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THE NEW PATH.

PUBLISHED BY THE

Society for the Advancement of
TRUTH IN ART.

No. 3.] "Write the things which thou hast seen, and the things which are, [July, 1863.
and the things that shall be hereafter."

PALMER THE SCULPTOR.

THE question is sometimes asked us, is Palmer a Pre-Raphaelite? In answer to such questions we might explain—we often do explain, that the Pre-Raphaelites are the present English representatives of the great and never dying naturalist school of Artists—not the only ones either, as there are now living in England great and true naturalist painters who are not Pre-Raphaelites. But we are content for the present to let the term Pre-Raphaelitism pass as a synonym for naturalism, and answer the question in the spirit in which it is put.

Is Palmer a Pre-Raphaelite?

No; by no means.

Why! don't you consider him a—— what do you call it?——a naturalist?

Not at all.

Then I suppose you don't admire his work? Don't think him a great sculptor?

Indeed we do not.

Upon which our questioner, if he be a modest man, wonders what we *can* mean, and is silent; if more confident in his own opinion exclaims in indignant remonstrance.

Indeed there is a general opinion that Mr. Palmer is a great sculptor; and, among those who have heard of such a title, that he is one of the naturalists. His works are generally popular, many of them have been exhibited in New York, and photographs

of them are everywhere to be seen. In speaking of them, description will not be necessary. The fact of their popularity is not in itself of any weight, against or in favor of their artistic merit; for, although it may be considered *prima facie* evidence that they are superficial in sentiment, yet most very great works of Art have their popular side, and will please the multitude in spite of their greatness.

Is there, in these sculptures, anything that indicates love of the noble and true, and ability to understand it? Are there the evidences of accurate perception of, and sympathy with human emotion? Is there imagination in them—invention—the creation by the artist of anything not before possessed by the world? We ask questions, because we wish our readers to think for themselves; and we ask *these* questions, because if they are answered in the negative, such answer will dismiss any claim that these sculptures may have put in to be considered as great art.

Mr. Palmer's best known works consist of full length figures or busts of young and beautiful women, nearly or quite nude. Some are intended to tell, or rather to *be* pathetic stories; thus the Indian Girl is represented as having found a cross, which she carefully examines; and the statue is expected to explain itself by expression of face and

gesture, being therefore exactly on the same footing with pictures like the well known "Huguenot," by Millais.

All attempts to represent in marble the effect of strong or subtle emotion on the human face, have been failures. Antique sculpture never attempted to represent feeling, except in groups where vigorous action as well as expression of feature was available to tell the story; and the story was always some well known myth or historical legend, familiar to all beholders. Examples of this kind of statuary are the Laocoon, the group of Niobe, the fighting and dying warriors of the Egina Pediments, now at Munich, the combats of the Centaurs and Lapithæ in the Parthenon Metopes, and, greatest of all, the two great dramas that filled the Pediment of the Parthenon, now almost destroyed. Of these instances the last-mentioned three were placed high above the eye, and in them there is no attempt whatever to convey any idea by expression of features, which are uniformly set in a placid calm. The others—works, be it remembered, of a decaying age of Art—strive boldly to make the features correspond with the action of the body and limbs; they secure enough expression to so correspond, but by no means enough to tell any story by itself. It is safe to say that nothing in the practice of the greatest sculptors of antiquity warrants the attempt to express in marble the effect of emotion on the countenance. It may be thought that the Apollo Belvedere forms an exception. Not so; the *gesture* shows the thought, the mind of the spectator follows the just-speeded arrow to its mark, and then can easily read in the countenance what it chooses of triumph and scorn, the features being certainly so set as not to forbid such interpretation. But, look at a photograph or a cast of the face alone,

as you easily may, and you will find that there is no telling what emotion it indicates.

It is reported that Mr. Palmer despises the antique. We sufficiently disregard that poor creature, common report, but there is certainly much in Mr. Palmer's work to confirm *this* one. Perhaps, however, he may have more regard for moderns who are generally considered great, for Michael Angelo, for instance. Recall the tombs of Lorenzo and Julian de' Medici, at Florence. Upon each sits a martial figure, that of Lorenzo stately and impressive beyond compare. Upon each tomb, below the portrait statue, recline two colossal mourning figures, a man and a woman. Description fails and criticism is hushed before the calm, unruffled, pensive grandeur of the male, the stately grief of the female figure. The first glance tells you of the presence of divine genius in its happiest mood. But, would it be well to try and explain their expression of feature? Is it legible? Does it seem that great Angelo sought to make figure and face comprehensible to the gazer—self-explanatory? The commentators have named them Twilight and Dawn, Morning and Night. There are emblematic accessories which seem to confirm these names. But the statues themselves express nothing but grief. They were created and set up to mourn for the dead Dukes. Angelo obeyed, with the humility of genius, the demands of the conventionalism of his day, and seems to have been content with producing the grandest works that ever did such duty.

