

haps even the most important of them. It rather aims to dwell on those which are most neglected in the present (notoriously defective) practice of this art.

The reader is supposed to have acquired from the two former volumes of this series a general notion of the history of this art, of the peculiarities of its various styles, and of the nomenclature of the features of its two great systems,—the Classic and the Gothic: but should any terms new to him occur, ‘Weale’s Rudimentary Dictionary of Terms used in Architecture, &c.’ is at hand.

Our plan is quickly told. The first chapter is devoted to the question—‘What is architecture, and what are the objects at which it aims?’ In the three following, we endeavour to deduce from the works of nature, and from the consideration of these objects themselves, some rules and principles which might be expected to conduce to their attainment; and to show that these principles have actually presided in the most successful productions of the art. In the last two chapters we examine the two architectural systems, by general consent called *pure* or *complete* styles, with a view to show that their purity consisted in the observance of these principles, and to elicit some other principles peculiar and essential to each system. We conclude with a few remarks on the vexed question of the present state and prospects of the art.

E. L. G.

March, 1850.

PRINCIPLES OF DESIGN IN ARCHITECTURE.

CHAPTER I.

DEFINITION OF ARCHITECTURE—ITS NECESSITY, USES, AND REQUIREMENTS.

“Well building hath three conditions; Commodity, Firmness, and Delight.”—SIR HENRY WOTTON.

ARCHITECTURE is the art of well building; in other words, of giving to a building all the perfections of which it is capable.

This differs in no respect from another definition lately put forth, “the art of the beautiful in building;” for those who have undertaken to investigate the abstract nature of beauty, appear not to have arrived at any more definite conclusion than that it consists in *perfection* of any kind; so that, whether we speak of the beauties of a building, or its perfections, we mean the same thing. The term Beauty, however, is often restricted, in architecture, to those merits of a building which are not necessary to its use, or its mechanical perfection; and hence the classification of the aims of architecture under three heads,—Fitness, Stability, and Beauty.

Nothing can be called architecture which does not aim professedly at *all* these three objects. Their respective claims to attention may be very variously proportioned in different kinds of architecture, such as the ecclesiastical, civic, domestic, and monumental kinds; but if there be any structure which

professes to embody only two of these requirements, (no matter which two,) that is not architecture at all.

The distinction between architecture and building is a distinction of very recent origin; for it is an idea quite peculiar to the present age, and nearly confined to the English nation, that building may be unarchitectural. Never, till very lately, was the notion entertained of erecting buildings professedly with no design beyond convenience and stability. I say *professedly*, because a very slight examination will, in most cases, detect the complete hollowness of this profession, and will beget a doubt whether, in any case, the pursuit of these two ends alone, to the exclusion of every other, is really possible in the nature of man. Without pretending, however, to decide whether this is possible or not, we may observe that the mere proposal of it necessarily removes the design in which it is proposed entirely out of the province of architecture; and thus it happens that we have at present in England (what was never thought of before or elsewhere) a large amount of building which is not architecture, or at least pretends not to be so. As many profess then to build "*without any attempt at architecture*," there has hence arisen a habit of restricting the term Architecture to that which they do not attempt,—viz. to those objects of well building which are not included in or essential to use and stability. Now, this is a most pernicious habit, calculated to lower while it affects to raise the sphere of the art; tending, in fact, to reduce it, as we shall presently show, to *decoration*, and its professors to mere decorators. The art which engrossed great part of the attention of a Phidias, a Michael Angelo, and a Wren, and the whole mind of a Palladio, is something more than decoration.

Adhering to the last-mentioned acceptance of the word, not, indeed, as confined to decoration, (which is a gross perversion of it,) but as extending to whatever perfections a building may possess besides convenience and stability; and denoting this, after the example of a late writer on the subject,*—as

* RUSKIN, 'The Seven Lamps of Architecture.'

'architecture proper,'—we are here met by a difficulty on the threshold, and one which few architects seem inclined to look boldly in the face. A question arises quite naturally, yet a question which we all seem inclined to evade; viz. *Why, are not convenience and stability enough to constitute a fine building?*—in other words, Whence the necessity for architecture proper?

Observe, it will be no answer to say, that it is man's nature not to be satisfied with the supply of necessities, but to seek for luxury, and to admire the beautiful. This will not do, because it is generally admitted that in all other arts, at least all other useful arts, and in all objects of use, whether natural or artificial, (buildings alone excepted,) the appearance of design, the correct adaptation of means to an end, seems in itself to constitute beauty, and even a beauty of the highest kind, so that those who have undertaken to investigate the laws of taste in general, as applicable to all the arts, have commonly ended by referring them all to this principle; in fact, denying that beauty can ultimately be distinguished from utility. Thus they say, that a piece of furniture, or an utensil, appears well-formed, or well-proportioned, whenever its form or proportions are such as fit it best for the end it is to serve, and that, whenever, by deviating from this form or these proportions, it becomes less fit for its purpose, so will it appear less beautiful. Not so, however, with buildings; they may be perfectly fitted to their purpose, and yet not only devoid of beauty, but positively hideous and disgusting to the eye. Indeed, *they are always so*, when really designed with no view beyond utility and strength. If mere building, or engineering works, not affecting architecture, ever appear pleasing or even inoffensive, it is because they were intended and designed to please, and therefore are really architectural, and their designers really architects, though they might persuade others, and even themselves, that they were all the while throwing architecture to the dogs.

But every structure that is really planned on these utilitarian principles—every one that is really unarchitectural, is ugly,—not merely indifferent, but positively offensive. The assertion may sound strange to the reader, but the fact is familiar, at least to every Englishman. To the majority of the world, indeed,—to savages, to Turks, to the inhabitants of most Italian, French, or even Dutch cities,—the position here set forth might be not only strange, but incredible. I should shrink from the attempt to prove it, so difficult would it be to find examples enough for its support. In England, however, there is no such difficulty. The Londoner, in whatever quarter residing, from Bermondsey to Belgravia, has only to look out of his back windows, to have ample evidence on this point. His view will be bounded by tall thin walls, or rather screens, apparently only half a brick thick, and showing no appearance or intention of being connected with roofed buildings. They are spotted over, neither regularly nor irregularly, with square glazed holes, seemingly broken through after they were built, and are edged at the top with a narrow line of stone, above which, the tops of certain roofs occasionally, though rarely, betray their presence; while below it, at every interval of about twenty feet, appears a gaping wound, ready to discharge something (it is not apparent what) into a funnel and long pipe, the clumsy attachment of which to the wall renders it evident that the use of these additions was unknown by those who erected it. Equally unforeseen were the improvements which rise from behind this screen, and break the sky-line with a hundred grotesque bodies of red clay and blackened metal, in varied forms of ugliness, and nodding to each other in a way that makes their equilibrium seem as precarious and unaccountable as that of the tall brick screen itself. Long use may have familiarized the spectator to these hideous masses of building, or rather may have enabled him to shut his mind's eye against them, so as to receive their optical image without being properly said to *see* them; but ask the foreigner, the child, or the rustic,—ask any

one who is accustomed either to no building, or to a different mode of building, (no matter how *plain* that mode may be,) his opinion of these London house-backs, and you will learn what they really are.

