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ON THE

PICTURESQUE:

WITH AN ESSAY ON THE ORIGIN OF TASTE

AND MUCH ORIGINAL MATTER,

By SIR THOMAS DICK LAUDER, Bart.

AND SIXTY ILLUSTRATIONS, DESIGNED AND DRAWN ON THE WOOD,

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TO

GENERAL

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF STAIR,

BARON OXENFORD OF COUSLAND,

&c. &c. &c.

My dear Lord Stair,

It gives me very great pleasure to avail myself of this opportunity of marking the deep sense I entertain of the steady friendship with which you have so long honoured me, by requesting you to accept of the Dedication of this Work, from

Your most sincerely attached,

THOS. DICK LAUDER.

PREFACE

TO

THE FIRST ESSAY.

As the general plan and intention of my first publication have been a good deal misunderstood, I wish to give a short account of them both.

The title itself might have shown that I aimed at something more than a mere book of gardening; some, however, have conceived that I ought to have begun by setting forth all my ideas of lawns, shrubberies, gravel-walks, &c.; and as my arrangement did not coincide with their notions of what it ought to have been, they seem to have concluded that I had no plan at all.

I have in this Essay undertaken to treat of two subjects, distinct but intimately connected; and which, as I conceive, throw a reciprocal light on each other. I have begun with that which is last mentioned in the title, as I thought some previous discussion with regard to pictures and picturesque scenery would most naturally lead to a particular examination of the character itself. In the first chapter, I have stated the general reasons for studying the works of eminent landscape painters, and the principles of their art, with a view to the improvement of real scenery; and in order to show how little those works, or the principles they contain, have been attended to, I have supposed the scenery in the landscape of a great painter, to be new modelled according to the taste of Mr. Brown. Having shown this contrast between dressed scenery and a picture of the most ornamented kind, I have in the second chapter compared together two real scenes; the one, in its picturesque un-

improved state; the other, when dressed and improved according to the present fashion. The picturesque circumstances detailed in this scene, very naturally lead me, in the third chapter, to investigate their general causes and effects; and in that, and in the six following chapters, I have traced them, as far as my observation would enable me, through all the works of art and of nature.

This part, the most curious and interesting to a speculative mind, will be least so to those who think only of what has a direct and immediate reference to the arrangement of scenery. That, indeed, it has not; but it is a discussion well calculated to give just and enlarged ideas, of what is of no slight importance—the general character of each place, and the particular character of each part of its scenery. Every place, and every scene worth observing, must have something of the sublime, the beautiful, or the picturesque; and every man will allow, that he would wish to preserve and to heighten—certainly not to weaken or destroy—their prevailing character. The most obvious method of succeeding in the one, and of avoiding the other, is by studying their causes and effects; but to confine that study to scenery only, would, like all confined studies for a particular purpose, tend to contract the mind; at least, when compared with a more comprehensive view of the subject. I have therefore endeavoured to take the most enlarged view possible, and to include in it whatever had any relation to the character I was occupied in tracing, or which showed its distinction from those which a very superior mind had already investigated; and sure I am, that he who studies the various effects and characters of form, colour, and light and shadow, and examines and compares those characters and effects, and the manner in which they are combined and disposed, both in pictures and in nature, will be better qualified to arrange—certainly to enjoy—his own and every scenery, than he who has only thought of the most fashionable arrangement of objects; or who has looked at nature alone, without having acquired any just principles of selection.

I believe, however, that this part of my Essay, and the very title of it, may have given a false bias to the minds of many of my readers. I am not surprised at such an effect, for it is a very natural conclusion, and often justified, that an author is partial to the particular subject on which he has written; but mine is a particular case. The two characters which

Mr. Burke has so ably discussed, had, it is true, great need of investigation; but they did not want to be recommended to our attention: what is really sublime, or beautiful, must always attract or command it; but the picturesque is much less obvious, less generally attractive, and had been totally neglected and despised by professed improvers: my business, therefore, was to draw forth and to dwell upon those less observed beauties. From that circumstance it has been conceived, or at least asserted, that I not only preferred such scenes as were merely rude and picturesque, but excluded all others.

The second part is built upon the foundations laid in the first; for I have examined the leading features of modern gardening, in its more extended sense, on the general principles of painting; and I have shown in several instances, especially in all that relates to the banks of artificial water, how much the character of the picturesque has been neglected, or sacrificed to a false idea of beauty.

But though I take no slight interest in whatever concerns the taste of gardening in this and every other country, and am particularly anxious to preserve those picturesque circumstances, which are so frequently and irrecoverably destroyed, yet in writing this Essay, I have had a more comprehensive object in view. I have been desirous of opening new sources of innocent and easily attained pleasures, or at least of pointing out how a much higher relish may be acquired for those, which, though known, are neglected; and it has given me no small pleasure to find, that both my objects have in some degree been attained.

That painters do see effects in nature which men in general do not see, we have, in the motto prefixed to this Essay, the testimony of no common observer; of one who was sufficiently vain of his own talents and discernment in every way, and not likely to acknowledge a superiority in other men without strong conviction. It is not a mere observation of Cicero; it is an exclamation: *Quam multa vident pictores!* It marks his surprise at the extreme difference which the study of nature, by means of the art of painting, seems to make almost in the sight itself. It may likewise be observed, that his remark does not extend to form—in which the ancient painters are acknowledged to be our superiors; not to colour—in which they are also conceived to be at least our rivals; but to light and shadow—the supposed triumph of

modern over ancient art: on which account, the professors of painting since its revival, have a still better right to the compliment of so illustrious a panegyrist, than those of his own age.

If there were no other means of seeing with the eyes of painters, than by acquiring the practical skill of their hands, the generality of mankind must of course give up the point; but luckily, we may gain no little insight into their method of considering nature, and no inconsiderable share of their relish for her beauties, by an easier process—by studying their works. This study has one great advantage over most others; there are no dry elements to struggle with. Pictures, as likewise drawings and prints, have in them what is suited to all ages and capacities; many of them, like Swift's Gulliver's Travels, display the most fertile and brilliant imagination, joined to the most accurate judgment and selection, and the deepest knowledge of nature; like that extraordinary work, they are at once the amusement of childhood and ignorance, and the delight, instruction, and admiration, of the highest and most cultivated minds.

It is not, however, to be supposed, that theory and observation alone will enable us to judge either of pictures or of nature, with the same skill as those who join to the practical knowledge of their art habitual reflection on its principles, and its productions. Between such artists and the mere lover of painting, there will always be a sufficient difference to justify the remark of Cicero;* but by means of the study which I have so earnestly recommended, we may greatly diminish the immense distance that exists between the eye of a first-rate painter, and that of a man who has never thought on the subject. Were it, indeed, possible that a painter of great and general excellence could at once bestow on such a man—not his power of imitating, but of distinguishing and feel-

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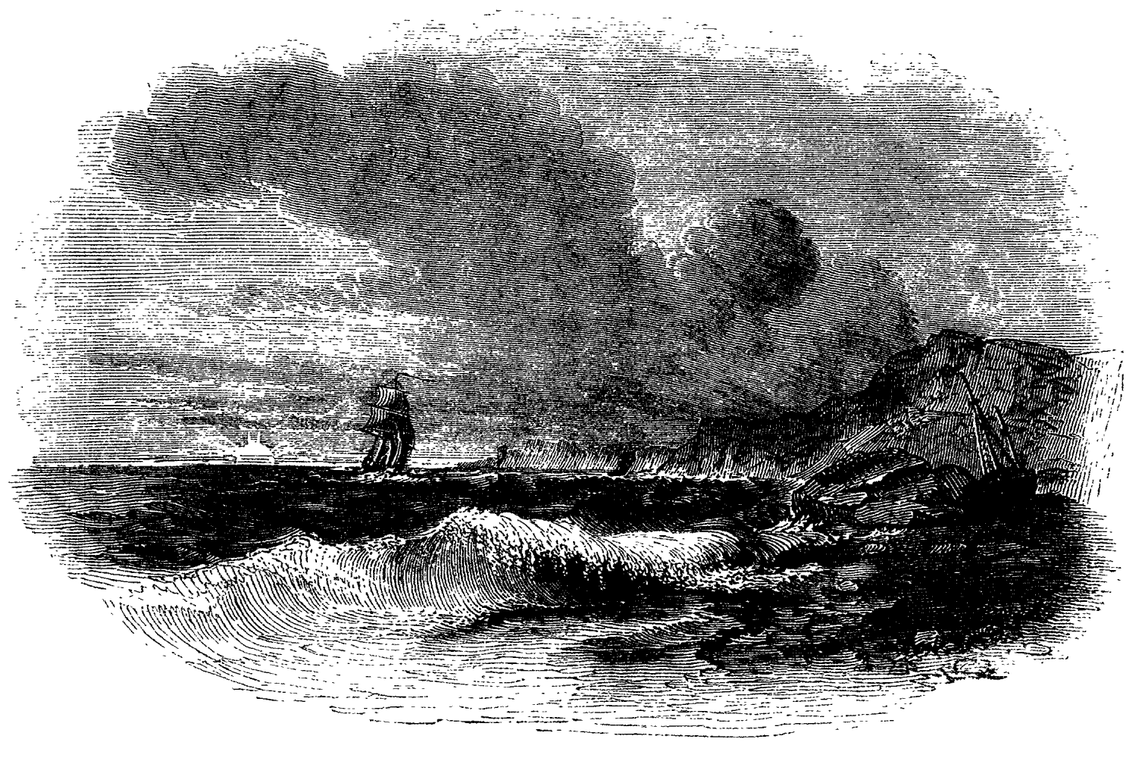
* There is an anecdote of *Salvator Rosa*, which shows the very just and natural opinion that painters of eminence entertain of their superior judgment with regard to their own art: it is also highly characteristic of the lively impetuous manner of the artist of whom it is related, and whose words might no less justly be applied to real objects, than to the imitation of them. *Salvator Rosa, essendogli mostrata una singolar pittura da un dilettante, che insiememente in estremo la lodava; egli, con un di quei suoi soliti gesti spiritosi esclamò; O pensa quel che tu diresti, se tu la vedessi con gli occhi di Salvator Rosa!*

ing the effects and combinations of form, colour, and light and shadow —it would hardly be too much to assert, that a new appearance of things, a new world would suddenly be opened to him; and the bestower might preface the miraculous gift with the words in which Venus addresses her son, when she removes the mortal film from his eyes.

> Aspice, namque omnem quæ nunc obducta tuenti
> Mortales hebetat visus tibi, et humida circum
> Caligat, nubem eripiam.



Vide P. 190,—" Waves beating in upon a rocky coast."

PREFACE

TO THE

EDITION OF 1810 OF THE FIRST ESSAY.

In this edition, the reader will find some considerable additions; but the chief difference is in the arrangement, which I am very conscious was in many parts extremely defective. Several of the chapters in the first volume are entirely new modelled; and in the second, a great deal of new arrangement has taken place, especially in the middle part of the last Essay. Those readers only—should there be any such—who may have the curiosity to compare the present with former editions, can judge of the pains that the new modelling has cost me; but I shall think them well bestowed, if I should be less open to those criticisms, which must have presented themselves to every reader of a methodical turn of mind. Another alteration, which I trust will be thought an improvement, is that of throwing the greater part of the notes to the end of the volumes. One note of much greater length than I could have wished is added to the second volume, in consequence of a very pointed attack from my friend Mr. Knight, in the second edition of the Analytical Inquiry; it is indeed almost a controversial dissertation on the temple of Vesta, usually called the Sybil's temple, at Tivoli. I am persuaded, however, that I have made no small amends for the tediousness of controversy, by some very curious information I received on the subject, the accuracy of which I have no doubt may be safely relied on. The third volume remains nearly as it was, with scarcely any alteration: there is, however, one addition to the Dialogue of a few *last* words, by

Vide P. 207,—" Blair-Adam "

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ON THE ORIGIN OF TASTE.

THE subject of Sir Uvedale Price's Essays appears to me capable of being considered under two different views—that popular view which contents itself with the mere observation and enumeration of the objects of the material world, or their combinations, which are most generally capable of exciting in us emotions of beauty, of sublimity, or of the picturesque—and that deeper and more philosophical view, which involves the enquiry into the manner in which the human mind is affected by such objects. Price has in a great degree contented himself with the first of these views—and indeed when he has ventured beyond its limits, he has shewn indications of a disposition to be misled into that wide and pathless wilderness of error, in which all those who had previously written upon the subject were lost. The exquisite and highly cultivated taste which he displays however, and the nice discrimination which he exhibits in that range within which he confines himself, and in which the great majority of his readers are naturally most interested, has uniformly excited the admiration of all who have perused his Essays, and as they will be found to contain much, if not all that is requisite for the promotion of Landscape Gardening upon the best principles, the circumstance of his leaving untouched the deeper question—UPON WHAT PHILOSOPHICAL GROUNDS THESE PRINCIPLES REALLY ARE THE BEST—does not render his observations the less useful, in a practical point of view. At the same time, I am disposed to believe, that it will not be thought his work is rendered less valuable, or the beauty of the pictures he so liberally spreads abroad in it less enjoyable, if I should venture to devote a few preliminary pages to an exposition

of that which is now held to be the true Theory of the process by which the human mind is affected by emotions of beauty, of sublimity, or of the picturesque—terms, which I am quite disposed to admit to be in themselves extremely convenient, as popular classifications of those pleasing emotions which we derive from the objects of the material world, but which, in the strictly philosophical view of the question, must be viewed as substantially the same, since they are found to owe their creation to the same origin, and operation of mind.

The great error into which most of those who have treated of the subject of Taste have fallen, is that arising from the belief that there exists in material objects, certain inherent and invariable qualities of beauty, of sublimity, or of picturesqueness, and this, in many instances, in such a manner, as would have implied the existence of a peculiar sense or faculty, for the perception of them. Now, it is obvious, that if this really were the case, all men of perfect organization would be affected by the same objects, with precisely the same sensations, just as all mankind who have perfect organs, are similarly affected with the opposite sensations of light and darkness, of heat and cold, of sweetness and bitterness, or of those produced by the antagonist hues of black and white. But we know that men's opinions are so far from being uniform with regard to matters of taste, that the same object which produces one kind of emotion in one individual, will often produce an emotion of a very different sort in another; that an object which in one man produces a strong emotion, may produce no emotion at all in another. Nay more, that the very same object which deeply affects an individual in one way at one time, will affect him as strongly in a totally different or opposite manner at another, while at some other period it will produce no effect upon him at all. As it was found impossible to reconcile these facts with any theory which assigned to objects inherent and unchangeable qualities of beauty, of sublimity, or of picturesqueness, philosophers began to look into the mind itself for the generation and production of these emotions.

In the history of this question, it is a circumstance somewhat remarkable, that the writings of Plato exhibit some faint indications of the important truth, that in the perception of beauty, the mind of man only contemplates those pictures which its own affections have created. But from the days of Plato downwards, nearly to our own times, nothing exists to show that any writer had been fully enlightened on this subject. The opinions of St. Augustin, Crouzas, André, Shaftesbury, Hutcheson, and Gerard, were all visionary, and many of them wild—and even that of Burke himself, will not be found to be such as to entitle it to

exemption from these imputations. When duly considered, Burke's Theory may be resolved into this, that all objects appear beautiful, which have the power of producing a particular relaxation of our nerves and fibres, and which thus induce a certain bodily languor and sinking. But although the eloquence of the author of the *Treatise of the Sublime and Beautiful,* has given a charm to that work, which must always cause it to be read with intense pleasure, and although it is full of the most beautiful and striking remarks, yet its principle has been fundamentally abandoned by all, with the exception, perhaps, of Price himself, in whose writings somewhat of the spirit of Burke's theory may be detected under a new character. After Burke came Diderot, and Père Buffier, whose theories were also untenable. Then a whole troop of authors entered the lists, to tilt in a sort of chance-medley combat, in which each *preux chevalier* fought for himself independently, and exchanged thrusts with all the other combatants in succession. No two individuals were engaged who had not some point of opinion to dispute, while each seemed to have adopted for himself some favourite theory which he believed to be infallible. But although even the errors of these authors had some foundation in truth, that truth was so imperfect in itself, as to be quite tantamount to error. Their various theories, which, according to their several opinions, made beauty to consist in utility, proportion, relation, curved lines, smoothness, minuteness, delicacy, fragility, regularity, moderate variety, and other properties belonging essentially to objects, when tested were proved to be utterly fallacious as general principles, and therefore unsatisfactory. Each of the controvertists found it an easier matter to disprove the universality of application of the different theories of his various opponents, than to establish that of his own.

Thus it was that the mere surface of the question continued to be for some time agitated by controversy, without any nearer approach to truth, till a later race of enquirers arose, who, by going deeper in their researches into the operations of the human mind, and into the modes in which it is affected by the objects of the material world, began to explain and to reconcile the difficulties, and seeming incongruities that appeared among the various doctrines of former disputants. This was done by showing, that all of them had erred in seeking for any inherent qualities in objects, capable of being established as the sole, invariable, and direct productive causes of beauty, of sublimity, or of the picturesque—and by teaching us that our minds are affected by such impressions entirely from the influence of certain associations, the filaments of which are frequently so fine, as to be in themselves imperceptible,

and the original germs from which they spring often so deeply seated as to be indiscoverable, although, in other, and perhaps in most instances, a patient and industrious investigation may enable us to trace them satisfactorily—or in other words, our minds obey the power of these associations, by giving birth to the emotions which they naturally excite, and this even in many instances where the original *cause* of association may be forgotten, or extremely difficult to discover.

Mr. Alison's essays on the Principles of Taste, first published in 1790, afforded the earliest complete promulgation of the Theory of Association. He was followed by Knight, and Professors Dugald Stewart and Thomas Brown. But as Lord Jeffrey's eloquent and perspicuous article in the Encyclopædia Britannica is the last treatise on the subject of which I have any knowledge, and as he there prunes some of the redundancies of Alison, which are not only not essential to the theory itself, but which perhaps rather weaken than add to its strength, I shall avail myself of his observations, along with those of Mr. Alison, to aid me in the following attempt to explain and expose it in its most perfect form.

Mr. Alison tells us in his introduction, that the qualities that produce in the mind the emotions of sublimity and beauty, are to be found in almost every class of the objects of human observation, while the emotions themselves afford one of the most extensive sources of human delight. They occur to us amid every variety of external scenery, and among many diversities of disposition and affection in the mind of man. The merely *pleasing* arts of human invention are altogether directed to their production; and even the *utilitarian* arts are exalted into dignity by the genius that can unite beauty with use. These qualities, however, though so important to human happiness, are not the objects of immediate observation; and in the attempt to investigate them, various circumstances unite to perplex our research. They are not unfrequently obscured under the number of qualities with which they are accidentally combined. They result often from peculiar combinations of the qualities of objects, or the relations of certain parts of objects to each other. They are still oftener dependent upon the state of our minds, so as to vary in their effects with the *dispositions* in which they happen to be observed by us.

In order to discover the *causes* which produce these emotions, we must first investigate the nature of the qualities themselves, and secondly, that of the *faculty* by which the emotions are received. Mr. Alison very justly remarks, that such investigations are of value much beyond the mere gratification of philosophical curiosity, for whatever the science of criticism can afford for the improvement or correction of taste, must

altogether depend upon the previous knowledge of the laws of this faculty, and, without a just and accurate conception of the nature of these qualities, the artist must be unable to determine whether the beauty he creates is of a *temporary* or *permanent* nature—that is to say, whether it be merely adapted to the accidental prejudices prevalent in his own age, or whether it be fitted to command that more permanent approbation, which must always arise, in any age, from the uniform constitution of the human mind. I beg the reader to observe, that this observation applies to nothing more strongly than to the art of Landscape Gardening.

The fundamental point of Mr. Alison's theory is, that all the beauty of material objects depends on the associations that may have connected them with the ordinary affections or emotions of our nature. In other words, the beauty which we impute to such objects is nothing more than the reflection of our own inward emotions. The object presented to our eyes is associated either with pleasures, or pleasing emotions of our past life, or by some universal analogy with some such pleasing emotions, these are immediately suggested and renewed the moment the object is seen by us. I say *immediately* suggested, because, in my mind, it is plain that the emotions excited by these associations are *instantaneously* suggested; that is to say, they are suggested at the very instant that the object is observed by us, or at the very first glimpse we have of its appearance; for it is this immediate connection and instantaneous effect produced between the objects and the mind, which makes it so difficult for superficial enquirers to conceive that the *physical properties of the object* are not the direct cause of our sensations, and, consequently, the natural belief arises, that these physical properties are endowed with absolute and intrinsic qualities of beauty. If, then, the object presented to us be not altogether indifferent to us, we are at once enabled to pronounce it to be beautiful, or the reverse of beautiful, because, in the one case, it immediately suggests to us an association with some pleasing emotion of our past experience which it instantaneously recals, whilst, in the other, it with equal promptitude suggests an association with emotions of an unpleasing nature. But Mr. Alison is not contented to admit that an association calculated to excite such pleasing emotions within us, may be a sufficient cause of our being apparently conscious of perceptions of beauty in the objects of the material world. He conceives that this our sense of beauty consists, not merely in the suggestion of such ideas of pleasing emotion, but in the contemplation of a connected series of such ideas; nay, he seems to hold it to be *essential* to the production of a full perception of beauty,

that the mind should be borne away into a half active and half passive state of dreamy imagination, in which it may generate *trains of thought* allied to the character and expression of the object. Now, I think that after the object presented to us *has* excited its associated emotions of beauty, such dreamy trains of thought may be very likely to arise, especially in a mind of strong sensibility, rich imagination, and great reflective habits, such as that of Mr. Alison himself, and that more particularly in moments of peculiar quiet and leisure; and I am also prepared to admit that the primary emotion of beauty may be thereby very much expanded or multiplied, so as to increase the delight of the individual in a corresponding degree. But I must agree with Lord Jeffrey, that not only are such *trains of thought* not *essential*, but that such a view of the question might very much endanger the evidence as well as the consistency of the general doctrine. To use his lordship's own words—"In the long train of interesting meditations to which Mr. Alison refers, in the delightful reveries in which he would make the sense of beauty consist, it is obvious that we must soon lose sight of the external object which gave the first impulse to our thoughts, and though we may *afterwards* reflect upon it with increased interest and gratitude, as the parent of so many charming images, it is impossible, we conceive, that the perception of *its* beauty can ever depend upon a long series of various and shifting emotions." Feeling, as I do, the full force of this observation, I am disposed to think that Mr. Alison's error may be accounted for by the fact, that his own highly poetical and imaginative mind must have been so prone to yield to those delightful reveries of which he makes so much account, as to have led him to overlook the full influence of the primary emotions of beauty by which they were generated; be this as it may, however, this idea of the necessity of imaginative reveries for the production of beauty and sublimity, is so interwoven with the beginning of his work, as to lead me, in the first place, rather to apply to the text of Lord Jeffrey as the safest guide to a correct view of the Theory of Association.

"The basis of this theory is, that the beauty which we impute to outward objects is nothing more than the reflection of our own inward emotions, and it is made up entirely of certain little portions of love, pity, and affection, which have been connected with these objects, and still adhere, as it were, to them, and move us anew whenever they are presented to our observation. Before proceeding to bring any proof of the truth of this proposition, there are two things which it may be proper to explain a little more distinctly;—*first*, what are the primary affections, by the suggestion of which we think the sense of beauty is

produced? and *secondly*, what is the nature of the connexion by which we suppose that the objects we call beautiful are enabled to suggest these affections?

"With regard to the first of these points, it fortunately is not necessary either to enter into any tedious details, or to have recourse to any nice distinctions. All sensations that are not absolutely indifferent, and are, at the same time, either agreeable when experienced by ourselves, or attractive when contemplated in others, may form the foundation of the emotions of sublimity or beauty. The love of sensation seems to be the ruling appetite of human nature, and many sensations, in which the painful seems to bear no little share, are consequently sought for with avidity, and recollected with interest, even in our own persons. In the persons of others, emotions still more painful are contemplated with eagerness and delight; and, therefore, we must not be surprised to find, that many of the *pleasing sensations* of beauty or sublimity resolve themselves ultimately into recollections of feelings that may appear to have a very opposite character. The sum of the whole is, that every feeling which it is agreeable to experience, to recal, or to witness, may become the source of beauty in external objects, when it is so connected with them as that their appearance reminds us of that feeling. Now, in real life, and from daily experience and observation, we know that it is agreeable, in the first place, to *recollect* our own pleasurable sensations, or to be able to form a lively conception of the pleasures of other men, or even of sentient beings of any description. We know, likewise, from the same sure authority, that there is a certain delight in the remembrance of our past, or the conception of our future emotions, even though attended with great pain, provided they be not forced too rudely on the mind, and be softened by the accompaniment of any milder feeling. And, finally, we know, in the same manner, that the spectacle or conception of the emotions of others, even when in a high degree painful, is extremely interesting and attractive, and draws us away, not only from the consideration of indifferent objects, but even from the pursuit of light or frivolous enjoyments. All these are plain and familiar facts, of the existence of which, however they may be explained, no one can entertain the slightest doubt, and into which, therefore, we shall have made no inconsiderable progress, if we can resolve the more mysterious fact of the emotions we receive from the contemplation of sublimity or beauty.

