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CHARLES HARRIS WHITAKER, *Editor*

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FROM OUR BOOK SHELF

tect, but in his sense of the word we are not architects, and on the whole his position is the stronger of the two. However, it is useless to argue over the meaning of words. Henry, that 13th century genius, gave us the Abbey and whether "Reyns" is "Rheims" or just an English village matters as little as whether or no we call him an architect.

Henry VII Chapel remains forever a *tour de force* in masonry, marvelous, astonishing, audacious, mendacious, meretricious. Good or bad it is lovely.

It is interesting historically because it is so full of that late rising tide of the Italian Renaissance which at last had reached England. Torrigiani, undoubtedly a master of ornament of the best 15th century period, gave England the delicate detail which had already passed its zenith in Italy; and yet, curiously enough, the Renaissance of Italy was not yet to push Gothic to the wall in England, for Henry VIII's break with Rome broke also this Italian fashion and so for another 100 years Gothic principles in structure and design still held sway and only detail now and then reminded one that the ornament of Italy had been brought to England in 1520. The Italian Renaissance was a wonderful and very unintelligible movement. What bred it? How and why did it so suddenly die? Keyserling,¹ speaking of it says (page 218): "But the facts are beyond question: the great periods of culture, like that of the Renaissance, cannot be explained altogether out of the demonstrable series of causes. They differ qualitatively from that which preceded or succeeded them. They owe their existence ultimately to a spiritual influx which bears unmistakably the stamp of divine grace. Such grace incidentally transmutes all nature. Once its source, however, had dried up, no effort and no talent is of any avail. Since the height of the Renaissance, artistic culture has declined in Italy, in spite of all the geniuses who have been born there again and again, and today the Italians probably possess less creative taste than any other people, although they are still artistically the most gifted."

This revelation of Italian influence in the Henry VII Chapel is interesting, but still more so is the influence of 13th century Italy, brought to fuller light recently by the uncovering of Mosaic, enamel and color on the 13th century tombs. The 13th century retablo might have come from San Miniato. The enamel work on the oaken effigy of William de Valence seems as if it might have come direct from France and yet is English in its character. This is dated 1296. The tomb of Henry III is as Italian as anything of the time in Santa Croce. The one great marvel is that so much has outlived the vicissitudes of turbulent English Church history.

The greater part of the volume is naturally devoted to the Abbey itself, but the appanages of the Abbey are also fully reviewed, the cloisters, the Chapter House and the vaults, are of great interest, and the various domestic buildings now in use for the school and for residences are beautifully illustrated. Ashburnham house is an interesting example of complete transformation from the 13th to the 18th century and reminds one of the possibilities of uncovering the 18th and finding the 13th as Harold Peto did in his interesting house (set in wonderful gar-

¹ *Travel Diary of a Philosopher.*

dens, Peto's work, which I saw in April). The house had been made over within and without in the 18th century, but while making some repairs in a modern drawing room Mr. Peto uncovered and then fully restored a beautiful 13th century room with walls, floor, fireplace and ceiling practically intact.

The Abbey is a marvellous interior, but I think I had never before seen it with understanding until one night after dining with one of the canons we went in about 10 o'clock and saw the mysterious heights and depths illumined here and there as the lights were turned on, supplementing the moonlight that altered through the great windows; a marvellous and mysterious sight. The Abbey is a precious heritage to all English people, and this book, supplementing with its illustrations Dean Stanley's book, is a priceless record.

Obituary

Leonard G. Quackenboss, F.A.I.A.

Elected to Fellowship in the Institute in 1889

Died at Chicago, Illinois, 1 November, 1924

In the passing of Mr. Leonard G. Quackenboss, F.A.I.A., the profession of architecture sustained a loss which is especially comprehended by the men who worked with Mr. Quackenboss in the height of his activity some twenty-five years ago. Letters received by the CHICAGO CHAPTER from some of his old associates in the profession indicate a man of great integrity and personal faithfulness, with a high standard in his attention to the performance of his work. Mr. Quackenboss built a number of residences, notably a home for Mr. Henry Botsford at 18th Street and Michigan Avenue in Chicago, and a summer home at Stockbridge, Massachusetts. The Finley Barrell home in Kimbark Avenue near 48th Street, Chicago, is also his work. In recent years ill health had prevented Mr. Quackenboss from pursuing his profession actively, or taking part in Chapter activities.

HOWARD L. CHENEY.

George Edward Harney, F.A.I.A.

Elected to Fellowship in the Institute in 1871

Died at New York City, 12 November, 1924

George Edward Harney, architect of the older school, scholar and practitioner with the highest ideals, was born at Lynn, Mass., 1840. His preceptor in Architecture was Alonzo Lewis. At eighteen he was writing and publishing designs of domestic work of originality and good taste, which attracted a large clientele. In 1873 he published *Harney's Barns and Out-Buildings*. In 1863 he had offices in Newburgh and Cold Spring, New York, in the neighborhood where large estates were building on the Hudson River. Later he came to New York where his clients were of the notable families whose names every one knows. Among his many works are the Mercantile Library, St. Mary's Church at Cold Spring, Lincoln Home and Hospital, the George E. Dodge Tudor House, Tuxedo, Kountze House, Morristown. He was in active practice for fifty-three years, and retired fourteen years ago. He died at the ripe age of eighty-four years.