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THE
PHILOSOPHY OF NATURE.

THE
PHILOSOPHY OF NATURE;

OR,

THE INFLUENCE OF SCENERY

ON

The Mind and Heart.

Charm ———— (Banks)

—————The sounding Cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall Rock,
The Mountain, and the deep and gloomy Wood,
Their colours and their forms, have been to me
An appetite.

Wordsworth.

Rura mihi placeant, riguique in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem sylvasque.

Georg. ii. l. 485

VOL. I.

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THE following pages are the result of hours, stolen from an application to higher interests, and from the severity of graver subjects.—They were written in the privacy of retirement, among scenes, worthy the pen of Virgil and the pencil of Lorrain:—Scenes, which afford perpetual subjects for meditation to all those, who take a melancholy pleasure in contrasting the dignified simplicity of nature, with the vanity, ignorance, and presumption of man.

“ There is no one,” says one of the

best and soundest moralists of our age, “there is no one, however limited his powers, who ought not to be actuated by a desire of leaving something behind him, which should operate, as an evidence, that he once existed.”—During those hours of peaceful enjoyment, in which these pages were composed, such was the ambition, by which the writer was animated. Upon revising what he has written, however, and comparing it with those ideas of excellence, which, in no very courteous language, whisper a knowledge of what abler pens, than his, would have written, on a subject, so well selected for eliciting all the best energies of genius, he is awed from any expectation of an honourable distinction; and nothing supplies the place of

those golden dreams, which once delighted him, but the satisfaction of having passed, happily and innocently, hours, which would otherwise have been useless, listless, and unnumbered.

THE
PHILOSOPHY OF NATURE;
OR,
INFLUENCE OF SCENERY,
&c.

I. TACITUS gives a curious account of a proposition, that was made in the Roman senate, to divert the course of those Rivers and Lakes which emptied themselves into the Tiber:—and which, at certain seasons of the year, causing that River to overflow its banks, occasioned great loss to those citizens of Rome, who possessed houses and lands in its immediate neighbourhood.*—Petitions being presented from the Florentines, the Interamnates and the Rheatines, against the proposition, it was abandoned.—One of the causes of this abandonment arose out of an argument employed by the Rheatines:—“ Nature,”

* One of these overflowings is particularly described by Pliny in a letter to Macrinus.—The accident gives occasion for a fine moral reflection. *Vid. Lib. viii. Ep. 17.*

they observed, “ having made the best provision for the conveniences of mankind, in directing the course of rivers, it would be highly unbecoming in the Romans to alter their direction; and the more so, since their allies had long been in the habit of consecrating woods, altars, and priests, to the Rivers of their country.”*—This curious and effective argument, *scilicet* my Lelius, will naturally call to your recollection a singular anecdote, which was related to us by Signor Hypolito de Vinci, who has since so honourably distinguished himself in the service of his country, and who fell, covered with wounds and with glory, in the battle of Vimiera, a martyr to his enthusiasm, and an honour to the human race. A celebrated Engineer, some years previous to the compulsory resignation of the late king of Spain, proposed to the Spanish Government a plan, which had for its object the rendering of the Tagus navigable to Madrid.—After mature deliberation, the ingenuity of the Engineer, and the advantages derivable from his project, were acknowledged by the Ministry, but the execution, in the plenitude of their wisdom, they thought

* Tacitus, *Annal.* Lib. 1. c. 79.

proper to decline.*—On the Engineer's inquiring the cause of so extraordinary a refusal, they returned for answer, that if it had been the intention of nature, that the Tagus should be navigable so high into Spain as Madrid, she would have rendered it so herself;—to presume to improve what nature had left imperfect, would be scandalous and impious!—

II. “*Where a spring rises or a river flows,*” says Seneca, “*there should we build altars and offer sacrifices!*”—In pursuance of this idea, most nations, whether barbarous or refined, mistaking the effects of a Deity for the Deity itself, have, at one time or other of their history, personified their rivers, and addressed them as the Gods of their idolatry.—The Nile, which watered nations that knew not its origin, and kingdoms, which were ignorant whither it flowed, was worshipped by the respective nations that it fertilized.†—The Adonis was esteemed sacred by a great portion of western Asia; the Peneus, as we are informed by that elegant Platonist, Maximus Tyrius, was adored for its beauty, the Danube

* Note 1.

† Note 2.

for its magnitude, and the Achelous for its solemn traditions.—The Phrygians worshipped the Marsyas and Meander; and the Massagetæ paid divine honours to the Palus Mæotis and the Tanais.—The ancient Persians never polluted water; considering those who accustomed themselves to such indecorum, as guilty of sacrilege; while the last wish of an Indian is to die on the banks of the Ganges.—The affection of the Hindoos for that river is such, even at the present day, that many hundreds of them have been known to go down, at certain periods of the year, and devote themselves to the shark, the tiger, and the alligator;—thinking themselves happy and their friends fortunate, thus to be permitted to die in sight of that holy stream.

III. Rivers, too, have, in all ages, been themes for the poet; and in what esteem they were held by ancient writers, may be inferred from the number of authors who wrote of them previous to the time of Plutarch.* The Aufidus, the Tiber, and the Po, have been celebrated by Horace, Virgil, and Ovid; Callimachus has im-

* Note 3.

mortalized the beautiful waters of the Inachus; and while the Arno, the Mincio, and the Tagus, boast their Petrarch, Boccacio, and Camöens, the Severn, the Ouse, and the Trent, the Avon, the Derwent, and the Dee, have been distinguished by the praises of many an elegant and accomplished poet. Who is not charmed with Spenser's Marriage of the Thames and the Medway? and what personifications in Ovid or Hesiod are more beautiful, than the Sabrina of Milton and the Ladona of Pope?

IV. On the borders of the Cam, Milton enjoyed the happiest moments of his life; on the banks of the Ilyssus, Plato taught his System of Philosophy; and on the shores of the Rocnabad, a river flowing near the chapel of Mosella, the poets and philosophers of Shiraz composed their most celebrated works. Ossian is never weary of comparing rivers to heroes, and so enamoured were Du Bartas and Drayton with river scenery, that the one wrote a poetical catalogue of those which were the most celebrated, and the other composed a voluminous work upon their History, Topography, and Landscapes.*

* Note 4.

V. Many of the rivers in Britain are highly picturesque, and abound in the most captivating scenery.—Who, that has traversed the banks of the majestic Thames,* and still more noble Severn; who, that has observed the fine sweeps of the Dee, in the vale of Landisilio, and those of the Derwent, near Matlock; who, that has contemplated the waters of the Towy, the graceful meanderings of the Usk, or the admirable features of the Wye, that does not feel himself justified in challenging any of the far-famed rivers of Europe to present objects more various, landscapes more rich, or scenes more graceful and magnificent?

VI. Without rocks or mountains no country can be sublime; without water no landscape can be perfectly beautiful. Few countries are more mountainous, or exhibit better materials for a landscape painter, than Persia; yet, to the lover of scenery, it loses a considerable portion of interest, from its possessing but few springs, few rivulets, and fewer rivers. What can be more gratifying to a proud and inquisitive spirit, than tracing

* Note 5.

rivers to their sources, and pursuing them through long tracts of country, where sweeps the Don, the Wolga, and the Vistula; the Ebro and the Douro; the Rhine, the Inn,* the Rhone and the Danube? or in travelling on the banks of the Allier, described so beautifully by Madame de Savigné; or of the Loire—sleeping, winding and rolling, by turns, through several of the finest districts in all France? where the peasants reside, in the midst of their vineyards, in cottages, which, seated upon the sides of the hills, resemble so many birds' nests; and where the peasant girls, with their baskets of grapes, invite the weary traveller to take as many as he desires. “Take them,” say they, “and as many as you please:—they shall cost you nothing.”

VII. What traveller, possessing an elegant taste, but is charmed, even to ecstasy, as he wanders along the banks of the Po, the Adige, and the Brenta; amid the fairy scenes of the Eurotas, peopled with innumerable swans; or of the Tay, the Clyde, and the Teith, where the culture of Bees forms a considerable article of rural Eco-

* Note 6.

nomy? How is our fancy elevated, when we traverse, even in imagination, those wild solitudes and fruitful deserts, enlivened by the Humming Bird,* through which the Orionoco, the Mississippi, and the Amazon, (Rivers to which the proudest streams of Europe are but as rivulets), pour their vast floods, and, as they roll along, experience the vicissitudes of every climate! And, when leaning on the parapet of an arch, bestriding a wide and rapid river, how often do we relapse into profound Melancholy, as, following, with implicit obedience, the progressive march of association, the mirror of Time and the emblem of Eternity are presented to our imagination, till a retrospect of the past and a perspective of future ages, mingling with each other, the mind is lost in the mazes of its own wanderings!†

VIII. Not only Rivers, but FOUNTAINS have been held sacred by almost every nation:—equally are they beloved by the Poets. Who has not perused, with pleasure, Sannazaro's ode to the Fountain of Mergillini; Petrarch's addresses to that of Vaucluse; and Horace's ode to the

* Note 7.

† Note 8.

Fountain of Blandusium, situated among rocks, and surrounded with wood?

One of the most remarkable fountains, in ancient times, was that of which Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus have transmitted an account. It was called "the Fountain of the Sun," and was situated near the temple of Jupiter Ammon. At the dawn of day this fountain was warm; as the day advanced, it became progressively cool; at noon, it was at the extremity of cold; at which time the Ammonians made use of it to water their gardens and shrubberies.—At the setting of the Sun, it again became warm, and continued to increase, as the evening proceeded, till midnight, when it reached the extremity of heat: as the morning advanced it grew progressively cold:—Silius Italicus thus alludes to it.

*Stet fano vicina, novum et memorabile lympha,
Quæ nascente die, quæ deficiente tepescit,
Quæque riget medium cum Sol ascendit Olympon
Atque eadem rursus nocturnis fervet in umbris.*

IX. In the early ages of popery, the common people, where Fountains and Wells were situated

in retired places, were accustomed to honour them with the titles of Saints and Martyrs.* Some were called Jacob's Well; St. John's; St. Mary's; St. Winifred's, and St. Agnes':—some were named after Mary Magdalen, and others derived their appellations from beautiful and pious Virgins.† Though this custom was forbidden by the Canons of St. Anselm, many pilgrimages continued to be made to them; and the Romans long retained a custom of throwing nosegays into fountains, and chaplets into wells.‡ From this practice originated the ceremony of sprinkling the Severn with flowers, so elegantly described by Dyer, in his finely descriptive poem of the Fleece,§ and so beautifully alluded to by Milton.

————— The Shepherds at their festivals
 Carol her good deeds loud in rustic lays,||
 And throw sweet garland-wreaths into her stream,
 Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.

Comus.

A custom also prevailed in the 14th Century, among the women who resided upon the banks

* Note 9.

† Note 10.

‡ Note 11.

§ Book i. l. 693.

|| Sabrina's.

of the Rhine, of assembling, on a particular day of the year, to wash their hands and arms in that river: fondly flattering themselves, that such lustrations would preserve them from all dangers and misfortunes during the remainder of the year.*

X. The names of Deities were given also to GROTTOS. The serenity of an Italian sky served to render those occasional retreats peculiarly agreeable to the Roman Nobility; hence were they frequently to be found in the shrubberies and gardens of that accomplished people. The Poets, at all times willing to celebrate whatever adds to their enjoyments, have left us some elegant descriptions of those delightful recesses, formed in the sides of rocks, at the foot of mountains, or on the banks of rivulets.†

Pausanias gives a remarkable account of a Grotto at Corycium, and Statius describes an elegant one in his third Sylva; but that which was the most celebrated in ancient times, was the Grotto of Egeria; still existing, though in a

* Note 12.

† Note 13.

state of ruin. When it was first made by Numa, it was formed with such skill, as to appear totally untouched by art: in the reign of one of the Emperors, however, it entirely lost its simplicity, and, by being adorned with marble and other splendid ornaments, acquired a magnificence totally foreign to its original character. This provoked the Satire of the indignant Juvenal.*

The Grotto, which Mr. Pope formed at Twickenham, was one of the most celebrated ever erected in this kingdom. In the first instance, it was remarkable for its elegant simplicity: as the owner, however, advanced in years, it became more and more indebted to the refinements of art; but the recollection of its having amused the last years of that illustrious poet, atones to the heart of the philanthropist, what it loses to the eye of imagination and taste.†

XI. From Rivers, Fountains, and Grottos, let us turn to LAKES.—Those of England and Switzerland present so many features of beauty and grandeur, that an idea of something peculiarly

* Sat. 11.

† Note 14.

worthy of admiration always presents itself, when we hear them mentioned even in the most casual manner.—What enthusiastic emotions of delight did the Lakes of Switzerland generate in Rousseau! And while some of the most agreeable hours of united labour and pleasure were indulged by Gibbon on their admirable banks, the noble landscapes, around the lake of Zurich, soothed and charmed many an hour of sorrow and chagrin from the bosoms of Haller, Zimmermann, and Lavater!

For my own part, my Lelius, I am ready to confess, that some of the happiest moments of my life, have been those, which I have, at intervals, past upon the bosom of lakes, and on the banks of wild and rapid rivers.—And never will Colonna wish to forget those hours of rapture, when, reclining in his boat, he has permitted it to glide, at the will of the current, along the transparent surface of a river, or on the picturesque expanse of Bala Lake, in the county of Merioneth:—or when wandering along the banks of those waters, that glide at the feet or stud the sides of the mountains, which rear themselves around the magnificent peaks of Snowdon: Lakes equal in beauty

and sublimity to those of Larus, Lucerne, and Pergusa.

XII. How often have I heard you, my Lelius, descant with rapture on the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland; on those of Loch-Lomond, Loch-Leven, and Killarney; and the still more noble and magnificent ones of Switzerland!—With what delighted attention have I listened to your descriptions of the Lakes of Thun, Zurich, and Neufchatel, Brientz, Bienne, and Constance:—and how has my imagination kept pace with you in your journey, as you have wandered in memory among those enchanting regions; regions, abounding in scenes, which Warton might have pictured, as the native residence of poetic Fancy.

XIII. From Lakes, the transition is natural, that would lead to WATERFALLS and CATA-RACTS.—With what rapture does every cultivated mind behold that beautiful waterfall, gliding over a slate rock in two graceful falls, at the extremity of a long, winding, and romantic glen, near Aber, in the county of Caernarvon!—But if you would see Cataracts on a grander scale, visit the Falls of the Hefsey, those of the Conway, the Cynfael,

and the Black Cataract near the vale of Ffestiniog.*—Of the two last, nothing can surpass the beauty of the one, or the bold, the cragged and gigantic character of the other.—By the former of these has Colonna devoted many a captivating hour.—Seated on a rock, adjoining an ivy-arched bridge, stretched over a tremendous chasm, he has listened with rapture, not unmingled with a grateful degree of terror, to the roaring of the waters and, shaded by a fantastic oak; which overshadows the depth, he has derived the highest satisfaction in comparing the tranquil and innocent delight, in which he was indulging, with the boisterous humours of the table, the cankered anxiety of the statesman, or the dreadful raptures of that MAN, who has so long insulted all Europe, and stained her glens, her mountains, and her valleys, with blood, with rapine, and with sacrilege!—

XIV. But if you would behold one of those waterfalls, which combine the utmost sublimity

* And yet, what are these to the Cataracts of the Rhine, the Nile, the Vologda, the Zava, the Velino, or those at Powerscourt, at Albany, and Niagara?

with the greatest portion of beauty, visit the admirable instance at Nant Mill, on the borders of the Lake Cwellin.—Exercise that fascinating art, of which nature and practice have made you such a master; make a faithful representation of it; clothe it in all its rugged horrors of sublimity, in all its graceful charms of exquisite beauty, and let the finest imagination in the world of painting or of poetry tell me, if, in all the fairy visions that the finest Fancy has created, a scene more perfect can be formed, than this?—The far-famed Cataract in the Vale of Tempé has nothing to compare with it.—In surveying this scene, our feelings resemble those of the missionaries, when viewing the numerous waterfalls of Japan; or those of the celebrated Bruce, when he beheld the third Cataract of the Nile; “a sight,” says he, “so magnificent, that ages, added to the greatest length of life, could never eradicate from my memory.”

XV. If objects of this nature exalt the understanding and the fancy of those, who possess habits of reflection, WOODS, those indispensable appendages to landscape, diffuse an equal delight by their coolness, their solemnity, and the

charm, which they spread around us, as we wander beneath their arched and sacred shades.— Akenside finely alludes to the religious awe, with which woods, boldly stretching up the summit of an high mountain, are beheld by persons of a polite imagination.

—————Mark the sable woods,
That shade sublime yon mountain's nodding brow.—
With what religious awe the solemn scene
Commands your steps!—as if the reverend form
Of Minos, or of Numa, should forsake
Th' Elysian seats, and down the embowering glade
Move to your pausing eye.

Pleasures of Imagination.

XVI. If to Rivers and Mountains all nations, at early periods of their History, have conspired to attach the idea of veneration, how much more so have the eminent in all ages delighted in paying honours to WOODS, GROVES, and FORESTS.—Pilgrimages were made to the oaks of Mamre, near Hebron, from the time of Abraham to that of Constantine;* and the nations, surrounding the Jews, were accustomed to dedicate Trees and Groves to their Deities, and to sacrifice

* Calmet, B. i. c. 7.

upon high mountains;* customs, which were even practised by the Jews themselves, previous to the building of the Temple of Solomon.†

Among the woods of Etruria, Numa, to whom, (as Machiavel ‡ justly observes,) Rome was under greater obligations than to Romulus, sought refuge from the cares, that attended the government of an infant and turbulent people: and, amid the groves of the Lyceum, Aristotle and Epicurus taught their systems of religion and politics.

XVII. The oratories of the Jews were surrounded by olives;§ and the Greeks, who first inhabited Tuscany, consecrated the forests, which rose on the banks of the Cæritis, to their God Sylvanus.—Under those sacred shades they assembled every year to celebrate his anniversary.

*Et ingens gelidum lucus prope Cæritis amnem,
Religione patrum latè sacer; undique colles
Inclusère cavi, et nigrâ nemus abjete cingunt.—
Sylvano fama est veteres sacrâsse pelagos,*

* Note 15.

† 1 Kings, ch. iii. v. 2, 3, 4.

‡ Il Princip. l. i. c. 11.

§ Juvenal, Sat. vi.

Arvorum pecorisque Deo, lucùmque diemque,
Qui primi fines aliquando habuère Latinos.—

Eneid, lib. viii. l. 597.

A custom, analogous to this, prevails at the present day in some parts of Italy: particularly among the herdsmen and shepherds of Rhegio, who entertain the highest veneration for the wood, called *Silva Piana*, about three leagues from Parma.

XVIII. The Rhapsaans of India selected spots, shaded by the Banana and the Tamarind, for their kioums; while in the deep recesses of the most intricate forests, the ancient Druids of Gaul, Britain, and Germany, were accustomed to sacrifice to their Gods.*—Virgil, who describes Elysium, as abounding in the most luxuriant gifts of nature, represents it as one of the highest enjoyments of the happy spirits to repose on flowery banks, and to wander among shady groves:† while the Icelanders believe, that on the summit of the Boula, a mountain, which no one has hitherto ascended, there is a cavern, which opens

Note 16.

† *Eneid*. vi. 673.

to a Paradise in perpetual verdure, delightfully shaded by trees, and abounding in large flocks of sheep.*

XIX. The Sicilians had, at one time, a great veneration for the chesnut tree, which grew in the region, called *La Regione Sylvana*: in *Otaheite*, the weeping-willow is permitted to be planted only before the houses of the higher classes of the community: in *Pennsylvania*, churches are isolated in woods, and pulpits erected beneath the branches of oaks; † while, among the *Dugores*, there are sacred groves, in which every family has its appropriate place for erecting huts and offering sacrifices. ‡—In the Romish church, *Palms* are esteemed sacred even in the present times. §

The Temples of the ancient Greeks were mostly situated in groves; and the Persians, who esteemed

* *Voyage en Iceland*, 168.

† *Michaux's Travels*, v. ii. p. 231. The Shieks of *Jesrouan* hold all their assemblies under the shades of trees.

De Page.

‡ *Pallas's Travels in Russia*. v. ii. 231.

§ *Note 17.*

woods and forests the most proper for religious sacrifices, ridiculed their more accomplished neighbours, for building temples to their Gods, who had the whole universe for their residence.*

XX. As Antigua is without rivers, so is Morocco almost destitute of woods: hence it arises, that in that state, as in other warm climates, shade is esteemed the most powerful charm in every landscape.—The inconveniences, arising from the want of it, gave occasion to Girolamo Fracastoro to write his curious poem of *Syphilus*. The shepherd Syphilus was employed in watching the herds, belonging to Alcithous, king of Atlantis.—One season, the rays of summer were so intense, that the angry shepherd, impatient under their influence, with many impieties refused to offer up sacrifices to Apollo, and, in revenge, erected an altar to his master, Alcithous.—Stung with the indignity, Apollo infected the air with such noxious vapours, that the shepherd contracted a dangerous and nauseous disease, which affected his whole body.—His various attempts to conquer his ma-

* Cicero de Leg. ii. 26.

lady constitute the principal argument of the poem.

XXI. It was on account of its shade, that the Gardens of Arden, the Paradise of the Arabian poets, were so enthusiastically celebrated; and Amytis, daughter of Astyages, and wife of Nebuchodonosor, accustomed to the glens and woods of Media, sighed for their shades in the sandy soil of Babylon :—hence were constructed those hanging gardens, which were the boast of Babylonian kings and the wonder of historians. The gardens of the Moors appear to have resembled those of the East, in no inconsiderable degree; their walks were paved with marble; their parterres shaded by orange-trees, and embellished with baths: the whole entirely walled round, and secluded from every eye.—Such is that of Alcazar, at Seville, which, as a specimen of Moorish gardening, is visited by every traveller of information and taste.

XXII. The manners and pursuits of the Pastoral Arabs present something peculiarly gratifying to the imagination. The toils and privations which they undergo, in wandering from one pro-

vince to another, in quest of water and shade, is amply repaid by the festivity that ensues upon the discovery of a well or fountain in a shady grove. The manners of the Arabians assimilated, in a striking degree, with those of the Scythians—the purity of whose morals has been so much celebrated by Horace and by Justin.* Though the manners and morals of these wandering nations were so strikingly illustrative of each other, the similarity did not arise from any coincidence in regard to climate or scenery; for, while the one roved from wood to wood, and from fountain to fountain, over pathless and scorching deserts, the others were, at all times, in the reach of shade, and, at intervals, pitched their tents in scenery, the like of which is scarcely to be paralleled in all the globe.—While the Arab sought shade, as one of the most agreeable luxuries of life, the Scythian and the Celt imagined the oak to be the Tomb of Jupiter;—and the Philosophers of Siam, who numbered five elements, added wood to the fourth.

XXIII. To a native of Jamaica no luxury is

* Note 18.

superior to that of walking among the odoriferous groves of Pimentos, that adorn the eminences, which form a barrier to the encroachments of the ocean ;—and the Circassians, long and loudly celebrated for the beauty and cheerful disposition of their women, quit their towns and cities in the summer, and erect their tents among their woods and valleys, after the manner of the neighbouring Tartars. To an Hindoo, nothing is more grateful, than to walk among the cool recesses and shady vistas, formed by the arms of the Banian tree, which he esteems an emblem of the Deity himself. The Hindoo Bramins, whose placidity of disposition was, in some measure, the natural result of a total abstinence from animal food, reside, for the most part, in their gardens, which they cultivate with their own hands, and occupy their time in reading, in walking, and in reclining beneath the spreading boughs of their Banian trees.*

XXIV. The use, which the poets have made of trees, by way of illustration, are moral and important.

* Milton gives a fine description of this tree, which is the most luxuriant and beautiful of all trees.—*Vid. Paradise Lost, Book ix. l. 1100.*

—Homer frequently embellishes his subjects with references to them, and no passage in the Iliad is more beautiful, than the one, where, in imitation of Musæus, he compares the falling of leaves and shrubs to the fall and renovation of great and ancient families.

Illustrations of this sort are frequent in the sacred writings.—“ I am exalted like a cedar in Libanus,” says the author of Ecclesiastes, “ and as a cypress tree upon the mountain of Hermon. I was exalted like a palm tree in Engeddi, and as a rose plant in Jericho; as a fair olive in a pleasant field, and grew up as a plane tree by the water; as a turpentine tree I stretched out my branches, and my branches are the branches of honour and grace; as a vine brought I forth pleasant savour, and my flowers are the fruits of honour and victory.”—In the Psalms, in a fine vein of allegory, the vine tree is made to represent the people of Israel: “ Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt; thou hast cut out the heathen, and planted it. Thou didst cause it to take deep root, and it filled the land. The hills were covered with its shadow, and the boughs thereof were

“like the goodly cedars. Why hast thou broken
 “down her hedges, so that all do pluck her? The
 “boar out of the wood doth waste it, and the
 “wild beast doth devour it. Return, we beseech
 “thee, O God of Hosts; look down from heaven,
 “and behold and visit this vine, and the vineyard
 “thy right hand hath planted.”*

XXV. In Ossian, how beautiful is the following passage of Malvina’s lamentation for Oscar :—“ I
 “was a lovely tree in thy presence, Oscar, with
 “all my branches round me; but thy death came,
 “like a blast from the desert, and laid my green head
 “low; the spring returned with its showers, but no
 “green leaf of mine arose.”† Again, where old
 and weary, blind and almost destitute of friends,
 he compares himself to a tree, that is withered
 and decayed.—“ But Ossian is a tree, that is
 “withered; its branches are blasted and bare; no
 “green leaf covers its boughs :—from its trunk no
 “young shoot is seen to spring; the breeze whistles
 “in its grey moss; the blast shakes its head of age;
 “the storm will soon overturn it, and strew all its

* Note 19.

† Poem of Cromá.

“ dry branches with thee, Oh Dermid, and with all
 “ the rest of the mighty dead, in the green winding
 “ vale of Cona.”

XXVI. That traveller esteemed himself happy, who first carried into Palestine the rose of Jericho from the plains of Arabia; and many of the Roman nobility were gratified, in a high degree, with having transplanted exotic plants and trees into the orchards of Italy. Pompey introduced the ebony, on the day of his triumph over Mithridates;* Vespasian transplanted the balm of Syria, and Lucullus the Pontian cherry. Auger de Busbeck brought the lilac from Constantinople; Hercules introduced the orange into Spain; Ver-ton the mulberry into England:†—and so great is the love of nations for particular trees, that a traveller never fails to celebrate those, by which his native province is distinguished. Thus, the native of Hampshire prides himself upon his oaks; the Burgundian boasts of his vines, and the Herefordshire farmer of his apples.—Normandy is proud of her pears; Provence of her olives; and Dauphiné of her mulberries; while the Maltese

* Pliny. l. 12. 4.

† A. D. 1608.

are in love with their own orange trees. Norway and Sweden celebrate their pines—Syria her palms; and since they have few other trees, of which they can boast, Lincoln celebrates her alders, and Cambridge her willows! The Paphians were proud of their myrtles, the Lesbians of their vines: Rhodes loudly proclaimed the superior charms of her rose-trees; Idumea of her balsams; Media of her citrons, and India of her ebony.—The Druses boast of their mulberries; Gaza of her dates and pomegranates; Switzerland of her lime trees; Bairout of her figs and bananas; Damascus of her plumbs; Inchonnaugan of its birch, and Inchnolaig of its yews. The inhabitants of Jamaica never cease to praise the beauty of their manchenillas; while those of Tobasco are as vain of their cocoas.—The natives of Madeira, whose spring and autumn reign together, take pride in their cedars and citrons; those of Antigua of their tamarinds, while they esteem their mammee sapota to be equal to any oak in Europe, and their mangos to be superior to any tree in America. Equally partial are the inhabitants of the Plains of Tahta to their peculiar species of fan palm; and those of Kous to their odoriferous orchards. The Hispaniolans, with the highest degree of pride,

challenge any of the trees of Europe or Asia to equal the height of their cabbage trees—towering to an altitude of two hundred and seventy feet!—Even the people of the Bay of Honduras have imagination sufficient to conceive their log-wood to be superior to any trees in the world; while the Huron savages inquire of Europeans, whether they have any thing to compare with their immense cedar trees.

XXVI. So natural is this love of mankind, that the ancients conceived even their Gods to be partial to one tree more than any other. For this reason, the statues of Diana, at Ephesus, were made of cedar and ebony; that of Apollo, at Sicyone, of box; while in the temple of Mercury, on Mount Cyllene, his image was formed of citron,—a tree which he was supposed to hold in high estimation.

England may well take pride in her oaks!—To them is she indebted for her existence as a nation; and, were we an idolatrous people, I should be almost tempted to recommend, (in imitation of our Druidical ancestors, who paid di-

vine honours to the misletoe),* that the oak be received in the number of our Gods.—It is a curious circumstance, my Lelius, and not generally known, that most of those oaks, which are called *spontaneous*, are planted by the Squirrel.—This little animal has performed the most essential service to the English Navy.—Walking, one day, in the woods belonging to the Duke of Beaufort, near Troy-house, in the County of Monmouth, Colonna's attention was diverted by a squirrel, which sat very composedly upon the ground.—He stopped to observe his motions.—In a few minutes, the squirrel darted, like lightning, to the top of a tree, beneath which he had been sitting.—In an instant he was down, with an acorn in his mouth, and began to burrow in the earth with his hands. After digging a small hole, he stooped down, and deposited the acorn: then covering it, he darted up the tree again. In a moment he was down with another, which he buried in the same manner. This he continued to do, as long as Colonna thought proper to watch him.—The industry of this little animal is directed to the purpose of securing him against

* Note 20.

want in the winter ; and, as it is probable, that his memory is not sufficiently retentive to enable him to remember the spots in which he deposits every acorn, the industrious little fellow, no doubt, loses a few every year. These few spring up, and are destined to supply the place of the parent tree! —Thus is Britain, in some measure, indebted to the industry and bad memory of a squirrel, for her pride, her glory, and her very existence !

XXVIII. Not only woods, fountains, and rivers, but MOUNTAINS, have had a sacred character attached to them.—Upon their summits, the Jews,* the Persians,† the Bithynians, the infidel nations around Palestine,‡ and the Druids of Gaul,§ Britain, and Germany,|| were accustomed to sacrifice: and, while the Celts conceived, that the spirits of their heroes resided among the clefts of the rocks,¶ and on the tops and sides of the mountains, the natives of Greenland believed

* St John, ch. iv. v. 20. † Herodotus Clio. c. 131.

‡ Deut. ch. xii. v. 2, 3, 4. § Cæsar de Bell. Gall. lib. 4

|| Tacitus de Germ. Mor. ¶ Ossian, Songs of Selma.

them to be the immediate residence of their Deities.*

XXIX. The Greeks coincided, in a great degree, with this idea ; and it was an opinion sanctioned by many of their poets and philosophers, among whom we may instance Plato, Homer, and Strabo, that, after the Deluge of Deucalion, the inhabitants of the earth resided, for a long time, on the tops of the mountains, whence they gradually descended into the vales and valleys below :—grounding their preference, not more upon their comparative security from future inundations, than upon the sacred character of those lofty eminences. Of those mountains, three had the honour of giving general names to the Muses ; —and Mount Athos still retains such an imposing aspect, that the Greeks of modern ages have erected upon it a vast number of churches, monasteries, and hermitages, which are frequented by devotees of both sexes without number. Hence it has acquired the title 'of the *Holy Mountain*,† an appellation which has been, also, given to the Skirrid, in the county of Monmouth, by religious

* Note 21.

† Note 22.

catholics in the West of England, most of whom entertain an ardent desire of having a few moulds from that craggy eminence sprinkled over their coffins : while great numbers of pilgrims resort to the promontory near Gaeta, a small piece of which Italian seamen wear constantly in their pockets to preserve them from drowning.

XXX. What has been observed of Mount Athos, is equally applicable to Mount Tabor, near the city of Tiberias ; a great number of churches and monasteries having been built upon it. This is the mountain, on which St. Peter said to Christ, “ It is good for us to be here ; and “ let us make three Tabernacles ; one for thee ; “ and one for Moses ; and one for Elias.”* The view from this fine summit is represented to be so exceedingly various and magnificent, that the spectator experiences all those sensations, which are produced by a mixture and rapid succession of varied and gay, gloomy and majestic objects.† What a contrast does this fine

* Note 23.

† Mariti's Travels, vol. ii. p. 263. Shaw's Travels in Syria and the Holy Land, p. 234.

eminence exhibit to that of the Norwegian mountain of Filefield, covered with eternal snow; where neither a house, nor a cottage, nor a hut, nor a tree; neither a shrub, nor a flower, nor a human being, are ever to be seen!

The Jews were accustomed to bury their dead on the sides of mountains;* Moses received the Law on the top of Sinai; and so holy was that mountain esteemed, that no one but himself was permitted to touch it.†

The Messiah frequently took his disciples up to the top of a high mountain to pray; there it was he transfigured before them,‡ and many of the incidents recorded in Scripture took place in the garden and on the Mountain of Olives.§

* Judges, ch. ii. v. 9. Joshua, ch. xxiv. v. 32, 33.—Such is the practice, I believe, in the present day, where there are mountains. The Jewish burying-ground at Montjuich (supposed to be a corruption of *Mons Judaicus*), near Barcelona, is thus situated.

† Exodus, ch. xix. v. 12. Hebrews, ch. xii. v. 20.

‡ Matth. xvii. v. 1, 2. Luke ix. v. 28.

§ Matth. xxiv. v. 3. Mark xiii. v. 3. Luke xxii. v. 39. Mark xiv. v. 26. Matt. xxvi. v. 30. The Scripture writers frequently call high mountains “The Mountains of God.”

Vid.

A country, destitute of mountains, may be rich, well cultivated, elegant and beautiful, but it can in no instance be grand, sublime, or transporting; and to what a degree boldness of scenery has the power of elevating the fancy may be, in some measure, conceived from an anecdote, recorded of an epic and descriptive poet. When Thomson heard of Glover's intention of writing an epic poem, the subject of which should be Leonidas of Sparta, "Impossible!" said he, "Glover can never be idle enough to attempt an epic!—He never saw a mountain in his life!"

XXXI. Petrarch had long wished to climb the summit of *Mount Venoux*, a mountain presenting a wider range of prospect, than any among the Alps or Pyrenees. With much difficulty he ascended. Arrived at its summit, the scene presented to his sight was unequalled!—After taking a long view of the various objects, which lay stretched below, he took from his pocket a volume of St. Augustine's Confessions: and, opening the leaves at random, the first period that caught

Vid. Joel, ch. iii. v. 17. Obadiah v. 17. Micah, ch. iv. v. 2. The Sermon on the Mount was delivered on the hill, now called the "Mount of the Beatitudes."

his eye was the following passage:—“ *Men travel far to climb high mountains, to observe the majesty of the ocean, to trace the sources of rivers—but—they neglect themselves.*” Admirable reasoning! conveying as admirable a lesson! Instantly applying the passage to himself, Petrarch closed the book, and falling into profound meditation,—“ If,” thought he, “ I have undergone so much labour in climbing this mountain, that my body might be the nearer to heaven, what ought I not to do, in order that my soul may be received in those immortal regions.” Let us, my Lelius, while climbing any of our British Alps, be visited by similar reflections, and be actuated by similar resolutions!

XXXII. Though the view of mountains serve to elevate the mind, the inhabitants of those regions are, undoubtedly, more prone to rapine and to warlike enterprise, than the inhabitants of vales.* This arises from the austerity of their climate and the comparative poverty of their soil; but this remark, though true, when generally applied, is not always so in particular. For though, in the time of Cesar, the Helvetii, inhabiting that part

* Note 24.

of Switzerland, lying round the Lake of Geneva, were the most warlike people of Gaul; yet they were not more so than the Parthians, who were natives of unexplored deserts. The Assyrians and the Chaldees, both originally descended from the mountains of Atouria, with the Persians, inhabiting a country abounding in hills, were those people the most remarkable for having established extensive empires; yet we must not infer from thence, that their conquests arose from that severe energy, which is imbibed from the keen air of mountainous regions, since we find people, residing in plains, acquiring empires equally extensive. The Arabians, for instance, so remarkable for their conquests during the middle ages; the Egyptians, in more remote times; the Tartars, who subjected China; and the Romans, who conquered not so much by the sword, as by the arts: for it was the severity of their discipline, and not the severity of the Apennines, which subdued the world;—of all their numerous legions, not one-tenth, in the time of Augustus or of Trajan, had ever breathed the air of Italy.

XXXIII. The most picturesque parts of Asian Tartary are those in the neighbourhood of the

Armenian and Ararat mountains, on which the ark is said to have rested. This celebrated eminence, on the top of which stand several ruins, rises in the form of a pyramid, in the midst of a long extended plain. It is always covered with snow from its girdle to the summit, and for several months of the year is totally enveloped by clouds.

What scenes in Russia are comparable to those in the neighbourhood of the Oural and Riphean mountains? which the inhabitants, in all the simplicity of ignorance, believe to encompass the earth; in the same manner, as the Malabars imagine the sun to revolve round the largest of theirs. Where does the Spaniard behold nobler landscapes, than at the feet and between the sides of the Blue Ridge, that back the Escorial; among the wilds of the Asturias, or among the vast solitudes of the Sierra Morena? —With what feelings of awe does the Hungarian approach the Carpathian Mountains, that separate him from Galicia! and with what joy and admiration does an African traveller, long lost among deserts and continents of sand, hail the first peak, that greets his sight, among the moun-

tains of the moon! Can the American painter rest on finer scenes, than those, which are exhibited among the Glens of the Laurel, the Blue-ridge, the Cumberland and Allegany Mountains? And where, in all the vast continent of the western world, shall the mind acquire a wider range of idea, more comprehensive notions of vastness and infinity, than on the tops of the Cordilleras and the Andes,* or on those uninhabitable ranges of mountains, which stretch from the river of the west to within a few degrees of the northern circle?

XXXIV. What a sensible gratification, and what interesting reflections were awakened in the mind of the celebrated Cook, when standing upon one of the mountains, that commanded almost the whole of the beautiful island of Eooa, in the southern ocean!—This view is one of the most delightful that can possibly be imagined. “While I was surveying this prospect, (says the benevolent navigator), I could not help flattering myself with the pleasing idea, that some future voyager may, from the same station, behold these meadows stocked with cattle, brought to these

* Note 25.

islands by the ships of England ; and that the completion of this single benevolent purpose, independent of all other considerations, would sufficiently mark to posterity, that our voyages had not been useless to the general interests of humanity.”

.XXXV. No one mounts a towering eminence, but feels his soul elevated : the whole frame acquires unwonted elasticity, and the spirits flow, as it were, in one aspiring stream of satisfaction and delight : for what can be more animating, than, from one spot, to behold the pomp of man and the pride of nature lying at our feet ? Who can refrain from being charmed, when observing those innumerable intersections, which divide a long extent of country into mountains and vales ; and which, in their turn, subdivide into fields, glens, and dingles, containing trees of every height, cottages of the humble, and mansions of the rich : here, groups of cattle ; there, shepherds tending their flocks ; and, at intervals, viewing, with admiration, a broad, expansive river, sweeping its course along an extended vale ; now encircling a mountain, and now overflowing a valley ; here gliding beneath large boughs of trees, and

there rolling over rough ledges of rocks: in one place concealing itself in the heart of a forest, under huge massy cliffs, which impend over it; and in another, washing the walls of some ivied ruin, bosomed in wood!