"Our proposition, then, is, that these emotions are not original emotions, nor produced directly by any qualities in the objects which excite them, but are the reflections or images of the more radical and familiar

emotions to which we have already alluded, and are occasioned, not by any inherent virtue in the objects before us, but by *the accidents,* if we may so express ourselves, by which these may have been enabled to *suggest* or *recal* to us *our own past sensations or sympathies.* We might almost venture, indeed, to lay it down as an axiom, that, except in the plain and palpable case of bodily pain or pleasure, we can never be *interested* in any thing but the fortunes of *sentient* beings, and that every thing partaking of the nature of mental emotion must have for its object the feelings, past, present, or possible, of something capable of sensation. Independently, therefore, of all evidence, and without the help of any explanation, we should have been apt to conclude that the emotions of beauty and sublimity must have for their objects the sufferings or enjoyments of sentient beings, and to reject, as intrinsically absurd and incredible, the supposition, that material objects, which obviously do neither hurt nor delight the body, should yet excite, by their mere physical qualities, the very powerful emotions which are sometimes excited by the spectacle of beauty.

"Of the feelings, by their *connexion* with which external objects become beautiful, we do not think it necessary to speak more minutely, and, therefore, it only remains, under this preliminary view of the subject, to explain the nature of that *connexion* by which we conceive this effect to be produced. Here, also, there is but little need for minuteness or fulness of enumeration. Almost every tie by which two objects can be bound together in the imagination, in such a manner that the *presentiment* of the one shall recal the *memory* of the other, or, in other words, almost every possible relation which can subsist between such objects, may serve to connect the things we call sublime or beautiful with *feelings* that are interesting or delightful. It may be useful, however, to class these bonds of association between mind and matter in a rude and general way.

"It appears to us then, that objects are sublime or beautiful, *first,* When they are the *natural* signs and *perpetual concomitants* of pleasurable sensations, or at any rate, of some lively feeling or emotion in ourselves, or in some other sentient beings; or *secondly,* When they are the *arbitrary* or *accidental concomitants* of such feelings; or *thirdly,* When they bear some *analogy* or *fancied resemblance* to things with which these emotions are necessarily connected."

As examples of the *first* of these classes of association between matter and mind, Lord Jeffrey instances those associations where the object is *necessarily* and *universally* connected with the feeling by the law of nature, so that it is always presented to the senses when the feeling is

presented to the mind; as the sight or the sound of laughter, with the feeling of gaiety; of weeping, with distress; of the sound of thunder, with ideas of danger and power; of a young and beautiful woman, as viewed by the pure and unenvying eye of one of her own sex, with youth and health, innocence, gaiety, sensibility, intelligence, delicacy or vivacity; of a cultivated landscape, with the happiness of man; of wild mountain scenery, with his romance; of the season of spring, with the renovation of life; of childhood, with innocence. The following charming picture, illustrative of the manner in which we are affected by the beauty of landscape, is too applicable to the subject of the present work, to allow me to pass it over without doing justice to it in his Lordship's own words:

"It is easy enough to understand how the sight of a picture or statue should affect us nearly in the same way as the sight of the original; nor is it much more difficult to conceive, how the sight of a cottage should give us something of the same feeling as the sight of a peasant's family, and the aspect of a town raise many of the same ideas as the appearance of a multitude of persons. We may begin therefore with an example a little more complicated. Take, for instance, the case of a common English landscape; green meadows with fat cattle; canals or navigable rivers; well fenced, well cultivated fields; neat, clean, scattered cottages; humble antique church, with churchyard elms, and crossing hedge-rows, all seen under bright skies, and in good weather: there is much beauty, as every one will acknowledge, in such a scene. But in what does the beauty consist? Not certainly in the mere mixture of colours and forms; for colours more pleasing, and lines more graceful, (according to any theory of grace that may be preferred,) might be spread upon a board or a painter's pallet, without engaging the eye to a second glance, or raising the least emotion in the mind; but in the picture of human happiness that is presented to our imaginations and affections,—and in the visible and unequivocal signs of comfort; and cheerful and peaceful enjoyment,—and of that secure and successful industry that insures its continuance,—and of the piety by which it is exalted,—and of the simplicity by which it is contrasted with the guilt and the fever of a city life,—in the images of health and temperance and plenty which it exhibits to every eye,—and in the glimpses which it affords to warmer imaginations, of those primitive or fabulous times, when man was uncorrupted by luxury and ambition, and of those humble retreats in which we still delight to imagine that love and philosophy may find an unpolluted asylum. At all events, however, it is *human feeling* that excites our sympathy, and forms the object of our emotions. It is *man*,

and man alone, that we see in the beauties of the earth which he inhabits;—or, if a more sensitive and extended sympathy connect us with the lower families of animated nature, and make us rejoice with the lambs that bleat on the uplands, or the cattle that ruminate in the valley, or even with the living plants that drink the bright sun and the balmy air beside them, it is still the idea of enjoyment—of feelings that animate sentient beings—that calls forth all our emotions, and is the parent of all the beauty with which we proceed to invest the inanimate creation around us.

"Instead of this quiet and tame English landscape, let us take a Welsh or a Highland scene, and see whether its beauties will admit of being explained on the same principle. Here we shall have lofty mountains, and rocky and lonely recesses,—tufted woods hung over precipices,—lakes intersected with castled promontories,—ample solitudes of unploughed and untrodden valleys,—nameless and gigantic ruins,—and mountain echoes repeating the scream of the eagle and the roar of the cataract. This too is beautiful; and, to those who can interpret the language it speaks, far more beautiful than the prosperous scene with which we have contrasted it. Yet, lonely as it is, it is to the recollection of *man* and of human feelings that its beauty also is owing. The mere forms and colours that compose its visible appearance, are no more capable of exciting any emotion in the mind, than the forms and colours of a Turkey carpet. It is sympathy with the present or the past, or the imaginary *inhabitants* of such a region, that alone gives it either interest or beauty; and the delight of those who behold it, will always be found to be in exact proportion to the force of their imaginations, and the warmth of their social affections. The leading impressions here, are those of romantic seclusion and primeval simplicity; lovers sequestered in these blissful solitudes, 'from towns and toils remote;' and rustic poets and philosophers communing with nature, at a distance from the low pursuits and selfish malignity of ordinary mortals;—then there is the sublime impression of the Mighty Power which piled the massive cliffs upon one another, and rent the mountains asunder, and scattered their giant fragments at their base,—and all the images connected with the monuments of ancient magnificence and extinguished hostility—the feuds, and the combats, and the triumphs of its wild and primitive inhabitants, contrasted with the stillness and desolation of the scenes where they lie interred,—and the romantic ideas attached to their ancient traditions and the peculiarities of their present life,—their wild and enthusiastic poetry,—their gloomy superstitions,—their attachment to their chiefs,—the dangers, and the hardships, and enjoyments of their lonely huntings

and fishings,—their pastoral shielings on the mountains in summer,—and the tales and the sports that amuse the little groups that are frozen into their vast and trackless valleys in winter. Add to this the traces of vast and obscure antiquity that are impressed on the language and habits of the people, and on the cliffs, and caves, and gulfy torrents of the land,—and the solemn and touching reflection perpetually recurring, of the weakness and insignificance of perishable man, whose generations thus pass away into oblivion, with all their toils and ambition, while nature holds on her unvarying course, and pours out her streams, and renews her forests, with undecaying activity, regardless of the fate of her proud and perishable sovereign."

Of the *second* class of associations, those in which the external object is not the *natural* and *necessary*, but only the *occasional* or *accidental* concomitant of the emotion which it recalls, Lord Jeffrey brings forward instances where the perception of beauty is *not universal*, but entirely dependant on the opportunities which each individual has had to associate ideas of emotion with the object to which it is ascribed. Take for example the instance of the beauty of woman—how different and inconsistent are the standards fixed for it in Africa, in Asia, and in Europe; in Tartary and in Greece; in Lapland, Patagonia, and Circassia. The same national difference and opposition of taste occurs regarding landscape, architecture, dress, and indeed every external object, so that the remark is most natural, and the conclusion irresistible, that if there really were any thing *absolutely* or *intrinsically* beautiful in any of the forms thus distinguished, it is inconceivable that men should differ so widely in their conceptions of it, and if beauty were a real and independent quality, it is impossible that it should be distinctly and clearly felt by one class of persons, where another, altogether as sensitive, can see nothing but its opposite—and if it were actually and inseparably attached to certain forms, colours, or proportions, it must appear utterly inexplicable, that it should be felt and perceived, in the most opposite forms and proportions, in objects of the same description. A similar difference of taste is to be found in individuals as well as in nations, and necessarily, in an infinitely greater variety.

The *third* class of associations, is that which external objects may have with our internal feelings, and the power they may have in suggesting them, in consequence of a sort of *resemblance* or *analogy* which they seem to have to their *natural* and *appropriate* objects. The language of poetry is founded upon this analogy—all language is full of it—and numerous examples of it will exhibit themselves among those illustrations

of the theory which I shall have occasion to give in the course of my farther and more detailed exposition.

Although Mr. Alison seems to consider that the actual character of beauty or of sublimity never can be fully developed except when a chain of reverie is produced, yet the necessity of such a chain being always preceded by a primary and originating simple emotion, is fully admitted by him. He asserts that no objects or qualities of objects can be felt to be beautiful or sublime, but such as are productive of some simple emotion; and that whenever we would explain the beauty or sublimity of any object, we uniformly proceed to point out the *interesting* or *affecting* quality in it which is fitted to produce this simple emotion. It is not only impossible for us to imagine an object of taste that is not a *cause* of emotion, but it is impossible to describe any such object without resting the description on that quality. "Every man," says Mr. Alison, "has had reason to observe a difference in his sentiments with regard to the beauty of particular objects from those of other people, either in his considering certain objects as beautiful which did not appear so to them, or in their considering certain objects as beautiful which did not appear so to him. There is no instance of this more common than in the case of airs in music. In the first case of such a difference of opinion, we generally endeavour to recollect whether there is not some *accidental* association of pleasure which we have with such objects, and which affords us that delight which other people do not share; and it not unfrequently happens that we assign such associations as the *cause* of our pleasure, and as an apology for differing with them in opinion. In the other case, we generally take it for granted that they who *feel* a beauty where we do *not*, have some pleasing association with the object in question, of which we are unconscious, and which is accordingly productive to *them* of that delight in which *we* are unable to share. In both cases, though we may not discover what the particular association is, we do not fail to suppose that some such association exists which is the foundation of the sentiment of beauty, and to consider this difference of opinion as sufficiently accounted for on such a supposition. This very natural kind of reasoning could not take place if we did not find, from experience, that those objects only are productive of the sentiment of beauty, which are capable of exciting emotion."

Just so it is that our tastes change from infancy to manhood. It is only when we reach this mature state, that our taste, aided by education, much observation, and perhaps, too, by travel, becomes stored with so extensive a range of associations, as to enable us to discover and

to relish every species of beauty and sublimity, and skilfully to select and prefer those of highest poetical influence. And to render this state the more complete, the individual must not have been chained down to any one narrowing habit of thought, either professional or otherwise; for where large opportunities of emancipating the mind from such trammels have not been enjoyed, the *taste* will always be allied to the *occupation;* and, therefore, it is chiefly in the higher stations, and more liberal professions, that delicate and correct tastes are to be found. Original character, or a *tendency to particular emotions,* has a potent effect. To quote Mr. Alison's words:—" There are men, for instance, who, in all the varieties of external nature, find nothing beautiful, but as it tends to awaken in them a sentiment of sadness, who meet the return of spring with minds only prophetic of its decay, and who follow the decline of autumn with no other remembrance than that the beauties of the year are gone. There are men, on the contrary, to whom every appearance of nature is beautiful, as awakening a sentiment of gaiety, to whom spring and autumn alike are welcome, because they bring to them only different images of joy; and who, even in the most desolate and wintry scenes, are yet able to discover something in which their hearts may rejoice. It is not surely that nature herself is different, that effects so different are produced upon the imaginations of these men; but it is because the original constitution of their minds has led them to different habits of emotion; because their imaginations seize only those expressions in nature which are allied to their prevailing dispositions; and because every other appearance is indifferent to them but those which fall in with the peculiar sensibility of their hearts. The gaiety of nature is alone beautiful to the cheerful man; its melancholy to the man of sadness, because these alone are the qualities which accord with the emotions they are accustomed to cherish, and in which their imaginations delight to indulge." Just so, are different minds affected by the gay or the grave in poetry. Just so, when gay or when melancholy, we are affected with *pain* by the very same things that gave us *pleasure* when we were in an opposite state; and there are moments when some secret spell of listlessness hangs over our minds, so as utterly to prevent us from reaping any enjoyment at all from our favourite airs, books, or landscapes, or indeed from any thing pleasing within our reach. The most glorious spectacles of nature, such as those of sunrise or sunset, will affect the same individual in a greater or lesser degree, or it may be not at all, precisely as his imagination may or may not be in a state for the entertainment of those emotions which they are capable of exciting, whilst under a favourable state of the imagination, the most unpromising objects

may afford us delight. I have elsewhere illustrated this fact, by quoting at full length that beautiful little poetical tale by Mr. Crabbe, called "*The Lover's Journey.*" Here I shall content myself with shortly noticing that the poet describes a youth mounting his steed gaily in a fine summer morning, to ride to a neighbouring town, and meet by appointment the lady of his love. He travels over a barren heath, through lanes of burning sand, over a common, through fens, and solitary salt marshes; in short, through a wretched country, remarkable for its tedium and monotony, devoid of trees, meagerly covered with herbage of the worst description, and thinly animated with figures in themselves any thing but agreeable. Full of joyful anticipation, he sees nothing but beauty and exhilaration in all that he looks upon. He reaches the town, and arrives at the house of his fair one, where, instead of finding her, he receives a note informing him that she had been carried off by a friend on an excursion to her country house. Her note bids him follow her. Again he mounts, though in very bad humour; and, accordingly, while he now rides through a range of scenery which is naturally as rich and beautiful as the former was poor and ugly; and although all the accidental circumstances connected with it are of the most pleasing and enlivening description, his eye, jaundiced by his unlooked for disappointment, turns all he beholds into gall, and he sees nothing but deformity, both physical and moral, in the scenes through which he passes. He meets his charmer at her friend's house, and returns with her through the same lovely scenes to the town where she lives. They gave him actual pain before, but now he is too much occupied with her conversation, and delighted with her smiles, to notice them at all, more than if he were passing through them blindfolded. On the morning of the ensuing day, he returns home through the same dull scenery he had previously traversed on his way to visit the lady, but having now left his imagination behind with her who has his heart in keeping, he passes by all its monotonous and naturally disagreeable features, as if the shades of night veiled them from his view. I think that a happier illustration than this tale affords of the fact that our emotions of beauty are altogether dependant on the imagination, cannot be produced. To use the poet's own words:—

> "It is the soul that sees; the outward eyes
> Present the object, but the mind descries;
> And thence delight, disgust, or cool indifference rise.
> When minds are joyful, then we look around,
> And what is seen, is all on fairy ground;
> Again they sicken, and on every view
> Cast their own dull and melancholy hue;

Or if, absorbed by their peculiar cares,
The vacant eye on viewless matter glares,
Our feelings still upon our views attend,
And their own natures to the objects lend."

Thus it is that minds which have most leisure for the indulgence of imagination, have the greatest aptitude for receiving strong impressions from such objects; and thus it is that the attention required for the exercise of minute criticism, is found to diminish the sense of the beauties of the work which is the subject of it; and from the same cause we find that young people, being carried away by their imaginations, have some difficulty in forming a judgment of the true merits of any composition of fancy. To which I may add, that much of that endless variety, and even contrariety of opinion, which manifests itself among readers regarding the merits of such works, may be attributed to the difference in the nature of their minds, as well as of their degree of excitability.

Our sense of the sublimity or beauty of objects depends entirely upon those qualities in them which we consider at the moment. On first seeing the Venus de Medecis, or the Apollo Belvedere, the delicacy, modesty, and tenderness of the one, and the grace, dignity, and majesty of the other, will naturally awaken sympathetic association—whilst, at other times, the consideration of their mere forms as works of art, their dimensions, their proportions, their state of preservation, the history of their discovery, or even the sort of marble of which they are made, may stifle all the emotions of beauty. The same remark is applicable to poetry and painting; and it is thus that the too great exercise of criticism often ends in the destruction of the sensibility of taste, and the delight produced by the perception of beauty or sublimity, ceases to affect us in any higher degree than that which attaches to the estimation of the dexterity of art. Familiarity also brings us to look without emotion upon those very objects of art or nature which once produced within us the liveliest feelings of delight. A man of taste, taking up his residence in a romantic district, revels at first rapturously in its scenery; but familiarity soon renders him indifferent to it, except when his attention is called to its beauties—as, for example, when it becomes necessary to point them out to others, or when, perhaps, in some solitary hour, he may wander through his walks in dreamy contemplative admiration, yielding himself up, at every turn, to the successive associations that may be awakened within him. In the same way, the richest and most exquisite specimens of art that may adorn a mansion, soon cease to command the admiring eye of the owner, except when it is thus accidentally called to them. On the same principle, every one will see that the Ilyssus,

the Tyber, the Forum, the Capitol, could not have produced any such emotion in the Greek or the Roman, who daily beheld them, as they do in us, to whom they are hallowed by distance and heroic association. Fashion, too, makes us one day admire that which on another day we despise, and which again finds favour in our sight from the mere arbitrary circumstance, that it is the custom of the great. The reigning mode, both as to form and colour, is held to be intrinsically elegant and beautiful by the young and the frivolous of both sexes, while they are prone to ridicule those of their fathers. But had they been born in the days of their fathers, they would have just as certainly admired that which they now laugh at as absurd. Those who are most liable to the education of fashion, therefore, are the people on whom the slighter kinds of associations have a strong effect. In the words of Mr. Alison—"A plain man is incapable of such associations—a man of sense is above them—but the young and the frivolous, whose principles of taste are either unformed, or whose minds are unable to sustain any settled opinions, are apt to lose sight of every other quality in such objects, but their relation to the practice of the great, and, of course, to suffer their sentiments of beauty to vary with the caprice of this practice. It is the same cause that attaches the old to the fashions of their youth. They are associated with the memory of their better days —with a thousand recollections of happiness, and gaiety, and heartfelt pleasures, which they now no longer feel. The fashions of modern times have no such pleasing associations for them. They are connected to them only with ideas of thoughtless gaiety, or childish caprice. It is the fashion of their youth alone that they consider as beautiful."

It is plain, then, that there can be no *intrinsic* beauty or deformity in any of those fashions, and that the forms, colours, and materials, that are felt to be so decidedly beautiful when they are in fashion, are sure to lose all their beauty when the fashion has passed away. The full-bottomed wigs under which the heroic generals of Louis XIV. and our own William fought, had no doubt a noble effect in the eyes of the people of the age in which they were worn, but, when so used, they appear ridiculous in our eyes from their inseparable association with the ecclesiastical warriors, and forensic combatants by whom they have been now exclusively adopted.

Mr. Alison happily observes, that "the scenes which have been distinguished by the residence of any one whose memory we love to cherish, or whose character we admire, produce in us the strongest emotions of beauty and sublimity—'*Movemur enim, nescio quo pacto, locis ipsis, in quibus eorum, quos diligimus, aut admiramur, adsunt vestigia.*' The

scenes themselves may be little beautiful, but the delight with which we recollect the traces of their lives, blends itself insensibly with the emotions which the scenery itself excites; and the admiration which these recollections afford, seems to give a kind of sanctity to the place where they dwelt, and converts every thing into beauty that appears to have been connected with them. There are scenes undoubtedly more beautiful than Runnymede, yet to those who recollect the great event which passed there, there is no scene perhaps which so strongly seizes upon the imagination, and although the emotions this recollection produces are of a very different kind from those which *the mere natural scenery* can excite, yet they unite themselves so well with these inferior emotions, and spread so venerable a charm over the whole, that one can hardly persuade oneself that *the scene itself* is not entitled to this admiration. The valley of Vaucluse is celebrated for its beauty, yet how much of it has been owing to its being the residence of Petrarch!"

This species of association must have been frequently recognized by every one of the smallest observation, and every such person must admit the truth of Mr. Alison's remark, that "the majesty of the Alps themselves is increased by the remembrance of Hannibal's march over them; and who is there who can stand on the bank of the Rubicon, without feeling his imagination kindle, and his heart beat high!"

Such associations have the most wonderful effect in augmenting the impression of beauty or sublimity received from musical composition. The effects of the Renz des Vaches on the men of the Swiss regiment in the service of France, are well known. I may also instance what has frequently come under my own observation—the stirring effect produced on the officers and men of a regiment by its regimental tune, though it had in it no merit but that of association to give it any such influence.

"The beauty of any scene in nature," says Mr. Alison, "is seldom so striking to others as it is to a landscape painter, or to those who profess the beautiful art of laying out grounds. The difficulties both of invention and execution, which, from their professions are familiar to them, render the profusion with which nature often scatters the most picturesque beauties, little less than miraculous. Every little circumstance of form and perspective, and light and shade, which are unnoticed by a common eye, are important in theirs, and mingling in their minds the ideas of difficulty and facility in overcoming it, produce altogether an emotion of delight incomparably more animated than the *generality* of mankind usually derive from it."

The pleasure derived by the antiquary from the contemplation of ancient relics, arises from his imagination being carried back to the times

of chivalry and patriotism. There are few indeed who have not felt somewhat of the delight which is thus excited. In the language of Mr. Alison—" Even the peasant, whose knowledge of former times extends but to a few generations, has yet in his village some monument of the deeds or virtues of his forefathers, and cherishes with a fond veneration the memorial of those good old times to which his imagination returns with delight, and of which he loves to recount the simple tales that tradition has brought him. And what is it that constitutes the emotion of sublime delight, which every man of common sensibility feels upon the first prospect of Rome? It is not the scene of destruction which is before him. It is not the Tyber, diminished in his imagination to a paltry stream, flowing amidst the ruins of that magnificence which it once adorned. It is not the triumph of superstition over the wreck of human greatness, and its monuments erected upon the very spot where the first honours of humanity have been gained. It is ancient Rome which fills his imagination. It is the country of Cæsar, of Cicero, and Virgil, which is before him. It is the mistress of the world which he sees, and who seems to him to rise again from her tomb to give laws to the universe. All that the labours of his youth, or the studies of his maturer age have acquired, with regard to the history of this great people, open at once on his imagination, and present him with a field of high and solemn imagery which can never be exhausted. Take from him these associations—conceal from him that it is Rome that he sees, and how different would be his emotion!"

As the great mass of mankind live in the world without receiving any kind of delight from the various scenes of beauty which it displays, so we may all remember a period of our lives when our minds were quite as callous. But from early education, an acquaintance with poetry, with the romantic part of history, with painting, and with a thousand other causes productive of associations, this new and invaluable source of delight was gradually opened to us. " Associations of this kind," says Mr. Alison, " when acquired in early life, are seldom altogether lost; and whatever inconveniences they may sometimes have with regard to the general character, or however much they may be ridiculed by those who do not experience them, they are yet productive, to those who possess them, of a perpetual and innocent delight. Nature herself is their friend. In her most dreadful, as well as her most lovely scenes, they can discover something either to elevate their imaginations, or to move their hearts; and amid every change of scenery, or of climate, they can still find themselves among the early objects of their admiration or their love."

The great source of the superiority of good Landscape Gardening lies in

the artist removing from the scene of his operations whatever is hostile to its effect or unsuited to its character, and by selecting or adding only such circumstances as accord with the general expression of the scene, to awaken emotions more full, more simple, and more harmonious, than any we can receive from the scenes of nature herself. The same principles apply to the artist's choice of subjects from nature for landscape painting—the very nature of which, however, yields him infinitely greater facilities. But his *happy selection* must also be accompanied by *pure, simple, and consistent composition.* The unlearned eye first admires painting merely as an art of imitation—it is only from the progress of our sensibility, and the poetical cultivation of our minds, that we begin to comprehend the greater compositions of genius, after which the *unity of expression* is felt to be the great secret of the power of painting. As the painter enjoys much greater *facilities* than the landscape gardener, so the poet, by speaking *directly to the imagination,* has immense advantages over the painter, who addresses himself *to the eye.* But he is subjected to the same rules for selection, and for the preservation of unity of character and expression, by which, indeed, the degree of the excellence of poetical description is chiefly determined. In short, in Mr. Alison's words—"In all the Fine Arts, that composition is most excellent, in which the different parts most fully unite in the production of one unmingled emotion, and that taste the most perfect, where the perception of this relation of objects, in point of expression, is most delicate and precise."

In his second essay Mr. Alison asks the question—What is the source of the sublimity and beauty of the material world? Many objects of the material world are productive of the emotions of sublimity and beauty. Yet matter in itself is unfitted to produce any kind of emotion. The qualities of mere matter are known to us only by means of our external senses, which can merely convey to us sensation and perception, and never emotion. The smell of a rose, the colour of scarlet, the taste of a pine-apple, produce agreeable *sensations,* not agreeable *emotions;* whilst assafœtida or aloes produce disagreeable *sensations,* but not disagreeable *emotions.* Now, although the qualities of matter are incapable of producing emotion, or the exercise of any affection, it is yet obvious that they may produce this effect from their association with other qualities, and as being the signs or expressions of such qualities as are fitted, by the constitution of our nature, to produce emotion. "Thus," to use Mr. Alison's words, "in the human body, particular forms or colours are the signs of particular passions or affections. In works of art, particular forms are the signs of dexterity, of taste, of convenience, of utility.

