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nature with a careful and observing eye; and will try to imitate these glorious works, as far as it can, and will study the works of those persons who have most successfully imitated Nature.

Let me now, briefly apply these principles to one or two practical matters with which all mankind are familiar, first to **ARCHITECTURE**, and secondly to **MUSIC**. In laying out a town, it is common in North America to avoid the crooked lanes and devious ways of our ancestors, and to provide wide and spacious streets. So far so good, but it is not breadth or length only which gives a street a fine commanding appearance. The houses, if not of uniform height, should certainly not present an astonishing difference, one mansion towering to the skies, and the next a shanty of eight feet from the ground. The colouring and ornament of a house require great consideration. It is a safe, as well as an ancient rule, that nothing should form part of the decoration of a building, which is not also part of its construction; and in decoration it is as necessary to guard against too much, as against too little, above all against a servile imitation. Nothing looks poorer or more mean than little bits of some magnificent building taken from books, and stuck up in the middle of a house, with which they have nothing in common, nor is it desirable that every house should be an exact copy of its florid and showy neighbour.

Nothing more clearly proves the immense superiority of ancient designers of buildings than the inexhaustible fertility of their imagination. In England, it would be easy to point out five thousand good churches, yet you would not find one of them exactly like the other, and of all the ancient churches which I ever visited, I do not recollect one which is a copy of another. Each was a separate real design from the brain of a designer. It is needless to say how different a case North America generally presents.

Then as to color. It almost seems as if men either had no eyes, or lived in a colourless world. Their houses glare with white paint, and the same poor idea is repeated again and again, without variation, while there is not a hill, nor a lake, nor a flower which is not without its variety. Generally speaking, if you look on a lovely landscape, the house is the only positively ugly object in it. Yet there it stands, quite square, hard and angular, with its one red door, and its two green widows, its two low parlours and its four little closets, nature all various and charming, and man with his one type of everlasting ugliness repeated without end, like a set of little boys copying pot-hooks and hangers,—pot-hooks and hangers, and nothing else for evermore.

To pass to another sister art, that of *Music*. Here we are making some progress, but great care is needed to form a sound