Speaking of another statue of Angelo's, the Madonna at Bruges, Mr. Ruskin mentions its "ineffable expression." It is an expression of Madonnahood. The Venus of Milo wears an expression of Goddess-ship. The shat-

tered Theseus of the Parthenon is still a hero in face as in trunk and limbs. So might the Indian Girl be intensely and altogether an Indian, typical of the oppressed and unhappy women of that fast vanishing race. She is not this, what is she else? With the catalogue's assistance you can build up a long story of memories excited, of conscience awakened, of incipient conversion even, what you will; and you will find the features adapted to the endowment upon them of any such thought; but will you find more than that? and does the statue, as it stands there, really tell you a story from the understanding of which you cannot escape?

Or, take the bust called *Resignation*. It shows, nearly to the waist, the naked figure of a woman in the physical prime of life. The face wears a pensive and rather sad expression. If you call it "*Resignation*," with Mr. Palmer, we have nothing to say against it, but if we call it *Melancholy*, have you anything to say against that? The case is somewhat different from that of the *Indian Girl*. This is not a woman whose face is expected to show certain emotions, this is an attempt to embody the abstract principle called *Resignation*. That the attempt is in the last degree unnaturalistic, is evident; that such have been, for three hundred years, the cheapest and commonest resorts of pseudo-artists who could not or would not study the heart of man, is also undisputed. But it may be urged that great men have given us Faiths and Charities—Veronese, for instance, and Titian. True. One of Titian's best known pictures is of the Doge Grimani kneeling before Faith. She is a sweet-faced, golden-haired woman, leaning on a cross which rises above her head. The picture is meant as an honorary portrait of the Doge, in accordance with the religious spirit of

the day. There is no attempt to make the fair young woman's face look like an embodiment of the abstract quality of Faith.

The Seven Christian Graces and the Seven Deadly Sins, the Four Seasons and the Twelve Hours of the Day, Night and Morning, Prayer and Laughter, all these belong to the highly conventional, mythological heaven of the Renaissance destroyers of true art. They are not always bad acquaintances, when they are presented to us by great artists; though the fair Venetians that Paul Veronese painted under their names had better been acknowledged as portraits. But they—the embodiments, that is—ought at least to be set to work; if Charity must be called into the visible world, let her take care of the children, as she always had to in Venice; if Truth come to be seen of men, give her her mirror, and let her teach the artists to hold it up to nature. But, even then, don't call it naturalism, and don't imagine that this is what our artists ought to do with their talent and their time.

In the same category with *Resignation* are the well-known medallions, called *Night and Morning*; Faith, an alto-relief and a most feeble conception; another Faith with lachrymose expression and apparently great doubts about the future; Immortality, though why the young lady and butterfly are so called we do not know; the *Flight of the spirit*; and others which we do not now recall. Also *Spring*, a bust of a very bright-looking girl, which, if a portrait, is of a very charming original, also the *Infant Ceres*, and *Infant Flora*, pretty children with wreaths around their heads respectively of grain and of flowers.

The *White Captive* is more of the character of the *Indian Girl*, a marble

tale of sorrow. She is understood to be in the hands of Indians, who have tied her hands behind her to a tree. She is entirely naked. This statue seems to us the worst and most offensive of Mr. Palmer's works, and a bad piece of sculpture moreover, which the world would be better without. Note, first, (beginning with faults which, though grave enough, are minor faults here) the improbable, almost impossible circumstances. American Indians are in the habit of awarding beautiful captives to the captor, as his special property, or of drawing lots for them, if several captors have an equal claim. If blood-thirstiness ever gets the better of lust, and the woman is so blest as to be killed, by slow torture, or as a mark for tomahawk and arrow, she is bound fast and firm, be sure, hands and feet and body. Under no possible circumstances would she be stripped and then secured by her wrists alone, loosely tied at that. No, her condition is that of a woman waiting to be sold. Perhaps Mr. Palmer only wished to rival the Greek slave, and cared little for probabilities.