In the works of nature, particular sounds and colours, &c. are the signs of peace, or danger, or plenty, or desolation, &c. In such cases the constant connection we discover between the sign and the thing signified, —between the material quality, and the quality productive of emotion,— renders at last the *one* expressive of the *other*, and very often disposes us to attribute to the *sign*, that effect which is produced only by the quality signified. The material qualities which distinguish a ship, a plough, a printing press, or a musical instrument, do not solely afford us the perception of certain colours or forms; but, along with this perception, bring with it the conception of the different uses or pleasures which such compositions of material qualities produce, and excite in us the same emotion with the uses or pleasures thus signified. As in this manner the utilities or pleasures of all external objects are expressed to us by their material signs of colour and of form, such signs are naturally productive of the emotions which properly arise from the qualities signified. All our knowledge of the minds of other men, and of their various qualities, is gained by means of material signs. Power, strength, wisdom, fortitude, justice, benevolence, magnanimity, gentleness, tenderness, love, sorrow, are all known to us by the external signs of them in the countenance, gesture, or voice. Such material signs are therefore very early associated in our minds with the qualities they signify; and as they are constant and invariable, they soon become productive to us of the same emotions with the qualities themselves." We learn by experience that certain qualities of *mind* are signified by certain qualities of *body*. When we find similar qualities of body in inanimate matter, we are apt to attribute to them the same expression, and to conceive them as signifying the same qualities in this case, as in those cases where they derive their expression immediately from mind. Thus the strength, delicacy, boldness, and modesty of *mind*, are naturally and invariably applied to inanimate forms. The strength of the oak, the delicacy of the myrtle, the boldness of a rock, and the modesty of the violet, are expressions common to all languages, and so "common that they are scarcely in any considered as figurative; yet every man knows, that strength and weakness, boldness and modesty, are qualities not of *matter* but of *mind*, and that without our knowledge of *mind*, it is impossible that we should ever have had any conception of them. How much the effect of descriptions of natural scenery arises from that personification which is founded upon such associations, I believe there is no man of common taste who must not often have been sensible."

The very constitution of our nature leads us to perceive resemblances between our sensations and emotions, and consequently between the ob-

jects that produce them. "Thus," says Mr. Alison, "there is some analogy between the sensation of gradual ascent, and the emotion of ambition,—between the sensation of gradual descent, and the emotion of decay,—between the lively sensation of sunshine, and the cheerful emotion of joy,—between the painful sensation of darkness, and the dispiriting emotion of sorrow. In the same manner, there are analogies between silence and tranquillity,—between the lustre of morning, and the gaiety of hope,—between softness of colouring, and gentleness of character,—between slenderness of form, and delicacy of mind, &c. The objects, therefore, which produce such sensations, though in themselves not the immediate signs of such interesting or affecting qualities; yet, in consequence of this resemblance, become generally expressive of them; and if not always, yet at those times, at least, when we are under the dominion of any emotion, serve to bring to our minds the images of those affecting or interesting qualities which we have been accustomed to suppose they resemble. How extensive this source of association is, may easily be observed in the extent of such kinds of figurative expression in every language."

To these sources of general association we must add those which peculiarly belong to individuals. There is not one who has not from accident—from his studies—or from some circumstances of his life—established certain agreeable or disagreeable associations with particular colours, sounds, or forms, which never fail to operate the moment he sees or hears them.

These examples are enough to show how numerous and extensive those associations are which are awakened by matter, and its qualities which have resemblance to qualities capable of producing emotion. The perception of the one immediately suggests the other; and so early are these associations formed that it becomes difficult for us to avoid attributing to the *sign* that effect which is alone produced by the *quality signified*. "If," says Mr. Alison, "the qualities of matter are in themselves fitted to produce the emotions of sublimity or beauty, (or, in other words, are *in themselves* beautiful or sublime,) I think it is obvious that they must produce these emotions independently of any association. If, on the contrary, it is found that these qualities only produce such emotions when they are associated with interesting or affecting qualities, and that when such associations are destroyed they no longer produce the same emotions, I think it must also be allowed that their beauty or sublimity is to be ascribed, not to the *material*, but to the *associated qualities*."

Now the senses by which we discover beauty or sublimity in material objects are those of hearing and seeing. The objects of the first are sounds, simple or compound; of the second, colours, forms, and motion.

Of simple sounds we have those which occur in inanimate nature—the notes and cries of animals—and the tones of the human voice. Now, if any of these are really intrinsically sublime or beautiful in themselves, how does it happen that we find *contrary sounds* producing *the same effect,* and *the same sounds* producing *different effects,* according to the associations with which they are connected? All sounds are sublime which are associated with ideas of danger, as thunder—the howling of a storm—the *rombo* of an earthquake—and the roar of artillery: or with ideas of power or might, as the rushing sound of a torrent—the fall of a cataract—the uproar of a tempest—the explosion of gunpowder—and the dashing of the waves: or with ideas of majesty, solemnity, or deep melancholy, or any other such strong emotion, as the sound of the trumpet and other warlike instruments—the tones of the organ—the sound of the curfew—and the tolling of the passing bell. Now, if such sounds as these had any inherent character of sublimity in them, the same sounds would at all times produce the same emotions. But let us take for example the sound of thunder, which is perhaps of all others in nature the most sublime. "In the generality of mankind," says Mr. Alison, "this sublimity is founded on awe, and some degree of terror. Yet how different is the emotion which it gives to the peasant who sees at last, after a long drought, the consent of Heaven to his prayers for rain,—to the philosopher, who, from the height of the Alps, hears it roll beneath his feet,—to the soldier, who, under the impression of ancient superstition, welcomes it upon the moment of engagement as the omen of victory! In all these cases the sound itself is the same; but how different the nature of the sublimity it produces! There is nothing more common than for people who are afraid of thunder to mistake some very common and indifferent sound for it; as the rumbling of a cart, or the rattling of a carriage. While their mistake continues they feel the sound as sublime. The moment they are undeceived, they are the first to laugh at their error, and to ridicule the sound that occasioned it. Children at first are as much alarmed at the thunder of the stage as at real thunder. Whenever they find that it is only a deception, they amuse themselves with mimicking it. It may be observed, also, that very young children show no symptoms of fear or admiration at thunder, unless, perhaps, when it is painfully loud, or when they see other people alarmed about them, obviously from their not having yet associated with it the idea of danger—and perhaps, also, from this cause, that our imagination assists the report, and makes it appear much louder than it really is, a circumstance which seems to be confirmed by the common mistake we make of taking very inconsiderable noises for it." In support of this

observation of Mr. Alison, I may mention a common trick of my boyhood, which I often performed to the infinite alarm of certain ladies. I used stealthily to hold a sheet of drawing paper over the window, and whilst I pretended to listen as if I had heard thunder afar off, I gently agitated the paper, and so produced an exact imitation of the sound of its distant rolling, to the great discomfiture of my audience. In the same way the sound of cannon is sublime from the destructive power we associate with it. But although the noise of artillery and musquetry in a distant engagement, associated as it is with the fell work that is doing, is awfully sublime, the same sound when heard in a review loses all such effect; and, if not painful to the ear, is more likely to promote laughter than any other feeling. So it is with all the other sounds that have been mentioned. Whilst loud and tumultuous sounds very generally produce emotions of sublimity, we often find the same emotions produced by low and feeble sounds. That low moaning which precedes the burst of the storm is often more sublime than the burst of the storm itself. The buzz of flies in the deep silence of a summer's day, associated as it is with the power of the Great Creator of all things, who has thus called so incalculable an exuberance of happy animal life into being, to exist only for a brief space, as if it were a type of the brevity of the life of man, is truly sublime to the reflective mind. The falling of a drop of water, a sound most insignificant in itself at all other times, becomes sublime when heard at intervals descending from the vaulted roof of some lofty cathedral or cavern. Nay, even the vulgar sound of a hammer becomes sublime when we know that it is employed in the erection of the scaffold on which mistaken or misled patriotism is about to suffer; or when heard, as in Shakspeare, during the night previous to a battle, when

> ——————— "from the tents
> The armourers accomplishing the knights,
> With busy hammers closing rivets up,
> Give dreadful note of preparation."

The buzz of flies, the dropping of water, and the sound of a hammer, are sounds so truly uninteresting in themselves, that their sublimity in the instances quoted can only be attributed to the qualities of which they are the signs. The trumpet becomes sublime or ludicrous, just as it is used in battle or at a raree-show; and in the same way the sound of a bell becomes sublime or the reverse, as it may be carried before a funeral, as we often see it in Roman Catholic processions, or hung to a dustman's cart.

The sounds productive of the emotion of Beauty, such as that of the

gentle waterfall—the murmuring of a rivulet—the soft whispering of a zephyr—the sheep-fold bell—the sound of the curfew—are all subject to the same changes. The curfew, for instance, which

——————— " tolls the knell of parting day,"

and which is so beautiful in moments of *melancholy* or *tranquillity,* is directly the reverse in *joyful or cheerful moments.* The sound of the waterfall is delightful or disagreeable, just as it is heard amidst the luxuriance of summer scenery, or the rigors of winter. The sound of the hunting-horn, so exhilarating and picturesque in seasons of gaiety, is insupportable in hours of melancholy. There is but little beauty in the harsh twang of the postman's horn; but associated, as it is by Cowper, with the

——————— " news from all nations lumbering at his back,"

and the quiet domestic enjoyment of the evening tea-table party, where they are about to be eagerly perused, it receives a charm which partakes of the beautiful. But it is only when we happen to be in that temper and condition of mind which suits with the emotions of which they are expressive, that such sounds are capable of exciting them. Whilst in such a condition, the sound of a cascade or a hunting-horn might even be imitated so as to awaken all those emotions which would arise from the real sounds, but the moment the trick was discovered, emotions of ridicule alone would be produced.

The notes or cries of some animals are highly sublime; such as the roar of the lion—the growl of the bear—the howl of the wolf—the scream of the eagle—because associated with animals remarkable for their strength, and formidable from their ferocity. There is not one of these sounds that may not be exactly imitated; and whilst the deception is kept up, the sublime emotions will be produced, to cease, and to be converted into those of ridicule the moment the deceit is discovered. " Then," says Mr. Alison, " the howl of the wolf is little distinguished from the howl of the dog, either in its tone or in its strength; but there is no comparison between their sublimity. There are few, if any, of these sounds so loud as the most common of all sounds, the lowing of a cow. Yet this is the very reverse of sublimity. Imagine this sound, on the contrary, expressive of fierceness or strength, and there can be no doubt that it would become sublime. The hooting of the owl at midnight, or amid ruins, is strikingly sublime; the same sound at noon, or during the day, is very far from being so. The scream of the eagle is simply disagreeable when the bird is either tame or confined; it is sublime only when it is heard amid rocks and deserts, and when it is expressive to us of liberty and

independence, and savage majesty. The neighing of a war-horse in the field of battle, or of a young and untamed horse when at large among mountains, is powerfully sublime. The same sound in a cart-horse, or a horse in the stable, is simply indifferent, if not disagreeable. No sound is more absolutely mean than the grunting of swine. The same sound in the wild boar—an animal remarkable both for fierceness and strength—is sublime. The low and feeble sounds of animals which are generally considered the reverse of sublime, are rendered so by association. The hissing of a goose, and the rattle of a child's play-thing, are both contemptible sounds; but when the hissing sound comes from the mouth of a dangerous serpent, and the noise of the rattle is that of the rattlesnake, although they do not differ from the others in intensity, they are both of them highly sublime."

That it is from association alone that the beauty of the notes of animals arises, will appear evident from the following examples. Nothing can be more silly or absurd than the imitated sounds of the notes of the cuckoo as emitted by a child's toy, or by the machinery of a German clock. But when we hear the bird itself in the beginning of spring, how sweetly its notes fall upon the ear, associated as they are with primroses, and all the other budding beauties of nature! And then, suppose that whilst walking abroad at such a season, some one were to deceive us by means of the wooden toy, would not all these exquisite feelings rush upon our minds, as certainly as if we were listening to the real notes of the bird? and would they not all fly from us at once the moment that the deception should be discovered? Then we know that those who from youth, from lack of education, or from other circumstances, have formed no such associations, feel no such emotions of beauty from sounds which deeply affect those who are more favourably circumstanced. A peasant laughs if you ask him to admire the call of a goat, the bleat of a sheep, or the lowing of a cow, yet association makes all these delightful to cultivated minds. A child shows no symptom of admiration at those sounds in rural scenery, which to other people are most affecting, and we can all look back to a period in our lives when we were altogether unaffected by those beautiful sounds which occur in the country, and we shall find that the period when we first became sensible of their beauty, was that when we first began to feel them as expressive of those associations which we have acquired either from our own observation of nature, or from the perusal of poetical works. And then, when we travel into distant countries, we find ourselves shocked with the notes of animals, which, from certain associations, are particularly agreeable to the natives. The cry of the stork, for instance, is

any thing but pleasing to us, whilst to the Hollander it is singularly beautiful, owing to the bird being with him the object of a pleasing popular superstition. The bleating of a lamb is beautiful on the hillside in a fine spring day, but it fills us with the most disagreeable emotions when we hear it in a town, in winter, coming from the condemned cell of the butcher. The lowing of a cow is beautiful in a pastoral scene, but it is absolutely disagreeable in the farm-yard, and most painful when it comes from within the walls of the shambles. Even the song of the nightingale, so charming in the twilight or night, is so much disregarded during the day, as to give rise to the common mistake that it never sings but at night. If such sounds as these, which have been now enumerated, were beautiful in themselves, they would necessarily be at all times beautiful.

On the principle of the absolute and independent sublimity or beauty inherent in sounds, it is impossible to explain the fact of the same effect being produced by sounds very opposite in their nature. Mr. Alison tells us, that "there is certainly no resemblance, as sounds, between the noise of thunder and the hissing of a serpent—between the growling of a tiger and the explosion of gunpowder—between the scream of the eagle and the shouting of a multitude; yet all of these are sublime. In the same manner, there is as little resemblance between the tinkling of the sheep-fold bell and the murmuring of the breeze—between the hum of the beetle and the song of the lark—between the twitter of the swallow and the sound of the curfew; yet all these are beautiful." But the various modes by which they excite in us the same emotions, are easily explained and accounted for on the principle of association.

The tones of the human voice are associated in our imaginations with the qualities of mind of which they are in general expressive; and the beauty or sublimity of such tones arises from the nature of the qualities they express, and not from the nature of the sounds themselves. Such sounds are beautiful or sublime only as they express passions or affections which excite our sympathy. The tones peculiar to anger, peevishness, malice, envy, misanthropy, deceit, &c., are neither agreeable nor beautiful. That of good nature is agreeable at particular seasons, but we *regret the want of it* more than we *enjoy its presence*. On the contrary, the tones expressive of hope, joy, humility, gentleness, modesty, melancholy, &c., though all very different, are all beautiful, because the qualities they express are the objects of interest and approbation. For a similar reason, the tones expressive of magnanimity, fortitude, self-denial, patience, resignation, &c., are all sublime. But the effect of such sounds is limited by the temper of mind in which we happen to be. To a man in grief, the tone of cheerfulness is painful—that of indignation is un-

pleasant to the man in a state of placidity of temper—that of patience is contemptible to an irritated man—to the peevish the voice of humility is provoking. Now, if the beauty or sublimity of such tones were independent of the qualities of mind we associate with them, the same sounds would uniformly produce the same emotions.

Sounds united by certain laws produce music. Its essence consists in *continued* sounds, which must have a relation to each other. What *thought* is to the arrangement of words, the *key* or fundamental tone is to the arrangement of sounds, and to it all the other sounds in the series must bear relation. The succession of the sounds must possess a regularity as to *time*. The two circumstances, therefore, which determine the nature or character of every musical composition, are the nature of the key, and the nature of the progress—the nature of the fundamental governing sound, and the nature of the time of the succession. The relation of the *fundamental tone,* in musical compositions, to the expression of the qualities of mind, is so strong that all musicians understand what keys or tones are fitted for the expression of those affections. We may find a difference of opinion as to whether any piece of music is beautiful or not; but whether its sounds are gay or solemn—cheerful or melancholy—elevating or depressing—is seldom matter of dispute. When any musical composition affects us with the emotions of beauty or sublimity, it must be from the associations which we connect with it, or the qualities of which it is expressive to us. If the beauty of music arose from the regularity of its composition, according to the laws which are necessary to the constitution of music, every composition where those laws were observed would be beautiful. But if a composition expresses no sentiment, a common hearer feels no beauty in it; and if it possesses neither novelty nor skill, a connoisseur in music feels as little of its emotion, and, consequently, all the world pronounce it to be bad music. If any one were asked what it was that rendered an air so beautiful, he would answer, because it was so plaintive, solemn, cheerful, tender, gay, or elevating, &c.; but he would never think of describing its peculiar nature as a composition of sounds. Music then is productive of two distinct pleasures—that mechanical pleasure which, by the constitution of our nature, accompanies the perception of a regular succession of related sounds—and that pleasure which originates the emotions of sublimity or beauty, by the expression of some pathetic or interesting affection, or by being the sign of some pleasing or valuable quality.

In addition to these remarks, I may observe that early individual associations with certain airs, will always excite the strongest emotions of beauty or sublimity in our minds, and will melt us to tenderness, or

excite us to fury. In illustration of this, I may here repeat an anecdote which I have given in another work. Some Scottish officers were coasting along the shores of the Mediterranean in a felucca; a woman's voice came warbling on their ears from the bosom of a grove; the air was that lovely, simple, and touching melody of their native land, *The Broom of the Cowdenknowes.* The associations it awakened were such as to make every chord of their manly hearts vibrate with emotion, and they wept. They landed in quest of the songstress, when, to their surprise, they discovered an old Scottish woman, seated at her cottage door, twirling her distaff, and lightening her task with these long-cherished strains of her youth. She was the widow of a soldier who had been killed in battle, and she had been thrown by the tide of accident into the spot where the gentlemen found her. Their grateful feelings prompted them to offer to convey her to her native country, in return for the delight they had experienced from the pleasurable associations with home which her notes had awakened. But, alas! all her friends were dead—her *native* country was no longer *her* country—she was, as it were, rooted in the soil where she now vegetated, and, perhaps, she enjoyed her indulgence in those visionary visitations to the scenes of her youth, which the singing of its ballads procured for her, more than she could have done the really visiting her native land.

The sense of sight enables us to discover beauty or sublimity in a much greater number of external objects than any of the other senses—a circumstance which inclines us to give greater confidence to that sense than to the rest; and thus it is that the *visible qualities* of objects become in a great measure the *signs* of all their other qualities. Mr. Alison thus explains this proposition:—"Not only the smell of the rose or the violet, is expressed to us by their colours and forms; but the utility of a machine—the elegance of a design—the proportion of a column—the speed of the horse—the ferocity of the lion—even all the qualities of the human mind, are naturally expressed to us by certain *visible* appearances, because our experience has taught us that such qualities are connected with such appearances, and the *presence* of the *one* immediately suggests to us the *idea* of the *other*. Such visible qualities, therefore, are gradually considered as the signs of other qualities, and are productive to us of the same emotions with the qualities they signify. But, besides this, it is also to be observed, that by this sense we not only discover the nature of individual objects, and therefore naturally associate their qualities with their visible appearance, but that by it also we discover the relation of objects to each other; and that hence a great variety of objects in nature become expressive of qualities

which do not immediately belong to themselves, but to the objects with which we have found them connected. Thus, for instance, it is by this sense that we discover that the eagle inhabits among rocks and mountains—that the redbreast leaves the woods in winter to seek shelter and food among the dwellings of men—that the song of the nightingale is peculiar to the evening and the night, &c. In consequence of this permanent connection, these animals acquire a character from the scenes they inhabit, or the seasons in which they appear, and are expressive to us in some measure of the character of these seasons and scenes. It is hence that so many objects become expressive, which perhaps in themselves could never have been so—that the curfew is so solemn from accompanying the close of day—the twitter of the swallow so cheerful from its being heard in the morning—the bleating of sheep, the call of the goat, and the lowing of kine, so beautiful from their occurring in pastoral or romantic situations;—in short, that the greatest number of natural objects acquire their expression from their connection with particular or affecting scenes."

Colours have the power of exciting emotions, from associations arising from the nature of objects permanently coloured. White is expressive of the cheerfulness which the return of day brings with it; black, as the colour of darkness, is expressive of gloom or melancholy; blue, the colour of a serene sky, is expressive of something of the same pleasing and temperate character; green is associated with spring and all its charms. Many colours derive expression from their analogies with certain affections of the human mind; soft or strong, mild or bold, gay or gloomy, cheerful or solemn, are terms applied to colours in all languages. Others acquire character from accidental association; purple and ermine have their dignity from association with the robes of kings; scarlet, as the dress of our army, has a character correspondent to its employment, and, perhaps, it was this association that induced the blind man to liken his notion of scarlet to the sound of a trumpet. It is possible that certain colours may, of themselves, produce agreeable or disagreeable physical sensations in the organs of vision, just as there may be painful sounds, but this circumstance does not affect the question. Most colours are considered beautiful in one country, and not so in another; black, which is to us unpleasant, as associated with death, is otherwise to the Spaniard or Venetian, with whom it is the dress of the great; yellow in dress is to us disagreeable, whilst in China it is the favourite colour, and sacred to the empire. To us white is beautiful, in China it is disagreeable, as being the colour of mourning. A new colour in dress is never admired till it has been worn by persons of rank

and elegance, and thus become associated with them; and so, when they cease to wear it, we find it sink into neglect and contempt, to be succeeded by some other colour. Those colours which association has taught us to admire in *one* thing, are, from the same cause, hideous to us in *another*. Rose colour, which is so beautiful in the flower, or in a damask curtain, would be horrible in the grass of the field, or in a table, or a door, or a window. Suppose the army and navy dressed in black, and the church and bar in scarlet, how ludicrous would be the effect of this violation of association. Nay, it is so difficult to reconcile us to any change, however small, that I must confess the red collar recently applied to the old true blue dress coat of our navy captains, though understood to be only a restoration from more ancient times, is to me a disagreeable innovation, as breaking in upon my associations with the simplicity of those distinguished uniforms in which our brave countrymen achieved the victories of the Nile and Trafalgar. Select all those colours which might be considered in themselves to be most beautiful when seen on the painter's pallet, and paint with them the rocks, the trees, or the animals of nature, how outrageously offensive would be the attempt! Mr. Alison tells us the interesting fact, that Dr. Blacklock the poet, though blind from infancy, learned the distinguishing colours of objects from books of poetry read to him, and that he thus acquired the same associations with the words expressive of them, as those who see have done with the colours themselves, so that by these means he has composed poems from which no reader could possibly gather that he was blind. This is a strong confirmation of the opinion, that the beauty of such qualities arises from the associations we connect with them, and not from any original or independent beauty in the colours themselves.

Form is that quality of matter which of all others produces the most general and natural emotions of sublimity and beauty. The sublimity and beauty of forms arise altogether from the associations we connect with them, or the qualities of which they are expressive to us—the expressions of such qualities as arise from the nature of the objects distinguished by such forms, and the expressions of such qualities as arise from their being the subject or the production of art. The first is their natural beauty, the second their relative beauty. Besides these, there is another source of expression in such qualities from accidental association, which may be termed accidental beauty.

Sublimity of form arises from the nature of the objects distinguished by that form, and from the quantity or magnitude of the form itself. Forms distinguishing objects associated with ideas of danger or of power,

are sublime—such as cannons, mortars, military ensigns, armour, arms, &c.—forms distinguishing bodies of great duration, and consequently expressing power or strength. Hence forms of trees are sublime exactly in proportion to their expression of this quality; and rocks, appearing coeval with creation, and which have outlived all the convulsions of nature, are sublime. So, architecture is the sublimest of arts; and the Gothic castle is especially sublime, from its association with the many battle tides which have raged up ineffectually against its defences. The forms of the throne, the sceptre, the diadem, the triumphal car, and the triumphal arch, are sublime, from association with ideas of power and magnificence. Forms connected with ideas of awe or solemnity are sublime, such as the forms of temples; and what, for example, can be more sublime than the Pæstan temples, the very origin of which can be only guessed at, and which have outlived even the dust into which the city that once surrounded them has been crumbled by time.

> "They stand, between the mountains and the sea,
> Awful memorials, but of whom we know not.
> The seaman passing, gazes from the deck—
> The buffalo-driver, in his shaggy cloak,
> Points to the work of magic, and moves on.
> Time was they stood along the crowded street,
> Temples of gods! And on their ample steps
> What various habits, various tongues beset
> The brazen gates for prayer and sacrifice!"

The thunderbolt of Jupiter, and the trident of Neptune, were sublime forms to the ancients, though utterly insignificant in themselves. The pall, the hearse, the robes of mourning, are sublime from this cause —and even the white plumes that nod over the car of death, are powerfully sublime, though their colour is in general so cheerful under other circumstances. The sublimity of these forms, therefore, clearly arises from the qualities which they express. In many forms we find their magnitude bestowing sublimity, for with magnitude we have many distinct and powerful associations. In animal forms, it is associated with power and strength—for animals of great size that are feeble and harmless are contemptible, even in the eyes of children. Magnitude of height is expressive of elevation of soul or magnanimity. Magnitude in depth is expressive of danger or terror, so that in all countries hell is considered to be an unfathomable abyss. Magnitude in breadth is expressive of stability, duration, and superiority to destruction; hence towers, forts, and castles are sublime, and of all other works of art, the Pyramids are most sublime, not only because of their magnitude, and that their form

is of so enduring a nature, but also from their mysterious origin, and the immense duration of their existence. It is from such associations alone, and from no original fitness in the quality itself, that magnitude is sublime; for there is no determinate degree of magnitude that constitutes sublimity, and the same visible magnitude which is sublime in one subject, is often very far from being sublime in another.

