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ON

THE PORTRAITS

OF

English Authors on Gardening,

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF THEM.

Lately published, by the same Author, price 3s.

GLEANINGS ON GARDENS;

Chiefly respecting those of the Ancient Style in England.

PRINTED BY LOWE AND HARVEY, PLAYHOUSE YARD, BLACKFRIARS.

ON THE

PORTRAITS

OF

ENGLISH

AUTHORS ON GARDENING,

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

Your painting is almost the natural man.—Timon of Athens.
A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.—Winter's Tale.
I will make a prief of it in my note-book.—M. W of Windsor.

By S. FELTON.

SECOND EDITION,

WITH CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS.

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PREFACE.

The following pages apply only to those English writers on gardening who are deceased. That there have been portraits taken of *some* of those sixty-nine English writers, whose names first occur in the following pages, there can be no doubt; and those portraits may yet be with their surviving relatives or descendants. I am not so presumptuous as to apply to the following most slight memorials, some of which relate to very obscure persons, who claimed neither "the boast of heraldry, nor the pomp of power," but whose

> ——— useful toil,
> Their homely joys and destiny obscure

benefited society by their honest labour;—I am not so vain as to apply to these, any part of the high testimony which Sir Walter Scott has so justly paid to the merit of Mr. Lodge's truly splendid work of the

portraits of celebrated personages of English history. I can only take leave to disjoint, or to dislocate, or copy, a very few of his words, and to apply them to the following scanty pages, as it must be interesting to have exhibited before our eyes *our fathers as they lived,* accompanied with such memorials of their lives and characters, as enable us to compare their persons and countenances with their sentiments:—portraits shewing us how "our ancestors looked, moved, and dressed,"—as the pen informs us "how they thought, acted, lived and died." One cannot help feeling kindness for the memories of those whose writings have pleased us.*

What native of the county of Hereford, but must wish to see their town-hall ornamented with a life-breathing portrait of Dr. Beale, embodying, as it

* Few persons have shewn more attachment to family portraits than Miss Seward. This is strongly exemplified in several bequests in her will; not only in her bequest to Emma Sneyd, and in that to Mrs. Powys, but also in the following:—"The miniature picture of my late dear friend, Mr. Saville, drawn in 1770, by the late celebrated artist Smart, and which at the time it was taken, and during many successive years, was an exact resemblance of the original, I bequeath to his daughter, Mrs. Smith, who I know will value and preserve it as a jewel above all prize; and in case of her previous demise, I bequeath the said precious miniature to her daughter, Mrs. Honora Jager, exhorting the said Honora Jager, and her heirs, into whose hands soever it may fall, to guard it with sacred care from the sun and from damp, as I have guarded it, that so the posterity of my valued friend may know what, in his prime, was the form of him whose mind through life, by the acknowledgment of all who knew him, and could discern the

were, in the resemblance of the individual, (to use the words of a most eloquent person on another occasion), "his spirit, his feelings, and his character?" Or what elegant scholar but must wish to view the resemblance of the almost unknown Thomas Whately, Esq., or that of the Rev William Gilpin, whose vivid pen (like that of the late Sir Uvedale Price), has "realized painting," and enchained his readers to the rich scenes of nature?

Dr. Johnson calls portrait painting "that art which is employed in diffusing friendship, in reviving tenderness, in quickening the affections of the absent, and continuing the presence of the dead."

The horticultural intercourse that now passes between England and France, induces one to express a

superior powers of talent and virtue, was the seat of liberal endowment, warm piety, and energetic benevolence."

Being thus on the subject of portraits, let me remark, that it is not always that we meet with a faithful likeness. A review of Mad. de Genlis's *Petrarch et Laure*, justly observes, that "it is doubtful if any of the portraits of *Petrarch*, which still remain, were painted during his life-time. However that may be, it is impossible to trace in them, either the elevation of his mind, the fire of his imagination, or the pensive melancholy of his soul." In the Essays on Petrarch, by Ugo Foscolo, he informs us, that "*Petrarch's* person, if we trust his biographers, was so striking with beauties, as to attract universal admiration. They represent him with large and manly features, eyes full of fire, a blooming complexion, and a countenance that bespoke all the genius and fancy that shone forth in his works." Do we yet know one really good likeness of *Mary Queen of Scots?*

wish, that the portraits of many of those delightful writers on this science, whose pens have adorned France, (justly termed from its climate *la terre classique d'horticulture),* were selected and engraved; for many of their portraits have never yet been engraved. If this selection were accompanied with a few brief notices of them and their works, it would induce many in this country to peruse some of the most fascinating productions that ever issued from the press. Amongst so many, whose portraits and memoirs would interest us, I will mention those of Champier, who distinguished himself at the battle of Aignadel, and who published at Lyons, in 1533, Campus Elisius Galliæ amenitate referens; Charles Etienne, who, in 1529, produced his Prædium Rusticum; and who with Leibault published the Maison Rustique, of which upwards of thirty editions have been published, (and which our Gervase Markham calls *a work of infinite excellencie);* Paulmier de Grenlemesnil, a most estimable man, physician to Charles IX., and who died at Caen in 1588, and wrote a treatise de Vino et Pomaceo; and the only act of whose long life that one regrets is, that his great skill was the means of re-establishing the health of Charles, who, with his mother, directed the horrid Massacre of St. Bartholomew; Cousin, who died in the prison of Besançon, and wrote De Hortorum laudibus; that patriarch of agriculture and of horticulture, Olivier de Serres, whose sage and philosophic mind composed a work rich with the most profound reflections, and whose genius and merit were so warmly patronized by " le

bon Henri," and no less by Sully;* Boyceau, intendant of the gardens of Louis XIII., who, in 1638, published Traité du Jardinage, selon les raisons de la nature, et de l'art, avec divers desseins de parterres, pelouses, bosquets, &c.; André Mollet, who wrote Le Jardin de plaisir, &c.; Claude Mollet, head gardener to Henry IV. and Louis XIII., who, in 1595, planted the gardens of Saint Germain-en-laye, Mon-

* It has often struck me (perhaps erroneously), that the attachment which the great Sully evinced for gardens, even to the last period of his long-protracted life, (eighty-two), *might* in some degree have been cherished or increased from the writings of the great Lord Bacon. When this illustrious duke retired to his country seats, wounded to the heart by the baseness of those who had flattered him when Henry was alive, his noble and honest mind indulged in the embellishment of his gardens. I will very briefly quote what history relates:—" The life he led in his retreat at *Villebon*, was accompanied with grandeur and even majesty, such as might be expected from a character so grave and full of dignity as his. His table was served with taste and magnificence; he admitted to it none but the nobility in his neighbourhood, some of the principal gentlemen, and the ladies and maids of honour, who belonged to the duchess of Sully. He often went into his gardens, and passing through a little covered alley, which separated the flower from the kitchen garden, ascended by a stone staircase (which the present duke of Sully has caused to be destroyed), into a large walk of linden trees, upon a terrace on the other side of the garden. It was then the taste to have a great many narrow walks, very closely shaded with four or five rows of trees, or palisadoes. Here he used to sit upon a settee painted green, amused himself by beholding on the one side an agreeable landscape, and on the other a second alley on a terrace extremely beautiful, which surrounded a large piece of water, and terminated by a wood of lofty trees. There was scarce one of his estates, those especially which had castles on them,

ceau, and Fontainbleau, and whose name and memory (as Mr. Loudon observes), has been too much forgotten; Bornefond, author of Jardinier François, et delices de la campagne; Louis Liger, of consummate experience in the florist's art, "auteur d'un grand nombre d'ouvrages sur l'agriculture, et le jardinage," and one of whose works was thought not unworthy of being revised by London and Wise, and of whose

where he did not leave marks of his magnificence, to which he was chiefly incited by a principle of charity, and regard to the public good. At *Rosny*, he raised that fine terrace, which runs along the Seine, to a prodigious extent, and those great gardens, filled with groves, arbours, and grottos, with water-works. He embellished *Sully* with gardens, of which the plants were the finest in the world, and with a canal, supplied with fresh water by the little river Sangle, which he turned that way, and which is afterwards lost in the Loire. He erected a machine to convey the water to all the basons and fountains, of which the gardens are full. He enlarged the castle of *La Chapelle d'Angillon*, and embellished it with gardens and terraces."

These gardens somewhat remind one of these lines, quoted by Barnaby Gooche:

Have fountaines sweet at hand, or mossie waters,
Or pleasaunt brooke, that passing through the meads, is sweetly seene.

That fine gardens delighted Sully, is evident even from his own statement of his visit to the Duke d'Aumale's, at Anet, near Ivry, (where Henry and Sully fought in that famous battle), for he says, —"Joy animated the countenance of Madame d'Aumale the moment she perceived me. She gave me a most kind and friendly reception, took me by the hand, and led me through those fine galleries and beautiful gardens, which make Anet a most enchanting place." One may justly apply to Sully, what he himself applies to

interesting works the Biographie Universelle (in 52 tomes) gives a long list, and mentions the great sale which his Jardinier fleuriste once had; Morin, the florist, mentioned by Evelyn, and whose garden contained ten thousand tulips; the justly celebrated Jean de la Quintinye, whose precepts, says Voltaire, have been followed by all Europe, and his abilities magnificently rewarded by Louis; Le Nôtre, the most celebrated gardener (to use Mr. Loudon's words) that

the Bishop of Evreaux: "A man for whom eloquence and great sentiments had powerful charms."

I had designed some few years ago, to have published a Review of some of the superb Gardens in France, during the reign of Henry IV. and during the succeeding reigns, till the demise of Louis XV., embellished with plates of some of the costly and magnificent decorations of those times; with extracts from such of their eminent writers whose letters or works may have occasionally dwelt on gardens.—My motto, for want of a better, might have been these two lines from Rapin,

——— *France, in all her rural pomp appears*
With numerous gardens stored.

Perhaps I might have been so greedy and insolent, as to have presumed to have monopolized our Shakspeare's line,—"I love *France* so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine."

Isaac Walton gives the following lines from a translation of a German poet, which makes one equally fond of England:

We saw so many woods, and princely bowers,
Sweet fields, brave palaces, and stately towers,
So many gardens dress'd with curious care,
That Thames with royal Tiber may compare.

perhaps ever existed, and of whom the Biographie Univer. observes, that whatever might have been the changes introduced in whatever Le Nôtre cultivated, "il seroit difficile de mettre plus de grandeur et de noblesse;"* Charles Riviere du Fresnoy "qu'il joignot a un goût général pour tous les arts, des talens particuliers pour la musique et le dessein. Il excelloit sur-tout dans l'art de destribuer les jardins. Il publia plusieurs *Chansons et les Amusemens serieux et comiques:* petit ouvrage souvens re-imprimé et pleins de peintures vives et plaisantes, de la plupart des états de

* The Encyclopædia of Gardening has a rich page (35) devoted to Le Nôtre. The Nouveau Dict Hist. thus records his genius and his grand and magnificent efforts:—"Ce grand homme fut choisi pour décorer les jardins du château de Vau-le-Vicomte. Il en fit un sejour enchanteur, par les ornamens nouveaux, pleins de magnificence, qu'il y prodigua. On vit alors, pour la premiere fois, des portiques, des berceaux, des grottes, des traillages, des labyrinths, &c. embellir varier le spectacle des jardins. Le Roi, témoin des ces merveilles, lui donna la direction de tous ses parcs. Il embellit par son art, Versailles, Trianon, et il fit à St. Germain cette fameuse terrasse qu'on voit toujours avec une nouvelle admiration. Les jardins de Clagny, de Chantilly, de St. Cloud, de Meudon, de Sceaux, le parterre du Tibre, et les canaux qui ornent ce lieu champêtre a Fontainbleau, sont encore son ouvrage. Il demanda à faire voyage de l'Italie, dans l'espérance d'acquérir de nouvelles connoissances; mais son génie créateur l'avoit conduit à la perfection. Il ne vit rien de comparable a ce qu'il avoit fait en France."

Notwithstanding the above just and high tribute, I have no hesitation in saying, that it is not superior to the magic picture which the fascinating pen of Mad. de Sevigné has drawn of le Nôtre's creative genius, in her letter of Aug. 7, 1675. Many others of this charming woman's letters breathe her love of gardens.

la vie. On remarques dans touts ses productions une imagination enjouée et singuliere;" Pontchasteau, who wrote on the cultivation of fruit trees, whose penitence and devotion were so severely austere, and whose very singular history is given us in the interesting " Lettres de Madame la Comtesse de la Riviere ;" Linant, to whom Voltaire was a warm protector and friend, and who, in 1745, wrote his poem Sur la Perfection des Jardins, sous la regne de Louis XIV. ; and of whom it was said that " les qualités du cœur ne le caractérisoient pas moins que celles de l'esprit ;" Le Pere Rapin ;* D'Argenville; Le Maistre, curate of Joinville, who in 1719 added to his " Fruitier de la France," " Une Dissertation historique sur l'origine et les progrés des Jardins; Vaniere, who wrote the Prædium Rusticum ;† Arnauld d'Andilli, in so many respects rendered illustrious, who retired to

* The Nouveau Dict. Hist. thus speaks of the Pere Rapin :— " A un génie heureux, à un goût sur, il joignoit une probité exacte, un cœur droit, un caractere aimable et des mœurs douces. Il étoit naturellement honnête, et il s'étoit encore poli dans le commerce des grands. Parmi ses différentes Poësies Latinés, on distingue le Poëme des Jardins. C'est son chef d'œuvre ; il est digne du siecle d'Auguste, dit l'Abbé Des Fontaines, pour l'élegance et la pureté du langage, pour l'esprit et les graces qui y regnent." Among the letters of Rabutin de Bussy, are many most interesting ones from this worthy father.

† " Rien n'est plus admirable que la peinture naïve que la Pere Vaniere fait des amusemens champêtres ; on est egalement enchanté de la richesse et de la vivacité de son imagination, de l'éclat et de l'harmonie de sa poësie, du choix de la pureté de ses expressions. Il mourut a Toulouse en 1739, et plusiers poëtes ornerent de fleurs son tombeau."—Nouv. Dict. Hist.

the convent of Port Royal, (that divine solitude, where the whole country for a league round breathed the air of virtue and holiness, to quote Mad. de Sevigné's words), and who sent each year to the queen some of that choice fruit which he there with such zeal cultivated, and which Mazarin " appelloit en riant des fruits bénis." This good man died at the age of eighty-six, and the letter of Mad. de Sevigné, of the date of Sept. 23, 1671, will alone consign him to the respect of future ages ;* Jean Paul de Ardenne, superior of the congregation of the oratory of Marseilles, one of the most famous florists of the period in which he lived, and who devoted great part of his time in deeds of charity; Francis Bertrand, who, in 1757, published Ruris delicæ, being poems from Tibullus, Claudian, Horace, and from many French writers, on the pleasures of the country; Mons. de Chabanon; Morel, who assisted in laying out Ermenonville, and who wrote, among other works, Théorie des Jardins, ou l'art des Jardins de la Nature; the animated Prevost; Gouges de Cessieres, who wrote Les Jardins d'Ornament, ou les Georgiques Francoises; he, too, whom the Prince de Ligne calls

——— *enchanteur* De Lille !
O Virgile *moderne !*

and whose generous invocation to the memory of

* La Comtesse de la Riviere, thus alludes to this convent: "Madame de Sevigné a pour ce monastere une vénération qui est au-delà de toute expression; elle assure qu'on n'approche pas de ce lieu sans sentir au dedans de soi une onction divine."

Captain Cook must endear his name to every Englishman;* the Viscount Girardin, who wrote De la Composition des Paysages, who buried Rousseau in his garden at Ermenonville, and who kept a band of musicians to perambulate those charming grounds, performing concerts sometimes in the woods, and at other times on the water, and at night in a room adjoining his hall of company;† the venerable Malherbes,

* The late Sir U. Price, pays a very high compliment to this exquisite poem, in p. 31, vol. i. of his Essays, terming it full of the justest taste, and most brilliant imagery.

† In the Earl of Harcourt's garden, at Nuneham, in Oxfordshire, (laid out in some parts under the eye and fine taste of the poet Mason), on a bust of Rousseau are these lines:

Say, is thy honest heart to virtue warm?
Can genius animate thy feeling breast?
Approach, behold this venerable form;
'Tis Rousseau! let thy bosom speak the rest.

There are attractive pages in this little volume of the Viscount's, which would have interested either Shenstone, or Gainsborough, particularly the pages 59, 143, 145, and 146, (of Mr. Malthus's translation), for in these pages "we feel all the truth and energy of nature." A short extract from p. 131, will enable the reader to judge of the writer's style:—"When the cool evening sheds her soft and delightful tints, and leads on the hours of pleasure and repose, then is the universal reign of sublime harmony. It is at this happy moment that Claude has caught the tender colouring, the enchanting calm, which equally attaches the heart and the eyes; it is then that the fancy wanders with tranquillity over distant scenes. Masses of trees through which the light penetrates, and under whose foliage winds a pleasant path; meadows, whose mild verdure is still softened by the transparent shades of the evening; crystal waters which reflect all the near objects in their pure surface; mel-

the undaunted defender of the oppressed, who throughout his life lost no opportunity of drying up the tears of the afflicted, and never caused one to flow; whose whole life had been consecrated to the happiness of his fellow-creatures and the dignity of his country, but whose spotless reputation could not save him from the guillotine at his age of seventy-two;* Schabol; Latapie, who translated Whately's Observations on

low tints, and distances of blue vapour; such are in general the objects best suited to a western exposure. The sun, before he leaves the horizon, seems to blend earth and sky, and it is from sky that evening views receive their greatest beauty. The imagination dwells with delight upon the exquisite variety of soft and pleasing colours, which embellishes the clouds and the distant country, in this peaceful hour of enjoyment and contemplation."

* He was enthusiastically devoted to the cultivation of his gardens, which exhibited enchanting scenery, umbrageous walks, and magnificent water-falls. When thus breathing the pure air of rural life, the blood-stained monsters of 1793 seized him in his garden, and led him to the scaffold. "He heard unmoved his own sentence, but the condemnation of his daughter and grand-daughter, tore his heart: the thought of seeing two weak and helpless creatures perish, shook his fortitude. Being taken back to the *Conciergerie*, his courage returned, and he exhorted his children to prepare for death. When the fatal bell rung, he recovered all his wonted cheerfulness; having paid to nature the tribute of feeling, he desired to give his children an example of magnanimity; his looks exhibited the sublime serenity of virtue, and taught them to view death undismayed. When he ascended the cart, he conversed with his children, unaffected by the clamours of the ferocious populace; and on arriving at the foot of the scaffold, took a last and solemn farewell of his children; immediately after he was dismissed into eternity."

Sir Walter Scott, after noticing "the wild and squalid features"

Modern Gardening, to which he added a discourse on the origin of the art, &c.; Watelet, who wrote Essai sur les Jardins, and whose name has given rise to some most charming lines in De Lille's poem, and

of Marat, who "lay concealed in some obscure garret or cellar, among his cut-throats, until a storm appeared, when, like a bird of ill omen, his death-screech was again heard," thus states the death of another of the murderers of the Malherbes:—"Robespierre, in an unsuccessful attempt to shoot himself, had only inflicted a horrible *fracture on his under-jaw*. In this situation they were found like wolves in their lair, foul with blood, mutilated, despairing, and yet not able to die. Robespierre lay on a table in an anti-room, his head supported by a deal box, and his hideous countenance half-hidden by a bloody and dirty cloth bound round his shattered chin. As the fatal cars passed to the guillotine, those who filled them, but especially Robespierre, were overwhelmed with execrations. The nature of his previous wound, from which the cloth had never been removed till the executioner *tore* it off, added to the torture of the sufferer. The shattered jaw dropped, and the wretch yelled aloud, to the horror of the spectators. A mask taken from that dreadful head was long exhibited in different nations of Europe, and appalled the spectator by its ugliness, and the mixture of fiendish expression with that of bodily agony."

Mons. Malherbes loved to relate an answer made to him by a common fellow, during his stay at Paris, when he was obliged to go four times every day to the prison of the Temple, to attend the king: his extreme age did not allow him to walk, and he was compelled to take a carriage. One day, particularly, when the weather was intensely severe, he perceived, on coming out of the vehicle, that the driver was benumbed with cold. "My friend," said Malherbes to him, in his naturally tender manner, "you must be penetrated by the cold, and I am really sorry to take you abroad in this bitter season."—"That's nothing, M. de Malherbes; in such a cause as this, I'd travel to the world's end without complaining."—"Yes, but your poor horses could not."—"Sir," replied the honest coachman, "*my horses think as I do.*"

whose biography is interestingly drawn in the Biog. Univers.; Lezay de Marnesia, whose poems de la Nature Champêtre, and le Bonheur dans les Campagnes, have passed through many editions, and of whom pleasing mention is made in the above Biog. Univers.; M. de Fontaine, author of Le Verger; Masson de Blamont, the translator of Mason's Garden, and Whately's Observations; François Rosier; Bertholan, the friend of Franklin.

I am indebted, in a great measure, for the above list of French authors, to that immense body of diffuse and elaborate information, the Encyclopædia of Gardening, by Mr. Loudon.

Those who are more conversant with the literature of France, than my very limited researches have extended to, can, no doubt, easily enumerate many very distinguished persons of that country, many talented men, who though they may not have written on the subject of gardens, yet evinced an ardent attachment to them, and became their munificent patrons. Let us not then omit the name of Charles the Great, or Charlemagne, in one of whose Capitulaires are *Directions concerning Gardens, and what plants are best to set in them.* He died in 814, after reigning forty-seven years over France: "Quoiqu'il ne sût pas écriere (says the Nouv. Dict. Hist.), il fit fleurer les sciences. Aussi grand par ses conquêtes, que par l'amour des lettres, et en fut le protecteur et la restaurateur. Son palais fut l'asyle des sciences. Le nom

de ce conquérant et de cet législateur remplit la terre. Tout fut uni par le force de son génie." De Sismondi calls him "a brilliant star in that dark firmament." Mr. Loudon, in p. 40 of his Encyclopædia, says, that "The Abbé Schmidt informs us *(Mag. Encyc.)* that this monarch, who had domains in every part of France, gave the greatest encouragement to the eradication of forests, and the substitution of orchards and vineyards. He was on terms of friendship with the Saracenic prince Haroun al Raschild, and by that means procured for France the best sorts of pulse, melons, peaches, figs, and other fruits."

Francis I. when he built his palace at Fontainbleau, introduced into its gardens, much of what he had seen in those of Italy, and when he compleated St. Germains, its style of grandeur may be guessed at from its rocks, cascades, terraces and subterraneous grots.

Henry IV.'s attachment to agriculture and to gardens, is well known. The magnificent improvements he made at St. Germains, and the attention he paid to his gardens at la Fleche, Vendome, and the Thuilleries, shew this. Indeed, his employing Claude Mollet, and Jean Robin, are sufficient proofs.*

* I cannot pass by the name of Henry, without the recollection of what an historian says of him: "L'Abbé Langlet du Fresnoy a publié cinquante-neuf lettres de a bon Roi, dans sa nouvelle edition du Journal de Henry III. on y remarque du feu de l'esprit, de l'imagination, et sur-tout cette éloquence du cœur, qui plait tout dans un monarque.—On l'exortoit á traiter avec rigueur quelques places

Louis XIV. magnificently rewarded La Quintinye, that original writer, who conducted the fine gardens of Tambourneau, and whose precepts Mons. de Voltaire tells us were followed by all Europe. The zeal of Louis for the decorations of gardens, met with an able assistant when he patronized Le Nôtre, to do justice to whose name, I can only refer my reader to the concise but rich review of the grand efforts of this singular genius, as they are noticed in p. 35 of Mr. Loudon's Encyclopædia, and which "dazzled and enchanted every class of observers."*

Madame de Sevigné's delight in gardens pervades

de la Ligue, qu'il avoit rédites par la force : *La satisfaction qu'on tire de la vengeance ne dure qu'un moment* (repondit ce prince généreuse) *mais celle qu'on tire de la clemence est eternelle.* Plus on connoitre Henri, plus on l'aimera, plus on l'admiriroet."

* The king, knowing his fine taste for sculpture and painting, sent him to Italy, and the Nouv. Dict. Hist. gives this anecdote: "La Pape instruit de son mérite, voulut le voir, et lui donna une assez longue audience, sur la fin de laquelle le Nôtre s'écria en s'adressant au Pape : J'ai vu les plus grands hommes du monde, Votre Sainteté, et le Roi mon maître. Il y a grande différence, dit le Pape; le Roi est un grand prince victorieux, je suis un pauvre prêtre serviteur des serviteurs de Dieu. Le Nôtre, charmé de cette réponse, oublia qui la lui faisoit, et frappant sur l'épaule du Pape lui répondit à son tour : Mon Révérend Pere, vous vous portez bien et vous enterrerez tout la Sacré College. Le Pape, qui entendoit le François, rit du pronostic. Le Nôtre, charmé de plus en plus de sa bonté, et de l'estime particuliere qu'il témoignoit pour le Roi, se jeta au cou du Pape et l'embrassa. C'étoit au reste sa coutume d'embrasser tous ceux qui publioient les louanges de Louis XIV., et il embrassoit le Roi lui-même, toutes les fois que ce prince revenoit de la campagne."

many of her letters: that of July 1677, paints the charms which one in Paris gave her: "I was invited in the kindest manner possible to sup at Gourville's with Mad. de Scomberg, Mad. de Frontenac, Mad. de Coulanges, the Duke, M. de la Rochefoucault, Barillon, Briole, Coulanges, Sevigné, in a garden of the hotel de Condé; there were water-works, bowers, terraces, six hautboys, six violins, and the most melodious flutes; a supper which seemed to be prepared by enchantment, an admirable bass-viol, and a resplendent moon, which witnessed all our pleasures." Of her own garden, formed by her own pure taste, M. de Coulanges thus speaks: "I have spent a most delightful fortnight here. It is impossible sufficiently to praise the gardens of the *Rocks;* they would have their beauties even at Versailles, which is saying every thing." And that she delighted in what she well knew how to describe, is evident from her letter from *Chaulnes:* "This is a very handsome house, which carries with it an air of grandeur, though it is partly unfurnished, and the gardens neglected. There is scarcely any verdure to be seen, and not a nightingale to be heard; in short, it is still winter, on the seventeenth of April. But it is easy to imagine the beauties of these walks; every thing is regular and magnificent; a spacious parterre in front, bowling-greens opposite the wings, a large playing fountain in the parterre, two in the bowling-greens, and another at a distance in the middle of a field, which is well named *the solitary;* a fine country, beautiful apartments, and a pleasant prospect, though flat." She in another

letter from *Chaulnes* says; "I was walking alone the other day, in these beautiful alleys." And in a subsequent one she says: "It is a pity to be obliged to quit so beautiful and so charming a place." Her frequent mention in her letters of *my pretty walks* at the *Rocks,* sufficiently paints her delight in her own garden. In compliment to this lady, I cannot help applying to her the exact words which Petrarch applies to Laura: *une haute intelligence, un cœur pure, qui a la sagesse de l'âge avancé, ait le brilliant de la belle jeunesse.*

Few passed more happy hours in their garden at *Baville,* than the illustrious Lamoignon, of whom it was said, that "Son ame égaloit son génie; simple dans ses mœurs, austere dans sa conduite, il étoit le plus doux des hommes, quand la veuve et l'orphein étoient á ses pieds, *Boileau, Racine, Bourdaloue, Rapin,* composoit sa petite cour,"— and whom Rapin invokes, not only in his poem on gardens,

> *My flowers aspiring round your brows shall twine,*
> *And in immortal wreaths, shall all their beauties join;*

but in his letters, preserved with those of Rabutin de Bussy, he paints in high terms the name of Lamoignon, and frequently dwells on his retreat at *Baville.* Mons. Rab. de Bussy, in a letter to Rapin, says: "Que Je vous trouve heureux d'avoir deux mois á passer à *Baville,* avec Mons. le presidant! Il est admirable à Paris; mais il est aimable à sa maison de campagne, et vous savez qu'on a plus de plaisir à

aimer qu'à admirer." On his death, Rapin thus speaks of him: "Il n'y eut jamais une plus belle ame jointe à un plus bel esprit. Le plus grand de tous les éloges est, que le peuple l'a pleuré; et chacun s'est plaint de sa mort comme de la perte d'un ami, ou de celle d'un bienfacteur."

The name of Boileau is too interesting to be overlooked. Many of his letters and pages discover the delight he took in his garden at *Auteuil.* In his epistle to *Lamoignon,* he describes his seat there as his "bless'd abode," his "dear delicious shades," and he then paints the pleasures of his country seat:

Give me these shades, these forests, and these fields,
And the soft sweets that rural quiet yields;
Oh, leave me to the fresh, the fragrant breeze,
And let me here awhile enjoy my ease.
Let me Pomona's plenteous blessings crop,
And see rich autumn's ripen'd burden drop,
Till Bacchus with full clusters crowns the year,
And gladdens with his load the vintager.

His celebrated epistle to *Anthony,* his old gardener, not only shews the kind master, but his own love to his garden. I cannot refrain from quoting a few lines from Lempriere: "As a poet, Boilieu has deservedly obtained the applauses of every man of genius and taste. Not only his countrymen boast of the superior effusions of his muse, but foreigners feel and admire the graces, the strength and harmony of his verse, and that delicacy of satire, and energy of style, by which he raised himself to immortality.". Another of

his biographers says: "La religion, qui éclaira ses derniers momens, avoit animé toute sa vie." The author of the Pursuits of Literature thus speaks of him: "The most perfect of all modern writers, in true taste and judgment. His sagacity was unerring; he combined every ancient excellence, and appears original even in the adoption of acknowledged thoughts and allusions. He is the just and adequate representative of Horace, Juvenal, and Perseus, united, without one indecent blemish; and for my own part, I have always considered him as the most finished gentleman that ever wrote." In his Life, translated by Ozell, we are told, that "he was full of sentiments of humanity, mildness, and justice. He censured vice, and sharply attacked the bad taste of his time, without one spark of envy, or calumny. Whatever shocked truth, raised in him an indignation which he could not master, and which accounts for that energy and fire which pervades his satires. The sight of any learned man in want, made him so uneasy, that he could not forbear lending money. His good nature and justice did farther appear in his manner of recompensing his domestics, and by his liberality to the poor. He gave by his will fifty thousand livres to the small parishes adjoining the church of Notre Dame; ten thousand livres to his valet de chambre, and five thousand to an old woman who had served him a long time. But he was not contented to bestow his benevolence at his death, and when he was no longer in a condition of enjoying his estate himself, he was, all his life long, studious in seeking opportunities of doing good of-

fices." Part of this is confirmed by another biographer: "Une piété sincere, une foi vive et une charité si grande, qu'elle ne lui a presque fait reconnoitre d'autres héritiers que les pauvres." The Lettres of Mad. la Comtesse de la Riviere, and those of de Sevigné, frequently mention the charm which attended the visits of Boileau.* Rabutin du Bussy thus speaks of him, in a letter to the Pere Rapin, after eulogizing Moliere: "Despréaux est encore merveilleuse; personne ne'crit avec plus de pureté; ses pensées sont fortes, et ce qui m'en plait, tou jours vraies."

The above is a very cursory and brief allusion to what might be gathered respecting those superb gardens in France, whose costly and magnificent decorations so charmed many of our English nobility and gentry, when travelling there, during the periods of Charles II., James II., William, Anne, and during subsequent reigns. One need recur only to a very few, as to Rose, who was sent there by Lord Essex, to view Versailles; to George London, who was commissioned to go there, not only by the same Rose,

* I will conclude by mentioning a justly celebrated man, who, it seems was not over fond of his garden, though warmly attached both to Boileau, and to Mad. de Sevigné,—I mean that most eloquent preacher Bossuet, of whom a biographer, after stating that he was so absorbed in the study of the ancient fathers of the church, "qu'il ne se permettoit que des délassemens fort courts. Il ne se promênoit que rarement même dans son jardin. Son jardinier lui dit un jour: *Si je plantois des Saint Augustins, et des Saint Chrysostomes, vous les viendriez voir; mais pour vos arbres, vous ne vous en souciez guere.*"

but who afterwards accompanied the Earl of Portland, King William's ambassador; but to Evelyn, Addison, Dr. Lister, Kent, when he accompanied Lord Burlington through France to Italy; to the Earl of Cork and Orrery (the translator of Pliny's Letters), whose gardens at *Marston*, and at *Caledon*, and whose letters from Italy, all shew the eagerness with which he must have viewed the gardens of France, when passing through the provinces towards Florence; to Ray, Lady M. W. Montague, Bolingbroke, Peterborough, Smollet, John Willis, John Horne (when he met Mr. Sterne, or designed to meet him, at *Toulouse)*, to Gray, Walpole, R. P. Knight, who must have passed through the rich provinces of France, as, in his work on Taste, he speaks of "terraces and borders intermixed with vines and flowers, *(as I have seen them in Italian villas,* and in some old English gardens in the same style), where the mixture of splendour, richness, and neatness, was beautiful and pleasing in the highest degree;" and to the lately deceased Sir U. Price, who must also have passed through France, to view (with the eagerness with which he did view) the rich and magnificently decorated gardens of Italy, "aided with the splendour and magnificence of art," their ballustrades, their fountains, basons, vases and statues, and which he dwells on in his Essays with the same enthusiasm as when he there contemplated the works of Titian, Paul Veronese, and other great masters. Indeed, those pages where he regrets the demolition of many of our old English gardens, and when he dwells on the probability that even Raphael, Giulio

Romano, and M. Angelo, (which last planted the famous cypresses in the garden of the Villa d'Este) were consulted on the decorations of some of the old Italian ones; these pages at once shew the fascinating charms of his classic pen.*

England can boast too of very great names, who have been attached to this art, and most zealously patronized it, though they have not written on the subject:—Lord Burleigh, Lord Hudson, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Capell, who honoured himself by several years correspondence with La Quintinye; William the Third,—for Switzer tells us, that "in the least interval of ease, gardening took up a greater part of his time, in which he was not only a delighter, but likewise a great judge,"—the Earl of Essex, whom the mild and benevolent Lord William Russell said "was the worthiest, the justest, the sincerest, and the most concerned for the public, of any man he ever knew;" Lord William Russell himself, too, on whom Thomson says,

> *Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew*
> *The grave where Russell lies,*

whose fall Switzer feelingly laments, as one of the best of masters, and encouragers of arts and sciences,

* Mr. Worlidge, who wrote during part of the reigns of Charles II. and James II. judiciously observes, that "the glory of the French palaces, often represented to our English eyes in sculpture, are adorned *with their beauteous gardens before them;* which wanting, they would seem without lustre or grandeur."

particularly gardening, that that age produced, and who "made *Stratton*, about seven miles from Winchester, his seat, and his gardens there some of the best that were made in those early days, such indeed as have mocked some that have been done since; and the gardens of Southampton House, in Bloomsbury Square, were also of his making;" the generous friend of this Lord William Russell, the manly and patriotic Duke of Devonshire, who erected *Chatsworth*, that noble specimen of a magnificent spirit;* Henry Earl of Danby, the Duke of Argyle, beheaded in 1685, for having supported the rebellion of Monmouth; the Earl of Halifax, the friend of Addison, Swift, Pope, and Steele, and on whom a funeral poem thus speaks,

> *In the rich furniture of whose fair mind,*
> *Those dazzling intellectual graces shin'd,*
> *That drew the love and homage of mankind.*†

Lord Weymouth; Dr. Sherard of Eltham; Collinson, "to whose name is attached all that respect which is due to benevolence and virtue;" Grindal, Bishop of London, who cultivated with great success the vine and other productions of his garden at Fulham; Compton, Bishop of London, eminent, as Mr. Falconer in his Fulham observes, for his unbounded charity

* He was fined £30,000. for having taken a favourite of the king's, in the very presence chamber, by the nose, for having insulted him, and afterwards dragging him out of the room.

† It was to this nobleman, that Addison addressed his elegant and sublime epistle, after he had surveyed with the eyes and genius of a classical poet, the monuments and heroic deeds of ancient Rome.

and beneficence, and who was so struck with the genius, the learning, and probity of Mr. Ray, that he was almost at the entire charge of erecting the monument to him; the Earl of Scarborough, an accomplished nobleman, immortalized by the enchanting pen of Pope, and the fine pen of Chesterfield; the Earl of Gainsborough; the great Chatham, whose taste in the embellishment of rural nature has been exultingly acknowledged by Mr. Walpole, and by George Mason;* with numerous other men of rank

* Lord Chesterfield thus speaks of this distinguished man:— "His private life was stained by no vices, nor sullied by any meanness. His eloquence was of every kind; but his invectives were terrible, and uttered with such energy of diction and countenance, that he intimidated those who were the most willing and the best able to encounter him." Sir W. Chatham Trelawney used to observe of him, that it was impossible for the members of the side opposed to him in the House of Commons to look him in the face when he was warmed in debate: he seemed to bid them all a haughty defiance. "For my own part," said Trelawney, "I never dared cast my eyes towards his, for if I did, *they nailed me to the floor.*"

Smollet says, that he displayed "such irresistible energy of argument, and such power of elocution, as struck his hearers with astonishment and admiration. It flashed like the lightning of heaven against the ministers and sons of corruption, blasting where it smote, and withering the nerves of opposition; but his more substantial praise was founded upon his disinterested integrity, his incorruptible heart, his unconquerable spirit of independance, and his invariable attachment to the interest and liberty of his country." Another biographer thus mentions him:—"His elevated aspect commanded the awe and mute attention of all who beheld him, whilst a certain grace in his manner, conscious of all the dignities of his situation, of the solemn scene he acted in, as well as his own

and science.* These have highly assisted in elevating gardening to the rank it has long since held, and has allured multitudes to this delightful science:—no wonder, when *Homer* **writeth how** *Laertes* **the olde man, was wont with his travaile in his Orchards, to drive from his minde the sorrow hee tooke for the absence of his sonne.** When old Gerarde asks his *courteous and well-willing readers*—"whither do all men walk for their honest recreation, but where the earth hath most beneficially painted her face with flourishing colours? and what season of the year more longed for than the spring, whose gentle breath enticeth forth the kindly sweets, and makes them yield their fragrant smells?" When the Lord Chancellor Bacon declares a garden "is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man:" and when this wonderfully gifted man thus fondly dwells on part of its allurements;—

exalted character, seemed to acknowledge and repay the respect he received; his venerable form, bowed with infirmity and age, but animated by a mind which nothing could subdue; his spirit shining through him, arming his eye with lightning, and cloathing his lips with thunder; or, if milder topics offered, harmonizing his countenance in smiles, and his voice in softness, for the compass of his powers was infinite. As no idea was too vast, no imagination too sublime, for the grandeur and majesty of his manner; so no fancy was too playful, nor any allusion too comic, for the ease and gaiety with which he could accommodate to the occasion. But the character of his oratory was dignity; this presided in every respect, even to his sallies of pleasantry."

* Sir Walter Scott's attachment to gardens, breaks out even in his Life of Swift, where his fond enquiries have discovered the sequestered and romantic garden of *Vanessa*, at Marley Abbey.

" 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; the flower, which above all others yields the sweetest smell in the air, is the violet;* next to that is the musk rose, then the strawberry-leaves, dying with a most excellent cordial smell; then sweet briar, then wall-flowers, which are

* So thought Sir W. Raleigh;

> Sweet violets, love's paradise, that spread
> Your gracious odours . . . .
> Upon the gentle wing of some calm-breathing wind,
> That plays amidst the plain.

The lines in Twelfth Night we all recollect:

> That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
> O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
> That breathes upon a bank of *violets*,
> Stealing and giving odour.

That these flowers were the most favourite ones of Shakspeare, there can be little doubt—Perditta fondly calls them

> —— sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
> Or Cytherea's breath.

When Petrarch first saw Laura: " elle avait une robe verte, sa coleur favorite, parsemée de *violettes*, la plus humble des fleurs." —Childe Harold thus paints this flower:

> The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes
> (Kiss'd by the breath of heaven) seems colour'd by its skies.

very delightful to be set under a parlour, or lower chamber window; 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."* Or when Mr. Evelyn, in the joy of his enthusiasm, exultingly transposed from Virgil:—

> O fortunatos nimium, bona si sua norint
> *Horticulas!*

and who declared, that the employ and felicity of an excellent gardener was preferable to all other diversions. When Mr. Addison says that a garden "fills the mind with calmness and tranquillity, and lays all its turbulent passions at rest." When Sir William Temple (who infused into his writings the graces of some of the best writers of ancient times), thus allures his readers: "*Epicurus*, whose admirable wit, felicity of

* One almost fancies one perceives Lord Bacon's attachment to gardens, or to rural affairs, even in the speech he made before the nobility, when first taking his seat in the High Court of Chancery; he hoped "that these same *brambles* that *grow* about justice, of needless charge and expence, and all manner of exactions, might be *rooted out*;" adding also, that immediate and "*fresh* justice was the *sweetest*." Mr. Mason, in a note to his English Garden, after paying a high compliment to Lord Bacon's picturesque idea of a garden, thus concludes that note:—"Such, when he descended to matters of more elegance (for, when we speak of Lord Bacon, to treat of these was to descend,) were the amazing powers of this universal genius."

expression, excellence of nature, sweetness of conversation, temperance of life, and constancy of death, made him so beloved by his friends, admired by his scholars, and honoured by the Athenians, passed his time 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 smells, the verdure of plants, the cleanness and lightness of food, the exercises of working or walking; but above all, the exemption from cares and solitude, seem equally to favour and improve both contemplation and health, the enjoyment of sense and imagination, and thereby the quiet and ease both of the body and mind." When the industrious Switzer says:—" 'Tis in the quiet enjoyment of rural delights, the refreshing and odoriferous breezes of garden air, that the deluge of vapours, and those terrors of hypochondraism, which crowd and oppress the head are dispelled." When the industrious and philosophic Bradley observes, that " though the trouble of the mind wears and destroys the constitution even of the most healthful body, all kinds of gardens contribute to health." When Pope,* who loved to breathe the sweet and fragrant air of gardens, in one of his letters says, " I am in my garden, amused and easy; this is a scene where

* Mr. Pope's delight in gardens, is visible even in the condensed allusion he makes to them, in a letter to Mr. Digby; " I have been above a month strolling about in Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire,

one finds no disappointment." When that "universally esteemed and beloved man," the Prince de Ligne, declares, "Je voudrois échauffer tout l'univers de mon gôut pour les jardins. Il me semble qu'il est impossible, qu'un mechant puisse l'avoir. Il n'est point de vertus que Je ne suppose à celui qui aime à parler et à faire des jardins. Péres de famille, inspirez la jardinomanie à vos enfans.* When a taste for gardening (as Mr. Cobbet observes) "is much more innocent, more pleasant, more free from temptation to cost, than any other; so pleasant in itself! It is con-

from garden to garden, but still returning to Lord Cobham's, with fresh satisfaction. I should be sorry to see my Lady Scudamore's, till it has had the full advantage of Lord Bathurst's improvements."

* A biographer thus speaks of the Prince de Ligne: "Quand les rois se reunirent a Vienne en 1814, ils se firent tous un devoir de l'accuellier avec distinction, et furent enchanté de la vivacité de son esprit, et de son intarissable gaieté, qui malgré ses infirmités et son grand âge, ne l'avoit pasencore abandonné. Ses saillies, et ses bon mots etoiént comme autrefois répétés pour tous." His generous heart thus speaks of the abused and unfortunate Marie Antoinette: —"The breath of calumny has not even respected the memory of the loveliest and best of women, of whose spotless heart and irreproachable conduct, no one can bear stronger evidence than I. Her soul was as pure as her face was fair; yet neither virtue nor beauty could save the victim of sanguinary liberty." In relating this (says his biographer), his voice faultered, and his eyes were suffused with tears. He thus briefly states, with his usual humour and vivacity, his conversation with Voltaire as to the garden at Ferney:

P. de L.—Monsieur, Monsieur, cela doit vous coupé beaucoup, quel charmant jardin!

Volt.—Oh! mon jardinier est un bête: c'est moi meme qui ait fait tout.

P. de L.—Je le croi.

ducive to health, by means of the irresistible temptation which it offers to early rising; it tends to turn the minds of youth from amusements and attachments of a frivolous or vicious nature; it is a taste which is indulged at home; it tends to make home pleasant, and to endear us to the spot on which it is our lot to live." When Mr. Johnson forcibly paints the allurements to a love for this art, when concluding his energetic volume on gardening, by quoting from Socrates, that "it is the source of health, strength, plenty, riches, and of a thousand sober delights and honest pleasures."— And from Lord Verulam, that amid its scenes and pursuits, "life flows pure, and the heart more calmly beats." And when M. le V. H. de Thury, président de la Société d'Horticulture de Paris, in his Discours d'Installation says: "Dans tous les temps et dans tous les pays, les hommes les plus célèbres, les plus grands capitaines, les princes, et les rois, se sont livrés avec délices, et souvent avec passion, à la culture des plantes et des jardins." And among other instances he cites "Descartes, qui se livrait avec une égale ardeur à la science des astres et à la culture des fleurs de son jardin, et qui souvent, la nuit, quittait ses observations célestes pour étudier le sommeil et la floraison de ses plantes avant le lever du soliel."* Petrarch, too, who has enchanted every

* Monsieur Thomas, in his eulogy of Descartes says, it should have been pronounced at the foot of Newton's statue: or rather, Newton himself should have been his panegyrist. Of this eulogy, Voltaire, in a most handsome letter to Mons. Thomas, thus speaks: —"votre ouvrage m'enchante d'un bout à l'autre, et Je vais le relire

nation and every age, from his endeared Vaucluse, thus speaks of his garden: "I have formed two; I do not imagine they are to be equalled in all the world: I should feel myself inclined to be angry with fortune, if there were any so beautiful out of Italy. I have store of pleasant green walks, with trees shadowing them most sweetly." Indeed, what Cicero applies to another science, may well apply to horticulture: "nihil est *agriculturæ* melius, nihil uberius, nihil dulcius, nihil homine, nihil libero dignius." Let me close with a most brilliant name;—the last resource in the *Candide* of Voltaire is,—*cultivate your garden.*

In my transient review of the gardens of ancient times, at the commencement of the following work, I have not even glanced at those of the *Saxons*, in this island; when one should have thought that the majestic name of Alfred alone, would have made a search of this nature interesting, even if such search were unavailing. I have also inadvertently omitted any allusion to those of the *Danes* and the *Normans*. I have only then now to say, that Mr. Johnson's researches, as to these gardens, in pp. 31, 37, 38, 39

dès que J'aurai dicté ma lettre." The sleep and expanding of flowers are most interestingly reviewed by Mr. Loudon in p. 187 of his Encyclop., and by M. V. H. de Thury, in the above discourse, a few pages preceding his seducing description of the magnificent garden of M. de Boursault.

So late ago as the year 1804 it was proposed at Avignon, to erect an obelisk in memory of Petrarch, at Vaucluse: "il a été décidé, qu'on l'élevera vis-avis *l'ancien jardin* de Petrache, lieu où le lit de sorgue forme un angle."

and 40 of his lately published History of English Gardening, with his elegant language and the flow of sentiment that pervades those pages, would make any search or review of mine presumptuous. In those pages, he dwells on the tendency which the then introduction of the christian religion had to soften the manners of the people, and by thus rendering them more domestic, gardening became an art congenial to their feelings; and whilst the country at large was devastated by war, the property of the religious establishments was held sacred, and varieties of vegetables preserved, which otherwise would soon have become extinct, if cultivated in less hallowed ground. He then traces the existence of many gardens, orchards, and vineyards, belonging to our monasteries, proving, that even in the time of the *Danes*, horticulture continued "silently to advance," and that at the time of the arrival of the *Normans*, gardens were generally in the possession of the laity, as well as of the ecclesiastics; and he refers to Doomsday Book for his assertion, that "there is no reason to doubt, that at this period, every house, from the palace to the cottage, was possessed of a garden of some size." He concludes with interesting references to the gardens, vineyards, and orchards, of the Abbot of Ely and other monks.

