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THE NEW PATH.

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Society for the Advancement of TRUTH IN ART.

No. 4.] "Write the things which thou hast seen, and the things which are, and the things that shall be hereafter." [August, 1863.

What ought our artists to do for us? What they have done for us, so far, is to supply us with an expensive and grandiose sort of furniture. The question is not now of the merits, absolute or comparative, of individual artists, but of the general result of their labors. Their work is bought as furniture, and treated as such by the purchaser. Our "stylish" houses are plentifully supplied with this as with other varieties of movable, the walls being covered with gilt frames and what they contain, as the floors are with chairs, each of a different and fanciful pattern. The Capitol at Washington, is similarly rich. Probably the red coated and blue coated groups in the Rotunda are worth as much, considered as decorative features, as the gorgeous desks and chairs in the Houses of Congress within.

It is generally assumed, however, that in the contemplation of these particular articles of luxury there is a higher pleasure than is to be found in tables and chairs, even of the most splendid fabric. Accordingly our wealthy citizens prepare galleries for the better display of such. Once a year there is a great public Exhibition of what has been produced during the previous twelve months; and there are also smaller collections brought together to be shown; all of which attract many visitors, and afford a convenient topic of conversation.

Most of American picture-making, picture-buying, and picture-exhibiting, amounts to this and to no more. No one can feel this so bitterly as an artist of ambition and purpose sufficient to wish for more understanding "patronage." One who has painted what he knows to be a worthy picture, must needs suffer, almost to despondency, as he is driven to realize that if his picture is bought, it will be for its most trivial merits or for its worst faults, that if it be unbought, it will be because a worse was preferred before it, and that the whole matter is a question of which two or twenty pictures will best "furnish the walls."

It is our object to show that this sad condition of things is, in a great measure, the fault of the artists themselves. That they, or most of them, encourage the false system by painting pictures expressly designed to attract ignorant buyers. That the majority of the pictures exhibited every year, if good as furniture, are good for nothing else; and that, therefore, they naturally fall into that category. And we ask again what ought our artists to do?

Think, a moment, of what our poets have done. Run over the great or worthy names in our American literature; Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, Longfellow, Bryant; their work amounts to something, does it not? Should we not all feel a personal loss if any important work of any of these men were to vanish? Any one who cares for poetry will

look up to the volumes of these men's works, as they stand on his shelves, with eyes of love and gratitude for services they have done him. Moreover, any one who cares for poetry, will be able to say *why* he loves each of his favorite poems, to put into words, with more or less fluency, just what he finds of good and valuable in each. Is it "Astrea" you admire—Dr. Holmes' college poem, of which he only prints extracts in his collected works? Ah,—as we suggest the name you begin to quote,

"The still, shy turtles range their dark
platoons.."

It is well to remember anything so good as that coming of Spring. Or have you graduated in the school of Emerson? Listen while we quote any one of a hundred delicious lines,

"In May, when sea winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods."

or,

"'Come to me!'
Quoth the pine tree
'I am the giver of honor.'"

or any of the lines that tell how "Wise Saadi dwelt alone." Does not your memory catch up the connection and go on with the weird verse? And, if we ask you, "Well, what is there good in that?"—can you not tell us? Indeed you can, and will be glad to.

Let us ask the same kind of questions of those who love painting. They have, most of them, seen hundreds and hundreds of pictures, in oil and water color, drawings in pencil and India ink, statues without number, besides multiplied art of all kinds rolled off from steel, stone, wood and glass. We ask them to task their memories and see what works of art by Americans, they feel grateful for. And, lest habit prompt the hasty thought to answer hastily, "Jones's portrait of Smith, you know," or "Robinson's view of Blank Lake, I should say,"—lest this cunning fiend defeat our purpose of getting a real answer, we ask again, *why* do they please you? *why* are you glad they exist?