XXXVI. How beautiful are the reflections of Fitz-James, upon gaining the top of a precipice, whence he threw his eyes below, and beheld the crags, knolls, and mounds of Ben-Venue, the bare point of Ben-An, and the creek, promontory, and islands of Loch-Katrine!*

From the steep promontory gazed
 The stranger, raptur'd and amazed;
 And "what a scene were here," he cried,
 "For princely pomp or churchman's pride!
 On this bold brow, a lordly tower;
 In that soft vale, a lady's bower;
 On yonder meadow, far away,
 The turrets of a cloister gay;
 How blithely might the bugle horn
 Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn!
 How sweet at eve, the lover's lute
 Chime, when the groves were still and mute!
 And when the midnight moon did lave
 Her forehead in the silver wave,

* Note 26.

How solemn on the ear would come
 The holy matin's distant hum ;
 While the deep peal's commanding tone
 Should wake, in yonder islet lone,
 A sainted hermit from his cell,
 To drop a bead with every knell—
 And bugle, lute, and bell and all,
 Should each bewildered stranger call
 To friendly feast and lighted hall.

Scenes, similar to those, which gave rise to these reflections, whether observed at the rising or the setting of the sun, never fail to inspire us with feelings, which it were grateful to indulge and cultivate.—If seen in the morning, they give a vigorous tone to the nerves, and prepare the mind to a willing and active discharge of its various duties ;—if in the evening, every object being mellowed by the declining rays of light, the soul acquires a softened dignity, and the imagination delights in pointing, with grateful anticipation, towards that mysterious world, to which the sun appears to travel in all its glory !

XXXVII. If towering eminences have the power to charm and elevate men, who are pursuing the milder occupations of life, with what rapture shall they inspire the hearts of those long, en-

compassed with danger, who, from the top of high mountains, behold the goal to which their wishes and exertions have long been anxiously directed!—Zenophon affords a fine instance of the power of this union of association and admiration over the mind and heart. The Ten Thousand Greeks, after encountering innumerable difficulties and dangers, in the heart of an enemy's country, at length halted at the foot of a high mountain. Arrived at its summit, the sea unexpectedly burst, in all its grandeur, on their astonished sight! The joy was universal; the soldiers could not refrain from tears; they embraced their generals and captains with the most extravagant delight; they appeared already to have reached the places of their nativity, and, in imagination, again sat beneath the vines, that shaded their paternal dwellings!

XXXVIII. On the other hand, the soldiers of Hannibal, shrunk back with awe and affright, when they arrived at the foot of the mountains, that backed the town of Martigny. The sight of those enormous rampires, whose heads, capped with eternal snow, appeared to touch the heavens, struck a sensible dejection on the hearts of the soldiers. It was

in the middle of autumn; the trees were yellow with the falling leaf; and a vast quantity of snow having blocked up many of the passes, the only objects, which reminded them of humanity, were a few miserable cottages, perched upon the points of inaccessible cliffs; flocks almost perished with cold; and men of hairy bodies and of savage visages!— On the ninth day, after conquering difficulties without number, the army reached the summit of the Alps. The alarm, which had been circulating among the troops all the way, now became so evident, that Hannibal thought proper to take notice of it; and, halting on the top of one of the mountains, from which there was a fine view of Italy, he pointed out to them the luxuriant plains of Piedmont, which appeared like a large map before them. He magnified the beauty of those regions, and represented to them, how near they were of putting a final period to their difficulties, since one or two battles would inevitably give them possession of the Roman capital. This speech, filled with such promising hopes, and the effect of which was so much enforced by the sight of Italian landscapes, inspired the dejected soldiers with renewed vigour and alacrity; they sat forward,

and soon after arrived in the plains, near the city of Turin.*

XXXIX. This celebrated march, performed at such an unfavourable season of the year, in a country, rendered by nature almost inaccessible, has been the admiration of every succeeding age; and many a fruitless attempt has been made to ascertain its actual route. General Melville, has at length settled the question. With Polybius in his hand, he traced it *from the point, where Hannibal is supposed to have crossed the Rhone, up the left bank of that river, across Dauphiné to the entrance of the mountains at Les Echelles, along the vale to Chamberry, up the banks of the Isere, by Conflans and Moustier, over the gorge of the Alps, called the Little St. Bernard, and down their eastern slopes by Aosti and Ivrea, to the plains of Piedmont, in the neighbourhood of Turin.*†

XL. On the Sixth of May, in the year

* Polybius, l. iii. 203. Livy, l. xxi. 36. Plin. Proem. Lib. xxxvi. Silius Italicus. Lib. iii.

† Life of General Melville, p. 11. Moore's View of Manners in Italy, vol. 11.

Eighteen Hundred, Napoleon, then First Consul of France (*gaudens viam fecisse ruina*,*) set off from Paris to assume the command of the army of Italy. On the Thirteenth, he arrived in the neighbourhood of Lausanne. Having reviewed his troops, he pursued his journey along the north banks of the lake of Geneva, and passing through Vevey, Villeneuve, and Aigle, arrived at Martinach, situated near a fine sweep of the Rhone, near its confluence with the Durance. From this place the modern Hannibal, (not more resembling that warrior in military talent than in perfidy,) passed through Burg, and St. Brenchier; and after great toil, difficulty and danger, arrived with his whole army at the top of the great St. Bernard. The road up this mountain is one of the most difficult, and the scenes, which it presents, are as magnificent as any in Switzerland. Rocks, gulphs, avalanches, or precipices, presented themselves at every step. Not a soldier but was alternately petrified with horror, or captivated with delight. At one time feeling himself a coward, at another, animated with the inspirations of a hero!—Arrived at the summit of that tremendous mountain, and anticipating no-

* Lucan. Lib. i. l. 146.

thing but a multitude of dangers and accidents in descending from those regions of perpetual snow, on a sudden turning of the road, they beheld tables, covered, as if by magic, with every kind of necessary refreshment!—The monks of St. Bernard had prepared the banquet. Bending with humility and grace, those holy Fathers besought the army to partake the comforts of their humble fare. The army feasted,—returned tumultuous thanks to the Monks,—and passed on.—A few days after this event, the battle of Marengo decided the fate of Italy.

XLI. To the eye and heart of the ambitious, how many subjects of inducement and delight do mountains present! Who would not be proud to climb the summits of the Alps,* the Pyrenées, and the Andes? Is there a Sicilian, who does not boast of Etna? Is there a Scot, who does not take pride in celebrating Ben Lomond? and is there an

* The Description of the general Character of Alpine Scenery, by Silius Italicus, is a masterpiece; and one of the finest passages in that unjustly neglected poet.

Cuncta gelu canaque æternum grandine tecta,
Atque ævi glaciem cohibent; &c. &c. Lib. iii.

Italian, that is not vain of the Apennines? * Who, that is alive to nature and the muse, would not be delighted to wander up the sides of the Caucasus, the cone of Teneriffe, or those beautiful mountains, situated on the confines of three nations, so often and so justly celebrated by the poets of ancient Greece? and shall our Friend Colonna be censured for confessing, that the proudest moments of his existence have been those, in which he has reached the summits of the Wrekin, the Ferwyn, and the cone of Langollen? or when he has beheld, from the tops of Carnedds David, and Llewellyn, a long chain of mountains, stretching from the north to the south, from Penmaenmawr to Cader Idris? Snowdon rising in the centre, his head capt with snow, and towering above the clouds,—while his immense sides, black with rugged and impending rocks, stretched in long length below!

XLII. During his continuance on *Pen-y-Voel*, Mr. Coxe, the celebrated Swiss traveller, felt that extreme satisfaction, which is ever experienced

* Claudian, Lucan, and indeed almost all the Latin poets take a sensible pleasure in marking the characters of these cloud-capt eminences, the abodes of perpetual snow and the fruitful parents of a vast number of rivers.

when elevated on the highest point of the adjacent country. "The air," as that gentleman justly observes from Rousseau, "is more pure, the body more active, and the mind more serene. Lifted up above the dwellings of man, we discard all grovelling and earthly passions; the thoughts assume a character of sublimity, proportionate to the grandeur of the surrounding objects: and as the body approaches nearer to the ethereal regions, the soul imbibes a portion of their unalterable purity." In a note to this passage Rousseau expresses his surprise, that a bath of the reviving air of the mountains is not more frequently prescribed by the Physician, as well as by the Moralist.

XLIII. Emotions of religion are always the most predominant in such elevated regions. Mr. Adams, when employed as minister plenipotentiary, from the States of America to the court of Berlin, visited the vast mountains, that separate Silesia from Bohemia. Upon the Schneegnitzen he beheld the celebrated pits, where the snow remains unmelted for the greater part of the year: upon the Risenkoppe, the highest pinnacle in Germany, he beheld all Silesia, all Saxony, and Bohemia, stretch-

ed like a map before him. "Here," says he, "my first thought was turned to the Supreme Creator, who gave existence to that immensity of objects, expanded before my view. The transition from this idea to that of my own relation, as an immortal soul with the author of nature, was natural and immediate; from this to the recollection of my country, my parents, and my friends."*

XLIV. It is highly interesting to observe, what pride a mountaineer takes in his country. Mr. Coxe, travelling near Munster, was requested by a peasant to inform him what he thought of his country; and pointing to the mountains with rapture, he exclaimed, "behold our walls and bulwarks, even Constantinople is not so strongly fortified!" And Colonna never reflects, but with pleasure, on the self-evident satisfaction, with which a farmer, residing in one of the most inaccessible cliffs, near Ffestiniog, replied to his assertion, that England was the finest and best country in the world, "ah! but you have no mountains, sir;—you've got no mountains!"—The Sicilian peasants, in the same manner, have such an affection for Etna, that they believe Sicily would not be habitable without it. "It keeps us

* Note 27.

warm in winter," say they, "and furnishes us with ice in summer."

XLV. If we except mountains, nothing has so imposing an effect upon the imagination, as high, impending and precipitate rocks;—those objects, which, in so peculiar a manner, appear to have been formed by some vast convulsion of the earth; and I remember, my Lelius, few scenes, which have given me greater severity of delight, than those vast crags, which rear themselves in a multitude of shapes, near Ogwen's Lake; at the falls of the Conway; at St. Gowen's Chapel in Pembrokeshire, and the singular masses at Worm's Head, in the district of Gower. The first of these scenes is the more endeared to my fancy, from the following Ode having been written by La Rochefort, among its rude and sterile precipices.

ODE.

I.

To th' Oak, that near my cottage grew,
 I gave a lingering, sad adieu;
 I left my Zenophelia true
 To love's fine power—
 I felt the tear my cheek bedew
 In that sad hour.—

VI.

Now to my hamlet I'll retire,
 Cur'd of every vain desire;
 And burning with the sacred fire,
 That charm'd my youth;
 To love I'll dedicate my lyre,
 And heaven-born truth.

XLVI. When rocks are scattered among woods, covered with ivy, and peopled with animals, as in the celebrated pass at Undercliff,* nothing can be more embellishing to scenery, and nothing fascinates the imagination in a more vivid and impressive manner. Of all the rocks, which this Island can boast, few can compare with those, that alternately form the sides, the front screens, and the back grounds of the Wye. "There," says Mr. Gilpin, who has described the general character of this unequalled river with the skill and judgment of a painter, and with all the taste and genius of a poet, "the rocks are continually starting through the woods, and are generally simple and grand; rarely formal or fantastic. Sometimes they project in those beautiful square masses, yet broken and shattered in every line, which is characteristic

* In the Isle of Wight,

of the most majestic species of rock. Sometimes they slant obliquely from the eye in shelving diagonal strata; and sometimes they appear in large masses of smooth stone, detached from each other and half buried in the soil." These masses of smooth rock are those objects of nature, which most resemble the architecture of man. Sometimes they rear themselves into vast natural amphitheatres; at other times into rampires, with all the regularity of immense walls; and with no herbage, no hanging masses of shrubs, no ivy adorning their crevices, they surprise, without delighting us. For, as the same elegant writer truly observes, no object receives so much beauty from contrast as the rock. "Some objects," says he, "are beautiful in themselves; the eye is pleased with the tuftings of a tree; it is amused with pursuing the eddying of a stream; or it rests, with delight, on the broken arches of a gothic ruin. Such objects, independent of composition, are beautiful in themselves.—But the rock, bleak, naked and unadorned, seems scarcely to deserve a place among them. Tint it with mosses and lichens of various hues, and you give it a degree of beauty;—adorn it with shrubs and hanging herbage, and you make it still more picturesque;—connect it with wood, water,

and broken ground, and you make it in the highest degree interesting. Its colour and its form are so accommodating, that it generally blends into one of the most beautiful appendages of landscape :”*

— where high rocks, o'er ocean's dashing floods,
Wave high in air, their panoply of woods;
Admiring taste delights to stray beneath
With eye uplifted, and forgets to breath;
Or, as aloft his daring footsteps climb,
Crests their high summits with his arm sublime.

Darwin, c. 3. l. 1223.

XLVII. I shall never forget your enthusiasm, my Lelius, when we visited the chapel of St. Gowen, situated among those stupendous rocks, which, forming a semicircular area towards the sea, commands a noble prospect of the coast of Devon. The language, you employed on that interesting occasion, never can I be so base as to forget. “If our prayers are, at one time more acceptable than at another, it must assuredly be in those moments, when our souls are elevated by such scenery as this! often have I been awed to devotion at Rome, and at Loretto, in the presence of Canons, Bishops, and Cardinals; but here, in the rude simplicity of

* Note 28.

nature, I feel my spirit separate, as it were, from the tenement, which has so long chained it to the earth, and wing its course directly up to heaven! The magnificent area, in which this small chapel is situated, is a temple, more sublimely grand and affecting, than all the mosques of Turkey, and all the cathedrals of France, Italy, or Spain!"

XLVIII. If towering and impending rocks, abrupt and gigantic mountains elevate the mind, and exalt it far above mortality, the woody dingle, the deep and romantic glen, the rocky valley, and the wide, the rich, the fascinating vale,—associating ideas of rural comfort and of peaceful enjoyment, cheerful industry, robust health and tranquil happiness, draw us from subjects, too high for human thought, chain us to the earth, and enchant us with such magic spells,

That Earth seems HEAVEN;—and all around displays
Such pleasing evidence of all that's good,
That we would rather fascinate our eyes
With such sweet beauty, than exalt our souls
E'en to the mansions of eternity.

No country abounds more in those characters,
in which Nature delights to speak to the imagina-

tion, than Greece. Her mountains were not more the theme of her poets, than her vales and her valleys. In that fine country no vale was more celebrated than that of Tempe: a vale, in which the peasants frequently assembled, in order to give entertainments to each other, and to offer sacrifices. Of this enchanting spot Pliny has given a description in the fourth book of his Natural History;—but Ælian has left the most copious and accurate account of it. “Tempe,” says he, “is situated between the mountains of Ossa and Pelion, which are the highest mountains in Thessaly, and are divided in this place, with a singular kind of attention. They enclose a valley five miles in length, but which in breadth, often does not exceed an hundred feet. In the middle flows the river Peneus, which, at first, is little more than a cataract, but by the addition of many smaller streams, it at length assumes considerable magnitude. Among the rich shrubs upon its banks, are various beautiful windings and recesses; not the works of human hands, but of spontaneous nature, which seems to have formed every thing in this spot with the solicitude of a mother. A profusion of ivy is seen in all parts of the woods, which, with the vine, ascend the tops of the highest trees,

cling round their branches, and fall luxuriantly between them. The different species of convolvulus, which grow upon the sides of the hills, throw their white flowers and creeping foliage over the rocks; while, in the vale, or wherever they can find a level surface, groves of all kinds, in venerable arches, or capricious forms, affords a cool and refreshing retreat. Nor are there wanting frequent falls of water, with the most pure and crystal springs, sweet to drink, and wholesome to the bather. The thrush, the wood-lark, and the nightingale, breed in the thickets, and, with their songs, shorten the way, and sooth the ears of the traveller, who finds, in every path, arbours and grottos, and seats of quiet repose. The Peneus still continues through the vale, idly, as it were, and with a glassy smoothness; while the depending boughs, which crowd over its surface, yield an almost constant shade to those, who navigate the river."

XLIX. In this valley were united the extremes of the beautiful and the sublime:—how beautiful, *Ælian* has informed us;—how sublime, we may imagine, from what is related by *Pliny*, who assures us, that when the Roman army was marching over one of the passes, the soldiers were thrilled with

horror at the awful appearance of the rocks, and the thundering noise of the cataracts.

The scene in England, which most resembles this celebrated vale, is the valley of Dovedale, in the county of Derby. This delightful spot wears an air of enchantment, which its transitions, caverns, rocks and recesses, continually keep alive to the eye; while the imagination roves from scene to scene, and from transition to transition, with all the wild ardour of unsated curiosity.*

L. In England, few are the vales, remarkable for picturesque effect. They are rich in wood, in meadow, in rural animals and in buildings; but they are destitute, for the most part, of rocks, of ruins and of mountains. None of them, therefore, can compare with the vales of Clwyd, Llangollen, or Ffestiniog; and they possess little, which will enable them to stand in competition with those of the Usk, the Towy, or the Glamorgan. Of these the Clwyd is the

* The Tempe of Switzerland is a valley, in the Canton of Glarus, near the mountains of Freybourg, watered by the Linth.

most rich; Llangollen the most picturesque; Ffestiniog the most abounding in beautiful and sublime combination; the Glamorgan the most rural; but the Towy, by far, the most adapted for a tranquil and elegant retirement.

LI. Who can behold, too, without surprise and pleasure, the romantic pass of CWM DYR, so finely contrasted, as it is, with the wild and uncultivated aspect of the mountains, which back its foreground, studded with cottages:—here embrowned with wood, and there embellished with masses of rock; affording one of the most exquisite specimens of placid mountain scenery, it is possible to behold!* Travel also, my Lelius, to the vales of the Dee, the Ebwy and the Rhydol; but if you would select some sweet, some tranquil spot, in which, forsaking all the world, you would devote the remainder of your days to contemplation and delight, let that spot be the vale of Crucis, in the county of Denbigh.—Surrounded on all sides by towering mountains, the vale of Crucis, secured from the northern blast by high and over-arching rocks, appears, as

* Note 29.

Rousseau would have said, like an asylum, which nature had spared for two faithful lovers, escaped from the ruin and desolation of the world.—There, my Lelius, will I promise you security and rest.—There, forgetting all, that would remind you of this little scene, you would learn to estimate, at their true value, the pomp of folly, the ignorance of pride, and the littleness of grandeur.

LII. If, however, you would be sublimely captivated, visit Nant Gwynant, at the foot of Snowdon, or the tremendous Glen of the Beaver's Hollow.* Range along those enormous crags, those fissured precipices, where the rocks rear themselves, in fantastic piles, even to the clouds, and where Nature, bold and rough, in silent terror,

sits alone
Majestic on her craggy throne.

There rove, transported, among scenes so awful and sublime, that the breath is suspended, while

* Nant Frangon.

gazing on their wonders:—there, where the race of man appears to be extinct; where not a tree nor a shrub, nor a cottage will remind you of humanity, and where no sound is heard, but the rushing of waters, the solemn roar of the winds, the cries of the eagle, or the screams of the kite.

LIII. Indulging in the contemplation of this scene, till all the faculties of the mind are suspended, pursue the windings of the defile; and, after guarding yourself from the possibility of falling from the margin of a precipice, stand upon its edge and cast your eyes below!—A beautiful and romantic glen stretches at the bottom!—No!—not, in all nature, can a scene more truly grand, or more exquisitely captivating, be seen than this! May he, who sees Nant Frangon, (“Beauty sleeping in the lap of Horror!”) and sees it with indifference, stand, to eternal ages, at the bottom of the Glen, a marble monument of his baseness!—For my own part, my Lelius, I should have considered it a moral misfortune, as well as a moral disgrace, had I been capable of witnessing such a scene, with any other feel-

ings, than those of wonder and awe, astonishment and devotion :—Rather than have felt

—— Such vast, such matchless woe,
I'd rise a rock o'erspread with endless snow !
Or frown a cliff on some disastrous shore,
Where ships are wrecked and tempests ever roar.

Grainger's Tibullus.

LIV. These are scenes, totally abandoned to the rude and matchless finger of Nature, and which man, excelling in the liberal arts, has never yet presumed to touch. Scenes, which admit of no conversation, and yet appear to have a soul, residing in them, which, animated by their charms, furnish recompenses, more than sufficient, for their silence and solitude.—Speaking a language, clear and distinct in cause, various and powerful in operation, it is permitted the enraptured spectator to admire and to meditate,—but not to speak: hence arises a soft and holy rapture, which, to a mind long accustomed to contemplate the imbecility of man, or to feel the benumbing influence of all human causes of action, is as delightful as water, distilling from the leaves of the Fountain Tree, is to the palate of a traveller, whose

lips have long been parched with ungovernable thirst.

LV. Such effects have scenes, like these, upon the mind and heart, that the poets and sacred writers, not unfrequently, imagine the hills and woods to become vocal; and, participating in the delight, they impart, to lift up their voices in praise and gratitude. Thus vales are said to smile; woods to whisper; trees are fabled to have ears;* silence to have the feeling of pleasure;† and the sea, in a calm, lulling evening, as the waves recoil from the beach, is said to listen to its own roar. These metaphors are perpetual in poetry, and not unfrequent in common-conversation. In reference to the imaginary qualities, with which we endow the various objects of landscape, the poets frequently address themselves to those objects, as if they were capable of hearing and obeying the call. Thus Moschus, in his highly finished Elegy on the Death of Bion, calls upon the woods and fountains to mingle their sorrow with his; and Milton, whose subject and whose genius sublimed him beyond

* Horat. Od. xii.

† Note 39.

the limits of the world, and after whom, as Johnson finely observed of Shakespeare, time toiled and panted in vain, has a transcendent passage in the Morning Hymn,* sung by our first parents, where they call upon the visible creation to join with them in celebrating their great Father. —After invoking the angels of light, the sun, the moon, the stars, the air, and the elements, Adam invites the mists and exhalations, the pines and plants, the winds and fountains, to accompany him in his devotions, and to be witness against him, if, at any time, he should neglect his morning or his evening orisons.

LVI. Objects of Nature not only add to the repose of the mind, and tend to the restoration and preservation of health, but even to the more vivid enjoyment of the sensual faculties; for, it has been observed by the most eminent travellers, that those persons, who are the most exposed to the operations of nature, by leading rural and pastoral lives, are remarkably endowed with quick perceptions of smelling, hearing and seeing. Their organs acquire additional power

* Note 31.

from the temperature of the air, and from their almost continually being in sight of rural, rather than artificial objects. Thus, the Kalmuc Tartars possess an olfactory acuteness, nearly equal to that of dogs: by stretching themselves upon the turf, they hear the treading of sheep and the trampling of horses, at a great distance; and see objects, clearly and distinctly, which a traveller has no power to discern, or, if perceived, only in a confused and indefinite manner.

LVII. Not the larger objects of landscape only have the power of administering to our pleasure, but we shall perceive, that Earths and Stones, their component parts, possess the same faculty, if we begin by investigating the first principles of Geology, and finish with the conclusion, that the entire substance of our globe is a metal-line, and consequently a combustible compound!— But the subject, I am aware, is uncongenial to your taste; I shall, therefore, turn to the consideration of those natural Sounds, Perfumes and Colours, which, contributing with more or less effect, serve to increase those general sensations of harmony, which we receive from the various objects and appearances of nature.

LVIII. Who has not listened, with satisfaction, to the song of the lark, the hum of bees, and the murmuring of rivulets?—Mecænas was cured of continual watchfulness by the falling of water; and Pliny relates an anecdote of a Roman nobleman, who would recline upon a couch beneath one of his beach-trees, and be lulled to slumber by the falling of rain.*

Ah! who the melodies of MORN can tell?
 The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;
 The lowing herd; the shepherd's simple bell;
 The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
 In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
 The clamorous horn among the cliffs above;
 The hollow murmur of the ocean tide;
 The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
 And the full choir, that wakes the universal grove.

Minstrel.

LIX. Of a fine summer's evening, too, how delightful is it to pause upon the side of the hill, which overlooks a favourite village, and listen to the various sounds, which come softened by the distance!—Goldsmith has described sounds of this sort, in a passage, which, though frequently quoted, is never quoted or read without the liveliest pleasure.

* Note 32.

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close, -
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
 There, as I passed, with careless steps and slow,
 The mingled notes came softened from below :
 The swain responsive, as the milk maid sung,
 The sober herd, that low'd to meet their young ;
 The noisy geese, that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children, just let loose from school,
 The watch-dog's voice, that bay'd the whispering wind,
 And the loud laugh, that spoke the vacant mind :
 These all in soft confusion sought the shade,
 And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

Deserted Village.

LX. If some sounds in nature are beautiful, many are there also, which assume the character of sublimity, and some, which partake of the nature of both. Such are those gentle breathings of the wind, after a violent storm, which Mr. Gray, with singular felicity, compares to the voice of an Eolian harp. Such, too, are those notes of apparent sorrow, which are, at intervals, heard from animals and birds ;—" The wild-dove," says the Arabian poet, *Serage Al-warack*, " sooths me with her notes ; like me she has a dejected heart !"

LXI. What lover of nature's music, but is charmed with the various notes and modulations of

our English singing birds? The sweetness of the throistle;—the cheerfulness of the sky-lark;—the mellowness of the thrush, building near the mistletoe;—the imitative talent of the bull-finch;—the varied and familiar language of the red-breast, endeared to us, from our youth, by so many agreeable associations;—the wood-lark, priding herself in being little inferior to the nightingale; and sheltering her home in lair-ground, under large tufts of grass to shelter her from the cold;—the vivacity of the wren, forming her nest with dry leaves and moss, among hedges and shrubs encircled with ivy;—the solemn cry of the owl;—and the soft note of the linnet, building upon heaths with roots, and among thorns with moss, and subject to the disorder of melaucholy!—Not one of these birds breathes a single note, that is not listened to with pleasure:—

Happy commoners!

That haunt in woods, in meads, in flowery gardens,
Rifle the sweets and taste the choicest fruits,
Yet scorn to ask the lordly owner's leave.

Rowe.

LXII. But what bird, or lute, or harp, or dulcimer, shall we compare with the notes of

the fly-bird of America, or the nightingale of Europe and of Asia? The favourite bird of Sophocles and Tasso,* and the subject of many an Arabic and Persian allegory. Pliny† has described the effect of this bird's exquisite note with appropriate warmth; and Walton, a writer of genuine feeling and classical simplicity, has celebrated it in the truest measure of applause:—

“ He, that at midnight, when the very labourers sleep securely, should hear, as I have heard, the clear air, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, “ Lord! what music hast thou provided for thy saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music upon earth.”

LXIII. Kircher, in his *Universal Harmony*,‡

* Odi quello usignuolo,
Che va di ramo in ramo
Cantando, To arno, To arno.

Aminta.

Hear that sweet nightingale,
Who flies from bough to bough,
Singing—I love, I love.

† Lib. x. c. 19.

‡ Lib. i. c. 14.

endeavours to reduce the notes of the nightingale to a musical scale. . . . But no instrument can successfully imitate this bird, though the human voice is capable of intonations equally sweet and equally touching. Seignour Greadagni, who enjoyed a considerable share of fame in England, about the year 1780, had tones as rich and as mellow as the nightingale. The effect of this singer over the mind, we are told, arose principally from his imitating an Eolian harp:—unlike other singers, who affect a swell or *Messa de voce*, he diminished his notes from the beginning to the end, dying in soft murmurs; and giving his last whispers all the effect of distance, they seemed to ascend, till the sound was totally lost in the ecstasy of hearing, and though no note was heard, the ear listened, as if it expected a return.*

LXIV. The practice of imitating birds is very common in Persia. Sir William Jones relates a curious circumstance in his *Dissertation on the Musical Modes of the Hindus*:—"an intelligent person," says he, "declared, that he had more than once been present, when a celebrated Lu-

* Note 33.

tanist was playing to a large company, in a grove near Schiraz, where he distinctly saw the nightingale trying to vie with the musician; sometimes warbling on the trees, sometimes fluttering from branch to branch, as if they wished to approach the instrument, and, at length, dropping on the ground in a kind of ecstasy, from which they were soon raised by a change of the mood." Colonna once gave the Sergeant of a marching regiment five guineas to teach him the art of imitating birds; when, to his great surprise, he found the nightingale more easily to be imitated, than any of our principal choristers, except the black-bird.—Alexander was once very much importuned to hear a person, who was capable of imitating nightingales with no common excellence: "I would do so," replied he, "if I could not enjoy the superior happiness of hearing the nightingale herself!"

LXV. The poets, in all ages, have conspired in considering this bird a melancholy one:—

Qualis populeâ mœrans philomela sub umbrâ
 Amissos queritur fœtus, quas durus arator
 Observans nido implumes detraxit; at illa

Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
Integrat, & mœstis latè loca questibus implet.

Georg. Lib. iv. l. 511.

Another poet says,

Dulces variat philomela querelas.

Some one has observed, that she not only warbles among the branches of trees, but in those places, which are esteemed sacred: perhaps, however, we are, by implication, to understand the poet's meaning to be, that she renders sacred every haunt she frequents.

Quæ virides umbras & loca sacra tenet.

In variety of note, she does not exceed the sky-lark, yet the poets have said,

—— potest vocum discrimina mille,
Mille potest varios ipsa referre sonos.

LXVI. Of her melancholy no one has given a more exquisite description than Milton, who addresses her with such elegance in the most beautiful of all beautiful poems, *Il Penseroso*.

Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy,
 Thee, chantress, oft the woods among
 I woo to hear thy evening song.

So great a favourite was this bird with Milton, that he never omits an opportunity of celebrating its powers.—What a sweet passage is that, in his fifth book of *Paradise Lost*, where Eve relating her dream to Adam, fancies him to have said,

Why sleep'st thou; Eve? now is the pleasant time,
 The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
 To the sweet night-warbling bird, that now, awake,
 Tunes sweetest her lone-labour'd song.

And again, where the earth and all its animal and feathered inhabitants give signs of gratulation at our parents' nuptials :

Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
 Whispered it to the woods, and from their wings,
 Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub,
 Disporting, till the amorous bird of night
 Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star,
 On his hill top to light the bridal lamp.
 These, lull'd by nightingales, embracing slept;

And on their naked limbs the flowery roof
Showered roses, which the morn repaired.*

So charmed was Thomson with this aerial music, that he would listen, hour after hour, of a fine summer's evening, to hear the nightingales in Richmond Gardens.

LXVII. The nightingale, however, melancholy as she has been represented, is, in fact, a cheerful bird; like the *Lachrymæ Christi*† of Italy, she is sorrowful only by name; she sings by day, as well as by night, and is, as Martial‡ calls her, the most garrulous of all our singing birds. Her notes, strong and sonorous, wild and mellow, are to the highest degree enlivening, when heard at highest noon; and only pensive and melancholy, when all nature is lulled to repose, and our feelings are hushed to silence; when every sound, whether of the woods, the distant chimings of a cathedral, or the rolling of remote waters, come, at intervals, on the ear, and produce nearly the

* Note 34.

† This wine, in complete opposition to its name, has the best flavour of any in Italy.

‡ Lib. xiv. Ep. 75.

same emotions, as the notes of the nightingale herself. It is from association, that she derives most of her powers of disposing the heart to melancholy impressions: cheerful and happy herself, she has, aided by the gloom and silence of night, power to elicit tears from all, that listen to her warblings:—like the infant, in an elegant Persian poem of Sadi, she smiles and is happy, while all around her are silent and sad.

LXVIII. Of this bird, it is curious to remark, that it is not once alluded to by Homer or by Horace, both of whom embrace such a multitude of objects, and draw so copiously from the works of nature; and though the uninterrupted silence, which prevails amid the Scottish and Cambrian Glens, would afford her all the serenity, she could wish, she no where makes their rocks and valleys echo with her notes.*

Of those sounds, which partake of a sublime character, what can be more truly so, than the falling of cataracts; the rolling of thunder; the shrieks and cries of marine birds; or the roaring

* Note 35.

of the woods at midnight, from which, as Lucretius observes, man first taught himself music:* the deep howlings of the storm, occasionally subsiding into a general hush; or those analogous sounds, with little or no definite meaning, which Ossian calls the “spirit of the mountains;” and to which Virgil alludes in his fifth Bucolic:

Nam neque me tantùm venientis sibilus Austri,
Nec percussa juvant fluctu tam litora, nec quæ
Saxosas inter decurrunt flumina valles.

Ecl. v. l. 82.

LXIX. Those intermittent sounds, too, which are heard among the clefts of desolate rocks, are equally gratifying to the ear of those proud and elevated spirits, who derive a sensible pleasure from all that is wild, grand, and magnificent. Nothing can be more productive of such sublime emotion, than the roar of the ocean against the stupendous rocks of St. Kilda, or the perpendicular cliffs of Penmaenmawr: sounds, heard with equal effect, near the chapel of St. Mildred, where the rocks form themselves into immense Rampires, and where, in the dashing of the waves, the sea appears, as if it were captivated by the music of its own roar.

* Note 36.

LXX. The fine semicircle, in which this chapel is situated, appears, in some measure, to resemble the bay of the sea, encompassed on three sides with steep and gigantic rocks, which the Swedes call *Odin's Hall*. In the times of gothic barbarism, as we are informed by a celebrated Swiss Philosopher, "men, who were either sick of diseases, esteemed mortal or incurable, or had grown infirm with age, and were past all military action, fearing to die meanly and basely, as they esteemed it, in their beds, usually caused themselves to be brought to the nearest of these rocks, whence they precipitated themselves into the sea; hoping, by the boldness of such a violent death, to renew their claim to admission into the Hall of Odin, which they had lost by failing to die in combat, or by arms." Carpini relates,* that, on the banks of the Tartarian seas, there is a mountain, which has a hole completely perforated through the middle of it. In summer, the noise of the wind, issuing through this perforation, is a mild and gentle murmur; in winter, such vehement tempests are heard, that few travellers venture to approach. There is, also, in New Zealand, a rock, with an immense opening

* Travels into Tartary, c. xxiv.

through its entire body, forming a stupendous arch towards the sea. A similar perforation may be observed in one of the rocks, at Worm's Head, in the parish of Rosilly.* On the top of this rock is one of the sublimest scenes in that part of South Wales. Nothing can be more delightful than the sea, sleeping in the bay of Rosilly in summer, and nothing more terrific, than the roaring of the winds and the dashing of the billows in the season of winter.

LXXI. Sounds, like these, heard among the lonely recesses of the Highlands, or on the shores of the Adriatic and Ionian seas, have had the effect of rendering the inhabitants alternately susceptible of the most exalted emotions of sublimity, and preys to the baneful horrors of superstition. Every one has read of the effects, which the Syrens are reported to have had on the seamen, voyaging near the Cape of Pelorus,† in the island of Sicily, whose vocal charms no one but Orpheus and Ulysses were capable of withstanding. This

* Glamorganshire.

† Now called *Capo di Faro*: Vid. Strabo. Lib. v. Virg. *Æn.* lib. v. v. 864.

fable had, doubtless, a topographical allusion ; for, as Sandys observes, “ Archippus mentions a certain bay, contracted by winding streights and broken cliffs, which, by the singing of the winds and the beating of the billows, report a delightful harmony, alluring those, who sailed by, to approach ; upon which they were thrown against the rocks by the waves and swallowed in violent eddies.”

LXXII. The inhabitants of picturesque countries have always been remarkable for their love of the marvellous and the mysterious ; hence superstition has long been remarked, as forming one of their distinguishing characteristics. There is scarcely a village, a grove, a fountain or a cavern, in the provinces of Gascoigny and Languedoc, that the peasants do not people with fairies. The natives of Savoy, of the Pyrenees and the Appenines, those, who inhabit Mount Taurus and the Caucasus, also, indulge in those superstitions, which seldom fail to infest a mountainous country. The peasants of Wales and the Highlanders of Scotland,* in the same manner, are remarkable for their belief in supernatural agency.

* Note 37.

LXXIII. From objects and sounds, which produce superstitions like these, let us, my Lelius, turn to those lulling murmurs and agreeable sounds, heard, during a fine evening in summer, from the hum of insects, the distant tinkling of the sheep-bell, the melody of birds, and the wild music of the shepherd's pipe. Should you, at any time, be satiated with those agreeable sounds, turn to the dingle and the glen and listen to their echoes. If you are distant from those at Llyn-y-Coe, a lake, surrounded by perpendicular cliffs, resembling the crater of a volcano, near Cader Idris; if you chance not to be near the cavern,* under the Towers of Pembroke, there is scarcely a church-yard, a contracted green or a valley, that will not answer to your call.

LXXIV. So singular and agreeable are the mysterious sounds, arising from the echo, that it is no subject for wonder, that the ancients, who embellished every thing, should touch that fascinating nymph with the wand of allegory.—Echo, say the poets, was the daughter of the Air and the Earth; she was one of the attendants of

* Remarkable for its echo, and called the Wogan.

Juno; but having displeased her haughty and imperious mistress, she was deprived of her voice, and the power of giving a response alone remained to her. Afterwards, it is said, roving among the woods and rivulets, she beheld Narcissus and loved him. Some of the poets relate the story in a different manner, and even change the character of sex. Hylas, says Theocritus, one day, going for water to quench the thirst of Hercules, at the moment, he was filling his vase, the Naiads, who beheld him from the opposite bank, bore him away. Hercules wandered among the hills and forests in quest of him, and made each rock and valley echo with his name. The Naiads, fearing that Hercules would discover him in their fountain, changed him into an echo.*

The poets, as well as the mythologists, have made a charming use of this mysterious nymph, for in spite of Theocritus, I am unwilling to believe, that Echo was masculine. Bion, in his poem on the death of Adonis, introduces her in an elegant passage, which has been imitated by Camöens. Moschus too, in his Idyl on the death of his

* Vid. Apollonius, Lib. iii. Virg. Ecl. vi

friend, beautifully observes, that Echo, on the death of Bion, roved among the rocks, still listening, as it were, to catch the last murmuring of his notes, and, since she listened in vain, became melancholy and silent.

LXXV. Echoes reside, for the most part, in ruined abbeys, in caverns, and in grottos: they reverberate among mountains,* whisper in the areas of antique halls, in the windings of long passages, and in the melancholy aisles of arched cathedrals. There is an ancient portico near the temple of Clymenos, in the district of Cthonia, which repeats three times, on which account it is called “the Echo.” At Woodstock there was one, which returned seventeen syllables during the day, and twenty in the night.—In the sepulchre of Metella, the wife of Crassus, an echo repeated five different times in five different keys; and Barthius, in his notes on Statius, relates, that on the banks of the Naha, between Bingen and Coblenz, an echo recited seventeen times. He, who spoke or sung, could scarcely be heard, and yet the responses were loud

* Note 38.

and distinct, clear and various; sometimes appearing to approach, at other times to come from a great distance, much after the manner of an Eolian harp. In the cemetery of the Abercorn family, at Paisley, in the county of Renfrew, there is an echo exceedingly beautiful and romantic. When the door of the chapel is shut, the reverberations are equal to the sound of thunder. Breathe a single note in music,—and the tone ascends gradually, with a multitude of echoes, till it dies in soft and most bewitching murmurs. If the effect of one instrument is delightful, that of several in concert is captivating, exciting the most tumultuous and rapturous sensations! In this chapel, lulled by ethereal echoes, sleeps Marjory, the daughter of Bruce, the wife of Wallace, and the mother of Robert, king of Scotland.