Form is matter bounded by lines, which may be either angular or curved. Most bodies in nature possessing hardness, strength, or durability, are distinguished by angular forms, such as rocks, stones, metals, strong and durable plants, &c. Those possessing weakness, fragility or delicacy, have winding or curvilinear forms, such as the feeble and more delicate race of plants. The same holds in the animal kingdom. The infancy of plants and animals is generally distinguished by winding or serpentine forms, and thence arise the associations expressive of infancy, tenderness, and delicacy, with curvilinear forms—and of maturity, strength, and vigour, with those which are more angular. Besides this, our sense of touch early informs us that angular forms are expressive of roughness, sharpness, harshness—and winding forms, of softness, smoothness, delicacy, and fineness. Hence associations with these qualities are easily caught by the eye from the forms of the bodies before us, and the epithets bold, harsh, gentle, delicate, are universally applied to forms in all languages. "Among these qualities," says Mr. Alison, "those of gentleness, fineness, or delicacy, are the most remarkable, and the most generally expressed in common language. In describing the beautiful forms of ground, we speak of gentle declivities, and gentle swells. In describing the beautiful forms of water, we speak of a mild current, gentle falls, soft windings, a tranquil stream. In describing the beautiful forms of the vegetable kingdom, we use a similar language. The delicacy of flowers, of foliage, of the young shoots of trees and shrubs, are expressions every where to be heard, and which every where convey the belief of beauty in these forms. In the same manner, in those ornamental forms which are the production of art, we employ the same language to express our opinion of their beauty. The delicacy of a wreath, of a festoon, of drapery, of a column, or of a vase, are terms universally employed, and employed to signify the reason of our admiration of their forms. If we were to describe the most beautiful vase in technical terms, and according to the distinguished characteristics of its form, no one but an artist would have any tolerable conception of its beauty; but if we were simply to describe it as peculiarly delicate in all its parts, we should probably leave with every one the impression of the beauty of its form." To children, every form of things which they love

or take pleasure in, is beautiful; and so also with common people. If there really were any original and independent beauty in form, the preference of this form would be early and distinctly marked in the language of children, and in the opinions of mankind.

In the greater part of beautiful forms, whether in nature or art, lines of different descriptions unite. The greater part of the forms of nature and art possess an union or composition of uniformity and variety, of similarity and dissimilarity of forms. But were such a composition in itself beautiful, it would necessarily follow, that, in every case where it was found, beauty would be the result. This is not the case, however, as will be seen from the following passage from Mr. Alison's work, which I extract verbatim at the greater length, because it bears so particularly on the subject of the present work:—"Every one knows that the mere union of similarity and dissimilarity does not constitute a beautiful form. In the forms of ground, of water, of vegetables, of ornaments, &c., it is difficult to find any instance of a perfectly simple form, or in which lines of different descriptions do not unite. It is obvious, however, that such objects are not beautiful in so great a proportion, and that, on the contrary, in all of them there are cases where this mixture is mere confusion, and in no respect considered as beautiful. If we enquire farther, what is the circumstance which distinguishes beautiful objects of these kinds, it will be found, I believe, that it is some determined character or expression which they have to us, and that when this expression is once perceived we immediately look for and expect some relation among the different *parts* to this general character. It is almost impossible, for instance, to find any form of ground which is not complex, or in which different forms do not unite. Amid a great extent of landscape, however, there are few spots in which we are sensible of beauty in their original formation, and wherever such spots occur, they are always distinguished by some prominent character, such as greatness, wildness, gaiety, tranquillity, or melancholy. As soon as this *impression* is made, as soon as we feel the *expression* of the scene, we immediately become sensible that the different forms that compose it are suited to this character; we perceive, and very often we imagine, a correspondence among these parts, and we say accordingly that there is a *relation and harmony* among them, and that nature has been kind in combining different circumstances with so much propriety for the production of one effect. We amuse ourselves also in imagining improvements to the scenes, either in throwing *out* some circumstances which do not correspond, or in *introducing* new ones, by which the general character may be more effectually supported. All

this beauty of composition, however, would have been unheeded, if the scene itself had not some determinate character; and all that we intend by these imaginary improvements, either in the preservation of greater uniformity, or in the introduction of greater variety, is to establish a more perfect relation among the different parts to this peculiar character.

In the laying out of grounds, in the same manner, every one knows, that the mere composition of similar and dissimilar forms, does not constitute Beauty; that some *character* is necessary to which we may refer the relation of the different parts; and that where no such *character* can be created, the composition itself is only confusion. It is upon these principles accordingly, that we uniformly judge of the beauty of such scenes. If there is no *character* discernible, no general expression which may afford our imaginations the *key* of the scene, although we may be pleased with its neatness, or its cultivation, we feel no beauty whatever in its composition; and we leave it with no other impression than that of regret, that so much labour and expense should be thrown away upon so confused and ungrateful a subject. If, on the other hand, the scene is *expressive*, if the general form is such as to inspire some peculiar emotion; and the different *circumstances*, such as to correspond to this effect, or to increase it, we immediately conclude that the composition is good, and yield ourselves willingly to its influence. If, lastly, amid such a scene, we find circumstances introduced which have no relation to the general character or expression; if forms of gaiety and gloom—greatness and ornament—rudeness and tranquillity, &c. are mingled together without any attention to one determinate effect, we turn with indignation from the confusion, and conclude that the composition is defective in its first principles. In all cases of this kind we become sensible of the beauty of composition only when the scene has some general *character*, to which the different forms in composition can refer; and we determine its beauty by the effect of this union in maintaining or promoting this general expression. The same observation may be extended to the forms of wood and water. * * * In the vegetable world, also, if the mere composition of uniformity and variety were sufficient to constitute beauty, it would be almost impossible to find any instance where vegetable forms should not be beautiful. That this is not the case every one knows; and the least attention to the language of mankind will show, that, wherever such forms are beautiful, they are felt as *characteristic* or expressive, and that the beauty of the composition is determined by the same principle which regulates our opinions with regard to the compositions of the forms of ground. The beautiful forms which we ourselves remark in this kingdom—the forms which have been selected by sculptors for embellishment or ornament—by painters for the effect of landscape—by poets for

description or allusion—are all such as have some determinate expression or association; their beauty is generally expressed by epithets significant of this character; and if we are asked the reason of our admiration, we immediately assign this expression as a reason satisfactory to ourselves for the beauty we discover in them. As soon also as we find this expression in any vegetable form, we perceive, or we demand, a *relation* among the different parts to this peculiar character. If this relation is maintained, we feel immediately that the composition of the form is good. We show it as a beautiful instance of the operation of nature; and we speak of it as a form in which the utmost harmony and felicity of composition is displayed. If, on the contrary, the different parts do not seem adjusted to the general *character*,—if, instead of an agreement among those parts in the maintaining or promoting this expression, there appears only a mixture of similar and dissimilar parts, without any correspondence or alliance, we reject it as a confused and insignificant form, without meaning or beauty. If, in the same manner, the general form has no expression, we pass it by without attention, and with a conviction, that where there is no character to which the relation of the different parts may be referred, there can be no propriety or beauty in its composition. In the different species of vegetables which possess expression, and which consequently admit of beauty in composition, it is observable, also, that every *individual* does not possess this beauty, and it is the same principle which determines our opinion of the beauty of individuals, that determines our opinion of the beauty of different species. The oak, the myrtle, the weeping willow, the vine, the ivy, the rose, &c. are beautiful classes of plants; but every oak and myrtle, &c. does not constitute a beautiful form. The many physical causes which affect their growth, affect also their expression; and it is only when they possess in purity the peculiar character of the class, that the individuals are felt as beautiful. In the judgment accordingly that we form of this beauty, we are uniformly guided by the circumstance of the expression. When, in any of these instances, we find an accumulation of forms, different from what we generally meet with, we feel a kind of disappointment, and however much the composition may exhibit of mere *uniform* and *varied* parts, we pass it by with some degree of indignation. When the discordant parts are few, we lament that *accident* should have introduced a *variety* which is so prejudicial, and we amuse ourselves with fancying how beautiful the form would be, if these parts were omitted. It is only when we discover a general correspondence among the *different parts* to the whole of the *character*, and perceive the uniformity of this *character* maintained amidst all their varieties, that we are fully satis-

fied with the beauty of form. The superiority of the productions of sculpture and painting to their originals in nature, altogether consists in the power which artists have to correct their accidental defects, in keeping out every circumstance which can interrupt the general expression of the subject or the form; and in presenting, pure and unmixed, the *character* which we have associated with the objects in real nature. * * * *

I believe it will be found that different proportions of uniformity and variety are required in forms of different characters; and that the principle from which we determine the beauty of such proportion, is from its correspondence to the nature of the peculiar emotion which the form itself is fitted to excite. Every one knows that some emotions require a greater degree of *uniformity*, and others a greater degree of *variety* in their objects; and perhaps, in general, all strong or powerful emotions, and all emotions which border upon pain, demand uniformity or sameness; and all weak emotions, and all emotions which belong to positive pleasure, demand variety or novelty in the objects of them. Upon this constitution of our nature the beauty of composition seems chiefly to depend; and the judgment we form of this beauty appears in all cases to be determined by the correspondence of the different parts of the composition in preserving or promoting the peculiar expression by which the object itself is distinguished. In the forms of ground, for instance, there is very obviously no certain proportion of uniformity and variety which is permanently beautiful. The same degree of uniformity which is pleasing in a scene of greatness or melancholy, would be disagreeable or dull in a scene of gaiety or splendour. The same degree of variety that would be beautiful in *these*, would be distressing in the *others*. By what rule, however, do we determine the different beauty of these proportions? Not, surely, by the composition itself, else one determinate composition would be permanently beautiful; but by the relation of this composition to the expression or character of the scene; by its according with the demand and expectation of our minds; and by its being suited to that particular state of attention or of fancy, which is produced by the emotion that the scene inspires. When this effect is accordingly produced, when the proportion either of uniformity or variety corresponds to the nature of this emotion, we conclude that the composition is good. When this proportion is violated, when there is more uniformity of expression than we choose to dwell upon, or more variety than we can follow without distraction, we conclude that the composition is defective, and speak of it as either dull or confused. Whatever may be the number of distinct *characters* which the forms of ground possess, there is an equal number of different proportions required in the composition of them;

and so strong is this natural determination of the beauty of composition, that, after admiring the composition of one scene, we very often, in a few minutes afterwards, find equal beauty in a composition of a totally different kind, when it distinguishes a scene of an opposite character."

In following up this part of his subject, Mr. Alison quotes Mr. Wheatley, who, when treating of ground in his work upon gardening, says, that, —" The *style* of every part must be accommodated to the *character* of the whole; for every piece of ground is distinguished by certain properties; it is either tame or bold—gentle or rude—continued or broken; and if any variety inconsistent with these properties be obtruded, it has no other effect than to weaken *one* idea, without raising *another*. The insipidity of a flat, is not taken away by the introduction of a few scattered hillocks; a continuation of uneven ground can alone give the idea of inequality. A large deep abrupt break among easy swells and falls, seems at best but a piece left unfinished, and which ought to have been softened; it is not more *natural* because it is more *rude*. On the other hand, a small, fine, polished form, in the midst of rough misshapen ground; though more elegant than all about it, is generally no better than a patch, itself disgraced, and disfiguring the scene. A thousand instances might be added, to show, that the prevailing idea ought to pervade every part, so far at least *indispensably*, as to exclude whatever distracts it; and as much farther as possible, to accommodate the *character* of the *ground* to the *character* of the *scene* it belongs to." The same principle extends to the *proportion*, and to the *number of the parts*. "Ground is seldom beautiful or natural without variety, or even without contrast; and the precautions which have been given, extend no farther than to prevent *variety* from degenerating into *inconsistency*, and *contrast* into *contradiction*. Within the extremes nature supplies an inexhaustible fund; and variety thus limited, so far from destroying, improves the general effect. Each distinguished part makes a separate impression, and all bearing the same stamp, all concurring towards the same end, every one is an additional support to the prevailing idea. An accurate observer will see in every form several circumstances by which it is distinguished from every other. If the scene be mild and quiet, he will place together those that do not differ widely, and he will *gradually* depart from the similitude. In ruder scenes the succession will be less regular, and the transitions more sudden. The character of the place must determine the degree of difference between contiguous forms. An assemblage of the most elegant forms, in the happiest situations, is to a degree indiscriminate, if they have not been selected and arranged with a design to produce certain expressions; an air of magnificence—or of

simplicity—of cheerfulness—of tranquillity,—or some other general *character* ought to pervade the whole; and objects however pleasing in themselves, if they contradict that *character,* should therefore be excluded; those which are only indifferent must sometimes make room for such as are more significant; many will often be introduced for no other merit than their expression; and some which are in general rather disagreeable, may occasionally be recommended by it. Barrenness itself may be an acceptable circumstance in a spot dedicated to solitude and melancholy." The great secret of good Landscape Gardening, seems thus to consist in the accurate preservation of the *character* of every scene, whether that *character* be originally there, or created in it.

The same observations which are applicable to landscape in general, will be found to apply to the different classes of trees, as well as to the individuals of the several species. "All these individuals," says Mr. Alison, "are not beautiful, and wherever they appear as beautiful, it is when their forms adhere perfectly to their character; when no greater degree either of uniformity or variety is assumed than suits that peculiar emotion, which their expression excites in our minds. An oak which wreaths not into vigorous or fantastic branches—a yew which grows into thin or varied forms—a plane tree or a horse chestnut, which assumes not a deep and almost solid mass of foliage, &c., appear to us as imperfect and deformed productions. They seem to aim at an expression which they do not reach, and we speak of them accordingly, as wanting the *beauty,* because they want the *character* of their class."

There is no one *determinate proportion* of uniformity and variety then, which invariably constitutes beauty. There are in fact as many varieties of beautiful compositions, as there are varieties of character, and the beauty is constituted by the correspondence of the composition to the character. The vase, for example, may be either magnificent, elegant, simple, gay, or melancholy. In all these cases the composition is different. A greater proportion of uniformity distinguishes it when destined to the *expression* of magnificence, simplicity or melancholy; and a greater proportion of variety, when the expression of elegance or gaiety is sought for. There is a propriety and a beauty in this difference of composition, according to the peculiar character which the form is destined to have. But if the vase on a tomb has all the varieties of the goblet, or the latter all the uniformity of the funereal urn, the composition is unfitted to the expression which the object is intended to have. In the orders of architecture the Tuscan is distinguished by its severity—the Doric by its massive simplicity—the Ionic by its elegance—the Corinthian and Composite by their lightness, gaiety, and richness. To these

characters their several ornaments are adapted with consummate taste. "Change these ornaments," says Mr. Alison, "give to the Tuscan the Corinthian capital, or to the Corinthian the Tuscan, and every person would feel not only disappointment from this unexpected composition, but a sentiment also of impropriety from the appropriation of a grave or sober ornament to a subject of splendour, and of a rich and gaudy ornament to a subject of severity."

Forms have a *relative* beauty from their being the subjects of art, or produced by wisdom or design for some end. Whatever is the *effect* of art, naturally leads us to the consideration of that *art* which is its *cause*, and of that *end* or purpose for which it was produced. The discovery of skill or wisdom in the one, or of usefulness or propriety in the other, makes us conscious of a very pleasing emotion, and the forms which experience has taught us are associated with such qualities, become naturally and necessarily expressive of them, and affect us with the emotions which properly belong to the qualities they signify. Design, fitness, and utility, may be considered as the three great causes of the relative beauty of forms, and in many cases this beauty arises from all these expressions together. The beauty of design in a poem, in a painting, in a musical composition, or in a machine, is perpetually sought for, and admired when found. Design is inferred from fitness or utility; for they are to us *signs* of the design or thought which produced them. Yet we often perceive design in forms both in art and nature, where we can discover no fitness or utility, and in such cases, we must look for that material quality, which is most naturally and most powerfully expressive to us of design, that is uniformity or regularity. This view seems to account for the circumstance, of the universal prevalence of uniformity in the earliest periods of the arts. It was natural, that in the infancy of society when art was first cultivated, and the attention of mankind was first directed to works of design, that such forms would be selected for those arts which were intended to please, as were capable of most strongly expressing the design or skill of the artist. What the spectator would then most admire, in the arts of sculpture and painting, where they imitated the human form, would be the invention or art which produced the resemblance to man, whilst the study of the artist would naturally be, to make his work as expressive of this skill as possible. The surest mode of effecting this would be by uniformity, and by making use of an attitude, in which both sides of the body were perfectly similar in form, position, and drapery. The Egyptian, and even the earlier period of the Grecian art of sculpture, was distinguished by the same character, all the parts being subjected to the highest degree of

finishing and polish. The history of painting, too, shows that the first periods of this art were distinguished by the same character. Mr. Alison says, that " the art of gardening seems to have been governed, and long governed by the same principle. When men first began to consider a garden as a subject capable of beauty, or of bestowing any distinction on its possessor, it was natural that they should render its form as different as possible from that of the country around it; and to mark to the spectator as strongly as they could, both the design, and the labour they had bestowed upon it. Irregular forms, however convenient or agreeable, might still be the production of nature. But forms perfectly regular, and divisions completely uniform, immediately excited the *belief* of design, and with this belief, all the *admiration* which follows the employment of skill, or even of expense. That this principle would naturally lead the first artists in gardening to the production of uniformity, may easily be conceived, as even at present, when so different a system of gardening prevails, the common people universally follow the first system. * * * * * * * * As gardens, however, are both a costly and permanent subject, and are consequently less liable to the influence of fashion, this taste would not easily be altered, and the principal improvements which they would receive, would consist rather in the greater employment of uniformity and expense, than in the introduction of any new design. The whole history of antiquity, accordingly, contains not, I believe, a single instance where this character was deviated from in a spot considered solely as a garden; and till within this century, and in this country, it seems not anywhere to have been imagined that a garden was capable of any other beauty than what might arise from utility, and from the display of art and design. It deserves, also, farther to be remarked, that the additional ornaments of gardening have in every country partaken of the same character, and have been directed to the purpose of increasing the appearance and the beauty of design. Hence *jets d' Eau,* artificial fountains, regular cascades, trees in the form of animals, &c., have in all countries been the principal ornaments of gardening. The violation of the usual appearances of nature in such objects, strongly exhibited the employment of art. They accorded perfectly, therefore, with the character which the scene was intended to have; and they increased its beauty, as they increased the effect of that quality upon which this beauty was founded."

The same principle very probably caused the invention of rhyme and measure in poetry, and may also account for the precedence which poetry has so long enjoyed over prosaic composition. To show design in his

laws, even the lawgiver was compelled to promulgate them in rhyme, as, for the same reason, the sage used it for the promulgation of his aphorisms. The invention of writing, which in itself sufficiently proved design, produced a revolution in composition, though the permanence of poetical models, and the real difficulty of the art of poetry itself, still gives to it a very high value in this respect. But when painters and sculptors had so far advanced in their several arts as to render pre-eminence in either impossible, whilst uniformity was adhered to, they began to deviate from it, and to imitate the most beautiful attitudes of the human form. And then perceiving the influence which the passions and affections had upon it, they sought to imitate such attitudes and expressions as were the *signs* of them; and finding the forms of real life frequently deficient, they gradually sought for and found out ideal beauty. Thus was uniformity naturally deserted, and the variety of real life introduced, and the admiration of the spectator kept pace with its introduction, because, besides the additional pleasure he received from the expression of these forms, that of the design, and skill, and dexterity of the artist, was greater than before. This would naturally take place with the other arts, and as the love of uniformity distinguished the earlier periods of society, so that of variety would come to distinguish the periods of cultivation and refinement. We may therefore assert, in the words of Mr. Alison, that "wherever in the arts of any country variety is found to predominate, it may be safely inferred that they have long been cultivated in that country; as, on the other hand, wherever the love of uniformity prevails, it may with equal safety be inferred that they are in that country but in the first stage of their improvement."

Mr. Alison's views of the causes of the tardy improvement of the art of gardening, are curious and ingenious, I therefore give them in his own words:—"There is one art, however, in which the same *effect* seems to have arisen from very different *causes*. The variety which distinguishes the modern art of gardening in this island, beautiful as it undoubtedly is, appears not to be equally natural to this art as it has been shown to be to others. It is at least of a very late origin—it is to be found in no other country—and those nations of antiquity who had carried the arts of taste to the greatest perfection which they have ever yet attained, while they had arrived at beauty in every other species of form, seem never to have imagined that the principle of variety was applicable to gardening, or to have deviated in any respect from the regularity or uniformity of their ancestors. Nor does it indeed seem to be either a very natural or a very obvious invention. A garden is a spot surrounding or contiguous to a house, and cultivated for the convenience

or pleasure of the family. When men first began to ornament such a spot, it was natural that they should do with it as they did with the house to which it was subordinate, viz. by giving it every possible appearance of uniformity, to show that they had bestowed labour and expense on the improvement of it. In the countries that were most proper for gardening, in those distinguished by a fine climate and beautiful scenery, this labour and expense could in fact be expressed in no other way than by the production of such uniformity. To imitate the beauty of nature in the small scale of a garden, would have been ridiculous in a country where this beauty was to be found upon the great scale of nature; and for what purpose should they bestow labour or expense, for which every man expects credit, in creating a scene which, as it could be little superior to the general scenery around them, could consequently but partially communicate to the spectator the *belief* of this labour or this expense having been bestowed? The beauty of landscape, nature has sufficiently provided. The beauty, therefore, that was left for man to create, was the beauty of convenience or magnificence, both of them dependent on the employment of art and expense, and both of them best expressed by such forms as immediately signified the employment of such means. In such a situation, therefore, it does not seem natural that men should think of proceeding in this art beyond the first and earliest forms which it had acquired, or that any farther improvement should be attempted in it, than merely in the extension of the scale of this design." Mr. Alison then goes on to tell us, that in this view it is probable that the modern taste in gardening, or the art of creating landscape, may owe its origin to two circumstances, which may at first appear paradoxical, viz. to the accidental circumstance of our taste in natural beauty being founded upon foreign models, from early association with the Greek and Roman compositions, and from the effects of the influence of the great Italian masters; and, secondly, to the difference or inferiority of the scenery of our own country to that which we were thus accustomed to admire. He then proceeds to say, that "it was very natural for the inhabitants of a country of which the scenery, however beautiful in itself, was yet, in many respects, very different from that which they were accustomed to consider as solely or supremely beautiful—to attempt to imitate what they did not possess—to impart, as it were, the beauties which were not of their own growth; and, in fact, to create that scenery which nature and fortune had denied them. Such improvements, however, as extremely expensive, could not be at first on a very large scale; they would, for various reasons, occupy only that spot of ground which surrounded the house, and as they thus supplanted what had formerly been

the garden, they came very naturally to be considered only as another species of gardening. A scene of so peculiar a kind could not well unite with the country around. It would gradually, therefore, extend so as to embrace all the ground that was within view, or in the possession of the improver. From the garden, therefore, it naturally extended to the park, which therefore also became the subject of this new improvement. * * * * The first attempts of this kind in England, were very far from being an imitation of the general scenery of nature. It was solely the imitation of Italian scenery—statues, temples, urns, ruins, colonnades, &c., were the first ornaments of all such scenes. Whatever distinguished the *real scenes* of nature *in Italy*, was here employed in *artificial scenery* with the most thoughtless profusion; and the object of the art in general, was the creation, not of natural, but of Italian landscape. It was but a short step, however, from this state of the art to the pursuit of general beauty. The great step had already been made in the destruction of the regular forms, which constituted the former system of gardening, and in the imitation of nature, which, though foreign and very different from the appearance or character of nature in our own country, was yet still the imitation of nature. The profusion with which temples, ruins, statues, and all the other adventitious articles of Italian scenery were lavished, became soon ridiculous. The destruction of these, it was found, did not destroy the beauty of landscape. The power of simple nature was felt and acknowledged; and the removal of the articles of acquired expression, led men only more strongly to attend to the natural expression of scenery, and to study the means by which it might be maintained or improved. The publication also at this time of *The Seasons* of Thomson, in the opinion of Dr. Warton, a very competent judge, contributed in no small degree both to influence and direct the taste of men in this art. The peculiar merit of the work itself, the singular felicity of its descriptions, and above all, the fine enthusiasm which it displays, and which it is so fitted to excite with regard to the works of nature, were most singularly adapted to promote the growth of an infant art, which had for its object the production of natural beauty; and by diffusing everywhere both the admiration of nature, and the knowledge of its expression, prepared, in a peculiar degree, the minds of men in general, both to feel the effects and to judge of the fidelity of those scenes in which it was imitated. By these means the art of gardening has gradually ascended from the pursuit of general beauty—to realize whatever the fancy of the painter has imagined, and to create a scenery more pure, more harmonious, and more expressive, than any that is to be found in nature itself."

As uniformity was the distinguishing form of beauty in the first periods of the various arts, variety is the distinguishing form in their later periods. Uniformity and variety, then, in conjunction, are beautiful when correspondent to the *character* or expression of the subject; and again, when they are expressive of the skill or taste of the artist. It is in the power of the artist either to sacrifice the beauty of design to that of character or expression, or to sacrifice the beauty of character to that of design. The beauty of design produces less affecting emotions than the beauty of expression or character. It is fully felt only by proficients in the art, and whilst its duration depends upon the *period* of the art, the permanence of the beauty of expression and character rests upon certain invariable and indestructible principles of our nature. The expression of design, therefore, in the arts, should always be subordinate or subject to the expression of character.

