

capital, the entablature, the frieze, and the cornice were all in a certain proportion to the size of the column and to each other, and any one who departed from these standards was considered a daring, if not an ignorant person. These rules, from being elastic bands became fetters, which kept the original minds from launching forth into new regions of designs, until, as we have seen, the fetters were broken altogether or flung away.

In the Gothic there have been no such hard and fast rules recognized, or even formulated, and yet you will find an unwritten law of proportion in the great cathedrals which was carefully observed,—the height bearing a certain relation to the width of the interiors, the towers and spires to the main building and to each other. The equilateral triangle was a favourite basis of proportion. You may take it as an axiom that a cube is never a satisfactory shape. A square room of equal length, breadth and height, would not be satisfactory to the eye and would be at once felt to be not in good proportion. In practice the best shape of a room is found to be when the breadth is to the length as 3 is to 4, or sometimes even 4 to 5, and in which the height is obtained by taking half the width plus the square root of the length.

In elevation also equal horizontal divisions are never satisfactory, the spaces should either diminish or increase in height. In the famous Palace of the Doges at Venice they increase, but generally speaking, they diminish,—sometimes pretty regularly at other times varied, as two low stages and a high one, or one high one, and a low one as in the common classic form of one order and an attic.

There must also be a grouping of the parts in all good architecture. The most elementary form of design and one which judging by our streets is still greatly in favour, is to build up a plain wall and pierce it with holes for windows at regular intervals. There is no great genius required for that; a step in advance would be, supposing there are 4, to place these windows in pairs but even better still to place the centre two near together, leaving the side ones as wings. In connection with this I may fitly refer to the sky line, *i. e.*, the line which the top of the building makes against the sky. In southern architecture, as a rule, the sky line was very little broken. In the Greek, the comparatively flat pediment rather accentuated the horizontal feeling than otherwise, and in the Venetian and Florentine and Genoese Palaces the unbroken horizontal cornice was very largely adopted.

On the other hand in more northern countries the sky line was more broken—gables, towers, turrets, spires, chimneys, all diversified the outline and gave a picturesque appearance. Much has been written in favour of both styles, but for my own part for town and street architecture, where frontages are narrow and there is difficulty in giving proper individuality and accentuation to each building my sympathies are entirely with the broken skyline. There is a charm in the high pointed gables and roofs, the peaked tourelles or turrets, the boldly defined chimneys and other features which are not compensated for by the tame horizontal top cornice, however well designed.

It is interesting to name Nuremberg, Antwerp, Bruges, Lisieux, and a host of other places, the very mention of which recall delightful days spent amongst their architectural treasures.

Another element in good architecture is colour. I speak at present only of external appearances. This I venture to think has been somewhat neglected. I cannot admit that a dull leaden or gray monotone is the best colour for a building, or for the prevailing tone of our streets.

We do not find this in nature. An unthinking or unobservant person may say—why!—the grass and the trees are green, and the rocks and stones are gray, and the sky is blue and there's an end of them. But not so. As no leaf or even blade of grass is absolutely identical in form with another, just as no human face out of the many millions of the earth's inhabitants exactly corresponds to another so there is as much variety in their colour.

Just as a black coat is an Englishman's badge of respectability, so with many people a monotonous, dull, uniform stone front is their idea of perfection in architecture.

The adoption of red brick was a revolt against this and a step in the right direction, but as even red brick may be monotonous and harsh, we might do much more by the introduction of different colours or stone, the employment of terra cotta, the judicious use of marbles and granite and tiles, and when wood is used, the painting of it in two or more harmonious colours.

Modern fashion, for the time has laid its veto on the wearing of bright coloured garments, and we walk in sodden grey and solemn black, except on special occasions, but why should an embargo be laid on our buildings also. The local limestone is in some respects a good material, but its colour is distressing, and, unlike the sandstones, it is not influenced by the beautifying touch of time. There is little light or shade about it, but some little variety can be obtained with it by employing it with other stones, or even by the different modes of working it so as to get shades of white and dark grey.

We now know that the Greeks often decorated the exterior of their temples and buildings with brilliant colours to heighten the effect of the mouldings and sculpture, and even the Gothic builders sometimes did this also. I do not advocate this, as we require a more permanent mode of colour, and one which will stand our more rigorous climate.

I do think, however, that we miss something of the joy of life by reason of our dull surroundings, our spirits are unconsciously affected by them, and we take our pleasures more sadly, and possibly less innocently.

I come now to architecture in its relation to sculpture and in the general name of sculpture I include all carving, whether of natural objects or of imagination.

After the mere necessities of a shelter had been satisfied man began gradually to embellish and ornament his dwelling, it might be by a few notches or markings, yet it enabled him to express his thoughts on things which he was unable to do in any other way. They symbolized great ideas,—just as the untutored savage takes a block of wood or a stone and rudely shapes it into some form, and clothing it with his unexpressible and vague ideas of the supernatural, calls it his god. Every nation and architecture has its own instructive sculpture in which you can trace the thought, the morals, the genius and the aspirations of that nation almost as distinctly as its own literature.