Do not think the question is unfair. Those who have seen the handiwork of Paul Veronese will generally be able to tell us why they loved it; perhaps not entirely, but will have something earnest, and therefore satisfactory to say about it. Anybody who has looked through Turner's "Rivers of France" probably found out that he liked the book and would be glad to own it, and knows why. Indeed there is no warrant for the assumption so commonly made, that we are to find interest, and instruction and enjoyment in Literature, but none in Art. There is, however, reason enough for its existence, and the reason is the negligence and indifference of our artists. They have done for us very little that is worth doing, given us very little that is worth preserving, taught us very little of any sort. Look through your catalogue, if you still have it, of the last National Academy Exhibition, and count on your fingers the pictures which you would ever care to see again.

"But," some one urges, "of course men as strong as Veronese and Turner, paint pictures that are precious and delightful, but can smaller men do the same? In poetry, the men who are not worthy to stand beside Shakspeare, nor beside Tennyson, can yet be the makers of valuable things; but is it so in painting?"

It is so, and we propose to show how these lesser men can be useful painters.

To a few men is given a power

which is commonly called *genius*. The quality is ascribed to men who have none of it, and the name is given to qualities that are not of its nature, all by shallow, popular critics. But the thing exists. In different men it differs in kind, also in degree, but the distinction between those who have it, and who have it not, is distinct, and always traceable.

The possession of creative imagination of extraordinary power, with great ability to express it, is artistic or poetic genius. The mental facts attending such possession are the presence in the mind of unnumbered images of beauty and grandeur and terror, vivid and clear, seeking embodiment,—of constantly arising ideas desiring expression,—of splendid and varied thoughts seeking to make themselves known. Let an idea present itself to the imaginative artist, whence coming no matter, and thousands of other ideas, which an ordinary man would declare quite foreign to the first, cluster around it, declaring themselves to be kindred. Let a history be his theme of thought, and every character that moves in it is alive, every incident is real, as pictured in his mind. Most unexpected results evolve themselves from most apparently trivial causes. The supreme genius, the dramatic or man-creating or Shaksperian power, sets in motion and endows with life and living soul men and women like those we meet, but uncopied and utterly original. Whence came they? Some slight suggestions of Mercutio and Aguecheek, of Desdemona and Portia of Belmont, of Ariel and Macbeth's tempting witches, Shakspeare may have found in men and women he met or in old tales he read, But they are none the less creations. Then the imagination of the great poet or artist is inexhaustible. These, and the hundred other men and women and spirits of Shakspeare's world are not the only human beings who peopled his thought. Holman Hunt has painted Christ in the Temple, with the Virgin mother and St. Joseph, happy in finding their son, and the interested, puzzled, and contemptuous Rabbis; but this scene is one, and be sure that all the persons of the Bible live, and all the scenes enact themselves before his mind; that hundreds of other Scripture scenes are painted in his thought as this one is for our study.

Now we have nothing to say to these men as to what they should do for us. Their mission is to put into marble or music or verse or painted form whatever they see imaged on the retina of their mental vision. "This man I saw, and thus he looked and did,"—that is the language of imagination. And it is for the world to accept with modest gratitude what the God-sent teacher and cheerer may have to give.

The works of lesser men can never resemble those of the great, nor be mistaken for them, except by accident, by any observer of good and cultivated perception. There is no more mischievous influence on artists than this idea that they can do wonderful things if they only try. There are at this time swarms of young men and women in England writing and publishing melodious and sensible verse, all in faithful imitation, conscious or not, of the two great masters of the day, Tennyson and Robert Browning. Sometimes for a stanza or two the reader thinks he has found the real Tennyson, but there soon appears some effort or some weakness, and away goes the illusion. There are those who imitate Rossetti's quaint and intensely individual work—we recall one illustration in

Once a Week, which at first glance we thought was Rossetti indeed, but the second betrayed the imitator; and the drawing, being very good, will please for a moment now and then, while the thought constantly goes back to, and the books constantly open at the *real* Rossetti wood cuts.

This failure is because of the attempted brilliancy, the attempted greatness. Let these men attempt merely truth and faithfulness,—attempt only what they can well and easily do—so will they be great gain to us and to the future.