LXXVI. A singular echo is heard in a grotto, near Castle Comber in Ireland. No reverberation is observed, till the listener is within fifteen or sixteen feet of the extremity of the grotto: at which place a most delightful echo enchants the ear.*—Does there exist any one, who has not heard of the Eagle's

* Note 39.

nest, near Mucross Abbey, on the banks of the lake of Killarney?—This celebrated rock sends forth the most fascinating repercussions. Sound a French or Bugle horn,—echoes, equal to an hundred instruments, answer to the call!—Report a single cannon,—the loudest thunders reverberate from the rock, and die, in endless peals, along the distant mountains!

In Norway, upon the lake Ontario, in many of the West India Islands, the echoes are enchanting; while among the Grisons there reigns an eternal silence:—clothed in a winding sheet, not an echo repeats the fall of a torrent or the ruin of an avalanche!

LXXVII. Ossian calls echo, *the Son of the Rock*. The Highlanders believed, and do so to the present day, that the repercussions of a rock were made by a spirit, residing in its bosom.* Nothing can be more beautiful, than Ossian's address to the echo, in his poem of the battle of Lora. His

* Hence they called it *Mactalla*, "the Son who dwells in the rock." Songs of Selma,—Alpin—in Notis. Shakespeare calls echo "the babbling gossip of the air." *Twelfth Night* Act i. sc. 5.

allusion to his own misfortune is highly natural and affecting. "Son of the distant land, who dwellest in the secret cell! do I hear the sound of the grove; or is it the voice of songs? But I heard a tuneful voice.—Dost thou praise the chiefs of thy land; or the spirits of the wind? But, lonely dweller of rocks! look thou on that heathy plain. Thou seest green tombs with their rank whistling grass; with their stones of mossy heads. Thou seest them, Son of the Rock, but Ossian's eyes have failed!"

LXXVIII. Perceiving the agreeable effects of an echo upon the ear, in the music of nature, the poets, formed by her hand and guided by her precepts, were proud to imitate her. Hence the origin of rhyme; and hence that species of verse among the Greek and Roman poets, which was characterized by the repetition of the last syllable.

Fœmina dira viri nex est, et terribilis—lis.

The Echoicus has not been much practised by the English, though it has been successfully cultivated by the Spanish poets. While I am writing this, Harmonica is giving me an instance in music,

of what the Italians mark by the word *ecco*, bearing, as a musical writer has remarked, the sense of *dolce*, intimating, that such passage should be played with all the softness and piano of a gentle echo. Reverberations of sound were, doubtless, the causes of many of the apparent prodigies, related by the Roman historians. Rome, being built upon several hills, must in consequence have been sensible of many repercussions; which may, in a great measure, account for the extraordinary noises, that are reported to have been heard in the city at particular crises; and which were considered, by that superstitious people, as so many prodigies.*

LXXIX. The ethereal music of the echo naturally recalls to our recollection Plato's elegant idea, with respect to the harmonic movements of the planets, and which he terms *the music of the spheres*. This idea is not only elegant, but in all probability equally just. For, in observing the operative effects of moveable bodies, we find, that the flight of birds and of insects, the rushing of waters, indeed every object, that moves, produces some vibrative sound. Observing these effects, Archytas, Pythagoras, and Plato, conceived it to be impossi-

* Note 40.

ble, that bodies so large, and revolving in an orbit so extensive as the planets, should move their giant courses without some sensible repercussions: so that the heavens might be said to modulate, and to send forth that true harmony, at which the deities themselves might be delighted to listen:—a harmony, as Maximus Tyrius observes, too transcendent for the imbecility of man; and the excellence of which ethereal beings are alone capable of appreciating. How beautifully does Shakespeare allude to this poetical idea in the scene where Lorenzo, in the Merchant of Venice, leads Jessica into the grove, and, after desiring Stephano to order music to be brought into the garden, accosts her after the following manner:—

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!—
 Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears;—soft stillness and the night
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.—
 Sit, Jessica; look how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patterns of bright gold:
 There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
 But in his motion, like an angel, sings,
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim.—
 Such harmony is in immortal souls.

LXXX. But nature affords not satisfaction to

the eye and to the ear only, she administers, also, a sensible delight by the perfumes, which she scatters in every direction. Who, that can relish the fragrant odours of the hay-fields, the wild thyme of the heath, the roses and the woodbines, that decorate our hedgerows, and the violet, that scents the thicket, can lament the absence of the myrrh, the cassia, and the cinnamon, which were wont to charm the descriptive poets of Arabia? “Call for wine,” says Hafiz, “and scatter flowers around; what more canst thou ask from Fate?”—and Mahomet, in the true spirit of his voluptuous creed, declared, that odours assimilated his soul with heaven.

LXXXI. Few objects are more ravishing to the senses, than the perfumes of aromatics, or the more simple odours of the fields.—These natural enjoyments rejoiced equally the heart of the wisest of men and the most odious of tyrants. Solomon was accustomed to write in the praise of essences, and the kings of Tunis to mingle them with their food. The Persians sprinkle their guests with roses and with jessamine;* and while the natives of Hindostan address Iri, the eastern Minerva, with

* Note 41.

offerings of flowers and odours, Vishnu is supposed to be awakened by the following incantation: "The clouds are dispersed, the full moon will appear in perfect brightness, and I come, in the hope of acquiring purity, to offer up the fresh odours of the season. Awake from thy long slumber, Oh Lord of all worlds."*

LXXXII. Perfumes give a soft and ambrosial character to every landscape:—they delight us on the mountain, they charm us in the valley, they captivate us in the garden. Milton and Euripides delighted in the rose; Vitruvius acknowledged it to be one of the best ornaments of a Corinthian capital; † lovers, in ancient times, were accustomed to swear by it; and such veneration had the Persians for that exquisite flower, that it creeps into almost all their songs, fables, and odes.

* The Jews were commanded to use stacte, onycha, galbanum, and frankincense in the tabernacle. Vid. Exod. ch. xxx. v. 34. Catholics of the present day make use of frankincense. Flowers were used by the Romans in sacrifices and on public festivals. Vid. Tibullus. Lib. 11. E. 1.

† In Solomon's Temple were a profusion of artificial flowers, made of cedar; and the sarcophagi of the kings of Judea were ornamented with foliage and flower works, in imitation of their indigenous plants.

Perfumes, which administer such a sensible delight to the voluptuary,* are supposed, also, to be peculiarly grateful to the dying and the dead. A Persian poet has an elegant stanza on the odoriferous ringlets of his mistress.—“*Should the air waft the odour from the hair of my love, the perfume, stealing over my tomb, would recal me to life, and render me vocal in her praise:*”—and because a custom, so amiable and elegant, as that of decorating with flowers the graves of beloved relatives, conduces to the gratification of some of the best feelings of our nature, no apology will be necessary for dwelling upon it a little at length.

* Away before me—to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.

Twelfth Night. Act 1. Sc. 2.

The odours of Venus indicated her origin:—

“*Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem*

“*Spiravere.*

Virg. Lib. 1.

If modern politeness would sanction such a daring infraction of its rules, we might venture to recommend one or two epigrams of Martial to our Bond-street non-entities; and a song of Ben Johnson, with an essay of Montaigne, to several of our married courtezans.—A rose in the girdle may shed a delightful perfume over the bosom, but jessamine water in the hair—

————— And *Otto* on the lace,
My dearest Jane, are mottos of disgrace.

LXXXIII. The manner, in which the Romans took leave of their friends, was extremely affecting:—" *Vale, vale, vale!*—*nos te ordine quo natura permiserit—cuncti sequemur!*"—Then, wishing the earth to lie lightly on their relicts, they departed. The monuments were then decorated with chaplets and balsams, and garlands of flowers. To this affectionate custom Virgil alludes, in the fifth book of his immortal poem, where Eneas sprinkles his father's grave with purple flowers;—and in the sixth, where the poet exclaims,

Æ

—Heu miserande puer! si qua fata aspera rumpas,
 Tu Marcellus eris.—Manibus date ilia plenis;
 Purpureos spargam flores, animamque nepotis
 His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
 Munere.

Lib. vi. l. 882.

LXXXIV. This practice has prevailed among many of the most celebrated nations. The Persians adopted it from the Medes, and the Greeks from the Persians.* The tomb of Achilles was decorated with amaranth, and the urn of Philopæmen was covered with chaplets; and that the grave of Sophocles was embellished with roses and ivy,

* Vid. Tibullus. v 77.

we learn from an elegant epitaph on that fine dramatic genius, written by Simonides.

Wind, gentle evergreen, to form a shade
 Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid ;
 Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs, and intertwine
 With blushing roses and the clustering vine ;
 Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,
 Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung.

Ivy and flowerets, also, were planted near the grave of Anacreon.

This tomb be thine, Anacreon : all around
 Let ivy wreath, let flowerets deck the ground,
 And from its earth, enrich'd with such a prize,
 Let wells of milk and streams of wine arise ;
 So will thine ashes yet a pleasure know,
 If any pleasure reach the shades below.*

LXXXV. Virgil decorates the body of Pallas with strewed leaves of arbutus and other funeral evergreens:—The ceremony of laying the unfortunate youth upon his bier is extremely affecting ;

* Lycophron tells us, that the tombs of two rivals were placed on the opposite sides of a mountain, lest their shades might be disturbed by the honours, paid to each other by their respective relatives.

and the passage, where he is compared to violets and hyacinths, plucked by the hands of a virgin, highly natural, pathetic, and beautiful.

Qualem virgineo demessum pollice florem
 Seu mollis violæ, seu languentis hyacinthi :
 Cui neque fulgor adhuc, necdum sua forma recessit ;
 Non jam mater alit tellus, viresque ministrat.

Æneid.-xi. l. 68.

LXXXVI. To this we may add, that few passages, in that fine poem, abound more in natural pathos, than that, where Andromache is represented as raising green altars to the memory of her departed husband :*—a passage, reminding us of several in Ossian, where he describes the monuments, which were erected to the Heroes of remote ages.—“ Narrow is thy dwelling place now !—dark is the place of thine abode !—with three steps I compass thy grave, Oh thou, that wert so great before !—four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee !—a tree with scarce a leaf, long grass, which whistles in the wind, mark, in the hunter’s eye, the grave of the mighty Morar.”—*Songs of Selma*.—“ O lay me, ye that see the

* *Lib.* iii. l. 302.

light, near some rock of my hills ; let the rustling oak be near ; green be the place of my rest ; and let the sound of the distant torrent be heard." In the times of the ancient fathers, crowns of flowers were placed at the head of the grave-stones of virgins ;* and baskets of lilies and flowerets, violets and roses, on the graves of husbands and wives : a custom, as we may conjecture from the epitaph on Sincerus Sannazarius, which prevailed also in Italy.†

LXXXVII. In the wilds of America there is a tribe, whose women, after losing their infants, for some time go every day to their graves, and, with silent and pathetic eloquence, which shames all noisy grief, press some milk from their bosoms upon the grass, that cover their remains. The burying places of the people of Morocco are generally situated in the fields : every one purchases a spot of ground, which he surrounds with a walk, and plants with flowers. In China, whence, it is not improbable, the custom originally passed into Media, Persia, and Arabia, the ceremony of

* Fuit quoque mos ad capita virgantium apponendi florum coronas.
Cassalon de vet. Sac. Christ. 534.

† Note 42.

planting flowers on graves prevails even at the present day;* and the inhabitants of Java frequently erect tombs among trees, and decorate them with flowers.† The Mausoleums of the clans of the Crimea are generally shaded by shrubs and fruit trees;‡ and the Indians of Surat have a great veneration for the graves of their Saints, and strew fresh flowers upon them every year§. In Scotland this practice prevailed in the time of Drummond of Hawthornden; and, in many parts of North and South Wales, it is still the common practice of the country. The graves in those beautiful and romantic provinces are decorated, on Palm Sunday, with leaves of laurel, cypress, and all the flowers, which are in blossom at that early season of the year: some also are planted on the graves, which are surrounded by small white-washed stones. In these little enclosures bloom the polyanthus and the narcissus, thyme, balm, and rosemary. Shakespeare alludes to this ceremony in *Hamlet*, in the *Winter's Tale*, and in *Cymbeline*, where Arviragus, contemplating

* Note 43. † Valentyn, vol. iv. p. 15. Stavorinus, vol. iv p. 375. ‡ Pallas' Travels in Russia, vol. iii. p. 41. § Stavorinus, ch. xiii. p. 487.

the body of Fidele, promises to sweeten his grave with the fairest flowers of summer.*

LXXXVIII. One of the most elegant cemeteries in Europe stands in the centre of two churchyards, at Bury St. Edmunds, in the county of Suffolk. This cemetery is an isolated fragment of the celebrated abbey, in which John of Lydgate was a monk. Around this fragment are planted shrubs and trees, with a variety of flowers; and a profusion of ivy creeps up the sides of the walls, on which are placed two or three monuments. One of these pieces of marble commemorates the fate of a young girl, who was struck dead by lightning, while at her devotions; on the other is inscribed the name of the wife of a banker of the name of SPINK; the third is sacred to the memory of the banker himself; a man, whose virtues rendered its possessor worthy of so elegant a monument!

LXXXIX. It is impossible to walk in the church-yards, in many parts of Wales, without reflecting, with pleasure, on the respect, which is paid to the memories of the dead. The epitaphs are, however, generally poor and meagre; yet I remem-

* Note 44.

ber to have seen three, which must highly gratify every person of imagination and taste.

I.

Hope, stranger, hope :—Though the heart breaks,
Still let us hope.—

II.

Timon hated men—Orpheus hated women;—I once
loved one man and one woman :—He cheated and she
deceived me;—Now I love only my God.

III.

ON MARY PENGREE.

The village maidens to her grave shall bring
The fragrant garland, each returning spring;
Selected sweets! in emblem of the maid,
Who underneath this hallowed turf is laid:
Like her they flourish, beauteous to the eye,
Like her too soon, they languish, fade and die.—*

XC. Nothing in nature is more beautiful, than her COLOURS. Every flower is compounded of different shades; almost every mountain is clothed with herbs or woods different from the one, opposed to it; and every field has its peculiar hue. Colour is to scenery, what the entablature is to architecture, and harmony to language. Nature,

* Note 45.

therefore, delights in no fixed colour; for even her green is so well contrasted by its various shades, that the foliage of woods presents to our sight all the shades of an emerald, and all the combinations of innumerable chaplets. With as much facility may we number the leaves of the trees, the billows of the ocean, or the sands of the beach, as describe the various blendings of colours in stones, just washed by the waves. These meltings of various hues may, not inaptly, be styled *the melody of colours*. Sir Isaac Newton having remarked, that the breadths of the seven primary colours were proportional to the seven musical notes of the gamut; Father Cashel conceived, that colours had their harmonics, as well as music, and in consequence, constructed an instrument, which he called an **OCULAR HARPSICORD**. The office of this instrument was to reflect all the combinations of the primary colours in regular succession: the prismatic rays furnishing the notes, and their shades the semitones.*

XCI. What can be more agreeable, my Lelius, than to watch the colours of aerial landscapes,

* Goldsmith.

when the sun is rising in all his glory* or setting in his majesty? or when the moon, rising from behind the point of a rock, tinges the edges of the clouds with saffron, and depicts rivers, and castles, and mountains, rolling over each other, in aspiring columns, along the circle of the horizon? These appearances in the heavens, beautiful as they are in our hemisphere, are far less lovely, than those, which are observed in more southern climates; arising, principally, from the circumstance of their being, in those regions, little horizontal refraction. "In the peninsula of California," says Mons. Humboldt, "the sky is constantly serene, of a deep blue and without a cloud:—should any appear for a moment, at the setting of the sun, they display the finest shades of violet, purple and green.—All those, who have ever been in California, preserve a recollection of the extraordinary

* Milton has imagined a splendour more magnificent, than the pencil of the painter can exhibit, or the pen of the poet describe; and which little less than the imagination of a poet is capable of picturing to the fancy:—Adam, observing the approach of Raphael, describes him, as

————— another morn
Ris'n on mid-noon!—

Paradise Lost, Book v. v. 308.

beauty of this phenomenon. No where," he continues, "could an astronomer find a more delightful abode, than at Cumana Coro, the Island of Marguerite, and the coast of California."

XCII. At the Tropics, the clouds roll themselves into enormous masses, as white as snow, turning their borders into the forms of hills, piling themselves upon each other, and exhibiting the shapes of mountains, caverns, and rocks. There, as we collect from St. Pierre,* may be perceived, amid endless ridges, a multitude of valleys, whose openings are distinguished by shades of purple and vermilion. These celestial valleys exhibit, in their various colours, matchless tints of white, melting into shades of different colours. Here and there may be observed torrents of light, issuing from the dark sides of the mountains, and pouring their streams, like ingots of gold and silver, over rocks of coral. These appearances are not more to be admired for their beauty, than for their endless combinations, since they vary every instant. What, a moment before, was luminous, becomes coloured; what was coloured mingles into shade; forming singular and most beautiful representations of islands and hamlets, arched bridges

* Studies of Nature.

stretched over wide rivers, immense ruins, huge rocks and gigantic mountains.

The clouds frequently, among the Highlands of Scotland, display the finest outlines and assume the most lovely characters; more especially, when viewed from the cones of their wild and magnificent summits.* To these landscapes, sketched with such boldness in the heavens, Dr. Beattie finely alludes, in his poem of the Minstrel.

Oft when the wintry storm had ceas'd to rave,
 He roam'd the snowy waste at even, to view
 The cloud stupendous, from th' Atlantic wave,
 High-towering, sail along the horizon blue;
 Where 'midst the changeful scenery, ever new,
 Fancy a thousand wondrous forms descries,
 More wildly great, than ever pencil drew;
 Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,
 And glittering cliffs on cliffs and fiery ramparts rise.

Minstrel, Part i. st. liii.

XCIH. These visions, these mimic representations, designed, as it were, by the Eternal, in mockery of man's works, and as emblems of their instability, charm alike the philosophic eye, searching into the secrets of nature, and the heart of the

* Note 46.

peasant, who, at an humbler distance, admires her beauties and obeys her impulses. See too, my Lelius, and be captivated, as you behold, the fine-formed arch of the rain-bow; see it, when it encircles the horizon of an extended plain, or when it is hanging from the sides of a mountain,—and if you are able to restrain the impulse of your admiration, I will proclaim to your friends, that you will never be a poet.

XCIV. I do not remember, whether it has been expressly noticed by our philosophical writers, but it is evident, that the ancients had a knowledge of the rainbow's being formed by the refraction of the sun-beams and the falling of rain.* We may infer this from the allegory of the winds, in the twenty-third book of the Iliad: and more particularly from a passage in the fifth book of the Eneid.

————— *ceu nubibus arcus*

Mille trahit varios adverso sole colores.

Lib. v. l. 88.

Martial also,

Casuras alte sic rapit Iris aquas.

Lib. xii. Ep. 29. 6.

* Note 47.

Nothing can be more express, than the language of Pliny;—“ *Quod ergo Iris sit refractio aspectus est ad solem, manifestum est.*”* And as Plutarch declares it to be a circumstance well known in his time, it is difficult to conceive, why, in the present, Antonio de Dominis is honoured, as an inventor, rather than a reviver of a system, which Descartes more fully explained, and which Newton completed by analyzing the respective qualities of colour.

XCV. The poets have feigned the rain-bow to be the residence of certain aërial creatures, whose delight it is to sport and wanton in the clouds.† Milton, in his exquisite dramatic poem of *Comus*, thus alludes to this platonic idea.

I took it for a fairy vision
Of some gay creatures in the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' th' plighted clouds.

The rainbow, which, not improbably, first suggested the idea of arches, though beautiful in all countries, is more particularly so in mountainous ones; for, independent of their frequency, it is

* Lib. 2. cap. 29. † Note 48.

impossible to conceive any thing more grand, than the appearance of this fine natural arch, when its extreme points rest upon the opposite sides of a narrow valley, or on the peaked summits of two precipitate mountains.*

XCVI. What appearances in nature can be more beautiful, and, at the same time, more awful, than the wild and mysterious motions and colours of the *Aurora Borealis*?—Sometimes covering, with inconceivable magnificence, the concave of the whole hemisphere;—changing their positions every moment; now resembling vast pyramids; or stretching into innumerable columns, and varying their shapes and colours with the most astonishing rapidity, and with endless caprice:—now vanishing in a moment, leaving the heavens sombre and black, and now returning with increased splendour, shedding a matchless glory over all the heavens! †

On the summit of Mount Blanc, the snow, reflecting with dazzling brilliancy, the moon rises with the greatest splendour, in the midst of a sky

* Note 49.

† Note 50.

as black as ebony! At the southern Cape of Africa, when the south winds prevail, the moon appears to have an undulating motion, the stars revolve in a fantastic manner, and the planets seem all bearded like a comet.

§ XCVII. With respect to the Aurora Borealis, many hypotheses have been started by natural philosophers, in order to account for its grand and singular coruscations. Not one, however, will stand the test of rigid examination. St. Pierre, who has proposed the last plausible theory, imagines it probable, that the Aurora Borealis may be caused by the coruscations of ice at the polar circles; since the approach of vast islands of ice are frequently signified, some time before they appear in the horizon, by the coruscations they emit. This hypothesis gains some confirmation from the circumstance, which has been observed by travellers in Lapland and Siberia, of the Aurora Borealis being attended by a hissing and a cracking noise. One insuperable objection, however, among many others, may be opposed to this theory. If the remarkable phenomenon, alluded to, proceeded from the coruscations of ice at the polar circles, it would appear regularly every year; where-

as, it is now scarcely ever to be seen, and, in more ancient times, it was even still more unfrequent. Some have imagined it to proceed from the ice-islands themselves, which float, at particular seasons of the year, along the northern and southern oceans: grounding their opinions, principally, upon Captain Cook's having observed; that the ice-islands, at the South Pole, illuminated half the horizon to a considerable height.* This hypothesis is even more improbable than the former. It is liable to the same insurmountable objection as to the unfrequency, with the addition of the utter impossibility of our imagining, that any coruscations, caused by objects so comparatively low as ice islands, should ascend to an altitude of several thousand miles; a height to which, in the opinion of many philosophers, particularly Euler and Mairan, the illuminations of the Aurora Borealis undoubtedly aspire. To add to the difficulty, it has been observed by several travellers in Iceland, that the northern lights proceed from the east and south-east, as well as from the north. In Greenland generally from the east.

XCVIII. But of all the phenomena of nature,

* Cook's Voyages; vol. 1. p. 267.—4to.

there is no appearance, which visits the mind with such indescribable emotion, as that, which animates every beholder of the *Fata Margana*, in the Straights of Messina: a phenomenon, that exceeds all the fairy phantoms, which the imagination creates, while we are reading the brilliant descriptions of an Arabian poet. Minai has written a dissertation on this phenomenon, which is thus described by Father Angelucci:—"On the 15th of August, 1643, as I stood at my window, I was surprised with a wonderful vision. The sea, that washes the Sicilian shore, swelled up, and became, for ten miles in length, like a chain of dark mountains; while the waters, near our Calabrian coast, grew quite smooth, or, in an instant, appeared as one clear polished mirror, reclining against the aforesaid ridge. On this glass was depicted, in chiaro oscuro, a string of several thousand pilasters, all equal in altitude, distance, and degree of light and shade. In a moment they lost their height, and bent into arcades, like Roman aqueducts. A long cornice was next formed on the top, and above it rose castles innumerable, all perfectly alike: they soon split into towers, which were shortly after lost in colonnades, then windows, and at last ended in pines, cypresses, and other trees,

even and similar. This is the *Fata Margana*, which, for twenty-six years, I thought a mere fable." Such is the account of this astonishing aerial phenomenon, derived by Mr. Swinburne from Father Angelucci. That of Mons. Houel is equally remarkable.*

XCIX. No landscape, however admirable in other respects, is complete without motion. The swan must glide along the river; the eagle wheel among the crags; the goat must bound among the precipices; or herds or flocks graze in irregular groups along the valley. For this reason, the poets never fail to animate their ideal landscapes with some interesting associations, that imply motion; such as the waving of woods, the falling of waters, and the flight of birds. Thomson affords innumerable instances.—What a fine passage is that, where he enlivens the sterile rocks of St. Kilda with the movements of a group of eagles!

High from the summit of a craggy cliff,
Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns,
On utmost Kilda's shore, whose lonely race
Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds,
The Royal Eagle draws his vigorous young,

* Note 51.

Strong pounc'd and ardent with paternal fire,
 Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
 He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,
 For ages, of his empire; which, in peace,
 Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
 He wings his course, and preys in distant Isles.

In the motion of landscape, what can be more agreeable, than the waving of corn or of trees, the calm gliding, or the fierce rushing of rivers, the rising of columns of smoke,* the unpremeditated motion of animals, and the majestic movements of the clouds, marching before a storm, or gliding in stupendous masses; along the vast expanse of the horizon!

C. If the country charm us with the beauty

* Lambinus has well described the various involutions of rising smoke, which gives such an indescribable charm to woodland landscapes. "Cum trepido seu tremulo motu sursum feruntur. Rotantes, torquentes, glomerantes, rotarum in morem volventes.—Sic Virgil—Globos flammæ appellat flammæ Ætnæ, globorum in morem erumpentes. Vid. En. Lib. iii. l. 574. also Georg. Lib. i. l. 473.

Et jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant

Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ.

In the mind of a lover of landscape, what interesting associations do these two lines create!

and variety of its productions, it pleases us, also, by the variety of amusements, which it affords to us. To say nothing of hunting, hawking, shooting, and fowling, which, having something cruel in their nature, ought to be foreign to our subject, what can be more worthy the attention of literary leisure, than the cultivation of a garden?—"Of all my works," said Pope, "I am most proud of my garden."—And the great, the profound Descartes, whose mind was, at all times, in a state of perpetual serenity; amused his summer evenings in the cultivation of a small garden, which was an appendage to his house at Amsterdam. Thus, as his biographer finely remarks, having settled the place of a planet in the morning, he would amuse himself, in the evening, by watering a flower! "I look upon the pleasure, we take in a garden," says that amiable and excellent man, who first brought philosophy from the schools, "as one of the most innocent delights in human life. It is naturally apt to fill the mind with calmness and tranquillity, and to lay all its turbulent passions at rest. It gives us a great insight into the contrivance and wisdom of providence, and, suggesting innumerable subjects for meditation, I cannot but think, that the very complacency and satisfaction, which a

man takes in these pleasures, is, in itself, a virtuous habit of the mind." For reasons, allied to these; Lord Kaimes was expressly of opinion, that good professors were not more essential in a college than a garden; ornamented in such a manner, as to inspire youth with a taste for simplicity and elegance.

CI. Milton, exquisitely alive to all the graces of nature, finely describes the transports of our first parent, when newly created, at the sight of those beauties, which adorned the garden of Eden.*

————— About me round I saw
 Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
 And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these
 Creatures, that lived and moved and walked or flew;
 Birds on the branches warbling; all things smiled
 With fragrance;—and with joy my heart o'erflowed.—

In the fourth book nothing, in the language of description, can be more admirable, than the general picture of the scenery, which composed this terrestrial paradise. In another part of this

* Count Buffon has a similar description. It is one of the most eloquent passages of that celebrated Naturalist. Vol. vi. p. 88.

astonishing poem, how elegantly does Adam exhort Eve to awake to the enjoyments of her flowers and shrubs.

Awake! the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us; we lose the prime to mark how spring
Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet.*

CII. Another instance of the love of our first mother for the products of nature is afforded us in that passage of the eighth book, where Eve, perceiving the Angel and Adam about to enter into high and abstruse converse, rose from her seat and went forth,

——— among her fruits and flowers;
To visit how they prospered, bud and bloom
Her nursery; they at her coming sprung,
And touch'd by her fair dalliance gladlier grew.†

* Note 52.

† How elegant and affecting too is that passage, where Eve, touched with the acutest anguish, addresses herself to the flowers she had reared, and to the nuptial bower she had adorned. Vid. Beattie's Essays on poetry and music. Part ii. ch. 1. 3.

And when she learns, that she must quit that delightful Paradise, in which she had tasted so much happiness, how exquisitely beautiful and pathetic is her lamentation!

“Must I then leave thee, Paradise!—Thus leave Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades, Fit haunt of Gods, where I had hope to spend Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day, That must be mortal to us both?—O flowers, That never will in other climate grow,^{III} My early visitation, and my last At even, which I bred up with tender hand From the first opening bud, and gave you names! Who now shall rear you to the sun, or rank Your tribes, and water from th’ ambrosial fount?— Thee, lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorn’d With what to sight or smell was sweet: from thee How shall I part?—and whither wander down Into a lower world, to this, obscure And wild?—How shall we breathe in other air Less pure, accustom’d to immortal fruits?”

CIII. Almost all nations have united to make the future abode of good spirits a Garden; a name, among the Assyrians, synonymous with Paradise. The Mahometans call the Paradise, to which the faithful will be called, *Jannat le Naim*, the Garden of Pleasure; *Jannat aden*, the Garden of

Perpetual Abode; and not unfrequently by the simple name of *al Jannat*, the Garden, to distinguish it from all others.

This garden they fabled to be peopled with Houris, whose beauty surpassed the most exquisitely lovely of all captivating women; with whom the faithful, when the angel of death (to pursue the Arabian allegory), had dissolved the union of the body and the soul,* were to enjoy the most ecstatic raptures; first by a kiss, and afterwards by an immaculate alliance.†

CIV. The christian creed, on the other hand, affords no definite idea of heaven. Giving the fullest and most unbounded scope to the most excursive imagination, it leaves it resting in all the awful mystery of sublime obscurity. "Eye hath not seen," says St. Paul, "nor ear heard, neither have entered into the mind of man the things, which God hath prepared for those, that love him."‡—"They shall hunger no more," as we read in the Apocalypse, "neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun

* Hyde in notis ad Bobov. de visit. Ægrot. 19.—Vide Virgil. Lib. ix.

† Note 53.

‡ 1 Corinth. ch. ii. v. 9. Isaiah. ch. lxiv, v. 4.

light on them, nor any heat: for the Lamb shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.*—In this state of beatitude, free from every vicissitude of change or decay, they shall associate to all eternity with a numerous host of angels,† whose glory and whose ecstasy is continually evinced by hymns of praise, harmonizing, in concert, with innumerable harps.

CV. The Laplander believes Paradise to be situated in the centre of the snows of Sweden! The Muscogulgees imagine it among the islands of the vast Pacific. “Do you see those blue mountains,” says Piomingo, “whose towering summits are mixed with the descending clouds?” “I see them.”—Beyond those mountains there is a wide river; beyond that river there is a great country; on the other side of that country there is a world of water; in that water there are a thousand islands: the sun is gone among them:—These

* Rev. ch. vii. v. 16, 17. ch. ii. v. 4. also Isaiah, ch. 49. v. 10. ch. xxv. v. 8. Psalms, xxxvi. v. 8, 9. xvi. v. 2. Matt. ch. xxv. v. 46. Rom. ch. ii. v. 7. 1 Peter, ch. i. v. 4. Dan. ch. xii. v. 2. John, ch. v. v. 24, 29.

† Heb. ch. xii. v. 2. Paradise Lost, Book vi.

islands are full of trees and streams of water ; a thousand buffaloes and ten thousand deer graze on the hills, or ruminant in the valleys." "When I die, shall I become an inhabitant of those islands?" "Love your friends—become a great warrior—and when you die, the great spirit will conduct you to the land of souls." Such is the belief of one of the tribes of the North American Indians.

CVI. The Mexicans conceived, that those, who died of wounds or were drowned, went to a cool and delightful place ; there to enjoy all manner of pleasures :—those, who died in battle, or in captivity, were wafted to the palace of the sun, and led a life of endless delight. After an abode of four years in this splendid habitation, they animated clouds and birds of beautiful feather, and of sweet song ; having, at the same time, liberty to ascend to heaven or descend to earth, to suck sweet flowers and warble enchanting songs.*

The Tonquinese imagine the forests and mountains to be peopled with a peculiar kind of Genii, who exercise an influence over the affairs of man-

* Clavigero's History of Mexico, v. vi. p. 136, 137.

kind; and in their ideas, relative to a state of future happiness, they regard a delightful climate, and an atmosphere, surcharged with odours, with a throne profusely covered with garlands of flowers, as the summit of celestial felicity. Among the Arabs, a fine country, with abundance of shade, form the principal object of their promised bliss; Addison, therefore, in his allegory of Mirza, is faithful to the visions of that enthusiastic people.*

CVII. Every one has heard of the Hesperian Gardens, though the country, in which they were situated, has never been precisely ascertained.—While some place them at Larach in the kingdom of Fez, others have assigned Lixus or Susa in Morocco; Zeres in the province of Andalusia; Ethiopia; the Cape de Verd Islands; the Canaries; and Rudbecks was so enamoured of Northern scenery, as to suppose them to be situated in Sweden!—Some, among whom we may particularize Monsieur Bailly, place those Gardens, as well as *Indra*, the fairy land of the Persian poets, beyond the mouth of the Oby in the Frozen Sea! It is, however, most probable, that they were situated in the Cape de Verd Islands,

* Note 54.

and the golden Fruit, stolen by Hercules, no other than oranges. To these Islands, which were also the Fortunate Islands* of the poets, Sertorius formed a resolution of retiring, when weary of the perpetual wars, in which he was engaged; and he had actually so retired, but for the treachery and villany of a part of his crew. It was to these highly-favoured spots, that Horace, in a time of great public calamity, invited his countrymen to accompany him.—“Let us go,” says he, “in search of those happy fields, where the earth, untilled, yields annual fruit, and the vines flourish so abundantly; where honey flows from the trunk of the oak, and murmuring streams roll slowly down the mountains.”†

CVIII. These Islands (after all memory of them had been lost among the ruins of the Roman Empire), were discovered by the Genoese.—Lewis of Spain, soon after, requested pope Clement to bestow them upon him.—The Pope, proud of an opportunity of giving away a kingdom, consented, and crowned him with much ceremony at Avig-

* Note 55.

† — arva, beata

Petamus arva, &c. &c.

HOR: EPOD: Lib. v. Ep. xvi. l. 41.

non.—Lewis, who was the eldest Son of Alphonso, king of Castile, thus obtained the title of “*Prince of the Fortunate Islands.*”—When the news of this transaction reached England, says Petrarch, the people, thinking the name of Fortunate belonged only to themselves, were highly displeased and alarmed, that his Holiness should presume to give them away!

CIX. Juvenal represents Lucan reposing in a garden.*—Tasso pictures Rinaldo sitting beneath the shade in a fragrant meadow: Virgil describes Anchises, seated beneath sweet-scented bay-trees; and Eneas, as reclining, remote from all society, in a deep and winding valley.†—Gassendi, who

* The epithet he applies to *hortis* is sufficiently curious.—The Scholiast cites Pliny, *l. 36. c. 1. 2.*—The style of the Roman Gardens in Trajan’s time is expressively marked:—

Contentus famâ jaceat Lucanus in hortis
Marmoreis.

JUV: *Sat. vii. l. 79.*

It was very well said by one of the first women of the present age (Mrs. Grant), that Darwin’s Botanic Garden is an Hesperian Garden, glittering all over; the fruit gold, the leaves silver, and the stems brass.

† *Æneid. Lib. vi. l. 679—Lib. viii. 609.*

ingrafted the doctrine of Galileo on the theory of Epicurus, took not greater pleasure in feasting his youthful imagination by gazing on the moon, than Cyrus, in the cultivation of flowers.—“I have measured, dug and planted, the large garden, which I have at the Gate of Babylon,” said that Prince; “and never, when my health permit, do I dine until I have laboured two hours in my garden:—If there is nothing to be done, I labour in my orchard.”—Cyrus is also said to have planted all the Lesser Asia.—Ahasuerus was accustomed to quit the charms of the banquet to indulge the luxury of his bower;* and the conqueror of Mithridates enjoyed the society of his friends, and the wine of Falernium, in the splendid gardens, which were an honour to his name. Dion gave a pleasure-garden to Speucippus as a mark of peculiar regard.†—Linnaeus studied in a bower; Buffon in his summer-house; and when Demetrius Poliorcetes took the Island of Rhodes, he found Protogenes at his palette, painting in his arbour. Petrarch was never happier, than when indulging the innocent pleasures of his garden.—

* *Esther*. vii. 7. Tissaphernes had a garden, much resembling an English park, which he called *Alcibiades*.

† Plutarch in *Vit. Dion*.

“ I have made myself two,” says he, in one of his Epistles; “ 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.*

CX. Many of the wisest and the best of men have signalized their love of gardens and shrubberies, by causing themselves to be buried in them; a custom once in frequent practice among the ancient Jews.†—Plato was buried in the groves of Academus; and Sir William Temple, though he expected to be interred in Westminster Abbey, gave orders for his heart to be enclosed in a silver casket, and placed under a sun-dial, in that part of his garden, immediately opposite the window of his library, from which he was accustomed to contemplate the beauties and wonders of the creation, in the society of a beloved sister. Animated by the same sublimity of feeling, the friends of Dercennus, one of the kings of Latium, caused

* Note 56.

† In the middle of the Campo Santo, which is the most ancient burying-place at Pisa, is a garden, formed of earth, brought from the neighbourhood of Jerusalem.

him to be buried in a thick wood, on the top of a high mountain:

————— Fuit ingens monte sub alto
 Regis Dercenni terreno ex aggere bustum
 Antiqui Laurentis, opacâque ilice tectum.*—

From this spot the lovely Opis aimed her arrow, and shot the murderer of Camilla.

CXI. An ardent lover of nature himself, the Marquis de Girardin thought he could not inter his unfortunate friend, Rousseau, more to the satisfaction of his immortal spirit, than by burying him in the Island of Poplars, in the gardens of Ermenonville,—situated about ten leagues from Paris. On his tomb was inscribed the following epitaph.

Ici repose
L' Homme de la Nature
Et de la Verite!
Vitam impendere Vero.
Hic jacent ossa J. J. Rousseau.

* Eneid. xi. 849. There is a spot held in great veneration by the inhabitants of Bantam. It is that, in which one of their kings lies buried at the foot of a palm tree. Vid. Stavorinus, ch. ii. p. 61. 8vo.

CXII. This eccentric genius, as was justly and nobly observed by one of his bitterest enemies, possessed the head of a man and the heart of a woman. He once took up his abode in a small farm-house, the only one in the Island of St. Pierre, in the Lake of Bienne. Since his residence upon it, it has been called, *Rousseau's Island*. This isolated spot is one of the most beautiful in the whole country, and thither, during the vintage, parties of peasants filled the woods and the banks of the lake, amusing themselves in dancing, in running, and strolling about,—enjoying the coolness of the shade and the freshness of the water. The pleasure, which Rousseau enjoyed in this retreat, for a short time, obliterated all sense of his injuries and misfortunes.*

CXIII. With gardening, who can refrain from associating the science of botany?—Anaxagoras and Empedocles, Cardan, and Spallanzi, were of opinion, that, in common with animals and insects, trees, plants, and flowers, had feelings and passions.—The opinion is sanctioned by the discovery of their sexual properties. This important discovery in the botanic world, has been almost

* Note 57.

universally attributed to Linnæus; but we learn from Herodotus, that the Babylonians perfectly understood the sexual properties of plants; and though not adopted by them, sufficient proofs may be drawn from the writings of Aristotle, Theophrastus, and Pliny, to confirm us in the belief, that it was not unknown to Grecian naturalists; while the works of Ray and Millington evidently demonstrate, that they believed in its truth, many years before the adoption of it by Linnæus. The circulation of blood in plants, too, was known to Virgil.