What emotions does the statue express, either the face alone, or with the whole attitude and gesture? Not shame, cowering and longing to hide herself from the gaze of men, which burns her like hot iron. Not exhaustion, nor overwhelming grief, nor terror, nor any sentiment potent enough, if anything is potent enough, to overcome the sense of shame. Some vexation we can read there, and a great deal of what seems to us habitual bad temper, and perhaps a little querulous uncertainty, "What are they going to do with me?" and this as the expression of a maiden suffering and about to suffer the most terrible of tortures. It is false and artificial beyond belief. The whole spirit of the statue is

vulgar; the nakedness is most disgustingly dwelt upon and made the central idea, the defiant air and erect form only calling greater attention to it by its entire contradiction of any possible ascription to her of purity. Phryne, if her judges had not regarded her mute appeal, would have looked as this woman looks; and yet that is unjust to Phryne, for, looking so, she would never have offered to rebuild a city but for the sake of the fame of a good deed.

There are other works of his, more pleasing, some which are said to form part of a great composition intended for the capitol at Washington, one group from which, "Adventure," represents a bright boy, not unusually handsome, fortunately, but having a good and cheerful face, and beside him a very little girl in nightgown and nightcap. The statue called "Miles Standish," and several others, we propose to speak of at another time, in connection with some recent English statues demanding special notice. The little peasant girl grieving over an empty bird's-nest is very charming, and almost the only one that would be pleasant to have in the corner of one's study. Mr. Palmer's most recent work is called "Peace in Bondage." We have not seen the model, from which the photograph seems to be taken, the marble copy being probably not yet completed. The statue does not seem to suggest much comment. The bonds are not visible, but cannot be very tight or very painful, judging from the lady's attitude. The principal comment that seems called for is that so mild and unimpressive a Peace might as well be left unbound by the War God, she would not seriously interfere with his operations. A suggestion occurs to us,—will not somebody, with a love for the allegorical

carve or paint us his conception of a useful Angel of Peace, one with the will and the power to pacify? We wish Mr. H. P. Gray would try his hand at it.

We have dwelt mainly upon the spirit and purpose manifest in these works, meaning to notice their technical character on another occasion. But there is one most noticeable fact, worthy the close attention of every one interested in sculpture, namely, that no sculptor who copies accurately a single model, has any chance of producing forms at all comparable to those of even second-rate antiques. That it is so, no proof is needed, because there is quite certainly no living woman whose form approaches the perfection of many statues we could name. It follows that there is something wrong in the practice of those who thus copy; they should either use more models than one; or by dint of study gain such power as to be able to compose the human form with absolute truth and the certainty of achieving the loftiest beauty; or else abandon the attempt at carving the nude form. The second alternative is for those who have the strength to choose it, the third alternative for the weaker men, who need never be ashamed of their weakness; and the first is for all those who are trying their strength.

Mr. Palmer's works all seem like portraits, as they probably are. We do not suppose though, that they are always as good as even exact copying could make them. No question but Phidias and he, copying on the same scale the same model, would produce very different results. As a partial proof of this, compare draperies, Mr. Palmer's with the antique or with Angelo's. For a convenient, accessible, and conclusive one, take the Indian Girl and the

Venus of Milo: of course we know the absurdity of the comparison, but the modern statue is so posed and draped as to invite it. Mr. Palmer's draperies are generally very ungraceful and trivial; though we suspect an improvement in Peace in Bondage.

We have alluded to the offensive nakedness of the nude statues, offensive because insisted upon and displayed. A partial cause would seem to be the attempt to get a surface as much as possible like the surface of flesh, thus giving some sort of imitation of the human body. No doubt Mr. Palmer considers this a great success, and thinks it a triumph to make a marble statue look as much as possible like a man or a woman undressed. The next step is to try and give color, too, and the appearance of pores in the skin, and so on.

All such attempts at imitation, are bad, because, in the first place, they cannot succeed. They are violations of the positive laws imposed on human effort by impracticable materials. Cut of marble can be cut the exact form of man, and it would be hard to imagine a material more perfectly suited to the purpose. But it never can be made to imitate man; and all attempts in that direction, whether by pumice-stoning, or by painting, are unwarrantable, and sure to end in discomfiture. It may be open to question whether it is ever well to secure exact imitation; whether wax work, for instance, made so imitative as to deceive, could be good art; though to us it seems certain that it could not. But there is no question that this dead, smooth marble surface makes a statue unpleasing and vulgar with no gain of similarity to man or woman. Polish your statue like the Apollo, dress it entirely with the chisel, like the Theseus, or leave it

half blocked out like a score of Angelo statues, and you may get grandeur, or dignity or beauty. But you will get

none of them under this luscious smoothness.