Virgil's "brown bees" are better than his heroes, *teste* Mrs. Browning. For Virgil could describe well enough, saw clearly enough, was a valuable poet, but unfortunately undertook an epic, with feeble result. Our admired friend, Dr. Holmes, above quoted, has given us perfect description of nature, faultless if not complete analysis of character, ingenious meditation on all sorts of subjects, and sharp criticism on all varieties of humbug. But he wrote a novel once, and the novel was a failure, though containing all the good things just spoken of; for we ask more than this of a novel, we ask living men and women to move through its pages, and these Dr. Holmes had not for us. Let those who cannot create, abandon the attempt. Nay, let no one *ever* attempt to create: if he has the imagination, it will insist on speaking for itself. But the men of talent and brains can observe accurately and describe interestingly, let them take that department.

One who has in him the power to see minutely and completely, and the habit of looking, and such humble love of God's work as will impel him to observe that, and such quiet self-containedness as will keep him out of the paths of ambition,—that one was born to be an artist. Let no sense of his inferiority to the great ones keep him from painting, he can be most useful to us if he will only be a true man. Probably one having the good gifts enumerated will have with them more or less invention, more or less pleasant fancy, some original ideas of his own; but let him not worry about the having or the want of them, or fidget and be sad because they don't seem so brilliant, painted, as they did in his head or in intimate conversation. If he will go quietly on about his other work, seeking rather to tell us the truth about the Creation than to give us his ideas about it, restraining rather than encouraging his desire to bless the world with his own fancies, he will do just what he ought.

This man, then, with large powers of observation, some powers of thought, perhaps some power of invention and perhaps not; what is his business? Obviously to record for the world that which most needs recording. And this we hold to be the duty of Artists. "We hold it to be the primary object of Art to observe and record truth."

Have you ever thought what need there is of faithful recording? Do you know how little there is of it? The thinking man must suffer every day from the realizing sense he has of noble things to which the world's notice has never been called, noble things which speedily pass away, and which it is soon too late to seize. It is a rare thing, one of the rarest of things, to find any account of anything fairly and completely given, the narrator telling the whole story, dwelling on the essential and not on the unimportant facts, putting the whole into the white light of truth, and not disguising it with the red and blue spectrum of his own theories and predjudices. Take the instance of our war. Our boasted free press has not done its duty by us. Have

men been sent as "correspondents" to the seat of war who have had power and will to seize the vital truth of great events and preserve it? Very seldom. In a few cases there is some desire to tell (not what will help the party, but) the truth; but even these few honest men are more in number than the half-score who know *how* to tell the truth. Oh, reader! if you have a friend in the army who can see and describe, praise him and make much of him, that he may write you often, begging him the while to carefully discriminate between what he knows and what he only hears reported.

Therefore the recorder has a useful and important duty to perform. It is a truth not perfectly recognized, the power and beauty there is in the real, over the so-called ideal which uninventive people set up as a caricature of it. For instance, to keep to our war, now and then there appears in one of our illustrated papers a large wood-cut of some incident of the battle-field, bearing evidence of having been drawn from the real thing and drawn faithfully. When you see such an one, buy it and frame it, for it is a better "battle piece" than all the savage brutalities that were so christened in Holland. We remember such a picture in the "New York Illustrated News" representing the attempt of the rebel infantry to cross certain Chickahominy bridges, checked by the fire of United States light batteries guarding the rear of the retreating army. In the foreground, on the height where the artist stood, were ranged the guns, the quiet unhurried cannoniers going on with their steady work, caissons and limbers drawn up in a regular line behind them, the whole as unalarmed and business-like as a drill and target practice at West Point. Quarter of a mile away was the principal bridge, beyond it the dense masses of the pursuing enemy, but evidently pausing. And around and beyond the bridge and all along the rebel front the shells were bursting. You could see how for hours the steady rain would go on, unchanging and inevitable, and your memory went back to the greater slaughter of Malvern Hill, and your heart swelled with gratitude to the brave men who were fighting, in spite of heartless and worthless leadership, so gallantly for their country.

