tic,* like patches of letter-paper stuck upon the wall, with a space or gutter between each part. Then stand a number of diminutive useless columns,† which at a short distance appear like tobacco-pipe stems, clinging against the structure for protection, lest the tempest should beat them down. Next follow the kindred tribe of pilasters, which, by their reduced diameters, resemble so many shingle-laths cleaving to the front, fearing the like destruction. Between these, the scanty apertures for the admission of light now make their appearance, and by their inadequate area lead us to conclude,

* Alexander Pope, in his Moral Essays, describes such false taste, as is here manifested, in the following lines:

  Load some vain church with old theatric state,
  Turn arcs of triumph to a garden gate;
  Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
  On some patch’d dog-hole ek’d with ends of wall:
  Then clap four slices of pilaster on’t,
  That, fac’d with bits of rustic, makes a front.

† An eminent Italian Architect, on discovering some such like mock supports as these we now refer to, expressed his surprise in the following ludicrous lines, which he wrote with his pencil on one of the slender shafts of these ill-placed columns.

  Dear little columns, what is’t ye do there?
  We know not, sir, unless to make you stare: