



From Photograph taken in New York, September, 1895.

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

TWENTY-NINTH

ANNUAL CONVENTION

OF THE
AMERICAN INSTITUTE
OF ARCHITECTS

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sion. A stick is first broken in cross-breaking, as a beam, and the uninjured ends are then cut off, and used for the four other kinds of tests. The following is a kind of scheme of the tests made on the various kinds of timber to date.

One hundred and sixty-nine trees of six kinds of Pine . . .	18,128 tests.
Twenty-three trees of six kinds of Hickory	1,316
Ninety trees of nine kinds of Oak	6,320
Eight trees of two kinds of Pecan	332
Eight trees of two kinds of Gum	457
Ten large sticks of Oregon Fir	276
Six trees of two kinds of Ash	714
Eight trees of two kinds of Elm	409
Nineteen trees of five kinds of Cypress	4,126
Making in all, 341 trees	32,078 tests.

Besides these many thousands of tests have been made in the line of special investigations.

But one publication has been issued giving the results of tests, these being all on long leaf southern pine. This bulletin was issued over two years ago, and is now out of print. Another is now in press, which will contain the results of tests on the four principal species of southern yellow pine. This will be a very valuable publication for architects and engineers, and those who desire to obtain copies can do so by addressing an application to Dr. B. E. Fernow, Chief of the Forestry Division, Agricultural Department, Washington, D. C.

I have prepared for your observation to-day, two large tests, one being upon a short leaf yellow pine column, twelve inches square and twenty feet long, and the other a long leaf yellow pine beam, eight by sixteen inches, and twenty-eight feet long, this resting on end bearings, however, twenty feet apart, and loaded at the center. In the column test observations are taken for the amount of shortening of the column in compression by reading to one one-thousandth of an inch on each side of the column on metallic tapes fastened at one end, and running over pulleys at the other. The vertical and horizontal deflection of the column will also be observed during the test, one-half its weight being suspended at the center by means of a weight hanging over a pulley. In the test on the beam, the deflection will be observed as the loads increase until failure occurs.

Note. The above described tests were made in the presence of the visitors with the following results:

Maximum load on beam	42,400 lbs.
Maximum deflection of beam	3.82 in.
Maximum fibre stress at failure	7,500 lbs. per sq. in.
Maximum load on column	520,000 lbs.
Maximum load per sq. in	3,600 lbs.

After these experiments, the visitors were driven through the beautiful parks and terraces in the new residence portion of the city, which was a delightful surprise and revelation to those who were not familiar with the city, and gave tangible evidence of the excellent and refined work of the younger architects; and ending with a visit to the beautiful Columbian Club House, where another lunch was served before the final drive to the St. Nicholas Hotel.

SECOND DAY, EVENING SESSION.

The meeting was called to order by Vice-President George B. Post, at 8:30 P. M., and in response to the call of the chairman a eulogy in memory of ex-President Richard Morris Hunt was read by Mr. Henry Van Brunt of Kansas City.

RICHARD MORRIS HUNT.

At the request of those whose wishes I am bound to respect, the honorable duty of formally commemorating the life and professional career of our brother, Richard Morris Hunt, Third President of the American Institute of Architects, has devolved,—unworthily, I fear,—upon me.

But, in fulfilling this duty, there is nothing to be condoned; there are no prejudices in your minds to be laboriously overcome, no facts to be ingeniously suppressed, nothing to be exaggerated or justified by the art of the rhetorician. The career which we are about to celebrate was one so open, so conspicuous, so fortunate and complete, the personality which made it possible was so candid, so vigorous, so gracious, so accomplished, that this Institute, identified with it from the beginning, is eager to welcome all that can be said in its praise. I submit to you, therefore, no perfunctory panegyric, but the unaffected impressions of a man, singularly representative of all the best qualities which can adorn an architect and a gentleman, a man, to whom the profession in this country for its own sake, owes a formal tribute of commemoration and acknowledgment, a man, who not only won our respect and admiration for what he did, but our affection for what he was.

The Angel of Death cannot destroy a full and true life; rather does he preserve it. He confers upon it that symmetry, unity and completeness which

remain with us always to quicken and inspire. He purges it of all accidental and unessential elements, and makes a visible and enduring monument of its virtues. The dread Architect has thus rounded off and made beautiful for us forever this large, brilliant and blameless career. But we, brothers in the craft, which this career illustrated and adorned, heavy with a sense of a bereavement which seems irreparable, cannot but grieve that it has closed, and that the living man, whom we admired and loved, we shall no more see or hear. Irreparable, did I say? Not irreparable, so long as we continue to measure ourselves by the high standard of professional conduct which he established, so long as the spirit of serious and tranquil beauty which pervaded his works shall continue to exercise prolific power in the architecture of the new world. For it is the greatest felicity of the masters that what was best in them enjoys blessed immortality in their works and remains to keep alive the divine fire of art.

Those rare qualities in the master whom we now commemorate, which created that peculiar personal affection of which I have spoken, can hardly be made real to those who never came in contact with him; but the genius and training of the man, which expressed themselves in concrete form, can perhaps be so celebrated that those who follow us may, like ourselves, light their torches at his shrine. We, who have been near to Hunt find it difficult to separate the man from his works. To us they together constitute a unity so full of distinction and character, so pervaded and inspired by art, that no history of the development of our architecture in the latter half of the nineteenth century would be possible without a recognition of it as one of its most potent factors.

One of the wisest of men has said that there is something even in the most obscure and humble life, which, if it could be revealed, would be of the utmost interest and value to all mankind. Surely in the noble and conspicuous life which we are now considering it should not be difficult to uncover this precious germ.

I shall not here attempt a detailed biography of Richard Morris Hunt, with all the dates, all the incidents, accidents, honors and accomplishments of his varied career, though the necessity for such a fullness of record is already keenly felt and doubtless will be duly satisfied while the memory of them is yet green and fragrant in the great household of his friends. In the brief time at my disposal I shall only try to account for those qualities in the man which made him dear to us, and which are necessary to be commemorated by this Institute as a part of the history of contemporary architecture.

He was born at Brattleboro, Vermont, October 31st, 1828. He died at Newport, Rhode Island, July 31st, 1895. In three months more the full measure of his life would have been sixty-seven years. He was the fourth of the five children of the Hon. Jonathan Hunt and of his wife, Jane Maria Leavitt, both descended from old New England stock. His father, a gentleman of ample means and high consideration in Vermont, represented that Commonwealth in Congress from 1827 to 1832, and died in Washington while in the public service. The education and training of the young children thus fell into the hands of the maternal grandmother, whose gentle influence was all for sweetness and light,

and of the mother, who, fortunately for them, fortunately, indeed, for the future of art in America, was a woman of high spirit, great force of character, and of accomplishments far in advance of her time. She made her own ambitious ideals the standards for them; to their best culture she devoted herself with peculiar energy and sound discretion, and her old age was crowned with their success. She lived to see two of her sons, William and Richard, *par nobile fratrum*, recognized by the civilized world as the most conspicuous and most imposing forces in the development of our national art, the one in painting, the other in architecture, and both as the most lovable and most fascinating of men.