Now, it will not do to say habit renders forms pleasing, and those which are new to us are always in some measure displeasing. Who was habituated to the peculiarities introduced by Palladio (into the plainest buildings), which were no sooner seen than acknowledged to be graces, and were imitated, and still continue to be so, with more or less success, all over Italy and the greater part of Europe? Who was habituated to the peculiarities of the ancient Greek building forms, when their exhibition for the first time, in the engravings of Stuart and Revett, instantly dazzled the whole civilized world into blind adoration? Who is habituated to the finest things in any art?

But it is needless to spend more time in proving that purely utilitarian buildings are always ugly;—*Causa latet, res est notissima*.

Now, a fault cannot be corrected or avoided with certainty till we have inquired into its cause. Whence, then, arises this *inherent ugliness of building*, which it is the first object of 'architecture proper' to correct? As there seems nothing analogous to it in other useful arts, it must arise from the perception of some evil peculiar to the nature of building, as distinguished from agriculture, gardening, furniture, pottery, &c. After searching through many authors, in the hope of finding some account of this fundamental fact in architecture, on which indeed its very existence as an art seems to depend, the only hint I have been able to find is contained in two words of a writer not remarkable for perspicuity, who speaks of "the selfish and even cruel aspect which belongs to our great mechanical works:"* (he writes in America.) I cannot help suspecting that these words touch

* R. W. EMERSON'S 'Essay on Art.'

the root of the evil. Have we not here a clue to the solution of the riddle? and is not an unarchitectural building ugly simply because it looks selfish? It will be observed that the productions of other arts have not this inherent defect: they are goods to their owners without being evils to any one. But a great building is, in certain respects, a necessary evil: it shuts out from us air and light, and the view of beauteous nature; it encumbers a portion of the earth's surface, and encloses a portion of the free atmosphere. *It has no right to do so* without making or attempting what compensation it may, for these injuries. Therefore the building which makes no such attempt, offends all eyes;—I should rather have said all minds, for no one who considers the subject much, will believe that beauty in form (apart from colour) is a matter of sensation at all: for as long as the mind is not directed to an object,—as long as the object is merely *seen* and not *looked at*, it matters not one tittle whether it be beautiful or ugly, so that it be not physically injurious to the organ of sense, as by a too vivid colour, or a too numerous set of parallel equidistant lines.* The mere sense of sight, like other senses, can only be pained by things which tend to injure it,—as the ear, by too loud or long-repeated vibrations; the smell and taste, by poisons, or by any thing in injurious excess; and the touch, by whatever tends to injure the skin. When, therefore, we speak of offending the eye by tasteless design, we mean the mind's eye:

“It is the mind that sees; the outward eyes
Present the object, but the mind describes.”

Seeing, in this acceptation of the word, is synonymous with feeling, and means a train of reasoning which the mind, by frequent repetition, has acquired the habit of performing so rapidly, or rather with so much abbreviation and omission of intermediate steps, that it cannot even follow itself, or trace its own path, but arrives at the conclusion that the object is

* Brewster's 'Optics,' page 298.

pleasing or displeasing, not only without being able to say why, but often without being able to discover why, except by an amount of investigation and analysis which very few have the patience to make.

It is thus that an unarchitectural building is *seen* and *felt* to be unpleasing, without the ordinary mass of spectators being able to state the steps of the argument which has led them to this conclusion,—not even the *last* of these steps, viz. the *quality* which, by being displayed or expressed in the building, displeases them. Now, I believe that this quality is *selfishness*, and am quite prepared to be laughed at, and told that this is wandering from the subject,—that this is a mental quality, and has nothing whatever to do with bricks or stones, or architectonic forms. On the contrary, I maintain that the expression of this or other mental qualities has every thing to do with beauty in building. If it be the mind that sees,—the mind that is pleased with a fine building, or displeased with the reverse,—how can it be pleased or displeased with any qualities but mental ones? How can black or white, or curved or straight, affect the mind? How can tangible objects affect it except by retaining the impress of mind, and expressing mental qualities? It is not the building we admire or condemn, but the mind that appears in it,—not the design, but the spirit that presided over it, and stamped its own character thereon, in unmistakeable and unalterable marks.

A building devoid of architecture displeases all who see it,—all whose share of heaven's light is intercepted,—whose view of the fair earth is bounded by it; because they see and feel that it benefits its owner at their expense;—they have not been thought of in the design; it is *all* for self, without appearing to care whether they are incommoded or not, or to know that there are eyes without as well as within. It is this crude, selfish *rudeness* which requires to be softened down by a *politeness* either natural or acquired, and this politeness we term architecture. It is only one portion indeed of the aim

of 'architecture proper,' but it is the most indispensable portion, without which all attempts at the higher aims of beauty, sublimity, or definite expression will be totally useless. The building that aims at being any thing more than useful and strong, must first be polite. This is the lowest quality in architecture as distinguished from building.

Some seem to allow the term Architecture only to *acquired* politeness in building, but I am convinced that it ought to be applied quite as much, if not more, to that which is *natural*; indeed they so merge in one another, that it would be impossible to draw the line between them. It must be observed that the structures of savage nations always exhibit this natural politeness. Let them be ever so rude in construction or in decoration, or in both, they are never rude in expression; never do they seem made for self alone, like the oyster, shut up in the narrowness of its shell, pushing forth excrescences wherever its internal purposes suggest, without appearing to know that there is a world outside. On the contrary, the rudest of these huts present on their exterior some evidence of unnecessary design, some regularity or symmetry not required by their internal purposes, and this stamps them as Architecture. It shows an aim beyond convenience and stability; it shows the spectator that he, even he, has been cared for as well as the owner, and the structure belongs not altogether to a man, but in some sort also to humanity;—as in the models from which these children of nature learnt their art, there is nothing made for itself; and, from the world-sustaining sun down to the little busy world-enlarging coral-line, nothing appears to belong to itself, with the sole exception of the oyster above mentioned—a marvellous anomaly, which may possibly be required to complete nature's great system of symbol-teaching, her universal language, which, without this, would have no word for selfishness.

The name Architecture, therefore, though it applies not to mere building, must apply to these huts and wigwams, as well as to those buildings which conform to all the rules of a sys-

tematized etiquette, invaluable to those who can use it aright, but utterly incapable of standing in the stead of an honest intention and desire to *be* what you would appear—unselfish. If this desire be wanting, it is waste of time to attempt elegance, waste of money to add decoration; all the graces of Palladio and all the ornaments of Barry will avail nothing: the mask will never completely cover you: your real self *will* peep out somewhere, and spoil all.

