every-day habits, would be valuable! It would seem that in the dwellings of the better sort the rooms were disposed around one or more open courts or peristyles, and were divided into two distinct portions, those for the men and those for the women; and in some cases each had its own front towards the street, and its own entrance. The town-houses were built side by side: the fronts were often covered with stucco, and in one instance at all events, according to Plutarch, plates of iron were used as an ornament. The houses were very plain, and contrasted strikingly with the public buildings: they sometimes stood back within an enclosure of their own, and in front was an altar of Apollo or a bust of the god Hermes. Inside, the houses were but simply adorned: we hear of painted ceilings in the time of Plato, and, at a later period, coloured stones were used, and mosaics. I could almost wish that there was a memorial of the mythic Apollo before every HOME to-day: Apollo, always youthful,—Apollo, the representative of music, and eloquence, and poetry! What do we find in too many of our houses? Not a picture, not "a thing of beauty" of any description; often not a thought of it. Even where reign thrift and carefulness, there sometimes shines no joy: and the clay-bound spirit never reaches its right elevation: the occupants groan instead of living. But there is a Bible on the window-cill, you will say: we want not Apollo. True. We have deeper consolation, purer teaching, higher incitement, than the poor, dark Greek; but THE BOOK scarcely requires white ceilings, drab walls, and bare, gloomy looks; constant care; lamentations for ills which are not and never may be; thoughts only for the animal life; a shutting out of the light, and refusal to be joyous. If you do not know of such houses, you are lucky in your friends.

Let us try and induce them to put up Apollo in the court-yard.

I am, truly yours,

Reggeo.

Fig. 18.

ON THE FORM, TREATMENT, AND APPLICATION OF THE PEDIMENT.*

THE marriage of Sculpture and Architecture is, I consider, the grandest art-combination that could be conceived: it has been resorted to in great works in all ages. Sculpture, as the highest embodiment of the mystery of form, is the crowning glory of architecture. Though the most limited in scope of the three arts of design, it is, perhaps, the sublimest of all in its material manifestation: what is within its capability to express it expresses in the grandest manner. Sculpture is the most magnificent of our sources of decoration, whether as an exterior embellishment by figures or groups, or an interior ornamentation of public or private edifices by statues and statuettes, a fact of which the Romans in the days of the empire must have been well aware.

The harmonious union, however, of sculpture and architecture, the duly proportioning and combining them with each other so as to secure unity of sentiment and design, is the greatest difficulty of the architect, and demands the highest effort of his genius. Sculpture must not be put in merely to discharge a phonetic office, though the subject must be such as to bear reference to the destined use of the building: it is an artistic embellishment, and is to harmonise in composition, and join issue with the architecture in expressing certain qualities of art—illustrating some phase of beauty.

All sculptural decoration of a building should be under the superintendence of its architect, and the choice of subject and general design and composition should indeed be given by the architect, who must be guided therein not by precedent, but by a due consideration of the qualities that constitute a work of art.

Sculpture should, I think, invariably appear as accessorial, not principal,—as if made for the architecture, not as if the architecture were made for the sculpture. Mr. Ruskin somewhere hazards a suggestion that the latter was the case with the Parthenon, on the assumed principle that high art sculpture could not be subordinated to a sister art, or become an architectural embellishment,—a suspicion I cannot myself entertain. Architecture is, I consider, capable of receiving into her bosom the sister art of sculpture in its highest manifestation; and in real *bonâ fide* edifices it must undoubtedly be principal, and the sculpture become as tributary to the general effect and embodiment of the architectural idea as the leaves or volutes of the capital. If the architecture be subordinate to the sculpture, it is not in a proper or full sense architecture at all. It is a part of the sculpture, and, like the Queen Eleanor crosses and other monuments, should be considered as a statue-case, or shrine of sculpture.

As to the *material* of our sculptural embellishments, statuary marble is a very beautiful one; the lighter the colour of an object of which form is the chief beauty, the more effective the light and shade. Besides, its whiteness enhances the ideal grace, and, as typifying purity, seems to add a moral halo to its subject. But in choosing a material for embellishment of our town and city buildings, we should remember that what suited in Greece will not be proper here; we must consider the climate and other circumstances, and seek the most durable one consistent with strength of effect. Bronze is much used in this country for its durability, but is, I think, very objectionable as a material for sculpture, presenting as it does great deficiency in play of light and shade, through its absorption of light. We should endeavour, also, to afford all the shelter and protection we can to our sculpture from the weather: this may be done in the case of the pediment by considerable projection of cornice, choice of favourable aspect, &c. The mediævalists placed their statues chiefly inside of cathedrals and porches, or, if outside, in canopied niches: we are not sufficiently careful on this point.