The above work of Mr. Johnson's is the result of original thought, and of an ardent and extended scientific research. Mine is a compilation, "made with a pair of scissors," to copy the words of Mr. Ma-

thias, which he applies to a certain edition of Pope. I content myself, however, with the reflection of Mr. Walpole, that "they who cannot perform great things themselves, may yet have a satisfaction in doing justice to those who can."

Having alluded at pp. 71 and 120 to Dr. Alison, and having given at p. 211 Dr. Dibdin's tribute to him, I cannot omit reminding my reader, that the graceful language, the sublime and solemn thoughts, which this admirable divine has transfused into many of his Sermons on the Seasons, make one doubly feel the truth and propriety with which he has so liberally reviewed Mr. Whately's *Observations on Modern Gardening*.

ON

THE PORTRAITS

OF

English Authors on Gardening.

ON THE

PORTRAITS OF ENGLISH AUTHORS

ON

GARDENING.

The earliest accounts we have of gardens, are those recorded in Holy Writ; their antiquity, therefore, appears coeval with that of time itself. The Garden in Eden had every tree good for food, or pleasant to the sight. Noah planted a Vineyard. Solomon, in the true spirit of horticultural zeal, says, *I planted me Vineyards, I made me Gardens and Orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruit.* We have all heard of the grandeur of Nebuchadnezzar's Gardens.

Whether that of Alcinous was fabulous or not, it gave rise to Homer's lofty strains:—

> The balmy spirit of the western gale
> Eternal breathes on flowers untaught to fail;
> The same mild season gives the blooms to blow,
> The buds to harden, and the fruit to grow.*

* This garden (as Mr. Walpole observes) was planted by the poet, enriched by him with the fairy gift of eternal summer.

That Homer was all alive to the rich scenery of nature, is evident, even from his Calypso's Cave:—

> All o'er the cavern'd rock a sprouting vine
> Laid forth ripe clusters. Hence four limpid founts
> Nigh to each other ran, in rills distinct,
> Huddling along with many a playful maze.
> Around them the soft meads profusely bloom'd
> Fresh violets and balms.*

The Egyptians, the Persians, and other remote nations, prided themselves on their magnificent gardens. Diodorus Siculus mentions one "enriched with palm trees, and vines, and every kind of delicious fruit, by flowery lawns and planes, and cypresses of stupendous magnitude, with thickets of myrtle, and laurel, and bay." He paints too the attachment which some of the ancients had to landscape scenery:—

> None of art's works, but prodigally strown
> By nature, with her negligence divine.

The splendid gardens at Damascus, were superintended by a native of Malaga, who "traversed the burning sands of Africa, for the purpose of describing such vegetables as could support the fervid heat of that climate." The cities of Samarcand, Balckd, Ispahan, and Bagdad, were enveloped and surrounded by luxurious and splendid gardens. No wonder when those countries were partly governed by such celebrated men as Haroun-al-Raschid, and his son Al-Mamoun, the generous protectors of Arabian literature,

* Mr. Pope thus mentions the vines round this cave:—
> Depending vines the shelving cavern skreen,
> With purple clusters blushing through the green.

and which son (about the year 813) has been justly termed the *Augustus* of Bagdad. "Study, books, and men of letters, (I am quoting the eloquent pages of De Sismondi *On the Literature of the Arabians,*) almost entirely engrossed his attention. Hundreds of camels might be seen entering Bagdad loaded with nothing but manuscripts and papers. Masters, instructors, translators, and commentators, formed the court of Al-Mamoun, which appeared rather to be a learned academy than the centre of government in a war-like empire."

The gardens of Epicurus, and of Pisistratus, Cimon, and Theophrastus, were the most famous of any in the Grecian empire. Those of Herculaneum may be seen in the 2nd vol. of the paintings found there. The luxurious gardens of the affluent Seneca, and the delight with which Cicero speaks of his paternal seat, (which enraptured his friend Atticus with its beauty,) and the romantic ones of Adrian, at Tivoli, and of Lucullus, of Sallust, of the rich and powerful Crassus, and of Pompey, shew the delight which the old Romans took in them. One may gather this also from Livy; and Virgil's energy of language warmly paints the

> ———————————— flowering pride
> Of meads and streams that through the valleys glide.
> A country cottage near a crystal flood,
> A winding valley, and a lofty wood.
> * * * * * * *
> Leisure and calm in groves, and cooling vales;
> Grottoes and babbling brooks, and darksome dales.

Messaline (says a translation of Tacitus) avoit une passion extreme pour les jardins de Lucullus, qu'il embellisoit superbement, ajoûtant tous les jours quelque nouvelles beautez á cellés qu'ils avoint receuës de leur premier maitre.

We are reminded in a magic page of our own immortal poet, of those of Julius Cæsar, and of

——————————— *his* walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,

when the noble Antony invokes the Romans to

——————————— kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood.

Horace's incomparable lines on the happiness and delight of a country life, his country granges, his woods, his garden, and his grove; and many of the other Roman writers, abundantly shew their attachment to gardens, as accompaniments to their splendid villas. There was scarcely a romantic valley that was not crowded with their villas.

Martial and Juvenal ridicule the clipped box trees, cut dragons, and similar grotesque fancies, at some of their villas, both admiring the nobler grace with which nature adorned each spot.*

The Romans were perhaps the first who introduced that art into Britain, meagerly as they did introduce it. The earliest account I can find of an English writer on Gardening, is,

Alfred, an *Englishman*, surnamed the Philosopher, much respected at Rome. He died 1270, and left four books on the Meteors of Aristotle; also one on *Vegetables*, and five

* Nearly eight pages of Mr. London's Encyclop. are devoted to a very interesting research on the gardens of the Romans. Sir Joseph Banks has a paper on the Forcing Houses of the Romans, with a list of Fruits cultivated by them, now in our gardens, in vol. I of the *Hort. Trans.*

on the Consolations of Boethius. We are not *very* likely to discover *his* portrait. Nor that of the following:—

Henry Daniel, a Dominican friar, said to be well skilled in the natural philosophy and physic of his time, left a manuscript inscribed *Aaron Danielis*. He therein treats De re Herbaria, de Arboribus, *Fructibus*, &c. He flourished about the year 1379.—N. B. I have copied this article from Dr. Pulteney's Sketches, vol. 1, page 23.*

I believe there are no Portraits engraved, nor perhaps yet discovered, of the following sixty-nine persons; at least I know of none:—

Richard Arnolde, who in his Chronicle, printed in 1502, has a chapter on "The crafte of graffynge, and plantyne, and alterynge of fruyts, as well in colours, as in taste." The

* Dr. Pulteney gives a list of several manuscripts in the Bodleian Library, the writers of which are unknown, and the dates not precisely determined, but supposed to have been written, if not prior to the invention of printing, at least before the introduction of that art into England. I select the two following.—

No. 2543. De Arboribus, Aromatis, et *Floribus*.

No. 2562. Glossarium Latino-anglicum Arborum, *Fructuum*, Frugam, &c.

And he states the following from Bib. S. Petri Cant:—

No. 1695. Notabilia de Vegetabilibus, et Plantis.

Dr. Pulteney observes, that the above list might have been considerably extended, but that it would have unnecessarily swelled the article he was then writing.

The Nouv. Dict. Hist. mentions a personage whose attachment to his garden, and one of whose motives for cultivating that garden, does not deserve a notice:—"Attale III. Roi de Pergame, fils de Stratonice, soûlla la thrône en répandant le sang de ses amis et de ses parens. Il abandonna ensuite le soin de ses affaires *pour s'occuper entierement de son jardin*. Il y cultivoit des poisons, tels que l'aconit et la ciguë, qu'il envoyoit quelque fois en présent a ses amis. Il mourut 133 ans avant Jesus Christ."

celebrated poem of the Nut-brown Maid first appeared in this Chronicle. Sir E. Brydges, in vol. 6 of his Censura Literaria, has transcribed the whole poem as it appears in Arnolde.

Thomas Tusser, whose memory has had the felicity to merit the notice of Mr. Warton, in his History of English Poetry, from his having published his poem of "A Hundreth good Pointes of Husbandrie, imprinted at London, in Flete strete, within Temple barre, at the syne of the Hand and Starre, by Richard Totell, An. 1577." A copy of this first edition (probably unique) is preserved in the British Museum. A re-print of this singular literary rarity is given in Mr. Hazlewood's British Bibliographer. The subsequent editions of this curious book are interestingly enumerated by Mr. Mavor, in his edition of Tusser. No portrait I believe has been discovered of this benevolent man, whose good sense, impressive maxims, enlightened and philosophic turn of mind and feeling for the poor, shine through most pages of his poem:—

> What better bed than conscience good, to pass the night with sleep,
> What better work, than daily care, from sin thyself to keep?
> What better thought, than think on God, and daily him to serve,
> What better gift than to the poor, that ready be to sterve?

His estimate of life is concise:—

> To death we must stoop, be we high, be we low,
> But how and how suddenly few be that know;
> What carry we then but a sheet to the grave,
> (To cover this carcass) of all that we have?

His hospitable heart thus pleads for the desolate, during the festivities of Christmas, and his love of "mirth and good cheer" makes him not forget Harvests home:—

At Christmas, the hardness of winter doth rage,
A griper of all things, and specially age;
Then sadly poor people, the young and the old,
Be sorest oppressed with hunger and cold.

At Christmas, by labour there's little to get,
That wanting—the poorest in danger are set:
What season then better, of all the whole year,
Thy needy, poor neighbour, to comfort and cheer.

At Christmas be merry, and thankful withal,
And feast thy poor neighbours, the great with the small:
Yea all the year long, to the poor let us give,
God's blessing to follow us, whiles we do live.

In harvest time, harvest folk, servants and all
Should make, all together, good cheer in the hall;
And fill out the black bowl of blythe to their song,
And let them be merry all harvest time long.

Once ended thy harvest, let none be beguil'd,
Please such as did help thee—man, woman, and child,—
Thus doing, with alway, such help as they can,
Thou winnest the praise of the labouring man.

Now look up to God-ward, let tongue never cease
In thanking of him, for his mighty increase,
Accept my good will—for a proof go and try;
The better thou thrivest, the gladder am I.

Tusser died about the year 1583, aged about sixty-five, and is buried in St. Mildred's church, in the Poultry. His epitaph is preserved in Stowe's Survey of London; and (as Mr. Mavor observes) it is perfectly in character with the man and his writings; and if conjecture may be allowed, was penned by himself:—

Here Thomas Tusser, clad in earth, doth lie,
Who sometime made the Points of Husbandry.

By him then learn thou may'st. Here learn we must,
When all is done, we sleep and turn to dust.
And yet, through Christ, to heaven we hope to go:
Who reads his books, shall find his faith was so.

His book exhibits an authentic picture of the state of horticulture during the time of Mary, and Elizabeth; and, as Mr. Warton observes, his work "is valuable as a genuine picture of the agriculture, the rural arts, and the domestic œconomy and customs of our industrious ancestors."

Walter Blith says of him:—"As for Master Tusser, who rimeth out of his experience, if thou delightest therein, thou mayst find things worthy thy observation."

Sir John Hawkins, in his History of Music, thus writes:—"The life of this poor man was a series of misfortunes; and is a proof of the truth of that saying in Holy Scripture, that 'the battle is not to the strong, nor the race to the swift.' As to the Points of Husbandry, it is written in familiar verse, and abounds with many curious particulars, that bespeak the manners, the customs, and the modes of living in the country, from the year 1520 to about half a century after; besides which, it discovers such a degree of œconomical wisdom in the author, such a sedulous attention to the honest arts of thriving, such a general love of mankind, such a regard to justice, and a reverence for religion, that we do not only lament his misfortunes, but wonder at them; and are at a loss to account for his dying poor, who understood so well the method to become rich."

From the "Literary Life and Select Works of Benjamin Stillingfleet," I select a small part of what that worthy man says of Tusser:—"He seems to have been a good-natured cheerful man, and though a lover of œconomy, far from meanness, as appears in many of his precepts, wherein he

shews his disapprobation of that pitiful spirit, which makes farmers starve their cattle, their land, and every thing belonging to them; chusing rather to lose a pound than spend a shilling. Upon the whole, his book displays all the qualities of a well-disposed man, as well as of an able farmer. He wrote in the infancy of farming, and therefore I shall give a full account of his practice, especially as his precepts will be comprised in a narrow compass, and as a sort of justice done to him as an original writer."

Mr. Mavor observes, "The precepts of Tusser indeed are so excellent, that few can read them without profit and improvement; he appears to have possessed such a degree of pious resignation to the will of the Supreme, of christian charity, and of good humour, under all his miscarriages, that his character rises high in our esteem, independent of his merits as a writer. The cultivated and liberal mind of Tusser seems to have been ill-suited to his fortune, and to his vocation. A love of hospitality probably kept him from independence; yet if he was imprudent, we cannot help loving the man and admiring the justness of his sentiments on every subject connected with life and morals."

Fuller, in his *Worthies of Essex*, says, "he spread his bread with all sorts of butter, yet none would stick thereon. Yet I hear no man to charge him with any vicious extravagancy, or visible carelessness, imputing his ill success to some occult cause in God's counsel."

I am indebted, in some degree, for these several testimonies, to Mr. Mavor's spirited edition of this book, which he has enriched with a biographical sketch of Tusser, and with many interesting illustrations of his poem. He exhibits another instance of the private character of Tusser, in his concluding remarks on the last page of his work:—"The moral

feeling and the pious resignation which breathe in the concluding stanzas of this poem, leave a powerful impression on the mind; and whatever vicissitudes in life the Editor or his Readers may experience, he wishes for Himself and for Them, the same philosophic and christian composure, on a retrospect of the past, and the anticipated view of futurity."

Of Mr. Warton's remarks on Tusser, Mr. Mavor thus partly speaks:—"For the personal kindness of Warton to me, at an early period of life, I shall ever retain an affectionate remembrance of him, and for his genius and high attainments in literature, I feel all that deference and respect which can belong to his most enthusiastic admirers; but no man was less a judge of the merits of a book on Husbandry and Huswifry."

Mr. Warton observes, that "Tusser's general precepts have often an expressive brevity, and are sometimes pointed with an epigrammatic turn, and smartness of allusion."

In Tusser's poetical account of his own unsuccessful life,

How through the briers my youthful years
Have run their race,—

how he was forced from his father's house when a little boy, and driven like a POSTING HORSE, being impressed to sing as a chorister, at Wallingford College; his miseries there, and the *stale bread* they gave him; the fifty-three stripes the poor lad received at Eton, when learning Latin; his happy transfer to Trinity College, which to him seemed a removal from hell to heaven; the generosity of Lord Paget,

Whose soul I trust is with the just;

then his

——————— *good parents dy'd*
One after one, till both were gone,
Whose souls in bliss, be long ere this.

His remaining ten years at court, where

Cards and dice, with Venus' vice,
And peevish pride, from virtue wide,
With some so wraught,
That Tyburn play, made them away,
Or beggars state.

His residing in *Suffolk*, as a farmer,

To moil and toil,
With loss and pain, to little gain,
To cram Sir Knave;

his removal to near Dereham Abbey, which he left, (though stored with flesh and fish) from the squabbles and brawls of *lord with lord;* the death of the worthy Sir Richard Southwell,

——————— *that jewel great,*
Which op'd his door to rich and poor,
So bounteously,—

on whose decease he was left to *sink or swim;* his removal to Salisbury, as a singing man; thence

With sickness worn, as one forlorn,

he removed to a parsonage house in Essex, to collect tithes, in its *miry ways;* his foreboding the parson's death, and foreseeing new charges about to be made for tithes,

——————— *I spy'd, if parson died,*
(All hope in vain) to hope for gain,
I might go dance;
Once rid my hand, of pars'nage land,
Hence, by-and-by, away went I
To London straight, to hope and wait
For better chance.

From which place the plague drove him to Cambridge, to

The college, best of all the rest,
With thanks to thee, O Trinity!
Through thee and thine, for me and mine,
Some stay I got.

He concludes with pious resignation to God.*

Didymus Mountain, who, in 1571, wrote "The Gardener's Labyrinth," in 4to. "wherein are set forth, divers knottes and mazes, cunningly handled for the beautifying of gardens." And in 1577 appeared a second part, "with the wittie ordering of other daintie hearbes, delectable flowres, pleasaunt fruites, and fine rootes, as the like hath not heretofore been vttered of any." Other editions in 4to. 1608, and in folio 1652.

Barnaby Gooche published The whole art and trade of Husbandry, contained in foure books, *enlarged* by Barnaby Googe, Esq. 4to. black letter, 1578. The two later editions, in 1614 and 1631, both in black letter, and in 4to. are said by Weston to have been re-printed by Gervaise Markham. The 2nd book treats "Of Gardens, Orchards, and Woods."

In the 2nd vol. of the *Censura Lit.* is some information respecting B. Gooche, and his epistle to the reader shews his own liberal mind: "I haue thought it meet (good Reader) for thy further profit and pleasure, to put into English,

* To have completed the various contrasting vicissitudes of this poor *Suffolk* farmer's life, he should have added to his other employments, those of another *Suffolk* man, the late W. Lomax, who had been *grave-digger* at the pleasant town of Bury St. Edmund's, for thirty-six years, and who, also, for a longer period than thirty-six years, had been a *morrice-dancer* at all the elections for that borough.

these foure Bookes of Husbandry, *collected and set forth, by Master Conrade Heresbatch*, a great and a learned Counceller of the Duke of *Cleues:* not thinking it reason, though I haue altered and increased his vvorke, *with mine owne readings and obseruations*, ioined with the experience of sundry my friends, to take from him (as diuers in the like case haue done) the honour and glory of his owne trauaile: Neither is it my minde, that this either his doings, or mine, should deface, or any wayes darken the good enterprise, or painfull trauailes of such our Countrymen of England, as haue plentifully written of this matter: but alwayes haue, and do giue them the reuerence and honour due to so vertuous, and well disposed Gentlemen, namely, *Master Fitzherbert*, and *Master Tusser:* vvhose vvorkes may, in my fancie, without any presumption, compare with any, either *Varro*, *Columella*, or *Palladius* of *Rome*."

Sir Hugh Platt, "that learned and great observer," but of whom we know so little, was, as Mr. Weston, in his Catalogue of English Authors, informs us, "the most ingenious husbandman of the age he lived in: yet, so great was his modesty, that all his works seem to be posthumous, except the *Paradise of Flora*, which appeared in 1600, when it is probable he was living. He spent part of his time at Copt-hall, in Essex, or at Bishop's-hall, in Middlesex, at each of which places he had a country seat; but his town residence was Lincoln's Inn. He held a correspondence with all lovers of agriculture and gardening throughout England; and such was the justice and modesty of his temper, that he always named the author of every discovery communicated to him." In 1606 he had a garden in St. Martin's Lane. A list of his works appears in the late Dr. Watts's most laborious work, the Bibl. Brit. in 4 vols. 4to. In his "Floraes Paradise, beautified and adorned with sundry sorts of delicate fruites and flowers, to be sold in Paule's church-

yard, at the signe of the Holy Ghost, 1608," 12mo. he thus concludes his address to the studious and well affected reader:—"*And thus, gentle Reader, hauing acquainted thee with my long, costly, and laborious Collections, not written at aduenture, or by an imaginary conceit in a Scholler's priuate Studie, but wrung out of the earth, by the painfull hand of experience: and hauing also giuen thee a touch of Nature, whom no man as yet euer durst send naked into the worlde without her veyle; and expecting, by thy good entertainement of these, some encouragement for higher and deeper discoueries heereafter, I leaue thee to the God of Nature, from whom all the true light of Nature proceedeth.* Bednall-greene, *neere London, this 2 of July,* 1608."

In his chapter of "An offer of some new, rare, and profitable Inventions," after speaking of "the most rare and peerless plant of all the rest, I meane the grape," he mentions the wholesomeness of the wine he then made from his garden at *Bednall-greene, neere London:*—"And if any exception shold be taken against the race and delicacie of them, I am content to submit them to the censure of the best mouthes, that professe any true skill in the iudgement of high country wines: although for their better credit herein, I could bring in the French Embassador, who (now almost two yeeres since, comming to my house of purpose to tast these wines) gaue this sentence vpon them; that he neuer drank any better nevv Wine in France. And Sir *Francis Vere,* that martiall Mirrour of our times, who is seldom or never without a cup of excellent wine at his table, assured me that he neuer dranke the like vnto mine, but once, and that in France. So that now mee thinks I begin to growe somewhat strong in my supporters; and therefore I make some doubt, whether I shall need to bring in that renowned Lady *Arabella,* the Countesse of *Cumberland,* the Lady *Anne Clifford,* the Lady *Hastings,* the Lady *Candish,* and most of the Maides of

Honour, with diuers Lordes, Knights, and Gentlemen of good worth, that haue generally applauded the same; or leaue it heere to worke out his owne credit in his due time, because it is rich, and of a strong boiling nature."

In his chapter of "Secrets in the ordering of Trees and Plants," he alludes to a gardener of the name of Maister *Andrew Hill*, or to his garden, no less than twenty-three times; and frequently to one of the name of Maister *Pointer*,* *of Twickenham*. Also to one of the name of *Colborne*; and to a parson *Simson*. He thus concludes this chapter:—"Heere I will conclude with a pretty conceit of that delicate knight, Sir *Francis Carew;* who, for the better accomplishment of his royall entertainemẽt of our late Queene of happy memory, at his house at *Beddington*, led her Maiestie to a Cherrie tree, whose fruite hee had of purpose kept backe from ripening, at the least one month after all Cherries had taken their farewell of England. This secret he performed, by straining a Tent or cover of canvas ouer the whole tree, and wetting the same now and then with a scoope or horne, as the heate of the weather required; and so, by with-holding the sunne-beames from reflecting vppon the berries, they grew both great, and were very long before they had gotten their perfect cherrie-colour: and when hee was assured of her Maiesties comming, he remoued the Tent, and a few sunny daies brought them to their full maturitie."

* Gerarde, speaking of good sorts of apples and pears, thus mentions the above named *Pointer*:—"Master Richard Pointer has them all growing in his ground at Twickenham, near London, who is a most cunning and curious grafter and planter of all manner of rare fruits; and also in the ground of an excellent grafter and painful planter, Master Henry Bunbury, of Touthill-street, near unto Westminster; and likewise in the ground of a diligent and most affectionate lover of plants, Master Warner, neere Horsely Down, by London; and in divers other grounds about London."

In the 2nd vol. of *Censura Litt.* is some information respecting Sir Hugh.

Gabriel Plattes, who (Harte says) "had a bold, adventurous cast of mind." The author of "Herefordshire Orchards," calls him "a singular honest man." Mr. Weston says, "This author may be considered as an original genius in husbandry. This ingenious writer, whose labours were productive of plenty and riches to others, was so destitute of the common necessaries of life, as to perish with hunger and misery. He was found dead in the streets, without a shirt to cover him, to the eternal disgrace of the government he lived under. He bequeathed his papers to S. Hartlib, whom a contemporary author addresses in this manner: 'none (but yourself, who wants not an enlarged heart, but a fuller hand to supply the world's defect,) being found, with some few others, to administer any relief to a man of so great merit.' Another friend of Hartlib's, gives Plattes the following character: 'certainly that man had as excellent a genius in agriculture, as any that ever lived in this nation before him, and was the most faithful seeker of his ungrateful country's good. I never think of the great judgement, pure zeal, and faithful intentions of that man, and withal of his strange sufferings, and manner of death, but am struck with amazement, that such a man should be suffered to fall down dead in the streets for want of food, whose studies tended in no less than providing and preserving food for whole nations, and that with as much skill and industry, so without pride or arrogance towards God or man.'—A list of his many works appears in Watts's Bibl. Brit. and also in Weston's intelligent Catalogue; and much information is given of Plattes in vol. 2 of the Censura Litteraria. Two of his works appear to be,

1. Treatise of Husbandry; 1633, 4to.

2. Discourse of Infinite Treasure, hidden since the World's beginning, in the way of Husbandry; 1632, 1653, 1656, 4to.*

William Lawson published in 1597, A New Orchard and Garden, in 4to. Other editions, in 4to., in 1623, and 1626. His singular assertions are treated with great candor by the author of *Herefordshire Orchards*,—"for I thought I found many signs of honesty and integrity in the man, a sound, clear, natural wit."

Simon Harward published in 1597, a Treatise on the Art of propagating Vegetables; and annexed it to Lawson's New Orchard and Garden.

Thomas Johnson, the learned editor of the enlarged and valuable edition of Gerarde. Wood calls him "the best

* The fate of this poor man reminds one of what is related of Corregio:—"He received from the mean canons of Parma, for his Assumption of the Virgin, the small pittance of two hundred livres, and it was paid him in copper. He hastened with the money to his starving family; but as he had six or eight miles to travel from Parma, the weight of his burden, and the heat of the climate, added to the oppression of his breaking heart, a pleurisy attacked him, which, in three days, terminated his existence and his sorrows in his fortieth year."

If one could discover a portrait of either of the authors mentioned in the foregoing list, one might, I think, inscribe under each of such portraits, these verses:

Ce pourtrait et maint liure
Par le peintre et l'escrit,
Feront reuoir et viure
Ta face et ton esprit.

They are inscribed under an ancient portrait, done in 1555, which Mr. Dibdin has preserved in his account of Caen, and which he thus introduces: "As we love to be made acquainted with the *persons* of those from whom we have received instruction and pleasure, so take, gentle reader, a representation of Bourgueville."

herbalist of his time." Mr. Weston, in his Catalogue, relates with great pleasure, the sanguine and interesting tours which Mr. Johnson, and some friends, made in various counties, to examine the native botanical beauties of his own country.

Wood further informs us, that at the siege of Basing-house, "he received a shot in the shoulder, of which he died in a fortnight after; at which time his work did justly challenge funeral tears; being then no less eminent in the garrison for his valour and conduct as a soldier, than famous through the kingdom for his excellency as an herbalist and physician." I have given in a note below, his approbation of Parkinson's work, merely to shew Mr. Johnson's liberal mind.*

Ralph Austen, published his Treatise of Fruit Trees, shewing the manner of Grafting, Planting, &c. with the spiritual use of an Orchard, or Garden, in divers similitudes. *Oxford*, 1653 and 1657, 4to. He appears to have lived and died at Oxford. He dedicates it to his friend S. Hartlib, Esq. Worlidge says, that in this treatise Austen hath "very copiously set forth the high applauses, dignities, advantages, and variety of pleasures and contents, in the planting and enjoyment of fruit trees."

* "Mr. John Parkinson, an apothecary of this city, (yet living, and labouring for the common good,) in the year 1629, set forth a work by the name of *Paradisus Terrestris*, wherein he gives the figures of all such plants as are preserved in gardens, for the beauty of their flowers, in use in meats or sauces; and also an orchard for all trees bearing fruit, and such shrubs as for their beauty are kept in orchards and gardens, with the ordering, planting, and preserving of all these. In this work he hath not superficially handled these things, but accurately descended to the very varieties in each species, wherefore I have now and then referred my reader, addicted to these delights, to this work, especially in flowers and fruits, wherein I was loth to spend too much time, especially seeing I could adde nothing to what he had done upon that subject before."

Francis Austen, published in 1631, Observations on Sir Francis Bacon's Natural History, so far as concerns Fruit trees, 4to. Another edition, 4to., 1657.

John Bonfeil, published Instructions how to Plant and Dress Vines, &c. and to make Wine, &c. Printed with his Art of making Silk, 4to., 1622.

Stephen Blake, published in 1664, The complete Gardener's Practice, 4to.

William Hughes published

1, The complete Vineyard, 8vo. 1670, and 1683.

2, The American Physician, or a Treatise of the Roots, Plants, &c. growing in the English Plantations; 12mo. 1672.

3, The Flower Garden, 12mo. 1672 and 1734.

Samuel Hartlib, Esq. published Sir Richard Weston's "Discourse of Husbandrie used in Brabant and Flanders, shewing the wonderful improvement of land there, and serving as a pattern for our practice in this Commonwealth." *Lond.* 1645, 4to. 24 pages. Mr. Weston, in his interesting Catalogue, says, "It is remarked in the Phil. Trans. that England has profited in agriculture to the amount of many millions, in consequence of the Flanders husbandry having been made known by this little treatise. In another edition (I believe 1655) Hartlib, in order to enlarge, and better explain it, annexed Dr. Beatie's Annotations to it." Mr. Hartlib also published,

1, Legacie; or an Enlargement of the Discourse of Hus-

bandry; 1to. 1650. A second edition in 1651, and a third in 1655.

2, Concerning the Defects and Remedies of English Husbandry, in a letter to Dr. Beale; 4to. 1651.

3, A Designe for Plentie, by an universall planting of *Fruit-trees;* tendered by some Well-wishers to the Public. *Lond.* without date, but probably (as Mr. Loudon observes) 1652, 4to. "Published by Hartlib, who had the MS. from the Hon. Colonel John Barkstead, Lieutenant of the Tower. The author was an aged minister of the Gospel, at Lovingland, near Yarmouth."

4, The Commonwealth of Bees, 1657.

Mr. Weston gives much information respecting Mr. Hartlib. I select only the following:—

"He was a German gentleman by birth, a great promoter of husbandry during the times of the commonwealth, and much esteemed by all ingenious men in those days, particularly by Milton, who addressed to him his Treatise on Education; Sir William Petty also inscribed two letters to him on the same subject. *Lond.* 4to. 1647 and 1648. Cromwell, who was a great favourer of agriculture, in consequence of this admirable performance, allowed Hartlib a pension of £100. a year; and Hartlib afterwards, the better to fulfil the intentions of his benefactor, procured Dr. Beatie's excellent annotations on the Legacy, with other valuable pieces from his numerous correspondents. This famous work, attributed to Hartlib, and called the Legacy, was only drawn up at his request, and, passing through his correction and revision, was published by him." His name will ever stand honoured,

from Milton having dedicated his *Tractate on Education* to him, and from his having, in this tract, painted with affection, and with warm and high colours, the character of Mr. Hartlib.*

Dr. John Beale, author of that celebrated little tract, the "Herefordshire Orchards, a pattern for the whole of England." *London* 1657, 12mo.; 1724, 8vo. He addresses this to Mr. Hartlib, and thus commences it:—"Your industrious endeavours for the benefit of all men, and particularly for the good of this nation, hath well deserved the grateful acknowledgement of all good men, and of my self in special; for that in my rural retirement I have received some profit, and very much innocent and refreshing delights in the perusal of those treatises, which are by your diligent hand communicated to the publick." He thus affectionately concludes it:—"I briefly hint unto you what esteem we do truly owe unto your labours. I pray the Lord to remember your diligence in the great day of his appearance in glory. Your hearty well-wisher." In vol. 6 of the works of the Honourable Robert Boyle, are many letters from Dr. Beale. That dated Oct. 26, strongly paints his attachment to the fruits of Herefordshire, or whatever may tend to the benefit of that his native county. Mr. Boyle says of him, "There is not

* "Mr. Hartlib (says Worlidge) tells you of the benefits of *orchard fruits*, that they afford curious walks for pleasure, food for cattle in the spring, summer, and winter, (meaning under their shadow,) fewel for the fire, shade for the heat, physick for the sick, refreshment for the sound, plenty of food for man, and that not of the worst, and drink also of the best."

Milton also in the above Tractate thus speaks:—"In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against nature, not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth."

in life, a man in this whole island, nor on the continents beyond the seas, that could be made more universally useful to do good to all." And Mr. Gough, in his Topography, records the benefits he conferred on that county. Such a testimony as the above, from such a man as Mr. Boyle, is, indeed, honourable. The learned Boerhaave tells us who Mr. Boyle was: "Boyle, the ornament of his age and country, succeeded to the genius and enquiries of the great Verulam. Which of all Boyle's writings shall I recommend? All of them. To him we owe the secrets of fire, air, water, animals, vegetables, fossils, so that from his works may be reduced the whole system of natural knowledge." His charities amounted to £1000. annually. Dr. Beale resided chiefly at Hereford, (1660) when he was made Rector of Yeovil, Somersetshire, where he died in 1683, at the age of eighty. His other works are enumerated in Mr. Loudon's Encyclopædia of Gardening. Mr. Evelyn, in the greatest of his works, (his Sylva,) adds to it Dr. Beale's advertisement concerning Cyder.

William Brome, a principal ornament of Christ Church, a native of Herefordshire, and who afterwards lived in retirement at Ewithington, in that county, "formed the plan (says the late Mr. Dunster in his edition of Phillips's Cyder) of writing the Provincial History of his native county, a work for which he was eminently qualified, not only by his great and general learning, but as being particularly an excellent naturalist and antiquary. After having made a considerable progress, he abandoned his design, and, which is still more to be lamented, destroyed the valuable materials which he had collected." I merely introduce this to state, that from Mr. Brome, much information, in all likelihood, might have been gathered respecting Dr. Beale. We have to regret, that time and mortality, have now obliterated every fading

trace of contemporary recollection of a man, who, in his day, was so highly esteemed.*

Robert Sharrock, Archdeacon of Winchester, and Rector of Bishop's Waltham, and of Horewood. Wood, in his Athenæ, says, "he was accounted learned in divinity, in the civil and common law, and very knowing in vegetables, and all appertaining thereunto. He published The History of the Propagation and Improvement of Vegetables, by the concurrence of art and nature. *Oxford*, 1660, 8vo., and 1672, 8vo.: an account of which book you may see in the Phil. Trans. No. 84, page 5002." He also published Improvements to the Art of Gardening; or an exact Treatise on Plants. *London*, 1694; folio. This must have been a posthumous work, as he died in 1684.

——— Iliffe, in 1670, published in 12mo. The compleat Vineyard.

John Rea, the author of "Flora, Ceres, and Pomona." It is enriched by a frontispiece engraved by D Loggan. He dedicates the above folio, in 1665, to Lord Gerard, of Gerard's Bromley. His lordship, it seems, about that time, determined to erect that noble mansion, which Plot has given us a plate of; and Rea, in this folio, enumerates those plants,

* In the above tract of Dr. Beale's, he thus breaks out in praise of the Orchards of this *deep and rich* county:—"From the greatest person to the poorest cottager, all habitations are encompassed with orchards, and gardens, and in most places our hedges are enriched with rows of fruit trees, pears or apples. All our villages, and generally all our highways, (all our vales being thick set with rows of villages), are in the spring time sweetened and beautified with the blossomed trees, which continue their changeable varieties of ornament, till (in the end of autumn), they fill our garners with pleasant fruit, and our cellars with rich and winy liquors. Orchards, being the pride of our county, do not only sweeten, but also purify the am-

fruits, and flowers, which he thinks this then-intended garden ought to be furnished with; and a small bit, or a piece or parcel, of which once most sumptuous garden, Plot gives us. "Altho' (says Rea) our country cannot boast the benignity of that beautiful planet which meliorates their fruit in Italy, France, and Spain; yet, by reflection from good walks, well gravelled walks, the choice of fit kinds, we may plentifully partake the pleasure, and yearly enjoy the benefit, of many delicious fruits: as also the admiration and delight in the infinite varieties of elegant forms, various colours, and numerous kinds of noble plants, and beautiful flowers, some whereof have been heretofore handled by a renowned person of your name; but since his time, nature hath discovered many new varieties, not known to former ages, as I hope shortly will appear in your own collections, gloriously adorning your spacious garden, which I wish may correspond, both in fashion and furniture, with that noble structure to which it appertaineth. Accept then, my honoured lord, this humble offering, which may possibly live to do you service, when I am dust and ashes, and, according to my highest ambition, remain as a testimony of my sincerest gratitude for the many favours I have received from your honour, your most accomplished lady, and that noble family from whence she is descended. I should here add my prayers for your honour's preservation, did I not reserve them for my morning sacri-

bient air, which I conceive to conduce very much to the constant health and long lives for which our county hath always been famous. We do commonly devise a shadowy walk from our gardens, through our orchards (which is the richest, sweetest, and most embellished grove) into our coppice woods, or timber woods." Dr. Beale does not praise the whole of their land. He describes some as "starvy, chapt, and cheany, as the basest land upon the Welch mountains." He makes amends, however, for this, for he describes the nags bred on their high grounds, as very different from our present hackney-coach horses; they "are airey and sinewy, full of spirits and vigour, in shape like the *barbe*, they rid ground, and gather courage and delight in their own speed."

fice, daily to be presented to the immortal deities by him that is, your most humble and most devoted servant, John Rea." He addresses also a long poem to Lady Gerard, on Flora inviting her to walk in this garden, in which he celebrates her "bright beauty."

Self-loved *Narcissus*, if he look
On your fair eyes, will leave the brook,
And undeceived, soon will rue
He ever any loved but you.
If to the *hyacinth* you turn,
He smiles, and quite forgets to mourn.
The enamoured *heliotrope* will run
To your bright stars, and leave the sun.
Our *lilies* here do make no show,
They whiter on your bosom grow,
And *violets* appear but stains,
Compared with your bluer veins.
* * * *
New-blown buds, all scents excelling,
As you pass by, invite your smelling.
* * * *
Mark the glorious *tulips* rise
In various dress, to take your eyes,
And how the fairest and all the rest
Strive which shall triumph on your breast.
* * * *
Thus your rich beauty and rare parts
Excel all flowers, exceed all arts.
Live then, sweet lady, to inherit
Your father's fortune, and his spirit,
Your mother's face and virtuous mind.*

* A Lady Gerard is mentioned in two letters of Mr. Pope, to W. Fortescue, Esq. They have no date to them. They appear in Polwhele's History of Devonshire. "I have just received a note from Mrs. Blount, that she and Lady Gerard will dine here to-day." And "Lady Gerard was to see Chiswick Gardens (as I imagined) and therefore forced to go from hence by five; it was a mortification to Mrs. Blount to go, when there was a hope of seeing you and Mr. Fortescue." There are three more letters, without date, to

Throughout this long poem, John Rea's warmth much exceeds that of the most romantic lovers. One of the latter only observes, that the flowers courted the tread of his fair one's foot; that the sky grew more beautiful in her presence, and that the atmosphere borrowed new splendour from her eyes. Rea's passion seems even warmer than this. In his address to the reader, he says, "I have continued my affection to this honest recreation, without companion or encouragement; and now in my old age, (wearied and weaned from other delights) find myself more happy in this retired solitude, than in all the bustles and busie employments of my passed days." He thus concludes his book:—

——— this is all I crave:
Some gentle hand with flowers may strew my grave,
And with one sprig of bays my herse befriend,
When as my life, as now my book, doth end.
Laus Deo.

Rea gives us also another very long poem, being that of "Flora to the Ladies," which he thus concludes:—

Silent as flow'rs may you in virtues grow,
Till rip'ning time shall make you fit to blow,
Then flourish long, and seeding leave behind
A numerous offspring of your dainty kind;
And when fate calls, have nothing to repent,
But die like flow'rs, virtuous and innocent.
Then all your fellow flow'rs, both fair and sweet,
Will come, with tears, to deck your winding-sheet;
Hang down their pensive heads so dew'd, and crave
To be transplanted to your perfum'd grave.

Martha Blount, written from the Wells at Bristol, and from Stowe, in which Pope says, "I have no more room but to give Lady Gerard my hearty services." And "once more my services to Lady Gerard." "I desire you will write a post-letter to my man John, at what time you would have the pine apples, to send to Lady Gerard." Probably Martha Blount's Lady Gerard was a descendant of Rea's.

These love poems seem all to have been written in his old age; and that passion causes him thus to open his first book: —"Love was the inventor, and is still the maintainer, of every noble science. It is chiefly that which hath made my flowers and trees to flourish, though planted in a barren desart, and hath brought me to the knowledge I now have in plants and planting; for indeed it is impossible for any man to have any considerable collection of plants to prosper, unless he love them: for neither the goodness of the soil, nor the advantage of the situation, will do it, without the master's affection; it is that which renders them strong and vigorous; without which they will languish and decay through neglect, and soon cease to do him service. I have seen many gardens of the new model, in the hands of unskilful persons, with good walls, walks and grass-plots; but in the most essential adornments so deficient, that a green meadow is a more delightful object; there nature alone, without the aid of art, spreads her verdant carpets, spontaneously embroidered with many pretty plants and pleasing flowers, far more inviting than such an immured nothing. And as noble fountains, grottoes, statues, &c. are excellent ornaments and marks of magnificence, so all such dead works in gardens, ill done, are little better than blocks in the way to intercept the sight, but not at all to satisfy the understanding. A choice collection of living beauties, rare plants, flowers and fruits, are indeed the wealth, glory, and delight of a garden." He seems enamoured with tulips. He describes no less than one hundred and ninety different sorts. He calls them "Flora's choicest jewels, and the most glorious ornaments of the best gardens. Such is their rarity and excellence, and so numerous are the varieties, that it is not possible any one person in the world should be able to express, or comprehend the half of them, every new spring discovering many new diversities never before observed, either arising from the seeds of some choice kinds, the altering of off-sets, or by the busy and secret

working of nature upon several self-colours, in different soils and situations, together with the help of art."* Switzer says, "the practical and plain method in which he has delivered his precepts, are admirable." There is a second edition of the Flora, *with additions*. What these are, I know not; unless they are the cuts of parterres, which were omitted in the first edition. There is an edition in 1696.

John Worlidge published his Systema Agriculturæ in folio, 1668; second edition in 1675, folio: fourth edition in 1687, folio. An octavo edition 1716, with its English title of "A compleat System of Husbandry and Gardening, or the Gentleman's Companion in the Business and Pleasures of a Country life." In the preface to this, and indeed throughout all his works, we may trace his fondness for gardens. The great variety of rural subjects treated on in this book, may be seen in its Index, or full Analysis. In his second section "Of the profits and pleasures of fruit-trees," he strongly enforces the planting of vineyards.

His Systema Horticulturæ, or the Art of Gardening, was published in 1677, 8vo.; a third edition 1688; a fourth edition 1719.

Vinetum Britannicum, or a Treatise on Cyder, and other Wines and Drinks, extracted from Fruits: to which is added, a Discourse on Bees; 8vo., *second impression, much enlarged*, 1678. He therein thus paints the pleasures of a garden:— "The exercises of planting, grafting, pruning, and walking in them, very much tendeth to salubrity, as also doth the wholesome airs found in them, which have been experienced not only to cure several distempers incident to our nature,

* A most curious account of the *Tulipomania*, or rage for tulips, formerly in Holland, may be seen in Phillips's Flora Historica.

but to tend towards the prolongation of life. For nothing can be more available to health and long life, than a sedate quiet mind, attended with these rural delights, a healthful air, and moderate exercise, which may here be found in all seasons of the year."

He also published, The Second Parts of Systema Agriculturæ, 8vo. 1689.

The Second Part of Vinetum Britannicum, 8vo. 1689. This is usually bound with the above.

His attachment to whatever concerns a rural life, shines through most of his pages. Take the few following for a specimen:—

In his description of the month of *April*, he says, "In this month your garden appears in its greatest beauty, the blossoms of the fruit-trees prognosticate the plenty of fruits for all the succeeding summer months, unless prevented by untimely frosts or blights. The bees now buz in every corner of your garden to seek for food; the birds sing in every bush, and the sweet nightingale tunes her warbling notes in your solitary walks, whilst the other birds are at their rest. The beasts of the woods look out into the plains, and the fishes of the deep sport themselves in the shallow waters. The air is wholesome, and the earth pleasant, beginning now to be cloathed in nature's best array, exceeding all art's glory. This is the time that whets the wits of several nations to prove their own country to have been the *Garden of Eden*, or the terrestrial paradise, however it appears all the year besides. In case unseasonable weather hinders not, the pleasantness and salubrity of the air now tempts the sound to the free enjoyment of it, rather than to enjoy the pleasures of *Bacchus* in a smoaky corner." In his month of

May, he says, "He that delights not in physick, let him now exercise himself in the *garden*, and take the smell of the earth with the rising sun, than which to the virtuously inclined, there is nothing more pleasant; for now is nature herself full of mirth, and the senses stored with delights, and variety of pleasures." His month of *July* thus recommends itself: "Grotts and shady groves are more seasonable to recreate yourself in than the open air, unless it be late in the evening, or early in the morning, to such that can afford time to take a nap after noon."

In his Syst. Hort. he observes, that "A fair stream or current flowing through or near your *garden*, adds much to the glory and pleasure of it: on the banks of it you may plant several aquatick exoticks, and have your seats or places of repose under their umbrage, and there satiate yourself with the view of the curling streams, and its nimble inhabitants. These gliding streams refrigerate the air in a summer evening, and render their banks so pleasant, that they become resistless charms to your senses, by the murmuring noise, the undulation of the water, the verdant banks and shades over them, the sporting fish confined within your own limits, the beautiful swans; and by the pleasant notes of singing birds, that delight in groves, on the banks of such rivulets."*

* Perhaps no one more truly painted rich pastoral scenes than Isaac Walton. This occurs in many, many pages of his delightful *Angler*. The late ardently gifted, and most justly lamented Sir Humphry Davy too, in his *Salmonia*, has fondly caught the charms of Walton's pages. His pen riots in the wild, the beautiful, the sweet, delicious scenery of nature:— "how delightful in the early spring, to wander forth by some clear stream, to see the leaf bursting from the purple bud, to scent the odours of the bank, perfumed by the violet, and enamelled as it were with the primrose, and the daisy; to wander upon the fresh turf below the shade of trees, whose bright blossoms are filled with the music of the bee." Mr. Worlidge, in his Systema Agriculturæ, says, that the delights in angling "rouzes up

And in his preface to this last work, he says, "My principal design being not only to excite or animate such as have fair estates, and pleasant seats in the country, to adorn and beautifie them; but to encourage the honest and plain countryman in the improvement of his Ville, by enlarging the bounds and limits of his *Gardens*, as well as his *Orchards*, for the encrease of such esculent plants as may be useful and beneficial to himself and his neighbors."

Francis Drope, B. D., who died at Oxford, and whose father was Vicar of Cumner, in Berkshire. Wood, in his Athenæ, says, "he hath written on a subject which he much delighted in, and wherein he spent much time, but which was not published till his death: A short and sure guide to the practice of raising, and ordering of fruit trees, *Oxford*, 1672, 12mo.. a large and laudable account of which you may see in the Phil. Trans. No. 86, p. 10, 49."

Moses Cooke, Gardener to the Earl of Essex, at Cashiobury, afterwards a partner with Lucre, Field and London, in the Brompton Park Nursery. He wrote "The Art of making Cyder," published in Mr. Evelyn's works. The manner of raising Forest Trees, 4to. 1696. Other editions in 8vo. in 1717, 1724, and 1770. Mr. Evelyn (speaking of Cashiobury) says, "The gardens are very rare, and cannot be otherwise,

the ingenious early in the spring mornings, that they have the benefit of the sweet and pleasant morning air, which many through sluggishness enjoy not; so that health (the greatest treasure that mortals enjoy) and pleasure, go hand in hand in this exercise. What can be more said of it, than that the most ingenious, most use it." Mr. Whately, in his usual charming style, thus paints the spring:—"Whatever tends to animate the scene, accords with the season, which is full of youth and vigour, fresh and sprightly, brightened by the verdure of the herbage, and the woods, gay with blossoms, and flowers, and enlivened by the songs of the birds in all their variety, from the rude joy of the skylark, to the delicacy of the nightingale."

having so skilful an artist to govern them as Cooke." Moses Cooke, in his preface, justly says, "Planting and Gardening add much to the health and content of man; and these two jewels no man that well understands himself, would willingly be without; for it is not only set down for a certain truth by many wise men, but confirmed by experience. The learned Lord Bacon commends the following of the plough in fresh ground, to be very healthful for man; but more, the digging in gardens." His pages, here and there, record some of "the fine stately trees that we have growing in the woods at Cashiobury." Cooke unfortunately fancied himself a poet; but gratitude to his noble master, and loyalty to his king, seem to have been the motives of his inspiration. "One night (methought) walking up one of my Lord's lime-walks, I heard the grateful trees thus paying the tribute of their thanks to his lordship:—

Like pyramids our stately tops we'll raise,
To sing our noble benefactor's praise;
Freshly we will to after-ages show
What noble Essex did on us bestow:
For we our very being owe to him,
Or else we had long since intombed been
In crop of bird, or in beast's belly found,
Or met our death neglected on the ground.
By him we cherish'd were with dung and spade,
For which we'll recompense him with our shade.
And since his kindness saw us prun'd so well,
We will requite him with our fragrant smell;
In winter (as in gratitude is meet)
We'll strew our humble leaves beneath his feet.
Nay, in each tree, root, trunk, branch, all will be
Proud to serve him and his posterity."