It is a great mistake, though a common one even in architectural books, to suppose an edifice cannot be architectural unless it have decorative or unnecessary features.* The first purpose of this art—viz. politeness in building—may be attained perfectly without any unnecessary *features*, but not without unnecessary *design*.

It was Goethe, I believe, who called Gothic architecture "a petrified religion." I cannot but regard the perfection of domestic architecture as an embodied courtesy.

And will any one dare to say that this courtesy is useless? Will any one dare affirm, for instance, that when the fearful cry of *Guerre au château, paix à la chaumière*, arose from misguided millions, there was no difference (other things being equal) observed between the mild, pleasant-fronted château, which though embattled did not frown, but by its benign expression seemed the protector of the surrounding cottages, and by its symmetry and regular features resembled an organism of nature, not its own, but belonging to the surrounding scene; and the rude heap of excrescences, which, oyster-like, "centred all in self," bore no apparent relation to any thing without, but insolently turned its back on the beholder, (every side being in fact a back,) and said as plainly as forms could speak, 'Stand off, *noli me tangere*; I care not a straw for you; I have nothing in common with such a vulgar herd?' I doubt not that, had many buildings of this last description then existed in France, (unfortunately there were few, or none,) they

* 'The Seven Lamps of Architecture,' page 2.

would have done good service by bearing the brunt of the storm, and saving some of their more courteous neighbours.

Is architecture, then, it will be asked, a concession to communism, and a pampering of the worst feelings of a mob? By no means: if it be so, then is common politeness the same; for its object is to avoid the irritation of these same feelings, which, be it remembered, bad as they may be, are yet human and universal. It is not courtesy that pampers them, but its absence that excites and exasperates them. Politeness is altogether a negative art, and consists not in aiming at a positive good, but in avoiding a positive evil, the stirring up of these feelings; but as long as they exist, that is, as long as man is man, they will be excited at the idea of a great property benefiting none but its owner. Now, a great unarchitectural building is the very type and embodiment of this idea, the most tangible representation of it that we can have.

Perhaps these remarks may place the question of architecture, or no architecture, in a light which never struck the reader before. It is my object so to do, not only with this but with other more concrete questions relating to what is called taste, and to show that they are much more important than is commonly supposed. Meanwhile, I would here venture to throw out an idea bearing on this subject in general, which, though not capable of proof, appears to me as much worthy of consideration as any argument that is drawn from analogy alone. If it be true of the body and its senses, (which I believe no physiologist denies,) that they are pained or offended only by what tends to injure them, may not the continued and repeated analogies observed between the material and immaterial worlds lead us to suspect a similar law regarding the mind? The inference seems as fair as any that depends only on analogy. If this be so, then, and if, as all admit, it is the mind, and the mind alone, that sees, tastes, feels, likes and dislikes objects of art or taste, are not these self-preservative antipathies of the mind to be respected, as well as those of the body? does not this become a matter not of refinement

and luxury, but of *interest* and *duty*? Are not ugly objects to be withdrawn as *inflicting mental injuries*, just the same as a nuisance, a noise, or a stench, which is known to be injurious to the body, because unpleasant? We may laugh at the idea of the mental injury accruing from one glance at an object of bad taste; so we may at the bodily injury from a passing whiff of smoke; yet we acknowledge a difference between the health and longevity of those who live in smoke and those who live out of it. Habit counteracts and renders us insensible to the unpleasantness, *but not the injury*. Who then shall dare to guess the difference in *mental health*, between a people living surrounded and immersed in objects of bad taste, or in objects of good taste,—between a people whose works are *all* utilitarian, and one whose works are *all* artistic. These extreme cases, remember, are not imaginary. History has afforded examples of both.

It will be said, this difference with regard to works of useful art was not the cause, but the effect, of general refinement and mental health. I admit that it was both. It was the effect of refinement in the few,—the cause of it in the many. It was (before the invention of printing), and *perhaps is still*, the natural vehicle of this refinement of mind, the only means by which it could be cultivated, accumulated, or diffused; but of this more hereafter.

The first step towards refinement, whether in language, manners, or any useful art, such as building, consists in mere politeness, or the avoidance of the expression of selfishness. This first step nearly all nations make; but in the attempt to advance further, to make a second step in the same direction, nearly all wander out of the true path. Thus in the attempt to refine or exalt simple courtesy in language, it in most cases either passes into flattery and downright falsehood (as in Spain), or into a rigid observance of forms whose original intention is forgotten (as in Eastern countries). How few are the cases (not only national, but individual,) in which, without falling into either of these errors, the art of merely avoiding rudeness

is refined into a delicate perception and rejection of whatever may tend in any way to wound the hearer, and an exact appreciation and use of whatever may please, not by flattering the bad feelings, but by satisfying the good. It is the same with courtesy in building: when the attempt is made to advance it from a negative art of avoiding what is offensive into a positive art of pleasing, most schools of architecture have strayed either into the error of mistaking *ornament* for *beauty*, or into that of retaining blindly the forms which habit had rendered pleasing, till they are reduced at length to a system of stereotyped copies, or of rules without reasons, *i.e.* whose reasons have been forgotten.

The refinement of courtesy in building, into *beauty in building*, could be effected only by a most deep and subtle investigation of the laws of the human mind, and the sources of its disgust and of its pleasure, in material objects; and then a most studious collation and accumulation of whatever may please it in the forms and proportions of building. It was by this means that the several *styles* of architecture which we admire and blindly copy, were originated and brought to that perfection which we in vain attempt to rival. There is no other means of effecting beauty in building—no royal road to it. Adherence to empirical rules will not do it; still less will ornament effect it. The latter, however, is so common a mistake at present, that it is necessary here to point the reader's attention to it more particularly; for though it may seem quite superfluous to most persons to tell them that *beauty* and *ornament* are not the same thing; if they study the great buildings of the age, or simply refer to the last published work on the subject,* they will see that this distinction is by no means generally acknowledged by architects, either in practice or in theory.

