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- ART. I.—1. *Synopsis Evangelica. Ex quatuor Evangeliiis ordine chronologico concinnavit, prætexto brevi commentario illustravit, ad antiquos testes appposito apparatu critico recensuit Constantinus Tischendorf.* Lipsiæ, 1851. 8vo.
2. *Synopsis Evangeliorum Matthæi, Marci, Lucæ, cum locis qui supersunt parallelis litterarum et traditionum evangelicarum Irenæo antiquiorum. Ad Griesbachii Ordinem concinnavit, prolegomena, selectam Scripturæ varietatem, notas, indices adjecit Rudolphus Anger, Phil. et Theol. Doctor, utriusque in Acad. Lips. Professor, etc.* Lipsiæ, 1852. 8vo.
3. *A new Greek Harmony of the Four Gospels, comprising a Synopsis and a Diatessaron, together with an Introductory Treatise, and numerous tables, indexes, and diagrams, supplying the necessary proofs and explanations.* By William Stroud, M. D. London, 1853. 4to.
4. *A New Harmony and Exposition of the Gospels, consisting of a parallel and combined arrangement on a new plan, &c.* By James Strong, A. M. New York, 1852. 8vo.
5. *A Harmony of the Gospels in the Greek of the Received Text, on the plan of the author's English Harmony, with the most important various readings, &c.* By James Strong, A. M. 1854. 12mo.
6. *The Four Witnesses: being a Harmony of the Gospels on a new principle.* By Dr. Isaac Da Costa, of Amsterdam. Translated by David Dundas Scott, Esq. New York, 1855. 8vo.

THERE is something strange in the unwearied constancy with which the Church, in every age, has wrought at the great

ject and attribute, without any copula, is perhaps the highest effort of logical generalization expressed in the elements of speech.

The great ideas by which the Semitic and Japetic tongues are distinguished, fit them for being a sort of poles, in regard to glossology, to which others may be referred. In respect to voices and conjugations, the mental efforts embodied in all languages appear to be nearly the same. In tongues of very barbarous people they are abundant and complex, conformably to principles already illustrated.

The considerations presented in the preceding pages are offered with something of a conviction that advantage may perhaps be derived from them, in disentangling the anomalies of language, in rendering classifications of them more precise, and in presenting, by their application to individual instances, a more interesting and instructive exhibition of their principles to those who deal with them as teachers or as pupils.

Wm. A. Dod
ART. IV.—*Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, delivered at Edinburgh, in November, 1853. By John Ruskin, Author of the "Stones of Venice," "Seven Lamps of Architecture," "Modern Painters," etc.

It is very curious to observe the difference between the kind of architectural criticism which is now prevalent, and that of the school which it has displaced, the school of which Reynolds and Burke are the chief exponents for Englishmen. It is generally true, including all schools, that in no department of criticism has more useless speculation been indulged, and that no subject has had to bear so much from its friends, as that of architecture. In no part of the whole field of æsthetic criticism, is the mind so exposed to fanciful views, and to be carried away by special theories and particular hypotheses, as in that portion of the field in which the buildings stand. This is principally due to the circumstance that the building itself is a field so large that the attention is the more easily abstracted to particular parts, which are then taken for the whole. The reader has need to be more carefully on his guard

against a too ready acquiescence in the judgment of the last book, or the last article, on architecture, than upon any other of the fine arts. Then, again, this form of art labours under still another disadvantage, inasmuch as its productions are more obviously exposed to general remark, and to the foolish disposition in people to make smart speeches. Anybody in a company of sight-seers is competent to the immediate criticism of a building, when perhaps no one of them would dare to say a word concerning a new painting or a new poem. We venture to affirm, that a collection of the remarks which have been made, upon almost any given building in the world, would transcend, in absurdity and frivolousness, any collection that could be brought from any other quarter, if not from all other quarters put together. And yet the world is at least as full of bad painting and poetry, as of bad architecture. But it seems to be considered a special mark of perspicacity in the individual, if he shall be able to make a certain kind of disparaging remark about a building; a kind of remark which, by common consent, shows most talent when it takes on the specific form of detecting points of resemblance between the building and objects of common life. And it is plain enough that in the various and constantly changing aspects of its parts, a large building offers a fruitful field to a fancy of any ordinary brilliancy, in its search after such resemblances. Having thus made out that the building bears the appearance of a steam-tug, or a man-of-war, a giant or a giraffe, as to its general features, and in the next place, as it respects details, having fastened a cocked hat, or a demijohn upon some of its pinnacles, and traced the pompion or the dutch-oven in some of its interior forms, the building is criticised, and the critic looks for his reward. Nor is this kind of thing, foolish as it is, a matter of no moment to architecture. We have known the praiseworthy labours of excellent builders scandalized in the eyes and to the judgment of many persons, through the opprobrium brought about the building, in consequence of these undeserved speeches.

Works that have cost the degree of thought and toil which a large building costs, should meet with serious and manly treatment, however severely we may feel constrained to pass judgment upon the actual mistakes made in them. Every new

building becomes a proper subject of general criticism; but it will never operate to the encouragement of architects and workmen, nor help forward the improvement in style, nor mend the manners of the people, to make use of ridicule, where knowledge, good sense, and kindness can alone be of service. One good reason why a thing is wrong in a building, is worth more to the builder and more to society, than all the criticism in the way of wit and ridicule, with which modern books especially, and articles are so painfully loaded. It is, in itself considered, neither for nor against the forms of a building, to find resemblances to other objects in their contours, any more than it is for or against the lines of the human figure to find them copied in jugs and pitchers; on the contrary, seeing that the lines with which we are most familiar are the most beautiful, it ought decidedly to condemn any building, to have its forms altogether anomalous. The mind that is intent upon so doing, may as readily associate a carrot with the head of the Apollo, as a decanter with the finials of Henry VII. chapel.

A redeeming trait in Mr. Ruskin's writings on architecture is their benevolent consideration for the common workmen as it respects the moral influence of their work upon themselves; an aspect of the subject, little regarded heretofore, though plainly one of great importance; and yet at the same time, no writer with whom we are acquainted has suffered himself to injure the noble art he, in many respects, so ably discusses, or to defame the memories and labours of both architect and workman, to anything like the degree in which he indulges, as it respects the flippant and slashing sort of criticism of which we are complaining; and it is in this respect that the tone of the existing style of architectural criticism generally differs from that previously in vogue. The former school looked with a certain respectful consideration upon the labours of the architect, and found fault, when fault was to be found, in a temperate and reasonable manner. The present school is utterly wanting in reverence, is exceedingly self-conceited, and acts as if its single word were final; it will dismiss a building by a wave of the hand, or a sneer of the lip. It does not hesitate to condemn in such terms as "vile," "detestable," "wretched," and "base," examples, and even whole classes, of style, which

have been the admiration of men for many generations. Mr. Ruskin has fallen into this vice to a degree so perfectly outrageous, as to make it an unpleasant task to read through his books. As upon his individual judgment he has made out Turner not only to be the greatest painter in the world, but has made the greatest painters of the world to sink into contempt beside him, so, in the same unmeasured and foolishly audacious language, would he convict one, ten, or a hundred generations, of architectural misjudgment, and call up some outlandish stones of Venice, which he will make out to be the unrecognized master-piece of the world's architecture. Mr. Ruskin has spoken expressly, in the epithets just quoted, of the Grecian Ionic capital, and modestly asserts that the entire world, which has given its consent to the beauty contained in the right lines of columnar and horizontal architecture, has been most foolish. Assuredly, the foolishness belongs to the man, who, in the extremity of his fondness for one form of beauty, has ceased to be able to find anything attractive in any other; and who, in the indiscriminateness of his passion against all other forms, can find no terms in which to vent his feelings, except such as wise and dignified men have reserved for the depicting of moral derelictions. Could he but be prevailed with to endeavour to put himself in communion with the fine spirit of decorum and true dignity which the most gifted minds of the world have found in Greek art, it would at least make some improvement in his style of writing, if it did not effect some enfranchisement of his architectural bigotry.

