

about 350,000, or double that of Toronto. Considerable of the area is at present without buildings showing above the surface, while on the campagna, outside the walls, and without the aid of the local improvement humbug, speculative builders have ventured largely and lost all.

It is difficult to explain how the ground level has varied so much at different periods, and how so much of art and architecture has been unearthed in recent times, but there the facts are apparent, and explanations must be made to fit. The pavement of the forum and "sacra via" are some 40 feet below the level of the streets surrounding the excavations. In many cases comparatively ancient buildings stand over others that form a sort of basement, and even others as sub-basement. In the grounds of the modern residence of a prominent photographer, one can descend through three stories of an ancient palace, and this portion of the city, until recently, had been for centuries a public common. Vast stores of ancient art have, at various times, been dug up, and no doubt many times more still remain buried, to recover which would necessitate the destruction of the present city. The work of excavation is for the present at an end, and so is this paper.

THE ÆSTHETIC UNITY OF THE FINE ARTS—MORE ESPECIALLY IN RELATION TO ARCHITECTURE.*

By HAMILTON MACCARTHY, R.C.A.

It is only necessary to preface my remarks by saying that I address you as an artist to artists, in the broadest and most catholic sense of the term: fellow-worshippers at the shrine of the beautiful in nature, who feel their dearest ambition is to capture a ray of her glory, and crystallize it into some form of art, which may reflect its refining influence for the good and happiness of mankind, and be an incentive to virtue and noble deeds!

In speaking of architecture, it is not merely in its constructive sense of building, but the conception and creation of such edifices as claim to possess elements of grace and beauty, dignity and attractiveness, which should elevate the soul of the beholder and be a joy forever.

God created man in his own image—body, soul and spirit—and the first mental activities the primitive creature put forth were to build his rude habitation, carve ornaments on the door sills, color them with rude pigments, and chant his dirge or war song. This imitative activity was the Genesis of the arts of design: painting, architecture and sculpture, together with poetry and music—making the five sister muses of form, proportion, color, melody and rhythm—the media by and through which the good and beautiful commune with the soul of man and satisfy his intellectual cravings. And are not these faculties intimately connected and associated with each other in their highest æsthetic fulfilment by some hidden mystery, not yet revealed—the principle underlying each being one and the same?

An apt figure of the five sister arts, their intimate relationship and interdependence, suggests itself to the mind in the structure and vocal organs of the human body:

1st. The skeleton—that wonderful mechanical arrangement upon which all other parts depend, combining, as it does, economy, lightness, strength and ingenuity, suggesting the building or architecture:—

2ndly. The outer covering, i.e., the muscles, giving the contour of form beauty and motion, expressed in sculpture:—

3rdly. The color and texture of the features and the skin, represented in painting:—

4thly and 5thly. Speech and vocal sound; the organs of poetry and music. Here, then, is the perfect model, set up by the Divine Architect, the synthesis of the fine arts, comprehending or embracing color, texture, form, harmony, melody, rhythm and proportion—a living expression of the beautiful in mind and matter.

In the language of the immortal bard: "What a piece of work is man!—how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! In apprehension, how like a god!—the paragon of animals."

Before leaving the masterpiece of creation, as the type or ideal model of beauty, examine for a moment his component parts: The osseous structure called the skeleton, marvel of economy and strength for the burden imposed upon it; the cranium, with its dome and arching brow, exquisite precision of sutures that join the skull; the vertebrae, ribs, pelvis, condyles of the limb bones, with their perfect ball-socket joints. Here is fitness and utility, though not necessarily beauty; yet models for the builder and mechanic in this age of steel.