And he thus invokes the stately oak, after enumerating many of the rich commodities which this tree bears through our Thames:—

Of silks and satins fine, to clothe the back;
Of wines, Italian, French, and Spanish sack.
* * * *
'Twas faithful oak preserved our king, that we
Might thence learn lessons of true loyalty.
* * * *
When in salt seas Sir Francis Drake did steer,
Sailing in oak he sav'd one day i'th'year.
His oak, which the terrestrial globe did measure,
Through dangers led him t' honour, profit, pleasure.
No wood like oak that grows upon the ground,
To make our house and ships last long and sound;
No oak like ours: by love to oak let 's then
Appear true subjects, and right Englishmen.

Anthony Lawrence published in 4to. 1677, Nurseries, Orchards, Profitable Gardens, and Vineyards Encouraged.

John Read, "one of the earliest Scotch gardening writers." He wrote "The Scotch Gardener," 1683, 4to. An Edinburgh edition in 8vo. 1766; to which is added, a short Treatise of Forest Trees, by the Earl of Haddington.

J. Gibson, who wrote A Short Account of several Gardens near London, as viewed in 1681, in vol. xii of the Archæologia.

T. Langford wrote Plain and Full Instructions to raise all sorts of Fruit Trees that prosper in England; with Directions for making Liquors of all sorts of Fruits; 8vo. 1681. To the second edition, in 1696, is prefixed a very handsome epistle from Mr. Evelyn, in which he says, "As I know nothing extant that exceeds it, so nor do I of any thing which needs be added to it." Also,

The Practical Planter of Fruit Trees; 8vo. 1681. Also,

Systemæ Agriculturæ, being the Mystery of Husbandry Discovered; folio, 1681.

Leonard Meager's Portrait perhaps we may not be very desirous to discover, when he tells his readers, neither to "sow, plant, nor graft, or meddle with any thing relating to gardening, when the sun or moon is eclipsed, or on that day, nor when the moon is afflicted by either of the unfortunate planets, viz. Mars or Saturn."* His English Gardner, in 4to. with cuts, came out in 1683; the ninth edition came out in 1699, 4to.; it contains several clearly pointed plates of knots, or parterres.

Meager also published The New Art of Gardening, with the Gardener's Almanack; 8vo. 1697; and

The Mystery of Husbandry; 12mo. 1699.

* Tusser seems somewhat of Meager's opinion:—

Sow peason and beans, in the wane of the moon,
Who soweth them sooner, he soweth too soon;
That they with the planet may rest and arise,
And flourish, with bearing most plentifull wise.

The celebrated Quintinye says, "I solemnly declare, that after a diligent observation of the moon's changes for thirty years together, and an enquiry whether they had any influence in gardening, the affirmative of which has been so long established among us, I perceive it was no weightier than old wives' tales."

The moon (says Mr. Mavor) having an influence on the tides and the weather, she was formerly supposed to extend her power over all nature.

There is a treatise, by *Claude Gadrois*, on the *Influences des Astres*. Surely this merits perusal, when the Nouv. Dict. Hist. thus speaks of him: —"Il étoit ami du célebre Arnauld et méritoit de l'etre par *la justesse de son esprit* et la puretè de ses mœurs, par la bonté de son caractere et par la droiture de son cœur."

The following wise experiment occurs in an ancient book on husbandry; but if the two parties there mentioned had lived with Leonard Meager, one

The many editions that came out of Meager's English Gardner, sufficiently shews the estimation in which his book was held.

George London and Henry Wise, so eminent in their day, that, as a contemporary says, "If the stock of their nurseries at Brompton Park, were valued at one penny a plant, the amount would exceed £40,000. Mr. Evelyn declares, that we may place the above nursery above the greatest works of that kind ever seen or heard of, either in books or travels." Mr. Evelyn again calls it "that vast ample collection which I have lately seen, and well considered, at Brompton Park; the very sight of which alone, gives an idea of something that is greater than I can well express. One needs no more than to take a walk to Brompton Park, (on a fair morning) to behold and admire what a magazine these industrious men have provided." The Rev. John Laurence,

must not do him the injustice of supposing he would have been a convert to their opinion:—"*Archibius* is said to have written (or sent word most likely) to *Antiochus*, king of *Syria*, that if you bury a speckled toad inclosed in an earthen pot, in the middle of your garden, the same will be defended from all hurtful weather and tempests." Meager, however, is kept in countenance by Mr. Worlidge, who, in his chapter of Prognostics, at the end of his interesting Systemæ Agriculturæ, actually states that

If dog's guts rumble and make a noise, it presageth rain or snow.

The cat, by washing her face, and putting her foot over her ear, foreshews rain.

The squeaking and skipping up and down of mice and rats, portend rain.

Leonard Meager thus notices a nurseryman of his day:—"Here follows a catalogue of divers sorts of fruits, which I had of my very loving friend, Captain Garrle, dwelling at the great nursery between Spittlefields and Whitechapel; a very eminent and ingenious nurseryman." Perhaps this is the same nurseryman that Rea, in his *Pomona*, mentions. He says (after naming some excellent pear-trees) "they may be had out of the nurseries about London, especially those of Mr. Daniel Stepping, and Mr. Leonard

in his Clergyman's Recreation, willingly attests their skill, integrity, and reputation, "so well established amongst the nobility and gentry."

Mr. London's grateful apprentice, Switzer, thus affectionately and zealously records them in his History of Gardening, prefixed to his Iconologia:—"But now let us look amongst the nobility and gentry, which at this time were every where busied in making and adorning their gardens and plantations. To enumerate and set down the history of gardening in its several particulars in this reign, would require a volume of itself, but will be for the most part summed up in the person and character of *George London, Esq.* Superintendant of their Majesties gardens, and Director-General of most of the gardens and plantations of Great Britain. I am not well enough informed, neither is it material I should go back to the birth and education of this eminent gardener;

Girle, who will faithfully furnish such as desire these, or any other kinds of rare fruit-trees, of whose fidelity in the delivery of right kinds, I have had long experience in divers particulars, a virtue not common to men of that profession." At this period, the space between Spittlefields and Whitechapel, must have consisted of gardens, and perhaps superb country houses. The Earl of Devonshire had a fine house and garden near Petticoat-lane. Sir W. Raleigh had one near Mile-end. Some one (I forget the author) says, "On both sides of this lane (Petticoat-lane) were anciently hedges and rows of elm trees, and the pleasantness of the neighbouring fields induced several gentlemen to build their houses here; among whom was the Spanish Ambassador, whom Strype supposes was Gondamour." Gondamour was the person to please whom (or rather that James might the more easily marry his son Charles to one of the daughters of Spain, with her immense fortune) this weak monarch was urged to sacrifice the life of Raleigh.

Within one's own memory, it is painful to reflect, on the many pleasant fields, neat paddocks, rural walks, and gardens, (breathing pure air) that surrounded this metropolis for miles, and miles, and which are now ill exchanged for an immense number of new streets, many of them the receptacles only of smoke and unhealthiness.

his industry and natural parts soon and sufficiently recommended him to the nobility and gentry, that he was *courted and caressed by all;* so true it is, *That the gifts of nature are much more valuable than those of original birth and fortune, or even learning itself.* And to the eternal honour of the present age be it spoken, never was virtue, laudable industry, nor art more encouraged, of which the person we are here speaking of is an undeniable instance. I shall content myself therefore to find him under the care and instruction of Mr. *Rose* (whose character has been already drawn). The early and vigorous appearances he made in business were soon discovered by his master, who spared no pains, nor hindered him of any liberty, whereby he might improve himself. After he had been with him about four or five years, he sent him (if I am right informed) into France, the great seat of learning at that time in the world, especially in the errand he went about. Soon after he returned, he was preferred to the Bishop of London's service before-mentioned; and, in a few years more, he (with his associates) entered on that great undertaking of Brompton Park; and upon the Revolution, was made superintendant of all their Majesties gardens, for which he had £200. a year, and a Page of the Back Stairs to Queen Mary. Mr. London and Mr. Wise being joined partners, and thus, as it were, both possessed of the royal favour, and the purses of the king, queen, and nobility, left no stone unturned to carry on their designs. Soon after the peace of Reswyck, Mr. London took another journey into France, with the Right Honourable the Earl of Portland, that was sent, by King William, Ambassador-Extraordinary on that occasion; and then it was that he made those observations on the fruit gardens at Versailles, which are published in the preface to their abridgement. After the death of the Queen, and not many years after her the King, their royal successor, Queen Anne, of pious memory, committed the

care of her gardens in chief to Mr. Wise, Mr. London still pursuing his business in the country. It will perhaps be hardly believed in time to come, that this one person actually saw and gave directions once or twice a year in most of the noblemen's and gentlemen's gardens in England. And since it was common for him to ride fifty or sixty miles in a day, he made his northern circuit in five or six weeks, and sometimes less; and his western in as little time; as for the south and east, they were but three or four days' work for him; most times twice a year visiting all the country seats, conversing with gentlemen, and forwarding the business of gardening in such a degree as is almost impossible to describe. In the mean time his colleague managed matters nearer home with a dexterity and care equal to his character; and in truth they have deserved so much of the world, that it is but common justice to transmit their memory to ages to come. To speak more particularly of the knowledge Mr. London was supposed to be master of in this matter, the little opportunity he had in laying a foundation of learning, was, without doubt, a great obstruction to his progress in occult philosophy, which is involved in so many hard terms; this, nevertheless, he overcame purely by industry; and what he wanted in one, he abounded with in the other. He was perfectly well skilled in fruit, which seemed to be his master-piece; as for other parts, as greens, trees, flowers, exoticks, and the like, he certainly had as much knowledge as any one man living; and though he might not come up to the highest pitch of design always, yet that might be attributed to the haste he was generally in; and it can be no great blemish to his character, that he was not the greatest person in every thing, when it is surprising to find he could possibly know so much; so great a surprise indeed, that we must hardly ever expect his equal, much less any one that will exceed him. The planting and raising of all sorts of trees is so much due to this undertaking, that it will be hard for any of posterity

to lay their hands on a tree in any of these kingdoms, that have not been a part of their care. Mr. London, by his great fatigues in heat and cold, notwithstanding naturally of a healthy, strong constitution, was at last seized with an illness, which carried him off after a few months' sickness. I shall take no other notice of him than what relates to my purpose in gardening, in which he has left a laudable example to all that shall have the encouragement to enter, and the courage and strength to perform what he did. He died towards Christmas in the year 1713."

In the preface to his Iconologia, he again mentions them: —"Had their leisure been equal to their experience, the world might from them have reasonably expected the compleatest System of Gardening that any age or country has produced. It is to them we owe most of those valuable precepts in gardening now in use, and their memory ought to be transmitted to posterity, with the same care as those of the greatest and most laborious philosophers and heroes, who by their writing and practice have deserved so well of the world."

He again mentions his old master, Mr. London:—"In fine, he was the person that refined the business and pleasure of kitchen and fruit gardens to a pitch beyond what was ever till that time seen, and more than was thought possible for one man ever to do; and (till the succession of two eminent persons in these kingdoms, who have very much outstript him) has not had his fellow in any century that history gives us account of."

Switzer, speaking of Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, says, "He was a great encourager of Mr. London, and probably very much assisted him in his great designs. This reverend father was one of the first that encouraged the importation, raising and increase of exoticks, in which he

was the most curious man in that time, or perhaps will be in any age. He had above one thousand species of exotick plants in his stoves and gardens."

No monument has, I believe, been erected to Mr. London's memory, deservedly eminent and esteemed as he was in his day, *courted and caressed by all*, nor can I find out even where he was born or buried. If one could obtain a resemblance of him, one hopes his Picture, or his Bust, may not deserve the censure of our noble poet:

> What is the end of fame? 'tis but to fill
> A certain portion of uncertain paper;
> * * * *
> To have, when the original is dust,
> A name, a wretched *picture*, and worse *bust*.*

The two following works were published by them:—

The Complete Gardener, &c. by Mons. de la Quintinye. Now compendiously abridged, and made of more use; with very considerable Improvements. By George London and

* These lines are from him, at whose death (says Sir W. Scott in his generous and glowing eulogy) we were stunned "by one of those death-notes which are peeled at intervals, as from an archangel's trumpet"—they are from "that mighty genius which walked amongst men as something superior to ordinary mortality, and whose powers were beheld with wonder, and something approaching to terror, as if we knew not whether they were of good or evil"—they are from "that noble tree which will never more bear fruit, or blossom! which has been cut down in its strength, and the past is all that remains to us of Byron: whose excellences will *now* be universally acknowledged, and his faults (let us hope and believe) not remembered in his epitaph." His "deep transported mind" (to apply Milton's words to him) thus continues his moralization:—

> What are the hopes of man? old Egypt's king
> Cheops, erected the first pyramid,
> And largest; thinking it was just the thing
> To keep his memory whole, and mummy hid; [But

Henry Wise. To which is prefixed, An Address to the Nobility and Gentry, by J. Evelyn, Esq.; folio, 1693; octavo, 1699, 1717. Seventh edition in 1719. There is a curious plate of a garden prefixed, and two neat ones at page 22. There are also other cuts. Mr. Evelyn wrote this Address purposely to recommend their "extraordinary and rare industry." And he also wrote the Preliminary Discourse to that part which relates to Fruit-trees, wherein he thus breaks out:—"Let us but take a turn or two in a well-contrived and planted garden; and see what a surprising scene presents itself in the vernal bloom, diffusing its fragrant and odoriferous wafts, with their ravishing sweets; the tender blossoms curiously enamelled; the variously-figured shapes of the verdant foliage, dancing about, and immantling the laden branches of the choicest fruit; some hiding their blushing cheeks; others displaying their beauties, and even courting the eye to admire; others the hand to gather, and all of them to taste their delicious pulps. Can any thing be more delightful, than to behold an ample square (in a benign aspect) tapestried and adorned with such a glorious embroidery of

> But somebody or other rummaging,
> Burglariously broke his coffin's lid:
> Let not a monument give you, or me, hopes,
> Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops.

The Quarterly Review, in reviewing Light's Travels, observes, that "Cheops employed three hundred and sixty thousand of his subjects for twenty years in raising this pyramid, or pile of stones, equal in weight to six millions of tons; and to render his precious dust more secure, the narrow chamber was made accessible only by small intricate passages, obstructed by stones of an enormous weight, and so carefully closed, externally, as not to be perceptible. Yet how vain are all the precautions of man! Not a bone was left of Cheops, either in the stone coffin, or in the vault, when Shaw entered the gloomy chamber." Sir Walter Scott himself, has justly received many eulogies. Perhaps none more heart-felt, than the effusion delivered at a late Celtic meeting, by that eloquent and honest lawyer, the present Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Exchequer, in Scotland, which was received by long, loud, and continued applause.

festoons, and fruitages, depending from the yielding boughs, pregnant with their offspring, and pouring forth their plenty and store, as out of so many Amalthean horns? Some tinctured with the loveliest white and red; others an azurine-purple; others striped with an incarnadine, as over a tissue of vegetable gold. Colours of an oriency, that mock the pencil of the most exquisite artist; and with which their native beauty, perfume, fragrancy, and taste, gratify and entertain more senses at once, than does any sublunary object in all unvitiated nature besides."

Their other Work was thus announced in one of the original numbers of the Spectator, which came out in small folio weekly numbers, and a portion of each number was appropriated to advertisements. It was thus advertised in that of May 5th, 1711:—"The Retired Gardener. Vol. i. Being a Translation of Le Jardinier Solitaire; or, Dialogues between a Gentleman and a Gardener: containing the methods of making, ordering, and improving a fruit and kitchen garden; together with the manner of planting and cultivating flowers, plants, and shrubs, necessary for the adorning of gardens, &c. Vol. ii. containing the manner of planting and cultivating all sorts of flowers, plants, and shrubs, necessary for the adorning of gardens; in which is explained, the art of making and disposing of parterres, arbours of greens, wood works, arches, columns, and other pieces and compartments usually found in the most beautiful gardens of country seats. The whole enriched with variety of Figures, being a Translation from the Sieur Louis Liger. To this volume is added, a Description and Plan of Count Tallard's Garden, at Nottingham. The whole revised by George London and Henry Wise. Printed for Jacob Tonson, at Shakspeare's Head, over against Catherine-street in the Strand." This book, after giving the mode of culture of most flowers, generally gives what the author calls *its history*. I will merely give its history of one flower:

—"On a day when they were keeping holiday in heaven, Flora summoned all the deities that preside over gardens, and, when they were met, addressed herself to them in this manner: 'You, who have always been the shining ornaments of my court, I have now called together, to consult in a matter of great importance. I know I am the sovereign of all the flowery kind; but for the more firm establishment of my empire, I am thinking to choose them a Queen of a spotless and unblemished reputation; but will do nothing of this nature without your counsel and assistance.' To these words, all the deities that were present, having first filled the court with murmurs, answered in this manner: 'Great goddess, be pleased to reflect a little on the animosities such a choice may create among the rival flowers; even the worthless Thistle will pretend to deserve the crown, and if denied, will perhaps grow factious, and disturb your peaceful reign.' 'Your fears are groundless,' replied the goddess; 'I apprehend no such consequence; my resolution is already fixed; hear, therefore, what I have determined:—In the deep recesses of a wood, where formerly the oaks were vocal, and pronounced oracles to mortals, at the foot of a little hill is a grotto, whose structure is nature's master-piece, there a wood nymph passed her quiet days; she was extremely beautiful, and charmed all that beheld her; her looks, her mien, and her behaviour had something of more than human; and indeed she was the daughter of a Dryad, and of a sylvan god. Her chastity and devotion equalled her beauty, she was perfectly resigned to the will of heaven, and never undertook any thing without having first implored our assistance; her heart was pure, and her hands undefiled. This nymph is dead, and my intention is to raise a flower from her precious remains, to be Queen of all the flowery race. The applauding gods straight prepared for the ceremony; *Priapus* put on a grave countenance; *Vertumnus* loaded himself with perfumes of an excellent scent; *Pomona* heaped up

canisters with all sorts of richest fruits; *Venus* was attended with a train of smiles and graces; *Vesta* promised wonders; and *Bacchus* supplied rivers of nectar, and crowned vast goblets with that divine liquor. In this equipage they left their celestial mansions, and repaired to the grotto, where they saw the dead body of the nymph stretched along on a soft couch of turf, and approaching it with profound awe and silence, prepared to pay the sacred rites; and Flora, having thrice bowed herself to the ground, was heard to pronounce this prayer:—'Almighty Jupiter, great ruler of the universe, exert thy creating power, and from the dead corps of this lovely nymph let a plant arise, and bear no less lovely flowers, to be Queen of all thou hast already created.' Scarce had she made an end, when, behold a wondrous change! the nymph's extended limbs were turned into branches, and her hair into leaves; a shrub sprung up, adorned with sprouting buds, which straight unfolding, disclosed a fragrant and vermilion flower; a sudden light filled all the grotto, and the well-pleased goddess breathed thrice on the new-born babe, to spread it into life, and give it an odorous soul. Then seeing the vegetable Queen adorned with every grace, she kissed her thrice, and, breaking the general silence, revealed her secret joy. 'Approach,' said she, 'at my command, oh, all ye flowers, and pay your grateful homage to your Queen, the ROSE, for that is the name I give her.' Then taking a crown in her hand, that had been made on purpose in heaven, she placed it on the head of the new-made majesty; while to complete the ceremony, the attending gods sung joyful *Io Pæans*, amidst a symphony of flutes, harps, and all other tuneful instruments, with which the air resounded, while Flora and her bright celestial train ascended back rejoicing into heaven."*

* John Bauhine wrote a Treatise in 1591, De Plantis á Divis sanctisve nomen habentibus.

Their Preface to the above Vol. ii. has this observation: "Plants, when

John James, who translated Le Blond's "Theory and Practice of Gardening, wherein is fully handled all that relates to fine gardens, commonly called Pleasure-gardens," cuts, 4to. 1712.

M. Stevenson published in small 4to. 1661, a book called The Twelve Months, being a Treatise on Husbandry and Gardening.

The Rev. Henry Stevenson, of East Retford, published "The Young Gardener's Director," 1716, 12mo. He has introduced Mr. Evelyn's advice as to having salads in each month. There is a neat cut of flower-knots, and the frontispiece exhibits a curious old garden. In the preface he says, "not to mention the profit to a family, nothing conduces more to a man's health, especially to one that lives a sedentary life. If these observations and experiments I have made in gardening, be of use to any by drawing him to a way of diversion that will preserve his health, and perhaps put him upon a meditation on the great works of the creation, let him give the Creator the praise." He also published "The Gentleman Gardener Instructed;" eighth edition, 12mo. 1769.

David Stevenson, in 1746, published in 12mo. The Gentleman Gardener Instructed. Is this the same book as the above?

Stephen Switzer, of whose private history so very little

taken from the places whence they derive their extraction, and planted in others of different qualities, *betray such fondness for their native earth*, that with great difficulty they are brought to thrive in another; and in this it is that the florist's art consists; for *to humour each plant* with the soil, the sun, the shade, the degrees of dryness or moisture, and the neighbourhood it delights in, (for there is a natural antipathy between some plants, insomuch that they will not thrive near one another) are things not easily attainable, but by a length of study and application."

is known, but whose works shew him to have been an honest, unassuming, humane, religious, most industrious, and ingenious man. We only know that he had a garden on Milbank, and another *near* Vauxhall; and that he died, I believe, about 1745. He dates his Letter on the Cythesis, from New Palace Yard, 1730. He was a native of *Hampshire;* for in his Fruit Gardener, speaking of walnut-trees, he says, "The best I ever saw are those that grow upon chalk. Such are those that grow about *Ewell*, near *Epsom*, and in many places of my own native county of *Hampshire*, there being one cut down some few years ago in the Park belonging to the Right Honourable the Lady *Russell*, at *Stratton*, that did spread, at least, fifty yards diameter." He acknowledges, without murmuring, his meanness of fortune, and his having industriously submitted "to the meanest labours of the scythe, spade, and wheel-barrow." He became, however, eminent in his day, and added much to the beauty and magnificence of the gardens of many of our chief nobility and gentry. He wrote a history of the art he so loved, and therefore his classic History of Gardening, prefixed to his Ichnographia Rustica, merits the perusal of every one attached to gardens; and paints in strong colours his own devotion to that art; and which he thus concludes:—"In short, next to the more immediate duties of religion, 'tis in the innocency of these employs, thus doing, thus planting, dressing, and busying themselves, that all wise and intelligent persons would be found, when Death, the king of terrors, shall close their eyes, and they themselves be obliged to bid an eternal farewell to these and all other sublunary pleasures;" and he who was thus fond of breathing the sweet and fragrant air of gardens, thus expresses his own (perhaps expiring) wish in the lines of Cowley:

> Sweet shades, adieu! here let my dust remain,
> Covered with flowers, and free from noise and pain;

Let evergreens the turfy tomb adorn,
And roscate dews (the glory of the morn)
My carpet deck; then let my soul possess
The happier scenes of an eternal bliss.

He asks "What solid pleasure is there not to be found in gardening? Its pursuit is easy, quiet, and such as put neither the body nor mind into those violent agitations, or precipitate and imminent dangers that many other exercises (in themselves very warrantable) do. The end of this is health, peace, and plenty, and the happy prospect of felicities more durable than any thing in these sublunary regions, and to which this is (next to the duties of religion) the surest path." His attachment to some of our own poets, and to the classic authors of antiquity, discovers itself in many of his pages; and his devout turn of mind strongly shines throughout. His allusion to Homer, in vol. iii. page 7, sufficiently shews how ardently this industrious servant, this barrow wheeler, must have searched the great writers of ancient times, to discover their attachment to rural nature, and to gardens. His candid and submissive mind thus speaks:—"If we would, therefore, arrive at any greater perfection than we are in gardening, we must cashiere that mathematical stiffness in our gardens, and imitate nature more; how that is to be done, will appear in the following chapters, which though they may not be, as new designs scarce ever are, the most perfect, it will at least excite some after-master to take pen and pencil in hand, and finish what is here thus imperfectly begun, and this is my comfort, that I shall envy no man that does it. I have, God be praised, learned to admire, and not envy every one that outgoes me: and this will, I hope, go a great way in making me easy and happy under the pressures of a very narrow fortune, and amidst the ruffles of an ill-natured world. I have tasted too severely of the lashes of man, to take any great satisfaction

in any thing but doing my duty."* In his devout and magnificent Essay on the Sun, he says, "'tis admirable that this planet should, through so many ages of the world, maintain an uninterrupted course, that in so many thousands of revolving years, it should retain the same light, heat, and vigour, and every morning renew its wonted alacrity, and dart its cherishing beams on these dull and gloomy scenes of melancholy and misery, and yet that so few of us rightly consider its power, or are thankful to Divine Omnipotence for it. The great Roscommon (not greater than good) speaks of it with divine transport, and exhorts mankind to admire it, from the benefits and celestial beams it displays on the world:—

> Great eye of all, whose glorious ray
> Rules the bright empire of the day;
> O praise his name, without whose purer light
> Thou hadst been hid in an abyss of night."†

Switzer (as appears from the Preface to his Iconologia) was so struck with the business and pleasures of a country life, that he collected, or meant to collect, whatever he could respecting this subject, scattered up and down as they were in loose irregular papers and books; but this work, we regret to say, never made its appearance. That he would have done this well, may be guessed at from so many of his pages

* What these ruffles and lashes were, I know not. Perhaps the words of Johnson may apply to them:—

> Fate never wounds more deep the generous heart,
> Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.
> This mournful truth is every where confess'd,
> Slow rises worth, by poverty oppress'd.

† Barnaby Gooche, in his Chapter on Gardens, calls the sun "the captaine and authour of the other l'ghts, *the very soule of the world.*"

recording what he calls "the eternal duration" of Virgil's works, or those of "the noble and majestic" Milton:—

> Flowers worthy of Paradise, which no nice art
> In beds, and curious knots, but nature boon
> Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain.

Though prim regularity, and "parterres embroidered like a petticoat," were in his time in high vogue, yet his pages shew his enlarged views on this subject, and the magnificent ideas he had formed, by surrounding them by rural enclosures, (probably by reading Mr. Addison), perfumed with blossoms, and bespangled with the rich tufts of nature. Nothing, he says, is now so much wanted to complete the grandeur of the British nation, as noble and magnificent gardens, statues, and water-works; long extended shady walks, and groves, and the adjacent country laid open to view, and not bounded by high walls. The pleasant fields, and paddocks, in all the beautiful attire of nature, would then appear to be a part of it, and look as if the adjacent country were all a garden. Walls take away the rural aspect of any seat; wood, water, and such like, being the noble and magnificent decorations of a country villa. Switzer calls water the spirit and most enchanting beauty of nature. He is so struck with "the beautifulness and nobleness of terrace walks," and particularly with that truly magnificent and noble one, belonging to the Right Honourable the Earl of Nottingham, at *Burleigh-on-the-Hill,* that "for my own part I must confess, that that design creates an idea in my mind greater than I am well able to express." In his chapter of "Woods and Groves," he enforces "a particular regard to large old oaks, beech, and such like trees; in which case, one would as soon fire one's house, as cut them down, since it is the work of so many years, I may say ages, to rear them; those ancient trees which our forefathers had all along

preserved with much care."* In some of the romantic embellishments which he proposed in the midst of a grove, or coppice, he hints at having "little gardens, with caves, little natural cascades and grotts of water, with seats, and arbors of honeysuckles and jessamine, and, in short, with all the varieties that nature and art can furnish." He advises "little walks and paths running through such pastures as adjoin the gardens, passing through little paddocks, and corn fields, sometimes through wild coppices, and gardens, and sometimes by purling brooks, and streams; places that are set off not by *nice art*, but by luxury of nature." And again, "these hedge-rows mixed with primroses, violets, and such natural sweet and pleasant flowers; the walks that thus lead through them, will afford as much pleasure, nay, more so, than the largest walk in the most magnificent and elaborate fine garden."† He concludes his interesting Chapter of Woods and Coppices, with these lines of Tickell:—

Sweet solitude! when life's gay hours are past,
Howe'er we range, in thee we fix at last:
Tost thro' tempestuous seas, the voyage o'er,
Pale we look back, and bless the friendly shore.

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* A translation of De Lille's garden thus pleads:—

Oh! by those shades, beneath whose evening bowers
The village dancers tripp'd the frolic hours;
By those deep tufts that show'd your fathers' tombs,
Spare, ye profane, their venerable glooms!
To violate their sacred age, beware,
Which e'en the awe-struck hand of time doth spare.

† Mr. Whateley observes, that "The whole range of nature is open to him, (the landscape gardener) from the parterre to the forest; and whatever is agreeable to the senses, or the imagination, he may appropriate to the spot he is to improve; it is a part of his business to collect into one place, the delights which are generally dispersed through different species of country."

Our own strict judges, our past life we scan,
And ask if glory have enlarg'd the span.
If bright the prospect, we the grave defy,
Trust future ages, and contented die.

The following appear to have been his works:—

1. The Nobleman, Gentleman, and Gardener's Recreation; or an Introduction to Gardening, Planting, Agriculture, and the other Business and Pleasures of a Country Life. By Stephen Switzer; 1715, 8vo. Another edition in 1717, 8vo. The year afterwards, it was published with the following title:—

2. Icknographia Rustica; or, the Nobleman, Gentleman, and Gardener's Recreation: containing Directions for the general Distribution of a Country Seat into rural and extensive Gardens, Parks, Paddocks, &c.; and a General System of Agriculture; illustrated by a great variety of Copperplates, done by the first hands, *from the Author's Drawings*. By Stephen Switzer, Gardener: several years Servant to Mr. London, and Mr. Wise. 3 vols. 8vo. 1718.

3. A Compendious Method for Raising Italian Brocoli, Cardoon, Celeriac, and other Foreign Kitchen Vegetables; as also an Account of Lucerne, St. Foyne, Clover, and other Grass Seeds, with the Method of Burning of Clay; 8vo. 1729. Fifth edition, 8vo. 1731, 1s. 6d.*

* At page 24 he says, "*Cato*, one of the most celebrated writers on Husbandry and Gardening among the Romans, (who, as appears by his Introduction, took the model of his precepts from the *Greeks*) in his excellent Treatise *De Re Rustica*, has given so great an encomium on the excellence and uses of this good plant, (the Brocoli) not only as to its goodness in eating, but also in physick and pharmacy, that makes it esteemed one of the best plants either the field or garden produces."

4. An Introduction to a General System of Hydrostaticks and Hydraulicks, wherein the most advantageous Methods of Watering Noblemen's and Gentlemen's Seats, Buildings, Gardens, &c. are laid down. With Sixty Copper Cuts of Rural and Grotesque Designs for Reservoirs, Cataracts, Cascades, Fountains, &c.; 2 vols. 4to. 1729.*

5. A Dissertation on the True Cythesus of the Ancients; 8vo. 1731; 1s. 6d. A classic production. At the end, he gives a Catalogue of the Seeds, &c. sold by him at the Flower-pot, *over against the Court of Common Pleas, in Westminster; or at his garden on Millbank.*†

6. Country Gentleman's Companion, or Ancient Hus-

* His Chapter on the Water-Works of the Ancient Romans, French, &c. is charmingly written. Those who delight in the formation of rivers, fountains, falls of water, or cascades, as decorations to their gardens, may inspect this ingenious man's Hydrostatics. And another specimen of his genius may be seen in the magnificent iron gateway now remaining at *Leeswood*, near Mold, and of which a print is given in Pugh's *Cambria Depicta*.

† In this volume is a letter written to Switzer, from his "ingenious friend Mr. Thomas Knowlton, Gardener to the Earl of Burlington, who, on account of his own industry, and the opportunity he has had of being educated under the late learned Dr. Sherrard, claims a very advanced place in the list of Botanists." This letter is dated Lansborough, July, 1728. I insert part of this letter:—"I hope, Sir, you will excuse the freedom I take in giving you my opinion, having always had a respect for your endeavours in Husbandry and Gardening, ever since you commenced an author. Your introduction to, and manner of handling those beloved subjects, (the sale of which I have endeavoured to promote) is in great esteem with me; being (as I think) the most useful of any that have been wrote on these useful subjects. If on any subject, you shall hereafter revise or write farther upon, any communication of mine will be useful or serviceable to you, I shall be very ready to do it. I heartily wish you success in whatever you undertake, as it tends to a publick good." Dr. Pulteney says of Knowlton, "His zeal for English Botany was uncommonly great, and recommended him successfully to the learned Botanists of this country. From Sir Hans Sloane, he received eminent civilities."

bandry Restored, and Modern Husbandry Improved; 8vo. 1732, 1s. 6d.

7. Switzer was the chief conductor of Monthly Papers on Agriculture, in 2 vols. 8vo., and he himself designed the Two Frontispieces. To be sold at his Seed Shop *in Westminster Hall.*

8. The Practical Fruit Gardener; 8vo. Cuts, 1717. Other editions, 8vo. 1724, 1731, Revised and recommended by the Rev. Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Bradley, with their Two Letters of Recommendation.

In this later edition of 1731, are a few additions. In one of its concluding chapters, he mentions "my worthy and ingenious friend, Sir James Thornhill." This pleasing volume, after stating the excellency of fruits, observes, "if fruit trees had no other advantage attending them than to *look* upon them, how pleasurable would *that* be? Since there is no flowering shrub excels, if equals that of a *peach*, or *apple tree* in bloom. The tender enamelled blossoms, verdant foliage, with such a glorious embroidery of festoons and fruitages, wafting their odours on every blast of wind, and at last bowing down their laden branches, ready to yield their pregnant offspring into the hands of their laborious planter and owner."*

John Taverner published, in 1660, a little Treatise,

* A few short notices occur of names formerly eminent in gardening:—"My late ingenious and laborious friend, Mr. *Oram*, Nurseryman, of Brompton-lane."

"That great virtuoso and encourager of gardening, Mr. Secretary Johnson, at Twickenham."

"Their beautiful aspects in pots, (the nonpareil) and the middle of a desert, has been the glory of one of the most generous encouragers of gar-

called The Making of Fish Ponds, Breeding Fish, and *Planting Fruits*. Printed several times, says Wood, in his Athenæ.

Richard Bradley. The Encyclopædia of Gardening pronounces him "a popular writer of very considerable talent, and indefatigable industry;" and speaks highly of the interesting knowledge diffused through his very numerous works, and gives a distinct list of them; so does Mr. Nicholls, in his Life of Bowyer; and Mr. Weston, in his Tracts, and Dr. Watts, in his Bib. Britt. In Mr. Bradley's "New Improvements of Planting and Gardening," he has added the whole of that scarce Tract of Dr. Beale's, the *Herefordshire Orchards*. One could wish to obtain his portrait, were it only from his pen so well painting the alluring charms of flowers:—"*Primroses* and *Cowslips*, may be planted near the edges of borders, and near houses, for the sake of their pretty smell. I recommend the planting some of the common sorts that grow wild in the woods, in some of the most rural places about the house; for I think nothing can be more delightful, than to see great numbers of these flowers,

dening this age has produced, I mean the Right Honourable the Lord Castlemain."

"The late noble and most publick spirited encourager of arts and sciences, especially gardening, his Grace the Duke of Montague, at Ditton."

"The Elrouge Nectarine is also a native of our own, the name being the reverse of *Gourle*, a famous Nurseryman at Hogsden, in King Charles the Second's time, by whom it was raised."

And speaking of the successful cultivation of vines in the open air, he refers to the garden of a Mr. *Rigaud*, near *Swallow-street;* and to another great cultivator of the vine, "of whose friendship I have proof, the Rev. Mr. *Only*, of *Cottesmore*, in Rutland, some time since deceased; one of the most curious lovers of gardening that this or any other age has produced." This gentleman, in 1765, published "An Account of the care taken in most civilized nations for the relief of the poor, more particularly in the time of scarcity and distress;" 4to. 1s. Davis. I believe the same gentleman also published in 1765, a Treatise "Of the Price of Wheat."

accompanied with *Violets*, growing under the hedges, avenues of trees, and wilderness works. *Violets*, besides their beauty, perfume the air with a most delightful odour."* Mr. Bradley, it appears, from the Fruit Garden Kalendar, of the Rev. Mr. Lawrence, resided at Camden House, Kensington. They each of them in their letters, in 1717, subscribe themselves, "Your most affectionate friend." Mr. Lawrence frequently styles him "the most ingenious Mr. Bradley." Dr. Pulteney says he "was the author of more than twenty separate publications, chiefly on Gardening and Agriculture; published between the years 1716 and 1730. His 'New Improvement of Planting and Gardening, both Philosophical and Practical,' 8vo. 1717, went through repeated impressions; as did his 'Gentleman's and Gardener's

* Lord Bacon says, "Because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes, like the warbling of musick) 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." The Prince de Ligne says,

Je ne veux point avoir l'orgueilleuse tulipe;
L'odorat en jardin est mon premier principe.

The translation of *Spectacle de la Nature*, a very pleasing work, observes that "Flowers are not only intended to beautify the earth with their shining colours, but the greatest part of them, in order to render the entertainment more exquisite, diffuse a fragrance that perfumes all the air around us; and it should seem as if they were solicitous to *reserve their odours for the evening and morn*, when walking is most agreeable; but their sweets are very faint during the heat of the day, when we visit them the least."

I must again trespass on the pages of the great Bacon, by briefly shewing the *natural wildness* he wishes to introduce into one part of his garden:—"thickets, made only of sweet-briar 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."

The dew or pearly drops that one sees in a morning on cowslips, remind one of what is said of Mignon:—"Ses ouvrages sont précieux par l'art avec le quel il représentoit les fleurs dans tout leur éclat, et les fruits avec toute leur fraicheur. La rosée et les goutes d'eau qu'elle répand sur les fleurs, sont si bien imitées dans ses tableaux, qu'on est tenté d'y porter la main."

Kalendar,' (which was the fourth part of the preceding book) both at home, and in translations abroad. His 'Philosophical Account of the Works of Nature,' 4to. 1721, was a popular, instructive, and entertaining work, and continued in repute several years. The same may be said of his 'General Treatise of Husbandry and Gardening,' 8vo. 2 vols. 1726; and of his 'Practical Discourses concerning the Four Elements, as they relate to the Growth of Plants,' 8vo. 1727. His '*Dictionarium Botanicum*,' 8vo. 1728, was, I believe, the first attempt of the kind in England." On the whole (says Dr. Pulteney) Bradley's writings, coinciding with the growing taste for gardening, the introduction of exotics, and improvements in husbandry, contributed to excite a more philosophical view of these arts, and diffuse a general and popular knowledge of them throughout the kingdom."*

It is said also that in the works of Van-Huysum, "le velouté des fruits, l'éclat des fleurs, le transparent de la rosée, tout enchante dans les tableaux de ce peintre admirable." Sir U. Price observes of this latter painter, "that nature herself is hardly more soft and delicate in her most delicate productions, than the copies of them by Van-Huysum." Two flower pieces by this painter, sold at the Houghton sale for 1200*l.*

In the pieces of *Bos*, a Flemish painter, the dew was represented so much like nature, as to deserve universal approbation.

Bernazzano painted strawberries on a wall so naturally, that, we are told, the plaster was torn down by the frequent pecking of peacocks.

Amidst these celebrated painters, these admiring judges of nature, let us not forget our never-dying Hogarth; his piercing eye even discovers itself in his letter to Mr. Ellis, the naturalist:—"As for your pretty little seed cups, or vases, they are a sweet confirmation of the pleasure nature seems to take in superadding an elegance of form to most of her works, wherever you find them. How poor and bungling are all the inventions of art!"

* The very numerous works of this indefatigable writer, embracing so many subjects, make one think he must have been as careful of his time, as the celebrated friend of the witty *Boileau*: the humane, benevolent, and dignified Chancellor *Agnesseau*, who finding that his wife always kept him waiting an hour after the dinner bell had rung, resolved to devote this time to writing a work on Jurisprudence. He put this project in execution, and in the course of time, produced a quarto work in four thick volumes.

Mr. Bradley has given at the end of his curious "Philosophical Account of the Works of Nature," which is embellished with neat engravings, a chapter "Of the most curious Gardens in Europe, especially in Britain." In this chapter he justly observes, that "a gentle exercise in a fresh air, where the mind is engaged with variety of natural objects, contributes to content; and it is no new observation, that the trouble of the mind wears and destroys the constitution even of the most healthful body. All kinds of gardens contribute to health." This volume also preserves the account of Lord Ducie's noted old chesnut tree at Tortworth, supposed to be more than a thousand years old; and of an elm belonging to his lordship, of a truly gigantic growth.* Switzer thus speaks of Bradley:—"Mr. Bradley has not only shewn himself a skilful botanist, but a man of experience in other respects, and is every where a modest writer." Mr. Bradley died in 1732. Some writers have dwelt much upon his dissipation; let us remember, however, that

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.

Mr. Weston, in a communication inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine for November, 1806, says, "Although this country had a great loss by the death of Evelyn, yet he was succeeded, in twenty years after, by another of equal abilities, and indefatigable in endeavouring to improve the art of gardening, as Bradley's numerous works will testify."

* This chesnut tree is thus noticed in a newspaper of August, 1829:—"The celebrated chesnut tree, the property of Lord Ducie, at Tortworth, in the county of Gloucester, is the oldest, if not the largest tree in England, having this year attained the age of 1002 years, and being 52 feet in circumference, and yet retains so much vigour, that it bore nuts so lately as two years ago, from which young trees are now being raised."

Timothy Nourse, whose "Campania Fœlix," 8vo. 1700, has prefixed to it, a very neat engraving by Vander Gucht, of rural life. He has chapters on Fruit Trees; on the several kinds of Apple Trees, and on Cyder and Perry. In page 262 he, with great humanity, strongly pleads to acquit Lord Chancellor Bacon from the charge against him of corruption in his high office. His Essay "Of a Country House," in this work, is curious; particularly to those who wish to see the style of building, and the decorations of a country seat at that period. Mr. Nourse also published "A Discourse upon the Nature and Faculties of Man, with some Considerations upon the Occurrences of Humane Life." Printed for Jacob Tonson, at the Judge's Head, in Chancery-lane, 1686, 8vo. His chapter on Solitude, wherein he descants on the delights of rural scenery and gardens; and his conclusion, directing every man towards the attainment of his own felicity, are worth perusing. That on Death is forcibly written; he calls it "no more than for a man to close up all the travails, pains, and misfortunes of life, with one sweet and eternal sleep; he is now at everlasting rest; the fears and misery of poverty, the anxieties of riches, the vexations of a process, do not devour him. He does not fear the calumnies of the base, nor the frowns of the great. 'Tis death which delivers the prisoner from his fetters, and the slave and captive from his chain; 'tis death which rescues the servant from the endless toils of a laborious life, the poor from oppression, and makes the beggar equal with princes. Here desperation finds a remedy, all the languors of disease, all the frustrations and tediousness of life, all the infirmities of age, all the disquiets of the passions, and all the calamities of fortune, with whatever can make a man miserable, vanish in these shades." In his very curious "Essay of a Country House," he thus moralizes:—"The variety of flowers, beautiful and fragrant, with which his gardens are adorned, opening themselves, and dying one after another, must ad-

monish him of the fading state of earthly pleasures, of the frailty of life, and of the succeeding generations to which he must give place. The constant current of a fountain, or a rivulet, must remind of the flux of time, which never returns."

Samuel Collins, Esq. of Archeton, Northamptonshire, author of "Paradise Retrieved; 1717, 8vo. In the Preface to the Lady's Recreation, by Charles Evelyn, Esq. he is extremely severe on this "Squire Collins," whom he accuses of ignorance and arrogance.

John Evelyn, son of the author of *Sylva.* His genius early displayed itself; for when little more than fifteen, he wrote a Greek poem, which must have some merit, because his father has prefixed it to the second edition of his *Sylva.* In Mr. Nicoll's Collection of Poems, are some by him. There are two poems of his in Dryden's Miscellany. He translated Plutarch's Life of Alexander from the Greek; and the History of Two Grand Viziers, from the French. When only nineteen, he translated from the Latin, Rapin on Gardens. He died in 1698. The Quarterly Review, in its review of Mr. Bray's Memoirs of Evelyn, thus speaks of this son, and of his father:—"It was his painful lot to follow to the grave his only remaining son, in the forty-fourth year of his age, a man of much ability and reputation, worthy to have supported the honour of his name. Notwithstanding these repeated sorrows, and the weight of nearly fourscore years, Evelyn still enjoyed uninterrupted health, and unimpaired faculties; he enjoyed also the friendship of the wise and the good, and the general esteem beyond any other individual of his age."*

* There is an 8vo. published in 1717, called the "Lady's Recreation," by *Charles* Evelyn, Esq. There are two letters subjoined, written to this

Thomas Fairchild, whose garden and vineyard at Hoxton, Mr. Bradley mentions in high terms, in numberless pages of his many works. I will merely quote from one of his works, viz. from his Philosophical Account of the Works of Nature:—"that curious garden of Mr. Thomas Fairchild, at Hoxton, where I find the greatest collection of fruits that I have yet seen, and so regularly disposed, both for order in time of ripening and good pruning of the several kinds, that I do not know any person in Europe to excel him in that particular; and in other things he is no less happy in his choice of such curiosities, as a good judgement and universal correspondence can procure." Mr. Fairchild published The City Gardener; 8vo. 1722, price 1s. He corresponded with Linnæus. He left funds for a Botanical Sermon to be delivered annually at St. Leonard, Shoreditch, on each Whitsun Tuesday, "On the wonderful works of God in the creation, or on the certainty of the resurrection of the dead, proved by the certain changes of the animal and vegetable parts of the creation."* Dr. Pulteney thus speaks of Mr. Fairchild:—"My plan does not allow me to deviate so far as to cite authors on the subject of gardening, unless eminent for their

author by the Rev. Mr. Lawrence. From page 103, 105, 129 and 141, one should think this was not the son of the famous Mr. Evelyn. I now find, that Mr. Lawrence, in the Preface to his Kalendar, inserted at the end of his fifth edition, assures the public, "that the book called the Lady's Recreation could not be published by my approbation, because it was never seen by me till it was in print; besides, I have reason to think it was an artifice of the booksellers to impose upon the world, under the borrowed name of Evelyn."

* This sermon was preached for several years by Dr. Colin Milne, by whom it was published in 1799, and afterwards by the Rev. Mr. Ellis, of Merchant Taylors' School. Mr. Ellis, in his History of Shoreditch, gives us much information as to this bequest; in which the handsome conduct of Mr. Denne, a former vicar, is not the least interesting. Mr. Nichols, in vol. iii. of his Literary Anecdotes, bears testimony to Dr. Denne's feeling towards the poor and distressed, and to his attachment to literary pursuits.

acquaintance with English botany. Some have distinguished themselves in this way; and I cannot omit to mention, with applause, the names of Fairchild, Knowlton, Gordon, and Miller. The first of these made himself known to the Royal Society, by some 'New Experiments relating to the different, and sometimes contrary motion of the Sap;' which were printed in the Phil. Trans. vol. xxxiii. He also assisted in making experiments, by which the sexes of plants were illustrated, and the doctrine confirmed. Mr. Fairchild died in November, 1729."