It must, nevertheless, be admitted, that while the modern criticism is disfigured by the flippancy of its style, and its dogmatizing spirit, and suffers greatly in these respects, when compared with the reverential temper and manly simplicity of the elder schools, yet in most of the elements of philosophic criticism, the present school is far in advance of the criticism which it has displaced. These principles, however, and they are simply the principles of the modern æsthetics generally, have not as yet, to our knowledge, been applied by the hand of a master to the total subject of architecture. The modern school has thus far busied itself, frequently *ad nauseam*, in special criticism. It will analyze with painful prolixity, the composi-

tion of a piece of Gothic foliage, while in the meantime the great cathedral becomes lost to the view. So entirely has this microscopic passion got possession of Mr. Ruskin's critical method, to such a degree does it confine his attention to the minute enrichments of buildings, that we have looked in vain through such of his books as have fallen into our hands, for a single account of the general impression made upon his mind, by any one of those continental cathedrals, with the niches and tracery of which he is so familiar. His volumes are illustrated by his own sketches, and these sketches consist almost entirely of dormers, spandrils, portions of window-heads and door-ways, and in the same consists the scope of his criticism. It is not unjust to say that the practical sum of his discussions on the subject of architecture, is fully exhibited in his advice to the citizens of Edinburgh, to build, each man, at least one ornamental window or porch to his house, in order to the ultimate securing of real architecture for the city. It certainly would be unjust to say of such a man as Ruskin, that he is incapable of dealing with the real elements of style, or of the author of "Modern Painters," that he abstains from describing buildings for any other than a sufficient reason to his own mind, and therefore it is that we the more wonder, how such a man has come to imagine that in the mere act of delaying upon the particulars of style, he is making out the subject of architecture. His manœuvres strike us as those of a man who of set purpose has shrouded his eyes upon coming up to the exterior of the building, and opening them at the door-way, rushes into the interior, wilfully determined to resist every successive attempt of its actual architecture to secure him, and succeeds in doing so, until at last he fastens with avaricious eagerness upon some far off spot of tracery, and hurries forthwith to take it in pencil—it might as well be at once with a view to calico-work or marginal illuminations. The plain truth is, that this school does make about the same use of the cathedral, as the French carpet-makers are said to make of the kaleidoscope.

The artist that in the midst of the full thunder notes of cathedral art, shall not only be able to give his whole mind to the special fascination of some incidental reverberation from a distant corner, but never be able to do otherwise, must be under

the influence of some false view. When we see in other respects sensible men talking about Gothic cathedrals in terms of the flower-garden, we are perfectly certain that something is wrong in the case. It is not possible for one in a right state of mind, always to look at such things through a pricked paper. But this school always does so listen, always does so speak, and always does so look. They praise the subordinate tones, they never speak of the symphonies, or of the grand organ out of which they come. They tell us how to make a handsome eye, nose, and mouth; they never tell us what to do with them. On the contrary, it is their express theory, that beautiful parts make a beautiful whole; forgetting that there can be no parts in art till we have the whole, and that it is the whole which gives character to the parts. They pour unmeasured ridicule upon the previous criticism for its "senseless talk about proportion and harmony." At least so does the author of the *Edinburgh Lectures*. It is his favourite and oft-repeated maxim, "If you will take care of ornamentation in architecture, style and proportion will take care of themselves;" which is about as sensible a remark, as if one should say, "Give all heed to the mixing of your colours, and the composition will come of its own accord."

The truth is, that ornamentation, such as Mr. Ruskin seems ever to have in view, is the merest adjunct to style. What he means by ornamentation bears about the same relation to essential architecture, as the foreground pebbles and plants of which he discourses in "*Modern Painters*," bear to historical composition. Not even, when we include statuary under that term, is it more than the addition of so much light, as it were, to the existing substrata and its proportions. Statuary, indeed, does for the Grecian building what the same school of art is so preposterously trying to make colour do for the statue; but assuredly, the architecture of the Parthenon is still upon the Acropolis, rather than in the British Museum. Far less, however, incomparably less, is foliage ornament to the Gothic, than sculpture to the Greek. Strip any one of the Norman or Italian Cathedrals of every whit of that which Ruskin means by ornamentation, of that which forms the continual illustrations of his pages, and the tiresome insistency of his observa

tions, and the essential power of the style would not be appreciably disturbed. It is not fair to say that actually, but it is fair to say that substantially, it would amount to no more than striking out some little leaflets and vine-sprigs, nestling in cusps or twined in arch-heads, which the architect may have struck in by way of play, after his imagination had been aching from the transcendental geometry of adjusting the final lines, and the finished mass and shadow groupings of the great pendentive sweeps. Incidents of this kind, in which the fancy of the builder, or it may be of the workman, has left some unexpected footprint of itself at a given moment, are unquestionably matters of interest: they certainly are no more than a few of the accidents of architecture. Take them as a class, and they do not by any means act the part to the building which Shakspeare makes his waiters' small-talk act for the tragedy. They are not intended as a relief to an intolerable continuance of acting power; they are, at the best, the *tolerabiles ineptiæ* of cathedral art; Ruskin's theory would make the cathedral to consist in them. Consider it but for a moment; here is a man who has passed beneath the shadows of a west front, entered the captivated atmosphere of a heaven-aspiring nave, passed through the successive peals of arch upon arch, and pillar upon pillar of its long drawn aisle, walked across the broad transept, and stopped under the awful span of the choir-arches, apparently as unconcerned as the dog at his side, and at last we find the spirit of his sole admiration spending itself over the exquisite beauty of some clover-leaves or oak-tendrils, spied in a corner, or beneath a bracket-plate, which possibly no eye but his own and that of the man that cut them ever saw. Doubtless, a part of Mr. Ruskin's extravagancies is to be attributed to that common weakness of original minds, the passion for being singular; but the greater part of them, and the characteristic peculiarity of all of them, are due to the false theory which governs his views. It is the theory which looks upon architecture as an imitative art, instead of looking upon it as it is, a mental creation.

The extreme form of this theory is that which attributes the total result, as existing in the cathedral or the temple, to successive improvements upon an actual type, which type consisted at the outset in the forms and arrangements of the huts,

the excavations, and the lodges of wattled saplings, which nomades and troglodytes had adopted as their dwelling-places. Thus, the Rhamesseion is but a Nubian cave, turned inside out, Minerva Parthenon is a marble log-cabin, and York Minster is the final result of a multiplication of sheds and lodges formed of saplings and their interlocked branches. The Triglyph of the Doric, that superbly imagined perpendicular emanation which marries the Pediment through the column to the Stylobate, that wedding-ring, which is the pledge of one of the most perfect instances of the coalescence of ideal beauty with physical strength and utility, to be found in the world of art, is the channeled ends of the roof timbers, the flutings of the columns are canals cut for the rain, and the guttae of the mutule-plates are the drops that staid behind. Possibly, however, the flutings might have been for warriors to rest their spears within, and hence in the later orders it was found convenient to cut them a little deeper, also to place a fillet between them, lest the accidental interchange of spear heads should provoke challenges and lead to duels. Now, in addition to the perfectly incomprehensible childishness of this theory, and the continuance of it, it is directly in the face of facts. We are safe in challenging the production of so much as one instance of an ancient people whose original house-building can be shown to bear an appreciable resemblance to their temple-style. There was, in reality, no more connection between their house-building and their temple-building, or architecture, than there is among us, between the moulding of dough to make bread, and the moulding of the clay to make a statue. We are not aware of one instance in history, of a people's temples being made from the resemblance of their dwellings. No question, the contrary can be found, that is, of nations who copied their houses, to some extent, from their temples. But the previous law of procedure is so universally true, that the contrary process is a sure sign of national decadence and degradation. Thus the Greeks, in the days of their degeneracy, began to transfer certain parts of their sacred architecture to the decorating of their houses; scarcely more, however, at that, than the use of pilasters and blank entablatures. So, too, in the case of the Romans, as decisive a case as could be desired, it was not till

the period at which they made a deity of their emperor that they began to attach columns to their villas. Julius Cæsar was the first man whose house had a pediment, and even he dared not put it on, except by a solemn decree of the senate.