Fitness, or the proper adaptation of *means* to an *end*, is the great source of the *relative* beauty of forms. The greater part of the emotion of beauty which we feel in regarding furniture, machines, and instruments, has its origin in this cause. Even the most common and disregarded articles of convenience are felt as beautiful, when we forget their familiarity, and consider them only in relation to the purposes they serve. A physician even tells us of a beautiful theory of dropsies or fevers—a surgeon of a beautiful instrument for operations—an anatomist of a beautiful subject or preparation;—instances which show that even objects which are disgusting in themselves, become beautiful when regarded only in the light of their usefulness or fitness. The beauty of proportion is also to be ascribed to this cause, that is, from certain proportions being expressive of the fitness of the parts to the end designed. The want of this gives us that dissatisfaction which we feel when *means* appear to be unfitted to their *end*. "In all the orders of architecture," to use Mr. Alison's words, "the fitness of the parts to the support of the particular weight in the entablature, is apparent to every one, and constitutes an undoubted part of the pleasure we receive from them. In the Tuscan, where the entablature is heavier than the rest, the column and base are proportionably stronger. In the Corinthian, where the entablature is lightest, the column and base are proportionably slighter. In the Doric and Ionic, which are between these extremes, the forms of the column and base, are, in the same manner, proportioned to the reciprocal weights of their entablatures—being neither so strong as the one nor so slight as the other." To this we may add, that we have pleasure in looking at a justly proportioned peristyle of Doric, or other columns, very much because experience has taught us that such a

quantity of such material, in such forms, is amply sufficient to give security to the superstructure. But let the same *actual* security be given by means of thin iron pillars, and although reason may convince us that it *really is* sufficient, our eyes have been so long accustomed to such proportions as are required for the weaker materials of stone or marble, that any thing thinner appears deficient and disproportionate, and so offends the eye. A much longer experience of iron supports, and a much greater familiarity with them will be required, before the eye be reconciled to the thinness of their proportions, and when the time does arrive when it shall be so, proportions in general will become variable in the estimation of different people. Utility, when evidently expressed, is sufficient to give beauty to forms of the most different and even opposite kinds.

Forms have what may be termed their *accidental* beauty from associations not common to all, but peculiar to the individual. They take their rise from education—from peculiar habits of thought—from situation—from profession, and the beauty they produce is felt only by those whom similar causes have led to the formation of similar associations.

Motion is in many cases productive of emotions of sublimity and beauty. The associations connected with it arise either from the nature of motion itself, or from the nature of the bodies moved. I agree with Mr. Alison, that motion which is sublime, is that which is expressive to us of the exertion of power; but I cannot so readily concur with him in the proposition—"that there is no instance where motion, which is the apparent effect of force, is beautiful or sublime," for I apprehend that the flight of an arrow is beautiful, and that of a cannonball or of a blazing bombshell sublime. Rapid motion is sublime—slow motion in small bodies beautiful, though in great bodies it is sublime, as in the movement of a first-rate man-of-war,—the ascent of a great balloon,—the slow march of an immense embattled army,—or the motion of stupendous clouds, to which I may add the slow, gradual, but terrific advance of a stream of lava from a volcano,—or the tardy yet certain descent of the side of a Swiss mountain on the cultivated and thickly peopled valley below.

Mr. Alison devotes a large portion of the latter part of his work to a consideration of the origin of the beauty or sublimity to be perceived in the countenance and form of man, as well as in his attitudes and gestures, all of which he treats with the same perspicuity of argument, and luxuriance of felicitous illustration, as the examples I have given so abundantly prove that his essays are replete with. But on this part of the subject I shall content myself with stating, that he proves very

satisfactorily, that it is in perfect harmony with the general theory of association, and that the beauty or sublimity of the human countenance or form, does not arise from any original or essential beauty in either—that there is a *negative* species of beauty *necessary* to every beautiful form or face, but *not constituting* it, which arises from the expression of physical fitness or propriety—that the *real* and *positive* beauty of the form or face arises from its expression of some amiable or interesting character of mind, and that the *degree* of this beauty is proportionate to the degree in which this character is interesting or affecting to us;—and, finally, that the beauty of composition in the human face and form arises, as in all other cases, from the unity of expression, and that the *law* by which we determine the beauty of their several members, is that of their correspondence to the peculiar nature of the characteristic expression. I dismiss this part of the subject so shortly, from no want of a due notion of its great importance to the general question, but because it does not bear so directly on the immediate object of this work. As it regards the doctrine of association, I am disposed to consider it so very essential, that I believe that those emotions of beauty or sublimity which are excited in us by the other objects of the material world, inanimate as well as animate, are invariably produced by associations which all, in some way, originate in our early formed mental impressions of the varieties of human character, passions, and emotions.

Mr. Alison sums up his work by stating, that "the illustrations he has offered in the course of his essay upon the origin of the sublimity and beauty of some of the principal qualities of matter, seem to afford evidence for the following conclusions:—I. That each of these qualities is either from nature, from experience, or from accident, the *sign* of some quality capable of producing emotion, or the exercise of some moral affection;—and II. That when these associations are dissolved, or, in other words, when the material qualities cease to be significant of the associated qualities, they cease also to produce the emotions either of sublimity or beauty. If these conclusions are admitted, it appears necessarily to follow, that the beauty and sublimity of such objects is to be ascribed, not to the material qualities themselves, but to the qualities they signify; and, of consequence, that the qualities of matter are not to be considered as sublime or beautiful in themselves, but as being the signs or expressions of such qualities as, by the constitution of our nature, are fitted to produce pleasing or interesting emotion." In short, "that the beauty and sublimity which is felt in the various appearances of *matter*, are finally to be ascribed to their *expression of mind*, or to their being either directly or indirectly the *signs* of those *qualities of mind*, which

are fitted by the constitution of our nature, to affect us with pleasing or interesting emotion."

The view which Mr. Alison thus takes of the manner in which we are affected by the objects of the material world, will at once be perceived to be that which is most consonant to the goodness and wisdom of the beneficent Creator of the universe, who has thereby made provision for the general diffusion of human happiness, so far as it may depend on the pleasures of taste. Mr. Alison gives a beautiful and convincing exposition of this in the following sentences.

"If the emotions of taste, and all the happiness they give, are produced by the perpetual expression of mind, the accommodation of this system to the happiness of human nature, is not only in itself simple, but it may be seen in the simplest instances. Wherever the appearances of the material world are expressive to us of qualities we love or admire; wherever, from our education or connections, or habits, or our pursuits, its qualities are associated in our minds with affecting or interesting emotions, there the pleasures of beauty or sublimity are felt, or at least are *capable* of being felt. Our minds instead of being *governed* by the character of external objects, are enabled to bestow upon them a character which does not belong to them; and even with the *rudest,* or the *commonest* appearances of nature, to connect feelings of a nobler or a more interesting kind, than any that the mere influences of matter can ever convey. It is hence that the inhabitant of savage and barbarous countries, clings to the rocks and the deserts in which he was nursed, so, that if the pursuit of fortune forces him into the regions of fertility and cultivation, he sees in them no memorials of early love, or of ancient independence; and that he hastens to return to his rocks, and the deserts which spoke to his infant heart, amidst which he recognizes his first affections, and his genuine home. It is hence that in the countenance of her dying infant, the eyes of the mother discover beauties which she feels not in those who require not her care, and that the bosom of the husband or friend glows with deeper affection when he marks the advances of age or disease, over those features which first awakened the emotions of love or of friendship. It is hence, in the same manner, that the eye of admiration turns involuntarily from the forms of those who possess only the advantages of physical beauty, or the beauty of fitness or proportion, to rest upon the humble or less favoured forms which are expressive of genius, of knowledge, or of virtue; and that in the public assemblies of every country, the justice of national taste neglects all the external advantages of youth, of rank, or of grace, to bestow the warmth of its enthusiasm upon the mutilated

form of the warrior who has extended its power, or the grey hairs of the statesman who has maintained its liberty. * * * * * * *

It is by means of this constitution of our nature, that the emotions of taste are blended with moral sentiments, and that one of the greatest pleasures of which we are susceptible, is made finally subservient to moral improvement. If the beauty of the material world were altogether independent of expression; if any original law had imperiously prescribed the objects in which the eye and the ear could alone find delight, the pleasures of taste must have been independent of all moral emotion, and the qualities of beauty and sublimity would have been as distinct from moral sensibility as those of number or of figure. The scenery of nature would have produced only an *organic pleasure,* which would have expired with the moment in which it was felt; and the compositions of the artist, instead of awakening all the enthusiasm of fancy and of feeling, must have been limited to excite only the cold approbation of faithful outline, and accurate detail. No secret analogies, no silent expressions, would then have connected enjoyment with improvement; and in contradiction to every other appearance of human nature, an important source of pleasure would have been bestowed without any relation to the individual, or the social advantage of the human race. In the system which is established, on the contrary—in that system which makes *matter* sublime or beautiful, only as it is significant of *mind*—we perceive the lofty end which is pursued; and that pleasure is here, as in every other case, made instrumental to the moral purposes of our being. While the objects of the material world are made to attract our *infant eyes,* there are latent ties by which they reach our *hearts;* and wherever they afford us delight, they are always the signs or expressions of higher qualities, by which our moral sensibilities are called forth. It may not be our fortune perhaps to be born amid its nobler scenes. But wander where we will, trees wave, rivers flow, mountains ascend, clouds darken, or winds animate the face of heaven; and over the whole scenery the Sun sheds the cheerfulness of his morning, the splendour of his noonday, or the tenderness of his evening light. There is not one of these features of scenery which is not fitted to awaken us to moral emotion; to lead us, when once the *key of our imagination* is struck, to trains of fascinating and of endless imagery; and in the indulgence of these, to make our bosoms either glow with conceptions of mental excellence, or melt in the dreams of moral good. Even upon the man of the most uncultivated taste the scenes of nature have some inexplicable charm. There is not a chord perhaps of the human heart which may not be awakened by their influence; and I believe there is no man of genuine

taste, who has not often felt, in the lone majesty of nature, some unseen spirit to dwell, which, in his happier hours, touched as if with magic hand, all the springs of his moral sensibility, and rekindled in his heart those origina conceptions of the moral or intellectual excellence of his nature, which it is the melancholy tendency of the vulgar pursuits of life to diminish, if not altogether to destroy. * * * * * * * * *

" There is yet, however, a greater expression which the appearances of the material world are fitted to convey, and a more important influence, which, in the design of nature, they are destined to produce upon us—their influence in leading us to religious sentiment.—Had *organic enjoyment* been the only object of our formation, it would have been sufficient to have established senses for the reception of these enjoyments. But if the promises of our nature are greater ;—if it is destined to a nobler conclusion ;—if it is enabled to look to the Author of Being himself, and to feel its proud relation to Him ; then nature, in all its aspects around us, ought only to be felt as signs of his providence, and as conducting us, by the universal language of these signs, to the throne of the Deity."

Having now, I hope, succeeded in giving a somewhat satisfactory digest of the arguments and examples by which Mr. Alison supports this theory of association, together with a very liberal production of quotation from those more beautiful or striking passages in his work, by which, in his own person as a writer, he so happily illustrates the doctrines which he teaches ; it may not be out of place to remark, that the acute perceptive powers of the poetical mind of Burns, were immediately unfolded for the reception of this theory, the moment it was presented to him.—Professor Dugald Stewart, thus notices this fact.—" The last time I saw Burns was during the winter 1788–89, or 1789–90, when he passed an evening with me at Drumsheugh, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, where I was then living.* My friend Mr. Alison was the only other person in company. I never saw him more agreeable or interesting. A present which Mr. Alison sent him afterwards of his *Essays on Taste*, drew from Burns a letter of acknowledgment, which I remember to have read, with some degree of surprise at the distinct conception he appeared from it to have formed of the general principles of the doctrine of association."—I cannot say that I at all participate in the *surprise* which Professor Stewart here expresses, for I think the highly imaginative mind of Burns, was of all others the most likely to catch immediate

* Then in the neighbourhood of the city, but now altogether absorbed within it by its great extension.

illumination from the first flash of the light of the truth of this theory. The letter is as follows.—

"ELLISLAND, *near Dumfries*, 14*th February* 1791.

"SIR,—You must, by this time, have set me down as one of the most ungrateful of men. You did me the honour to present me with a book which does honour to science and the intellectual powers of man, and I have not even so much as acknowledged the receipt of it. The fact is, you yourself are to blame for it. Flattered as I was by your telling me that you wished to have my opinion of the work, the old spiritual enemy of mankind, who knows well that vanity is one of the sins that most easily beset me, put it into my head to ponder over the performance with the look-out of a critic; and to draw up, forsooth, a deep-learned digest of strictures on a composition of which, in fact, until I read the book, I did not even know the first principles. I own, Sir, that, at first glance, several of your propositions startled me as paradoxical. That the martial clangour of a trumpet had something in it vastly more grand, heroic, and sublime, than the twingle-twangle of a Jew's harp; that the delicate flexure of a rose-twig, when the half-blown flower is heavy with the tears of the dawn, was infinitely more beautiful and elegant than the upright stub of a burdock; and *that* from something innate and independent of all association of ideas:—these I had set down as irrefragable, orthodox truths, until perusing your book shook my faith. In short, Sir, except *Euclid's Elements of Geometry*—which I made a shift to unravel by my father's fireside, in the winter evenings of the first season I held the plough—I never read a book which gave me such a quantum of information, and added so much to my stock of ideas, as your 'Essays on the Principles of Taste.' One thing you must forgive my mentioning as an uncommon merit in the work,—I mean the language. To clothe abstract philosophy in elegance of style, sounds something like a contradiction in terms; but you have convinced me that they are quite compatible.—I am, Sir, &c. ROBERT BURNS."

I am now desirous of adding to the other authorities I have adduced in support of the associative theory of taste, the powerful testimony of Professor Wilson, whose opinion, whether we consider it as coming from him as a poet or as a philosopher, must, on such a subject as this, be universally regarded as of the greatest weight, and in the highest degree valuable. I quote the following from an article of his in the number of Blackwood's Magazine for January 1839, and the reader will find from it that the Professor, whilst he coincides with Lord Jeffrey in denying the *necessity* of Mr. Alison's *trains of thought,* fully subscribes to the truth of the doctrine of association.

"It is the theory of Mr. Alison, that all beauty and sublimity in external nature are but the reflections of mental qualities, and that the pleasures of the imagination consist of those emotions which arise in us during our association of mental qualities with lifeless things. This theory—so beautifully illustrated by Mr. Alison—is certainly in a great measure true; and therefore almost every word we use, and every feeling which we express, is a proof of the discernment by the mind in a state of imagination, of analogies subsisting between the objects of the external world and the attributes of our moral and intellectual being.

"We said that Mr. Alison's theory is in a great measure true. The *principle* is true; but we suspect that there is something fallacious in its application. There is a popular opinion, or rather an unconsidered impression, that sights and sounds are beautiful and sublime *in themselves*, but this disappears before examination. A sound is or is not sublime, as it is or is not apprehended to be thunder. That is association. But thunder itself would not be sublime, if there were no more than the intellectual knowledge of its physical cause,—if there were not ideas of power, wrath, death, included in it. The union of these ideas with thunder is association. These ideas, by association, carry their own ideas with them. All fixed conjunction, therefore, of ideas with ideas, and of feelings with ideas, is the work of association,—nor is it possible to dispute it. But when the advocates of this theory assert, that *trains of thought*, or distinct personal recollections, are *absolutely necessary* to make up the emotion; then they assert what appears to us to be contradicted by the experience of every man. The impression is *collective and immediate*. We know that all our acquired perceptions are at first gained by *long processes* of association—that the eye does not of itself see form or figure. When, therefore, we see a rose to be a rose, it may as well be said that we do so by a *process* of association, as that we see it to be beautiful by a *process* of association. In both cases the perception of the rose, and the emotion of its beauty is equally *instantaneous*, and independent of any *process* of association, though we know that both our perception of it and our emotion, could only have been formed originally by such a *process*. As, therefore, we cannot be said, by our instructed senses, to perform any mental operation when we *see* an object to be *round*, so neither can we be said to perform any, when we *feel* an object to be *beautiful*. Voluntary associations, may, doubtless, be added to our unreasoned and unwilled perception of beauty, as of a rose, or a human countenance—and these *trains of thought*, of which Mr. Alison so finely speaks, will *add* to the emotion. But the emotion arises independently of them. We admire the beauty of a rose just as thoughtlessly

as we see it to have a slender stalk, circular flower, and serrated leaves. While, therefore, we admit the truth of the principle of Mr. Alison's theory, we seek to limit the application of it."

There are some remarks with which Lord Jeffrey terminates his article on Beauty in the Encyclopædia Britannica, which I think so highly essential, that I am led to quote them at length. They refer to the necessary consequences of the adoption of this theory, upon other controversies of a kindred description.

"In the first place, then," says his Lordship, "we conceive that it establishes the substantial identity of the *sublime*, the *beautiful*, and the *picturesque*, and, consequently, puts an end to all controversy that is not purely verbal as to the difference of those several qualities. Every material object that interests without actually hurting or gratifying our *bodily* feelings, must do so, according to this theory, in one and the same manner—that is, by suggesting or recalling some emotion or affection of ourselves, or some other sentient being, and presenting, to our imagination at least, some natural object of love, pity, admiration, or awe. The interest of material objects, therefore, is always *the same*, and arises, in every case, not from any physical qualities they may possess, but from their association with some idea of emotion. But, though material objects have but one means of exciting emotion, the emotions they do excite are infinite. They are *mirrors* that may reflect all shades and all colours, and, in point of fact, do seldom reflect the same hues twice. No two interesting objects, perhaps, whether known by the name of beautiful, sublime, or picturesque, ever produced exactly the same emotion in the beholder; and no one object, it is most probable, ever moved any two persons to the very same conceptions. As they may be associated with all the feelings and affections of which the human mind is susceptible, so they may suggest those feelings in all their variety; and, in fact, do daily excite all sorts of emotions, running through every gradation, from extreme gaiety and elevation, to the borders of horror and disgust.

"Now it is certainly true, that all the variety of emotions raised in this way, on the single basis of association, may be classed in a rude way under the denominations of sublime, beautiful, and picturesque, according as they partake of awe, tenderness, or admiration; and we have no other objection to this nomenclature, except its extreme imperfection, and the delusions to which we know it has given occasion. If objects that interest by their association with ideas of power, and danger, and terror, are to be distinguished by the peculiar name of sublime, why should there not be a separate name also for objects that interest by associations of mirth and gaiety—another for those that please by sug-

gestions of softness and melancholy—another for such as are connected with impressions of comfort and tranquillity—and another for those that are related to pity, and admiration, and love, and regret, and all the other distinct emotions and affections of our nature? These are not in reality less distinguishable from each other than from the emotions of awe and veneration that confer the title of sublime on their representatives; and while all the former are confounded under the comprehensive appellation of beauty, this partial attempt at distinction is only apt to mislead us into an erroneous opinion of our accuracy, and to make us believe both that there is a greater conformity among the things that pass under the same name, and a greater difference between those that pass under different names, than is really the case. We have seen already that the radical error of almost all preceding inquirers, has lain in supposing that every thing that passed under the name of beautiful must have some real and inherent quality in common with every thing else that obtained that name. And it is scarcely necessary for us to observe, that it has been almost as general an opinion, that sublimity was not only something radically different from beauty, but actually opposite to it; whereas the fact is, that it is far more related to some sorts of beauty than many sorts of beauty are to each other; and that both are founded exactly upon the same principle of suggesting some *past* or *possible* emotion of some sentient being.

"Upon this important point, we are happy to find our opinions confirmed by the authority of Mr. Stewart, who, in his *Essay on the Beautiful,* has observed, not only that there appears to him to be no inconsistency or impropriety in such expressions as the *sublime beauties* of nature, or of the sacred scriptures; but has added, in express terms, that "to oppose the beautiful to the sublime, or to the picturesque, strikes him as something analogous to a contrast between the beautiful and the comic—the beautiful and the tragic—the beautiful and the pathetic—or the beautiful and the romantic.

"The only other advantage which we shall specify as likely to result from the general adoption of the theory we have been endeavouring to illustrate, is, that it seems calculated to put an end to all these perplexing and vexatious questions about the *standard of taste,* which have given occasion to so much impertinent and so much elaborate discussion. If things are not beautiful in themselves, but only as they serve to suggest interesting conceptions to the mind, then every thing which does, in point of fact, suggest such a conception to any individual, *is beautiful to that individual;* and it is not only quite true that there is no room for disputing about *tastes,* but that *all tastes* are equally just and correct, *in*

as far as each individual speaks only of his own emotions. When a man calls a thing beautiful, however, he may indeed mean to make two very different assertions;—he may mean that it gives *him* pleasure by suggesting to him some interesting emotion; and, in this sense, there can be no doubt that, if he merely speak truth, the thing is beautiful, and that it pleases him precisely in the same way that all other things please those to whom they appear beautiful. But if he mean further to say, that the thing possesses some quality which should make it appear beautiful to every other person, and that it is owing to some prejudice or defect in them if it appear otherwise, then he is as unreasonable and absurd as he would think those who should attempt to convince him that he felt no emotion of beauty.

"All tastes, then, are equally just and true, in as far as concerns the individual whose taste is in question; and what a man feels distinctly to be beautiful, *is beautiful to him,* whatever other people may think of it. All this follows clearly from the theory now in question: but it does not follow from it that all tastes are equally good or desirable, or that there is any difficulty in describing that which is really the best, and the most to be envied. The only use of the faculty of taste is to afford an innocent delight, and to aid the cultivation of a finer morality; and that man will certainly have the most delight from this faculty who has the most numerous and the most powerful perceptions of beauty. But if beauty consist in the reflection of our affections and sympathies, it is plain that *he* will always see the most beauty whose affections are warmest and most exercised, whose imagination is the most powerful, and who has most accustomed himself to attend to the objects by which he is surrounded. In as far as mere feeling and enjoyment are concerned, therefore, it seems evident that the best taste must be that which belongs to the best affections, the most active fancy, and the most attentive habits of observation. It will follow pretty exactly, too, that all men's perceptions of beauty will be nearly in proportion to the degree of their sensibility and social sympathies; and that those who have no affections towards sentient beings, will be just as insensible to beauty in external objects, as he who cannot hear the sound of his friend's voice must be deaf to its echo.

"In so far as the sense of beauty is regarded as a mere source of enjoyment, this seems to be the only distinction that deserves to be attended to; and the only cultivation that taste should ever receive, with a view to the gratification of the individual, should be through the indirect channel of cultivating the affections and powers of observation. If we aspire, however, to be *creators* as well as observers of beauty,

and place any part of our happiness in ministering to the gratification of others—as artists, or poets, or authors of any sort—then, indeed, a new distinction of tastes, and a far more laborious system of cultivation will be necessary. A man who pursues only his own delight will be as much charmed with objects that suggest powerful emotions, in consequence of personal and accidental associations, as with those that introduce similar emotions, by means of associations that are universal and indestructible. To him, all objects of the former class are really as beautiful as those of the latter—and, for his own gratification, the creation of that sort of beauty is just as important an occupation; but if he conceive the ambition of creating beauties for the admiration of others, he must be cautious to employ only such objects as are the *natural signs*, or the *inseparable concomitants* of emotions, of which the greater part of mankind are susceptible; and his taste will *then* deserve to be called bad and false, if he obtrude upon the public, as beautiful, objects that are not likely to be associated in common minds with any interesting impressions.

"For a man himself, then, there is no taste that is either *bad* or *false;* and the only difference worthy of being attended to, is that between *a great deal* and *a very little.* Some who have cold affections—sluggish imaginations, and no habits of observation, can with difficulty discern beauty in anything; while others, who are full of kindness and sensibility, and who have been accustomed to attend to all the objects around them, feel it almost in everything. It is no matter what other people may think of the objects of their admiration; nor ought it to be any concern of theirs, that the public would be astonished or offended if they were called upon to join in that admiration. As long as no such call is made, this anticipated discrepancy of feeling need give *them* no uneasiness; and the suspicion of it should produce no contempt in any other person. It is a strange aberration, indeed, of vanity, that makes us despise persons for being happy—for having sources of enjoyment in which we cannot share; and yet this is the true account of the ridicule which is so generally poured upon individuals who seek only to enjoy their peculiar tastes unmolested; for, if there be any truth in the theory we have been expounding, no taste is *bad* for any other reason than because it is *peculiar*, as the objects in which it delights must actually serve to suggest to the individual those common emotions and universal affections upon which the sense of beauty is everywhere founded. The misfortune is, however, that we are apt to consider all persons who make known their peculiar relishes, and especially all who create any objects for their gratification, as in some measure dictating to the public,

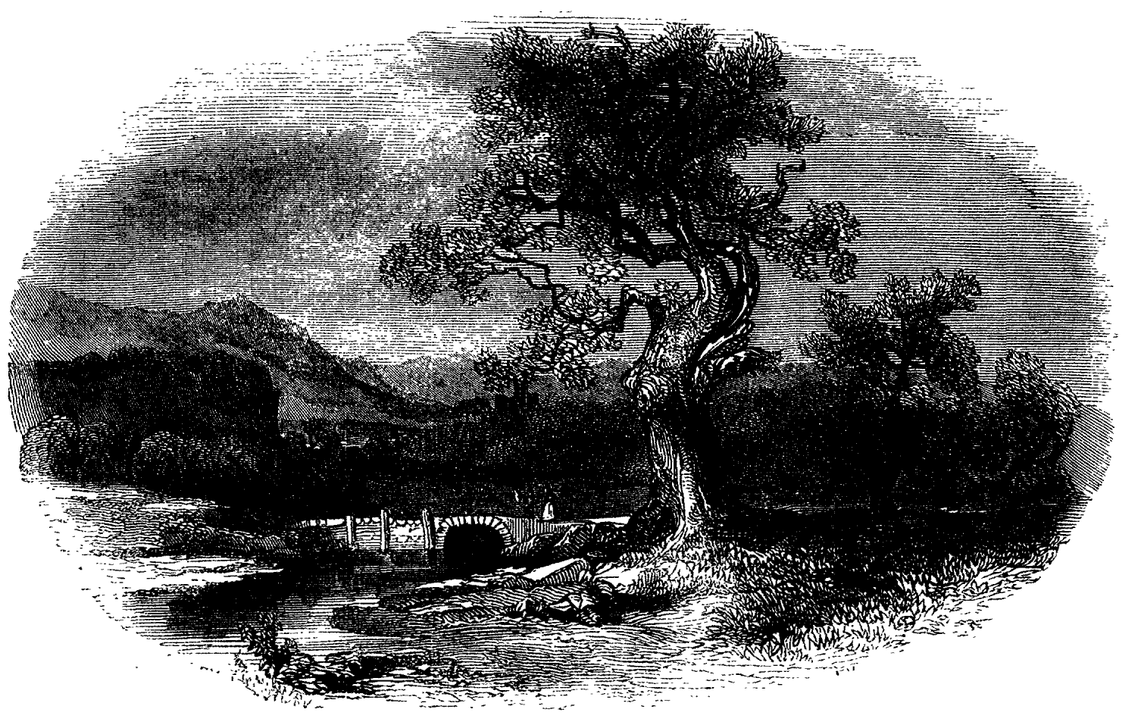
and setting up an idol for general adoration; and hence this intolerant interference with almost all peculiar perceptions of beauty, and the unsparing derision that pursues all deviations from acknowledged standards. This intolerance, we admit, is often provoked by something of a spirit of *proselytism* and arrogance, in those who mistake their own casual associations for natural or universal relations; and the consequence is, that mortified vanity dries up the fountain of their peculiar enjoyment, and disenchants, by a new association of general contempt or ridicule, the scenes that had been consecrated by some innocent but accidental emotion.

