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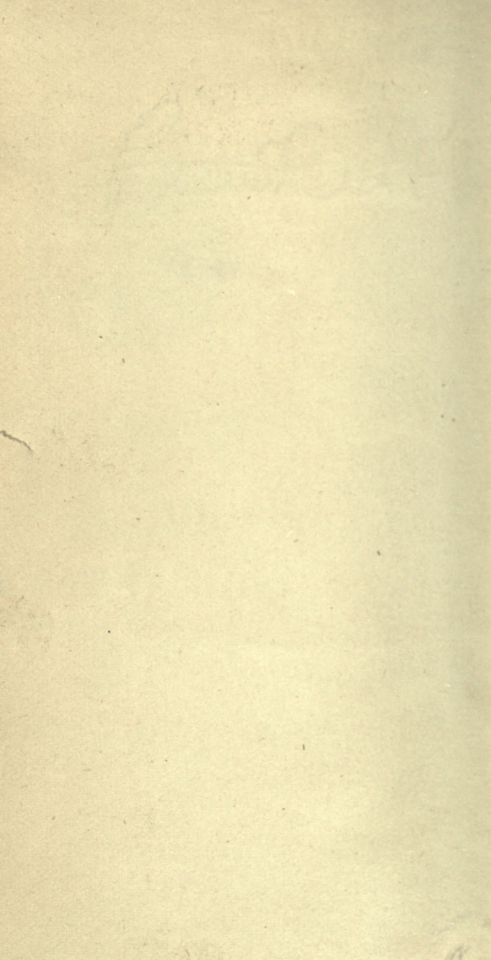


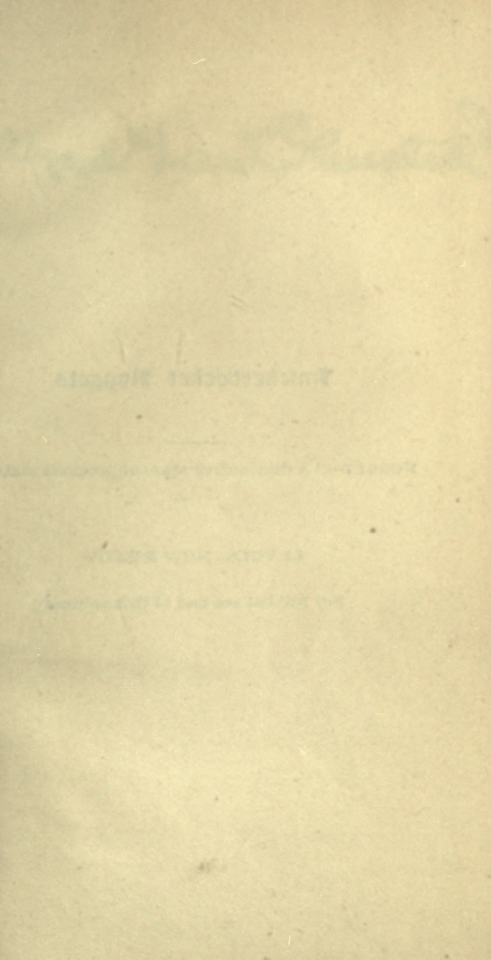


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THE GARDEN

*CONSIDERED IN LITERATURE BY CERTAIN
POLITE WRITERS*

*WITH A CRITICAL ESSAY BY
WALTER HOWE*



NEW YORK AND LONDON

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INTRODUCTION.

TO all who are fond of gardens and gardening, and who take a certain pleasure in enjoying nature, when treated by man as a work of art, the following essays and selections from some of the masters of ancient and modern letters are offered in a form where they may be conveniently read and enjoyed.

Some are old friends, others are less familiar, and one or two may be quite unknown to most readers of this generation.

Some passages have been introduced partly for that gratification which elegant writing in prose or verse always excites, although they may not add greatly to the store of garden lore. Certain worthy and instructive productions, devoted strictly to this theme, have been

excluded for an obvious dulness, from which the undoubted scholarship of their authors could not redeem them. No contemporary writings have been inserted, nor indeed any written within this century, though most of the masters of English prose during this period have sung the praises of the garden.

Wordsworth, Scott, Rogers, Mitford, Shelley, Ruskin might all be cited. Every one must recall Leigh Hunt's delightful plea for window gardening, now so common in England, possibly as a result of that appeal; and Charles Lamb's account of the "Temple" gardens in his essay on the "Old Benchers"; while no reader of Disraeli can forget the sumptuous descriptions of the parks and gardens provided for his heroes and heroines in "Contarini Fleming," "Henrietta Temple," "Lothair," and the rest of those dreamy romances.

Although many such passages seemed to have a claim to admission to this little collection, it was thought best to keep to the earlier writers, whose pages at all events may claim that esteem which may be due to their anti-

quity, as the "Gentle Isaak" so naïvely says of his milkmaid's songs :

"They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good. I think much better than that now in fashion in this critical age."

When our contemporaries shall be ancient enough to have acquired this classical flavor, the collector of garden literature will find a rich store in this generation, and among his choicest selections he will doubtless preserve that delightful little book of the late Mrs. Ewing, "Mary's Meadow, and Letters from a Little Garden."

But whatever may be said of what is not contained herein, it is hoped that what is may be found to be "choicely good."

Here we may tread the stately alleys and classic shades of the "Villa Laurentina" with the younger Pliny, or enjoy the more splendid though less costly creation of Lord Bacon's imagination, with its squares on squares, parterres, and mysterious labyrinths, glowing with flowers, and rich with the luscious fruits which he so bountifully provides for every month in the year.

The Essays of Walpole and Sir William Temple have been placed side and side, partly by reason of their charm and intrinsic value, and partly because they may be regarded as representative arguments for the natural and the artificial schools of treatment respectively. From the well rounded paragraphs of Sir William, the reader can turn directly to Walpole's withering review of their doctrines in a paper upon which, for grace and brilliancy, his reputation might be rested.

The other selections need no special reference, but all are interesting as a mark of the claim that the art of gardening has asserted over minds of such various types.

The paper of Walpole "On Modern Gardening," and the creations of Kent, to which it refers, may be said to mark an era in the history of landscape art, and the influence of this scholarly essay is yet seen, impressed upon the features of many an English park and garden.

The revival of classical architecture under the Stuarts and the advent of William and Mary with their train of Dutch courtiers had con-

tinued and developed that artificial school of planting which, first introduced in England as early as the beginning of the sixteenth century, reached its highest expression in the Dutch garden, or, as it is now more commonly termed, the "Italian garden."

This style of treatment was not unsuited to the straight lines and formal façades of Inigo Jones, Sir John Vanbrugh, and Sir Christopher Wren, and within proper limits may even now be justified, under strict canons of artistic propriety, in serving, as it does, to break and gradually to soften the outlines of the mansion, and to form a connection with the irregular and unstudied forms of meadow and forest beyond.

In France as well, the dominance of the courts of Louis Fourteenth and Louis Fifteenth, with their life of fashion and frivolity, had impressed their tone upon the domestic life of the nobility and gentry. The feudal castle had given place to the classic villa and temple, and Mansard and Le Notre had erected palaces and established parks, which were later to be the model and the despair of every

German prince and baron, and are still admired for their noble proportions and refined details. The owners of these stately chateaus, however, found their love of nature easily gratified in an afternoon promenade on a broad stone terrace, over whose carved balustrade they could lazily survey the artifices of these masters or their less skilful imitators.

Under the influence of this classicism, men and women of fashion enjoyed such surroundings rather because they set themselves off to advantage, as they and their guests posed before each other like the beauties and gallants of Watteau. They carried the silks and satins of the *salon* into the bowers and alleys of the garden, and it was fitting that they should provide themselves with a background to harmonize with their gowns and habits, while their newly built temples and villas were displayed to full advantage. A somewhat different explanation by H. A. Taine of the motive shown in these gardens is so interesting in itself, that the reader will pardon its quotation at length in this place.

“Nothing has interested me more in these Roman villas than their former masters. As naturalists are aware, one obtains a pretty good idea of an animal from his shell.

“The place where I began to comprehend him is the Villa Albani, erected in the eighteenth century for Cardinal Alexander Albani, and according to his own plans. What you at once detect here is the *grand seigneur courtier* after the fashion of our nobles of the seventeenth century. There are differences, but the two tastes are kindred. What they prize above all things is art and artistic order; nothing is left to nature; all is artificial. Water flows only in jets and in sprays, and has no other bed but basins and urns. Grass-plots are enclosed within enormous box-hedges higher than a man's head and thick as walls, and are shaped in geometric triangles, the points of which terminate in a centre. In front stretches a dense palisade lined with small cypresses. You ascend from one garden to another by broad stone steps similar to those at Versailles. Flower beds are enclosed in little frames of box and form de-

signs resembling well-bordered carpets, regularly variegated with shades of color.

“This villa is a fragment, the fossil skeleton of an organism that lived two hundred years, its chief pleasure being conversation, fine display, and the manners of the *salon* and the ante-chamber. Man was not then interested in animate objects; he did not recognize in them a spirit and beauty of their own; he regarded them simply as an appendix to his own existence; they served as a background to the picture, and a vague one, of less than accessory importance.

“His attention was wholly absorbed by the picture itself—that is to say, by its human drama and intrigue. In order to divert some portion of attention to trees, water, and landscape, it was necessary to humanize them, to deprive them of their natural forms and tendencies, of their savage aspect, of a disorderly desert air, and to endow them as much as possible with the air of a *salon* or a colonnade gallery, or a grand palatial court. The landscapes of Poussin and Claude Lorraine all bear this imprint.

They are architectural constructions — the scenery is painted for courtiers who wished to re-instate the court in their own domain.

“It is curious in this aspect to compare the island of Calypso in Homer with that of Fénélon. In Homer we have a veritable island, wild and rocky, where sea-birds build their nests and screech ; in Fénélon, a sort of Marly, ‘arranged to please the eye.’ Thus do the English gardens as now imported by us indicate the advent of another race, the reign of another taste and literature, the ascendancy of another mind, more comprehensive, more solitary, more easily fatigued, and more devoted to the world within.”*

The *Petit Trianon* was a slight protest against the sumptuous splendor of the *Orangerie*, “The Grand Canal,” the basins of *Latonna* and of *Neptune*, and the superb *Tapis Vert*, with its bordering groves of tortured trees and shrubs. That its unhappy mistress should have called this secluded retreat her

* H. A. Taine, “Italy, Rome, and Naples.” Translation of Durand.

“English garden” is a singular indication of the rapid spread of the ideas of Kent; and, although Jussieu, who as early as 1745 had set out many of the trees, and Antoine Richard, the queen’s gardener, may not have read the enthusiastic pages of Walpole, they were clearly influenced by what they well understood to be the English taste in gardening and landscape art.

The time was then hardly ripe for a general reaction against the excesses of the artificialists, but the little dairy and farm-yard, the wild growths and simple farm-yard of Marie Antoinette’s retreat, mark the real beginning, on the Continent at least, of that freer and broader treatment of nature which is now regarded as the underlying principle of the art.

The alternation between the artificial and the natural schools represented by the “Italian garden” on one hand, and the “English garden,” or, as it is sometimes called in many a charming English park, the “American garden,” is based upon fundamental and ever-existing differences in taste which are recurring in other domains of art, as in the varying

fashions concerning painting, music, and the drama.

One generation admires strength and breadth ; the next loves delicate finish and nice execution. At one time nothing can be too realistic for the critics of the day ; and again some master-mind will make a nation of idealists. It would be interesting, if this introduction were the proper place, in following out this comparison, to see how far these corresponding tastes in the several arts agreed or differed at designated periods,—that is, whether a change in taste as to painting was coincident with a similar change or reaction in music and the drama. That there is some interdependence in this aspect among the several arts is doubtless true ; it certainly is true as between the closely allied arts of architecture and landscape art.

Mr. Hamerton has recently stated, with his usual precision, in a paper on “Æsthetics,” from which the following extract is made, a philosophic reason for these changes which may well be applied to a review of the art now under discussion. He says :

“An element which enters for very much into our æsthetic appreciation of persons and things is the simple liking or disliking for the marks of human interference.

“Many minds are so constituted that it is a positive pleasure to them to see that human effort has been expended upon any thing, and a sort of negative pain to perceive that there has been no such human operation. This is quite independent of any conception of beauty; and yet it is constantly confounded with ideas of beauty, because few people take the trouble to analyze the causes of their feelings.

“Since the rebellion against the artificialism of the eighteenth century, the rebellion headed by Rousseau and a host of writers and painters down to our own times, there have been two distinct parties, which may be called the naturalists and the artificialists, and even in the quiet intercourse of private life, where there is not any very eager partisanship on either side, we may still distinguish the people who in a more active state of controversy would have belonged to one party or the other.”

The application of this general observation to landscape art, or to that branch of it which has recently been well styled "landscape horticulture," is quite obvious, and with this analysis of the causes of such differences in taste it is easy to see how the natural system, after having received such an impetus under Kent and Walpole, should have almost entirely given place to its rival for very many years, and almost to this very day.

The mistake should not be made, however, by the adherents of one school of art of utterly condemning the other. However commonplace this caution may appear as to music, or, as Mr. Hamerton applies it, to painting, it is really most true and necessary when applied to the treatment of nature herself. There are elements of truth in the ideas of both schools which intelligent amateurs and professional men should cherish and utilize whenever and wherever circumstances will permit.

It is true that the refinements and frivolities of the Dutch and Italian gardeners led to the inevitable reaction to simpler methods,—to a

more sincere and conscientious pursuit of nature and her ways ; but no one who has enjoyed the charm of the villas about Rome and Florence when at their best can deny that a certain formality, an obvious artifice, lends a grace to the gardens appurtenant to these noble palaces.

The straight terraces of the Villa Pamfili Doria, the delightful walks bordered with azalea and camellia, the surrounding groves of pines, firs, and sombre cypresses form an artistic whole, which should relieve Le Notre from the oblivion to which Walpole consigned him for his miserable failure with St. James' Park. *Bel Respirio* the Romans call this lovely spot where the refinement of the artificial foreground gives the highest artistic value to the distant Campagna, with its fringe of purple hills.

The Florentine villas retain their ancient gardens embellished with statues and the triumphs of topiarian skill, and are not out of harmony with the scene, but the modern Florentine has sought fresh fields, green pastures, and wild woods by the banks of the Arno,

and finds in the shady walks and drives of the Cascine that relief from the noise and dust of the town which a park constructed according to the ideas of our day can bring even within the bounds of a city.

A hundred years since, the *Giardino Giusti* captivated Lady Mary Montague, and any traveller to Verona who will now take the pains to climb its steep paths will find the same charm in the aged cypresses, the oddly clipped ilexes and boxes, the stiff terraces and narrow and now overgrown beds.

They are the same old cypresses, shading the same old broken-nosed Roman busts and statues that Lady Mary saw; but now more mouldy and weedy and ancient with an added century of neglect. Yet an old-time flavor of art and of gentility asserts itself, and from under their sombre shadows the splendid panorama of the Alps, the valleys of the Adige and the Mincio,—the bloody Quadrilateral with its towns of Verona, Peschiera, and Mantua, lay spread out before the eye, too beautiful for description. In such a scene this Italian garden

was rightly set, and justifies the old proverb, "All is fine that is fit."

Yet while Lady Mary could frankly enjoy the art displayed in this ancient retreat, she could sing :

" Give me, Great God, said I, a little farm,
In summer shady, and in winter warm,
Where a clear spring gives birth to murmuring brooks
By nature gliding down the mossy rocks,
Not artfully, by leaden pipes conveyed,
Or greatly falling in a forced cascade
Pure and unsullied, winding through the shade.
All bounteous Heaven has added to my prayer
A softer climate and a purer air."

Modern gardening—our contemporary art, not that of Kent,—does not indeed disdain the use of all materials suitable to produce an artistic effect, though the present drift is undoubtedly with the "naturalists." It is at the present time that this school has asserted itself in its greatest vigor and fulness, and as now practised it is indeed an art, demanding not merely refined taste, sound judgment, and a real love of nature, but thorough training and cultivation.

Though greatly indebted to Kent in its beginnings, many others have contributed to the development of landscape gardening, and while he must always receive consideration for originality and for positive accomplishment, it would be a mistake to attach too much importance to his influence upon the art. In the century or more that has elapsed since Walpole's essay was written public taste has changed, and changed again. Indeed, the very year before that paper was prepared and nearly fifteen years before it was first published at Strawberry Hill, there appeared anonymously an important work on the subject; particularly important, since it was almost the very first treatise professedly on landscape art.

This was Thomas Whately's "Observations on Modern Gardening," which was published in 1770, and though now but little read, is recognized as an authority. For the reason that it forms one of the landmarks in the literature of the subject, the selections for the present volume have been made at some length; but they might easily have been expanded, as

every page of the little book is readable and instructive.

William Shenstone, who died in 1763, also wrote on the subject, and somewhat from the standpoint of Kent, his "Unconnected Thoughts on the Garden," published in 1764, being frequently mentioned. Reference may also be made to "An Essay on Design in Gardening," by G. Mason, published in 1795, and to various other tracts and papers of about the same time, pertaining to what is termed the school of Kent.

The parks and enclosures treated under this style were marked by simplicity, and the absence of pagodas, temples, columns, and other architectural tricks and devices. "The house rose abruptly from the lawn and the general surface of the ground was characterized by smoothness and bareness," as Loudon describes it.

This manner was followed by the romantic or "picturesque" style, to which the Gothic revival of the time contributed not a little, as the radical change in architecture required a different treatment of surroundings. The French Revolution destroyed the temple and grotto,

and they gave way to mediæval castle and chapel, and to their broken fronts, mullioned windows, pinnacles, and turrets, pines, spruces, and cedars of Lebanon readily lent themselves in producing a rugged effect. Doubtless the romances of Scott had much to do with the growth of this taste, though the general tendency of art and literature at the beginning of the century was strongly romantic and sentimental. But, whatever the causes, and they were many and complex, a reaction began about this time against the simple treatment of Kent and Whately, and among the writers who led the discussions were the Reverend William Gilpin and Sir Uvedale Price.

The delightful work of the former "On Picturesque Beauty," though in part published in 1782, was many years before the public, going through several editions. This work, in eight volumes, consisted mainly in an account of the author's tours in every part of Great Britain, with a running commentary on the natural scenery and the most important country-seats on the way, with constant analysis of their

beauties or defects. As stated in the volume on the River Wye: "The following work proposes a new object of pursuit, that of examining the face of a country *by the rules of picturesque beauty.*"

A fair illustration of his method of criticism may be found in the following extract written about Chepstow: "It is a pity the ingenious embellisher of these scenes could not have been satisfied with the beauties of nature which he commanded. The shrubberies he has introduced in this part of his improvements, I fear, will rather be esteemed paltry. As the embellishments of a house, or as the ornament of little scenes, which have nothing better to recommend them, a few flowering shrubs artfully composed may have their elegance and beauty, but in scenes like this they are only splendid patches which injure the grandeur and simplicity of the whole.

' — *Fortasse cupressum.*

Scis simulare : quod hoc? . . .

Sit quidvis simplex duntaxat et unum.'

It is not the shrub which offends, it is the

formal introduction of it. Wild undergrowth may be an appendage of the grandest scene. It is a beautiful appendage. A bed of violets or lilies may enamel the ground, with propriety, at the root of an oak; but if you introduce them artificially in a border, you introduce a trifling formality, and disgrace the noble object you wish to adorn."

Gilpin's extensive journeyings had made him so familiar with broad landscape effects, and particularly with the rough beauties of Scotland and the north of England, that he naturally applied his canons of criticism, as deduced from the elements of their beauty to the improvement of many spots not at all adapted to such treatment. Perhaps, too, the very contrast of these wild mountainous scenes to the gentle slopes and open groves of the New Forest, where he lived many years as the Vicar of Boldre, may have warped his opinion. At all events he and Uvedale Price were for the time the champions of that freer treatment of a landscape which had for its object the production of a natural and picturesque effect.

About the same time there was another whose writings had even greater influence, as they were of a more strictly professional character, and consequently reached directly the men whose business it was to direct the improvement of estates. This was Humphrey Repton, who in 1794 addressed a communication to Uvedale Price entitled "An Inquiry into the Change of Taste in Landscape Gardening," being a discussion of the general principles involved, together with some practical observations. The following year a more important work was published by him entitled "Sketches and Hints in Landscape Gardening."

These and other writings of Repton had much to do with the change of popular taste from the extremes of the picturesque school, modifying that style to what Loudon calls "Repton's" or the "Gardenesque" school, "the characteristic feature of which is the display of the beauty of trees and other plants INDIVIDUALLY."

It would be interesting to follow the varying fashions in gardening down to to-day, and to give some account of the progress of the art in

this country, where we have had not a few men of taste and attainments who have left their mark on our parks and country-seats, one of whom, Mr. A. J. Downing, has been recently worthily and happily honored by the city of Newburgh in naming her principal park after him. But this introduction is not the place for more than a glance at the progress of the art. It is enough here to say that the landscape gardener of to-day, while to an extent the resultant of all these antecedent conditions, is nevertheless far beyond his predecessors in attainments and also in opportunities. He and his art have profited by the strides of science far more than the artistic productions of his predecessors have suffered. Railways, factories, smoke and poisonous gases have blighted many a fair landscape carefully set and adorned ; but agricultural chemistry, structural and biological botany, better knowledge of forestry and climatology, enable the gardener of to-day to overcome difficulties which were anciently attributed to malign or providential interventions.

The old books are filled with the accounts

of such mysteries. Even Evelyn, who wrote so intelligently, abounds in fairy stories, like that of the well in Hungary, which "transmutes the leaves of the oak into brass, and iron into copper," or, as he naïvely says in another place: "But what is still more strange, I read in one Paulus, a physician of Denmark, that a handful or two of small oak buttons, mingled with oats, and given to horses which are black, alter their color to a fine dapple gray, and this he attributes to the vitriol abounding in this tree."

The ends of the earth now contribute a wealth of plant life adapted to useful and ornamental tree and shrub culture and to decorative horticulture. Their habits and relative value in a landscape effect, or in a garden, must be familiarly known and felt by an artist who may be called upon to make studies for a lodge in Scotland, a villa at Cannes, or a park in Australia; who may be required to bring back the primitive verdure to the banks of Niagara, to preserve the natural beauties of the Rockies, or to plant the Plains with the forests they can and should be made to support. The rich flora of

China and Japan have now been acclimated in Europe,—and even more successfully in America,—and the enormous number and variety of trees, shrubs, herbaceous and other plants now added to the resources of gardening call for correspondingly greater learning and training than has ever before been given to the subject, so that an accomplished landscape-artist of to-day is as far beyond the Kents and Le Notres of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, as they were beyond the topiarius who tortured the trees and shrubs of Pliny and the Cæsars.

Two qualities which usually distinguish professional from amateur productions in art, namely, simplicity and breadth of treatment, are especially important when applied to the face of nature itself. True, nature will in course of time protect herself from the misguided assaults of well meaning amateurs, by covering up or wholly destroying their abortive creations. A trained artist, on the other hand, knows how to assist nature, without resorting too bluntly to the easy device of servile imitation. In such work, particularly as now taught

and practised, there is produced an impression of repose and of well balanced composition that is suggestive of natural effect, and yet satisfactory as a work of art.

But the gardens most enjoyed, and most commonly praised by writers past and present who have avowed their fondness for gardens, are not these elaborate works of art, nor are they of great extent; but rather have they been the village door-yard, tastefully planted, or the parsonage garden, showing the marks of judicious selection and tender care, giving a homely and cheerful aspect to such spots, in contrast with the dreary and bare surroundings of their neighbors.

It is precisely to such little plots that modern gardening is best adapted. Varying with soil, exposure, and climate, the greatest freedom of choice is possible as to the effect to be produced, and abundance of flowers can be had almost the year through if conditions are intelligently considered. Village door-yards and city windows are rich fields for the display of good gardening unfortunately but too little improved in this country. Indeed its neglect

here is remarkable as compared with the number and beauty of such small gardens in England, Holland, Germany, and other parts of Europe,—very frequently the result of labor at odd times of poor people whose days are spent in the factory or the shop. For those who own land the great pity is it, that they will not merely refrain from growing flowers, but they will plant no trees. If they care not for flowers, perhaps it may not be worth while to argue with them, but as to trees the case is different. Most land-owners, with the honorable exception of some of our prairie farmers, are wholly indifferent to the duty which they owe to their neighborhood and to their children. For them must Old Gerard have written his sturdy invocation, as quoted by Evelyn with much approval :

“ But forward in the name of God : graff, set, plant, and nourish up trees in every corner of your ground ; the labor is small, the cost is nothing, the commodity is great ; yourselves shall have plenty, the poor shall have somewhat in time of want to relieve their necessity, and God shall reward your good merits and diligence.”

THE GARDEN



THE GARDEN.

PLINY THE ELDER.

THE PLEASURES OF THE GARDEN.

IT now remains for us to return to the cultivation of the garden, a subject recommended by its own intrinsic merits to our notice : for we find that in remote antiquity, even, there was nothing looked upon with a greater degree of admiration than the gardens of the Hesperides, those of the Kings Adonis and Alcinous, and the Hanging Gardens, whether they were the work of Semiramis, or whether of Cyrus, King of Assyria, a subject of which we shall have to speak in another work. The kings of Rome cultivated their gardens with their own

hands ; indeed, it was from his garden that Tarquinius Superbus sent to his son that cruel and sanguinary message of his. In our laws of the Twelve Tables, we find the word "villa," or "farm," nowhere mentioned ; it is the word "hortus" that is always used with that signification, while the term "heredium" we find employed for "garden."

There are certain religious impressions, too, that have been attached to this species of property, and we find that it is in the garden and the Forum only that statues of satyrs are consecrated, as a protection against the evil effects of spells and sorcery ; although in Plautus, we find the gardens spoken of as being under the tutelage of Venus. At the present day, under the general name of gardens, we have pleasure-grounds situate in the very heart of the city, as well as extensive fields and villas.

Epicurus, that connoisseur in the enjoyments of a life of ease, was the first to lay out a garden at Athens ; up to his time it had never been thought of, to dwell in the country in the middle of the town. At Rome, on the other hand, the garden constituted of itself the poor man's field, and it was from the garden that the lower classes procured their daily food—an aliment how guiltlessly obtained ! But still, it is a great deal better, no doubt, to dive into the

abysses of the deep, and to seek each kind of oyster at the risk and peril of shipwreck ; to go searching for birds beyond the river Phasis even, which, protected as they are by the terrors invented by fable, are only rendered all the more precious thereby ; to go searching for others, again, in Numidia, and the very sepulchres of Æthiopia, or else to be battling with wild beasts, and to get eaten one's self while trying to take a prey which another person is to eat ! And yet, by Hercules ! how little do the productions of the garden cost us in comparison with these ! How more than sufficient for every wish and for every want !—were it not, indeed, that here, as in every thing else, turn which way we will, we find the same grounds for our wrath and indignation. We really might be content to allow of fruits being grown of the most excellent quality, remarkable, some of them for their flavor, some for their size, some, again, for the monstrosities of their growth—morsels all of them forbidden to the poor ! We might allow of wines being kept till they are mellowed with age, or enfeebled by being passed through cloth strainers ; of men, too, however prolonged their lives, never drinking any but a wine that is still older than themselves ! We might allow of luxury devising how best to extract the very aroma, as it were, and

marrow only from grain ; of people, too, living upon nothing but the choicest productions of the confectioner, and upon pastes fashioned in fantastic shapes : of one kind of bread being prepared for the rich, and another for the multitude ; of the yearly produce of the field being classified in a descending scale, till it reaches the humble means of the very lowest classes,—but do we not find that these refined distinctions have been extended to the very herbs even, and that riches have contrived to establish points of dissimilarity in articles of food which ordinarily sell for a single copper coin?

In this department, even, humble as it is, we are still destined to find certain productions that are denied to the community at large, and the very cabbages pampered to such an enormous extent that the poor man's table is not large enough to hold them. Asparagus, by Nature, was intended to grow wild, so that each might gather it where he pleased—but, lo and behold ! we find it in the highest state of cultivation, and Ravenna produces heads that weigh as much as three pounds even ! Alas for the monstrous excess of gluttony ! It would be surprising indeed, for the beasts of the field to be forbidden the thistle for food, and yet it is a thing forbidden to the lower classes of the community ! These refined distinctions, too, are extended to

the very water even, and, thanks to the mighty influence of money, there are lines of demarkation drawn in the very elements themselves. Some persons are for drinking ice, others for quaffing snow, and thus is the curse of the mountain steep turned into an appetizing stimulus for the palate! Cold is carefully treasured up for the summer heats, and man's invention is now racked how best to keep snow freezing in months that are not its own. Some again there are who first boil the water, and then bring it down to the temperature of winter;—indeed, there is nothing that pleases man in the fashion in which Nature originally made it.

And is it the fact, then, that any herb of the garden is reared only for the rich man's table? It is so—but still let no one of the angered populace think of a fresh secession to Mount Sacer or Mount Aventine; for to a certainty, in the long run, all-powerful money will bring them back to just the same position as they were when it wrought the severance. For, by Hercules! there was not an impost levied at Rome more grievous than the market-dues, an impost that aroused the indignation of the populace, who repeatedly appealed with loud clamors to all the chief men of the state to be relieved from it. At last they were relieved from this heavy tax upon their wares; and then

it was found that there was no tax more lucrative, more readily collected, or less obnoxious to the caprices of chance, than the impost that was levied in exchange for it, in the shape of a property-tax, extended to the poorest classes ; for now the very soil itself is their surety that paid the tax will be, their means are patent to the light of day, and the superficial extent of their possessions, whatever the weather may chance to be, always remains the same.

Cato, we find, speaks in highest praise of garden cabbages ;—indeed, it was according to their respective methods of garden cultivation that the agriculturists of early times were appreciated, and it was immediately concluded that it was a sign of a woman being a bad and careless manager of her family, when the kitchen-garden—for this was looked upon as the woman's department more particularly—was negligently cultivated ; as in such case her only resource was, of course, the shambles or the herb-market. But cabbages were not held in such high esteem in those days as now ; indeed, all dishes were held in disrepute which required something else to help them down, the great object being to economize oil as much as possible ; and as to the flesh-market, so much as a wish even to taste its wares was visited with censure and reproach. The chief thing

that made them so fond of the garden was the fact that its produce needs no fire and ensures economy in fuel, and that it offers resources which are always ready at hand. These articles of food, which from their peculiar nature we call "vinegar-diets," were found to be easy of digestion, by no means apt to blunt and overload the senses, and to create but little craving for bread as an accompaniment. A portion of them which is still used by us for seasonings, attests that our forefathers used only to look at home for their resources, and that no Indian peppers were in request with them, or any of those other condiments which we are in the habit of seeking beyond the seas. In former times the lower classes of Rome, with their mimic gardens in their windows, day after day presented the reflex of the country to the eye, when as yet the multitudes of atrocious burglaries, almost innumerable, had not compelled us to shut out all such sights with bars to the passers-by.

Let the garden, then, have its due meed of honor, and let not things, because they are common, enjoy for that the less share of our consideration—and the more so, as we find that from it men of the very highest rank have been content to borrow their surnames even; thus in the Valerian family, for instance, the Lactucini have not thought themselves disgraced by tak-

ing their name from the lettuce. Perhaps, too, our labors and research may contribute some slight recommendation to this our subject ; although, with Virgil, we are ready to admit how difficult it is, by language however elevated, to ennoble a subject that is so humble in itself.





PLINY THE YOUNGER.

VILLA LAURENTINA.

YOU are surprised that I am so fond of my Laurentine, or (if you prefer the name) my Laurens ; but you will cease to wonder when I acquaint you with the beauty of the villa, the advantages of its situation, and the extensive view of the sea-coast. It is only seventeen miles from Rome ; so that when I have finished my business in town, I can pass my evenings here after a good satisfactory day's work. There are two different roads to it ; if you go by that of Laurentum, you must turn off at the fourteenth mile-stone ; if by Ostia, at the eleventh. Both of them are sandy in places, which makes it a little heavier and longer by carriage, but short and easy on horseback. The landscape affords plenty of variety, the view in some places being closed in by woods, in others

extending over broad meadows, where numerous flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, which the severity of the winter has driven from the mountains, fatten in the spring warmth, and on the rich pasturage. My villa is of a convenient size without being expensive to keep up. The courtyard in front is plain, but not mean, through which you enter porticos shaped into the form of the letter D, enclosing a small but cheerful area between. These make a capital retreat for bad weather, not only as they are shut in with windows, but particularly as they are sheltered by a projection of the roof. From the middle of these porticos you pass into a bright pleasant inner court, and out of that into a handsome hall running out towards the sea-shore ; so that when there is a southwest breeze, it is gently washed with the waves, which spend themselves at its base. On every side of this hall there are either folding-doors or windows equally large, by which means you have a view from the front and the two sides of three different seas, as it were : from the back you see the middle court, the portico, and the area ; and from another point you look through the portico into the courtyard, and out upon the woods and distant mountains beyond. On the left hand of this hall, a little farther from the sea, lies a large drawing-room, and beyond that, a second

of a smaller size, which has one window to the rising and another to the setting sun : this as well has a view of the sea, but more distant and agreeable. The angle formed by the projection of the dining-room with this drawing-room retains and intensifies the warmth of the sun, and this forms our winter quarters and family gymnasium, which is sheltered from all the winds except those which bring on clouds, but the clear sky comes out again before the warmth has gone out of the place. Adjoining this angle is a room forming the segment of a circle, the windows of which are so arranged as to get the sun all through the day : in the walls are contrived a sort of cases, containing a collection of authors who can never be read too often. Next to this is a bedroom, connected with it by a raised passage furnished with pipes, which supply, at a wholesome temperature, and distribute to all parts of this room, the heat they receive. The rest of this side of the house is appropriated to the use of my slaves and freedmen ; but most of the rooms in it are respectable enough to put my guests into. In the opposite wing is a most elegant, tastefully fitted up bedroom ; next to which lies another, which you may call either a large bedroom or a modified dining-room ; it is very warm and light, not only from the direct rays of the sun

but by their reflection from the sea. Beyond this is a bedroom with an ante-room, the height of which renders it cool in summer, its thick walls warm in winter, for it is sheltered, every way, from the winds. To this apartment another ante-room is joined by one common wall. From thence you enter into the wide and spacious *cooling-room* belonging to the bath, from the opposite walls of which two curved basins are thrown out, so to speak ; which are more than large enough if you consider that the sea is close at hand. Adjacent to this is the anointing-room, then the sweating-room, and beyond that the bath-heating room ; adjoining are two other little bath-rooms, elegantly rather than sumptuously fitted up ; annexed to them is a warm bath of wonderful construction, in which one can swim and take a view of the sea at the same time. Not far from this stands the tennis-court, which lies open to the warmth of the afternoon sun. From thence you go up a sort of turret which has two rooms below, with the same number above, besides a dining-room commanding a very extensive lookout on to the sea, the coast, and the beautiful villas scattered along the shore line. At the other end is a second turret, containing a room that gets the rising and setting sun. Behind this is a large store-room and granary, and underneath,

a spacious dining-room, where only the murmur and break of the sea can be heard even in a storm ; it looks out upon the garden, and the *gestatio* running round the garden. The *gestatio* is bordered round with box, and, where that is decayed, with rosemary ; for the box, wherever sheltered by the buildings, grows plentifully, but where it lies open and exposed to the weather and spray from the sea, though at some distance from this latter, it quite withers up. Next the *gestatio*, and running along inside it, is a shady vine-plantation, the path of which is so soft and easy to the tread that you may walk barefoot upon it. The garden is chiefly planted with fig and mulberry trees, to which this soil is as favorable as it is averse from all others. Here is a dining-room, which, though it stands away from the sea, enjoys the garden view, which is just as pleasant ; two apartments run around the back part of it, the windows of which look out upon the entrance of the villa, and into a fine kitchen-garden. From here extends an enclosed portico, which, from its great length, you might take for a public one. It has a range of windows on either side, but more on the side facing the sea, and fewer on the garden side, and these single windows alternate with the opposite rows. In calm, clear weather these are all thrown open ;

but if it blows, those on the weather-side are closed, whilst those away from the wind can remain open without any inconvenience. Before this enclosed portico lies a terrace fragrant with the scent of violets, and warmed by the reflection of the sun from the portico, which, while it retains the rays, keeps away the northeast wind; and it is as warm on this side as it is cool on the side opposite; in the same way it is a protection against the wind from the southwest; and thus, in short, by means of its several sides, breaks the force of the winds from whatever quarter they may blow. These are some of its winter advantages: they are still more appreciable in the summer time; for at that season it throws a shade upon the terrace during the whole of the forenoon, and upon the adjoining portion of the *gestatio* and garden in the afternoon, casting a greater or less shade on this side or on that as the day increases or decreases. But the portico itself is coolest just at the time when the sun is at its hottest—that is, when the rays fall directly upon the roof. Also, by opening the windows you let in the western breezes in a free current, which prevents the place getting oppressive with close and stagnant air. At the upper end of the terrace and portico stands a detached garden building, which I call my *favorite*;

my *favorite* indeed, as I put it up myself. It contains a very warm winter-room, one side of which looks down upon the terrace, while the other has a view of the sea, and both lie exposed to the sun. The bedroom opens on to the covered portico by means of folding-doors, while its window looks out upon the sea. On that side next the sea, and facing the middle wall, is formed a very elegant little recess, which, by means of transparent windows and a curtain drawn to or aside, can be made part of the adjoining room, or separated from it. It contains a couch and two chairs; as you lie upon this couch, from where your feet are you get a peep of the sea; looking behind you see the neighboring villas, and from the head you have a view of the woods. These three views may be seen either separately, from so many different windows, or blended together in one. Adjoining this is a bedroom, which neither the servants' voices, the murmuring of the sea, the glare of lightning, nor daylight itself, can penetrate, unless you open the windows. This profound tranquillity and seclusion are occasioned by a passage separating the wall of this room from that of the garden, and thus, by means of this intervening space, every noise is drowned. Annexed to this is a tiny stove-room, which, by opening or shutting a little aperture, lets out

or retains the heat from underneath, according as you require. Beyond this lie a bedroom and ante-room, which enjoy the sun, though obliquely indeed, from the time it rises till the afternoon. When I retire to this garden summer-house, I fancy myself a hundred miles away from my villa, and take especial pleasure in it at the feast of the Saturnalia, when, by the license of that festive season, every other part of my house resounds with my servants' mirth; thus I neither interrupt their amusement nor they my studies. Amongst the pleasures and conveniences of this situation there is one drawback, and that is, the want of running water; but then there are wells about the place, or rather springs, for they lie close to the surface. And, altogether, the quality of this coast is remarkable; for dig where you may, you meet, upon the first turning up of the ground, with a spring of water, quite pure, not in the least salt, although so near the sea. The neighboring woods supply us with all the fuel we require, the other necessaries Ostia furnishes. Indeed, to a moderate man, even the village (between which and my house there is only one villa) would supply all ordinary requirements. It has three public baths, which are a great convenience if it happen that friends come in unexpectedly, or make too short a stay to allow

time for preparing my own. The whole coast is very pleasantly sprinkled with villas either in rows or detached, which, whether looking at them from the sea or the shore, present the appearance of so many different cities. The strand is, sometimes, after a long calm, perfectly smooth, though, in general, through the storms driving the waves upon it, it is rough and uneven. I cannot boast that our sea is plentiful in choice fish; however, it supplies us with capital soles and prawns; but as to other kinds of provisions, my villa aspires to excel even inland countries, particularly in milk; for the cattle come up there from the meadows in large numbers in pursuit of water and shade. Tell me, now, have I not good reason for living in, staying in, loving, such a retreat, which, if you feel no appetite for, you must be morbidly attached to town? And I only wish you would feel inclined to come down to it, that to so many charms with which my little villa abounds, it might have the very considerable addition of your company to recommend it. Farewell!

TO GALLUS.



PLINY THE YOUNGER.

VILLA IN TUSCULUM.

THE kind concern you expressed on hearing of my design to pass the summer at my villa in Tuscany, and your obliging endeavors to dissuade me from going to a place which you think unhealthy, are extremely pleasing to me. It is quite true indeed that the air of that part of Tuscany which lies towards the coast is thick and unwholesome: but my house stands at a good distance from the sea, under one of the Apennines, which are singularly healthy. But, to relieve you from all anxiety on my account, I will give you a description of the temperature of the climate, the situation of the country, and the beauty of my villa, which, I am persuaded, you will hear with as much pleasure as I shall take in giving it. The air in winter is sharp and frosty, so that myrtles,

olives, and trees of that kind which delight in constant warmth, will not flourish here, but the laurel thrives, and is remarkably beautiful, though now and then the cold kills it—though not oftener than it does in the neighborhood of Rome. The summers are extraordinarily mild, and there is always a refreshing breeze, seldom high winds. This accounts for the number of old men we have about ; you would see grandfathers and great-grandfathers of those now grown up to be young men, hear old stories and the dialect of our ancestors, and fancy yourself born in some former age were you to come here. The character of the country is exceedingly beautiful. Picture to yourself an immense amphitheatre, such as nature only could create. Before you lies a broad, extended plain, bounded by a range of mountains, whose summits are covered with tall and ancient woods, which are stocked with all kinds of game. The descending slopes of the mountains are planted with underwood, among which are a number of little risings with a rich soil, on which hardly a stone is to be found. In fruitfulness they are quite equal to a valley, and though their harvest is rather later, their crops are just as good. At the foot of these, on the mountain-side, the eye, wherever it turns, runs along one unbroken stretch of vineyards termi-

nated by a belt of shrubs. Next you have meadows and the open plain. The arable land is so stiff that it is necessary to go over it nine times with the biggest oxen and the strongest ploughs. The meadows are bright with flowers, and produce trefoil and other kinds of herbage as fine and tender as if it were but just sprung up, for all the soil is refreshed by never failing streams. But though there is plenty of water, there are no marshes ; for the ground being on a slope, whatever water it receives without absorbing runs off into the Tiber. This river, which winds through the middle of the meadows, is navigable only in the winter and spring, at which seasons it transports the produce of the land to Rome : but in summer it sinks below its banks, leaving the name of a great river to an almost empty channel ; towards the autumn, however, it begins again to renew its claim to that title. You would be charmed by taking a view of this country from the top of one of our neighboring mountains, and would fancy that not a real, but some imaginary landscape, painted by the most exquisite pencil, lay before you,—such an harmonious variety of beautiful objects meets the eye, whichever way it turns. My house, although at the foot of a hill, commands as good a view as if it stood on its brow, yet you approach by so gentle and

gradual a rise that you find yourself on high ground without perceiving you have been making an ascent. Behind, but at a great distance, is the Apennine range. In the calmest days we get cool breezes from that quarter, not sharp and cutting at all, being spent and broken by the long distance they have travelled. The greater part of the house has a southern aspect, and seems to invite the afternoon sun in summer (but rather earlier in the winter) into a broad and proportionately long portico, consisting of several rooms, particularly a court of antique fashion. In front of the portico is a sort of terrace, edged with box and shrubs cut into different shapes. You descend from the terrace by an easy slope, adorned with the figures of animals in box, facing each other, to a lawn overspread with the soft, I had almost said the liquid, Acanthus; this is surrounded by a walk enclosed with evergreens, shaped into a variety of forms. Beyond it is the *gestatio*, laid out in the form of a circus running round the multiform box-hedge and the dwarf-trees, which are cut quite close. The whole is fenced in with a wall completely covered by box cut into steps all the way up to the top. On the outside of the wall lies a meadow that owes as many beauties to nature as all I have been describing *within* does to art; at the end

of which are open plain and numerous other meadows and copses. From the extremity of the portico a large dining-room runs out, opening upon one end of the terrace; while from the windows there is a very extensive view over the meadows up into the country, and from these you also see the terrace and the projecting wing of the house together with the woods enclosing the adjacent hippodrome. Almost opposite the centre of the portico, and rather to the back, stands a summer-house, enclosing a small area shaded by four plane-trees, in the midst of which rises a marble fountain which gently plays upon the roots of the plane-trees and upon the grass-plots underneath them. This summer-house has a bedroom in it free from every sort of noise, and which the light itself cannot penetrate, together with a common dining-room I use when I have none but intimate friends with me. A second portico looks upon this little area, and has the same view as the other I have just been describing. There is, besides, another room, which, being situate close to the nearest plane-tree, enjoys a constant shade and green. Its sides are encrusted with carved marble up to the ceiling, while above the marble a foliage is painted with birds among the branches, which has an effect altogether as agreeable as that of the carving, at

the foot of which a little fountain, playing through several small pipes into a vase it encloses, produces a most pleasing murmur. From a corner of the portico you enter a very large bedchamber opposite the large dining-room, which from some of its windows has a view of the terrace, and from others, of the meadow, as those in the front look upon a cascade, which entertains at once both the eye and the ear ; for the water, dashing from a great height, foams over the marble basin which receives it below. This room is extremely warm in winter, lying much exposed to the sun, and on a cloudy day the heat of an adjoining stove very well supplies his absence. Leaving this room, you pass through a good-sized, pleasant undressing-room into the cold-bath-room, in which is a large gloomy bath ; but if you are inclined to swim more at large, or in warmer water, in the middle of the area stands a wide basin for that purpose, and near it a reservoir from which you may be supplied with cold water to brace yourself again, if you should find you are too much relaxed by the warm. Adjoining the cold bath is one of a medium degree of heat, which enjoys the kindly warmth of the sun, but not so intensely as the hot bath, which projects farther. This last consists of three several compartments, each of different

degrees of heat ; the two former lie open to the full sun, the latter, though not much exposed to its heat, receives an equal share of its light. Over the undressing-room is the tennis-court, which admits of different kinds of games and different sets of players. Not far from the baths is the staircase leading to the enclosed portico, three rooms intervening. One of these looks out upon the little area with the four plane-trees round it, the other upon the meadows, and from the third you have a view of several vineyards, so that each has a different one, and looks towards a different point of the heavens. At the upper end of the enclosed portico, and indeed taken off from it, is a room that looks out upon the hippodrome, the vineyards, and the mountains ; adjoining is a room which has a full exposure to the sun, especially in winter, and out of which runs another connecting the hippodrome with the house. This forms the front. On the side rises an enclosed portico, which not only looks out upon the vineyards, but seems almost to touch them. From the middle of this portico you enter a dining-room cooled by the wholesome breezes from the Apennine valleys : from the windows behind, which are extremely large, there is a close view of the vineyards, and from the folding-doors through the summer portico. Along that side of the

dining-room where there are no windows runs a private staircase for greater convenience in serving up when I give an entertainment; at the farther end is a sleeping-room with a look-out upon the vineyards, and (what is equally agreeable) the portico. Underneath this room is an enclosed portico resembling a grotto, which, enjoying in the midst of summer heats its own natural coolness, neither admits nor wants external air. After you have passed both these porticos, at the end of the dining-room stands a third, which, according as the day is more or less advanced, serves either for winter or summer use. It leads to two different apartments, one containing four chambers, the other, three, which enjoy by turns both sun and shade. This arrangement of the different parts of my house is exceedingly pleasant, though it is not to be compared with the beauty of the hippodrome, lying entirely open in the middle of the grounds, so that the eye, upon your first entrance, takes it in entire in one view. It is set round with plane-trees covered with ivy, so that, while their tops flourish with their own green, towards the roots their verdure is borrowed from the ivy that twines round the trunk and branches, spreads from tree to tree, and connects them together. Between each plane-tree are planted box-trees, and behind

these stands a grove of laurels which blend their shade with that of the planes. This straight boundary to the hippodrome alters its shape at the farther end, bending into a semi-circle, which is planted round, shut in with cypresses, and casts a deeper and gloomier shade, while the inner circular walks (for there are several), enjoying an open exposure, are filled with plenty of roses, and correct, by a very pleasant contrast, the coolness of the shade with the warmth of the sun. Having passed through these several winding alleys, you enter a straight walk, which breaks out into a variety of others, partitioned off by box-row hedges. In one place you have a little meadow, in another the box is cut in a thousand different forms, sometimes into letters, expressing the master's name, sometimes the artificer's, whilst here and there rise little obelisks with fruit-trees alternately intermixed, and then on a sudden, in the midst of this elegant regularity, you are surprised with an imitation of the negligent beauties of rural nature. In the centre of this lies a spot adorned with a knot of dwarf plane-trees. Beyond these stands an acacia, smooth and bending in places, then again various other shapes and names. At the upper end is an alcove of white marble, shaded with vines and supported by four small

Carystian columns. From this semicircular couch, the water, gushing up through several little pipes, as though pressed out by the weight of the persons who reclined themselves upon it, falls into a stone cistern underneath, from whence it is received into a fine polished marble basin, so skilfully contrived that it is always full without ever overflowing. When I sup here, this basin serves as a table, the larger sort of dishes being placed around the margin, while the smaller ones swim about in the form of vessels and water-fowl. Opposite this is a fountain which is incessantly emptying and filling, for the water which it throws up to a great height, falling back again into it, is by means of consecutive apertures returned as fast as it is received. Facing the alcove (and reflecting upon it as great an ornament as it borrows from it) stands a summer-house of exquisite marble, the doors of which project and open into a green enclosure, while from its upper and lower windows the eye falls upon a variety of different greens. Next to this is a little private closet (which, though it seems distinct, may form part of the same room), furnished with a couch, and notwithstanding it has windows on every side, yet it enjoys a very agreeable gloom, by means of a spreading vine which climbs to the top and entirely overshadows it.

Here you may lie and fancy yourself in a wood, with this only difference, that you are not exposed to the weather as you would be there. Here too a fountain rises and instantly disappears—several marble seats are set in different places, which are as pleasant as the summer-house itself after one is tired out with walking. Near each seat is a little fountain, and throughout the whole hippodrome several small rills run murmuring along through pipes, wherever the hand of art has thought proper to conduct them, watering here and there different plots of green, and sometimes all parts at once. I should have ended before now, for fear of being too chatty, had I not proposed in this letter to lead you into every corner of my house and gardens. Nor do I apprehend your thinking it a trouble to read the description of a place which I feel sure would please you were you to see it; especially as you can stop just where you please, and by throwing aside my letter, sit down as it were, and give yourself a rest as often as you think proper. Besides, I gave my little passion indulgence, for I have a passion for what I have built, or finished, myself. In a word, (for why should I conceal from my friend either my deliberate opinion or my prejudice?) I look upon it as the first duty of every writer to frequently glance over his title-page and

consider well the subject he has proposed to himself; and he may be sure, if he dwells on his subject, he cannot justly be thought tedious, whereas if, on the contrary, he introduces and drags in any thing irrelevant, he will be thought exceedingly so. Homer, you know, has employed many verses in the description of the arms of Achilles, as Virgil has also in those of Æneas, yet neither of them is prolix, because they each keep within the limits of their original design. Aratus, you observe, is not considered too circumstantial, though he traces and enumerates the minutest stars, for he does not go out of his way for that purpose, but only follows where his subject leads him. In the same way (to compare small things with great), so long as, in endeavoring to give you an idea of my house, I have not introduced any thing irrelevant or superfluous, it is not my letter which describes, but my villa which is described, that is to be considered large. But to return to where I began, lest I should justly be condemned by my own law, if I continue longer in this digression, you see now the reasons why I prefer my Tuscan villa to those which I possess at Tusculum, Tiber, and Præneste. Besides the advantages already mentioned, I enjoy here a cosier, more profound and undisturbed retirement than anywhere else, as I

am at a greater distance from the business of the town and the interruption of troublesome clients. All is calm and composed ; which circumstances contribute no less than its clear air and unclouded sky to that health of body and mind I particularly enjoy in this place, both of which I keep in full swing by study and hunting. And indeed there is no place which agrees better with my family, at least I am sure I have not yet lost one (may the expression be allowed!) of all those I brought here with me. And may the gods continue that happiness to *me*, and that honor to my *villa*. Farewell!

TO DOMITIUS APPOLLINARIS.





LORD BACON.

OF GARDENS.

GOD ALMIGHTY first planted a garden. And indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures ; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man ; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handy-works : and a man shall ever see, that, when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely ; as if gardening were the greater perfection.

I do hold it in the royal ordering of gardens, there ought to be gardens for all the months in the year, in which, severally, things of beauty may be then in season. For December, and January, and the latter part of November, you must take such things as are green all winter : holly, ivy, bays, juniper, cyprus-trees, yew, pineapple-trees, fir-trees, rosemary, lavender ; periwinkle, the white, the purple, and the

blue ; germander, flags, orange-trees, lemon-trees, and myrtles, if they be stoved ; and sweet marjoram, warm set. There followeth for the latter part of January and February, the mezereon-tree, which then blossoms : crocus vernus, both the yellow and the gray ; primroses, anemones, the early tulipa, the hyacinthus orientalis ; chamaïris fritellaria. For March, there come violets, especially the single blue, which are the earliest ; the yellow daffodil, the daisy, the almond-tree in blossom, the peach-tree in blossom, the cornelian-tree in blossom ; sweet-brier. In April follow the double white violet, the wallflower, the stock-gilliflower, the cowslip, flower-de-luces, and lilies of all natures ; rosemary-flowers, the tulipa ; the double peony, the pale daffodil, the French honeysuckle, the cherry-tree in blossom, the damascene and plum-trees in blossom, the white thorn in leaf, the lilac-tree. In May and June come pinks of all sorts, specially the blush-pink ; roses of all kinds, except the musk, which comes later, honeysuckles, strawberries, bugloss, columbine, the French marigold, flos Africanus, cherry-tree in fruit, ribes, figs in fruit, rasps, vine-flowers, lavender in flowers, the sweet satyrian, with the white flower ; herba muscaria, lilium convallium, the apple-tree in blossom. In

July come gilliflowers of all varieties, musk-roses, and lime-tree in blossom, early pears, and plums in fruit, genitings, codlins. In August come plums of all sorts in fruit, pears, apricots, barberries, filberts, muskmelons, monk's-hoods, of all colors. In September come grapes, apples, poppies of all colors, peaches, melocotones, nectarines, cornelians, wardens, quinces. In October, and the beginning of November, come services, medlars, bullaces, roses cut or removed to come late, hollyoaks, and such like. These particulars are for the climate of London, but my meaning is perceived, that you may have *ver perpetuum*, as the place affords.

And because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes, like the warbling of music), than in the hand ; therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air. Roses, damask and red, are fast flowers of their smells ; so that you may walk by a whole row of them and find nothing of their sweetness ; yea, though it be in a morning's dew. Bays, likewise, yield no smell as they grow, rosemary little, nor sweet marjoram ; that which, above all others, yields the sweetest smell in the air is the violet, especially the white double violet, which comes twice a year, about the middle of April, and about Bartholo-

mew-tide. Next to that is the musk-rose ; then the strawberry-leaves dying, with a most excellent cordial smell ; then the flower of the vines, it is a little dust like the dust of a bent, which grows upon the cluster in the first coming forth ; then sweetbrier, then wallflowers, which are very delightful to be set under a parlor or lower chamber window ; then pinks and gilliflowers, specially the matted pink and clove gilliflower ; then the flowers of the lime-tree ; then the honeysuckles, so they be somewhat afar off. Of bean-flowers I speak not, because they are field-flowers ; but those which perfume the air most delightfully, not passed by as the rest, but being trodden upon and crushed, are three—that is, burnet, wild thyme, and water-mints ; therefore you are to set whole alleys of them, to have the pleasure when you walk or tread.

For gardens (speaking of those which are indeed prince-like, as we have done of buildings), the contents ought not well to be under thirty acres of ground, and to be divided into three parts ; a green in the entrance, a heath, or desert, in the going forth, and the main garden in the midst, besides alleys on both sides ; and I like well that four acres of ground be assigned to the green, six to the heath, four and four to either side, and twelve to the main garden. The green hath two pleasures ; the one, because

nothing is more pleasant to the eye than green grass kept finely shorn; the other, because it will give you a fair alley in the midst, by which you may go in front upon a stately hedge, which is to enclose the garden; but because the alley will be long, and in great heat of the year, or day, you ought not to buy the shade in the garden by going in the sun through the green; therefore you are, of either side the green, to plant a covert alley, upon carpenter's work, about twelve foot in height, by which you may go in shade into the garden. As for the making of knots, or figures, with divers colored earths, that they may lie under the windows of the house on that side which the garden stands, they be but toys; you may see as good sights many times in tarts. The garden is best to be square, encompassed on all the four sides with a stately arched hedge; the arches to be upon pillars of carpenter's work, of some ten foot high and six foot broad, and the spaces between of the same dimension with the breadth of the arch. Over the arches let there be an entire hedge of some four foot high, framed also upon carpenter's work; and upon the upper hedge, over every arch, a little turret, with a belly enough to receive a cage of birds; and over every space between the arches some other little figure, with broad plates of round colored glass

gilt, for the sun to play upon ; but this hedge I intend to be raised upon a bank, not steep, but gently slope, of some six foot, set all with flowers. Also I understand that this square of the garden should not be the whole breadth of the ground, but to leave on either side ground enough for diversity of side alleys, unto which the two covert alleys of the green may deliver you ; but there must be no alleys with hedges at either end of this great enclosure ; not at the hither end, for letting your prospect upon this fair hedge from the green ; nor at the farther end, for letting your prospect from the hedge through the arches upon the heath.

For the ordering of the ground within the great hedge, I leave it to variety of device ; advising, nevertheless, that whatsoever form you cast it into first, it be not too bushy, or full of work ; wherein I, for my part, do not like images cut out in juniper or other garden stuff ; they be for children. Little low hedges, round like welts, with some pretty pyramids, I like well ; and in some places fair columns, upon frames of carpenter's work. I would also have the alleys spacious and fair. You may have closer alleys upon the side grounds, but none in the main garden. I wish also, in the very middle, a fair mount, with three ascents and alleys, enough for four to walk abreast, which

I would have to be perfect circles, without any bulwarks or embossments, and the whole mount to be thirty foot high; and some fine banqueting-house with some chimneys neatly cast, and without too much glass.

For fountains, they are a great beauty and refreshment; but pools mar all, and make the garden unwholesome, and full of flies and frogs. Fountains I intend to be of two natures: the one that sprinkleth or spouteth water; the other a fair receipt of water, of some thirty or forty foot square, but without fish, or slime, or mud. For the first, the ornaments of images, gilt or of marble, which are in use, do well; but the main matter is so to convey the water, as it never stay, either in the bowls or in the cistern; that the water be never by rest discolored, green, or red, or the like, or gather any mossiness or putrefaction; besides that, it is to be cleansed every day by the hand; also some steps up to it, and some fine pavement about it doth well. As for the other kind of fountain, which we may call a bathing-pool, it may admit much curiosity and beauty, wherewith we will not trouble ourselves; as, that the bottom be finely paved, and with images; the sides likewise; and withal embellished with colored glass, and such things of lustre; encompassed also with fine rails of low statues; but the main point is the

same which we mentioned in the former kind of fountain; which is, that the water be in perpetual motion, fed by a water higher than the pool, and delivered into it by fair spouts, and then discharged away under ground, by some equality of bores, that it stay little; and for fine devices, of arching water without spilling, and making it rise in several forms (of feathers, drinking-glasses, canopies, and the like), they be pretty things to look on, but nothing to health and sweetness.

For the heath, which was the third part of our plot, I wish it to be framed as much as may be to a natural wildness. Trees I would have none in it, but some thickets made only of sweet-brier and honeysuckle, and some wild vine amongst; and the ground set with violets, strawberries, and primroses; for these are sweet, and prosper in the shade; and these to be in the heath here and there, not in any order. I like also little heaps, in the nature of mole-hills (such as are wild heaths), to be set, some with wild thyme, some with pinks, some with germander, that gives a good flower to the eye; some with periwinkle, some with violets, some with strawberries, some with cowslips, some with daisies, some with red roses, some with liliun convallium, some with sweet-williams red, some with bear's-foot, and the like low

flowers, being withal sweet and sightly ; part of which heaps to be with standards of little bushes pricked upon their top, and part without ; the standards to be roses, juniper, holly, barberries (but here and there, because of the smell of their blossom), red currants, gooseberries, rosemary, bays, sweetbrier, and such like : but these standards to be kept with cutting, that they grow not out of course.

For the side grounds, you are to fill them with variety of alleys, private, to give a full shade ; some of them, wheresover the sun be. You are to frame some of them likewise for shelter, that when the wind blows sharp you may walk as in a gallery ; and those alleys must be likewise hedged at both ends, to keep out the wind ; and these closer alleys must be ever finely gravelled, and no grass, because of going wet. In many of these alleys, likewise, you are to set fruit-trees of all sorts, as well upon the walls as in ranges ; and this should be generally observed, that the borders wherein you plant your fruit-trees be fair, and large, and low, and not steep ; and set with fine flowers, but thin and sparingly, lest they deceive the trees. At the end of both the side grounds I would have a mount of some pretty height, leaving the wall of the enclosure breast high, to look abroad into the fields.

For the main garden I do not deny but there should be some fair alleys ranged on both sides, with fruit-trees, and some pretty tufts of fruit-trees and arbors with seats, set in some decent order ; but these to be by no means set too thick, but to leave the main garden so as it be not close, but the air open and free. For as for shade, I would have you rest upon the alleys of the side grounds, there to walk, if you be disposed, in the heat of the year or day ; but to make account that the main garden is for the more temperate parts of the year, and in the heat of summer for the morning and the evening or overcast days.

For aviaries, I like them not, except they be of that largeness as they may be turfed, and have living plants and bushes set in them ; that the birds may have more scope and natural nestling, and that no foulness appear in the floor of the aviary.

So I have made a platform of a princely garden, partly by precept, partly by drawing ; not a model, but some general lines of it ; and in this I have spared for no cost ; but it is nothing for great princes, that for the most part, taking advice with workmen, with no less cost, set their things together ; and sometimes add statues and such things, for state and magnificence, but nothing to the true pleasure of a garden.



SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

UPON THE GARDENS OF EPICURUS; OR,
OF GARDENING IN THE YEAR 1685.

THE same faculty of reason, which gives mankind the great advantage and prerogative over the rest of creation, seems to make the greatest default of human nature, and subjects it to more troubles, miseries, or at least disquiets of life, than any of its fellow creatures. It is this furnishes us with such variety of passions, and consequently of wants and desires, that none other feels; and these followed by infinite designs and endless pursuits, and improved by that restlessness of thought which is natural to most men, give him a condition of life suitable to that of his birth; so that, as he alone is born crying, he lives complaining and dies disappointed.

Since we cannot escape the pursuit of passions and perplexity of thoughts which our reason furnishes us, there is no way left, but to endeavor all we can either to subdue or to divert them. This last is the common business of common men, who seek it by all sorts of sports, pleasures, play, or business. But, because the two first are of short continuance, soon ending with weariness, or decay of vigor and appetite, the return whereof must be attended before the others can be renewed; and because play grows dull if it be not enlivened with the hopes of gain, the general diversion of mankind seems to be business, or the pursuit of riches in one kind or other; which is an amusement that has this one advantage above all others, that it lasts those men who engage in it to the very end of their lives; none ever growing too old for the thoughts and desires of increasing his wealth and fortunes, either for himself, his friends, or his posterity.

In the first and most simple ages of each country, the conditions and lives of men seem to have been very near of kin with the rest of the creatures: they lived by the hour, or by the day, and satisfied their appetite with what they could get from the herbs, the fruits, the springs they met with when they were hungry or dry;

then, with what fish, fowl, or beasts they could kill, by swiftness or strength, by craft or contrivance, by their hands, or such instruments as wit helped or necessity forced them to invent. When a man had got enough for the day, he laid up the rest for the morrow, and spent one day in labor that he might pass the other at ease; and lured on by the pleasure of this bait, when he was in vigor and his game fortunate, he would provide for as many days as he could, both for himself and his children, that were too young to seek out for themselves. Then he cast about, how by sowing of grain, and by pasture of the tamer cattle, to provide for the whole year. After this, dividing the lands necessary for these uses, first among children, and then among servants, he reserved to himself a proportion of their gain, either in the native stock, or something equivalent, which brought in the use of money; and where this once came in, none was to be satisfied without having enough for himself and his family, and all his and their posterity forever; so that I know a certain lord who professes to value no lease, though for a hundred or a thousand years, nor any estate nor possession of land, that is not for ever and ever.

From such small beginnings have grown such vast and extravagant designs of poor

mortal men ; yet none could ever answer the naked Indian, why one man should take pains, and run hazards by sea and land all his life, that his children might be safe and lazy all theirs ; and the precept of taking no care for tomorrow, though never minded as impracticable in the world, seems but to reduce mankind to their natural and original condition of life. However, by these ways and degrees, the endless increase of riches seems to be grown the perpetual and general amusement or business of mankind.

Some few in each country make these higher flights after honor and power, and to these ends sacrifice their riches, their labor, their thought, and their lives ; and nothing diverts nor busies men more than these pursuits, which are usually covered with the pretences of serving a man's country, and of public good. But the true service of the public is a business of so much labor and so much care, that though a good and wise man may not refuse it, if he be called to it by his prince or his country, and thinks he can be of more than vulgar use, yet he will seldom or never seek it, but leaves it commonly to men who, under the disguise of public good, pursue their own designs of wealth, power, and such bastard honors as usually attend them, not that which is the true, and only true reward of virtue.

The pursuits of ambition, though not so general, yet are as endless as those of riches, and as extravagant; since none ever yet thought he had power or empire enough; and what prince soever seems to be so great, as to live and reign without any further desires or fears, falls into the life of a private man, and enjoys but those pleasures and entertainments, which a great many several degrees of private fortune will allow, and as much as human nature is capable of enjoying.

The pleasures of the senses grow a little more choice and refined; those of imagination are turned upon embellishing the scenes he chooses to live in; ease, conveniency, elegancy, magnificence, are sought in building first, and then in furnishing houses or palaces: the admirable imitations of nature are introduced by pictures, statues, tapestry, and other such achievements of arts. And the most exquisite delights of sense are pursued in the contrivance and plantation of gardens; which, with fruits, flowers, shades, fountains, and the music of birds that frequent such happy places, seem to furnish all the pleasures of the several senses, and with the greatest, or at least the most natural perfections.

Thus the first race of Assyrian kings, after the conquests of Ninus and Semiramis, passed

their lives, till their empire fell to the Medes. Thus the Caliphs of Egypt, till deposed by their Mamelukes. Thus passed the latter parts of those great lives of Scipio, Lucullus, Augustus, Diocletian. Thus turned the great thoughts of Henry II. of France, after the end of his wars with Spain. Thus the present king of Morocco, after having subdued all his competitors, passes his life in a country villa, gives audience in a grove of orange-trees planted among purling streams. And thus the king of France, after all the successes of his councils or arms, and in the mighty elevation of his present greatness and power, when he gives himself leisure from such designs or pursuits, passes the softer and easier parts of his time in country-houses or gardens, in building, planting, or adorning the scenes, or in the common sports and entertainments of such kind of lives. And those mighty emperors, who contented not themselves with these pleasures of common humanity, fell into the fanatic or the extravagant; they pretended to be gods or turned to be devils, as Caligula and Nero, and too many others known enough in story.

Whilst mankind is thus generally busied or amused, that part of them, who have had either the justice or the luck to pass in common opinion for the wisest and the best part among

them, have followed another and very different scent; and instead of the common designs of satisfying their appetites and their passions, and making endless provisions for both, they have chosen what they thought a nearer and a surer way to the ease and felicity of life, by endeavoring to subdue, or at least to temper, their passions, and reduce their appetites to what nature seems only to ask and to need. And this design seems to have brought philosophy into the world, at least that which is termed moral, and appears to have an end not only desirable by every man, which is the ease and happiness of life, but also in some degree suitable to the force and reach of human nature: for, as to that part of philosophy which is called natural, I know no end it can have, but that of either busying a man's brains to no purpose, or satisfying the vanity so natural to most men of distinguishing themselves, by some way or other, from those that seem their equals in birth and the common advantages of it; and whether this distinction be made by wealth or power, or appearance of knowledge, which gains esteem and applause in the world, is all a case. More than this I know no advantage mankind has gained by the progress of natural philosophy, during so many ages it has had vogue in the world, excepting always, and very justly, what

we owe to the mathematics, which is in a manner all that seems valuable among the civilized nations, more than those we call barbarous, whether they are so or no, or more so than ourselves.

How ancient this natural philosophy has been in the world is hard to know ; for we find frequent mention of ancient philosophers in this kind, among the most ancient now extant with us. The first who found out the vanity of it seems to have been Solomon, of which discovery he has left such admirable strains in Ecclesiastes. The next was Socrates, who made it the business of his life to explode it, and introduce that which we call moral in its place, to busy human minds to better purpose. And indeed, whoever reads with thought what these two, and Marcus Antoninus, have said upon the vanity of all that mortal man can ever attain to know of nature, in its originals or operations, may save himself a great deal of pains, and justly conclude, that the knowledge of such things is not our game ; and (like the pursuit of a stag by a little spaniel) may serve to amuse and to weary us, but will never be hunted down. Yet I think those three I have named may justly pass for the wisest triumvirate that are left us upon the records of story or of time.

After Socrates, who left nothing in writing, many sects of philosophers began to spread in Greece, who entered boldly upon both parts of natural and moral philosophy. The first with the greatest disagreement, and the most eager contention that could be upon the greatest subjects: as, whether the world were eternal, or produced at some certain time? whether, if produced, it was by some eternal Mind, and to some end, or by the fortuitous concourse of atoms, or some particles of eternal matter? whether there was one world, or many? whether the soul of man was a part of some ethereal and eternal substance, or was corporeal? whether, if eternal, it was so before it came into the body, or only after it went out? There were the same contentions about the motions of the heavens, the magnitude of the celestial bodies, the faculties of the mind, and the judgment of the senses. But all the different schemes of nature that have been drawn of old, or of late, by Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus, Descartes, Hobbes, or any other that I know of, seem to agree but in one thing, which is, the want of demonstration or satisfaction to any thinking and unpossessed man; and seem more or less probable one than another, according to the wit and eloquence of the authors and advocates that raise or defend them; like jugglers' tricks, that

have more or less appearance of being real, according to the dexterousness and skill of him that plays them; whereas perhaps, if we were capable of knowing truth and nature, these fine schemes would prove like rover shots, some nearer and some farther off, but all at great distance from the mark; it may be, none in sight.

Yet, in the midst of these and many other such disputes and contentions in their natural philosophy, they seemed to agree much better in their moral; and, upon their inquiries after the ultimate end of man, which was his happiness, their contentions or differences seemed to be rather in words, than in the sense of their opinions, or in the true meaning of their several authors or masters of their sects: all concluded that happiness was the chief good, and ought to be the ultimate end of man; that, as this was the end of wisdom, so wisdom was the way to happiness. The question then was, in what this happiness consisted. The contention grew warmest between the Stoics and the Epicureans; the other sects, in this point, siding in a manner with one or the other of these in their conceptions or expressions. The Stoics would have it to consist in virtue, and the Epicureans in pleasure; yet the most reasonable of the Stoics made the pleasure of virtue to be the

greatest happiness, and the best of the Epicureans made the greatest pleasure to consist in virtue ; and the difference between these two seems not easily discovered. All agreed, the greatest temper, if not the total subduing of passion, and exercise of reason, to be the state of the greatest felicity ; to live without desires or fears, or those perturbations of mind and thought which passions raise ; to place true riches in wanting little, rather than in possessing much ; and true pleasure in temperance, rather than in satisfying the senses ; to live with indifference to the common enjoyments and accidents of life, and with constancy upon the greatest blows of fate or of chance ; not to disturb our minds with sad reflections upon what is past, nor with anxious cares or raving hopes about what is to come ; neither to disquiet life with the fears of death, nor death with the desires of life ; but in both, and in all things else, to follow nature,—seem to be the precepts most agreed among them.

Thus reason seems only to have been called in to allay those disorders which itself had raised, to cure its own wounds, and pretends to make us wise no other way than by rendering us insensible. This at least was the profession of many rigid Stoics, who would have had a wise man, not only without any sort of passion,

but without any sense of pain as well as pleasure: and to enjoy himself in the midst of diseases and torments, as well as of health and ease: a principle, in my mind, against common nature and common sense; and which might have told us in fewer words, or with less circumstance that a man, to be wise, should not be a man; and this perhaps might have been easy enough to believe, but nothing so hard as the other.

The Epicureans were more intelligible in their notion, and fortunate in their expression, when they placed a man's happiness in the tranquillity of mind and indolence of body; for while we are composed of both, I doubt both must have a share in the good or ill we feel. As men of several languages say the same things in very different words, so in several ages, countries, constitutions of laws and religion, the same thing seems to be meant by very different expressions: what is called by the Stoics apathy or dispassion, by the Sceptics indisturbance, by the Molinists quietism, by common men peace of conscience, seems all to mean but great tranquillity of mind, though it be made to proceed from so diverse causes, as human wisdom, innocence of life, or resignation to the will of God. An old usurer had the same notion, when he said: No man could have peace of conscience, that run out of his estate; not

comprehending what else was meant by that phrase besides true quiet and content of mind ; which, however expressed, is, I suppose, meant by all to be the best account that can be given of the happiness of man, since no man can pretend to be happy without it.