The word Architecture, to us necessarily and properly includes all kinds of beautiful buildings, and among these what was to the ancients their temples, is to us but a larger house, fashioned with a view to the accommodation of so many persons for purposes of worship. To the gentile, such an idea, as connected with his temple, was utterly strange, and would have been abhorrent. His temple was in no sense a house, as we take it; certainly not a house for himself, nor as it respects his deity, was it a house in the sense of a sheltering place of abode. It was a religious offering, which being completed, the particular deity for whom it was prepared, was supposed to become inresident within its forms and material. The ancient temple (and the ancient temple is the original source of all architecture) was simply the grandest and most beautiful image which the people were able to build up, as an offering to their gods; had it been possible to erect statues of the same size, it would have amounted to the same thing; as much, and no more, a house in the one case than in the other. Because it so happens that we can take a Grecian fane and turn it into a convenient church edifice, it does not follow that its originators had any thought of providing for the comfort of a congregation, as any part of its purpose or arrangements. They would have been puzzled by the thought. The idea of the church, other than as that of a priesthood, was manifestly an impossible conception to the gentile mind. It is a purely Christian process which has turned the temple into a church. The temple of Theseus could never have become a Christian church, had not the votaries of Theseus first turned it into a basilica, a treasury, a store-house.

The history of architecture everywhere shows that the adoption, on the part of a people, of the spoils of their temple-style for the decoration of their own houses, is among the invariable signs of a national upbreking. The resemblance between house-building and temple-building is therefore rather the very last, than the very first, of national signs; and wherever found,

it is found to be the house which copies from the temple, and not the temple from the house. There can hardly exist a stronger ocular demonstration of the fact, that the old religions were departing, and the old nations breaking up, for the coming in of the true religion, and the universal church, than is furnished by the streets of Pompeii, and the villas of Rome. Assuredly, things have altered since the temple has been converted into the church; but they have not so altered as to leave it, either from the light of Christian history, philosophy, or religion, a good sign for any people, to be found using a secular style of architecture decidedly like that of their churches. To those who may be shocked at the thought of attributing any idea of sacredness to church architecture, we have only to say, that the modern tendency towards the abolition of that idea was begun expressly, and at a well known era, by the Roman Church. The first, and we believe the only historical instance of a church style drawn immediately from secular style, is that of St. Peter's at Rome, which is simply an Italian palace turned into a church. If, then, the only historical instances in which the practical denial of the distinction between sacred and secular architecture has been perpetrated, are those of degenerate heathen, who built their houses after their temples, and ethnicalising Christians, who built their church after the style of their houses, surely no good Protestant ought to be afraid of the distinction of sacredness, as between the house and the church. Certainly, at least, it is not in good taste to break up that distinction. When men will turn churches into dwelling-houses, it must be esteemed a sign that they think too highly of themselves, and too poorly of their religion.

Our definition of architecture, going back to its real origin, is that it is the product, in its peculiar form, of the mind of man acting under the impulse of his religious nature. Man was at the first a "mighty builder," by reason and force of his religious constitution, not through the stimulus of his physical wants. The temple, in some form or another, preceded even the cave and the hut. Every man by nature builds his altar before he builds his house. Architecture is the result of man's innate propensity to build, and to build first and largest for his soul, for his deity; in other words, according to the sense of

inresidence adverted to, to provide a house for his gods. The idea of the palace-temple is contemporaneous with that of hero-worship, and does not alter the terms of the definition. The architecture of the ancients was to them, and remains to us, their temples, and nothing else. Civil, secular, domestic architecture, so called, knows no existence previous to the time of imperial Rome—a people to whom their bridges, aqueducts, and triumphal arches, their circus and their colosseum, were their deities, their religion, and their temples.

In addition to the manifest facts, and the *a priori* unlikelihood of the case, that the temple should have been copied after the dwelling, a very strong presumption against the entire imitative theory is the implied infidelity of it. In this respect the theory in question is but part and parcel of that whole unscriptural view of man, which supposes him to have come from the hands of his Maker in the savage state, and that being cast thus unprepared into the world, he went to burrowing in the ground, and afterwards proceeded to the fashioning of mud-huts, and then began to catch fish, and at last congregated, and formed a mumbling language, &c.; and that hence and so forth he took his full degree, and commenced man. The Bible teaches us that man came from the hands of his Maker gifted and endowed with religion, speech, government, and every other good and perfect gift, and among them the gift of being a builder, in virtue of his original constitution.

A single word, of frequent use in the introductory portion of Mr. Ruskin's first lecture in Edinburgh, will give us additional insight, from another point of the same false view, into the rationale of his critical blunders, and those of his school. It is the word "interesting." Now, of all the fine arts, architecture is that which is grand, and grandly beautiful. As correctly might we call Mont Blanc or Niagara, the forest or the oak, interesting, as to apply that term to the creations of architecture. In the necessary fact, that it is obliged to deal with large masses of space and material, as well as because it involves and is actually based upon a manifest utility of purpose in all its productions, it results that its beauty, when successful, must be of that kind which comes from the union of power and grace. It is always Achilles, it is never a Paris. The

beautiful Gothic monument in Trinity burying-ground is indeed an interesting object, but it is an architectural object only in that accommodated sense in which we speak of Biscay image work as statuary. It is architectural only as being a graceful and interesting toy, in the style of the grand temple at whose foot it is placed. It is the characteristic and indispensable effect of every real production of architecture to inspire a feeling of greatness and power. These are the foundation elements of its beauty. The feeling may not, in every instance, amount to that of sublimity, but it must always approach it, it must always be at least akin to that of greatness. Pile up a mass of uncut stone to the size of a building, and it has a power of its own; now, if architecture take hold of that mass and do not leave it still more powerful, as well as beautiful, it has failed of its peculiar function. Thus, there are many buildings which by the ravages of fire or of time, have been brought back to better architecture, than architecture ever did for them. Thus, in the Renaissance, where the frittering of parts through the heterogeneous mixture of the upright, horizontal, and circular line has destroyed all totality of impression, and so robbed the stones of their size; or, as in the Gothic of the florid period, where the stones are not only spoiled of their size, but robbed of their material also, through a profusion of foliage enrichment, architecture has plainly come short of its prerogative; in the one case producing mistaken building, in the other, meretricious decoration. The carrying out of Mr. Ruskin's views on architecture, must necessarily result in the latter. "Take care of ornament, and proportion will take care of itself," is the identical maxim upon which the simple grandeur of the Romanesque and the chastened sublimity of the Early Pointed, were flooded to death in a deluge of tracery and foliage ornamentation. If it should be objected, that the work of the architect is distinct from that of the builder, we deny the assertion; every builder is not an architect, but every architect is and must be a builder; it is at an appreciable point that architecture runs into spurious ornamentation; it is not easy to find the point at which building runs into architecture. The products of architecture are great-beautiful buildings.

