sensibility has to undergo all that dislocation and torture which an unhappy victim would experience, who having, in a moment of despair, precipitated himself from off some tremendous height down headlong on the forked points of projecting craggy rocks, that the merciless hand of quarriers had left behind them: for, take which road you will, nothing but broken surfaces is to be found, whereby to mangle and obstruct the path of vision. And all the reasons we can have assigned to us for the introduction of such a crowd of absurdities as is here witnessed, is to be summed up in the old depraved principles and sorry language of corrupt taste; namely, that one cannot have too much of a good thing. And we find that, according to the old proverb, one error begets another. Hence we also find, that instead of the spacious Dome and lofty Spire being erected for the canopy or finishing of those temples intended for the worship of God, the great Architect of worlds, Steeples of the most ridiculous and preposterous forms are substituted in lieu thereof; some of which, in form, may be justly compared to an antique pepper-box, being perforated with numerous holes from the top half way