Richard's earliest training was mainly in a private school in New Haven, and in the public schools of Boston. But he was only fifteen years of age when the family moved to Europe and took residence in Geneva, where, following that inborn instinct for art which responds so generously to culture, he studied architecture and drawing for five years in the atelier of Samuel Darier. This experience determined his career and in 1848 Richard confirmed it by entering the École des Beaux Arts of Paris as an élève in the atelier of Hector Martin Lefuel, who thus became his patron. The influence by which he was then surrounded in those happy years of pupilage, the atmosphere of generous emulation which he breathed, the ardent friendships which he formed, apparently converted this spirited American lad into a Frenchman. But beneath the gay and impulsive exterior of the Parisian the solid good sense of his New England stock held him steady and strengthened and confirmed his artistic conscience. This was enlarged and educated by extensive travel in the East and indeed throughout the whole world wherever art had left a mark. Never has travel borne richer fruits or inspired a more receptive or more eager mind.

There were six of these abundant years of study and travel for the brilliant young American, and when his patron, Lefuel, was appointed to succeed Visconti as architect of the new works on the Louvre, by which Napoleon III. desired to make fitting monumental record of his reign, he procured for his favorite pupil a government appointment as inspector of works, and, in that capacity, gave him supervision over the construction of the Pavillon de la Bibliothèque. He was only twenty-six years of age when he entered upon this important duty and he amply justified the singular confidence reposed in him. There is a certain picturesque surprise in the spectacle of a Yankee lad giving form and character to one of the imperial monuments of France. Lefuel, of course, was the responsible architect of this as of all the other new works of the palace, but, while providing for the unity of the masses of buildings composing it and for the proper maintenance of the national traditions in this great, historical monument, he knew how to use the abilities of his subordinates to the best advantage in developing the details. In a letter to Mrs. Hunt written in 1867, he said: "My greatest work was done while dear Dick worked with me, and he can justly claim a great share of its success. I do not hide from you those circumstances of which his own modesty does not permit him to speak." This semi-independent position was the opportunity which the ambition of Hunt most needed and most ardently

desired. It gave him practical experience in a work illustrating on a great scale just those qualities of academic architecture most congenial to him, and it is a pleasure for us, his pupils, his friends and countrymen, to observe that the part of the new Louvre most remarkable for elegant reserve and temperance of expression in the midst of the most seductive temptations to prodigality which the resources and traditions of the national architecture could present to an enthusiastic nature like that of Hunt, is certainly the Pavillon de la Bibliothèque.

In 1855, in his twenty-seventh year, after an education and training such as no American architect had before or, indeed, has since enjoyed, Hunt returned to his native land, accredited as an ambassador of art from the abounding wealth of the old world to the infinite possibilities of the new. Desiring to become familiar with the methods of work prevailing at home, he immediately sought and obtained employment with Thomas U. Walter, afterwards the second president of this Institute, and then architect of the Capitol extensions at Washington. After six months of this service he returned to New York and began the independent practice of his profession.

This beginning was, as usual with all beginnings, small, uncertain and beset with disappointments. The new world was not then hospitable to such high ideals, such noble enthusiasms, as this first American thoroughbred brought with him from the schools of Paris. He found himself an exile in his own country, and, if he had not been inspired by a patriotic ardor and hopefulness which possessed his whole heart to the end, he would more than once have been tempted to listen to the ardent entreaties of his old comrades in art, who, with sympathetic affection, were eager to welcome him back to the more congenial atmosphere of the old world. There, doubtless, he could have made for himself a great career, for the architecture of France knew that it had lost in this young aspirant one of the most vigorous and brilliant personalities which for many years had appeared in its schools. But his natural loyalty was unshaken, and he stayed because he loved his country and because he modestly believed that, sooner or later, he could do something to direct a part of its crude but tremendous energy to the service of beauty and truth in art.

At this point began my own association with Hunt, and I trust that what I have to reveal concerning this association, and what this association revealed to me, may be the excuse for the personal element which must now enter into this brief narration.

Those of us who were fortunate enough to be placed under the immediate influence of Hunt as his pupils will never forget either the wealth of his resources or the inspiring nature of his instruction. These resources were placed at our disposal with a most lavish hand, and, under the vehement and strenuous manner of the master we quickly discovered the truth and tenderness of his heart. The study of architecture at that time was pursued under the most discouraging conditions. The art was ill understood and indeed hardly respected by the public. There were no schools in which it was recognized as a desirable subject for study. There were but few books available and our traditions were eminently

provincial. Examples of good work were so rare that our ideals of perfection were incoherent and doubtful, and were swayed, now in one direction and now in another, by the literary warfare then prevailing between Gothic and classic camps. Mediævalism was sustaining itself by the religious ardor of Pugin and the brilliant rhetoric and poetic imagery of Ruskin. Sentiment was keenly aroused, but discipline was silent. But, though the atmosphere was thick with prejudice and controversy, there was an intellectual movement in the midst of it exceedingly attractive to young men of education and artistic instincts.

In the autumn of 1858, three earnest aspirants for architectural knowledge, applied to Hunt, who had then just completed the Tenth Street Studio Building in New York, to take one of the studios himself and install them there as his pupils. One of these applicants, our present honored vice-president, George B. Post, had just graduated from the Engineering School of the New York University; the other two were Charles D. Gambrill and myself, who, since their graduation at Harvard four years before, had been pursuing the study of architecture under the somewhat discouraging conditions which then prevailed.

It is due to our dear comrade Gambrill to state here, as a part of this story, that subsequently he entered into two successive partnerships, one with Post and one with Richardson, and that his untimely death, interrupting a career of singular promise, was a loss, not to his friends only, but to the architecture of America.

With the noble generosity of the true artist, Hunt granted our request and equipped one of the studios for our use. Early in the following year we were joined by William R. Ware, now one of the most honored and best beloved names in the history of American architecture, and subsequently by Frank Furness, our comrade from Philadelphia, and by Edmund Quincy and E. L. Hyde, who never practiced our art. Thus we together entered upon an era so rich, so full of surprise and delight that it seems, as we look back upon it, as if once more in the world the joy of the Renaissance, the white light of knowledge had broken in upon the superstitions of romance. To us it was a revelation and an enlargement of vision so sudden and complete that the few years spent by us in that stimulating atmosphere were the most memorable and eventful in life. But if the disciples were glad to learn, the master was generous to teach.