But what a degradation and what an absurdity is the whole

of it! To talk of those grand minsters which for so many generations, as at Rheims, Cologne, York, have been discoursing bodily to men in the very greatest language of their actual conceptions, and beyond all other earthly objects of the hand of man, giving them visible assurance of a greatness not yet reached—to talk of such works as *interesting*, is too shameful! How much less an inversion, to speak of the forest oak as consisting in the leaves which qualify its grandeur, or the ivy that foils its strength? What is the work of producing an architectural object, such an object, for example, as Trinity Church or Girard College? It is by implication, a work of ages, of successive generations of thought, science, and skill. It is, then, a work of present reflection, of careful selection, of thoughtful adaptation, a work that ought always to call into counsel the assistance of those who possess gifts of wisdom and knowledge; for the question of deciding upon the design of a building which is possibly to stand before the eyes of men for many ages, is always a question of serious import. It is, in the next place, a work which calls for the exercise of the very highest mental powers on the part of the architect, a work in which are involved æconomics, science, and skill, on the very largest scale; and at last, and throughout, a work in which all these elements are to be articulated and set to the unvarying music of one pervading law, which is that of beauty. It then becomes a work of strong foundations, of digging and cutting, and toiling; of adjusting and building up a structure, fortified, in obedience to mechanical laws and practical foresight, against heat, cold, and tempest, arranged and ordered according to a specific object of use, and when finished, to be found a powerful witness to all who behold it, that there is reality and grace for the imagination of man in this world, as well as hard work for his hands. Whenever we visit the spot where such a work is going on, we are aware that a great work is going on. We experience that sense of expansion of heart which always accompanies the practical contemplation of the wonderful powers and resources of the mind of man. But what now, is the language in which the Edinburgh lectures speak of these works and labours? It is the language of the boudoir, the language of the print-shop and artificial flower-work; it is a language which shows no con-

sciousness of the greatness of the deed, which exhausts itself in speaking of the merest adjuncts. It knows nothing of the Hercules, nothing of the Apollo, and very little of the Graces, who have been about the building—very little of the Graces—not those portions upon which the Minervas have laboured, the Olympus-sublimity of pediments, the superbly chosen depths and appliances of channelings and curves, the noble sweep of arches, and well-directed array of mouldings—but it contents itself with speaking of the stolen chaplets, the stray peaks and playful touches with which the little Cupids have amused themselves, and which the greater gods have left remaining, with a smile at their childish pranks. According to this view, the church dressed with Christmas evergreens, should make better architecture than the piers and columns which they cover.

We remember how, in our early days, we were elated at the idea of having discovered a new style. The building was to represent an actual growth from the soil; engaged tree-trunks took the place of the buttresses, their branches in part to deploy under the cornice, and in part to creep up the eaves, and twine into a little forest of efflorescence along the ridge. The heavily recessed door-way was to show like a deep embosomed grove, and the interior was to display a ceiling with the avenue idea carried out to the full, not only its interlocked branches and clustering foliage, but with its fruitage of pineapple and pomegranate depending. The thing looked well upon paper, and generally, at first sight, was pronounced original and beautiful. But a little reflection soon convinced us that it was a perfect monstrosity. The entire affair, like the theory upon which it and all such things proceed, convicted itself of meretriciousness and utter poverty of imagination. It was just as much, and no more, architecture as the huge hollow tree-trunk which used to be in Peale's Museum, and in which he set his Indians after they had gone through with the war-whoop.

That the lighter ornamentation of style should look to natural forms for assistance, is true enough; but it does not hence follow that the mass of a building should be cut into vegetable figures, or its interior fashioned like an harbour. As legitimately might we seek to sculpture a ceiling into the forms of clouds, or the swellings of the surf in its pavement. The oak

and the mountain ash, the elm and the poplar, are noble and beautiful as such; they are assuredly not noble or beautiful when hollowed into a building. No doubt the men who produced the Corinthian capital, had studied the forms of nature, but had they been under the guidance of the foolish hypothesis which attributes that capital to the accident of the tile-covered basket, and the acanthus plant, or which views the Gothic ceiling as a sculptured criss-cross of the arbour top, the Corinthian capital instead of being the exquisite fancy work that it is, a piece of foliage which has not its equal in the world of art, would have been what the Roman capital, under that identical baldness of fancy, did become, a mere conglomeration of literal leaves stuck fast upon an inverted cone. We are not running the theory to death; would that we could. We are but tracing the actual carrying out of that theory, as revealed in the debasement of the pure Greek, through the poverty-stricken rags and fig-leaf aprons of the ostentatious Roman, and in the debasement of the pure Gothic through the same process of nature imitation. What is it that has destroyed the fine window heads, and defaced the noble surfaces, and suffocated the grand ceilings of the sublime Romanesque? what, in a word, has turned the cathedral of the early Gothic into the bizarre confusedness of a Henry VII. Chapel, but a wretched incursion of foliage drawn in from the forest, because architects were no longer able to draw from their own minds? We need only compare the Roman Frieze with the Grecian Entablature, the Flamboyant Tracery with the Pointed Window, to see at once the work wrought, and the thing that led to it.

So also, at the present time, let this theory again prevail, let it be taken for granted that the best architecture is that which has its obvious type in the vegetable kingdom, and nothing but the hardness of stone, and the expensiveness of cutting, can save our buildings from becoming mere excrescences of vegetable malformations. No longer will the architect go into the depths of his own mind, no longer tax his waking and sleeping imagination for ideal combinations, no longer fatigue his reason, his memory, his eyes, and his hands, in the prosecution of that most difficult of all his studies, the study of proportion; he will take his scrap-book and crayon, and any summer's day, in the

nearest wood, will suffice for the design in hand. The extreme opposite theory, that good architecture is wholly made up of rectilinear and geometric lines, may leave a building somewhat harsh and stiff, but it will at least leave it respectable, and leave it stone. The other will as inevitably spoil the design, destroy its architecture, and disfigure its material, the moment the builder is set free from the coercion of its mechanical laws. He will make his house a folly. It is this that has encumbered the finished pediments of the Doric with the Vitruvian nonsense of the acroteria; it is this that is putting to shame several otherwise correctly conceived Byzantine façades in our cities, by crowning and crushing the gable above its actual finish with huge misshapen masses of scroll and leaf, artificially bolstered from behind, for no assignable reason, unless it be this unfortunate notion of the indispensable necessity of some obvious imitation of nature about the building.

It will be seen that we are taking no unjust advantage of Mr. Ruskin's principles, when we mention the two following facts, from his *Edinburgh Lectures*. One is, his condemnation of the Greek chevron, an ornament which has, probably, more than any single ornament ever invented, gained the meed of every nation's admiration, on the express ground that he can find no actual type for its justification in nature. He says that he has gone through the vegetable world, he has gone through the animal world, he has examined the teeth and fins of fishes, and scrutinized the forms in crystallization, and not finding in any of them footsteps of the mind that traced the chevron, sufficiently clear to prove the copy, he must condemn it. It is, accordingly, like the Ionic capital and the geometric Greek in general, "base." The other instance referred to, is the fact that he has placed, as the frontispiece of the volume under review, a drawing of a lion's head from nature, and by way of contrast, a lion's head in abstract, such as that which forms the finial to the coronal echinus of the Parthenon fronts. And for what reason? Can it be believed that it is done for the purpose of actually proving that the Parthenon heads are really not right good lions' heads? Poor Phidias! He could make a Jupiter that looked somewhat like the real thing; he could fashion a goddess which commanded

the price of a city; he could fill the pediments and metopes of the Parthenon itself with figures that, in their looks, action, and bearing, have been thought to show no small knowledge of men, but he probably had never seen a real lion, and so was constrained to draw upon his imagination, and behold in the picture, what a fist he made of it! This is certainly one of those things which merit to be called shameful, and it speaks well for the citizens and the art of that beautiful town which is truly called the modern Athens, that they could exercise the degree of patience they did with such vain babbling. If Mr. Ruskin would have had the actual lion's head, with all its superior native vigour, upon which he so innocently discourses, in place of that most exquisite transcendent of a finish which is not a finish, and which forms but one of a thousand of the secret reaches of refined thought which every fresh examination of the Parthenon is bringing to light, then why not go still further? why not let a full formed lion be found emerging from the angles of that universal pediment, and why not have an acroterial lion rampant upon its sealed apex? Phidias would as soon have thought of sticking a literal chariot on those angles, as a literal lion's head.