A.

OUR "ARTICLES" EXAMINED.

An Essay Read before the Society, Tuesday Evening, June 9th, 1863.

BY RUSSELL STURGIS, JR.

IN previous essays, read before the Association, I have endeavored to amplify and explain some of those clauses of our Articles of Organization which relate to Architecture. In logical sequence, I ought now to consider our assertions in regard to mediæval Architecture. But the subject is too many sided and too important to us to be entered upon, just now. There is a paragraph which speaks of "the Revival of Art in our own time, of which the principal manifestations have been in England," and says "that the efforts for the Restoration of the so-called Gothic Art have been, in the main, well directed." I propose to speak of these efforts, and of the mediæval Architecture itself only so far as may be necessary to a proper understanding of modern work.

It is now just half a century since the revival began. As we try to read our as yet uncompiled history, we shall find that it seized the opportunity afforded by the pacification of Europe after the Napoleonic wars. Take, then, the year 1815, as the commencement of the new era.

That we may better mark the first signs of the changing times, let us consider, for one moment, the state of things previous to that year, 1815. You know that the so-called Classical Architecture (observe, not *Renaissance*, that was a peculiar, exceptional, and the best development of the revived classic,) was firmly established in England under the reign of James I. It had then prevailed over all the continent of Europe for nearly a century—in Italy, for more than a century—during which time England had been amusing herself with Tudor and Elizabethan vagaries. From the time of its complete victory, the Classical Architecture steadily descended from merely artificial to artificial and false, and

from this to artificial, false and ugly. That is, its general tendency was from the really noble Renaissance in the hands of Sanmichele, to the bad and base architecture of Napoleon's reign. There were exceptions. Wren was a great man, if you choose; and, as he adorned a late era, so Palladio disgraced the earliest and best. But the fact remains that Classical Architecture steadily degenerated until the end of its reign. Think, for a moment, of the state of morals and manners in Europe, previous to the French Revolution. Recall the deadly distress among the poorer classes on the continent; starvation bequeathed to them by long years of war, reckless tyranny their only government, unblushing infidelity their only teaching. Think, then, what were the lives of the nobles—truckling and intrigue at court, base and brutal pleasure at home; and of the priests—license and worldly ambition too undisguised to be called hypocrisy. If English poor were a degree less miserable, they were not less without hope or interest in life; if English nobles were less powerful or less cruel oppressors, they were not less without thought or purpose. The fruit was as the root. The art of this false and hollow age could not be noble. It was not; the architecture of the eighteenth century, with the rarest exceptions, is without merit of any kind.

This era was followed by the great war springing out of the French Revolution, and ending only at Waterloo. During this time, no one built much except Napoleon, and he, shrewd man of the world, splendid advertiser, all-accomplished master of the plausible and the effective, had just the same ideas of art that his Yankee antitypes have. His Arches of Triumph and palace-extensions have the same chance of being good art that five-story iron

stores have—and no better. Don't suppose that I am trying to prove my own or anybody's theories about Napoleon. I have always admired that last and most effectual Scourge of God and liberator of the nations; but the painting and architecture he patronized were quite worthless. It is easy to see why; as he sought, not art, but display.

All Europe then, for three hundred years, built in the Classical style, as a matter of course. In the meantime what position did the Gothic buildings hold, that stood among their classic successors? Let us see.

The Cathedrals were in daily use, all over Catholic Europe; their interiors covered with whitewash for light or for easily-procured cleanliness, painting and mosaic hidden beneath it, and sculpture almost hidden by its multiplied layers—unintelligible, at least; their choirs half-filled by huge altars "in the classic taste," and great splendids sending out rays of gilded wood, like spokes of a wheel; their exteriors disfigured by permitted decay and outrage of war, and cumbered with hovels and shops crowded between the buttresses. Sometimes there was more splendid disfigurement. St. Bavo at Ghent is filled with classical shrines and screens, all executed in precious marble at fabulous cost, which, if removed, ought all to be carefully preserved somewhere, even were it necessary to put up a building to contain it. Churches generally were crowded with tombs—and you know what monsters these are, generally—set so thick as to conceal anything like wall decoration, encroaching on windows to the destruction of the painted glass, sweeping away Gothic carving to make room for their pagan emblems.