This was vigorous and it was good Art;—all because it was a true record of an interesting event. Get it, and compare it with the fancy sketches called "a bayonet charge," or "Stuart's cavalry on a raid," selected from English or American periodicals. These things are lifeless, tame, cold,—no one could make anything out of such subjects but a transcendant genius, and he would not be apt to try. Moreover nobody cares what "our special artist's" general idea of a battle is, but we all want to know just how such and such a fight looked.

As with events, so with beautiful things which pass away, or to which we have not access. Mr. Ruskin has urged it again and again upon young artists to paint the precious Gothic sculpture which is vanishing at the touch of vandal "restorers." Look at a photograph of a Venetian palace or a French Cathedral door and see how beautiful it is. You forget the piece of cardboard you hold, and look deeper and deeper into the picture; the building seems to be before your eyes, you wake with a sigh to find it a dream and yourself far away from any good architecture except in pictures. And yet the photograph labors under all sorts of difficulties, for it is denied color, and transforms the color of the original into a false light and shade, and exaggerates all the shadows into partial

blackness. Suppose somebody should go and paint rightly the central door of Chartres. Suppose such a picture should be in the next Academy Exhibition. How many pictures would there be of equal interest?

Now in this country we have no such relics of the past. But we have those precious things which, coming once a year for a few days, are seen by but few, and noticed by fewer still. Who, reading Thoreau, has not realized that there was a world of which he knew very little?

We quoted above Emerson's poem about the Rhodora. Who of our readers has seen the Rhodora in bloom? Who goes into New England woods in May? Why do none of our Artists go, and paint the flower for us? Spring is always the most beautiful time of the year, and it is just the time of year when fewest of our city people are in the country. Our painters, doing as the world does, remain in town until July because the world remains in town, and go then into the country for their summer's work. Has no one the independence to do better, and spend the leafy half-year among leaves? He would find wonders in April, were he to go only ten miles from New York.

Who has painted Thoreau's favorite plant, the "Poke Berry"? Who has painted a cherry tree in full bearing, or a branch of it, the red jewels set along the green ridge of each full-leafed branch? Who has painted our magnificent flowering shrubs as they look in May, the Spiræas and the Hawthorns and the "Golden shower" of the Laburnum? Some one tried last spring to paint a bank of violets and liverleafs; we were grateful for the attempt, but it ought to be done again and much better done.

It is the business of our artists to go out into the woods and fields and paint all the beautiful things there, one by one, and that with such accuracy that we can feel assured, after seeing one or two, that their report is worthy of credit. Remember Mr. J. W. Hill's "Marsh Mallows," in the last Academy,—that is the way it ought to be done. We do not praise the whole picture, but you can learn from it just how marsh mallows look.

"But" it will be objected, "although the weeds and trees you name have not been painted, have not others? Do not our artists give us autumn landscapes, if not spring foregrounds; other vines and trees, if not your favorites?"

Not often. The picture called Lake so-and-so, is not necessarily, nor is it likely to be, a portrait of that lake; and it is portraiture we are asking for. Those who have visited artists' studios, will remember little canvasses, on which are painted bits of vines, groups and clusters of leaves, single and picked flowers. These are for the subsequent manufacture from them of all sorts of foregrounds, to be made up in the studio during the winter. The visitors have also seen hundreds of oil sketches called studies, and have sometimes felt these to be better than the finished, exhibited and sold pictures by the same hand. The pictures are made from the studies, the studies, with some altering on the spot, from nature. Of course an artist who works in that way, can never hope to give us representations of natural scenes and objects; such is not the purpose of artists who work in that way. They wish to make pictures to sell, and they paint what the public will most readily buy.

The men who wish to record truths of nature, paint what they undertake to paint from the thing itself. The younger men paint always on the spot,

each tree-trunk and mossy rock having its portrait painted from a certain point of view, without change or disguise. The perfected artists find their memory richly stored with accurate images of nature, and will paint these sometimes, but constantly copy nature too. And if any of them ever paint anything from studies, it is copied exactly from those studies, which, being faithful beyond peradventure, are to a great extent nature itself.