CXIV. To every one has nature given a relative and distinguishing bias. Some are attuned to the soft vibrations of music; others melt before a painting or a statue; to some she gives the powers of oratory, to others the inspiration of poetry.—Some, with a bolder impulse, touch, as it were, the stars with their fingers; while others, at an humbler distance, investigate the instinct of a worm, or calculate the course of an emmet.—Some, captivated with the lust of power, standing on the summit of Caucasus, in sight of an hundred nations, become, alternately, the idol of the vulgar, and an object of pity to the philosopher and en-

thusiast. And while you, my friend, nature animates with an ardent ambition of shining on a splendid theatre, in Colonna has she implanted the power of deriving happiness from investigating her laws; in listening to her melodies; in tasting her perfumes; and, above all, in relishing those enjoyments, which, with unsparing hand, she lavishes on all those, who admire and love the noblest and most beautiful of all her various works. Thus we all come to the same point of happiness at last:—Thus the Ganges and Burram-pooter, rising in the neighbourhood of each other among the mountains of Thibet, separate to the distance of more than twelve hundred miles, and after traversing a long length of country, watering nations unknown to each other, and differing in language, in customs, and in religion, meet, as it were, in friendship, by mingling their waters in the same bay.

CXV. As the Grecian youth are said to have been intoxicated at the sight of the Venus of Praxiteles, so are some equally captivated with their own deformities; and, played upon by a skilful artist, like the marble of Pietra Sancta,* which resounds, as

* Called Campanini.

it is wrought, they ring with their own follies, and celebrate their own absurdities.—Some, neglecting all the utilities of life, devote themselves to its embellishments; others, sufficiently informed to know, that it is one of the principles of architecture, that the most delicate should be placed upon the most solid, are never content, but when attempting to fritter away a good understanding by an affectation of uniting qualities, which, in themselves, are totally discordant: they would unite Athens to Sparta in every thing they do, and blend the lustre of Gibbon with the gravity of Johnson in every thing they say.—Some, disregarding the beauties of painting, sculpture, and architecture, reserve all their applause for the arts of inlaying and of working in mosaic: This had rather be crowned, as a poet, in the Capitol of Rome, than be entitled to all the honours of a triumph; and while some delight to stand upon the summit of the Peak of Ossian,* others trace the bubbles of a rill, that murmurs at its feet.

CXVI. One derives a prouder satisfaction from having drawn the segment of a circle, than another in

* Note 58.

sketching the plan of the noblest amphitheatre: and, as the ancients took all the patterns of their foliage works from the leaves of the Acanthus, so do certain philosophers take pleasure in the attempt to reduce the most heterogeneous of principles to one root; like the chemist, who attempted to dissolve gold, silver, and iron, copper, bismuth and zinc, by one process and by one menstruum. These, seeing no beauty in Shakespeare, would willingly consign his Othello, his Macbeth, and his Hamlet, ah! the entire works of all the moderns, to oblivion, in order to preserve one act of Sophocles, one epigram of Martial, or even the worst ode of Anacreon; and to such an extent do they carry this unfortunate malady, that they would rather be guilty of an exploded error with Aristotle, Plato, or Photinus, than reach the highest altitude of science in the Society of Locke, Bacon, or Newton! Another description of men, mistaking sound for sense, confound us with a volubility of words; while others, anxious to avoid so disgraceful an error, would persuade us, they are so pregnant with thought, that, in the delivery of their stores, they seem, as if they were in danger of dying in child-bed.

CXVII. This takes a sensible satisfaction in referring the most important events to the smallest of causes; that, tracing the etymology of an adverb, despises all the honours of algebra: and; as a player of billiards esteems it more honourable to effect one pocket than to make two cannons, so some regard the acquisition of one science, more honourable than the attainment of an hundred arts:—and while some rob care of many an anxious hour in the endeavour to prove, that three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, or in the cultivation of the six follies of science,* others, with all the pride of pedantry, scatter the dust of theology upon all those, who have the scepticism to question the truth of the Three Heavenly Witnesses. This, bearing in mind, that the Doric order is equally adapted to the smallest of rustic temples, as to the largest of amphitheatres, delights in no middle course, but alternately aims at the highest, or sinks to the lowest; exclaiming, in the pride of his heart, “I can soar with the eagle, or sit with the wren.”

* The Multiplication of the Cube; the Philosophical Stone; the Perpetual Motion; the Quadrature of the Circle; Magic, and Judicial Astrology.

CXVIII. Some are so extensively learned, as to know every thing!—others so extensively ignorant, as to be certain of nothing! The latter, having heard of a Sage, who declared, that the first year he entered on the study of philosophy, he knew every thing; that, at the expiration of the second, he knew only something; and that, at the close of the third, he knew nothing,—in all the ambiguity and inanity of scepticism, and utterly ignorant of those fine canons of practical science, which teach us what to know and when to hesitate, they affect to doubt the operation even of their own senses!

Such, my Lelius, is in the infirmity of our nature; which, if we are at any time anxious to correct, we have only to remember the acknowledgment of Socrates, and the confirmation of Lucretius; to read the tenth satire of Juvenal, and the last chapter of Ecclesiasticus; to observe, with attention, Holbein's Dance of Death, and to contrast the whole with Du Bartas' correct and entertaining Map of Man, and Erasmus' Eulogium of Folly.

CXIX. In some, Nature implants the desire of riches, in others the love of science; some she

sends over vast and trackless seas to observe the transit of a planet,—others she leads

—— O'er vales and mountains to explore,
 What healing virtue swells the tender veins,
 Of herbs and flowers.

Answering to the call, St. Pierre travelled many a pathless solitude in Sweden, in Russia, and the Isle of France: Banks explored the southern seas, and the pupils of Linnæus, conformably to the wish of their master, divided the globe between them, and traversed many a wild and trackless region. At times, whole nations have been visited by an ardent love of botany. The Dutch were once so captivated with this elegant science, that they named many of their flowers after their most distinguished statesmen,* and a flower called *Semper Augustus*, sold for four thousand six hundred florins!—Even infant nations have displayed an innate love of the beautiful by

* Of the various sorts of tulip and gilliflower, which are almost innumerable, more than two hundred have derived their names from eminent men and beautiful women, of all ages and countries.

their attachment to flowers. The Indians of Mexico, in the time of Cortez, were passionately fond of them, and an ambassador to the court of Montezuma could present no offering, which would be more highly esteemed, than a bouquet. This passion remains even at the present day.*

CXX. Floating gardens, those miniature resemblances to the Island of Delos, are very common in New Spain. Of these, there are two kinds. Those, that glide upon the water, at the caprice of the winds, and those, which are attached to the shore. The principal flowers and roots, consumed in the city of Mexico, are raised in these small gardens. It is a most interesting spectacle, as we learn from the Baron de Humboldt, and the Abbé Clavigero, every morning at sun-rise, to see the provisions, and a great quantity of flowers, brought in by Indians in boats, descending the canals of Istacalco and Chalco. In them are cultivated beans, artichokes, and cauliflowers, while the edges are ornamented with rose bushes. The promenade in boats, around these little islands, is the most agreeable, that can be enjoyed in the environs

* Note 59.

of Mexico. When the proprietor of one of these floating gardens finds that he has a disagreeable neighbour, he unties the chain, that fixes his little property to the shore, and with his hut and his tree, growing in the middle, floats wherever he pleases. These small islic gardens are not unfrequently seen in other countries and climates. In the Lake Cutilia, as Pliny informs us, there was one, the appearance of which the Romans attributed to a miracle.* - Some there were, also, in Lydia. In China they are formed on the surface of rivers and canals. On the Guayaguil in the kingdom of Quito, in the Lake near St. Omers, and that of Tivoli, near the hot-baths of Agrippa, they are also to be found; and a most remarkable Island has, within these thirty years, three times emerged from the bottom of the Derwent, in the county of Cumberland.

CXXI. The designs, that flowers have afforded

* He also mentions two floating Islands in the Lake Bolsena, which sometimes formed themselves into a circle, and sometimes into triangles, but never into quadrangles. These Islands are now become fixed. Browne mentions several in the Nile. *See Travels in Egypt and Syria.*

to painting, sculpture, and architecture, with their effects upon the mind, are beautifully touched upon by the author of the *Spectacle de la Nature*.* In the manufacture of silks, as well as in the fine arts, flowers are adopted, as giving the greatest variety and the most vivid expression to a shawl, a robe, or a mantle. The practice is of great antiquity: equally so is the custom of presenting silk ornaments, in which flowers are interwoven or embroidered, to friends and persons of high consequence and rank. The passage in the *Eneid*, where Andromache presents to Ascanius a robe, wrought with flowers of golden tissue, and requests him to accept it, as a friendly gift from the wife of Hector to a youth, in whom appeared all the charms and graces of her lost Astyanax, is exceedingly beautiful. Nothing can be more affecting, than the whole passage.

Accipe, et hæc, manuum tibi quæ monumenta mearum
Sint, puer, et longum Andromaches testentur amorem
Conjugis Hectoreæ. Cape dona extrema tuorum,
O mihi sola mei super Astyanactis Imago.—
Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat:
Et nunc æquali tecum pubesceret ævo.

Eneid. Lib. iii. l. 486.

* Tom. 2. 9.

CXXII. Next to botany, in point of amusement, comes the patriotic love of planting; and I cannot but consider the late James Duff, Earl of Fife, a far greater patriot, than most of our intriguers in the cabinet, or brawlers in the senate, since he devoted many of the most valuable hours of a long life to the indulgence of this useful passion. This nobleman planted upwards of fourteen thousand acres of land!—It was also a favourite amusement of the celebrated Lord Bathurst,* and of the late Lord Gardenstone, who took the highest delight in forming his village of Laurencekirk, in the county of Kincardine. “I have tried,” said his Lordship, “a variety of pleasures, which mankind pursue, but never relished any of them so much, as the enjoyment, arising from the progress of my village.”

CXXIII. Closely allied to gardening and planting is that most useful of all the sciences, agriculture; than which, no art or science is more dig-

* “Lord Bathurst,” says Erasmus Lewis, in a letter to Dean Swift, “is in Gloucestershire, where he plants, transplants and unplants; thus he erects an employment for himself independent of a court.” *Swift's Correspondence. Works*, vol. xviii. p. 125.

nified, or more worthy the attention of an honourable man.* In such esteem was this science held by the Romans, that deities were appointed in their creed to take charge of the corn in every stage of preparation and growth. Stercutus directed the manuring, Occator the harrowing, and Sator the sowing:—Seia protected the seed, while it remained in the ground, and when the blade first sprang from the earth. Runcina directed its weeding; Robigus secured it from blasts and mildews; Nodosus guarded the joints of the stalks, and Volucia folded the blade round the ear. Flora watched it in the blossom, and Patelina in the pod: Hostilia observed, that the ears grew long and even; and it was the care of Matuta, that they came to maturity.—

CXXIV. Agriculture, which, as Columella observes, is allied to true philosophy, has, in all ages, been the resource, to which eminent men have recurred, in order to amuse the leisure hours of retirement. Zenophon, when banished to Sciloto in the Peloponnesus, devoted himself to the

* “Nihil est melius,” says Tully, “nihil dulcius, nihil domine libero dignius.”

cultivation of the earth. Count Hertzberg, too, the Chatham of Prussia, reared silk-worms, while his farms at Britz and in Pomerania, were directed under his own management, with all the caution and exactness of honest industry. In England, this science has become highly popular of late years; and that it may still continue to withdraw our nobility from the stews of dissipation, and give them a distaste for more dangerous and less honourable pursuits, is the earnest wish of every virtuous man.

CXXV. One branch of rural economy is, in the present age, but little attended to, though in France it formed a considerable article of profit in the reign of Charlemagne: viz. the culture of bees;—those peculiar favourites with ancient and modern poets, and which have been treated of, says Columella, diligently by Hyginus, gracefully by Virgil, and elegantly by Celsus; who, blending the diligence of the one with the grace of the other, has exceeded them both.

The poets are ever happy to avail themselves of the Apian republic, in order to illustrate and embellish their subjects:—Bees, therefore, are

frequently important personages in the odes of Anacreon, the Idyls of Theocritus, and the poems of Moschus and Bion. The Indian poets compare them to the quiver of the god of Love;* and Shakespeare, who left neither the depths of the heart, nor the secrets of nature unexplored or unexamined, compares them to a free and well-directed government.

CXXVI. Simonides, my dear Lelius, is well known to have written a satire upon women. In this celebrated poem, he supposes, after the manner of Pythagoras, every woman to have had a pre-existent state; to have animated some body or to have been composed out of some of the elements, which bear a similitude to the character she supports in the present state of existence. This idea he carries on, in no very courteous terms, till he comes to the last species of women, the component parts of whom, he says, were made out of the BEE. The qualities, by which this order was distinguished, were a faultless character and a blameless life:—orderly in her household, loving and beloved by her husband, she is the mother of a virtuous and beautiful family. Would you know

* Ca'madeva. Sir W. Jones, 2. 95.

more of her qualities?—consult the fascinating Julia ;—who has, like a jewel, “hung twenty years upon thy neck, and never lost her lustre.”

CXXVII. No people are more employed in cultivating bees, than the Ingushians and Circassians: immense quantities of mead, busa and bees-wax being prepared and sold on the frontiers of the Caucasus. The honey of Guriel is nearly as hard as sugar, and partakes of that intoxicating nature, to which Zenophon alludes, in his account of the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks. The same quality has been remarked in the honey on the Banks of the Ganges.—A curious custom prevails in Sicily.—When a couple are married, the attendants place honey in the mouths of the bride and bridegroom, accompanied with an expression of hope, that their love will ever be as sweet to their souls, as that honey is to their palate. No article of food conduces so much to the repose of the mind and the consequent prolongation of life. Augustus inquired, one day, of an old man, who had attained the age of an hundred, how he had been able to arrive at such an advanced age, with so vigorous a body and so sound a mind: “By oil without, and honey within,” replied the veteran.

CXXVIII. In the province of Guadalaxera, in Old Mexico, there is a species of bee without a sting;—hence they are called *Angelitos*, “little angels.” The best honey is said to be produced in Sicily, Minorca, and Narbonne, a town, situated near the Mediterranean, and abounding in rosemary. It is curious that Malta, which is little more than a barren rock, should have derived its name of *Melita* from the abundance of its honey: which, in medicine, is esteemed a purgative and aperient; while it promotes expectoration and dissolves glutinous juices. The wax is employed, externally, in unguents; internally, in Diarrhœas and Dysenteries, mixed with oily substances; and when dried and pulverized, bees were once believed to cure the Alopecia.

CXXIX. Well might the ancients fable, that bees encompassed the cradles of Homer and Virgil, Archilochus and Simonides; well might Sophocles glory in the title, which the sweetness of his diction had procured for him, and well might the Athenians take pleasure, in perpetuating the appellation, by erecting a bee-hive of marble over his grave!—The Greeks not unfrequently chose the form of a bee-hive for many of their erections.

There was a temple of Apollo at Delphos, which was said to have been built by bees: no doubt in allusion to its external form.—This mode of building prevails, in the present day, in New Caledonia.*

With what exquisite feeling does Thomson lament the destructive mode of obtaining the treasures of these intellectual and unfortunate insects!† and (as I know the nobility of your nature), I do not anticipate a smile of derision, when I confess, that I esteem Colonna more entitled to the honours of a monument, for having introduced the practice of obtaining honey, without destroying the bees, into the vale of Festiniog, than Field-Marshal Turenne. Turenne destroyed his thousands: Colonna has preserved his tens of thousands.—Turenne's monument is of marble—let Colonna's be formed of honey-comb!—

CXXX. You, my friend, surrounded by all the luxuries of polished life, in the midst of an elevated circle, the chief praise of which, in my estimation, is the esteem it entertains for you, may,

* Cook's Voy. vol. iv. p. 112.

† Note S.

possibly, be tempted to smile at the enthusiasm I have always felt for this royal and illustrious insect, which fed St. John the Baptist in the wilderness. But, when I remind you of the fine system of morals, they exhibit; of the instances they afford of industry and perseverance; of fidelity and obedience; of sagacity and ingenuity; you will at least not hesitate to join with me in admiring the greatness and wisdom of that awful Being, whose power is as conspicuously observed in the smallest, as in the most gigantic of all his wondrous works.—Those insects indicate the most astonishing proofs of mind;—while the genus in zoology, known by the name of the *Corallina*, endowed, as some one has remarked, with sensation, scarcely sufficient to distinguish them from plants, from the bottom of immeasurable seas, elevate to the surface of the water, the coral rocks of the vast Pacific!

CXXXI. If there is no subject so instructive, and worthy of man, as the anatomy of the human mind,* there is no science more delightful to the

* “Of all beauties,” says the noble author of the *Essay on the Freedom of Wit and Humour*, “which Virtuosos pursue,
poets

imagination, than that of Natural Philosophy; which embraces all the resemblances, contrasts and transformations, observable in the wide range of nature, and the effects of which upon the heart are, at all times, of such a mild and delightful tendency, as to leave no room for any of the more turbulent and ungenerous passions. Enjoyments, springing from that pure and genuine source, the fountain of nature, are, doubtless, far more exquisite and lasting, than those sensual gratifications, which captivate the votaries of luxury,—a vice so admirably personified by that best and noblest of all the Roman satirists—Juvenal.

CXXXII. Retired in the country, at C—— or at L——, after unremittd toil in the senate, and desirous of varying your mode of life, my Lelius, send your servants into the fields;—let

poets celebrate, musicians sing, and architects describe or form, the most delightful, the most engaging and pathetic is that, which is drawn from real life and from the passions. Nothing, he continues, affects the heart, like that, which is from itself, and of its own nature; such as the beauty of sentiments, the grace of actions, the turn of characters, and the proportions and features of the human mind.—*Characteristics*, v. 1. 136.

the collation be spread ; and, surrounded by your family, and sheltered from the heat of the sun, enjoy the coolness of the wide-extending oak, and the rivulet, that waters its roots. Mount the highest of your mountains ;—lie down upon its mossy surface and watch the course of the clouds ;—or observe, with delight, innumerable rural animals, bounding from one end of the hill to the other.—Rise to the rock, and shudder with agreeable horror, as the animals bound from precipice to precipice ; or, on the margin of a river or a lake, while every object seems to move, recline in peace within your boat, and drink in rapture, as you move along.

CXXXIII. Nothing can be more delightful, than the water-parties of the inhabitants of Vevay and Lausanne, on the Lake of Geneva ; and what traveller is not captivated, as he has observed the light boats, sailing in animated parties from Gerisau to Lucerne, or on the two Lakes, one small and beautiful, the other extensive and picturesque, on the east and west sides of the city of Constance ?—For my own part, my friend, never have I envied you more, than when you have described to me the pleasure, you derived in sail-

ing down the Rhone from Lyons to Valence, and from Viviers to Avignon; and, after tasting all the pleasure, which the mountains of Switzerland and the vales of Savoy could afford an imagination so elegant and exalted as yours; after having visited the sources of the Aar and the Rhine, and climbed the summits of St. Gothard and St. Bernard, you confessed, that the happiest moments, you experienced among those astonishing regions, were those, in which you sailed with the captivating Julia along the Lake of Lucerne; and at the moment, in which, as the sun was shedding its last rays upon the water, you landed at the chapel of William Tell!

CXXXIV. Of all the amusements which Rousseau partook, when at Geneva, none were so agreeable to his taste, as that of walking along the banks, or of sailing on the bosom of the lake, which stretches to the east of that celebrated city.—“There is no person possessed of sensibility,” says an eloquent writer, “of whatever country he may be, who has ever beheld, without feeling the tenderest emotion, the delightful borders of the Lake of Geneva; the enchanting spectacle which Nature

there exhibits, and the vast and majestic horizon, which that mass of water presents to the view.—Who has ever returned from this scene without turning his eyes again on the interesting picture and experiencing the same affliction, with which the heart separates from a beloved friend, whom we have no expectation of ever seeing again?" In the society of Theresa and the family of Mons. Le Luc, Rousseau spent seven of the most delightful days of his life, in coasting along the shores of that beautiful water, receiving rapture at every motion of the vessel, and imbibing with that rapture all the bewitching imagery, with which, after the expiration of several years, he embellished the *Nouvelle Heloise*.—In his solitary excursions he digested the plan of his *Political Institutions*; formed the ground-work of the *Tragedy of Lucretia*; translated a portion of *Tacitus*, and meditated a *History of the Valois*.

CXXXV. In Venice, sailing excursions are enjoyed to the highest degree; the water is smooth, the sky cloudless, and, as you glide along in *Gondolas*, the boatmen sing, to the sound of their oars, the songs and poems of *Tasso*, *Petrarch*, and *Ariosto*. Thus, giving a fine play to the ima-

gination, the faculty of thought is enlarged, the nerves are delicately attuned, and the heart, vibrating in unison, feels itself susceptible of every elegant and virtuous impulse.

As our sensual enjoyments acquire a zest from an union with the mental, so each of them derive additional goût from those objects, which flatter the senses of both. A fine day, as some one has justly observed, is as much a sensual, as it is a mental enjoyment:—and how much more pleasure, we derive from the simplest of collations, under the shade of a tree, than from the most luxuriant banquet in a dining-room, every person of taste frankly and willingly acknowledges.* When we are enjoying the society of Ladies, of a fine, beautiful Summer's Evening in a drawing-room, opening into a green-house, who will not confess, that the effects of their conversation and personal charms are far more flattering to the mind and the senses, than at those moments, when, dressed in all the splendour of decoration, their persons derive additional lustre from the blaze of Grecian lamps, the heat of fires, and the reflection of mirrors? “If,” says Mr. Pope, in a Letter to a

* Note 60.

Friend,—“ If you drink tea upon a promontory that overlooks the sea, it is preferable to an assembly ; and the whistling of the wind better music to contented and loving minds, than the opera to the spleenful, ambitious, diseased, distasteful and distracted souls, which this world affords. Happy they, who can banish themselves, or more properly speaking, banish the world from them.” How agreeable to our palate are our grapes, nectarines, and strawberries, when partaken in a bower, formed of roses and honeysuckles, which seem to vie with each other in imparting their fragrance to our peaches and our melons ! If these are not the “ Cœnæ Deorum ” of Horace, they are at least the “ Epulæ Deorum.” Sherry becomes Burgundy, water nectar, honey manna, and bread ambrosia ; while the flagelet, which merely pleases in the odeum, enchants us among rocks, and seems even to articulate, if it be sounded in a narrow valley, or in a glen,—where the music of its echoes charm even more, than the modulations of the instrument itself.

CXXXVI. The concord of sounds is not more grateful to the genuine lover of nature, than nature, exhibited in all its grace of drapery, is to the

generality of mankind. So common is this propensity, particularly with that part of the community, who are young and of good dispositions, that there is scarcely a writer of romance, who does not attempt to gratify it:—and, though they seldom succeed in this exercise of their imagination, the images they faintly trace, are, generally the most amusing portions of their whole performances. Anxious to gratify this natural taste of their readers, our romance writers frequently select, as the theatres of action, the forests of Germany, the vales of Languedoc, the mountains of Switzerland, the plains of Tuscany, or the delightful environs of Rome, Naples and Palermo. For elegance of taste and sentiment, for the variety and strength, the beauty and amenity of her descriptions, Mrs. Ratcliffe stands unrivalled, in her department of romance. It is impossible to read this enchanting writer without following her in all her magic windings, whithersoever she is pleased to lead us.—If she traverse above the clouds, upon the tops of the Pyrenees, along the romantic plains of Gascoigny, or coast the odoriferous shores of Languedoc,—up the mountains of Switzerland, or down the vales of Savoy, we are never weary of the journey. If she

lead us through a forest, at morning, evening, or in the gloom of night, still are we enchained, as with a magic girdle, and follow from scene to scene unsatiated and untired.

CXXXVII. Rousseau confesses, that, when he was forming the plan of his *New Heloise*, he was anxious to select a country, which should be worthy of his characters: He was, in consequence, some time before he could finally determine upon the province, in which he should lay the scene of that celebrated Romance.* He successively called to mind the most delightful spots, that he had ever seen;—but he remembered no grove sufficiently charming, no landscape sufficiently beautiful.—The valleys of Thessaly would have charmed his wavering thought, but those valleys he had never seen, and, fatigued with invention, he desired a landscape of reality to elicit his descriptive powers, and to operate as a point, on which he might occasionally repose a strong, a vivid, and excursive imagination.—At length, weary of selection, he fixed upon those vales and mountains, and upon that lake, which in early life had charmed his

* Confessions, Book ix.

fancy and formed his taste.—Who has not beheld the pictures of his youth in the first part of his Confessions?—and who has not been captivated with the descriptions he has given of Geneva and Vevay, the Lake of Lausanne, and the orchard of Clarens?

CXXXVIII. If the common taste of mankind lead man to derive pleasure from the representations of nature, how much more so must we suppose the influence of real scenes on the mind of the poet; the primary qualities of whose genius, as some one has justly observed, being an eye, that can see nature, a heart that can feel nature, and a resolution, that dares follow nature.—Hence it is, that the first objects, which have charms for youthful genius, are those of landscape; hence it arises, that all our more eminent poets have been strict observers of rural objects, and enthusiastic admirers of rich and imposing scenery:—For it was to primitive prospects, that the earlier writers were principally indebted for the noble enthusiasm, by which they were distinguished.

CXXXIX. Theocritus, the father of pastoral poetry, was born in a country abounding in every

species of landscape, and blest with the most fortunate climate for the practice of the poet's precepts. This poet was as much superior to Virgil in beauty, in originality of thought, and in simplicity of style, as Virgil is superior to all the numerous host of his literal imitators. The *Aminta* of Tasso is the most elegant pastoral drama* in any language, and, with Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, and Bonarelli's *Filli di Sciro*, was frequently represented by the Italian nobility in gardens and groves, having no other scenery, than what the places, in which they were represented, naturally afforded.

CXL. Among the British, pastoral has attained little of excellence, since the days of Spenser, Drayton, and Browne. Affectation has long been substituted for passion, and delicacy and elegance for that exquisite simplicity of language and sentiment, which constitutes the principal charm of this delightful species of poetry. Phil-

* Surely Rapin becomes fanciful, when he endeavours to trace the origin of the pastoral drama to the Cyclops of Euripides! When Tasso read *Il Pastor Fido*, he exclaimed, "Had Guarini never seen the *Aminta*, he had never excelled it!"—A noble instance of modesty and confidence!

lips is but an awkward appropriator of Virgil's Imagery, and an unsuccessful imitator of Spenser's phraseology.—As a pastoral, Milton's *Lycidas*, notwithstanding the applause that has been heaped upon it, is frigid and pedantic, while his *Epitaphium Damonis*, boasting many agreeable passages, merely denotes the elegance of an accomplished scholar. Pope is too refined, his versification too measured, and his ideas little more than derivations from the more polished and courtly passages of his Mantuan and Sicilian masters. He addresses the genius of the Thames, rather than of the Avon, and adapts his sentiments more to the meridian of Hagley and Stowe, than to the meadows of Gloucestershire, or the vales of Devon.

CXLI. The gentle Shepherd of Fletcher may be placed in competition with its prototype by Guarini, and the pastoral songs of Burns and other Scottish poets, are equal, if not superior; to those of any other age or nation. But of all ancient or modern pastoral writers, none excel, or even equal, the mild, the gentle, the captivating GESSNER; whose simplicity and tenderness have power to animate the bosom of age, and to refine

the passions of the young. Superior to the rural poets of France and Spain, of England, Scotland, and Italy,

Kind nature own'd him for her favourite son.

His *Death of Abel* is worthy the pen of Moses ; his *First Navigator* combines all the fancy of the poet, with the primeval simplicity of the Patriarch ; and his *Idyls* are captivating to all but the ignorant, the pedant, and the sensualist.

CXLII. " Nothing," says a celebrated traveller, " nothing delights me so much, as the inside of a Swiss cottage ; all those I have visited, convey the liveliest images of cleanliness, ease, and simplicity ; and cannot but strongly impress on the observer, a most pleasing conviction of the peasant's happiness." With such models constantly before him, it is no subject for excess of astonishment, that Gessner should be capable of painting such exquisite companion pieces as his *Idyls* and *Pastorals*. But for a man, bred in the school of dulness, as a country town invariably is, associating with players, and residing, for the principal part of his life, in all the dust and poison of a city, how much is

our wonder and admiration excited, when we read the delightful delineations of pastoral manners, as they are drawn in several dramas of that grand creator of worlds, and delineator of passion, Shakespeare. That a master, so skilled in the minute anatomy of the heart, should be capable of divesting himself of all that fatal knowledge, to sound "wild wood-notes," worthy of the reed of Tasso, is of itself a singular phenomenon. Who can read the following song, but he fancies himself surrounded by a group of pastoral innocents, with Perdita singing in the midst of them?

Come, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we must shear;
 In your holiday suits, with your lasses appear:
 The happiest of folks are the guileless and free,
 And who are so guileless, so happy as we?

That giant, ambition, we never can dread;
 Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head;
 Content and sweet cheerfulness open our door,
 They smile with the simple and feed with the poor.

When love has possessed us, that love we reveal;
 Like the flocks that we feed, are the passions we feel;
 So harmless, so simple, we sport and we play,
 And leave to fine folks to deceive and betray.

Winter's Tale, Act. iv. sc. 3.

CXLIII. In general description Homer was as great a master, as in the sublimer departments of his art. What can be more admirable, than the scenes of Harvest and the Vintage, with which he has embellished the 18th Book of the Iliad?—Hesiod, too, has many descriptions of rural scenery, sketched with all the truth and simplicity of nature. He was a shepherd, and all his pictures portraits. Among the Latins, Virgil excels in the delineation of particular, and Lucretius in that of general landscape.—What a passage is the following!

Inque dies magis in montem succedere sylvas
 Cogebant, infraque locum concedere cultis:
 Prata, lacus, rivos, segetes, vinetaque læta
 Collibus, et campis ut haberent, atque olearum
 Cœrula distinguens inter plaga currere posset
 Per tumulos, et couvalleis, camposque profusa:
 Ut nunc esse vides vario distincta lepore
 Omnia, quæ pomis intersita dulcibus ornant:
 Arbustisque tenent felicibus obsita circum.

Lucretius, Lib. v. l. 1370.

CXLIV. In that part, too, where he sings the praises of Empedocles, beautiful is the picture he draws of the Coast of Sicily, and the wonders of Etna and Charybdis:* and no finer contrast is ex-

* Lib. i. l. 723.

hibited by any of the poets, ancient or modern, than the one, in which he compares the pleasure of being stretched beneath the shade of a tree, or on the banks of a river, with the more costly raptures of a splendid banquet. This passage alone would have immortalized Lucretius. It has all the feeling of nature, and all the denial of philosophy. The versification is flowing, the sentiments are golden sentiments,—and, to speak after the manner of painters, the composition is correct, and the colours “dipt in heaven.”

Si non aurea sunt juvenum simulachra per ædis
 Lampadas igniferas manibus retinentia dextris,
 Luminia nocturnis epulis ut suppeditentur,
 Nec domus argento fulget, auroque renidet;
 Nec citharis reboant laqueata aurataque templa :
 Attamen inter se prostrati in gramine molli
 Propter aquæ rivum, sub ramis arboris altæ,
 Non magnis opibus jucundè corpora curant :
 Præsertim cum tempestas arridet, et anni
 Tempora conspergunt viridanteis floribus herbas,
 Nec calidæ citiùs decedunt corpore febres
 Textilibus si in picturis, ostroque rubenti
 Jactaris, quam si plebeia in veste cubandum est.

Lucretius, Lib. ii.

CXLV. Virgil, that great master of the passions, philosopher of nature, and the best of all the Latin

descriptive poets, if we except Lucretius, was an ardent lover of rural and picturesque imagery. Hence he is, at all times, on the watch to inquire into, and explain the phenomena of nature; to boast of the number of flocks and herds of Italy; the beauty of its groves and meadows; the fineness of its vines and olives; the virility of its spring, and the mildness of its climate. Many of his individual scenes are drawn with the pencil of a finished landscape-painter. The admirable picture of Claude, in the collection of Welbore Ellis, exhibits not more clearly to the imagination, than the language of the Mantuan poet, which describes the spot, where Eneas first landed in Italy.

Crebescunt optatæ auræ; portusque patescit
 Jam prior, templumque apparet in arce Minervæ.
 Vela legunt Socii, et prorâs ad litora torquent.
 Portus ab Eoo fluctu curvatnr in arcum;
 Objectæ salsâ spumant aspergine cautes;
 Ipse latet; gemino demittunt brachia muro
 Turriti scopuli, refugitque a litore templum.

En. Lib. iii. l. 530.

Nor is it possible to draw for the eye a more agreeable picture, than that in the first Eneid, which has so often been esteemed a sketch, in miniature, of the Bay of Naples.

Est in secessu longo locus: Insula portum
 Efficit objectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto
 Frangitur, inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos:
 Hiuc atque hinc vastæ rupes geminique minantur
 In cælum scopuli, quorum sub vertice late
 Æquora tuta silent; tum Sylvis Scena coruscis
 Desuper, horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbra.

En. Lib. i. v. 163.

CXLVI. But to confine ourselves to British poets.—CHAUCER, active, ardent, and gay, a lover of wine, fond of society, and well qualified to charm by the elasticity of his spirits, the agreeableness of his manners, and the native goodness of his heart, was a lover of that kind of cheerful scenery, which amuses us in the fields, or delights us in the garden. The rising sun, the song of the sky-lark, a clear day, an extended landscape, had peculiar charms for him. His descriptions, therefore, are animated and gay, full of richness, and evidently the result of having studied for himself.—SPENSER, the wild, the fascinating Spenser, delineates, with force and simplicity, the romantic and enchanting.—MILTON was a lover of the beautiful in Nature, as he was of the sublime in Poetry: and though his *Il'Penseroso* abounds in those images, which excite the most sombre reflections,

the general character of his delineations are of an animated cast. In his Minor poems, which afforded him an opportunity of consulting his natural taste, unconnected with epic gravity, we find him almost universally sketching with a light, an animated and elegant pencil. What can be more cheerful, than his Song on May Morning, or his beautiful Latin Poem on the Coming of Spring? And can any thing be more rich and fascinating, than the scenery of Comus, or more profusely abounding in all, that renders rural imagery delightful, than his exquisite Lyric of L'Allegro?*

And beyond all this, what shall we compare with his Garden of Eden?—Nothing in the Odyssey;† nothing in the descriptions, we have received, of the Groves of Antioch, or the Valley of Tempé: neither the Gardens of Armida, or the Hesperides; the Paradise of Ariosto;—Claudian's Garden of Venus; the Elysium of Virgil and Ovid, or the Cyprus of Marino;—neither the Enchanted Garden of Boyardo, the Island of Camoëns, or Rousseau's Verger de Clarens, have any thing to compare with it.

* Note 61.

† Note 62.

CXLVII. But however well a scene may be described, every landscape, so exhibited, does not necessarily become a subject for the palette of the painter. Some descriptions embrace objects too minute, some are too humble and familiar, others too general, and some there are too faithful to be engaging. This poet delights in describing the *familiar*, that the *beautiful*; some in delineating the *picturesque*, and others in sketching the *sublime*.—These may be styled the **FOUR ORDERS** of landscape.* In the first we may class Cowper; in the second Pope; in the third Thomson; in the fourth Ossian. The descriptions of COWPER are principally from humble and domestic life, including objects, seen every day and in every country. The gipsy group is almost the only picturesque sketch, he affords. Highly as this has been extolled, how much more interesting had the subject become in the hands of a Dyer, a Thomson, or a Beattie! POPE excels in painting the beautiful, and yet is he so general, that his vales, slopes, plains, and woods, flit before the imagination in graceful abundance, leaving on the memory few traces of

* Note 63.

existence. THOMSON, also, deals considerably in generals, and seems mostly to have viewed nature from the summit of a hill, and to have drawn his images from the vale below. His pictures are principally adapted to the latitude of Richmond. Some, however, are enchantingly picturesque, and others sublime to the last degree:—they present themselves to the eye in strong and well-defined characters; the keeping is well preserved,—the outlines are boldly marked.

CXLVIII. DYER tinted like Ruysdale, and OSSIAN with all the force and majesty of Salvator Rosa. In describing wild tracks, pathless solitudes, dreary and cragged wildernesses, with all the horrors of savage deserts, partially peopled with a hardy, a virtuous and not inelegant race of men, Ossian is unequalled. In night scenery he is above all imitation for truth, solemnity and pathos; and no one more contrasts the varied aspects of nature with the mingled emotions of the heart.*—What can be more admirable, than his address to the evening star, in the songs of Selma; to the moon in Darthula; or that fine address to the sun in

* Note 64.

his poem of Carthou?—passages almost worthy the sacred pen of the prophet Isaiah.

CXLIX. The uniformity, that has been observed in the imagery of Ossian, is not the uniformity of dulness. Local description only aids the memory;—for a scene must be actually observed by the eye, before the mind can form a just and adequate idea of it. No epicure can judge of a ragout by the palate of another—a musician must hear the concert, he presumes to criticise—and the reader will gain but a very imperfect idea of the finest landscape in the universe, by reading or hearing it described;—for we can neither taste, nor hear, nor smell, nor feel, nor see by proxy. Thus, when Ossian describes vales, rocks, mountains and glens, the words, he uses, are the same, and the images, they respectively suggest, would appear to be the same, but the scenes themselves are dressed in an infinite variety of drapery. It is not that nature is poor, but that language is indigent. A superficial reader, possessing no play of fancy, when the sun is represented as going down, and the moon as rising; when a cataract is said to roar, and the ocean to roll, can only figure to himself the actual representations of those objects, without any combina-

tions.—A man of an enlarged and elegant mind, however, immediately paints to himself the lovely tints, that captivate his fancy in the rising and setting of those glorious luminaries; he already sees the tremendous rock, whence the cataract thunders down, and thrills with agreeable horror at the distant heavings of an angry ocean.

CL. Possessing a mind, that fancy never taught to soar, the one perceives no graces in a tint;—a broad and unfinished outline only spreads upon his canvass; while, by the creative impulses of genius, the outline is marked by many a matchless shade, and the foreground occupied by many a bold, or interesting group.