Do not suppose that the Gothic work was merely disregarded, it was hated, and gladly destroyed to make room for the new. That was the rule, from the time when a certain Ugucione tore down Giotto's Gothic front of the cathedral of Florence, ruined, in his haste, the marbles and the carving, and then lacked the funds to rebuild in the classic taste. The finest work of which we now mourn the loss was thus and not otherwise destroyed.

But, some one asks, was this always the case? Antiquarians have always been found to love the old for its age,

the by-gone for its very obsolescence. Were there none to love the Gothic art so, in spite of its beauty?

Yes; and especially in England. As we regard a red Indian's painted blanket, a South-sea Islander's war club or paddle, even so did our ancestors look upon their possessions of Gothic art. And yet not altogether so; our better instructed taste finds a certain artistic merit in the carving of the war club—it is doubtful if the Queen Anne's antiquaries saw any in Gothic art. "Gothic,"—the word meant originally savage, rude, was used much as we use the term "Vandal," was devised as a reproach, and has now become a glory; even as the disciples were called Christians first at Antioch, in ridicule, and are now disposed to claim the title, with some self-glorifying.

Do you remember the prologue to "The Princess,"—how Vivian Place was where a Gothic abbey had been, the ruins still remaining

"High arched and ivy clasped
Of finest Gothic, lighter than a fire,"

while the modern house was

"Greek, set with busts."

Do you feel a shudder creeping over you? But the significant part follows.

"On the pavement lay
Carved stones from the abbey ruin in the park,
Huge Ammonites, and the first bones of Time,
And on the table every clime and age
Jumbled together, celts and calumets,
Claymore and snow-shoe, toys in lava, fans
Of sandal, amber, ancient rosaries,
Laborious Orient ivory sphere in sphere,
The cursed Malayan creese, and battle clubs
From the isles of palm."

Yes, that is it. The great poet is a satirist and historian, unconsciously, as great poets somehow cannot help being. "Jumbled together,"—and the precious sculpture meant to stand forever in its appointed place, suited with faultless instinct to its fixed distance above the eye, supported and helped by all its associated sculpture, is laid, for better observation, "on the pavement."

The time came, at last, for new things, and with the time came the men. One of them, and the greatest of them, was Sir Walter Scott. Ivanhoe was published in 1819, first teaching the herd of novel readers that there had been a middle age. But, some years before this, Scott had

begun his mansion at Abbotsford, a building as Gothic as he knew how to make it. Washington Irving visited him in 1817. Abbotsford was then just rising above the ground. "About the place," says Irving, "were strewed various morsels from the ruins of Melrose abbey, which were to be incorporated in his mansion. He had already constructed a kind of Gothic shrine over a spring, and surmounted it by a small stone cross." Irving goes on to say that Melrose abbey "called up all Scott's poetic and romantic feelings. He spoke of it, I may say, with affection. 'There is no telling,' said he, 'what treasures are hid in that glorious old pile.' It is a famous place for antiquarian plunder, there are such rich bits of old time sculpture for the architect, and of old time story for the poet. There is as rare picking in it as in a Stilton cheese, and in the same taste, the mouldier the better.'"

Yes, that is the feeling. "The mouldier the better," The intelligent lover—lover from cause—of Gothic art, would prefer to find it as its creators left it, if possible; would at least have relished it better as it often is found on the continent of Europe, doing its work, no way ruinous, damaged, perhaps, by neglect or malice, but sound in its joints, and sheltering worshipers or traffickers as of yore. This love of ruins is a symptom of that dilletante antiquarianism until lately so prevalent in England and this country, now gradually disappearing before the spread of a more accurate and larger knowledge.

Scott seems to have had no idea of any beauty in Gothic architecture beyond its picturesqueness, by which much-abused word are meant, when it is applied to Architecture, pointed, irregular, rugged, and quaint. If he liked its sculpture it was not as he liked what he would have called works of art, but as parts of the general semi-savage wildness that pleased him. His house was built to carry out this idea, irregular in plan, with plenty of turrets, and is as good a specimen of patchwork antiquarian Gothic as the times have produced.

Scott's example was not followed as a builder of civic buildings, but his example and precept acted as a power-

ful reminder on the English World, and hurried all Great Britain into the first stage of the new progress—the stage of research and inquiry. This somewhat preceded the same movement on the continent of Europe.