George Rickets, of Hoxton, was much noted about 1688 and 1689. Rea, in his Flora, says of him, "Mr. Rickets, of Hogsden, often remembered, the best and most faithful florist now about London." Rea describes, in his Flora, one hundred and ninety different kinds of tulips, and says, "All these tulips, and *many others*, may be had of Mr. Rickets." Worlidge thus speaks of him:—"he hath the greatest variety of the choicest apples, pears, cherries, plums, apricots, peaches, malacolones, noctorines, figgs, vines, currans, gooseberries, rasberries, mulberries, medlars, walnuts,

Three of these Sermons are in the second volume of "Thirty Sermons on Moral and Religious Subjects, by the Rev. W. Jones;" 2 vols. 8vo. 1790, price 16s. There are other editions of Mr. Jones's Sermons, viz. Rev. W. Jones, of Nayland, his Theological, Philosophical, and Miscellaneous Works, with Life, 12 vols. 8vo. *neat*, 7*l.* 7*s.* 6d. 1801. Sermons by the late Rev. William Jones, of Nayland, Suffolk: Chaplain to the Right Rev. George Horne, Bishop of Norwich; 1 vol. 8vo. with Portrait of the Author, price 12*s.* Dove, St. John's Square, Printer, 1828. "Of this faithful servant of God, (the Rev. W. Jones) I can speak both from personal knowledge and from his writings. He was a man of quick penetration, of extensive learning, and the soundest piety; and he had, beyond any other man I ever knew, the talent of writing upon the deepest subjects to the plainest understandings."—*Bishop Horsley's Charges.* The Rev. Samuel Ayscough, of the British Museum, began, in 1790, to preach this annual sermon, and, I believe, continued it for fourteen years.

nuts, filberts, chesnuts, &c. that any man hath, and can give the best account of their natures and excellencies." And again he says, "the whole nation is obliged to the industry of the ingenious Mr. George Rickets, gardner at Hoxton or Hogsdon without Bishopsgate, near London, at the sign of the Hand there; who can furnish any planter with all or most of the fruit trees before mentioned, having been for many years a most laborious and industrious collector of the best species of all sorts of fruit from foreign parts. And hath also the richest and most complete collection of all the great variety of flower-bearing trees and shrubs in the kingdom. That there is not a day in the year, but the trees, as well as the most humble plants, do there yield ornaments for Flora; with all sorts of curious and pleasant winter-greens, that seemed to perpetuate the spring and summer, from the most humble myrtle, to the very true cedar of Libanus. Not without infinite variety of tulips, auriculaes, anemones, gilly-flowers, and all other sorts of pleasant, and delicate flowers, that he may be truly said to be the master-flowrist of England; and is ready to furnish any ingenious person with any of his choicest plants."

John Cowel appears to have been a noted gardener at Hoxton, about 1729. He was the author of the "Curious and Profitable Gardener."

Hugh Stafford, Esq. of Pynes, in Devonshire, who published, in 1729, "A Treatise on Cyder Making, with a Catalogue of Cyder Apples of Character; to which is prefixed, a Dissertation on Cyder, and Cyder-Fruit." Another edition in 1753.

Benjamin Whitmill, Sen. and Jun. Gardeners at Hoxton, published the sixth edition, in small 8vo. of their "Kalendarium Universale: or, the Gardener's Universal Calen-

dar." The following is part of their Preface:—"The greatest persons, in all ages, have been desirous of a country retirement, where every thing appears in its native simplicity. The inhabitants are religious, the fair sex modest, and every countenance bears a picture of the heart. What, therefore, can be a more elegant amusement, to a good and great man, than to inspect the beautiful product of fields and gardens, when every month hath its pleasing variety of plants and flowers. And if innocence be our greatest happiness, where can we find it but in a country life? In fields and gardens we have pleasures unenvied, and beauties unsought for; and any discovery for the improvement of them, is highly praiseworthy. In the growth of a plant, or a tree, we view the progress of nature, and ever observe that all her works yield beauty and entertainment. To cultivate this beauty, is a task becoming the wealthy, the polite, and the learned; this is so generally understood, that there are few gentlemen of late, who are not themselves their chief gardeners. And it certainly redounds more to the honour and satisfaction of a gardener, that he is a preserver and pruner of all sorts of fruit trees, than it does to the happiness of the greatest general that he has been successful in killing mankind."

Samuel Trowel, of Poplar, published, in 1739, A New Treatise of Husbandry and Gardening; 12mo. 2s. 6d. This was translated in Germain, at Leipsig, 1750, in 8vo.

Rev. Francis Coventry, who wrote an admirable paper in the *World*, (No. 15,) on the absurd novelties introduced in gardens. He wrote Penshurst, in Dodsley's Poems.

James Justice, Esq. published the "Scot's Gardener's Director," 8vo. A new edition, entitled "The *British* Gardener's Director, chiefly adapted to the Climate of the Northern Counties," was published at *Edinburgh*, 1764, 8vo.

The Encyclopædia of Gardening calls his book "an original and truly valuable work;" and in page 87, 846, and 1104, gives some interesting particulars of this gentleman's passion for gardening.

John Gibson, M.D. author of "The Fruit Gardener," to which he has prefixed an interesting Preface on the Fruit Gardens of the Ancients. In this Preface he also relates the origin of fruit gardens, by the hermits, and monastic orders. In his Introduction, he says, that "every kind of fruit tree seems to contend in spring, who shall best entertain the possessor with the beauty of their blossoms. Mankind are always happy with the prospect of plenty; in no other scene is it exhibited with such charming variety, as in the fruit garden and orchard. Are gentlemen fond of indulging their tastes? Nature, from the plentiful productions of the above, regales them with a variety of the finest flavours and exalted relishes. To cool us in the heat of summer, she copiously unites the acid to an agreeable sweetness. Flowering shrubs and trees are often purchased by gentlemen at a high price; yet not one of them can compare in beauty with an *apple tree*, when beginning to expand its blossoms."* Speaking of the greengage, he says, "its taste is so exquisitely sweet and delicious, that nothing can exceed it." He enlivens many of his sections on the cultivation of various fruits, by frequent allusions to Theophrastus, Virgil,

* Mr. Ellis, of *Little Gaddesden*, in his Practical Farmer, 8vo. 1732, thus speaks on this subject:—"What a charming sight is a large tree in blossom, and after that, when loaden with fruit, enough perhaps to make a hogshead of cyder or perry! A scene of beauty, hopes, and profit, and all! It may be on less than two feet diameter of ground. And above all, what matter of contemplation does it afford, when we let our thoughts descend to a single kernel of an apple or pear? And again, how heightened, on the beholding so great a bulk raised and preserved, by Omnipotent Power, from so small a body."

Pliny, and other *Rei rustica scriptores.* His chapter on Pears, (the various kinds of which possess "a profusion of sweets, heightened by an endless variety of delicious flavours,") is particularly profuse. So is that on Apples.

James Rutter published, in 1767, Modern Eden, or the Gardener's Universal Guide; 8vo.

John Dicks published, in 1769, The New Gardener's Dictionary; in sixty numbers, small folio, 30s. Blyth.

James Garton published, in 1769, The Practical Gardener; 8vo. 3s. Dilly.

——— Wildman published, in 1768, a Treatise on the Culture of Pear Trees: to which is added, a Treatise on the Management of Bees; 12mo. Dublin.

Anthony Powel, Esq. Gardener to George II. published The Royal Gardener; 12mo. 1769.

——— Ockenden, Esq. published, in 1770, Letters, describing the Lake of Killarney, and Rueness's Gardens; 8vo. Dublin.

Thomas Hitt published his Treatise on Fruit Trees, 8vo. 1775. A third edition in 1768. Mr. Loudon calls it "an original work, valuable for its mode of training trees." He also published, in 1760, a Treatise on Husbandry; 8vo. 3s.

Adam Taylor, Gardener to J. Sutton, Esq. at New Park, near Devizes, published a Treatise on the Ananas, or Pine Apple: containing Plain and Easy Directions for Raising this most excellent Fruit without Fire, and in much higher

perfection than from the Stove; to which are added, Full Directions for Raising Melons. Devizes, 8vo. 1769.

James Meader, Gardener at Sion House, and afterwards to the Empress Catharine. He published, in 1771, in 12mo. The Modern Gardener, &c. in a manner never before published; selected from the Diary MSS. of the late Mr. Hitt. Also, The Planter's Guide, or Pleasure Gardener's Companion; with plates, 1779, oblong 4to.

Richard Weston, Esq. an amateur gardener, who has given, at the end of his "Tracts on Practical Agriculture, and Gardening," 1762, 8vo. a Catalogue of English Authors on Agriculture, Gardening, &c. There is another edition in 1773, with additions. His intelligent Catalogue is brought down to the end of the year 1772. This volume of Tracts contains an infinity of ingenious and curious articles. One of the chapters contains "A Plan for Planting all the Turnpike Roads in England with Timber Trees."* He most zealously wishes to encourage planting. "I believe (says this candid writer) that one of the principal reasons why few persons plant, springs from a fearful conjecture that their days will have been passed, before the forest can have risen. But let not the parent harbour so selfish an idea; it should be his delight, to look forward to the advantage which his children would receive from the timber which he planted, contented if it flourished every year beneath his inspection; surely there is much more pleasure in planting of trees, than in cutting of them down. View but the place where a fine tree stands, what an emblem does it afford of present beauty and of future use; examine the spot after the noble ornament shall have been felled, and see how desolate it will appear. Perhaps there is not a better method of inducing youth to have

* The thought of planting the sides of public roads, was first suggested by the great *Sully*.

an early inclination for planting, than for fathers, who have a landed estate, to persuade those children who are to inherit it, as soon as they come to years of discretion, to make a small nursery, and to let them have the management of it themselves; they will then see the trees yearly thriving under their hands: as an encouragement to them, they should, when the trees are at a fit growth to plant out, let them have the value of them for their pocket money. This will, in their tender years, fix so strong an idea of the value, and the great consequence of planting, as will never be eradicated afterwards; and many youths, of the age of twenty-five, having planted quick growing trees, may see the industry of their juvenile years amply rewarded at that early age, a time when most young men begin to know the value of money."* Mr.

* Mr. Weston, in his introduction to these Tracts, seems to have pleasure in recording the following anecdote of La Quintinye, from Harte's Essay. "The famous La Quintinie, director of the royal gardens in France, obtained from Louis XIV. an abbacy for his son, in one of the remote provinces; and going soon afterwards to make the abbot a visit, (who was not then settled in his apartments) he was entertained and lodged by a neighbouring gentleman with great friendliness and hospitality. La Quintinie, as was natural, soon examined the gardens of his host; he found the situation beautiful, and the soil excellent; but every thing was rude, savage, and neglected: nature had done much, art nothing. The guest, delighted with his friendly reception, took leave with regret, and some months after, sent one of the king's gardeners, and four under-gardeners, to the gentleman, with strict command to accept of no gratuity. They took possession of his little inclosure the moment they arrived, and having digged it many times over, they manured, replanted it, and left one of their number behind them, as a settled servant in the family. This young man was soon solicited to assist the neighbourhood, and filled their kitchen gardens and fruit gardens with the *best* productions of every kind, which are preserved and propagated to this very hour."

It is pleasing to enquire who Mons. de la Quintinye was. *Perrault*, in his *Hommes Illustres*, has given his Life, and Portrait. Dr. Gibson, in his Fruit Gardener, calls him "truly an original author;" and further pays him high compliments.

The

Pope, in one of his letters to Mr. Allen, thus discovers his own generous mind:—"I am now as busy in planting for myself as I was lately in planting for another. I am pleased to think my trees will afford shade and fruit to others, when I shall want them no more." Mr. Addison's admirable recommendation of planting, forms No. 583 of the Spectator. He therein says, "When a man considers that the putting a few twigs in the ground, is doing good to one who will make his appearance in the world about fifty years hence, or that he is perhaps making one of his own descendants easy or rich, by so inconsiderable an expence; if he finds himself averse to it, he must conclude that he has a poor and base heart. Most people are of the humour of an old fellow of a college, who, when he was pressed by the society to come into something

The Noveau Dict. Hist. thus speaks of him:—"Il vint à Paris se faire recevoir avocat. Une éloquence naturelle, cultivée avec soin, le fit briller dans le Barreau, et lui consilà l'estime des premiers magistrais. Quoi qu'il eut peu de temps dont il pût disposer, il en trouvoit néanmoins suffisament pour satisfaire la passion qu 'il avoit pour l'agriculture. Il augmenta ses connoissances sur le jardinage, dans un voyage qu'il fit en Italie. De retour à Paris, il se livra tout entier à l'agriculture, et fit un grand nombre d'experiences curieuses et utiles. Le grand Prince de *Conde*, qui aimoit l'agriculture, prenoit une extréme plaisir à s'entretenir avec lui; et Charles II. Roi d'Angleterre lui offrit une pension considérable pour l'attacher à la culture de ses Jardins, mais il refusa ses offres avantageuses par l'amour qu'il avoit pour sa patrie, et trouva en France les recompenses due à son mérite. On a de lui un excellent livre, intitulé 'Instructions pour les Jardins Fruitiers et Potagers, Paris, 1725, 2 tom. 4to.' *et plusieurs Lettres sur la meme matiere.*" Switzer, in his History of Gardening, says, that in Mons. de la Quintinye's "Two Voyages into England, he gained considerable friendship with several lords with whom he kept correspondence by letters till his death, and these letters, says Perrault, are all *printed at London.*" And he afterwards says, speaking of Lord Capel's garden at Kew, "the greatest advance made by him herein, was the bringing over several sorts of fruits from France; and this noble lord we may suppose to be one that held for many years a correspondence with Mons. de la Quintinye." Such letters on such correspondence if ever printed, must be worth perusal.

that might redound to the good of their successors, grew very peevish. *We are always doing*, says he, *something for posterity, but I would fain see posterity do something for us.*"* Mr. Weston also published The Universal Botanist and Nursery; 1770, 1774, 4 vols. 8vo. The Gardener and Planter's Calendar, containing the Method of Raising Timber Trees, Fruit Trees, and Quicks for Hedges; with Directions for Forming and Managing a Garden every Month in the Year; also many New Improvements in the Art of Gardening; 8vo. 1773. Mr. Weston then appears to have lived at Kensington Gore. The Gentleman's Magazine for November, 1806, says, that he died at Leicester, in 1806, aged seventy-four. He was formerly a thread hosier there. It gives an amusing and full list of his various publications,

* Lamoignon de Malherbes (that excellent man) had naturalized a vast number of foreign trees, and at the age of eighty-four, saw every where, in France, (as Duleuze observes) plants of his own introduction.

The old Earl of *Tweedale*, in the reign of Charles II. and his immediate successor, planted more than six thousand acres, in Scotland, with fir trees. In a Tour through Scotland, in 1753, it mentions, that "The county of Aberdeen is noted for its timber, having in it upwards of five millions of fir trees, besides vast numbers of other kinds, planted within these seventy years, by the gentry at and about their seats."

Mr. Marshall, in his "Planting and Rural Ornament," states, that "In 1792, his Grace the Duke of Athol (we speak from the highest authority) was possessed of a thousand larch trees, then growing on his estates of Dunkeld and Blair only, of not less than two to four tons of timber each; and had, at that time, a million larches, of different sizes, rising rapidly on his estate."

The zeal for planting in Scotland, of late years, has been stimulated by the writings of James Anderson, and Lord Kames.

It is pleasing to transcribe the following paragraph from a newspaper of the year 1819:—"Sir Watkin Williams Wynn has planted, within the last five years, on the mountainous lands in the vicinity of Llangollen, situated from 1200 to 1400 feet above the level of the sea, 80,000 oaks, 63,000 Spanish chesnuts, 102,000 spruce firs, 110,000 Scotch firs, 90,000 larches, 30,000 wych elms, 35,000 mountain elms, 80,000 ash, and 10,000 sycamores, all

particularly of his intended "Natural History of Strawberries."

George Mason. The best edition of his "Essay on Design in Gardening," appears to have been that of 1795, in 8vo. Two Appendixes were published in 1798, which are said to have been written by Mr. U. Price. In Mr. Nichols's fourth volume of Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century, are some particulars of Mr. Mason. He published Hoccleve's Poems, with a Glossary; an Answer to Thomas Paine; the Life of Lord Howe; a Supplement to Johnson's Dictionary: in the ill-tempered preface to which, he thus strangely speaks of that Dictionary:—"this muddiness of intellect sadly besmears and defaces almost every page of the composition." This is only a small instance of his virulence against Johnson in this preface. One would have thought that Mr. Mason's sarcasms would have been softened, or even subdued, by its glowing and eloquent preface, which informs us that this great work was composed "without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour." I am sorry to say, that Mr. Mason, even in the above Essay, discovers, in three instances, his animosity to our "Dictionary writer," for so he calls Dr. Johnson. Mr. Boswell, speaking of Johnson's preface, says, "We cannot contemplate without wonder, the vigorous and splendid thoughts which so highly distinguish that performance;"

of which are, at this time, in a healthy and thriving condition." It is impossible, on this subject, to avoid paying a grateful respect to the memory of that bright ornament of our church, and literature, the late Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, whose extensive plantations, near Ambleside, have long since enriched that part. The late Richard Crawshay (surpassed by no being during the whole course of his very long life, for either integrity or generosity) assured the present writer, that during an early period of Dr. Watson's planting, he offered him, on the security of his note of hand only, and to be repaid at his own entire convenience, ten thousand pounds, and that he (with grateful thanks to Mr. Crawshay) refused it.

and on the Dictionary he observes, that "the world contemplated with wonder, so stupendous a work, atchieved by one man, while other countries had thought such undertakings fit only for whole academies." Linnæus and Haller styled Ray's History of Plants, *opus immensi laboris.* One may justly apply the same words to this Dictionary. It was well for Mr. Mason that he escaped (what Miss Seward called) "the dead-doing broadside of Dr. Johnson's satire." George Mason omits no opportunity of censuring Mr. Whateley's Observations on Modern Gardening. In the above Essay, he censures him in seven different pages, and in his distinct chapter or division on this book of Mr. Whateley's, (consisting of thirteen pages) there are no less than thirty-three additional sneers, or faults, found with his opinions. He does not acknowledge in him one single solitary merit, except at page 191. In page 160, he nearly, if not quite, calls him a *fool,* and declares that *vanity* is the passion to which he is constantly sacrificing.* It would be an insult to any one who has read Mr. Whateley's work, to endeavour to clear him from such a virulent and ill-founded attack. Neither Dr. Johnson, with all his deep learning, nor Mr. Whateley, with all the cultivated fancy of a rich scholastic mind, would either of them have been able to comprehend, or to understand, or even to make head or tail of the first half of Mr. George Mason's poem, with which he closes the above edition of his Essay. As he has been so caustically severe against Dr. Johnson, it cannot be ungenerous if one

* How widely different has the liberal and classic mind of Dr. Alison viewed the rich pages of Mr. Whateley, in his deep and learned Essays on Taste, first published nearly twenty years after Mr. Whateley's decease. One regrets that there is no Portrait of Mr. Whateley. Of Dr. Alison, there is a masterly one by Sir Henry Raeburn, admirably engraved by W. Walker, of Edinburgh, in 1823. Perhaps it is one of the finest Portraits of the present day. One is happy to perceive marks of health expressed in his intellectually striking countenance.

applies to the above part of his own poem, the language of a French critic on another subject:—"Le style en est dur, et scabreux. Il semble que l'auteur a ramassé les termes les plus extraordinaires pour se rendre inintelligible." Percy, Bishop of Dromore, in vol. x. page 602, of the British Critic, has given a critique of Mr. Mason's edition of Hoccleve, in which he chastises its injustice, arrogance, and ignorance. Mr. Mason has been more liberal in warmly praising Kent, and Shenstone, in acknowledging the great taste and elegance of Mr. Thomas Warton, when the latter notices Milton's line of

Bosom'd high in tufted trees,

which picturesque remark of Mr. Warton's could not have been excelled even by the nice and critical pen of the late Sir U. Price; and when he informs us, in more than one instance, of the great Earl of Chatham's "turning his mind to the embellishment of rural nature."

Thomas Whateley, on whose "Observations on Modern Gardening," the Encyclopædia of Gardening (that most comprehensive assemblage of every thing delightful and curious in this art,) observes, "It is remarkable, that so little is known of a writer, the beauty of whose style, and the justness of whose taste, are universally acknowledged." The same work further says, "his excellent book, so frequently referred to by all succeeding writers on garden scenery, ought to be in the hands of every man of taste." And the same work still further observes, that "its style has been pronounced by Ensor, inimitable, and the descriptions with which his investigations are accompanied, have been largely copied, and amply praised by Alison, in his work On Taste. The book was soon translated into the continental languages, and is judiciously praised in the *Mercure de France, Journal Encyclopédique,* and Weiland's *Journal.* G. Mason alone

dissents from the general opinion, enlarging on the very few faults or peculiarities which are to be found in the book. Wheatley, or Whately (for so little is known of this eminent man, that we have never been able to ascertain satisfactorily the orthography of his name,) was proprietor of Nonsuch Park, in Surrey; and was secretary to the Earl of Suffolk. He published only this work, soon after which he died. After his death, some remarks on Shakspeare, from his pen, were published in a small 12mo." A second edition of this elegant little work was published in 1808, by Parson, Oxford; or Rivington, St. Paul's; in which, the advertisement to the reader informs us, that "the respectable author intended to have gone through eight or ten of the principal characters of Shakspeare, but suspended his design, in order to finish his Observations on Modern Gardening, first published in the year 1770; immediately after which time, *he was engaged in such an active scene of public life*, as left him but little leisure to attend to the Belles Lettres; and in the year 1772 he died."*

* In Biographical Anecdotes, 3 vols. 8vo. appears a correspondence in London, with Dr. Franklin, and William Whateley, and Joseph Whateley, in 1774. This relates to a duel with Mr. Temple, by a brother of Thomas Whateley. In some of the Lives of Dr. Franklin, it appears, that inflammatory and ill-judged letters were written by George Hutchinson, and others, to *Thomas* Whateley, Esq. *private Secretary to Lord Grenville*, respecting some disturbances in America, concerning Lord Grenville's Stamp Act. On the death of Thomas, these letters were placed in the hands of Dr. Franklin, whose duty, as agent to the colony, caused him to transmit them to Boston. A quarrel arose between William Whateley and Mr. Temple, as to which of them gave up those letters, and a duel was fought. Dr. Franklin immediately cleared both those gentlemen from all imputation. Of the celebrated interview in the council chamber, between Mr. Wedderburn and Dr. Franklin, an account is given by Dr. Priestley, in vol. xv. page 1. of the Monthly Magazine, and which candid account entirely acquits Dr. Franklin from having deserved the rancorous political acrimony of Mr. Wedderburn, whose intemperate language is fully related in some of the Lives of Dr. Franklin, and in his Life, published and sold by G. Nicholson, *Stourport*, 12mo. price 9d. and which also includes Dr. Priestley's account-

His remarks on some of the characters of Shakspeare (whom, in his *Observations*, he calls *the great master of nature*) breathe in many of his pages, that fire, which he could have caught only from those of the great poet. Such was his eagerness to complete his *Observations*, that he for a short while "suspended his design" of examining other characters of the poet, when the bright effusions of his genius "fled up to the stars from whence they came." This elegant little work is merely a fragment, nay, even an unfinished fragment. It must, then, cause deep regret, that death should so prematurely have deprived us of that rich treasure of animated thoughts, which, no doubt, would have sprung from his further tracing the poet's deep and piercing knowledge of the human heart. One may safely apply to Mr. Whateley, what he himself applies to the poet:—"He had a genius to express all that his penetration could discover." The Journal Encyclopédique, Juilliet, 1771, when speaking

Lord Chatham spoke of Franklin in the highest strain of panegyric, when adverting, in the year 1777, to his dissuasive arguments against the American war.

William Whateley was administrator of the goods and chattels of his brother Thomas, who, of course, died without a will.

In vol. ii. of Seward's Biog. Lit. and Political Tracts, the nineteenth chapter consists of his account of two *Political* Tracts, by Thomas Whateley, Esq. and he thus concludes this chapter:—"Mr. Whateley also wrote a tract on laying out pleasure grounds." In vol. iii. is an account of the quarrel and duel with Mr. Temple and one of the brothers. It appears that Thomas Whateley died in June, 1772, and left two brothers, William and Joseph. Thomas is called "Mr. Secretary Whately."

Debrett published "Scarce Tracts," in 4 vols. 8vo. In vol. i. is one called "The Budget," by D. Hartley, Esq. This same volume contains a reply to this, viz. "Remarks on the Budget, by Thomas Whateley, Esq. Secretary to the Treasury." There is also in vol. ii. another tract by Thomas Whateley, Esq. entitled "Considerations on the Trade and Finances of the Kingdom." These two pamphlets, upon subjects so very different from the alluring one on landscape gardening, and his unfinished one on Shakspeare, convinces us, what a powerful writer he would have been, had his life been longer spared.

of the French translation of Whateley's Observations, says, "On ne peut guères se faire une idée de ces jardins, si l'on n'a été à Londres. Accoutumés à la symétrie des nôtres, nous n'imaginons pas qu'on puisse établir une forme irreguliére, comme une regle principale: cependant ceux qui sentent combien la noble simplicité de la nature est supérieure à tous les rafinemens symétriques de l'art, donneront peuet-être la préference aux jardins Anglois. C'est l'effet que doit produire la lecture de cet ouvrage, qui quoique destiné aux amateurs et aux compositeurs des jardins, offre aux gens de goût, aux artistes et surtout aux peintres, des observations fines et singulieres sur plusieurs effets de perspective et sur les arts en général; aux philosophes, des réflections justes sur les affections de notre ame; aux poëtes, des descriptions exactes, quoique vives, des plus beaux jardins d'Angleterre dans tous les genres, qui décèlent dans l'Auteur un œil infiment exercé, une grande connoissance des beaux arts, une belle imagination et un esprit accoutumé à penser."

The "bloom of an orchard, the festivity of a hay field, and the carols of harvest home," could not have met with a more cheerful and benevolent pen than Mr. Whateley's; a love of country pervades many of his pages; nor could any one have traced the placid scenery, or rich magnificence of nature, with a happier pen than when he records the walk to the cottage at Claremont, the grandeur and majesty of the scene at *Blenheim*, or *Stowe*, *Persfield*, *Wotton* in the vale of Aylesbury—the rugged, savage, and craggy points of *Middleton Dale*, "a chasm rent in the mountain by some convulsion of nature, beyond the memory of man, or perhaps before the island was peopled," with its many rills, springs, rivulets, and water-falls—the vast cliffs of rocks at *Matlock*, *Bath*, that "scene of romantic magnificence; from such scenes, probably, was conceived the wild imagination, in ancient mythology, of the giants piling *Pelion* upon *Ossa*; the loftiness of the

rocks, and the character of the *Derwent*, a torrent in which force and fury prevail; the cascades in it are innumerable; before the water is recovered from one fall, it is hurried down another; and its agitation being thus increased by repeated shocks, it pushes on with restless violence to the next, where it dashes against fragments of rocks, or foams among heaps of stones which the stream has driven together" —the dusky gloom at the iron forge, "close to the cascade of the Weir, (between *Ross* and *Monmouth*) where the agitation of the current is increased by large fragments of rocks, which have been swept down by floods from the banks, or shivered by tempests from the brow; and the sullen sound, at stated intervals, from the strokes of the great hammers in the forge, deadens the roar of the water-fall"—the solitude, the loveliness, and the stillness of *Dovedale*, "the whole of which has the air of enchantment; grotesque as chance can cast, wild as nature can produce"—the monkish tomb-stones, and the monuments of benefactors long since forgotten, which appear above the green sward, at *Tintern Abbey*, with its maimed effigies, and sculpture worn with age and weather—his view to the approach to Lord *Cadogan's*, near *Reading*—his feeling and enchanting description of the *Leasowes*—"the wonderful efforts which art has made at *Painshill* to rival nature;" where the massy richness of its hanging wood "gives an air of grandeur to the whole"—the *Tinian*, and other lawns, and noble and magnificent views in that vast sylvan scene *Hagley*, where, in a spot which once delighted Mr. Pope, is inscribed an urn to his memory, "which, when shewn by a gleam of moonlight through the trees, fixes that thoughtfulness and composure to which the mind is insensibly led by the rest of this elegant scene."

His section "Of the Seasons," where he descants on the *spirit* of the morning, the *excess* of noon, or the *temperance* of evening," must strike every one by its felicity of style; and the

reader may judge of the rich pages which this book contains, even from what he says of water:—"It accommodates itself to every situation; is the most interesting object in a landscape, and the happiest circumstance in a retired recess; captivates the eye at a distance, invites approach, and is delightful when near; it refreshes an open exposure; it animates a shade; cheers the dreariness of a waste, and enriches the most crowded view; in form, in style, and in extent, may be made equal to the greatest compositions, or adapted to the least; it may spread in a calm expanse to soothe the tranquillity of a peaceful scene; or hurrying along a devious course, add splendour to a gay, and extravagance to a romantic, situation. So various are the characters which water can assume, that there is scarcely an idea in which it may not concur, or an impression which it cannot enforce; a deep stagnated pool, dank and dark with shades which it dimly reflects, befits the seat of melancholy; even a river, if it be sunk between two dismal banks, and dull both in motion and colour, is like a hollow eye which deadens the countenance; and over a sluggard, silent stream, creeping heavily along all together, hangs a gloom, which no art can dissipate, nor even the sunshine disperse. A gently murmuring rill, clear and shallow, just gurgling, just dimpling, imposing silence, suits with solitude, and leads to meditation; a brisker current, which wantons in little eddies over a bright sandy bottom, or babbles among pebbles, spreads cheerfulness all around; a greater rapidity, and more agitation, to a certain degree are animating; but in excess, instead of wakening, they alarm the senses; the roar and the rage of a torrent, its force, its violence, its impetuosity, tend to inspire terror; that terror, which, whether as cause or effect, is so nearly allied to sublimity."*

* The reader will be amply gratified by perusing page 158 of the late Sir U. Price's well known Letter to Mr. Repton, as well as Mr. Morris's Observations on Water, as regards Ornamental Scenery; inserted in the Garden-

Daniel Malthus, Esq. purchased, in 1759, the Rookery, near Dorking, noted for its beauties of hill, dale, wood, and water; he sold it in 1768. He translated Gerardin, *De la Composition des Paysages*, 12mo. 1783, to which he prefixed a preface, being, chiefly, remarks on what the gardens of the Greeks and Romans were; a view of Rosseau's tomb is prefixed. Mr. Malthus justly observes, that this Essay "is full of the most insinuating eloquence, that it is wrote by the friend of Rousseau, and from scenes which realize some of its most beautiful descriptions." He further observes, that "trifling as this enquiry will appear in itself, it may add something towards the benevolent purpose of M. d'Ernonville, which is to make men sensible of the exhaustless charms of nature, to lead them back to their simple and original tastes, to promote the variety and resources of a country life, and to unite its usefulness with its embellishment."*

John Kennedy published a Treatise upon Planting, Gardening, &c. 8vo. *York*, 1776.

N. Swinden, "an ingenious gardener and seedsman at

er's Magazine for May, 1827. Mr. Whateley's distinction between a river, a rivulet, and a rill, form, perhaps, five of the most seductive pages of his book. Our own Shakspeare's imagery on this subject, should not be overlooked:—

> The current that with gentle murmur glides,
> Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
> But when his fair course is not hindered,
> He makes sweet music with the enamelled stones,
> Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
> He overtaketh in his pilgrimage:
> And so by many winding nooks he strays
> With willing sport to the wild ocean.

* The benevolent mind of the marquis shines even in his concluding chapter; for he there wishes "to bring us back to a true taste for beautiful

Brentford-End," wrote The Beauties of Flora Displayed; 8vo. 1778.

Samuel Fulmer wrote The Young Gardener's Best Companion for the Kitchen, and Fruit Garden; 12mo. 1781.

Charles Bryant published Flora Dietetica; or, the History of Esculent Plants: 8vo. 1785. Also, a Dictionary of Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, and Plants; 8vo. *Norwich*, 1790.

Joseph Heeley, Esq. author of Letters on the Beauties of Hagley, Envil, and the Leasowes; with Critical Remarks on the Modern Taste in Gardening; 1777, 2 vols. 12mo.

Thomas Kyle, or Keil, "one of the first gardeners in Scotland, of his time," published a Treatise on the Management of the Peach and Nectarine Trees: to which is added, the Method of Raising and Forcing Vines; 8vo. *Edinb.* 1785. A second edition in 1787.

William Marshall, Esq. who, in his "Planting and Rural Ornament," has very properly transcribed the whole

nature—to more humane and salutary regulations of the country—to produce the *moral* landscapes which delight the mind. His view of the good mother, seeing her children playing round her at their cottage, near the common, thus "endearing her home, and making even the air she breathed more delightful to her, make these sort of commons, to me, the most delightful of *English gardens.* The dwellings of the happy and peaceful husbandmen would soon rise up in the midst of compact farms. Can there exist a more delightful habitation for man, than a neat farm-house in the centre of a pleasing landscape? There avoiding disease and lassitude, useless expence, the waste of land in large and dismal parks, and above all, by preventing misery, and promoting happiness, we shall indeed have gained the prize of having united the agreeable with the useful. Perhaps, when every folly is exhausted, there will come a time, in which men will be so far enlightened as to prefer the real pleasures of nature to vanity and chimera."

of that masterly production of Mr. Walpole's pen, his *History of the Modern Taste in Gardening*. He observes, that "a pen guided by so masterly a hand, must ever be productive of information and entertainment, when employed upon a subject so truly interesting. Desirous of conveying to our readers all the information which we can compress, with propriety, within the limits of our plan, we wished to have given the *substance* of this valuable paper; but finding it already in the language of simplicity, and being aware of the mischiefs which generally ensue in *meddling* with the productions of genius, we had only one alternative: either wholly to transcribe, or wholly to reject." Mr. Marshall, alluding to the above work of his, says, "Wheatley, Mason, and Nature, with some Experience, and much Observation, are the principal sources from which this part of our work was drawn; it was planned, and in part written, among the magnificent scenes of nature, in Monmouthshire, Herefordshire, and Gloucestershire, where the rich and the romantic are happily blended, in a manner unparalleled in any other part of the island." In this same work is preserved, Mr. Gray's letter on the scenery of *Grasmere Water*. His descriptions of many trees and shrubs are extremely interesting; and he has rendered them more so by his frequent quotations from Mr. Hanbury. He also published, in 8vo. The Rural Economy of the Southern Counties; 2 vols.—of the Midland Counties, 2 vols.—of Gloucestershire, 2 vols.—of Norfolk, 2 vols.—of Yorkshire, 2 vols.—Agriculture of the Southern Counties, 2 vols.—Minutes of Agriculture—and a Review of the Landscape, a didactic poem—and of an Essay on the Picturesque. The Encyclop. of Gardening, after relating varied information respecting him, says, that he "finally retired to a considerable property he possessed in his native county, in the Vale of Cleveland, in 1808, where he died, at an advanced age, in 1819. He was a man of little education, but of a strong and steady mind: and pursued, in the most consistent

manner, from the year 1780 to his death, the plan he originally laid down; that of collecting and condensing the agricultural practices of the different counties of England, with a view to a general work on Landed Property, which he published; another on Agriculture, which he did not live to complete, and a *Rural Institute*, in which he was supplanted by the Board of Agriculture." His observations on the *Larch*, in vol. i. of his "Planting and Rural Ornament," and the zeal with which he recommends the planting of it on the infertile heathy flats of Surrey, Sussex, and Hampshire, on the bleak and barren heights of Yorkshire, Westmoreland, Cornwall, and Devon, and on the Welch and Salopean hills; and the powerful language with which he enforces its valuable qualities, merit the attention of every man of property.

William Speechly. He wrote Hints on Domestic Rural Economy; 8vo. On the Culture of the Vine and Pine Apple, with Hints on the Formation of Vineyards in England. On the Culture of the Pine Apple, and the Management of the Hot-House; 8vo. He made a tour in Holland, chiefly to observe the Dutch mode of cultivating the Pine, and the Grape. Mr. Loudon, in his Encyclop. calls him "the Moses of modern British vine dressers;" and in the Gardener's Magazine for January, 1828, has given an interesting and honourable character of him. He died at Great Milton, in 1819, aged eighty-six.* Marshall, in his Planting and Rural

* Perhaps it may gratify those who seek for health, by their attachment to gardens, to note the age that some of our English horticulturists have attained to: — Parkinson died at about 78; Tradescant, the father, died an old man; Switzer, about 80; Sir Thomas Browne died at 77; Evelyn, at 86; Dr. Beale, at 80; Jacob Bobart, at 85; Collinson, at 75; a son of Dr. Lawrence (equally fond of gardens as his father) at 86; Bishop Compton, at 81; Bridgman, at an advanced age; Knowlton, gardener to Lord Burlington, at 90; Miller, at 80; James Lee, at an advanced age; Lord Kames, at 86; Abercrombie, at 80; the Rev. Mr. Gilpin, at 80; Duncan, a gardener,

Ornament, has given us Mr. Speechley's sensible letter on the Duke of Portland's Plantations. Mr. Johnson says "he perhaps surpassed every practical gardener of his age."

Philip le Brocq, chaplain to the Duke of Gloucester, wrote,

1, A Description of Certain Methods of Planting, Training, and Managing all Kinds of Fruit Trees, Vines, &c. London, 8vo. 1786.

2, Sketch of a Plan for making the New Forest, a Real Forest. *Stockdale*, 8vo. 1793.

Walter Nichol, whom Mr. Loudon, in his Encyclopædia, calls an author of merit, and informs us that Mr. Nichol, "in the year 1810, undertook an extensive journey through England, for the purpose of visiting the principal seats and plantations, with a view, on his return, to compose the *Planter's Calendar*. This work had scarcely commenced, when he was seized with an illness which carried him off suddenly, in March, 1811." His works appear to be the following:—

upwards of 90; Hunter, who published *Sylva*, at 86; Speechley, at 86; Horace Walpole, at 80; Mr. Bates, the celebrated and ancient horticulturist of High Wickham, who died there in December, 1819, at the great age of 89; Marshall, at an advanced age; Sir Jos. Banks, at 77; Joseph Cradock, at 85; James Dickson, at 89; Dr. Andrew Duncan, at 83; and Sir U. Price, at 83. Mr. Loudon, at page 1063 of his Encyclop. inform us, that a market garden, and nursery, near Parson's Green, had been, for upwards of two centuries, occupied by a family of the name of Rench; that one of them (who instituted the first annual exhibition of flowers) died at the age of ninety-nine years, having had thirty-three children; and that his son (mentioned by Collinson, as famous for forest trees) introduced the moss-rose, planted the elm trees now growing in the Bird-cage Walk, St. James's Park, from trees reared in his own nursery, married two wives, had thirty-five

The Gardener's Kalendar; or, Monthly Directory of every Branch of Horticulture; 8vo.

The Planter's Kalendar; or, the Nurseryman's and Forester's Guide; 8vo.

The Villa Garden Directory; or, Monthly Index of Work to be done in Gardens, Shrubberies, &c.; 12mo.

Scotch Forcing Gardener; 8vo.

The Practical Planter.

Mr. Johnson says "his works are of the first authority, and rank as the equals of those of Abercrombie, being the result of long practice during an enlightened era of our art."

James Maddock, of the Society of Friends, and commercial florist, at Walworth, where, about the middle of last century, he established the florist garden there, now belonging to Milliken and Curtis. He died about 1806. He published the Florist's Directory, and Complete Treatise on the

children, and died in 1783, in the same room in which he was born, at the age of a hundred and one years. Reflecting on the great age of some of the above, reminds me of what a "Journal Encyclopédique" said of Lestiboudois, another horticulturist and botanist, who died at Lille, at the age of ninety, and who (for even almost in our ashes *live their wonted fires*) gave lectures in the very last year of his life. "When he had (says an ancient friend of his) but few hours more to live, he ordered snow-drops, violets, and crocuses, to be brought to his bed, and compared them with the figures in Tournefort. His whole existence had been consecrated to the good of the public, and to the alleviation of misery; thus he looked forward to his dissolution with a tranquillity of soul that can only result from a life of rectitude; he never acquired a fortune; and left no other inheritance to his children, but integrity and virtue."

Culture of Flowers; 8vo. 1792. New editions in 1810 and 1822.

Thomas S. D. Bucknall, Esq. published the Orchardist; extracted from the Society's Trans. for the Encouragement of Arts, &c.; *with additions.* 8vo. 1797.

I had omitted the following, for which I am indebted to Mr. Johnson's History of English Gardening:—

Richard Richardson. De cultu Hortorum, Carmen. 4to. London, 1669.

Of either of the above enumerated Authors on Gardening, I have not been able to discover any Portrait.

Of the following we *have* Portraits:—

Leonard Mascall's portrait appears at the bottom of the curious title page to his "Government of Cattle," 4to. and is *scarce.* He published, in 1572, "The New Art of Planting and Grafting;" 4to. and in 12mo. Another edition in 1652.

Dr. William Bulleyn practised physic at Durham. He died in 1576. He had the misfortune to lose great part of his library by shipwreck. He was thrown into prison for

debt, where he wrote a great part of his medical treatises. Bishop Tanner says he was a man of acute judgment, and true piety. He was universally esteemed as a polished scholar, and as a man of probity, benevolence, and piety. I gather the following from Dr. Pulteney:—"Of Dr. Bulleyn there is a profile with a long beard, before his "Government of Health," and a whole length of him, in wood, prefixed to the "Bulwarke of Defence;" which book is a collection of most of his works. He was an ancestor of the late Dr. Stukely, who, in 1722, was at the expence of having a small head of him engraved. He proves that we had excellent apples, pears, plums, cherries and hops, of our own growth, (before the importation of these articles into England), by London and Kentish gardeners. His zeal for the promotion of the useful arts of gardening, the general culture of the land, and the commercial interests of the kingdom, deserved the highest praise; and for the information he has left of these affairs, in his own time, posterity owe him acknowledgments." In a note to his Life, in the Biog. Dict., 7 vols. folio, 1748, is a curious account of many fruits, &c. then in our gardens. The same note is in Kippis. Richardson's portraits to Granger gives us the above profile. Mr. Johnson, at page 51 of his History of English Gardening, pointedly says, "Dr. Bulleyn deserves the veneration of every lover of gardening, for his strenuous advocating its cause, at a time when it had become a fashion to depreciate the products of our English gardens." And at page 57, pays him a further just tribute.

Thomas Hyll, who, in 1574, published, in 4to., "The Profitable Arte of Gardeninge." Another edition in 1593, 4to. His interesting chapter on Bees is annexed to these editions."* There appears another edition in small 12mo.

* About eighty years previous to Hyll's Treatise on Bees, Rucellai, an Italian of distinction, who aspired to a cardinal's hat, and who laboured with

imprinted at London, in Flete-strete, neare to St. Dunstone's Church, by Thomas Marshe, 1658. There are other editions, as 1570 and 1574, 4to.; 1568, 12mo.; and 1563 and 1594, 16mo. Bromley thus mentions a portrait of him: — "Thomas Hill, wooden cut, prefixed to his Physiognomie; 12mo. 1571. Aged 42. A friend to Hyll, in a complimentary letter, prefixed to the above book, thus, in part, addresses the reader:—

With painfull pen the writer hath exprest in English plane,
The needfull ayd, and mightie force, that doth in hearbes remaine,
The time to set, the time to plant, the time to raise again,
This man by treble diligence hath brought to light with paine.

The portraits of the Lord Chancellor Bacon are well known; but in Mr. Montagu's late edition of his works, a new or juvenile portrait is added, namely, a most expressive, intelligent, and beautiful miniature of him at his age of eighteen, by Hilyard, of whom Dr. Donne said,

——— *a hand or eye*
By Hilyard drawn, is worth a history
By a worse painter.

This fine edition of his works is illustrated by five portraits, taken at different periods of his lordship's life; by engravings of his residence, and monument, fac-similes, and other embellishments. In Mallett's edition are two portraits, one by Vertue, finely engraved.*

zeal and taste (I am copying from De Sismondi's View of the Literature of the South of Europe) to render Italian poetry classical, or a pure imitation of the ancients, published his most celebrated poem on Bees. "It receives (says De Sismondi) a particular interest from the real fondness which Rucellai seems to have entertained for these creatures. There is something so sincere in his respect for their virgin purity, and in his admiration of the order of their government, that he inspires us with real interest for them. All his descriptions are full of life and truth."

* Ben Jonson, in his *Discourses*, gives the following eulogy on this illus-

Gerarde's portrait (a fine one) is prefixed to his own edition of his Herbal. Two coats of arms are at the bottom. No painter, or engraver's name, except the initials, W. R. intertwined, which I suppose are those of W. Rogers, the engraver. There is another good head of Gerarde, a small oval one, in the title page to Johnson's edition. A portrait, in oil, of Gerarde, was sold by Mr. Christie, Nov. 11, 1826. Dr. Pulteney reviews both these Herbals. Gerarde is highly extolled by Dr. Bulleyn, and indeed attained deserved eminence in his day. Dr. Pulteney relates that "the thousand novelties which were brought into England by our circumnavigators, Raleigh and Cavendish, in 1580 and 1588, excited a degree of attention, which at this day cannot, without the aid of considerable recollection, be easily conceived. Raleigh himself appears to have possessed a larger share of taste for the curious productions of nature, than was common to the seafaring adventurers of that period. And posterity

trious author:—"No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commanded where he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion: no man had their affections more in his power; the fear of every man that heard him was, lest he should make an end." Mr. Loudon, when treating on the study of plants, observes, that "This wonderful philosopher explored and developed the true foundations of human knowledge, with a sagacity and penetration unparalleled in the history of mankind." What Clement VIII. applied to the eight books of Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, may well apply to the writings of Bacon:—"there is no learning that this man hath not searched into. His books will get reverence by age, for there is in them such seeds of eternity, that they will continue till the last fire shall devour all learning." Monsieur Thomas, in his Eulogy of Descartes, says, "Bacon explored every path of human knowledge, he sat in judgment on past ages, and anticipated those that were to come." The reader will be gratified by inspecting the second volume of Mr. Malone's publication of Aubrey's Letters, in the Bodleian Library, as well as the richly decorated and entertaining Beauties of England and Wales, and Pennant's Tour from Chester to London, for some curious notices of the ancient mansion, garden, and orchard, at Gorhambury.

will rank these voyagers among the greatest benefactors to this kingdom, in having been the means, if tradition may be credited, of introducing the most useful root that Providence has held forth for the service of man. A voyage round the globe, howsoever familiarized in ours, was, in that age, a most interesting and fruitful occasion of enquiry. The return of Raleigh, and the fame of his manifold discoveries and collections, brought over from the continent the celebrated Clusius, then in the fifty-fifth year of his age. He, who added more to the stock of botany, in his day, than all his contemporaries united, visited England for the third time, to partake, at this critical juncture, in the general gratification. At this eventful period, Gerarde was in the vigour of life, and, without doubt, felt the influence, and reaped the advantage of all the circumstances I have enumerated." One of the editions of Gerarde thus appears in a bookseller's catalogue:—"Gerarde's Herball; or Generall Historie of Plants, very much enlarged by Johnson, folio, *beautiful impression of the frontispiece by Payne, fine copy, old Russia, gilt back*, £3. 18*s*. 1633.*

Walter Blythe's whole-length portrait (exhibiting a pensive and penetrating aspect), is prefixed to his "English Improver Improved;" and which work Professor Martyn terms "an original and incomparable work for the time." Dr. Beale calls him "honest Captain Blithe."

