

land, and built a house. He had passed his life in London—in fact, he had been butler in large houses: so he built what would have been a good and well planned house in London, but in the country is simply a monument of “want of taste!” No, scarcely “*want of taste*,” for the position was beautifully chosen, commanding a lovely view, which he evidently appreciated; his garden was being carefully laid out in terraces or lawns, and rosaries, sloping down the side of the hill. What was it then? Want of knowledge, producing want of harmony. The house contradicted everything it looked at, or that looked at it; for miles round you could see it standing up square and gaunt; offices and everything that might have supported it, were carefully put under ground; and instead of harmonizing with its situation, and adding the beauty of Art to what Nature had so abundantly provided, it produced a sense of discord and dissatisfaction, by obtrusively looking like a bit of London, dropped maliciously down to spoil the landscape.

Charles Lamb, whose life is spoken of as “all in unconscious harmony,” seems particularly to have appreciated the pleasure and the beauty of harmony; and he touches most happily on one point which illustrates our subject well, and is constantly under our notice. He insists that the bindings of books should harmonize with the contents, and says: “Magnificence is not to be lavished on all kinds of works indiscriminately. I would not dress a set of magazines, for instance, in full suit. * * * A Shakspeare or Milton, (unless the first editions,) it were mere foppery to trick out in gay apparel.” The gaudiness of a smart binding would be at variance with their sober majesty, and unsuitable to it; and what is unfitting and unsuitable can never be tasteful, whereas what is fitting may always be in good taste, though, of course, I only say *may be*, not *is*.

This is but too frequently illustrated in dress, where the unsuitable so constantly presents itself. Not only is it that people try to dress above their station, not only that much show at little cost is the aim of many, not only that gaudiness is too often made a cloak to untidiness, but also that people *will* submit blindly to the dictates of fashion, or, in fact, of the tailor and the dressmaker, without considering what is most appropriate to their requirements, or to their station in life, and without studying the proper harmonizing of colours, both with each other and with the wearer.

Again, in the arrangement of furniture: you may go into a room and become conscious of a feeling of pleasure and satisfaction; you do not quite know why. Your senses are gratified, and you are aware of being in an air of comfort and repose, but nothing strikes you especially, and

you
any
the
An
bo
N
be
taste
to o
their
the
and
ings.
caref
from
arran
just
more
effect
Ther
trinsi
becom
perfe
compl
pleting
On
does t
from a
Tas
out th
under
taste d
in whic
guidan
and en
the con
sel and
any ind
powers,
towards
which l