I have often wondered how such sharp and violent invectives came to be made so generally against Epicurus by the ages that followed him, whose admirable wit, felicity of expression, excellence of nature, sweetness of conversation, temperance of life, and constancy in death made him so beloved by his friends, admired by his scholars, and honored by the Athenians. But this injustice may be fastened chiefly upon the envy and malignity of the Stoics at first, then upon the mistakes of some gross pretenders to his sect (who took pleasure only to be sensual), and afterwards, upon the piety of the primitive Christians, who esteemed his principles of natural philosophy more opposite to those of our religion, than either the Platonists, the Peripatetics, or Stoics themselves : yet, I confess, I do not know why the account given by Lucretius of the gods should be thought more impious than that given by Homer, who makes them not only subject to all the weakest passions, but perpetually busy in all the worst or meanest actions of men.

But Epicurus has found so great advocates of his virtue, as well as learning and inventions, that there need no more ; and the testimonies of Diogenes Laërtius alone seem too sincere and impartial to be disputed, or to want the assistance of modern authors ; if all failed, he would be but too well defended by the excellence of so many of his sect in all ages, and especially of those who lived in the compass of one, but the greatest in story, both as to persons and events : I need name no more than Cæsar, Atticus, Mæcenæ, Lucretius, Virgil, Horace ; all admirable in their several kinds, and perhaps unparalleled in story.

Cæsar, if considered in all lights, may justly challenge the first place in the registers we have of mankind, equal only to himself, and surpassing all others of his nation and his age, in the virtues and excellences of a statesman, a captain, an orator, an historian ; besides all these, a poet, a philosopher, when his leisure allowed him ; the greatest man of counsel and of action, of design and execution ; the greatest nobleness of birth, of person, and of countenance ; the greatest humanity and clemency of nature, in the midst of the greatest provocations, occasions, and examples of cruelty and revenge : it is true, he overturned the laws and constitutions of his country, yet it was after so

many others had not only begun, but proceeded very far, to change and violate them ; so as, in what he did, he seems rather to have prevented others, than to have done what himself designed ; for though his ambition was vast, yet it seems to have been raised to those heights, rather by the insolence of his enemies than by his own temper ; and that what was natural to him was only a desire of true glory, and to acquire it by good actions as well as great, by conquests of barbarous nations, extent of the Roman empire ; defending at first the liberties of the plebeians, opposing the faction that had begun in Sylla and ended in Pompey ; and, in the whole course of his victories and successes, seeking all occasions of bounty to his friends, and clemency to his enemies.

Atticus appears to have been one of the wisest and best of the Romans ; learned without pretending, good without affectation, bountiful without design, a friend to all men in misfortune, a flatterer to no man in greatness or power, a lover of mankind, and beloved by them all ; and by these virtues and dispositions, he passed safe and untouched through all the flames of civil dissensions that ravaged his country the greatest part of his life ; and, though he never entered into any public affairs or particular factions of his state, yet he was

avored, honored, and courted by them all, from Sylla to Augustus.

Mæcenas was the wisest counsellor, the truest friend both of his prince and his country, the best governor of Rome, the happiest and ablest negotiator, the best judge of learning and virtue, the choicest in his friends, and thereby the happiest in his conversation, that has been known in story; and I think, to his conduct in civil, and Agrippa's in military affairs, may be truly ascribed all the fortunes and greatness of Augustus, so much celebrated in the world.

For Lucretius, Virgil, and Horace, they deserve, in my opinion, the honor of the greatest philosophers, as well as the best poets of their nation or age. The two first, besides what looks like something more than human in their poetry, were very great naturalists, and admirable in their morals: and Horace, besides the sweetness and elegance of his lyrics, appears, in the rest of his writings, so great a master of life, and of true sense in the conduct of it, that I know none beyond him. It was no mean strain of his philosophy, to refuse being secretary to Augustus, when so great an emperor so much desired it. But all the different sects of philosophers seem to have agreed in the opinion of a wise man's abstaining from public affairs, which is thought the meaning of Pythagoras'

precept, to abstain from beans, by which the affairs or public resolutions in Athens were managed. They thought that sort of business too gross and material for the abstracted fineness of their speculations. They esteemed it too sordid and too artificial for the cleanness and simplicity of their manners and lives. They would have no part in the faults of a government; and they knew too well, that the nature and passions of men made them incapable of any that was perfect and good; and therefore thought all the service they could do to the state they lived under, was to mend the lives and manners of particular men that composed it. But where factions were once entered and rooted in a state, they thought it madness for good men to meddle with public affairs; which made them turn their thoughts and entertainments to any thing rather than this; and Heraclitus, having, upon the factions of the citizens, quitted the government of his city, and amusing himself to play with the boys in the porch of the temple, asked those who wondered at him, whether it was not better to play with such boys, than govern such men. But above all, they esteemed public business the most contrary of all others to that tranquillity of mind which they esteemed and taught to be the only true felicity of man.

For this reason Epicurus passed his life wholly in his garden: there he studied, there he exercised, there he taught his philosophy; and, indeed, no other sort of abode seems to contribute so much to both the tranquillity of mind and indolence of body, which he made his chief ends. The sweetness of air, the pleasantness of smell, the verdure of plants, the cleanliness and lightness of food, the exercises of working or walking; but above all, the exemption from cares and solicitude, seem equally to favor and improve both contemplation and health, the enjoyment of sense and imagination, and thereby the quiet and ease both of the body and mind.

Though Epicurus be said to have been the first that had a garden in Athens, whose citizens before him had theirs in their villas or farms without the city, yet the use of gardens seems to have been the most ancient and most general of any sorts of possession among mankind, and to have preceded those of corn or of cattle, as yielding the easier, the pleasanter, and more natural food. As it has been the inclination of kings and the choice of philosophers, so it has been the common favorite of public and private men; a pleasure of the greatest, and the care of the meanest; and indeed an em-

ployment and a possession, for which no man is too high nor too low.

If we believe the Scripture, we must allow that God Almighty esteemed the life of a man in a garden the happiest he could give him, or else he would not have placed Adam in that of Eden ; that it was the state of innocence and pleasure ; and that the life of husbandry and cities came after the fall, with guilt and with labor.

Where paradise was, has been much debated, and little agreed ; but what sort of place is meant by it may perhaps easier be conjectured. It seems to have been a Persian word, since Xenophon and other Greek authors mention it, as what was much in use and delight among the kings of those Eastern countries. Strabo, describing Jericho, says : "*Ibi est palmetum, cui immixtae sunt etiam aliæ stirpes hortenses, locus ferax, palmis abundans, spatio stadiorum centum, totus irriguus, ibi est regi et balsami paradisus.*" He mentions another place to be "*prope libanum et paradisum.*" And Alexander is written to have seen Cyrus' tomb in paradise, being a tower not very great, and covered with a shade of trees about it. So that a paradise among them seems to have been a large space of ground, adorned and beautified with

all sorts of trees, both of fruits and of forest, either found there before it was inclosed, or planted thereafter; either cultivated like gardens, for shades and for walks, with fountains or streams, and all sorts of plants usual in the climate, and pleasant to the eye, the smell, or the taste; or else employed like our parks, for inclosure and harbor of all sorts of wild beasts, as well as for the pleasure of riding and walking; and so they were of more or less extent, and of different entertainment, according to the several humors of the princes that ordered and inclosed them.

Semiramis is the first we are told of in story, that brought them in use through her empire, and was so fond of them as to make one wherever she built, and in all, or most of the provinces she subdued, which are said to have been from Babylon as far as India. The Assyrian kings continued this custom and care, or rather this pleasure, till one of them brought in the use of smaller and more regular gardens; for having married a wife he was fond of, out of one of the provinces, where such paradises or gardens were much in use, and the country lady not well bearing the air or inclosure of the palace in Babylon, to which the Assyrian kings used to confine themselves, he made her gardens, not only within the palaces, but upon

terraces raised with earth, over the arched roofs, and even upon the top of the highest tower, planted them with all sorts of fruit-trees, as well as other plants and flowers, the most pleasant of that country ; and thereby made at least the most airy gardens, as well as the most costly that have ever been heard of in the world. This lady may probably have been a native of the provinces of Chasimer or Damascus, which have in all times been the happiest regions for fruits of all the east, by the excellence of soil, the position of mountains, the frequency of streams, rather than the advantages of climate. And it is great pity we do not yet see the history of Chasimer, which Monsieur Bernier assured me he had translated out of Persian, and intended to publish, and of which he has given such a taste, in his excellent memoirs of the Mogul's country.

The next gardens we read of are those of Solomon, planted with all sorts of fruit-trees, and watered with fountains ; and though we have no more particular description of them, yet we may find they were the places where he passed the times of his leisure and delight, where the houses as well as grounds were adorned with all that could be of pleasing and elegant, and were the retreats and entertainments of those among his wives that he loved

the best ; and it is not improbable, that the paradises mentioned by Strabo were planted by this great and wisest king. But the idea of the garden must be very great, if it answer at all to that of the gardener, who must have employed a great deal of his care and of his study, as well as of his leisure and thought, in these entertainments, since he writ of all plants, from the cedar to the shrub.

What the gardens of the Hesperides were, we have little or no account, further than the mention of them, and thereby the testimony of their having been in use and request in such remoteness of place and antiquity of time.

The garden of Alcinous, described by Homer, seems wholly poetical, and made at the pleasure of the painter, like the rest of the romantic palace in that little barren island of Phæacia or Corfu. Yet, as all the pieces of this transcendent genius are composed with excellent knowledge, as well as fancy, so they seldom fail of instruction as well as delight, to all that read him. The seat of this garden, joining to the gates of the palace, the compass of the inclosure being four acres, the tall trees of shade, as well as those of fruit, the two fountains, the one for the use of the garden, and the other of the palace, the continual succession of fruits throughout the whole year are, for aught I

know, the best rules or provisions that can go towards composing the best gardens ; nor is it unlikely that Homer may have drawn this picture after the life of some he had seen in Ionia, the country and usual abode of this divine poet, and, indeed, the region of the most refined pleasure and luxury, as well as invention and wit : for the humor and custom of gardens may have descended earlier into the Lower Asia, from Damascus, Assyria, and other parts of the eastern empires, though they seem to have made late entrance and smaller improvement in those of Greece and Rome ; at least in no proportion to their other inventions or refinements of pleasure and luxury.

The long and flourishing peace of the two first empires gave earlier rise and growth to learning and civility, and all the consequences of them, in magnificence and elegance of building and gardening, whereas Greece and Rome were almost perpetually engaged in quarrels and wars either abroad or at home, and so were busy in actions that were done under the sun, rather than those under the shade. These were the entertainments of the softer nations that fell under the virtue and prowess of the two last empires, which from those conquests brought home mighty increases both of riches and luxury, and so

perhaps lost more than they got by the spoils of the east.

There may be another reason for the small advance of gardening in those excellent and more temperate climates, where the air and soil were so apt of themselves to produce the best sorts of fruits, without the necessity of cultivating them by labor and care ; whereas the hotter climates, as well as the cold, are forced upon industry and skill, to produce or improve many fruits that grow of themselves in the more temperate regions. However it were, we have very little mention of gardens in old Greece or in old Rome, for pleasure or with elegance, nor of much curiousness or care, to introduce the fruits of foreign climates, contenting themselves with those which were native of their own ; and these were the vine, the olive, the fig, the pear, and the apple. Cato, as I remember, mentions no more, and their gardens were then but the necessary part of their farms, intended particularly for the cheap and easy food of their hinds or slaves employed in their agriculture, and so were turned chiefly to all the common sorts of plants, herbs, or *legumes* (as the French call them) proper for common nourishment ; and the name of *hortus* is taken to be from *ortus*, because it perpetually furnishes some

rise or production of something new in the world.

Lucullus, after the Mithridatic war, first brought cherries from Pontus into Italy, which so generally pleased and were so easily propagated in all climates, that within the space of about an hundred years, having travelled westward with the Roman conquests, they grew common as far as the Rhine, and passed over into Britain. After the conquest of Africa, Greece, the Lesser Asia, and Syria, were brought into Italy all the sorts of their *mala*, which we interpret apples, and might signify no more at first, but were afterwards applied to many other foreign fruits ; the apricots, coming from Epire, were called *mala Epirotica* ; peaches from Persia, *mala Persica* ; citrons of Media, *Medica* ; pomegranates from Carthage, *Punica* ; quinces, *Cathonea*, from a small island in the Grecian seas ; their best pears were brought from Alexandria, Numidia, Greece, and Numantia, as appears by their several appellations ; their plums, from Armenia, Syria, but chiefly from Damascus. The kinds of these are reckoned, in Nero's time, to have been near thirty, as well as of figs, and many of them were entertained at Rome with so great applause, and so general vogue, that the great captains, and even consular men, who first brought them over, took

pride in giving them their own names (by which they run a great while in Rome), as in memory of some great service or pleasure they had done their country, so that not only laws and battles, but several sorts of apples or *mala*, and of pears, were called Manlian and Claudian, Pompeian and Tiberian, and by several other such noble names.

Thus the fruits of Rome, in about a hundred years, came from countries as far as their conquests had reached; and, like learning, architecture, painting, and statuary, made their great advances in Italy about the Augustan age. What was of most request in their common gardens in Virgil's time, or at least in his youth, may be conjectured by the description of his old Corycian's gardens in the fourth of the Georgics, which begins :

Namque sub Cæbalix memini turribus altis.

Among flowers, the roses had the first place, especially a kind which bore twice a year, and none other sorts are here mentioned besides the narcissus, though the violet and the lily were very common, and the next in esteem, especially the *breve lilium*, which was the tuberosity. The plants he mentioned are the *apium*, which though commonly interpreted parsley, yet comprehends all sorts of smallage, where-

of celery is one; *cucumis*, which takes in all sorts of melons, as well as cucumbers; *olus*, which is a common word for all sorts of pot-herbs and *legumes*; verbenas, which signifies all kinds of sweet or sacred plants, that were used for adorning the altars, as bays, olive, rosemary, myrtle; the acanthus seems to be what we called pericanthe; but what their *hederæ* were, that deserved place in a garden, I cannot guess, unless they had sorts of ivy unknown to us; nor what his *vescum papaver* was, since poppies with us are of no use in eating. The fruits mentioned are only apples, pears, and plums, for olives, vines, and figs were grown to be fruits of their fields, rather than of their gardens. The shades were the elm, the pine, the lime-tree, and the platanus, or plane-tree, whose leaf and shade of all others was the most in request; and, having been brought out of Persia, was such an inclination among the Greeks and Romans, that they usually fed it with wine instead of water; they believed this tree loved that liquor, as well as those that used to drink under its shade, which was a great humor and custom, and perhaps gave rise to the other, by observing the growth of the tree, or largeness of the leaves, where much wine was spilt or left, and thrown upon the roots.

It is great pity the haste which Virgil seems here to have been in should have hindered him from entering farther into the account or instructions of gardening, which he said he could have given, and which he seems to have so much esteemed and loved, by that admirable picture of this old man's felicity, which he draws like so great a master, with one stroke of a pencil in those four words :

Regum æquabat opes animis.

That in the midst of these small possessions, upon a few acres of barren ground, yet he equalled all the wealth and opulence of kings, in the ease, content, and freedom of his mind.

I am not satisfied with the common acceptance of the mala aurea for oranges ; nor do I find any passage in the authors of that age, which gives me the opinion, that these were otherwise known to the Romans than as fruits of the eastern climates. I should take their mala aurea to be rather some kind of apples, so called from the golden color, as some are amongst us ; for otherwise, the orange-tree is too noble in the beauty, taste, and smell of its fruit ; in the perfume and virtue of its flowers ; in the perpetual verdure of its leaves, and in the excellent uses of all these, both for pleasure and health ; not to have deserved any particular mention in the

writings of an age and nation so refined and exquisite in all sorts of delicious luxury.

The charming description Virgil makes of the happy apple, must be intended either for the citron, or for some sort of orange growing in Media, which was either so proper to that country as not to grow in any other (as a certain sort of fig was to Damascus), or to have lost its virtue by changing soils, or to have had its effect of curing some sort of poison that was usual in that country, but particular to it: I cannot forbear inserting those few lines out of the second of Virgil's Georgics, not having ever heard anybody else take notice of them.

*Media fert tristes succos, tardumque saporem
 Felicis mali ; quo non præsentius ullum,
 Pocula si quandò sævæ infecere novercæ,
 Auxilium venit, ac membris agit atra venena :
 Ipsa ingens arbos, faciemque simillima lauro ;
 Et, si non alios late jactaret odores,
 Laurus erit ; folia haud ullis labentia ventis ;
 Flos apprima tenax : animas et olentia Medi
 Ora fovent illo, ac senibus medicantur anhelis.*

“Media brings pois'nous herbs, and the flat taste
 Of the bless'd apple, than which ne'er was found
 A help more present, when curs'd step-dames mix
 Their mortal cups, to drive the venom out :
 'T is a large tree, and like a bays in hue ;
 And, did it not such odors cast about,
 'T would be a bays ; the leaves with no winds fall ;
 The flowers all excel : with these the Medes
 Perfume their breaths, and cure old pursy men.”

The tree being so like a bays or laurel, the slow or dull taste of the apple, the virtue of it against poison, seem to describe the citron : the perfume of the flowers and virtues of them, to cure ill scents of mouth or breath, or shortness of wind in pury old men, seem to agree most with the orange : if *flos apprima tenax* mean only the excellence of the flower above all others, it may be intended for the orange : if it signifies the flowers growing most upon the tops of the trees, it may be rather the citron ; for I have been so curious as to bring up a citron from a kernel, which at twelve years of age began to flower ; and I observed all the flowers to grow upon the top branches of the tree, but to be nothing so high or sweet-scented as the orange. On the other side, I have always heard oranges to pass for a cordial juice, and a very great preservative against the plague, which is a sort of venom ; so that I know not to which of these we are to ascribe this lovely picture of the happy apple ; but I am satisfied by it, that neither of them was at all common, if at all known in Italy, at that time, or long after, though the fruit be now so frequent there in fields (at least in some parts) and make so common and delicious a part of gardening, even in these northern climates.

It is certain those noble fruits, the citron, the orange, and the lemon, are the native product of those noble regions, Assyria, Media, and Persia ; and, though they have been from thence transplanted and propagated in many parts of Europe, yet they have not arrived at such perfection in beauty, taste, or virtue, as in their native soil and climate. This made it generally observed among the Greeks and Romans, that the fruits of the east far excelled those of the west. And several writers have trifled away their time in deducing the reasons of this difference, from the more benign or powerful influence of the rising sun. But there is nothing more evident to any man that has the least knowledge of the globe, and gives himself leave to think, than the folly of such wise reasons, since the regions, that are east to us, are west to some others ; and the sun rises alike to all that lie in the same latitude, with the same heat and virtue upon its first approaches, as well as in its progress. Besides, if the eastern fruits were the better only for that position of climate, then those of India should excel those of Persia ; which we do not find by comparing the accounts of those countries : but Assyria, Media, and Persia have been ever esteemed, and will be ever found, the true regions

of the best and noblest fruits in the world. The reason of it can be no other, than that of an excellent and proper soil, being there extended under the best climate for the production of all sorts of the best fruits ; which seems to be from about twenty-five to about thirty-five degrees of latitude. Now the regions under this climate, in the present Persian empire (which comprehends most of the other two, called anciently Assyria and Media), are composed of many provinces full of great and fertile plains, bounded by high mountains, especially to the north ; watered naturally with many rivers, and those, by art and labor, derived into many more and smaller streams, which all conspire to form a country, in all circumstances, the most proper and agreeable for the production of the best and noblest fruits. Whereas if we survey the regions of the western world, lying in the same latitude between twenty-five and thirty-five degrees, we shall find them extended either over the Mediterranean Sea, the ocean, or the sandy barren countries of Africa ; and that no part of the continent of Europe lies so southward as thirty-five degrees. Which may serve to discover the true genuine reason, why the fruits of the east have been always observed and agreed to transcend those of the west.

In our northwest climates, our gardens are very different from what they were in Greece and Italy, and from what they are now in those regions in Spain or the southern parts of France. And as most general customs in countries grow from the different nature of climate, soils, or situations, and from the necessities or industry they impose, so do these.

In the warmer regions, fruits and flowers of the best sorts are so common and of so easy production, that they grow in fields, and are not worth the cost of inclosing, or the care of more than ordinary cultivating. On the other side, the greatest pleasures of these climates are coolness of air, and whatever looks cool even to the eyes, and relieves them from the unpleasant sight of dusty streets or parched fields. This makes the gardens of those countries to be chiefly valued by largeness of extent (which gives greater play and openness of air), by shades of trees, by frequency of living streams or fountains, by perspectives, by statues, and by pillars and obelisks of stone scattered up and down, which all conspire to make any place look fresh and cool. On the contrary, the more northern climates, as they suffer little by heat, make little provision against it, and are careless of shade, and seldom curious in fountains. Good statues are in the reach of few

men, and common ones are generally and justly despised or neglected. But no sorts of good fruits or flowers, being natives of the climates, or usual among us (nor indeed the best sort of plants, herbs, salads for our kitchen-gardens themselves), and the best fruits, not ripening without the advantage of walls and palisadoes, by reflection of the faint heat we receive from the sun, our gardens are made of smaller compass, seldom exceeding four, six, or eight acres; enclosed with walls, and laid out in a manner wholly for advantage of fruits, flowers, and the product of kitchen-gardens in all sorts of herbs, salads, plants, and legumes, for the common use of tables.

These are usually the gardens of England and Holland, as the first sort are those of Italy, and were so of old. In the more temperate parts of France, and in Brabant (where I take gardening to be at its greatest height), they are composed of both sorts, the extent more spacious than ours; part laid out for flowers, others for fruits; some standards, some against walls or palisadoes, some for forest trees, and groves for shade, some parts wild, some exact; and fountains much in request among them.

But after so much ramble into ancient times, and remote places, to return home and consider the present way and humor of our gardening in

England ; which seem to have grown into such vogue, and to have been so mightily improved in three or four and twenty years of his Majesty's reign, that perhaps few countries are before us, either in the elegance of our gardens, or in the number of our plants ; and, I believe, none equal us in the variety of fruits which may be justly called good ; and from the earliest cherry and strawberry, to the last apples and pears, may furnish every day of the circling year. For the taste and perfection of what we esteem the best, I may truly say, that the French, who have eaten my grapes and peaches at Sheen, in no very ill year, have generally concluded, that the last are as good as any they have eaten in France, on this side of Fontainebleau ; and the first as good as any they have eat in Gascony ; I mean those which come from the stone, and are properly called peaches, not those which are hard, and are termed pavies ; for these cannot grow in too warm a climate, nor ever be good in a cold ; and are better at Madrid, than in Gascony itself. Italians have agreed, my white figs to be as good as any of that sort in Italy, which is the earlier kind of white fig there ; for in the latter kind, and the blue, we cannot come near the warm climates, no more than in the Frontignac or Muscat grape.

My orange-trees are as large as any I saw when I was young in France, except those of Fontainebleau, or what I have seen since in the Low Countries, except some very old ones in the Prince of Orange's; as laden with flowers as any can well be, as full of fruit as I suffer or desire them, and as well tasted as are commonly brought over, except the best sorts of Seville and Portugal. And thus much I could not but say in defence of our climate, which is so much and so generally decried abroad, by those who never saw it; or, if they have been here have yet perhaps seen no more of it than what belongs to inns, or to taverns and ordinaries; who accuse our country for their own defaults, and speak ill, not only of our gardens and houses, but of our humors, our breeding, our customs and manners of life, by what they have observed of the meaner and baser sort of mankind; and of company among us, because they wanted themselves, perhaps, either fortune or birth, either quality or merit, to introduce them among the good.

I must needs add one thing more in favor of our climate, which I heard the king say, and I thought new and right, and truly like a king of England, that loved and esteemed his own country; it was in reply to some of the company that were reviling our climate, and

extolling those of Italy and Spain, or at least of France: he said, he thought that was the best climate, where he could be abroad in the air with pleasure, or at least without trouble or inconvenience, the most days of the year, and the most hours of the day; and this, he thought, he could be in England, more than in any country he knew of in Europe. And I believe it is true, not only of the hot and cold, but even among our neighbors in France, and the Low Countries themselves; where the heats or the colds, and changes of seasons, are less treatable than they are with us.

The truth is, our climate wants no heat to produce excellent fruits; and the default of it is only the short season of our heats or summers, by which many of the latter are left behind, and imperfect with us. But all such as are ripe before the end of August are, for aught I know, as good with us as anywhere else. This makes me esteem the true region of gardens in England, to be the compass of ten miles about London; where the accidental warmth of air from the fires and steams of so vast a town makes fruits, as well as corn, a great deal forwarder than in Hampshire or Wiltshire, though more southward by a full degree.

There are, besides the temper of our climate, two things particular to us, that contribute

much to the beauty and elegance of our gardens, which are the gravel of our walks, and the fineness and almost perpetual greenness of our turf. The first is not known anywhere else, which leaves all their dry walks, in other countries, very unpleasant and uneasy. The other cannot be found in France or in Holland as we have it, the soil not admitting that fineness of blade in Holland, nor the sun that greenness in France, during most of the summer ; nor indeed is it to be found but in the finest of our soils.

Whoever begins a garden, ought, in the first place and above all, to consider the soil, upon which the taste not only of his fruits, but his legumes, and even herbs and salads, will wholly depend ; and the default of soil is without remedy : for, although all borders of fruit may be made with what earth you please (if you will be at the charge), yet it must be renewed in two or three years, or it runs into the nature of the ground where it is brought. Old trees spread their roots farther than anybody's care extends, or the forms of the garden will allow ; and, after all, where the soil about you is ill, the air is too in a degree, and has influence upon the taste of fruit. What Horace says of the productions of kitchen-gardens, under the name of *caulis*, is true of all the best sorts of fruits, and may determine the choice of soil for all gardens :

*Caule suburbano, qui siccis crevit in agris,
Dulcior; irriguis nihil est elutius hortis.*

“Plants from dry fields those of the town excel;
Nothing more tasteless is than watered grounds.”

Any man had better throw away his care and his money upon any thing else, than upon a garden in wet or moist ground. Peaches and grapes will have no taste but upon a sand or gravel; but the richer these are, the better; and neither salads, pease, or beans, have at all the taste upon a clay or rich earth, as they have upon either of the others, though the size and color of fruits and plants may, perhaps, be more upon the worse soils.

Next to your choice of soil, is to suit your plants to your ground, since of this every one is not master: though perhaps Varro's judgment, upon this case, is the wisest and the best; for to one that asked him, what he should do if his father or ancestors had left him a seat in an ill air, or upon an ill soil, he answered: “Why, sell it, and buy another in good.” “But what if I cannot get half the worth?” “Why, then take a quarter; but however sell it for any thing, rather than live upon it.”

Of all sorts of soil, the best is that upon a sandy gravel, or a rosiny sand; whoever lies upon either of these may run boldly into all the best sort of peaches and grapes, how shallow

soever the turf be upon them; and whatever other tree will thrive in these soils, the fruits shall be of a much finer taste than any other; a richer soil will do well enough for apricots, plums, pears, or figs; but still the more of the sand in your earth the better, and the worse the more of the clay, which is proper for oaks, and no other tree that I know of.

Fruits should be suited to the climate among us, as well as the soil; for there are degrees of one and the other in England, where it is to little purpose to plant any of the best fruits, as peaches or grapes, hardly I doubt beyond Northamptonshire, at the farthest northwards; and I thought it very prudent in a gentleman of my friends in Staffordshire, who is a great lover of his garden, to pretend no higher, though his soil be good enough, than to the perfection of plums; and in these (by bestowing south walls upon them) he has very well succeeded, which he could never have done in attempts upon peaches and grapes; and a good plum is certainly better than an ill peach.

When I was at Cosevelt, with that bishop of Munster that made so much noise in his time, I observed no other trees but cherries in a great garden he had made. He told me the reason was because he found no other fruit would ripen well in that climate, or upon that soil;

and therefore, instead of being curious in others, he had only been so in the sorts of that, whereof he had so many, as never to be without them from May to the end of September.

As to the size of a garden, which will, perhaps, in time, grow extravagant among us, I think from four or five to seven or eight acres is as much as any gentleman need design, and will furnish as much of all that is expected from it, as any nobleman will have occasion to use in his family.

In every garden four things are necessary to be provided for: flowers, fruit, shade, and water; and whoever lays out a garden, without all these, must not pretend in it any perfection; it ought to lie to the best parts of the house, or to those of the master's commonest use, so as to be but like one of the rooms out of which you step into another. The part of your garden next your house (besides the walks that go round it) should be a parterre for flowers, or grass-plots bordered with flowers; or if, according to the newest mode, it be cast all into grass-plots and gravel walks, the dryness of these should be relieved with fountains, and the plainness of those with statues; otherwise, if large, they have an ill effect upon the eye. However, the part next the house should be open, and no other fruit but upon the walls. If this take up

one half of the garden, the other should be fruit-trees, unless some grove for shade lie in the middle. If it take up a third part only, then the next third may be dwarf-trees, and the last standard fruit; or else the second part fruit-trees, and the third all sorts of winter-greens, which provide for all seasons of the year.

I will not enter upon any account of flowers, having only pleased myself with seeing or smelling them, and not troubled myself with the care, which is more the ladies' part than the men's; but the success is wholly in the gardener. For fruits, the best we have in England, or, I believe, can ever hope for, are, of peaches, the white and red maudlin, the minion, the chevereuse, the ramboulet, the musk, the admirable, which is late; all the rest are either varied by names, or not to be named with these, nor worth troubling a garden, in my opinion. Of the paxies or hard peaches, I know none good here but the Newington, nor will that easily hang till it is full ripe. The forward peaches are to be esteemed only because they are early, but should find room in a good garden, at least the white and brown nutmeg, the Persian, and the violet musk. The only good nectarines are the murry and the French; of these there are two sorts—one very round, and the other something long—but the round is the

best ; of the murry there are several sorts, but, being all hard, they are seldom well ripened with us.

Of grapes, the best are the chasselas, which is the better sort of our white muscadine (as the usual name was about Sheen) ; it is called the pearl-grape, and ripens well enough in common years, but not so well as the common black, or currant, which is something a worse grape. The parsley is good, and proper enough to our climate ; but all white frontiniacs are difficult, and seldom ripen, unless in extraordinary summers.

I have had the honor of bringing over four sorts into England : the arboyse, from the Franche Compté, which is a small white grape, or rather runs into some small and some great upon the same bunch ; it agrees well with our climate, but is very choice in soil, and must have a sharp gravel ; it is the most delicious of all grapes that are not muscat. The Burgundy, which is a grizelin or pale red, and of all others is surest to ripen in our climate, so that I have never known them to fail one summer these fifteen years, when all others have ; and have had it very good upon the east wall. A black muscat, which is called the dowager, and ripens as well as the common white grape. And the fourth is the grizelin frontignac, being of that

color, and the highest of that taste, and the noblest of all grapes I ever ate in England; but requires the hottest wall and the sharpest gravel; and must be favored by the summer too, to be very good. All these are, I suppose, by this time, pretty common among some gardeners in my neighborhood, as well as several persons of quality; for I have ever thought all things of this kind, the commoner they are made, the better.

Of figs there are among us the white, the blue, and the tawny; the last is very small, bears ill, and I think but a bawble. Of the blue there are two or three sorts, but little different, one something longer than the other; but that kind which smells most is ever the best. Of the white I know but two sorts, and both excellent, one ripe in the beginning of July, the other in the end of September, and is yellower than the first; but this hard to be found among us, and difficult to raise, though an excellent fruit.

Of apricots the best are the common old sort, and the largest masculin; of which this last is much improved by budding upon a peach stock. I esteem none of this fruit but the Brussels apricot, which grows a standard, and is one of the best fruits we have, and which I first brought over among us.

The number of good pears, especially summer, is very great, but the best are the blanquet, robin, rousselet, rosati, sans, pepin, jargonel. Of the autumn, the buree, the verte-longue, and the bergamot. Of the winter, the vergoluz, chasseray, St. Michael, St. Germain, and ambret. I esteem the bon-cretien with us good for nothing but to bake.

Of plums, the best are St. Julian, St. Catherine, white and blue pedrigo, queen-mother, Sheen plum, and cheston.

Beyond the sorts I have named, none I think need trouble himself, but multiply these rather than make room for more kinds; and I am content to leave this register, having been so often desired it by my friends, upon their designs of gardening.

I need say nothing of apples, being so well known among us; but the best of our climate, and I believe of all others, is the golden pippin, and for all sorts of uses; the next is the Kentish pippin; but these I think are as far from their perfection with us as grapes, and yield to those of Normandy, as these to those of Anjou, and even these to those in Gascony. In other fruits the defect of sun is in a great measure supplied by the advantage of walls.

The next care to that of suiting trees with the soil is that of suiting fruits to the position,

of walls : grapes, peaches, and winter-pears, to be good, must be planted upon full south, or southeast ; figs are best upon southeast, but will do well upon east and southwest ; the west are proper for cherries, plums, or apricots, but all of them are improved by a south wall both as to early and taste ; north, northwest, or northeast deserve nothing but greens ; these should be divided by woodbines or jessamines between every green, and the other walls by a vine between every fruit-tree ; the best sorts upon the south walls, the common white and black upon east and west, because the other trees being many of them (especially peaches) very transitory—some apt to die with hard winters, others to be cut down to make room for new fruits ; without this method the walls are left for several years unfurnished, whereas the vines on each side cover the void space in one summer, and when the other trees are grown, make only a pillar between them of two or three feet broad.

Whoever would have the best fruits, in the most perfection our climate will allow, should not only take care of giving them as much sun, but also as much air as he can ; no tree, unless dwarf, should be suffered to grow within forty feet of your best walls, but the farther they lie open is still the better. Of all others,

this care is most necessary in vines, which are observed abroad to make the best wines, where they lie upon sides of hills, and so most exposed to air and the winds. The way of pruning them too is best learned from the vineyards, where you see nothing in winter but what looks like a dead stump; and upon our walls they should be left but like a ragged staff, not above two or three eyes at most upon the bearing branches, and the lower the vine and fewer the branches, the grapes will be still the better.

The best figure of a garden is either a square or an oblong, and either upon a flat or a descent; they have all their beauties, but the best I esteem an oblong upon a descent. The beauty, the air, the view make amends for the expense, which is very great in finishing and supporting the terrace-walks, in levelling the parterres, and in the stone stairs that are necessary from one to the other.

The perfectest figure of a garden I ever saw, either at home or abroad, was that of Moor Park in Hertfordshire, when I knew it about thirty years ago. It was made by the Countess of Bedford, esteemed among the greatest wits of her time, and celebrated by Doctor Donne, and with very great care, excellent contrivance, and much cost; but greater sums may be thrown

away without effect or honor, if there want sense in proportion to money, or if nature be not followed, which I take to be the great rule in this, and perhaps in every thing else, as far as the conduct not only of our lives, but our governments. And whether the greatest of mortal men should attempt the forcing of nature, may best be judged by observing how seldom God Almighty does it himself, by so few true and undisputed miracles as we see or hear of in the world. For my own part, I know not three wiser precepts for the conduct either of princes or private man, than

—*Servare modum, finemque tueri,
Naturamque sequi.*

Because I take the garden I have named to have been in all kinds the most beautiful and perfect, at least in the figure and disposition, that I have ever seen, I will describe it for a model to those that meet with such a situation, and are above the regards of common expense. It lies on the side of a hill (upon which the house stands) but not very steep. The length of the house, where the best rooms and of most use or pleasure are, lies upon the breadth of the garden; the great parlor opens into the middle of a terrace gravel-walk that lies even

with it, and which may be, as I remember, about three hundred paces long, and broad in proportion; the border set with standard laurels, and at large distances, which have the beauty of orange-trees, out of flower and fruit; from this walk are three descents by many stone steps, in the middle and at each end, into a very large parterre. This is divided into quarters by gravel-walks, and adorned with two fountains and eight statues in the several quarters; at the end of the terrace-walk are two summer-houses, and the sides of the parterre are ranged with two large cloisters, open to the garden, upon arches of stone, and ending with two other summer-houses even with the cloisters, which are paved with stone, and designed for walks of shade, there being none other in the whole parterre. Over these two cloisters are two terraces covered with lead, and fenced with balusters, and the passage into these airy walks is out of the two summer-houses, at the end of the first terrace-walk. The cloister facing the south is covered with vines, and would have been proper for an orange-house, and the other for myrtles, or other more common greens, and had, I doubt not, been cast for that purpose, if this piece of gardening had been then in as much vogue as it is now.