Here now is a case at which we are at a perfect nonplus. To our view there is no more impressive architectural form than that of the Greek pediment. Precisely what makes it so, we cannot tell. It is a simple triangle, having its angles at a certain depression, made up of three principal lines and a recess. But we have seen this thing—we have met it suddenly in our cities, outstanding from beyond the house fronts, and we have ever felt the same impression of its unique grandeur, the same indefinable power of its haunted enclosure. So have we felt the power of a Phidian Jupiter's head, so have we felt the power of a forehead, and how like that of Daniel Webster! What makes it, we cannot tell, in the one case any more than in the other. We have seen foreheads as broad and high, and brows as deep and shadowy, as Webster's, but we have seen but one Webster. So have we seen pediments and gables of heavier material, and far greater breadth and height than the Doric, but we have seen but one Doric pediment, and whenever we do see it, it remains the same thing. Whether it be in the adjustment of the

angle, that the triangle has come to rest of its own accord, and thus settled at the exact point of æsthetic equilibrium, a point which qualifies the construction, either to be an Atlas to the heavens, or a Zephyr to float into them, and that hence it presents itself as the most satisfactory formula to the mental sense of equilibrium, we cannot tell; but there it is; the impression made by it is not a fancy or a mistake. Let any one compare the pediment of the New York Custom House with the gable of St. Paul's Church, or that of the Philadelphia Custom House (which, however, is wanting in breadth and boldness of cornice,) with the gable of the Girard Bank, and the reality of the thing of which we are speaking will be felt. Now, if nature had crystallized a pediment, we should find no fault with the theory that should attribute this particular to the natural type; but as nature has not so done in any explicit instance, we can but indicate the source of the construction by the analogy of its effect, and say that it is ideal. The cultivated imagination of the architect taught him with what feeling to adjust the angle, to deepen the recess, and to project the mass beyond the peristyle over which it so nobly impends.

At this point we may see more distinctly the reason why the lion's head, in abstract, is made to qualify its outer angles. The tympanum is full, to overflowing, of actual life within a sensible geometric horizon; it must relieve itself at the point of contact, and connect itself with the world around, through the intermediacy of the world of embryo. A literal, particular, or actual torso of animal nature at the point, would, like an actual sculptured plant, shield, or boss, have had the effect of throwing a literal impertinence into an ideal perfectness. Of course there remains no place for argument; we can do no more than assure the man who has succeeded in schooling his feelings against a form of art which the world has consented to own as beautiful, for no other reason than that it does not obviously copy nature, that he is labouring under a mistake.

Architecture is far less imitative than any other of the family of the arts. Perhaps it would be better to say, far less obviously imitative. There have been architects eminent for genius and skill in dealing with all the real elements of their art, and yet, who never could etch a flower or arrange a festoon; men who

could throw up buildings, original, noble, and great, according to the emergency, but who have been absolutely dependent on the limner for the putting in of their ornamentation. What folly to consider the limner-work architecture, and the original creation the subordinate. The gift which enables a man thus to originate, and thus to deal in the real elements of style, is the gift of the higher imagination, precisely the gift which enables him to produce with originality and power in other departments. It is born with the architect, it is not something which may be learned in the drawing-school. This architect will indeed copy from nature, inasmuch as nature is born in him. That is to say, as the sum of all beauty is contained or implied in nature, so his nature has been formed and cultivated to a more spontaneous feeling of the same; but it is also a characteristic of this, his feeling, that it shall act, in production, unconsciously; and by how much it acts with particular consciousness, by so much it is in danger of weakening its original power. Thus the Greek sculptor, whose ideas originated in the secret of his own imagination, would receive assistance, certainly, from the studies of the palaestra, while the modern sculptor, who has little or none of the originating idea in his mind, will go to the dissecting-room for his studies, and will, in all probability, produce a more correct piece of anatomy than the other. It is the prerogative of every piece of real art to have its full existence in the mind of the man. Many such an existence has been spoiled and made a mere critical homily, by the artist's slavish adherence to actual particular nature in the elaboration of his idea. The original architect has a mind which is ever open to nature's hints; his greatest buildings will have in them what he has seen and felt in the mountain and in the cloudy sky, in the deep shadows of caves and forests, in the power of sound, and in the noble grandeur of heroic deeds; in the magnificence of law and order, and in the gracefulness of beauty; but they will be there in incommensurable forms and arrangements, which are the resultant of his feelings and insight into nature. His building will not be made up of the cave of Staffa in its door-way, of stalactites, or of grape-vines for its ceiling, or of poplars or icebergs, or mountain peaks, for its towers and dome. To the real architect it belongs to force

his meditations into that region which lies between the actual and the possible, and which is more or less remotely indicated in the actual, which indication becomes to him the key-note of the forms which he embodies, even as the musician goes into the same region to draw thence the architecture of sweet sound. And this is the process, and the only process, wherein he copies nature in his building. Take the great architectural works of the world, and ask their authors how they made them, and the answer would be about as apposite and satisfactory as the Greek sculptor's explanation of his Elian Jove. Ask the man who first channeled the Doric column, how he came to do so, and his answer is, "I felt that it would be well to do so."

The case just mentioned is a case in hand. Everybody knows the exquisite effect of the Doric channelings, as contrasted with the smooth shaft, the prismatic shaft, the reeded shaft, or with the deeply cut channels of the other orders. We can see before our eyes what has been effected by the Doric channelings, but we question whether Callicrates could tell us why he made them elliptical rather than circular. The thing actually effected is, that the apparent strength, fulness, and power of the column are multiplied, without actually increasing its dimensions, an effect essential throughout to Doric art, whose ruling idea is that of a quiescent grandeur and sublimity, but a sublimity which is never dependent upon actual dimensions.

The Doric temple has the force of the far-off mountain within the boundaries of appreciable limits. The actual limit of the Doric building never shows itself, except in the crowning lines of the pediment, and at the angles so superlatively qualified by the embryonic artifice already described. At the four corners of the building, the limiting angle is formed by a column, actually heavy, pyramidal, perpetual on its base, channeled in such a way as to become in a sort aerial, so that a certain air of indefiniteness is cast over it which magnifies its fulness, and at the same time idealizes its material. The Doric fluting multiplies the column, the Ionic and Corinthian divides it, for a reason which we shall see. The column is thus charged with a swelling, we had almost said a sweltering fulness, which does not alter its nature as stone, but which yet (we can express it in no other way) gives ideality to its substance. And all this

is the direct result of its being cut into shallow elliptical flutings, rather than circular ones. What now if the entire building, what if the lines of the stylobate, what if the lines of the entasis, what if every part as well as the body of the edifice be included within the like transcendent curves; even the same as those which make up the distant mountain, upon which we look, and whose idea we feel at its utmost, only at such time as when, through continued looking, we come to see the mountain while we see it not. We believe it to be so. This is the way in which Greek art makes known its power, namely, through a revery which is excited by continued contemplation, and we believe that as it has the same effect as the distant mountain, it has the same method, the co-operation of the rectilinear line of vision with the curvilinear lines of its forms. We believe that every additional examination of the radical and bounding, as well as of the composition lines of the Doric temple, will be found, as the great lines of the entasis and stylobate have been found, to be portions of a vast ellipse, or other conic sections.

