

THE HUNTER.

(Translated from Théophile Gautier.)

Like the wild eagle, or the goat,  
I too am mountain-bred,  
And only seek yon plains remote  
For powder and for lead.  
With these contented, from my home  
I watch men crawl below;  
The lightning-cloud aloft must roam  
To strike me with its blow.

I drink, when weary with the chase,  
Some torrent's wave alone;  
The pathway that my footsteps trace  
To none but me is known.  
My lungs are filled with purest air,  
No living man hath trod  
On the broad breast of earth, I swear,  
So near as I to God.

My cradle was an eagle's nest:  
I dwell, devoid of awe,  
King-like, upon the mountain's crest,  
Above all human law.  
Die when I may, an avalanche  
Shall shroud me in its gloom,  
And my uncoffined bones shall blanch  
Beneath an icy tomb!

Montreal. GEO. MURRAY.

THE FIRST ARCHITECT SINCE WOLSEY.

BY COMPTON READE.

When an architect dies, he is remembered for the most part only by the churches, institutions, houses he may have erected. Monumentum si quis circumspice is his somewhat defiant motto. Should he adhere with average consistency to one particular style, be it Palladianism, Gothicism, Byzantinism; there has been, however, but one of this order since the Renaissance who may fairly be termed the evangelist of a gospel in stone.

That man was Pugin the elder. Had he spoken to a nation less devoured of religious prejudice, he would at least have been heard. But, as it was, his burning words of truth dispersed to the four winds of heaven. From the hour he joined the Roman Communion he ceased to have an audience beyond that small section of society which has embraced the ancient faith. Worse still for him—and for them—the religionists whom he addressed were not at all prepared to accept his dogmatic teaching. They had been educated in the *vicarrie*, and cared little for the pure. To them doctrine meant much, symbolism little. Or, if they did adopt symbolism, they preferred it on a garishly realistic scale. To their minds a Mediæval Madonna in stone, enshrined beneath a canopy of fret-work, might be all very well, but was, for the practical end in view—viz., that of exciting the devotional feelings of the ignorant—rather inferior to a doll dressed in Honiton lace, resembling the effigy of a cumbrously clad fine lady at an evening party. Hence the great good that Pugin might have effected in the concrete became an impossibility. Indeed, his life would have been wasted, had not he left behind him certain products of his pen, which, although to this day unread by nine hundred and ninety out of every thousand of our educated classes, do exist; and, now that the burly-burly of theological warfare has calmed down, may even yet energize for the good of humanity. We must bear in mind that the great mass of writers on every known subject, for the most part, write for writing's sake. They follow the bubble reputation, or they seek the public ear, as a medium for the attainment of filthy lucre. This man, however, was actuated by the noblest of motives. He had within him grand convictions, gathered not from hasty, imperfect, but from profound, careful generalization. He had gone in blindness of mental vision to the moss grown stones and lichen-eaten traceries and half-defaced mouldings of the past. In these he had learnt a lesson. Therein he had discovered truth. Discarding at once—nay more, openly and manfully repudiating—the work of his earlier life, ere he had attained to a knowledge of this more excellent way, he proclaimed his gospel. Like every enthusiast under the sun he was more of an advocate than a judge, more of a votary than a critic; perhaps also now and then prone to exagg-rate, and thereby weaken an otherwise impregnable position. For all that, never man spoke stronger and more thorough truth, and it has been nothing short of a national misfortune that prejudice interposed a wet blanket between so honest a mouth and the ears of a dull, but not although stupid, public.

It may be objected to the above remarks that Pugin was more of a religionist than an architect; to more the instrument of a creed than of an art.

To this we reply, that it is a grave question whether Pugin ever was a religious man at all. He was by nature a poet, and it requires very little poetical feeling to carry an artist in the direction of high mass embellished by the transcendent genius of Beethoven, or the voluptuous inagery of Mozart, Weber, Hady. Sentimentalism is not religion. It may be admitted that he drew much of his architectural doctrine from an ecclesiastical source. That, however, was unavoidable in his case. For his major premise was, that architectural art reached its climax in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and at that period of history, as everybody knows, the clergy were the builders and designers of the civilized world. They left their mark all over Europe, nor can an impartial mind omit to accord to them the honour so indisputa-

bly due to genius and perseverance. The grand art principles laid down by Pugin may be briefly stated as follows:

1. That the Pointed style of architecture is best, both in respect of beauty and convenience for every item of building, from cathedral to railway bridge, from palace to hovel. Further, that it is in the long run cheapest, because least artificial.