His own studio and home at that time were in the old University Building on Washington Square. Here he lived as bachelor in spacious and lofty apartments, filled with the spoils of foreign travel. Here were carved antique cabinets, filled with bronzes, medallions, precious glass of Venice and curiosities of fine handiwork in all the arts. The walls were rich with hangings, old panels, sculptured or painted, and modern studies from the studios of Paris. These, together with mediæval missals and embroideries, instruments of music, masterpieces of forged and wrought metal work and of Faience, strange and costly toys of every era of civilization brought into the great chamber the mellow atmosphere of the old world. More than all this to us was Hunt's noble and inexhaustible library, by far the richest, most comprehensive, and most curious collection of books on archi-

ecture and the other fine arts which at that time had been brought together in the new world. I doubt if even now this precious library is exceeded in some respects by any of the more modern public collections.

To these treasures the fortunate pupils were welcomed with boundless hospitality. Indeed, Hunt's attitude sometimes made us feel that he considered the labor and cost of bringing them together justified in the light which they shed upon us. For myself I can truly say that the hours spent in the gracious seclusion of that dim chamber were the most fruitful in my life. The aspect of every page, the emotions of every revelation of the world of art come back to my memory clear and distinct as I speak in gratitude and affection.

Our own workshop in the Studio Building was hung with cartoons in colors, and furnished with casts of architectural and decorative detail. Even that working place was not without its ancient carved chimney piece and its cabinets of tarnished gilding. Here we lived in the midst of a congenial and sympathetic brotherhood of painters and sculptors from the neighboring studios, happy Bohemians, free to come and go as we pleased. Our system of study and practice was based upon that of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and under the powerful stimulus of the master's criticisms and under the inspiration of the atmosphere which he had created for us, our work was carried on with enthusiastic loyalty. If outside of our boundaries there seemed to be little or no recognition of architecture as a fine art, within it was not only illustrated by all the wealth of the old world but made living to us by the almost tempestuous zeal of the master. In such a place the most unimaginative mind could not fail to be kindled. Whatever latent powers of expression in art we might have were aroused to vigorous action. In that beautiful chamber where he lived we traversed every corner of the world of art and filled our sketch books with the fruits of enchanted travel. But amidst all this excitement and enthusiasm Hunt ever insisted upon the pre-eminent importance of academical discipline and order in design. He was most concerned that the sub-structure of our knowledge should be serious, sane and solid. We were instructed to make our plans on rigidly scholastic lines, and the vertical developments in the elevations we were taught to study in strict classic form according to the method of the French school. Respect for authority and discipline was thus inculcated and we unlearned much of the romantic license which at that time tended to turn the practice of architecture into the hands of amateurs and virtuosos. But while he insisted on the preservation of the classic formulas for the sake of the training of mind and hand, he heartily encouraged the study of every style in which the thought of man had expressed itself in beauty or power. His photographs, books and prints, his own drawings gave us a large view over the whole historical field. Academic prejudices never affected the large catholicity of his mind. His criticisms of our poor attempts were pungent and severe, but so genial and picturesque, that every visit left behind it not only an enduring inspiration, but an atmosphere quickened by his energy and illuminated by his inexhaustible humor. For he was as much a comrade as a master. In short, our experience was a liberal education in the fullest sense, and when we

left him with our imaginations no longer sterilized by prejudice and partisanship, but enlarged and enlightened by his influence, his warm interest in our personal and professional welfare never ceased. For myself, at least, in the years that have since gone by, the fine impulse which he first gave to my life has been revived by countless unexpected offices of kindness and solicitude. Through all the vicissitudes of time and space I have felt the warmth of his generous heart.

When, more than thirty years afterwards, in 1893, several of us were summoned to act together again with him on the great national arena at Chicago, the natural dominance of the master again asserted itself without pretension and we once more became his willing and happy pupils. To this instinct of family loyalty in art, through which all the trained intelligences then called together, became close kindred, to this ideal relationship of mutual interest and affection may be attributed in no small measure the majestic unity of the Court of Honor.

When, therefore, the Royal Institute of British Architects gave to Hunt its gold medal of 1893, it honored the man, who, more than any other, had by personal force and high training secured for the architecture of our time and country a standing adequate at last to represent our civilization in terms of art. We recognize the justice of this great distinction less because of any single achievement of his than because we feel and know that our profession has worked upon a higher plane of endeavor and has received from the public a greater respect and consideration since this man began his noble career among us. The American Institute of Architects and, indeed, the whole profession were honored in the honor conferred upon him. For the vitalizing and enchanting personality which impressed itself upon his immediate pupils, and through them upon his pupils' pupils in ever widening circles of beneficent influence, invigorated and enlivened also the first years of this Institute. The battle of the styles was then, as I have already intimated, waged all over the architectural field, and it must be confessed, the earliest discussions of this Institute were ensanguined by the great dispute. Hunt, with all the martial gallantry of his nature inspired the classic camp with ardor. The Gothic side was championed by the strongest and best equipped men in the profession. The whole historic arsenal was ransacked for weapons on both sides, and the controversy was carried on with such heat and was so engrossing that finally a vote was passed (I think it will be found in the archives), excluding this dangerous subject from the discussions of the Institute. It will be readily understood that in these animated disputes the pupils of Hunt, whose names you will see on the first lists of the Institute, where they were written thirty-seven long years ago as associates, followed the white plume of Navarre, and inspired by him with rash zeal, dared to measure their maiden weapons with those of the oldest and most experienced warriors on the other side, men who were doing work, which though our art has since immensely enlarged its scope and exalted its ideals, still holds a high place and has already become, if not venerable, at least historic. But when the smoke of battle cleared away, it would be found that the wounds were not deep and that good fellowship had suffered but little strain.

Indeed, in this respect, it would be difficult to exaggerate the change immediately effected by the establishment of the Institute in the personal and professional relationships of its members; and in this beneficent work Hunt's influence was pre-eminent. Before this establishment, community of thought, mutual friendship hardly existed among architects. The hand of each was turned with jealousy and suspicion against his brother. His processes of design and his business methods were personal secrets. Each concealed his drawings from the rest as if they were pages of a private diary. Even books and prints were carefully secluded from inspection by any rival. Pupils were apprentices, and as in my own case, often looked with eager and unsatisfied eyes through the glass of their master's locked bookcases. There were no ethics of practice, no common ground of mutual protection, no unity of action or thought, no national literature of architecture. The current professional periodicals of England and Germany furnished the sole inspiration of nearly every architectural office in the land. Our work was a dim reflection of the fashions of our British contemporaries, and in our architecture we still remained a dependent province of the mother country. Every conspicuous note which was blown on the other side of the Atlantic had futile and barren echoes in our own land.