The circular line rules the actual and literal world; it is the line that we can touch, and copy, and describe with mathematical exactness. It is the ruling line of the Roman, and of the Debased Gothic architecture. It is the immediate result in building of the imitation theory. It will make an architect of any hand that can scribe a circle, and it will make a mere literalness of any architecture that falls under its rule. The curves which form the root and body of all ideal forms, are those revealed in the transverse sections of the cone. They can be drawn only by the hand of the man that feels them in his soul. They compose the invisible axis of the Doric building. The Greek architect did, therefore, for the column, what he felt that nature had done for the elm and not for the apple-tree, and gave the invisible entasis to its diminution for the purpose of keeping it strong and making it beautiful—did, what, in some way, we know not how, the real artist does, when he makes a forehead of limited dimensions speak a language which the more literal artist will in vain labour to effect, by heaping up the brain, and swelling out the protuberances. Here, then, is the point at which the real architect is a copyer of nature, not by particular imitation, for the things are not tangible, and

if so, would become preposterous when transferred, but by catching the harmonies of nature, and making them harmonious in building. Hence will it do him good to be in the frequent, and most earnest, and reverent study of nature, but by all means let him leave his port-folio at home. Let his succeeding labours be influenced by the results of his thoughts, moods, and reflections, not by the literal imprint of any particular.

If, with Mr. Ruskin, he come to the conclusion that the pointed arch is the only right way to bridge a space, because he finds its type in the oak leaf, and every other leaf of the forest, then ought he, with him, also to come to the conclusion that the oak leaf contains the whole of architecture, and with him and his school, should unite in justifying the only Gothic that does literally copy in form or in foliage—the Debased. For, singularly enough, the Gothic, which they sometimes seem to admire, and which assuredly we have a right to admire, is that which is remarkable for the simplicity of its ornamentation, and for having what it possesses almost universally in abstract. Its vines, its foliage, its fruitage, its saints and its angels, have come as they ought to have come, and for a reason identically analogous to that in the case of the Doric finial, directly out of the world of embryo.

If, however, instead of inverting the science of his art, and looking to those forms for construction, to which he may, with judiciousness, look for hints for ornamentation, he ask himself how nature actually does bridge her spaces, and finding she does so by supports of every variety and shape, in the air and in caves, and also in basaltic and stalagmite pillars, and by vast lintels in way of boulders cast athwart deep channels, and sustaining mountains above them, then may he know that the bridging of his spaces is an accident of style, which he is at liberty to effect as he may choose, by a triangle, an arch, or a lintel, only so that the way chosen be in keeping with the work he is about. And he may likewise repeat his elements, provided he do so without interruption, as far as his space and means will allow, notwithstanding the sophistical argument of the six hundred and odd similar square windows, which our author objected to the good citizens of Edinburgh. For if those six hundred windows were in contiguous fronts of adequate

height, and *not* broken into by separating intrusions of his arched and decorated windows, and he felt no sense of magnitude, of multitude, and of extent, and hence of something at least approaching a sense of magnificence, then was he void for the time being of the universal faculty of our feelings, in virtue of which the cathedral is to us more than the pyramid, the rolling ocean than the smooth pond, the cloud-involved sky than the mist-mingled air, the continuous cataract than the sluggish stream, the successive thunder than the single explosion, or the roaring surf than the sudden splash! We do not mean to say that the mere repetition of the same elements will of itself, apart from the law that guides their repetition, produce greatness of style, nor to assert that ornamented windows set in proper places and relations, will not help to make more beautiful architecture than the plain window; but we do mean to say, that the windows, and pinnacles, and niches must belong to something, that that something Mr. Ruskin's view leaves out of account, and that in so doing it leaves out the whole. The Greeks could make an architecture without a window, but all the world is not adequate to the work of making windows grow into architecture. The nearest to it are the Crystal Palaces of the day, which are, indeed, just as much architecture as so much glass. If Mr. Ruskin would but withdraw his eye for an instant from its fascinated spell upon the single spot of beauty, and send his glance down the long sweep of the nave, or along the continuous line of the wall mouldings, the dentils, the brackets, the cerbels, or even the baluster of the pulpit stair, he would see how his condemnation of the repeated peristyle and plain window, must put an end to architecture, and to our capacity for art at the same time.

It is too late, by several years, for writers to make the assertion that the Egyptians and Greeks bridged the spaces above their columns and door-ways with the horizontal lintel, only because they were not aware of the arch. They did so because they chose to do great things in their own way. The Gothic has, indeed, done great things with the arch, but has done so only by bringing in the control of the same law of the imagination. If a comparison is to be made, then we are constrained to think that the Greeks, in effecting an ideal product out of so

bald an element, have done an intellectually greater thing than did the Gothic builders. Ruskin's inference from the premises is the opposite. He makes it the criterion of the superiority of Gothic over Classic art, that it is a greater thing to arch a space than to bridge it with a lintel. Constructively it is, and possibly a Coliseum with plain arched windows, is even more beautiful than with plain square windows, though we doubt it. But when the Greeks laid hold of the necessity which they adopted, and produced a Parthenon redolent throughout with mental power and beauty, then we think they did as great a thing as ever builders accomplished.

We have denied, however, and do most strenuously deny, that Greek art is composed about the actual straight line. It has, indeed, the straight lines of nature in their places, even as the straight lines of light that co-operate to form the rainbow; but if it be the artistic universe we take it to be, then it has *in re* or *in posse* all the architectural lines which nature reveals, and in the way that nature uses them. These lines, these solar and lunar lines, these abstract and potential lines, these lines whose rays and echoes are also in the mind, and which, therefore, make the Doric building a grand embodiment of law and order, as well as of grace and beauty; these are the identical lines which Mr. Ruskin knows nothing about for architecture, because he has not *seen* them in his forests. One would suppose he might have seen them gleaming in the airs of some of Turner's sun-sets, or that he might have felt them at least in the spirit-like shadows of the grove, or heard them in the æolian sigh of the pine. He may see them, if he will, and find that nature is full of them, whenever at the rising, the setting, or the noon-day sun, he looks and listens for them, or whenever, in careful silence of the mind, he sends his revery toward the zenith, or towards the early east, what time the coming dawn may perchance touch their resounding echoes within the answering breast. And even as these, his much despised right lines, come to flood the effulgent east, or move on to give their unseen depths to the ever-deepening zenith, or move down to fire the glowing west, or marshal their proud ranks at other times in the grand array of the aurora, so, perchance, may he come to understand how the chief glory of the building wall, and the

enclosing peristyle receive their colour, and give forth their memnon-music through the same. And if the man is at heart as generous and noble as we take him to be, the process will set him to reflecting, that possibly there is a world of lines into which his imitation view can never penetrate, but only the mind that sits and muses, what time nature may touch their counterparts within, and so might there be reclaimed to the true behests of art, one of the most gifted pens that has been drawn in her service.