2. That a deviation, however slight, from the principles of this style produces error; but that the style has the widest adaptability for all purposes.

3. That a mixture of styles is abominable.

4. That mendacity in art is unpardonable. He was the first to denounce stucco and plaster imitations of stone; sham vaulted roofs, where vaulting would, from the nature of construction, be utterly impossible; and, in short, every lie.

5. That colour, transparent and opaque, is essential to perfection.

6. That all work should be thorough, wrought, for art's sake, artistically, even though it should be hidden from view by distance.

7. That ornament should be auxiliary and subordinate to construction, instead of the reverse.

8. That work should aim to be lasting, not ephemeral.

9. That utility should determine form—a canon which knocks regularity and spic-and-span uniformity on the head, and thereby ensures the picturesque.

There is a city in the centre of the Continent which, as one may say, has been created during our own lifetime at a fabulous cost. King Ludwig of Bavaria indisputably had many of Pugin's notions in his head. He was a Gothicism, but of the purblind school who could perceive the rare worth of the style, but were unable to discover its principles. Hence Munich is a farrago of blunders. It is grandiose. Nothing more. Perhaps his architectural absurdities paved the way for the great Gothic revival, just as the school of Overbeck—a very Munichian artist—led up to pre-Raphaelitism. Now, if only King Ludwig had had the luck to meet with such a master of architectural art as Pugin, it is not too much to say, that Munich would have been the glory of the world. The King and Pugin would have agreed heartily as to principles 1, 2, 3. The great architect would have beaten 4, 6, 7, 9, into the royal skull; whilst, to do Lola Montes' æsthetic lover full justice, he was in advance of his age in respect of 5, as witness his gorgeous church in the Ludwigstrasse; and, from the substantial character of his material employed, may be credited with principle No. 8.

It was reserved, however, for the practical English to acquire principles, which somehow the theoretical German mind could not fathom. The Quaker Rickman had done much by an honest antiquarian study towards collating facts. The poems of Sir Walter Scott, not less than his novels, had interested the public mind in everything Mediæval; architectural and antiquarian societies were forming both north and south of the Tweed; and a body of learned men in our chief centre of thought were reverting to the teaching of the middle ages. The time was ripe, and the teacher came. It would be false to say that we have not profited by his precepts. Certain quidnuncs chose the least meritorious design for our new Parliament House, but it is Pointed, although debased, and perhaps Pugin may be credited with some few of its merits. The Church of All Saints, Margaret Street, is the most exquisite art gem created during the last four centuries. Manchester, Oxford, Doncaster, Bristol, Cambridge, and half a hundred other towns, contain new edifices of an artistic character; and if the nation succumbed to the drivelling decision of a dotard dictator in the matter of the Foreign Office, there is some hope as regards the new Law Courts.

So far so good. Yet the nation has not listened to its prophet, nor obeyed his voice.

Pugin was thorough. He cared not merely for the whole, but for the pettiest detail. A "Brummagen universal" door handle on one of his buildings would have "gared him grev." Not less assuredly would his feelings have been hurt to perceive how men have persisted in their belief that the style he taught to be adapted, fit, and appropriate for everything, is suited only for churches, museums, colleges, and other buildings of a purely public character. It is true that here and there, as, for instance, in the City, architects have been bold enough to Gothicise a patch of street frontage; villas, also, and parsonage houses, have begun to display symptoms of a Pointed character; and at Oxford an entire suburb has been built on principles more or less Puginesque. Nevertheless, the heaven has not leavened the whole lump. Thousands of houses have been built, hundreds of streets formed, and yet the reproach remains that whereas four centuries back our architects were poets, scholars, men of refinement and art-sympathy, to-day we employ, for all ordinary purposes of domestic architecture, not the man of genius, learned, at all events, in his art, but an illiterate trader called by the brutal name of "builder." "Piler" would be a better term, or "muddler," inasmuch as his sense of fitness is such that he delights to jumble together Mediæval and Etruscan detail. He will commingle Palladian with Decorated outline in his crass mental incongruity; then, having perpetrated enormities which ought to suffice his conscience—if he had one—with eternal blushes, he coolly advertises his hodge-podge as "neat, commodious, and elegant." Happily, the dense public who patronise the comic medley style of architecture, have not seldom to suffer. For the rogue, who presumes to build,

being ignorant of the very grammar of building-art, is tolerably safe to put in green wood, honey-combed gas pipes, and window sashes of inadequate size, to say nothing of certain drain arrangements calculated to ensure typhoid fever.