When the first American graduate of the French School of Fine Arts appeared upon this scene of narrow architectural subserviency, of professional confusion and doubt, the conditions were ripe for change. The formation of the American Institute of Architects was not intentionally but practically a new Declaration of Independence, in which the ardor of Hunt, crowned as he was with the approval of the highest architectural authority in the old world, played the part of the big signature of John Hancock. I trust I do not underrate whatever other conditions conduced to this most memorable emancipation, but, in my own mind, among them all Hunt's influence was the most potent. I feel sure that the union and brotherhood of professional interests which then manifested itself for the first time on this continent, and the strength which came from that union and brotherhood—the strength with which you now, my brothers, are strong and independent, the strength which has made you Americans in art as in politics,—may in no small degree be attributed to the man, who, at the most critical moment in the development of our national architecture, proved by his example that the most rigid discipline and highest culture which could be furnished by the old world was not inconsistent with the most aggressive and uncompromising patriotism. He brought back from the School of Fine Arts in Paris, not merely a collection of venerable formulas and academic prejudices to make us still more dependent, but a spirit enlarged, enlightened, cosmopolitan. Under this vigorous and wholesome influence, his children in art and his children's children, who in prolific generation have multiplied so as to constitute, I verily believe, the representative majority of this Institute, ceased to be provincial and became national. Thus in respect and affection we are celebrating the career and services of one who, though but little older in years than some of us, has proved his right to be called one of the fathers of American architecture.

It is needless to repeat here the long and brilliant list of his works which include some of the most interesting monuments of our time. We all know them well, and all of us more or less consciously have gathered strength and inspiration from them. But we cannot cease to regret that the noble powers, so admirably fitted for the expression of the grandiose, the magnificent in our art, should have had their principal field, not in our national monuments, which his hand would have made worthy of our civilization, and a quickening impulse in our national art, but in decorating the superb privacies of the Vanderbilts and Goelets, the Marquands and Astors, the Belmonts and the Gerrys. Concealed behind the guarded hospitalities of these generous patrons of architecture, the studied proportion, the lovely details, the monumental beauty of Hunt's interior work are doing profitable service in the cause of a higher culture and a nobler civilization. But private work cannot be recognized as expressive of national refinement and national progress. Hunt's latest years, as you all know, when he was suffering from cruel bodily distress, were largely spent in aiding the Institute in its patriotic endeavor to bring our government to a realizing sense of its responsibilities to art. To this noble effort he devoted himself with loyal energy, and much that our cause has already won in Washington, is due to his personal influence and to the magnetic charm of his sincerity and zeal. Hearts, most inaccessible to the silent appeals of beauty and grace in art, were won at last to respect a cause which had for its advocate a man so irresistible in his vitality and so unique and charming in his presence.

But while, with the exception of two buildings at West Point, the Yorktown Monument and the National Observatory at Washington, no commissions of national importance and no official honors came to him from the government of his native land, he received from foreign countries recognition such as no other American has enjoyed.

On the 25th of November, 1882, he was made honorary and corresponding member of the Académie des Beaux Arts of the Institute of France.

On the 29th of July, 1884, he was decorated as Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, the "demande" being supported by such great names as Baudry, Bouguereau, Amboise Thomas, Ch. Garnier, Ballu, Bonnat and Falguière.

On the 26th of January, 1886, he was made member of the Société Centrale des Architectes Francaises.

On the 1st of February, 1886, he became honorary and corresponding member of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

On the 12th of April, 1887, he received similar recognition from the Society of Engineers and Architects in Vienna.

On the 29th of June, 1892, he received the degree of LL. D. from Harvard University, the first honor of the kind ever bestowed on an architect, and one which he especially cherished as coming from his native land.

On July 13th, 1892, he became an academician of the Society of St. Luke in Rome, the oldest institution devoted to art in the world.

In 1893 he received the royal gold medal of that year from the Royal Institute of British Architects, the first American thus honored.

In the same year he received perhaps the most distinguished honor of all in his election to fill a vacancy as associate member of the Institute of France, Franklin, I believe, being the only other American so distinguished.

And it is a pleasure to us to remember that in electing him third president of the American Institute of Architects in 1888, we also did him honor, while he, in that capacity, added to the obligations which all architects in this country are glad to acknowledge.

It is not improbable, indeed, that Hunt's professional accomplishments were even more highly appreciated abroad than at home. But the modesty of the man was so sincere, and his heart was so simple that all these honorable distinctions, most of which, perhaps, you now hear for the first time, were received and held by him in trust as recognitions of the progress of our national art. He did not and could not associate them with his own merits. He practiced his art, not for what it would return to him, but because he loved it, and "he blushed to find it fame."

The personal attributes of Hunt gave to his professional character a captivating animation, a frank sincerity, and these qualities, combined with the dignity of his bearing and his manly beauty, made him a notable individuality wherever he moved. His artistic conscience was not a mere instrument of service to be laid aside when not in use, but an active and animating principle of his life. And so he wore it with a peculiar gallantry of manner, not before his professional comrades only, but before the world. But if his manner was sometimes extravagant and impetuous when he was charged with the enthusiasm of his heart, he more often won his audience by a touch of irresistible humor, by a gaiety and bonhomie, which betrayed the fundamental sweetness of his nature. He loved to talk of his art among his friends, and no one was ever so prompt as he to uphold the dignity of his profession, none so generous in protecting and publishing the good work of his brethren, none so gentle and so just in criticism. But he never spared any form of vulgar pretense which threatened to debase that high ideal which he sought to establish for our art in America, and he hated sham. Indeed, in the social world, where because of his accomplishments he was admired, because of his honest and manly heart he was beloved, he was the knight-errant of architecture, turning indifference into respect and doubt into honor for the supreme beauty and dignity of his mistress.