First, then, with regard to the negative beauty of mere

* 'The Seven Lamps of Architecture,' chap. iv., throughout which these two terms seem to be used interchangeably.

courtesy, I think any one who reflects will admit that ornament can never conduce or add to this merit, though it may be, and often is, so applied as to oppose it. Decoration can never give or increase the expression of unselfishness; while it may often give that of *ostentation*, a particular form of selfishness. A rude speech, *i.e.* one which shows no consideration for the person addressed, cannot be rendered polite by any degree of rhetorical ornament. Flowery language cannot in any degree diminish the rudeness, but *may* render it more offensive by adding ostentation to it. This is also possible in building, as the reader may easily see exemplified by multitudes of the ornate villas that spring up along suburban roads. Every one feels that, with all their ornamental frippery, their aspect is as uncourteous, as intensely selfish in expression, as that of the 'hole-in-the-wall' house-backs, or any other pieces of professedly unarchitectural building. This is because every spectator sees that there has not been a thought bestowed on him. The whole has been designed from within, like the oyster's shell, without the slightest reference to those without; and then they have been sought to be appeased by sticking on ornaments wherever there was a place for them. But this will not do; no one is so easily deceived as this. You cannot "hide by ornament the want of art," still less the want of thought and study. The ornaments show indeed a sacrifice, for the spectator, of a little money, but no sacrifice of time and study in the design. Now, a right-feeling spectator does not look for the first, but for the second. He despises your paltry pelf;—he seeks "not yours, but you,"—the evidence of your consideration, contrivance, and thought bestowed upon him. 'Well,' you ask, 'does not thought require time, and is not time money?' Yes, but the converse is not true,—*money is not time*, still less is it thought, and nothing less than this will satisfy the spectators of your building, by showing them that they have been considered in the *design*; and by the design I mean the head-work, not the pencil-work,—that is only a part of the execution.

Not only is ornament a thing totally distinct from, and incapable of producing or aiding, courtesy of expression, but in a building destitute of the latter, every ornament that is added will increase the offensive rudeness; because we (the spectators) cannot conceive that this handiwork has been squandered for our sakes, when we see no evidence of a single thought having been bestowed on us. Whence we infer (by a reasoning so rapid as to be called taste or feeling) that this ornament can only be meant to impose on us, not to please us: it only displays the owner's wealth; and this conclusion is often confirmed by every ornament being placed, not where it will most improve the building, but where it will show itself most conspicuously. Moreover, as the ornaments are generally of the most mean and poverty-stricken description, they excite the idea, not merely of ostentation, but of the most offensive kind of ostentation—that of a proud beggar.

In a building entirely plain, in the strictest sense of the word, *i.e.* without any feature, or any moulding, cutting, or shaping, not required by its utilitarian purposes, courtesy might seem to many the only architectural merit we could expect. But some of the buildings of this kind by Palladio, (stables, out-houses, &c.) and a few by other masters, demonstrate clearly that not only may rudeness be avoided, but positive beauty created, in such buildings, without the introduction of any decorative feature, but by a studious collation of whatever will display design, order, and congruity, in the relative dimensions and arrangement of the necessary or useful features. Thus, where a mere constructor would have made two things of the same kind (two string-courses, for instance) equal, because convenience or stability afforded no motive for making them unequal, this true architect somewhat exaggerates one, and reduces the other to the least dimensions that its use will allow, in order to carry out the beautiful, (because natural,) principles of variety, subordination, and contrast; or again, where an ordinary builder would have made certain divisions in the height or breadth of the building equal, or

varying according to no definite law, simply because, in the first idea which occurred to him, the dimensions suggested by convenience happened to be equal or irregular, this artist-builder—by reconsideration, and carefully distinguishing between what convenience *required*, and what it (or rather his first idea of it) *suggested*—would contrive, without sacrificing a particle of convenience, so to adjust these dimensions as to make them exhibit a studied variety, a contrast, a law of variation, a gradation, a progression, a proportion,* a fanciful idea, a quaint trifle if you will, light as air *in itself*; but weighty and valuable as an *indication of mind*, of thought, of unnecessary design, of care bestowed on the spectator, and therefore pleasing him; or, in other words, adding to the beauty of the building. Beauty in building, of course, arises not from one or two such indications, but from the accumulation of them,—from the collection in the same structure of as many such beauties as possible, *i.e.* as many as are compatible with each other, and exhibit the same principles throughout. Few of us in this country at present, have any idea how much real beauty may be thus produced without ornament; and by this I do not mean merely without carving or forms drawn from nature, (to which the term ornament is often improperly restricted,) but without even mouldings, or any of what are called 'architectural features,' *i.e.* features unnecessary to the construction. Indeed, it is perhaps in the most utterly unadorned buildings, more than in gilded palaces, that the touch of a master in this art is most evidently seen, just as the painter's hand is seen in an outline sketch; and the famous maxim of M. Angelo, "learn to sketch before you attempt to finish," might be translated with advantage into the language of

* "Proportion is the similitude of ratios."

"Proportion consists in three terms at the least."—EUCLID, *Book v. Def. 8, 9.*

I have never been able to discover what this word means in the writings of architects, and shall therefore use it only in its plain mathematical sense.

another art,—learn to produce beauty in bricks and rubble, before you attempt it in friezes or traceries.

Of course, it is not meant to be implied by these remarks that ornament is not conducive to beauty, but only that it is not necessary thereto; and it may be added, that a building which is not beautiful in itself, or, when stripped of all except its necessary members, cannot by any addition of ornament be made pleasing, except to vulgar tastes. Hence we have a good test by which to try the justice of our admiration of a rich building, and detect in ourselves any lurking taint of vulgarity which, perhaps, will always remain, however we may advance in the cultivation of a pure taste. Let us fancy the building (or, if necessary, draw sketches of it,) despoiled of every thing that is merely decorative, and then see whether, in this naked state, it still excites our admiration. If not, then we may be sure that we were only dazzled with the enrichments, behind which the unskilful architect has taken refuge; and in such a building every ornament is too much.* If, on the other hand, the bare carcass remains beautiful, though stripped of all its finery, all that finery may be restored, and none of it will be added in vain, provided it be consistent with itself and with the character of the building, properly placed, and consistent every where with its situation. If it fulfil these conditions, every decoration added to this building, from the simple moulding to the historic sculpture of a Phidias or a Chantrey, will be a useful addition, and will add to the real beauty of the whole.

It has been said on this head, that “it is one of the affectations of architects to speak of overcharged ornaments. Ornament cannot be overcharged if it be good, and it is always overcharged when it is bad.”† With much deference to the

* E dunque evidente che con tutta la profusione degli ornati più ricchi non dedotti da necessità nè da utile, un edificio mal inteso sarà più brutto, come più s' imbruttisce la brutta donna che più si adorna.—MILIZIA, *Principj di Arch.*

† ‘The Seven Lamps of Architecture,’ chap. I.