Gervase Markham's portrait is prefixed to his "Perfect Horseman;" 8vo. It is re-engraved for Richardson's por-

* The reader will be amply gratified by Mr. Johnson's review of the general state of horticulture at this period, in his History of English Gardening, and with the zeal with which he records the attachment of James I. and Charles, to this science; and where, in a subsequent chapter, he glances on the progress of our Botany, and proudly twines round the brows of the modest, but immortal, Ray, a most deserved and generous wreath.

traits to Granger. Markham appears to have been a good soldier, as well as a good scholar. He published in 4to. 1623, "The Country House-Wife's Garden." He wrote Herod and Antipater, a tragedy. Langbaine speaks very much in his praise, and seemingly not without reason. Dr. Dibden, in his "Library Companion," says, "on many accounts does Markham seem entitled to more notice and commendation." He translated Leibault's Maison Rustique, in 1616, in 4to. or small folio, and augmented it with many additions from Oliver de Serres, and others. Weston, in his Catalogue, says he re-printed the editions in 1614 and 1631, of Barnaby Gooche's Husbandry. He published many books on husbandry, on fowling, on angling, on military discipline, on horsemanship. Many of their titles are enumerated in Langbaine, and in Weston, and they appear all to be more fully stated in Watts's Bibl. Brit. Much information, as to Markham, may be seen in vol. ii. of the Censura Literaria; and in Sir E. Brydges's edition of Phillips's Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum, appears, perhaps, the best list of his works, with a brief memoir.*

* I subjoin a few extracts from the first book of his English Husbandman, 4to. 1635:—"A garden is so profitable, necessary, and such an ornament and grace to every house and housekeeper, that the dwelling-place is lame and maimed if it want that goodly limbe, and beauty. I do not wonder either at the worke of art, or nature, when I behold in a goodly, rich and fertill soyle, a garden adorned with all the delights and delicacies which are within man's understanding, because the naturall goodnesse of the earth (which not enduring to bee idle) will bring forth whatsoever is cast into her; but when I behold upon a barren, dry, and dejected earth, such as the Peake-hills, where a man may behold snow all summer, or on the East-mores, whose best hearbage is nothing but mosse, and iron-stone, in such a place, I say, to behold a delicate, rich, and fruitful garden, it shewes great worthinesse in the owner, and infinite art and industry in the workeman, and makes mee both admire and love the begetters of such excellencies."

And again,—"For the situation of the garden-plot for pleasure, you shall understand, that it must ever bee placed so neare unto the dwelling-house as it is possible, both because the eye of the owner may be a guard and support

Parkinson's excellent portrait, by Marshall, appears in the title page to his *Theatrum Botanicum*, in 1640. Some one *may* now possess the original. In his *Paradisus*, 1635, there is a very scurvy engraving of his healthy, and hearty-looking old countenance. In this miserable cut, which is on wood, the graver, Christopher Switzer, does not seem to have had a strife "*with nature to outdo the life.*" Marshall's head is re-engraved for Richardson's Illustrations to Granger. Parkinson rose to such a degree of reputation, as to be appointed Apothecary to King James. He was appointed herbalist to Charles I. Dr. Pulteney speaks highly of both the above works, particularly of the *Theatrum*. All the memorials we have of the private history of this most industrious

from inconveniences, as all that the especial roomes and prospects of the house may be adorned, perfumed, and inriched with the delicate proportions, odoriferous smells, and wholesome airs which shall ascend and vaporate from the same."

He then gives a variety of cuts of knots and mazes, and labyrinths, of which he observes, that "many other adornations and beautifyings there are, which belong to the setting forth of a curious garden, but for as much as none are more rare or more esteemed than these I have set down, being the best ornaments of the best gardens of this kingdome, I think them tastes sufficient for every husbandman or other of better quality, which delighteth in the beauty, and well trimming of his ground." He thus remarks:—"as in the composition of a delicate woman, the grace of her cheeke is the mixture of red and white, the wonder of her eye blacke and white, and the beauty of her hand blew and white, any of which is not said to be beautifull if it consist of single or simple colours; and so in these walkes or alleyes the all greene, nor the all yellow cannot be said to bee most beautifull, but the greene and yellow, (that is to say, the untroade grasse, and the well knit gravell) being equally mixt, give the eye both luster and delight beyond all comparison."

His description of the following flower is singular: "*The Crowne Emperiall*, is, of all flowers, both forraigne and home-bred, the delicatest, and strangest: it hath the true shape of an imperiall crowne, and will be of divers colours, according to the art of the gardener. In the middest of the flower you shall see a round pearle stand, in proportion, colour, and orientnesse, like a true naturall pearle, only it is of a soft liquid substance: this pearle,

and zealous herbalist, are very scanty. He died about 1645, aged about 78. The curious contents of his *Paradisus* are diffusively narrated in Johnson's English Gardening. When perusing the pages of either of the above, one may exclaim,

——————— "not a tree,
A plant, a leaf, a blossom, but contains
A folio volume. We may read, and read,
And read again; and still find something new,
Something to please, and something to instruct,
E'en in the humble weed."

The above is scarcely better than Switzer's. There appears no faithful portrait of Parkinson, but Marshall's, who *had the felicity* to draw other portraits besides his.

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if you shake the flower never so violently, will not fall off, neyther if you let it continue never so long, will it eyther encrease or diminish in the bignesse, but remaineth all one: yet if with your finger you take and wipe it away, in less than an hour after you shall have another arise in the same place, and of the same bignesse. This pearle, if you taste it upon your tongue, is pleasant, and sweet like honey: this flower when the sunne ariseth,

Hollar's striking portraits of the TRADESCANTS, are well known. On their tomb, at Lambeth, the following lines form part of the inscription:—

> These famous Antiquarians, that had been
> Both Gardeners to the rose and lily Queen,
> Transplanted now themselves, sleep here; and when
> Angels shall with their trumpets waken men,
> And fire shall purge the world, these hence shall rise,
> And change this Garden for a Paradise.

In the Ashmolean Museum, is a portrait of the SON, *in his garden*, with a spade in his hand. In Mr. Nichols's "Illustrations to Granger," consisting of seventy-five portraits, appear those of the Tradescants, father and son. Smith also engraved John Tradescant, with his son, and their monument, 1793. Mr. Weston, in his Catalogue, fully describes the *Museum Tradescantium*. Dr. Pulteney observes, that "in a work devoted to the commemoration of Botanists, their

you shall see it looke directly to the east, with the stalk bent lowe thereunto, and as the sunne ariseth higher and higher, so the flower will likewise ascend, and when the sunne is come into the meridian or noone poynt, which is directly over it, then will it stand upright upon the stalke, and looke directly upward, and as the sunne declineth, so will it likewise decline, and at the sunne setting looke directly to the west only."

His mention of another flower is attractive:—"Now for your *Wall Gilliflower*, it delighteth in hard rubbish, limy, and stony grounds, whence it commeth they covet most to grow upon walls, pavements, and such like barraine places. It may be sowen in any moneth or season, for it is a seed of that hardness, that it makes no difference betwixt winter and summer, but will flourish in both equally, and beareth his flowers all the yeere, whence it comes that the husbandman preserves it most in his *bee-garden*, for it is *wond:ous sweet*, and affordeth much honey. It would be sowen in very small quantity, for after it hath once taken roote, it will naturally of itself overspread much ground, and hardly ever after be rooted out. It is of itselfe of so exceeding a strong, and *sweet smell*, that it cannot be forced to take any other, and therefore is ever preserved in its owne nature."

name stands too high not to demand an honourable notice; since they contributed, at an early period, by their garden and museum, to raise a curiosity that was eminently useful to the progress and improvement of natural history in general. The reader may see a curious account of the remains of this garden, drawn up in the year 1749, by the late Sir W. Watson, and printed in vol. xlvi. of the Phil. Trans. The son died in 1662. His widow erected a curious monument, in memory of the family, in Lambeth church-yard, of which a large account, and engravings from a drawing of it in the Pepysian Library, at Cambridge, are given by the late learned Dr. Ducarel, in vol. lxiii. of the Phil. Trans."

Sir Henry Wotton, Provost of Eaton. His portrait is given in Isaac Walton's Lives of Wotton, and others. It, of course, accompanies Zouch's, and the other well-known editions of Isaac Walton's Lives. In Evans's Illustrations to Granger, is Sir H. Wotton, from the picture in the Bodleian Library, engraved by *Stow*. In Sir Henry's Reflections on Ancient and Modern Learning, is his chapter "On Ancient and Modern Agriculture and Gardening." Cowley wrote an elegy on him, which thus commences:—

> What shall we say since silent now is he,
> Who when he spoke, all things would silent be;
> Who had so many languages in store,
> That only Fame can speak of him with more.

Isaac Walton published the "*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, or, Lives, Letters, Poems, &c. by Sir Henry Wotton," 12mo. 1654, with portraits of Wotton, Charles I., Earl of Essex, and Buckingham. Sir E. Brydges printed at his private press, at Lee Priory, Sir Henry's Characters of the Earl of Essex and Buckingham. In the *Reliquiæ*, among many curious and interesting articles, is preserved Sir Henry's de-

licately complimentary letter to Milton on receiving from him *Comus*. Sir Henry, when a resident at Venice, (where he was sent on three several embassies by James) purchased for that munificent encourager of painting, the Duke of Buckingham, several valuable pictures, which were added to the Duke's magnificent collection. Isaac Walton's Life of Wotton thus concludes:—"Dying worthy of his name and family, worthy of the love of so many princes, and persons of eminent wisdom and learning, worthy of the trust committed unto him for the service of his prince and country." And, in his Angler, he thus sweetly paints the warm attachment he had for Wotton:—"a man with whom I have often fished and conversed, whose learning, wit, and cheerfulness, made his company to be esteemed one of the delights of mankind. Peace and patience, and a calm content, did cohabit in the cheerful heart of Sir Henry Wotton."

Sir Thomas Browne. Mr. Dallaway, in his Anecdotes of the Arts, mentions the following portrait of Sir Thomas:—"At Devonshire-house is a family groupe, by Dobson, of Sir Thomas Browne. He is smiling with the utmost complacency upon his children, who surround him." His portrait is also prefixed to his works. The Biograph. Dict., folio, 1748, says, "his picture, in the College of Physicians, shews him to have been remarkably handsome, and to have possessed, in a singular degree, the blessings of a grave, yet cheerful and inviting, countenance." The same work farther gives him a most amiable character. Mr. Ray, in his Ornithology, does not omit paying a just compliment to his assistant and friend, "the deservedly famous Sir Thomas Browne." Evelyn, in 1671, mentions Sir Thomas Browne's garden at Norwich, as containing a paradise of varieties, and the gardens of all the inhabitants as full of excellent flowers. Switzer says, "The noble elegance of his style has since induced many to read his works, (of which, that of *Cyrus's*

gardens is some of the brightest,) though they have had little inclination to the practice of gardening itself. There remains nothing that I have heard of his putting gardening actually into practice himself; but some of his last works being observations on several scarce plants mentioned in Scripture; and of Garlands and Coronary garden plants and flowers, 'tis reasonable to suppose he did; and the love he had so early and late discovered toward it, was completed in the delightful practice thereof." He further says, "his elaborate and ingenious pen has not a little added to the nobleness of our subject."* His works were published in 1 vol. folio, 1686, with his portrait, engraved by White. His portrait appears also to his "Certain Miscellany Tracts," 8vo. A list of his numerous works may be seen in the Biogr. Dictionaires, or in Watts's Bibl. Britt. To his "Christian Morals," Dr. Johnson has prefixed his Life. It is so masterly written, that it is impossible to give even an abstract. Dr. Kippis has, however, in part, transcribed it. He was chosen Honorary Fellow of the College of Physicians, as a man *virtute et literas*

* Mr. Loudon, in his Encycl. of Gardening, fondly reviews the taste for flowers which pervaded most ranks during the time of Elizabeth, and Evelyn.

The *Spectacle de la Nature,* of which we have a translation in 1740, has a richly diffuse chapter on flowers. I here transcribe a small part thereof:—

Prior. "The beauty of flowers never fails to inspire us with joy; and when we have sufficiently examined the fairest, we are sensible they are only proper to refresh the sight; and, indeed, the prospect they afford is so touching, and we experience their power to be so effectual, that the generality of those arts which are ambitious to please, seem most successful when they borrow their assistance. Sculpture imitates them in its softest ornaments; architecture bestows the embellishments of leaves and festoons on those columns and fronts, which would otherwise be too naked. The richest embroideries are little more than foliage and flowers; the most magnificent silks are almost covered with these charming forms, and are thought beautiful, in proportion as they resemble the lively tinge of natural flowers.

"These have always been the symbols, or representations of joy; they were formerly the inseparable ornaments of feasts, and are still introduced with applause, toward the close of our entertainments, when they are brought

ornatissimus. In 1671, he received the honour of Knighthood from Charles II., a prince, (says Dr. Johnson) "who, with many frailties and vices, had yet skill to discover excellence, and virtue to reward it with such honorary distinctions, at least, as cost him nothing, yet, conferred by a king so judicious and so much beloved, had the power of giving merit new lustre and greater popularity." Thus he lived in high reputation, till, in his seventy-sixth year, an illness, which tortured him a week, put an end to his life, at Norwich, on his birth-day, October 19, 1682. "Some of his last words (we are told by *Whitefoot*) were expressions of submission to the will of God, and fearlessness of death." Dr. Johnson observes, "It is not on the praises of others, but on his own writings, that he is to depend for the esteem of posterity; of which he will not be easily deprived, while learning shall have any reverence among men: for there is no science in which he does not discover some skill; and scarce any kind of knowledge, profane or sacred, abstruse or elegant, which he does not appear to have cultivated with suc-

in with the fruit, to enliven the festival that begins to languish. And they are so peculiarly adapted to scenes of pleasure, that they are always considered as inconsistent with mourning. Decency, informed by nature, never admits them into those places where tears and affliction are predominant.

Countess. "The festivals in the country are never celebrated without garlands, and the entertainments of the polite are ushered in by a flower. If the winter denies them that gratification, they have recourse to art. A young bride, in all the magnificence of her nuptial array, would imagine she wanted a necessary part of her ornaments, if she did not improve them with a sprig of flowers. A queen, amidst the greatest solemnities, though she is covered with the jewels of the crown, has an inclination to this rural ornament; she is not satisfied with mere grandeur and majesty, but is desirous of assuming an air of softness and gaiety, by the mediation of flowers.

Prior. "Religion itself, with all its simplicity and abstraction, and amidst the abhorrence it professes to theatrical pomp, which rather tends to dissipate the heart, than to inspire it with a due reverence for sacred mysteries, and a sensibility of human wants, permits some of its festivals to be celebrated with boughs, and chaplets of flowers."

cess. His exuberance of knowledge, and plenitude of ideas, sometimes obstruct the tendency of his reasoning, and the clearness of his decisions. On whatever subject he employed his mind, there started up immediately so many images before him, that he lost one by grasping another. His memory supplied him with so many illustrations; parallel or dependent notions, that he was always starting into collateral considerations. But the spirit and vigour of his pursuit always gives delight; and the reader follows him, without reluctance, through his mazes, of themselves flowery and pleasing, and ending at the point originally in view. There remains yet an objection against the writings of *Browne*, more formidable than the animadversions of criticism. There are passages from which some have taken occasion to rank him among deists, and others among atheists. It would be difficult to guess how any such conclusion should be formed, had not experience shewn that there are two sorts of men willing to enlarge the catalogue of infidels. When *Browne* has been numbered among the contemners of religion by the fury of its friends, or the artifices of its enemies, it is no difficult task to replace him among the most zealous professors of christianity. He may perhaps, in the ardour of his imagination, have hazarded an expression, which a mind intent upon faults may interpret into heresy, if considered apart from the rest of his discourse; but a phrase is not to be opposed to volumes. There is scarcely a writer to be found, whose profession was not divinity, that has so frequently testified his belief of the sacred writings, has appealed to them with such unlimited submission, or mentioned them with such unvaried reverence."

John Evelyn, Esq. His portrait by Nanteuil, and that by Kneller, holding his *Sylva* in his hand, are well engraved in Mr. Bray's Memoirs. The following remark is from the Quarterly Review, in its review of the same work, in 1818:—

"At four years old he was taught to read by the parish school-master, whose school was over the church porch; and 'at six his picture was drawn by one Chanteral, no ill painter.' If this portrait, as is not unlikely, be preserved in the family, it should have been engraved for the present work; it would have been very interesting to compare the countenance of such a person, in childhood, in the flower of years, when his head was engraved by Nanteuil, and in ripe old age, when he sat to Sir G. Kneller." In Aubrey's Surrey, vol. iv. are many interesting particulars of Mr. Evelyn, and his family, and he gives a list of his works. He says "his picture was thrice drawn in oil; first, in 1641, by one Vanderborcht, brought out of Germany at the same time with Hollar, the graver, by the Earl of Arundel; a second time in 1648, by Walker; and the third time by Sir G. Kneller, for his friend Mr. Pepys, of the Admiralty, of which that at the Royal Society is a copy. There is a print of him by Nanteuil, who likewise drew him more than once in black and white, with Indian ink; and a picture, in crayon, by Luterel." Mr. Evelyn lived in the busy times of Charles I., Cromwell, Charles II., James II., and William. He had much personal intercourse with Charles II. and James II., and was in the habits of great intimacy with many of the ministers of those two monarchs, and of the eminent men of those days. Foreigners, distinguished for learning or arts, who came to England, did not leave it without visiting him. His manners we may presume to have been of the most agreeable kind, for his company was sought by the greatest men, not merely by inviting him to their own tables, but by their repeated visits to him at his own house. Mr. Evelyn lived to the great age of eighty-six, and wished these words to be inscribed on his tomb:—"all is vanity that is not honest, and there is no solid wisdom but in real piety."* Cowley, in a

* In his Diary is the following entry:—"1658, 27 Jan. After six fits of

letter to him, says, "I know nobody that possesses more private happiness than you do in your garden: and yet no man who makes his happiness more publick, by a free communication of the art and knowledge of it to others. All that I myself am able yet to do, is only to recommend to mankind the search of that felicity, which you instruct them how to find and to enjoy." The Quarterly Review thus speaks of his *Sylva:*—"The Sylva remained a beautiful and enduring memorial of his amusements, his occupations, and his studies, his private happiness, and his public virtues. The greater part of the woods, which were raised in consequence of Evelyn's writings, have been cut down; the oaks have borne the British flag to seas and countries which were undiscovered when they were planted, and generation after generation has been coffined in the elms. The trees of his age, which may yet be standing, are verging fast toward their decay and dissolution: but his name is fresh in the land, and his reputation, like the trees of an Indian Paradise, exists, and will continue to exist in full strength and beauty, uninjured by the course of time." Mr. Loudon, in his Encycl. of Gardening, thus speaks of him:—"Evelyn is universally allowed to have been one of the warmest friends to improvements in gardening and planting, that has ever

an ague, died my son Richard, five years and three days old onely, but, at that tender age, a prodigy for witt and understanding; for beauty of body, a very angel; for endowment of mind, of incredible and rare hopes. He was all life, all prettinesse. What shall I say of his frequent pathetical ejaculations uttered of himselfe: *Sweete Jesus, save me, deliver me, pardon my sins, let thine angels receive me!* So early knowledge, so much piety and perfection! Such a child I never saw! for such a child I blesse God in whose bosome he is!"

Nanteuil's portrait is prefixed to his *Sylva*, 1661; and a fine copy of the same, by Bartolozzi, is prefixed to Hunter's *Sylva*. Worlidge engraved a fine portrait of him, prefixed to his *Sculptura*. Gaywood engraved his portrait for the translation of *Lucretius*. In Walpole's Anecdotes is his portrait, by Bannerman.

appeared. He is eulogized by Wotton, in his *Reflections on Ancient and Modern Learning*, as having done more than all former ages." Switzer calls him "that good esquire, the king of gardeners." His life (says Mr. Walpole) "was a course of inquiry, study, curiosity, instruction, and benevolence. He knew that retirement, in his own hands, was industry and benefit to mankind; in those of others, laziness and inutility."

There appears the following more modern publications respecting Mr. Evelyn:—

1. Sylva, with Notes by Hunter; in 4to. and 8vo.

2. Memoirs and Correspondence of Mr. Evelyn. Edited by Mr. Bray. 5 vols. 8vo. *Portraits*, and other plates. £3. 10s. Another edition, in 2 vols., 4to.

3. Evelyn's Miscellaneous Writings, collected and edited, with Notes, by Mr. Upcott. Forming a Supplement to the Evelyn Memoirs. 1 vol. 4to. with plates, 1825. £3. 10s.

The Encycl. of Gardening enumerates the whole of Mr. Evelyn's works. So does Dr. Watts in his Bibl. Britt.; and Mr. Johnson in his History of English Gardening.*

Abraham Cowley. The portraits of him are well known. That in Bishop Hurd's edition is very neat. This same portrait is also well engraved for Ankars's edition of Cowley; and also in that by Aikens, in 8vo. Dean Sprat has prefixed to his edition of Cowley, his portrait, engraved by Faithorne, and, in his preface, pays a warm and just tribute to his me-

* In "A Picturesque Promenade round Dorking," are selected many interesting particulars of Mr. Evelyn.

mory. When his death was announced to Charles II., he declared, that Mr. Cowley had not left a better man behind him in England. Cowley addresses his chapter *Of Gardens* (which strongly paints his delight in them) to Mr. Evelyn. He wrote this epitaph for himself:—

From life's superfluous cares enlarg'd,
His debt of human toil discharg'd,
Here Cowley lies, beneath this shed,
To ev'ry worldly interest *dead:*
With decent poverty content;
His hours of ease not idly spent;
To fortune's goods a foe profess'd,
And, hating wealth, by all caress'd.
'Tis sure he's *dead;* for, lo! how small
A spot of earth is now his all!
O! wish that earth may lightly lay,
And ev'ry care be far away!
Bring flow'rs, the short-liv'd roses bring,
To *life deceased* fit offering!
And sweets around the poet strow,
Whilst yet with life his ashes glow.

John Rose, head gardener to the Lord Essex, at Essex-house, in the Strand. He sent him to study the celebrated beauties in the gardens of Versailles. He became afterwards the chief gardener to Charles II., at the royal gardens in St. James's Park. His portrait may be seen at Kensington, in an oil painting, where he is presenting a pine to his Majesty, whilst on a visit to the Duchess of Cleveland, at Downey Court, Buckinghamshire. It has lately been engraved in mezzotinto. He was the author of "The English Vineyard Vindicated, and the Way of Making Wine in France;" first printed with Evelyn's French Gardener, in 1672, 12mo. Other editions in 1675, 1676, and 1690, in 8vo. The preface is by Evelyn, as well as The Art of Making Wine. Rose brought to great perfection dwarf fruit

trees, in the gardens at Hampton Court, Carlton, and Marlborough House. Switzer thus speaks of him:—"He was esteemed to be the best of his profession in those days, and ought to be remembered for the encouragement he gave to a servant of his, that has since made the greatest figure that ever yet any gardener did, I mean Mr. London. Mr. Rose may be well ranked amongst the greatest virtuosos of that time, (now dead) who were all well pleased to accept of his company while living."

Charles Cotton. He published "The Planter's Manual," 12mo. 1675. There is prefixed to it a rural frontispiece, by Van Houe. Mr. Johnson properly calls him "one of the *Scriptores minores* of horticulture." His "devoted attachment to Izaak Walton, forms the best evidence we have of his naturally amiable disposition." His portrait is finely engraved in Mr. Major's extensively illustrated and most attractive editions of the Angler; a delightful book, exhibiting a "matchless picture of rural nature." Mr. Cotton's portrait is also well engraved in Zouch's Life of Walton; and in the many other curious and embellished editions of Walton and Cotton's Angler. He translated with such truth and spirit, the celebrated Essays of Montaigne, that he received from that superior critic, the Marquis of Halifax, a most elegant encomium. Sir John Hawkins calls it "one of the most valuable books in the English language." A complete list of Mr. Cotton's works appears in Watts's Bibl. Britt. When describing, in his *Wonders of the Peake*, the Queen of Scot's Pillar, he thus breaks out:—

> Illustrious *Mary*, it had happy been,
> Had you then found a cave like this to skreen
> Your sacred person from those frontier spies,
> That of a sovereign princess durst make prize,
> When Neptune too officiously bore
> Your cred'lous innocence to this faithless shore.

Oh, *England!* once who hadst the only fame
Of being kind to all who hither came
For refuge and protection, how couldst thou
So strangely alter thy good nature now,
Where there was so much excellence to move,
Not only thy compassion, but thy love?
'Twas strange on earth, save *Caledonian* ground,
So impudent a villain could be found,
Such majesty and sweetness to accuse;
Or, after that, a judge would not refuse
Her sentence to pronounce; or that being done,
Even amongst bloody'st hangmen, to find one
Durst, though her face was veil'd, and neck laid down,
Strike off the fairest head e'er wore a crown.
And what state policy there might be here,
Which does with right too often interfere,
I 'm not to judge: yet thus far dare be bold,
A fouler act the sun did ne'er behold.*

Plott, in his Staffordshire, calls Mr. Cotton "his worthy, learned, and most ingenious friend." Sir John Hawkins thus speaks of him:—"He was both a wit and a scholar; of

* Essex lost his head for having said that Elizabeth grew old and cankered, and that her mind was as crooked as her carcase. Perhaps the beauty of Mary galled Elizabeth.

The Quarterly Review of July, 1828, thus remarks:—"When Elizabeth's wrinkles waxed many, it is reported that an unfortunate master of the Mint incurred disgrace, by a too faithful shilling; the die was broken, and only one mutilated impression is now in existence. Her maids of honour took the hint, and were thenceforth careful that no fragment of a looking glass should remain in any room of the palace. In fact, the lion-hearted lady had not heart to look herself in the face for the last twenty years of her life."

It seems that Elizabeth was fond of executions. She loved Essex, of all men, best; and yet the same axe which murdered Anne Bulleyn, was used to revenge herself on him. The bloody task took three strokes, which so enraged the multitude, (who loved Essex) that they would have torn the executioner to pieces, had not the soldiers prevented them. Mr. Hutton, in his "Journey to London," observes, that "their vengeance ought to have been directed against the person who caused him to use it." What her reflections were on these two bloody acts when on her death-bed, we scarcely

an open, cheerful, and hospitable temper; endowed with fine talents for conversation, and the courtesy and affability of a gentleman." He farther thus speaks of one of his poems:— "It is not for their courtly and elegant turn, that the verses of Charles Cotton ought to be praised; there is such a delightful flow of feeling and sentiment, so much of the best part of our nature mixed up in them, and so much fancy displayed, that one of our most distinguished living poets has adduced several passages of his Ode upon Winter, for a general illustration of the characteristics of fancy." He must have possessed many endearing qualities, for the benevolent and pious Walton thus concludes a letter to his "most

know. A modern writer on horticulture, nearly concludes a very pleasing work, by enumerating (with slight historical notices) the several plants cultivated in our gardens. He thus concludes his account of one:—"Queen Elizabeth, in her last illness, eat little but Succory Pottage." Mr. Loudon says it is used "as a fodder for cattle." The French call it Chicoree *sauvage*. Her taste must have been something like her heart. Poor Mary eat no supper the night previous to *her* last illness. Had it been possible for Elizabeth to have read those pages of Robertson, which paint the long succession of calamities which befel Mary, and the insolence and brutality she received from Darnley, and which so eloquently plead for her frailties, perhaps even these pages would not have softened her bloody disposition, which she seems to have inherited from that insolent monster, her father. "Mary's sufferings (says this enchanting historian) exceed, both in degree and duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned, to excite sorrow and commiseration; and while we survey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties; we think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue. With regard to the queen's person, all contemporary authors agree in ascribing to Mary the utmost beauty of countenance, and elegance of shape, of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black, though, according to the fashion of that age, she frequently borrowed locks, and of different colours. Her eyes were a dark grey; her complexion was exquisitely fine, and her hands and arms remarkably delicate, both as to shape and colour. Her stature was of an height that rose to the majestic. She danced, she walked, and she rode with equal grace. She sung, and played upon the lute with uncommon skill."

honoured friend, Charles Cotton, Esq.:"—"though I be more than a hundred miles from you, and in the eighty-third year of my age, yet I will forget both, and next month begin a pilgrimage to beg your pardon: for I would die in your favour, and till then will live, Sir, your most affectionate father and friend, Isaac Walton." One cannot wonder at the good old man wishing to visit the courteous and well-bred Mr. Cotton, and to enjoy the intercourse of hospitable urbanity, near the pastoral streams of the Dove, when he had received such an invitation as the following, addressed to his "dear and most worthy friend, Mr. Isaac Walton:"—

Whilst in this cold and blustering clime,
  Where bleak winds howl and tempests roar,
We pass away the roughest time
  Has been of many years before;

Whilst from the most tempestuous nooks
  The chillest blasts our peace invade,
And by great rains our smallest brooks
  Are almost navigable made;

Whilst all the ills are so improved,
  Of this dead quarter of the year,
That even you, so much beloved,
  We would not now wish with us here;

In this estate, I say, it is
  Some comfort to us to suppose,
That, in a better clime than this,
  You, our dear friend, have more repose;

And some delight to me the while,
  Though nature now does weep in rain,
To think that I have seen her smile,
  And haply may I do again.

If the all-ruling Power please
We live to see another May,
We'll recompense an age of these
Foul days in one fine fishing day.

We then shall have a day or two,
Perhaps a week, wherein to try
What the best master's hand can do
With the most deadly killing fly:

A day with not too bright a beam,
A warm, but not a scorching sun,
A southern gale to curl the stream,
And, master, half our work is done.

There, whilst behind some bush we wait
The scaly people to betray,—
We'll prove it just, with treacherous bait
To make the preying *Trout* our prey.

And think ourselves, in such an hour,
Happier than those, though not so high,
Who, like *Leviathans*, devour
Of meaner men the smaller fry.

This, my best friend, at my poor home
Shall be our pastime and our theme;
But then—should you not deign to come,
You make all this a flattering dream.

In wandering over the lovely scenes, the pleasant brooks, the flower-bespangled meadows, which the moral pages of Isaac Walton so unaffectedly delineate, it is impossible not to recur to the name of the late author of *Salmonia*, and to reflect, that on these pages he oft unbended his vigorous mind from his severe and brilliant discoveries. We can now only lament the (almost) premature death of this high-ranked philosopher, this great benefactor to the arts, and deep pro-

moter of science, whose mortal remains were consigned to his unostentatious tomb, at Geneva, in one of the finest evenings of summer, followed by the eloquent and amiable historian, De Sismondi, and by other learned and illustrious men. One may apply to his last moments at Geneva, (where he had arrived only one day before) these lines of his own favourite Herbert:—

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
*For thou must die!**

Samuel Gilbert's portrait is prefixed to his "Florist's Vade Mecum;" 12mo. In his "Gardener's Almanack," is a particular description of the roses cultivated in the English gardens at that period. He was the author of "Fons Sanitatis, or the Healing Spring at Willowbridge Wells." He was son-in-law to John Rea, the author of Flora, and who planned the gardens at Gerard's Bromley. Willowbridge Wells are at a little distance from where these once superb gardens were.

* I will merely give this brief extract as one out of many of great force and beauty, from his *Salmonia*:—"If we look with wonder upon the great remains of human works, such as the columns of Palmyra, broken in the midst of the desert, the temples of Pæstum, beautiful in the decay of twenty centuries, or the mutilated fragments of Greek sculpture in the Acropolis of Athens, or in our own Museum, as proofs of the genius of artists, and power and riches of nations now past away, with how much deeper feeling of admiration must we consider those grand monuments of nature, which mark the revolutions of the globe; continents broken into islands; one land produced, another destroyed; the bottom of the ocean become a fertile soil; whole races of animals extinct; and the bones and exuviæ of one class covered with the remains of another, and upon the graves of past generations—the marble or rocky tomb, as it were, of a former animated world—new generations rising, and order and harmony established, and a system of life and beauty pro-

Jacob Bobart, the elder, is an admirable portrait, by D. Loggan, taken at his age of eighty-one, and engraved by Burghers. Granger says it is extremely scarce. Beneath the head, which is dated 1675, is this distich:—

Thou Germane prince of plants, each year to thee,
Thousands of subjects grant a subsidy.

It is a venerable countenance, of deep thought. Richardson re-engraved this among his Illustrations to Granger. Granger mentions also a whole-length of Bobart in a garden, dog, goat, &c. 4to. The Encycl. of Gardening says, "Bobart's descendants are still in Oxford, and known as coach proprietors." Do none of them possess the original painting? The munificence of the Earl of Danby placed Bobart in the physic garden at Oxford, in 1632, as supervisor; and this garden flourished many years under his care, and that of his son Jacob, whose zeal and diligence Dr. Pulteney records. The elder Bobart was the author of the *Hortus Oxoniensis*, 1648. Wood, in his Athenæ, informs us, that "Jacob Bobart died in his garden-house, in February, 1679, whereupon his body was buried in the church of St. Peter, Oxon."

duced, as it were, out of chaos and death; proving the infinite power, wisdom, and goodness, of the GREAT CAUSE OF ALL BEING!" I must trespass on my reader, by again quoting from *Salmonia*:—"I envy no quality of the mind or intellect in others; not genius, power, wit, or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer *a firm religious belief* to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness—creates new hopes, when all earthly hopes vanish; and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity: makes an instrument of torture and of shame the ladder of ascent to Paradise; and, far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the sceptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair!"

He left two sons, *Jacob* and *Tillemant*. Tillemant became a master coachman between Oxford and London, but having had the misfortune to break his leg, became one of the beadles of the university. In the preface to Mr. Nicholls's late curious work on autographs, among other *albums*, in the British Museum, it mentions that of David Krein, in which is the autograph of Jacob Bobart, with these verses;—

———— "virtus sua gloria.

Think that day lost whose descending sun
Views from thy hand no noble action done.

Yr success and happyness
is sincerely wished by
Ja. Bobart, Oxford."

It appears from Ray's History of Plants, that Jacob Bobart, the son, was a frequent communicator to him of scarce plants. It was this son who published the second volume of Morrison's Oxford History of Plants, who wrote its excellent preface, and who engaged *Burghers* to engrave many of the new plants; which engravings are highly commended by Pulteney. Mr. Johnson, in page 148 of his History of Gardening, thus pays Bobart a high compliment:—"a phalanx of botanists were then contemporaries, which previous ages never equalled, nor succeeding ones surpassed. Ray, Tournefort, Plumier, Plukenet, Commelin, Rivinus, *Bobart*, Petiver, Sherard, Boccone, Linnæus, may be said to have lived in the same age."

James Gardiner. His portrait is engraved by Vertue, from after Verelst, and prefixed to his translation of *Rapin on Gardens*, 8vo. second edition; no date. A third edition, 8vo. 1728. I believe he also wrote "On the Beatitudes;" 2 vols. 8vo. Switzer says, that this "incomparable Latin poem was translated by an ingenious and worthily dignified

clergyman, and a great lover of gardening, Mr. Gardiner, Sub-Dean of Lincoln." He became afterwards (I believe) Bishop of Lincoln; and a Latin epitaph on this bishop is in Peck's *Desid. Curiosa.* There is a print of "Jacobus Gardiner, Episc. Lincoln," engraved by George White, from after Dahl.

Sir William Temple. The portraits of this worthy man are numerous. Vanderbane's engraving, from Sir Peter Lely's, is particularly fine. Vertue's engravings, from Sir Peter, in the folio editions of 1720 and 1740, are also fine. This same portrait is neatly engraved in the late Mr. Nichol's Collection of Poems. Houbraken has also engraved the same for Birch's Lives. Sir William Temple, after spending twenty years in negociations with foreign powers, retired in 1680 from public life, and employed his time in literary pursuits. He was ambassador for many years at the court of Holland, and there acquired his knowledge and taste in gardening. He had a garden at Sheen, and afterwards, another at Moor Park, where he died in 1700; and though his body was buried in Westminster Abbey, his heart was enclosed in a silver urn under a sun-dial in the latter garden. His Essay "Upon the Gardens of Epicurus, or of Gardening in the year 1685," is printed in all the editions of his works.* These works are published in 2 vols. folio, and 4 vols. 8vo. Switzer, in his History of Gardening, first published in 1715, says, "That he was a great lover of gardening, appears by his own writings, and several kinds of fruit brought over by him out of Holland, &c. as well as by the testimony of his neighbours *yet living*, the greatest consolation of his life being, in the lucid intervals he had from public employs, in

* In this delightful essay, he says, "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."

his beloved gardens at *Sheen*." And, in his Fruit Gardener he says, that "the magnificence and generosity of this great lover of planting, distributed vast numbers of the finest grapes among the nurserymen about London, as well as amongst the nobility and gentry." Lord Mountmorris thus speaks of him:—"The retirement of this great man has bequeathed the most invaluable legacy to posterity. Of the taste and elegance of his writings too much can never be said, illuminated as they are by that probity and candour which pervade them, and those charms which render truth irresistible. Though other writers may be more the objects of imitation to the scholar, yet his style is certainly the best adapted to the politician and the man of fashion; nor would such an opinion be given, were it not for an anecdote of Swift, which I had from the late Mr. Sheridan, who told me the dean always recommended him as the best model, and had repeatedly said that the style of Sir William Temple was the easiest, the most liberal, and the most brilliant in our language. In a word, when we consider his probity, his disinterestedness, his contempt of wealth, the genuine beauty of his style, which was as brilliant, as harmonious, and as pure as his life and manners; when we reflect upon the treasures which he has bequeathed by his example and by his works to his country, which no man ever loved better, or esteemed more; we cannot avoid considering Sir William Temple as one of the greatest characters which has appeared upon the political stage; and he may be justly classed with the greatest names of antiquity, and with the most brilliant characters which adorn and illustrate the Grecian or Roman annals." Mr. Mason, in his English Garden, contrasts Sir William's idea of "a perfect garden," with those of Lord Bacon, and Milton; but he candidly says,

——————— and yet full oft
O'er Temple's studious hour did truth preside,
Sprinkling her lustre o'er his classic page; There

There hear his candour own, in fashion's spite,
In spite of courtly dulness hear it own,
There is a grace in wild variety
Surpassing rule and order. Temple, yes,
There is a grace; and let eternal wreaths
Adorn their brows who fixt its empire here."

He then, in glowing lines, pays an animated tribute to Addison, Pope, and Kent. Hume records that "he was full of honour and humanity." Sir William thus concludes one of his philosophic essays:—"When this is done, human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child, that must be played with and humoured a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over." His garden was one of his last delights. He knew what kind of life was best fitted to make a man's last days happy. Mr. Walpole, though he censures Sir William's warm panegyric on the garden at Moor Park, yet scruples not doing him full justice, in styling him an excellent man, and an admired writer, whose style, as to his garden, is animated with the colouring and glow of poetry. Mr. Cobbett, in his *English Gardener*, thus deplores the fate of Moor Park:—"This really wise and excellent man, Sir W. Temple, who, while he possessed the soundest judgment, and was employed in some of the greatest concerns of his country, so ardently, yet so rationally and unaffectedly, praises the pursuits of gardening, in which he delighted from his youth to his old age; and of his taste in which, he gave such delightful proofs in those gardens and grounds at Moor Park, beneath the turf of one spot of which, he caused by his will, his heart to be buried, and which spot, together with all the rest of the beautiful arrangement, has been torn about and disfigured within the last fifty years, by a succession of wine merchants, spirit merchants, West Indians, and God knows what besides." And, in his *Woodlands*, he says, "I have stood for hours, when a little boy, looking at this object (the canal and

borders of beautiful flowers at Moor Park); I have travelled far since, and have seen a great deal; but I have never seen any thing of the gardening kind so beautiful in the whole course of my life." Mr. Johnson, in his History of English Gardening, after noticing many general particulars of Sir William, devotes an interesting page to Sir William's attachment to gardening; and every line in this generous page, betrays his own delight in this art. He thus concludes this page:—"Nothing can demonstrate more fully the delight he took in gardening, than the direction left in his will, that his heart should be buried beneath the sun-dial of his garden, at Moor Park, near Farnham, in Surrey. In accordance with which, it was deposited there in a silver box, affording another instance of the ruling passion unweakened even in death. Nor was this an unphilosophical clinging to that which it was impossible to retain; but rather that grateful feeling, common to our nature, of desiring finally to repose where in life we have been happy. In his garden, Sir William Temple had spent the calmest hours of a well-spent life, and where his heart had been most peaceful, he wished its dust to mingle, and thus, at the same time, offering his last testimony to the sentiment, that in a garden

Hic secura quies, et nescia fallere vita."

John Locke wrote "Observations upon the Growth of Vines and Olives; the Production of Silk, the Preservation of Fruits. Written at the request of the Earl of Shaftesbury; now first printed from the original manuscript in the possession of the present Earl of Shaftesbury, 1s. 6d. Sandby, 1766." Among the many portraits we have of this learned man, the public are indebted to Lord King, for having prefixed to his Life of Mr. Locke, a very fine portrait of him, from after Greenhill. This great and good man possessed, in the highest degree, those virtues that have

given him a claim to the highest rank in the admiration of posterity. In Rutter's delineations of a part of Somersetshire, he gives a neat wood-cut of the cottage at Wrington, wherein Locke was born, and he informs us, that in the garden belonging to Mrs. Hannah More, near that village, she has placed an urn commemorative of Locke, which was a gift to her from the justly celebrated Mrs. Montague. He was drawn also by Kneller. Bromley gives a list of many of his engraved portraits. Houbraken engraved one for Birch's Lives. Vertue gave two engravings from Kneller.

William Fleetwood, successively Bishop of St. Asaph and Ely, and who died in 1723, was author of "Curiosities of Nature and Art in Husbandry and Gardening," 8vo. 1707. His portrait is prefixed to his "Sermons on the Relative Duties," 8vo. 1716; and also to his "Essay on the Miracles." His works were published in a collected form in 1 vol. folio, 1737. He was incontestibly the best preacher in his time. Dr. Doddridge calls him "silver tongued." Pope's line of

The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,

might, no doubt, have been justly applied to him. Dr. Drake, in the third volume of his Essays, to illustrate the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian, has some interesting pages respecting him. His benevolent heart and exemplary life, added great effect to his persuasive eloquence in the pulpit. "His sermons (says Lempriere), and divinity tracts, were widely circulated; but the firmness of his opinions drew upon him the censure of the House of Commons. His preface to his sermons on the deaths of Mary, the Duke of Gloucester, and of William, and on the accession of Anne, gave such offence to the ministry, that the book was publicly burnt in 1712; but it was more universally read, and even appeared in the Spectator, No. 384." As to this burning, Dr. Johnson re-

marked, that fire is a conclusive, but not a convincing argument; it will certainly destroy any book, but it refutes none.* In an *Obituary*, preserved in Peck's Desid. Curiosa, it thus mentions the death of a Jeffery Fleetwood, "leaving a wife and six little children behind him. God bless them. One of these little children was the famous William Fleetwood, Bishop of Ely."

Joseph Addison, Esq. There is an original portrait of this eminent man, at Holland House. Another at Oxford. Noble's continuation of Granger enumerates several engravings of him, from Kneller's portraits. Dayl, the painter, also drew him. His portrait appears in the Kit Cat Club. In Ireland's "Picturesque Views on the River Avon," he gives an interesting description of Mr. Addison's house at Bilton, near Rugby, two miles from Dunchurch; with a view of the same. The house "remains precisely in the state it was at the decease of its former possessor, nor has the interior suffered much change in its former decoration. The furniture and pictures hold their places with an apparent sacred attention to his memory. Among the latter, are three of himself, at different periods of his life; in each of which is strongly marked with the pencil, the ease of the gentleman, and the open and ingenuous character of the friend to humanity." From Dr. Drake's Biographical Sketch of Addison, it appears, that these portraits were still remaining in his house in 1797. A copy of the above view is given in the Monthly Magazine for February, 1822, and it there says, that "the spacious gardens retain the fashion of the age of the Spectator." The origin of the modern style of landscape gardening, or the first writers on that subject, were unquestionably Mr. Addison, in Nos. 414 and 477 of the *Spectator*,

* Mr. Johnson, in his History of English Gardening, admirably confirms this conflagration argument, by quoting the opinion or testimony of the celebrated Goethe.

and Mr. Pope in his celebrated *Guardian*. The first artists who practised in this style, were Bridgman and Kent.* Mr. Addison's pure taste on these subjects is visible even where he prefers Fontainebleau to the magnificent Versailles, in his paper in the *Guardian*, No. 101:—"It is situated among rocks and woods, that give you a fine variety of savage prospects. The king has humoured the genius of the place, and only made use of so much art as is necessary to help and regulate nature, without reforming her too much. The cascades seem to break through the clefts and cracks of rocks that are covered over with moss, and look as if they were piled upon one another by accident. There is an artificial wildness in the meadows, walks, and canals; and the garden, instead of a wall, is fenced on the lower end by a natural mound of rock-work that strikes the eye very agreeably. For my part, I think there is something more charming in these rude heaps of stone than in so many statues, and would as soon see a river winding through woods and meadows, as when it is tossed up in so many whimsical figures at Versailles." In No. 414 of his Spectator, he says, "English gardens are not so entertaining to the fancy as those in France, and Italy, where we see a large extent of ground covered over with an agreeable mixture of garden, and forest, which represent every where an artificial rudeness, much more charming than that neatness and elegancy which we meet with in those of our own country." Mr. Murphy thus compares Addison with Johnson:—"Addison lends grace and ornament to truth; Johnson gives it force and energy. Addison makes virtue amiable; Johnson represents it as an awful duty." Addison has been called the English Fenelon. Johnson calls him the Raphael of essay writers. The imposing and commanding attitude of

* To this interesting subject is devoted, a part of Mr. Loudon's concise and luminous review "Of the Rise, Progress, and Present State of Gardening in the British Isles;" being chapter iv. of his Encyclopædia.

the statue erected a few years since in the Poets' Corner, seems to have arisen, and to have been devoted to his memory, from his *Reflections on the Tombs in the Abbey.* Those reflections I here subjoin; and I am sure my reader will agree with me, that I could not offer a purer honour to his genius and memory:—"No. 26, Friday, March 30.

Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres, O beate sexti.
Vitae summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam,
Jam te premet nox, fabulaeque manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia.—Hor.

With equal foot, rich friend, impartial fate
Knocks at the cottage, and the palace gate:
Life's span forbids thee to extend thy cares,
And stretch thy hopes beyond thy tender years:
Night soon will seize, and you must quickly go
To storied ghosts, and *Pluto's* house below.—Creech.

"When I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the church-yard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tomb-stones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day and died upon another: the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances, that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons; who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons

mentioned in the battles of heroic poems, who have sounding names given them, for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head.

Glaucumque, Medontaque, Thersilochumque.—Virg.