It is when we consider the myology or muscles that life and beauty are apparent, and both architect and sculptor have been inspired with the perfection of form for their models. The design of the Greek and Roman mouldings is evidently inspired from the profile of the face, mouth and chin; the gently expanding and tapering columns from the limbs; the groining of the ear, chiselling of nose and nostrils, have also influenced design in architectural forms. In woman, though less powerful than man in structure, the still more graceful curves of form present a veritable incarnation of unspeakable loveliness. Thus we see form in its highest type, which receives its consummation in its texture or outer covering, the skin, the human epidermis, as seen on the cheek of a beautiful woman, combining and blending, as the painter learns, every delicate and luscious tint with the bloom and down of touch—a setting indeed for that incomparable jewel of all, the eye—the soul's window. In color and texture added to form, we reach the absolute—the highest æsthetic ideal of beauty. This trinity in unity, of color, texture, form (form including proportion), constitutes the essential and inseparable elements which the master builder has incorporated, and shows the relation and dependence of each upon the other, to express a perfect *ensemble*, each of the links being a *sine qua non* to the success of the whole; and without which neither the sculptor, painter, architect nor poet, can create his airy palaces or portray his themes of lore.

Bulwer well appreciated this unity in the elements of the beautiful in Claude Melnotte's description of the home to which he would take his bride could love fulfil its prayers.—"A palace lifting to eternal summers; its marble walls from out a glossy bower of coolest foliage; musical with birds, whose songs should syllable thy name, * * * while the perfumed lights stole through the mists of alabaster lamps, and every air is heavy with the sighs of orange groves, and music from sweet lutes, and murmurs from low fountains that gush forth in the midst of roses!"

What is the principle in design that predominates in the human form and runs all through nature? It is a succession of curved lines of varying length, entirely free from harshness, producing to the senses a feeling of blending, melody, buoyancy and harmony.

Beauty's wave in human form,
In rose or lily, bird—
In womanhood transcends all things,
'Twas always so, I've heard!
'Twas so in ancient days, when Art
Sat graceful on her throne,
And gave her sons that curious line,
True artists love to own.

—Extract.

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The religion of the ancients required a habitation in which to worship their deities and store their *lares* and *penates*, and from the four walls of mud and wood, or brick or stone, grew the temple. Ornament, columns and capitals, were added; then the gable broke the monotony of the horizontal. Color followed. The beauty of texture was absent, till marble or an imitation filled the want. Still life was not there—human life. At length the sculptor's chisel and painter's brush filled the pediment with the deed of heroism, and enriched the walls with polychrome. Finally the temple became a work of symmetry, power and beauty; every member was studied with regard to optical value and refinement—carving, gildings and tinting drank in the glorious hues of the prism, which shone refulgent upon its harmonious proportions.

The life of action and deed of valour were implanted there in the metopes and friezes. The magnificent Quadriga and Acroterion statues adorned the angles. Caryatidae took the place of columns; finally the temple became clothed with the matchless genius of Phidias and Apelles—fit habitation indeed for the crowning glory within, the shrine of the god Zeus or Athene in Chryselephantine. Gold, ivory and precious stones; what would Homer have said had he seen these wonderful achievements in Art.

It was centuries before, he sang of the god:

"He said and nodded with his shadowy brows;
Waved on the immortal head the ambrosial locks,
And all Olympus trembled at his nod."

Remember, it was not the intrinsic value of the material that made the masterpiece. Its value lay in its incomparable embodiment of benign beauty and sublime expression. The genius of Phidias, appreciating the importance of æsthetic unity, at once saw that even marble failed, beautiful as it was, to fulfil the highest ideal of texture as representing the flesh, and so chose ivory—which of all material bears the closest resemblance to the human epidermis. White marble is beautiful when fresh from the chisel, but without great care soils and loses its appearance, till old age or time has turned it into the color of ivory, like the Venus de Milo in her hallowed shrine in the Louvre, or the memorials of old-gold hue such as are seen in Westminster Abbey, or the Elgin marbles from the Parthenon and now in the British museum—the latter cut 438 B.C.

The true artist or dilettanti, who has drank the nectar from those gods of form and beauty, Phidias, Myron, Scopas, Polycleitus, Praxiteles, and others of the age of Pericles, can only contemplate their works with wonder and fascination at the supreme mastery gained by these sculptors of the human form over their art, yet mingled with regret that so few examples have escaped the hands of the iconoclast and the ravages of war.

