

but if this plan do not suit them, there is no alternative but controversy. Unless holding their tongues be agreeing, men cannot agree till they have found something to agree upon: that first step made, controversy will speedily diminish, as it has constantly done in science, since the first spot of neutral ground was won. Like a clearing in the woods, it has grown with a progress constantly accelerated, as the extended circumference afforded room for more pioneers to work without collision, and the extended area more ground for their support, and for the amusement of those of your correspondent's way of thinking (for even they clash when they have not standing-room). But neither the old plan of continued extension, nor his new one of contented possession, is applicable where the first clearing has not been commenced. Like all who have undertaken to write on architecture, for many years past, I have done so with the settled conviction that whatever principles may have been discovered, not one has yet been agreed upon,—that the entire work of establishing them has yet to be commenced. And this is, I suppose, what your correspondent calls being "thrown almost entirely on our own resources," to navigate a ship without compass or rudder." But he is quite mistaken: we have for resources a mass of literature more voluminous, perhaps, than that relating to any other one art or science, and for compass and rudder the simple object of discovering truth.

The "rude huts" of which he speaks, whether rude or not, were artistic huts. We have as good evidence of this as we can have, short of ocular testimony, since every other object preserved from that age and country is artistic. With thanks for the information that "Grecian ladies had not the comforts or conveniences of one of our cottagers' wives," I was aware of this, but was alluding to a still stranger fact, equally worthy of his attention; viz., that English ladies have not and can not obtain objects of such pure taste (i. e., such congruity, such studied design, such condensed and refined thought), as were to be found in the cottages of ancient Greece, Plantagenet England, or perhaps modern Ceylon. Comforts and conveniences are not the only or chief good things of this life, except in the estimation of men verging towards second childhood, or nations verging toward second savaghood.

The next two quotations which he brings together as a specimen of my "hasty and fallacious reasoning," will better serve as a specimen of his love of truth. You will perceive, on referring to them, that, occurring some pages apart, they relate to two widely different objects,—the first to architectural expression, the second to what I have, in compliance with an established custom, though reluctantly on account of its vagueness, termed the poetry of architecture. It is to the former, *expression*, that I assert those who have the misfortune to grow up in modern English cities prove themselves, in general, totally deadened; and whoever is so, may well be said to be deadened to the whole art. Taste is impossible to him, for, if he cannot distinguish one expression from another, how can he tell whether the expression of a given building be right or wrong? But this deprivation of taste need not prevent him from seeing and acknowledging, in the triumphs of the art, something not present in its every-day productions. It is doubtful whether any one is blind to this, at least when accompanied by greatness of scale, as in all the examples given. It is just the same in other arts. A man may discover, without being told so, that Shakspeare and Milton are superior to modern poets, and yet, on seeing two verses in a newspaper, may lack the taste to prefer that one which ought to be preferred. It is the peculiar merit of works of the highest excellence, that false taste, whether arising from neglect or misculture, cannot prevent their superiority from being confessed, though only an infinitesimal part of it may be seen.

I do not give this explanation in defence of opinions (which must be left to stand or fall on their own merits), but to enable such of your readers as have seen only your correspondent's version of them to judge (not whether they are right or wrong) but to whom they are indebted for the "hasty and fallacious reasoning," the "monstrous conclusion," and

the "insult to common sense." I do not pretend to say that the reasoning on my side is not fallacious—time only can decide that—but I do assert that your correspondent is greatly mistaken in supposing it *hasty*, and will find it is not hastily to be disposed of.

To the next fallacy, viz., that no knowledge of an art is needed to distinguish its differences of expression, I plead guilty, and will admit its fallacy as soon as he shows that musical knowledge is required to distinguish a dance from a dirge, or produces any rustic so ignorant as not to perceive which is meant to be merry and which solemn. He is quite right when he says, that "if art be anything, if genius be anything, we may be quite sure that they do not thus display themselves all at once;"—who said they did? But expression in art must wholly or partly display itself at once, and that to the most ignorant, or it is not expression at all. He is quite right, too, when he says of works of genius, that "they require the study of an educated and trained mind for their [due] appreciation;" but unless they have also something to affect the totally uneducated, they are no more works of art than the *Novum Organum*, or the *Principia*. It is true alike of all works that the more study and culture is brought to their examination (short of that of their author himself), the more fully will they be appreciated; but those which cannot be appreciated at all without such preparation are not art, but science.

My object in addressing you, however, is not to defend opinions, but the far less pleasant task of pointing out injurious misstatements of facts. The question is not whether certain opinions of mine are true, but whether your correspondent has intended to give a true account of them. His last remark relates to something which he assumed I would say, viz., that such an appreciation of a picture as cost Sir Joshua Reynolds weeks of study, "ought to be roused at once in the mind of the child and the rustic." You can decide whether anything which I did say could possibly be twisted into such a conclusion.