author of this maxim, I must contend, on the contrary, that the very best ornament may become overcharged by being *misplaced*. For instance, in the famous Corinthian order of Jupiter Stator,* the foliage and scrolls on the sides of the abacus and the middle fascia of the architecture are universally acknowledged to be excessive; nor would they be less so if they had all the purity and elegance that a Greek carver of the Periclean age could have given them; for they are applied to members which, for reasons to be presently explained, cannot, consistently with true taste, receive any carving at all. That the condemnation of excessive ornament, however, by modern architects, is an *affectation*, must be admitted. This is too obvious from a comparison of our words with our works; for the latter, with all their baldness, seem determined to let the spectator know, that for whatever repose the eye may get, he is indebted to poverty or parsimony,—never to design. Every building would be a Westminster Palace if it could. In the very baldest meeting-room we are sure to find something to tell us this,—some cast-iron appendage, which, because it can be made as cheaply ornate as simple, is made the exponent of the *real* taste of the age; and in a material coarser and blunter-edged than the coarsest sandstone, vainly attempts to embody foliage and tracery more minute than any ancient or mediævan ever cut in marble or in oak. But for this, we might deceive ourselves so far as to fancy these broad plastered surfaces indicative of a taste for noble simplicity; but a lamp or a ventilator at once dispels the pleasing illusion by crying, ‘Look at me, and see what the designers would have if they could. Think not these bare piers are so from choice; they only give you repose because they cannot afford fritter.’ Other penurious ages have had the wisdom to ‘make a virtue of necessity,’ and, like the fox in the fable, affect to despise the grapes they could not reach. We are more honest in this, and frankly inform posterity that we have at once the most tawdry taste

* See, for the *column only*, ‘Rudimentary Architecture,’ Part I. page 53.

ever indulged, and the shortest purse to gratify it;—that we *would* have works more florid than either the florid Roman or the florid Gothic, but cannot afford as much decoration as that of the Roman bridges or Gothic barns. I do not of course object to this frankness, but only deplore the unfortunate result,—buildings which, by an unparalleled ingenuity, seem to combine in themselves the most opposite and apparently incompatible faults—nakedness and tawdriness.

But it must now be observed that this second aim of architecture, viz. the beauty to which ornament conduces, is by no means the highest beauty or merit at which this art should aim. Indeed, if it attempted nothing beyond this, it is doubtful whether such attempt would entitle it to a place among what are called the Fine Arts at all. The mere fact of an art being intended to *please*, is not sufficient to place it in this rank. If it were so, cookery would have to be ranked among Fine Arts. A late author, of great research and ingenuity, actually places it among them, though with evident reluctance, and an expression of a fear lest it should “expose his whole system to ridicule,”—a system certainly deserving any thing but ridicule. Let us try then if it be not possible to rescue architecture from this low company, by showing that it is capable of attaining some end which gastronomy cannot reach; for, until this be shown, there is certainly no reason for placing it in a different class of arts.

The author above referred to* classifies all arts, or rather all beauties or merits to be found in works of art, under three heads: 1st, *Technic*, that is, relating to the mechanical execution and finish, including (in the case of architecture) not only truth of constructive principle, solidity, accuracy of workmanship, and polish, but also the artistic increase of apparent size, and expression of power,—merits which certainly ought to be placed in a higher class; 2ndly, *Æsthetic*,† relating to the

* FERGUSSON, ‘Essay on the Principles of Beauty in Art.’

† It is much to be regretted that this author should have used the word *æsthetic* in a different sense from that commonly received, especially as

power of pleasing, including the whole province of beauty in its ordinary sense; and 3rdly, *Phonetic*, that is, *speaking* arts,—those which are capable of expressing a meaning, or, in fact, serving the purpose of language. To this last, architecture of course cannot aspire. The sculptures or paintings on a building may indeed tell a tale most eloquently, but these are not architecture. That art alone, without their assistance, is dumb. The question therefore remains unanswered, ‘what can it accomplish more than the merely pleasing (æsthetic) arts of cookery or perfumery?’ Its addressing itself to a more perfect sense would not suffice to place it in a higher rank.

This writer endeavours to get over the difficulty by observing that a single art may, and generally does, combine two, or even all three, of these classes of merits; and this in various proportions. Hence he divides all arts into five classes:—1st, Those which are only *Technic*, as, for example, *carpentry*; 2ndly, *Technic* and *Æsthetic*, of which unadorned *architecture* is an instance; 3rdly, Arts combining all three kinds of merit, as *sculpture*; 4thly, Such as are only *Æsthetic* and *Phonetic*, as *poetry*; and, lastly, those which are only *Phonetic*, as *rhetoric*. He also gives in a tabular form the names of several arts, and opposite each name three numbers, together amounting to 12, and expressing the proportions in which each kind of beauty may, as he conceives, be displayed in the

both the common and the new acceptance are equally removed from the etymological one, which is simply *sensuous*, or *relating to the senses*. We cannot expect abstract ideas to be expressed otherwise than by a figurative or extended application of words originally meant for tangible objects. What does *correct* mean but *straightened*? What is *supercilious* but *high-browed*? All such words are metaphorical, but the objection to this *æsthetic* is, that the metaphor is not obvious either in the common meaning or in Mr. Fergusson's. However, to avoid ambiguity, I shall use this word as seldom as possible, and *never in the old sense*, because I think its place can then always be supplied by the term *artistic*; whereas I know of no word capable of standing for it in the new acceptance, as implying *beautiful without expression*.

most perfect production of that art. The following are a few specimens selected from this curious Table :

	Technic portion.	Æsthetic portion.	Phonetic portion.
Gastronomy	7	5	0
Jewellery	7	4	1
Architecture (Greek)	4	4	4
Music (Vocal) . . .	2	6	4
Historical Painting .	3	3	6
Drama	2	2	8
Poetry	0	2	10
Eloquence	0	1	11

"Thus," adds he, "I conceive a perfect object of gastronomy to consist of 7 or 8 parts of plain hunger-satisfying food, and 4 or 5 of palatable ingredients; in jewellery, that 7 parts [twelfths] are made up of mechanical excellence of execution, 4 of beauty of form, or colour, or some such, and 1 in expressing a meaning, which it can do to a small extent, while the former art cannot,"—and so on through the Table.

He also believes the great advantage of architecture, as a means of studying art in general, to arise from its combining the three kinds of merit in nearly equal proportions: but he will only allow this to be the case in its very highest efforts, such as the Parthenon, and does not consider mere architecture, unadorned by sculpture or painting, to have any voice or phonetic merit at all; it only becomes phonetic "by attracting to itself" these higher arts,—in other words, by becoming a frame or gallery for their display. This system therefore does not help us any further,—it still fails to show in what respect the architect is superior to the picture-frame maker, or the cook. It makes a difference in the *degree* only, not in the *kind* of merit.

Does not the error lie in the omission of a class of beauty intermediate between what are here called the Æsthetic and the Phonetic classes, but distinct from both? Between "mere æsthetic beauty," *without expression*, and the phonetic art,

capable of telling a tale,—of being "*substituted for language*," there is a very wide hiatus. Must we not here insert another class of art,—a class possessing *expression*, but *not speech*,—totally incapable indeed of telling a tale, yet perfectly capable of expressing various emotions,—quite unable to stand in the stead of *human* language, but quite equal, or superior, in compass, to the language of *animals*? This dumb expression is common to all the arts commonly called 'fine,' and it is certainly a merit distinct from the phonetic quality, because incapable of *describing*, of *asserting*, of conveying information. Equally certain is it that this quality is not æsthetic (in Mr. Fergusson's sense of the word), because not necessarily pleasing,—and more than æsthetic, because capable not only of pleasing, but of pleasing in several different ways,—of exciting several different emotions, mournful, solemn, grave, or gay. The arts in which this quality is particularly exemplified, apart from the phonetic, I take to be chiefly the following :

1. Instrumental Music.
2. Architecture.
3. Landscape { Gardening.
Painting.
4. Portraiture (whether in painting or in sculpture).
5. Idealization of single figures (in the same arts).