We are far from assuming it proved that the Pointed style is best for houses. We have our opinion, which may be right or wrong. It must, however, be admitted that a heterogenous mixture of styles in one building is alike bad in itself and offensive to the sensibilities of artists. Further, the Pointed style, in its simpler and less ornate form, has never had a fair trial. Our "Belvedere Roads" and "Montpelier Terraces," which high-sounding titles often designate lines of one-storied houses, would not be so degradingly ugly if it were not for those hideous square windows, too large for proportion, those patches of dirty stucco, those detestable depressed slate roofs. Variety in a flat frontage, a high-pitched roof, an arching of the windows and doors, would "save" the street, for brick is not an ugly material, tiles are ornamental, and simplicity without pretence has its own beauty. Leave but half a foot between the pavement and the wall for ivy, westeria, and virginia creeper, and what a different London you would have. No need of tracery, or pilasters, or capitals and shafts; Nature would provide all that, in spite of the smoke. Allow room for a protecting flower-box, then you would have colours, in the summer, at all events. Best of all, make the dwelling of the toiler more tolerable, and you would diminish the spurious charms of the gin-palace.

Nor is there any reason why the same true principle should not be applied to shop-fronts. Messrs. Deane and Woodward, as far back as 1856, proved to demonstration, in the Oxford University Museum, the adaptability of iron and glass to Pointed architecture. If only these two national materials could be used in lieu of shafts of polished granite, surmounted by a Decorated capital, the whole supporting a Romanesque arch! O dura illa of these wonderful builders! Do they never suffer from nausea!

Perhaps the finest satire Pugin ever wrote—and he is nothing from end to end if not satirical—was his volume of architectural "Lieder Ohne Worte," or, as he entitled them, "Contrasts." There you have specimens, selected fairly enough, of the English buildings of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, with those of modern days. For instance, there is King's College, Cambridge, and King's College in the Strand; Ely Palace, Dover Street, and the ancient Ely Palace which stood formerly in Holborn; a mural tablet to a Bishop and his two wives in Salisbury Cathedral, to erect which abomination some exquisite Early English work has been ruthlessly hacked away, and the recumbent figure of a Bishop of the pre-Reformation period. In this last, the anti-Protestant spirit of the man crops out; but he is totally impartial, for he elsewhere contrasts, in a spirit of, at all events, equal acerbity, an ancient altar, enhanced in splendour by a reresole, of exquisite ornamentation and perfect ritual propriety, with the modern Roman altar, whereupon *Autel Privilegié* is superscribed in letters a yard deep, very much as if the designer were an employe of Messrs. Smith or Willing.

These "contrasts" were intended as a direct attack on the Pharisees, the Pecksniffs of the architectural profession; those iconoclastic ruffians who, under the flimsy pretence of "beautifying," had hacked and hewn our cathedrals more mischievously than old Noll Crowwell and his Paritan fanatics; those impudent impostors who have been heavily subsidised for their wanton annihilation of monuments. Sir W. Hamilton rightly wrote "that England was the only country in the civilized world where a man would presume to write a treatise on a science the very grammar whereof he was ignorant." He was referring to Archbishop Whately's logic; a work which raised its writer, owing to popular ignorance and readiness to accept assertion, to the highest rank in the Church. Like the great Balliol philosopher, Pugin lived too late for his criticism to prevent sciolism from being handsomely rewarded, yet not too late to create an interest in the science whose principles he expounded. For, he could not only emphatically expose the false, he was able also to enunciate accurately the true; and if his successors—*g.*, Sir G. Scott, Messrs. Butterfield, Street, and others—have advanced beyond Pugin's standpoint, we are convinced that to his analysis they are indebted for the majority of the principles on which they design, as well as the detail which renders their designs harmonious and effective.

Before we conclude our notice of this great thinker, it would be but fair to acknowledge a fault of his, which, had he flourished later, he might possibly have avoided. In an age of the grandest engineering achievements we need not wonder that an ambitious architect filled with profound convictions, should have been led to trench on the province of the engineer, and, as a not unnatural result, share the fate of all *subores* who go beyond their last. Possibly from a belief in the identity or equality of beauty and strength, Pugin advocated for railway bridges the pointed, in preference to the semi-circular arch. Pragmatical opponents snapped at the blunder, and denounced its author as unpractical, his system as delusive. For ourselves, we regard the error as most pardonable, inasmuch as for ordinary viaducts, not exposed to extraordinary pressure, the pointed arch is æsthetically superior to its rival; nor can we cease to regret that Westminster Bridge was not permitted to harmonize with the noble pile which