From the middle of the parterre is a descent by many steps flying on each side of a grotto that lies between them (covered with lead, and flat) into the lower garden, which is all fruit-trees, ranged about the several quarters of a wilderness which is very shady ; the walks here are all green, the grotto embellished with figures of shell-rock-work, fountains, and water-works. If the hill had not ended with the lower garden, and the walls were not bounded by a common way that goes through the park, they might have added a third quarter of all greens ; but this want is supplied by a garden on the other side of the house, which is all of that sort, very wild, shady, and adorned with rough rock-work and fountains.

This was Moor Park, when I was acquainted with it, and the sweetest place, I think, that I have seen in my life, either before or since, at home or abroad ; what it is now I can give little account, having passed through several hands that have made great changes in gardens as well as houses ; but the remembrance of what it was is too pleasant ever to forget, and therefore I do not believe to have mistaken the figure of it, which may serve for a pattern to the best gardens of our manner, and that are most proper for our country and climate.

What I have said, of the best forms of gar-

dens is meant only of such as are in some sort regular, for there may be other forms wholly irregular that may, for aught I know, have more beauty than any of the others ; but they must owe it to some extraordinary dispositions of nature in the seat, or some great race of fancy or judgment in the contrivance, which may reduce many disagreeing parts into some figure which shall yet, upon the whole, be very agreeable. Something of this I have seen in some places, but heard more of it from others who have lived much among the Chinese—a people whose way of thinking seems to lie as wide of ours in Europe as their country does. Among us the beauty of building and planting is placed chiefly in some certain proportions, symmetries, or uniformities—our walks and our trees ranged so as to answer one another, and at exact distances. The Chinese scorn this way of planting, and say, a boy, that can tell an hundred, may plant walks of trees in straight lines, and over against one another, and to what length and extent he pleases. But their greatest reach of imagination is employed in contriving figures, where the beauty shall be great and strike the eye, but without any order or disposition of parts that shall be commonly or easily observed ; and, though we have hardly any notion of this sort of beauty, yet they

have a particular word to express it, and where they find it hit their eye at first sight, they say the *sharawadgi* is fine or is admirable, or any such expression of esteem. And whoever observes the work upon the best India gowns, or the painting upon their best screens or purcellans, will find their beauty is all of this kind,—that is, without order. But I should hardly advise any of these attempts in the figure of gardens among us; they are adventures of too hard achievement for any common hands; and, though there may be more honor if they succeed well, yet there is more dishonor if they fail, and it is twenty to one they will; whereas, in regular figures, it is hard to make any great and remarkable faults.

The picture I have met with in some relations of a garden made by a Dutch governor of their colony, upon the Cape de Bonne Esperance, is admirable, and described to be of an oblong figure, very large extent, and divided into four quarters by long and crossed walks, ranged with all sorts of orange-trees, lemons, limes, and citrons; each of these four quarters is planted with the trees, fruits, flowers, and plants that are native and proper to each of the four parts of the world; so as in this one inclosure are to be found the several gardens of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. There could

not be, in my mind, a greater thought of a gardener, nor a nobler idea of a garden, nor better suited or chosen for the climate, which is about thirty degrees, and may pass for the Hesperides of our age, whatever or wherever the other was. Yet this is agreed by all to have been in the islands or continent upon the southwest of Africa; but what their forms or their fruits were, none, that I know, pretend to tell; nor whether their golden apples were for taste, or only for sight, as those of Montezuma were in Mexico, who had large trees, with stocks, branches, leaves, and fruits, all admirably composed and wrought of gold; but this was only stupendous in cost and art, and answers not at all, in my opinion, the delicious varieties of nature in other gardens.

What I have said of gardening is perhaps enough for any gentleman to know, so as to make no great faults, nor to be much imposed upon in the designs of that kind, which I think ought to be applauded and encouraged in all countries; that and building being a sort of creation, that raise beautiful fabrics and figures out of nothing, that make the convenience and pleasure of all private habitations, that employ many hands and circulate much money among the poorer sort and artisans, that are a public service to one's country, by the example as well

as effect, which adorn the scene, improve the earth, and even the air itself in some degree. The rest that belongs to this subject must be a gardener's part; upon whose skill, diligence, and care the beauty of the grounds and excellence of the fruits will much depend. Though if the soil and sorts be well chosen, well suited, and disposed to the walls, the ignorance or carelessness of the servants can hardly leave the master disappointed.

I will not enter further upon his trade, than by three short directions or advices: first, in all plantations, either for his master or himself, to draw his trees out of some nursery that is upon a leaner and lighter soil than his own where he removes them; without this care they will not thrive in several years, perhaps never; and must make way for new, which should be avoided all that can be; for life is too short and uncertain to be renewing often your plantations. The walls of your garden, without their furniture, look as ill as those of your house; so that you cannot dig up your garden too often, nor too seldom cut them down.

The second is, in all trees you raise, to have some regard to the stock, as well as the graft or bud; for the first will have a share in giving taste and season to the fruits it produces, how little soever it is usually observed by our gar-

deners. I have found grafts of the same tree upon a bon-cretien stock bring chasseray pears that lasted till March, but with a rind green and rough; and others, upon a metre-john stock, with a smooth and yellow skin, which were rotten in November. I am apt to think, all the difference between the St. Michael and the ambrette pear (which has puzzled our gardeners) is only what comes from this variety of the stocks; and by this, perhaps, as well as by raising from stones and kernels, most of the new fruits are produced every age. So the grafting a crab upon a white thorn brings the lazarolli, a fruit esteemed at Rome, though I do not find it worth cultivating here; and I believe the cidrato (or hermaphrodite) came from budding a citron upon an orange. The best peaches are raised by buds of the best fruits upon stocks growing from stones of the best peaches; and so the best apples and pears, from the best kinds grafted upon stocks from kernels also of the best sorts, with respect to the season, as well as beauty and taste. And I believe so many excellent winter-pears, as have come into France since forty years, may have been found out by grafting summer-pears of the finest taste and most water upon winter stocks.

The third advice is, to take the greatest care and pains in preserving your trees from the

worst disease, to which those of the best fruits are subject in the best soils and upon the best walls. It is what has not been (that I know of) taken notice of with us, till I was forced to observe it by the experience of my gardens, though I have since met with it in books, both ancient and modern. I found my vines, peaches, apricots, and plums upon my best south walls, and sometimes upon my west, apt for several years to a soot or smuttiness upon their leaves first, and then upon their fruits, which were good for nothing the years they were so affected. My orange-trees were likewise subject to it, and never prospered while they were so ; and I have known some collections quite destroyed by it. But I cannot say that ever I found either my figs or pears infected with it, nor any trees upon my east walls, though I do not well conjecture at the reason. The rest were so spoiled with it, that I complained to several of the oldest and best gardeners of England, who knew nothing of it, but that they often fell into the same misfortune, and esteemed it some blight of spring. I observed after some years that the diseased trees had very frequent, upon their stocks and branches, a small insect of a dark-brown color, figured like a shield, and about the size of a large wheat-corn ; they stuck close to the bark, and in many cases covered it,

especially about the joints ; in winter they are dry and thin-shelled, but in spring they begin to grow soft and to fill with moisture, and to throw a spawn, like a black dust, upon the stocks, as well as the leaves and fruits.

I met afterwards with the mention of this disease, as known among orange-trees, in a book written upon that subject in Holland, and since in Pausanias, as a thing so much taken notice of in Greece, that the author describes a certain sort of earth which cures *pediculos vitis*, or the lice of the vine. This is of all others the most pestilent disease of the best fruit-trees, and upon the very best soils of gravel and sand (especially where they are too hungry), and is so contagious, that it is propagated to new plants raised from old trees that are infected, and spreads to new ones that are planted near them, which makes me imagine that it lies in the root, and that the best cure were by application there. But I have tried all sorts of soil without effect, and can prescribe no other remedy than to prune your trees as close as you can, especially the tainted wood, then to wash them very clean with a wet brush, so as not to leave one shell upon them that you can discern ; and upon your oranges to pick off every one that you can find by turning every leaf, as well as brushing clean the stocks and branches.

Without these cares and diligences you had better root up any trees that are infected, renew all the mould in your borders or boxes, and plant new sound trees, rather than suffer the disappointments and vexation of your old ones.

I may perhaps be allowed to know something of this trade, since I have so long allowed myself to be good for nothing else, which few men will do, or enjoy their gardens, without often looking abroad to see how other matters play, what motions in the state, and what invitations they may hope for into other scenes.

For my own part, as the country life, and this part of it more particularly, were the inclination of my youth itself, so they are the pleasure of my age; and I can truly say that, among many great employments that have fallen to my share, I have never asked or sought for any one of them, but often endeavored to escape from them, into the ease and freedom of a private scene, where a man may go his own way and his own pace in the common paths or circles of life.

*Inter cuncta leges et per cunctabere doctos
Qua ratione queas traducere leniter ævum,
Quid minuat curæ, quid te tibi reddet amicum,
Quid pure tranquillet, honos, an dulce lucellum,
An secretum iter, et fallentis semita vitæ.*

“But, above all, the learned read, and ask
By what means you may gently pass your age,
What lessens care, what makes thee thine own friend,
What truly calms the mind ; honor, or wealth,
Or else a private path of stealing life.”

These are questions that a man ought at least to ask himself, whether he asks others or no, and to choose his course of life rather by his own humor and temper than by common accidents or advice of friends ; at least, if the Spanish proverb be true, that a fool knows more in his own house than a wise man in another's.

The measure of choosing well is, whether a man likes what he has chosen ; which, I thank God, has befallen me ; and though, among the follies of my life, building and planting have not been the least, and have cost me more than I have the confidence to own, yet they have been fully recompensed by the sweetness and satisfaction of this retreat, where, since my resolution taken of never entering again into any public employments, I have passed five years without ever going once to town, though I am almost in sight of it, and have a house there always ready to receive me. Nor has this been any sort of affectation, as some have thought it, but a mere want of desire or humor to make so small a remove ; for when I am in this corner, I can truly say, with Horace :

" *Me quoties reficit gelidus Digentia rivus,
 Quid sentire putas, quid credis, amice, precari ?
 Sit mihi, quod nunc est, etiam minus, ut mihi vivam
 Quod superest ævi, si quid superesse volunt Di.
 Sit bona librorum, et provisæ frugis in annum
 Copia, ne fluitem dubicæ spe pendulus horæ,
 Hoc satis est orasse Jovem, qui donat et aufert.*"

Me when the cold Digentian stream revives,
 What does my friend believe I think or ask ?
 Let me yet less possess, so I may live,
 Whate'er of life remains, unto myself.
 May I have books enough, and one year's store,
 Not to depend upon each doubtful hour ;
 This is enough of mighty Jove to pray,
 Who, as he pleases, gives and takes away.

That which makes the cares of gardening more necessary, or at least more excusable, is, that all men eat fruit that can get it ; so as the choice is only, whether one will eat good or ill ; and between these the difference is not greater in point of taste and delicacy than it is of health : for the first I will only say that whoever has used to eat good will do very great penance when he comes to ill ; and for the other, I think nothing is more evident than as ill or unripe fruit is extremely unwholesome, and causes so many untimely deaths, or so much sickness about autumn, in all great cities where it is greedily sold as well as eaten ; so no part of diet, in any season, is so healthful, so natural,

and so agreeable to the stomach, as good and well-ripened fruits ; for this I make the measure of their being good : and, let the kinds be what they will, if they will not ripen perfectly in our climate, they are better never planted, or never eaten. I can say it for myself at least, and all my friends, that the season of summer fruits is ever the season of health with us, which I reckon from the beginning of June to the end of September ; and for all sicknesses of the stomach (from which most others are judged to proceed), I do not think any that are, like me, the most subject to them, shall complain whenever they eat thirty or forty cherries before meals, or the like proportion of strawberries, white figs, soft peaches, or grapes perfectly ripe. But these after Michaelmas I do not think wholesome with us, unless attended by some fit of hot and dry weather, more than is usual after that season ; when the frosts or the rain hath taken them, they grow dangerous, and nothing but the autumn and winter pears are to be reckoned in season, besides apples, which, with cherries, are of all others the most innocent food, and perhaps the best physic. Now whoever will be sure to eat good fruit must do it out of a garden of his own ; for, besides the choice so necessary in the sorts, the soil, and so many other circumstances that go to compose a

good garden, or produce good fruits, there is something very nice in gathering them, and choosing the best, even from the same tree. The best sorts of all among us, which I esteem the white figs and the soft peaches, will not carry without suffering. The best fruit that is bought has no more of the master's care than how to raise the greatest gains; his business is to have as much fruit as he can upon a few trees; whereas the way to have it excellent is to have but little upon many trees. So that for all things out of a garden, either of salads or fruits, a poor man will eat better, that has one of his own, than a rich man that has none. And this is all I think of necessary and useful to be known upon this subject.





THE SPECTATOR.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Wednesday, June 25, 1712.

— *Alterius sic*

Altera poscit opem res et conjurat amicè.—HOR.

IF we consider the works of nature and art, as they are qualified to entertain the imagination, we shall find the last very defective, in comparison of the former; for though they may sometimes appear as beautiful or strange, they can have nothing in them of that vastness and immensity, which afford so great an entertainment to the mind of the beholder. The one may be as polite and delicate as the other, but can never show herself so august and magnificent in the design. There is something more bold and masterly in the rough, careless strokes of nature, than in the nice touches and embellishments of art. The beauties of the most

stately garden or palace lie in a narrow compass, the imagination immediately runs them over, and requires something else to gratify her ; but, in the wide fields of nature, the sight wanders up and down without confinement, and is fed with an infinite variety of images, without any certain stint or number. For this reason we always find the poet in love with a country life, where nature appears in the greatest perfection, and furnishes out all those scenes that are most apt to delight the imagination.

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus et fugit urbes.

—HOR.

—To grottos and to groves we run,
To ease and silence, ev'ry muse's son.

—POPE.

*Hic secure quies, et nescia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum ; hic latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus, hic frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni.*

—VIRG.

Here easy quiet, a secure retreat,
A harmless life, that knows not how to cheat,
With home-bred plenty the rich owner bless,
And rural pleasures crown his happiness,
Unvex'd with quarrels, undisturb'd with noise,
The country king his peaceful realm enjoys :
Cool grots, and living lakes, the flow'ry pride
Of meads, and streams that through the valley glide ;
And shady groves that easy sleep invite,
And, after toilsome days, a sweet repose at night.

—DRYDEN.

But though there are several of these wild scenes that are more delightful than any artificial shows, yet we find the works of nature still more pleasant, the more they resemble those of art. For in this case our pleasure rises from a double principle, from the agreeableness of the objects to the eye, and from their similitude to other objects. We are pleased as well with comparing their beauties as with surveying them, and can represent them to our minds either as copies or originals. Hence it is that we take delight in a prospect which is well laid out, and diversified with fields and meadows, woods and rivers; in those accidental landscapes of trees, clouds, and cities that are sometimes found in the veins of marble; in the curious fretwork of rocks and grottos; and, in a word, in any thing that hath such a variety or regularity as may seem the effect of design, in what we call the works of chance.

If the products of nature rise in value according as they more or less resemble those of art, we may be sure that artificial works receive a greater advantage from their resemblance of such as are natural, because here the similitude is not only pleasant, but the pattern more perfect. The prettiest landscape I ever saw was one drawn on the walls of a dark room, which stood opposite on one side to a navigable river,

and on the other to a park. The experiment is very common in optics. Here you might discover the waves and fluctuations of the water in strong and proper colors, with the picture of a ship entering at one end, and sailing by degrees through the whole piece. On another there appeared the green shadows of trees, waving to and fro with the wind, and herds of deer among them in miniature, leaping about upon the wall. I must confess the novelty of such a sight may be one occasion of its pleasantness to the imagination, but certainly the chief reason is its near resemblance to nature, as it does not only, like other pictures, give the color and figure, but the motion of the things it represents.

We have before observed that there is generally in nature something more grand and august than what we meet with in the curiosities of art. When, therefore, we see this imitated in any measure, it gives us a nobler and more exalted kind of pleasure than what we receive from the nicer and more accurate productions of art. On this account our English gardens are not so entertaining to the fancy as those in France or Italy, where we see a large extent of ground covered over with an agreeable mixture of garden and forest, which represent everywhere an artificial rudeness, much more

charming than that neatness and elegancy which we meet with in those of our own country. It might, indeed, be of ill consequence to the public, as well as unprofitable to private persons, to alienate so much ground from pasturage, and the plow, in many parts of a country that is so well peopled, and cultivated to a far greater advantage. But why may not a whole estate be thrown into a kind of garden by frequent plantations, that may turn as much to the profit as the pleasure of the owner? A marsh overgrown with willows, or a mountain shaded with oaks, are not only more beautiful, but more beneficial, than when they lie bare and unadorned. Fields of corn make a pleasant prospect, and if the walks were a little taken care of that lie between them, if the natural embroidery of the meadows were helped and improved by some small additions of art, and the several rows of hedges set off by trees and flowers that the soil was capable of receiving, a man might make a pretty landscape of his own possessions.

Writers who have given us an account of China tell us the inhabitants of that country laugh at the plantations of our Europeans, which are laid out by the rule and line; because, they say, any one may place trees in equal rows and uniform figures. They choose

rather to show a genius in works of this nature, and therefore always conceal the art by which they direct themselves. They have a word, it seems, in their language by which they express the particular beauty of a plantation that thus strikes the imagination at first sight, without discovering what it is that has so agreeable an effect. Our British gardeners, on the contrary, instead of humoring nature, love to deviate from it as much as possible. Our trees rise in cones, globes, and pyramids. We see the marks of the scissors upon every plant and bush. I do not know whether I am singular in my opinion, but, for my own part, I would rather look upon a tree in all its luxuriance and diffusion of boughs and branches, than when it is thus cut and trimmed into a mathematical figure; and cannot but fancy that an orchard in flower looks infinitely more delightful than all the little labyrinths of the most finished parterre. But as our great modellers of gardens have their magazines of plants to dispose of, it is very natural for them to tear up all the beautiful plantations of fruit trees, and contrive a plan that may most turn to their own profit, in taking off their evergreens, and the like movable plants, with which their shops are plentifully stocked.

O.



THE SPECTATOR.*

Tuesday, July 8, 1712.

*Frigora mitescunt Zephyris, Ver proterit Æstas
Interitura, simul
Pomifer Autumnus fruges effuderit, et mox
Bruma recurrit iners.*—HOR.

MR. SPECTATOR:—There is hardly any thing gives me a more sensible delight than the enjoyment of a cool still evening after the uneasiness of a hot sultry day. Such a one I passed not long ago, which made me rejoice when the hour was come for the sun to set, that I might enjoy the freshness of the evening in my garden, which then affords me the pleasantest hours I pass in the whole four and twenty. I immediately rose from my couch, and went down into it. You descend at first by twelve stone steps into a large square divided into four grass-plots, in each

* The authorship of this paper is conjectural. Possibly Pope or Dr. Parnell.

of which is a statue of white marble. This is separated from a large parterre by a low wall, and from thence through a pair of iron gates, you are led into a long broad walk of the finest turf, set on each side with tall yews, and on either hand bordered by a canal, which on the right divides the walk from a wilderness parted into variety of alleys and arbors, and on the left from a kind of amphitheatre, which is the receptacle of a great number of oranges and myrtles. The moon shone bright, and seemed then most agreeably to supply the place of the sun, obliging me with as much light as was necessary to discover a thousand pleasing objects, and at the same time divested of all power of heat. The reflection of it in the water, the fanning of the wind rustling on the leaves, the singing of the thrush and nightingale, and the coolness of the walks, all conspired to make me lay aside all displeasing thoughts, and brought me into such a tranquillity of mind, as is I believe the next happiness to that of hereafter. In this sweet retirement I naturally fell into the repetition of some lines out of a poem of Milton's, which he entitles "Il Penseroso," the ideas of which were exquisitely suited to my present wanderings of thought :

" Sweet bird ! thou shun'st the noise of folly,
Most musical ! most melancholy !

Thee chantress, oft the woods among,
I woo to hear thy evening song :
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that hath been led astray,
Thro' the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping thro' a fleecy cloud.

“ Then let some strange mysterious dream
Wave with his wings in airy stream,
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid ;
And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by spirits to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the Wood.”

I reflected then upon the sweet vicissitudes of night and day, on the charming disposition of the seasons, and their return again in a perpetual circle ; and oh ! said I, that I could from these my declining years return again to my first spring of youth and vigor ; but that, alas ! is impossible. All that remains within my power is to soften the inconveniences I feel, with an easy contented mind, and the enjoyment of such delights as this solitude affords me. In this thought I sate me down on a bank of flowers and dropped into a slumber, which whether it were the effect of fumes and vapors,

or my present thoughts, I know not; but methought the Genius of the Garden stood before me, and introduced into the walk where I lay this drama and different scenes of the revolution of the year, which whilst I then saw, even in my dream, I resolved to write down and send to *The Spectator*.

The first person whom I saw advancing towards me was a youth of a most beautiful air and shape, though he seemed not yet arrived at that exact proportion and symmetry of parts which a little more time would have given him; but, however, there was such a bloom in his countenance, such satisfaction and joy, that I thought it the most desirable form that I had ever seen. He was clothed in a flowing mantle of green silk, interwoven with flowers. He had a chaplet of roses on his head, and a narcissus in his hand; primroses and violets sprang up under his feet, and all nature was cheered at his approach. Flora was on one hand and Vertumnus on the other in a robe of changeable silk. After this I was surprised to see the moonbeams reflected with a sudden glare from armor, and to see a man completely armed advancing with his sword drawn. I was soon informed by the Genius it was Mars, who had long usurped a place among the attendants of the Spring. He made way for a softer appear-

ance ; it was Venus, without any ornament but her own beauties, not so much as her own cestus, with which she had encompassed a globe, which she held in her right hand, and in her left she had a sceptre of gold. After her followed the Graces with their arms entwined within one another ; their girdles were loosed and they moved to the sound of soft music, striking the ground alternately with their feet. Then came up the three months which belong to this season. As March advanced towards me, there was, methought, in his look a louring roughness, which ill befitted a month which was ranked in so soft a season ; but as he came forward his features became insensibly more mild and gentle. He smoothed his brow, and looked with so sweet a countenance that I could not but lament his departure, though he made way for April. He appeared in the greatest gayety imaginable, and had a thousand pleasures to attend him. His look was frequently clouded, but immediately returned to its first composure, and remained fixed in a smile. Then came May, attended by Cupid, with his bow strung, and in a posture to let fly an arrow. As he passed by methought I heard a confused noise of soft complaints, gentle ecstasies, and tender sighs of lovers : vows of constancy, and as many complainings of perfidiousness ; all which the winds wafted

away as soon as they had reached my hearing. After these I saw a man advance in the full prime and vigor of his age; his complexion was sanguine and ruddy, his hair black, and fell down in beautiful ringlets not beneath his shoulders; a mantle of hair-colored silk hung loosely upon him. He advanced with a hasty step after the Spring, and sought out the shade and cool fountains which played in the garden. He was particularly well pleased when a troop of zephyrs fanned him with their wings. He had two companions who walked on each-side that made him appear the most agreeable; the one was Aurora, with fingers of roses, and her feet dewy, attired in gray. The other was Vesper in a robe of azure, beset with drops of gold, whose breath he caught whilst it passed over a bundle of honeysuckles and tuberose which he held in his hand. Pan and Ceres followed them with four reapers, who danced a morrice to the sound of oaten pipes and cymbals. Then came the attendant months. June retained still some small likeness of the Spring; but the other two seemed to step with a less vigorous tread, especially August, who seemed almost to faint, whilst for half the steps he took the dog-star levelled his rays full at his head. They passed on and made way for a person that seemed to bend a little under the

weight of years; his beard and hair, which were full grown, were composed of an equal number of black and gray; he wore a robe which he had girt round him of a yellowish cast, not unlike the color of fallen leaves, which he walked upon. I thought he hardly made amends for expelling the foregoing scene by the large quantity of fruits which he bore in his hands. Plenty walked by his side with a healthy fresh countenance, pouring out from a horn all the various product of the year. Pomona followed with a glass of cider in her hand, with Bacchus in a chariot drawn by tigers, accompanied by a whole troop of satyrs, fawns, and sylvans. September, who came next, seemed in his looks to promise a new Spring, and wore the livery of those months. The succeeding month was all soiled with the juice of grapes, as if he had just come from the wine-press. November, though he was in this division, yet, by the many stops he made, seemed rather inclined to the Winter, which followed close at his heels. He advanced in the shape of an old man in the extremity of age. The hair he had was so very white it seemed a real snow; his eyes were red and piercing, and his beard hung with a great quantity of icicles. He was wrapped up in furs, but yet so pinched with excess of cold that his limbs were all contracted and his

body bent to the ground, so that he could not have supported himself had it not been for Comus, the God of Revels, and Necessity, the Mother of Fate, who sustained him on each side. The shape and mantle of Comus was one of the things that most surprised me ; as he advanced towards me his countenance seemed the most desirable I had ever seen. On the fore part of his mantle were pictured Joy, Delight, and Satisfaction, with a thousand emblems of merriment, and jests with faces looking two ways at once ; but as he passed from me I was amazed at a shape so little correspondent to his face. His head was bald, and all the rest of his limbs appeared old and deformed. On the hinder part of his mantle were represented Murder, with dishevelled hair and a dagger all bloody ; Anger, in a robe of scarlet ; and Suspicion squinting with both eyes : but above all the most conspicuous was the battle of the Lapithæ and the Centaurs. I detested so hideous a shape, and turned my eyes upon Saturn, who was stealing away behind him, with a scythe in one hand and an hour-glass in the other, unobserved. Behind Necessity was Vesta, the Goddess of Fire, with a lamp which was perpetually supplied with oil, and whose flame was eternal. She cheered the rugged brow of Necessity, and warmed her so far as almost to make her

assume the features and likeness of Choice. December, January, and February passed on after the rest, all in furs; there was little distinction to be made amongst them, and they were only more or less displeasing as they discovered more or less haste towards the grateful return of Spring.

Z.





THE SPECTATOR.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Saturday, September 6, 1712.

*An me laudit amabilis
Insania ? audire et videor pius
Errare per lucos, amœnæ
Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ.—HOR.*

SIR:—Having lately read your essay on the Pleasures of the Imagination, I was so taken with your thoughts upon some of our English gardens, that I cannot forbear troubling you with a letter upon that subject. I am one, you must know, who am looked upon as an humorist in gardening. I have several acres about my house, which I call my garden, and which a skilful gardener would not know what to call. It is a confusion of kitchen and parterre, orchard and flower-garden, which lie so mixed and interwoven with one another that if a foreigner who had seen nothing of our country should be conveyed into my garden at his

first landing, he would look upon it as a natural wilderness, and one of the uncultivated parts of our country. My flowers grow up in several parts of the garden in the greatest luxuriancy and profusion. I am so far from being fond of any particular one, by reason of its rarity, that if I meet with any one in a field which pleases me I give it a place in my garden. By this means, when a stranger walks with me he is surprised to see several large spots of ground covered with ten thousand different colors, and has often singled out flowers that he might have met with under a common hedge, in a field, or in a meadow, as some of the greatest beauties of the place. The only method I observe in this particular, is to range in the same quarter the products of the same season, that they may make their appearance together, and compose a picture of the greatest variety. There is the same irregularity in my plantations, which run into as great a wildness as their natures will permit. I take in none that do not naturally rejoice in the soil, and am pleased when I am walking in a labyrinth of my own raising, not to know whether the next tree I shall meet with is an apple or an oak, an elm or a pear-tree. My kitchen has likewise its particular quarters assigned it; for besides the wholesome luxury which that place abounds with, I have always thought a

kitchen-garden a more pleasant sight than the finest orangery, or artificial greenhouse. I love to see every thing in its perfection, and am more pleased to survey my rows of coleworts and cabbages, with a thousand nameless pot-herbs, springing up in their full fragrancy and verdure, than to see the tender plants of foreign countries kept alive by artificial heats, or withering in an air and soil that are not adapted to them. I must not omit, that there is a fountain rising in the upper part of my garden, which forms a little wandering rill, and administers to the pleasures as well as the plenty of the place. I have so conducted it that it visits most of my plantations; and have taken particular care to let it run in the same manner as it would do in an open field, so that it generally passes through banks of violets and primroses, plats of willow, or other plants, that seem to be of its own producing. There is another circumstance in which I am very particular, or, as my neighbors call me, very whimsical: as my garden invites into it all the birds of the country, by offering them the conveniency of springs and shades, solitude and shelter, I do not suffer any one to destroy their nests in the spring, or drive them from their usual haunts in fruit-time. I value my garden more for being full of blackbirds than cherries, and very frankly give them fruit for

their songs. By this means I have always the music of the season in its perfection, and am highly delighted to see the jay or the thrush hopping about my walks and shooting before my eye across the several little glades and alleys that I pass through. I think there are as many kinds of gardening as of poetry: your makers of parterres and flower-gardens are epigrammatists and sonneteers in this art: contrivers of bowers and grottos, treillages and cascades, are romance writers. Wise and London are our heroic poets; and if, as a critic, I may single out any passage of their works to commend, I shall take notice of that part in the upper garden at Kensington, which was at first nothing but a gravel-pit. It must have been a fine genius for gardening that could have thought of forming such an unsightly hollow into so beautiful an area, and to have hit the eye with so uncommon and agreeable a scene as that which it is now wrought into. To give this particular spot of ground the greater effect, they have made a very pleasing contrast; for as on one side of the walk you see this hollow basin, with its several little plantations lying so conveniently under the eye of the beholder; on the other side of it there appears a seeming mount, made up of trees rising one higher than another in proportion as they approach the centre. A spectator, who has

not heard this account of it, would think this circular mount was not only a real one, but that it had been actually scooped out of that hollow space which I have before mentioned. I never yet met with any one who had walked in this garden, who was not struck with that part of it which I have here mentioned. As for myself, you will find by the account which I have already given you, that my compositions in gardening are altogether after the Pindaric manner, and run into the beautiful wildness of nature, without affecting the nicer elegancies of art. What I am now going to mention will, perhaps, deserve your attention more than any thing I have yet said. I find that in the discourse which I spoke of at the beginning of my letter, you are against filling an English garden with evergreens; and indeed I am so far of your opinion that I can by no means think the verdure of an evergreen comparable to that which shoots out annually and clothes our trees in the summer season. But I have often wondered that those who are like myself, and love to live in gardens, have never thought of contriving a winter-garden, which would consist of such trees only as never cast their leaves. We have very often little snatches of sunshine and fair weather in the most uncomfortable parts of the year; and have frequently several days in

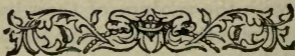
November and January that are as agreeable as any in the finest months. At such times, therefore, I think there could not be a greater pleasure than to walk in such a winter-garden as I have proposed. In the summer season the whole country blooms, and is a kind of garden, for which reason we are not so sensible of those beauties that at this time may be everywhere met with ; but when nature is in her desolation, and presents us with nothing but bleak and barren prospects, there is something unspeakably cheerful in a spot of ground which is covered with trees that smile amidst all the rigors of winter, and give us a view of the most gay season in the midst of that which is the most dead and melancholy. I have so far indulged myself in this thought, that I have set apart a whole acre of ground for the executing of it. The walls are covered with ivy instead of vines. The laurel, the hornbeam, and the holly, with many other trees and plants of the same nature, grow so thick in it that you cannot imagine a more lively scene. The glowing redness of the berries, with which they are hung at this time, vies with the verdure of their leaves, and are apt to inspire the heart of the beholder with that vernal delight which you have somewhere taken notice of in your former papers. It is very pleasant at the same time to see the several

kinds of birds retiring into this little green spot, and enjoying themselves among the branches and foliage, when my great garden, which I have before mentioned to you, does not afford a single leaf for their shelter.

You must know, sir, that I look upon the pleasure which we take in a garden as one of the most innocent delights in human life. A garden was the habitation of our first parents before the fall. It is naturally apt to fill the mind with calmness and tranquillity, and to lay all its turbulent passions at rest. It gives us a great insight into the contrivance and wisdom of Providence, and suggests innumerable subjects for meditation. I cannot but think the very complacency and satisfaction which a man takes in these works of nature to be a laudable, if not a virtuous, habit of mind. For all which reasons I hope you will pardon the length of my present letter.

I am,

Sir, etc.





THE GUARDIAN.

ALEXANDER POPE.

Tuesday, September 29, 1713.

Nec sèro comantem

*Narcissum, aut flexi tacuissem vimen acanthi,
Pallentesque hederas, et amantes littora myrtos.*

—VIRG., Georg. iv., 122.

“ The late narcissus, and the winding trail
Of bear's-foot, myrtles green, and ivy pale.”

—DRYDEN.

I LATELY took a particular friend of mine to my house in the country, not without some apprehension that it could afford little entertainment to a man of his polite taste, particularly in architecture and gardening, who had so long been conversant with all that is beautiful and great in either. But it was a pleasant surprise to me to hear him often declare he had found in my little retirement that beauty which he always thought wanting in the most celebrated

seats, or, if you will, villas, of the nation. This he described to me in those verses with which Martial begins one of his epigrams :

*Baiana nostri villa, Basse, Faustini,
Non otiosis ordinata myrtetis,
Viduaque platano, tonsilique buxeto ;
Ingrata lati spatia detinet campi ;
Sed rure vero barbaroque lætatur.*

“ Our friend Faustinus’ country-seat I ’ve seen :
No myrtles, plac’d in rows, and idly green,
No widow’d platane, nor clipp’d box-tree there,
The useless soil unprofitably share ;
But simple nature’s hand, with nobler grace,
Diffuses artless beauties o’er the place.”

There is certainly something in the amiable simplicity of unadorned nature that spreads over the mind a more noble sort of tranquillity, and a loftier sensation of pleasure, than can be raised from the nicer scenes of art.

This was the taste of the ancients in their gardens, as we may discover from the descriptions extant of them. The two most celebrated wits of the world have each of them left us a particular picture of a garden ; wherein those great masters, being wholly unconfined, and painting at pleasure, may be thought to have given a full idea of what they esteemed most excellent in this way. These (one may observe) consist entirely of the useful part of horticul-

ture : fruit-trees, herbs, water, etc. The pieces I am speaking of are Virgil's account of the garden of the old Corycian and Homer's of that of Alcinous. The first of these is already known to the English reader by the excellent versions of Mr. Dryden and Mr. Addison. The other having never been attempted in our language with any elegance, and being the most beautiful plan of this sort that can be imagined, I shall here present the reader with a translation of it.

THE GARDEN OF ALCINOUS.

FROM HOMER'S ODYSSEY, VII.

“ Close to the gates a spacious garden lies,
From storms defended and inclement skies :
Four acres was the allotted space of ground,
Fenc'd with a green enclosure all around.
Tall thriving trees confess the fruitful mould ;
The red'ning apple ripens here to gold ;
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows ;
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flourish round the year.
The balmy spirit of the western gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail :
Each dropping pear a following pear supplies,
On apples apples, figs on figs arise ;
The same mild season gives the blooms to blow,
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.

“ Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear,
With all the united labors of the year.

Some to unload the fertile branches run,
Some dry the black'ning clusters in the sun.
Others to tread the liquid harvest join,
The groaning presses foam'd with floods of wine.
Here are the vines in early flow'r descried,
Here grapes discolor'd on the sunny side,
And there in autumn's richest purple dy'd.

“ Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the scene.

“ Two plenteous fountains the whole prospect crown'd,
This through the garden leads its streams around,
Visits each plant, and waters all the ground.
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows ;
And thence its current on the town bestows ;
To various use their various streams they bring,
The people one, and one supplies the king.”

Sir William Temple has remarked, that this description contains all the justest rules and provisions which can go toward composing the best gardens. Its extent was four acres, which in those times of simplicity was looked upon as a large one, even for a prince ; it was enclosed all around for defence ; and for conveniency joined close to the gates of the palace.

He mentions next the trees, which were standards, and suffered to grow to their full height. The fine description of the fruits that never failed, and the eternal zephyrs, is only a more noble and poetical way of expressing the continual succession of one fruit after another throughout the year,

The vineyard seems to have been a plantation distinct from the garden; as also the beds of greens mentioned afterwards at the extremity of the enclosure, in the nature and usual place of our kitchen-gardens.