Scrapers and scourers were set to work in the churches, whitewash removed, obtrusive plaster partitions and ceilings taken down, cellars and crypts opened and cleaned out and hunted through for possible sculpture, wood carvings, books, and stained glass. Huts and sheds were cleared away, and diggers set to work exploring around the venerable foundations. People came with sketch books, measured and noted the profiles of moldings, the heights of capitals, the width and thickness of mullions, the radius of arches, the pitch of roofs. Soon everybody began to hear of Perpendicular and Decorated and Early English—I am speaking of England—young ladies took to this hobby as they did to many others, and could tell by a glance at a molding to which school a building might belong; vergers, those cerberus who guard English churches, who had formerly tortured their victim travelers with long accounts of the tombs that disfigured the aisles, now seized the new fashion—locking the gate behind each party, that no new comer might have unpurchased admission, they discoursed upon dates and reigns, fan vaulting and groining, triple windows and tracery, in a bewildered and bewildering manner.

It was at this time that the first new Gothic buildings appeared. They were churches, for it was discovered that Gothic was essentially an ecclesiastical style, not fit for "street Architecture,"—noway adapted to shops and dwellings and town halls, but admirable for churches. This conclusion was not so absurd as it now seems, for Englishmen at that time knew very little about civic buildings remaining from the Gothic age, and the Continental nations have until very recently done but little new work in the Gothic style. Let me say, in passing, that this delusion has not yet left our sapient judges in this country, with us a pointed arch is still looked upon as part of a church; and a popular painter said to me two years ago, and another last month, that

Gothic was all very well for a church, but perfectly out of place for a civic building. They never asked themselves—for they never knew enough history to have the question occur to them—what the great business communities of Frankfort, Ghent, Venice, London did for Merchants' Exchanges; what the moneyed men thereof and the nobles, their princes, did for habitations; what kings and reigning dukes did for palaces, during the centuries when none but Gothic art was to be found alive.

In these first essays of the new order of things, the taste of the builders was naturally for the last and poorest, for the decaying Gothic. I say naturally, but it is rather inexplicable, too. Understood or not, it is so; the first buildings in England were Perpendicular, the first French, Flamboyant, bad studies of St. Ouen at Rouen. And, at the same time, there was an attempt made in England to revive the barbarous styles intermediate between Gothic and classic which we mentioned above, the Tudor and Elizabethan.

Take an example or two. Trinity church in this city is Perpendicular, studied from 14th century English examples, good of its kind, on the whole a successful adaptation. There is a later and a worse Perpendicular, illustrated by the great window of the Second Avenue Baptist church, by certain details of this building,* and by much work in New York and elsewhere, the reverse of interesting to try and recall.

Grace church is Flamboyant, a very wretched design in comparison with Trinity, and perfectly worthless in detail, in which the other is rather a success. These buildings are evidences of the spirit that prevailed in Europe shortly before the time of their erection here.

The builders of such examples in England and in France—the German school is exceptional, and must be separately spoken of—were full of questions about proportions and masses, and exercised themselves in attempts to discover a supposed principle of design, believed to have been held by the Gothic builders, and

which, if once discovered, would enable them to build just such things again. It is very amusing to look through old numbers of English architectural magazines, and see the profound speculations as to what this principle of design might be. One observant genius finds that an equilateral triangle will have two angles at the feet of certain outer buttresses, and the apex at the summit of the central spire, and that other similar triangles drawn within it will just include—and so on. And another man believes that the whole art of Gothic building lies in the careful retention of the same-sized shaft and capital, molding and mullion, throughout. Some of these precious theories seem to have been cared for by no one except the announcer of them, others troubled England a long time, and only disappeared when her architects became cosmopolite enough to study French and Italian Gothic.

Together with this church building, appeared the castellated Gothic, jocosely so-called, in which were built for years the few civil and domestic buildings not classical in style. This building is a specimen thereof. Many asylums and public buildings, especially jails, partake of it. You remember the windows of this University, each with a sort of hood over the top, formed by moldings that run horizontally above the square head of the window, then descend on each side about one sixth the height of the windows, then break once more, and run outward horizontally for a few inches. That is one precious feature of this castellated Gothic. Another is the battlemented cornice, having battlements from six inches to a foot square. The swarm of villas with many steep gables on all sides, with just such windows as I have described, and built of wood used so as to imitate stone, these, which have had their day, and are now no more built—these, and such stone houses as those in Fifth avenue opposite the Brevoort House, such as those smaller ones in Twentieth street opposite the church of the Holy Communion, and such as have been more recently built on Fifth avenue, opposite the Reservoir—belong to this sham Gothic, and are without comfort or use to any one.

* The New York University.