This is the way the Pre-Raphaelites work. As far as their painting of external nature goes, this is all that is peculiar about it. Anything that seems odd to one who is accustomed to the every-day, conventional work, brilliant color, strong and bold contrasts of light and shade, form and outline, called ungraceful and stiff, results from the earnest effort to represent nature as she is. This is of the true Pre-Raphaelites. There were at first certain tendencies in the school towards the faults as well as the excellences of the early painters. They are almost forgotten now.

If it be desirable to have painted for us the beautiful objects in our own woods, it surely is to have equally faithful representations of the wonders of foreign lands, and the equally remote and as little known wonders of our own. The precipices of Puget's Sound, the canons of the Gila, the Yosemite Pass; known to us now only through the medium of photographs or topographical Reports, need the artist's hand to paint them, no less than our familiar "Palisades."

We owe our meed of thanks to those who have gone through this travel and work for us. Mr. Church has painted Niagara for us rightly. We are most thankful for that representation of our great cataract. There is the greater cause to regret that we cannot depend upon the fidelity of the pictures of South American, and other scenery, of which he has given us several large and celebrated pictures. These pictures, which are known to be painted from studies, and to be compositions put together in New York, cannot be felt to be faithful portraits of any scenery. They were not intended to be, very probably, and all we wish to express, in this connection, is our regret that they were not. It seems certain that there are views among the Andes as magnificent, to say the least, as any Mr. Church has composed. It would have been better then, to have given us these.

Let it not be urged that the public demands no accuracy and faithfulness of record, but buys willingly that which it considers the fashion. It is very true, but it is no argument. The public demands many kinds of vicious pleasure, but that demand warrants no man in supplying it. When was it ever true that artists are bound to give the public what it asks for?

It is the business of artists to educate the public, to paint them that which will please the right minded and the observing, running the risk of limited appreciation at first, in the certainty of ultimate success in raising the standard of popular taste.

If one man paints a free, wild, vigorous plant as it grows, and another paints a vase of cut flowers, undoubtedly the latter will be more sure of a sale than the former. What then? The selling his picture will be a secondary matter, (not unimportant, but of secondary importance,) to every right-minded man. The first thing he has to think of is how to do the right thing. The bitterness of unappreciated effort is not so bad as the sense that one has done his best to encourage ignorance and narrow-mindedness,

and the worst of all is the working for evil *without* any sense of it.

Finally, there is an uniform connection between the work of great imaginative power and accuracy of representation. It is a two-fold connection. Firstly, if the painter have genius in him, it can hardly show itself unless he is faithful in his work;—but, secondly, if he have genius, he is quite sure to be faithful in his work. Of the great imaginative painters or poets there is not one who is not eminent as an observer. The greater the man the more accurate his observation.

The lesson we draw from this for the young artist is, similarly, two-fold. Work faithfully, and if there be power in you it will soon make itself manifest to you and to the world. And, if you feel no impulse to work faithfully, be sure there is no power in you. If you feel the impulse, and, from any idolence, or haste to make money, or any other reason, neglect to obey it, you will never be an artist worthy of the name.

J. S.

OUR "ARTICLES" EXAMINED.

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

BY RUSSELL STURGIS, JR.

Concluded.

The students of the Gothic Art had begun by mistaking the accidental for the essential; they had seized only the apparent and the least important parts, and had assumed to be fact a vast deal that was not. Their improvement in knowledge consisted only in discovering the vital principles of the art they were studying.

Let us notice some of these vital principles, and the extent to which they have governed modern work, especially in England.

First.—Variety, independence of narrow restrictions. It must again be repeated that what are commonly called Gothic forms are often quite unnecessary to Gothic work. Anything, sharp, angular, spiry, thorny, knotty, octagon instead of round, pointed instead of flat, will commonly pass for Gothic, if it claims to be.