"As all men must have some *peculiar associations,* all men must have some *peculiar notions of beauty,* and, of course, to a certain extent, a taste that the public would be entitled to consider as false or vitiated. For those who make no demands on public admiration, however, it is hard to be obliged to sacrifice this source of enjoyment; and even for those who labour for applause, the wisest course, perhaps, if it were only practicable, would be to have two tastes—one to enjoy, and one to work by—one founded upon universal associations, according to which they finished those performances for which they challenged universal praise, and another guided by all casual and individual associations, through which they looked fondly upon nature, and upon the objects of their secret admiration."

I have now endeavoured to present to the reader an ample analysis of the opinions of those who have written most correctly—with the most philosophical views—and who, from the great authority of their names, are most worthy of being listened to on this highly interesting subject, the Origin of Taste. From their united judgment it seems now to be established, that there really are no intrinsic or inherent qualities of sublimity or beauty actually existing in the objects of material creation, but that the emotions of sublimity or beauty which we experience whilst regarding them, are immediately excited in us by the material qualities of those objects being *associated* in our minds with the mental qualities —the virtues, the vices, the passions, the happiness, or the misery of man—for it is man and his concerns alone that can rouse us to yield that degree of interest which is capable of sympathetically awakening human feelings. The associations so formed may be either certain or accidental, general or particular, permanent or temporary. The material object is, as it were, but the mirror that reflects the emotions which have been instantaneously awakened by association in our own bosoms. But this development of *the mode* by which the human mind is affected with emotions of sublimity or beauty by the objects of the material

world, by no means does away with the necessity of the cultivation of the art of selecting, of creating, or of combining objects, for the purpose of giving delight to man. For, as that individual will certainly have the most delight from the contemplation of the works of nature or of art who has the most numerous and the most powerful associative perceptions of Beauty, so it is evident that those objects which are capable of exciting the widest range of association throughout the entire mass of the human race, will always be the most generally pleasing and acceptable to mankind, whilst those objects which are most capable of touching responsive chords of general association among the educated portion of mankind, must necessarily be most generally acceptable to all who belong to this more cultivated cast. He, therefore, who has the taste and the discernment to discover these, to classify and to combine them, and to point out how they may be so placed before us—so classed and so combined—as to afford the greatest quantum of pleasure to persons of such refinement who may contemplate them, must necessarily deserve the attention as well as the thanks of those for whose delight he labours. Sir Uvedale Price has conferred this boon upon us in a very high degree by his Observations on Landscape Gardening, in which the acuteness of his perception, the nicety of his discrimination, and the highly cultivated delicacy of his taste, have enabled him to give the happiest selection of the liveliest and most pleasing pictures, illustrative of all that this fascinating art ought truly to be; and it is impossible to doubt, that the more general perusal of such a work by those who are blessed with the possession of parts of the surface of our native soil upon which they may work their will, and who have also the means of improving them, must ultimately tend greatly to spread and to enrich that beauty for which the face of this happy country of ours is already so generally celebrated. For, rich as these happy islands of ours are in natural scenery, and much as has been done within them by the hand of man to aid and embellish nature, no one possessed of good taste in landscape gardening can travel throughout the length and breadth of our land, without being satisfied that much yet remains to be done, and, perhaps, not a little to be undone. Let me, then, earnestly call upon all such highly privileged individuals as have landed estates, and sufficient means to enable them to embellish them, to bear in mind, that amongst the many duties which in reason and justice appear to be entailed upon them by the very circumstance of their being the lords of a portion of their native soil, that of their obligation to contribute to the general improvement of the face of the country is not to be neglected. And, as this can be effected solely by the exertions of individuals, each in his own particular sphere,

every landed proprietor is bound, as far as his subject will admit of it, or his means allow him, to do all in his power to bestow upon his possession, whether it be small, or whether it be great, the fullest enrichment of which good taste would pronounce that its features may be capable. He can have little feeling for his country who does not admit the truth as well as the importance of this view of the matter, in which no account is taken of that exquisite self-gratification which every one devoted to the practical pursuits of landscape gardening must reap from this most delightful, as well as most innocent and rational of all rural employments—a self-gratification, be it remembered, which cannot be indulged in without producing effects that must give the widest pleasure to all the rest of mankind who may have an opportunity of looking upon them, not only in our own time, but for generations to come. Indeed, it is natural for every Briton to feel a sort of national, if not an individual appropriation, in all the finest and most remarkable places, which, as it were, belong to the nation. Every actual proprietor, therefore, ought to feel that the eyes of his country are upon him and upon his place—that, in fact, he holds it for his country—and that, farther, the tenure by which he holds it is that of an obligation to do all for it that industry, guided by the best taste, can effect, to make it a feature worthy of British landscape.



ON THE PICTURESQUE, &c.

CHAPTER I.

THERE is no country, I believe—if we except China—where the art of laying out grounds is so much cultivated as it now is in England. Formerly the decorations near the house were infinitely more magnificent and expensive than they are at present; but the embellishments of what are called the grounds, and of all the extensive scenery round the place were much less attended to; and, in general, the park, with all its timber and thickets, was left in a state of picturesque neglect. As these embellishments are now extended over a whole district, and as they give a new and peculiar character to the general face of the country, it is well worth considering whether they give a natural and a beautiful one—and whether the present system of improving—to use a short, though often an inaccurate term—is founded on any just principles of taste.

In order to examine this question, the first inquiry will naturally be, whether there is any standard to which, in point of grouping and of general composition, works of this sort can be referred; any authority higher than that of the persons who have gained the most general and popular reputation by those works, and whose method of conducting them has had the most extensive influence on the general taste? I think there is a standard—there are authorities of an infinitely higher kind—the authorities of those great artists who have most diligently studied the beauties of nature, both in their grandest and most general effects, and in their minutest detail—who have observed every variety of form and of colour—have been able to select and combine, and then, by the magic of their art, to fix upon the canvass all these various beauties.

But however highly I may think of the art of painting, compared with that of improving, nothing can be farther from my intention—and I wish to impress it in the strongest manner on the reader's mind—than to recommend the study of pictures in preference to that of nature, much less to the exclusion of it. Whoever studies art alone, will have a narrow pedantic manner of considering all objects, and of referring them solely to the minute and practical purposes of that art—whatever it be—to which his attention has been particularly directed. Of this Mr. Brown's followers afford a very striking example; and if it be right that every thing should be referred to art, at least let it be referred to one, whose variety, compared to the monotony of what is called improvement, appears infinite, but which again falls as short of the boundless variety of the mistress of all art.

The use, therefore, of studying pictures, is not merely to make us acquainted with the combinations and effects that are contained in them, but to guide us, by means of those general heads—as they may be called—of composition, in our search of the numberless and untouched varieties and beauties of nature; for as he who studies art only will have a confined taste, so he who looks at nature only, will have a vague and unsettled one; and in this more extended sense I shall interpret the Italian proverb, "*Chi s'insegna, ha un pazzo per maestro*,"—He is a fool who does not profit by the experience of others.

We are therefore to profit by the experience contained in pictures, but not to content ourselves with that experience only; nor are we to consider even those of the highest class as absolute and infallible standards, but as the best and the only standards we have; as compositions, which, like those of the great classical authors, have been consecrated by long uninterrupted admiration, and which therefore have a similar

claim to influence our judgment, and to form our taste in all that is within their province. These are the reasons for studying *copies* of nature, though the *original* is before us, that we may not lose the benefit of what is of such great moment in all arts and sciences, the accumulated experience of past ages; and with respect to the art of improving, we may look upon pictures as a set of experiments of the different ways in which trees, buildings, water, &c. may be disposed, grouped, and accompanied, in the most beautiful and striking manner, and in every style, from the most simple and rural, to the grandest and most ornamental. Many of those objects, that are scarcely marked as they lie scattered over the face of nature, when brought together in the compass of a small space of canvass are forcibly impressed upon the eye, which by that means learns how to separate, to select, and to combine.

Who can doubt whether Shakspeare and Fielding had not infinitely more amusement from society in all its various views than common observers? I believe it can be as little doubted, that the having read such authors must give any man, however acute his penetration, more enlarged views of human nature in general, as well as a more intimate acquaintance with particular characters, than he would have had from the observation of nature only; that many combinations of characters and of incidents, which might otherwise have escaped his notice, would forcibly strike him, from the recollection of scenes and passages in such writers; that in all these cases, the pleasure we receive from what passes in real life is rendered infinitely more poignant, by a resemblance to what we have read, or have seen on the stage. Such an observer will not divide what passes into scenes and chapters, and be pleased with it in proportion as it will do for a novel or a play, but he will be pleased on the same principles as Shakspeare or Fielding would have been. The parallel that I wish to establish is very obvious: the works of genius in writing awaken and direct our attention towards many striking scenes and characters, which might otherwise escape us in real life, and the works of genius in painting point out to our notice a thousand effects and combinations of the happiest, though not of the most obvious kind, in real scenery.

Had the art of improving been cultivated for as long a time, and upon as settled principles as that of painting, and were there extant various works of genius, which, like those of the other art, had stood the test of ages (though from the great change which the growth and decay of trees must produce in the original design of the artist, this is hardly possible) there would not be the same necessity of referring and comparing the works of reality to those of imitation; but as the case stands

at present, the only models of composition that approach to perfection, the only *fixed* and *unchanging* selections from the works of nature united with those of art, are in the pictures and designs of the most eminent masters.

But although certain happy compositions, detached from the general mass of objects and considered by themselves, have the greatest and most lasting effect both in nature and painting; and though the painter, in respect to his own art, may think of those only, and give himself no concern about the rest, he cannot do so if he be an improver as well as a painter; for he might then neglect or injure what was essential to the whole, by attending only to a part. By this we may perceive a great and obvious difference between a painter who confines himself to his own profession, and one who should add to it that of an improver; the first would only have to observe what formed a single composition or picture, which he might transfer upon his canvass; the second must consider the whole range of scenery in which not only the most striking pictures or compositions are to be shown to advantage, but where all the intermediate parts, with all their bearings, relations, and connections, must be taken into the account. I have supposed, what I wish were oftener the case, an union of the two professions; for it can hardly be doubted, that he who can best select the happiest compositions from the general mass of objects, and knows the principles on which he makes those selections, must also be the best qualified, should he turn his thoughts that way, to arrange the connections throughout an extensive scenery. He must likewise be the most competent judge—and nothing in the whole art of improvement requires a nicer discrimination—where, and in what degree, some inferior beauties should be sacrificed, in order to give greater effect to those of a higher order. I am far from meaning by this, that every painter is capable of becoming an improver in the good sense of the word, but only such as to a liberal mind, join a strong feeling for nature as well as art, and have directed their attention to the arrangement of real scenery; for there is a wide difference between looking at nature merely with a view to making pictures, and looking at pictures with a view to the improvement of our ideas of nature: the former often does contract the taste when pursued too closely; the latter, I believe, as generally refines and enlarges it. The greatest painters were men of enlarged and liberal minds, and well acquainted with many arts besides their own. Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, were not merely patronised by the sovereigns of that period; they were considered almost as friends by such men as Leo, Francis, and Charles, and were intimately connected with Aretino,

Castiglione, and all the eminent wits of that time. Those great artists —nor need I have gone so far back for examples—considered pictures and nature as throwing a reciprocal light on each other, and as connected with history, poetry, and all the fine arts; but the practice of too many lovers of painting has been very different, and has, I believe, contributed in a great degree, and with great reason, to give a prejudice against the study of pictures as a preparation to that of nature. In the same manner that many painters consider natural scenery merely with a reference to their own practice, many connoisseurs consider pictures merely with a reference to other pictures, as a school in which they may learn the routine of their connoisseurship—that is an acquaintance with the most prominent marks and peculiarities of different masters: but they rarely look upon them in that point of view in which alone they can produce any real advantage—as a school in which we may learn to enlarge, refine, and correct our ideas of nature, and in return, may qualify ourselves by this more liberal course of study, to be real judges of what is excellent in imitation. This reflection may account for what otherwise seems quite unaccountable—namely, that many enthusiastic admirers and collectors of Claude, Poussin, &c. should have suffered professed improvers to deprive the general and extended scenery of their places of all that those painters would have most admired and copied.

The great object of our present inquiry seems to be, what is that mode of study which will best enable a man, of a liberal and intelligent mind, to judge of the forms, colours, effects, and combinations of visible objects—to judge of them either as single compositions, which may be considered by themselves without reference to what surrounds them, or else as parts of scenery, the arrangement of which must be more or less regulated and restrained by what joins them, and the connection of which with the general scenery must be constantly attended to? Such knowledge and judgment comprehend the whole science of improvement with regard to its effect on the eye; and I believe can never be perfectly acquired, unless to the study of natural scenery, and of the various styles of gardening at different periods, the improver adds the theory at least of that art, the very essence of which is connection—a principle of all others the most adapted to correct the chief defects of improvers. Connection is a principle always present to the painter's mind, if he deserve that name; and by the guidance of which he considers all sets of objects, whatever may be their character or boundaries, from the most extensive prospect to the most confined wood scene: neither referring every thing to the narrow limits of his canvass, nor despising what will not suit it, unless, indeed, the limits of his mind be

equally narrow and contracted; for when I speak of a painter, I mean an artist, not a mechanic.

Whatever minute and partial objections may be made to the study of pictures for the purpose of improvement—many of which I have discussed in my letter to Mr. Repton—yet certainly the great leading principles of the one art—as general composition—grouping the separate parts—harmony of tints—unity of character, are equally applicable to the other. I may add also, what is so very essential to the painter, though at first sight it seems hardly within the province of the improver—breadth and effect of light and shade.

These are called the principles of painting, because that art has pointed them out more clearly, by separating what was most striking and well combined, from the less interesting and scattered objects of general scenery; but they are in reality the general principles on which the effect of all visible objects must depend, and to which it must be referred.

Nothing can be more directly at war with all these principles, founded as they are in truth and in nature, than the present system of laying out grounds. A painter, or whoever views objects with a painter's eye, looks with indifference, if not with disgust, at the clumps, the belts, the made water, and the eternal smoothness and sameness of a finished place. An improver, on the other hand, considers these as the most perfect embellishment, as the last finishing touches that nature can receive from art; and, consequently, must think the finest composition of Claude, whom I mention as the most ornamented of all the great masters, comparatively rude and imperfect; though he probably might allow, in Mr. Brown's phrase, that it had "capabilities."

The account in Peregrine Pickle, of the gentleman who had improved Vandyke's portraits of his ancestors, used to strike me as rather *outré;* but I met with a similar instance some years ago, that makes it appear much less so. I was looking at a collection of pictures with Gainsborough; among the rest the housekeeper showed us a portrait of her master, which she said was by Sir Joshua Reynolds: we both stared, for not only the touch and the colouring, but the whole style of the drapery and the general effect had no resemblance to his manner. Upon examining the housekeeper more particularly, we discovered that her master had had every thing but the face—not retouched from the colours having faded—but totally changed, and newly composed, as well as painted, by another—and, I need not add, an inferior hand.

Such a man would have felt as little scruple in making a Claude like his own place, as in making his own portrait like a scare-crow.

But no one, I believe, has as yet been daring enough to improve a picture of Claude, or at least to acknowledge it; yet I do not think it extravagant to suppose that a man, thoroughly persuaded, from his own taste and from the authority of such a writer as Mr. Walpole, that an art unknown to every age and climate—that of creating landscapes—had advanced with master-steps to vigorous perfection; that enough had been done to establish such a school of landscape as cannot be found in the rest of the globe; and that Milton's description of Paradise seems to have been copied from some piece of modern gardening;—that such a man, full of enthusiasm for this new art, and with little veneration for that of painting, should choose to show the world what Claude might have been, had he had the advantage of seeing the works of Mr. Brown. The only difference he would make between improving a picture and a real scene, would be that of employing a painter instead of a gardener.

What would more immediately strike him would be the total want of that leading feature of all modern improvements—the clump; and of course he would order several of them to be placed in the most open and conspicuous spots, with, perhaps, here and there a patch of larches, as forming a strong contrast in shape and colour to the Scotch firs. His eye, which had been used to see even the natural groups of trees in improved places, made as separate and clump-like as possible, would be shocked to see those of Claude—some with their stems half concealed by bushes and thickets; others standing alone, but, by means of those thickets, or of detached trees, connected with other groups of various sizes and shapes. All this rubbish must be totally cleared away, the ground made everywhere quite smooth and level, and each group left upon the grass perfectly distinct and separate.

Having been accustomed to whiten all distant buildings, those of Claude, from the effect of his soft vapoury atmosphere, would appear to him too indistinct; the painter, of course, would be ordered to give them a smarter appearance, which might possibly be communicated to the nearer buildings also. Few modern houses or ornamental buildings are so placed among trees, and partially hidden by them, as to conceal much of the skill of the architect, or the expense of the possessor; but in Claude, not only ruins, but temples and palaces, are often so mixed with trees, that the tops overhang their balustrades, and the luxuriant branches shoot between the openings of their magnificent columns and porticos; as he would not suffer his own buildings to be so masked, neither would he those of Claude; and these luxuriant boughs, with all

that obstructed a full view of them, the painter would be told to expunge, and carefully to restore the ornaments they had concealed.

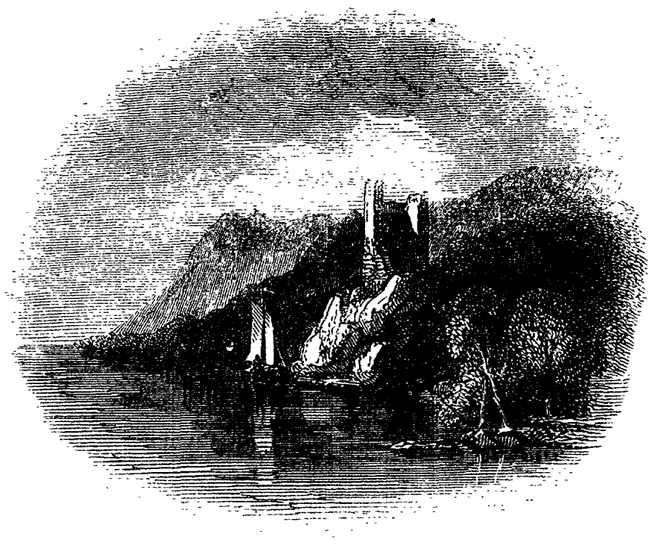
The last finishing, both to places and pictures, is water. In Claude, it partakes of the general softness and dressed appearance of his scenes, and the accompaniments have, perhaps, less of rudeness than in any other master. One of my countrymen at Rome was observing, that the water in the Colonna Claude had rather too dressed and artificial an appearance. A Frenchman, who was also looking at the picture, cried out, "Cependant, Monsieur, on pourroit y donner une si belle fête!" This was very characteristic of that gay nation, but it is equally so of a number of Claude's pictures. They have an *air de fête* beyond all others; and there is no painter whose works ought to be so much studied for highly dressed yet varied nature. Yet, compared with those of a piece of made water, or of an improved river, his banks are perfectly savage; parts of them covered with trees and bushes that hang over the water; and near the edge of it, tussucks of rushes, large stones, and stumps; the ground sometimes smooth, sometimes broken and abrupt, and seldom keeping, for a long space, the same level from the water—no curves that answer each other—no resemblance, in short, to what the improver had been used to admire: a few strokes of the painter's brush would reduce the bank on each side to one level, to one green; would make curve answer curve, without bush or tree to hinder the eye from enjoying the uniform smoothness and verdure, and from pursuing without interruption the continued sweep of these serpentine lines;—a little cleaning and polishing of the foreground, would give the last touches of improvement, and complete the picture.

There is not a person, in the smallest degree conversant with painting, who would not at the same time be shocked and diverted at the black spots and the white spots—the naked water—the naked buildings—the scattered unconnected groups of trees, and all the gross and glaring violations of every principle of the art; and yet this, without any exaggeration, is the method in which many scenes worthy of Claude's pencil, have been improved. Is it then possible to imagine, that the beauties of imitation should be so distinct from those of reality, nay, so completely at variance, that what disgraces and makes a picture ridiculous, should become ornamental when applied to nature?

[From my own knowledge I can say, that however valuable the study of pictures may be for giving perfection to professors of landscape gardening, the painting of them does not always produce this effect.

Artists, and especially young artists, have, not unfrequently, their tastes so much narrowed by their devotion to certain styles of subject, as to be incapable of enjoying, or even of tolerating any thing in nature, however excellent it may be, if it be of a different character from that which they affect in their works. By attempting to become artists, they have ceased to be men, or to be able to sympathise with the universality of human feeling. It would be vain to expect that landscape gardeners could be made of such men, with the hope of their producing scenes which should give general delight to minds expanded by education, and the love of nature. I have sometimes travelled through the most interesting countries with individuals of this cast, and found that great as was the delight which I was experiencing from the contemplation of the scenes we passed through, nothing could call forth one exclamation of pleasure from my companions, until something chanced to arise before their eyes of a character in harmony with that of the subjects they were most prone to paint. Such men would pass over nine-tenths of the finest places in England, and refuse to give any other opinion than that all was barren. That artist, indeed, who has followed and observed nature throughout all her different walks—who can draw enjoyment from associating himself with her in her softest and quietest scenes, and in her more placid moods, as well as when she wildly wanders amid the dark woods and rocky fastnesses, and by the thundering cataracts of her mountains—such a man as this, I say, may well prove a profound master, not only in the composition of pictures on canvass, but in that also of those which may be created in actual landscape; but for excellence in that generalization necessary for landscape gardening, I consider that a very universal study of pictures will do more to accomplish the individual, than the particular practice of any one style of painting them. It appears indeed to me, that nothing can possibly tend more to educate the mind, for the just conception of such a true taste in landscape gardening as may enable its possessor to prosecute this delightful art with the hope of generally awakening agreeable associations in cultivated minds, than the frequent and extensive study of the works of the best landscape painters, modern as well as ancient. Nay, I cannot doubt that the great growth of the art of landscape painting, and the immense multiplication of that art in our days, as well as of the art of landscape drawing and engraving, all of which are daily increasing the taste for the enjoyment of the works produced by them, must have a tendency to augment the general love of nature, and so to multiply the individuals of that cultivated class who are prepared to receive agreeable impressions from its happier combinations; and

thus, by reaction, to foster and to perfect the art of landscape gardening itself. Indeed, if the more general acquaintance which mankind are gradually obtaining with graphic scenes, should have no other effect than that of arresting the hideous strides of the demon of false taste in gardening, whose footsteps have disfigured so much of the face of our country, we shall have good reason to be thankful. But I am sanguine enough to anticipate that it may do much more than this, and that through this influence of the graphic art, landscape gardening may in future be expected to be widely extended upon those just and natural principles which can alone make its very existence desirable.—E.]



CHAPTER II.

It seems to me that the neglect—which prevails in the works of modern improvers—of all that is picturesque, is owing to their exclusive attention to high polish and flowing lines—the charms of which they are so engaged in contemplating, that they overlook two of the most fruitful sources of human pleasure: the first, that great and universal source of pleasure, *variety*—the power of which is independent of beauty, but without which even beauty itself soon ceases to please; the second, *intricacy*—a quality which, though distinct from variety, is so connected and blended with it, that the one can hardly exist without the other.

According to the idea I have formed of it, intricacy in landscape might be defined, *that disposition of objects, which, by a partial and uncertain concealment, excites and nourishes curiosity.* Many persons, who take little concern in the intricacy of oaks, beeches, and thorns, may feel the effects of partial concealment in more interesting objects, and may have experienced how differently the passions are

moved by an open licentious display of beauties, and by the unguarded disorder which sometimes escapes the care of modesty, and which coquetry so successfully imitates:—

> Parte appar delle mamme acerbe et crude,
> Parte altrui ne ricuopre invida veste;
> Invida si, ma se agli occhi il varco chiude,
> L'amoroso pensier gia non s'arresta.

Variety can hardly require a definition, though from the practice of many layers-out of ground, one might suppose it did. Upon the whole, it appears to me, that as intricacy in the disposition, and variety in the forms, the tints, and the lights and shadows of objects, are the great characteristics of picturesque scenery; so monotony and baldness, are the great defects of improved places.