The comparison of Gothic art to frozen music has ever seemed to us a disagreeable one, and yet we believe it is given to the real architect to fix the note of the nightingale, and the tones of the æolian, the voice of the cataract, and the murmur of the sea, "the echo of the tempest, and the music of the spheres," and the articulate colours of the prism in solid forms of stone, which shall thus transfer the melodies of nature from the ear to the eye. The cathedral is an organ whose glorious music is seen and so heard, and the temple is a prism that needs no daub of actual tinting. But assuredly the architect does not effect this by sculpturing blowing winds and mimic waterfalls, and painting literal rainbows about the building. He will do it by exhibiting to the space-faculties of the mind, the atlantic surfaces and vistaed reaches of his edifice, by fitting its proportions to the waiting harmonies of the soul, by "digging fiercely into his enchasmed fronts," and by secretly training the radical life of the style through emerging oases on dead walls, that shall be as the floating mermaid on the distant sea; by the sudden effulgence of its whole power in some single condensation, and by its universal diffusion in every part, and in parts not apparently noticed, till found obedient to the master-spirit which has impressed itself throughout. He will do it by his talismanic power over space, and mass, and distance, light and shadow, solidity and freedom, sternness and happy play. He will do it, we know not how, through forms and through the absence of forms, and their arrangements, which shall arrest and take captive, and fill up the mind of the beholder, so that he shall, from surprise, incomprehensibility, and dread, at the last consent to muse and walk amid the forms around him, as his own mind's chosen home. It is certainly possible for architecture

to throw the mind into a state, which shall securely remind it of its very highest and deepest, and most tender and touching impressions, from whatever quarter received. There is a certain thing we see about the distant mountain, and we perceive the same about some of Raphael's heads; some have called it a "swimmingness," some a "floatability;"—neither expresses it, but it is a result which is effected by putting aeriality into matter. Doric art effects this result mechanically, by building beneath the universal influence of those lines in nature which are only seen in their being heard, and felt, and reflected.

It will now devolve upon us to endeavour to trace what we believe to be the actual genesis of the art of architecture. Its prime origin we have already found to be in man's religious nature, under the impulse of his artistic faculty; in the same way, for example, as sculpture had its first original. Man came a builder from the hand of his Maker, and his first buildings were erected for his Maker, even his Maker whom he had denied; and hence, his first buildings form the most signal exponents of the darkness and fear which his sin had brought over his faculties. Reeking with the airs of that region where Satan met sin and death on his passage to the primeval earth, do we find the earliest monuments of the architectural art. The very earliest monuments, 'tis true, are gone in the waters of the deluge; but, from the guilt-begotten and propitiatory images which the natural heart still goes on to build, though it be Juggernauts in air and Dagon in dreams, from the fearful forms which the later heathen have erected, and from the more than diabolic intimations in Hindoo caves, in Assyrian chambers of imagery, in the Typhon terror that still haunts the Egyptian temple, in the revolting forms of the Mexican sculptors, and in the intolerable terrors of Stonehenge circles, we may detect the presence of something like a Beelzebub in the inspiration as well as in the dedication of these early works, thus at once the glory and the shame of man's disordered greatness as a born builder. Take the Christian architecture of the middle ages, or what would be still more forcible, take the christianized architecture of the self-worshipping Greek—if that problem had been solved, and not impossibly the Protestant Church is yet to do it—take the art which is the historical pro-

duct of the true faith, or the art which was the product of the transition period from demon worship to the deification of mental beauty, take the Christian cathedral and the christianized Greek Church, and set them alongside a cavern of Ellora, and a temple of the Nile, and you have as significant a demonstration of what revealed religion has done for the race, as could well be exhibited to the sight.

Whoever has looked upon Stonehenge, or any other great instance of Celtic building, and whoever has been left alone with the frowning terribleness of some vast natural rock, has experienced the essence of the feeling which is peculiar to the finished Egyptian temple. The Pyramids are not usually discussed in the same category with the Temple-architecture of Egypt, but they are perfectly identical as to their sentiment; you pass without revulsion from Cheops to the hypostyle Hall of Karnac. The feeling excited by all Egyptian art is essentially the rock-feeling, only that in the pyramid it is more purely natural; in the temple it is enhanced by science, not by art. As compared with the Grecian or with the Gothic, there is little imagination in the Egyptian, while there is a world of knowledge and of mysticism. What is the Sphinx but a slowly living rock? What the imperturbable secresy, the brooding silence, and the supernatural dreadfulness of the entire style, but that the chaotic heart of flint, the very spirit of the lifeless granite, is made to come out from its abysmal depths, and to assume to itself an intelligence, not yet human, not yet divine, but earth-born, impersonal, pantheistic? It is the life of the quarry joined with the life of the lotus and the serpent. Whether their builders intended as consciously to represent this pantheistic image in their works, as we can read it in them, is little to the question. They were pantheists in theology, and they could not help being true to themselves, when speaking in architecture, any more than the builders of Greece, Rome, or Byzantium. We should say, then, that Egyptian architecture, like every other original architecture, adopted the forms it did, from a spontaneous internal necessity of the case, and because the use of large stones, immense surfaces, overhanging weight, indistinguishable light, and massive vegetable columns were exactly the elements at hand for embodying its idea. We say

Contra
Egyptian
art

Pantheism

vegetable columns, because every column in the Egyptian temple is but a rock endowed with the life of the Nile plant. The Grecian column, on the other hand, is the same historical rock, endowed with the life of independent beauty, a life precisely analogous to that with which they endowed the stones out of which they made their statues. They did it in the one case no more from the direct imitation of literal types, than in the other. < The Egyptian column is a pillar in a temple whose god was nature, earth-born nature—the Grecian, a pillar in a temple, whose deity was man, deified man >

Our theory of the column is, that it has its origin as a purely religious image and symbol; that every Egyptian column means God the sustainer; every Grecian, man the sustainer; and that in every original instance of the carrying out of the idea, they were necessarily impelled to the rock, and not to the tree. In its earliest form, the column was a simple stone, raised, whether as a divine witness in the first place, or as a symbol of the deity, we cannot tell, but the pillar soon came to stand for the god himself. It needs no argument to prove thus much. The Cyclopean and Druidical remains throughout the known world, show that among the very earliest forms of idolatrous symbolism were those of the rock worship. Some nations went beneath the ground, some built above the ground, some took the actual rock mountain and hewed it into a temple, and some took huge boulders and built them into mountains. They built their cities around their tutelar acropolis of rock, and they marked out their consecrated limits with walls of the same, into the heart of which they resorted for worship and fled for refuge; they said literally to the rock, "Thou art my god." If asked why all primitive heathens thus expressed their religious feelings, the answer is, that an earth-born nature-worship is manifestly the earliest phase of idolatry, that the natural rock is the most obvious impersonation of the earth-spirit, and that the natural rock was always at hand, and that the disposition to build mightily for his gods, only the more actuated his perverted nature.

The primitive type of the column was the simple monolithic pillar. In the earliest Celtic remains we find this repeated, so as to form a complete circle. The next advance was that of

the bilithic arrangement, the single upright pillar being crossed with a huge rock on top, forming the shape of the letter T. The last improvement was that of the trilith, or two uprights with an architrave, in the form of the jambs of a door with their lintel. A continuous succession of triliths gives the finished Stonehenge. Changed from the circle to the square, they form the Egyptian quadrangle. At Ypsambul there is a quadrangle, which, in every respect except that of the circular plan, is an exact Stonehenge. This theory of the genesis of columnar architecture was first distinctly put forth by Hosking. In the plates accompanying his *Essay*, which we take to be the ablest work on architecture to be found in the English language, he gives an historical induction of examples, from the rude monolith to the fluted column, and traces step by step the actual progress of columnar architecture, from the Celtic pillar of stone to the classic peristyle. The detached monolith still remains, as in the Egyptian, Mexican, and other Druidical obelisks, in the pillars prefacing the temple of Solomon, and diverted from a religious to a monumental use, in the triumphal pillars used by nations to this day.