But these are peculiarities of certain schools, only, of the Gothic Architecture; and of these in their late and corrupt rather than in their pure and perfect state. It seems settled that any sign of quatrefoils in circular panels or cusps in square ones, geometrical tracery of any kind anywhere, buttresses between windows, whether the walls receive a thrust from within or not, battlements of all sizes and materials, on cornices, on chimney-tops, flat against the wall, over doors and windows,—it seems settled that all these are parts of the modern idea of Gothic, and that their presence will gothicize anything. But they do not, all of them together, make up Gothic Architecture, nor does their absence necessarily deprive a building of its Gothic character. The pointed arch and the high pitched roof come nearer being characteristic of Gothic and essential to it than any other features. But the Architect who rightly understands his style will build you a house without a pointed arch in it, or one without a steep roof, or one with neither, which shall yet be perfectly a Gothic building. On the whole the pointed arch is the most necessary feature. Perhaps a public building entirely without it would put in but a contested claim to purity of style, but a humbler building has restrictions, one of which may often control the form of its window heads. So we have learned to regard Gothic sculptured ornament as prickly, thistly, all oak-leaves and sharp points. This is true of the latest and worst German Gothic; it is to some extent true of all the later Northern Gothic, though rather of its worse than of its better

examples; it is hardly true at all of early Northern work; it is entirely untrue of Southern work, early or late. So, we imagine that our hand-rails, mantels, library-tables, arm-chairs, must all have pointed arches and geometric tracery worked into them. But it is not so. I grant that most of the existing mediæval furniture is more or less marked by these peculiarities. But this is because nearly all that remains to us is, naturally, of a late and vulgarized age.

The complete and general recognition of these truths, was the beginning of modern Architecture. The Architects were left free to build what was required of them, dwelling or church or palace or warehouse, or monument or bridge, to arrange it for convenience, to bring this convenience into graceful assemblage of parts, to carve and color as opportunity should offer, and to do all in accordance with their conceptions of duty both as builders and artists. The edifice might adapt itself to its place and its work. There are no laws in Gothic Art to compel artificial and uniform grouping. The mansion among level lawns might indeed be regular and composed of equal and balanced masses, and it was well that it should be,—but the villa among mountains would perch itself upon the crest of its hill or nestle into its side, would thrust forward a tower to secure the distant view and to rise high among the trees, and would stretch its offices and stables into some hollow where they would be almost unseen. The large country church might follow the old mediæval type, cruciform in plan, Nave, Aisles, Transepts, Choir and Chapels complete,—but the church built among narrow and crooked streets could have no such liberty; it must appropriate the whole of its contracted and irregular site; the tower must go where it can, and the parish-school must be put where it will hide the Apse—no matter, out of these untoward circumstances, convenience and beauty can be brought. The palace shall stand square and uniform, enclosing its formal quadrangles with ranges of stately rooms, and long arcades for splendor and display. The Town-hall shall stand high on its open vault, supported by squat columns and piers, affording sheltered space below for business gatherings, bargain and sale, and meetings and greetings of friends. And all these buildings shall be decorated as richly as we can afford, but always appropriately to their purpose, and always in such manner as shall best compel and then reward attentive examination.

We are gliding insensibly into the consideration of our second vital principle of Gothic Art,—Adaptibility to all purposes.

Do you think, now, that a stable or a chicken-house can be made an interesting and handsome building, and yet be appropriate, or that a laborer's cottage or any such necessarily inexpensive building can be made at all pleasing—in itself, I mean, not by accessories of garden and climbing plants? These things certainly cannot be done in any of the classical styles. These styles depend upon stateliness and great size and *expense*, *expense*, for any effect they may be capable of producing. But the Gothic will do anything, from a log hut up, and will make good Art out of anything.

Some one will say—"But the common brick houses in New York, the ordinary white frame houses in the villages are not Gothic; if you make them so they would certainly cost more." No, they are not Gothic, and they are built at the minimum of expense, that is true. Ornament of any kind costs something. No Art is cheaper than the cheapest Art. But if you seek anything pleasanter than naked brick walls with square lintels and window sills, if you seek to add any beauty to your dwelling, within or without, you will find that such small sums as you can devote to the purpose are economically, because effectively, used only in Gothic work. I say, if you seek to add *beauty*, of course you can do as your neighbors do, if that is any gain. Instead of plain stones across the tops of your windows, you can have them project a little, with some moldings, and your house will rise a degree in the scale of "gentility;" enclose your windows entirely with stone trimmings, and you secure another step towards what is fashionable. But all this gratifies no one

