

have been too long the blind guides of modern edificaries. To what depths of extravagance would not fancy lead if unchecked by some sober principles of utility? What real beauty can there be in exhibiting a relic of ancient Art useless and unreal in its application? The Architecture of Greece is unquestionably beautiful as fitted to the purposes for which it was adapted, but it cannot be cited as a universal model. What use have we for huge columns, unless we have a corresponding weight to uphold? We have not the ponderous stone roofs which those columns were intended to support. Ordinary walls are sufficient to sustain our light covering of tin or shingle. The rearing of a pillar, therefore, proportioned after the enormous columns of the Parthenon but constructed of jointed deal, to support a flimsy casing of wood is an unworthy sham, and bootless as unworthy, seeing that almost invariably it reveals its own hollowness.

There are many who assert that the several denominations of Columns, known as the Five Orders, are intrinsically beautiful apart from any association with the structures to which they belong. The fallacy of this is transparent. The tall masts of a stately ship, or a tapering maypole, are both graceful objects, but it would be difficult to prove them possessed of intrinsic beauty. Rig the masts of the ship on the deck of a scow, and erect the maypole in a Quaker's kitchen garden, and by change of association the objects become ludicrously offensive. On the same principle if the slender column of the Corinthian Order was made to support the ponderous superstructure assigned to its more athletic relative, the Doric, any ordinary observer might discern an apparent want of stability, which destroying congruity, would at the same time prove fatal to beauty.

Nothing offends the eye more than the seeming insecurity given to a building, by concealing its actual support. The fashionable shop front, with its wall of glass, supporting in appearance several stories of substantial masonry, creates in the mind a tremulous feeling of anxiety, which the known fact of the secret agency of some wirey pillar can scarcely dispel.

There is a positive disregard of modesty in the shop-front principle of crowding all the ornament to one point of a building, for the purpose of catching the eye. A fine *front*, which exhibits a dazzling display of enrichment, perhaps genuine sculptures, loses much of its grandeur, when, on turning the corner, it is discovered to be but a thin veneering of architecture tacked on to an unsightly brick block. Any expectations of internal grandeur would be miserably blighted by a

peep within the walls of such a building. It invariably happens that the *front* absorbs the surplus funds, and leaves the interior bleak and bare. The poor showman who paints his giants, to outward view, twice their natural size, has a palpable object in his innocent fraud. He who exaggerates his homestead to the public eye, and failing at the same time, to conceal its barrenness, is guilty of deceit, without the palliation of temptation.

The ancient people, whose architecture we draw upon for our modern fronts, thought of adorning their "marble halls" before their "outer courts." The external aspect of their edifices was only a slight indication of the grandeur and magnificence within. The term *front* had no place in their vocabulary. Every face of their buildings was entitled to that appellation, in the modern acceptance of the term. To assume, therefore, the finery of such structures, without the reality, is like decking the jackdaw in the plumage of the peacock.

The Old English style of building is admirably adapted to the climate of Canada. Its high pitched roof, and weathered projections are just what are needed for protection against the snow and rain. It would be difficult to recognize an Old English character in the so-called Gothic, Elizabethan, or Tudor fabrics, as they appear in the Province. Instead of chastening the morbid taste for gewgaw finery which the severity of the style, properly understood, might have done, it seems to have presented a wider stage for the riot of fancy. We find huge piles of stone poised on slender gables, as if for the purpose of hanging clothes to dry. Pinnacles of tiny dimensions occupy every available place of the *front*—in positions, moreover, where an avalanche of snow from the roofs must peril their existence. Trefoils, quatrefoils, cinquefoils, and every other foil which the popular illustrations of ancient or modern Gothic supply, unite with the symbolic triplet window of the altar, in admitting light to the kitchen and pantries within.

The extrinsic decoration of an edifice requires considerable judgment and skill, and should not be attempted with slender funds. When the means are ample, those parts only of the erection should be selected for this purpose that display peculiar ingenuity in construction, and where it is desirable to direct attention. Ornament should never be pinned on to a building. Every species of decoration should form an essential element in the composition of the fabric. Sham and trick of every description should be avoided. Each