The two fountains are disposed very remarkably. They rose within the enclosure, and were brought by conduits, or ducts, one of them to water all parts of the gardens, and the other underneath the palace into the town for the service of the public.

How contrary to this simplicity is the modern practice of gardening! We seem to make it our study to recede from nature, not only in the various tonsure of greens into the most regular and formal shapes, but even in monstrous attempts beyond the reach of the art itself. We run into sculpture, and yet are better pleased to have our trees in the most awkward figures of men and animals than in the most regular of their own.

*Hinc et nexilibus vineas è frondibus hortos,
Implexos latè muros, et mœnia circùm
Porrigere, et latas e ramis surgere turres;
Deflexam et myrtum in puppes, atque ærea rosta:
In buxisque undare fretum, atque è rore rudentes.
Parte aliâ frondere suis tentoria castris;
Scutaque spiculaque et jaculantia citria vallos.*

“ Here interwoven branches form a wall,
And from the living fence green turrets rise;

There ships of myrtle sail in seas of box ;
A green encampment yonder meets the eye,
And loaded citrons bearing shields and spears."

I believe it is no wrong observation that persons of genius, and those who are most capable of art, are always most fond of nature : as such are chiefly sensible that all art consists in the imitation and study of nature. On the contrary, people of the common level of understanding are principally delighted with little niceties and fantastical operations of art, and constantly think that finest which is least natural. A citizen is no sooner proprietor of a couple of yews than he entertains thoughts of erecting them into giants, like those of Guild-hall. I know an eminent cook who beautified his country-seat with a coronation dinner in greens ; where you see the champion flourishing on horseback at one end of the table, and the queen in perpetual youth at the other.

For the benefit of all my loving countrymen of this taste, I shall here publish a catalogue of greens to be disposed of by an eminent town gardener, who has lately applied to me upon this head. He represents that, for the advancement of a politer sort of ornament in the villas and gardens adjacent to this great city, and in order to distinguish those places from the mere barbarous countries of gross nature, the world

stands much in need of a virtuoso gardener who has a turn to sculpture, and is thereby capable of improving upon the ancients of his profession in the imagery of evergreens. My correspondent is arrived to such perfection, that he cuts family pieces of men, women, or children. Any ladies that please may have their own effigies in myrtle, or their husbands in hornbeam. He is a Puritan wag, and never fails when he shows his garden to repeat that passage in the Psalms : "Thy wife shall be as the fruitful vine, and thy children as olive branches round thy table." I shall proceed to his catalogue, as he sent it for my recommendation :

"Adam and Eve in yew ; Adam a little shattered by the fall of the tree of knowledge in the great storm ; Eve and the serpent very flourishing.

"The tower of Babel, not yet finished.

"St. George in box ; his arms scarce long enough, but will be in condition to stick the dragon by next April.

"A green dragon of the same, with a tail of ground-ivy for the present.

"N. B. These two not to be sold separately.

"Edward the Black Prince in cypress.

"A laurustine bear in blossom, with a juniper hunter in berries.

“ A pair of giants, stunted, to be sold cheap.

“ A queen Elizabeth in phylyræa, a little inclining to the green-sickness, but full of growth.

“ Another queen Elizabeth in myrtle, which was very forward, but miscarried by being too near a savine.

“ An old maid of honor in wormwood.

“ A topping Ben Jonson in laurel.

“ Divers eminent modern poets in bays, somewhat blighted, to be disposed of, a pennyworth.

“ A quickset hog, shot up into a porcupine, by its being forgot a week in rainy weather.

“ A lavender pig with sage growing in his belly.

“ Noah’s ark in holly, standing on the mount ; the ribs a little damaged for want of water.”





LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE.*

July 10, 1748.

DEAR CHILD :—I received yours of May the 12th but yesterday, July the 9th. I am surprised you complain of my silence. I have never failed answering yours the post after I received them ; but I fear, being directed to Twickenham (having no other direction from you), your servants there may have neglected them.

I have been these six weeks, and still am, at my dairy-house, which joins to my garden. I believe I have already told you it is a long mile from the Castle, which is situate in the midst of a very large village, once a considerable town, part of the walls still remaining, and has not vacant ground enough about it to make a

* Written from Lovere, near Brescia. The "Castle" referred to in this letter was the chateau rented and occupied by Lady Mary.

garden, which is my greatest amusement, it being now troublesome to walk, or even go in the chaise till the evening. I have fitted up in this farmhouse a room for myself—that is to say, strewed the floor with rushes, covered the chimney with moss and branches, and adorned the room with basins of earthenware (which is made here to great perfection) filled with flowers, and put in some straw chairs, and a couch bed, which is my whole furniture. This spot of ground is so beautiful, I am afraid you will scarce credit the description, which, however, I can assure you, shall be very literal, without any embellishment from imagination. It is on a bank, forming a kind of peninsula, raised from the river Oglio fifty feet, to which you may descend by easy stairs cut in the turf, and either take the air on the river, which is as large as the Thames at Richmond, or by walking in an avenue two hundred yards on the side of it, you find a wood of a hundred acres, which was all ready cut into walks and ridings when I took it. I have only added fifteen bowers in different views, with seats of turf. They were easily made, here being a large quantity of underwood, and a great number of wild vines, which twist to the top of the highest trees, and from which they make a very good sort of wine they call *brusco*. I am now

writing to you in one of these arbors, which is so thickly shaded, the sun is not troublesome, even at noon. Another is on the side of the river, where I have made a camp kitchen, that I may take the fish, dress, and eat it immediately, and at the same time see the barks, which ascend or descend every day to or from Mantua, Gaustalla, or Pont de Vie, all considerable towns. This little wood is carpeted, in their succeeding seasons, with violets and strawberries, inhabited by a nation of nightingales, and filled with game of all kinds, excepting deer and wild boar, the first being unknown here, and not being large enough for the other.

My garden was a plain vineyard when it came into my hands not two years ago, and it is, with a small expense, turned into a garden that (apart from the advantage of the climate) I like better than that of Kensington. The Italian vineyards are not planted like those of France, but in clumps, fastened to trees planted in equal ranks (commonly fruit-trees), and continued in festoons from one to another, which I have turned into covered galleries of shade, that I can walk in the heat without being incommoded by it. I have made a dining-room of verdure, capable of holding a table of twenty covers; the whole ground is three hundred and

seventeen feet in length, and two hundred in breadth. You see it is far from large ; but so prettily disposed (though I say it), that I never saw a more agreeable rustic garden, abounding with all sort of fruit, and produces a variety of wines. I would send you a piece if I did not fear the customs would make you pay too dear for it. I believe my description gives you but an imperfect idea of my garden. Perhaps I shall succeed better in describing my manner of life, which is as regular as that of any monastery. I generally rise at six, and as soon as I have breakfasted, put myself at the head of my weeder women and work with them till nine. I then inspect my dairy, and take a turn among my poultry, which is a very large inquiry. I have, at present, two hundred chickens, besides turkeys, geese, ducks, and peacocks. All things have hitherto prospered under my care ; my bees and silkworms are doubled, and I am told that, without accidents, my capital will be so in two years' time. At eleven o'clock I retire to my books ; I dare not indulge myself in that pleasure above an hour. At twelve I constantly dine, and sleep after dinner till about three. I then send for some of my old priests, and either play at piquet or whist, till 't is cool enough to go out. One evening I walk in my wood, where I often sup, take the air on horse-

back the next, and go on the water the third. The fishery of this part of the river belongs to me; and my fisherman's little boat (where I have a green lutestring awning) serves me for a barge. He and his son are my rowers without any expense, he being very well paid by the profit of the fish, which I give him, on condition of having every day one dish for my table. Here is plenty of every sort of fresh-water fish (excepting salmon); but we have a large trout so like it, that I, that have almost forgot the taste, do not distinguish it.

We are both placed properly in regard to our different times of life; you amidst the fair, the gallant, and the gay; I in a retreat, where I enjoy every amusement that solitude can afford. I confess I sometimes wish for a little conversation; but I reflect that the commerce of the world gives more uneasiness than pleasure, and quiet is all the hope that can reasonably be indulged at my age. My letter is of an unconscionable length; I should ask your pardon for it, but I had a mind to give you an idea of my passing my time,—take it as an instance of the affection of, dear child,

Your most affectionate mother.

My compliments to Lord Bute, and blessing to all my grandchildren.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE.

Dairy-house, July 26, N.S., 1748.

I am really as fond of my garden as a young author of his first play, when it has been well received by the town, and can no more forbear teasing my acquaintance for their approbation : though I gave you a long account of it in my last, I must tell you I have made two little terraces, raised twelve steps each, at the end of my great walk ; they are just finished, and a great addition to the beauty of my garden. I enclose to you a rough draft of it, drawn (or more properly scrawled) by my own hand, without the assistance of rule or compasses, as you will easily perceive. I have mixed in my espaliers as many rose and jessamine trees as I can cram in ; and in the squares designed for the use of the kitchen, have avoided putting any thing disagreeable either to sight or smell, having another garden below for cabbage, onions, garlic, etc. All the walks are garnished with beds of flowers, beside the parterres, which are for a more distinguished sort. I have neither brick nor stone walls : all my fence is a high hedge, mingled with trees ; but fruit is so plenty in this country, nobody thinks it worth stealing. Gardening is certainly the next amusement to reading ; and as my sight will now permit me little of that, I am glad to form a taste that can

give me so much employment, and be the plaything of my age, now my pen and needle are almost useless to me. . . .

Now the sea is open, we may send packets to one another. I wish you would send me Campbell's book of prints of the English houses, and that Lord Bute would be so good as to choose me the best book of practical gardening extant.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE.

Salo, October 17, 1750.

DEAR CHILD:—I received yours of August 25th this morning, October 17th, N.S. It was every way welcome to me, particularly finding you and your family in good health. You will think me a great Rambler, being at present far distant from the date of my last letter. I have been persuaded to go to a palace near Salo, situate on the vast lake of Gardia, and do not repent my pains since my arrival, though I have passed a very bad road to it. It is indeed, take it altogether, the finest place I ever saw: the king of France has nothing so fine, nor can have in his situation. It is large enough to entertain all his court, and much larger than the royal palace of Naples, or any of those of Germany or England. It was built by the great Cosmo, Duke of Florence, where he passed

many months, for several years, on the account of his health, the air being esteemed one of the best in Italy. All the offices and conveniences are suitably magnificent, but that is nothing in regard to the beauties without doors. It is seated in that part of the lake which forms an amphitheatre, at the foot of a mountain near three miles high, covered with a wood of orange, lemon, citron, and pomegranate trees, which is all cut into walks, and divided into terraces, that you may go into a several garden from every floor in the house, diversified with fountains, cascades, and statues, and joined by easy marble staircases, which lead from one to another. There are many covered walks, where you are secure from the sun in the hottest part of the day, by the shade of the orange trees, which are so loaded with fruit you can hardly have any notion of their beauty without seeing them: they are as large as lime trees in England. You will think I say a great deal: I will assure you I say far short of what I see, and you must turn to the fairy tales to give any idea of the real charms of this enchanting palace, for so it may justly be called. The variety of the prospects, the natural beauties, and the improvements by art, where no cost has been spared to perfect it, render it the most complete habitation I know in Europe. While the poor present master of it (to whose ancestor the

Grand Duke presented it, having built it on his land), having spent a noble estate by gaming and other extravagance, would be glad to let it for a trifle, and is not rich enough to live in it. Most of the fine furniture is sold ; there remains only a few of the many good pictures that adorned it, and such goods as were not easily to be transported, or for which he found no chapman. I have said nothing to you of the magnificent bath, embellished with statues, or the fish-ponds, the chief of which is in the midst of the garden to which I go from my apartment on the first floor. It is circled by a marble baluster, and supplied by water from a cascade that proceeds from the mouth of a whale, on which Neptune is mounted, surrounded with reeds: on each side of him are Tritons, which, from their shells, pour out streams that augment the pond. Higher on the hill are three colossal statues of Venus, Hercules, and Apollo. The water is so clear you see the numerous fish that inhabit it, and it is a great pleasure to me to throw them bread, which they come to the surface to eat with great greediness. I pass by many other fountains, not to make my description too tedious. You will wonder, perhaps, never to have heard any mention of this paradise either from our English travellers or in any of the printed accounts of Italy ; it is as much unknown to them as if it was guarded by a

flaming cherubim. I attribute that ignorance, in part, to its being twenty-five miles distant from any post town, and also to the custom of the English of herding together, avoiding the conversation of the Italians, who, on their side, are naturally reserved, and do not seek strangers. Lady Orford could give you some knowledge of it, having passed the last six months she stayed here in a house she hired at Salo; but as all her time was then taken up with the melancholy vapors her distresses had thrown her into, I question whether her curiosity ever engaged her to see this palace, though but half a mile from it.

October 25th.

I was interrupted in this part of my letter by a visit from Count Martinenghi, master of this house, with his son and two daughters; they stayed till this morning, being determined to show me all the fine places on this side the lake, to engage me to grow fond of staying here, and I have had a very pleasant progress in viewing the most remarkable palaces within ten miles round. Three from hence is the little town of Maderna, where the last Duke of Mantua built a retreat worthy a sovereign. It is now in the hands of a rich merchant, who maintains it in all its beauty. It is not half so large as that

where I am, but perfectly proportioned and uniform, from a design of Palladio's. The garden is in the style of Le Nôtre, and the furniture in the best taste of Paris. I am almost ready to confess it deserves the preference to this, though built at far less expense. The situations are as different as is possible, when both of them are between a mountain and the lake: that under which the Duke of Mantua chose to build is much lower than this, and almost sterile; the prospect of it is rather melancholy than agreeable; but the palace, being placed at the foot of it, is a mile distant from the lake, which forms a sort of peninsula, half a mile broad, and 't is on that is the delightful garden, adorned with parterres, espaliers, all sorts of exotic plants, and ends in a thick wood, cut into ridings. That in the midst is large enough for a coach, and terminates at the lake, which appears from the windows like a great canal made on purpose to beautify the prospect. On the contrary, the palace where I lodge is so near the water that you step out of the gate into the barge, and the gardens being all divided, you cannot view from the house above one of them at a time. In short, these two palaces may in their different beauties rival each other, while they are neither of them to be excelled in any other part of the world.

I have wrote you a terrible long letter ; but as you say you are often alone, it may serve you for half an hour's amusement ; at least receive it as a proof that there is none more agreeable to me than giving assurances of my being, dear child, your most affectionate mother.

My compliments to Lord Bute, and blessing to my grandchildren.

P. S.—Yours of the 23d September is just this minute brought to me. I heartily wish you and my Lord Bute joy of his place ; and wish it may have more advantageous consequences ; but am glad you do not too much found hopes on things of so much uncertainty. I have read S. Fielding's works, and should be glad to hear what is become of her. All the other books would be new to me excepting "Pamela," which has met with very extraordinary (and I think undeserved) success. It has been translated into French and into Italian ; it was all the fashion at Paris and Versailles, and is still the joy of the chamber-maids of all nations.

Direct the books to the care of Sir James Gray, the English minister at Venice.





THOMAS WHATELY.

OBSERVATIONS ON MODERN GARDENING.

GARDENING, in the perfection to which it has been lately brought in England, is entitled to a place of considerable rank among the liberal arts. It is as superior to landscape painting, as a reality to a representation. It is an exertion of fancy ; a subject of taste ; and being released now from the restraints of regularity, and enlarged beyond the purposes of domestic convenience, the most beautiful, the most simple, the most noble scenes of nature are all within its province : for it is no longer confined to the spots from which it borrows its name, but regulates also the disposition and embellishments of a park, a farm, or a riding ; and the business of a gardener is to select and to apply whatever is great, elegant, or character-

istic in any of them ; to discover and to show all the advantages of the place upon which he is employed ; to supply its defects, to correct its faults, and to improve its beauties.

For all these operations, the objects of nature are still his only materials. His first inquiry, therefore, must be into the means by which those effects are attained in nature, which he is to produce ; and into those properties in the objects of nature, which should determine him in the choice and arrangement of them.

Nature, always simple, employs but four materials in the composition of her scenes, *ground, wood, water, and rocks*. The cultivation of nature has introduced a fifth species, the *buildings* requisite for the accommodation of men. Each of these again admits of varieties in figure, dimensions, color, and situation. Every landscape is composed of these parts only ; every beauty in a landscape depends on the application of their several varieties.

OF GROUND.

The prevailing character of a wood is generally grandeur ; the principal attention therefore which it requires, is to prevent the excesses of that character, to diversify the uniformity of its extent, to lighten the unwieldiness of its bulk, and to blend graces with greatness. But the

character of a grove is *beauty*; fine trees are lovely objects; a grove is an assemblage of them, in which every individual retains much of its own peculiar elegance; and whatever it loses, is transferred to the superior beauty of the whole. To a grove, therefore, which admits of endless variety in the disposition of the trees, differences in their shapes and their greens are seldom very important, and sometimes they are detrimental. Strong contrasts scatter trees which are thinly planted, and which have not the connection of underwood; they no longer form one plantation; they are a number of single trees. A thick grove is not indeed exposed to this mischief, and certain situations may recommend different shapes and different greens for their effects upon the surface; but in the outline they are seldom much regarded. The eye, attracted into the depth of the grove, passes by little circumstances at the entrance; even varieties in the form of the line do not always engage the attention: they are not so apparent as in a continued thicket, and are scarcely seen, if they are not considerable.

But the surface and the outline are not the only circumstances to be attended to. Though a grove be beautiful as an object, it is besides delightful as a spot to walk or to sit in; and the

choice and the disposition of the trees for effects within are therefore a principal consideration. Mere irregularity alone will not please ; strict order is there more agreeable than absolute confusion ; and some meaning better there than none. A regular plantation has a degree of beauty ; but it gives no satisfaction, because we know that the same number of trees might be more beautifully arranged. A disposition, however, in which the lines only are broken, without varying the distances, is less natural than any ; for though we cannot find straight lines in a forest, we are habituated to them in the hedgerows of fields ; but neither in wild nor in cultivated nature do we ever see trees equidistant from each other : that regularity belongs to art alone. The distances therefore should be strikingly different ; the trees should gather into groups, or stand in various irregular lines, and describe several figures ; the intervals between them should be contrasted both in shape and in dimensions ; a large space should in some places be quite open ; in others the trees should be so close together as hardly to leave a passage between them ; and in others as far apart as the connection will allow. In the forms and the varieties of these groups, these lines, and these openings, principally consists the interior beauty of a grove.

CLAREMONT.

The force of them is most strongly illustrated at Claremont*; where the walk to the cottage, though destitute of many natural advantages, and eminent for none; though it commands no prospect; though the water below it is a trifling pond; though it has nothing, in short, but inequality of ground to recommend it, is yet the finest part of the garden. For a grove is there planted, in a gently curved direction, all along the side of a hill, and on the edge of a wood, which rises above it. Large recesses break it into several clumps, which hang down the declivity; some of them approaching, but none reaching quite to, the bottom. These recesses are so deep as to form great openings in the midst of the grove; they penetrate almost to the covert; but the clumps being all equally suspended from the wood, and a line of open plantation, though sometimes narrow, running constantly along the top, a continuation of grove is preserved, and the connection between the parts is never broken. Even a group, which near one of the extremities stands out quite detached, is still in style so familiar to the rest as not to lose all relation. Each of these clumps is composed of several others still more intimately united: each is full of groups, sometimes of no more

* Near Esher in Surrey.

than two trees, sometimes of four or five, and now and then in larger clusters; an irregular waving line, issuing from some little crowd, loses itself in the next; or a few scattered trees drop in a more distant succession from the one to the other. The intervals, winding here like a glade, and widening there into broader openings, differ in extent, in figure, and direction; but all the groups, the lines, and the intervals are collected together into large general clumps, each of which is at the same time both compact and free, identical and various. The whole is a place wherein to tarry with secure delight, or saunter with perpetual amusement.

ESHER PLACE.

The grove at Esher Place was planted by the same masterly hand; but the necessity of accommodating the young plantation to some large trees which grew there before, has confined its variety. The groups are few and small; there was not room for larger or for more; there were no opportunities to form continued narrow glades between opposite lines; the vacant spaces are therefore chiefly irregular openings spreading every way, and great differences of distance between the trees are the principal variety; but the grove winds along the bank of a large river, on the side and

at the foot of a very sudden ascent, the upper part of which is covered with wood. In one place it presses close to the covert ; retires from it in another ; and stretches in a third across a bold recess, which runs up high into the thicket. The trees sometimes overspread the flat below : sometimes leave an open space to the river ; at other times crown the brow of a large knoll, climb up a steep, or hang on a gentle declivity. These varieties in the situation more than compensate for the want of variety in the disposition of the trees ; and the many happy circumstances which concur

“ — — In Esher’s peaceful grove,
Where Kent and nature vie for Pelham’s love,”

render this little spot more agreeable than any at Claremont. But though it was right to preserve the trees already standing, and not to sacrifice great present beauties to still greater in futurity, yet this attention has been a restraint, and the grove at Claremont, considered merely as a plantation, is in delicacy of taste, and fertility of invention, superior to that at Esher.

Both were early essays in the modern art of gardening : and, perhaps from the eagerness to show the effect, the trees in both were placed too near together : though they are still far

short of their growth, they are run up into poles, and the groves are already past their prime ; but the temptation to plant for such a purpose no longer exists, now that experience has justified the experiment. If, however, we still have not patience to wait, it is possible to secure both a present and a future effect, by fixing first on a disposition which will be beautiful when the trees are large, and then intermingling another which is agreeable while they are small. These occasional trees are hereafter to be taken away ; and must be removed in time, before they become prejudicial to the others.

The consequence of variety in the disposition is variety in the light and shade of the grove ; which may be improved by the choice of the trees. Some are impenetrable to the fiercest sunbeam ; others let in here and there a ray between the large masses of their foliage ; and others, thin both of boughs and of leaves, only checker the ground. Every degree of light and shade, from a glare to obscurity, may be managed, partly by the number, and partly by the texture of the trees. Differences only in the manner of their growths have, also, corresponding effects ; there is a closeness under those whose branches descend low, and spread wide ; a space and liberty where the arch above is

high ; and frequent transitions from the one to the other are very pleasing. These still are not all the varieties of which the interior of a grove is capable. Trees indeed, whose branches nearly reach the ground, being each a sort of thicket, are inconsistent with an open plantation. But though some of the characteristic distinctions are thereby excluded, other varieties more minute succeed in their place ; for the freedom of passage throughout brings every tree in its turn near to the eye, and subjects even differences in foliage to observation. These, slight as they may seem, are agreeable when they occur : it is true they are not regretted when wanting ; but a defect of ornament is not necessarily a blemish.

BLENNHEIM.

A river requires a number of *accompagniments* ; the changes in its course furnish a variety of situations ; while the fertility, convenience, and amenity which attend it, account for all appearances of inhabitants and improvement. Profusion of ornament on a fictitious river, is a just imitation of cultivated nature ; every species of building, every style of plantation, may abound on the banks ; and whatever be their characters, their proximity to the water is commonly the

happiest circumstance in their situation. A lustre is from thence diffused on all around ; each derives an importance from its relation to this capital feature ; those which are near enough to be reflected, immediately belong to it ; those at a greater distance, still share in the animation of the scene ; and objects totally detached from each other, being all attracted towards the same interesting connection, are united into one composition.

In the front of Blenheim was a deep broad valley, which abruptly separated the castle from the lawn and the plantations before it : even a direct approach could not be made, without building a monstrous bridge over this vast hollow : but the forced communication was only a subject of raillery, and the scene continued broken into two parts, absolutely distinct from each other. This valley has been lately flooded ; it is not filled ; the bottom only is covered with water ; the sides are still very high, but they are no longer the steps of a chasm ; they are the bold shores of a noble river. The same bridge is standing without alteration ; but no extravagance remains ; the water gives it propriety. Above it, the river first appears, winding from behind a small thick wood in the valley ; and soon taking a determined course, it is then broad enough to admit an island filled

with the finest trees ; others, corresponding to them in growth and disposition, stand in groups on the banks, intermixed with younger plantations. Immediately below the bridge, the river spreads into a large expanse ; the sides are open lawn ; on that farthest from the house formerly stood the palace of Henry the Second, celebrated in many an ancient ditty by the name of fair Rosamond's Bower ; a little clear spring which rises there is by the country people still called fair Rosamond's Well : the spot is now marked by a single willow. Near it is a fine collateral stream, of a beautiful form, retaining its breadth as far as it is seen, and retiring at last behind a hill from the view. The main river, having received this accession, makes a gentle bend, then continues for a considerable length in one wide direct reach, and, just as it disappears, throws itself down a high cascade, which is the present termination. On one of the banks of this reach is the garden ; the steeps are there diversified with thickets and with glades ; but the covert prevails, and the top is crowned with lofty trees. On the other side is a noble hanging wood in the park ; it was depreciated when it sunk into a hollow, and was poorly lost in the bottom ; but it is now a rich appendage to the river, falling down an easy slope quite to the water's edge, where,

without overshadowing, it is reflected on the surface. Another face of the same wood borders the collateral stream, with an outline more indented and various ; while a very large irregular clump adorns the opposite declivity. This clump is at a considerable distance from the principal river ; but the stream it belongs to brings it down to connect with the rest ; and the other objects, which were before dispersed, are now, by the interest of each in a relation which is common to all, collected into one illustrious scene. The castle is itself a prodigious pile of building, which, with all the faults in its architecture, will never seem less than a truly princely habitation ; and the confined spot where it was placed, on the edge of an abyss, is converted into a proud situation, commanding a beautiful prospect of water, and open to an extensive lawn, adequate to the mansion, and an emblem of its domain. In the midst of this lawn stands a column, a stately trophy, recording the exploits of the Duke of Marlborough, and the gratitude of Britain. Between this pillar and the castle is the bridge, which now, applied to a subject worthy of it, is established in all the importance due to its greatness. The middle arch is wider than the Rialto, but not too wide for the occasion ; and

yet this is the narrowest part of the river: but the length of the reaches is everywhere proportioned to their breadth; each of them is alone a noble piece of water; and the last, the finest of all, loses itself gradually in a wood, which on that side is also the boundary of the lawn, and rises into the horizon. All is great in the front of Blenheim; but in that vast space no void appears, so important are the parts, so magnificent the objects. The plain is extensive; the valley is broad; the wood is deep; though the intervals between the buildings are large, they are filled with the grandeur which buildings of such dimensions, and so much pomp, diffuse all around them; and the river in its long varied course, approaching to every object, and touching upon every part, spreads its influence over the whole. Notwithstanding their distances from each other, they all seem to be assembled about the water, which is everywhere a fine expanse, whose extremities are undetermined. In size, in form, and in style, it is equal to the majesty of the scene; and is designed in the spirit, is executed with the liberality, of the original donation, when this residence of a mighty monarch was bestowed by a great people as a munificent reward on the hero who had deserved best of his country.

WOTTON AND THE VALE OF AYLESBURY.

In the composition of this scene, the river, both as a part itself and as uniting the other parts, has a principal share ; but water is not lost, though it be in so confined or so concealed a spot as to enter into no view ; it may render that spot delightful ; it is capable of the most exquisite beauty in its form ; and, though not in space, may yet in disposition have pretensions to greatness ; for it may be divided into several branches, which will form a cluster of islands all connected together, make the whole place irriguous, and, in the stead of extent, supply a quantity of water. Such a sequestered scene usually owes its retirement to the trees and the thickets with which it abounds ; but in the disposition of them, one distinction should be constantly attended to ; a river flowing through a wood, which overspreads one continued surface of ground, and a river between two woods, are in very different circumstances. In the latter case, the woods are separate ; they may be contracted in their forms and their characters, and the outline of each should be forcibly marked. In the former, no outline ought to be discernible, for the river passes between trees, not between boundaries ; and though in the progress of its course the style of the plantations may be often changed,

yet on the opposite banks a similarity should constantly prevail, that the identity of the wood may never be doubtful.

A river between two woods may enter into a view, and then it must be governed by the principles which regulate the conduct and the accompaniments of a river in an open exposure ; but when it runs through a wood, it is never to be seen in prospect. The place is naturally full of obstructions, and a continued opening large enough to receive a long reach would seem an artificial cut. The river must therefore necessarily wind more than in crossing a lawn, where the passage is entirely free, but its influence will never extend so far on the sides. The buildings must be near the banks, and, if numerous, will seem crowded, being all in one track and in situations nearly alike. The scene, however, does not want variety ; on the contrary, none is capable of more. The objects are not, indeed, so different from each other as in an open view, but they are very different and in much greater abundance, for this is the interior of a wood, where every tree is an object, every combination of trees a variety, and no large intervals are requisite to distinguish the several dispositions. The grove, the thicket, or the groups may prevail, and their forms and their relations may be constantly

changed without restraint of fancy or limitation of number.

Water is so universally and so deservedly admired in a prospect that the most obvious thought in the management of it is to lay it as open as possible, and purposely to conceal it would generally seem a severe self-denial. Yet so many beauties may attend its passage through a wood, that larger portions of it might be allowed to such retired scenes than are commonly spared from the view, and the different parts in different styles would then be fine contrasts to each other. If the water at Wotton* were all exposed, a walk of near two miles along the banks would be of a tedious length, from the want of those changes of the scene which now supply through the whole extent a succession of perpetual variety. That extent is so large as to admit of a division into four principal parts, all of them great in style and in dimensions, and differing from each other both in character and situation. The two first are the best. The one is a reach of a river about the third of a mile in length and of a competent breadth, flowing through a lovely mead, open in some places to views of beautiful hills in the country, and adorned in others with clumps

* The seat of Mr. Grenville, in the vale of Aylesbury, in Buckinghamshire,

of trees, so large that their branches stretch quite across and form a high arch over the water. The next seems to have been once a formal basin encompassed with plantations, and the appendages on either side still retain some traces of regularity ; but the shape of the basin is free from them. The size is about fourteen acres, and out of it issue two broad, collateral streams winding towards a large river, which they are seen to approach and supposed to join. A real junction is, however, impossible, from the difference of the levels : but the terminations are so artfully concealed that the deception is never suspected, and, when known, is not easily explained. The river is the third great division of the water ; a lake into which it falls is the fourth. These two do actually join, but their characters are directly opposite. The scenes they belong to are totally distinct, and the transition from the one to the other is very gradual, for an island near the conflux, dividing the breadth and concealing the end of the lake, moderates for some way the space ; and, permitting it to expand but by degrees, raises an idea of greatness from uncertainty accompanied with increase. The reality does not disappoint the expectation, and the island, which is the point of view, is itself equal to the scene. It is large, and high above

the lake; the ground is irregularly broken; thickets hang on the sides, and towards the top is placed an Ionic portico, which commands a noble extent of water not less than a mile in circumference, bounded on one side with wood and open on the other to two sloping lawns, the least of an hundred acres, diversified with clumps and bordered by plantations. Yet this lake, when full in view and with all the importance which space, form, and situation can give, is not more interesting than the sequestered river, which has been mentioned as the third great division of the water. It is just within the verge of a wood three quarters of a mile long, everywhere broad, and its course is such as to admit of infinite variety without any confusion. The banks are cleared of underwood, but a few thickets still remain, and on one side an impenetrable covert soon begins. The interval is a beautiful grove of oaks, scattered over a green sward of extraordinary verdure. Between these trees and these thickets the river seems to glide gently along, constantly winding, without one short turn or one extended reach in the whole length of the way. This even temper in the stream suits the scenes through which it passes. They are, in general, of a very sober cast; not melancholy, but grave: never exposed to a glare; never darkened with

gloom, nor by strong contrasts of light and shade exhibiting the excess of either. Undisturbed by an extent of prospects without, or a multiplicity of objects within, they retain at all times a mildness of character, which is still more forcibly felt when the shadows grow faint as they lengthen; when a little rustling of birds in the spray, the leaping of the fish, and the fragrancy of the woodbine denote the approach of evening; while the setting sun shoots its last gleams on a Tuscan portico which is close to the great basin, but which, from a seat near this river, is seen at a distance through all the obscurity of the wood, glowing on the banks and reflected on the surface of the water. In another still more distinguished spot is built an elegant bridge, with a colonnade upon it, which not only adorns the place where it stands, but is also a picturesque object to an octagon building near the lake, where it is shown in a singular situation, over-arched, encompassed, and backed with wood, without any appearance of the water beneath. This building, in return, is also an object from the bridge, and a Chinese room, in a little island just by, is another. Neither of them are considerable, and the others which are visible are at a distance. But more or greater adventitious ornaments are not required in a spot so rich as

this in beauties peculiar to its character. A profusion of water pours in from all sides round upon the view ; the opening of the lake appears ; a glimpse is caught of the large basin ; one of the collateral streams is full in sight ; and the bridge itself is in the midst of the finest part of the river. All seem to communicate the one with the other, though thickets often intercept, and groups perplex the view, yet they never break the connection between the several pieces of water ; each may still be traced along large branches, or little catches, which in some places are overshadowed and dim ; in others glisten through a glade, or glimmer between the boles of trees in a distant perspective ; and in one, where they are quite lost to the view, some arches of a stone bridge, but partially seen among the wood, preserve their connection. However interrupted, however varied, they still appear to be parts of one whole, which has all the intricacy of number, and the greatness of unity ; the variety of a stream, and the quantity of a lake ; the solemnity of a wood, and the animation of water.

OF A GARDEN.

The gravel paths have been mentioned as contributing to the appearance of a garden ; they are unusual elsewhere ; they constantly

present the idea of a walk ; and the correspondence between their sides, the exactness of the edges, the nicety of the materials and of the preservation, appropriate them to spots in the highest state of improvement. Applied to any other subject than a park, their effect is the same. A field surrounded by a gravel walk is to a degree bordered by a garden ; and many ornaments may be introduced as appendages to the latter, which would otherwise appear to be inconsistent with the former. When these accompaniments occupy a considerable space, and are separated from the field, the idea of a garden is complete as far as they extend ; but if the gravel be omitted, and the walk be only of turf, a greater breadth to the border and more richness in the decorations are necessary to preserve that idea.

Many gardens are nothing more than such a *walk round a field* ; that field is often raised to the character of a lawn, and sometimes the enclosure is, in fact, a paddock ; whatever it be, the walk is certainly garden ; it is a spot set apart for pleasure ; it admits on the sides a profusion of ornament ; it is fit for the reception of every elegance, and requires the nicest preservation ; it is attended also with many advantages, may be made and kept without much expense, leads to a variety of points, and

avails itself in its progress of the several circumstances which belong to the enclosure it surrounds, whether they be the rural appurtenances of a farm, or those more refined which distinguish a paddock.

But it has at the same time its inconveniences and defects : its approach to the several points is always circuitous, and they are thereby often thrown to a distance from the house and from each other ; there is no access to them across the open exposure ; the way must constantly be the same ; the view all along is into one opening, which must be peculiarly circumstanced to furnish within itself a sufficient variety, and the embellishments of the walk are seldom important : their number is limited, and the little space allotted for their reception admits only of those which can be accommodated to the scale and will conform to the character. This species of garden, therefore, reduces almost to a sameness all the places it is applied to ; the subject seems exhausted ; no walk round a field can now be very different from several others already existing. At the best, too, it is but a walk ; the fine scenery of a garden is wanting, and that in the field, which is substituted in its stead, is generally of an inferior character, and often defective in connection with the spot which commands it, by the intervention of the

fence, or the visible difference in the preservation.

This objection, however, has more or less force, according to the character of the enclosure: if that be a paddock or a lawn it may exhibit scenes not unworthy of the most elegant garden, which, agreeing in style, will unite in appearance with the garden. The other objections also are stronger or weaker in proportion to the space allowed for the appendages, and not applicable at all to a broad circuit of garden, which has room within itself for scenery, variety, and character; but the common narrow walk, too indiscriminately in fashion, if continued to a considerable extent, becomes very tiresome, and the points it leads to must be more than ordinarily delightful to compensate for the fatigue of the way.

This tediousness may, however, be remedied without any extravagant enlargement of the plan, by taking in at certain intervals an additional breadth, sufficient only for a little scene to interrupt the uniformity of the progress. The walk is then a communication, not between points of view, through all which it remains unaltered, but between the several parts of a garden, in each of which it is occasionally lost, and, when resumed, it is at the worst a repetition, not a continuation, of the same idea; the

eye and the mind are not always confined to one tract: they expatiate at times, and have been relieved before they returned to it. Another expedient, the very reverse of this, may now and then be put in practice: it is to contract, instead of enlarging, the plan; to carry the walk, and in some part of its course, directly into the field, or, at the most, to secure it from cattle; but to make it quite simple, omit all its appendages and drop every idea of a garden. If neither of these nor any other means be used to break the length of the way, though the enclosures should furnish a succession of scenes, all beautiful, and even contrasted to each other, yet the walk will introduce a similarity between them. This species of garden, therefore, seems proper only for a place of a very moderate extent; if it be stretched out to a great length, and not mixed with other characters, its sameness hurts that variety, which it is its peculiar merit to discover.