Thus, to take the first, as being the best known or most commonly appreciated of these arts, every one perceives the difference of expression between festive and plaintive, martial and sacred music; nearly every one is affected with the precise emotion which the notes are intended to convey. But this is all,—they have expression, but no *meaning*, properly so called; they describe nothing, they tell nothing. I speak not for myself, who am totally ignorant of this art, but for masters and enthusiasts in it. I am quite aware that this is heresy to them. They tell us (and I believe with perfect honesty) that they can understand the interpretation of a piece of music, the occasion for which it was composed, the

scene it describes, the story it tells. Well, let them prove it. Some Germans have lately attempted to do so,* and have thereby at once proved their honesty, and exposed their complete delusion; for different enthusiasts have found the most amusingly different scenes or stories in the same notes, and no two give us the same version. It is not uncommon to be told of good songs, that their notes almost *speaking* the words; but I never found any one who could decipher from them a single syllable, much less the general heads of the story.

Whatever musicians may say, their art in its highest efforts, and with all possible refinements, is still only a *dumb* art, no more capable of being *phonetic* than is architecture. An overture without words can express nothing more than a building without phonetic sculpture or painting. I should think music and architecture might probably be placed exactly on a par in this respect, as having about the same compass of expression,—capable of conveying the same variety of emotions, and with the same distinctness, provided we cultivated both with the same purity, or had nothing to vitiate and benumb our faculties in one more than the other. Of course, music acts most strongly on us, because it addresses us through a sense that is completely at its mercy, a sense that cannot but receive what is offered to it, a sense that can hardly receive or distinguish two impressions at once, a sense that hardly has the power of rejecting or putting aside a more forcible sensation to attend to a weaker one, and, moreover, a sense that is not continually in action. It is easier to see things without looking at them, than to hear music without listening to it. We cannot be perpetually hearing music; but the dweller in towns is perpetually seeing architecture, or some wretched parody on it: and as the existence of definite expression in architecture is not acknowledged, or not acted upon,—and architects can do nothing but copy indiscriminately whatever takes their own or their employer's fancy,—the result is just the same as

* See 'Athenæum' for 1848, p. 1216.

if all sorts of music were to be played indiscriminately, at all sorts of places, on all sorts of occasions. We should soon cease to distinguish mournful from gay, or sacred from profane, and should learn to deny altogether the existence of such a thing as expression in music, just as thousands now deny it in architecture.

Now, upon examination, we shall find it is *this* quality—*expression*, and not mere æsthetic (or unqualified) beauty, which entitles the work possessing it to a place among productions of Fine Art. Nor is it any objection against this to say that the finest works of antique sculpture (an undoubtedly fine art) are without expression. This is narrowing the application of the word to one particular kind of expression, that of passions or emotions, by the features. This is what the authors of these statues carefully avoided; it would be a great defect if it had not been avoided: it would have rendered them statues of men, which was not intended. They were not even meant for the gods of the vulgar pantheon, but for the gods of Socrates or of Cicero. But is the beauty of these works, then, merely an unqualified power of pleasing, like that of carved foliage or geometrical tracery? Has it no differences of character, (I do not mean style,) no differences in total expression?—no different ways of pleasing, by addressing itself to different faculties, or exciting different emotions? Is there no difference between an Apollo and a Hercules, a Jupiter and a Bacchus, *more than* between different schools of ornament or different styles of tracery?

Mere ornament does not possess expression. The different styles of it,—as Greek scroll-work or Arab scroll-work, Gothic tracery or Moorish tracery, Elizabethan or Rococo,—all please in one way, and have no difference of *expression*, as long as they do not introduce representations of architecture or higher arts. Hence mere decoration cannot be regarded as a fine art.

It is the same absence of expression which prevents the arts of cookery or perfumery from taking the place which the author above mentioned would concede to them among the

Fine Arts. They are excluded because they can only please in one way. A flavour or a smell cannot be solemn or cheerful, grand or elegiac. Though Burke thought there ought to be such a thing as a sublime odour, he never pretended to have smelt one, nor does any one believe in its existence. We must not confound essential differences of expression with those which arise accidentally from our own associations. Thus, to a native of the Continent, the smell of incense may become so associated with its devotional use as to seem in itself solemn and venerable. Few perfumes please us more than that of elm-blossoms, from its association with the return of spring,—few less than that of vinegar, because it reminds us of a sick bed. But every one knows all this is purely accidental,—that a protestant finds nothing imposing in the smell of incense, that the elm-blossoms would not smell cheerful and vernal to a native of a different zone, nor the vinegar sickly to one to whom it was entirely new.

This influence of association extends into all the arts, to the great detriment of the higher ones, especially architecture. I know not whether this evil be detected much in the sister art of music; but it cannot be so hurtful there, because real differences of expression, independent of association, are universally acknowledged; whereas in architecture their very existence is questioned, or at least generally overlooked, and consequently these accidental associations are actually set up in their place. Here is a glaring instance:—A few years ago the very elegant and purely common-sense treatment formerly applied to domestic and palatial buildings by the Florentine school of architects, was revived and introduced into this country by Mr. Barry, who employed it first in the Travellers' and Reform Club Houses. The hint was followed as it deserved to be in a variety of buildings to which it was well suited, perhaps better suited than any other manner. However, we are told in a criticism of one of these,* that "it has

* 'Companion to the British Almanac' for 1846, p. 243.

in its general aspect quite as much or even more of the club-house than of the ordinary villa character;" and of another* (an assurance office), that "it might pass for a club-house." The critic does not appear to regard this in either case, indeed, as a fault: but what we have to observe here is the singular force of association, by which the use of this manner in *two* London club-houses suffices to stamp it forthwith as a sort of *club-house style*,—if not absolutely unfit for other purposes, at least peculiarly appropriate to this. If such a principle of criticism be once allowed to creep in, nothing more is required to complete the utter ruin of this once noble but now deeply degraded art.

It is most important for all who attempt either to practise or understand this art, to be perpetually on their guard against the insidious attacks of this error, the mistaking false (*i. e. acquired*) expression for that which is *natural*, and therefore permanently true. I cannot but consider this the chief source of the acknowledged great utility of travel to the architect. Its use is not to show him much of the world, but to teach him how little of it he has seen. Nothing but the emancipation from narrow local prejudices will set a man thinking and searching in earnest to distinguish what is local and accidental, in beauty and expression, from what is universal and essential.