As to Hunt's professional achievements, an architect in the presence of architects cannot indulge in criticism with the freedom and confidence of judgment which are displayed by those without professional responsibilities and convictions. We are all of us too deeply committed by practice, to deeply engrossed in the evolution of our own ideals to judge them without sympathy too warm for truth, or, perhaps, without bias too strong for justice. But the practice of architecture is now no longer a bitter conflict between opposing schools, each striving for pre-eminence at the expense of the rest, rather a generous emulation carried on upon lines, not parallel indeed, but all tending, as we hope, towards the establishment of a consistent style adequate for our vast and complicated civilization. I venture

to say that no one here will question that our late illustrious comrades, Hunt and Richardson, were the most conspicuous leaders in this large and liberal movement. They brought from the French School all its discipline, all its wholesome respect for classic authority and academic principles, but in practice, they expressed themselves with a freedom from classical restraint and scholastic subserviency, which, as it would have been well-nigh impracticable in France, must, it would seem, be accepted as the result of new conditions of life acting upon trained but receptive minds. We can already recognize the service which these minds, so influenced, is exerting in the evolution of those new local types of architecture, which, through much tribulation and infinite errors, must slowly but surely be taking shape among us. The monuments which they left behind them have been powerful agents in preventing the dangerous liberty of our art in America from degenerating into license. Unlike Richardson, Hunt did not leave upon his own work an expression of strong personality, and for that reason his leadership, though far less evident and picturesque, is far safer against the dangers of aberration among his followers. No one can follow Hunt and go far afield. He did not pretend to be inventive, or desire to be original, and the impulsive individuality, so prompt to assert itself under all other conditions, nearly disappeared behind the historic types which he used in design. He respected them too much to use them consciously as a vehicle of his own temporary moods. Only once, when captivated by the phenomenal Graeco-Romantic movement in France under Labrouste, which promised at one time to turn the whole tide of French Renaissance into new channels, did his natural vivacity of temperament betray him. This was an interesting incident in his career, and, by its singularity, it accentuates his prevailing mood of aristocratic reserve. His pencil in hand was a magic wand, which chastened the buoyancy of his imagination and made him a scholar. Thus he founded no new school. He prevailed, not as an irrepressible genius who breaks traditions, but as a guardian who respects them with the spirit not of an antiquarian but of an artist. His admiration for the great works of the past was based, not upon emotion and sentiment alone, but upon knowledge and solid conviction. He had no ingenious theories concerning the development of modern art; his methods of thought in design were not at all speculative or inventive, as would seem to be most natural to a mind so animated, a spirit so quick and eager; rather were they exact, reserved, business-like. These underlying qualities preserved him from eccentricities or experiments in architectural expression and extended to the conduct of his affairs and the discipline of his office.

He worked with great ease and pleasure to himself in modern French Renaissance, purified and chastened by Greek influence. This, as it were, was his native tongue. In his hands this style was flexible to all the new conditions of material and use in the New World, but his characteristic use of it was rather serious and restrained than playful or expansive. It is in this respect, I believe, that his example is most valuable in the development of national style. But he left behind him also, in proof of the versatility and liberality of his mind, a series of conspicu-

ous works based upon the architectural expressions of an era when the art of the Middle Ages was adjusting itself with astonishing felicity to the exactions of the higher civilization and of the more refined domestic ideals of the sixteenth century. As Richardson found in the vigorous promise of the Romanesque of Auvergne a language of art, agreeable to the robust nature of his genius, and capable of new developments in the service of modern life, Hunt discovered the prolific germs of new life in the lovely domestic Gothic of Touraine, whose progress was checked by the revival of learning in the sixteenth century in France. In the luxurious and flamboyant delicacy of this style, in its elasticity and bright exuberance, in its poetic beauty and cheerfulness, he seemed to find a medium of architectural expression, congenial to his own indomitable youthfulness of heart and not inconsistent with the dignity and order of his cherished ideals.

Among his latest works the superb house of the Goelets and the interior of the beautiful pavilions of Belcourt at Newport, and, above all, the château of Biltmore in North Carolina, bear witness not only to his profound respect for authority and to his command of precedent, but to a certain pliability of mind, which enabled him to accommodate all the complicated conditions of modern living within the reasonable compass of the Gothic of Chambord or of Pierrefonds. Indeed, in these works he carried the style a step further in natural development without any conscious attempt to express in it his own insistent individuality. No one who studies these beautiful compositions in plan or elevation, without or within, can fail to be impressed by the patient and conscientious elaboration of their delicate detail, and by the constant evidence of wise self-repression and reserved force.

When Hunt began his career in America the English Gothic revival had full possession of the field, and architecture seemed to be in the hands rather of archæological pedants than of creative artists. There was no life in it; it was never happily adjusted to modern conditions and it came to nothing. It now only survives under the protection of the English Church. But the rehabilitations which we are now considering were in the hands of intelligences, disciplined by classical studies yet open to all the inspirations of a new life in a new world. If they were romantic in form they were modern, they were American in feeling. No service of the life of to-day was inconvenienced or embarrassed for the sake of archæological conformity. Hunt's experiments in romantic style, therefore, promise if rightly used, to serve as enlargements and enrichments of the language of American architecture; they are surely not obstacles to its natural development and will not be set down as barren events in the history of our art.

His ardent solicitude for every detail and process of artisanship which contributed to the architectural symphony brought him into close contact with contractors and skilled mechanics of every calling and grade. Between the master and the workmen there arose a warm feeling of mutual respect and consideration which is the strongest possible testimony of the unaffected simplicity and sincerity of his heart and of his ability to teach without condescension and to correct without offence. It was in affectionate recognition of these rare and gentle qualities of

the master that, in completing the W. K. Vanderbilt house in New York, that delicate casket of precious architecture, the workmen, using a wisely given liberty of design in carving the finial of the highest gable, placed there the life-sized portrait figure of the architect in the garb of a fellow-workman with mallet and chisel in hand. In this way he was elected into a companionship of honorable toil, and, when he died, the family received many touching tributes of respectful sympathy from the master workmen who had enjoyed the privilege of his friendship. Among these expressions there was one from the workmen of Biltmore, embodied on a series of resolutions so significant that I venture to repeat their words:

Whereas, the great Architect of the Universe has in His wisdom removed our fellow laborer, Richard M. Hunt, from this earthly mansion to a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; and

Whereas, his fame as an artist and his devotion to and his accomplishments in his profession are known to the world, but his generosity, sympathy, and services in behalf of the worthy laboring men of all classes are only known to those whose good fortune it was to be under his immediate supervision;

Therefore we who have worked under him, deeming it fitting that we record our love for and appreciation of him, have

Resolved, that in his death our country has lost its greatest architect, and our skilled workmen, artists and sculptors have lost a kind, considerate and constant friend; for neither his great fame nor his wealth ever caused him to be forgetful, indifferent, or careless of the rights and feelings of his fellowmen and laborers who were aiding in a humbler way in erecting these beautiful buildings, which, only marvellous genius could have imagined and planned;

Resolved, that to him more than any other man of our time all the representative workmen of this country are indebted for the elevation of their trades and arts to the position which they now hold in the ranks of the great army of skilled workmen.