feeling but pride; you are spending your money merely to emulate your richer or surpass your poorer neighbors. Certainly the brown stone architrave with the invisible moldings, of which you wouldn't know the profile if you should look out daily, for ten years, through the windows they surround, and look up as often, to greet your children as you come home at evening,—certainly this does not gratify your sense of beauty. Try and think of something that would, and you will find that it can be given you more cheaply and more naturally in the Gothic than in any other style of building that has ever existed. Make window heads of pointed arches,—there is a wonderful gain,—it would puzzle you to devise a lovelier form composed of simple lines and easily built. A pointed arch of brick is not expensive, there are thousands and thousands of square window heads about us that cost more, and are not very splendid. If you can afford a little more ornamental work,—have a trefoiled or cusped arch to each opening. There is a higher order still of beauty. Build a twenty-five foot front of good brick, every window having a gracefully-proportioned trefoiled head, and, let us say, stone caps for the arches to spring from; and you cannot make that house ugly, or unattractive. Add a little color. Use two or three kinds of brick, deep red, light buff and black, have the brick arches varied in these three colors, use them moderately in stripes or otherwise on the wall surface; all this will add to the expense of your house only the cost of very careful "laying up."

Or, suppose you have five hundred dollars to spend for a still higher sort of decoration. Have some white marble capitals, delicately carved, use shafts of dark, polished stone, granite or slate or limestone, to flank your entrance doorway, and to separate your double or triple arcaded windows, and set your capitals upon them. These sculptures may represent the flowers that you love best, gathered and arranged as your daughters arrange their spring boquets; or they may perpetuate through the year the foliage of the trees you most regret to see bare of leaves in winter; or they may show birds and squirrels and how they carry themselves among the trees they haunt. I can imagine a wealthy citizen favored with such a house as this, counting it among his pleasures on reaching home that, as he opens his door, he has another look at the carving around it.

Here is a colored drawing of a painted glass factory in London. The building is cheap, it is arranged strictly for economical uses, it is entirely of brick except about a dozen stone window heads of peculiar form in the second story. But is it not rather ornamental? You see, every window is a pointed arch, the roof is very steep, there are high and large dormer windows of brick; and the whole building is brilliant with color, four distinct tints being employed in various combinations. Don't you think a street of such buildings, or of buildings in the many fashions of which this is one, would be handsomer and more interesting to walk through daily than even our extravagant and grandiose Fifth Avenue?

It is one of the claims of classical Architecture to be especially well-fitted for what are called monumental purposes. It is often urged that only the revived Roman can build triumphal arches and put up memorial columns. But the experience of the last twenty years seems to contradict this assertion. The English have built monuments of all kinds, private and public, in the plainest and in the most ornate Gothic, and have found the style as plastic in this work as in house building. Mr. G. G. Scott, who never does anything except what is purely Gothic in character, had a memorial to erect to the Westminster scholars who fell in the Crimea, and it was decided that this must be a column. Now of all things foreign to the spirit of mediæval work, a memorial column would seem to be the most remote. But Mr. Scott did his work successfully, put up a shaft on a high pedestal, with a rich capital, and surmounting all a group of St. George and the dragon. It sounds wonderfully conventional. But it is wonderfully original; we discover that there is life after all in an old idea, and we owe the discovery to Mr. Scott's complete grasp of the subject.

There is just one grain of truth deep

down under the assertion that classic Art is the right one for monumental work. It is this, that the Gothic seeks generally to do what is natural and useful, and does not run to *mere* display. There is not, for instance, a single "Triumphal Arch" anywhere in the Gothic style, either ancient or modern. An archway in a wall shall be as ornamental as we have means to make it, but it does not chime with our ideas of the fit and natural, to set up a great archway where there is no wall, a door without an enclosure. The exceeding unfitness of this proceeding is sufficiently shown by the fact that many of the great arches in Europe are always railed in, the travel passing around them to left and to right;—the Arc de l'Etoile, for instance, and the London "Marble Arch."