towers above it; professional prejudice, it was whispered, proving strong enough, to outweigh the artistic accuracy of the Prince Consort, the good taste of Royalty itself! Nor must it be forgotten that the engineers of Pugin's day had taken upon themselves architectural functions beyond their province and capacity, the results being public monstrosities of varying ugliness, bespattered over every line of rail in the kingdom. We lay bare, however, this flaw in Pugin's system, nor shall we seek to offer an excuse for him further than that it would have been little short of a miracle if one fresh from the instruction of some such a master as James Wyatt, the destructive, or Blore, could have acquired by his own patient mental research the whole truth, untarnished by one single item of falsity. That he escaped so thoroughly from the amazing sciolism of three centuries, after but a few years of laborious heartwhole investigation is surely enough. He needs no further monument to his genius than the volumes he has bequeathed to all right-minded architects of all time. The stones from which he drew his inferences will have crumbled into dust, the few buildings he erected be forgotten, before that his influence shall have perished. Visionaries may prate of a new style of architecture; but the newest style will be but the more perfect development of principles culled from the truths of ancient art. By the neglect of those principles the art of architecture became first debased, eventually all but extinct. The modern revival of both is due to the transcendent genius of a man, who in himself, proved the old truth that, "artists perish, art dies never."

LONDON SOLITUDE.

In London anything may be had for money; and one thing may be had there in perfection without it—that one thing is solitude. Take up your abode in the deepest glen, or on the wildest heath, in the remotest province of the kingdom, where the din of commerce is not heard, and where the wheels of pleasure make no trace, even there humanity will find you, and sympathy, under some of its varied aspects, will creep beneath the humble roof. Travellers' curiosity will be excited to gaze upon the recluse, or the village pastor will come to offer his religious consolations to the heart-chilled solitary, or some kind spinster, who is good to the poor, will offer her kindly aid in medicine for sickness, or in some shape of relief for poverty. But in the mighty metropolis, where myriads of human hearts are throbbing—where all that is busy in commerce, all that is elegant in manners, all that is mighty in power, all that is dazzling in splendor, all that is brilliant in genius, all that is benevolent in feeling, is congregated together—there the penniless solitary may feel the depth of his solitude. From morn to night he may pensive pace the streets, envying every equipage that sweeps by him in its pride, and coveting the crusts of the unwashed artificer. And there shall pass him in his walks poets that musically sing of human feeling, priests that preach the religion of mercy, the wealthy who pity the sorrows of the poor, the sentimental whose hearts are touched by the tale of woe—and none of these shall heed him; and he may retire at night to his bedless garret, and sit cold and hungry by his empty grate; the world may be busy and cheerful, and noisy around him, but no sympathy shall reach him; his heart shall be dry as Gideon's fleece, while the softening dew of humanity are falling around him.

HUMOROUS.

ADAPTABILITY.—A man never looks so like a red-handed villain as when he is told by the photographer to "look pleasant."

"WHAT is this man charged with?" asked the judge. "With whisky, yer honor," replied the sententious policeman.

A NEW legal work is now in the press which, it is anticipated, will meet an immense sale. It is entitled "Smith on the Evasion of Debts."

A LAWYER proposed to a client to undertake a case on the following terms: "If I lose," said he, "I get nothing." "If I win, you get nothing."

USE of the toasts drunk at a celebration was: "Woman! she requires no eulogy—she speaks for herself."

A PUBLISHER'S announcement reads: "Sir John Lubbock on Ants, Bees and Wasps." A rather painful position, we should say.

THE acme of politeness was reached by a mining superintendent who posted a placard reading: "Please do not tumble down the shaft."

"MY luck," explained a Bohemian, "is so atrociously bad, that I believe if I were to invest in some soap, washing would go out of fashion to-morrow."

SYDNEY SMITH said: "According to my computation, I have eaten and drunk between my tenth and seventieth year forty-four horse-wagon loads more than was good for me."

"WHAT will I do with my hens if they do not lay?" Let them get into your neighbor's garden among the vegetables. If they do not lay, the neighbor will probably lay for them.

STRAWBERRY short cake?" remarked Fogg, inquiringly, as he gazed at the meagre array of fruit between the thick crusts; "yes, I should say—a good many strawberries short."

CAR stops; smiling young lady enters; every seat full; an old gentleman rises at the other end. "Oh, don't rise," says the lovely girl; "I can just as well stand!" "You can please yourself about that, miss," says the old man, "but I'm going to get out."

THE agitation amongst the Irish Constabulary has reached a crisis. The demoralization among the men is extreme. It is rumored that the Government intends to stop the interchange of telegrams between members of the force.