Resolved, that we tender his afflicted family our deepest sympathy and that a copy of these Resolutions be sent to his widow.

Dated at Biltmore, N. C., August 1st, 1895.

B. Worth	for the carpenters	J. Miller	for the stone carvers
J. O'Neill	bricklayers	J. C. Thompson	painters
G. Bartigate	stone cutters	L. Bowen	electricians
S. J. McKeon	plumbers	E. D. Holt	tile layers
R. J. Miller	marble cutters	P. F. Jones	coppersmiths
S. C. Gladwyn	wood carvers		and slaters
J. Mortimer	plasterers	P. McNiven	stone setters

COMMITTEE.

Chairman, George Bartigate,

Secretary, S. C. Gladwyn.

Surely such a testimonial as this is a precious and inspiring inheritance to those who bear the responsibilities of his name,—no less inspiring, no less precious than the tender and loving tributes of the master of that great estate. The principal decorations of the great hall are two life size portraits by Sargent, one of Hunt and the other of Olmsted, who on this splendid field, as elsewhere, worked in most fortunate sympathy to the glory of art in America.

In the opening of this discourse I ventured to intimate that the life which we are commemorating was full, fortunate and complete, beyond the common lot of mankind. I hesitate to speak of the element most essential to this almost ideal condition of felicity and success which was furnished in Hunt's marriage in 1861 to Catherine Howland, daughter of the senior member of the old and famous firm of Howland & Aspinwall of New York. To this alliance he was indebted for a high companionship of the soul, a solace of perfect appreciation, a constant service of sympathy, consecrating all the most productive years of his life. His children, three boys and two girls, surrounded him with respect and devotion, and grandchildren came to make new demands on his inexhaustible capacity of love. Of the two older boys one, as you know, was associated with him in business, and the other has now begun his second year at the École in Paris. May they carry through another generation in triumph the illustrious name they bear!

In this atmosphere of peace and material prosperity, his fame increasing, his opportunities multiplying, compassed by a cloud of witnesses who admired and praised him, the love of his art possessed him with an ever increasing passion. In his last years, when pain and serious disabilities came upon him, this indomitable love was his comfort and consolation. Even in his last and darkest days the desire of creating filled his still active mind with a fair imagery, which, we may truly believe, though here unexpressed in form, was not a vain dreaming. "Even in his ashes live his wonted fires." Upon his death-bed he was seen to raise his hand and, with the fine gesture of the artist, to trace as with a pencil in the air a line of beauty, delicately but firmly fitting the act of grace to the unconscious study of his imagination. And so, a few moments later, with insensible transition, bearing with him the divine creative gift, unsullied, undiminished, immortal, he passed over into the larger life.

And doubtless unto him is given
A life that bears immortal fruit,
In such great offices as suit
The full-grown energies of Heaven.

Vice-President W. S. Eames then took the chair and George B. Post offered the following resolutions:

It was with the most profound sorrow that the members of the American Institute of Architects learned of the death of

Richard Morris Hunt,

one of the founders of the present Society in 1857, its first Secretary—always one of its officers; its first President after the consolidation with the Western Society of Architects for the constitutional limit of time for holding office. By his enthusiastic devotion to Art, his consistent and sturdy assertion of the rights of the Architect and of the dignity of the profession, his hatred of sham, his exalted

and insistent idea of professional honor, he became a recognized leader in the profession.

He was prominently connected with and largely directed the movement which resulted in making the American Architect an artist, and in securing for Architecture in this country, its recognition as a Fine Art.

The splendid works which he has executed are the most enduring monuments of his artistic skill and professional ability.

That the world recognized his value is proved by the honors conferred upon him.

He was an Honorary and Corresponding Member of the Academie des Beaux Arts of the Institute of France.

He was decorated as Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

He was made a member of the Société Centrale des Architectes Francaises.

He was an Honorary and Corresponding Member of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

He was an Honorary and Corresponding Member of the Society of Engineers and Architects in Vienna.

He received the degree of LL. D. from Harvard University.

He was made Academician of the Society of St. Luke in Rome.

He received the Royal Gold Medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

It is directed by the American Institute of Architects in Convention Assembled that these resolutions be published with the proceedings, and that a copy signed by its President and Secretary be forwarded to his family.

Mr. Ferry: In rising to second the resolutions offered by Mr. Post, I cannot refrain from adding a tribute to the remarks that have been made by both gentlemen who have preceded me. My opportunities for meeting Mr. Hunt were not numerous but were thoroughly appreciated. What struck me most forcibly was the tremendous strength of his personality. All who came in contact with him were influenced by him. Forceful and vigorous were his remarks. He cut across lots to results where other men would temporize and qualify. The sensitiveness of his nature was in evidence to all those who attended the convention in Cincinnati six years ago when he found himself the spontaneous choice of the Fellows of the Institute as its presiding officer for the succeeding year.

The world owes much to the fact that a few men in its history have not been dependent upon their daily efforts for their means of subsistence, and the names that rise to my mind in a moment most conspicuously are those of Ruskin and Darwin, and the architectural world of America owes an analogous tribute to the memory of Richard Morris Hunt.

Mr. Kendall: Mr. Hunt's influence was unequalled both in his professional and in his social relations. He was indeed a peer among architects and a prince among men.

What I especially admired in him was his positiveness, his vehemence, his explosiveness; so that I am tempted to call him the Institute's "Swamp-Angel," whose good-report carried, not five but five thousand miles.

His next great characteristic was his unselfishness; not the negative unselfishness which would allow him to gain his ends without hindering others in gaining theirs, but the positive unselfishness which led him to devote his time, talents and ample means to the end that others might do greater and better things.

Those of us who were with him almost daily during the last year of his life, saw that he was failing and that he himself realized that he was nearing the end of his work.

Sometimes the old flame would burn for a moment, with its accustomed brilliancy, but it would soon after grow dimmer and dimmer, until we heard, a few weeks ago, that his light had gone out.

In proportion as his vitality grew less, his interest in the Institute became more and more pathetic and intense.

He said, in effect, again and again: "Don't give up working for the Chapters! Build up the Institute, so that it may remain an influence for good, forever and forever!"