"The life of these men is finely described in holy writ by *the path of an arrow,* which is immediately closed up and lost. Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovel-full of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull intermixed with a kind of fresh mouldering earth that some time or other had a place in the composition of an human body. Upon this I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter. After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it were in the lump; I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabrick. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs, that if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in *Greek* or *Hebrew,* and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed indeed that the present war had filled the

church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were buried in the plains of *Blenheim*, or in the bosom of the ocean. I could not but be very much delighted with several modern epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honour to the living as well as to the dead. As a foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a nation from the turn of their public monuments and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius before they are put in execution. Sir *Cloudesly Shovel's* monument has very often given me great offence: instead of the brave rough *English* admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the monument; for, instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour. The *Dutch*, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, shew an infinitely greater taste of antiquity and politeness in their buildings and works of this nature, than what we meet with in those of our own country. The monuments of their admirals, which have been erected at the public expense, represent them like themselves; and are adorned with rostral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of sea-weed, shells, and coral. But to return to our subject. I have left the repository of our English kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds, and gloomy imaginations; but, for my own part, though I am always

serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow: When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."*

Rev. John Lawrence published "The Clergyman's Recreation, shewing the Pleasure and Profit of the Art of Gardening;" 8vo. 1714. Also a poem, called "Paradise Regained, or the Art of Gardening;" 8vo. 1728. The sixth edition of "The Clergyman's Recreation" has "the effigies of the author, engraved by Vertue." I have seen eight copies of this sixth edition, and in neither of them has this portrait been. No doubt the collecting to form Granger's, has deprived each copy of its portrait. This is an expressive portrait, ornamented with a vine wreath, and with a rich cornucopia or clusters of ripe fruit. The original pic-

* Perhaps there are few pages that more awfully paint the sacredness of this spot, than page 36 in the fifth edition of Dr. Alison's Essays on Taste.

ture from which Vertue's print was taken, was at Pallion, near Durham, the seat of his grandson, John Goodchild, Esq. In Rodd's catalogue of engraved portraits, printed a few years ago, was "John Lawrence, prebend of Salisbury, *original drawing by Vertue*, price 5s." Mr. Lawrence published also, in folio, in 1726, his System of Agriculture and Gardening. Mr. Nichols, in vol. iv. of his Literary Anecdotes, has given a list of all his works, has preserved a few particulars respecting him, and pays a just tribute to him. A list of his works may also be seen in Watts's Bibl. Brit., and in Mr. Johnson's work. The Encycl. of Gardening informs us that he was "of a hospitable and benevolent disposition, taking great pleasure in presenting a rich dessert of fruit to his friends." He was presented to the rectory of Yelvertoft, Northamptonshire, in 1703, "by the extraordinary uncommon bounty of a generous patron." In 1721, he was presented to that of Bishop's Wearmouth, Durham, where he died in 1732. He was also a prebend of Salisbury.*

Mr. Lawrence thus enforces the pleasures of a garden, to his own order:—"to make them happy by loving an innocent diversion, the amusements of a garden being not only most delightful to those that love them, but most wholesome to those that use them. A good man knows how to recapitulate all his pleasures in a devout lifting up of his hands, his eyes and his heart, to the great and bountiful author of nature, who gives beauty, relish, and success to all our honest labours." His pen likewise paints with "soft and tempting colours," the extreme beauty of our fruit-trees, when clothed with their different coloured blossoms, (what Lord Byron calls *the sweet and blooming fruits of earth*):—

* I do not mean to apply to the hospitable table of this reverend gentleman, the lines of Peter Pindar:—

> One cut from *venison*, to the heart can speak,
> Stronger than ten quotations from the *Greek*.

"What a pleasing entertainment is it to the eye, to behold the apricot in its full blossom, white as snow, and at the same time the peach with its crimson-coloured blooms; both beginning to be interspersed with green leaves! These are succeeded by the pear, the cherry, and the plum, whose blossoms and leaves make a very beautiful mixture in the spring; and it cannot be a less pleasant sight to see clusters of swelling fruit all the summer, as the earnest of the full gratification of another sense in autumn. And now we have come hither, what painter can draw a landskip more charming and beautiful to the eye, than an old Newington peach-tree laden with fruit in August, when the sun has first begun to paint one side of the fruit with such soft and tempting colours? The apricot, the pear, the cherry and plum, when they appear in plenty as they ought, present themselves to the eye at the time of ripening in very inviting blushes. In short, all the several sorts of fruit trees have such pleasing varieties, that were there no other sense to be gratified but the sight, they may vie with a parterre even of the finest flowers." He thus mentions the month of *July*:—"How beautiful and refreshing are the mornings and evenings of such days, when the very air is perfumed with pleasant odours, and every thing that presents itself to the eye gives fresh occasion to the devout admirer to praise and adore the Great Creator, who hath given such wisdom and power to man to diversify nature in such various instances, and (for his own use, pleasure, and profit,) to assist her in all her operations." This worthy clergyman might have applied to the delights of a garden, the sacred words of scripture:—"her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."*

* I cannot prevent myself from quoting a very small portion of the animated address of another clergyman, the Rev. J. G. Morris, as chairman to the Wakefield Horticultural Society. I am certain each one of my readers will blame me for not having inserted the whole of this eloquent appeal. I copy it from the Gardener's Magazine for August, 1828:—"Conscious that

Alexander Pope. Numerous are the engraved portraits of this graceful and harmonious poet. Noble's continuation of Granger, gives all, or the greater part of the engravings from his portraits, from which it will be seen, that he was drawn by Kneller, by Richardson, by many others, and par-

I possessed no qualifications to fit me for the task, and feeling that it ill became me to assume it, as I am as yet nearly a stranger amongst you; aware, too, that I should be surrounded by individuals so much more eligible, inasmuch as they are eminently gifted with botanical science and practical knowledge, the result of their horticultural pursuits and facilities, of which I am quite devoid; I wished and begged to decline the proffered honour. It appears, however, that my entreaties are not listened to, and that your kindness and partiality persist in selecting for your chairman one so inadequate to the situation. Gentlemen, I take the chair with much diffidence; but I will presume to say, that, in the absence of other qualities, I bring with me a passionate love for plants and flowers, for the sweets and beauties of the garden, and no inconsiderable fondness for its more substantial productions. Gardening, as a recreation and relaxation from severer studies and more important avocations, has exquisite charms for me; and I am ready, with old *Gerarde*, to confess, that 'the principal delight is in the mind, singularly enriched with the knowledge of these visible things; setting forth to us the invisible wisdom and admirable workmanship of Almighty God.' With such predilections, you will easily give me credit, gentlemen, for participating with this assembly in the sincerest wishes for the complete and permanent establishment of a society amongst us, whose object shall be to promote, in the surrounding district, the introduction of different sorts of flowers, culinary vegetables, fruits, improved culture and management generally, and *a taste* for botany as a science. These are pursuits, gentlemen, combining at once health and innocence, pleasure and utility. Wakefield and its vicinity appear to possess facilities for the accomplishment of such a project, inferior to no district within this great palatinate, indeed, little inferior to any in the kingdom. The country is beautiful and charmingly varied, and, from the diversity of soil, suited to varied productions; the whole thickly interspersed with seats and villas of persons of opulence, possessing their conservatories, hot-houses, and stoves, their orchards, flower and kitchen gardens: whilst few towns can boast (as Wakefield can) of so many gardens within its enclosure, cultivated with so much assiduity and skill, so much taste and deserved success. Seven years ago, I had the honour to originate a similar project in Preston, in Lancashire, and with the happiest

ticularly by his friend Jervas. As a portrait painter, Mr. Jervas was far from eminent. Pope's attachment to him, however, has enshrined his name in glowing lines to future generations. The portraits of Pope which Jervas drew, were done *con amore*. Mr. Jennings, of Cheapside, has pre-

success. In that borough, possessing far less advantages than Wakefield offers, a horticultural society was established, which, in its four annual meetings, assembles all the rank and fashion of a circuit of more than ten miles, and numbers more than a hundred and twenty subscribers to its funds. Those who have not witnessed the interesting sight, can form but a faint idea of the animating scene which is presented in a spacious and handsome room, tastefully adorned with the choicest exotics from various conservatories, and the more choice, because selected with a view to competition: decorated with the varied beauties of the parterre, vieing with each other in fragrance, hue, and delicacy of texture; whilst the tables groan under the weight of delicious fruits and rare vegetables in endless variety, the joint produce of hot-houses, stoves, orchards, and kitchen gardens. Figure to yourselves, gentlemen, this elysium, graced by some hundreds of our fair countrywomen, an absolute galaxy of animated beauty, and that music lends its aid, and you will agree with me that a more fascinating treat could hardly be devised. New flowers, new fruits, recent varieties of those of long standing and established character for excellence, are thus introduced, in lieu of those whose inferiority is no longer doubtful. New culinary vegetables, or, from superior treatment or mode of culture, rendered more salubrious and of exquisite flavour, will load the stalls of our market-gardeners. I call upon you, then, gentlemen, for your zealous support. Say not that you have no gardens, or that your gardens are inconsiderable, or that you are no cultivators; you are all interested in having good and delicious fruits, nutritious and delicate culinary vegetables, and in procuring them at a reasonable rate, which will be the results of improved and successful cultivation. At our various exhibitions, let each contribute that in which he excels, and our object will be attained. Gentlemen, I fear I have trespassed too long on your patience and indulgence. I will just urge one more motive for your warm support of our intended society; it is this: that, by diffusing a love of plants and gardening, you will materially contribute to the comfort and happiness of the laborious classes; for the pleasure taken in such pursuits forms an unexceptionable relaxation from the toils of business, and every hour thus spent is subtracted from the ale-house and other haunts of idleness and dissipation."

fixed to his elegant folio edition of the "Essay on Man," a *whole-length* of Mr. Pope, from after Jervas. In Dodsley's Collection of Poems, vol. iii. is a very striking bust of Mr. Pope, as an accompaniment to Mr. Dodsley's affecting poem to his memory, which he entitles *The Cave of Pope*. Surely this bust must have strongly resembled Pope, or Mr. Dodsley would not have inserted it. The profile to Ruffhead's Life, in 4to. 1769, *must* have been a likeness, or Bishop Warburton would not have permitted its insertion. His age was then twonty-four. It is finely engraved by Ravenet, from Kneller. It is a striking portrait. A copy of this is admirably engraved in Bell's Poets, richly ornamented. A copy from that by Richardson is prefixed to Warton's edition. Among the portraits at *Hagley*, is that of Pope, and his dog Bounce, by Richardson.* Lord Chesterfield thus speaks of Pope:—"His poor, crazy, deformed body, was a mere Pandora's box, containing all the physical ills that ever afflicted humanity. This, perhaps, whetted the edge of his satire, and may, in some degree, excuse it. I will say nothing of his works; they speak sufficiently for themselves; they will live as long as taste and letters shall remain in this country, and be more and more admired, as envy and resentment shall subside. But I will venture this piece of classical blasphemy: which is, that however he may be supposed to be obliged to Horace, Horace is more obliged to him." Mr. Ruffhead (generally supposed to have had his information from Dr. Warburton) thus states:—"Mr. Pope was low in stature, and of a diminutive and misshapen figure, which no one ridiculed more pleasantly than himself. His constitution was naturally tender and delicate, and in his temper he was

* In the grounds of *Hagley*, were once inscribed these lines:—

Here Pope!—ah, never must that tow'ring mind
To his loved haunts, or dearer friend return:
What art, what friendships! oh! what fame resign'd:
In yonder glade I trace his mournful urn.

naturally mild and gentle, yet sometimes betrayed that exquisite sensibility which is the concomitant of genius. His lively perception and delicate feeling, irritated by wretched ill health, made him too quickly take fire, but his good sense and humanity soon rendered him placable. With regard to the extent of his genius, it was so wide and various, that perhaps it may not be too much to say, that he excelled in every species of composition; and, beside his excellence as a poet, he was both an antiquarian and an architect, and neither in an inferior degree.* No man ever entertained more exalted notions of friendship, or was ever more sincere, steady, warm, and disinterested, in all his attachments. Every inch of his heart was let out in lodgings for his friends." Lord Orrery thus speaks of him:—"His prose writings are little less harmonious than his verse; and his voice, in common conversation, was so naturally musical, that I remember honest Tom Southern used to call him the Little Nightingale; his manners were delicate, easy, and engaging; he treated his friends with a politeness that charmed, and a generosity that was much to his honour. Every guest was made happy within his doors; pleasure dwelt under his roof, and elegance presided at his table." One may trace Mr. Pope's hospitality throughout his letters. I will merely select one or two instances. In a letter to *Swift*, he says, "My house is too large; my gardens furnish too much wood and provision for *my* use. My servants are sensible and tender of me. They have intermarried, and are become rather low friends than servants. Would to God you would come over with Lord Orrery, whose care of you in the voyage I could so certainly depend on; and bring with you your

* At Holm-Lacey is preserved a sketch, in crayons, by Pope, (when on a visit there) of Lord Strafford by Vandyke. It is well known that Pope painted Betterton in oil colours, and gave it to Lord Mansfield. The noble lord regretted the loss of this memorial, when his house was consumed at the time of the disgraceful and ignorant riots.

old housekeeper, and two or three servants. I have room for all, a heart for all, and (think what you will) a fortune for all." In another letter to Swift, he says, "I wish you had any motive to see this kingdom. I could keep you; for I am rich, that is, I have more than I want. I can afford room for yourself and two servants. I have, indeed, room enough, nothing but myself at home: the kind and hearty housewife is dead! the agreeable and instructive neighbour is gone! yet my house is enlarged, and the gardens extend and flourish, as knowing nothing of the guests they have lost. I have more fruit trees and kitchen garden than you have any thought of; nay, I have good melons and pine-apples of my own growth." In a letter to *Mr. Allen*, he says, "Let me know your day for coming, and I will have every room in my house as warm for you as the owner always would be." Mr. Mathias, in his Pursuits of Literature, (besides expatiating with fond delight, in numerous pages, on the genius of Pope,) thus speaks of him:—"Familiar with the great, intimate with the polite, graced by the attentions of the fair, admired by the learned, a favourite with the nation, independent in an acquired opulence, the honourable product of his genius, and of his industry; the companion of persons distinguished for their virtue, birth, high fashion, rank, or wit, and resident in the centre of all public information and intelligence; every avenue to knowledge, and every mode of observation were open to his curious, prying, piercing, and unwearied intellect."*

* Sir Joshua Reynolds used to tell the following anecdote relative to Pope.—"When Reynolds was a young man, he was present at an auction of very scarce pictures, which attracted a great crowd of *connoisseurs* and others; when, in the moment of a very interesting piece being put up, Mr. Pope entered the room. All was in an instant, from a scene of confusion and bustle, a dead calm. The auctioneer, as if by instinct, suspended his hammer. The audience, to an individual, as if by the same impulse, rose up to receive the poet; and did not resume their seats till he had reached the upper end of the room." A similar

One may with truth further apply to Mr. Pope what was said of Buchanan, that his mind was stored with all the fire, and all the graces of ancient literature. Mr. Pope's attachment to *gardens*, appears not only in his letter to Martha Blount, describing Sir W. Raleigh's seat—but in his own garden at Twickenham, (where, as Mr. Loudon feelingly observes, *only the soil of which now remains*)—and in his letter to Mr. Blount, describing his grotto—but it also bursts forth in many passages throughout his works—and in his celebrated *Guardian* (No. 173), which attacks, with the keenest wit, "our study to recede from nature," in our giants made out of yews, and lavender pigs with sage growing in their bellies. His epistle to Lord Burlington confirms the charms he felt in studying nature. Mr. Mason, in a note to his English

A similar honour was paid to the Abbé Raynal, whose reputation was such, that the Speaker of the House of Commons observing *him* among the spectators, suspended the business of the house till he had seen the eloquent historian placed in a more commodious seat. It is painful to relate, that this powerful writer, and good man, who narrowly escaped the guillotine, expired in a garret, in extreme poverty, at the age of eighty-four; the only property he left being one assignat of fifty livres, worth not threepence in ready money. Perhaps one might have applied the following anecdote (told by Dr. Drake in his Literary Hours) to Abbé Raynal:—"A respectable character, having long figured in the gay world at Paris, was at length compelled to live in an obscure retreat in that city, the victim of severe misfortunes. He was so indigent, that he subsisted only on an allowance from the parish. Every week bread was sent to him sufficient for his support, and yet at length, he demanded more. On this the curate sent for him. 'Do you live alone?' said the curate. 'With whom, sir, is it possible I should live? I am wretched, since I thus solicit charity, and am abandoned by all the world.' 'But, sir, if you live alone, why do you ask for more bread than is sufficient for yourself?' The other at last, with great reluctance, confessed that he had a dog. The curate desired him to observe, that he was only the distributor of the bread that belonged to the poor, and that it was absolutely necessary that he should dispose of his dog. 'Ah, sir!' exclaimed the poor man, weeping, 'and if I lose my dog, who is there then to love me?' The good pastor took his purse, and giving it to him, 'take this, sir,' said he; 'this is mine—this I *can* give.'"

Garden, says, "I had before called Bacon the prophet, and Milton, the herald of true taste in gardening. The former, because, in developing the constituent properties of a princely garden, he had largely expatiated upon that adorned natural wildness which we now deem the essence of the art. The latter, on account of his having made this natural wildness the leading idea in his exquisite description of Paradise. I here call Addison, *Pope*, Kent, &c. the champions of this true taste." As Mr. Mason has added an *&c.*, may we not add to these respected names, that of honest old Bridgman? It was the determination of Lord Byron (had his life been longer spared), to have erected, at his own expence, a monument to Pope.* We can gather even from his rapid and hurried "Letter on the Rev. W. L. Bowles's Strictures," his attachment to the high name of Pope:—"If Lucretius had not been spoiled by the Epicurean system, we should have had a far superior poem to any now in existence. As mere poetry, it is the first of Latin poems. What then has ruined it? His ethics. Pope has not this defect; his moral is as pure as his poetry is glorious."—"Pope's charities were his own, and they were noble and extensive, far beyond his fortune's warrant."—"I have loved and honoured the fame and name of that illustrious and unrivalled man, far more than my own paltry renown, and the trashy jingle of the crowd of schools and upstarts, who pretend to rival, or even surpass him. Sooner than a single leaf should be torn from *his* laurel, it were better that all

* How applicable are Gray's lines to Lord Byron himself, now!

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?
Perhaps in this *neglected* spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire!—

which these men, and that I, as one of their set, have ever written, should

> Line trunks, clothe spice, or, fluttering in a row,
> Befringe the rails of Bedlam, or Soho."

"The most *perfect* of our poets, and the purest of our moralists."—"He is the *moral* poet of all civilization; and, as such, let us hope that he will one day be the national poet of mankind. He is the only poet that never shocks; the only poet whose *faultlessness* has been made his reproach. Cast your eye over his productions; consider their extent, and contemplate their variety:—pastoral, passion, mock-heroic, translation, satire, ethics,—all excellent, and often perfect. If his great charm be his *melody*, how comes it that foreigners adore him even in their diluted translations?"*

Mr. Mason has also farther recorded the resplendent fame of this celebrated man; for in his *Musæus*, a monody to the memory of Pope, he invokes the shades of Chaucer, Spencer, and Milton, to do homage to his departing spirit:—

> ——————— to cheer thee at this rueful time
> While black death doth on thy heart-strings prey.
> So may we greet thee with a nobler strain,
> When soon we meet for aye in yon star-sprinkled plain.

Milton thus begins *his* homage:—

> Thrice hail, thou heaven-taught warbler, last and best
> Of all the train! Poet, in whom conjoin'd
> All that to ear, or heart, or head, could yield
> Rapture; harmonious, manly, clear, sublime!

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* Mr. Bowles, in some stanzas written since the death of Byron, thus feelingly apostrophizes his noble spirit:—

> But I will bid th' Arcadian cypress wave,
> Pluck the green laurel from Peneus' side,
> And pray thy spirit may such quiet have
> That not one thought unkind be murmur'd o'er thy grave.

Accept this gratulation: may it cheer
Thy sinking soul; or these corporeal ills
Ought daunt thee, nor appal. Know, in high heav'n
Fame blooms eternal on that spirit divine,
Who builds immortal verse."*

Sir E. Brydges, in his "Letters on the Genius of Lord Byron," thus characterizes the grace and sweetness of his pathetic powers, in his *Eloisa:*—"When either his passions or imaginations *were* roused, they were deep, strong, and splendid. Notwithstanding *Eloisa* was an historical subject, his invention of circumstances of detail, his imagery, the changes and turns of passion, the brilliancy of hues thrown upon the whole, the eloquence, the tenderness, the fire, the inimitable grace and felicity of language, were all the fruits of creative genius. This poem stands alone in its kind; never anticipated, and never likely to be approached hereafter."

Young uttered this sublime apostrophe when the death of Pope was first announced to him:—

Thou, who couldst make immortals, art thou dead?

Of his *Essay on Man*, the Nouveau Dict. Hist. Portatif thus speaks:—"Une metaphysique lumineuse, ornée des charmes de la poësie, une morale touchante, dont les leçons pénetrent le cœur et convainquent l'esprit, des peintures vives, ou l'homme apprend a se connoître, pour apprendre á deviner meilleur; tels sont les principaux caracteres qui dis-

* Perhaps one motive (no doubt there were numberless others) that *might* have induced Mr. Mason thus to honour the memory of Pope,

——— *letting cold tears bedew his silver urn,*

might have been from the recollection of his attachment to what equally charmed Mr. Mason—the love of gardens.

tinguent le poëme Anglois. Son imagination est également sage et féconde, elle prodigue les pensées neunes, et donne le piquant de la nouveanté, aux pensées anciennes; il embelloit les matieres les plus seches, par la coloris d'une élocution noble, facile, energèque, variée avec un art infini."

In the gardens of Stowe is the following inscription to

ALEXANDER POPE,
Who, uniting the correctness of judgment
To the fire of genius,
By the melody and power of his numbers,
Gave sweetness to sense, and grace to philosophy.
He employed the pointed brilliancy of his wit
To chastise the vices,
And the eloquence of poetry
To exalt the virtues of human nature;
And, being without a rival in his own age,
Imitated and translated with a spirit equal to the originals,
The best Poets of antiquity.

William Kent, whose portrait appears in Mr. Dallaway's rich edition of the Anecdotes of Painting. Kent, with Bridgman, Pope, and Addison, have been termed the fathers of landscape gardening.* Mr. Walpole, after reviewing the

* I know not whether Milton's portrait should have been here noticed. In a note to the eloquent, the talented, and graceful "Discours d'Installation, prononcé par M. le Vicomte H. de Thury, président de la Société d'Horticulture de Paris," it is beautifully observed, that "Personne n'a mieux décrit ce delicieux jardin que Milton. Les Anglais regardent comme le type de tous les jardins paysagers, et pittoresques, la description que fait Milton du jardin d'Eden, et qui atteste que se sublime genié ètoit également poëte, peintre et paysagiste." As I have sought for the portraits of Mr. George Mason, and of Mr. Whateley, and have noticed those of Launcelot Brown, and Mr. Walpole, Mr. Cradock, M. R. P. Knight and Sir U. Price, who were all *paysagists;* surely our great and severe republican was one.

The Prince de Ligne speaks thus of Milton:—"les vers enchanteurs de ce Roi des poëtes, et des *jardiniers.* I do

old formal style of our gardens, in language which it is painful to me thus only to advert to, instead of copying at length, (for I am fully "aware of the mischiefs which generally ensue in *meddling* with the productions of genius"); and after stating that when *nature* was taken into the plan, every step pointed out new beauties, and inspired new ideas: "at that moment appeared Kent, painter enough to taste the charms of landscape, bold and opiniative 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. Thus the pencil of his imagination bestowed all the arts of landscape on the scenes he handled. But of all the beauties he added to the face of this beautiful country, none surpassed his management of water. Thus, dealing in none but the colours of nature, and catching its most favourable features, men saw a new

I do not know that every one will agree with Switzer in the concluding part of what he says of Milton, in the History of Gardening, prefixed to his Iconologia:—"But although things were in this terrible combustion, we must not omit the famous Mr. John Milton, one of Cromwell's Secretaries; who, by his excellent and never-to-be-equalled poem of Paradise Lost, has particularly distinguished gardening, by taking that for his theme; and shows, that though his eyes deprived him of the benefit of seeing, yet his mind was wonderfully moved with the philosophy, innocence, and beauty of this employ; his books, though mixed with other subjects, being a kind of a philosophical body of gardening, as well as divinity. Happy man! *had his pen been employed on no other subject.*"

It must be needless reminding my reader, that Mr. Walpole's powerful pen has taken care that our mighty poet, (who "on evil days, though fallen, and with darkness and solitude compassed round,") shall not be *defrauded of half his glory.*

It is gratifying to remark, that an edition of Paradise Lost is now announced for publication, in which the zeal of its spirited proprietors has determined, that every word shall be printed in letters of gold. The sanction of some of our most distinguished divines, and men of high rank, evince the pride with which we all acknowledge the devout zeal and mighty powers of the blind poet.

creation opening before their eyes." And again he calls him "the inventor of an art that realizes painting, and improves nature: Mahomet imagined an elysium, but Kent created many." The greatest of all authorities tells us, that in Esher's peaceful grove, both

Kent and Nature vied for Pelham's love.

Mr. Mason, in his English Garden, thus panegyrises his elysian scenes:—

——————————— Kent, who felt
The pencil's power; but fix'd by higher hopes
Of beauty than that pencil knew to paint,
Work'd with the living lives that *nature* lent,
And realized his landscapes.

Mr. Pope, as well as Kent, would, and Mr. Walpole, and Mr. Mason, must each of them have read with high approbation the following remark of the late Sir Uvedale Price:—"the noble and varied works of the eminent painters of every age and every country, and those of their supreme mistress, Nature, should be the great models of imitation."

Mr. Whateley paints in glowing language, the genius of Kent, both at Stowe, and at Claremont. Mr. George Mason thus honestly and finely pleads for him:—"According to my own ideas, all that has since been done by the most deservedly admired designers, as Southcote, Hamilton, Lyttleton, Pitt, Shenstone, Morris, for themselves, and by Wright for others, all that has been written on the subject, even the gardening didactic poem, and the didactic essay on the picturesque, have proceeded from Kent. Had Kent never exterminated the bounds of regularity, never actually traversed the way to freedom of manner, would any of these celebrated artists have found it of themselves? Theoretic hints from the highest authorities, had evidently long existed without

sufficient effect. And had not these great masters actually executed what Kent's example first inspired them with, the design of executing, would the subsequent writers on gardening have been enabled to collect materials for precepts, or stores for their imaginations? Mr. Price acknowledges himself an admirer of the water-scene at Blenheim. Would it ever have appeared in its present shape, if no Kent had previously abolished the stiffness of canals! If this original artist had barely rescued the liquid element from the constraint of right lines and angles, that service alone would have given him an indubitable claim to the respect of posterity." The Rev. Mr. Coventry, in his admirable exposure of the grotesque absurdities in gardening, (being No. 15 of the World) thus speaks of Kent:—"The great Kent at length appeared in behalf of nature, declared war against the taste in fashion, and laid the axe to the root of artificial evergreens. Gardens were no longer filled with yews in the shape of giants, Noah's ark cut in holly, St. George and the Dragon in box, cypress lovers, laurustine bears, and all that race of root-born monsters which flourished so long, and looked so tremendous round the edges of every grass-plat. The great master above mentioned, truly the disciple of nature, imitated her in the agreeable wildness and beautiful irregularity of her plans, of which there are some noble examples still remaining, that abundantly show the power of his creative genius." Mr. Dallaway, when treating on architecture, in his Anecdotes of the Arts, says, "Kent designed the noble hall at Holkham, terminated by a vast staircase, producing, in the whole, an imposing effect of grandeur not to be equalled in England." Kent died in 1748. He was a contemporary therefore of Horace Walpole. He was buried in the vault at Chiswick, belonging to his friend and patron, Lord Burlington.

Bridgman's portrait was a private plate. It exhibited a

kind-hearted, hale old countenance. As he has the honour of being classed with Mr. *Addison*, and with *Pope*, and *Kent*, as one of the champions who established the picturesque scenery of landscape gardening, (which *Bacon*, and *Spencer*, and *Milton*, as hath been observed, foresaw) his portrait must surely be interesting. The engraved portrait which I saw of him more than fifty years ago, made then a strong impression on me. I think it was an etching. It marked a venerable healthy man. I neither recollect its painter nor engraver; and it is so scarce, that neither Mr. Smith, of Lisle Street, nor Mr. Evans, of Great Queen Street, the intelligent collectors and illustrators of Granger, have been able to obtain it. Perhaps it will be discovered that it was a private plate, done at the expence of his generous and noble employer, Lord Cobham. Of this once able and esteemed man, I can procure little information. The Encycl. of Gardening says, "Lord Cobham seems to have been occupied in re-modelling the grounds at *Stowe*, about the same time that Pope was laying out his gardens at Twickenham. His lordship began these improvements in 1714, *employing Bridgman*, whose plans and views for altering old Stowe from the most rigid character of the ancient style to a more open and irregular design, are still in existence. Kent was employed a few years afterwards, first to paint the hall, and afterwards in the double capacity of architect and landscape-gardener; and the finest scenes there are his creation." The finest views of Stowe gardens were drawn by Rigaud, and published by *Sarah Bridgman*, in 1739. The fine and magnificent amphitheatre at the Duke of Newcastle's, at Claremont, was designed, I believe, by Bridgman. When Queen Caroline added nearly three hundred acres from Hyde Park to the gardens at Kensington, they were laid out by him. He also laid out the gardens at Shardeloes, near Amersham. Mr. Walpole thus mentions Bridgman, after alluding to the shears having been applied to the lovely wildness of na-

ture: "Improvements had gone on, till *London* and *Wise* had stocked our gardens with giants, animals, monsters, coats of arms, and mottos, in yew, box and holly. Absurdity could go no farther, 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 farther, and in the royal garden at Richmond, dared to 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 broke 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 fosses,—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."

* Mr. Garrick's fondness for ornamental gardening, induced him finely to catch at this invention, in his inimitable performance of Lord Chalkstone.

Philip Miller died at the age of eighty, and was emphatically styled by foreigners *hortulanorum princeps*. Switzer bears testimony to his "usual generosity, openness and freedom." Professor Martyn says, "he accumulated no wealth from his respectable connection with the great, or from the numerous editions of his works. He was of a disposition too generous, and too careless of money, to become rich, and in all his transactions observed more attention to integrity and honest fame, than to any pecuniary advantages." There is a finely engraved portrait of Mr. Miller, by Maillet, prefixed to the "Dictionnaire des Jardiniers, de Philipe Miller, traduit de l'Anglois," en 8 tom. 4to. Paris, 1785.

Dr. Pulteney says of him, "He raised himself by his merit from a state of obscurity to a degree of eminence, but rarely, if ever before, equalled in the character of a gardener." Mr. Loudon (in that "varied and voluminous mass of knowledge," his Encyclopædia), thus remarks:—"Miller, during his long career, had no considerable competitor, until he approached the end of it, when several writers took the advantage of his unwearied labours of near half a century, and fixed themselves upon him, as various marine insects do upon a decaying shell-fish. I except Hitt and Justice, who are both originals, as is also Hill, after his fashion, but his gardening is not much founded in experience." The sister of Mr. Miller married Ehret, whose fine taste and botanical accuracy, and whose splendid drawings of plants, are the finest ornaments of a botanical library.

Mr. Miller fixed his residence adjoining that part of Chelsea church-yard where he lies interred. He died December 18, 1771. Mr. Johnson gives a list of his writings, and of the different editions of his celebrated Dictionary, which he terms "this great record of our art." He farther does full justice to him, by associating his name, at p. 147 and p. 151,

with that of "the immortal Swede, whose master mind reduced the confusion and discord of botany to harmony." He calls Miller "the perfect botanist and horticulturist."* The following spirited tribute to Mr. Miller, appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine for June, 1828:—

"*Chelsea, June 5.*

"Mr. Urban,—In the first volume, page 250, of the second edition of *Faulkner's History of Chelsea*, just published, which contains a very copious fund of historical, antiquarian, and biographical information, I find inserted the monument and epitaph of Philip Miller, who was so justly styled 'the prince of horticulture' by contemporary botanists, and whose well-earned fame will last as long as the sciences of botany and horticulture shall endure. The epitaph of this distinguished man is correctly given; but the historian appears not to have duly appreciated, if he was even aware of, the circumstances which induced the Fellows of the Linnæan and Horticultural Societies of London to erect this grateful tribute of respectful esteem to him, who in his lifetime, had done more than any individual, ancient or modern, towards enlarging the boundaries of the science of horticulture, and very extensively the far more difficult one of botany likewise. These he accomplished in the numerous editions of his unrivalled Dictionary, and in his elaborate introductions to botanical knowledge.

* Dr. Pulteney relates this anecdote of Mr. Miller: "He was the only person I ever knew who remembered to have seen Mr. Ray. I shall not easily forget the pleasure that enlightened his countenance, it so strongly expressed the *Virgilium tantum vidi*, when, in speaking of that revered man, he related to me that incident of his youth." I regret that Mr. Ray only meditated a work to have been entitled *Horti* Angliæ. Had he written it, I should have felt a singular pride in introducing his valued name in the present imperfect volume.

"The reasons which induced the above-mentioned societies to erect the monument in question, were, chiefly, because neither monument, nor tomb, nor even any recording public notice whatever (the 'monumentum ære perennius' of his own immortal works excepted) had previously been provided by any one.

"The relatives of Miller were very few; he had no family, save two sons, one of whom died early, and the other, Charles Miller, at the age of 78, who spent the greater part of his long life in India, and returned not until after his father's funeral; and over his grave, in the old church-yard of Chelsea, a stone and sculptured brass record his name and age and parentage, together with that of his aged and more distinguished sire. This stone, too, was placed by the above-mentioned public-spirited societies, (unto both which the writer has the honour to belong) at the same time as the monument, stated by Faulkner, to the never-dying fame of the father.

"But it is even now scarcely known, that when those meritorious testimonials of public gratitude were showered over the memory of Philip Miller, who had laboured so long and so successfully in the sciences which he loved, there was only one individual in existence, and that a very aged person, who had seen and attended the funeral of Miller, and who alone could point out the very spot where the 'Prince of Horticulture' was inhumed. This venerable person's name was Goodyer; he was the parish clerk of Chelsea church for half a century, and died as such in 1818, at the great age of ninety-four.

"Nevertheless, though last, it should not be concealed that I myself had actually stated and published, in the win-

ter of 1794-5, the neglectful and opprobrious fact of Miller's having no single grave-stone, much less a monument, nor even one funeral line, to designate the spot where rested in its 'narrow house' the mortal relics of so great a man; see my Observations on the Genus Mesembryanthemum, p. 311-14; and, as every reader may not possess that publication, the following extract from it is added:—

"'So much for Miller; he, alas! who pleased so well, or, rather let me say, he who instructed and edified so much, and was even caressed by the great while living, now lies, forgotten by his friends, inhumed amongst the common undistinguished dead, in the bleak cold yard of Chelsea church, the very theatre of his best actions, the physic gardens of the Worshipful Company of Apothecaries, at Chelsea, not half a mile distant, without a tomb! without a stone! nay, destitute of a single line to mark the spot where rests, retired from all its cares and useful toils, the time-worn frame of the 'Prince of Horticulture!' How are those discerning foreigners, who so meritoriously rendered the language of his Dictionary into their own, to judge of this? by what measure are they to estimate the fact? Miller was the author of several publications, besides the very numerous editions of his Dictionary and Kalendar.' Yours, &c.

"A. H. Haworth."

Sir John Hill. His works are many of them enumerated in the Encyclo. of Gardening. The most full list is in Weston's Catalogue. His portrait is engraved in metz by Houston, from after Coates. It is an oval, with a *solitaire*. A short account of his life and writings was published at Edinburgh in 1779. The most general account of him is in Hutchinson's Biog. Medica. 2 vols. 8vo. See also the Biog. Dramatica, 2nd edit. 1782.

Batty Langley was born at Twickenham, where he resided. He was the author of,

1. Practical Geometry, 1726.

2. New Principles of Gardening, or the laying out and planting parterres, groves, wildernesses, labyrinths, avenues, parks, &c. cuts, 1728, 4to.

3. The sure Method of Improving Estates by Trees, 8vo. One of his chapters is "On the magnitude and prodigious Growth of Trees."

4. Pomona, or the Fruit Gardener, *with plates*, fol. 1729. At the end is a letter to Mr. Langley, on Cyder, from Hugh Stafford, Esq. of Pynes.

There is a 4to. metz portrait of Mr. Langley, with the name of Carwirtham, as the engraver or print-seller, 1741.

Sir William Watson, an eminent physician, who died in 1787, wrote

1. On the Culture of Mushrooms. In vol. 42 and 43 of the Phil. Trans.

2. Account of the Remains of Tradescant's Garden. In vol. 46 of the Phil. Trans.

3. Account of the Bishop of London's Garden, at Fulham. In vol. 47 of the Phil. Trans. besides many valuable papers in several volumes of these Transactions.

He had the pleasure of introducing *Kalm*, as well as *Pallas*, to most of the curious gardens in the environs of London.

On the first establishment of the British Museum, he was most active in furnishing its garden, with no fewer than six hundred plants. His house (as Dr. Pulteney observes) "became the resort of the most ingenious and illustrious experimental philosophers that England could boast." Dr. Pulteney has closed a very liberal memoir of him, by inserting Dr. Garthshore's testimony to the humane feeling, the social politeness, and benignity of Sir William. His portrait is painted by Abbot, and engraved by Ryder, 1791. There is a full account of him in Chalmers.

The Rev. William Hanbury, the intimate friend of Churchill, and of Lloyd, in his singular "History of the Charitable Foundations at Church Langton," (and which exhibits his own benevolent heart, and great love for planting and gardening) mentions, at page 185, a full-length portrait of himself, by Penny. Had there been any other portrait of him, it is likely Mr. Nicholls would have mentioned it in his Leicestershire, for that gentleman, as well as Joseph Cradock, Esq. (both of whom are lately deceased), would have been most likely to have known, if any other portrait of this zealous planter did exist; so would Dr. Thomas Warton, who always spoke of Mr. Hanbury as a generous, disinterested, and benevolent man. Earlom engraved, in 1775, a three-quarter metzotinto, from the above portrait by Penny. Mr. Hanbury also published "A Complete Body of Planting and Gardening;" 2 vols. folio. Also, "An Essay on Planting, and a Scheme to make it conducive to the Glory of God, and the Advantage of Society;" Oxford, 8vo. 1s. 1758. And "The Gardener's New Calendar;" 8vo. 1758.

Mr. Hanbury first conceived, in 1751, the establishing at Church Langton, for benevolent purposes, his immense plantations; having procured (particularly from North America) "almost every sort of seed that could be procured." He

proposed that an annual sermon should be preached, either in praise of church music, the duty of decorating religious houses, charity in general, or the wonders of the creation; and that a hospital should be founded for the relief of the really distressed. All these extensive plans were frustrated. Even when his first twenty thousand trees had just been planted out, the cattle belonging to the tenants of Mrs. Dorothy Pickering, and Frances Byrd, (who a few years after died worth two hundred thousand pounds, and whose village biography is curiously dispersed throughout the above history) were *purposely* turned amongst the young trees, and in a little time destroyed them all. "Neither was this all; I was served for a trespass with twenty-seven different copies of writs in one day (by their attorney, Valentine Price, of Leicester); to such a degree of rage and fury were these old gentlewomen raised, at what one should have thought every heart would have rejoiced, and kindly lent an assisting hand." Mr. Hanbury gives many instances of the "venomous rage and passion" of these two old women. They had, says he, "the mortification to find themselves totally despised. Not a gentleman or lady would go near them, two neighbouring clergymen excepted, who were invited to dine with them upon venison." They attempted making a tool of the sow-gelder's son, to enable them to carry on their mean plans, and sent him word, that nothing they could do for him in the parish should be wanting. His answer was, "that favours granted from such people, on such terms, could never prosper, and he desired the other to tell them, they were *two old bitches*."—"This summer, (says Mr. Hanbury,) was murdered, in the most barbarous manner, the best spaniel that perhaps ever entered the field, and the best greyhound that ever run. With these I had been often entertained in my morning walks. To deprive me of these pleasures, afforded me in my morning recreations, I had discharges from Mrs. Pickering, and Mrs. Byrd, for taking

them with me in their manors. To these I paid no regard, and as they never brought any action on that account, it may be supposed they could find no just cause to ground one. What then is to be done? Some method is to be contrived to deprive me of my attendants; the spaniel therefore was the first object destined for destruction. He was small, and of a beautiful black, and had been used to the parlour; and being absent about an hour, came reeling home in the agonies of death; and in about a quarter of an hour after, died in the seemingly most excruciating tortures. Suspecting some villany, I ordered him to be opened, but found every thing perfect and entire; I then directed him to be skinned, and coming to the loins, found the traces of a table-fork, which was stuck into the kidneys, and which was the occasion of his speedy and dreadful death. A few days after this, my best greyhound was stuck in the loins, in the like barbarous manner, which brought on the same kind of speedy and agonizing death; and this was the catastrophe of these two noted dogs, which had been much talked of, and were famous amongst sportsmen, as being most perfect in their kind. Some time after this, their game-keeper, in company with his nephew, *buried two dogs alive;* they were the property of Mr. Wade, a substantial grazier, who had grounds contiguous to a place of cover, called Langton Caudle, where was often game; and where the unfortunate two dogs, straying from their master, had been used to hunt. The game-keeper and his nephew being shooting in this place, the dogs, upon the report of the gun, made towards them. Their shooting them or hanging them would have been merciful, but they buried them alive; and what words can express the abhorrence of such barbarity to such innocent creatures following the dictates of nature? To prevent a possibility of their scratching a way out, they covered them down with black thorns; over these they laid a sufficient quantity of earth and one large stone, which they

rammed down with their heels. Day after day the dogs were heard in this place, with the howling, barking noise of dogs that were lost. Some people resorted to find them out, and wondered it was to no purpose, for nobody could suspect the dogs were under ground; and thus after calling and whistling them, and seeking them for some time, returned, amazed that lost dogs should continue so long in that place; but a sight of none could ever be had. The noise was fancied to come sometimes from one quarter, sometimes from another; and when they came near the place they were in, they ceased howling, expecting their deliverance was at hand. I myself heard them *ten days* after they had been buried; and seeing some people at a distance, enquired what dogs they were. *They are some dogs that are lost, Sir,* said they; *they have been lost some time.* I concluded only some poachers had been there early in the morning, and by a precipitate flight had left their dogs behind them. In short, the howling and barking of these dogs was heard for near three weeks, when it ceased. Mr. Wade's dogs were missing, but he could not suspect those to be his; and the noise ceasing, the thoughts, wonder, and talking about them, soon also ceased. Some time after, a person being amongst the bushes where the howling was heard, discovered some disturbed earth, and the print of men's heels ramming it down again very close; and seeing Mr. Wade's servant, told him, he thought something had been buried there. *Then,* said the man, *it is our dogs, and they have been buried alive: I will go and fetch a spade, and will find them, if I dig all Caudle over.* He soon brought a spade, and upon removing the top earth, came to the blackthorns, and then to the dogs, the biggest of which had eat the loins and greatest share of the hind parts of the little one." Mr. Hanbury states the deaths of these two sisters in the course of a few months after. The sums they accumulated by their penurious way of living, were immense. They bequeathed legacies by will to almost

every body that were no kin to them except their assiduous attorney, Valentine Price, to whom they left nothing. "But what is strange and wonderful, though their charities in their life-time at Langton were a sixpenny loaf a week only, which was divided into as many parts as there were petitioners, and distributed by eleven of the clock on a Sunday, unless they left the town the day before, which was often the case, and when the poor were sure to fail of their bounty; these gentlewomen, at the death of the last, bequeathed by will upwards of twelve thousand pounds to the different hospitals and religious institutions in the kingdom. A blaze of goodness issued from them at last, and thus ended these two poor, unhappy, uncharitable, charitable old gentlewomen."

Mr. Marshall calls him, "the indefatigable Hanbury, whose immense labours are in a manner lost to the public." No man delighted more than Mr. Hanbury did, in describing the beauty of trees and shrubs: this is visible in the extracts which Mr. Marshall has made in his "Planting and Rural Ornament."

William Shenstone, Esq., justly celebrated for his pure and classic taste in landscape gardening. His tender and pathetic feelings shine throughout most of his works; and the sweetness and simplicity of his temper and manners, endeared him to the neighbourhood and to his acquaintance. Dr. Johnson says, his life was unstained by any crime. He farther says of him, "He began from this time to entangle his walks, and to wind his waters; which he did with such judgment and such fancy, as made his little domain the envy of the great and the admiration of the skilful. His house was mean, and he did not improve it; his care was of his grounds. When he came home from his walks, he might find his floor flooded by a shower through the broken roof; but could spare no money for its reparation. In time his

expences brought clamours about him, that overpowered the lamb's bleat and the linnet's song; and his groves were haunted by beings very different from fawns and fairies. He spent his estate in adorning it, and his death was probably hastened by his anxieties. He was a lamp that spent its oil in blazing. It is said, that if he had lived a little longer he would have been assisted by a pension: such bounty could not have been ever more properly bestowed; but that it was ever asked is not certain; it is too certain that it never was enjoyed."

His intimate friend, Robert Dodsley, thus speaks of him: "Tenderness, indeed, in every sense of the word, was his peculiar characteristic; his friends, his domestics, his poor neighbours, all daily experienced his benevolent turn of mind. He was no economist; the generosity of his temper prevented him from paying a proper regard to the use of money: he exceeded, therefore, the bounds of his paternal fortune, which before he died was considerably incumbered. But when one recollects the perfect paradise he had raised around him, the hospitality with which he lived, his great indulgence to his servants, his charities to the indigent, and all done with an estate not more than three hundred pounds a year, one should rather be led to wonder that he left any thing behind him, than to blame his want of economy. He left, however, more than sufficient to pay all his debts; and, by his will, appropriated his whole estate for that purpose."

His portrait is prefixed to his works, published in 3 vols. 8vo. 1764. His second volume contains his "Unconnected Thoughts on Landscape Gardening;" and the description of the celebrated *Leasowes*, in that volume, was written by ("the modest, sensible, and humane") Robert Dodsley. His Epistolary Correspondence appeared in 2 vols. 8vo. The title pages of the above first three volumes are attrac-

tive from their vignette, or rural embellishments. A portrait of Shenstone was taken in 1758, by Ross, which Hall engraved for Dodsley, in 1780; and this picture by Ross was in the possession of the late most worthy Dr. Graves, of Claverton, who died a few years ago, at the advanced age of ninety. Bell's edition of the Poets has a neat copy of this portrait. Dr. Graves wrote "Recollections of the late William Shenstone." He also dedicated an urn to him, and inscribed these lines thereon:—

Stranger! if woods and lawns like these,
If rural scenes thy fancy please,
Ah! stop awhile, and pensive view
Poor Shenstone's urn: who oft, like you,
These woods and lawns well-pleased has rov'd,
And oft these rural scenes approv'd.
Like him, be thou fair virtue's friend,
And health and peace thy steps attend.

Mr. Shenstone died in 1763, and is buried in Hales Owen church yard. An urn is placed in the church to his memory, thus inscribed:—

Whoe'er thou art, with reverence tread
These sacred mansions of the dead.—
Not that the monumental bust
Or sumptuous tomb HERE guards the dust
Of rich or great: (Let wealth, rank, birth,
Sleep undistinguish'd in the earth;)
This simple urn records a name
That shines with more exalted fame.
Reader! if genius, taste refined,
A native elegance of mind;
If virtue, science, manly sense;
If wit, that never gave offence;
The clearest head, the tenderest heart,
In thy esteem e'er claim'd a part;
Ah! smite thy breast, and drop a tear,
For, know, THY Shenstone's dust lies here.

Mr. Mason thus speaks of Shenstone:

——— "Nor thou
Shalt pass without thy meed, thou son of peace,
Who knew'st perchance to harmonize thy shades
Still softer than thy song; yet was that song
Nor rude nor unharmonious, when attuned
To pastoral plaint, or tales of slighted love."