But the advantages attending it upon some, and the use of it on so many occasions, have raised a partiality in its favor, and it is often carried round a place where *the whole enclosure is garden*; the interior openings and communications furnish there a sufficient range, and they do not require that number and variety of appendages which must be introduced to dis-

guise the uniformity of the circuitous walk, but which often interfere with greater effect. It is at the least unnecessary in such a garden, but plain gravel walks to every part are commonly deemed to be indispensable; they undoubtedly are convenient, but it must also be acknowledged, that though sometimes they adorn, yet, at other times, they disfigure, the scenes through which they are conducted. The proprietor of the place, who visits these scenes at different seasons, is most anxious for their beauty in fine weather; he does not feel the restraint to be grievous, if all of them be not at all times equally accessible, and a gravel walk perpetually before him, especially when it is useless, must be irksome; it ought not, therefore, to be ostentatiously shown; on many occasions it should be industriously concealed. That it lead to the capital points is sufficient; it can never be requisite along the whole extent of every scene; it may often skirt a part of them without appearing, or just touch upon them and withdraw; but if it cannot be induced at all without hurting them, it ought commonly to be omitted.

The sides of a gravel walk must correspond, and its course be in sweeps gently bending all the way. It preserves its form, though conducted through woods or along glades of the most licentious irregularity. But a grass walk

is under no restraint: the sides of it may be perpetually broken, and the direction frequently changed—sudden turns, however, are harsh; they check the idea of progress; they are rather disappointments than varieties, and if they are familiar they are in the worst style of affectation. The line must be curved, but it should not be wreathed; if it be truly serpentine, it is the most unnatural of any; it ought constantly to proceed, and wind only just so much, that the termination of the view may differ at every step, and the end of the walk never appear; the thickets which confine it should be diversified with several mixtures of greens; no distinctions in the forms of the shrubs or the trees will be lost, when there are opportunities to observe them so nearly; and combinations and contrasts without number may be made, which will be there truly ornamental. Minute beauties are proper in a spot precluded from great effects: and yet such a walk, if it be broad, is by no means insignificant; it may have an importance which will render it more than a mere communication.

But the peculiar merit of that species of garden which occupies the whole enclosure, consists in the larger scenes; it can make room for them both in breadth and in length; and, being dedicated entirely to pleasure, free from all other considerations, those scenes may be in

any style which the nature of the place will allow ; a number of them is expected, all different, sometimes contrasted, and each distinguished by its beauty. If the space be divided into little slips, and made only a collection of walks, it forfeits all its advantages, loses its character, and can have no other excellence than such as it may derive from situation ; whereas by a more liberal disposition it may be made independent of whatever is external ; and though prospects are nowhere more delightful than from a point of view which is also a beautiful spot, yet if in such a garden they should be wanting, the elegant, picturesque, and various scenes within itself almost supply the deficiency.

THE GARDENS AT STOWE.

This is the character of the gardens at Stowe ; for there the views into the country are only circumstances subordinate to the scenes, and the principal advantage of the situation is the variety of the ground within the enclosure. The house stands on the brow of a gentle ascent ; parts of the gardens lie on the declivity, and spread over the bottom beyond it ; this eminence is separated by a broad winding valley from another which is higher and steeper ; and the descents of both are broken by large dips and hollows, sloping down the sides of the hills.

The whole space is divided into a number of scenes, each distinguished with taste and fancy; and the changes are so frequent, so sudden, and complete, the transitions so artfully conducted, that the same ideas are never continued or repeated to satiety.

These gardens were begun when regularity was in fashion; and the original boundary is still preserved on account of its magnificence; for round the whole circuit, of between three and four miles, is carried a very broad gravel walk, planted with rows of trees, and open either to the park or the country; a deep-sunk fence attends it all the way, and comprehends a space of near four hundred acres. But in the interior scenes of the garden few traces of regularity appear; where it yet remains in the plantations it is generally disguised; every symptom almost of formality is obliterated from the ground; and an octagon basin in the bottom is now converted into an irregular piece of water, which receives on one hand two beautiful streams, and falls on the other down a cascade into a lake.

In the front of the house is a considerable lawn, open to the water, beyond which are two elegant Doric pavilions, placed in the boundary of the garden, but not marking it, though they correspond to each other; for still farther back,

on the brow of some rising grounds without the enclosure, stands a noble Corinthian arch, by which the principal approach is conducted, and from which all the gardens are seen reclining back against their hills; they are rich with plantations, full of objects, and lying on both sides of the house almost equally, every part is within a moderate distance, notwithstanding the extent of the whole.

On the right of the lawn, but concealed from the house, is a perfect garden scene called the Queen's Amphitheatre, where art is avowed, though formality is avoided; the foreground is scooped into a gentle hollow; the plantations on the sides, though but just rescued from regularity, yet in style are contrasted to each other; they are, on one hand, chiefly thickets, standing out from a wood; on the other, they are open groves, through which a glimpse of the water is visible; at the end of the hollow, on a little knoll, quite detached from all appendages, is placed an open Ionic rotunda; beyond it a large lawn slopes across the view; a pyramid stands on the brow; the Queen's Pillar, in a recess on the descent; and all the three buildings being evidently intended for ornament alone, are peculiarly adapted to a garden scene; yet their number does not render it gay; the dusky hue of the pyramid, the retired situation

of the Queen's Pillar, and the solitary appearance of the rotunda, give it an air of gravity ; it is encompassed with wood ; and all external views are excluded ; even the opening into the lawn is but an opening into an enclosure.

At the King's Pillar, very near to this, is another lovely spot, which is small, but not confined, for no termination appears ; the ground one way, the water another, retire under the trees out of sight, but nowhere meet with a boundary ; the view is first over some very broken ground, thinly and irregularly planted ; then between two beautiful clumps, which feather down to the bottom, and afterwards across a glade, and through a little grove beyond it, to that part of the lake where the thickets close upon the brink, spread a tranquillity over the surface, in which their shadows are reflected. Nothing is admitted to disturb that quiet ; no building obtrudes ; for objects to fix the eye are needless in a scene, which may be comprehended at a glance ; and none would suit the pastoral idea it inspires, of elegance too refined for a cottage, and of simplicity too pure for any other edifice.

The situation of the rotunda promises a prospect more enlarged, and, in fact, most of the objects on this side the garden are there visible ; but they want both connection and contrast ;

each belongs peculiarly to some other spot ; they are all blended together in this, without meaning, and are rather shown on a map than formed into a picture. The water only is capital ; a broad expanse of it is so near as to be seen under the little groups on the bank without interruption ; beyond it is a wood, which in one place leaves the lake to run up behind a beautiful building of three pavilions, joined by arcades, all of the Ionic order ; it is called Kent's Building ; and never was a design more happily conceived ; it seems to be characteristically proper for a garden ; it is so elegant, so varied, and so purely ornamental ; it directly fronts the rotunda, and a narrow rim of the country appears above the trees beyond it ; but the effect even of this noble object is fainter here than at other points ; its position is not the most advantageous ; and it is but one among many other buildings, none of which are principal.

The scene at the Temple of Bacchus is in character directly the reverse of that about the rotunda, though the space and the objects are nearly the same in both. But in this, all the parts concur to form one whole : the ground from every side shelves gradually towards the lake ; the plantations on the farthest bank open to show Kent's Building, rise from the

water's edge towards the knoll on which it stands, and close again behind it. That elegant structure, inclined a little from a front view, becomes more beautiful by being thrown into perspective ; and though at a greater distance, is more important than before, because it is alone in the view ; for the Queen's Pillar and the rotunda are removed far aside, and every other circumstance refers to this interesting object ; the water attracts, the ground and the plantations direct the eye thither, and the country does not just glimmer in the offscap, but is close and eminent above the wood, and connected by clumps with the garden. The scene altogether is a most animated landscape, and the splendor of the building, the reflection in the lake, the transparency of the water, and the picturesque beauty of its form, diversified by little groups on the brink, while on the broadest expanse no more trees cast their shadows than are sufficient to vary the tints of the surface—all these circumstances, vying in lustre with each other, and uniting in the point to which every part of the scene is related, diffuse a peculiar brilliancy over the whole composition.

The view from Kent's Building is very different from those which have been hitherto described : they are all directed down the de-

clivity of the lawn ; this rises up the ascent ; the eminence, being crowned with lofty wood, becomes thereby more considerable and the hillocks, into which the general fall is broken, sloping farther out this way than any other, they also acquire an importance which they had not before. That particularly on which the rotunda is placed, seems here to be a proud situation, and the structure appears to be properly adapted to so open an exposure. The Temple of Bacchus, on the contrary, which commands such an illustrious view, is itself a retired object, close under the covert. The wood rising on the brow, and descending down one side of the hill, is shown to be deep ; is high, and seems to be higher than it is. The lawn, too, is extensive ; and part of the boundary being concealed, it suggests the idea of a still greater extent. A small portion only of the lake, indeed, is visible, but it is not here an object ; it is a part of the spot, and neither termination being in sight, it has no diminutive appearance. If more water had been admitted, it might have hurt the character of the place, which is sober and temperate, neither solemn nor gay, great and simple, but elegant, above rusticity, yet free from ostentation.

These are the principal scenes on one side of the gardens ; on the other, close to the lawn

before the house, is the winding valley above-mentioned; the lower part of it is assigned to the Elysian fields; they are watered by a lovely rivulet, are very lightsome, and very airy, so thinly are the trees scattered about them, are open at one end to more water and a larger glade, and the rest of the boundary is frequently broken to let in objects afar off, which appear still more distant from the manner of showing them. The entrance is under a Doric arch, which coincides with an opening among the trees, and forms a kind of vista, through which a Pembroke bridge just below, and a lodge built like a castle in the park, are seen in a beautiful perspective. That bridge is at one extremity of the gardens, the Queen's Pillar is at another, yet both are visible from the same station in the Elysian fields, and all these external objects are unaffectedly introduced, divested of their own appurtenances, and combined with others which belong to the spot. The Temple of Friendship also is in sight just without the place, and within it are the Temples of Ancient Virtue and of the British worthies, the one in an elevated situation, the other down in the valley, and near to the water. Both are decorated with the effigies of those who have been most distinguished for military, civil, or literary merit; and near to the former stands a

rostral column, sacred to the memory of Captain Grenville, who fell in an action at sea. By placing here the meed of valor, and by filling these fields with the representations of those who have deserved best of mankind, the character intended to be given to the spot is justly and poetically expressed, and the number of the images which are presented or excited perfectly corresponds with it. Solitude was never reckoned among the charms of Elysium ; it has been always pictured as the mansion of delight and of joy, and in this imitation every circumstance accords with that established idea : the vivacity of the stream which flows through the vale, the glimpses of another approaching to join it, the sprightly verdure of the greensward, and every bust of the British worthies, reflected in the water ; the variety of the trees, the lightness of their greens, their disposition, all of them distinct objects, and dispersed over gentle inequalities of the ground, together with the multiplicity of objects, both within and without, which embellish and enliven the scene, give it a gayety which the imagination can hardly conceive, or the heart wish to be exceeded.

Close by this spot, and a perfect contrast to it, is the alder grove, a deep recess in the midst of a shade, which the blaze of noon cannot

brighten. The water seems to be a stagnated pool, eating into its banks, and of a peculiar color, not dirty, but cloudy, and dimly reflecting the dun hue of the horse-chestnuts and alders, which press upon the brink. The stems of the latter, rising in clusters from the same root, bear one another down, and slant over the water. Misshaped elms and ragged firs are frequent in the wood which encompasses the hollow; the trunks of dead trees are left standing amongst them; and the uncouth sumach, and the yew, with elder, nut, and holly, compose the underwood; some limes and laurels are intermixt, but they are not many. The wood is in general of the darkest greens, and the foliage is thickened with ivy, which not only twines up the trees, but creeps also over the falls of the ground; they are steep and abrupt. The gravel walk is covered with moss; and a grotto at the end, faced with broken flints and pebbles, preserves, in the simplicity of its materials and the duskiness of its color, all the character of its situation. Two little rotundas near it were better away; one building is sufficient for such a scene of solitude as this, in which more circumstances of gloom concur than were ever perhaps collected together.

Immediately above the alder grove is the principal eminence in the garden; it is divided

by a great dip into two pinnacles, upon one of which is a large Gothic building. The space before this structure is an extensive lawn; the ground on one side falls immediately into the dip; and the trees which border the lawn, sinking with the ground, the house rises above them, and fills the interval. The vast pile seems to be still larger than it is; for it is thrown into perspective, and between and above the heads of the trees, the upper story, the porticos, the turrets and balustrades, and all the slated roofs appear in a noble confusion. On the other side of the Gothic building the ground slopes down a long-continued declivity into a bottom, which seems to be perfectly irriguous. Divers streams of water wander about it in several directions; the conflux of that which runs from the Elysian fields with another below it, is in full sight; and a plain wooden bridge thrown over the latter, and evidently designed for a passage, imposes an air of reality on the river. Beyond it is one of the Doric porticos which front the house, but now it is alone; it stands on a little bank above the water, and is seen under some trees at a distance before it. Thus grouped, and thus accompanied, it is a happy incident, concurring with many other circumstances to distinguish this landscape by a character of cheerfulness and amenity.

From the Gothic building a broad walk leads to the Grecian valley, which is a scene of more grandeur than any in the gardens; it enters them from the park, spreading at first to a considerable breadth, then winds, grows narrower but deeper, and loses itself at last in a thicket, behind some lofty elms, which interrupt the sight of the termination. Lovely woods and groves hang all the way on the declivities, and the open space is broken by detached trees, which near the park are cautiously and sparingly introduced, lest the breadth should be contracted by them; but as the valley sinks they advance more boldly down the sides, stretch across or along the bottom, and cluster at times into groups and forms, which multiply the varieties of the larger plantations. Those are sometimes close coverts, and sometimes open groves. The trees rise in one upon high stems, and feather down to the bottom in another, and between them are short openings in the park or the gardens. In the midst of the scene, just at the bend of the valley and commanding it on both sides, upon a large, easy, natural rise, is placed the Temple of Concord and Victory. At one place its majestic front of six Ionic columns, supporting a pediment filled with bas-relief, and the points of it crowned with statues, faces the view; at another, the beautiful colon-

nade on the side of ten lofty pillars retires in perspective. It is seen from every part, and impressing its own character of dignity on all around, it spreads an awe over the whole, but no gloom, no melancholy attends it. The sensations it excites are rather placid, but full of respect, admiration, and solemnity; no water appears to enliven, no distant prospect to enrich, the view. The parts of the scene are larger, the idea of it sublime, and the execution happy; it is independent of all adventitious circumstances, and relies on itself for its greatness.

The scenes which have been described are such as are most remarkable for beauty or character, but the gardens contain many more; and even the objects in these, by their several combinations, produce very different effects, within the distance sometimes of a few paces, from the unevenness of the ground, the variety of the plantations, and the number of the buildings. The multiplicity of the last has indeed been often urged as an objection to Stowe; and certainly when all are seen by a stranger in two or three hours, twenty or thirty capital structures, mixed with others of inferior note, do seem too many; but the growth of the wood every day weakens the objection, by concealing them one from the other. Each belongs to a distinct scene; and if they are considered sep-

arately, at different times, and at leisure, it may be difficult to determine which to take away; yet still it must be acknowledged that their frequency destroys all ideas of silence and retirement. Magnificence and splendor are the characteristics of Stowe; it is like one of those places celebrated in antiquity, which were devoted to the purposes of religion, and filled with sacred groves, hallowed fountains, and temples dedicated to several deities; the resort of distant nations, and the object of veneration to half the heathen world. This pomp is at Stowe blended with beauty, and the place is equally distinguished by its amenity and its grandeur.

In the midst of so much embellishment as may be introduced into this species of garden, a plain field, or a sheep walk, is sometimes an agreeable relief, and even wilder scenes may occasionally be admitted. These indeed are not properly parts of a garden, but they may be comprehended within the verge of it, and their proximity to the more ornamented scenes is at least a convenience, that the transition from the one to the other may be easy, and the change always in our option: for though a spot in the highest state of improvement be a necessary appendage to a seat, yet in a place which is

perfect, other characters will not be wanting; if they cannot be had on a large scale, they are acceptable on a smaller; and so many circumstances are common to all, that they may always border on each other.





OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

DESCRIPTION OF A CHINESE GARDEN.

From "The Citizen of the World."

THE English have not yet brought the art of gardening to the same perfection with the Chinese, but have lately begun to imitate them : nature is now followed with greater assiduity than formerly ; the trees are suffered to shoot out into the utmost luxuriance ; the streams, no longer forced from their native beds, are permitted to wind along the valleys ; spontaneous flowers take the place of finished parterre, and the enamelled meadow of the shaven green.

Yet still the English are far behind us in this charming art ; their designers have not yet attained a power of uniting instruction with beauty. A European will scarcely conceive

my meaning, when I say that there is scarce a garden in China which does not contain some fine moral, couched under the general design, where one is not taught wisdom as he walks, and feels the force of some noble truth, or delicate precept, resulting from the disposition of the groves, streams, or grottos. Permit me to illustrate what I mean by a description of my gardens at Quamsi. My heart still hovers round those scenes of former happiness with pleasure ; and I find a satisfaction in enjoying them at this distance, though but in imagination.

You descended from the house between two groves of trees, planted in such a manner that they were impenetrable to the eye ; while on each hand the way was adorned with all that was beautiful in porcelain, statuary, and painting. This passage from the house opened into an arena surrounded with rocks, flowers, trees, and shrubs, but all so disposed as if each was the spontaneous production of nature. As you proceeded forward on this lawn, to your right and left hand were two gates, opposite each other, of very different architecture and design ; and before you lay a temple, built rather with minute elegance than ostentation.

The right-hand gate was planned with the utmost simplicity, or rather rudeness ; ivy

clasped round the pillars, the baleful cypress hung over it ; time seems to have destroyed all the smoothness and regularity of the stone ; two champions with lifted clubs appeared in the act of guarding its access ; dragons and serpents were seen in the most hideous attitudes, to deter the spectator from approaching ; and the perspective view that lay behind seemed dark and gloomy to the last degree ; the stranger was tempted to enter only from the motto—*Pervia Virtuti.*

The opposite gate was formed in a very indifferent manner ; the architecture was light, elegant, and inviting ; flowers hung in wreaths round the pillars ; all was finished in the most exact and masterly manner ; the very stone of which it was built still preserved its polish ; nymphs, wrought by the hand of a master, in the most alluring attitudes, beckoned the stranger to approach ; while all that lay behind, as far as the eye could reach, seemed gay, luxuriant, and capable of affording endless pleasures. The motto itself contributed to invite him, for over the gate were written these words—*Facilis Descensus.*

By this time I fancy you begin to perceive that the gloomy gate was designed to represent the road to Virtue ; the opposite, the more agreeable passage to Vice. It is but natural to

suppose that the spectator was always tempted to enter by the gate which offered him so many allurements. I always in these cases left him to his choice, but generally found that he took to the left, which promised most entertainment.

Immediately upon his entering the gate of Vice the trees and flowers were disposed in such a manner as to make the most pleasing impression ; but as he walked farther on, he insensibly found the garden assuming the air of a wilderness ; the landscapes began to darken, the paths grew more intricate ; he appeared to go downwards ; frightful rocks seemed to hang over his head ; gloomy caverns, unexpected precipices, awful ruins, heaps of unburied bones, and terrifying sounds caused by unseen waters, began to take the place of what at first appeared so lovely. It was in vain to attempt returning ; the labyrinth was too much perplexed for any but myself to find the way back. In short, when sufficiently impressed with the horrors of what he saw, and the imprudence of his choice, I brought him by a hidden door a shorter way back into the area from whence at first he had strayed.

The gloomy gate now presented itself before the stranger, and though there seemed little in its appearance to tempt his curiosity, yet, encouraged by the motto, he gradually proceeded. The darkness of the entrance, the frightful fig-

ures that seemed to obstruct his way, the trees of the mournful green, conspired at first to disgust him ; as he went forward, however, all began to open and wear a more pleasing appearance ; beautiful cascades, beds of flowers, trees loaded with fruit or blossoms, and unexpected brooks, improved the scene. He now found that he was ascending, and, as he proceeded, all nature grew more beautiful ; the prospect widened as he went higher ; even the air itself seemed to become more pure. Thus pleased and happy from unexpected beauties, I at last led him to an arbor, from whence he could view the garden and the whole country around, and where he might own that the road to Virtue terminated in Happiness.

Though from this description you may imagine that a vast tract of ground was necessary to exhibit such a pleasing variety in, yet be assured I have seen several gardens in England take up ten times the space which mine did, without half the beauty. A very small extent of ground is enough for an elegant taste ; the greater room is required if magnificence is in view. There is no spot, though ever so little, which a skilful designer might not thus improve, so as to convey a delicate allegory, and impress the mind with truths the most useful and necessary. Adieu !



OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE HISTORY OF A POET'S GARDEN.

OF all men who form gay illusions of distant happiness, perhaps the poet is the most sanguine. Such is the ardor of his hopes, that they are often equal to actual enjoyment; he feels more in expectance than actual fruition. I have often regarded the character of this kind with some degree of envy. A man possessed of such warm imagination commands all nature, and arrogates possessions of which the owner has a blunter relish. While life continues, the alluring prospect lies before him; he travels in the pursuit with confidence, and resigns it only with his last breath.

It is this happy confidence which gives life its true relish, and keeps up our spirits amidst every distress and disappointment. How much less would be done if a man knew how little he can

do! How wretched a creature would he be if he saw the end as well as the beginning of his projects! He would have nothing left but to sit down in torpid despair, and exchange employment for actual calamity.

I was led into this train of thinking upon lately visiting the beautiful gardens of the late Mr. Shenstone,* who was himself a poet, and possessed of that warm imagination which made him ever foremost in the pursuit of flying happiness. Could he but have foreseen the end of all his schemes, for whom he was improving, and what changes his designs were to undergo, he would have scarcely amused his innocent life with what, for several years, employed him in a most harmless manner, and abridged his scanty fortune. As the progress of this improvement is a true picture of sublunary vicissitude, I could not help calling up my imagination, which, while I walked pensively along, suggested the following reverie.

As I was turning my back upon a beautiful piece of water enlivened with cascades and rock-work, and entering a dark walk by which ran a prattling brook, the Genius of the Place appeared before me, but more resembling the God of Time than him more peculiarly appointed to

* "The Leasowes," sometimes spoken of as a *ferme ornée*, situated between Birmingham and Hagley,

the care of gardens. Instead of shears he bore a scythe ; and he appeared rather with the implements of husbandry than those of a modern gardener. Having remembered this place in its pristine beauty, I could not help condoling with him on its present ruinous situation. I spoke to him of the many alterations which had been made, and all for the worse ; of the many shades which had been taken away ; of the bowers that were destroyed by neglect, and the hedgerows that were spoiled by clipping. The Genius with a sigh received my condolment, and assured me that he was equally a martyr to ignorance and taste, to refinement and rusticity. Seeing me desirous of knowing further, he went on :

“ You see, in the place before you, the paternal inheritance of a poet ; and to a man content with little, fully sufficient for his subsistence : but a strong imagination and a long acquaintance with the rich are dangerous foes to contentment. Our poet, instead of sitting down to enjoy life, resolved to prepare for its future enjoyment, and set about converting a place of profit into a scene of pleasure. This he at first supposed could be accomplished at a small expense ; and he was willing for a while to stint his income, to have an opportunity of displaying his taste. The improvement in this manner

went forward ; one beauty attained led him to wish for some other : but he still hoped that every emendation would be the last. It was now, therefore, found that the improvement exceeded the subsidy, that the place was grown too large and too fine for the inhabitant. But that pride which was once exhibited could not retire : the garden was made for the owner, and though it was become unfit for him, he could not willingly resign it to another. Thus the first idea of its beauties contributing to the happiness of his life was found unfaithful ; so that, instead of looking within for satisfaction, he began to think of having recourse to the praises of those who came to visit his improvement.

“In consequence of this hope, which now took possession of his mind, the gardens were opened to the visits of every stranger ; and the country flocked round to walk, to criticise, to admire, and to do mischief. He soon found that the admirers of his taste left by no means such strong marks of their applause as the envious did of their malignity. All the windows of his temples, and the walls of his retreats, were impressed with the characters of profaneness, ignorance, and obscenity ; his hedges were broken, his statues and urns defaced, and his lawns worn bare. It was now, therefore, necessary to shut up the gardens

once more, and to deprive the public of that happiness which had before ceased to be his own.

“In this situation the poet continued for a time in the character of a jealous lover, fond of the beauty he keeps, but unable to supply the extravagance of every demand. The garden by this time was completely grown and finished; the marks of art were covered up by the luxuriance of nature; the winding walks were worn dark; the brook assumed a natural sylvage; and the rocks were covered with moss. Nothing now remained but to enjoy the beauties of the place, when the poor poet died, and his garden was obliged to be sold for the benefit of those who had contributed to its embellishment.

“The beauties of the place had now for some time been celebrated as well in prose as in verse; and all men of taste wished for so envied a spot, where every urn was marked with the poet’s pencil, and every walk awakened genius and meditation. The first purchaser was one Mr. Truepenny, a button-maker, who was possessed of three thousand pounds, and was willing also to be possessed of taste and genius.

“As the poet’s ideas were for the natural wildness of the landscape, the button-maker’s were for the more regular productions of art. He conceived, perhaps, that as it is a beauty in

a button to be of a regular pattern, so the same regularity ought to obtain in a landscape. Be this as it will, he employed the shears to some purpose ; he clipped up the hedges, cut down the gloomy walks, made vistas upon the stables and hog-sties, and showed his friends that a man of taste should always be doing.

“The next candidate for taste and genius was a captain of a ship, who bought the garden because the former possessor could find nothing more to mend ; but, unfortunately, he had taste too. His great passion lay in building, in making Chinese temples, and cage-work summer-houses. As the place before had an appearance of retirement and inspired meditation, he gave it a more peopled air ; every turning presented a cottage, or ice-house, or a temple ; the improvement was converted into a little city, and it only wanted inhabitants to give it the air of a village in the East Indies.

“In this manner, in less than ten years, the improvement has gone through the hands of as many proprietors, who were all willing to have taste, and to show their taste too. As the place had received its best finishing from the hand of the first possessor, so every innovator only lent a hand to do mischief. Those parts which were obscure have been enlightened ; those walks which led naturally, have been twisted into

serpentine windings. The color of the flowers of the field is not more various than the variety of tastes that have been employed here, and all in direct contradiction to the original aim of the first improver. Could the original possessor but revive, with what a sorrowful heart would he look upon his favorite spot again! He would scarcely recollect a Dryad or a Wood-nymph of his former acquaintance, and might perhaps find himself as much a stranger in his own plantation as in the deserts of Siberia."





HORACE WALPOLE.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF WILLIAM KENT.

UNDER the auspices of Lord Burlington and Lord Pembroke, architecture, as I have said, recovered its genuine lustre. The former, the Apollo of arts, found a proper priest in the person of Mr. Kent. As I mean no panegyric on any man, beyond what he deserved, or what to the best of my possibly erroneous judgment I think he deserved, I shall speak with equal impartiality on the merits and faults of Kent, the former of which exceedingly preponderated. He was a painter, an architect, and the father of modern gardening. In the first character, he was below mediocrity; in the second, he was a restorer of the science; in the last, an original, and the inventor of an art that realizes painting and improves nature. Mahomet imagined an Elysium, but Kent created many.

He was born in Yorkshire and put apprentice to a coach-painter, but feeling the emotions of genius, he left his master without leave, and repaired to London, where he studied a little, and gave indications enough of abilities to excite a generous patronage in some gentlemen of his own county, who raised a contribution sufficient to send him to Rome, whither he accompanied Mr. Talman in 1710. In that capital of the arts he studied under Cavalier Luti, and in the Academy gained the second prize of the second class; still without suspecting that there was a sister art within his reach, more congenial to his talents. Though his first resources were exhausted, he still found friends. Another of his countrymen, Sir John Wentworth, allowed him £40 a year for seven years. But it was at Rome that his better star brought him acquainted with Lord Burlington, whose sagacity discovered the rich vein of genius that had been hid from the artist himself. On their return to England in 1719, Lord Burlington gave him an apartment in his own house, and added all the graces of favor and recommendation. By that noble person's interest Kent was employed in various works, both as a painter of history and portrait; and yet it must be allowed that in each branch partiality must have operated strongly to make his lordship believe

he discovered any merit in his friend. His portraits bore little resemblance to the persons that sat for them, and the coloring was worse, more raw and undetermined than that of the most errant journeymen to the profession. The whole lengths at Esher are standing evidences of this assertion. In his ceilings, Kent's drawing was as defective as the coloring of his portraits, and as void of every merit. I have mentioned Hogarth's parody, if I may call it so, of his picture at St. Clement's. The hall at Wanstead is another proof of his incapacity. Sir Robert Walpole, who was persuaded to employ him at Houghton, where he painted several ceilings and the staircase, would not permit him, however, to work in colors, which would have been still more disgraced by the presence of so many capital pictures, but restrained him to *chiaro-scuro*. If his faults are thence not so glaring, they are scarce less numerous. He painted a staircase in the same way for Lord Townshend at Rainham.

To compensate for his bad paintings, he had an excellent taste for ornaments, and gave designs for most of the furniture at Houghton, as he did for several other persons. Yet chaste as these ornaments were, they were often unmeasurably ponderous. His chimney-pieces, though lighter than those of Inigo, whom he imitated,

are frequently heavy; and his constant introduction of pediments and the members of architecture over doors and within rooms, was disproportioned and cumbrous. Indeed, I much question whether the Romans admitted regular architecture *within* their houses. At least the discoveries at Herculaneum testify that a light and fantastic architecture, of a very Indian air, made a common decoration of private apartments. Kent's style, however, predominated authoritatively during his life; and his oracle was so much consulted by all who affected taste, that nothing was thought complete without his assistance. He was not only consulted for furniture, as frames of pictures, glasses, tables, chairs, etc., but for platè, for a barge, for a cradle. And so impetuous was fashion, that two great ladies prevailed on him to make designs for their birthday gowns. The one he dressed in a petticoat decorated with columns of the five orders; the other like a bronze, in a copper-colored satin, with ornaments of gold. He was not more happy in other works in which he misapplied his genius. The gilt rails to the hermitage at Richmond were in truth but a trifling impropriety; but his celebrated monument of Shakespeare in the abbey was preposterous. What an absurdity to place busts at the angles of a pedestal, and at the bottom

of that pedestal! Whose choice the busts were I do not know; but though Queen Elizabeth's head might be intended to mark the era in which the poet flourished, why were Richard II. and Henry V. selected? Are the pieces under the names of those princes two of Shakespeare's most capital works? or what reason can be assigned for giving them the preference?

As Kent's genius was not universal, he has succeeded as ill in Gothic. The King's Bench at Westminster and Mr. Pelham's house at Esher are proofs how little he conceived either the principles or graces of that architecture. Yet he was sometimes sensible of its beauties, and published a print of Wolsey's noble hall at Hampton Court, now crowded and half-hidden by a theatre. Kent gave the design for the ornaments of the chapel at the Prince of Orange's wedding, of which he also made a print.*

Such of the drawings as he designed for Gay's "Fables" have some truth and nature; but whoever would search for his faults, will find an ample crop in a very favorite work of his, the prints for Spenser's "Fairy Queen." As the drawings were exceedingly cried up by his admirers, and

* His vignettes to the large edition of Pope's works are in good taste.

disappointed the public in proportion, the blame was thrown on the engraver; but so far unjustly, that, though ill-executed, the wretchedness of drawing, the total ignorance of perspective, the want of variety, the disproportion of the buildings, the awkwardness of the attitudes, could have been the faults of the inventor only. There are figures issuing from cottages not so high as their shoulders, castles in which the towers could not contain an infant, and knights who hold their spears as men do who are lifting a load sideways. The landscapes are the only tolerable parts, and yet the trees are seldom other than young beeches, to which Kent, as a planter, was accustomed.

But in architecture his taste was deservedly admired; and without enumerating particulars, the staircase at Lady Isabella Finch's, in Berkeley Square, is as beautiful a piece of scenery, and, considering the space, of art, as can be imagined. The Temple of Venus at Stowe has simplicity and merit, and the great room at Mr. Pelham's, in Arlington Street, is as remarkable for magnificence. I do not admire equally the room ornamented with marble and gilding at Kensington. The staircase there is the least defective work of his pencil, and his ceilings in that palace from antique paintings, which he first happily introduced, show that he was not

too ridiculously prejudiced in favor of his own historic compositions.

Of all his works, his favorite production was the Earl of Leicester's house, at Holkam, in Norfolk. The great hall, with the flight of steps at the upper end, in which he proposed to place a colossal Jupiter, was a noble idea. How the designs of that house, which I have seen a hundred times in Kent's original drawings, came to be published under another name, and without the slightest mention of the real architect, is beyond comprehension. The bridge, the temple, the great gateway, all built, I believe, the two first certainly, under Kent's own eye, are alike passed off as the works of another; and yet no man need envy or deny him the glory of having oppressed a triumphal arch with an Egyptian pyramid. Holkam has its faults, but they are Kent's faults, and marked with all the peculiarities of his style.

As I intend to consider him as the inventor of modern gardening in a chapter by itself, I will conclude this account of him with the few remaining circumstances of his life. By the patronage of the queen, of the Dukes of Grafton and Newcastle, and Mr. Pelham, and by the interest of his constant friend, he was made master carpenter, architect, keeper of the pictures, and, after the death of Jervas, principal

painter to the crown; the whole, including a pension of £100 a year, which was given him for his works at Kensington, producing £600 a year. In 1743 he had a disorder in his eyes that was thought paralytic, but recovered. But in March, 1748, he had an inflammation both in his bowels and foot, which turned to a general mortification, and put an end to his life at Burlington House, April 12, 1748, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. He was buried in a very handsome manner in Lord Burlington's vault at Chiswick. His fortune, which, with pictures and books, amounted to about ten thousand pounds, he divided between his relations and an actress with whom he had long lived in particular friendship.





HORACE WALPOLE.

THE HISTORY OF THE MODERN TASTE IN GARDENING.*

GARDENING was probably one of the first arts that succeeded to that of building houses, and naturally attended property and individual possession. Culinary and afterwards medicinal herbs were the objects of every head of a family ; it became convenient to have them within reach, without seeking them at random in woods, in meadows, and on mountains, as often as they were wanted. When the earth ceased to furnish spontaneously all these primitive luxuries, and culture became requisite, separate enclosures for rearing herbs grew expedient. Fruits were in the same predicament, and those most in use or that demand attention, must have

* Printed at Strawberry Hill, 1771. Translated into French by the Duke de Nivernois, and printed at Strawberry Hill, 1785.

entered into and extended the domestic enclosure. The good man Noah, we are told, planted a vineyard, drank of the wine, and was drunken, and everybody knows the consequences. Thus we acquired kitchen-gardens, orchards, and vineyards. I am apprised that the prototype of all these sorts was the garden of Eden, but as that paradise was a good deal larger than any we read of afterwards, being enclosed by the rivers Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel, and Euphrates, as every tree that was pleasant to the sight and good for food grew in it, and as two other trees were likewise found there, of which not a slip or sucker remains, it does not belong to the present discussion. After the fall no man living was suffered to enter into the garden; and the poverty and necessities of our first ancestors hardly allowed them time *to make improvements on their estates* in imitation of it, supposing any plan had been preserved. A cottage and a slip of ground for a cabbage and a gooseberry-bush, such as we see by the side of a common, were in all probability the earliest seats and gardens: a well and bucket succeeded to the Pison and Euphrates. As settlements increased, the orchard and the vineyard followed; and the earliest princes of tribes possessed just the necessaries of a modern farmer.

Matters, we may well believe, remained long in this situation ; and though the generality of mankind form their ideas from the import of words in their own age, we have no reason to think that for many centuries the term *garden* implied more than a kitchen-garden or orchard. When a Frenchman reads of the garden of Eden, I do not doubt but that he concludes it was something approaching to that of Versailles, with clipt hedges, berceaus, and trellis-work. If his devotion humbles him so far as to allow that, considering who designed it, there might be a labyrinth full of Æsop's fables, yet he does not conceive that four of the largest rivers in the world were half so magnificent as a hundred fountains full of statues by Giradon. It is thus that the word *garden* has at all times passed for whatever was understood by that term in different countries. But that it meant no more than a kitchen-garden or orchard for several centuries, is evident from those few descriptions that are preserved of the most famous gardens of antiquity.