Further research and discovery presently made the building world more familiar with the Gothic Architecture. Many books appeared, containing carefully measured and accurate drawings of mediæval work. Pugin labored hard in this cause, with Britton, Rickman, the brothers Brandon, and others. It appeared that better construction, better proportion, and, as architects began to notice, better details of ornament, were to be found in earlier styles. Moreover the whole discussion about how to design began to disappear. Architects were found intelligent enough to realize that Gothic buildings contained no other principles than those of good sense and good building, except that the preference was given to those forms which, being strong and permanent, were also lovely in line and mass. Thus the pointed arch, being the most beautiful form of window head, was used where it would not be too high, nor too costly, nor quite out of place above a narrow and unimportant opening. And these being the principles involved, excellence or inferiority of design were found to depend upon the qualities of the artist's mind, and on nothing else.

There was a great church at Doncaster, the Church of St. George, one of the largest of English Parish churches. It was burned down, I have forgotten in what year, but before 1854. A new building was begun at once, on which large sums of money were to be spent, the work to be in the best style. It was intended to restore the old church as nearly as possible as it had been, so, as the old church had been Perpendicular, the new one was to be the same. But, as the walls rose above the ground, it was decided that the windows should have what is called Geometrical tracery, —and the church generally put on a form half-a-century earlier in date than the original church had been. Now it is finished—and there is no Perpendicular work about it, even the Central Tower, to which the friends of the old church pinned their last hope of reproduction, is good "Early Decorated." During the eight or nine years that it took in building, people's knowledge had become more extensive and their judgment better.

Unfortunately, it was before this better judgment had been gained, that

the greatest building of the Century, the Houses of Parliament, had been begun, and the design fixed upon. In the year 1839 it was resolved to invite designs for a new Palace of Westminster, the style to be Gothic or Elizabethan. It had been one of the war-cries of the ignorant, early revivalists, that Gothic was an English style, a national style, while the classic was imported from Italy. It was this idea that impelled the Parliamentary Committee to insist on using Gothic or Elizabethan Architecture.

The successful competitor was Mr. —afterward Sir—Charles Barry. This gentleman was well known for his uniform adherence to the classic styles. He was, to his death, the first Classic Architect in England, doing better work in a sort of Greek Renaissance style, as it is sometimes called, than any one else, and building, of his own choice, in no other than the classical styles. His design for the Palace was essentially as it is now built. It was a curious example of what was then understood by florid or richly ornamented Gothic—of what still passes for such in this country.

There is a way of doing "something Gothic," which is in great favor. Let us suppose that it is a cast iron stove for which a design is needed. The artist will divide the surface into high and narrow panels, with square ones over them of the same width. Then he will put little pointed arches into the tops of the oblong panels, and fill the square ones with quatrefoils. Over the stove door he will put a pointed arch, with elaborate finial at the point, and on the top he will put pinnacles, four at the four corners. This will pass muster for perfectly satisfactory Gothic, and a thousand different patterns can be thus devised without introducing one spark of invention, or one variation in the monotonous and trivial ornament.

Now, just such a design is the great Palace of Westminster. The entire front is divided into vertical panels, by projecting buttresses, all alike, and all topped off with exactly similar pinnacles, of which, of course, there are some hundreds. The windows of the first story are alike, for quarter of a mile together—so are those of the second story—and so to the roof; and

under them all are the same panels filled with quatrefoils and shields, or with complete "king's arms," with lion and unicorn and helmet crest.

Armorial bearings are the chief—I was about to say the only—ornament, other than geometrical, applied to the exterior. Sir Charles took great liberties with the animals and flowers that form the crests, supporters and bearings, his lions that ought be rampant lie down or sit on their haunches without let or hindrance; but they are always heraldic animals. Then the right-angled porteucallis of Westminster and the Tudor family is used constantly, being, of course, a wonderful disfigurement. Then the flowers used are principally the rose and the thistle, for England and Scotland. But this is not surprising, when we consider that the most earnest revivalists had hardly discovered, when this design was made, that floral ornament was at all a vital necessity to Gothic Architecture.

I have before me, as I write this, a drawing of a very elaborate part of the palace. I observe a vast window, and under it a large surface of wall between it and the water-table below, which surface I suppose to be seven feet high and twenty-six feet long. The architect has an ingenious way of filling this with beauty; he sinks three square panels, with slightly-arched heads, and chamfered edges, and into each he puts a coat of arms. Running the eye horizontally along the building, I see a pointed door-way with a square head over it. The two triangles thus formed are filled with coats of arms. The great window mentioned above is of similar design to the west window of Trinity Church—on each side of it are divers little shields of arms, and no other ornament except twelve panels on each side, exactly alike, with arched heads. There is a great gable wall above the window, it is covered with just such panels—on each side of it are divers little shields of arms, and no other ornament except twelve panels on each side, exactly alike, with arched heads. There is a great gable wall above the window, it is covered with just such panels—on each side are four shields, and in the middle an enormous King's arms, with three canopies over it, one for the lion, one for the unicorn, and a huge one in the

middle, like a Pope's triple crown, for the shield and crest.