I have the more faith in your impartiality as to these matters of fact, because in at least two matters of opinion we professionally differ. But even if these points were much more important—if many other points of my creed depended on them (which is not the case)—I do not see why the difference should lead to any such language being used between us as that used by the "Amateur." What if I consider the expression of unselfish design necessary to distinguish architecture from building, and you consider it unnecessary? The hypothesis is only a stop-gap, ready to be removed with pleasure the moment a more efficient one is found. What if you consider the old parish churches to be good Gothic, and I think them mostly bad Gothic? I do not believe either opinion to have been hastily formed, or without long and attentive study; and so far from leading us to use hard names, I believe these differences might increase our good-will to each other, and to all who have these two points in common,—that they have bestowed much study on the same subjects and with the same object—the discovery of truth.

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A WORD TO ARCHITECTS' PUPILS.

WHATEVER may be the opinion of the pupils who have addressed you, I cannot help thinking that they are by no means the subjects for a Jeremiah.

Having in my own pupilage gone through a course of fencing with T squares, lounging in carte at a mark on the wall, and reading James's novels in office hours; and knowing, from experience, how these and the like practices engender a habit of loitering and dallying, of getting through time, rather than of laying it out to the best advantage, I should be glad if I could be of service to others, in warning them of the danger they incur; and herein, I would more especially address myself to your correspondents.

Did they possess but a tithing of the ardour for instruction they arrogate to themselves, it is certain they would have mastered the differences of the Pointed styles long ago,—that is to say, the broad and distinctive features that characterise those styles. The

blush of shame should have suffused their cheeks, when they confessed how recent was their acquaintance with what has been learnt for amusement by many of the other sex—the mere alphabet of their profession. Do they remember the waggoner in the fable, who, when his waggon stuck in the mud, called upon Hercules and all the gods to come to his assistance; but, no aid appearing, he was compelled to remain where he was, until a countryman, chancing to pass, recommended him to put his own shoulders to the wheel. Let them apply the moral of this fable, with which, in their younger years, they must have been familiar. It is not usual for an architect to do more towards the education of his pupils than allow them the negative benefit of acquiring information from the drawings with which, either in tracing, or in completing, they are concerned.

It is a system of "picking up" what they can. These hints are to be improved upon by the proper employment of the time after they have left the office. And it may be made a fair matter of question whether what is acquired out of office hours be not the more valuable and precious from its being the product of self-education.

But, while they are thus seeking an acquaintance with their own profession, assisted by the elementary works published for their especial benefit, they should not exempt themselves from those severer studies that train the mind to essay the highest efforts. If they do neglect the disciplining and educating of their own minds, which is so essentially requisite before they can make any progress in science, they may be sure they will repent them hereafter of such neglect. What more particularly must be insisted upon is the guarding against the contracting of bad habits. Every one knows how easily habits are formed, but especially such as are bad; and of all bad habits, idleness is the worst. It is as difficult to get rid of, and proves to the full as great an encumbrance as the old man of the sea who rode upon Sinbad's shoulder. "A busy man is troubled with but one devil, but the idle man with a thousand," says the Turkish proverb. It is to be feared these pupils are not speaking so figuratively, when they say they "have sat for a long time with their hands before them;" and, if the conjecture be correct, here then is the first tool they have to undergo—the first step upon the ladder of usefulness—to unlearn a most pernicious habit. But, if they are in earnest in wishing to be guided, they will, without doubt, instead of passively submitting to the domination of the tyrant, by a continued course of activity, wrestle with and subdue this formidable antagonist to their advancement,—from every struggle gathering fresh strength, like the fabled Antæus in his contest with Hercules, but unlike him, inasmuch as they will come out conquerors.

One stumbling-block in the path of architects' pupils is, that they are apt to imagine themselves destined to strike out a new style. Their language, individually, is, "Who knows but what I may invent a style of architecture utterly unknown before?" This mental hallucination cannot be too rudely dispelled. I am not hardy enough to assert that, because a thing has not been, it may not be; but, from analogy, it may be safely asserted, that no one can hope to invent a new style of architecture without having first learnt what is already extant, with all the mechanical contrivances the collective wisdom of centuries has discovered. Lord Bacon did not publish his "Novum Organum" until he had pondered deeply the systems of logic bequeathed by the ancients. That great man occupied himself till his sixtieth year in the studies necessary to produce that work, and copied it no less than twelve times, revising, correcting, and altering it year by year. What a noble example of industry to men in all time! Those whose names stand highest in our own profession will readily admit (for diffidence is ever the attribute of real genius) how vast are the fields of knowledge by them unexplored—how limited is what they know compared to what they might know, and compared to what, by patient laborious application and prolonged life, they may yet attain. And if this be their unanimous verdict, how incumbent is it upon those who are only starting in the race to hold on their