Nothing would place this in so distinct a point of view, as a comparison between some familiar scene in its natural and picturesque state, and in that which would be its improved state according to the present mode of gardening. All painters who have imitated the more confined scenes of nature, have been fond of making studies from old neglected bye-roads and hollow-ways; and perhaps there are few spots that, in so small a compass, have a greater variety of that sort of beauty called picturesque; but, I believe, the instances are very rare of painters, who have turned out volunteers into a gentleman's walk or drive, either when made between artificial banks, or when the natural sides or banks have been improved. I shall endeavour to examine whence it happens, that a painter looks coldly on what is very generally admired, and discovers a thousand interesting objects, where an improver passes on with indifference, if not with disgust.

Perhaps what is most immediately striking in a lane of this kind is its intricacy. Any winding road, indeed, especially where there are banks, must necessarily have some degree of intricacy; but in a dressed lane every effort of art seems directed against that disposition of the ground—the sides are so regularly sloped, so regularly planted, and the space, when there is any, between them and the road, so uniformly levelled; the sweeps of the road so plainly artificial, the verges of grass that bound it so nicely edged—the whole, in short, has such an appearance of having been made by a receipt, that curiosity, that most active principle of pleasure, is almost extinguished.

But in hollow-lanes and by-roads, all the leading features, and a thousand circumstances of detail, promote the natural intricacy of the ground: the turns are sudden and unprepared—the banks sometimes broken and abrupt—sometimes smooth and gently, but not uniformly

sloping—now wildly overhung with thickets of trees and bushes—now loosely skirted with wood—no regular verge of grass, no cut edges, no distinct lines of separation—all is mixed and blended together, and the border of the road itself, shaped by the mere tread of passengers and animals, is as unconstrained as the footsteps that formed it. Even the tracks of the wheels—for no circumstance is indifferent—contribute to the picturesque effect of the whole; the varied lines they describe just mark the way among trees and bushes—often some obstacle, a cluster of low thorns, a furze bush, a tussuck, a large stone, forces the wheels into sudden and intricate turns—often a group of trees or a thicket, occasions the road to separate into two parts, leaving a sort of island in the middle.

These are a few of the picturesque accidents, which, in lanes and by-roads, attract the notice of painters. In many scenes of that kind, the varieties of form, of colour, and of light and shade, which present themselves at every step, are numberless; and it is a singular circumstance, that some of the most striking among them should be owing to the indiscriminate hacking of the peasant, nay, to the very decay that is occasioned by it. When opposed to the tameness of the poor pinioned trees—whatever their age—of a gentleman's plantation drawn up straight and even together, there is often a sort of spirit and animation in the manner in which old neglected pollards stretch out their limbs quite across these hollow roads, in every wild and irregular direction; on some, the large knots and protuberances add to the ruggedness of their twisted trunks; in others, the deep hollow of the inside, the mosses on the bark, the rich yellow of the touch-wood, with the blackness of the more decayed substance, afford such variety of tints, of brilliant and mellow lights, with deep and peculiar shades, as the finest timber tree, however beautiful in other respects, with all its health and vigour cannot exhibit.

This careless method of cutting, just as the farmer happened to want a few stakes or poles, gives infinite variety to the general outline of the banks. Near to one of these "unwedgeable and gnarled oaks," often rises the slender elegant form of a young beech, ash, or birch, that had escaped the axe, whose tender bark and light foliage appear still more delicate and airy, when seen sideways against the rough bark and massy head of the oak—sometimes it rises alone from the bank—sometimes from amid a cluster of rich hollies or wild junipers—sometimes its light and upright stem is embraced by the projecting cedar-like boughs of the yew.

The ground itself in these lanes is as much varied in form, tint, and

light and shade, as the plants that grow upon it; this, as usual, instead of owing any thing to art, is, on the contrary, occasioned by accident and neglect. The winter torrents in some places wash down the mould from the upper grounds, and form projections of various shapes, which, from the fatness of the soil, are generally enriched with the most luxuriant vegetation; in other parts they tear the banks into deep hollows, discovering the different strata of earth, and the shaggy roots of trees. These hollows are frequently overgrown with wild roses, with honeysuckles, periwincles, and other trailing plants, which, with their flowers and pendant branches, have quite a different effect when hanging loosely over one of these recesses, opposed to its deep shade, and mixed with the fantastic roots of trees and the varied tints of the soil, from that which they produce when they are trimmed into bushes, or crawl along a shrubbery, where the ground has been worked into one uniform slope. In the summer time these little caverns afford a cool retreat for the sheep; and it is difficult to imagine a more beautiful foreground than is formed by the different groups of them in one of these lanes; some feeding on the patches of turf, that in the wider parts are intermixed with the fern and bushes; some lying in the niches they have worn in the banks among the roots of trees, and to which they have made many sidelong paths; some reposing in these deep recesses, their bowers

O'er-canopied with luscious eglantine.

Near the house, picturesque beauty must, in many cases, be sacrificed to neatness; but it is a sacrifice, and one which should not wantonly be made. A gravel walk cannot have the playful variety of a by-road; there must be a border to the gravel, and that and the sweeps must, in great measure, be regular, and consequently formal. I am convinced, however, that many of the circumstances which give variety and spirit to a wild spot, might be successfully imitated in a dressed place; but it must be done by attending to the principles, not by copying the particulars. It is not necessary to model a gravel walk or drive after a sheep track or a cart rut, though very useful hints may be taken from them both; and without having water-docks or thistles before one's door, their effect in a painter's foreground may be produced by plants that are considered as ornamental. I am equally persuaded that a dressed appearance might be given to one of these lanes, without destroying its peculiar and characteristic beauties.

I have said little of the superior variety and effect of light and shade in scenes of this kind, as they of course must follow variety of forms and of masses, and intricacy of disposition. I wished to avoid all de-

tail that did not appear to me necessary to explain or illustrate some general principles; but when general principles are put crudely without examples, they not only are dry, but obscure, and make no impression.

There are several ways in which a spot of this kind near a gentleman's place would probably be improved; for even in the monotony of what is called improvement, there is a variety of bad. Some, perhaps, would cut down the old pollards, clear the rubbish, and leave only the maiden trees standing; some might plant up the whole; others grub up every thing, and make a shrubbery on each side; others put clumps of shrubs, or of firs; but there is one improvement which I am afraid almost all who had not been used to look at objects with a painter's eye would adopt, and which alone would entirely destroy its character—that is smoothing and levelling the ground. The moment this mechanical commonplace operation, by which Mr. Brown and his followers have gained so much credit, is begun, adieu to all that the painter admires—to all intricacies—to all the beautiful varieties of form, tint, and light and shade; every deep recess—every bold projection—the fantastic roots of trees—the winding paths of sheep—all must go; in a few hours, the rash hand of false taste completely demolishes what time only, and a thousand lucky accidents can mature, so as to make it become the admiration and study of a Ruysdael or a Gainsborough; and reduces it to such a thing as an oilman in Thames Street may at any time contract for by the yard at Islington or Mile-End.

I had lately an opportunity of observing the progress of improvement in one lane, and the effect of it in another, both unfortunately bordering on gentlemen's pleasure grounds. The first had on one side a high bank full of the beauties I have described; I was particularly struck with a beech which stood single on one part of it, and with the effect and character which its spreading roots gave, both to the bank and to the tree itself: the sheep also had made their sidelong paths to this spot, and often lay in the little compartments between the roots. One day I found a great many labourers wheeling mould to this place; by degrees they filled up all inequalities, and completely covered the roots and pathways; one would have supposed they were working for my Uncle Toby, under the direction of Corporal Trim, for they had converted this varied bank into a perfect glacis, only the gazons were omitted. They had, however, worked up the mould they had wheeled into a sort of a mortar, and had laid it as smooth from top to bottom as a mason could have done with his trowel. From the number of men employed, the quantity of earth wheeled, and the nicety with which this operation was performed, I am persuaded it was, in a great measure, done for the sake

of beauty. These worthy pioneers, their employment, and their employers, are very aptly described in two verses of Tasso, and especially if the word *guastatori** be taken in its most obvious sense :

> Inanzi i guastatori avea mandati,
> I vuoti luoghi empir', et spianar gli erti.

This is a most complete receipt for spoiling a picturesque spot ; and one might suppose, from this military style having been so generally adopted, and every thing laid open, that our improvers are fearful of an enemy being in ambuscade among the bushes of a gravel pit, or lurking in some intricate group of trees. In that respect, it must be owned, the clump has infinite merit ; for it may be reconnoitred from every point, and seen through in every direction.

The improved part of the other lane I never saw in its original state ; but by what remains untouched, and by the accounts I heard, it must have afforded noble studies for a painter. The banks are higher and the trees are larger than in the other lane, and their branches, stretching from side to side,

> " High over arch'd embower."

I heard a vast deal from the gardener of the place near it, about the large ugly roots that appeared above ground, the large holes the sheep used to lie in, and the rubbish of all kinds that used to grow about them. The last possessor took care to fill up and clean, as far as his property went ; and, that every thing might look regular, he put, as a boundary to the road, a row of white pales at the foot of the bank on each side, and on that next his house he raised a peat wall as upright as it could well stand, by way of a facing to the old bank, and in the middle of this peat wall, planted a row of laurels : this row the gardener used to cut quite flat at top, and the cattle reaching over the pales, and browsing the lower shoots within their bite, kept it as even at bottom ; so that it formed one projecting lump in the middle, and had just as picturesque an appearance as a bushy wig squeezed between the hat and the cape. I should add, that these two specimens of dressed lanes are not in a distant county, but within thirty miles of London, and in a district full of expensive embellishments.

I am afraid many of my readers will think that I have been a long while getting through these lanes ; but in them, in old quarries, and long neglected chalk and gravel pits, a great deal of what constitutes, and

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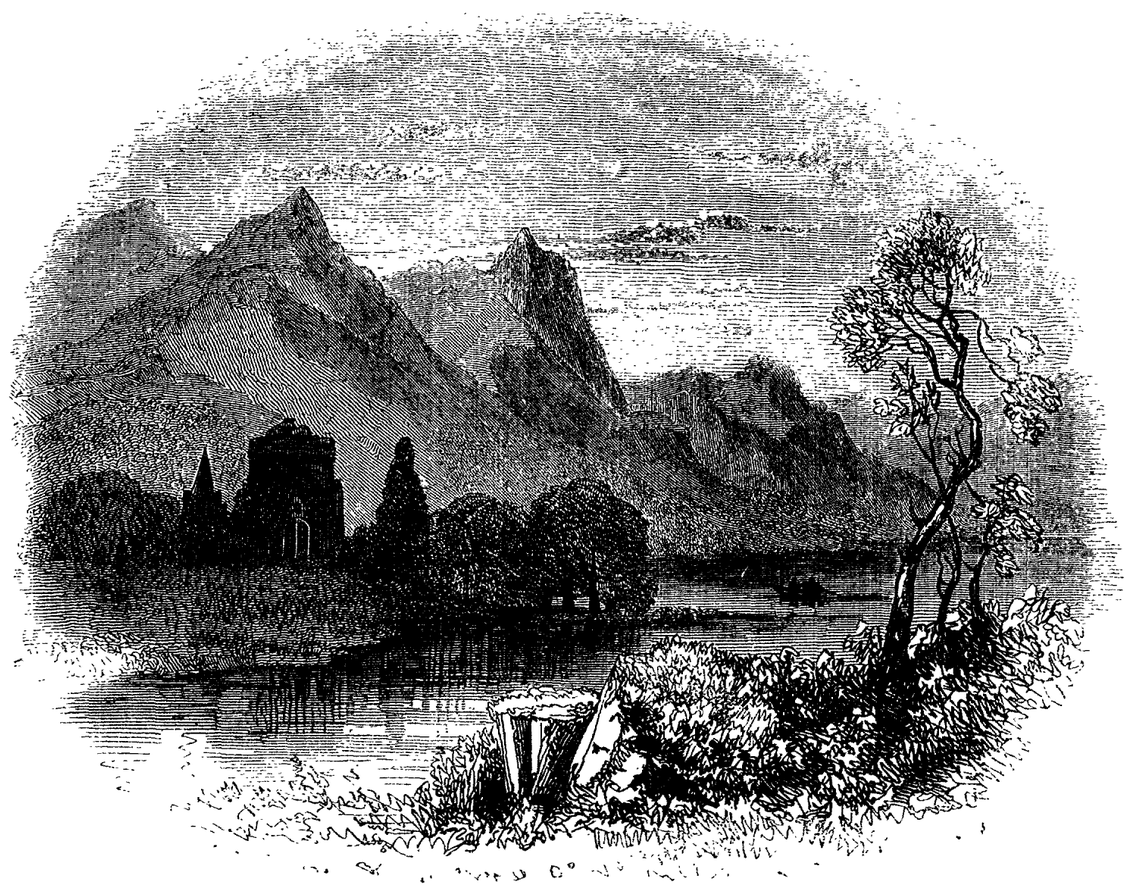
* Spoilers.

what destroys picturesque beauty, is strongly exemplified within a small compass, and in spots easily resorted to ; the causes, too, are as clearly marked, and may be as successfully studied, as where the higher styles of it, often mixed with the sublime, are displayed among forests, rocks, and mountains.

[There is no doubt that, with all one's love for the picturesque in roads, it must be admitted, that the convenience and comfort of travelling smoothly over them at all times is not only to be highly appreciated, but it is to be considered as an essential ingredient in human happiness ; and if there be any situation where this necessary of life is more to be desired in perfection than another, it is when we are approaching a friend's house in the country through its surrounding grounds. The smoothness of the surface of the road over which your carriage bowls on its way up to the portal of the mansion, feels like a sort of guarantee for that easy hospitality which you are to enjoy when you are fairly under his roof ; whilst, on the other hand, the host who gives you, perhaps, a mile or more of rough, troublesome, or dangerous driving before you can reach his door, seems to give you a hint, in pretty plain language, that he should not be at all sorry if the breaking of your springs, the overturn of your carriage, and, perhaps, the consequent fracture of your ribs or limbs, should arrest your progress, and save him from your company. Then, much as I have always enjoyed a scramble along some mountain side, or through some rough pathless forest, or rocky dingle, I have ever felt that all drives or walks which are intended to develop the beauties of the parks or pleasure grounds, should be of the best and smoothest possible composition of surface, so that the fair and delicate occupants of the open carriage or pony phaeton, may enjoy every scene with the same ease and tranquillity as the hardier equestrians or pedestrians of the party. At the same time, it is quite possible so to manage the edges of such pleasure roads as not to offend the picturesque eye. Near the house, we hold, that they must partake of that polish—that architectural harmony—that apparent care, and even expense, which gratifies our eyes in the mansion itself, both without and within doors. But as the gay confusion of gorgeous and tasteful furniture gives us more pleasure in the apartments, than their meagre walls would do without it, however splendidly they may be painted or covered, so I conceive that the accessaries of happily chosen shrubs and plants of the rarer yet most picturesque kinds, starting in profusion out of the turf in well disposed groups, and combining gracefully with the statues, balustrades, vases, and other architectural features belonging to the house, produce an intricacy

infinitely more pleasing than that bareness which we too often see accompanying the approach up to the very door. With a due consideration for the beauty of fitness, this is all that the most fastidious artist can demand for the immediate home part or central terminus of the pleasure roads. As they begin to steal away from the vicinity of the mansion, the same effect must be produced, yet with a due attention to circumstances; and the groups must not only be of greater magnitude, but they must be composed of plants and shrubs of larger growth and of wilder character, such as thorns, hollies, yews, &c., which always mingle well in composition with the taller and wider spreading trees. And then when the road has carried us into the denser woodlands, we should begin to find the edges of it broken and irregular, so as to be in perfect harmony with that nature which ought now to be found luxuriating all around us, to the wildness of which art may be allowed to add every charm that may be given without the appearance of design, but where it must never obtrude any thing that can possibly betray its presence. —E.]



CHAPTER III.

THERE are few words whose meaning has been less accurately determined than that of the word picturesque.

In general, I believe, it is applied to every object, and every kind of scenery, which has been or might be represented with good effect in painting—just as the word beautiful, when we speak of visible nature, is applied to every object and every kind of scenery that in any way give pleasure to the eye—and these seem to be the significations of both words, taken in their most extended and popular sense. A more precise and distinct idea of beauty has been given in an essay, the early splendour of which not even the full meridian blaze of its illustrious author has been able to extinguish; but the picturesque, considered as a separate character, has never yet been accurately distinguished from the sublime and the beautiful; though as no one has ever pretended that they are synonymous, (for it is sometimes used in contradistinction to them,) such a distinction must exist.

Mr. Gilpin, from whose very ingenious and extensive observations on this subject I have received great pleasure and instruction, appears

to have adopted this common acceptation, not merely as such, but as giving an exact and determinate idea of the word; for he defines picturesque objects to be those "which please from some quality capable of being illustrated in painting;"* or, as he again defines it in his Letter to Sir Joshua Reynolds, "such objects as are proper subjects for painting."† Both these definitions seem to me—what may perhaps appear a contradiction—at once too vague and too confined; for though we are not to expect any definition to be so accurate and comprehensive as both to supply the place and stand the test of investigation, yet if it do not in some degree separate the thing defined from all others, it differs little from any general truth on the same subject. For instance, it is very true that picturesque objects do please from some quality capable of being illustrated in painting; but so also does every object that is represented in painting if it please at all, otherwise it would not have been painted; and hence we ought to conclude, what certainly is not meant, that all objects which please in pictures are therefore picturesque—for no distinction or exclusion is made. Were any other person to define picturesque objects to be those which please from some striking effect of form, colour, or light and shadow—such a definition would indeed give but a very indistinct idea of the thing defined; but it would be hardly more vague, and at the same time much less confined than the others, for it would not have an exclusive reference to a particular art.

I hope to show in the course of this work, that the picturesque has a character not less separate and distinct than either the sublime or the beautiful, nor less independent of the art of painting. It has indeed been pointed out and illustrated by that art, and is one of its most striking ornaments; but has not beauty been pointed out and illustrated by that art also, nay, according to the poet, brought into existence by it?

Si Venerem Cous nunquam posuisset Apelles,
Mersa sub æquoreis illa lateret aquis.

Examine the forms of the early Italian painters, or of those who, at a later period, lived where the study of the antique, then fully operating at Rome on minds highly prepared for its influence, had not yet taught them to separate what is beautiful, from the general mass: you might almost conclude that beauty did not then exist; yet those painters were capable of exact imitation, though not of selection. Examine

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* Essay *on* Picturesque Beauty, p. 1.

† End of Essay *on* Picturesque Beauty, p. 36.

grandeur of form in the same manner; look at the dry meagre forms of Albert Durer—a man of genius even in Raphael's estimation—of Pietro Perugino, Andrea Mantegna, &c., and compare them with those of M. Angelo and Raphael: nature was not more dry and meagre in Germany or Perugia than at Rome. Compare their landscapes and back grounds with those of Titian; nature was not changed, but a mind of a higher cast, and instructed by the experience of all who had gone before, rejected minute detail; and pointed out, by means of such selections, and such combinations as were congenial to its own sublime conceptions, in what forms, in what colours, and in what effects, grandeur in landscape consisted. Can it then be doubted that grandeur and beauty have been pointed out and illustrated by painting as well as picturesqueness? * Yet, would it be a just definition of sublime or of beautiful objects, to say that they were such (and, let the words be taken in their most liberal construction) as *pleased from some quality capable of being illustrated in painting*, or, *that were proper subjects for that art?* The ancients, indeed, not only referred beauty of *form* to painting, but even beauty of *colour;* and the poet who could describe his mistress's complexion by comparing it to the tints of Apelles's pictures, must have thought that beauty of every kind was highly illustrated by the art to which he referred.

The principles of those two leading characters in nature—the sublime and the beautiful—have been fully illustrated and discriminated by a great master; but even when I first read that most original work, I felt that there were numberless objects which give great delight to the eye, and yet differ as widely from the beautiful as from the sublime. The reflections which I have since been led to make, have convinced me that these objects form a distinct class, and belong to what may properly be called the picturesque.

That term, as we may judge from its etymology, is applied only to objects of sight; and, indeed, in so confined a manner as to be supposed merely to have a reference to the art from which it is named. I am well convinced, however, that the name and reference only are limited and uncertain, and that the qualities which make objects picturesque, are not only as distinct as those which make them beautiful or sublime, but are equally extended to all our sensations by whatever organs they are received; and that music—though it appears like a

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* I have ventured to make use of this word, which I believe does not occur in any writer, from what appeared to me the necessity of having some one word to oppose to beauty and sublimity, in a work where they are so often compared.

solecism—may be as truly picturesque, according to the general principles of picturesqueness, as it may be beautiful or sublime, according to those of beauty or sublimity.

But there is one circumstance particularly adverse to this part of my essay: I mean the manifest derivation of the word picturesque. The Italian *pittoresco* is, I imagine, of earlier date than either the English or the French word, the latter of which, *pittoresque*, is clearly taken from it, having no analogy to its own tongue. *Pittoresco* is derived, not like picturesque, from the thing painted, but from the painter; and this difference is not wholly immaterial. The English word refers to the performance, and the objects most suited to it: the Italian and French words have a reference to the turn of mind common to painters; who, from the constant habit of examining all the peculiar effects and combinations, as well as the general appearance of nature, are struck with numberless circumstances, even where they are incapable of being represented, to which an unpractised eye pays little or no attention. The English word naturally draws the reader's mind towards pictures; and from that partial and confined view of the subject, what is in truth only an illustration of picturesqueness, becomes the foundation of it. The words sublime and beautiful have not the same etymological reference to any one visible art, and therefore are applied to objects of the other senses: sublime, indeed, in the language from which it is taken, and in its plain sense, means high; and therefore, perhaps, in strictness, should relate to objects of sight only; yet we no more scruple to call one of Handel's chorusses sublime, than Corelli's famous *pastorale* beautiful. But should any person simply, and without any qualifying expressions, call a capricious movement of Scarlatti or Haydn *picturesque*, he would, with great reason, be laughed at, for it is not a term applied to sounds; yet such a movement, from its sudden, unexpected, and abrupt transitions—from a certain playful wildness of character and appearance of irregularity, is no less analogous to similar scenery in nature, than the concerto or the chorus, to what is grand or beautiful to the eye.

There is, indeed, a general harmony and correspondence in all our sensations when they arise from similar causes, though they affect us by means of different senses; and these causes, as Mr. Burke has admirably pointed out,* can never be so clearly ascertained when we confine our observations to one sense only.

I must here observe, and I wish the reader to keep it in his mind,

* Sublime and Beautiful, p. 236.

that the inquiry is not in what sense certain words are used in the best authors, still less what is their common, and vulgar use, and abuse; but whether there be certain qualities, which uniformly produce the same effects in all visible objects, and, according to the same analogy, in objects of hearing and of all the other senses; and which qualities, though frequently blended and united with others in the same object or set of objects, may be separated from them, and assigned to the class to which they belong.

If it can be shown that a character composed of these qualities, and distinct from all others, does universally prevail; if it can be traced in the different objects of art and of nature, and appears consistent throughout, it surely deserves a distinct title; but, with respect to the real ground of inquiry, it matters little whether such a character, or the set of objects belonging to it, be called beautiful, sublime, or picturesque, or by any other name, or by no name at all.

Beauty is so much the most enchanting and popular quality, that it is often applied as the highest commendation to whatever gives us pleasure, or raises our admiration, be the cause what it will. Mr. Burke has given several instances of these ill-judged applications, and of the confusion of ideas which result from them; but there is nothing more ill-judged, or more likely to create confusion, if we at all agree with Mr. Burke in his idea of beauty, than the mode which prevails of joining together two words of a different, and in some respects of an opposite meaning, and calling the character by the title of Picturesque Beauty.

I must observe, however, that I by no means object to the expression itself; I only object to it as a general term for the *character*, and as comprehending every kind of scenery, and every set of objects which look well in a picture. That is the sense, as far as I have observed, in which it is very commonly used; consequently, an old hovel, an old cart-horse, or an old woman, are often, in that sense, full of picturesque *beauty;* and certainly the application of the last term to such objects, must tend to confuse our ideas: but were the expression restrained to those objects only, in which the picturesque and the beautiful are mixed together, and so mixed that the result, according to common apprehension, is beautiful; and were it never used when the picturesque—as it no less frequently happens—is mixed solely with what is terrible, ugly, or deformed, I should highly approve of the expression, and wish for more distinctions of the same kind.

In reality, the picturesque not only differs from the beautiful in those qualities which Mr. Burke has so justly ascribed to it, but arises from qualities the most diametrically opposite.

According to Mr. Burke, one of the most essential qualities of beauty is smoothness; now, as the perfection of smoothness is absolute equality and uniformity of surface, wherever that prevails there can be but little variety or intricacy; as, for instance, in smooth level banks, on a small, or in open downs, on a large scale. Another essential quality of beauty is gradual variation; that is—to make use of Mr. Burke's expression—where the lines do not vary in a sudden and broken manner, and where there is no sudden protuberance: it requires but little reflection to perceive, that the exclusion of all but flowing lines cannot promote variety; and that sudden protuberances, and lines that cross each other in a sudden and broken manner, are among the most fruitful causes of intricacy.

I am therefore persuaded, that the two opposite qualities of roughness,* and of sudden variation, joined to that of irregularity, are the most efficient causes of the picturesque.

This, I think, will appear very clearly, if we take a view of those objects, both natural and artificial, that are allowed to be picturesque, and compare them with those which are as generally allowed to be beautiful.