I do not mean to imply that time-hallowed associations (such as that, for instance, which connects the Gothic style with our religious edifices) are to be wantonly broken through; only that, when any such are proved to be mere associations, they may (though still respected) not be suffered for a moment to have preference before such as may have been proved to be not accidental, but essential. Use, says the proverb, is second nature; but it is not therefore to be placed above Nature herself. Sir J. Reynolds speaks of these accidental associations under the name of "apparent truths," or "truths upon

* 'Companion to the British Almanac' for 1849, p. 238.

sufferance," and requires them to be respected in proportion to their stability or duration, or as their influence is more or less extensive, but never allowed to supersede real immutable TRUTH. They must have sufferance only as long as they do not oppose this. Let them be reconciled with it, if possible,—if not, ruthlessly swept away. They must yield to it; it must never yield to them.

The province of expression must not be overrated. We hear it often said that a building should express *its destination*. This is impossible, not because it is beyond the reach of architecture, but because it is beyond the reach of *expression* in any art. The destinations of modern buildings are more numerous than the distinguishable varieties of expression, not only in architecture, but in any thing else,—in music, sculpture, painting,—in nature itself. Expression is not a language; its words are too few to serve this purpose. They might be counted on your fingers, perhaps on one hand; and perhaps, if they were thoroughly investigated, they would be found to be the same in number in all arts, being, in fact, nothing more than the representatives of the simple qualities or emotions of the mind. Greater variety can be had only from their mixture in varying proportions, as all the colours in nature may be formed from three. In objects seen or examined most frequently, as the human countenance, we may discriminate by the *poco più* and *poco meno* of this or that element, a greater number of *shades* of expression, than in objects to which we are not so habituated. Hence, turning from the face to the body, which is seldom seen, or to the unimpassioned whole of the ideal statue, we find the characters to be distinguished there extremely few. "Take from Apollo his lyre, from Bacchus his thyrsus and vine-leaves, and from Meleager the boar's head, and there will remain little or no difference in their characters. In a Juno, Minerva, or Flora, the idea of the artist seems to have gone no further than representing perfect beauty, and afterwards adding the proper attributes [*insignia*] with a total indifference to which they gave them."

This remark of a great artist* would lead one to doubt whether even in the higher arts the province of expression be at all more extended or subdivided than in architecture or music, *i. e.* whether it include a greater number of simple elements; and observe, that as simple colours are weakened and diluted by mixture with each other, so the artist who aims at clear and forcible expression of any kind, can only attain that end in proportion as he avoids all mixture. The more shades we make, the less forcible must each become: now, in no art is attention to this so necessary as in architecture, which has been all but destroyed by the wanton, unintentional mixture of all the colours on its palette into one unmeaning neutral tint. There is now no hope of recovering them but by careful analysis, and no means of awakening the deadened sense to their distinctions, but by the exhibition of each *unmixed*, or as much purified from the others as possible. The revival of forcible, unmistakeable expression in architecture can be pursued only by renouncing all attempts at mixed expressions; and however numerous the destinations of buildings may be, there can be no attempt to mix a different shade for each.

To distinguish a club-house from a mansion is beyond the province of expression in any art. It is not to be done by expression, but only by language, and architecture does not pretend to be phonetic. If you want to distinguish the destinations of these buildings, the best way is by writing up their names. It was not always the best way. Hieroglyphics, arrow-head letters, insignia, coats of arms, were each preferable in their day, simply because they were more extensively understood, and *for no other reason*. You may make a language of any thing,—rustic quoins, Gothic windows,—provided people will agree to understand them alike, and take this for *church*, or that for *club-house*; but what is the advantage of substituting a new and extremely limited language, understood by very few, for an established and incomparably more copious language, understood by the whole nation? It is harmless, of

* SIR J. REYNOLDS, Discourse x.

course, in itself,—merely an innocent pastime; but it is by no means harmless if it usurp the place of artistic expression,—of that which alone distinguishes a *fine* from an *ornamental* art,—the architect from the decorator. Now, this it has a decided tendency to do. Real essential difference of expression is a thing so nearly lost already, its principles so little understood, and so difficult for any one of us to puzzle out for himself, that we are ready to snatch at any thing that may seem to offer a substitute for it, and to take any trouble to escape the real labour of thought. Hence, while sometimes accidental association, sometimes a conventional language, seeks to palm itself off for this sterling coin, it is not to be wondered at, that some are led to doubt even the genuine article itself.

Thus it happens that some deny the existence of permanent and essential differences of expression in architecture. Of course the architecture of which they speak is not a fine art at all. Accomplishing only the first and second objects described above, and falling short of expression which, alone could place it among the Fine Arts, it has no more title to be ranked with them, than mere ornament, or than perfumery has; for even smells can acquire expression by association, and, according to these people, architecture can do no more. I have been perfectly amazed by the two following passages in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' on this subject: "The merit or demerit of a composition is not at all affected by the use to which the edifice is applied."—"Moreover, there is nothing in any one 'order' [Doric, Ionic, or Corinthian] that, were it not for custom, would not be thought as fitting in any other, as in that to which it may belong." Perhaps not to Londoners,—utterly deadened to this art, and rendered incapable of ever understanding it, by the atrocious misapplications of its forms, perpetually before their eyes,—they might see no harm in a Doric entablature placed on Corinthian columns; but it would not on that account be a less flagrant violation of the immutable principles of right and wrong,—it would not be less false and *unnatural* than combining the parts of different animals,

or joining the head of a Hercules to the body of an Apollo. The congruity of the parts of each order or style, and the incongruity of mixing them, we propose in a future chapter to trace back to natural principles, but meanwhile, of course, there is no compendious answer to these assertions, except an appeal to the general sense of mankind, or of the majority, not in one country or age, but in all history. This majority has testified to the existence of expression in architecture, independently of all associations; and all minds educated and cultivated in the subject bear the same testimony, and find the same peculiar expressions in the same buildings; whether grave or festive, meek or ostentatious, awful or playful, majestic, reposing, agitated, or aspiring.

