

a size, and at just such distances, is a dreary, monotonous affair. The five story factory with two or three hundred windows, impresses us very unpleasantly. Mr. Fowler's octagon house must be ugly unless relieved by balconies and other offsets. We like to see something wild and irregular. We want to see something harmonious in the scene. There is no doubt some latent law by which to combine order and irregularity. Art too requires something of nature. Suitable architecture grows out of the forms of the surrounding scene. A castle with irregular outlines among cliffs is agreeable. It is at home there more than in the low plain. Cottages can nestle in among evergreens.

Far in the windings of a vale,  
Fast by a sheltering wood,  
The safe retreat of health and peace,  
An humble cottage stood —

was the place where "beauteous Emma" flourished "the pride of all the vale." We see at once that this is just where such a beauty should dwell. Then, churches should be Gothic. Grecian temples never pleases us as the home of Christian worship. However, we are going into a criticism of what is beauty. This is too wide a subject. We want rather to show how the useful, though first in order, becomes last in aspiration. We must, however, combine the two in dress, houses, gardens. The statuary, painter and poet may pursue the forms of beauty, as Apollo his Daphne, through all difficulties, caring only to become possessed of the loved one: but the tailor and the architect and gardener must think meantime of the uses of things. Mr. Snip must protect from cold the most brilliant gentleman patron. And Mrs. Milliner must have some respect, however small, to covering in the bonnet. Use has however all but vanished from the vision, as in this wonderful article of head-dress. Indeed the bonnet, like a humming bird, is so small, that we are in doubt about its identity or use. It would be well always, beneath a picture of these, to write "this is a bird, this is a bonnet." Houses are now many-formed, but yet we want greater variety: they have considerable ornament, and unlike bonnets, have grown to great dimensions,—a rather unpleasant circumstance in these days of difficulty in procuring "Helps." We rather think the fine houses will soon all be pulled down and cottages will be at a premium, if the difficulty continue long. Mrs. Upperten can no longer live in her fine house, for money cannot