Gifted with an elegant and accomplished mind, the Poet walks at large, amid the gay creations of the material world, imbibing images, at every step, to form his subjects and illustrate his positions:—For there is an analogy between external appearances of nature, and particular affections of the soul, strikingly exemplificative of that general harmony, which subsists in all the universe. From this analogy, the heavenly bodies were considered symbols of majesty,* and the oak an emblem of

* Note 65.

strength; the olive, of peace, and the willow, of sorrow. One of the Psalms of David, pursuing this analogy, represents the Jews, hanging their harps upon the willows of Babylon, bewailing their exile from their native country. The yellow-green, which is the colour nature assumes at the falling of the leaf, was worn in chivalry, as an emblem of despair:—Red is considered as indicative of anger, green, of tranquillity, and brown, of melancholy. In the same manner, the yew and the cypress have long been acknowledged as emblems of mourning; the violet, of modesty; the lily of the valley, of innocence; the rose, of beauty; the aloe, of constancy; and the palm and laurel, of honour and victory.

CLI. By analogy, we associate good fortune with a fine morning; ignorance with darkness; youth with spring; manhood with summer; autumn with that season of life, when, as Milton observes in a fine vein of melancholy, we are fallen into “the sere and yellow leaf;”—Winter we associate with age.* We assimilate summer and winter, too, with good and ill fortune; an in-

* Note 66.

stance of which occurs in *Cymbeline*,* a play, which will live, till "time shall throw a dart at death," though it has been so wantonly depreciated by Johnson. Even the art of war has some analogies with natural objects; hence is it no unfrequent practice, among Generals, to encamp their forces in a form, which they descriptively call the "rose-bud;" the works flanking and covering each other like the lips of roses.

CLII. Availing ourselves of these analogical licenses, we compare a dingle to a smiling infant, a glen to a beautiful girl, a valley to a captivating virgin, and when the valley opens into a vale, it may, not inelegantly, be associated with the idea of a well-formed, finished matron. In speaking of the sun, if we may be allowed to indulge in flowers of rhetoric, so exotic, we might almost be excused for saying, that it rises from behind rocks of coral, glides in a universe of sapphire over fields of emerald, mounts its meridian among seas of crystal, and, tinging every cloud with indigo, sinks to slumber among beds of amethyst.

CLIII. After the same manner, the three

* *Cymbeline*, Act iii. sc. 6. Also *Richard iii.* Act. i. sc. 2.

first periods of society were allegorically distinguished by different aspects of nature, by comparative amenity of climate and fecundity of soil. Thus the IRON age was deformed by clouds and storms; the bowels of the earth were searched for minerals, while its surface was utterly neglected,—untilled by the husbandman, and ungrazed by the shepherd. Every morning was gloomy, and every night tempestuous.—In the SILVER age, the year was divided into seasons;—then were first experienced the heat of summer, and the vicissitudes of winter. In the GOLDEN age, the seasons were distinguished by perpetual temperature; the earth was profusely fertile, and flowers, vines, olives, and every luxury of nature, had consequent effects upon the minds, manners, and morals of mankind. In nature, all was blooming and captivating; among men, all was virtue, security, and happiness. Every one, having nature for his guide, love and friendship were inheritances, and law and property were alike unheard of and unknown.*

CLIV. Hortensia, who, as you are well aware,

* For an exquisite picture of primæval simplicity, see Heinsius, Lib. ii.

is endowed with every quality of the heart, and every accomplishment of the mind, and in whom are concentrated the polished breeding of France, the dignity of Spain, the modesty of England, and the grace of Italy, discerns the likenesses of her friends in the features of particular flowers. If therefore, she wishes to indulge the pleasure of thinking of them, she retires to a little corner of her garden, and contemplates, with satisfaction, the flowers, which bear imaginary resemblances to the objects of her reflections. When she waters them, therefore, she appears to caress them. This idea of Hortensia has often reminded me of a beautiful passage in one of the Latin poets, where he inquires the title of that happy land, where the names of its kings are engraven on the flowers:— and of two passages in another poet, where, in reference to the Hyacinth, he says,

Ipse suos gemitus foliis inscripsit, et ai ai
Flos habet inscriptum——

Met. Lib. 10. 215.

Litera communis mediis, pueroque, viroque
Inscripta est foliis; hæc nominis, ille querelæ.

Lib. 13. 397.

CLV. In conformity to the analogy, we have alluded to, the poets not only illustrate intellectual subjects by references and allusions to familiar objects and appearances in Nature, but they also draw from the intellectual to embellish the material.—These allusions are, however, the more pleasing, when they glance from the former to the latter, because, as Mr. Gilpin has justly remarked, material objects, being fixed in their appearances, strike every one in the same manner :—whereas ideas, being different in most persons upon the same subjects, will seldom serve by way of illustration.—Some instances, however, may be found in Shakespeare, and not a few in the metaphysic Cowley, where the contrary has been done with the happiest effect. The great Northern Meteor, Walter Scott, has an instance in the *Lady of the Lake*.

The summer's dawn's reflected hue
 To purple changed Loch-Katrine blue:
 Mildly and soft the western breeze
 Just kiss'd the lake, just stirred the trees,
 And the pleas'd lake, like maiden coy,
 Trembled, but dimpled not for joy;
 The mountain shadows on her breast
 Were neither broken nor at rest;

In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future Joys to Fancy's eye.

So in a Welch Pennillion :

To speak of Snowdon's head sublime,
Is far more easy, than to climb.—
So he, that's free from pain and care
May bid the sick a smile to wear.*

CLVI. But if the poets occasionally borrow from the intellectual to illustrate the material world, they repay with interest, when they borrow of the latter to adorn the former.—When is the Father of Poetry weary of drawing similes from birds and insects, and lions and serpents ; from the phenomena of the heavens, and the more evident appearances of the earth?—Thus, when he would give force and majesty to the descent of Hector, he compares it to the fall of a rock from the top of a mountain. Nothing, can be more admirable, than this fine simile, which is not only perfect, when applied to the subject, it would illustrate, but is also a true and finished picture from Nature.

CLVII. In Milton, what can be more pathe-

* Jones. 32.

tic, than where he compares blind Thamyris and Mœonides to the nightingale? and is there a finer instance of the application of the works of Nature to illustrate moral reflection, than where he likens the progress of crime to the lengthening shadows of a setting sun? What can be more grand, than where he simulates Satan to Mount Teneriffe, and to the Moon in eclipse?—and when Shakespeare compares the unfortunate Richard to the evening Sun; when he likens glory to a circle in the water, and the fall of Wolsey to a falling meteor, how affecting, how instructive do the subjects become!*

CLVIII. In the writings of Solomon, these natural illustrations are to be found in almost every chapter. The Poem, entitled the Song of Solomon, is full of them.—“ I charge you, Oh! daughters of Jerusalem, if you find my beloved, that ye tell him, I am sick of love.

“ What is thy beloved, more than another beloved, O fairest among women? What is thy beloved more than another beloved, that thou so chargeth us?

* Note 67.

“ My beloved is white and ruddy; the chief among ten thousand.—His eyes are the eyes of doves, by the river of waters, washed with milk and fitly set.—His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers; his lips like lilies, dropping sweet smelling myrrh.—His legs are as pillars of marble; his countenance is as Lebanon; excellent as the cedars; his mouth is most sweet; yea, he is altogether lovely:—This is my beloved, this is my friend, Oh! daughters of Jerusalem.”

CLIX. Sometimes, as we have before observed, the poets draw similitudes from the common appearances and phenomena of the Heavens. Dryden has a fine metaphor in his play of *All for Love*, where Anthony compares himself to a meteor; an idea, more than once adopted by Rowe and Congreve. Haller compares Reason to the Moon, and Revelation to the Sun.* Horace affords innumerable instances.—In Homer, and in Milton, in Shakespeare, and in Tasso, (who has scarcely a simile, in his *Jerusalem Delivered*, that is not drawn from the country), references to the animal, the feathered and the vegetable world are perpetual. Those in-

* Note 68.

stances in the *Eneid*, where Virgil compares Orpheus to a Nightingale; the Love of Dido to the anguish of a wounded Stag, and the engagement of Tarchon and Venulus to the combat of an Eagle and a Serpent, are admirable. The last is, assuredly, the finest simile in all Virgil.* In common conversation, too, how often do we indulge ourselves in such expressions as, “he is as strong as an oak;” “She is as mild as a dove;” and when is the lover weary of comparing his mistress to violets, to lilies, and to roses?

CLX. No illustration, however, do I remember, that so justly bears upon our subject, as that, where Addison contrasts the *Iliad* and the *Eneid* by the different aspects of grand and beautiful scenery.—“The reading of the *Iliad*,” says he, “is like travelling through a country uninhabited, where the fancy is entertained with a thousand savage prospects of vast deserts, wide and uncultivated marshes, huge forests, mishapen rocks and precipices. On the contrary, the *Eneid* is like a well-ordered garden, where it is

* Vid. Virg. Lib. iv. l. 99.—Georg. Lib. iv. l. 511.—En. Lib. xi. 751.

impossible to find any part unadorned, or to cast our eyes upon a single spot, that does not produce some beautiful plant or flower." In another place, when comparing those poets, who are indebted principally to their own resources and genius, with those, who have been formed by rules, and whose natural parts are chastised by critical precepts, Mr. Addison elegantly says, "the genius in both classes of authors may be equally great, but shews itself after a different manner. In the first, it is like a rich soil in a happy climate, that produces a whole wilderness of plants, rising in a thousand beautiful landscapes, without any certain order or regularity. In the other, it is the same rich soil, under the same happy climate, that has been laid out in walks and parterres, and cut into shape and beauty by the skill of the gardener." *

CLXI. Scenery not only inspires the poet but his reader also: for when do we enjoy his pictures and relish his sentiments with such charmed perception, as when seated beneath a bower, under a tree, or beside a rivulet? In such and in other

* Note 69.

scenes, even bad poetry and worse music are not unattended with a sensible pleasure. "The Flute of a Shepherd," as Dr. Beattie justly remarks,* "heard at a distance in a fine summer's day, amidst a romantic scene of groves, hills, and waters will give rapture to the ear of the wanderer, though the tune, the instrument, and the musician be such, as he could not endure in any other place." Often has Colonna experienced the truth of these observations, and he never reflects but with pleasure on the satisfaction he enjoyed, in listening to a blind old man, in the valley of Rhymney, about two miles from the grand towers of Caerphily Castle.

CLXII. This valley is a narrow defile, winding at the feet of some cultivated mountains, down which several small streams occasionally murmur. It was one of the finest evenings of the month of August: every object was as tranquil, as if it had been midnight; the sun, shooting along the valley, and tinting every object in the most captivating manner. Charmed with the spot, Colonna stopt his horse, dismounted, and sate himself

* *Essays on Poetry and Music*, part 1. ch. vi. 3.

upon the side of a bank, to enjoy, more at his leisure, the beauties of the scene before him : heightened, as they were, by the sombre aspect of the distant ruins. As he was thus indulging one of those delightful contemplations, which scenery like this never fails to awaken, he was interrupted by the approach of two men; one hale, hearty and young, the other old, blind and decrepit. Entering into conversation with the younger, Colonna was informed that his companion was a good singer, and “ a capable maker of songs.” Upon this, Colonna requested the old man to sing him one; to which he consented with little hesitation. It was a history of love ; and though the lines were sometimes too long and sometimes too short; though the air was harsh and his voice discordant, Colonna listened with enthusiasm and praised with rapture.

CLXIII. Of all departments of the Pictorial art, none has so great a power to charm the lover of nature, as the landscape. For though he is willing to give all due applause to Portrait and Historic painting, and would allow appropriate praise even to the lodges of Raphael, the drolleries of Brewer, and the grotesque pieces of Mor-

tuus Feltrensis he is far less charmed with any efforts of the painter than with a full, a clear, and well delineated landscape. In this department of his art, the painter's subjects are unlimited. He may rove among pastures and vineyards, rocks and forests, caverns and mountains, whose heads touch Heaven, without number and without satiety. Every object having its varied and appropriate blending of colour, each tree, flower and plant gives scope for his talents; his rocks are green with the living moss, and peopled with the bounding goat; his forests are clothed in the shade of summer, or in the varied foliage of autumn; his hills are capt with snow, and his vineyards bend beneath their purple wealth. Of every country, he translates the temples, theatres, and aqueducts of Rome, the pyramids of Egypt, and the pillars of Heliopolis and Palmyra on an English wall: the bird of Paradise hovers in enjoyment far from her native Gilolo and the sympathetic Melissa blooms upon a northern canvass. The vales of Savoy; the glens of Media; the Savannals of Africa; the rocks of Norway; the groves of Italy; the mountains of the West;—all quit their native soils, and hang suspended in a British palace.

CLXIV. The landscapes of BLOEMEN OF ANTWERP were generally decorated with mutilated statues and basso-relievos, with ruins, and light and elegant specimens of architecture; objects which contributed to give additional interest to figures, habited after oriental fashions, and remarkable for spirited lightness and graceful inflection. MOLYN, in a peculiar manner, delighted in exhibiting the ocean in all its most sublime and terrible forms. From this passion for tempests and shipwrecks he acquired the appellation of *Tempesta*.* LORENESSE, attending with rapture to the varied phenomena of the heavens, and aided by an Italian climate, produced the richest and most beautifully fringed horizons it is possible to conceive. BERGHEM of HAERLEM had the singular faculty of exhibiting great variety in all his landscapes; with variety he united beauty, compass and grandeur. Mathematically correct in his proportions, he was no less faithful in the essential requisites of light and shade, proximity and distance; his trees wave; his colours are luminous,—almost transparent; while his clouds

* Note 70.

suspend in so natural a manner, that they seem to float at the mercy of the winds.

CLXV. CASTIGLIONE excelled principally in the drawing of castles and abbeys, in which no master has surpassed him. His sketches of rural scenery are agreeable and faithful, but in real merit they are far inferior to the bolder efforts of his pencil. SNEYDERS of Antwerp excelled every artist in the delineation of hunting pieces. He may be styled the *Somerville* of painting. The taste of the YOUNGER TENIERS led him to celebrate country wakes; that of his father to the exhibition of shops and rural games. The son was distinguished by lightness of touch; the father by a boldness of outline. BAMBOCCIO studied at Rome, but derived more from the environs of that celebrated city, than from the works of its greatest masters. He was so minute an observer of nature, that no scene, which struck him, was ever lost to his memory. His imagination was in the highest degree elastic and active, and like Jordaens his facility in delineating was nearly as active as his powers of combination. In looking at Bamboccio's pieces the eye is completely deluded, for the distances being well pre-

served, every object has its appropriate relief and every shade its characteristic tint.

CLXVI. GIOVANNI DELLA VITE delighted, after the manner of Bamboccio, to diversify his pictures with hordes of beggars, groups of gipsies and hunters ; and in exhibiting the agreeable variety of pastoral life. Hobbima of Antwerp may be styled the "*Painter of Solitude*," since he introduces but few figures into any of his landscapes. Like Claude, Nature was his mistress ; and he copied her with precision ;—a perfect master of perspective, whether he exhibits the head of a river or a lake, a temple, a grotto, or a ruin, the eye is agreeably deceived. In the knowledge of perspective, the modern Chinese* and the ancient masters were strikingly deficient. The Chinese have no knowledge of it whatever ; and though many treatises on the subject were extant in the time of Tully, particularly those

* Though the knowledge of Perspective is unknown in China, it has been asserted by several intelligent travellers, that the art of delineating landscapes is in higher perfection, than that of history or portrait painting.

written by Agatharcus, Anaxagoras,* Heliodorus, and Germinus of Rhodes, the Roman artists had made but little progress, on which account their landscapes were greatly inferior to their portrait and historical designs.†

CLXVII. BREUGHEL studied landscape among the mountains of the Tyrol; yet caprice attached him, principally, to the exhibition of the humorous and grotesque;—his son, however, was so great a master in his art, that Reubens condescended to employ him, in touching his celebrated picture of *the Terrestrial Paradise*. Of the character of REUBENS, as a landscape painter, it is dangerous to say too much, and invidious to say too little. His merits have been over-valued by some, and under-rated by others, according to the respective tastes and prejudices of his critics. He was, beyond all question, the most eminent of the Flemish school, and yet Algarotti is not wide of the truth, when he observes, that his compositions are not so rich, nor his touches so light, as those of Paul Veronese; and though more soft in his chiaro-oscuro than

* Vid. Vitruvius. In Præf. Lib. vii.

† Note 71.

Caravaggio, he has less delicacy than Vandyke, less simplicity in design and less truth in his carnations than Titian. This artist was the favourite painter of the first Duke of Marlborough, who possessed eighteen of his best pieces. Compared with Poussin he had a decided advantage, and their two pictures of the deluge afford favourable occasions for comparison.* He had a bold style of pencilling peculiarly striking; he electrifies the spectator by the violence of his bursts and by his decision of contrasts; unlike the soft and attractive Claude, who charms us with a mild and fascinating wand.—The one has all the captivating character of elegy, the other all the fire, the transition and boldness of the lyric. Reubens is the Pindar of landscape,—Claude the Simonides.

CLXVIII. GOYEN of Leyden excelled in rural and marine landscapes.—Peasants at their labour animated the one; fishermen drawing their nets enlivened the other. His subjects were well selected, the perspective well managed, and the whole indicated a lightness and a freedom of touch, which never fail to captivate:—Being, however, too rapid a painter to be always a master, many of his pieces would scarcely do honour

* Note 72.

to the best of his pupils. JARDYN of Amsterdam rose in his profession to great eminence, but his pictures were light and superficial, with few objects; and the time he generally chose, (*noon,*) prevented all natural richness of colouring. VAN OORT, frequently celebrated above his merits, derives his principal claim to the notice of posterity from being the master of Jordaens and Reubens. His portraits were faithful, but his landscapes were almost worthless. He degraded his art by painting merely for wealth, and corrupted his taste by the affectation of aspiring to have a manner of his own. He was ungrateful to nature; for though she had endowed him with a considerable share of talent, he neglected her; and would rather sketch from his own imagination, than take a lesson from the best study she could any where present. To be an imitator of man shews a poverty of fancy; to imitate one's self is the essence of vanity and the worst species of pedantry.

CLXIX. In the wild and awful scenes of Switzerland, MEYER of Winterthur studied his fascinating profession.—He seldom walked without his pencil, and it were singular, if the romantic scenes before him had not made him a

master of his art. “English artists,” says Mons. Zimmermann, “confess, that the aspect of nature in Switzerland, is too sublime and majestic for the pencil of art faithfully to reach; but how exquisite must be the enjoyments they feel upon those romantic hills, in those delightful valleys, upon the charming borders of those still and transparent lakes, where nature unfolds her various charms, and appears in her highest pomp and splendour; where the majestic oaks, the deep embowering elms, and dark green firs, which cover and adorn those immense forests, are pleasingly interspersed with myrtles, almond-trees, jessamines, pomegranates, and vines, which offer their humbler beauties to the view, and variegate the scene! Nature is in no country of the globe, more rich and various, than in Switzerland.” In a country, so profusely abounding in every requisite of landscape, the painter possesses none of the qualities of genius, who produces not for posterity.

CLXX. MURANT of Amsterdam, being a disciple of WOUVERMANNS, acquired that harmony and brilliancy of colouring, by which that artist was so eminently distinguished. He was a minute painter; minute even to tediousness, yet his

ruins, and castles, and villages, are beautifully conceived, and naturally executed. BACKHUYSEN of Embden, superior to Vroom of Harlem,* was next to Vanderveldt, the most eminent painter of *marine* landscapes. His storms are admirable, and direct copies from nature. It was his practice to hire resolute and undaunted seamen, to take him out in the midst of a storm, or at a time, when he knew a storm was approaching.—In this awful and perilous school he studied:—The result was excellence.—ROUSSEAU, among the mountains of Switzerland and the vales of Italy, saw nature in her most imposing attitudes. With such models before him, capricious was the taste, that prompted him to devote so large a portion of his time and talents to the adorning of the walls of courts and the entrances into gardens!—From the frequency, with which he embellished his pieces with architectural objects, he may be called the *Palladio* of landscape.

CLXXI. The paintings of ALBANI, as Malvasia says of him, breathe nothing but content and joy. Happy in a force of mind, that con-

* Note 73.

quered every uneasy feeling, his pencil wafted him through the gardens of Paphos to those of Cithera; from those of love and delight to the abodes of Apollo and the Muses.* BOURDON decorated his pieces with objects of Gothic architecture; POUSSIN with those of the Roman. Loveliness prevailed in all the paintings of Gaspar Poussin, the scenes he delineates, therefore, are truly captivating in their effect. There is an air of lively tranquillity in some, an air of tranquil motion in others; and though the objects of architecture, he exhibits, are not equal to those of Bourdon, he compensates for their regularity, by shading them with woods and rocks, and by placing them on beautiful and picturesque elevations.

CLXXII. MARIA HELENA PANZACCHIA, correct in her outline, fascinated by the exquisite tint of her colouring; while DANDINI of Florence could imitate the style of every school, and the colouring of every master. The former, had the faculty of exciting the imagination of her observers in no common degree: This is one of the

* Note 74.

most delightful effects which the art of painting is capable of producing; for, it is not the actual scene presented to the eye, that constitutes the principal charm in landscape painting,—it is the fine conceptions, which they awake in the mind, and which float, as it were, in the imagination, in endless variety of forms and indescribable fascinations of colour.

CLXXIII. GIACOMO BASSANO delighted in painting villages with happy peasants, pursuing their various rural occupations.—Without elegance of manner, or grandeur of conception, his touch was waving, spirited, and free. A lover of nature, he painted her as she generally chooses to exhibit herself,—in rural drapery:—but his mornings were not so faithful as his evening pieces, since he mostly painted with a violet tint. WILSON, upon his arrival in Italy, choosing not to confine himself merely to the study of art, which would have made him an imitator or a mannerist, studied nature in her finest attitudes, and among her grandest forms; and having examined a picture in the morning, would compare its fidelity with nature in the evening. It was this, that

enabled him to acquire his bold and original style. Upon his return to his native country, the imagery of Italy still hovered in his imagination, and he could never, in the sketching of landscapes, so far forget the lofty character of that lovely country,* as to content himself with delineating English scenes merely as they were. The slopes were too tame and uninteresting for his classic pencil. The result of all this was, that though he never failed to finish a good picture, he always failed to give a faithful portrait of the scene, which he intended to portray.

CLXXIV. SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS painted only three regular landscapes: but it was not unusual with him to decorate the back-grounds of his portraits with some masterly sketches of rural scenery. In general landscape he was undoubtedly inferior to GAINSBOROUGH; and yet the rural decorations, alluded to, were far superior to any similar ornament of that excellent artist. In clear, well defined landscape and architectural embellishment, Gainsborough was, beyond all question, the first artist of his age. In the exhibition of moon-light pieces WRIGHT of

* Note 75.

Derby had no competitor, worthy of himself. His picture of the *Lady in Comus* is one of the finest specimens of modern art.

CLXXV. SALVATOR ROSA loved rather to stand, as it were, upon the ruins of nature, than to wander, even among her most beautiful combinations. His imagination was bold and creative, his pencil elevated and sublime. Residing, in the early period of his life, with a band of robbers, the rocks, caves, dens, and mountains, which they inhabited, gave a decided impulse to his taste. In the wild and the terrible he stands without a rival; his storms and tempests being the finest efforts of pictorial art. We behold with astonishment, with awe, and admiration. He was the *Schiller* of painting, as Schiller was the *Rosa* of poetry.

CLXXVI. CLAUDE LORRAIN, the greatest of all landscape-painters, if we except Titian, studied in the fields. Every variation of shade, formed by the different hours of the day, and at different seasons of the year, by the refraction of light and the morning and evening vapours, he minutely observed. His distances are admirably

preserved and his designs broken into a variety of parts. His skies, beautifully illuminated, are harmonized with what is now called the *Claude Lorrain Tint*. His trees, particularly those he painted in fresco, are marked so admirably, that a judicious observer may distinguish the species of every tree. "An air of loveliness and content," as Gessner justly remarks, "pervades all the scenes, which Lorrain's pencil has created; they excite in us that rapture, and those tranquil emotions, with which we contemplate the beauties of nature. They are rich without wildness and confusion; though diversified, they every where breathe mildness and tranquillity; his landscapes are views of a happy land, that lavishes abundance on its inhabitants, under a sky, beneath which every thing flourishes in healthy luxuriance."* The pictures of Claude are now invaluable; they speak to the heart and to the fancy with equal eloquence; every design indicating the richest taste and the most luxuriant imagination; the fancy of the spectator riots, and while the heart is the abode of contemplative tranquillity, (*il riposo di Claudio*) he feels almost tempted to make a pilgrimage to the palace of Colonna at Rome, where

* Note 76.

so many of this great master's pictures are still to be seen.

CLXXVII. TITIAN was the *sovereign of landscape*, as Raphael was the *sovereign of graceful attitudes*. He studied nature in detail and finished for immortality. Like the rose-tree of Jericho, which neither withers nor decays, the pictures of Titian are as beautiful as first they were, when newly painted. In the union of force and softness of tint; in lightness of touch; in felicity of combination and harmony of colouring, he was unrivalled:—he was the VIRGIL of landscape.—The back-ground to his picture of the *Martyrdom of St. Peter* is said to be the finest landscape ever issuing from a mortal's hands!

CLXXVIII. But, however beautiful and noble the works of the most celebrated masters may be, when we would compare them with the productions of nature, how comparatively poor and feeble do their efforts appear! insipid are the outlines of Salvator Rosa, the aerial tints of Claude, and the romantic groups of Ruysdale and Poussin!

Lovely indeed the mimic works of art :
 But Nature's works far lovelier. I admire,
 None more admires, the painter's magic skill,
 Who shews me that, which I shall never see,
 Conveys a distant country into mine,
 And throws Italian light on English walls ;
 But imitative strokes can do no more
 Than please the eye ; sweet Nature every sense—
 The air salubrious of her lofty hills,
 The cheering fragrance of her dewy vales,
 And music of her woods ; no works of man
 May rival these, these all bespeak a power
 Peculiar and exclusively her own.

COWPER.

Thus, as in every other respect, how far inferior to nature are the finest efforts of our best masters. No wonder ! since language itself has comparative poverty, when it would presume to describe the boundless variety, which is observable in almost every prospect, that the eye beholds. Fields, vales, glens, rivers, and mountains, even when described by the most powerful pen, do but glide before the imagination in mysterious confusion ; if, therefore, one scene cannot be represented with precision, how shall we attempt to give even a faint idea of its numerous combinations ? and how numerous those combinations are, may be, in some measure, conceived from the

knowledge we possess of the almost infinite combinations of sound.

————— Ah! who can paint
 Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
 Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
 Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
 And lose them in each other, as appears
 In every bud that blows? If fancy then
 Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,
 Ah! what shall language do?—

To the works of art we can give length, and breadth, and thickness; we can also colour them with appropriate shades; but who can measure the productions of nature? who sketch with such matchless skill? The painter may select individual objects,—an ivied bridge, a hanging tower, an embattled castle, and the larger creations of landscape; these he may, by a judicious disposition of his materials, form into an entire whole, but the effort is one, and the effect is one; it changes not with the seasons—it knows none of the vicissitudes of winter, and therefore never glows with the renovation of spring.

CLXXIX. This exhaustless variety produces

in the mind a continual thirst after novelty; for, were there but few combinations and fewer objects, the mind would recoil upon itself, and its powers be confined, as it were, in a prison; but as the variations of natural objects are unlimited, its faculties are proportionately enlarged, and, in consequence, the more it receives, the more capable is it of the powers of receiving. Thus, man's appetite for novelty is nothing but the general result of nature's unbounded power of gratifying his thirst.

CLXXX. If the final cause of sublimity be to exalt the soul to a more intimate alliance with its Creator, and that of beauty to enable the mind to distinguish perfection and truth, the love of novelty may not unreasonably be supposed to be implanted in our nature, in order to stimulate the mental powers to that degree of activity, which enables them continually to feel the effects of beauty and sublimity.*

The lover of landscape is ever on the watch for new combinations:—having derived enjoyment from a mountainous country, he finds a sensible gratification in traversing a long-extended plain,

* Note 77.

a wide and boundless heath, and in permitting his eye to wander over an interminable track of ocean. Without darkness even the brilliancy of the sun would be no longer splendid; without harmony, the most agreeable melody would fatigue the ear; without the interchange of rock and mountain, hill and valley, even the finest landscape in Gascoigny or Savoy, would pall upon the sight.

CLXXXI. A love of novelty, however, which is not indulged as a beneficial mean for improvement, resembles the rose of Florida, the bird of Paradise, or the cypress of Greece:—the first, the most beautiful of flowers, emitting no fragrance; the second, the most beautiful of birds, eliciting no song; the third, the finest of trees, yielding no fruit. It characterizes a weak and superficial mind; ill qualifies it for honourable exertion; and peculiarly unfits its possessor from selecting brilliant subjects to exercise his fancy, or from furnishing correct and sound materials to form and elevate the understanding. To a judicious love of novelty, on the other hand, may we refer some of the pleasures we derive from contrast; the various changes of climate and seasons;

the observance of manners and customs of nations; the charms of science, and the delights of poetry: since, by directing the attention to a diversity of objects, the mind roves, as it were, in an enchanted garden, imbibing rich and comprehensive ideas, which administer, in a manner the most vivid and impressive, to the organs of perception and taste. Directed to its proper end, the enlargement of the understanding by the acquirement of knowledge, it conduces to the improvement of every art, and contributes to the perfection of every science.

CLXXXII. As the passion of legitimate love is engendered and confirmed by intimacy of connexion, so, on the other hand, the passion of admiration is awakened by distance, and kept alive by continual novelty. For these two passions, so often confounded with each other, are not more different in their origin than in their results. What we love becomes more endeared to us by repetition; what we admire, ceases to please us, when it ceases to be new.—Thus is it with scenery;—the vine in our garden, the oak that shades our cottage, the woods, that shelter us from the north, are not more high, more shady, more neat or more fruitful, than other oaks, vines, cottages, and

woods; but, from long familiarity, they acquire a title to our preference by the interesting associations, with which they are connected, and having acquired that title, we should be unwilling to exchange them for the most beautiful vale of the south, or the proudest mountain of the north. On the other hand, let us climb the triple Cader-Idris, Ben Lomond, or Ben Nevis, and after viewing with admiration their several wonders, let us inquire of our own feelings, if we do not look around for other objects to gratify our desires?—Novelty, once satisfied, admiration ceases; and when we cease to admire we become weary.

CLXXXIII. Such is the difference between love and admiration in scenery. The one, begetting tranquillity and content, requires no aliment; the other, continually searching for food, engenders restlessness. Hence the traveller, who has long been indulging in the more elevated scenery of the Grisons, feels himself relieved, when he enters the green valleys of Piedmont, and the extended vales of Tuscany. The white summits of St. Bernard, the Glaciers of the Rhetian, and the wonders of the pennine Alps, are ex-

changed with satisfaction for the calm and luxurious meads of Novorese and Aosta.

CLXXXIV. The passion of admiration, requiring something ever new, those objects, which excite the wonder and admiration of strangers, are viewed with indifference, bordering on frigidity, by the natives of the country, in which they are situated. Totally unconscious, and sometimes utterly unworthy of the beautiful country, in which they live, they require some one to point out to them the lovely scenes, by which they are surrounded, in the same manner, as many a nobleman of England, Germany and Italy, know the value of their own paintings and sculptures, only by the applause, bestowed on them by learned and enlightened strangers. Thus was it when Petrarch visited Rome, in the 14th century. While viewing the fragments of temples, the remnants of statues, the falling porticoes, the baths, the aqueducts, the tessellated pavements, and, above all, the gigantic ruins of the Colosseum, he was indignant to find, that the Tribune Rienzi, and his friend Colonna were alone conversant in the history, and appeared alone to sympathize in those noble and magnificent ruins.—“ No one,” said he,

were more ignorant of Rome, than the Romans themselves.”

CLXXXV. Some scenes there are, which acquire an increased interest from being only partially revealed to us.—Landscape has her secrets as well as women.—We must not see every thing at once, nor must we see every thing there is to be seen. The rose, in full display of beauty, is not so captivating, as when, opening her paradise of leaves, she speaks to the fancy, rather than the sight. Thus the imagination, which so frequently borrows from nature, repays her obligations, by giving additional grace to all her beauties. In poetry, the light touches of Anacreon fire the fancy, in a much higher degree, than the minute descriptions of Ovid;* the nervous brevity of Lucretius defines more clearly to the mental eye, than all the profuse delineations of Cowley:—and the obscure image of death, in Milton’s *Paradise Lost*, is even more horrific, than the Ugolino of Dante. The observation holds good in reference to landscape; and hence arises the cause, why straight lines are so peculiarly offensive, and why

* *Si qua latent, meliora putat.*

Alpine views are not so agreeable, for any length of time, as those that are observed from the sides, or at the feet of high and woody mountains. Lakes must wind, and trees must hide, or the beauties of the finest scene will pall upon the sight. Had we the *Venus de Medicis* always unveiled before us, we should soon cease to be moved by the whiteness of her bosom, and the symmetry of her contour.

CLXXXVI. From novelty springs the pleasure, which is ever attendant on judicious contrast. The earth, and "all that it inhabits," animals, birds, fishes, and insects; flowers, plants, trees, and rivers; the air, the clouds, the stars, nay, the whole universal region of infinity, are all one vast, one interminable tissue of decided contrasts; so also are the feelings, the opinions and passions of man, the form of his external frame, as well as the organic principles of his mind. In music and in painting,* in architecture and mechanics, indeed throughout the whole circle of the sciences and the arts are the laws of contrast acknowledged and confirmed: hence is it, that the constitutions, which

* Note 78.

present the most nicely opposed contrasts or balances, are the best in theory, and the most reducible to practice.* Thus even the contrary factions of a state contribute to the well administration of a government.

CLXXXVII. Contrast, in repeated instances, adds to the beauty even of the most captivating landscape.† Hafod derives many of its charms from the dreariness of Plinlimmon; and Chatsworth, the noble domain of the Duke of Devonshire, becomes infinitely more agreeable to the traveller, who journeys from the North, than to him, who travels from the South. The poet, therefore, is justified in his observation, when he says, that Chatsworth is as delightful to him, who has approached it, by the deserts of the north of Derbyshire, as are the Towers of Venice to the weary eye of a sailor.

Qualiter in mediis, quam non speraverat, urbem
 Attonitus Venetam navita ceruit aquis;
 Sic improvise emergens e montibus invis
 Attollit sese Devoniana domus.‡

* Note 79.

† Note 80.

‡ Note 81.

CLXXXVIII. Aware of the results of contrast, Dramatic and Epic Poets* are in the constant habit of exercising their skill in exhibiting them. How many admirable instances do we observe in Shakespeare and Racine! and what a fine example is that in Lucan, where he contrasts the fallen condition of his hero, after the battle of Pharsalia, with the happy state of his more prosperous fortune, when, at the head of the Commonwealth, he was esteemed, by his party, the greatest general and the best citizen, Rome had ever produced.—A contrast, equally well drawn, was exhibited in the British House of Commons on the memorable night, in which the odious traffic in slaves was, by a vote of the House, declared to be for ever illegal, and the persons; engaged in the trade, for ever infamous. After many distinguished characters had delivered their opinions, the Solicitor General rose from his seat, and after a long and argumentative speech, in which he took occasion to recapitulate and to combat many of the objections, that had been urged to the measure, he concluded with an eloquent representation of the gratitude, the vote of

* Note 82.

the House would call from posterity, and of the happiness, which many of the younger members, who were present, would have in beholding, what they had anticipated with all the generous ardour of youth, expressed by some of them in a corresponding glow of language, the benign effects of this measure upon the Negroes and the whole property of the Colonies, and the prosperity of the country at large. When he looked to the man, now at the head of the French monarchy, surrounded, as he was, with all the pomp of power, and all the pride of victory, distributing kingdoms to his family and principalities to his followers, seeming, when he sat upon his throne, to have reached the summit of human ambition, and the pinnacle of earthly happiness; and when he followed that man into his closet, or to his bed, and considered the pangs, with which his solitude must be tortured, and his repose banished, by the recollection of the blood, he had spilled, and the oppressions, he had committed; and when he contrasted those pangs of remorse with the feelings, which must accompany his honourable friend, Mr. Wilberforce, from that House to his home; after the vote of the night should have confirmed the object of his humane and unceasing labours;

when he should retire into the bosom of his happy and delighted family ; when he should lay himself down in his bed, reflecting on the innumerable voices, that would be raised in every quarter of the globe to bless him ; how much more pure and perfect felicity must he enjoy in the consciousness of having preserved so many nations of his fellow-creatures, than the man, with whom he had compared him, on the throne, to which he had waded through crimes, through slaughter and oppression!" No one, my friend, will be surprised, that the honourable Member should sit down amid three distinct and universal cheers.

CLXXXIX. At early morning, when we are observing images of rural happiness, and recalling to mind the pastoral and hunting ages, when the woods and glens echoed with the twang of the horn, or the reed of the shepherd, how melancholy do our reflections become, when, by virtue of association, we contrast them with a country, wasted by want, or depopulated by a successfully invading army! Let us illustrate the subject of contrast, as it affects the human race, and as it serves to shew the wide and lamentable

difference between man and man, by exhibiting a
CONTRAST OF SOVEREIGNS.

Nothing more dreadful can be conceived, than the horrors, which ensued during the conquest and after the subjugation of the Crimea, by Catherine of Russia. Oh! my friend, what a contrast do the consequences, arising from those fatal events, produce to the cheerful and happy scenes, we have the satisfaction of witnessing every day! Of the Conquest let us say nothing; its consequences were too great for human sympathy to read without feelings of indignant horror: the fate of Ismael, of Warsaw, and of Prague, were scarcely less dreadful: and, as a suitable after-piece to the fatal tragedy, after the desolation of towns and villages without number, 75,000 Christians were expelled their country, of whom 50,000 perished in the deserts! Of the effects of these barbarous proceedings, all springing from an insatiable thirst of conquest, the following picture is but a feeble outline: "They laid waste the country; cut down the trees; pulled down the houses; overthrew the sacred edifices of the natives, with all their public buildings; destroyed the public aqueducts; insulted the Tartars in their acts of public wor-

ship; tore up from the tombs the bodies of their ancestors, casting their reliques upon dunghills, and feeding swine out of their coffins; annihilated all their monuments of antiquity; breaking up alike the sepulchres of saints and pagans, and scattering their ashes in the air;—*auferre, rapere, trucidare, falsis nominibus, Imperium*: atque
 IBI SOLITUDINEM FACIUNT PACEM APPELLANT.* Though such are the general effects of war upon the feelings and comforts of those persons, who are the most subject to its miseries, yet, by an unaccountable fatality, the people of almost every country have in all ages conspired, even without the apology of passion, to consider those their most inveterate enemies, who have been labouring, through a long and tumultuous life, for their peace, their prosperity, and their happiness!