Mr. Post: It has been suggested to me by a number of those who knew Hunt intimately that it might be interesting to the members of the convention if I should give some illustrations of the great work which Hunt has done in harmonizing differences and in leading to the development of architecture as a fine art in the country, and make some statements with regard to the condition of architecture itself as Hunt found it when he first began to practice in America as compared with its present status. I hesitate in undertaking this task for fear that the illustrations that I may make may seem trivial in comparison with the solemnity of the occasion of a gathering in memory of one who has lately departed, for with Hunt's vitality and vigor of expression it is hardly possible to tell an anecdote of him without making it colloquial, and in some respects colloquial in the extreme. It so happened that my study of architecture was almost coincident with the commencement of Hunt's practice of architecture in this country. He had returned from Europe but one or two years and had done little or nothing in the art when, as Mr. Van Brunt has just told you, he and Gambrell and myself went to the old studio building in Tenth street to become his pupils. At that time the architects of the land could be counted on your fingers. There were three or four in New

York, one or two in Philadelphia, one or two in Baltimore, one or two in the Government's employ in Washington, two or three in Boston and possibly in the Southern states and in some of the Western states there may have been some architects. If so, I at that time did not even know their names. Almost all of these architects were foreigners. That is to say, they were men, with one or two exceptions, whose education had been obtained on the other side and who came to this country as architects and commenced their practice here after their education had been completed. Hunt was almost the first trained architect of American birth to practice with distinction in this country. The architects were quarreling with each other and the animosity was bitter. It was stated this morning in one of our papers that the sole good accomplished by the Institute of Architects that was in evidence was the construction of a uniform contract. The architects of the land, or the representative architects of the land, instead of quarreling over trivial matters as they did formerly, now stand willing to aid and assist each other to the extent of their abilities, to secure the best possible results for the profession. This has been accomplished by the Institute of Architects, and this movement has been largely guided and influenced by the character, example and teaching, directly or indirectly, of Richard Morris Hunt. He was always an advocate of thorough study and of hard work. When we entered his studio, he went to the great blackboard on the wall and wrote in large letters the words "Ars longa, vita brevis" and every once in a while when that got rubbed out he would put it back again and say, "You have not got long to live, you won't live half long enough to be a really accomplished architect. You have got to work at day, and you have got to work at night. When you wake up at night you have got to think about it." When he saw me in society he would say, "What are you doing here? You ought to be at home sketching." He used to give us about six problems a week and then scold us for the little work we did. He filled us with enthusiasm, tried to infuse his own vitality into us. I never shall forget the many lessons we learned from him, and as I say, the stories may seem trivial, but I shall give some of them that you may form an idea of his character and his method of teaching. I recollect that he wrote on the blackboard, one morning, a programme for a design. The Corinthian order of architecture was to be used. He gave us twenty-four hours to make the section plan and elevation. I made my drawing and having a little time to spare I went to work to design a Corinthian capital. He came in and stood looking over my shoulder and he walked on to the other men and said nothing. Five or six times he came back and looked at me. He never said anything and I got a little nervous.

Finally he came back again and put his hand on my shoulder and he said, "Youngster, do you think you know more about the Corinthian order of architecture than Vignola and the other masters?" I said "No, I don't suppose I do." "Then" said he "why the — do you bother designing a Corinthian capital?" (Laughter).

I tell you this to give you an idea or illustration of his method of instruction. On one occasion Oliver Wendell Holmes was coming to New York, and he was to dine with a number of gentlemen, Hunt being one of the hosts. His brother Leavit had written a poem which Richard was to sing at the dinner to the tune of "The Pope, he leads a jolly life." He had gone to work to illustrate it, and as often occurred, he found he couldn't get through with what he had to do in time, and he sent for one of us to come down and help him. If I recollect aright, all three of us went down and had been working on the illuminations of the border of the manuscript. While he was hard at work himself at the frontispiece there was a knock at the door. With out raising his head he said, "Come in." The door was opened and a gentleman entered and said, "How are you, Mr. Hunt?" "Excuse me, I am busy." "Do you mind talking when you are at work?" "No, I am in a hurry, but I can talk." "What do you know about acoustics?" Hunt said "I know as much as you or any other living man." "How much is that?" "Not the first ——— thing." "Well," said the other voice, "I am Henry Ward Beecher, and I am going to build a great church and I think you are my man. (Laughter).

I could continue on telling these stories, but I am taking too much of your time. There was one characteristic of Hunt which may well be enlarged upon. That was, in the first place, his utter hatred of anything in the nature of unfairness in practice, unfairness in conduct or sham in general, and his unselfish sympathy with all those who tried to do right and all those who were interested in anything connected with the development of architecture or the other fine arts. He was always ready to put himself out to any extent to aid the young with his counsel and advice. No one ever went to him for sympathy whom he thought was honest, and failed to get it. It is a remarkable fact that no society, so far as I know, of any kind, connected directly or indirectly with the fine arts in New York and its vicinity, was organized for many years, nor was any meeting held to consider any artistic subject, in which Hunt did not figure as a prominent officer or as the first person to be consulted.

Mr. Beaumont: I would like to add a slight tribute to Mr. Hunt that was given to me by a member of the Royal Institute of British Architects, a man whom I have the honor of knowing well, and for whom I may say that I have considerable friendship. He wrote to me some months before it became public property that Mr. Hunt was to receive the medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and he said, "Some years ago I chided you for renouncing your allegiance to your native country, but," he says, "when I have found the kind of men that your adopted country produces, I wish to change my opinion of you." He says, "I can assure you if Mr. Hunt lives to come to London to receive his medal personally, that he will receive such a royal welcome as no other foreign architect has ever got in connection with the Royal Institute of British Architects."

The motion was put and the resolutions unanimously adopted by a rising vote.

The convention adjourned till to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock.

THIRD DAY, MORNING SESSION.

The convention was called to order at 10.30 A. M., Vice-President, George B. Post, presiding.

The Chairman: The chair appoints the chairmen of the two Nominating Committees as tellers to receive the ballots in the election that is about to take place and declares the polls now open, and they will be open until 12 o'clock.

A recess was then taken till 11 o'clock, at which time the chairman called the convention to order.

Mr. Stiles, Chairman of the Auditing Committee, reported that it had performed its duty and found that the Treasurer's report corresponded with the vouchers submitted.

The Chairman: If there is no objection, the report will be considered approved.

The Secretary: Mr. Chairman, we are all very much interested in the tests which we saw at the Washington University, and it seems to me appropriate that we should nominate, which I now do, to the position of Corresponding Member, Prof. J. B. Johnson, of Washington University.

The motion was put and unanimously carried.