Inside, the building is a most wonderful display of tiled floors, stained glass windows, carved stone doorways and elaborate iron work. But it is the same thing, over and over again. The tiles, made to order after original designs, brilliant and splendid in color, covered with generally-graceful patterns, constantly repeat the same stock idea of heraldry;—so do the blazing panes, which seem to exhaust the resources of the college of heralds in armorial device.

Of course no success is achieved in the stone carving, of which there is a great deal. I do not care to carry any further this description, my purpose being merely to show the difference between this supposititious Gothic Architecture, and that which was Gothic indeed.

Observe, first, that the modern architect has a great amount of wall-surface, within and without, which he wants to decorate. Being uncertain what he ought to do about it, he finds that by cutting it up into upright, narrow panels, he gets a Gothic look at once, and has his wall divided into little uniform spaces which do not seem to call for decoration. This being achieved, he finds that the blank spaces under the windows, which he wishes to leave plainer than the upper part of the wall, for an appearance of solidity, are very satisfactorily decorated by the insertion of coats of arms. These latter, in fact, are generally useful, as they give a roughened surface, suggestive of rich sculpture, and probably conveying the idea of it to most spectators. And this, with pinnacles, canopied buttresses, and a few spire or pinnaced towers of similar design to the rest of the building, furnishes all that is required.

But do not suppose that *that* is Gothic architecture, or at all the way the Gothic architects went to work. The master-builder of a French Cathedral was glad of a chance to carve, and of a place to set up his carvings. Don't suppose that he was ever at a loss to know how he should ornament anything. He had perhaps, as at Rouen, a place where two great buttresses meet at right angles, that is just what he wants to put certain

statues in; so up go rich canopies carved with rose and vine and forest leaves, and under them go the statues, portraits of former bishops of our diocese. His door jambs were to build; what depth shall they be? make them ten feet, then four slender columns will leave us three spaces just wide enough for life-sized statues; and that is what we want, for the twelve apostles must go in, three above and three below on each side. In the West front on each side of our central window, there is a blank wall running across above the side doors, in which wall no windows are possible. What to do with it, do you ask? Why, we have no less than forty saints whose statues must be got in there, there is not quite room, we must crowd them somewhat, but there they must go. And, as for the lower part of our church, the broad wall surfaces below the windows, a little above the eye—just where you hang your favorite pictures in the gallery—there is a place for the delicate bas-reliefs and flower carving of natural size;—just such as we did at such a place, three years ago, only this shall be richer and more nearly what it should be.

But, does not our mediæval architect use heraldry at all? Assuredly—the arms of that great man who adorned the church, shall somewhere be displayed. Or, if it be a noble's dwelling house we have to build, his arms shall be carved beside the entrance and high up in the gable, and shall blaze in colors and gold within. But they are not pretty enough, too stiff and angular, to warrant their having a privilege not granted to any other ornament, that of

frequent repetition. They are like a door-plate, and tell the world who resides within. If we build a palace seven hundred feet long, the size of it is no excuse for us, if we put up an hundred and fifty copies of an unusually ugly shield.

The great palace of Westminster has cost ten millions of dollars. It affords bad accommodation; it has offended many thoughtless ones and turned them against the revival, for instance Lord Palmerston, who has power to make himself an annoying foe, and who has proved it of late in his opposition to Gothic Architecture in the matter of the proposed War and Foreign Office buildings; and it has not taught a single lesson in art or in practice, except what to avoid.

Before this great pile was completed, English architects had learned something from their mistakes and their inquiries. They had studied their own architecture carefully, and had discovered undreamed-of truths in relation to it. They had gone abroad and examined the splendor of color and of sculptured marble in North Italy, and the unequaled cathedrals of North France. They had taken thought as to sensible principles of building, how to be fine and solid too, and at reasonable expense. Ruskin had awaked them to essential facts they were overlooking; the Pre-Raphaelites appeared, and dragged all England, willing or unwilling, into naturalism, until even the builders of Classic designs were carving stone and hammering iron into leaf forms more or less like mediæval ornament.

To be continued.

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