CXC. Let us compare the above conduct of the Empress Catherine with that of the late Emperor of China. In the year 1782 the island of Formosa was visited by a dreadful calamity. A violent tempest raged for several hours; the sea rose in mountains and covered the whole face of the island, sweeping away every moveable, and leaving the shops, houses, and out-buildings a

* Clarke's Travels, vol. i. p. 471.

confused heap of ruins. The crops were entirely destroyed, and the unfortunate inhabitants reduced to beggary and want. When this terrible event was signified to the Emperor, he wrote to his minister, Tsong-tou, the following letter. " I command you to get the best information you can of the different losses, sustained by the inhabitants of the island, and to transmit the particulars to me, in order that I may give them every assistance to repair them. My intention is, that all the houses, which have been thrown down, shall be rebuilt entirely at my expense; that those be repaired, which are only damaged; and that provisions, and every thing, which the people stand in immediate want of, be supplied them. I should feel much pain, were even one among them to be neglected: I, therefore, recommend the utmost diligence and the strictest inquiry, as I am desirous, that none of my subjects should entertain the least doubt of the tender affection, I have for them: and that they should know, that they are all under my eyes, and that I will myself provide for their wants."* The former of these sovereigns is

* The reign of Kamhi, to whom Czar Peter I. sent an embassy in the year 1719, was called the *Tay-Ping*,
" the

usually called the GREAT: the latter has received no peculiar appellation. Alas! what is the description of persons, we dignify by the name of great? For my own part, my Lelius, I never have insulted the virtues of William Penn by admiring Alexander or Borgia, nor did I ever drop a tear of regret upon the tomb of the most celebrated warrior in Westminster Abbey. Those men, whom the generality of mankind call HEROES, and who have so often stained valleys and rivers with native blood, fret a dangerous hour upon the public stage: thousands shout to them applauses,* while the truly great, good, and illustrious, hide their faces with their robes, and wait a surer and a nobler recompense, than the honour or applause of man, in a distant but a better world!

CXCI. Since we are upon the imposing subject of Greatness, let us call to our recollection the names of a few of those men, whom the writers of history designate great: doubtless they were the fathers of their country; and it will give you

“the reign of great rest and peace.” What a noble eulogium! and what a contrast did this reign present to that of the far-famed monarch of the north!

* Note 83.

pleasure to reflect on the memory of so many excellent men: for greatness, of course, has reference to goodness, since the one and the other are the distinguishing characteristics of the ETERNAL himself: and it is not for one moment to be supposed, that historians are guilty of such impiety to the Deity, or are such traitors to the welfare of mankind, as to call those great, who were only worthy of a public scaffold! Every good man is not a great one, it is true, but every great one must of necessity be a good one: and yet, who are the wretches, whom historians exalt to the admiration of the world?—Who are they but Alexander, and Antiochus, and Mahomet, and Frederick, and Peter, and Catherine, and Charles the Twelfth, and Tamerlane, and a host of monsters, equally base and equally detestable? Shades of the immortal Phocion, Alfred, and Stanislaus, in what ignominious society are your honoured memories associated!

CXCII. Contrasts are the springs of our happiness.—Without a knowledge of the muriatic, we should be ignorant of the sweet; without the sweet, we should be incapable of the pungent:—

Had noon no excess, we should never enjoy the temperature of evening; were there no darkness, we could never appreciate the value of light:—without labour, who could be sensible of the enjoyments of rest? and were we not sometimes visited by pain, where would be found the captivations of pleasure?—Such is the organization of man.—That we could have been formed in such a manner, as to have a continual appetite for enjoyment without any of the contrasts, arising from vicissitude, is as certain, as that we possess a general appetite for our food, even though we feel no pain from partial hunger, or from temperate thirst. But it has pleased the Eternal thus to frame us. He has decreed, also, a temporary success to vice, and a temporary depression to virtue. Regardless of the means, he employs, the *VILLAIN* prospers. He rolls in wealth, and becomes the petty despot of his village, the Napoleon of his neighbourhood. His will is his logic, power is his mistress, and money his God.—He dies!—Unpitied, unlamented, he is almost hissed and hooted into his grave.—He awakes!—Another world opens itself: The dream of his hopes, that death is an eternal sleep, has vanished!—

CXCIII. The GOOD MAN, on the other hand, frequently pines from day to day: His efforts are unavailing: Industry brings no harvest of profit: every object, he touches, crumbles into ashes! Weary and fainting, he droops into the midnight of the grave!—His body consigned to the earth, his friends weep over his monument, and lament the hard destiny of a man, adorned with all the embellishments of education, and animated with all the impulses of virtue! They look at each other, in all the amiable ignorance of grief, and appear to anticipate the question, whether indeed there is an all-governing Providence! In the meantime the soul of their friend has separated from its tenement of clay, it has passed through it aurelia* state, and has awaked to landscapes of matchless beauty, and to scenes of endless happiness!

CXCIV. Man is no more permitted to fathom the purposes of his Creator, than the meanest soldier of an army is presumed to know the secrets of his General. Continual movements are ordered without any visible design; long and weary marches are made in the dead of night; fortresses

* Note 84.

of little apparent importance are invested ; he breaks down bridges ; moves along narrow defiles ; animates his troops at one time, while he restrains their impatience at another.—Wild and angry conjectures, ceaseless murmurs, and innumerable complaints are echoed through the camp.—The moment, however, at length arrives !—The trumpet sounds ; the signal is given ; the charge is made. It is irresistible ! the place, the time, the manner having been well chosen. The ranks of the enemy are broken ; thousands join in the pursuit ; the notes of victory sound from hill to hill ; murmurs, and conjectures, and complaints, all are at an end ; the whole design is cleared up ; every one gives himself to joy ; every one resounds and celebrates the praises of his General !

CXCV. An attentive investigator observes no monotony in landscape.—Day succeeds to morning ; evening to noon ; and night to evening :—Summer to spring, and winter to autumn. Even the colour of the Sea itself frequently changes in the course of a day. When the sun shines, the ocean is cerulean ; when it gleams through a mist, it is yellow ; and as the clouds pass over, it not unfrequently assumes the mingled colours of the

clouds themselves. The same uniformity of contrast may be observed throughout the whole of Nature; even the Glaciers of the Grisons presenting varied aspects, though clad in perpetual snow. At dawn of day they appear saffron; at noon their whiteness is that of excess; and, as the sun sinks in the west, their convex and peaked summits reflect, with softened lustre, the matchless tintings of an evening sky.

CXCVI. These alternations cause a perpetual variety in the same objects. Hence the frequent interchanges, which exhibit themselves in a mountainous country, give it a decided advantage over open and campaign regions; since the degrees of light and shade, as the hills and valleys incline towards each other, are blended, reflected, and contrasted in a thousand different ways.* It is the total want of contrast, that fatigues the traveller over vast and boundless deserts, more than the actual distances; or the sands themselves. The ancients, ignorant of the magnetic powers of the needle, were able to travel over deserts only by night;—when the sun appeared, therefore, they were obliged to halt.—Quintus Curtius, in de-

* Note 85.

scribing the deserts of Bactria, says, that a great part of them were covered with barren sands, parched by heat, and affording nourishment for neither men, beasts, nor vegetables. When the winds blew from the Pontic sea, they swept before them immense quantities of sand, which, when heaped together, appeared like mountains. All tracks of former travellers were thus totally obliterated. The only resource left, therefore, was to travel by night, guiding their course by the direction of the stars. Silius Italicus thus describes the journey of Hannibal's ambassadors to the temple of Jupiter Ammon, situated in the deserts of Lybia.

Ad finem cœli medio tenduntur ab ore
 Squalentes campi. Tumulum natura negavit
 Immensis spatiis, nisi quem cava nubila torquens
 Construxit Turbo, impactâ glomeratus arena :
 Vel, si perfracto populatus carcere terras
 Africus, aut pontum spargens per æquora Corns,
 Invasere truces capientem prælia campum,
 Inque vicem ingesto cumularunt pulvere montes.
 Has observatis valles enavimus astris :
 Namque dies confundit iter, perditemque profundo
 Errantem campo, et semper media arva videntem,
 Sidoniis Cynosura regit fidissima nautis.

Silius Italicus, Lib. 3.

Lucan, whose description of the march of Cato over the deserts, is unquestionably the finest portion of the *Pharsalia*, adds a circumstance, that must have considerably augmented the difficulties of the march.

Qui nullas vidère domos, vidère ruinas:

Jamque iter omne latet; nec sunt discrimina terræ

Ulla, nisi Ætheriæ medio velut æquore flammæ.—

Sideribus novère vias: *nec Sidera tota*

Ostendit Lybicæ finitor circulus oræ,

Multaque devexo terrarum margine celat.

Phars. Lib. 9. v. 494.

CXCVII. What a contrast is there in the feelings, which animate the heart of a sailor after a long voyage, which toil and difficulty, increased by protracted hope and incessant disappointment, has rendered almost insupportable, when from the topmast of his ship, he unexpectedly sees and calls out “land:”—and as the hills rise higher and higher out of the ocean, and the soft aerial tints fade, and wood and rock and hill and valley become more and more conspicuous, what emotions can be so vivid, so energetic, so delightful and transporting?—Such were the feelings of those, who first discovered the Islands of Tinian,

and Protection;* and of that most lovely of all those beautiful Islands, that stud the bosom of the Pacific,—Juan Fernandez.—From a distance, this Island has a wild and inhospitable appearance, but on the approach, its rugged aspect softens, and at length exhibits some of the most delightful pictures it is possible to behold:—Scenes of such elegance and dignity, as the author of Commodore Anson's Voyage observes, that would with difficulty be rivalled in any other part of the globe.

Has Heaven reserved in pity to the poor
 No pathless waste, or undiscovered shore?
 No secret Island in the boundless main,
 No peaceful desert, yet unclaimed by Spain?—

Oh! that this enchanting Island were still uninhabited and free!—Thither would we go, my Lelius, and realizing on its fruitful soil the glories of a golden age, “echo should no where whisper our hiding place.”—In this favoured spot, the simple productions of unassisted nature are said to excel all the fictitious descriptions of the most animated imagination. Thus, you observe, Nature acts upon her usual plan of beneficence, even

* Note 86.

though none are present to see and to admire. The birds sing with as soft a note; the bee murmurs and distils as sweet a honey; fruits blossom and present their loaded treasures, while the waterfall and the rivulet elicit sounds as soothing, as animating, and as delightful. Forsaking all, that would remind us of this vast scene of perpetual warfare, public and private, we should there learn how little necessary to our happiness are the artificial wants of a society, polished only in its vices. The community of our families would recompense us for the experience, which the world has severely taught to us; knowing no method of cementing our friendship superior to that of deserving each other's esteem; instilling into the minds of our future children the firmest regard for one another, and a strict veneration for justice, who would not wish to appertain to our republic?—In the hour of sorrow, who would not meditate on our happiness with an envy, tempered into a desire of emulation? in the moment of oppression, who would not fly to us for shelter?—In the height of his enthusiasm, what poet would disdain to hold us forth as an example, not unworthy the imitation of mankind?—In vain do we look, in all the wide continents of the earth, for a so-

ciety in any way approaching to such a state of primitive simplicity!—In Europe, in Asia, in Africa, and in America, there is not a city, nor a town, nor a village, nor a hamlet, which contains so great a portion of harmony, as prevails among the animals and birds, that inhabit the shores of the New Year's Islands. The sea lions, as we learn from a celebrated navigator,* occupy the greatest part of the coast; bears, the principal portion of the land; shags reside upon the cliffs; penguins, in such places as have the best access to the sea, while the smaller birds occupy the more retired places. Thus every portion of the Island is respectively inhabited; none of the birds or animals encroaching upon each other. The most perfect harmony subsisting through all the separate tribes, they occasionally mix together like domestic cattle in a farmer's yard; eagles and vultures sitting together on the cliffs among the shags, and shags upon the beach among the sea lions.—What a lesson and what a contrast does all this present to that greatest and proudest of all animals, MAN!—Is there a city, a town, a village, or even a hamlet, in all Europe, that is not a prey

* Capt. Cook, 2d Voyage, vol. ii. p. 186.

to the worst of all hostilities, envy and ill-will? Is there a city without its factions; a town without its parties; a village or a hamlet, that does not contain a despotic country squire, a proud unbending priest, an encroaching farmer, or a narrow, pinching, worthless overseer? Were you a Cynic, you would be almost tempted to say, that the earth more resembled the plantain tree of Guinea and Brazil, than the New Year's Islands. On the top of this tree reside monkeys, continually at war with each other; in the middle are snakes; on the extreme branches hang nests of woodpeckers.

CXCVIII. To contrast and variety of climate has been attributed the principal lines and shades of national characters. Mons. Denina, in a paper preserved in the Memoirs of the Berlin Academy, and Tasso, in his parallel between France and Italy, have given it as their decided opinion, that a country, marked with gentle eminences, and gradually rising mountains, are the most remarkable for men of genius, talents and learning. That climate has an important influence, and is the principal cause of the difference in national characters, has been also maintained with

considerable ingenuity, by Montesquieu, in the fourteenth book of his Spirit of Laws. This celebrated writer imagines climate to have its principal power over the *manners*; while the Abbé du Bos, with equal plausibility, argues for its influence over the *mind*. Both hypotheses may, however, justly be doubted,—for Greece has produced its Lycurgus, China its Confucius, Rome its Pliny, France its Fenelon, Spain its Cervantes, England its Newton, Switzerland its Gessner, Germany its Klopstock, Sweden its Linnæus, and to crown the argument, Iceland its two hundred and forty poets! This is sufficient for the hypothesis of Du Bos. That it affects the manners is equally ideal, for the crimes of the west are equal to those of the east, and the vices of the south equal to the vices of the north. They differ not in their number, but in their quality:—what is vice in one part of the world is not considered vice in another,* though

* Thus the use of wine is as strictly forbid in Turkey, as the possession of two wives in Europe; war, in Japan, is looked upon with horror, in Europe it is associated with glory:—The exposition of children prevails in China; in some parts of America, they bury the old before they are dead; and it

in the commission of private crime, there was never but one opinion, and ought to be but one law. Besides, arguing upon the principles of Montesquieu and other plausible writers, it would be impossible to account for that distinct variation, which is observed in the dispositions, habits and genius of those people, residing on the opposite banks of frontier rivers, on the transverse sides of high mountains, and particularly of the same people at different periods of their history.

CXCIX. It is remarked by Tacitus, that the ancient Germans, dividing their year into three seasons, had no idea of autumn:—The Hindoos, on the contrary, divide the year into six; the dewy, the cold, the rainy, and the hot; the period of spring, and the clearing up of the rain. But though the Hindoos number so many seasons, there is, by no means, a great variety of climates in *Hindustan*. Before the coming of the rain the is only within a few years, that the English, the freest, the happiest, and most enlightened people on the globe, have considered the traffic in slaves a crime, worthy the title, and penalty of felony.—Can the men, who, for so many years, supported this scandalous trade in human flesh, sleep in their beds?—General Gascoigne!—dost thou remember travelling in June, * * * * into Carmarthenshire, by the Milford mail?—Thou wilt never forget it.—

earth appears parched like a desert ; the rain commences, and the hills and valleys are covered with verdure ! The rain ceases, and for nine continued months scarcely a cloud deforms the matchless serenity of the sky ! The seasons of *Syria* may be said to be separated by hours ; and so many varieties of climate are felt, in a short space of time, that the Arabian Poets figuratively observe, “ that the Sannin bears winter on his head, spring on his shoulders, and autumn in his bosom, while summer lies sleeping at his feet.”*

CC. The climate of *Rhodes* was so mild, in ancient times, that there was not a day in the year, on which the sun did not shine upon it : and so delightful is the temperature of the *Madeiras*, that the vineyards are enclosed by hedges of pomegranates, wild roses and myrtles, at a time, when frosts and snows chill the warmest constitution of England. At *Congo*, on the coast of Africa, the climate may be ascertained by the number of flowers it produces. In that country they are remarkably beautiful. There is scarcely a field, that does not present a richer as-

* Volney, vol. 1. 293.

semblage, than the finest garden in Europe. The lilies, which grow in the woods and valleys, are exquisitely white and of the most bewitching fragrance. Flowers, which grow single in other places, are here seen blushing upon one stalk in clusters. Under the hedge-rows and trees are beds of hyacinths and tuberoses, one or two hundred in a group. Their colours are variegated profusely: the roses and honey-suckles afford a stronger perfume, than those of Asia; and the American jessamine, some exquisitely white and others of the brightest scarlet, grow, as we are informed, by dozens in a bunch.

CCI. The Island of *St. Domingo* is one of the finest in all the world; whether it is considered in reference to the natural richness of the soil, the beauty of its internal landscapes, or the fineness of its shores. The plains of *Los Llanos* are intersected with natural groups of the noblest trees, much after the manner of an English park. The forests abound in palms, in mahogany, manchineels and palmettoes, round the trunks of which wind the convolvulus and the wind-band in many a graceful fold, forming a complete school to the architect for the study of

domes and peristyles, arches and colonnades. Fields of coffee, hedges of aloe, groves of cocoa, orange plantations, woods scented by innumerable wood-bines, plains, grottos, precipices and cascades, unite to render the island in point of scenery the most delightful in all the western world.* In surveying it, Columbus was struck with wonder, with admiration and delight.

CCII. In the country of the great *Namiaguas*, in the north-western part of South Africa, the mountains are towering but barren and rocky; relieved, at intervals, only by the aloe. The soil in the plains is arid to a proverb; when, however, there is an occasional storm, the country is immediately covered with grass in one district, while not a green leaf is to be seen in another! *Batavia* is as beautiful, as a mere plain can be rendered; but the climate is pestilential and the water poisonous. A young man, coming out of his ship, after a long voyage, was so enraptured with the general appearance of the country, that he exclaimed, " Surely this is an abode

* See Walton's Description of Hispaniola.

for the immortals!" Three weeks after his arrival—he died!*

Though the summers in the *Crimea* are variable, the autumns pestilential, and the winters rigorous, the springs are highly agreeable and delightful. The air is mild, the sky serene; the wild vine mingles in the hedges with the arbutus and the jessamine; flowers of every shade and colour spring up in myriads in the fields and in the woods; the perfumes, which ravish the senses, are unequalled by those of any other country in Europe; while the soil is capable of producing every description of fruit, that grows in France, in Greece, or in Italy.†

CCIII. The Island of Tinian, situated 15 degrees 8 minutes north latitude, and 114 degrees and 50 minutes west longitude of Acapulco, is only twelve miles long and six broad. "No spot on earth," says the author of Commodore Byron's voyage, "can appear more delightful from the sea than this country, when viewed from some

* Stavorinus, v. 3. 403, *in notis*.

† Note 87.

parts of the coast; where, instead of having the appearance of an uncultivated and uninhabited place, it resembles a beautiful and noble plantation, in which stately woods and spacious lawns have been laid out and most beautifully intermingled, and so happily adapted to the inequalities of the ground, as to produce a most striking and at the same time a most pleasing effect. The land generally rises in gentle slopes, that are frequently interrupted by valleys, irregularly winding through the country, which, with the gentle swellings of the ground, agreeably diversified with the usual embellishments of lofty woods and spacious lawns, covered with fine trefoil, intermixed with flowers, traverse the island. The beauty of these fine rural landscapes were, in several views from the coast, most pleasingly enlivened by herds of some thousand cattle feeding together." Added to the extreme loveliness of its landscapes, this island abounds in all kinds of tropical flowers and fruits in the utmost profusion. What a contrast to all this are the frozen regions of the north, stretching on every side the pole, covered with perpetual snow, with lakes and seas, agitated by boisterous winds, and fretted with enormous masses of floating ice! The island of

Tinian, which nature has most extravagantly endowed, blooms to no human purpose! The footsteps of a casual stranger alone presses its shore: while Iceland, with fields divided by, vitrified cliffs; without a tree; abounding in precipices, burning lakes, and barren mountains, produced a Thurleston, a Thordsen, and a Frode, with two hundred and forty poets at a time; when Sweden and Denmark and Norway cultivated no science; when the Tartars were emerging from the northern kingdoms of Asia, and over-running all the empire of the Saracens; when the houses of England, France and Germany were thatched with straw, and when scarcely a poet had appeared in Britain!

CCIV. Ricciolus enumerates about twenty different climates, the most agreeable of which are those, situated between the 34th and 42d degrees of latitude. If, however, we reckon from the equator to the poles, and allow half an hour's difference in the longest day in summer between each parallel, there are, strictly speaking, twenty-four climates in the northern and the same number in the southern hemisphere.

Mount Etna, as an elegant Traveller has informed us, is divided into three distinct regions: “the fertile region; the woody region; and the barren region. These are as distinct in climate, as the three zones of the earth; and might, with propriety, have been styled the torrid, the temperate and frigid regions.” But the greatest variety of climate upon one range of mountains may be found among the Cordilleras; for, in the space of a few hours, may be experienced the greatest intensity of heat, and the greatest severity of cold; while in the ascent, every intermediate variety is quickly observed, and sensibly felt. Than the climates of Madeira and Shiraz, nothing can be more delightful. The former, if judiciously cultivated, would be a terrestrial paradise.

The gentle spring, which but salutes us here,
Inhabits there and courts them all the year.

Waller.

The latter is thus described by a modern traveller.—“During the spring of the year, the face of the country appears uncommonly beautiful. The flowers, of which they have a great variety, and of the brightest hues, the fragrant herbs, shrubs

and plants, the rose, the sweet basil, and the myrtle, all here contribute to refresh and perfume the natural mildness of the air. The nightingale of the garden, the goldfinch, and the linnet, by their melodious warblings, at this delightful season of the year, serve to add to the satisfaction of the mind, and to inspire it with the most pleasing ideas. The beauties of nature are here depicted in their fullest extent; the natural historian and the botanist, would here meet with ample scope for pursuing their favourite investigations. With such advantages, added to the salubrity of the air, how can it be wondered at, that the people of Shiraz should confidently assert the pre-eminence of their own city, to any other in the world?—or that such beauties should fail of calling forth the poetical exertions of a Hafiz, a Sadi, or a Jami? Their mornings and evenings are cool, but the middle of the day is highly pleasant. One thing, which is most to be esteemed in this country, and renders it preferable to any other part of the world, is the nights, which are always clear and bright; and the dew, that in most places is of so pernicious and dangerous a nature, is not of the least ill consequence here; there is none at all in summer, and, in the other seasons,

it is of such a nature, that if the brightest scimitar should be exposed to it all the night, it would not receive the least rust. This dryness of the air causes their buildings to last a great while, and is one of the principal reasons, why the celebrated ruins of Persepolis have endured for so many centuries."

How does this delightful country differ from those of Nova Zembla, and Greenland, whose rocks and hills are clad in perpetual snow; and from a large portion of Crim Tartary, where scarcely a river or a brook is heard to murmur; or a bush, or a shrub, or a tree, or a bramble, is ever seen to grow!

CCV. To the climate of Shiraz we may compare the elevated province of Cashmire; a district, not more celebrated for the temperature of its climate, and the rich and romantic scenery, with which it is adorned, than for the elegance of form, and beauty of countenance, which, if we except the Circassians, distinguish the Cashmirians above all the nations of the earth. Bounded by the mountains of Tartary, and the Caucasus, innumerable cascades and cataracts enliven, with

their music, the various vales and valleys into which the province is divided. To this spot Aurenzebe was accustomed to retire, when fatigued with business, or disgusted with royalty. In his progress from the Capital, he was attended by an immense army all the way: when, however, he came to the entrance of Cashmire, he dismissed his soldiers, separated from his retinue, and with a few select friends retired to the palace he had erected; and, in the solitude of the enchanting valleys of Cashmire, contrasted the charms of content, and the delights of tranquillity, with the hurry and noise, the treachery and splendid anxiety of a crowded court.

Dyer, in his poem of the Fleece, thus characterizes the nature of Cashmirian landscapes:

The glossy fleeces now of prime esteem,
 Soft Asia boasts, where lovely Cassimere
 Within a lofty mound of circling hills,
 Spreads her delicious stores; woods, rocks, caves, lakes,
 Hills, lawns, and winding streams; a region term'd
The Paradise of India.

Fleece, Book ii. l. 353.

CCVI. The sister of Aurenzebe delighted in pleasure gardens; and, as it may serve to mark

the taste of the age in which she lived, it may not be useless to adopt Thevenot's description of the one she planted at Surat. There was not a flower in the whole area! It was a plantation of trees of various kinds; the mango, the palm, the tamarind, the Egyptian Acacia, and various others, planted in a straight line! Four grand walks divided the garden; each walk having, in the middle, a small canal of water. In the centre, stood a building with four fronts, each of which had its divan, with a closet at each corner: and before every one of these divans was a square bason full of water, whence flowed the little brook that watered the garden.* It is now in a miserable state of dilapidation! It was never adorned with flowers, and it is now not even shaded by trees! Of all those, which constituted the sole beauty of this spot, those, lining the four walks, and a few tamarinds, alone remain.†

CCVII. In the South of France the temperature of the air renders the towns highly agreeable to reside in, and exceedingly conducive to the restoration of health. The same may be observed of Italy, peopled, alas! "with the insolent,

* Thevenot. Part iii. ch. xxv.

† Vid. Stavorinus, ch. xii.—469.

who command, and the indolent, who obey!" In Switzerland, summer and winter may be traced on the opposite sides of the same mountains, and it is no uncommon circumstance to gather flowers with one hand, and snow with another! Piedmont, so beautiful, so fruitful, and abounding in every natural luxury of life, boasts an admirable climate; and yet, who can refrain from expressing astonishment and indignation, when he recollects, that neither a painter, nor a poet of eminence, were ever born in the country!*

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
 The sons of *Piedmont* then were surely blest.
 Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
 That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
 Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
 Whose bright succession decks the varied year:
 Whatever sweets salute the Northern sky
 With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
 These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
 Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
 While Sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
 To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.
 But small the bliss, that sense alone bestows,
 And sensual bliss is all the nation knows:
 In florid beauty groves and fields appear;
 MAN seems the only growth, that dwindles here.

* Note 88.

CCVIII. The climate of Crete is delightful in the highest degree. Its winter, of two months, resembles the May of England and the April of Italy. The rest of the year is a continued succession of fine days and brilliant nights. In the day, the sky is cloudless; in the night, a countless profusion of stars, whose astonishing brilliancy is seldom obscured by vapours, renders the season of sleep more beautiful, than even the glories of the day. The ancients might well fable this lovely country to be the birth-place of Minerva, the cradle of Jupiter, and the theatre, in which he consummated his nuptials:—the favourite haunt of Cybelè, and, on whose enchanting shores, the Dardan hero was so anxious to erect a city. I have always esteemed that passage one of the most affecting in all Virgil, where Eneas, after having made good his landing, erected a fort, and built houses; where, after his companions had begun to cultivate the soil, and he had turned his thoughts towards legislating for his little colony, by dividing the lands, promoting marriages, and enacting laws, he is represented, as finding himself under the necessity of quitting the Island, and of seeking his fortune in a foreign land!—For his corn was blighted and his grass was

parched; his trees devoured by caterpillars, and his companions in danger and in exile falling every day from fevers, occasioned by noxious and pestilential vapours.*

CCIX. Of the climate of England much has been said by those, who have written on the subject. For my own part, my Lelius, I am persuaded, that you are well contented with it; being thoroughly convinced, that Bishop Berkeley was perfectly justified in saying, that fields, groves, and meadows, were no where in such perfection as in England; and that Charles the Second was equally correct, when he declared, that a gentleman might walk out oftener, and with much greater comfort in England, than in any other country of Europe.

From an attentive consideration of the subject

* Jamque feré sicco subductæ littore puppes,
 Connubiis arvisque novis operata juventus:
 Jura domósque dabam; subitò cùm tabida membris,
 Corrupto cæli tractu, miseraudâque venit
 Arboribusque satisque lues, et lethifer annus.
 Linguebant dulces animas, aut ægra trahebant
 Corpora: tum steriles exurere Sirius agros,
 Arebant herbæ, et victum seges ægra negabat.

Eneid. Lib. iii. l. 153.

of climate, you will, perhaps, be inclined to agree with Plutarch,—who was accustomed to say, that it was not the Eurotas, nor the Babyx, nor the Gnacion, that brought forth wise and valiant men;—for learning and genius, my Lelius, do not so much depend upon climate or country, as upon the means afforded for improvement by education, and the consequent taste, which is imbibed for the works of nature in general; for the view of rich and agreeable landscapes, expanding the affections, refreshes the soul; enlivens the mind with habitual cheerfulness; and by increasing the variety of our conceptions, refines the taste, and corrects the judgment. It inspires us, by the associations which point to a great first cause, with fortitude to bear afflictions, and arms us with resolution to master difficulties; and, by animating the young with hope and the old with renovated vigour, it softens the heart, at a time that it gives additional strength to the body, and new impulse to the mind. These feelings and blessings may be termed the *emoluments of nature*. But, since these emoluments are not to be enjoyed to the fullest advantage in one spot, all the year, who would not wish to imitate the conduct of Lucullus (who changed

his climate with the birds of passage),* and to spend January in Portugal, February in the Madeiras, March in Spain, April in Sicily, May in Lapland, June in Italy, July in Switzerland, August in France, September in England, October among the impenetrable and variegated forests of America, November in Crete, and December in the Islands of the Cape de Verd?

* Pompey, being one day upon a visit to Lucullus, at Tusculum, inquired, how he could be so absurd, as to make his villa fit only for a summer residence; "What?" said Lucullus with a smile, "do you imagine that I have less sense than storks and cranes?—shall they change their habitations with the seasons, and Lucullus remain in one residence all the year?"

NOTES.

NOTE 1, PAGE 3.

THE plan was, however, afterwards adopted, as was that of Mons. le Maur, for forming a canal from the mountains of Gaudarama to the Tagus, and from that river to join the Guadina and the Guadalquiver; thus opening a ready communication between Madrid, Toledo, Cordova and Seville.

NOTE 2, PAGE 3.

The Egyptians call the Nile, even in the present day, *holy, blessed* and *sacred*; and on the opening of the canals, mothers are seen plunging their children into the stream, from a belief that the waters have a purifying and divine quality. Vid. *Travels in Egypt and Syria, vol. 1, p. 19.*

NOTE 3, PAGE 4.

Sostratus and Timotheus wrote of the river Ismenos; Chysermus of the Pactolus; Nicanor, the

Samian, of the Eurotas; Timagoras of the Caicus; Aristotle of the Indus; Demaratus of the Meander; Agathocles, the Milesian, of the Inachus; Ctesias of the Alpheus; Demonstratus of the Scamander; Leo and Aristonymus of the Tigris, &c. &c.

NOTE 4, PAGE 5.

So general is this veneration, that there is scarcely a river, in any part of Europe, that is not observed with respect by the natives of the districts through which it flows. The Poets not unfrequently address them by the title of *father*. Thus Virgil "*Da, Tyber pater.*" He also gives the same appellation to mountains. Vid. *Lib. xii. p. 703.* With respect to the extraordinary honours paid to the river Adonis, now called Ibrahim, and to the source of the Clitumnus, consult *Suetonius in Vit. Calig. c. 43. Pliny, viii. 8. Georg. ii. l. 146.* Of the affection of the Indians for the Ganges, see Stavorinus's *Voyages*, ch. vii. 404; ch. v. 153. The same veneration is paid to the river *Tappi* by the Banians and Gentoos; and such a sacred character is attached to the *Tumrabunni*, that innumerable devotees annually resort to the grand cataract of Puppenassum, among the mountains of Tinnively, and return to many of the most distant parts of India, laden with the waters of that holy stream. The lake Beviere in Sicily was for many ages esteemed sacred.

NOTE 5, PAGE 6.

Truly has it been said, that, in Italy, not a river remained unsung: nor did any of them possess a peculiarity, that was not expressly observed and perpetually commented upon. The *rocky* Anxur (*Silius Ital. Lib. iv.*); the *swift* Metaurus; the *sulphureous* Nar (*Claudian. de Pr. et Olyb. Consul.*). The Anio, flowing in cascades (*Hor. Lib. i. Od. vii.*); the *rapid* Vulturnus (*Lucan. Lib. ii. v. 28.*); and the *smooth* Liris (*Silius Italicus, Lib. ix.*) resembling the Ticinus, and moving so slowly, that it was with difficulty, the eye discerned in what direction it flowed; a peculiarity which Cæsar observed in the Arar, and which gave rise to the following contrast:

“ —Rhodanus ingens amne prærapido fluit
Ararque dubitans quo suos fluctus agat.”

The Rubicon, so strictly a mountain torrent, and beyond which no armed Roman was allowed to pass:—the rapid and commanding Tiber, so long and so justly believed to possess incalculable riches: the Eridanus, the favourite stream of Virgil, who calls it *Rex fluviorum*, rolling with such impetuosity, as to tear down even trees and woods (*Lucan, Lib. ii. v. 409.*). Speaking of this river an Italian poet says, that it carries to the ocean a war, rather than a tribute:

 Pare

Che porti guerra, e non tributo al mare.

This river endeared itself so firmly to the poets and astronomers, that they fabled it to flow through the vast concave of the Heavens; to which circumstance Denham alludes in Cooper's Hill:

Heaven her Eridanus no more shall boast,
 Whose fame is thine, like lesser currents lost;
 Thy nobler stream shall visit Jove's abodes,
 To shine among the stars, and bathe the gods.

The Clytumnus, whose banks were peopled with herds of cattle, as white as snow, was celebrated by the Naturalist (*Pliny*), by the Historian (*Suetonius*), by the Elegiac poet (*Propertius*), by the Poet of Liberty (*Lucan*), by the Epic Poet (*Virgil*), by the Satirist (*Juvenal*), by Silius Italicus, by Statius, and indeed by all Italy.

Milton enumerates all the principal rivers in England, and gives to them their appropriate epithets, in a poem, which has been imitated by Drummond of Hawthornden.

Rivers arise; whether thou be the son
 Of utmost *Tweed*, or *Ouse*, or gulphy *Dun*;
 Of *Trent*, who like some earth-born giant, spreads
 His thirty arms along th' indented meads;

Or sullen *Mole*, that runneth underneath :
 Or *Severn* swift, guilty of maidens' death :
 Or rocky *Avon*, or of sedgy *Lee*,
 Or coaly *Tyne*, or ancient hallowed *Dee* ;
 Or *Humber* loud, that keeps the Scythian's name,
 Or *Medway* smooth, or royal-towered *Thame*.

See also Dyer's *Fleece*, *Book III.*—Spencer.—Drayton.

When Parmenio objected to Alexander's passing over the Granicus, at a late hour of the day, Alexander replied, " The Hellespont would *blush*, if after having passed it, I should be afraid of the Granicus!" It is not improbable, that this speech of Alexander first suggested the idea of those elegant Latin lines of Crashaw, from which Dryden borrowed that celebrated line :

The conscious water saw its God and blush'd.

NOTE 6, PAGE 7.

The course of this river is one of the most beautiful in Europe, though it is not so frequently alluded to, as exhibiting materials for the landscape painter, as it deserves to be. " It was the pleasantest voyage in the world," says Mr. Addison in his *Travels through Switzerland*, " to follow the windings of the Inn through such a variety of pleasing scenes as the course of it naturally led us.

“ We had sometimes on each side of us a vast extent of naked rocks and mountains, broken into a thousand irregular steeps and precipices; in other places we saw a long forest of fir trees, so thick set together, that it was impossible to discover any of the soil they grew upon, and rising up so regularly one above another, as to give us the view of a whole wood at once.”

NOTE 7, PAGE 8.

It is inconceivable how much the Humming-bird adds to the high finishing of a rich and luxurious western landscape. As soon as the sun is risen, the humming-birds of different kinds are seen fluttering about the flowers, without ever lighting upon them. Their wings are in such rapid motion, that it is impossible to discern their colours, except by their glittering. They are never still, but continually in motion, visiting flower after flower, and extracting its honey, as if with a kiss. *Anon.* This bird is alluded to by Mr. Rogers, in his Fragments of a Poem, called *the Voyage of Columbus*.

There, quivering, rise
Wings, that reflect the glow of evening skies!
Half bird, half fly, the fairy king of flowers*
Reigns here, and revels thro' the fragrant hours;

* *Florum Regulus*.—Kakopit. R.

Gem, full of life, and joy, and song divine,
Soon in the virgin's graceful ear to shine.

NOTE 8, PAGE 8.

Horace, Lib. iii. Od. xxix. In the same manner Ovid compares the motion of rivers to the flying of time.

*Ipsa quoque assiduo labuntur tempora motu
Non secus ac flumen. Neque enim consistere flumen,
Nec levis hora potest ; sed ut unda impellitur unda,
Urgeturque prior venienti, urgetque priorem,
Tempora sic fugiunt pariter, pariterque sequuntur ;
Et nova sunt semper. Nam quod fuit ante relictum est ;
Fitque, quod haud fuerat : momentaque cuncta novantur.*

Lib. xv. 179.

This thought, so natural in itself, has been adopted by the Persian poets, as well as by the English. "Seat yourself by the margin of a stream," says Hafiz, "and see how time glides away. This intimation how time passes is enough for me."

———Life glides away, Lorenzo, like a brook,
For ever changing, unperceived the change;
In the same brook, none ever bathed twice ;
In the same stream none ever twice awoke.
We call the brook the same, the same we think
Our life, though much more rapid in its flow,
Nor mark the much irrevocably laps'd
And mingled with the sea.

Young.

Cowper, *non impar*.

The lapse of time and rivers is the same ;
 Both speed their journey, with a restless stream ;
 The silent pace, with which they steal away,
 No wealth can bribe, no prayers persuade to stay ;
 Alike irrevocable both, when past,
 And a wide ocean swallows both at last.

Another writer in a fine vein of poetry :

To thee, O ! death, my fleeting moments bend :
 In thee the hurricane of life must end.
 Tho' murmuring waters from the ocean crowd,
 From thee by nature no return's allow'd.
 For though the seas have leave to ebb and flow,
 The streams of life must always forward go.

The following reflection is highly beautiful :

Yet rolling Avon still maintains its stream,
 Swell'd with the glories of the Roman name :
 Strange power of Fate ! unshaken moles must waste,
 While things, that ever move, for ever last !

“ The vanity of human life,” says Dean Swift, “ is like a river, constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on.” Addison has a fine illustration from rivers in the last six lines of his Tragedy of Cato. Vid. also a poem in Boethius, *Consol. Philosop. Lib. v.*—How beautiful and pathetic too are the following lines !

Through groves sequestered, dark and still,
 Low vales and mossy cells among,
 In silent paths the careless rill,
 With languid murmurs, steals along.

Awhile it plays with circling sweep,
 And lingering leaves its native plain,
 Then pours impetuous down the steep,
 And mingles with the boundless main.

O! let my years thus devious glide,
 Through silent scenes obscurely calm,
 Nor wealth, nor strife pollute the tide,
 Nor honours sanguinary palm.

When labour tires, and pleasure palls,
 Still let the stream untroubled be,
 As down the steep of age it falls,
 And mingles with eternity.

Hawkesworth.

Denham has a similar thought in Cooper's Hill, and Dr. Watts in his Hymn, beginning—"O that unfathomable deep!"—Blair illustrates the subject of the irresolution, with which even good men sometimes contemplate the prospect of eternity, with one of the most picturesque similes in our language.

So have I seen, upon a summer's eve,
 Close by the rivulet's brink, a youngster play;
 How wistfully he looks to stem the tide!
 This moment resolute, next unresolv'd.

At last he dips his foot ; but, as he dips,
 His fears redouble, and he runs away
 From th' inoffensive stream ; unmindful now
 Of all the flowers, that paint the further bank,
 And smil'd so sweet of late.

Blair's Grave.

Those among the Greeks, who had distinguished themselves as poets, were said to have drank of the waters of Helicon ; those, who had lost their memory, were fabled to have sipt the waters of Lethe, as those, who were accustomed to speak with elegance, were poetically described, as having spoken roses.

NOTE 9, PAGE 10.