At any other time I should dismiss the subject of materials, or their relative tones, by remarking that the sculpture should be lighter than the architecture it embellishes, whether in the tympanum, by exhibiting sculptured subjects in light material on a darker ground, or detached on the exterior. But at present the subject demands some space, from the attention now directed to it by recent discoveries in Greek edifices. We are told by those who have made the necessary investigations that there is distinct evidence that the architects in the best age of Greece employed polychromy on the exterior of their temples, and painted their statues,—that they even painted ornaments on their mouldings, that they might appear as sculptured ones, as the egg and dart on the echinus. Now, though the practice of any artist or school of artists is not the source of those canons of art which are to be held binding upon us, yet the precedent of Greek practice is so formidable a one to all in the slightest degree acquainted with the productions of Greek genius, that it is, at least, worthy of serious examination.

To use differently coloured stones or marbles seems natural enough both in sculpture and architecture, and, referring to the former art, it is certain that this practice was resorted to in the best age of Greek production: witness their polylithic statues. A figure was also frequently composed of two different materials, such as marble and brass, ivory and gold, and sometimes they put gems for the eye-balls; and though we cannot form a very exact estimate of their effect, as no work so constructed has come down to us, yet we may venture to remark that as the substance of the eye in nature is so different from that of flesh, and that of flesh from drapery, to represent these by different materials in the sculpture, if not too contrasting, seems not irrational, but might add to the natural air of a figure without infringing upon its artistic dignity.

But their practice of applying colour to stone and marble is a widely different thing, and one which I cannot reconcile with the exquisite taste and feeling otherwise exhibited by these "arbiters of form," or with any principle deducible from nature and reason. Colour belongs properly to painting, because painting is an imitation of its subject: form in painting is only seeming; in sculpture, it is real: it is not an imitation of an object, but an abstract representation; an expression of it by one of its attributes,—form,—and is therefore partly a symbol. Being less imitative, it is more ideal than painting; and colour, as it appears to me, can only degrade it, as it deprives it of its distinguishing feature,—the poetic and ideal character arising from its abstract and ideal mode of manifestation.

Further, if we begin to colour sculpture where are we to stop? If we do not follow nature, what other guide have we? and if we do, who is to prescribe its limits? Colour, if admitted into sculpture, could only find its goal of perfection in complete imitation of its original, and our sculptors would have to sink into rivalry with Madame Tussaud. As to architecture, in my own opinion the best polychromy for our edifices, and it is polychromy, and harmonious polychromy, is the result of time and weather,—

> "Time, which gives new whiteness to the swan,
> Improves their lustre."

An embellishment this, however, the effect of which we can scarcely judge of in our large towns; as instead of the pure natural tinting of age and climate, we see but the artificial effect of their combination with smoke and other agents.

Painting is essential to the embellishment and finish of an interior, which we colour variously, because it is cut off from external nature, and dependant solely upon art for its means of giving pleasure. But exterior decoration, as it seems to me, is exclusively sculpturesque: for, on the outside, we have, besides the beautiful and harmonious action of time and weather, the free and ever varying effect of light and shade, from which interiors are partially, at least, excluded. There is in reality a necessity for abandoning the exterior to these agents, at least it is wise in man to content himself with their aid: the interior is to be made in itself beautiful, without reference to anything else; but the exterior, over and above this necessity of being beautiful itself, has to harmonise with the natural or artificial objects that surround it, and for which the common agents, time and weather, that are operating on all around, must be infinitely the best—infinitely, for they are unerring. The wise architect will, therefore, leave his work to be finished by Nature, who, when be has done all he can do, commences her operations, and produces a result he could never hope to obtain by all the polychromy that Greek or Barbarian ever saw. No painting could give the remotest approximation to that entire harmony with all around that time does. There is certainly no polychromic embellishment on most of those old buildings which, by their colour alone, captivate all eyes. Would the landscape painter regret that Haddon Hall or Melrose Abbey had been unpainted, or wish them anything different to what they are when he introduces them to his canvas?

The colours that Nature puts on a building are immense in variety, and what she does is

* See p. 258, *ante*.