We know full well, that fanciful theorizing is a peculiar temptation in architectural studies, and would not knowingly add to the long catalogue, but from a careful testing of the theory of the purely religious symbolic origin of the column, we do not find it possible to resist the inference of its correctness. It is impressed upon the forms themselves, and corroborated by cotemporary usages and settled metaphors of speech. By the column with its architrave, the ancient builders meant their deity in his relation to the world as its Atlas-bearer. A single glance at the comparative table of Hosking, will show how the idea is elaborated from the single pillar of natural rock to the finished obelisk, from the Druid circle to the African quadrangle, from the quadrangle to the temple hall, with its Isis capitals, its Osiris Caryatic pillars, and its vast globe-sculptured architraves, and so on to the Olympus-bearing columns, and human caryatidæ of the Athenian acropolis. At least it is quite as scientific to trace the perfect column to the monolith, as to find it in the sapling prop of a log hut, bandaged at the top and bottom with ropes, as if hut builders were in the habit of ornamenting

their cabins with peristyles! One of the most remarkable remains of Celtic architecture known to archæology, the Gate of the Lions at Mycenæ, is capable of a possible solution upon the hypothesis of the religious meaning of the column, and remains a riddle without it. This view being admitted, that single construction represents a national power (the lion) triumphant over a subverted dynasty, (the inverted column and architrave.) That the construction has a symbolic meaning, no one can doubt who has seen a drawing of it.

The process through which the religious conventionalism which characterizes more or less all known architecture until the time of Pericles, gradually fell away so as to end in the revelation of the untrammelled beauty of the Doric temple, coincides with that through which the mind of man in other respects, in letters, government, and civilization, was led to its culmination towards the coming of Him who held the nations in his hand, for the preparation of his own ways. Take the true revealed religion and culture as a parallel, and the comparison of the New Testament form of that religion with the Sinaitic and Judaic generally, will find something not without significance in the comparison of the Grecian form of civilization with that of Egypt, as exhibited in their architecture. What the temple of Herod was to the original temple on Mount Moriah, that, as far forth as the case may go, was the Parthenon of Athens to the Amenophis Memnon of Thebes.

Between the Egyptian and the Grecian lies an undiscovered gap, which the restoration of Tyre and Sidon could alone fill up; but whoever will take the pains to construct in his mind an Egyptian temple, and then strip its sanctuary of its outworks, will, in the process, have done what was done in the historical progress which has been lost, and will find in that sanctuary the part upon which the Doric builders went to work. Grecian architecture started with the Portico and Sanctuary of Apollinopolis Magna; it ended in the Minerva Parthenon of Athens. The Grecian people had their one national art; it was the Doric. It was that of a stylobate, column, pediment, and naos, locked together in a perfect and indissoluble unity. And they had two art-plays, the Ionic and Corinthian, which were those of stylobate, column, pediment, and naos, purposely dissolved

by the introduction of slightly disorganizing elements, such as the base, the decorated capital, and the deeper channelling of the column; in a word, the more manifest perpendicularity of the shaft, and the more manifest horizontality of the entablature. In the one case, that of the Ionic, the object of the capital is to conceal the supporting point of the column, in the other, the Corinthian, it substitutes an object of beauty so exquisite in itself, as to abstract attention from the fact of the disunion or the need of support. Mr. Ruskin considers the Ionic capital a "base contrivance as a *supporting* member!"

Of the surface architecture of its prototype, the Greek retained but that of the unbroken temple walls, and around these walls, as a back-ground, it congregated the aurora prisms, or the enamelled light, or the ray-like halo of the columnar mass and line. The dark spirit of its conventional religionism is sent back to the desert; the Sphinx could not bear the free sunlight of Attica; the dread terrors of Ammon gave way to the more manly fear of Jove, the imperturbable Isis to the wisdom-loving Minerva. The dark rock has been turned into pure crystal, or the vast quarry has been condensed into the living diamond. We might say that the earthly or unearthly remoteness, the fearfulness and the indefiniteness, which form the secret of the power and terribleness of Egyptian art, has lost its terribleness, and found its power humanized and enhanced through the process of a Doric avatar. Grecian art is assuredly self-inclusive. The point that seals the temple is the apex of the pediment; whereas the pedimental point of the Egyptian broods far over and above the actual mass. <We may not pursue the subject further, but we are well convinced that the adequate study of the comparative architecture of the great historic Gentile nations will show that there was a Gentile no less than a Hebrew preparation of the world for the coming of the Son of Man.> The progressive elimination, and at the same time, real magnification of the elementary greatness of the art, whose fearfulness filled the valley of the Nile, as we find the process completed in the art whose perfect human beauty emanated from the hill-tops of Grecia, is as the Gentile shadow of the true progress which was going on in the education of the chosen nation.

Architecture is thus, in its origin and progress, as we have endeavoured to show, a mental phenomenon to be classed with analogous phenomena of the mind of man and nations; governed by a law in no respect differing from the law under which the human mind has expressed itself in literature, and the other elements of national culture and civilization. So far as architecture has been influenced by circumstances, it has been in the same way and to the same degree that the art of poetry has been influenced, and not otherwise. The school which attributes the origin of architecture to the mere physical wants of man, and finds accordingly the temple in the hut, is the same that finds the origin of poetry in the discovered fact, that heroes were fond of being flattered in verse. It is high time this atheistic materialism were utterly abolished, and the simple fact, which must ever form one of the foundation principles of all worthy æsthetics, be made an elementary axiom; the fact, namely, that man was created with artistic faculties, and hence, goes on to build. The practical bearing of the two views is palpable upon the slightest inspection of the history of architectural art. The almost perfect nobleness and beauty of the Doric, the chaste elegance of the Ionic and Corinthian, and the grand sublimity of the early Gothic, are witnesses for the true theory; the ostentatious rhodomontade of the Roman Corinthian, the paltry efflorescence of the Debased Gothic, and the low-lived fripperiness of the Revived Classic, stand as witnesses for the imitation theory.

It is to the last degree important, as it respects the enduring worthiness of the architecture which the general revival of the disposition to build shall produce, that our architects should understand, that by their profession as such, they are not copyists either of nature or of art, but poets and students—poets to appreciate and to originate; students both of nature and of art. If they are good master-builders, they will originate works of power and beauty; if they are poor ones, and especially, if made poor through the blinding influence of a false theory, they will show their poverty in their works, not by a poverty-stricken simplicity—would they might do no worse—but by a poverty-stricken meretriciousness and profusion of form and ornamentation, which will be to the disgrace and injury of the land.

Better is a dinner of herbs in a house where content is, than a feast in a palace which is full of confusion. Of few things is this more true, than of the architecture of the house and the palace. It will not hurt a man to worship in a plain church, or to live in a plain house; it will hurt him and shame him, and vex him, to worship or to live in the midst of vicious architecture, unless he consent for peace of mind's sake, to say it is good, and then will it hurt him still worse.

We say solemnly, then, because we believe the question of good art or poor art is a solemn question for the nation, may our land be preserved from the fruitage of such criticism, as that of the lectures, and of the school under review: a fruitage that must, sooner or later, as has ever been the case, reveal itself in an art which will turn its professors into mechanics, and fill our streets with sickening daguerreotypes of blurred and misshapen nature-copies in wasted stone and mortar, far less cultivating to the people's sense of beauty, than it would be to plant our public parks with the actual nature of the vegetable garden: an art that will enrich our picture galleries with minutely elaborated imprints of veritable things, scenes, and places, whose crowning praise shall consist in fore-ground subordinates so done to nature as to deceive an infant: an art which will send down our Washingtons and Websters to the coming generations, in statuary which shall incontrovertibly fix the shape of the Continental General's cap, and the fashion of the clothes in 1850; an art, in fine, which ignobly degrades that which is among the highest and most spiritual of man's natural faculties, his imagination; the power by which the true artist is enabled to originate forms which shall invite his fellow-men to a recollection of a world of ideality, which is above and beyond this world of merchandize and toil.