That of Alcinous, in the *Odyssey*, is the most renowned in the heroic times. Is there an admirer of Homer who can read his description without rapture ; or who does not form to his imagination a scene of delights more picturesque than the landscapes of Tinian or Juan Fernandez?

Yet what was that boasted paradise with which

“the gods ordain’d
To grace Alcinous and his happy land” ?—POPE.

Why, divested of harmonious Greek and bewitching poetry, it was a small orchard and vineyard, with some beds of herbs and two fountains that watered them, enclosed within a quickset hedge. The whole compass of this pompous garden enclosed—four acres.

“Four acres was th’ allotted space of ground,
Fenc’d with a green inclosure all around.”

The trees were apples, figs, pomegranates, pears, olives, and vines.

“Tall thriving trees confess’d the fruitful mould;
The redd’ning apple ripens into gold.
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o’erflows;
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows.
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flourish round the year.”

* * * * * * *

Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the scene.”

Alcinous’ garden was planted by the poet, enriched by him with the fairy gift of eternal summer, and, no doubt, an effort of imagination surpassing any thing he had ever seen. As he has bestowed on the same happy prince a palace with brazen walls and columns of silver,

he certainly intended that the garden should be proportionately magnificent. We are sure, therefore, that as late as Homer's age, an enclosure of four acres, comprehending orchard, vineyard, and kitchen-garden, was a stretch of luxury the world at that time had never beheld.

The hanging gardens of Babylon were a still greater prodigy. We are not acquainted with their disposition or contents, but as they are supposed to have been formed on terraces and walls of the palace, whither soil was conveyed on purpose, we are very certain of what they were not ; I mean, they must have been trifling, of no extent, and a wanton instance of expense and labor. In other words, they were what sumptuous gardens have been in all ages till the present—unnatural, enriched by art, possibly with fountains, statues, balustrades, and summer-houses, and were any thing but verdant and rural.

From the days of Homer to those of Pliny, we have no traces to lead our guess to what were the gardens of the intervening ages. When Roman authors, whose climate instilled a wish for cool retreats, speak of their enjoyments in that kind, they sigh for grottos, caves, and the refreshing hollows of mountains, near irriguous and shaded founts ; or boast of their porticos, walks of planes, canals, baths, and breezes from

the sea. Their gardens are never mentioned as affording shade and shelter from the rage of the dog-star. Pliny has left us descriptions of two of his villas. As he used his Laurentine villa for his winter retreat, it is not surprising that the garden makes no considerable part of the account. All he says of it is, that the gestatio or place of exercise, which surrounded the garden (the latter consequently not being very large), was bounded by a hedge of box, and where that was perished, with rosemary; that there was a walk of vines, and that most of the trees were fig and mulberry, the soil not being proper for any other sorts.

On his Tuscan villa he is more diffuse; the garden makes a considerable part of the description—and what was the principal beauty of that pleasure-ground? Exactly what was the admiration of this country about threescore years ago—box-trees cut into monsters, animals, letters, and the names of the master and the artificer. In an age when architecture displayed all its grandeur, all its purity, and all its taste; when arose Vespasian's amphitheatre, the Temple of Peace, Trajan's forum, Domitian's baths, and Adrian's villa, the ruins and vestiges of which still excite our astonishment and curiosity, a Roman consul, a polished emperor's friend, and a man of elegant literature and taste

delighted in what the mob now scarce admire in a college-garden. All the ingredients of Pliny's correspond exactly with those laid out by London and Wise on Dutch principles. He talks of slopes, terraces, a wilderness, shrubs methodically trimmed, a marble basin,* pipes spouting water, a cascade falling into the basin, bay-trees, alternately planted with planes, and a straight walk, from whence issued others parted off by hedges of box, and apple-trees, with obelisks placed between every two. There wants nothing but the embroidery of a parterre, to make a garden in the reign of Trajan serve for a description of one in that of King William.† In one passage above Pliny seems to have con-

* The English gardens described by Hentzner in the reign of Elizabeth are exact copies of those of Pliny. In that at Whitehall was a sun-dial and *jet-d'eau*, which, on turning a cock, spouted out water and sprinkled the spectators. In Lord Burleigh's, at Theobald's, were obelisks, pyramids, and circular porticos, with cisterns of lead for bathing. At Hampton Court the garden walls were covered with rosemary, a custom, he says, very common in England. At Theobald's was a labyrinth also, an ingenuity I shall mention presently to have been frequent in that age.

† Dr. Plot, in his "Natural History of Oxfordshire," p. 380, seems to have been a great admirer of trees carved into the most heterogeneous forms, which he calls *topiary works*, and quotes one Laurembergius for saying that the English are as expert as most nations in that kind of sculpture; for which Hampton Court was particularly remarkable. The doctor then names other gardens that flourished with animals and castles, formed *arte topiaria*, and above all a wren's nest that was capacious enough to receive a man to sit on a seat made within for that purpose.

ceived that natural irregularity might be a beauty: *in opere urbanissimo*, says he, *subita velut illati ruris imitatio*. Something like a rural view was contrived amidst so much polished composition. But the idea soon vanished, lineal walks immediately enveloped the slight scene, and names and inscriptions in box again succeeded to compensate for the daring introduction of nature.

In the paintings found at Herculaneum are a few traces of gardens, as may be seen in the second volume of the prints. They are small square enclosures formed by trellis-work and espaliers,* and regularly ornamented with vases, fountains, and careatides, elegantly symmetrical, and proper for the narrow spaces allotted to the garden of a house in a capital city. From such I would not banish those playful waters that refresh a sultry mansion in town, nor the neat trellis, which preserves its wooden verdure better than the natural greens exposed to dust. Those treillages in the gardens at Paris, particularly on the Boulevard, have a gay and delightful effect. They form light corridors, and transpicuous arbors, through which the sunbeams play and checker the shade, set off the statues, vases, and flowers, that marry with their

* At Warwick Castle is an ancient suit of arras, in which there is a garden exactly resembling these pictures of Herculaneum.

gaudy hotels, and suit the gallant and idle society who paint the walks between their parterres, and realize the fantastic scenes of Watteau and Duffé.

From what I have said, it appears how naturally and insensibly the idea of a kitchen-garden slid into that which has for so many ages been peculiarly termed a garden, and by our ancestors in this country distinguished by the name of a pleasure-garden. A square piece of ground was originally parted off in early ages for the use of the family; to exclude cattle and ascertain the property it was separated from the fields by a hedge. As pride and desire of privacy increased, the enclosure was dignified by walls; and in climes where fruits were not lavished by the ripening glow of nature and soil, fruit-trees were assisted and sheltered from surrounding winds by like expedients; for the inundations of luxuries which have swelled into general necessities have almost all taken their source from the simple fountain of reason.

When the custom of making square gardens enclosed with walls was thus established, to the exclusion of nature and prospect,* pomp and

* It was not uncommon, after the circumjacent country had been shut out, to endeavor to recover it by raising large mounds of earth to peep over the walls of the garden.

solitude combined to call for something that might enrich and enliven the insipid and unanimated partition. Fountains, first invented for use, which grandeur loves to disguise and throw out of the question, received embellishments from costly marbles, and at last, to contradict utility, tossed their waste of waters into air in spouting columns. Art, in the hands of rude man, had at first been made a succedaneum to nature ; in the hands of ostentatious wealth, it became the means of opposing nature ; and the more it traversed the march of the latter, the more nobility thought its power was demonstrated. Canals measured by the line were introduced in lieu of meandering streams, and terraces were hoisted aloft in opposition to the facile slopes that imperceptibly unite the valley to the hill. Balustrades defended these precipitate and dangerous elevations, and flights of steps rejoined them to the subjacent flat from which the terrace had been dug. Vases and sculpture were added to these unnecessary balconies, and statues furnished the lifeless spot with mimic representations of the excluded sons of men. Thus, difficulty and expense were the constituent parts of those sumptuous and selfish solitudes ; and every improvement that was made was but a step farther from nature. The tricks of water-works to wet

the unwary, not to refresh the panting spectator, and parterres embroidered in patterns like a petticoat, were but the childish endeavors of fashion and novelty to reconcile greatness to what it had surfeited on. To crown these impotent displays of false taste, the shears were applied to the lovely wildness of form with which nature has distinguished each various species of tree and shrub. The venerable oak, the romantic beech, the useful elm, even the aspiring circuit of the lime, the regular round of the chestnut, and the almost moulded orange-tree, were corrected by such fantastic admirers of symmetry. The compass and square were of more use in plantations than the nurseryman. The measured walk, the quincunx, and the étoile imposed their unsatisfying sameness on every royal and noble garden. Trees were headed, and their sides pared away; many French groves seem green chests set upon poles. Seats of marble, arbors, and summer-houses terminated every vista; and symmetry, even where the space was too large to permit its being remarked at one view, was so essential, that, as Pope observed:

“ Each alley has a brother,
And half the garden just reflects the other.”

Knots of flowers were more defensibly subjected

to the same regularity. Leisure, as Milton expressed it,

“ In trim gardens took his pleasure.”

In the garden of Marshal de Biron, at Paris, consisting of fourteen acres, every walk is buttoned on each side by lines of flower-pots, which succeed in their seasons. When I saw it, there were nine thousand pots of asters, or *la Reine Marguerite*.

We do not precisely know what our ancestors meant by a bower, it was probably an arbor; sometimes it meant the whole frittered enclosure, and in one instance it certainly included a labyrinth. Rosamond's bower was indisputably of that kind, though, whether composed of walls or hedges, we cannot determine. A square and a round labyrinth were so capital ingredients of a garden formerly, that in Du Cerceau's architecture, who lived in the time of Charles IX. and Henry III., there is scarce a ground-plot without one of each. The enchantment of antique appellations has consecrated a pleasing idea of a royal residence, of which we now regret the extinction. Havering in the Bower, the jointure of many dowager queens, conveys to us the notion of a romantic scene.

In Kip's views of the seats of our nobility and gentry, we see the same tiresome and

returning uniformity. Every house is approached by two or three gardens, consisting perhaps of a gravel-walk and two grass-plats, or borders of flowers. Each rises above the other by two or three steps, and as many walls and terraces ; and so many iron gates, that we recollect those ancient romances, in which every entrance was guarded by nymphs or dragons. At Lady Oxford's, at Piddletown, in Dorsetshire, there was, when my brother married, a double enclosure of thirteen gardens, each, I suppose, not much above a hundred yards square, with an enfilade of correspondent gates ; and before you arrived at these, you passed a narrow gut between two stone terraces, that rose above your head, and which were crowned by a line of pyramidal yews. A bowling-green was all the lawn admitted in those times ; a circular lake the extent of magnificence.

Yet, though these and such preposterous inconveniences prevailed from age to age, good sense in this country had perceived the want of something at once more grand and more natural. These reflections, and the bounds set to the waste made by royal spoilers, gave origin to parks. They were contracted forests and extended gardens. Hentzner says that, according to Rous of Warwick, the first park was that at Woodstock. If so, it might be the founda-

tion of a legend that Henry II. secured his mistress in a labyrinth; it was no doubt more difficult to find her in a park than in a palace, when the intricacy of the woods and various lodges buried in covert might conceal her actual habitation.

It is more extraordinary that having so long ago stumbled on the principle of modern gardening, we should have persisted in retaining its reverse, symmetrical, and unnatural gardens. That parks were rare in other countries, Hentzner, who travelled over great part of Europe, leads us to suppose, by observing that they were common in England. In France they retain the name, but nothing is more different both in compass and disposition. Their parks are usually square or oblong enclosures, regularly planted with walks of chestnuts or limes, and generally every large town has one for its public recreation. They are exactly like Burton's Court, at Chelsea College, and rarely larger.

One man, one great man we had, on whom nor education nor custom could impose their prejudices; who, *on evil days though fallen, and with darkness and solitude compassed round*, judged that the mistaken and fantastic ornaments he had seen in gardens were unworthy of the Almighty hand that planted the

delights of Paradise. He seems, with the prophetic eye of taste (as I have heard taste well defined), to have conceived, to have foreseen, modern gardening; as Lord Bacon announced the discoveries since made by experimental philosophy. The description of Eden is a warmer and more just picture of the present style than Claude Lorraine could have painted from Hagley or Stourhead. The first lines I shall quote exhibit Stourhead on a more magnificent scale :

“ Thro' Eden went a river large,
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill
Pass'd underneath ingulf'd, for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden-mound, high rais'd
Upon the rapid current.”

Hagley seems pictured in what follows :

“ Which thro' veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst updrawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden.”

What coloring, what freedom of pencil, what landscape in these lines :

• “ From that sapphire fount the crispèd brooks,
Rolling on orient pearls and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed

Flow'rs worthy of Paradise, which not *nice art*
 In beds and curious knots, but *nature* boon
 Pour'd forth profuse on hill and dale and plain,
 Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
 The *open field*, and where the unpierced shade
 Imbrown'd the moontide bow'rs. *Thus was this place*
A happy rural seat of various view."

Read this transporting description, paint to your mind the scenes that follow, contrast them with the savage but respectable terror with which the poet guards the bounds of his paradise, fenced

" with the champain head
 Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
 With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
 Access denied ; and overhead upgrew
 Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
 Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
 A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend,
 Shade above shade, a woody theatre
 Of stateliest view,"—

and then recollect that the author of this sublime vision had never seen a glimpse of any thing like what he imagined, that his favorite ancients had dropped not a hint of such divine scenery, and that the conceits in Italian gardens, and Theobald's, and Nonsuch were the brightest originals that his memory could furnish. His intellectual eye saw a nobler plan, so little did

he suffer by the loss of sight. It sufficed him to have seen the materials with which he could work. The vigor of a boundless imagination told him how a plan might be disposed that would embellish nature and restore art to its proper office—the just improvement or imitation of it.*

It is necessary that the concurrent testimony of the age should swear to posterity that the description above quoted was written about half a century before the introduction of modern gardening, or our incredulous descendants will defraud the poet of half his glory by being persuaded that he copied some garden he had seen, so minutely do his ideas correspond with the present standard. But what shall we say for that intervening half century which could read that plan and never attempt to put it in execution?

Now let us turn to an admired writer posterior to Milton, and see how cold, how insipid, how tasteless is his account of what he pronounced a perfect garden. I speak not of his style, which it was not necessary for him to animate with the coloring and glow of poetry. It is his want of ideas, of imagination, of taste, that I

* Since the above was written I have found Milton praised and Sir William Temple censured, on the same foundations, in a poem called "The Rise and Progress of the Present Taste in Planting," printed in 1767.

censure when he dictated on a subject that is capable of all the graces that a knowledge of beautiful nature can bestow. Sir William Temple was an excellent man, Milton a genius of the first order.

We cannot wonder that Sir William declares in favor of parterres, fountains, and statues, as necessary to break the sameness of large grass-plats, which he thinks have an ill effect upon the eye, when he acknowledges that he discovers fancy in the gardens of Alcinous. Milton studied the ancients with equal enthusiasm but no bigotry, and had judgment to distinguish between the want of invention and the beauties of poetry. Compare his paradise with Homer's garden, both ascribed to a celestial design. For Sir William it is just to observe that his ideas centred in a fruit-garden. He had the honor of giving to his country many delicate fruits, and he thought of little else than disposing of them to the best advantage. Here is the passage I proposed to quote. It is long, but I need not make an apology to the reader for entertaining him with any other words instead of my own :

“ The best figure of a garden is either a square or an oblong, and either upon a flat or a descent ; they have all their beauties, but the best I esteem an oblong upon a descent. The beauty, the air, the view, make amends for the expense,

which is very great in finishing and supporting the terrace-walks, in levelling the parterres, and in the stone stairs that are necessary from one to the other.

“The perfectest figure of a garden I ever saw, either at home or abroad, was that of Moor Park in Hertfordshire, when I knew it about thirty years ago. It was made by the Countess of Bedford, esteemed among the greatest wits of her time, and celebrated by Doctor Donne; and with very great care, excellent contrivance, and much cost; but greater sums may be thrown away without effect or honor, if there want sense in proportion to money, or if *nature be not followed*, which I take to be the great rule in this, and perhaps in every thing else, as far as the conduct not only of our lives, but our governments.”

We shall see how *natural* that admired garden was.

“Because I take* the garden I have named to have been in all kinds the most beautiful and perfect, at least in the figure and disposition, that I have ever seen, I will describe it for a model to those that meet with such a situation, and are above the regards of common expense. It lies on the side of a hill, upon which the

* This garden seems to have been made after the plan laid down by Lord Bacon in his 46th Essay, to which, that I may not multiply quotations, I will refer the reader,

house stands, but not very steep. The length of the house, where the best rooms and of most use or pleasure are, lies upon the breadth of the garden ; the great parlor opens into the middle of a terrace gravel-walk that lies even with it, and which may lie, as I remember, about three hundred paces long, and broad in proportion ; the border set with standard laurels and at large distances, which have the beauty of orange-trees out of flower and fruit. From this walk are three descents by many stone steps, in the middle and at each end, into a very large parterre. This is divided into quarters by gravel-walks, and adorned with two fountains and eight statues in the several quarters. At the end of the terrace-walk are two summer-houses, and the sides of the parterre are ranged with two large cloisters open to the garden, upon arches of stone, and ending with two other summer-houses even with the cloisters, which are paved with stone, and designed for walks of shade, there being none other in the whole parterre. Over these two cloisters are two terraces covered with lead and fenced with balusters : and the passage into these airy walks is out of the two summer-houses at the end of the first terrace-walk. The cloister facing the south is covered with vines, and would have been proper for an orange-

house, and the other for myrtles or other more common greens, and had, I doubt not, been cast for that purpose, if this piece of gardening had been then in as much vogue as it is now.

“From the middle of this parterre is a descent by many steps flying on each side of a grotto that lies between them, covered with lead and flat, into the lower garden, which is all fruit-trees ranged about the several quarters of a wilderness which is very shady. The walks here are all green, the grotto embellished with figures of shell rock-work, fountains, and water-works. If the hill had not ended with the lower garden, and the walls were not bounded by a common way that goes through the park, they might have added a third quarter of all greens; but this want is supplied by a garden on the other side the house, which is all of that sort—very wild, shady, and adorned with rough rock-work and fountains.

“This was Moor Park, when I was acquainted with it, and the sweetest place I think that I have seen in my life, either before or since, at home or abroad.”

I will make no further remarks on this description. Any man might design and *build* as sweet a garden, who had been born in and never stirred out of Holborn. It was not peculiar to Sir William Temple to think in that

manner. How many Frenchmen are there who have seen *our* gardens, and still prefer *natural* flights of steps and shady cloisters covered with lead? Le Nautre, the architect of the groves and grottos at Versailles, came hither on a mission to improve our taste. He planted St. James' and Greenwich parks—no great monuments of his invention.

To do further justice |to Sir William Temple, I must not omit what he adds :

“ What I have said of the best forms of gardens is meant only of such as are in some sort regular, for there may be other forms wholly irregular, that may, for aught I know, have more beauty than any of the others ; but they must owe it to some extraordinary dispositions of nature in the seat, *or some great race of fancy or judgment in the contrivance*, which may reduce many disagreeing parts *into some figure*, which shall yet, upon the whole, be very agreeable. Something of this I have seen in some places, but heard more of it from others who have lived much among the Chinese, a people whose way of thinking seems to lie as wide of ours in Europe as their country does. Their greatest reach of imagination is employed in contriving figures, where the beauty shall be great and strike the eye, but without any order or disposition of parts that shall be commonly

or easily observed. And though we have hardly any notion of this sort of beauty, yet they have a particular word to express it, and where they find it hit their eye at first sight, they say the Sharawadgi is fine or is admirable, or any such expression of esteem, but I should hardly advise any of these attempts in the figure of gardens among us. They are adventures of too hard achievement for any common hands, and though there may be more honor if they succeed well, yet there is more dishonor if they fail, and it is twenty to one they will ; whereas in regular figures it is hard to make any great and remarkable faults."

Fortunately, Kent and a few others were not quite so timid, or we might still be going up and down stairs in the open air.

It is true we have heard much lately, as Sir William Temple did, of irregularity and imitations of nature in the gardens or grounds of the Chinese. The former is certainly true. They are as whimsically irregular as European gardens are formally uniform and varied ; but with regard to nature it seems as much avoided as in the squares and oblongs and straight lines of our ancestors. An artificial perpendicular rock starting out of a flat plain and connected with nothing, often pierced through in various places with oval hollows, has no more preten-

sion to be deemed natural than a lineal terrace or a parterre. The late Mr. Joseph Spence, who had both taste and zeal for the present style, was so persuaded of the Chinese emperor's pleasure-ground being laid out on principles resembling ours, that he translated and published, under the name of Sir Harry Beaumont, a particular account of that enclosure from the collection of the letters of the Jesuits. I have looked it over, and except a determined irregularity, can find nothing in it that gives me any idea of attention being paid to nature. It is of vast circumference, and contains two hundred palaces, besides as many contiguous for the eunuchs, all gilt, painted, and varnished. There are raised hills from twenty to sixty feet high, streams and lakes, and one of the latter five miles round. These waters are passed by bridges, but even their bridges must not be straight—they serpentize as much as the rivulets, and are sometimes so long as to be furnished with resting-places, and begin and end with triumphal arches. Methinks a straight canal is as rational at least as a meandering bridge. The colonnades undulate in the same manner. In short, this pretty gaudy scene is the work of caprice and whim, and when we reflect on their buildings presents no image but that of unsubstantial tawdriness. Nor is this

all. Within this fantastic paradise is a square town, each side a mile long. Here the eunuchs of the court, to entertain his imperial majesty with the bustle and business of the capital in which he resides, but which it is not of his dignity ever to see, act merchants and all sorts of trades, and even designedly exercise for his royal amusement every art of knavery that is practised under his auspicious government. Methinks this is the childish solace and repose of grandeur, not a retirement from affairs to the delights of rural life. Here, too, his majesty plays at agriculture. There is a quartet set apart for that purpose. The eunuchs sow, reap, and carry in their harvest in the imperial presence, and his majesty returns to Peking persuaded that he has been in the country.

Having thus cleared my way by ascertaining what have been the ideas on gardening in all ages as far as we have materials to judge by, it remains to show to what degree Mr. Kent invented the new style, and what hints he had received to suggest and conduct his undertaking.

We have seen what Moor Park was when pronounced a standard. But as no succeeding generation in an opulent and luxurious country contents itself with the perfection established by its ancestors, more perfect perfection was still sought, and improvements had gone on,

till London and Wise had stocked our gardens with giants, animals, monsters,* coats-of-arms, and mottoes in yew, box, and holly. Absurdity could go no further, and the tide turned. Bridgman, the next fashionable designer of gardens, was far more chaste, and whether from good sense, or that the nation had been struck and reformed by the admirable paper in the *Guardian*, No. 173, he banished verdant sculpture, and did not even revert to the square precision of the foregoing age. He enlarged his plans, disdained to make every division tally to its opposite; and though he still adhered much to straight walks with high clipped hedges, they were only his great lines, the rest he diversified by wilderness, and with loose groves of oak, though still within surrounding hedges. I have observed in the garden † at Gubbins, in Hertfordshire, many detached thoughts that strongly indicate the dawn of modern taste. As his reformation gained footing he ventured further, and in the royal garden at Richmond dared to

* On the piers of a garden gate, not far from Paris, I observed two very coquet sphinxes. These lady monsters had straw hats, gracefully smart on one side of their heads, and silken cloaks half veiling their necks—all executed in stone.

† The seat of the late Sir Jeremy Sambroke. It had formerly belonged to Lady More, mother-in-law of Sir Thomas More, and had been tyrannically wrenched from her by Henry VIII. on the execution of Sir Thomas, though not her son, and though her jointure from a former husband.

introduce cultivated fields, and even morsels of a forest appearance, by the sides of those endless and tiresome walks that stretched out of one into another without intermission. But this was not till other innovators had broken loose, too, from rigid symmetry. But the capital stroke, the leading step to all that has followed, was (I believe the first thought was Bridgman's) the destruction of walls for boundaries, and the invention of fossés—an attempt then deemed so astonishing that the common people called them Ha! Ha's! to express their surprise at finding a sudden and unperceived check to their walk.

One of the first gardens planted in this simple, though still formal style, was my father's at Houghton. It was laid out by Mr. Eyre, an imitator of Bridgman. It contains three and twenty acres, then reckoned a considerable portion.

I call a sunk fence the leading step for these reasons: No sooner was this simple enchantment made, than levelling, mowing, and rolling followed. The contiguous ground of the park, without the sunk fence, was to be harmonized with the lawn within; and the garden in its turn was to be set free from its prim regularity, that it might assort with the wilder country without. The sunk fence ascertained the

specific garden ; but that it might not draw too obvious a line of distinction between the neat and the rude, the contiguous out-lying parts came to be included in a kind of general design : and when nature was taken into the plan, under improvements, every step that was made pointed out new beauties and inspired new ideas. At that moment appeared Kent, painter enough to taste the charms of landscape, bold and opinionative enough to dare and to dictate, and born with a genius to strike out a great system from the twilight of imperfect essays. He leaped the fence and saw that all nature was a garden. He felt the delicious contrast of hill and valley changing imperceptibly into each other, tasted the beauty of the gentle swell or concave swoop, and remarked how loose groves crowned an easy eminence with happy ornament ; and while they called in the distant view between their graceful stems, removed and extended the perspective by delusive comparison.

Thus the pencil of his imagination bestowed all the arts of landscape on the scenes he handled. The great principles on which he worked were perspective, and light and shade. Groups of trees broke too uniform or too extensive a lawn ; evergreens and woods were opposed to the glare of the champaign ; and

where the view was less fortunate, or so much exposed as to be beheld at once, he blotted out some parts by thick shades to divide it into variety, or to make the richest scene more enchanting by reserving it to a farther advance of the spectator's step. Thus selecting favorite objects and veiling deformities by screens of plantation, sometimes allowing the rudest waste to add its foil to the richest theatre, he realized the compositions of the greatest masters in painting. Where objects were wanting to animate his horizon, his taste as an architect could bestow immediate termination. His buildings, his seats, his temples, were more the works of his pencil than of his compasses. We owe the restoration of Greece and the diffusion of architecture to his skill in landscape.

But of all the beauties he added to the face of this beautiful country none surpassed his management of water. Adieu to canals, circular basins, and cascades tumbling down marble steps, that last absurd magnificence of Italian and French villas. The forced elevation of cataracts was no more. The gentle stream was taught to serpentine seemingly at its pleasure, and where discontinued by different levels its course appeared to be concealed by thickets properly interspersed, and glittered again at a distance where it might be supposed naturally

to arrive. Its borders were smoothed, but preserved their waving irregularity. A few trees scattered here and there on its edges sprinkled the tame bank that accompanied its meanders ; and when it disappeared among the hills, shades descending from the heights leaned towards its progress, and framed the distant point of light under which it was lost, as it turned aside to either hand of the blue horizon.

Thus dealing in none but the colors of nature, and catching its most favorable features, men saw a new creation opening before their eyes. The living landscape was chastened or polished, not transformed. Freedom was given to the forms of trees ; they extended their branches unrestricted, and where any eminent oak or master beech had escaped maiming and survived the forest, bush and bramble were removed, and all its honors were restored to distinguish and shade the plain. Where the united plumage of an ancient wood extended wide its undulating canopy, and stood venerable in its darkness, Kent thinned the foremost ranks and left but so many detached and scattered trees as softened the approach of gloom, and blended a checkered light with the thus lengthened shadows of the remaining columns.

Succeeding artists have added new master-strokes to these touches ; perhaps improved or

brought to perfection some that I have named. The introduction of foreign trees and plants, which we owe principally to Archibald, Duke of Argyle, contributed essentially to the richness of coloring so peculiar to our modern landscape. The mixture of various greens, the contrast of forms between our forest-trees and the northern and West Indian firs and pines, are improvements more recent than Kent, or but little known to him. The weeping willow, and every florid shrub, each tree of delicate or bold leaf, are new tints in the composition of our gardens. The last century was certainly acquainted with many of those rare plants we now admire. The Weymouth pine has long been naturalized here; the patriarch plant still exists at Longleat. The light and graceful acacia was known as early; witness those ancient stems in the court of Bedford House in Bloomsbury Square; and in the Bishop of London's garden at Fulham are many exotics of very ancient date. I doubt therefore whether the difficulty of preserving them in a clime so foreign to their nature did not convince our ancestors of their inutility in general; unless the shapeliness of the lime and horse-chestnut, which accorded so well with established regularity, and which thence and from their novelty grew in fashion,

did not occasion the neglect of the more curious plants.

But just as the encomiums are that I have bestowed on Kent's discoveries, he was neither without assistance nor faults. Mr. Pope undoubtedly contributed to form his taste. The design of the Prince of Wales' garden at Carlton House was evidently borrowed from the poet's at Twickenham. There was a little of affected modesty in the latter, when he said, of all his works he was most proud of his garden. And yet it was a singular effort of art and taste, to impress so much variety of scenery on a spot of five acres. The passing through the gloom from the grotto to the opening day, the retiring and again assembling shades, the dusky groves, the larger lawn, and the solemnity of the termination at the cypresses that lead up to his mother's tomb, are managed with excellent judgment; and though Lord Petersborough assisted him

"To form his quincunx and to rank his vines,"

those were not the most pleasing ingredients of his little perspective.

I do not know whether the disposition of the garden at Rousham, laid out for General Dormer, and in my opinion the most engaging of

all Kent's works, was not planned on the model of Mr. Pope's, at least in the opening and retiring shades of Venus' vale. The whole is as elegant and antique as if the Emperor Julian had selected the most pleasing solitude about Daphne to enjoy a philosophic retirement.

That Kent's ideas were but rarely great was in some measure owing to the novelty of his art. It would have been difficult to have transported the style of gardening at once from a few acres to tumbling of forests; and though new fashions, like new religions (which are new fashions), often lead men to the most opposite excesses, it could not be the case in gardening, where the experiments would have been so expensive. Yet it is true, that the features in Kent's landscapes were seldom majestic. His clumps were puny, he aimed at immediate effect, and planted not for futurity. One sees no large woods sketched out by his direction. Nor are we yet entirely risen above a too great frequency of small clumps, especially in the elbows of serpentine rivers. How common to see three or four beeches, then as many larches, a third knot of cypresses, and a revolution of all three! Kent's last designs were in a higher style, as his ideas opened on success. The north terrace at Claremont was much superior to the rest of the garden.

A return of some particular thoughts was common to him with other painters, and made his *hand* known. A small lake edged by a winding bank with scattered trees that led to a seat at the head of the pond, was common to Claremont, Esher, and others of his designs. At Esher,

“Where Kent and Nature vied for Pelham’s love,”

the prospects more than aided the painter’s genius. They marked out the points where his art was necessary or not, but thence left his judgment in possession of all its glory.

Having routed *professed art*, for the modern gardener exerts his talents to conceal his art, Kent, like other reformers, knew not how to stop at the just limits. He had followed nature, and imitated her so happily, that he began to think all her works were equally proper for imitation. In Kensington Garden he planted deal trees, to give a greater air of truth to the scene: but he was soon laughed out of this excess. His ruling principle was, that *nature abhors a straight line*; his mimics, for every genius has his apes, seemed to think that she could love nothing but what was crooked. Yet so many men of taste of all ranks devoted themselves to the new improvements, that it is surprising how much beauty has been struck out, with how

few absurdities. Still in some lights the reformation seems to me to have been pushed too far. Though an avenue crossing a park or separating a lawn, and intercepting views from the seat to which it leads, are capital faults, yet a great avenue * cut through woods, perhaps before entering a park, has a noble air, and,

“ Like footmen running before coaches—
To tell the inn what lord approaches,”

announces the habitation of some man of distinction.

In other places the total banishment of all particular neatness immediately about a house, which is frequently left gazing by itself in the middle of a park, is a defect. Sheltered and even close walks, in so very uncertain a climate as ours, are comforts ill exchanged for the few picturesque days that we enjoy ; and whenever a family can purloin a warm and even something of an old-fashioned garden, from the landscape designed for them by the undertaker

* Of this kind, one of the most noble is that of Stanstead, the seat of the Earl of Halifax, traversing an ancient wood for two miles, and bounded by the sea. The very extensive lawns at that seat, richly enclosed by venerable beech woods, and checkered by single beeches of vast size, particularly when you stand in the portico of the temple and survey the landscape that wastes itself in rivers of broken seas recall such exact pictures of Claude Lorraine, that it is difficult to conceive that he did not paint them from this very spot.

in fashion, without interfering with the picture, they will find satisfaction on those days that do not invite strangers to come and see their improvements.

Fountains have with great reason been banished from gardens as unnatural; but it surprises me that they have not been allotted to their proper position—to cities, towns, and the courts of great houses, as proper accompaniments to architecture, and as works of grandeur in themselves. Their decorations admit the utmost invention; and when the waters are thrown up to different stages, and tumble over their border, nothing has a more imposing or a more refreshing sound. A palace demands its external graces and attributes, as much as a garden. Fountains and cypresses peculiarly become buildings; and no man can have been at Rome, and seen the vast basins of marble dashed with perpetual cascades in the area of St. Peter's, without retaining an idea of taste and splendor. Those in the Piazza Navona are as useful as sublimely conceived.

Grottos in this climate are recesses only to be looked at transiently. When they are regularly composed within of symmetry and architecture, as in Italy, they are only splendid improprieties. The most judiciously, indeed most fortunately, placed grotto, is that at Stour-

head, where the river bursts from the urn of its god, and passes on its course through the cave.

But it is not my business to lay down rules for gardens, but to give a history of them. A system of rules pushed to a great degree of refinement, and collected from the best examples and practice, has been lately given in a book entitled "Observations on Modern Gardening." The work is very ingeniously and carefully executed, and in point of utility rather exceeds than omits any necessary directions. The author will excuse me if I think it a little excess, when he examines that rude and unappropriated scene of Matlocke Bath, and criticises nature for having bestowed on the rapid river Derwent too many cascades.

How can this censure be brought home to gardening? The management of rocks is a province can fall to few directors of gardens; still in our distant provinces such a guide may be necessary.

The author divides his subject into gardens, parks, farms, and ridings. I do not mean to find fault with this division. Directions are requisite to each kind, and each has its department at many of the great scenes from whence he drew his observations. In the historic light, I distinguished them into the garden that connects itself with a park, into the ornamented

farm, and into the forest or savage garden. Kent, as I have shown, invented or established the first sort. Mr. Philip Southcote founded the second, or *ferme ornée*, of which is a very just description in the author I have been quoting. The third I think he has not enough distinguished. I mean that kind of Alpine scene, composed almost wholly of pines and firs, a few birch, and such trees as assimilate with a savage and mountainous country. Mr. Charles Hamilton, at Pain's Hill, in my opinion has given a perfect example of this mode in the utmost boundary of his garden. All is great and foreign and rude; the walks seem not designed, but cut through the wood of pines; and the style of the whole is so grand, and conducted with so serious an air of wild and uncultivated extent, that when you look down on this seeming forest you are amazed to find it contain a very few acres. In general, except as a screen to conceal some deformity, or as a shelter in winter, I am not fond of total plantations of evergreens. Firs in particular form a very ungraceful summit, all broken into angles.