We who have worshipped at the feet of Hermes, Aphrodite, the Discobolus, the Gladiator or the Iliisus, or the other masterpieces that adorn the Parthenon, feel that this is not the occasion to enter upon the various merits of the works of those great artists. They have been of incalculable value to art and history. They tell the story of their age. We acknowledge them to be the absolute and immutable standards of physical beauty; the ideals for the artists and dilettanti of the world.

The pediment of sculpture expresses at once grandeur, power and life, and it is to be regretted that architects of the Victorian era have not been more inspired with the use and possibilities of statuary—the most profound and longest enduring form of Art—especially in connection with public buildings and monuments, in which the nation's history should be indelibly written.

And how have we of the 18th and 19th centuries treated the classic orders? These forms of architecture have been largely used for public buildings, both in Great Britain and America, but what relation have they borne to their ancient prototypes? Where are the sculptured pediment, frieze and metopes of beauty and action, once instinct with life and imagery?—the tinted walls and colored story? They have departed; the sheen of the rainbow has gone from the classic mouldings; texture of marble, mosaics, encaustic and polychrome, all omitted; Phidias and Apelles are banished; the temple has fallen. The diadem has been torn from her brow, the jewel from her breast—the robe of beauty replaced by sackcloth and ashes. The skeleton alone, in dingy gray or blackened stone, is all that remains to us moderns to help us to imagine we are beholding a noble Greek or Roman columnar edifice, and to enthuse about. Surely an anachronism in art!

With the extravagance and luxury of Imperial Rome, the purity and beauty of Greek sculpture were lost, and with Rome's final destruction all art was extinguished, except that of the monks.

From the Byzantine and the Basilica evolved the Gothic, an entirely new departure. No doubt the minaret was the progenitor or archetype of the spire and tower; but the principle underlying this remarkable revolution from an æsthetic point of view was the overthrow of the rectangular in art. The temple, shorn of its sculpture and color, is heavy, uninteresting and depressing, and its minor ornaments, though chaste, are monotonous and severe.

Both in plan and elevation, the disposition of the masses of material in the Gothic, being modelled more after nature's ideal of form, is a blending of harmonious lines pleasing to the eye. There's nothing in nature suggestive of the rectangular. The luxuriant plant-life ornament of the early English; the clustered columns; trefoil tracery; graceful arches and groined chapels; those lofty spires seemed to break through the burden of earthly cares, and carry up with them like incense the prayers of the Christian in worship of the true God to the very feet of heaven. "Lift up your heads, oh ye gates! and the glory shall come in." This was the spiritual significance of the Gothic; and it became clothed with at least earthly glory.

Color and texture were added to form. Marbles of every tint, mural paintings, mosaics, the sculptured niche and statues—everything that wealth and art could bestow to render the habitation of God a dream of heavenly beauty. "Gloria in Excelsis Deo."

In the revival of art and learning in Italy, sculpture and painting again took their place as a power in the world. Æsthetic unity and harmony of design were insured and rendered more potent by the fact that in so many instances, painting, sculpture and architecture were combined in the work of the same artist.

The Florentines were quick to appreciate and express their joy on the dawn of renewed artistic life. When Cimabue first taught the world to paint anew, Florence proclaimed a public holiday in honor of his masterpiece, for S. Maria Novella. Nicola Persano, Giotto, Brunelleschi, Donatello, Della Robbia, Ghiberti and other architects, painters and sculptors—the progenitors of the Renaissance—brought their genius and devotion to bring about the fuller perfection which culminated in Raphael, Correggio, Da Vinci and Michael Angelo—the four pillars or archangels of that great epoch of art—and terminated in Cellini, Tintoretto, Titian and Paul Veronese, masterful exemplars of the mundane magnificence of Venice.

The Italian revival affected the purity of Hellenic form, but it accomplished something greater:—it portrayed not merely the perfection of sensuous beauty in the form, or sublime grandeur of the gods—the teachings of Christ were expressed in human sympathy and love, devotion and adoration, at the gift of God in his son, and the struggles and throes through which man is passing to attain eternal life. What a joyous note of hope,