The Secretary announced that he sent a telegram last night to Mr. Sayward, the secretary of the Master Builders' Association, extending fraternal greetings; that he had acknowledged the receipt of the invitation of the builders

Latrobe, Charles H., M. A. S. C. E., 213 East German St.	Baltimore, Md.
Leverich, Gabriel, M. A. S. C. E., 179 Washington St.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Macdonald, Charles, M. A. S. C. E., 1 Broadway.	New York, N. Y.
Manning, Charles P.	Baltimore, Md.
Martin, Robert K., M. A. S. C. E.	Baltimore, Md.
Martinet, Simon J., 208 Lexington Street.	Baltimore, Md.
McAlpine, Hon. Wm. J., M. A. S. C. E., Pendleton Ave.	New Brighton, S. I., N. Y.
McVicar, Rev. William A.	New York, N. Y.
Mengani, M.	Milan, Italy.
Minifie, William	Baltimore, Md.
Morse, Prof. Edward S.	Salem, Mass.
Morse, James O., M. A. S. C. E.	New York, N. Y.
Murdoch, John, 211 Cortland Street.	Baltimore, Md.
Pitzman, Julius	St. Louis, Mo.
Plympton, Prof. G. W., 127 Herkimer Street	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Poor, R. L.	Baltimore, Md.
Putnam, Prof. Frederick W., Peabody Museum, Harvard University	Cambridge, Mass.
Ramsey, H. A.	Baltimore, Md.
Rand, G. D., 100 Park Street	Portland, Me.
Rand, James H.	Boston, Mass.
Randolph, James L., Camden Station	Baltimore, Md.
Randolph, S. M., 23 Marine Block	Chicago, Ill.
Ransome, E. L., 269 Dearborn Street	Chicago, Ill.
Roberts, W. Milnor, M. A. S. C. E.	New York, N. Y.
Roebing, Washington A.	Trenton, N. J.
Rowland, Thomas F., M. A. S. C. E., 329 Madison Ave.	New York, N. Y.
Runge, G.	Germany.
Sangmeister, R.	Baltimore, Md.
Schumann, F. H.	Washington, D. C.
Schuyler, Montgomery	New York, N. Y.
Smith, George L.	Baltimore, Md.
Smith, Frederick H., M. A. S. C. E., 227 German St.	Baltimore Md.
Smith, Gen. William Sooy, M. A. S. C. E., 2 Nassau St.	New York, N. Y.
Swan, Otis	Moscow, Russia.
Tatsuno, Kingo, English Coll. of Imperial University	Tokyo, Japan.
Tyson, Henry, M. A. S. C. E.	Baltimore, Md.
Walker, J. S., C. E., Sewerage Construction, Depart- ment Public Works	Sydney, N. S. W. Australia.
Waring, George E., Jr.	Newport, R. I.
Wood, Prof. DeVolson, Stevens Institute	Hoboken, N. J.
Worthen, William E., M. A. S. C. E., 63 Bleeker Street	New York, N. Y.

*Deceased.

In Memoriam.

JAMES RENWICK, F. A. I. A.

Of New York, was born in 1818, and died June 24, 1895.

Mr. Renwick was born and died in New York where he began his practice at an early age. Living to a good old age, and retaining an active interest in his profession, for he had never ceased active practice, he was brought into professional relations with two full generations of architects, and was contemporary with the senior Upjohn, with Dr. Walter, the brothers Hatfield, and others who lived and practiced fifty and sixty years ago.

Striking in personal appearance, active and alert in mind and body, a good student, a hard worker, and filled with restless ambition and earnest enthusiasm, he early acquired a large practice and was fortunate in being employed on work which had enlisted his early hope and longing. He, a Protestant, gave the design of the Roman Catholic St. Patrick's Cathedral to Bishop Hughes, its projector, and to Cardinal McClosky, by whom it was completed.

Among the numerous buildings which he designed, space will allow of the mention of but a few: Grace, Calvary, St. Bartholomew's, St. Stephen's Churches, and the Church of the Covenant, in New York; the Smithsonian Institution and the original Corcoran Art Gallery, in Washington; Vassar College and the College of the City of New York.

Mr. Renwick married a daughter of the late William H. Aspinwall, and having no children of his own, his kindness of heart and fondness for the young was made manifest in his devotion to those who were brought into contact with him, and endeared them to him as to a father.

He was one of the founders of the Institute, and retained his membership from 1857 to the day of his decease.

RICHARD MORRIS HUNT, F. A. I. A.

Of New York, was born in Brattleboro, Vermont, October 31st, 1828 and died in Newport, Rhode Island, July 31st, 1895.

The eloquent tribute to Mr. Hunt by one of his favorite pupils and beloved associate, Mr. Henry Van Brunt, F. A. I. A., which is contained in these Proceedings makes it unnecessary to even briefly outline the salient events of his life. Beloved by every Fellow of the Institute, honored by all who were brought in contact with him, the genuine and spontaneous simplicity and enthusiasm of his life in its influence upon his fellows was one of the most potent factors in elevating the profession of architecture in the United States from the unrecognized position which it occupied at the beginning of his professional career to the improved and well assured standing to which it had attained at the time of his decease.

HENRY G. ISAACS, F. A. I. A.

Of St. Louis, Missouri, was born in Philadelphia, but shortly after his birth his family moved to New York City, where his early youth was passed. He gave even then evidences of those artistic instincts which so strongly dominated his whole life. Passing with honor through the various classes of Trinity School, his unconquerable desire for an artistic career made him break away from ordinary mercantile pursuits to enter the office of Richard Upjohn, the first President of the Institute, where he had as fellow students many friends who to-day are ranked among the leading architects of the country, and was admitted to the privileges of the Academy of Design.

He began the practice of his profession in the office of Thomas & Son, New York, and subsequently removed with his parents to St. Louis, where his talents were soon recognized and where he made his name as an architect.

For several years he was associated with Mr. George I. Barnett, who still survives him, and is honored as an architect who did much for the early advance and growth of St. Louis, but subsequently Mr. Isaacs established himself without a partner.

He was the architect of Odd Fellows Hall, of the Mercantile Library, of the Bank of Commerce, of the Commercial House of Samuel C. Davis, and of many other prominent buildings.

Mr. Isaacs was connected as an associate member and as a Fellow of the American Institute of Architects from the year 1857. In the leisure moments of a busy career, he cultivated the kindred arts of painting and music, and combined to a marked degree an artistic nature with scrupulous fidelity and conscientious regard to the minute details of all his undertakings, being recognized as a man of sterling honor and nobility of character, with great sensibility and appreciation for all that was beautiful in nature, art and literature; and was a sincere believer in the Christian faith, and a communicant of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

He married in 1892 Louise Victoria Milburn, of St. Louis, with whom he was making a summer trip through Canada where he died suddenly at Montreal, August 8, 1895.