Most of the festivals of the Arabians were celebrated on the brinks of fountains, and many of the occurrences, in the sacred writings, occur near wells. Vid. particularly *St. John*, ch. iv. v. 6. *Genesis*, ch. xxiv. v. 11. ch. xxix. v. 2. A curious instance of superstition, in regard to the Jenoune, is related by Dr. Shaw, in his *Travels in Barbary*, p. 121.

NOTE 10, PAGE 10.

The custom of dedicating fountains to particular saints prevailed, also, in Scotland. The fountain at Kilmaronock, near Loch Lomond, is dedicated to

St. Maronoch. Vid. *Notes to the Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Cant. ii. Note 8.

NOTE 11, PAGE 10.

The Athenian festivals, called *Hydrophoriæ*, consisted principally, in casting vessels into wells, lakes, and rivers.—At the fountain of Arethusa, at Syracuse, great festivals were celebrated every year. This fountain (the most extraordinary in Europe), springs at once out of the earth to the size of a river. *Brydone*, vol. i. p. 42. Its fabulous history is well told by Ovid, and is thus alluded to by Virgil:

Sic tibi, cum fluctus subter labère Sicanos,
Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam.—

Ecl. 10.

——— Alpheum fama est luc. Elidis amnem,
Occultas egisse vias subter mare ; qui nunc
Ore, Arethusa, tuo Siculis confunditur undis.

Enclid. Lib. iii.

NOTE 12, PAGE 11.

A curious and incredible story is related of the sacrifices, offered to the river Scamander, by the Trojan virgins. The custom, like that of the Scottish maids and lairds, is, however, most happily dis-

continued. Vid. *Letters of Oschines*, vol. i. p. 125. also, *Boyle, Art. Scamander*. Fontaine, with his usual naiveté, gives the history of this abolishment.

Ablutions were in frequent practice among the Jews, Greeks, and Romans; several instances of which custom have been pointed out by Bishop Porteus, vid. Sect. xxii.—Ajax of Sophocles, Act iii. v. 664.—Eneid. Lib. ii. v. 718.—Deut. ch. xxi. v. 6, 7.—Psalm xxvi. v. 6.—St. Matthew, ch. xxvii. A remarkable instance is recorded in ii. Kings, ch. v. v. 10. &c. The custom of emerging new-born infants in rivers and fountains, was very prevalent in Syria, during the reign of Antiochus; it prevails too, at the present day, in many parts of India, Turkey, and China.

NOTE 13, PAGE 11.

Virgil's description of a Naiad's grot may serve to shew us the general nature of these cool Italian retreats, which, for the most part, were constructed in the living rock:—" *Pumice vivo: arte laboratum nulla.*"

—— tum Sylvis scena coruscis

Desuper, horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbrâ:

Fronte sub adversâ scopulis pendentibus antrum:

*Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo ;
Nympharum domus.*

En. Lib. i. l. 168.

NOTE 14, PAGE 12.

Mr. Pope describes it with much satisfaction in a letter to Mr. Blount. "It wants nothing," says he, "to complete it, but a good statue with an inscription, like that beautiful antique one, of which you know I am so fond.

*Hujus Nympha loci, sacri custodia fontis,
Dormio, dum blandæ sentio murmur aquæ.
Parce meum, quisquis tangis cava marmora somnum
Rumpere, si bibas, sive lavere, tace.*

"Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,
And to the murmur of these waters sleep ;
Ah! spare my slumbers, gently tread the cave!
And drink in silence, or in silence lave!"

Mr. Sheridan's poem of "the Grotto" is one of the most elegant elegiac poems in the language. The 4th, 5th, and 6th stanzas have all the ease, elegance, and simplicity of Shenstone.

*True, true, silly leaves, so she did, I allow,
She frown'd,—but no rage in her looks did I see ;
She frown'd—but reflection had clouded her brow ;
She sighed—but perhaps 'twas in pity to me.*

Then wave thy leaves brisker, thou willow of woe,
 I tell thee, no rage in her looks could I see;
 I cannot—I will not believe it was so,—
 She was not—she could not be angry with me.—

For well did she know, that my heart meant no wrong,
 It sunk at the thought but of giving her pain;
 But trusted its tale to a faltering tongue,
 Which err'd from the feelings it could not explain.

NOTE, PAGE 17, LINE 6.

Statius has a fine passage :

Sylva capax ævi, validâque incurva senectâ,
 Æternum intonsæ frondis, stat pervia nullis
 Solibus.

Subter opaca quies, vacuusque silentia servat
 Horror, et exclusæ pallet mala lucis imago,
 Nec caret umbra Deo.

Theb. iv.

See also Mr. Gray's beautiful alcaic ode, *Oh tu severi religio loci, &c.*

NOTE 15, PAGE 18.

Ye shall utterly destroy all the places, wherein
 the nations, which ye shall possess, served their
 gods, upon the high mountains, and upon the hills,
 and under every green tree, and ye shall burn their
 groves with fire. *Deut.* ch. xii. v. 2, 3.

NOTE 16, PAGE 19.

“ Non magis auro fulgentia,” says Pliny, “ atque ebore, simulachra, quam lucos, et in iis silentia ipsa adoramus.”—*Plin. Nat. Hist.* xvi. c. 44. There are two tribes, one in America, and another in Siberia, who suspend the dead bodies of their friends on the arms and boughs of trees.—*Recherches Philosop. sur les Americ.* 140. Esteeming trees more holy, than even consecrated ground.

NOTE 17, PAGE 20.

The custom of carrying branches of Palms, on Palm Sunday, is said to have been originally derived from the worshippers of Serapis. Origen first introduced it into the service of the church; vid. *Epiphanius, Lib.* ii. 64. Branches of trees seem to have been, as it were, designed by nature, as instinctive emblems of peace. The natives of *Australia del Espiritu Santo* invited the friendship of the discoverers by holding branches of Palms in their hands. Vid. *Fernand de Quiro's Voyage to Polynesia and Australasia*, 156. 1606. When Christ made his entry into Jerusalem, the multitude cut down branches from the trees and strewed them in the way. *St. Matthew, ch. xxi. v. 8.*

NOTE 18, PAGE 23.

Vid. Horace, Lib. iii. Od. xxiv. Upon this beautiful passage Justin furnishes a faithful commentary. *Inter se nulli fines, nec enim agrum exercent, nec domus illis ullæ, aut tectum aut sedes est, armenta aut pecora semper pascentibus, et per incultas solitudines errare solitis; uxores liberosque secum in plaustris vehunt, quibus coriis imbrium hyemisque causa tectis, pro domibus utuntur. Justitia gentis ingeniiis, non legibus. Aurum et argentum non appetunt.* Vid. also Herodotus, Lib. iv. *Virg. Georg. iii. l. 350.*

NOTE 19, PAGE 26.

Psalm lxxv. No poets draw more frequently from the productions of nature, than the sacred writers. Their illustrations from trees are, as we have observed, perpetual. They as frequently speak of the *Tree of Life* as of the *River of Life*. Their parables are continually alluding to the fig and the vine tree. Vid. *Luke*, ch. xiii. v. 6. *Mark*, ch. xiii. v. 28. *John*, ch. xv. v. 1. See also the parable of the wasted vine in *Ezekiel*, ch. xix. v. 10; of the two eagles and a vine, ch. xvii. v. 1.:—an admirable instance too in *Isaiah*, ch. xv.; the parable of the trees and the bramble is well known, vid. *Judges*, ch. ix. v. 8, as is the celebrated passage

in Isaiah, where the glory of Assyria is compared to a cedar, ch. xxxi. v. 3. Again, where he prophesies in respect to the Messiah, "He shall grow up like a tender plant," &c. &c. ch. liii. v. 2, 3.; see also *Ecclesiasticus*, ch. i. v. 7, 8, 10. The fact is, there is scarcely a simile in all the scriptures, that has not an immediate reference to natural objects. How beautiful is that passage in St. John, where Christ says to the woman of Samaria, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst." *Ch. iv. v. 13, 14.*

Milton furnishes an admirable instance of the use, which the poets can make of trees, by way of illustration:—Adam says to Raphael:

For, while I sit with thee, I seem in heav'n,
And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear,
Than fruits of palm-tree, pleasantest to thirst
And hunger both.

Quintilian has one of the best similes in the whole range of Roman literature:—"Ennium sicut sacros vetustate lucos adoremus, in quibus grandia et antiqua robora jam non tantam habent speciem, quantam religionem."

The colorific characters of trees are well marked by Dyer :

Below me trees unnumbered rise,
 Beautiful in various dyes :
 The gloomy pine; the poplar, blue ;
 The yellow beech; the sable yew ;
 The slender fir, that taper grows ;
 The sturdy oak, with broad-spread boughs ;
 And beyond the purple grove,
 Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love.

Statius, in the 6th Thebaid, gives a description of Grecian trees. This passage has been more imitated than any other in Statius. Claudian began the imitation, and it has been continued by Chaucer, Tasso, Drayton and Spenser.* It is not improbable, that Statius himself might have had his eye upon the following passage in Ovid :

————— Non Chaonis abfuit arbos,
 Non nemus Heliadum, non frondibus esculus altis :
 Non tiliæ molles, non fagus, et innuba laurus,
 Et coryli fragiles, et fraxinus utilis hastis,
 Enodisque abies, curvataque glandibus ilex,
 Et platanus genialis, acerque coloribus impar,
 Amnicolæque simul salices, & aquatica lotos.

* Fairy Queen, B. 1. C. 1. st. 8, 9.

NOTE, PAGE 27, LINE 3.

And yet, beautiful as are most of these poetical illustrations from nature, when they are employed by execrable characters, they are totally out of nature. Thus when Clytemnestra compares the blood of her husband, besprinkling her garments, to the soft showers of spring, every one immediately perceives the incongruity of the simile, and revolts from the application.

I struck him twice, and twice
 He groan'd;—then died; a third time as he lay
 I gor'd him with a wound; a grateful present
 To the stern God, that in the realms below
 Reigns o'er the dead; there let him take his seat.
 He lay:—and spouting from his wounds a *stream*
Of blood, bedewed me with these crimson drops.
I glory in them, like the genial earth,
When the warm showers of Heaven descend and wake
The flowerets to unfold their vermeil leaves.

Potter's Æschylus.

NOTE, PAGE 29, LINE 11.

Men have also the same partialities. Virgil was partial to the ash and arbutus; Orpheus to the cypress; Cowley to the lime; Epimenides to the olive; and Alexander to the oak. The Arcadians worshipped the oak; and a crown of oak leaves

was the reward of the man, who saved the life of a citizen. The cornell-tree of Romulus was regarded with such veneration, that the Romans enclosed it with a wall, and when any one fancied it began to droop, he proclaimed it in the city, when persons from all quarters ran with water vessels to the place.

When Artaxerxes gave orders to his soldiers to cut down some pine and cypress trees, they refused to touch trees of such immense size and beauty; upon which, the king took an axe in his own hand and began to cut one of the finest amongst them, upon which the men, no longer hesitating, cut them all down without scruple. *Plut. in vit. Artaxerxes.*

NOTE 20, PAGE 30.

The misletoe, which grows on some oak trees, was the object of their profound veneration. In the spring of the year different crowds went in quest of it. On the discovery, the arch-druid was immediately informed; and, ascending the tree, arrayed in a white surplice, cut it with a pruning knife, and received in his garments this invaluable gift of heaven. *Seymour*, Vol. i. p. 9. The word Druid is derived from an old Welch word, *Dryw*,

which signified an oak, and not from *Derio*, as Johnson supposes. Some there are, who trace it to an Arabic or a Hebrew word, meaning a dervise; while others refer it to the Celtic, *Druidh*, signifying a wise man. *Druidh*, in the Gaelic language, is a term applied to natural philosophers and magicians. Virgil compares the golden bough, growing on the oak, which Eneas found in the lower regions, to the mistletoe. Vid. *En. Lib. vi. v. 404.*

NOTE 21, PAGE 32.

Voyage to Greenland, b. 3. c. 5. l. 43. Churches, chapels and convents are more frequently situated on hills and on the sides of mountains in Italy, than in vales. In the year 1764 three thousand peasants climbed up *Notre Dame de la Nieve* (said to be the highest elevation in Europe), in order to hear mass in a chapel, erected on that aspiring mountain. The people of Lapland believe the vapours, which rise from the lake Niemi, and which they call *haltios*, to be the guardian spirits of the neighbouring mountains.—*M. de Maupertius*. Pilgrims, also, to the amount of eight or ten thousand, resort annually to pay their vows to St. Michael, at *Mont St. Michel*, rising in the middle of the bay of Avranches. Vid. *Wraxal's Journey through France*, p. 16.

NOTE 22, PAGE 32.

Monte Santo. Vid. *Mosheim Institut. Hist. Eccl.* v. iii. Xerxes was actuated by the vanity of cutting through Mount Athos. His letter to that mountain is sufficiently curious and ridiculous:—"Athos, thou proud and aspiring mountain, that liftest thy head unto the heavens, I advise thee not to be so audacious as to put rocks and stones, which cannot be cut, in the way of my workmen. If thou givest them that opposition, I will cut thee entirely down and throw thee headlong into the sea."—*Rollin*, vol. iii. p. 12. This is the mountain, which Phidias or Dimocrates (for it is recorded of both) proposed to cut into a statue of Alexander, having a city in one hand and a river in the other. The cause of this project's not being put in execution reflects credit upon a man, whose memory justice has consigned to infamy. Upon inquiring whether the lands around would be sufficient for the maintenance of the city, and finding, that it must be supplied by sea, he commended the ingenuity of the artist's design, but declined the execution.

NOTE 23, PAGE 33.

St. Matthew, ch. xvii. v. 4. : Mark, ch. ix. v. 5. : Luke, ch. ix. v. 33. Bishop Porteus, if I may be

permitted to differ from a man, so learned and so excellent, appears to give a wrong interpretation to these words of St. Peter. The word "Tabernacle," as here applied, cannot, from the nature of the subject, be considered, as meaning *a tent to dwell in*, but as an altar or place of worship. Vid. *Porteus's Lectures on St. Matthew. Lect. xv. vol. 2. p. 60.* "It is good for us to be here," evidently means, it is right, that we should build altars upon a spot, which has been sanctified by the presence of three such sacred characters.

NOTE 24, PAGE 36.

It has been also said, that they enjoy the longest life. If this is not an imaginary distinction, the cause may be attributed to their simplicity of diet. Buffon, and from him Goldsmith, instances the cases of several of the primitive Christians. Rombald and Arenius lived to the age of 120, St. Epiphanius to 115, Simeon to 112, St. Anthony to 105, and James, the Hermit, to 104.

NOTE 25, PAGE 39.

"The Andes, which are considered as the loftiest mountains in the world, cross the whole continent of America, in a direction from south to north ;

for I consider," says Molina, " the mountains in North America as only a continuation of the Cordilleras. The part that appertains to Chili may be 120 miles in breadth ; it consists of a great number of mountains, all of them of a prodigious height, which appear to be chained to each other ; and where Nature displays all the beauties and all the horrors of the most picturesque situations. Although it abounds with frightful precipices, many agreeable valleys and fertile pastures are to be found there ; and the rivers, that derive their sources from the mountains, often exhibit the most pleasing, as well as the most terrifying features." The height of the Chimborazzo is 20,280 feet above the level of the sea, which is 7102 feet higher than Mount Teneriffe. Mount Blanc is 15,662 feet. The elevation of Mount Caucasus, Taurus and the Mountains of the Moon, have not been accurately ascertained. Mount Olympus is ten furlongs and 96 feet above the level of the Adriatic. Vid. *Plutarch in vit. Æmil.* Etna is 10,954, Vesuvius 3,906 feet above the level of the Mediterranean. The highest mountain in Scotland is Ben Nevis. We judge of every object by comparison. Boerhaave desired his pupils to observe the majesty of the ridge of hills which skirt the coast of Holland, and he called them mountains! The inhabitants of the vale of Usk regard Pen-y-Voel a mountain! Others esteem Snow-

don a mountain! While the traveller, who has climbed the Chimborazzo, regards Snowdon, Ben Nevis, Mount Blanc, and Teneriffe itself, merely as eminences!

NOTE 26, PAGE 41.

In former times, those parts of this district, which are situated beyond the Grampian mountains, were rendered almost inaccessible by strong barriers of rocks and mountains and lakes. It was a border country, and though on the verge of the low country, it was almost totally sequestered from the world, and, as it were, insulated, with respect to society.

Graham's Sketches of Scenery in Perthshire, p. 97.

NOTE 27, PAGE 50.

“ On the point of Mount Lebanon,” says Mons. Volney, “ the traveller views on every side an horizon without bounds; while, in clear weather, the sight is lost over the desert, which extends to the Persian gulf, and over the sea, which bathes the coasts of Europe. He seems to command the whole world, while the wandering eye, now surveying the successive chains of Mountains, transports the imagination in an instant from Antioch to Jerusalem: and now approaching the surrounding objects, ob-

serves the distant profundity of the coast, till the attention, at length fixed by distincter objects, more minutely examines the rocks, woods, torrents, hillsides, villages and towns; and the mind secretly exults at the diminution of things, which before appeared so great. He contemplates the valley, obscured by strong clouds, with a novel delight; and smiles at hearing the thunder, which had so often burst over his head, growling under his feet; while the threatening summits of the mountains are diminished, till they appear only like the furrows of a ploughed field, or the steps of an amphitheatre; and he feels himself flattered by an elevation above so many great objects, on which pride makes him look down with a secret satisfaction.

Travels in Egypt and Syria, vol. i. p. 274, 5.

The Poets are in the constant habit of drawing allusions and similes from mountains, in the same manner as from rivers and woods. Thus Semphronius compares Cato to Mount Atlas, as Milton likens Satan to Mount Teneriffe. Vid. *Par. Lost, Book i.*

SEMPHRONIUS.

——— Thou hast seen Mount Atlas:
 Whilst storms and tempests thunder on its brows,
 And oceans break their billows at its feet,
 It stands unmov'd, and glories in its height;
 Such is that haughty man; his towering soul

Midst all the shocks, and injuries of fortune,
Rises superior and looks down on Cesar.

Cato, Act II. Scene I.

Prior exposes the consummate vanity of mankind in supposing, that the earth, and all which it contains, was made for them, in the happiest manner :

As well may the minutest emmet say,
That Caucasus was raised to pave his way ;
The snail, that Lebanon's extended wood
Was destin'd only for his work and food.

Prior's Solomon.

²⁷
NOTE, PAGE 51, LINE 2.

A curious instance of scenerial nationality is recorded by Mr. Wraxall. Dining, one day, with a gentleman of Zealand, and asking him, whether the country were pleasant and agreeable, " Sir!" replied his host, " on this Isle, there is neither Mountain, nor River; but as to Lakes, thank God! we have plenty of them."

NOTE 28, PAGE 55.

Gilpin's Observations on the Wyc. Among the Chinese, who are superficial even in their en-

deavours to copy nature, the making of rocks is a distinct profession :—and “ there are,” says Mr. Chambers, “ numbers of artificers constantly employed in this business. The stone, they are made of, comes from the southern coast of China ; it is of a bluish cast, and worn into irregular forms by the action of the waves. The Chinese are exceedingly nice in the choice of this stone, insomuch, that several tael are given for a bit no bigger than a man’s fist, when it happens to be of a beautiful form and lively colour. But these select pieces they use in landscapes for their apartments ; in gardens they employ a coarser sort, which they join with a bluish cement, and form rocks of a considerable size. Some of these are exquisitely fine, and such as discover an uncommon elegance of taste in the contriver. When they are large they make use of them in caves and grottos, with openings, through which you discover distant prospects. They cover them in different places with trees, shrubs, briars and moss ; placing on their tops little temples, or other buildings, to which you ascend by rugged and irregular steps cut in the rock.”—All this may be very elegant, but it is very contemptible !—Man may improve the natural beauties of his residence by smoothing and planting, but he can no more make a rock, than he can make a mountain ! and as to artificial grottos and mosaic

pavements!—Away! away! replace them with the Bowers of Calypso! Vid. *Odys.* Lib. x. 63.

The poets embellish their subjects by frequent references and allusions to rocks:

Assilit, ut præceps cumulo salit unda, minaces
In scopulos, & fracta redit.

Statius, Theb. vi.

Goldsmith has a beautiful simile:

As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Deserted Village.

NOTE 29, PAGE 60.

CWM DYR nearly answers to the idea of what Milton calls a Bosky Bourn;

—I know each valley green,
Dingle and bushy dell in this wild wood,
And every Bosky Bourn from side to side,
My daily haunt and ancient neighbourhood.

Comus.

Bosky Bourn, derived from two French words, signifying *woody* and *brook*, is, as Dr. Warton justly describes, “ a narrow, deep and woody valley, with a rivulet, running in the midst.”

NOTE 30, PAGE 64.

Comus, from Sir Ph. Sydney's *Arcadia*. Thomson personifies silence in the last verse of his concluding hymn,

“ Come then, expressive Silence, muse his praise !”

There is a fine passage in Aaron Hill's Translation of Voltaire's *Zayre*, where he says the earth appears to listen ;

Silent and dark
Th' unbreathing world is hush'd, as if it heard
And listened to your sorrows.—

amplified and improved from the original :—

Tout dort, tout est tranquille, et l'ombre de la nuit.

Shakespeare has a fine contrast in *Hamlet*, where the Queen, in order to excuse the extravagance of her son, says,

——— This is mere madness ;
And thus awhile the fit will work upon him :
Anou, as patient as the female dove,
Ere that her golden complets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.

The metaphor is a little involved ; but it will serve, as an example, to prove, that involved metaphors are, in the hands of a master, sometimes highly beautiful and expressive.

NOTE 31, PAGE 65.

Paradise Lost, Book iv. This appears to have been imitated from several fine passages of the Song of the Three Children, v. 35 to 58. An instance occurs in the second book of Samuel, where David, hearing of the deaths of Saul and Jonathan, in all the nature and with all the fire of passion, bursts into imprecations against the mountains of Gilboa, 2 *Samuel*, ch. i. v. 4.; see *Lady Jane Gray*, Act v. sc. 1.; *Young*, Night ix.; *Pope's Messiah*; *Lear*, Act 3. sc. 1; *Zanga*, Act i. l. 5. Act 5. sc. 2. Thomson's concluding Hymn affords striking and admirable examples. Instances of this species of prosopopeia may be seen also in Claudian's poem on the consulship of Honorius.—Virgil, *Ecl.* v. v. 62. Akenside, too, has an admirable instance:

Guide my way
Thro' fair Lyceum's walk, the green retreats
Of Academus, and the thymy vale,
Where oft *enchanted with Socratic sounds*,
Ilyssus pure devolved his tuneful stream
In gentler murmurs.

Akenside.

NOTE 32, PAGE 67.

No slumber is more delightful, than that which is brought on by the mingled sounds of natural

music. Dryden alludes to this lulling power, in his poem of *Cymon and Iphigenia*. The lovely nymph lies sleeping on the brink of a river—

“ The fanning wind upon her bosom blows,
To meet the fanning wind her bosom rose ;
The fanning wind and purling stream continue her repose.”

NOTE 33, PAGE 71.

Omitted.

NOTE 34, PAGE 75.

The prolusion of *Strada*, in which he relates the contest between a lutanist and a nightingale, is as beautiful as his account of the two sympathetic needles, alluded to by Akenside.

Alternat mira arte fides, dum torquet acutas
Inciditque graves operoso verbere pulsat—
Jamque manu per fila volat : simul hos, simul illos
Explorat numeros, chordaque laborat in omni.
Mox silet. Illa modis totidem respondit, et artem
Arte refert ; nunc cœn rudis, aut incerta canendi,
Præbet iter liquidum labenti è pectore voci,
Nunc cæsım variat, modulisque canora minutis
Delibrat vocem, tremuloque reciprocatur ore.

Strada, Prolus. Acad. Lib. ii. Prol. 6.

NOTE 35, PAGE 76.

A curious reason for preferring the modulation of birds to the music of instruments is given in the life of Gassendi: the occasional effect of the latter upon the nerves is faithfully described:—
Præhabebat porro vocibus humanis, instrumentisque harmonicis, musicam illam avium: non quod alia quoque non delectaretur; sed quod ex musica humana relinqueretur in animo continens quædam, attentionemque et somnum conturbans agitatio; dum ascensus, excensus, tenores, et mutationes illæ sonorum, et consonantiarum euntque redeuntque per phantasiam: cum nihil tale relinquî possit ex modulationibus avium, quæ, quod non sunt perinde a nobis imitabiles, non possunt perinde internam facultatem commovere.

NOTE 36, PAGE 77.

In another place he says, that Man learned music from the language of birds:

At liquidas avium voces imitari ore
 Ante fuit multo, quam lævia carmina cantu
 Concelebrare homines possent, aureisque juvare.

Lib. v. 1379.

Handel has endeavoured to imitate many of those rural sounds with the happiest effect. “The mur-

mur of groves and waters," as Dr. Beattie has remarked, " he has expressed by the accompaniment of tenors ; in the song,

" On a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar :"

He makes the bass imitate the evening bell : in another fine song,

" Hush, ye pretty warbling choir,"

he accompanies the voice with a flagelet, that imitates the singing of birds : in the song of

" Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,"

the chief accompaniment is a German flute, imitating occasionally the notes of the nightingale. Vid. *Essays on Poetry and Music*, Part I. ch. vi. I. No one, that has heard Mrs. Billington sing the last of these airs, but acknowledges, that the human voice is, of all music, the most exquisite and most touching.

NOTE 37, PAGE 80.

The Highlands, says Dr. Beattie, are a picturesque, but melancholy country. Long tracts of mountainous deserts, covered with dark heath and often obscured by misty weather; narrow valleys, thinly inhabited, and bounded by precipices, resounding with the fall of torrents; a soil so rugged and a climate so dreary, as in many parts to admit neither the amusements of pasturage, nor the labours of agriculture. The mournful dashing of the waves along the friths and lakes that intersect the country, the portentous noises, which every change of the wind and every increasing and diminishing of the waters are apt to raise, in a lonely region, full of echoes and rocks and caverns; the grotesque appearance of such a landscape, by the light of the moon; objects like these diffuse a gloom over the fancy, which may be compatible enough with occasional and social merriment, but cannot fail to tincture the thoughts of a native in the hour of silence and solitude. Most of their superstitions are of a melancholy cast. That second sight,* wherewith some are supposed to be haunted,

* An express Treatise has been written on this subject by the Rev. Dean Fraser, entitled *Δευτεροσκοπια*. Mrs. Grant has lately published observations on the superstitions of the High-

is considered by themselves as a misfortune, on account of the many dreadful images it is said to obtrude upon the fancy. I have been told, that the inhabitants of some of the Alpine regions do likewise lay claim to a sort of second sight; nor is it wonderful, that persons of a lively imagination, immured in deep solitude, and surrounded with the stupendous scenes of clouds, precipices and torrents, should dream, even when they think themselves awake, of those few striking ideas, with which their lonely lives are diversified, of corpses, funeral processions, and other objects of terror; or of marriages, and arrival of friends and strangers, and such like matters of agreeable curiosity.—*Beattie's Conjectures on some peculiarities of National Music.*

NOTE 38, PAGE 83.

Mount Pilate, in Switzerland, affords a singular phenomenon. "At the elevation of five thousand feet," says Archdeacon Coxe, "and in the most perpendicular part of the mountain, is observed in the middle of a cavern, hollowed in a black rock, a colossal statue of white stone. It is the figure

Highlanders; a work, which we may consider, in some degree, an amplification of Collins's Ode, Makenzie's Insertion and Erskine's Additional Stanzas.

of a man in drapery, leaning on a pedestal, with one leg crossed over the other, and so regularly formed, that it cannot be a *Lusus Naturæ*, and yet it is absolutely inaccessible. This statue is called "Dominic" by the peasants, who frequently accost it from the only place in which it is to be seen, and when their voices are echoed from the cavern, they say, in the simplicity of their hearts, "Dominic has answered us."—*Coxe's Travels in Switzerland*, p. 248.

NOTE 39, PAGE 84.

There is an Echo near Milan, which is said to report fifty-six times. It is described by Father Kircher and Bartolin. Dionysius's Ear, in the Isle of Sicily, has a remarkable echo, and a curious one is, also, heard in the great church at Agrigentum, which was the occasion of many singular disclosures of confessions in that city, till the secret was discovered.—Vid. *Brydone's Travels*, p. 52. It has been said, that no art can make an echo, the instance of Dionysius's Ear invalidates the assertion.

Vane, quid affectas faciem mihi ponere, pictor?
 Aëris et linguæ sum filia :
 Et, si vis similem pingere, pinge Sonum.

Ausonius.

NOTE 40, PAGE 87.

Many of those, mentioned by Livy, may be accounted for in this manner, particularly as our supposition, that those hills had echoes, is confirmed by Horace. *Od. xx.*

Visi etiam audire vocem ingentem ex summi cacuminis luo.—*Liv. Lib. i. c. 31.*

Templo sospitæ Junonis nocte ingentem spreditum exortum.—*Lib. 31. c. 12.*

Spreta vox de cœlo emissa.—*Lib. 31. c. 32.*

Silentio proximæ noctis ea Sylva Arsia ingentem editam vocem.—*Lib. 2. c. 7.*—Vid. *Montesquieu de Echo.*

NOTE 41, PAGE 89.

In the visits of the Orientals, it is usual for a slave to hold a silver plate to each guest, in which they burn aloes and other odoriferous gums; each guest also perfumes his hands, his head and his beard with rose-water. A custom of this sort obtained in Greece.

NOTE 42, PAGE 95.

Da sacro cineri flores—Hic ille Maroni
Sincerus musâ, proximus ut tunulo.

Shakespeare describes it as being prevalent at Verona. Vid. *Romeo and Juliet*, Act IV. Scene 4.; Act V. Scene 4. St. Ambrose says in his funeral Oration of Valentinian: “ *Nec ego floribus tumulum ejus asperagam, sed spiritum ejus Christi odore perfundam; spargant alii plenis lilia calathis; nobis liliolum est Christus, hoc reliquias ejus sacratio.*” *Ambros. Orat. Funebri de obitu Valentin.* St. Jerome, also, in his Letter to Pammachius, on the Death of his Wife: “ While other husbands strewed violets and roses and purple flowers on the graves of their wives, you, Pammachius, bedewed her ashes with the balsam of charity.” *Hierom. Epist. ad Pammach. de obitu Uxor.*

NOTE 43, PAGE 96.

Lord Macartney's Embassy to China, *vol. ii.* Mr. Bell informs us, that the suburbs of Peking are beautifully interspersed with burial-grounds, in which are planted cypress and various kinds of evergreens. *Bell's Journey from St. Petersburg to Peking.*

The burying-fields of Turkey are, generally, very extensive: “ Those about Constantinople,” says Lady Montague, “ are certainly much larger, than the whole city. It is surprising what a vast deal of

land is lost this way in Turkey. Sometimes I have seen burying-places of several miles, belonging to very inconsiderable villages, which were formerly great towns, and retain no other mark of their ancient grandeur, than this dismal one. On no account do they remove a stone, that serves for a monument. The ladies have a simple pillar, without other ornament, except those, that die unmarried, who have a rose at the top of their monument. The sepulchres of great families are railed in and planted round with trees. *Lady M. W. Montague's Travels.* One of the churchyards in Madrid forms a square; it stands upon an eminence and is railed round; "A rivulet runs through the middle of it," says a French Traveller; "and the ground is covered with violets, jessamine, roses and other flowers, that grow spontaneously. The whole shaded by apple trees. The trees, rivulet, and shade, the beauty of the flowers, and the smell of the roses, all remind me of the gardens, the delicious bowers and happy plains of Elysium."

NOTE 44, PAGE 97.

Cymbeline, *Act IV. Scene 4.* Were Shakespeare always accurate in costume, and never guilty of anachronisms, we might be led to suppose the practice was once prevalent in Denmark and Bohemia.

Vid. *Hamlet*, Act V. Scene 1; *Winter's Tale*, Act I. Scene 3. The custom is frequently alluded to by the poets. See Giffard's Elegy—"I wish I was where Anna lies," and Chatterton's Dirge of "O sing unto my Roundelay." In allusion to the practice, Voltaire, speaking of Mons. de Formont of Normandy, says, "The flowers, which I have been strewing over the grave of our friend, are dry and faded, like myself; age deadens every faculty; my genius is declining." *Delices*, Jan. 12, 1759.

NOTE 45, PAGE 98.

The same idea occurs in Ausonius, *Idyl.* 14. Theocritus, *Idyl.* 23. Orlando Furioso, *Book* x.; and how exquisitely beautiful is the following simile of Catullus, nearly allied to the same subject:

Ut Flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,
 Ignotus pecori, nullo contusus aratro,
 Quem mulcent auræ, firmat sol, educat imber:
 Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ.
 Idem quum tenui carptus defloruit nngui,
 Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ:
 Si virgo dum intacta manet, tum cara suis, sed,
 Quum castum amisit polluto corpore florem,
 Nec pueris jucunda manet, nec cara puellis.

Carmen Nuptiale.

The celebrated Song of Sappho, beginning

“ Ah! virgin bloom, ah! whither art thou gone?”

was generally sung, by the young women of Sparta, among their flowers and gardens.

When Mr. Hanway was in Persia, he observed on a monument at Balfrush, which was erected over the wife of Mahomet Khan, an Epitaph, comparing life to a flower, “ that blossoms in the spring, attains the full lustre of beauty in summer, withers in the autumn, and dies in winter.”

Travels in Persia.

Pope alludes to this shortness of beauty, and takes occasion to offer a fine compliment to his friend Jervas, the painter :

Beauty, frail flower that every season fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.

NOTE 46, PAGE 102.

On the top of Ben More, a vast and irregular pyramid, the sole inhabitant of which is the eagle, Dr. Macnight observed these aerial tintings. He reached the summit in the afternoon. “ And here,” says he, “ it is not easy to imagine a view more

truly striking, than what we beheld, like a scene of enchantment, which the few last steps of our ascent had spread instantaneously before the eye. The wind had now died away into a gentle breeze ; the sky was clear, and the weather delightful. In this state of the atmosphere, the first objects, that arrested the attention were the colours around the setting sun. As they appeared in nature from such a height, these colours were so vivid, that any attempt to convey an idea of their beauty, by the most brilliant pencil or animated description, without the aid of actual sensation, would be hopeless. They had, in truth, the richness and blaze of an Italian sky ; and the rays of the evening sun, thus refracted into all the variety of iridescent hues, dashing horizontally, with the finest effects of light and shade, amongst the innumerable conical summits, which stand to the west, threw over the landscape an exquisite finish of glow and splendour."

Dr. Macnight on the Mineralogy of certain Districts of the Highlands of Scotland.

The sky at Malta is beautiful after sunset. The eastern part of the horizon appears of a rich deep purple, and the western in the true yellow glow of Claude Lorraine. Vid. *Brydone's Tour through Sicily and Malta*, p. 48.

While in Africa, Vaillant was frequently charmed to ecstasy at the various colours which the sky assumed at the setting of the sun, particularly on the sides of the Table Mountain, near the Cape of Good Hope. Vid. *Vaillant*, vol. i. p. 50.

Bloomfield describes the appearances of clouds, of a fine moonlight night, in a manner worthy the pen of Virgil :

Low on the utmost bound'ry of the sight,
 The rising vapours catch the silver light ;
 Thence fancy measures, as they parting fly,
 Which first will throw its shadow on the eye,
 Passing the source of light ; and thence away,
 Succeeded quick by brighter still than they.
 For yet above these wafted clouds are seen
 (In a remoter sky, still more serene)
Others, detached in ranges thro' the air,
Spotless as snow, and countless as they're fair ;
Scatter'd immensely wide from east to west,
The beauteous semblance of a flock at rest.
These, to the raptur'd mind, aloud proclaim
 Their MIGHTY SHEPHERD'S EVERLASTING NAME.
Bloomfield's Winter, l. 249.

NOTE 47, PAGE 103.

It would seem, also, that the influence of the moon upon the tides was not absolutely unknown to them. Vid. Lucan. *Pharsal. Lib. i. l. 413.* Clau-

dian *de sexto Consul. Honor.* Virgil was not ignorant of the circulation of blood in plants ; nor were the ancient physicians unacquainted with the circulation of blood in animals. Perrault labours under an error therefore when he says,

——— Ignoroit jusqu' aux routes certaines
Du meandre vivant qui coule dans les veines.

The causes of Eclipses, too, were known to Dion, Pericles, and Sulpitius Severus. Vid. *Livy*,—*Plutarch, in vit. Dion et Pericles.*

NOTE 48, PAGE 104.

One of the glories, which are said to surround the throne of heaven, is a rainbow, like an emerald. Vid. *Apocalypse*, ch. iv. v. 3. and one of Guido's most beautiful pieces represents the virgin and infant sitting on a rainbow.—“ Videmus,” says Seneca, “ in Iride aliquid flammei, aliquid lutei, aliquid cœrulei, et alia in Picturæ modum subtilibus lineis ducta, ut ait Poeta ; ut an dissimiles colores sint, scire non possis, nisi cum primis extrema contuleris ; usque adeo mira arte naturæ, quod a simillimis cœpit in dissimilia desinit. *Seneca. Nat. Quæst. Lib. 1. cap. 3.* The harmonious gradation of colours, to which Seneca alludes, is illustrated by a

passage in Philostratus. *Icon. Lib. l. c. Pisc.* Shakespeare is the only writer, that has alluded to the colours, which are reflected on the eye, when it is suffused with tears.

NOTE 49, PAGE 105.

A singular phenomenon presents itself at the cataract of Terni.—It is thus described by Kotzebue, in his travels in Italy.—“From a perpendicular height of two hundred feet, the whole current of the Velino precipitates itself among the craggy rocks beneath, and the scene, which it there presents, is not a subject either for the pencil or the pen.—Your eye is fixed,—your ear is stunned,—the ground, on which you stand, shakes incessantly; terror almost seizes you, and obliges you to tremble. But a spectacle, delightful, enchanting and unparalleled, rivets your attention; you perceive a rainbow—A *bow* did I say?—A circle,—Yes, you perceive a whole variegated circle, over-arching the fall, and so nearly uniting at the bottom, that not above a twelfth part of its circumference is wanting at the base. This phenomenon is like enchantment.—We are so accustomed to see, in the finest rainbows, at most a semicircle, that we are lost in astonishment at this spectacle:—And what colours! such as Iris never painted in the firmament.—They all burn; it

is an artificial fire-work in the midst of the water. But this is not enough.—Nature seems to delight in surprising your senses with new wonders: the circle is suddenly reflected on the right and the left; you see four arches at the same time, and the colours of these very reflections are as vivid, as those usually exhibited elsewhere by the finest rainbows. The waterfall of Terni is truly beautiful, but infinitely more beautiful is the rainbow of Terni, and the recollection of its being a sign of the covenant, between God and man, must be strongest on this spot. I left it with a sentiment of profound melancholy, and shall remember it with transport as long as I live. It is one of the objects, which will indelibly impress on my mind the recollection of Italy: the flaming Vesuvius; the subterraneous Pompeii; and the rainbow of Terni.” It is curious, that no ancient writer should have mentioned this cataract. A rainbow, similar though differing in degree to the one above described, has been observed at the celebrated fall of Staubbach, in the bosom of the Alps. The prismatic tints, which were reflected by the artificial water-works at Versailles and Meudon in France, and in the Gardens of St. Ildefonso, near Madrid, were the principal charms of those artificial attempts at creating beauty.