Sir Henry Englefield was one of the first improvers on the new style, and selected with singular taste that chief beauty of all gardens—prospect and fortunate points of view. We tire of all the painter's art when it wants these

finishing touches. The fairest scenes, that depend upon themselves alone, weary when often seen. The Doric portico, the Palladian bridge, the Gothic ruin, the Chinese pagoda, that surprise the stranger, soon lose their charms to their surfeited master. The lake that floats the valley is still more lifeless, and its lord seldom enjoys his expense but when he shows it to a visitor. But the ornament whose merit soonest fades is the hermitage, or scene adapted to contemplation. It is almost comic to set aside a quarter of one's garden to be melancholy in. Prospect, animated prospect, is the theatre that will always be the most frequented. Prospects formerly were sacrificed to convenience and warmth. Thus Burleigh stands behind a hill, from the top of which it would command Stamford. Our ancestors, who resided the greatest part of the year at their seats, as others did two years together or more, had an eye to comfort first, before expense. Their vast mansions received and harbored all the younger branches, the dowagers and ancient maiden aunts of the families; and other families visited them for a month together. Their method of living is now totally changed, and yet the same superb palaces are still created, becoming a pompous solitude to the owner, and a transient entertainment to a few travellers. If any incident

abolishes or restrains the modern style of gardening, it will be this circumstance of solitariness. The greater the scene, the more distant it is probably from the capital, in the neighborhood of which land is too dear to admit considerable extent of property. Men tire of expense that is obvious to few spectators. Still, there is a more eminent danger that threatens the present, as it has ever done all taste—I mean the pursuit of variety. A modern French writer has in a very affected phrase given a just account of this, I will call it, distemper. He says: *L'ennui du beau amène le goût singulier*. The noble simplicity of the Augustan age was driven out by false taste. The gigantic, the puerile, the quaint, and at last the barbarous and the monkish, had each their successive admirers. Music has been improved till it is a science of tricks and sleight-of-hand; the sober greatness of Titian is lost, and painting since Carlo Maratti has little more relief than Indian paper. Borromini twisted and curled architecture, as if it was subject to the change of fashions like a head of hair. If we once lose sight of the propriety of landscape in our gardens, we shall wander into all the fantastic sharawadgis of the Chinese. We have discovered the point of perfection. We have given the true model of gardening to the world. Let

other countries mimic or corrupt our taste ; but let it reign here on its verdant throne, original by its elegant simplicity, and proud of no other art than that of softening nature's harshnesses and copying her graceful touch.

The ingenious author of the "Observations on Modern Gardening" is, I think, too rigid when he condemns some deceptions because they have been often used. If those deceptions, as a feigned steeple of a distant church, or an unreal bridge to disguise the termination of water, were intended only to surprise, they were indeed tricks that would not bear repetition ; but being intended to improve the landscape, are no more to be condemned because common, than they would be if employed by a painter in the composition of a picture. Ought one man's garden to be deprived of a happy object, because that object has been employed by another? The more we exact novelty, the sooner our taste will be vitiated. Situations are everywhere so various that there never can be a sameness, while the disposition of the ground is studied and followed, and every incident of view turned to advantage.

In the meantime, how rich, how gay, how picturesque the face of the country ! The demolition of walls laying open each improvement, every journey is made through a succession of

pictures; and even where taste is wanting in the spot improved, the general view is embellished by variety. If no relapse to barbarism, formality, and seclusion is made, what landscapes will dignify every quarter of our island, where the daily plantations that are making have attained venerable maturity! A specimen of what our gardens will be may be seen at Petworth, where the portion of the park nearest the house has been allotted to the modern style. It is a garden of oaks two hundred years old. If there is a fault in so august a fragment of improved nature, it is that the size of the trees is out of all proportion to the shrubs and accompaniments. In truth, shrubs should not only be reserved for particular spots and home delight, but are past their beauty in less than twenty years.

Enough has been done to establish such a school of landscape as cannot be found on the rest of the globe. If we have the seeds of a Claude or a Gaspar amongst us, he must come forth. If wood, water, groves, valleys, glades, can inspire or poet or painter, this is the country, this is the age to produce them. The flocks, the herds, that are now admitted into, now graze on the borders of, our cultivated plains, are ready before the painter's eyes, and group themselves to animate his picture. One

misfortune, in truth, there is, that throws a difficulty on the artist. A principal beauty in our gardens is the lawn and smoothness of turf; in a picture it becomes a dead and uniform spot, incapable of *chiaro-scuro*, and to be broken insipidly by children, dogs, and other unmeaning figures.

Since we have been familiarized to the study of landscape we hear less of what delighted our sportsmen-ancestors—a *fine open country*. Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, and such ocean-like extents, were formerly preferred to the rich blue prospects of Kent, to the Thames-watered views in Berkshire, and to the magnificent scale of nature in Yorkshire. An open country is but a canvas on which a landscape might be designed.

It was fortunate for the country and Mr. Kent that he was succeeded by a very able master; and did living artists come within my plan, I should be glad to do justice to Mr. Brown; but he may be a gainer by being reserved for some abler pen.

In general it is probably true, that the possessor, if he has any taste, must be the best designer of his own improvements. He sees his situation in all seasons of the year, at all times of the day. He knows where beauty will not clash with convenience, and observes in his silent walks, or accidental rides, a thousand

hints that must escape a person who in a few days sketches out a pretty picture, but has not had leisure to examine the details and relations of every part.

Truth, which, after the opposition given to most revolutions, preponderates at last, will probably not carry our style of garden into general use on the Continent. The expense is only suited to the opulence of a free country, where emulation reigns among many independent particulars. The keeping of our grounds is an obstacle, as well as the cost of the first formation. A flat country, like Holland, is incapable of landscape. In France and Italy the nobility do not reside much, and make small expense at their villas. I should think the little princes of Germany, who spare no profusion on their palaces and country-houses, most likely to be our imitators; especially as their country and climate bears in many parts resemblance to ours. In France, and still less in Italy, they could with difficulty attain that verdure which the humidity of our clime bestows as the groundwork of our improvements. As great an obstacle in France is the embargo laid on the growth of their trees: as after a certain age, when they would rise to bulk, they are liable to be marked by the crown's surveyors as royal timber, it is a curiosity to see an old tree. A

landscape and a crown surveyor are incompatible.

I have thus brought down to the conclusion of the last reign (the period I had marked to this work) the history of our arts and artists, from the earliest era in which we can be said to have had either. Though there have been only gleams of light and flashes of genius, rather than progressive improvements or flourishing schools, the inequality and insufficiency of the execution have flowed more from my own defects than from those of the subject. The merits of the work, if it has any, are owing to the indefatigable industry of Mr. Vertue in amassing all possible materials. As my task is finished, it will, I hope, at least excite others to collect and preserve notices and anecdotes for some future continuator. The era promises to furnish a nobler harvest. Our exhibitions, and the institution of a Royal Academy, inspire the artists with emulation, and recommend them to employment. The public examines and reasons on their works, and spectators by degrees become judges. Nor are persons of the first rank mere patrons. Lord Harcourt's etchings are superior in boldness and freedom of stroke to any thing we have seen from established artists. Gardening and architecture owe as much to the nobility and to men of fortune as

to the professors. I need but name General Conway's rustic bridge, at Park Place, of which every stone was placed by his own direction in one of the most beautiful scenes in nature; and the theatric staircase designed and just erected by Mr. Chute, at his seat of the Vine in Hampshire. If a model is sought of the most perfect taste in architecture, where grace softens dignity, and lightness attempers magnificence; where proportion removes every part from peculiar observation, and delicacy of execution recalls every part to notice; where the position is most happy, and even the color of the stone the most harmonious, the virtuoso should be directed to the new front* of Wentworth Castle,—the result of the same elegant judgment that had before distributed so many beauties over that domain, and called from wood, water, hills, prospects, and buildings, a compendium of picturesque nature, improved by the chastity of art. Such an era will demand a better historian. With pleasure, therefore, I resign my pen, presuming to recommend nothing to my successor, but to observe a strict impartiality.

AUGUST 2, 1770.

* The old front, still extant, was erected by Thomas Wentworth, late Earl of Stafford; the new one was entirely designed by the present Earl William himself.



JOHN EVELYN.

OF FENCES AND QUICKSETS.

From "Silva." *

OUR main plantation is now finished, and our forest adorned with a just variety. But what is yet all this labor, but loss of time and irreparable expense, unless our young and (as yet) tender plants be sufficiently guarded with munitions from all external injuries? For, as old Tusser,

" If cattle or coney may enter to crop,
Young oak is in danger of losing his top."

But with something of a more polished style, though to the same purpose, the best of poets :

*Texendæ sepes etiam, et pecus omne tenendum est :
Præcipuè dum frons tenera, imprudensque laborum :*

* A discourse delivered before the Royal Society on the 15th of October, 1662. The notes to this selection are those appended to the edition of 1777.

*Cui, super indignas hyemes, solemque potentem,
Sylvestres uri assidue, capræque sequaces
Illudunt ; pascuntur oves, avidæque juvencæ.
Frigora nec tantum cana concreta pruina,
Aut gravis incumbens scopulis arentibus æstas ;
Quantum illi nocuere greges, durique venenum
Dentis, et admorso signata in stirpe cicatrix.*

—Georg., ii.

“ Guard, too, from cattle thy new planted ground,
And infant vines that ill can bear a wound :
For not alone by winter’s chilling frost,
Or summer’s scorching beam the young are lost ;
But the wild buffaloes and greedy cows,
And goats and sportive kids the branches browze ;
Not piercing colds, nor Sirius’ beams that beat
On the parched hills, and split their tops with heat,
So deeply injure, as the nibbling flocks,
That wound with venom’d teeth the tender, fearful
stocks.”

The reason that so many complain of the improsperous condition of their woodlands and plantations of this kind, proceeds from this neglect ; though, sheep excepted, there is no employment whatsoever incident to the farmer, which requires less expense to gratify his expectations ; one diligent and skilful man will govern five hundred acres. But if through any accident a beast shall break into his master’s field, or the wicked hunter make a gap for his dogs and horses, what a clamor is there

made for the disturbance of a year's crop at most in a little corn! whilst abandoning his young woods all this time, and perhaps many years, to the venomous bitings and treading of cattle, and other like injuries, for want of due care, the detriment is many times irreparable, young trees once cropped hardly ever recovering. It is the bane of all our most hopeful timber.

But shall I provoke you by an instance? A kinsman of mine has a wood of more than sixty years' standing. It was, before he purchased it, exposed and abandoned to the cattle for divers years. Some of the outward skirts were nothing save shrubs and miserable starvelings; yet still the place was disposed to grow woody, but by this neglect continually suppressed. The industrious gentleman fenced in some acres of this, and cut all close to the ground; and it is come in eight or nine years to be better worth than the wood of sixty, and will, in time, prove most incomparable timber; whilst the other part, so many years advanced, shall never recover: and all this from no other cause than preserving it fenced. Judge then by this, how our woods come to be so decried! Are five hundred sheep worthy the care of a shepherd? And are not five thousand oaks worth the fencing, and the inspection of a hayward?

Et dubitant homines serere, atque impendere curam ?

—*Georg.*, ii.

“ And shall men doubt to plant, and careful be ? ”

Let us therefore shut up what we have thus laboriously planted, with some good quickset hedge.

THE HAWTHORN.

The hawthorn* is raised off seeds ; but then it must not be with despair because sometimes you do not see them peep the first year ; for the haw, and many other seeds, being invested with a very hard integument, will now and then suffer imprisonment two whole years under the

* The hawthorn, of all other thorns, is the best calculated for forming a good fence ; and in all new enclosures is solely applied to that purpose. The plants should, at least, be three years old, with good roots, and put down in single rows, allowing four inches between each plant. Such a hedge, if properly attended to, will in six years be proof against sheep and cattle ; but if neglected for the first two years, especially if the land be poor, much art will be required to form it afterwards into a good fence.

Quickset hedges are of great antiquity. It appears from Homer that, when Ulysses returned to his father, Laërtes, the good old man, had sent his servants into the woods to gather young thorns, and was occupied himself in preparing ground to receive them.—*Odyssey*, lib. xxiv. Varro calls this sort of fence, *Tutela naturalis et viva*. And Columella prefers it before the struttile one, or dead hedge, as being more lasting and less expensive. *Vetustissimi auctores vivam sepem structili prætulerunt, quia non solum minorem impensam desideraret, verum etiam diuturnior immensis temporibus permaneret.*—*De R. R.*, lib. xi,

earth; and our impatience at this does often frustrate the resurrection of divers seeds of this nature, so that we frequently dig up and disturb the beds where they have been sown, in despair, before they have gone their full time, which is also the reason of a very popular mistake in other seeds, especially that of the holly, concerning which there goes a tradition, that they will not sprout till they be passed through the maw of a thrush. They come up very well off the berries, treated as I have showed in book I., chap. xxi., and with patience; for as I affirmed, they will sleep sometimes two entire years in their graves; as will also the seeds of yew, sloe, *Phillyrea angustifolia*, and sundry others, whose shells are very hard about the small kernels; but which is wonderfully facilitated by being, as we directed, prepared in beds, and magazines of earth or sand, for a competent time, and then committed to the ground before the full in March; by which season they will be chitting, and especially take root. Others bury them deep in the ground all winter, and sow them in February. And thus I have been told of a gentleman who has considerably improved his revenue, by sowing haws only, and raising nurseries of quicksets, which he sells by the hundred far and near; this is a commendable industry.

But Columella has another expedient for the raising of our spinetum, by rubbing the now mature hips and haws, ashen-keys, etc., into the crevices of bass-ropes, or wisps of straw, and then burying them in a trench. Whether way you attempt it, they must (so soon as they peep, and as long as they require it) be sedulously cleansed of the weeds; which, if in beds for transplantation, had need be, at the least, three or four years; by which time even your seedlings will be of stature fit to remove. For I do by no means approve of the vulgar premature planting of sets, as is generally used throughout England; which is to take such only as are the very smallest, and so to crowd them into three or four files, which are both egregious mistakes.

Whereas it is found by constant experience, that plants as big as one's thumb, set in the posture, and at the distance which we spake of in the hornbeam—that is, almost perpendicular, (not altogether, because the rain should not get in betwixt the rind and wood), and single, or at most not exceeding a double row, do prosper infinitely, and much outstrip the densest and closest ranges of our trifling sets which make but weak shoots, and whose roots do but hinder each other, and for being couched in that posture, on the sides of banks and fences (espe-

cially where the earth is not very tenacious), are bared of the mould which should entertain them, by that time the rains and storms of one winter have passed over them. In Holland and Flanders (where they have the goodliest hedges of this kind about the counterscarps of their invincible fortifications, to the great security of their musketeers upon occasion) they plant them according to my description, and raise fences so speedily, and so impenetrable, that our best are not to enter into the comparison. Yet that I may not be wanting to direct such as either affect the other way, or whose grounds may require some bank of earth, as ordinarily the verges of copses and other enclosures do, you shall by line cast up your foss of about three feet broad, and about the same depth, provided your mould hold out; beginning first to turn the turf, upon which be careful to lay some of the best earth to bed your quick in, and there lay or set the plants, two in a foot space is sufficient; being diligent to procure such as are fresh-gathered, straight, smooth, and well-rooted; adding now and then, at equal spaces of twenty or thirty feet, a young oakling or elm-sucker, ash, or the like, which will come in time, especially in plain countries, to be ornamental standards, and good timber. If you will needs multiply your rows, a foot, or

somewhat less, above that, upon more congested mould, plant another rank of sets, so as to point just in the middle of the vacuities of the first, which I conceive enough. This is but for the single foss; but if you would fortify it to the purpose, do as much on the other side, of the same depth, height, and planting; and then, last of all, cap the top in *pyramis* with the worst, or bottom of the ditch. Some, if the mould be good, plant a row or two on the hedge, or very crest of the mound, which ought to be a little flattened. Here also many set their dry hedge; for hedges must be hedged till they are able to defend and shade their under plantation, and I cannot reprove it; but great care is to be had in this work, that the main bank be well footed, and not made with too sudden a declivity, which is subject to fall in after frosts and wet weather, and this is good husbandry for moist grounds; but where the land lies high, and is hot and gravelly, I prefer the lower fencing; which, though even with the area itself, may be protected with stakes and a dry hedge on the foss side, the distance competent, and to very good purposes of educating more frequent timber amongst the rows.

Your hedge being yet young should be constantly weeded two or three years, especially before mid-summer, of brambles, the great dock,

thistle, etc., though some admit not of this work till after Michaelmas, for reasons that I approve not. It has been the practice of Herefordshire, in the plantation of quickset hedges, to plant a crab-stock at every twenty feet distance; and this they observe so religiously, as if they had been under some rigorous statute requiring it. And by this means they were provided in a short time with all the advantages for the grafting of fruit amongst them, which does highly recompense their industry. Some cut their sets at three years' growth, even to the very ground, and find that in a year or two they will have shot as much as in the seven, had they been let alone.

When your hedge is now of near six years' stature, plash it about February or October; but this is the work of a very dexterous and skilful husbandman, and for which our honest countryman, Mr. Markham, gives excellent directions; only I approve not so well of his deep cutting the stems, if it be possible to bend them, having suffered in something of that kind. It is almost incredible to what perfection some have laid these hedges by the rural way of plashing, better than by clipping; yet may both be used for ornament, as where they are planted about our garden fences, and fields near the mansion. In Scotland, by tying the

young shoots with bands of hay, they make the stems grow so very close together, as that it encloseth rabbits in warrens instead of pales ; and for this robust use we shall prefer the black thorn ; the extravagant suckers, which are apt to rise at a distance from the hedge line, being sedulously extirpated, that the rest may grow the stronger and thicker.

And now since I did mention it, and that most I find do greatly affect the vulgar way of quicking (that this our discourse being in nothing deficient), we will in brief give it you again after George Markham's description, because it is the best and most accurate, although much resembling our former direction, of which it seems but a repetition, till he comes to the plashing. In ground which is more dry than wet (for watery places it abhors), plant your quick thus : Let the first rows of sets be placed in a trench of about half a foot deep, even with the top of your ditch, in somewhat a sloping or inclining posture ; then, having raised your bank near a foot upon them, plant another row, so as their tops may just peep out over the middle of the spaces of your first row. These covered again to the height or thickness of the other, place a third rank opposite to the first, and then finish your bank to its intended height. The distances of the plants should not be above one

foot ; and the season to do the work in may be from the entry of February till the end of March, or else in September to the beginning of December. When this is finished, you must guard both the top of your bank, and outmost verge of your ditch, with a sufficient dry hedge, interwoven from stake to stake into the earth, which commonly they do on the bank to secure your quick from the spoil of cattle. And then, being careful to repair such as decay, or do not spring, by supplying the dead and trimming the rest, you shall, after three years' growth, sprinkle some trees amongst them, such as oak, beech, ash, maple, fruit, and the like ; which, being drawn young out of your nurseries, may be very easily inserted.

I am not, in the meantime, ignorant of what is said against the scattering these masts and keys among our fences ; which grown, overtop the subnascent hedge, and prejudice it with their shade and drip. But this might be prevented by planting hollies, proof against these impediments, in the line or trench where you would raise standards, as far as they usually spread in many years, and which, if placed at good distances, how close soever to the stem, would, besides their stout defence, prove a wondrous decoration to large and ample enclosures. But to resume our former work. That which

we affirmed to require the greatest dexterity, is the artificial plashing of our hedge, when it is arrived at a six or seven years' head ; though some stay till the tenth, or longer. In February, therefore, or October, with a very sharp handbill cut away all superfluous sprays and stragglers, which may hinder your progress and are useless. Then searching out the principal stems, with a keen and light hatchet cut them slantwise, close to the ground, hardly three quarters through, or rather so far only as till you can make them comply handsomely, which is your best direction, lest you rift the stem, and so lay it from your sloping as you go, folding in the lesser branches which spring from them ; and ever within five or six feet distance, where you find an upright set (cutting off only the top to the height of your intended hedge), let it stand as a stake to fortify your work, and to receive the twinings of those branches about it. Lastly, at the top (which should be about five feet above ground), take the longest, most slender, and flexible twigs which you reserved, and (being cut as the former, where need requires) bind in the extremities of all the rest ; and thus your work is finished. This being done very close and thick, makes an impregnable hedge in a few years ; for it may be repeated as you see occasion ; and what you so cut away will

help to make your dry hedges for your young plantations, or be profitable for the oven, and make good bavin. There are some yet who would have no stakes cut from the trees, save here and there one, so as to leave half the head naked, and the other standing ; but the overhanging boughs will kill what is under them, and ruin the tree, so pernicious is this halftopping ; let this be a total amputation for a new and lusty spring. There is nothing more prejudicial to subnascent young trees than, when newly trimmed and pruned, to have their (as yet raw) wounds poisoned with continual dripping, as is well observed by Mr. Nourse ; but this is meant of repairing decayed hedges. For stakes in the above work, oak is to be preferred, though some will use elder, but it is not good, or the blackthorn and crab-tree ; in moorish ground withy, ash, maple, and hazel, but not lasting, driven well in at every yard of interval, both before and after they are bound, till they have taken the hard earth, and are very fast ; and even your plashed hedges need some small thorns to be laid over to protect the spring from cattle and sheep till they are somewhat fortified, and the doubler the winding is lodged the better, which should be beaten, and forced down together with the stakes as equally as may be. Note that in sloping your windings,

if it be too low done, as very usually, it frequently mortifies the tops; therefore it ought to be so bent as it may not impede the mounting of the sap. If the plash be of a great and extraordinary age, wind it at the nether boughs altogether, and cutting the sets as directed, permit it rather to hang downwards a little than rise too forwards; and then twist the branches into the work, leaving a set free and unconstrained at every yard space, besides such as will serve for stakes, abated to about five feet in length (which is a competent stature for a hedge), and so let it stand. One shall often find in this work, especially in old neglected hedges, some great trees or stubs that commonly make gaps for cattle; such should be cut so near the earth as till you can lay them thwart, that the top of one may rest on the root or stub of the other, as far as they extend, stopping the cavities with its boughs and branches; and thus hedges, which seem to consist but only of scrubby trees and stumps, may be reduced to a tolerable fence; but in case it be superannuated and very old, it is advisable to stub all up, being quite renewed and well guarded. We have been the longer on these descriptions, because it is of main importance, and that so few husbandmen are so perfectly skilled in it; but he that would be more fully satisfied, I

would have him consult Mr. Cook, chapter xxxii., or rather, *instar omnium*, what I cannot, without injury to the public and ingratitude to the persons who do me the honor of imparting to me their experiences, but freely communicate.

The root of an old thorn is excellent both for boxes and combs, and is curiously and naturally wrought. I have read that they made ribs to some small boats or vessels with the white-thorn; and it is certain that if they were planted single, and in standards, where they might be safe, they would rise into large-bodied trees in time, and be of excellent use for the turner, not inferior to box. It was accounted among the fortunate trees, and therefore used in *fasces nuptiarum*, since the jolly shepherds carried the white-thorn at the rape of the Sabines.

The distilled water, and stone, or kernels of the haw reduced to powder, is generally agreed to be sovereign against the stone. The black crab, rightly seasoned and treated, is famous for walking-staves, and, if overgrown, is used in mill-work; yea, and for rafters of great ships. Here we owe due eulogy to the industry of the late Lord Shaftesbury, who has taught us to make such enclosures of crab-stocks only, planted close to one another, as there is nothing more impregnable or becoming; or you

may sow cider-kernels in a rill, and fence it for a while with a double dry hedge, not only for a sudden and beautiful, but a very profitable, enclosure ; because, amongst other benefits, they will yield you cider-fruit in abundance. But in Devonshire they build two walls with their stones, setting them edgeways, two, and then one between ; and so as it rises, fill the interval, or coffer, with earth (the breadth and height as you please), continuing the stonework and filling ; and as you work, beating in the stones flat to the sides, they are made to stick everlastingly. This is absolutely the neatest, most saving, and profitable fencing imaginable, where slaty stones are in any abundance ; and it becomes not only the most secure to the lands, but the best for cattle, to lie warm under the walls ; whilst other hedges, be they ever so thick, admit of some cold winds in winter-time when the leaves are off. Upon these banks they plant not only quicksets, but even timber-trees, which exceedingly thrive, being out of all danger.

THE PYRACANTHA AND PALIURUS.

The *Pyracantha*, *Paliurus*,* and like preciouser sorts of thorn and robust evergreens

*The *Paliurus* is supposed to be the plant that composed the crown that was placed upon the head of

adorned with caralin berries, might easily be propagated by seeds, layers, or cuttings, into plenty sufficient to store even these vulgar uses, were men industrious ; and then how beautiful and sweet would the environs of our fields be ! for there are none of the spinous shrubs more hardy, none that make a more glorious show, nor fitter for our defence, competently armed, especially the *Rhamnus*, which I therefore join to the *Oxyacantha*, for its terrible and almost irresistible spines, able almost to pierce a coat of mail ; and for this made use of by the malicious Jews to crown the sacred temples of our Blessed Saviour, and is yet preserved among the

Christ at his crucifixion ; but Dr. Haselquist, who had great opportunities of examining the plants of the Holy Land, is of opinion that it was a species of *Zizyphus*, which grows in great plenty in the neighborhood of Jerusalem. It is a very thorny plant, and is called by Linnæus, *Rhamnus aculeis geminatis rectis, foliis ovatis*, Sp. Pl. 282. The learned Dr. Pearce, late Lord Bishop of Rochester, sees the whole of this transaction in a very different light. And as his own words will best explain his opinion, I shall here transcribe them from his most excellent work, entitled " A Commentary upon the Four Evangelists."

" The *ακανθων* may as well be the plural genitive case of the word *ακανθως* as of *ακανθη* ; if of the latter, it is rightly translated *of thorns*, but the former word signifies what we call *bear's-foot*, and the French *branche ursine*. This is not of the thorny kind of plants, but is soft and smooth. Virgil calls it *mollis acanthus* (Ecl., iii., 45, and Georg., iv., 137) ; so does Pliny, Sec. Epist., v., 6 ; and Pliny the elder, in his Nat. Hist., xxii., 22 (p. 277, Edit. Hard. fol.), says that it is *lævis*, smooth, and that it is one of those plants which are cultivated in gardens. I have somewhere read (but cannot at present recollect where) that this soft and smooth herb was very common

most venerable relics in Sainte Chapelle at Paris, as is pretended by the devotees, etc., and hence has the tree (for it sometimes exceeds a shrub) the name of *Christ's thorn*. Thus might barberries now and then be also inserted among our hedges, which with the hips, haws, and cornel-berries, do well in light lands, and should rather be planted to the south than north of west, as usually we observe them.

Some, as we noted, mingle their very hedges with oaklings, ash, and fruit-trees, sown or planted, and it is a laudable improvement; though others do rather recommend to us sets of

in and about Jerusalem. I find nothing in the New Testament said concerning this crown which Pilate's soldiers put upon the head of Jesus, to incline one to think that it was made of thorns, and intended (as is usually supposed) to put him to pain. The reed put into his hand, and the scarlet robe on his back, were only meant as marks of mockery and contempt. One may also reasonably judge by the soldiers being said to plait this crown, that it was not composed of such twigs and leaves as were of a *thorny nature*. I do not find that it is mentioned by any of the primitive Christian writers as an instance of the cruelty used towards our Saviour before he was led to his crucifixion, till the time of Tertullian, who lived after Jesus' death at the distance of about one hundred and sixty years. He indeed seems to have understood *ακανθων* in the sense of *thorns*, and says, De Coron. Milit., sect. xiv. (Edit. Pomel. Franck. 1597), *quale, oro te, Jesus Christus sertum pro utraque sexu subiit? Ex spinis, opinor, et tribulis*. The total silence of Polycarp, Barnabas, Clem. Romanus, and all the other Christian writers whose works are now extant and who wrote before Tertullian, in this particular, will give some weight to incline one to think that this crown was not plaited with *thorns*."—Vol. 1, p. 196. Ed. 1777.

all one sort, and will not so much as admit of the blackthorn to be mingled with the white, because of their unequal progress ; and, indeed, timber trees set in the hedge (though contemporaries with it) do frequently wear it out : and therefore I should rather encourage such plantations to be at some yards' distance, near the verges, than perpendicularly in them. Lastly, if in planting any of the most robust forest-trees (especially oak, elm, chestnut) at competent spaces, and in rows, you open a ring of ground at about four feet distance from the stem, and prick in quickset plants, you may, after a while, keep them clipped, at what height you please. They will appear exceedingly beautiful to the eye, prove a good fence, and yield useful bush, bavin, and (if you maintain them unshorn) hips and haws in abundance ; this should therefore be especially practised, where one would invite the birds.

In Cornwall they secure their lands and woods with high mounds, and on them they plant acorns, whose roots bind in the looser mould, and so form a double and most durable fence, encircling the fields with a coronet of trees. They do likewise, and with great commendation, make hedges of our *Genista spinosa*, prickly furze, of which they have a taller

sort, such as the French employ for the same purpose in Bretagne, where they are incomparable husbands.

FURZE.

Furze is to be sown (which is best) or planted of the roots in a furrow. If sown, weed till it be strong, both tonsile, and to be diligently clipped, which will render it a very thick, excellent, and beautiful hedge; otherwise permitted to grow at large, it will yield very good fagot; it is likewise admirable covert for wild fowl, and will be made to grow even in moist as well as dry places. The young and tender tops of furze, being a little bruised, and given to a lean, sickly horse, will strangely recover and plump him. Thus, in some places, when they lay down their barren grounds, they sow the last crop with this seed, and so let them remain till they break them up again, and, during that interim, reap real advantage. Would you believe (writes a worthy correspondent of mine) that in Herefordshire, famous for plenty of wood, their thickets of furzes, viz., the vulgar, should yield them more profit than a like quantity of the best wheat land of England? for such is theirs. If this be questioned, the scene is within a mile of Hereford, and proved by anniversary experience, in the lands, as I

take it, of a gentleman who is now one of the burgesses for that city. And in Devonshire (the seat of the best husbands in the world) they sow on their worst land, well ploughed, the seeds of the rankest furzes, which, in four or five years, becomes a rich wood ; no proven-der, as we say, makes horses so hardy as the young tops of these furzes ; no other wood so thick, nor more excellent fuel ; and for some purposes also, yielding them a kind of timber to their more humble buildings, and a great refuge for fowl and other game. I am assured in Bretagne it is sometimes sown no less than twelve yards thick, for a speedy, profitable, and impenetrable mound ; if we imitated this husbandry in the dry and hot barren places of Surrey, and other parts of this nation, we might exceedingly spare our woods. I have bought the best sort of French seed at the shops in London. It seems that in the more eastern parts of Germany, and especially in Poland, this vulgar trifle, and even our common broom, is so rare that they have desired the seeds of them out of England, and preserve them with extraordinary care in their best gardens. This I learn out of Johnson's "Herbal," by which we may consider that what is reputed a curse and a cumber in one place, is often esteemed an

ornament and a blessing in another ; but we shall not need go so far for this, since both beech and birch are almost as great strangers in many parts of this nation, particularly Northampton and Oxfordshire. Mr. Cook says much in praise of juniper hedges, especially for the more elegant enclosures.

BROOM.

Genista scoparia.—Broom. This is another improvement for barren grounds, and saver of more substantial fuel. It may be sown English, or (what is more sweet and beautiful) Spanish, with equal success. In the western parts of France, and with us in Cornwall, it grows to an incredible height (however our poet gives it the epithet of *humilis*), and so it seems they had it of old, as appears by Gratius' *genistæ altinates*, with which, as he affirms, they used to make staves for their spears and hunting darts. The seeds of broom vomit and purge, whilst the buds and flowers, being pickled, are very grateful.

. ELDER.

Sambucus.—The elder. This makes a considerable fence, if set of reasonably lusty truncheons, much like the willow, and (as I

have seen them maintained) laid with great curiosity; these far excel those extravagant plantations of them about London, where the lops are permitted to grow without due and skilful laying. There is a sort of elder which has hardly any pith; this makes exceedingly stout fences, and the timber is very useful for cogs of mills, butchers' skewers, and such tough employments. Old trees do in time become firm, and close up the hollowness to an almost invisible pith. But if the medicinal properties of the leaves, bark, berries, etc., were thoroughly known, I cannot tell what our countrymen would ail, for which he might not fetch a remedy from every hedge, either for sickness or wound. The inner bark of elder, applied to any burning, takes out the fire immediately; that, or in season the buds, boiled in water-gruel for a breakfast, has effected wonders in a fever; and the decoction is admirable to assuage inflammations and tetters humors, and especially the scorbut. But an extract, or theriaca (so famous in the poem of Nicander), may be composed of the berries, which is not only efficacious to eradicate this epidemical inconvenience, and greatly to assist longevity, but is a kind of catholicon against all infirmities whatever; and of the same berries is made an incomparable spirit, which,

drunk by itself, or mingled with wine, is not only an excellent drink, but admirable in the dropsy. In a word, the water of the leaves and berries is approved in the dropsy, every part of the tree being useful, as may be seen at large in Blocwitzius' Anatomy thereof. The ointment made with the young buds and leaves in May with butter, is most sovereign for aches, shrunk sinews, hæmorrhoids, etc., and the flowers macerated in vinegar, not only are of a grateful relish, but good to attenuate and cut raw and gross humors. Lastly, the fungus (which we call Jews'-ears) decocted in milk, or macerated in vinegar, is of known effect in the angina and sores of the throat. And less than this I could not say (with the leave of the charitable physician) to gratify our poor woodman; and yet when I have said all this, I do by no means commend the scent of it, which is very noxious to the air; and therefore, though I do not undertake that all things which sweeten the air are salubrious, nor all ill savors pernicious, yet, as not for its beauty, so neither for its smell, would I plant elder near my habitation; since we learn from Biesius that a certain house in Spain, seated among many elder trees, diseased and killed almost all the inhabitants, which, when at last they were grubbed up, became a very wholesome and healthy place. The elder

does likewise produce a certain green fly, almost invisible, which is exceedingly troublesome, and gathers a fiery redness where it attacks.

SPINDLE-TREE.

Evonymus.—Spindle-tree. This is a shrub which commonly grows in our hedges, and bears a very hard wood, of which they sometimes make bows for viols, and the inlayer uses it for his color, and instrument-makers for tooting of organs, and virginal keys,* tooth-pickers, etc. What we else would do with it I know not, save that (according to its name abroad) they make spindles with it. I also learn that three or four of the berries purge both by vomit and siege, and the powder, made of the berry, being baked, kills nits, and cures scurfy heads. Matthiolus says the poor people about Trent press oil out of the berries wherewith to feed their lamps. But why they were wont to scourge parricides with rods made of this shrub, before they put them into the sack, see Modestinus, *L. penult. SS. ad Legem Pomp. de Parricid*; cited by Mr. Ray.

* Mr. Evelyn subsequently refers to the *virginals* as a musical instrument played on by young ladies in his time. It was made like the harpsichord, and was played upon by the fingers.

DOGWOOD.

Here might come in, or be named, at least, wild cornel, or dogwood, good to make mill-cogs, pestles, bobbins for bone-lace, spokes for wheels, etc.; also the best skewers for butchers, because it does not taint the flesh, and is of so very hard a substance as to make wedges to cleave and rive other wood instead of iron.

VIBURNUM.

The viburnum, or wayfaring tree, growing plentifully in every corner, makes pins for the yokes of oxen; and superstitious people think that it protects their cattle from being bewitched, and place the shrub about their stalls; it certainly makes the most pliant and best bands to fagot with. The leaves and berries are astringent, and make an excellent gargle for loose teeth, sore-throat, and stop fluxes. The leaves decocted to a lye not only color the hair black, but fasten the roots; and the bark of the root, macerated under ground, well beaten, and often boiled, serves for bird-lime.

YUCCA.

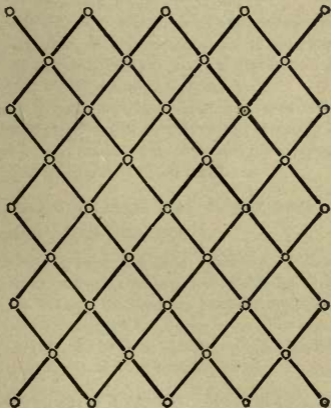
The American yucca is a hardier plant than we take it to be, for it will suffer our sharpest

winter, as I have seen by experience, without that trouble and care of setting it in cases in our conservatories of hiemation. Such as have beheld it in flower (which is not indeed till it be of some age) must needs admire the beauty of it ; and it being easily multiplied, why should it not make one of the best and most ornamental fences in the world for our gardens, with its natural palisadoes, as well as the more tender and impatient of moisture, the aloe, does for their vineyards in Languedoc? But we believe nothing improvable, save what our grandfathers taught us. Finally, let trial likewise be made of that thorn mentioned by Captain Ligon in his "History of Barbadoes," whether it would not be made to grow amongst us, and prove as convenient for fences as there, the seeds or sets being transported to us with due care. Having thus accomplished what, by your commands, I had to offer concerning the propagation of the more solid material and useful trees, as well the dry as the aquatical, and, to the best of my talent, fenced our plantation in, I should here conclude, and set a bound likewise to my discourse, by making an apology for the many errors and impertinencies of it, did not the zeal and ambition of this illustrious society to promote and improve all attempts which may concern public utility or ornament, per-

suade me, that what I am adding for the further encouragement to the planting of some other useful (though less vulgar) trees will at least obtain your pardon, if it miss of your approbation.

A Quincunx.

FROM THE "GARDENS OF CYRUS."



Quid quincunx speciosus
 Qui, in quicunque
 Spectaveris, rectus est ?

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