And Mr. Whateley pays his memory the following tribute, previous to his masterly survey of his far-famed and enchanting seat: "An allusion to the ideas of pastoral poetry evidently enters into the design of the Leasowes, where they appear so lovely as to endear the memory of their author, and justify the reputation of Mr. Shenstone, who inhabited, made and directed that celebrated place. It is a perfect picture of his mind, simple, elegant, and amiable, and will always suggest a doubt whether the spot inspired his verses, or whether, in the scenes which he formed, he only realized the pastoral images which abound in his songs."* George Mason, in many pages, pays high compliments to Shenstone's taste: "Paine's Hill has every mark of creative genius, and Hagley of correctest fancy; but the most intimate *alliance with nature* was formed by Shenstone." Mr. Marshall, in his "Planting and Rural Ornament," has some critical remarks on the *Leasowes*, the expences in perfecting which threw Shenstone "on the rack of poverty, and probably hastened the dissolution of an amiable and valuable man." He says that *Enville* was originally designed by Shenstone,

* The generous minded reader will be gratified by referring to the kind tribute, paid to the memory of Shenstone, by Mr. Loudon, at p. 76 of his Encyclopædia. Of this Encyclopædia, Mr. Johnson, in his History of Gardening, thus speaks:—"Taken as a whole, it is the most complete book of gardening ever published;"—and that, with the exception of chymistry, "every art and science, at all illustrative of gardening, are made to contribute their assistance."

and that the cascade and chapel were spoken of, with confidence, as his.*

Lord Kames. His portrait is prefixed to the memoirs of him, by Lord Woodhouselee, in 2 vols. 4to. 1807. There is an edition of the same work, in 3 vols. 8vo. 1814, with the same portrait, which is engraved from a drawing by D. Martin. His "Gentleman Farmer" spread his fame through Scotland. Its preface is particularly interesting. Mr. Smellie, in his Literary Lives of Gregory, Home, Hume, Adam Smith, and Lord Kames, after giving many interesting particulars of the latter, and after noticing his benevolence to the poor, during the whole course of his long life, proceeds: — "One great feature in the character of Lord Kames, besides his literary talents, and his public spirit, was a remarkable innocency of mind. He not only never indulged in detraction, but when any species of scandal was exhibited in his company, he either remained silent, or endeavoured to give a turn to the conversation. As natural consequences of this amiable disposition, he never meddled with politics, even when politics ran to indecent lengths in this country; and what is still more remarkable, he never wrote a sentence, notwithstanding his numerous publications, without a direct and a manifest intention to benefit his fellow creatures. In his temper he was naturally warm, though kindly and affectionate. In the friendships he formed, he was ardent, zealous and sincere. So far from being inclined to irreligion, as some ignorant bigots insinuated, few men possessed a more devout habit of thought. A constant sense of Deity, and a veneration for Providence, dwelt upon

* In his "Unconnected Thoughts" he admires the *Oak*, for "its majestic appearance, the rough grandeur of its bark, and the wide protection of its branches: a large, branching, aged oak, is, perhaps, the most venerable of all inanimate objects."

his mind. From this source arose that propensity, which appears in all his writings, of investigating final causes, and tracing the wisdom of the Supreme Author of Nature." He had the honour to be highly esteemed by the celebrated Mrs. Montagu.

The European Magazine of Nov. 1790, which gives an engraved portrait of him, being a copy of the above, thus speaks: "He was one of the very first who to great legal knowledge, added a considerable share of polite literature. He arrived at the highest rank to which a lawyer could attain in his own country; and he has left to the world such literary productions, as will authorize his friends to place him, if not in the highest, yet much above the lowest, class of elegant and polite writers. He died in 1783, leaving to the world a proof, that an attention to the abstrusest branches of learning, is not incompatible with the more pleasing pursuits of taste and polite literature." He was kind-hearted and humane. His pure taste in landscape scenery, is acknowledged by Mr. Loudon, in p. 81 of the Encyclopædia of Gardening. *Blair Drummond* will long be celebrated as having been his residence, and he there displayed his superior taste in planting and improving.

In his "Elements of Criticism," (a truly original work) there is a distinct chapter on architecture and gardening. He therein thus addresses the reader:—"These cursory observations upon gardening, shall be closed with some reflections that must touch every reader. Rough uncultivated ground, dismal to the eye, inspires peevishness and discontent: may not this be one cause of the harsh manners of savages? A field richly ornamented, containing beautiful objects of various kinds, displays in full lustre the goodness of the Deity, and the ample provision he has made for our happiness. Ought not the spectator to be filled with grati-

tude to his Maker, and with benevolence to his fellow creatures? Other fine arts may be perverted to excite irregular and even vicious emotions; but gardening, which inspires the purest and most refined pleasures, cannot fail to promote every good affection. The gaiety and harmony of mind it produceth, inclineth the spectator to communicate his satisfaction to others, and to make them happy as he is himself, and tends naturally to establish in him a habit of humanity and benevolence."

John Abercrombie's manly and expressive countenance is best given in the portrait prefixed to an edition in 2 vols. 8vo. published Feb. 1, 1783, by Fielding and Debrett. He is also drawn at full-length at his age of seventy-two, in the sixteenth edition, printed in 1800, with a pleasing view of a garden in the back-ground, neatly engraved. This honest, unassuming man, persevered "through a long life of scarcely interrupted health," in the ardent pursuit of his favourite science. The tenor of his life exemplified how much a garden calms the mind, and tranquilly sets at rest its turbulent passions. Mr. Loudon's Encyclop. of Gardening, after giving some interesting points of his history, thus concludes: "In the spring of 1806, being in his eightieth year, he met with a severe fall, by which he broke the upper part of his thigh bone. This accident, which happened to him on the 15th of April, terminated in his death. After lying in a very weak exhausted state, without much pain, he expired in the night, between April and May, as St. Paul's church struck twelve. He was lamented by all who knew him, as cheerful, harmless, and upright." One of his biographers thus relates of him: "Abercrombie from a fall down stairs in the dark, died at the age of eighty, and was buried at St. Pancras. He was present at the famous battle of Preston Pans, which was fought close to his father's garden walls. For the last twenty years of his life he lived chiefly on tea,

using it three times a-day: his pipe was his first companion in the morning, and last at night.* He never remembered to have taken a dose of physic in his life, prior to his last fatal accident, nor of having a day's illness but once." A list of his works appears in Watts's Bibl. Brit., and a most full one in Johnson's History of English Gardening, who, with many collected particulars of Abercrombie, relates the great and continually increasing sale of some of his works.

Launcelot Browne, Esq. His portrait was painted by Dance, and engraved by Sherwin. Under this portrait are engraved the following lines, from the pen of Mr. Mason, which are also inscribed on the tomb of Mr. Browne, in the church of Fen-Staunton, Huntingdonshire:

Ye sons of elegance, who truly taste
The simple charms which genuine art supplies,
Come from the sylvan scenes his genius drew,
And offer here your tributary sighs.
But know, that more than genius slumbers here,
Virtues were his that art's best powers transcend,
Come, ye superior train! who these revere,
And weep the christian, husband, father, friend.

Mr. Walpole, too, pays Mr. Browne this elegant compliment: "Did living artists come within my plan, I should be

* Tea was the favourite beverage of Dr. Johnson. When Hanway pronounced his anathema against it, Johnson rose in defence of it, declaring himself "in that article a hardened sinner, having for years diluted my meals with the infusion of that fascinating plant; my tea-kettle has had no time to cool; with tea I have solaced the midnight hour, and with tea welcomed the morning." Mr. Pennant was a great lover of tea; a hardy honest Welch parson, on hearing that he usually retired in the afternoon to his summer-house to enjoy that beverage, was moved with indignation, that any thing weaker than ale or wine should be drunk there; and calling to mind the good hunting times of old, passionately exclaimed, "his father would have scorned it."

glad to do justice to Mr. Browne; but he may be a gainer by being reserved for some abler pen." This celebrated landscape gardener died suddenly, in Hertford Street, May Fair, on the 6th of February, 1783, on his return from a visit to his old friend the Earl of Coventry. Mr. Browne, though bred a common gardener at Stowe, possessed a cultivated mind, and his society was much courted. Joseph Cradock, Esq. called him "a most agreeable, unassuming man." He amassed a large fortune. He was consulted by most of the nobility and gentry, and the places he laid out or altered, were, as Mr. Loudon observes, beyond all reckoning. Mr. Repton has given a list of his principal works.

It has been the fate of this eminent master of landscape embellishment, to be severely censured by some, and lavishly praised by others. The late keen and consummate observer of landscape scenery, Sir Uvedale Price, harshly condemns the too frequent cold monotony and tameness of many of Mr. Browne's creations, and his never transfusing into his works any thing of the taste and spirit which prevail in the poet Mason's precepts and descriptions; and in one of his acute, yet pleasant pages, he alludes to his having but *one* and the same plan of operation; *Sangrado*-like, treating all disorders in the same manner. Perhaps the too general smoothness and tameness of Mr. Browne's pleasure-grounds ill accorded with Sir Uvedale's enthusiasm for the more sublime views of forest scenery, rapid and stony torrents and cascades, wild entangled dingles, and craggy breaks; or with the high and sublime notions he had imbibed from the rich scenery of nature so often contemplated by him in the landscapes of *Claude*, or in those of *Rubens*, *Gaspar Poussin*, *Salvator Rosa*, or of *Titian*, "the greatest of all landscape painters." Perhaps Sir Uvedale preferred "unwedgeable and gnarled oaks," to "the tameness of the poor pinioned trees of a gentleman's plantation, drawn up straight," or the

wooded banks of a river, to the " bare shaven border of a canal."*

Daines Barrington happily said, " Kent has been succeeded by Browne, who hath undoubtedly great merit in laying out pleasure-grounds; but I conceive that in some of his plans, I see rather traces of the kitchen-gardener of old Stowe, than of Poussin or Claude Lorraine: I could wish, therefore, that Gainsborough gave the design, and that Browne executed it."† Mr. Loudon observes, " that Browne must have possessed considerable talents, the extent of his reputation abundantly proves; but that he was imbued with much of that taste for picturesque beauty, which distinguished the works of Kent, Hamilton, and Shenstone, we think will hardly be asserted by any one who has observed attentively such places as are known to be his creations." Mr. George Mason candidly asks, " why Browne should be charged with all the defects of those that have called themselves his followers, I have seen no good reason alleged,

* Sir Uvedale thus expresses his own sensations when viewing some of these plantations :—" The inside fully answers to the dreary appearance of the outside; of all dismal scenes it seems to me the most likely for a man to hang himself in; he would, however, find some difficulty in the execution, for amidst the endless multitude of stems, there is rarely a single side branch to which a rope could be fastened. The whole wood is a collection of tall naked poles. . . . Even its gloom is without solemnity; it is only dull and dismal; and what light there is, like that of hell,

Serves only to discover scenes of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades."

† This observation confirms what Sir U. Price so pointedly enforces throughout the whole of his causticly sportive letter to Mr. Repton : " that the best landscape painters would be the best landscape gardeners, were they to turn their minds to the practical part; consequently, a study of their works, the most useful study to an improver."—And that " Van Huysum would be a much better judge of the merits and defects of the most dressed scene—of a mere flower garden,—than a gardener."

nor can I suppose it possible to produce one." Many of his imitators exhibited so little talent in their creations, that Mr. Browne's name considerably suffered in the estimation of many.

Mr. Gilpin speaks of Browne's improvements at Blenheim in high terms. Mr. Marshall in his Survey of Stowe and Fisherwick, in vol. i. of his "Planting and Rural Ornament," and at p. 384, pays a fair tribute to him. Much general information respecting him may be seen in Mr. Loudon's chapter "Of the rise, progress, and present state of gardening in the British Isles." The candour and rich conciseness of this review, embraces the whole *magic of the art,* as respects landscape gardening.*

Francis Zavier Vispre wrote "A Dissertation on the Growth of Wine in England, Bath, 8vo. 1786. Mr. Vispré died poor, between thirty and forty years ago, in St. Martin's Lane. He excelled in painting portraits in crayons: Sir Joshua much esteemed him. He was a most inoffensive man, of the mildest manners, and of the purest integrity. I have seen his portrait in crayons, in an oval, finely finished by himself, but know not now where that is. On his mode of training the vine *very near the ground,* see p. 757 of the Encyclop. of Gardening.

William Mason, precentor and canon of York, died in 1797. His friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds, painted an impressive portrait of him, which is engraved by Doughty. A masterly copy of this fine portrait is in Mr. Cadell's Con-

* Mr. Browne was not an author; yet the title of the present volume is "On the Portraits of English *Authors* on Gardening." Neither was old Bridgman nor Kent *authors* on this subject; still I could not prevail on myself to pass over such names in total silence.

temporary Portraits. A copy is also prefixed to the edition of his works, in 4 vols. 8vo. 1811, published by Mr. Cadell. His portrait was also taken by Vaslet, and engraved by Carter, 1771. It is a large metz etching. He translated Du Fresnoy's Art of Painting, to which Sir Joshua added some notes. Mr. Mason has prefixed an Epistle to Sir Joshua, which thus concludes:

> And oh! if ought thy poet can pretend
> Beyond his favourite wish, *to call thee friend:*
> Be it that here his tuneful toil has dress'd
> The muse of *Fresnoy* in a modern vest;
> And, with what skill his fancy could bestow,
> Taught the close folds to take an easier flow;
> Be it that here, thy partial smile approv'd
> The pains he lavish'd on the art he lov'd.

Mr. Mason's attachment to painting was an early one, is conspicuous in many of his writings, and in his English Garden, is visible throughout:

> ——— feel ye there
> What *Reynolds* felt, when first the Vatican
> Unbarr'd her gates, and to his raptur'd eye
> Gave all the god-like energy that flow'd
> From *Michael's* pencil; feel what *Garrick* felt,
> When first he breath'd the soul of *Shakspeare's* page.

Sir Joshua, in his will, bequeaths his then supposed portrait of Milton to Mr. Mason.

Mr. Gray thus observes of Mason, when at Cambridge:— "So ignorant of the world and its ways, that this does not hurt him in one's opinion; so sincere and so undisguised, that no mind with a spark of generosity would ever think of hurting him, he lies so open to injury; but so indolent, that if he cannot overcome this habit, all his good qualities will signify nothing at all."

Mr. Mason, in 1754, found a patron in the Earl of Holderness, who presented him with the living of *Aston*, in Yorkshire. This sequestred village was favourable to his love of poetry and picturesque scenery; which displayed itself at large in his English Garden, and was the foundation of his lasting friendship with Mr. Gilpin, who to testify his esteem, dedicated to him his *Observations on the Wye*. A biographer of the late Mr. Shore, of Norton Hall, (the friend of Priestley), thus mentions *Aston*:—"That truly conscientious, and truly learned and excellent man, Mr. Lindsey, spent a whole week in this neighbourhood. He was during that time the guest of his friend Mr. Mason, who was residing on his rectory at *Aston*, the biographer of Gray, and one whose taste, gave beauty, and poetry, celebrity, to that cheerful village." His friendship for Mr. Gray, terminated only with the life of the latter. In 1770 Mr. Mason was visited at Aston, for the last time, by him. His last letter to Mr. Mason was from Pembroke-hall, in May, 1771, and on the 31st of the next month, and at that place, this sublime genius paid the debt of nature. The following epitaph was written by Mr. Mason, and inscribed on the monument in Westminster Abbey:

No more the Grecian muse unrivall'd reigns;
To Britain let the nations homage pay:
She felt a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray.

He farther evinced his attachment to this elegant scholar by publishing his poems and letters, to which he prefixed memoirs of him. He commences the third book of his English Garden with an invocation to his memory, and records, in lofty language, his eye glistening and his accents glowing, when viewing the charms of all-majestic Nature—the heights of Skiddaw and the purple crags of Borrow-

dale. And on a rustic alcove, in the garden at Aston, which he dedicated to Mr. Gray, he inscribed this stanza from the celebrated elegy:

Here scatter'd oft, the loveliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The red-breast loves to build and warble here,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

Mr. Mason married in 1765 a most amiable woman; she fell at length into a rapid consumption, and at Bristol hot-wells she died. Gray's letter to Mr. Mason while at that place, is full of eloquence; upon which the latter observes, "I opened it almost at the precise moment when it would be necessarily most affecting. His epitaph on the monument he erected on this lady, in the Bristol cathedral, breathes such tender feeling and chaste simplicity, that it can need no apology for being noticed here:

Take, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear;
Take that best gift which heav'n so lately gave:
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form: she bow'd to taste the wave
And died. Does youth, does beauty, read the line?
Does sympathetic fears their breasts alarm?
Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine:
E'en from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.
Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee;
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move;
And if so fair, from vanity as free;
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love.
Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die,
('Twas e'en to thee) yet the dread path once trod,
Heav'n lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids "the pure in heart behold their God."

A very short time after Mrs. Mason's death, he began his

English Garden, and invokes the genius both of poetry and painting

——— that at my birth
Auspicious smil'd, and o'er my cradle dropp'd
Those magic seeds of Fancy, which produce
A Poet's feeling, and a Painter's eye.
——— with lenient smiles to deign to cheer,
At this sad hour, my desolated soul.
For deem not ye that I resume the lyre
To court the world's applause; my years mature
Have learn'd to slight the toy. No, 'tis to soothe
That agony of heart, which they alone,
Who best have lov'd, who best have been belov'd,
Can feel, or pity: sympathy severe!
Which she too felt, when on her pallid lip
The last farewell hung trembling, and bespoke
A wish to linger here, and bless the arms
She left for heav'n.—She died, and heav'n is her's!
Be mine, the pensive solitary balm
That recollection yields. Yes, angel pure!
While memory holds her seat, thine image still
Shall reign, shall triumph there; and when, as now,
Imagination forms a nymph divine,
To lead the fluent strain, thy modest blush,
Thy mild demeanour, thy unpractis'd smile,
Shall grace that nymph, and sweet Simplicity
Be dress'd (ah, meek Maria!) in thy charms.

Dr. Thomas Warton thus speaks of the above poem, when reviewing Tusser's Husbandry:—"Such were the rude beginnings in the English language of didactic poetry, which, on a kindred subject, the present age has seen brought to perfection, by the happy combination of judicious precepts, with the most elegant ornaments of language and imagery, in Mr. Mason's English Garden." His Elfrida and Caractacus, are admired for boldness of conception and

sublime description. Elfrida was set to Music by Arne, and again by Giardini. Caractacus was also set to music. Mr. Mason's success with both these dramatic poems was beyond his most sanguine expectation.

Dr. Darwin wrote an epitaph on Mr. Mason; these lines are its concluding part:

> Weave the bright wreath, to worth departed just,
> And hang unfading chaplets on his bust;
> While pale Elfrida, bending o'er his bier,
> Breathes the soft sigh and sheds the graceful tear;
> And stern Caractacus, with brow depress'd
> Clasps the cold marble to his mailed breast.
> In lucid troops shall choral virgins throng,
> With voice alternate chant their poet's song.
> And, oh! in golden characters record
> Each firm, immutable, immortal word!

"Those last two lines from the final chorus of Elfrida, (says Miss Seward), admirably close this tribute to the memory of him who stands second to Gray, as a lyric poet; whose English Garden is one of the happiest efforts of didactic verse, containing the purest elements of horticultural taste, dignified by freedom and virtue, rendered interesting by episode, and given in those energetic and undulating measures which render blank verse excellent; whose unowned satires, yet certainly his, the heroic epistle to Sir William Chambers, and its postscript, are at once original in their style, harmonious in their numbers, and pointed in their ridicule; whose tragedies are the only pathetic tragedies which have been written in our language upon the severe Greek model. The Samson Agonistes bears marks of a stronger, but also of an heavier hand, and is unquestionably less touching than the sweet Elfrida, and the sublime Caractacus."

Mr. Mason, in 1756 published four Odes. "It would be difficult to say, (says the biographer of the annual Necrology of 1797,) which is most to be admired, the vividness of the conception, or the spirit of liberty, and the ardent love of independance throughout. The address to Milton in his Ode to Memory, and to Andrew Marvel, in that to Independance, cannot be too much admired. At the period when the Middlesex election was so much agitated, he united with those independant freeholders, who, by their declarations and petitions, throughout the nation, opposed corruption, and claimed a reform in parliament; and when the county of York assembled in 1779, he was of the committee, and had a great share in drawing up their spirited resolutions. The animated vindication of the conduct of the freeholders, and other papers, though printed anonimously in the newspapers, and so printed in Mr. Wyvill's collection of political tracts, in 3 vols. are well known to be Mr. Mason's production. This conduct rendered him obnoxious to the court party. He was at this time one of the king's chaplains, but when it became his turn to preach before the royal family, the queen appointed another person to supply his place. It has been observed, that his sentiments in a later period of his life, took a colour less favourable to liberty. Whether alarmed at the march of the French revolution, or from the timidity of age, we know not. His friend Horace Walpole, charges him with flat apostacy:" The *Heroic Epistle* to Sir W. Chambers, and the *Heroic Postscript*, are now positively said to have been written by Mr. Mason. Mr. Thomas Warton observed, "they may have been written by Walpole, and buckramed by Mason."

The late Sir U. Price, in the generous and patriotic conclusion of his letter to Mr. Repton, pays a delicate compliment to the genius of Mr. Mason in whatever concerns rural scenery; and his respect for Mr. Mason, and his high

opinion of his talents, is farther shewn in pp. 295 and 371 of his first volume, and in p. 94 of vol. ii. Mr. Mathias, after supposing Mr. Mason to have been the author of the Heroic Epistle, and after paying a high compliment to his general poetry, thus concludes his generous tribute:

> Whence is that groan? no more Britannia sleeps,
> But o'er her lov'd Musæus bends and weeps.
> Lo, every Grecian, every British muse
> Scatter the recent flowers and gracious dews
> Where Mason lies!
> And in his breast each soft affection dwelt,
> That love and friendship know; each sister art,
> With all that colours, and that sounds impart,
> All that the sylvan theatre can grace,
> All in the soul of Mason found their place!
> Low sinks the laurell'd head: in Mona's land
> I see them pass, 't is Mador's drooping band,
> To harps of woe, in holiest obsequies,
> In yonder grave, they chant, our Druid lies!

Erasmus Darwin. In the life of this justly celebrated physician, by Miss Seward, she informs us, that in the year 1770, he sat to Mr. Wright of Derby; and that it was "a contemplative portrait, of the most perfect resemblance." Whether it has been engraved I know not. He was then in his thirty-eighth year. Dr. Thornton, in his superb work on botany, has given a fine portrait of Dr. Darwin, at a more advanced period of his life. It breathes intelligence in every feature, and is a masterly likeness. The late Mr. Archdeacon Clive preserved a highly-finished miniature portrait of him, which was ordered by Dr. Darwin for the express purpose of being presented to this worthy clergyman, whom he so much esteemed.*

* Mr. Clive resided at Moreton-Say, near Market-Drayton. He was a prebend of Westminster. Integrity marked every action of his life. In his village, scarcely a poor man existed. His kindness and benevolence to

Dr. Darwin published,

1. Zoonomia, or the Laws of Organic Life.

2. Phytologia, or the Philosophy of Agriculture and Gardening, 4to. 1800. "A vast field of treasured observation and scientific literature."

3. The Botanic Garden.

Lord Byron, and others, have been severe on this poem. The lines, however, on the soldier's wife and infants, after watching the battle of Minden—those animated ones to Mr. Howard—or when the mother, during the plague in London, commits her children to the grave,

the poor, could only be equalled by his friendly hospitality and kind feeling to the more affluent in his neighbourhood:

Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavour,
Follow thee up to joy and bliss for ever.

Miss Seward thus concludes one of her letters to him:—"I wish none were permitted to enter the lists of criticism but those who feel poetic beauty as keenly as yourself, and who have the same generous desire that others should feel it." I mention Mr. Clive with gratitude, from a recollection of kindnesses received from him at a very early period of my life, and which were of such a nature, as could not fail to animate the mind of a young man to studious exertions. Archdeacon Plimley (now the truly venerable Archdeacon Corbet, and who has been so long an honour to his native county), in his Agricultural Survey of Shropshire, respectfully introduces Mr. Clive's name; and when he addressed his charge to the diocese of Hereford, in 1793, one really cannot but apply to Mr. Clive, what he so eloquently enforces in that charge to each clergyman:—"to cultivate a pure spirit within their own bosoms; to be in every instance the right-hand neighbour to each parishioner; their private adviser, their public monitor, their example in christian conduct, their joy in health, their consolation in sickness." In the same vault with Mr. Archdeacon Clive, lies buried Robert

When o'er the friendless bier no rites were read,
No dirge slow chanted, and no pall outspread;

these make one gladly acknowledge, that pathetic powers were the gift of Darwin's muse. The sublimity of the following address to our *first* daring æronaut, merits insertion:

— Rise, great Mongolfier! urge thy venturous flight
High o'er the moon's pale, ice-reflected light;
High o'er the pearly star, whose beamy horn
Hangs in the east, gay harbinger of morn;
Leave the red eye of Mars on rapid wing,
Jove's silver guards, and Saturn's dusky ring;
Leave the fair beams, which issuing from afar
Play with new lustres round the Georgian star;
Shun with strong oars the sun's attractive throne,
The burning Zodiac, and the milky Zone:

Lord Clive, conqueror of *Plassy:* on whose death appeared these extempore lines, by a man of distinction, a friend to Lord Clive:—

Life's a surface, slippery, glassy,
Whereon tumbled Clive of Plassy;
All the wealth the east could give,
Brib'd not death to let him live:
There's no distinction in the grave
'Twixt the nabob and the slave.

His lordship's death, in 1774, was owing to the same cause which hastened that of the most worthy of men, Sir Samuel Romilly—from shattered and worn out nerves;—from severe study in the latter, and from the burning climate of the east in the former. Had Lord Clive lived a few years longer, he would have enriched the whole neighbourhood round his native spot. His vigorous, ardently-gifted, and penetrating mind, projected plantations and other improvements, that could only have been conceived by such minds as Olivier de Serres, or by Sully, or by our own Evelyn. He was in private life beloved. He was generous, social and friendly; and if ever charity to the poor warmed the breast of any mortal, it warmed that of Lord Clive. Few men had more kind affections than Lord Clive.

Where headlong comets with increasing force
Through other systems bend their burning course!
For thee Cassiope her chair withdraws,
For thee the Bear retracts his shaggy paws;
High o'er the north thy golden orb shall roll,
And blaze eternal round the wondering pole.*

Miss Seward, after stating that professional generosity distinguished Dr. Darwin's medical practice at Lichfield, farther says, that "diligently also did he attend to the health of the poor in that city, and afterwards at Derby, and supplied their necessities by food, and all sorts of charitable

* The following passage from a favourite book of Dr. Darwin's, (the System of Nature, by Linnæus) will well apply to that searching and penetrating mind, which so strongly possessed him through life.—"How small a part of the great works of nature is laid open to our eyes, and how many things are going on in secret which we know nothing of! How many things are there which this age first was acquainted with! How many things that we are ignorant of will come to light when all memory of us shall be no more! for nature does not at once reveal all her secrets. We are apt to look on ourselves as already admitted into the sanctuary of her temple; we are still only in the porch." How full of grace, of tenderness, and passion, is that elegy, which he composed the night he feared a life he so passionately loved (Mrs. Pole, of Radburn,) was in imminent danger, and when he dreamed she was dead:

Stretch'd on her sable bier, the grave beside,
A snow-white shroud her breathless bosom bound,
O'er her white brow the *mimic lace* was tied,
And loves, and virtues, hung their garlands round.

From these cold lips did softest accents flow?
Round that pale mouth did sweetest dimples play?
On this dull cheek the rose of beauty blow,
And those dim eyes diffuse celestial rays?

Did this cold hand unasking want relieve,
Or wake the lyre to every rapturous sound?
How sad, for other's woes, this breast could heave!
How light this heart, for other's transport, bound!

assistance. In each of those towns, *his* was the cheerful board of almost open-housed hospitality, without extravagance or pride; deeming ever the first unjust, the latter unmanly. Generosity, wit and science, were his household gods."* She again states that when he removed from Lich-

* It was at this period of his residence at Lichfield, that the present writer heard him strongly enforce the cultivation of *papaver somniferum*. What he may have also enforced to others, may possibly have given rise to some of those ingenious papers on its cultivation, which are inserted not only in the Transactions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce; in other publications, but in the first and fifth volumes of the Memoirs of the Caledonian Horticultural Society. The papers of Mr. Ball and Mr. Jones, on its cultivation, in the former of these transactions, are particularly diffuse and valuable. They are fully noticed in Dr. Thornton's "Family Herbal." The subjoined plate is a copy of that in the title page to "*Opiologia*, ou traicté concernant le naturel proprietés, vraye preparation, et seur vsage de l'opium," a favourite volume with Dr. Darwin, printed at *la Haye*, 1614, 12mo. Dr. Darwin, in his Botanical Garden, thus speaks of opium: "the finest opium is procured by wounding the heads of large poppies with a three-edged knife, and tying muscle-shells to them, to catch the drops. In small quantities it exhilirates the mind, raises the passions, and invigorates the body; in large ones, it is succeeded by intoxication, languor, stupor, and death."

field to Derby, "his renown, as a physician, still increased as time rolled on, and his mortal life declined from its noon. Patients resorted to him more and more, from every part of the kingdom, and often from the continent. All ranks, all orders of society, all religions, leaned upon his power to ameliorate disease, and to prolong existence. The rigid and sternly pious, who had attempted to renounce his aid, from a superstition that no blessing would attend the prescriptions of a sceptic, sacrificed, after a time, their superstitious scruples to their involuntary consciousness of his mighty skill." Mr. Mathias, though he severely criticizes some of Dr. Darwin's works, yet he justly calls him "this very ingenious man, and most excellent physician, for such he undoubtedly was."

From scattered passages in Miss Seward's Life of him, one can easily trace the delight he took (notwithstanding his immense professional engagements,) in the scenery of nature and gardens;—witness his frequent admiration of the tangled glen and luxuriant landscape at *Belmont*, its sombre and pathless woods, impressing us with a sense of solemn seclusion, like the solitudes of *Tinian*, or *Juan Fernandes*, with its "silent and unsullied stream," which the admirable lines he addresses to the youthful owner of that spot so purely and temperately allude to:—

O, friend to peace and virtue, ever flows
For thee my silent and unsullied stream,
Pure and untainted as thy blameless life!
Let no gay converse lead thy steps astray,
To mix my chaste wave with immodest wine,
Nor with the poisonous cup, which Chemia's hand
Deals (fell enchantress!) to the sons of folly!
So shall young Health thy daily walks attend,
Weave for thy hoary brow the vernal flower
Of cheerfulness, and with his nervous arm
Arrest th' inexorable scythe of Time.

So early, and indeed throughout his whole life, did Dr. Darwin enforce the happy consequences of temperance and sobriety; from his conviction of the pernicious effects of all kinds of intemperance on the youthful constitution. He had an absolute horror of spirits of all sorts, however diluted. Pure water was, throughout the greater part of his temperate life, his favourite beverage. He has been severely censured (no doubt very justly so), for some of his religious prejudices. Old Walter Mapes, the jovial canon of Salisbury, precentor of Lincoln, and arch-deacon of Oxford, in the eleventh century, considered *water* as fit only for *heretics*.

One may again trace his fondness for the rich scenery of nature, when he in 1777 purchased a wild umbrageous valley near Lichfield, with its mossy fountain of the purest water. This spot he fondly cultivated. The botanic skill displayed by him on this spot, did not escape the searching eye of Mr. Loudon, for in p. 807 of his Encyclop. of Gardening, he pays a deserved compliment to him.* Miss

* *Sterne* mentions a traveller who always set out with the spleen and jaundice,—"without one generous connection, or pleasurable anecdote to tell of,—travelling straight on, looking neither to his right hand or his left, lest love or pity should seduce him out of the road." Mr. Loudon seems to be a very different kind of a traveller: for his horticultural spirit and benevolent views, pervade almost every page of his late tour through *Bavaria*. One envies his feelings, too, in another rural excursion, through the romantic scenery of *Bury*, at Mr. Barclay's, and of Mr. Hope's at *Deepdene*; and particularly when he paints his own emotions on viewing the room of sculpture there. He even could not, in October last, take his rural ride from *Edgware* to *St. Alban's* without thus awakening in each traveller a love of gardens, and giving this gentle hint to an honest landlord:—"A new inn, in the outskirts of *St. Alban's*, in the *Dunstable* road, has an ample garden, not made the most of. Such a piece of ground, and a gardener of taste, would give an inn, so situated, so great a superiority, that *every one would be tempted to stop there;* but the garden of this Boniface, exhibits but the

Seward wrote some lines on this favoured valley, and these are part of them:

O! may no ruder step these bowers profane,
No midnight wassailers deface the plain;
And when the tempests of the wintry day
Blow golden autumn's varied leaves away,
Winds of the north, restrain your icy gales,
Nor chill the bosom of these hallow'd vales.

His attachment to gardens, induced him to honour the memory of Mr. Mason, by lines once intended for his monument; and he was suggesting improvements at the priory at Derby (and which he had just described the last morning of

beginning of a good idea." When travelling along our English roads, his mind no doubt frequently reverts to those road-side gardens in the Netherlands, which he thus happily adverts to in p. 32 of his Encyclopædia: "The gardens of the cottagers in these countries, are undoubtedly better managed and more productive than those of any other country; no man who has a cottage is without a garden attached; often small, but rendered useful to a poor family, by the high degree of culture given to it." Linnæus, in his eloquent oration at Upsal, enforces the pleasure of travelling in one's own country, through its fields *and roads*. Mr. Heath, the zealous and affectionate historian of Monmouth, in his account of that town and its romantic neighbourhood, (published in 1804,) omits no opportunity of noticing the many neat gardens, which add to the other rural charms of its rich scenery, thus mentions another Boniface:—"The late Thomas Moxley, who kept the public-house at Manson Cross, was a person that took great delight in fruit-trees, and had a large piece of ground let him, for the purpose of planting it with apple-trees; but his death (which followed soon after) prevented the plan from being carried to the extent he intended, though some of the land bears evidence of his zeal and labour." Mr. Heath cannot even travel on the turnpike road, from Monmouth to Hereford, without benevolently remarking, that "a number of laborious families have erected small tenements, with a garden to each, most of which are thickly planted with apple-trees, whose produce considerably adds to the owner's support."

his life in a sprightly letter to a friend), when the fatal signal was given, and a few hours after, on the 18th of April, 1802, and in his sixty-ninth year, he sunk into his chair and expired. "Thus in one hour (says his affectionate biographer) was extinguished that vital light, which the preceding hour had shone in flattering brightness, promising duration; (such is often *the cunning flattery of nature)*, that light, which through half a century, had diffused its radiance and its warmth so widely; that light in which penury had been cheered, in which science had expanded; to whose orb poetry had brought all her images; before whose influence disease had continually retreated, and death so often turned aside his levelled dart!"* That Dr. Darwin, as to his religious principles or prejudices, displayed great errors of judgment in his *Zoonomia*, there can be no doubt. An eminent champion of christianity, truly observed, that Dr. Darwin "was acquainted with more links in the chain of *second* causes, than had probably been known to any individual, who went before him; but that he dwelt so much, and so *exclusively* on second causes, that he too generally seems to have forgotten that there is a first." For

* Of this celebrated biographer of Dr. Darwin (whose Verses to the Memory of Mr. Garrick, and whose Monody on Captain Cook, will live as long as our language is spoken,) Sir W. Scott thus describes his first personal interview with:—"Miss Seward, when young, must have been exquisitely beautiful; for, in advanced age, the regularity of her features, the fire and expression of her countenance, gave her the appearance of beauty, and almost of youth. Her eyes were auburn, of the precise shade and hue of her hair, and possessed great expression. In reciting, or in speaking with animation, they appeared to become darker; and, as it were, to flash fire. I should have hesitated to state the impression which this peculiarity made upon me at the time, had not my observation been confirmed by that of the first actress of this or any other age, with whom I lately happened to converse on our deceased friend's expressive powers of countenance."

these errors he must long since have been called to his account, before one who can appreciate those errors better than we can. Though the *Accusing Spirit* must have blushed when he gave them in, yet, let us hope, that the *Recording Angel*, out of mercy to his humane heart, and his many good and valuable qualities, may have blotted them out for ever.

Rev. William Gilpin, who, as Mr. Dallaway, in his Observations on the Arts, observes, "possesses unquestionably the happy faculty to paint with words;" and who farther highly compliments him in his supplementary chapter on Modern Gardening, annexed to his enriched edition of Mr. Walpole's Anecdotes. The Topographer says he "describes with the language of a master, the artless scenes of uncultivated nature." Mr. Walpole in his postscript to his Catalogue of Engravers, after premising, that it might, perhaps, be worth while "to melt down this volume and new cast it," pays this tribute to him: "Were I of authority sufficient to name my successor, or could prevail on him to condescend to accept an office which he could execute with more taste and ability; from whose hands could the public receive so much information and pleasure as from the author of the *Essay on Prints*, and from the *Tours*, &c.? And when was the public ever instructed by the pen and pencil at once, with equal excellence in the style of both, but by Mr. Gilpin?"

Had Mr. Gilpin written nothing more than his "Lectures on the Catechism," that alone would have conferred on him the name of a meritorious writer. His allusion to Plato, his reflections on the Last Judgment, his animated address to youth, and his conclusion of his sixteenth lecture, must strike deep into the heart of every reader. His "Sermons preached

to a Country Congregation," prove him a pious, charitable, and valuable man.*

The glowing imagery of his style, when viewing the beautiful scenery in many parts of England, and some of the vast and magnificent ones of Scotland, is fraught with many fervid charms. Still we are forced to join Mr. Mathias, in the remonstrance he so justly makes as to the jargonic conceit of some of his language. Mr. Gilpin's first work on picturesque beauty, was his Observations on the River Wye, made in the year 1770. He afterwards published :

Forest Scenery—Picturesque Beauties of the Highlands—Mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland—Western parts of England—Cambridge, Norfolk, Suffolk and Essex —Hampshire, Sussex and Kent. Three Essays, on Picturesque Beauty, on Picturesque Travel, and on Sketching Landscape, to which is added, a poem on Landscape Painting. A full account of his numerous works may be seen in Watts's Bibl. Brit. A complete list of them is also given by Mr. Nichols, in vol. i. of his Illustrations, with a brief memoir. Mr. Johnson also gives a list of such of his works as relate to picturesque scenery, with their titles at large. His portrait was painted by Walton, and engraved in metz by Clint.

* From one of these pleasing sermons I extract these few lines:— "Among the most pleasing sights of a country village, is that of a father and mother, followed by their family of different ages, issuing from their little dwelling on a Sunday morning, as the bell tolls to church. The children, with their ruddy, wholesome looks, are all neat and clean. Their behaviour at church shews what an impression their parents have given them of the holiness of the place, and of the duties they have to perform. Though unregarded, as they return home, by their richer neighbours, they carry back with them to their humble cottage the blessing of God.—Pious parents! lead on your children from church to heaven. You are in the right road. Your heavenly father sees your hearts."

James Anderson published the following works; and I have given the price of such of them as appeared in the late Mr. Harding's Agricultural Catalogue:—

1. The Bee, or Literary Intelligencer, 18 vols. 8vo. *Edinb.* 1791.

2. Recreations in Agriculture, Natural History, Arts and Miscellaneous Literature, 6 vols. 8vo. *Lond.* 3*l.* 10s.

3. Essays relating to Agriculture and Rural Affairs, 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 7s.

4. Practical Treatise on draining Bogs, 8vo. 6s.

5. Practical Treatise on Peat Moss, 8vo. 5s.

6. On Lime as a Cement and Manure, 8vo. 2s. 6d.

7. An Account of the different kinds of Sheep found in the Russian Dominions, and amongst the Tartar Hordes, 8vo. 6s.

8. Investigation of the Causes of Scarcity of 1800. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

9. Miscellaneous Thoughts on Planting Timber Trees, chiefly for the climate of Scotland, by Agricola, 8vo. *Edinb.* 1777.

10. Description of a Patent Hot-house, 1804. 12mo. 5s.

In "Public Characters of 1800 and 1801," a portrait is given of him, a list of his works, and it thus speaks of him: "The manners of this ingenious and very useful man were

plain and frank, an indication of an honest and good heart. He was benevolent and generous, a tender parent, and a warm friend, and very highly respected in the circle of his acquaintance." There is a portrait of him, painted by Anderson, and engraved by Ridley. A copy is given in the Mirror, (published by Vernon and Hood), of Nov. 1799. Another is given in the Gentleman's Magazine. He died at West Ham, Essex, in 1808, aged 69. Mr. Lysons, in the Supplement to his Environs of London, gives a few particulars of him.

Horace Walpole. He was the youngest son of Sir Robert Walpole, who so long guided the destinies of England, and whose attractive and benevolent private life, seems to have fully merited the praise of Pope's elegant muse:

Seen him I have; but in his happier hour
Of social pleasure,—ill exchang'd for power—
Seen him uncumber'd with the venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe.

The best portraits of this intelligent and acute writer, Horace Walpole, are the portrait in Mr. Dallaway's richly decorated edition of the Anecdotes of Painting, from Sir Joshua Reynolds, and that in Mr. Cadell's Contemporary Portraits, from Lawrence. Dance also drew him. Another portrait is prefixed to the ninth volume of his works, in 4to. 1825, from a picture in the possession of the Marquis of Hertford. There is another portrait, engraved by Pariset, from Falconot. Mr. Walpole died in March, 1797, at his favourite seat at Strawberry-hill, at the age of eighty. His manners were highly polished, from his having, during the course of a long life, frequented the first societies. His conversation abounded with interesting anecdote and playful wit. Felicity of narration, and liveliness of expression, mark his graceful

pen. The Prince de Ligne (a perfect judge) thus speaks of his *History of the Modern Taste in Gardening*:—" Je n'en admire pas moins l'eloquence, et la profondeur, de son ouvrage sur les jardins." Mr. Walpole himself says:—" 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."

Sir U. Price, in vol. i. p. 18 of his Essays, pays high respect to Mr. Walpole, and differs from him " with great deference and reluctance." He observes:—" I can hardly think it necessary to make any excuse for calling Lord Orford, Mr. Walpole; it is the name by which he is best known in the literary world, and to which his writings have given a celebrity much beyond what any hereditary honour can bestow." Mr. Johnson observes:—" To his sketch of the improvements introduced by Bridgman and Kent, and those garden artists, their immediate successors, we may afford the best praise; he appears to be a faithful, and is, an eloquent annalist." It is impossible to pass by this tribute, without reminding my reader, that Mr. Johnson's own review of our ornamental gardening, is energetic and luminous; as is indeed the whole of his comprehensive general review of gardening, from the earliest period, down to the close of the last century.

The Hon. Daines Barrington. He devoted himself to literary pursuits; was a profound antiquary, and a truly worthy man. He died in 1800, aged 73, at his chambers in the Temple, and was buried in the Temple church. The attractive improvements in the gardens there, may be said to have originated with him. He possibly looked on them as classic ground; for in these gardens, the proud Somerset

vowed to dye their white rose to a bloody red, and Warwick prophesied that their brawl

> ——— in the Temple garden,
> Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
> A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

He published,

1. Observations on the more Ancient Statutes, 4to. To the 5th edition of which, in 1796, is prefixed his portrait.

2. The Naturalist's Calendar, 8vo.

3. A translation of Orosius, ascribed to Alfred, with notes, 8vo.

4. Tracts on the probability of reaching the North Pole, 4to.

5. In vol. vii. of the Archæologia, is his paper On the Progress of Gardening. It was printed as a separate tract by Mr. Nichols, price 1s. 6d.

6. Miscellanies on various subjects, 4to.

Mr. Nichols, in his Life of Bowyer, calls him " a man of amiable character, polite, communicative and liberal;" and in the fifth volume of his Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century, he gives a neatly engraved portrait of Mr. Barrington, and some memorials or letters of his. Mr. Boswell (" the cheerful, the pleasant, the inimitable biographer of his illustrious friend"), thus relates Dr. Johnson's wish to become acquainted with Mr. Barrington:—" Soon after he had published his excellent Observations on the

Statutes, Johnson waited on that worthy and learned gentleman, and having told him his name, courteously said, 'I have read your book, Sir, with great pleasure, and wish to be better known to you.' Thus began an acquaintance which was continued with mutual regard as long as Johnson lived." John Harris, Esq. the learned author of Philological Enquiries, thus speaks of Mr. Barrington's Observations on the Statutes: – "a valuable work, concerning which it is difficult to decide, whether it is more entertaining or more instructive."

Joseph Cradock, Esq. whose "Village Memoirs" display his fine taste in landscape gardening. This feeling and generous-minded man, whose gentle manners, polite learning, and excellent talents, entitled him to an acquaintance with the first characters of the age, died in 1826, at the great age of eighty-five. This classical scholar and polished gentleman, who had (as a correspondent observes in the Gentleman's Magazine for January, 1827) "the habit of enlivening and embellishing every thing which he said with a certain lightning of eye and honied tone of voice," shone in the first literary circles, and ranked as his intimate and valued friends (among many other enlightened persons), David Garrick, and Warburton, Hurd, Johnson, Goldsmith, Percy, and Parr. Dr. Johnson called him "a very pleasing gentleman." Indeed, he appears from every account to have been in all respects an amiable and accomplished person. He had the honour of being selected to dance a minuet with the most graceful of all dancers, Mrs. Garrick, at the Stratford Jubilee. It was to Mr. Cradock, that Dr. Farmer addressed his unanswerable Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare. In acts of humanity and kindness, he was surpassed by few. Pope's line of *the gay conscience of a life well spent*, might well have been applied to Mr. Cradock. When in Leices-

tershire, "he was respected by people of all parties for his worth, and idolized by the poor for his benevolence." This honest and honourable man, depicted his own mind in the concluding part of his inscription, for the banks of the lake he formed in his romantic and picturesque grounds, in that county:—

Here on the bank Pomona's blossoms glow,
And finny myriads sparkle from below;
Here let the mind at peaceful anchor rest,
*And heaven's own sunshine cheer the guiltless breast.**

In 1773 he partly took his "Zobeide" from an unfinished tragedy by Voltaire. On sending a copy to Ferney, the enlightened veteran thus concluded his answer: "You have done too much honour to an old sick man of eighty. I am, with the most sincere esteem and gratitude,

"Sir, your obedient servant,

"VOLTAIRE."†

I cannot refrain from adding a short extract from the above quoted magazine, as it brings to one's memory another much esteemed and worthy man:—"Here, perhaps, it may be allowable to allude to the sincere attachment between Mr. Cradock, and his old friend Mr. Nichols. For very

* Mr. Cradock published in 8vo. in 1777, price 2s. 6d. an account of some of the most remarkable places in North Wales.

† Mons. de Voltaire was so charmed with the taste and talents, and polite engaging manners of La Fage, that he paid him the following compliment; which may very justly be applied to Mr. Cradock:

Il reçut deux presens des Dieux,
Les plus charmans qu'ils puissent faire;
L'un étoit le talent de plaire,
L'autre le secret d'être heureux.

many years Mr. Nichols had been accustomed to pay Mr. Cradock an annual visit at Gumley Hall; but on Mr. Cradock settling in London, the intercourse became incessant, and we doubt not that the daily correspondence which took place between them, contributed to cheer the latter days of these two veterans in literature. They had both of them in early life enjoyed the flattering distinction of an intimacy with the same eminent characters; and to hear the different anecdotes elicited in their animated conversations respecting Johnson and others, was indeed an intellectual treat of no ordinary description. Mr. Cradock and Mr. Nichols possessed a similarity in taste and judgment. They were both endowed with peculiar quickness of comprehension, and with powers and accuracy of memory rarely equalled." One may say of the liberal minded Mr. Nichols, what Mr. Murphy said of Dr. Johnson, that his love of literature was a passion that stuck to his last stand. The works of Mr. Cradock have, since his decease, been published by Mr. J. B. Nichols, in 4 vols. 8vo. They contain his Essay on Gardening and Village Memoirs. They are enriched by a miniature portrait of him, by Hone, in 1764, when Mr. Cradock was in his prime of life, in his twenty-second year, and when his piercing eyes and intelligent countenance, were thought to have resembled those of Mr. Garrick. There is also a profile shade of Mr. Cradock, taken of him only a month before his decease. In the above quoted magazine, is a copy of this profile, with a memoir.

