss while the nineteenth century marched on and left them farther and farther behind in what is really a morass of archæology, out of which no path to real living architectural design can emerge.

As we endeavored, however, to give the modern Greek architects their due, those of the Gothic Renaissance must not be dealt with unfairly. We are to this day living under the romantic charms of their Mediæval England, and it is doubtful whether we can fairly gauge the verdict of the future on recent work. Great perseverance and consistency, an exact thoroughness of observation, a quick perception of the artistic qualities of picturesqueness, local beauty and appropriateness; a widening sympathy, still at work, for all the crafts and arts connected with home and civic life that flourished alongside architecture in Mediæval England; a general soundness and simplicity of construction equal to that of the Mediæval master builders, characterize the work of the leaders among modern architects of the Gothic revival. These men have absorbed themselves entirely into the spirit of the past age, and have succeeded in attaining their ideal to live architecturally in the Middle Ages, and they can and do produce for us genuine works of Art in all branches that compel admiration. Take a country-house by a leading architect of the present day for an example; how picturesquely its rubble and half-timbered walls group themselves upon the hill, with what stern reserve the battlements crown the walls, and behind them at sufficient distance to allow of the passage of a cross-bow man rise the quaintly waving tile roofs. How the tower crowns the landscape, with what a sense of protection the high courtyard walls enclose the entrance. What broad unwind-dowed surfaces of wall seem to defy the missiles of pre-explosive warfare. The mullioned and latticed windows, the timber framings, the stone jointing, the ancient leaden conduits, the very grin of the gargoyles all bespeak the thoroughness and perfection of the Mediævalism, which only consummate talent could realize for us in this un-Mediæval age. How thoroughly the artist has grasped his problem, too. Side by side with the architectural consistency one is conscious of a subtle artistic charm that seems to catch and secure effects in the modern building that the hand of time alone effected in the old prototype. The harmony of color given only by age is sought for, the rapidly weathering tiles, the dark-toned bricks, the fumigated timbers, the colored parquetry all are carefully considered and deliberately carried out to fix the Mediæval impression upon the mind and emphasize the doctrine that nought but what is old can be beautiful in this grossly un-artistic age. The internal arrangements are even equally Mediæval. With the homely charm of an ancient grange is combined the charm of a modern house, but the essence of the charm is its antiquity. Hence, the quaint crookedness of plan that produces picturesque passages, the variety of levels, the deep window recessings, the great hall, the beamed ceilings, the panelled linings, and numberless artistic methods of carrying the mind back to the times before this Rip Van Winkle of architecture either went to sleep or was born. The result is indisputably charming. It is artistic archæology tempered with civilization; the dish itself, as well as its trimmings, is Mediæ-

val; it does everything that is possible to put the hands of the clock back three or four centuries, but it is not modern architecture.

In ecclesiastical buildings we have similar results. The hapless chances of ancient church history and building are reproduced with skill and patience. The acme of modern ecclesiastical art consists in the perfect realization of what a beautiful fourteenth or fifteenth century church would have been, and as before, the laborious and earnest efforts of the artist had succeeded in a short span of life in running the gamut of the centuries and in reproducing in effect and feeling the presentment of the departed spirit of Mediæval Art. In fact, often no higher praise is required than that the purity, beauty and other qualities of ancient Art are to be found in their present day counterfeit. We have a definite Renaissance of Mediæval Art, our cathedral work. Our churches, large and small, and our colleges, are the productions of a living school of artistic architects for whom, with their domestic brethren, we cannot but feel the warmest affection and enthusiastic admiration, but they are exotics, they are contemporaries of Wykehamist William, of Harry the Eighth with his palace of Nonsuch, of Spencer and his Faerie Queen. They sing with Shakespeare:—

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it—Ding, dong, bell.

and they consistently suit the action to the word and bury true architectural fancy in a grave centuries deep.

We will not stop to discuss whether Queen Anne is dead or not, though she is evidently a guiding star still to the thirsty revivalist who, with faithful discrimination forsakes, with the progress of civilization, such barbarities as metal casements for the newly invented double-hung sash, and welcomes a small increase in the size of manufactured glass that enables him to employ wooden bars of moderate section instead of small lead straps. What would her deceased Majesty have given, or that great architect Sir Christopher Wren either, who preceded her, for such beautiful sheets of plate glass as now adorn our shop fronts? Oh, Revivalist, learn to follow the progressive movement of real Art, and become a designer in architecture instead of a mere dealer in her artistic antiquities. We must proceed to draw our conclusions. We are not able to complain of real lack of architectural opportunity, and there is no want of architectural genius and capacity. Our architects are, however, devoted to a more or less stupid archæology, and therefore have ceased in any effective way to be artists for the age. Why should not this be remedied? Cannot we set ourselves, instead of against the stream of time and progress, with it? Why should not the requirements, methods and opportunities of the men of our own time be studied, and our minds trained to fix themselves upon the universal characteristics of living Art instead of upon its past impressions only? As there is no true Art in representing a laboring man, rough hewn and coarse perhaps, but perfectly beautiful in degree, at his rugged work, as wearing fine clothes or a mask of Apollo, so let a warehouse front represent a warehouse, a railway station appear to be what it is, and as a station only; and let this sensibleness and a simple beauty take the place of the hopeless affectations of domestic design, and we may yet begin to earn back again the wages of public esteem and confidence that we have forfeited by our archæological heresies. Have you ever discovered that the true beauty of architecture is to do thoroughly and manifestly what it is intended to do, whether to be ornamental, comfortable, monumental or useful, as the case may require? For instance, what a solid impressiveness and grandeur there is about the vast supports and trabeated construction of the entrance of the Great Eastern Railway line into London, between Bethnal Green and Bishopsgate. This singular work of engineering is most architectural, and has stern and earnest beauty of character. Similar effects can be often, if not always, found where constructors have to make great effort to cope with difficulties, and some of the brick-and-girder engineering of the Metropolitan Railway is of this class, and has present in it, and manifestly so, most of the elements of sound architecture, and will without any doubt be regarded by the broad verdict of the future as some of the most characteristic buildings of our day. Why should architects segregate themselves, as if afflicted with an ancient leprosy, from the life of the city and world of to-day? Why should they leave all that is simple and direct in architecture to engineers, and lose their right to that even the barren title of architect? Has not the Forth Bridge a piquant power of form and a real, if not ideal, beauty, without the assistance of what you and I call architecture? And does it not compare lamentably with the Tower Bridge, which, unless some undreamt-of convulsion happens, will for many generations be a monument of architectural failure, of great effort made to impart so-called Art and architecture that left to itself would have been much more natural? Also, in other directions, why are characteristic buildings of the age, such as the Crystal Palace and the Albert Hall, eminently works of architecture though not of architects? And, one must add, is not the block of Science Schools at Kensington, so impressive in mass and form and so thorough and beautiful in detail and decoration, the work of an architectural amateur, and does it not assert its dignity successfully amidst all its modern professional rivals?

Is it not time that we considered and reconsidered our methods until we find ourselves facing the problems of our practice, not as champions of a past style and dead art, but as equipped artists who facilitate the advance of architecture by meeting heartily the spirit of the age, in order to adapt her materials to their best uses, to accept her requirements for their greater usefulness, and to suitably and expressively ornament where required? To