'Oh,' says the objector, 'then a special education and culture is necessary, is it, in order to perceive these differences of character? Your distinctions, after all, then, are only conventional signs, only a kind of symbolism or heraldry, or free-masonry, intelligible to the initiated, and to no one else. This is a very different case from that of *music*, no education is required to understand the differences of expression in *that*.' Granted—neither is any education required to feel the expressiveness of our art: give us the mind wholly uneducated in it; give us the rustic or the child, unused to cities, uncorrupted by the sight of abused architecture, and he shall immediately feel in the true art all its intended effects,—shall be awed by the sublime majesty of the Doric, or raised by the heavenward aspiration of the Gothic temple; soothed by the mild repose of Palladio, and enlivened by the playful fancy of Scamozzi; sobered by the severe purity of the Greeks, and relaxed by the picturesque riot of Vambrugh; attracted by the inviting urbanity of the Vicentine villa, and repelled by the gloomy frown of the Florentine castle. Among pieces of true architecture, he shall not need to ask which is the temple, and which the forum. He shall know at a glance the festive theatre, and the stern hall of hood-winked justice, the modest hospital, and the patrician palace. He shall not mistake what

is public for what is private, nor fail to distinguish which buildings are dedicated to business, which to pleasure or to repose. All this is expressed by art, not conventionalism, and is intelligible to the perfectly *artless*, as well or better than to him of cultivated taste; and why? Because the cultivation required does not consist in *learning* but in *unlearning* the prejudices of a life,—in getting rid of the mass of falsehood imbibed during years passed in the presence of an indiscriminate mixture and misapplication of every thing that is expressive in architecture,—the abuse of employing it all alike, for the sake of *ornament* instead of *propriety*, fancy instead of discretion. In the culture required to feel rightly the effects of this art, there is nothing to be learnt, but every thing to be unlearned. The savage and the highly cultivated are alike in this respect; or rather, the acme of this cultivation is to approach as near as possible to the feelings of the totally ignorant,—of one to whom all architecture is new. But to those brought up in modern English cities this is perhaps impossible, (I do not mean in its perfection, but in such degree as to be useful,) so completely must their natural sense of right and wrong become in this respect deadened and subverted, by the time their education is complete.

If there be no differences of expression in architecture, then is it no fine art, but a trifle beneath the notice of an educated man, and which must soon find its level, by sinking into the hands of mere constructors and decorators.

Definite expression, though almost forgotten and become a dead letter, in modern English architecture,—though almost above the reach of the art in its present state, is yet not the highest aim of that art in its complete form. It is acknowledged that this, in common with all the arts of expression, presents in its most excellent works a merit or merits not to be described or conveyed in any other medium than the art itself,—moreover, a degree of excellence superior to mere expression, because capable not only, like that, of reaching and affecting the mind, but also of elevating, refining, or improving it.

In the want of a better term, this portion of each art has been called its poetry,—a very questionable application of the name of one art to express a particular portion of another. However, we must take words as we find them, and content ourselves with distinguishing the *things* to which they have been applied.

Poetry, in its ordinary and strict acceptation, cannot exist where there is no language—no assertion made—no story told—no idea stated. Now, we have denied to architecture the power of doing this. The phonetic arts, viz. historical painting and historical sculpture, may do it: they speak a language—a natural and universal language,—and therefore may be poetical in the strictest sense of the word. But architecture, like music, has no natural language, and is only degraded when it attempts to speak an artificial one by means of conventional signs. Nothing can be pushed out of its proper sphere without being degraded: in a lower sphere it is cramped and its highest qualities stifled; in a higher, it is equally degraded, because its inability to do what is required of it, is exposed. Architecture is not exalted by attempts to render it phonetic,—to make it serve the purpose of a language.

Where there is no language, there can be no poetry in its strict sense; yet we hear of the poetry of music and of architecture; hence this term must here be taken in a more extended sense. It may be understood in three ways: *first*, as applying to the untaught portion, or that portion which transcends the rules and theory of the art in their present state; *secondly*, as including those beauties or perfections in each art, which are not, or have not been, conveyed in any other,—consequently, not in words; or *thirdly*, as applying to those qualities by which its highest productions are calculated to produce, not only a transient emotion, but a permanent effect on the beholder. In either case, the precise limit of the application of the word must be vague: the lowest production in which any poetry may be considered to exist, cannot be exactly pointed out; but of its existence in the highest efforts of the art, there is no difference of opinion.

Whoever wanders among the hundred columns of the great hall of the temple of Karnac; whoever, by the assistance of designs or models, and of the fragments in the British Museum, restores and rebuilds in his mind's eye, the small but glorious temple of the Athenian goddess; whoever climbs the ruined stairs of the Colosseum, to the edge of its artificial crater; whoever enters the cathedral of Amiens, or walks round the exterior of that of Salisbury; whoever views any one of these works of architecture, and finds no poetry in it, must be incapable of discovering it in any thing else—in nature or in art.

There is, then, or rather there *has been*, such a thing as a poetry of architecture; and we may therefore, including this, consider the whole aim of 'architecture proper' apart from building, under four heads,—politeness, beauty, expression, and poetry. It has been the object of the present chapter to point out to the reader this fourfold use of architecture: *first*, as a courtesy due, from every one who builds, to humanity, on whose ground and in whose sight he builds; *secondly*, as a further refinement of this courtesy into positive beauty, by attention to whatever may please the mind; and preference of what may please its higher faculties, before that which may please the lower, when they are incompatible; (the justice of this preference constituting the difference between right and wrong in art, commonly called good and bad taste;) *thirdly*, as a mode of conveying to the mind definite emotions, suited to, and even indicative of, the character and general destination of the work; *lastly*, as a means not only of affecting, but of exalting or improving. The architecture which attains only the first of these objects is no more than a *polite* art; when it reaches the second, it becomes an *ornamental* art; by attaining the third, (and not otherwise,) it gains a title to be considered a *fine*, that is, an *expressive* art: in those very few of its productions in which the last purpose has been accomplished, does it deserve to be called a *high*, a *poetic* art. As the first, its aim is to *conciliate*; as the second, to *please*; as the third, to *touch*; and as the last, to **TEACH**.

CHAPTER II.

OCULAR AND FORMAL BEAUTY—FIRST GENERALIZATION THEREON—UNITY AND VARIETY—GRADATION AND CONTRAST.

"It is the natural progress of instruction to teach first what is obvious and perceptible to the senses, and from hence proceed gradually to notions large, liberal, and complete, such as comprise the more refined and higher excellences in art."—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, *Discourse VIII*.

IN all decisions respecting the relative beauty of objects or of qualities, we find no source of difference and misunderstanding so fertile as the confusion between *ocular* and *mental* pleasure—that which addresses itself to the external sense alone, or through it to the mind alone. Continual mistakes, arising from this confusion, run through every thing we see or hear on the subject, from the simple 'I like it,' or 'I do not like it,' without giving a reason, up to the most subtle and elaborate theories of beauty and taste, as those of Hogarth, Burke, Price, and Alison.

It seems, therefore, that nothing is more difficult than to define the exact boundary between the provinces of the mind and of the eye; or, in an object that pleases both, to distinguish which of its qualities or excellences address themselves to each exclusively of the other, and which (if any) are calculated to afford pleasure both ways: yet nothing is more necessary than this in the outset of any rational inquiry into the truth or falsehood of an alleged rule or principle, in architecture or any other fine art.

So great has been the difference of opinion on this point, that some authors (Milizia, for instance) have denied the ex-