The rainbow in Greenland, is frequently different

from ours. Its colour is a pale white, fringed with a brownish yellow. This arises from the rays of the sun being reflected from a frozen cloud. Aristotle was the first, who observed or rather described the *Lunar* rainbow. Perhaps the most beautiful one ever seen in this country, and of the longest continuance, was observed by several friends and myself, directly forming an arch over the vale of Usk. It began to exhibit itself about ten minutes past ten at night, and finished about five or six minutes before twelve. Ulloa gives a curious account of circular rainbows, which he saw on the mountain of Pambamarca, at Quito in Peru. Vid. *Ulloa*, vol. i. p. 161.

NOTE 50, PAGE 105.

Speaking of the Aurora Borealis, Mrs. Rowe,—beautiful, elegant, and virtuous!—has the following passage in one of her letters. “The skies seemed all in a glorious confusion.—I must own the novelty of the scene pleased me beyond the regular beauty of the moon and stars.—When time has run his course, such a glittering disorder perhaps, will be the prelude to the general dissolution of Nature.”—*Lett.* xxiii. p. 61.

NOTE 51, PAGE 109.

Mons. Houel attributes this singular appearance to a bitumen, that issues from certain rocks at the bottom of the sea. “The subtle parts of this bitumen being attenuated, combined, and exhaled from the aqueous globules, that are raised by the air and formed into bodies of vapour, give to this condensed vapour more consistence; and contribute by their smooth and polished particles to the formation of a kind of aerial crystal, which receives the light, reflects it to the eye, and transmits it to all the luminous points, which colour the objects, exhibited in this phenomenon and render them visible.” *Mons. Houel.*

A phenomenon, similar in effect, is observed frequently in Greenland. “Nothing,” says Crantz, “ever surprised me more, than, on a fine summer’s day, to perceive the Islands, that lie four leagues west of our shore, putting on a form quite different from what they are known to have. As I stood gazing upon them they appeared at first, infinitely greater than what they naturally are; and seemed as if I viewed them through a large magnifying glass. They were not only thus made larger, but brought nearer to me. I plainly described every stone upon the land, and all the furrows filled with

ice, as if I stood close by. When this illusion lasted for a while, the prospect seemed to break up, and a new scene of wonder to present itself. The Islands seemed to travel to the shore, and represented a wood, or a tall cut hedge. The scene then shifted, and showed the appearance of all sorts of curious figures; as ships with sails, streamers and flags; antique elevated castles, with decayed turrets; and a thousand forms, for which fancy found a resemblance in nature. When the eye had been satisfied with gazing, the whole group of riches seemed to rise in air, and, at length, vanish into nothing. At such times the weather is quite serene and clear; but compressed with such subtle vapours, as it is in very hot weather; and these appearing between the eye and the object, give it all that variety of appearances, which glasses of different refrangibilities would have done." *Crantz's Hist. Greenland*. These delusions are not unfrequent on high mountains, and Ulloa informs us, that the images of travellers are reflected on a cloud, as if it were a mirror.

NOTE 52, PAGE 113.

Not without sufficient colour of probability has it been conjectured, that Milton, while writing this beautiful Invitation, turned his mental eye to that exquisite passage in the Song of Solomon, where the

poet imagines his mistress to suppose her lover desiring her to arise and accompany him into the fields. " My beloved spake, and said unto me, rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away: for lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines, with the tender grape, give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away."

NOTE 53, PAGE 115.

Alcoran, p. 204, 410, 433. Before the time of Mahomet, the Arabians imagined, that the same wants and passions of their earthly existence would accompany them into that of the future. They believed also, like the "untutored Indian," that even their favourite animals would accompany them. *Millii Dissertat: de Moham.* i. 14. Mr. Hughes, in his interesting play of the Siege of Damascus, thus faithfully describes the raptures of a Mahometan paradise.

Who falls in fight yet meets the prize above,
 There in the gardens of eternal spring,
 While birds of Paradise around you sing,
 Each with his blooming beauty by his side,

Shall drink rich wines, that in full rivers glide,
Breathe fragrant gales o'er fields of spice, that blow,
And gather fruits immortal as they grow ;
Ecstatic bliss shall your whole powers employ,
And every sense be lost in every joy.

Siege of Damascus, Act. iii.

NOTE 54, PAGE 118.

“ There appeared to me,” says Mirza, “ A vast ocean, planted with innumerable Islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas, that ran among them. I could see persons, dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers ; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats ; but the genius told me, there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death, that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. “ The Islands,” said he, “ that lie so fresh and green before thee, and covered with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted, as far as thou canst see, are more in number, than the sands of the sea shore ; there are myriads of Islands be-

hind those, which thou here discernest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thy imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degrees and kinds of virtue, in which they excelled, are distributed among these Islands, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those, who are settled in them; every Island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants."

There is a tribe of America, who believe, that the souls of good men are conveyed to a pleasant valley, abounding in guavas and other delicious fruits. *Rogers, Herera.* b. iii. 3. The heaven of the Celts was called *Flath-innis*, "the Island of the good and brave;" Their hell, *Ifurin*, "the Island of Cold Climate." The Druids, as we are informed by Ammianus Marcellinus, believed, that the souls of good men were wafted, in progressive course, from planet to planet, enjoying at every successive change a more sublime felicity than in the last.

The following account of the happiness, which one of the tribes of Africa expect in a future life, was derived from Addison, *vid. Spect.* 600. "Their notion of heaven is, that every thing, we there wish for, will be immediately gratified. We find, say they, that our souls are of such a nature,

that they require variety, and are not capable of being always delighted with the same objects. The Supreme Being, therefore, in compliance with this taste of happiness, which he has implanted in the soul of man, will raise up from time to time every gratification, which it is in the humour to be pleased with. If we wish to be in groves or bowers, among running streams, or falls of water, we shall immediately find ourselves in the midst of such a scene as we desire. If we would be entertained with music and the melody of sounds, the concert arises upon our wish, and the whole region about us is filled with harmony.”

NOTE 55, PAGE 119.

Lucan places these islands in Cyrene. Phars. ix. Orland. Furios. Cant. xv. Plutarch gives the following description of them:—“They are two in number, separated only by a narrow channel, and are at the distance of ten thousand furlongs from the African coast. They are called the *Fortunate Islands*. Rain seldom falls there, and, when it does, it falls moderately: but they generally have soft breezes, which scatter such rich dews, that the soil is not only good for sowing and planting, but spontaneously produces the most excellent fruits, and those in such abundance, that the inhabitants have

nothing more to do, than to indulge themselves in the enjoyment of ease. The air is always pleasant and salubrious, through the happy temperature of the seasons, and their insensible transition into each other. For the north and east winds, which blow from our continent, in the immense track they have to pass, are dissipated and lost ; while the sea winds bring with them slight and gentle showers, but oftener only a refreshing moisture, which imperceptibly scatters plenty on their plains : so that it is generally believed, even among the barbarians, that these are the Elysian Fields, and the Seats of the Blessed, which Homer has described in all the charms of verse.” (*Odys.* iv.) Plutarch.

NOTE 56, PAGE 122.

“ I had been for many years familiar with all that nature is capable of producing in her sublimest works,” says Mons. Zimmermann, whose essay on the influence of solitude upon the mind and heart, is an honour to his country, “ when I first saw a garden in the vicinity of Hanover, and another, upon a much larger scale, at Marienwerder, about three miles distant, cultivated in the *English style* of rural ornament. I was not then apprized of the extent of that art, which sports with the most ungrateful soil, and, by a new species of creation,

converts barren mountains into fertile fields and smiling landscapes. This magic art makes an astonishing impression on the mind, and captivates every heart, not insensible to the delights of cultivated nature. I cannot recollect, without shedding tears of gratitude and joy, a single day of this early part of my residence at Hanover, when, torn from the bosom of my country, from the embraces of my family, and from every thing, that I held dear in life, my mind, on entering the little garden of my deceased friend, M. de Hinuber, near Hanover, immediately revived, and forgot, for the moment both my country and my grief. The charm was new to me. I had no conception, that it was possible, upon so small a plot of ground, to introduce at once the enchanting variety and the noble simplicity of nature. But I was then convinced, that her aspect alone is sufficient, at first view, to heal the wounded feelings of the heart, to fill the bosom with the highest luxury, and to create those sentiments in the mind, which can, of all others, render life desirable."

NOTE 57, PAGE 124.

For a description of the manner, in which he passed his time in this island, *vid. Les Rêveries Promenade, 5, 6, 7.* After residing a short time in

this retreat, in a manner delightful to his imagination, he unexpectedly received a peremptory order from the government of Bern to quit the island.— Upon receiving the order, finding that fortune was his irreconcilable enemy, he gave himself up to despair, and petitioned, with all the ardour of a disordered mind, to be condemned to perpetual imprisonment!—The only indulgence, he required, was, to be allowed the use of books, and to be permitted, at certain intervals, to walk in the open air!—*Quid flebis?*

NOTE 58, PAGE 127.

This is the highest mountain of the Pyrenees,— and is 1,900 fathoms above the level of the sea.

Who, that from Alpine heights, his labouring eye,
Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
The Nile or Ganges roll his wasteful tide
Through mountains, plains, through empires black with
shade,
And continents of sand, will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanty rill,
That murmurs at his feet?

Pleasures of Imagination.

NOTE 59, PAGE 132.

In the great market-place of Mexico, says Baron de Humboldt, the native sells no peaches, no ananas, nor root, nor pulgne without having his shop ornamented with flowers, which are every day renewed. The Indian merchant appears seated in an entrenchment of verdure. A hedge, of a metre in height, formed of fresh herbs, particularly of Gramina, with delicate leaves, surrounds, like a semi-circular wall, the fruits offered to public sale. The bottom of a smooth green is divided by garlands of flowers, which run parallel with one another. Small nosegays, placed symmetrically between the festoons, give to this enclosure the appearance of a carpet strewed with flowers. The European, who delights in studying customs of the lower people, cannot help being struck with the care and elegance the natives display in distributing the fruits, which they sell in small cages of light wood. The sapolles, the mammea, pears and raisins occupy the bottom, while the top is ornamented with odoriferous flowers. This art of entwining flowers had its origin, perhaps, in that happy period, when long before the introduction of inhuman rites, the first inhabitants of Anahuac, like the Peruvians, offered up to the Great Spirit, Teotil, the first fruits of their harvests.

NOTE, PAGE 137, LINE 11.

The science of agriculture was much cultivated by the Persians, and, as Rollin justly observes, those Satrapæ, whose Provinces were the best cultivated had the best and surest claims to the favour of their Prince.—*Vid. Rollin on the manners of the Assyrians and Persians,—Anc. Hist. vol. ii. p. 283.*

To neglect the cultivation of a farm in Ancient Italy, was esteemed an offence, cognizable by the Censor, *Censorium Probum.*

NOTE, PAGE 138, LINE 8.

Howel compared the Republic of Lucca in 1621 to a hive of Bees.—*Letter xli.*—Tasso has a beautiful idea, *Aminta, act ii. sc. 2.* taken from Achilles Tatius.—*Lib. ii. c. 5.*—“Soft sounds spread along the wood,” says Ossian; “the silent valleys of the night rejoice,—so, when he sits in the silence of the day, in the valley of his breeze, the humming of the mountain bee comes to Ossian’s ear: the gale drowns it in his course; but the pleasant sound returns again.”—On the architecture of Bees, see *Reaumur Hist. des Insectes, tom. v. mem. viii.* and for a dispute between a bee and a spider,—*Swift’s Works, vol. i. p. 404.*

In some districts of England grows a peculiar species of the Orchis.—This flower has a spot in its breast, resembling a bee, sipping its honey : on this account it is called the *Bee-flower*. Langhorne thus alludes to it in his *Fables of Flora*.

See on that floweret's velvet breast,
How close the busy vagrant lies!
His thin-wrought plume, his downy breast,
Th' ambrosial gold, that swells his thighs.

Perhaps his fragrant load may bind
His limbs ; we'll set the Captive free—
I sought the *living bee* to find,
And found the *picture of a bee* !

NOTE, PAGE 140, LINE 20.

Pope Urban VIII, being highly delighted with a poem, written by Bracciolini, gave him the surname of *Delle-api*. Ambergris, in the opinion of the Abbé Longuerue, is honey, melted by the sun, dropt into the sea from the mountains of Ajan, and congealed by the water ! A curious and entertaining account of a trial of wisdom between Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, which was decided by a swarm of Bees, is related in the Talmud. The Romans considered them as favourable omens.—Vid. *Plut. in vit. Dion*, and Valerius Flaccus, *Lib. 1. c. vi*.

NOTE, PAGE 141, LINE 8.

Shakespeare has a fine allusion to this barbarous custom,—*Henry IV. 2nd. part, Act. iv.* Virgil says, that Bees live seven years, (*neque enim plus septima ducitur Æstas*).—The marquis of Lansdowne's motto induces a connexion between bees and geometry. *Ut apes geometriam.* When Addison published his Translation of that Georgic of Virgil, which treats of Bees, Dryden is reported to have said, “after this, my latter swarm is scarcely worth the hiving.” Butler published a work on the nature and properties of Bees, 1634, printed in a new style of orthography, with several characters, adapted from Sir Thomas Smith's and Dr. Gill's systems.

The Bees suspend their honeycomb from edges of rocks in several parts of South Africa. Mr. Barrow observes, “that those nests are easily discovered by the Hottentots, who implicitly rely on the direction of a little brown bird, denominated the *Indicator*, or honey-bird, that, on the discovery of a nest, flies in quest of some person, to whom it makes known the fruit of its research by whistling and flying towards the place.”—*Travels in the Interior of Southern Africa.* In some parts of France, says Goldsmith, and also of Piedmont, there are floating apiaries of an hundred bee-hives. “As the Bees are continually changing their flowery pasture along the banks of the stream, they are furnished

with sweets before unrifled ; and thus a single floating bee-house yields the proprietor a considerable income.”—*Hist. Earth, &c. Vol. iv. p. 170.*—To these apiaries Rogers beautifully alludes :

So through the vales of Loire the bee-hives glide,
The light raft dropping with the silent tide ;
So, till the laughing scenes are lost in night,
The busy people wing their various flight,
Culling unnumber'd sweets from nameless flowers
That scent the vineyard in its purple hours.

Pleasures of Memory.

The culture of bees was in much repute in Attica. Solon enacted a law, that every man's stock should be kept at a distance, not less than 300 feet, from that of his neighbour.—*Plut. in vit. Solon.* The Susans combed their purple wool with honey, rubbed upon the combs : This preserved its beauty and freshness.—*Plut. in vit. Alexand.*

In addition to what has been said in a former note, we may observe, that St. Augustine, who was a great lover of these insects, draws frequently from them by way of illustration : the same may be observed of Milton ; one of whose amusements, before he laboured under the misfortune of a *Gutta Serena*, was to mark,

How nature paints her colours, how the Bee
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet.

“ I wish,” says Seneca, “ that Anger, like the bee, could sting but once.”—The stings, which illegitimate pleasures leave behind them, are elegantly compared by Boethius, to those of a bee. It has been thus translated :

Honey’s flowery sweets delight ;—
 Soon they cloy the appetite.
 Touch the Bee—the wrathful thing
 Quickly flies, but leaves a sting.
 Mark here the emblems, apt and true,
 Of the pleasures men pursue :
 Ah ! they yield a fraudulent joy ;
 Soon they pall, and quick they fly ;
 Quick they fly—but leave a smart
 Deep fermenting in the heart.

Bees were wrought in the coronation robes of Charlemagne ; and they contribute, in the present day, to insult the conscience of a reigning despot, after the same manner. Pope Urban VIIIth, whom we have mentioned in a former note, chose three Bees for his armorial bearings.—To this circumstance Cassimir, (next to Kosciusko, the chief pride and glory of his country !) has an elegant allusion :

AD APES BARBERINAS.

Cives Hymetti, gratus Atticæ lepos,
 Virgineæ volucres,
 Flavæque Veris filiæ :

Gratum fluentis turba prædatrix thymi;
 Nectaris artifices,
 Bonæque ruris hospitæ:
 Laboriosis quod juvat volatibus
 Crure tenus viridem
 Perambulare patriam,
 Si Barberino delicata principe
 Secula melle fluunt;
 Parata vobis secula?

NOTE, PAGE 142. LINE 3.

The modern idea of a wilderness does not apply to that of an ancient one. Spenser's Description of a Wilderness in the Fairy Queen, gives an idea of a wild tract and desert of solitude:—Such is the modern acceptance.—A Hebrew wilderness, however, was a place, remarkable for its rocky and uncultivated soil, and yet by no means destitute of inhabitants:—for, if it had been a solitude, St. John might have retired thither to pray, but not to preach. Vide *St. Matthew, ch. iii. v. 1.*—*Mark, ch. i. v. 4.* The wilderness of St. John is now converted into a fine country, in which are successfully cultivated corn, vines and oliyes.—This word is a curious exemplification of a remark, which will be found in a subsequent page: it being compounded of three words, derived from three different languages.

Wild from the Dutch, *Der* from the British *Dur*, meaning water, and *Ness* from a Saxon word, signifying a termination of a tract of land.

NOTE 60, PAGE 147.

The Turks derive a sensible enjoyment from sitting beneath the shade of a tree or on the banks of a river.

“For some miles round Adrianople,” says Lady Montague, “the whole ground is laid out in gardens, and the banks of the rivers are set with rows of fruit-trees, under which all the most considerable Turks divert themselves every evening; not with walking; that is not one of their pleasures, but a set party of them choose out a green spot, where the shade is very thick, and there they spread a carpet, on which they sit drinking their coffee, and are generally attended by some slave with a fine voice, or that plays on some instrument. Every twenty paces you may see one of these little companies listening to the dashing of the river; and this taste is so universal, that the very gardeners are not without it. I have often seen them and their children sitting on the banks of the river, and playing

on a rural instrument, perfectly answering the description of the ancient fistula, being composed of unequal reeds, with a simple but agreeable softness in the sound.—*Lady M. W. Montague.*

NOTE 61. PAGE 160.

After reading *Comus* and the pictures, presented to the eye in *Paradise Lost*, how astonishing appears the assertion of Johnson, that Milton viewed Nature “through the spectacles of Books.”—Mistaking allusion for description, this great moralist imagines Milton to call in learning as a principal, when he calls it in only as an auxiliary. Equally astonishing is the extreme apathy, I had almost said disgust, with which Johnson viewed the productions of the descriptive poets, and even the fairy landscapes of Nature herself. When in Scotland, he confessed that he had observed no scene so agreeable to his imagination, as Fleet-street:—In criticising Lord Lyttleton’s poems, he observes of his “Progress of Love,” that it is “sufficient blame to say, it is pastoral.” He condemn’s Dyer’s *Fleece*,—one of the noblest descriptive poems in the language! Of Gay’s *Rural Sports*, he says, “it is never contemptible nor ever excellent.”—Of Philips’s *Cyder*, he adopts Cicero’s tasteless opinion of Lucretius,

“that it is written with much art, but with few blazes of Genius.”—Of Somerville’s chase, he observes, that “Praise cannot totally be denied.” Johnson appears to have waged war against every poet,

Who walk’d at large amid the Fairy Scenes
Of unschooled Nature.

But, as Beattie has so well and so justly remarked, “all persons are not equally susceptible of these charming impressions. It is strange to observe the callousness of some men, before whom all the glories of heaven and earth pass in daily succession, without touching their hearts, elevating their fancy, or leaving any durable remembrance. Even of those, who pretend to sensibility, how many are there to whom the lustre of the rising or setting sun; the sparkling concave of the midnight sky; the mountain forest, roaring to the storm, or warbling with all the melodies of a Summer evening; the sweet interchange of hill and dale, shade and sunshine, grove, lawn, and water, which an extensive landscape offers to the view; the scenery of the ocean, so lovely, so majestic, and so tremendous, and the many pleasing varieties of the animal and vegetable kingdom, could never afford so much real satisfaction, as the steams and noise of a ball-room, the in-

sipid fiddling and squeaking of an opera, or the vexations and wranglings of a card-table.”

Beattie's Essay on Poetry and Music, Part I. ch. ii.
p. 30.

NOTE 62, PAGE 160.

Mr. Wright, in his classical poem of *Horæ Ironica*, lays the scene of Alcinous's Garden in the Island of Corfu. “It is impossible for any one,” says he, “who traverses the shores of the old harbour with the Odyssey in his recollection, to doubt the personal acquaintance of Homer with the scenery of Corfu, or to hesitate in assigning the garden of Alcinous to the spot, here described, which lies at the western extremity of the harbour, and is still exclusively devoted to the same sort of culture.” The reader may compare the garden of Alcinous with Mr. Wright's general description of the scenery, near the western extremity of the harbour at Corfu.

Hence to the left extends a spacious plain,
Nor rich with pastur'd herds, nor waving grain:
There bending vines their purple pride display,
And peaches ripen in the Summer ray;
There swells the fig to more than mortal size,
And various fruits in rich succession rise:

No chilly blasts the tender germ assail,
 By mountains sheltered from each ruder gale;
 The ripening fruits no blasting mildews fear,
 Nor hails the vernal promise of the year;
 Oft for these shades, where Nature reigns alone,
 Would great Alcinous quit his regal throne;
 And 'mid these scenes, whose beauties could inspire
 The mighty father of the Grecian lyre;
 Nor still the monarch, nor the muse they wrong
 But smile in Nature, as they bloom in song.

Sir Henry Englefield has observed several coincidences between the courts of Alcinous and Solomon.—Compare *Odyssey*, 7, 112. *Odyssey*, 8, 39. *Odyssey*, 7, 9. with *Kings* I. c. 4. c. 10.

The gardens of Alcinous seem to have been an union of the modern kitchen garden of Italy and the orchard of Greece;—but as to extent, beauty, and descriptive elegance, they are no more to be compared with the Garden of Eden, than a Dutch landscape is to be compared with an Italian one.

NOTE 63, PAGE 161.

The Chinese distinguish *three* different species of landscape, to which they give the appellations of *pleasing*, *horrid*, and *enchanted*. Their *enchanted* scenes answer, in a great degree, to what we call

romantic, and in these they make use of several artifices to excite surprise. Sometimes they make a rapid stream, or torrent, pass under ground, the turbulent noise of which strikes the ear of the new-comer, who is at a loss to know whence it proceeds. At other times, they dispose the rocks, buildings, and other objects, that form the composition, in such a manner, that the wind, passing through the different interstices and cavities, made in them for that purpose, causes strange and uncommon sounds. They introduce into these scenes all kinds of extraordinary plants and flowers, artificial and complicated echoes, and let loose different sorts of monstrous birds and animals. In their scenes of *horror*, they introduce impending rocks, dark caverns, and impetuous cataracts, rushing down the mountains from all sides;—the trees are ill formed and seemingly torn to pieces by the violence of the tempests; some are thrown down, and intercept the course of the torrents, appearing as if they had been thrown down by the fury of the waters; others look as if shattered and blasted by the force of lightning; the buildings are some in ruins, others half consumed by fire, and some miserable huts dispersed in the mountains, serve at once, to indicate the existence and wretchedness of the inhabitants. These scenes are generally succeeded by *pleasing ones*. The Chinese artists, knowing how

powerfully contrast operates on the mind, constantly practise sudden transitions and a striking opposition of forms, colours, and shades. Thus they conduct you from limited prospects to extensive views; from objects of horror to scenes of delight; from lakes and rivers, to plains, hills and woods. To dark and gloomy colours they oppose such as are brilliant, and to complicated forms simple ones; distributing, by a judicious arrangement, their different masses of light and shade, in such a manner as to render the composition at once distinct in its parts and striking in the whole.—*Sir William Chambers's Essay on the Chinese Manner of Laying out Grounds.*

NOTE 64, PAGE 162.

Instances might be quoted, in which this great master of the sublime and pathetic has even equalled Virgil's celebrated Imitation of Apollonius Rhodius:

Nox erat, et placidum carpebant fessa soporem
 Corpora per terras; silvæque et sæva quierant
 Æquora: quum medio volvuntur sidera lapsu,
 Quum tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictæque volucres,
 Quæque lacus late liquidos, quæque aspera dumis
 Rura tenent, somno positæ sub nocte silenti,

Lenibant curas, et corda oblita laborum.—
 —At non infelix animi Phænissa, neque unquam
 Solvitur in somnos.

NOTE, PAGE 163, LINE 12.

“Every river, every rock,” justly observes a celebrated Swiss Traveller, “mountain, cataract, and precipice, is respectively distinguished by an infinite diversity of modifications, and by all the possible forms of beauty, and magnificence of sublimity or horror.—Yet these discriminating variations, which cannot escape the most incurious eye, elude every attempt at delineation, and defy the strongest powers both of the pen and the pencil.”—*Coxe’s Travels in Switzerland*, page 262.

NOTE 65, PAGE 164.

“In ancient Hieroglyphic writing,” says the Right Reverend Author of the Divine Legation of Moses, “the sun, moon, and stars, were used to represent states and empires, kings, queens, and nobility:—their eclipse or extinction denoted temporary disasters, or entire overthrows. So the prophets, in like manner, call kings and empires by the names of the heavenly luminaries.—Stars, falling from the firmament, are employed to denote the

destruction of the nobility and other great men ; insomuch, that in reality the prophetic style seems to be a *speaking Hieroglyphic*. *Divine Legation*, vol. ii. b. iv. s. 4. The Egyptians considered the Lotus flower an emblem of nature.

NOTE, PAGE 165, LINE 10.

Many reasons have been assigned for the ancient custom of planting yew trees in church-yards. The popular opinion seems to sanction the belief, that they were planted in order to be used for bows : this opinion, with many others, equally absurd, has been maintained with rigid pertinacity by several writers, whose gigantic genius enables them to correct a date, and whose erudition extends even to the antiquarian pomp of provincial research!—The fact is, the yew-tree has been considered an emblem of mourning from the earliest times. The Greeks adopted the idea from the Egyptians, the Romans from the Greeks, and the Britons from the Romans. From long habits of association the yew acquired a sacred character, and therefore was considered as the best and most appropriate ornament of consecrated ground. The custom of placing them singly is equally ancient. Statius in his sixth Thebaid calls it the *solitary* yew :—and it was at one time, as common in the church-yards of

Italy, as it is now in North and South Wales.—In many villages of those two provinces, the yew-tree and the church are coeval with each other.

NOTE 66, PAGE 165.

——— Behold, fond Man!

See here thy pictured life: pass some few years,
 Thy flowery Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
 Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
 And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
 And shuts the Scene!—

Winter.

It is this striking analogy, which enables Thomson so intimately to connect the Seasons with each other.

At the Circensian Games, the contenders were divided into four factions, distinguished from each other by dresses, representing the four seasons of the year. Green was an emblem of Spring; red of Summer; white of Autumn; and blue of Winter. “*Agitatores Circenses in quaternas factiones disspescebantur, quæ et diverso vestitu diversas anni horas representarent, scilicet, prasina, ver, russea æstatem, alba autumnum, et veneta hyemem.*”

NOTE 67, PAGE 171.

The following instance has always appeared to me to be one of the most elegant in our language. Polyxenes questions the shepherd, respecting the love, which Florizel bears for Perdita; the shepherd replies,

————— *Never did the moon*
So gaze upon the waters, as he'll stand
And read my Daughter's Eyes.

Winter's Tale.

If this is one of the most elegant of natural illustrations, the succeeding is one of the finest.

He stood
 With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
 The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
 Drew audience and attention *still as Night*
Or Summer's Noontide air.

Paradise Lost, b. 11.

NOTE 68, PAGE 172.

“Haller,” observes Miss Smith, whose translation of the book of Job, is not only honourable to herself, but to her country, “speaking of the weakness of reason without revelation, says,

Vernunft kan, wie der mond, ein trost dunkeln Zeiten,
 Uns durch die braune nacht mit halbem schimmer leiten;
 Der warheit morgen-roht zeigt erst die wahre welt,
 Wann Gottes sonnen-licht durch unser dâmm-rung fâlt.

Reason, like the moon, a consolation in darkness, can guide us with its faint rays through the dusky night. The morning dawn of truth shews the real world, when the light of the Sun breaks through our twilight.—*Haller on Reason, Superstition, and Infidelity. Fragments by Miss Smith, vol. i. p. 29.*

NOTE 69, PAGE 174.

Father Brumoi, speaking of the three great Dramatic Writers of Greece, Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, says, “ The first, as the inventor and father of Tragedy, is like a torrent rolling impetuously over rocks, forests and precipices; the second resembles a canal, which flows gently through delicious gardens; and the third a river, that does not follow its course in a continued line, but loves to turn and wind its silver wave through flowery meads and rural scenes.” *Rollin. Pref. cxvi.* The passage quoted from Addison is imitated by Pope, in the second page of his Preface to the Iliad. “ Our author’s work is a wild paradise,” &c. &c.

NOTE 70, PAGE 178.

In poetical delineation of Marine Landscape, Virgil among the Latins, Homer (*Odyssey*) among the Greeks, Camöens among the Portugeze, and Falkoner, among the English, bear the palm from all their competitors.

NOTE 71, PAGE 181.

From the following passage of Pliny, it would seem, however, that they were not so utterly ignorant of the chiaro-oscuro, as some writers have supposed. It would have been impossible, as an elegant writer justly remarks, to have exhibited all these objects without some knowledge of perspective:—"Ludius, Divi Augusti, ætate primus instituit amœnissimam parietem picturam, villas, et porticus, ac topiarca opera lucos, nemora, colles, piscinas, euripos, amnes, litora qualia quis optaret; varias ibi obambulantium species, aut navigantium. *Plin. Lib. xxxv. 10. Vid. also cap. ii.*

NOTE 72, PAGE 182.

"The noblest and largest landscape of Rubens," says Walpole, "is in the royal collection. It exhibits an almost bird's eye view of an extensive

country, with such masterly clearness and intelligence, as to contain, in itself, alone, a school for painters of landscape. *Anecdotes of Painting in England*, 8vo. vol. ii. p. 145. Sir Joshua Reynolds was accustomed to say, that a single picture of Rubens was sufficient to illumine the darkest gallery in Europe.

NOTE 73, PAGE 185.

Vroom was made a painter of sea pieces in a singular manner. He had painted several scripture pieces, and was on his voyage from Holland to Spain, when he was shipwrecked on the coast of Portugal. In this distress, he was relieved by several monks, who resided among the rocks: having obtained refreshment, he went to Lisbon, where a brother-artist engaged him to paint the storm, he described in so lively a manner. This picture was executed so well, that a Portuguese Nobleman gave him a high price for it. This success flattered him so much, that upon his return to Holland, he entirely devoted himself to Marine Landscape.

NOTE 74, PAGE 186.

The following elegant description of a picture, by this master, in a palace at Genoa, strongly

characterizes the pencil of Albani, and the pen of Dupaty :

“ How charming the scene !

“ In the midst of a valley, crowned by rocks and covered with various kinds of shrubs, we see, by the brink of a fountain, seated at the foot of a willow (it is summer and in the evening), a shepherd and a shepherdess. The shepherd is playing on his flute ; one of the shepherdesses, holding in her hand a rose, looks at the shepherd, and is listening ; her hand is already stretched out to present him with the flower. Impatience for the shepherd to finish, that she may give him the rose, and desire for him to continue, that she may still hear the pleasing sounds, are struggling in her looks. In the mean time, her companion, younger than herself, neither looks at, nor listens to the shepherd, but is wrapt in thought, with her eyes fixed upon the fountain. At the distance of an hundred paces, a number of little children are playing with some lambs, and entwining them with flowers.—Is this not an Idyl of Gessner ?

“ The temple of Gnidos, and not a palace of Genoa, should have been ornamented with this picture. Montesquieu should have copied it. It is by Albani.”

NOTE 75, PAGE 188.

“ The grand scale, on which the beauties of nature appear in Switzerland and the Alps,” says Dr. Moore,” has been considered by some, as too vast for the pencil ; but among the sweet hills and valleys of Italy, her features are brought nearer the eye, are fully seen, and understood and appear in all the bloom of rural loveliness. Tivoli, Albano and Frascati, therefore, are the favourite abodes of the landscape painters, who travel to this country for improvement ; and in the opinion of some, those delightful villages furnish studies better suited to the powers of their art, than even Switzerland itself. Nothing can surpass the admirable assemblage of hills, meadows, lakes, cascades, gardens, ruins, groves and terraces, which charm the eye, as you wander among the shades of Frascati and Albano, which appear in new beauty, as they are viewed from different points, and captivate the beholder with endless variety.” *Moore's View of Society and Manners in Italy*, vol. ii. p. 342. Wilson, upon his return from Italy, visited North Wales ; a country, which, as he justly observed, exhibits every thing in landscape, a painter can desire.

NOTE 76, PAGE 190.

A female servant, belonging to the Earl of Rad-

nor, told a learned friend of mine, that she never looked at the pictures of Morning and Evening, in his Lordship's collection, but she thought of paradise! This is a finer compliment to the genius of Claude, than the celebrated exclamation of the old vicar, when he beheld Grotius.

NOTE, PAGE 191, LINE 16.

Besides the painters of landscape we have enumerated, many others deserve to have been mentioned: among whom we may particularize Hyeron Mutian; Ambrosio Lorenzetto, who first brought landscape painting into repute in Italy; Giacomo Bassano, so celebrated for his night pieces; and Giovanni Soens of Antwerp. Champayne, Forest, Molon, Desportes, Heroult and Parossel; Cornelius Molinaer of Antwerp; Jacob Grimmer; Lucas Gassel; Joachim Patenier; Petr de Laër, or Bambots, whose landscapes were in miniature. Claudius Gelli of Lorraine; Joh. Will. Bawer, and Harmes of Brunswick. To these we may add other painters of still greater merit; Ermel, Hackert, Everdingen; Swaneveldt, Tintoret, Saveri; Wouvermanns; Watteau; Jordaens; Paul Brill; Zucarelli; Sebastian; Herman of Italy; Breda; Cagliari; Martin; Vandermeulen; Julio Romano; Paul Poter; Ruysdale, &c. &c.; of all these painters

Jordaens was the only one, who neither “rejected the imperfections, nor selected the beauties of nature.” He copied her, as he found her.

NOTE 77, PAGE 194. *Omitted.*

NOTE 78, PAGE 200.

Poussin, say a modern writer, perfectly understood the secret of interesting the heart by attending to the effects of contrast. In a picture of Arcadian Festivity, he represents a tomb with this simple but affecting inscription, *Et in Arcadia ego*; “I too was once in Arcadia.” The effect of this object, combined with the gaiety of the rest of the scene, is beautifully described by de Lille.—vid. *Essays on the Sources of the Pleasures received from Literary Compositions*, p. 189. The Abbé du Bos gives a delightful description of this picture in his “*Reflexions Critiques sur la Poësie et sur la Peinture.*” *Sect. vi. 55.*

In Schidone’s *Massacre of the Innocents*, the painter heightens the general effect of his picture by one of the simplest and most affecting of contrasts. Instead of representing the soldiers of Herod in the actual commission of their horrible crime, he exhibits one of them, imparting the fatal tidings to a

group of mothers, the terror and anguish depicted in whose countenances and attitudes form a strong and heart-rending contrast to the exquisite serenity of the sleeping children. In respect to poetical contrasts, perhaps more effecting instances are nowhere to be found than in Virgil's imitation of Apollonius Rhodius, and in the *Danæe* by Simonides.

NOTE 79, PAGE 201.

It is somewhat remarkable, that Ferdinand, King of Castile, should have been sensible, in some measure, of the truth of this remark, as we may learn from his answer to those Castilians, who solicited him to deprive the States of Arragon of their independence:—This he refused to do, alleging as his reason, that “*Equilibrio potentia Regni Regisque salutem publicam contineri; et si contingeret aliquando alterum alteri præponderare, proculdubio alterius aut utriusque Ruinam ex eo secuturam.*”—*Thuanus*. Mr. Pope illustrates the position: see *Essay on Man*, *Epist. iii. lib. 292*.

NOTE 80, PAGE 201. *Omitted.*

NOTE 81, PAGE 201.

The Count de Tallard was so delighted with Chatsworth, that when he took leave of his host, an an-

cestor of the present Duke, he said, "When I return into my own country, my Lord Duke, and reckon up the days of my captivity, I shall leave out those I spent at Chatsworth."

NOTE 82, PAGE 202.

From the effects of contrast Mr. Webb has drawn an excellent apology for the grandeur of Satan in the *Paradise Lost*.—"To describe a permanent and unchangeable glory, is to paint without shades; the sun is more delightful in its setting than in its meridian. The divine perfection, pure and angelic natures, can have no clouds, no contrasts: they are all one blaze. But, it is not so, in the description of fallen greatness; of diminished splendour; of a superior nature sunk and disgraced, but emerging, at intervals, from its degradation." *Remarks on the Beauties of Poetry*, p. 65, 1764.

NOTE 83, PAGE 208.

"In this world," says Bishop Taylor, "men thrive by villany; and lying and deceiving are accounted just, and to be rich is to be wise, and tyranny is honourable:—and though little thefts and petty mischiefs are interrupted by the laws, yet if a mischief become public and great, acted by princes,

and effected by armies, and robberies be done by whole fleets, it is virtue and it is glory.”

NOTE 84, PAGE 211.

This analogy was observed by the Egyptians :—a circumstance sufficient to prove in opposition to several writers on Egyptian customs and opinions, that they believed in the eternity of the soul. The Hieroglyphic, denoting the soul, was a chrysalis ; and the Greeks, adopting the idea, described Psyche under the form of a beautiful female, ornamented with the wings of a butterfly.

NOTE 85, PAGE 213.

These contrasts are perpetually exhibited among the Swiss cantons. “ It is not labour only,” says Rousseau, “ that renders this strange country so wonderfully contrasted : for here Nature seems to have a singular pleasure in acting contradictory to herself, so different does she appear in the same place, in different aspects. Towards the East, the flowers of spring : to the South, the fruits of autumn ; and northwards, the ice of winter. She unites all the seasons in the same instant, every climate in the same place, different soils in the same land, and with a harmony, elsewhere unknown, joins the produces of the plains to those of the highest Alps. Add to those, the illusions of vision,

the tops of the mountains variously illumined, the harmonious mixture of light and shade, and their different effects in the morning and evening." The contrasts presented in the island of Sicily are bold and striking. Vide *Abbate Balsamo, ch. v. p. 95.*

NOTE 86, PAGE 216. *Omitted.*

NOTE 87, PAGE 225.

"It is impossible," says Professor Pallas, "to move a step in this romantic country, without deriving real enjoyment. Its grounds are covered with numerous flocks of sheep, which may be seen descending from and grazing on the hills; the air is embalmed or perfumed by the odour of the March violet, by that of trees in blossom, or from those cut down by the inhabitants, all of which continually exhale the most odoriferous particles. The constant serenity of the season, also, furnishes other enjoyments. In short, nothing can equal the delight of a residence, as picturesque as variable, which is afforded by this charming Peninsula, in the grateful season of spring." Pallas's Travels through the Southern Provinces of the Russian Empire. *Vol. iv. p. 128—9.*

NOTE 88, PAGE 233. *Omitted.*

END OF VOL. I.

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