Buildings like these have the one object of glorifying the king who orders or the city that pays for them. But, under the Gothic dispensation, the ambitious city will spend its surplus in splendid and stately civic buildings, town halls or bell towers; and the vain prince will build churches, or a huge library and picture-gallery. You know how Venice glorified St. Marks; during the years that the church was in course of erection the wealth of Venice was lavished upon it, and the trophies of foreign war were built into its walls or set up on its facade. Suppose they had built a triumphal arch, like those that Napoleon inflicted on Paris, would they have carved their other buildings as they now have? Moreover, a city must have buildings for religion and for law, and these will infallibly cost money. Why not then make these the monuments of your wealth and splendor? Why erect great masses that recall nothing, that represent nothing, that answer no good purpose? The great days of architecture have always been those of useful building made magnificent, and not of magnificence without object. The men who know not how to make a church interesting and precious are those who long for porticos and gateways.

We spoke above of furniture, and certainly nothing needs more speedily the interposition of something that can save it from the ugliness in which it revels. Probably there is no part of our surrounding that is so devoid of beauty as our furniture. The very simplest, seeking only economy of material and readiness of construction, has a certain pleasingness, for instance, the Kentucky chairs, with round bars like thick broomsticks for legs and back, which chairs are certainly excellent in design. So with the plain, white-pine tables we buy for our kitchens, which are as good as a man-of-war's deck, from the same reasons of cleanliness and the beauty of the wood. But from this up in the scale of cost, the furniture grows steadily uglier at every step; though of course with exceptions, sometimes accidental, sometimes of necessity, rarely of purpose. I suppose we generally look upon this state of things with equanimity, believing it, probably, the natural state of furniture. But it would sufficiently astonish any fourteenth century carpenter, could he come back to earth for a moment. And Mr. Sedden and Mr. Shaw, would not view it with equanimity. They do not. They have designed good furniture in England: so have one or two here. The principles are simple, the chances for original designs are abundant. The Gothic Art will meet this case like all others: we shall yet see good furniture, perhaps before we get good houses to put it in.

The third vital principle is that this Gothic Art can perfectly use all materials. Of the truth of this we have already seen some evidence. It is one of the great requirements of Gothic work, that every material shall be so used as to do its work in the best manner with the least unemployed weight and strength; and so displayed and decorated as to speak for itself, and show in what manner it does its work. In the Middle Ages every town built in the materials it could best procure, the Northern in limestone and oak, the Southern in brick and polished marble; it was only Venice that brought all her stones from over sea. In our time we are allowed a wider choice, but stlll the healthy, popular architecture is that which grows naturally out of the neighboring stone quarries or clay fields. And the architect building at the same time in the sandstone country of New Jersey, among the Massachusetts granite quarries, and somewhere on our Southern coast where timber and only

timber abounds, must needs make very different designs for these differing occasions. Well for him if he has been brought up in a living school of Architecture, to the pupils of which all things are possible.

The fourth vital principle of Gothic Art, and the last which I wish to cite at present is its surpassing capacity for adornment. We have seen that it can do without it better than other styles. We have also alluded to the rich decorations of which it is capable. To more than allude to it is not possible on this occasion. The energetic Middle Ages created the art and brought it to a certain perfection, and they built more and greater buildings than any succeeding time of greater population, peace and prosperity. But they never exhausted the style, nor did they even so much as indicate all it is capable of. The most earnest modern workers in it are but now discovering the wonderful riches of splendor and beauty that are at their disposal.

In considering what modern times have done toward the restoration of Gothic Art, I have spoken chiefly of England. I have done so, because the English Architects are further advanced than any others, having emancipated themselves fairly from servile copying of mediæval work, and being on the threshold of a style that seems to have infinite power of development. The designs of such men as Street are as absolutely new as were the French cathedrals of the thirteenth century. Moreover, a new school of architectural sculpture seems about to arise, which shall restore to us something like the glory of the lost Gothic carving. And, finally, the new Gothic is the reigning style in England, having fairly overcome all opposition, and occupying the attention of all the able men who care for Architecture. The English Architects, therefore, have deserved well of the world.

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All communications to be addressed to *The Editor of* THE NEW PATH, Box No. 4740, New York.

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