Sir Joseph Banks. There is a fine portrait of him by Russel, engraved by Collyer. In Mr. Cadell's Contemporary Portraits is another fine one, from the pencil of Lawrence. His portrait is preserved by the Horticultural Society of London, and in the British Museum is his bust, chiselled and presented by the Hon. Mrs. Damer. A good copy of the engraving by Collyer is in the European Magazine for

Feb. 1795, and from the memoir there given I select the following:

"If to support the dignity of the first literary society in the world, and by firmness and candour to conciliate the regard of its members; if rejecting the allurements of dissipation, to explore sciences unknown, and to cultivate the most manly qualities of the human heart; if to dispense a princely fortune in the enlargement of science, the encouragement of genius, and the alleviation of distress, be circumstances which entitle any one to a more than ordinary share of respect, few will dispute the claim of the person whose portrait ornaments the present magazine. . . . In short, he is entitled to every praise that science, liberality, and intelligence can bestow on their most distinguished favourites."

Dr. Pulteney, in his handsome dedication of his Sketches on the progress of Botany, to Sir Joseph, thus alludes to his voyage with Cook:—"To whom could a work of this nature with so much propriety be addressed, as to him who had not only relinquished, for a series of years, all the allurements that a polished nation could display to opulence; but had exposed himself to numberless perils, and the repeated risk of life itself, that he might attain higher degrees of that knowledge, which these sketches are intended to communicate."

The Academy of Sciences at Dijon, in their "Notice sur Sir Jos. Banks," thus apostrophizes his memory:—"Ombre de Banks! apparois en ce lieu consacré au culte des sciences et des lettres; viens occuper la place que t'y conservent les muses, accepter les couronnes qu'elles-mêmes t'ont tressées! viens recevoir le tribut de nos sentimens, témoignage sincère de notre douleur et de not regrets; et par le souvenir de tes

vertus, viens enflammer nos cœurs de cet amour pour le bien, qui fut le mobile de toutes tes actions!"*

Mr. Johnson, in his History of English Gardening, justly calls him "This universal patron of the arts and sciences. Natural history was the favourite of his scientific studies, and every part of it was enriched by his researches." He again hails him as "a munificent friend of science and literature." The name of Banks will always be associated with that of Solander, the favourite pupil of Linnæus, and with that of the immortal Cook. De Lille closes his *Jardins* with a most generous and animated invocation to the memory of this intrepid navigator.

William Falconer. The portrait of this eminent physician of Bath, is engraved by Fitler, from a painting by Daniel, of Bath, in 1791. It is prefixed to his "Influence of the Passions upon Disorders." He died in August, 1824, at the age of eighty-one. He published,

1. Essay on the Preservation of the Health of Persons employed in Agriculture, 1s. Bath, 1789.

2. Miscellaneous Tracts relating to Natural History; selected from the principal writers of antiquity. 1793. 4to.

3. Remarks on the Influence of Climate, Situation, Na-

* The Quarterly Review for April, 1821, observes, that "The total number of exotics, introduced into this country, appears to be 11,970, of which the first forty-seven species, including the orange, apricot, pomegranate, &c. were introduced previously or during the reign of Henry VIII., and no fewer than 6756 in the reign of George III. For this proud accession to our exotic botany in the last century, the public are chiefly indebted to Sir Joseph Banks, and Messrs. Lee and Kennedy, of the Hammersmith nursery."

ture of Country, &c. The Encyclop. of Gardening calls this "a most interesting work." A writer in the New Monthly Mag. says "it displays an almost unlimited extent of learning and research.

4. An Historical View of the Taste for Gardening and Laying out Grounds among the Nations of Antiquity. 8vo. 1s. 6d. 1783. *Dilly.*

A list of his other works (nearly twenty in number), may be seen in the Dictionary of Living Authors, or in vol. xii. of the New Monthly Mag.; which last work says that the late Lord Thurlow, at whose table he was almost a constant guest, declared that "he never saw such a man; that he knew every thing, and knew it better than any one else." Neither this last publication, nor Dr. Watts in his Bibl. Brit. mention Dr. Falconer's Historical View of the Taste for Gardening.

William Curtis. This honest, much-esteemed, and inoffensive man, though so deservedly eminent as a botanist, published only the following work on horticulture:—"Directions for Cultivating the Crambe Maritima, or Sea-kale for the Use of the Table." A new edition, enlarged, with three engravings. 2s. 6d. Mr. Loudon says, that this pamphlet has done more to recommend the culture of *sea-kale* and diffuse the knowledge of it, than all his predecessors. Nearly three pages of the Encyclopædia are enriched with the result of all that has appeared on the cultivation of this vegetable by English, Scotch, or French writers.

The botanical works of Mr. Curtis have long been held in high esteem. The first number of his Flora Londinensis appeared in 1777. He commenced his Botanical Magazine in 1787. His Observations on British Grasses, appeared in

a second edition, with coloured plates, in 1790. His Lectures were published after his death, to which is prefixed his portrait. His portrait is also given in Dr. Thornton's Botany. He died in 1799, was buried in Battersea churchyard, and on his grave-stone these lines are inscribed:—

While living herbs shall spring profusely wild,
Or gardens cherish all that's sweet and gay,
So long thy works shall please, dear nature's child,
So long thy memory suffer no decay.

Thomas Martyn, Professor of Botany at Cambridge, whose striking portrait, from a picture by Russel, appears in Dr. Thornton's superb work on botany. He died in June, 1825, in the ninetieth year of his age. His edition of Miller's Gardener's Dictionary, appeared in 4 vols. folio. Mr. Johnson observes, that this work "requires no comment. It is a standard, practical work, never to be surpassed." Mr. Martyn also published *Flora Rustica*, a description of plants, useful or injurious in husbandry, *with coloured plates*, 4 vols. 8vo.

Sir W. Chambers. There are portraits of him by Sir J. Reynolds, engraved by Collyer and by Green; one by Cotes, engraved by Houston, in 1772; and a profile by Pariset, after a drawing by Falconot. He died in 1796, aged sixty-nine. He published,

1. Designs for Chinese Buildings.

2. Plans and Views of the Buildings and Gardens at Kew.

3. A Dissertation on Oriental Gardening, second edition, with additions. To which is annexed an Explanatory Dis-

course, 4to. 1773. This work gave rise to those smart satires, *An Heroic Epistle*, and *An Heroic Postscript*.

Humphrey Repton, Esq. His portrait is prefixed to his Observations on the Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening, folio. 1803. He also published on this subject:

1. Letter to U. Price, Esq. on Landscape Gardening, 8vo. 1794.

2. Sketches and Hints on Landscape Gardening, folio, 1795.

3. Enquiry into the Changes in Landscape Gardening, 8vo. 1806.

4. On the Introduction of Indian Architecture and Gardening, folio, 1808.

5. On the supposed Effect of Ivy upon Trees. A charming little essay inserted in the *Linn. Trans.* vol. xi.

6. Fragments on the Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening, 4to. 1816. In p. 80 of the Encyclop. of Gardening, is some general information respecting Mr. Repton.

William Forsyth, Esq. His portrait is prefixed to the seventh edition of his Treatise on the Culture and Management of Fruit Trees, 8vo. 1824; also to the 4to. edition of the same work in 1802. He also published Observations on the diseases, defects, and injuries in all kinds of Fruit and Forest Trees, with an account of a particular method of cure, 8vo. 1791. Mr. Forsyth died in 1804.

Mr. James Dickson, who established the well-known seed

and herb shop in Covent-garden, and died at the age of eighty-six, a few years ago, appears to have been very much esteemed. His family at Croydon possess his portrait, and there is another preserved by the Horticultural Society. He married for his second wife a sister of the intrepid traveller Mungo Park. Mr. Dickson, when searching for plants in the Hebrides, in 1789, was accompanied by him. Handsome mention is made of Mr. Dickson in the Life of Mungo Park, prefixed to the "Journal of a Mission to the Interior of Africa." In the above life, the friendly and generous assistance which Sir Joseph Banks shewed both to Mr. Dickson, and to Mungo Park, is very pleasingly recorded. A memoir of Mr. Dickson is given in the 5th vol. of the Hort. Transactions. He published, Fasciculus Plantarum Cryptog. Brit. 4 parts 4to. 1785-1801.

Richard Payne Knight, Esq. author of The Landscape, a didactic poem, 4to. 1794. A second edition, *with a preface*, appeared in 4to. in 1795. This poem is the only production of Mr. Knight, on the subject of landscape scenery, except his occasional allusions thereto, in his Analytical Enquiry into the Principles of Taste, the second edition of which appeared in 8vo. in 1805. This latter work embraces a variety of subjects, and contains many energetic pages, particularly those on Homer, and on the English drama. His philosophical survey of human life "in its last stages," (at p. 461), and where he alludes to "the hooks and links which hold the affections of age," is worthy of all praise; it is deep, solemn, and affecting. The other publications of this gentleman are enumerated in Dr. Watts's Bibl. Brit. Mr. Knight, in his Landscape, after invoking the genius of Virgil, in reference to his

> ——— *O qui me gelidis in vallibus Hœmi*
> *Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ,*

thus proceeds, after severely censuring Mr. *Browne*, who

—— bade the stream 'twixt banks close shaved to glide ;
Banish'd the thickets of high-bowering wood,
Which hung, reflected o'er the glassy flood :
Where screen'd and shelter'd from the heats of day,
Oft on the moss-grown stone reposed I lay,
And tranquil view'd the limpid stream below,
Brown with o'er hanging shade, in circling eddies flow.
Dear peaceful scenes, that now prevail no more,
Your loss shall every weeping muse deplore !
Your poet, too, in one dear favour'd spot,
Shall shew your beauties are not quite forgot :
Protect from all the sacrilegious waste
Of false improvement, and pretended taste,
*One tranquil vale !** where oft, from care retir'd
He courts the muse, and thinks himself inspired,
Lulls busy thought, and rising hope to rest,
And checks each wish that dares his peace molest.

After scorning " wisdom's solemn empty toys," he proceeds :

Let me, retir'd from business, toil, and strife,
Close amidst books and solitude my life ;

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* The invocation to this Vale, reminds one of Mr. Repton's description : —" Downton Vale, near Ludlow, one of the most beautiful and romantic valleys that the imagination can conceive. It is impossible by description to convey an idea of its natural charms, or to do justice to that taste which has displayed these charms to the greatest advantage,

With art clandestine, and conceal'd design.

A narrow, wild, and natural path, sometimes creeps under the beetling rock, close by the margin of a mountain stream. It sometimes ascends to an awful precipice, from whence the foaming waters are heard roaring in the dark abyss below, or seen wildly dashing against its opposite banks ; while, in other places, the course of the river *Teme* being impeded by natural ledges of rock, the vale presents a calm, glassy mirror, that reflects the surrounding foliage. The path, in various places, crosses the water by bridges of the most romantic and contrasted forms ; and, branching in various directions, including some miles in length, is occasionally varied and enriched by caves and cells, hovels, and covered seats, or other buildings, in perfect harmony with the wild but pleasing horrors of the scene."

Beneath yon high-brow'd rocks in thickets rove,
Or, meditating, wander through the grove;
Or, from the cavern, view the noontide beam
Dance on the rippling of the lucid stream,
While the wild woodbine dangles o'er my head,
And various flowers around their fragrance spread.
* * * * *
Then homeward as I sauntering move along,
The nightingale begins his evening song;
Chanting a requiem to departed light,
That smooths the raven down of sable night.

After an animated tribute to *Homer*, he reviews the rising and the slumbering, or drooping of the arts, midst storms of war, and gloomy bigotry.

Hail, arts divine!—still may your solace sweet
Cheer the recesses of my calm retreat;
And banish every mean pursuit, that dares
Cloud life's serene with low ambitious cares.
Vain is the pomp of wealth: its splendid halls,
And vaulted roofs, sustain'd by marble walls.—
In beds of state pale sorrow often sighs,
Nor gets relief from gilded canopies:
But arts can still new recreation find,
To soothe the troubles of th' afflicted mind;
Recall the ideal work of ancient days,
And man in his own estimation raise;
Visions of glory to his eyes impart,
And cheer with conscious pride his drooping heart.

After a review of our several timber trees, and a tribute to our native streams, and woods; and after describing in happy lines *Kamtschatka's* dreary coast, he concludes his poem with reflections on the ill-fated *Queen of France*, whose

Waning beauty, in the dungeon's gloom,
Feels, yet alive, the horrors of the tomb!

Mr. Knight's portrait, painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, is preserved at Downton Castle, near Ludlow; and is engraved among Cadell's Contemporary Portraits. It is also engraved by Bromley, from the same painter. Another portrait was in the library of the late Mr. Johnes, at Havod.

Dr. Andrew Duncan. He died at Edinburgh in June 1828, at the great age of eighty-four. His portrait was drawn by Raiburn, and engraved by Mitchell. He was a contemporary of several eminent persons, whose society and friendship formed one of the chief pleasures of his life. There was scarcely an institution proposed for the benefit of his native city, Edinburgh, to which his name will not be found a contributor. He was, in fact, the patron and benefactor of all public charities. In 1809 he projected, and by his exertions, succeeded in establishing, the Horticultural Society of Edinburgh. His animated and scientific discourses, delivered at the meetings of the Caledonian Horticultural Society, will always be perused with eager pleasure by every horticulturist. In that delivered in December, 1814, and inserted in the fifth number of their Memoirs, this zealous well-wisher of his native city, thus exults:— "I am now, gentlemen, past the seventieth year of my age, and I have been a steady admirer both of Flora and Pomona from the very earliest period of my youth. During a pretty long life, it has been my lot to have had opportunities of visiting gardens in three different quarters of the globe, in Europe, in Asia, and in Africa; and from what I have seen, I am decidedly of opinion, that at the present day, there is not a large city in the world, which enjoys a supply of vegetable food in more abundance, in greater variety, or in higher excellence, than the city of Edinburgh. From the potatoe to the pine-apple,—from the most useful to the most delicious productions of the vegetable kingdom, we are not at present outdone, as far as my observation goes, by

any large city on the face of the earth." His medical talents may well be believed not to have been small, when it is told, that he was the rival in practice, and by no means an unsuccessful one, of the illustrious Cullen, of the Monros, and of Gregory. In private life, Dr. Duncan was eminently distinguished for his sociality, and the desire to benefit all mankind. He was a member of several social clubs. His favourite amusement was *gardening*. He possessed a garden in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, which he cultivated entirely with his own hands, and on the door of which was placed, in conspicuous letters, '*hinc salus*.' He was particularly kind to the students attending his lectures, and gave a tea-drinking every Sunday evening to about a dozen of them, by rotation, who assembled at six o'clock and went away at eight. When old, he used sometimes to forget the lapse of time, and in his lectures, frequently spoke about the *late* Mr. Haller, who lived a century before. To the last year of his life he never omitted going up, on the morning of the 1st of May, to wash his face in the dew of the summit of a mountain near Edinburgh, called Arthur's Seat. He had the merit of being the father of the present Dr. Duncan, the celebrated author of the Edinburgh Dispensatory, and professor of materia medica. Dr. Duncan's funeral was properly made a public one, at which the professors, magistrates, and medical bodies of Edinburgh attended, to testify their sorrow and respect.

Sir Uvedale Price. His portrait was taken by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and is now at Foxley.* The Hereford Jour-

* Foxley, this far-famed seat of dignified and benevolent retirement, has on many occasions become interesting. I will merely mention one. It gave a peaceful asylum to Benjamin Stillingfleet, when his mind was depressed by disappointment. The then owner, Robert Price, Esq. and his mild and amiable lady, both kindly pressed him to become an inmate of their domestic retreat, that his health might be restored, and his mind

nal of Wednesday, September 16, 1829, thus relates his decease:—"On Monday last died, at Foxley, in this county, Sir Uvedale Price, Bart. in the eighty-third year of his age. The obituary of 1829 will not record a name more gifted or more dear! In a county where he was one of the oldest, as well as one of the most constant of its inhabitants, it were superfluous to enumerate his many claims to distinction and regret. His learning, his sagacity, his exquisite taste, his indefatigable ardour, would have raised to eminence a man much less conspicuous by his station in life, by his correspondence with the principal literati of Europe, and by the attraction and polish of his conversation and manners. Possessing his admirable faculties to so venerable an age, we

calmed; and though he modestly refused being a constant intruder, yet he took up his residence in a cottage near them, and delighted to pass his leisure hours in their happy domestic circle, "blending his studious pursuits, with rural occupations," and particularly with gardening. No doubt, to this protecting kindness, may, on this spot, have been imbibed his great veneration for Theophrastus; and here he must have laid the foundation of those attainments, which, during the future periods of his life, obtained for him the high approbation of the justly celebrated Mrs. Montagu, who, in her letters, speaks of "this invaluable friend," in the highest possible terms of praise. In this peaceful and consoling retreat, was written his original and masterly tribute to the talents of Xenophon; and here was first kindled his deep enthusiastic zeal for the classic authors of antiquity; and the materials for his then intended edition of Milton (who he says equalled all the ancients whom he imitated; the sublimity of Homer, the majesty of Sophocles, the softness of Theocritus, and the gaiety of Anacreon,) enriched with parallel passages from holy writ, the classics, and the early Italian poets; and here he composed his matchless treatise on the power and principles of Tartini's music (for it seems Mr. Price himself "was a master of the art.") Here too, most probably, he sketched, or first gathered, his early memoranda towards his future general history of husbandry, from the earliest ages of the world to his own time; and fostered a devoted zeal for Linnæus, which produced that spirited eulogium on him, which pervades the preface to his translation of "Miscellaneous Tracts on Natural History."

must deplore that a gentleman who conferred such honour on our county is removed from that learned retirement in which he delighted, and from that enchanting scene which, in every sense, he so greatly adorned. He is succeeded in his title by his only son, now Sir Robert Price, one of our representatives."

Sir Uvedale published the following:

1. An Essay on the Picturesque, as compared with the Sublime and Beautiful, and on the use of studying pictures for the purpose of improving real landscape, 8vo. 1794. This volume was afterwards published in 1796, in 8vo. with *considerable additions*, and in 1798 was published at *Hereford* a second volume, being an Essay on Artificial Water, an Essay on Decorations near the House, and an Essay on Architecture and Buildings as connected with Scenery.

2. A Letter to H. Repton, Esq. on the application of the practice and principles of Landscape Painting to Landscape Gardening. Intended as a supplement to the Essays. To which is prefixed Mr. Repton's Letter to Mr. Price. Lond. 1795, 8vo. Second edition, *Hereford*, 1798, 8vo. This is a sportive display of pleasant wit, polished learning, and deep admiration of the great landscape painters. Keen as some of his pages are, and lamenting that there should have been any controversy (" or tilting at each other's breasts,") on the subject of Launcelot Browne's works, " I trust, (says he,) however, that my friends will vouch for me, that whatever sharpness there may be in my style, there is no rancour in my heart." Mr. Repton in his Enquiry into the Changes of Landscape Gardening, acknowledges " the elegant and gentleman-like manner in which Mr. Price has examined my opinions." Indeed, many pages in this present letter shew this.

3. A Dialogue on the distinct Characters of the Picturesque and the Beautiful, in answer to the objections of Mr. Knight, 1801, 8vo.*

A general review of Sir Uvedale's ideas on this subject, is candidly given by Mr. Loudon at p. 78 of his Encyclop. after a mature study of *all* the modern writers who have endeavoured to form " a taste for the harmony and connection of natural scenery." Mr. Loudon farther calls him " the great reformer of landscape gardening."

We have to regret, that though so many springs must have cheered the long life of Sir Uvedale Price, (and which he calls the *dolce prima vera, gioventū dell' anno*, and whose blossoms, flowers, and " profusion of fresh, gay, and beautiful colours and sweets," he so warmly dwelt on in many of his pages,) and though the number of these springs must have nearly equalled those which gilded the days of Lord Kames, of the honourable Horace Walpole, of Mr. Gilpin, and of Joseph Cradock, Esq. yet we have to regret that his classic pen has presented to the public no other efforts of his genius and cultivated taste, than the few respectable ones above stated. Had he chose to have indulged his own powers in describing what has been done towards " embel-

* Sir Uvedale, about fifty years ago, translated *Pausanias* from the Greek. One may judge of the feeling with which he dwelt on the pages of this book, by what he says of that nation in vol. i. p. 65 of his Essays, where he speaks of being struck with the extreme richness of some of the windows of our cathedrals and ruined abbeys: " I hope it will not be supposed, that by admiring the picturesque circumstances of the Gothic, I mean to undervalue the symmetry and beauty of Grecian buildings: whatever comes to us from the Greeks, has an irresistible claim to our admiration; that distinguished people seized on the true points both of beauty and grandeur in all the arts, and their architecture has justly obtained the same high pre-eminence as their sculpture, poetry, and eloquence."

lishing the face of this noble kingdom," (to quote his own words,) we might have perused descriptive pages equal to his own critical and refined review of Blenheim, or of Powis Castle, and of a character as high and pure, as those of Thomas Whateley. In proof of this, we need only refer to many pages in his Essays,—not only when he so well paints the charms of sequestered nature, whether in its deep recesses, *o'er canopied with luscious eglantine*,—in the "modest and retired character of a brook,"—the rural simplicity of a cottage, with its lilacs and fruit trees, its rustic porch, covered with vine or ivy, but when he dwells on the ruins and on "the religious calm" of our abbeys,* or on our old mansion-houses, with their terraces, their summer-houses covered with ivy, and mixed with wild vegetation. And we need farther only to refer to those feeling pages in his second volume, where he laments that his own youth and inexperience should (in order to follow the silly folly of *being in the fashion*,) have doomed to sudden and total destruction an old paternal garden, with all its embellishments, and whose destruction revives in these pages all the emotions of his youth; and he concludes these pages of regret, by candidly confessing, that he gained little but "much difficulty, expence and dirt," and that he thus detains his readers in relating what so personally concerns himself, "because there is nothing so

* On the pomp of devotion in our ancient abbeys, Mr. R. P. Knight thus interests his readers, in the chapter "Of the Sublime and Pathetic," in the Inquiry into the principles of Taste:—"Every person who has attended the celebration of high mass, at any considerable ecclesiastical establishment, must have felt how much the splendour and magnificence of the Roman Catholic worship tends to exalt the spirit of devotion, and to inspire the soul with rapture and enthusiasm. Not only the impressive melody of the vocal and instrumental music, and the imposing solemnity of the ceremonies, but the pomp and brilliancy of the sacerdotal garments, and the rich and costly decorations of the altar, raise the character of religion, and give it an air of dignity and majesty unknown to any of the reformed churches."

useful to others, however humiliating to ourselves, as the frank confession of our errors and of their causes. No man can equally with the person who committed them, impress upon others the extent of the mischief done, and the regret that follows it." It is painful to quit pages so interesting as those that immediately follow this quotation.*

* In p. 130 and 179 of vol. ii. he thus adverts to the effects of the levelling system of Launcelot Browne :—" From this influence of fashion, and the particular influence of Mr. Browne, models of old gardens are in this country still scarcer in nature than in painting ; and therefore what good parts there may be in such gardens, whether proceeding from original design, or from the changes produced by time and accident, can no longer be observed; and yet, from these specimens of ancient art, however they may be condemned as old fashioned, many hints might certainly be taken, and blended with such modern improvements as really deserve the name."— " Were my arguments in favour of many parts of the old style of gardening ever so convincing, the most I could hope from them at present, would be, to produce *some caution ;* and to assist in preserving some of the few remains of old magnificence that still exist, by making the owner less ready to listen to a professor, whose interest it is to recommend total demolition." Mr. R. P. Knight, in a note to his *landscape*, thus remarks on this subject: " I remember a country clock-maker, who being employed to clean a more complex machine than he had been accustomed to, very confidently took it to pieces; but finding, when he came to put it together again, some wheels of which he could not discover the use, very discreetly carried them off in his pocket. The simple artifice of this prudent mechanic, always recurs to my mind, when I observe the manner in which our modern improvers repair and embellish old places ; not knowing how to employ the terraces, mounds, avenues, and other features which they find there, they take them all away, and cover the places which they occupied with turf. It is a short and easy method of proceeding; and if their employers will be satisfied with it, they are not to be blamed for persevering in it, as it may be executed by proxy, as well as in person."

Severely (and no doubt justly), as the too generally smooth and monotonous system of Mr. Browne has been condemned, yet he must have had great merit to have obtained the many encomiums he did obtain from some of our first nobility and gentry. The *evil* which he did in many of their altered pleasure-grounds, *lives after him—the good is oft interred in his grave.*

There are few objects that the enlightened mind of Sir Uvedale has not remarked. Take the following as an instance:

"Nothing is so captivating, or seems so much to accord with our ideas of beauty, as the smiles of a beautiful countenance; yet they have sometimes a striking mixture of the other character. Of this kind are those smiles which break out suddenly from a serious, sometimes from almost a severe countenance, and which, when that gleam is over, leave no trace of it behind—

Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That in a spleen unfolds both heaven and earth,
And e'er a man has time to say, behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up.

There is another smile, which seems in the same degree to accord with the ideas of beauty only: it is that smile which proceeds from a mind full of sweetness and sensibility, and which, when it is over, still leaves on the countenance its mild and amiable impression; as after the sun is set, the mild glow of his rays is still diffused over every object. This smile, with the glow that accompanies it, is beautifully painted by Milton, as most becoming an inhabitant of heaven:

To whom the angel, with a smile that glow'd
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,
Thus answered."

The great object in the above Essays, is to improve the laying out of grounds by studying the productions "of those great artists *who have most diligently studied the beauties of nature.* On this subject he has in these volumes poured forth the effusions of his richly gifted mind, in his contemplation of the works of those really great painters, whose

landscape scenery, from the most rural to the grandest, "have been consecrated by long uninterrupted admiration." Instead of the narrow, mechanical practice of a few English gardeners, or layers-out of grounds, he wishes "the noble and varied works of the eminent painters of every age, and of every country, and those of *their* supreme mistress NATURE, should be the great models of imitation."* He has supported many of his opinions or observations, or embellished or enlivened them, by acute allusions, not only to Milton but to Shakspeare, whom he calls "that most original creator, and most accurate observer."†

He has depicted his own mind in p. 378 of the first volume of his Essays; for after lamenting that despotic system of improvement which demands all to be laid open,—all that obstructs to be levelled to the ground,—houses, orchards, gardens, all swept away,—nothing tending to humanize the mind—and that a despot thinks every person an intruder who enters his domain, wishing to destroy cottages and pathways, and to reign alone, he thus proceeds:—"Here I cannot resist paying a tribute to the memory of a beloved uncle, and recording a benevolence towards all the inhabitants around him, that struck me from my earliest remembrance; and it is an impression I wish always to cherish. It seemed as if he had made his extensive walks as much for them as for himself; they used them as freely, and their enjoyment was his. The village bore as strong marks of his and of his brother's attentions (for in that respect they appeared to have but one mind), to the comforts and pleasures of its inhabitants. Such attentive kindnesses, are amply repaid by

* Mr. George Mason justly observes that "Nature's favourite haunts are the school of gardening."

† Dion. Chrysostom said of Xenophon, that "he had something of witchcraft in his writings." It would not be too much to say the same of this poet.

affectionate regard and reverence; and were they general throughout the kingdom, they would do much more towards guarding us against democratical opinions

Than twenty thousand soldiers, arm'd in proof.

The cheerfulness of the scene I have mentioned, and all the interesting circumstances attending it, (so different from those of solitary grandeur,) have convinced me, that he who destroys dwellings, gardens and inclosures, for the sake of mere extent, and parade of property, only extends the bounds of monotony, and of dreary, selfish pride; but contrasts those of vanity, amusement and humanity."

One may trace, too, his feeling mind towards the conclusion of his second volume, where, after many pleasing pages on the rural scenery of cottages, and in hamlets and villages, ("where a lover of humanity may find so many sources of amusement and interest,") and on the means of embellishing them, "I could wish (says he) to turn the minds of improvers from too much attachment to solitary parade, towards objects more connected with general habitation and embellishment; . . . . and it may be truly said, that there is no way in which wealth can produce such natural unaffected variety, and such interest, as by adorning a real village, and promoting the comforts and enjoyments of its inhabitants. *Goldsmith* has most feelingly described (more, I trust, from the warmth of a poetical imagination and quick sensibility than from real fact), the ravages of wealthy pride. My aim is to shew, that they are no less hostile to real taste, than to humanity; and should I succeed, it is possible that those, whom all the affecting images and pathetic touches of Goldsmith would not have restrained from destroying a village, may even be induced to build one, in order to shew their taste in the decoration and disposition of village-houses and cottages." After many traces of village scenery, he thus

proceeds: " The church, together with the church-yard, is, on various accounts, an interesting object to the villagers of every age and disposition; to the old and serious, as a spot consecrated to the purposes of religion, where the living christian performs his devotions, and where, after his death, his body is deposited near those of his ancestors and departed friends, and relations: to the young and thoughtless, as a place where, on the day of rest from labour, they meet each other in their holiday clothes; and also (what forms a singular contrast with tombs and grave-stones), as the place which at their wakes, is the chief scene of their gaiety and rural sports." After speaking of the yew, which from the solemnity of its foliage, is most suited to church-yards, being as much consecrated to the dead as the cypress among the ancients, he says that " there seems to be no reason, why in the more southern parts of England, cypresses should not be mixed with yews, or why cedars of Libanus, which are perfectly hardy, and of a much quicker growth than yews, should not be introduced. In high romantic situations, particularly, where the church-yard is elevated above the general level, a cedar, spreading his branches downwards from that height, would have the most picturesque, and at the same time, the most solemn effect."

ADDENDA.

Page 5.—I am enabled from Mr. Johnson's lately published History of English Gardening, to add a very early tract on that subject, and I take the liberty of transcribing his exact words: "A Boke of Husbandry, London, 4to. This little work is very rare, being one of the productions from the press of Wynkin de Worde. It consists of but twelve leaves, and is without date, but certainly was not of a later year than 1500. The following extracts explain its nature. 'Here begyneth a treatyse of Husbandry which Mayster Groshede somtyme Bysshop of Lyncoln made, and translated it out of Frensshe into Englyshe, whiche techeth all maner of men to governe theyr londes, tenementes, and demesnes ordinately.'

'Here endeth the Boke of Husbandry, *and of Plantynge, and Graffynge of Trees and Vynes.*'"

About the year 1797 the late Mr. Nichols printed the Life of Robert *Grosseteste*, the celebrated Bishop of Lincoln. By Samuel Pegge, LL.D. With an Account of the Bishop's *Works*, &c. Illustrated with plates of his Tomb, Ring, and Crosier. 4to. Price 13s. in boards.

Page 17.—I have in this page alluded to the hard fate of Correggio. That my reader may know who he was, let him inspect those pages in vol. i. of Sir U. Price's Essays, where he thus concludes a critique on his genius: "I believe that if a variety of persons, conversant in painting, were asked what pictures (taking every circumstance together) appeared to them most beautiful, and had left the softest and most pleasing impression,—the majority would fix upon Correggio."

Page 17.—W. Lawson, in the dedication to his New Orchard and Garden, gives the name of an author on gardening, whose book I have not met with. He dedicates it "to the right worshipfull *Sir Henry Belosses*," and he acknowledges, "1st. the many courtesies you have vouchsaved me. 2dly. your delightfull skill in matters of this nature. 3dly. the profit which I received from your *learned discourse of Fruit-trees*. 4thly. your animating and assisting of others to such endeavours. Last of all, the rare worke of your owne in this kind, all which to publish under your protection, I have adventured as you see." From this it would appear, that this "learned discourse" is transfused into the New Orchard and Garden. After all, perhaps, this "learned discourse" was merely in conversation. At all events, it has recorded the name of Sir Henry as warmly devoted to orcharding, or to horticulture. W. Lawson, in his preface, dwells upon the praises of this art, "how some, and not a few of the best, have accounted it a chiefe part of earthly happinesse to have faire and pleasant orchards—how ancient, how profitable, how pleasant it is." His fourteenth chapter is On the Age of Fruit-trees. After stating that some "shall dure 1000 years," and the age of many of the apple-trees in his little orchard, he says: "If my trees be 100 yeares old, and yet want 200 of their growth before they leave increasing, which make 300, then we must needs resolve, that this 300 yeere are but the third part of a tree's life, because (as

all things living besides) so trees must have allowed them for their increase one third, another third for their stand, and a third part of time also for their decay."—" So that I resolve upon good reason, that Fruit-trees well ordered, may live and live 1000 yeeres, and beare fruit, and the longer, the more, the greater, and the better, because his vigour is proud and stronger, when his yeeres are many. You shall see old trees put their buds and blossoms both sooner and more plentifully than young trees by much. And I sensibly perceive my young trees to inlarge their fruit, as they grow greater, both for number, and greatnesse."—" And if Fruit-trees last to this age, how many ages is it to be supposed, strong and huge Timber-trees will last? whose huge bodies require the yeeres of divers *Methushalaes*, before they end their days; whose sap is strong and better, whose barke is hard and thicke, and their substance solid and stiffe: all which are defences of health and long life. Their strength withstands all forcible winds." His seventeenth chapter is on the Ornaments of an Orchard. I here give the whole of that chapter:

" Me thinks hitherto we haue but a bare Orchard for fruit, and but halfe good, so long as it wants those comely ornaments, that should giue beauty to all our labours, and make much for the honest delight of the owner and his friends.

" For it is not to be doubted: but as God hath giuen man things profitable, so hath he allowed him honest comfort, delight, and recreation in all the workes of his hands. Nay, all his labours vnder the sunne without this are troubles, and vexation of mind: For what is greedy gaine, without delight, but moyling, and turmoyling slauery? But comfortable delight, with content, is the good of euery thing, and the patterne of heauen. A morsell of bread with comfort, is better

by much than a fat oxe with vnquietnesse. And who can deny, but the principall end of an Orchard, is the honest delight of one wearied with the works of his lawfull calling? The very workes of and in an Orchard and Garden, are better than the ease and rest of and from other labours. When God had made man after his owne image, in a perfect state, and would haue him to represent himselfe in authority, tranquillity and pleasure vpon the earth, he placed him in Paradise. What was Paradise? but a Garden and Orchard of trees and hearbs, full of pleasure? and nothing there but delights. The gods of the earth, resembling the great God of heauen in authority, maiestie, and abundance of all things, wherein is their most delight? and whither doe they withdraw themselues from the troublesome affaires of their estate, being tyred with the hearing and iudging of litigious Controuersies? choked (as it were) with the close ayres of their sumptuous buildings, their stomacks cloyed with variety of Banquets, their eares filled and ouerburthened with tedious discoursings? whither? but into their Orchards, made and prepared, dressed and destinated for that purpose, to renue and refresh their sences, and to call home their ouer-wearied spirits. Nay, it is (no doubt) a comfort to them, to set open their cazements into a most delicate Garden and Orchard, whereby they may not onely see that, wherein they are so much delighted, but also to giue fresh, sweet, and pleasant ayre to their galleries and chambers.

" And looke, what these men do by reason of their greatnes and ability, prouoked with delight, the same doubtlesse would euery of vs doe, if power were answerable to our desires, whereby we shew manifestly, that of all other delights on earth, they that are taken by Orchards, are most excellent, and most agreeing with nature.

" For whereas euery other pleasure commonly filles some one of our sences, and that onely, with delight, this makes all our sences swimme in pleasure, and that with infinite variety, ioyned with no less commodity.

" That famous philosopher, and matchlesse orator, M. T. C. prescribeth nothing more fit, to take away the tediousnesse and heauy load of three or foure score yeeres, than the pleasure of an Orchard.

" What can your eyes desire to see, your eares to hear, your mouth to tast, or your nose to smell, that is not to be had in an Orchard, with abundance and variety? What more delightsome than an infinite variety of sweet smelling flowers? decking with sundry colours, the greene mantle of the earth, vniuersall mother of vs all, so by them bespotted, so dyed, that all the world cannot sample them, and wherein it is more fit to admire the Dyer, than imitate his workemanship. Colouring not onely the earth, but decking the ayre, and sweetning euery breath and spirit.

" The rose red, damaske, veluet, and double double prouince rose, the sweet muske rose, double and single, the double and single white rose. The faire and sweet senting woodbinde, double and single, and double double. Purple cowslips, and double cowslips, and double double cowslips. Primerose double and single. The violet nothing behinde the best, for smelling sweetly. A thousand more will prouoke your content.

" And all these, by the skill of your gardner, so comely, and orderly placed in your borders and squares, and so intermingled, that none looking thereon, cannot but wonder, to see, what Nature corrected by Art can doe.

" When you behold in diuers corners of your Orchard Mounts of stone, or wood curiously wrought within and without, or of earth couered with fruit-trees: Kentish cherry, damsons, plummes, &c. with staires of precious workmanship. And in some corner (or moe) a true dyall or Clocke, and some anticke workes, and especially siluer-sounding musique, mixt instruments and voices, gracing all the rest: How will you be rapt with delight?

" Large walkes, broad and long, close and open, like the Tempe groves in Thessalie, raised with grauell and sand, hauing seats and bankes of cammomile, all this delights the minde, and brings health to the body.

" View now with delight the workes of your owne hands, your fruit-trees of all sorts, loaden with sweet blossomes, and fruit of all tasts, operations, and colours: your trees standing in comely order which way soeuer you looke.

" Your borders on euery side hanging and drooping with feberries, raspberries, barberries, currens, and the rootes of your trees powdred with strawberries, red, white, and greene, what a pleasure is this? Your gardner can frame your lesser wood to the shape of men armed in the field, ready to giue battell: or swift running greyhounds: or of well sented and true running hounds, to chase the deere, or hunt the hare. This kind of hunting shall not waste your corne, nor much your coyne.

" Mazes well framed a mans height, may perhaps make your friends wander in gathering of berries, till he cannot recouer himselfe without your helpe.

" To haue occasion to exercise within your Orchard: it shall be a pleasure to haue a bowling alley, or rather

(which is more manly, and more healthfull) a paire of buts, to stretch your armes.

" Rosemary and sweete eglantine are seemely ornaments about a doore or window, and so is woodbinde.

" And in mine opinion, I could highly commend your Orchard, if either through it, or hard by it there should runne a pleasant riuer with siluer streames: you might sit in your mount, and angle a pickled trout, or sleightie eele, or some other dainty fish. Or moats, whereon you might row with a boate, and fish with nettes.

" Store of bees in a dry and warme bee-house, comely made of fir-boords, to sing, and sit, and feede vpon your flowers and sprouts, make a pleasant noyse and sight. For cleanely and innocent bees, of all other things, loue and become, and thriue in an Orchard. If they thriue (as they must needes, if your gardner bee skilfull, and loue them: for they loue their friends, and hate none but their enemies) they will, besides the pleasure, yeeld great profit, to pay him his wages. Yea, the increase of twenty stockes or stooles, with other fees, will keepe your Orchard.

" You need not doubt their stings, for they hurt not whom they know, and they know their keeper and acquaintance. If you like not to come amongst them, you need not doubt them: for but neere their store, and in their owne defence, they will not fight, and in that case onely (and who can blame them?) they are manly, and fight desperately. Some (as that Honorable Lady at Hacknes, whose name doth much grace mine Orchard) vse to make seats for them in the stone wall of their Orchard, or Garden, which is good, but wood is better.

" A vine ouer-shadowing a seate, is very comely, though her grapes with vs ripe slowly.

" One chiefe grace that adornes an Orchard, I cannot let slip: A brood of nightingales, who with their seuerall notes and tunes, with a strong delightsome voyce, out of a weake body, will beare you company night and day. She loues (and liues in) hots of woods in her hart. She will helpe you to cleanse your trees of caterpillers, and all noysome wormes and flyes. The gentle robin red-breast will helpe her, and in winter in the coldest stormes will keepe a part. Neither will the silly wren be behind in summer, with her distinct whistle (like a sweete recorder) to cheere your spirits.

" The black-bird and threstle (for I take it the thrush sings not, but deuoures) sing loudly in a May morning, and delights the eare much (and you neede not want their company, if you haue ripe cherries or berries, and would as gladly as the rest do you pleasure:) But I had rather want their company than my fruit.

" What shall I say? A thousand of pleasant delightes are attendant in an Orchard: and sooner shall I be weary, than I can recken the least part of that pleasure, which one that hath and loues an Orchard, may find therein.

" What is there of all these few that I haue reckoned, which doth not please the eye, the eare, the smell, and taste? And by these sences as organes, pipes, and windowes, these delights are carried to refresh the gentle, generous, and noble mind.

" To conclude, what ioy may you haue, that you liuing to such an age, shall see the blessings of God on your la-

bours while you liue, and leaue behind you to heires or successors (for God will make heires) such a worke, that many ages after your death, shall record your loue to their countrey? And the rather, when you consider (chap. 14.) to what length of time your worke is like to last."

Page 30.—Having briefly glanced in this page at the delight with which Sir H. Davy, Mr. Worlidge, and Mr. Whateley, viewed the flowers of spring, I can only add this reflection of Sturm:—"If there were no stronger proofs on earth of the power, goodness, and wisdom of God, the flowers of spring alone, would be sufficient to convince us of it."

Page 45.—The character of this modest and candid man, (Switzer), has found an able advocate in the honest pen of Mr. Johnson, who, in p. 159 of his History of Gardening, after noticing the acrimony of his opponents, observes, "Neglect has pursued him beyond the grave, for his works are seldom mentioned or quoted as authorities of the age he lived in. To me he appears to be the best author of his time; and if I was called upon to point out the classic authors of gardening, *Switzer* should be one of the first on whom I would lay my finger. His works evidence him at once to have been a sound, practical horticulturist, a man well versed in the botanical science of the day, in its most enlarged sense." Mr. Johnson enumerates the distinct contents of each chapter in the Iconologia—the Kitchen Gardener—and the Fruit Gardener.

Page 59.—The Tortworth Chesnut was growing previous to the Norman Conquest. It fixes the boundary of a manor. Even in the reign of Stephen, it was known as the great chesnut of Tortworth.

Page 62.—The author of this treatise, who is a zealous orchardist, is lavish in his praise of a then discovered apple-tree and its produce, "for the little cot-house to which it belongs, together with the little quillet in which it stands, being several years since mortgaged for ten pounds, the fruit of this tree alone, in a course of some years, freed the house and garden, and its more valuable self, from that burden." A neighbouring clergyman, too, was equally lavish, for he "talked of it in all conversations," and such was his praise of it, that every one "fell to admiration." Mr. Stafford is so pleased with this reverend gentleman's zeal, in extending the cultivation of this apple, *(the Royal Wilding)* that he says, "I could really wish, whenever the original tree decayeth, his statue carved out of the stump, by the most expert hand, and overlaid with gold, may be erected near the public road, in the place of it, at the common charge of the country." He celebrates also another apple, which "in a pleasant conversation was named by a gentleman *super-celestial.* Another gentleman, in allusion to *Pynes,* the name of my house, and to the common story of the West India pine-apple, (which is said to be the finest fruit in the world, and to represent every exquisite flavour that is known), determined that it should be called the *pyne-apple;* and by either of these names it is talked of when pleasantry and conversation bring the remembrance of it to the table."

Page 64.—It is but justice to Mr. Gibson to say, that in his Fruit Gardener, he has entered fully into the merits of Le Genre's *Le maniere de cultiver les arbres fruitiers;* and that his pages are extremely interesting. The great merits of Quintinye are also not overlooked.

Page 84.—To the list of those deceased authors, whose portraits I have not been able to discover, I must add the following:

John Braddick, Esq. A zealous horticulturist and fruit grower. He contributed four papers to the Horticultural Society of London. In the Gardener's Mag. for Jan. 1827, is a communication by him, on some new French pears. The editor of this magazine acknowledges "the very liberal and truly patriotic manner in which our highly-valued correspondent shares every novelty he receives with those whose interest it is to increase and disseminate such novelties." In the above magazine for March, 1827, is another spirited communication by him, on these new pears, introduced from France, in which he says:—"And here I think it necessary to premise, that the following list is the cream skimmed off some thousands of new pears, which I have for many years past been getting together from various parts of the world, about two-thirds of which yet remain for trial, not having fruited, together with some thousands of seedling pears, apples, plums, cherries, apricots, peaches and grapes, of my own raising; the fruits of some of which I hope will continue to gladden the hearts of horticulturists for many years to come. As they are produced I will make them known to the public, with as much facility as lies in my power.

"*Boughton Mount, July* 29, 1826."

One is sorry to relate, that Mr. Braddick died soon after this benevolent wish; for he died at the above seat of his, near Maidstone, in April, 1828, at the age of sixty-three.

Page 120.—Dr. Dibdin thus speaks of Archibald Alison: "The beautiful and melodious style of this writer, renders his works deserving of a conspicuous place in every well-chosen library."

Page 89.—In this page I have stated that Dr. Dibdin says, "on many accounts does G. Markham seem entitled to more notice and commendation." I have given extracts from his

" English Husbandman," to shew his love for flowers. The same attachment is visible where he enumerates them in his " Country House-wive's Garden."—By the bye, though I have stated this last work to be his, it surely appears to have been written by W. Lawson. I merely now give the following extract from Markham's English House-Wife:"

" Next vnto this sanctity and holinesse of life, it is meet that our English hous-wife be a woman of great modesty and temperance as well inwardly as outwardly; inwardly, as in her behauiour and cariage towards her husband, wherein she shall shunne all violence of rage, passion, and humour, coueting lesse to direct then to be directed, appearing euer vnto him pleasant, amiable, and delightfull, and though occasion, mishaps, or the misgouernement of his will may induce her to contrary thoughts, yet vertuously to suppresse them, and with a mild sufferance rather to call him home from his error, then with the strength of anger to abate the least sparke of his euill, calling in her mind that euill and vncomely language is deformed though vttered euen to seruants, but most monstrous and vgly when it appeares before the presence of a husband: outwardly, as in her apparrell and diet, both which she shall proportion according to the competency of her husband's estate and calling, making her circle rather strait then large, for it is a rule if we extend to the vttermost, we take away increase, if we goe a hayre breadth beyond, we enter into consumption: but if we preserue any part, we build strong forts against the aduersaries of fortune, prouided that such preseruation be honest and conscionable: for a lauish prodigality is brutish, so miserable couetuousnesse is hellish. Let therefore the hus-wives garments be comly and strong, made aswel to preserue the health, as adorne the person, altogether without toyish garnishes, or the glosse of light colours, and as far from the vanity of new and fantastick fashions, as neere to the comly imitations of modest matrons."

I must give an extract from his "Country Contentements," as he reminds us of Shakspeare's lines on the tuneable cry of hounds; for Markham dwells on their sweetness of cry—"their deepe solemne mouthes—their roaring and loud ringing mouthes, which must beare the counter-tenor, then some hollow plaine sweete mouthes—a deep-mouthed dog—a couple or two of small singing beagles, which as small trebles, may warble amongst them: the cry will be a great deale the more sweeter—the hollow deepe mouth—the loud clanging mouthe—deepe flewed, such as for the most part your *Shropshire* and pure *Worcestershire* dogs are—the louder and pleasanter your cry will be, especially if it be in sounding tall woods, or under the echo of rocks—and not above one couple of roarers, which being heard but now and then, as at the opening or hitting of a scent, will give much sweetnesse to the solemns, and gravenesse of the cry, and the musick thereof will bee much more delightfull to the eares of every beholder."

Page 123.—The memory of Pope has perhaps never been more affectionately honoured (nor that of Lord Mendip, who so zealously preserved every part of the house and garden at Twickenham) than in the glowing and tender lines of De Lille, in his poem of *Les Jardins*.

The vignette in my title-page, and that at page 84, are two of those neat decorations which so profusely embellish the Encyclopædia of Gardening.

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