

ordinate; so that at a distance the effect shall always be of simplicity and repose. A simple headstone might be wrought by a Phidias, might contain the most exquisite sculptures, and still never lose its character of a simple headstone. Our monuments are all in the open air; consequently those Gothic tombs that with all their splendor have so severely religious an air, are denied us. I prefer upon a tomb figures of a vague character, what are called academic figures. These, when noble in their form and expression, produce an effect analagous to architecture, suggestive, — whereas all figures of a fixed character, Charities, Hopes, Griefs, &c., irresistibly put their own character forward, and give the intellect an occupation where we should awaken only feelings. It is as if we should introduce descriptive music into a requiem. A monument should never tell you what to think or feel, but only suggest feeling.

The renowned monument of Lorenzo di Medici by Michel Angelo is an illustration. The feeling of repose, not of forgetfulness, but of deepest thought, which it impresses, is so complete, that the gazer almost forgets himself to stone, and it seems like an intrusion to ask what the figures mean. We feel that they mean all things.

The style and spirit of the Grecian Architecture is so pure that when an architect adopts it, he must carry it out. As far as the details are concerned, nothing can with propriety be added to or taken from them. They are things fixed. If a man uses the Ionic, we demand a pure Greek Ionic, and everybody knows what it ought to be. To adapt these details in Greek spirit to modern needs, this is what classic architecture has in modern times to do. The architects who have accomplished this feat in a satisfactory manner, in modern times, are so few, that one may number them on his fingers and scarce need his left hand. To do this a man must be a Greek, and more than a Greek. He has to live in the past and present at the same time. He must be independent of his time, and yet able to enter fully into it.

The Gothic and the Lombard architecture, on the other hand, make no such all but impossible demands, — or at least did not, at the time in which they flourished, though it is no less hard for us to enter into their spirit than into

the Grecian, — perhaps even harder, since the principle of the Gothic is complex, and the ideas which controlled both it and the Lombard have told their errand, and have past away from the world. The Grecian being conceived in a more universal spirit, aspiring to absolute perfection, has in it the principle of life, it has been the parent of the others, and yet flourishes green and strong, while its offspring have passed into decrepitude.

It would be well for us, once for all, to abandon the attempt to transplant hither the Gothic Architecture. The noble trees yet stand in the old world, but their seeds are decayed, the woodwork, that we dignify by this name, can only excite a sigh or a smile at its utter want of harmony and use. A few fine churches we may have, like Trinity church in New York, but they can be only approximations to foreign works. There is nothing new to be done in Gothic architecture. Its capacities, infinite as they seem, are in fact limited, and are exhausted. Not so with the Grecian. It is not indeed to be expected that we shall make more perfect specimens than were made two thousand years ago, but we may reproduce those in endless new combinations. This is what Palladio and Bramante did, and new Palladios and Bramantes would always find room.

THE GLADE.

A GREEN and vaporous cloud of buds, the larch
 Folds in soft drapery above the glade,
 Where deeper-foliaged pines high over-arch,
 And dignify the heavy, stooping shade,
 There yellow violets spring, in rarest show,
 And golden rods in secret clusters blow.

There piping hylas fill the helpless air,
 And chattering black-birds hold their gossip by,
 And near I saw the tender maiden-hair,
 With the fine, breeze-born, white anemone;
 The glade, though undisturbed by human art,
 Has richer treasures than the busy mart.