A temple or palace of Grecian architecture in its perfect entire state, and with its surface and colour smooth and even, either in painting or reality, is beautiful; in ruin it is picturesque. Observe the process by which Time, the great author of such changes, converts a beautiful object into a picturesque one: First, by means of weather stains, partial incrustations, mosses, &c. it at the same time takes off from the uniformity of the surface, and of the colour; that is, gives a degree of roughness, and variety of tint. Next, the various accidents of weather loosen the stones themselves; they tumble in irregular masses upon what was perhaps smooth turf or pavement, or nicely-trimmed walks and shrubberies—now mixed and overgrown with wild plants and creepers, that crawl over, and shoot among the fallen ruins. Sedums, wall-flowers, and other vegetables that bear drought, find nourishment in the decayed cement from which the stones have been detached; birds convey their food into the chinks, and yew, elder, and other berried plants project from the sides; while the ivy mantles over other parts, and crowns the

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* I have followed Mr. Gilpin's example in using roughness as a general term. He observes, however, that, "properly speaking, roughness relates only to the *surface* of bodies; and that when we speak of their *delineation*, we use the word ruggedness." In making roughness, in this general sense, a very principal distinction between the beautiful and the picturesque, I believe I am supported by the general opinion of all who have considered the subject, as well as by Mr. Gilpin's authority.

top. The even, regular lines of the doors and windows are broken, and through their ivy-fringed openings is displayed, in a more broken and picturesque manner, that striking image in Virgil,

" Apparet domus intus, et atria longa patescunt;
Apparent Priami et veterum penetralia regum."

Gothic architecture is generally considered as more picturesque, though less beautiful, than Grecian; and upon the same principle that a ruin is more so than a new edifice. The first thing that strikes the eye in approaching any building, is the general outline, and the effect of the openings. In Grecian buildings, the general lines of the roof are straight; and even when varied and adorned by a dome or a pediment, the whole has a character of symmetry and regularity. But symmetry, which in works of art particularly accords with the beautiful, is in the same degree adverse to the picturesque; and among the various causes of the superior picturesqueness of ruins, compared with entire buildings, the destruction of symmetry is by no means the least powerful.

In Gothic buildings, the outline of the summit presents such a variety of forms, of turrets and pinnacles, some open, some fretted and variously enriched, that even where there is an exact correspondence of parts, it is often disguised by an appearance of splendid confusion and irregularity. There is a line in Dryden's Palamon and Arcite, which might be interpreted according to this idea, though I do not suppose he intended to convey any such meaning—

" And all *appear'd* irregularly great."

In the doors and windows of Gothic churches, the pointed arch has as much variety as any regular figure can well have; the eye, too, is less strongly conducted than by the parallel lines in the Grecian style, from the top of one aperture to that of another; and every person must be struck with the extreme richness and intricacy of some of the principal windows of our cathedrals and ruined abbeys. In these last is displayed the triumph of the picturesque; and their charms to a painter's eye are often so great, as to rival those which arise from the chaste ornaments, and the noble and elegant simplicity of Grecian architecture.

Some people may, perhaps, be unwilling to allow, that in ruins of Grecian and Gothic architecture, any considerable part of the spectator's pleasure arises from the picturesque circumstances; and may choose to attribute the whole, to what may justly claim a great share in that pleasure—the elegance or grandeur of their forms—the veneration of high antiquity—or the solemnity of religious awe; in a word, to the mixture of the two other characters. But were this true, yet there are

many buildings, highly interesting to all who have united the study of art with that of nature, in which beauty and grandeur are equally out of the question—such as hovels, cottages, mills, insides of old barns, stables, &c. whenever they have any marked and peculiar effect of form, tint, or light and shadow. In mills particularly, such is the extreme intricacy of the wheels and the wood work—such the singular variety of forms and of lights and shadows, of mosses and weather stains from the constant moisture, of plants springing from the rough joints of the stones —such the assemblage of every thing which most conduces to picturesqueness, that, even without the addition of water, an old mill has the greatest charm for a painter.

It is owing to the same causes, that a building with scaffolding has often a more picturesque appearance, than the building itself when the scaffolding is taken away; that old, mossy, rough-hewn park pales of unequal heights are an ornament to landscape, especially when they are partially concealed by thickets, while a neat post and rail, regularly continued round a field, and seen without any interruption, is one of the most unpicturesque, as being one of the most uniform, of all boundaries.

But among all the objects of nature, there is none in which roughness and smoothness more strongly mark the distinction between the two characters, than in water. A calm, clear lake, with the reflections of all that surrounds it, viewed under the influence of a setting sun, at the close of an evening clear and serene as its own surface, is perhaps, of all scenes, the most congenial to our ideas of beauty in its strictest, and in its most general acceptation.

Nay, though the scenery around should be the most wild and picturesque—I might almost say the most savage—every thing is so softened and melted together by the reflection of such a mirror, that the prevailing idea, even then, might possibly be that of beauty, so long as the water itself was chiefly regarded. On the other hand, all water of which the surface is broken, and the motion abrupt and irregular, as universally accords with our ideas of the picturesque; and whenever the word is mentioned, rapid and stony torrents and waterfalls, and waves dashing against rocks, are among the first objects that present themselves to our imagination. The two characters also approach and balance each other, as roughness or smoothness, as gentle undulation or abruptness prevail.

Among trees, it is not the smooth young beech nor the fresh and tender ash, but the rugged old oak or knotty wych elm that are picturesque; nor is it necessary they should be of great bulk—it is sufficient if they are rough, mossy, with a character of age, and with sudden

variations in their forms. The limbs of huge trees shattered by lightning or tempestuous winds, are in the highest degree picturesque; but whatever is caused by those dreaded powers of destruction, must always have a tincture of the sublime.

There is a simile in Ariosto in which the two characters are finely united:—

"Quale stordito, e stupido aratore,
Poi ch'e passato il fulmine, si leva
Di la, dove l'altissimo fragore
Presso agli uccisi buoi steso l'aveva;
Che mira sensa fronde, et senza onore,
Il Pin che da lontan veder soleva,
Tal si levo'l Pagano."

Milton seems to have thought of this simile, but the sublimity both of his subject and of his own genius, made him reject those picturesque circumstances, the variety of which, while it amuses, distracts the mind, and has kept it fixed on a few grand and awful images:—

"As when heaven's fire
Has scathed the forest oaks or mountain pines,
With singed top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath."

If we next take a view of those animals that are called picturesque, the same qualities will be found to prevail. The ass is generally thought to be more picturesque than the horse; and among horses, it is the wild and rough forester, or the worn-out cart-horse to which that title is applied. The sleek pampered steed, with his high arched crest and flowing mane, is frequently represented in painting; but his prevailing character, whether there or in reality, is that of beauty.

In pursuing the same mode of inquiry with respect to other animals, we find that the Pomeranian and the rough water-dog are more picturesque than the smooth spaniel or the greyhound, the shaggy goat than the sheep; and these last are more so when their fleeces are ragged and worn away in parts, than when they are of equal thickness, or when they have lately been shorn. No animal, indeed, is so constantly introduced in landscape as the sheep, but that, as I observed before, does not prove superior picturesqueness; and I imagine, that, besides their innocent character, so suited to pastoral scenes, of which they are the natural inhabitants, it arises from their being of a tint at once brilliant and mellow, which unites happily with all objects; and also from their producing, when in groups, however slightly the detail may

be expressed, broader masses of light and shadow than any other animal. The reverse of this is true with regard to deer; their general effect in groups is comparatively meagre and spotty, but their wild appearance, their lively action, their sudden bounds, and the intricacy of their branching horns, are circumstances in the highest degree picturesque.

Wild and savage animals, like scenes of the same description, have generally a marked and picturesque character; and, as such scenes are less strongly impressed with that character when all is calm and serene than when the clouds are agitated and variously tossed about, so whatever may be the appearance of any animal in a tranquil state, it becomes more picturesque when suddenly altered by the influence of some violent emotion; and it is curious to observe how all that disturbs inward calm produces a correspondent roughness without. The bristles of the chafed and foaming boar—the quills on the fretful porcupine—are suddenly raised by sudden emotion, and the angry lion exhibits the same picturesque marks of rage and fierceness,

Παν δε τ' επισκυνιον κατω ἑλκεται οσσε καλυπτων.

It is true, that in all animals where great strength and destructive fierceness are united, there is a mixture of grandeur, but the principles on which a greater or lesser degree of picturesqueness is founded may clearly be distinguished; the lion, for instance, with his shaggy mane, is much more picturesque than the lioness, though she is equally an object of terror.

The effect of smoothness or roughness in producing the beautiful or the picturesque, is again clearly exemplified in birds. Nothing is more truly consonant to our ideas of beauty, than their plumage when smooth and undisturbed, and when the eye glides over it without interruption; nothing, on the other hand, has so picturesque an appearance as their feathers, when ruffled by any accidental circumstance, or by any sudden passion in the animal. When inflamed with anger or with desire, the first symptoms appear in their ruffled plumage; the game cock, when he attacks his rival, raises the feathers of his neck, the purple pheasant his crest, and the peacock, when he feels the return of spring, shows his passion in the same manner—

"And every feather shivers with delight."

The picturesque character in birds of prey arises from the angular form of their beak, the rough feathers on their legs, their crooked talons, their action and energy. All these circumstances are in the strongest degree apparent in the eagle; but, from his size as well as

courage, from the force of his beak and talons, formidable even to man, and likewise from all our earliest associations, the bird of Jove is always very much connected with ideas of grandeur.

Many birds have received from nature the same picturesque appearance which in others happens only accidentally; such are those whose heads and necks are adorned with ruffs, with crests, and with tufts of plumes, not lying smoothly over each other, as those of the back, but loosely and irregularly disposed. These are, perhaps, the most striking and attractive of all birds, as having that degree of roughness and irregularity which gives a spirit to smoothness and symmetry; and where in them or in other objects these last qualities prevail, the result of the whole is justly called beautiful.

In our own species, objects merely picturesque are to be found among the wandering tribes of gypsies and beggars; who, in all the qualities which give them that character, bear a close analogy to the wild forester and the worn-out cart-horse, and again to old mills, hovels, and other inanimate objects of the same kind. More dignified characters, such as a Belisarius, or a Marius in age and exile,* have the same mixture of picturesqueness and of decayed grandeur, as the venerable remains of the magnificence of past ages.

If we ascend to the highest order of created beings, as painted by the grandest of our poets, they, in their state of glory and happiness, raise no ideas but those of beauty and sublimity; the picturesque, as in earthly objects, only shows itself when they are in a state of ruin—

> "Nor appear'd
> Less than archangel *ruin'd*, and the excess
> Of glory obscured"—

when shadows have obscured their original brightness, and that uniform, though angelic expression of pure love and joy, has been destroyed by a variety of warring passions:

> "Darken'd so, yet shone
> Above them all the archangel; but his face
> Deep scars of thunder had entrench'd, and care
> Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
> Of dauntless courage and considerate pride
> Waiting revenge; cruel his eye, but cast
> Signs of remorse and passion."

If from nature we turn to that art from which the expression itself

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* The noble picture of Salvator Rosa at Lord Townshend's, which in the print is called Belisarius, has been thought to be a Marius among the ruins of Carthage.

is taken, we shall find all the principles of picturesqueness confirmed. Among painters, Salvator Rosa is one of the most remarkable for his picturesque effects: in no other master are seen such abrupt and rugged forms—such sudden deviations both in his figures and his landscapes; and the roughness and broken touches of his pencilling, admirably accord with the objects they characterise.

Guido, on the other hand, was as eminent for beauty: in his celestial countenances are the happiest examples of gradual variation, of lines that melt and flow into each other; no sudden break, nothing that can disturb that pleasing languor, which the union of all that constitutes beauty impresses on the soul. The style of his hair is as smooth as its own character, and its effect in accompanying the face will allow; the flow of his drapery—the sweetness and equality of his pencilling, and the silvery clearness and purity of his tints, are all examples of the justness of Mr. Burke's principles of beauty. But we may learn from the works even of this great master, how unavoidably an attention to mere beauty and flow of outline, will lead towards sameness and insipidity. If this has happened to a painter of such high excellence, who so well knew the value of all that belongs to his art, and whose touch, when he painted a St. Peter or a St. Jerome, was as much admired for its spirited and characteristic roughness, as for its equality and smoothness in his angels and madonnas—what must be the case with men who have been tethered all their lives in a clump or a belt?

There is another instance of contrast between two eminent painters, Albano and Mola, which I cannot forbear mentioning, as it confirms the alliance between roughness and picturesqueness, and between smoothness and beauty; and as it shows, in the latter case, the consequent danger of sameness. Of all the painters who have left behind them a high reputation, none, perhaps, was more uniformly smooth than Albano, or less often deviated into abruptness of any kind: none also have greater monotony of character; but, from the extreme beauty and delicacy of his forms and his tints, and his exquisite finishing, few pictures are more generally captivating. Mola, the scholar of Albano, (and that circumstance makes it more singular,) is as remarkable for many of those opposite qualities which distinguish S. Rosa, though he has not the boldness and animation of that original genius. There is hardly any painter, whose pictures more immediately catch the eye of a connoisseur than those of Mola, or less attract the notice of a person unused to painting. Salvator has a savage grandeur, often in the highest degree sublime; and sublimity, in any shape, will command

attention: but Mola's scenes and figures are, for the most part, neither sublime nor beautiful; they are purely picturesque. His touch is less rough than Salvator's; his colouring has, in general, more richness and variety; and his pictures seem to me the most perfect examples of the higher style of picturesqueness—infinitely removed from vulgar nature, but having neither the softness and delicacy of beauty, nor that grandeur of conception which produces the sublime.

[A picturesque object may, in fact, be defined as that which, from the greater facilities which it possesses for readily and more effectually enabling an artist to display his art, is, as it were, a provocative to painting. If he has the time and the means for sketching it, he finds it impossible to resist the desire with which it fills him to carry it off on his canvass, because it is not only striking to him, but he feels that it must be equally striking nearly to all mankind, as being capable of touching those general chords of association which are most universally possessed by mankind, and which, therefore, naturally produce the most general interest. The examples which have been so liberally, and, if I may be permitted so to speak, so picturesquely brought forward by Price in this chapter, may all have their influence traced to this common source, whence that of beauty or sublimity may be likewise followed; yet the distinction of the term will not be the less convenient, because it is thus found to spring from the same root with these other terms—for, in our description of natural scenery, language is often found to be so poor, that no word which conveys a tolerably well defined idea should ever be rejected. Since the word in question was coined, a new one has been more recently created—I mean the word *sculpturesque*, now very generally employed by artists and amateurs to signify such objects as are best fitted for displaying the powers of the sculptor, or which would most readily provoke him to the exercise of his art.—E.]

CHAPTER IV.

From all that has been stated in the last chapter, picturesqueness appears to hold a station between beauty and sublimity; and, on that account, perhaps, is more frequently, and more happily blended with them both, than they are with each other. It is, however, perfectly distinct from either. Beauty and picturesqueness are indeed evidently founded on very opposite qualities; the one on smoothness, the other on roughness; the one on gradual, the other on sudden variation; the one on ideas of youth and freshness, the other on those of age, and even of decay.

But as most of the qualities of visible beauty are made known to us through the medium of another sense, the sight itself is hardly more to be considered than the touch, in regard to all those sensations which are excited by beautiful forms; and the distinction between the beautiful and the picturesque will, perhaps, be most strongly pointed out by means of the latter sense. I am aware that this is liable to a gross and obvious ridicule; but, for that reason, none but gross and commonplace minds will dwell upon it.

Mr. Burke has observed, that "men are carried to the sex in general, as it is the sex, and by the common law of nature; but they are

attached to particulars by personal *beauty;*" he adds, "I call beauty a social quality; for where women and men, and not only they, but when other animals give us a sense of joy and pleasure in beholding them—and there are many that do so—they inspire us with sentiments of tenderness and affection towards their persons; we like to have them near us, and we enter willingly into a kind of relation with them."*

These sentiments of tenderness and affection, nature has taught us to express by caresses, by gentle pressure; these are the endearments we make use of, where sex is totally out of the question, to beautiful children, to beautiful animals, and even to things inanimate; and where the size and character, as in trees, buildings, &c., exclude any such relation, still something of the same difference of impression between them and rugged objects appears to subsist; that impression, however, is diminished, as the size of any beautiful object is increased; and as it approaches towards grandeur and magnificence, it recedes from loveliness.

As the eye borrows many of its sensations from the touch, so that again seems to borrow others from the sight. Soft, fresh, and beautiful colours, though "not sensible to feeling as to sight," give us an inclination to try their effect on the touch; whereas, if the colour be not beautiful, that inclination, I believe, is always diminished, and in objects merely picturesque, and void of all beauty, is rarely excited. I have read, indeed, in some fairy tale, of a country, where age and wrinkles were loved and caressed, and youth and freshness neglected; but in real life, I fancy, the most picturesque old woman, however her admirer may ogle her on that account, is perfectly safe from his caresses.

It has been observed in a former part, that symmetry, which perfectly accords with the beautiful, is in the same degree adverse to the picturesque; and this circumstance forms a strongly marked distinction between the two characters. The general symmetry which prevails in the forms of animals is obvious; but as no precise standard of it in each species has been made or acknowledged, any slight deviation from what is most usual is scarcely attended to. In the human form, however, from our being more nearly interested in all that belongs to it, symmetry has been more accurately defined; and, as far as human observation and selection can fix a standard for beauty, it has been fixed by the Grecian sculptors. That standard is acknowledged in all

* Sublime and Beautiful, p. 66.

the most civilized parts of Europe: a near approach to it, makes the person to be called *regularly* beautiful; a departure from it, whatever striking and attractive peculiarity it may bestow, is still a departure from that perfection of ideal beauty, so diligently sought after, and so nearly attained by those great artists, from the few precious remains of whose works, we have gained some idea of the refined art which raised them to such high eminence; for by their means we have learned to distinguish what is most exquisite and perfect, from the more ordinary degrees of excellence.

There are several expressions in the language of a neighbouring people, of lively imagination, and distinguished gallantry and attention to the other sex, which seem to imply an uncertain idea of some character, which was not precisely beauty, but which, from whatever causes, produced striking and pleasing effects: such are *une physionomie de fantaisie*, and the well-known expression of *un certain je ne sais quoi;* it is also common to say of a woman—que sans être belle elle est *piquante*—a word, by the by, that in many points answers very exactly to picturesque. The amusing history of Roxalana and the Sultan, is also the history of the *piquant*, which is fully exemplified in her person and her manners: Marmontel certainly did not intend to give the *petit nez retroussé* as a *beautiful* feature; but to show how much such a striking *irregularity* might accord and co-operate with the same sort of irregularity in the character of the mind. The playful, unequal, coquetish Roxalana, full of sudden turns and caprices, is opposed to the beautiful, tender, and constant Elvira; and the effects of irritation, to those of softness and languor: the tendency of the qualities of beauty alone towards monotony, are no less happily insinuated.

Although there are no generally received standards with respect to animals, yet those who have been in the habit of breeding them and of attending to their forms, have fixed to themselves certain standards of perfection. Mr. Bakewell, like Phidias or Apelles, had probably formed in his mind an idea of perfection beyond what he had seen in nature; and which, like them, though by a different process, he was constantly endeavouring to embody. It may be said, that this perfection relates only to their disposition to produce fat upon the most profitable parts—a very grazier-like and material idea of beauty it must fairly be owned; but still, if a standard of shape (from whatever cause) be acknowledged, and called beautiful, any departure from that settled correspondence and symmetry of parts, will certainly, within that jurisdiction, be considered as an *irregularity* in the form, and a

consequent departure from beauty, however striking the object may be in its general appearance. More marked and sudden deviations from the general symmetry of animals, whether arising from particular conformation, from accident, or from the effects of age or disease, often very strongly attract the painter's notice, and are recorded by him; but they never can be thought to make the object more beautiful: many of these would, on the contrary, by most men be called deformities, and not without reason. I shall hereafter have occasion to show the connection, as well as the distinction, that subsists between deformity and picturesqueness.

If we turn from animal to vegetable nature, many of the most beautiful flowers have a high degree of symmetry; so much so, that their colours appear to be laid on after a regular and finished design: but beauty is so much the prevailing character of flowers, that no one seeks for any thing picturesque among them. In trees, on the other hand, every thing appears so loose and irregular, that symmetry seems out of the question; yet still the same analogy subsists. Cowley has very accurately enumerated the chief qualities of beauty, in his description of what he considers as one of the most beautiful of trees—the lime. He has not forgot symmetry in the catalogue of its charms, though it is probable that few readers will agree with him in admiring the degree or the style of it, which is displayed in the lime: but exact symmetry in all things was then as extravagantly in fashion, as it is now—perhaps too violently—in disgrace.

> Stat Philyra; haud omnes formosior altera surgit
> Inter Hamadryades; mollissima, candida, lævis,
> Et viridante coma, et bene olenti flore superba,
> Spargit odoratam late atque *æqualiter* umbram.

If we take *candida* for clear, as *candidi fontes;* and *viridante*, as peculiarly fresh and verdant, we have every quality of beauty separately considered. A *beautiful* tree, considered in point of form only, must have a certain correspondence of parts, and a comparative regularity and proportion; whereas inequality and irregularity alone will give to a tree a *picturesque* appearance, more especially if the effects of age and decay, as well as of accident are conspicuous: when, for instance, some of the limbs are shattered, and the broken stump remains in the void space; when others, half twisted round by winds, hang downwards; while others again shoot in an opposite direction, and perhaps some large bough projects sideways from below the stag-headed top, and then as suddenly turns upwards, and rises above it. The general

proportion of such trees, whether tall or short, thick or slender, is not material to their character as *picturesque* objects; but where beauty, elegance, and gracefulness are concerned, a short thick proportion will not give an idea of those qualities. There certainly are a great variety of pleasing forms and proportions in trees, and different men have different predilections, just as they have with respect to their own species; but I never knew any person, who, if he observed at all, was not struck with the gracefulness and elegance of a tree, whose proportion was rather tall, whose stem had an easy sweep, but which returned again in such a manner, that the whole appeared completely poised and balanced, and whose boughs were in some degree pendent, but towards their extremities made a gentle curve upwards: if to such a form you add fresh and tender foliage and bark, you have every quality assigned to beauty.

In the last chapter I described the process by which a beautiful *artificial* object becomes picturesque: I will now show the similar effect of the same kind of process in *natural* objects; and, more fully to illustrate the subject, will compare at the same moment the effect of that process on animate and inanimate objects. It cannot be said that there is much general analogy between a tree and a human figure; but there is a great deal in the particular qualities which make them either beautiful or picturesque. Almost all the qualities of beauty, as it might naturally be expected, belong to youth; and, among them all, none is more consonant to our ideas of beauty, or gives so general an impression of it as freshness;—without it, the most perfect form wants its most precious finish; wherever it begins to depart, wherever marks of age, or of unhealthiness appear, though other effects, other sympathies, other characters may arise, there must be a diminution of beauty. Freshness, which equally belongs to vegetable and animal beauty, is one of the most striking and attractive qualities in the general appearance of a beautiful object; whether of a tree in its most flourishing state, or of a human figure in its highest perfection. In either, the smallest diminution of that quality, from age or disease, is a manifest diminution of beauty; for, as it was remarked by a writer of the highest eminence, *venustas et pulchritudo corporis secerni non potest a valetudine.** Besides the relation, which in point of freshness in the general appearance, a beautiful plant or a beautiful person bear to each other, there is likewise a correspondence in particular parts—the luxuriancy of foliage, answers to that of hair; the delicate smoothness

* Cicero de Officiis, Lib. 1.

of bark, to that of the skin; and the clear, even, and tender colour of it, to that of the complexion. There is also, in the bark and the skin, though much more sensibly in the latter, another beauty arising from a look of softness and suppleness, so opposite to the hard and *dry* appearance, which, as well as roughness, is brought on by age; and which peculiar softness—arising in this case from the free circulation of juices to every part, and in contra-distinction to what is dry, though yielding to pressure—is well expressed by the Greek word ὑγροτης; a word whose meaning I shall have occasion to dwell more fully upon hereafter.* The earliest, and most perceptible, attacks of time, are made on the bark, and on the skin; which at first, however, merely lose their evenness of surface, and perfect clearness of colour: by degrees, the lines grow stronger in each; the tint more dingy; often unequal and in spots; and, in proportion as either trees or men advance towards decay, the regular progress of time, and often the effects of accident, occasion great and partial changes in their forms. In trees, the various hollows and inequalities which are produced by some parts failing, and others in consequence falling in; from accidental marks and protuberances, and from other circumstances which a long course of years gives rise to, are obvious; and many correspondent changes from similar causes in the human form, are no less obvious. By such changes, that nice symmetry and correspondence of parts so essential to beauty, is in both destroyed; in both, the hand of time roughens the surface, and traces still deeper furrows; a few leaves, a few hairs, are thinly scattered on their summits; that light, airy, aspiring look of youth is gone, and both seem shrunk and tottering, and ready to fall with the next blast.

Such is the change from beauty—and to what? surely not to a higher, or an equal degree, or to a different style of beauty. No—nor to any thing that resembles it: and yet, that both these objects, even in this last state, have often strong attractions for painters—their works afford sufficient testimony; that they are called picturesque—the general application of the term to such objects, makes equally clear; and that they totally differ from what is beautiful—the common feelings of mankind no less convincingly prove. One misapprehension I would wish to guard against. I do not mean to infer, from the instances I have given, that an object, to be picturesque, must be old and decayed; but that the most beautiful objects will become so from the effects of age and decay; and I believe it is equally true, that those which are

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* In the Appendix.

naturally of a strongly marked and peculiar character, are likely to become still more picturesque by the process I have mentioned.

I have now very fully stated the principal circumstances by which the picturesque is separated from the beautiful. It is equally distinct from the sublime; for, though there are some qualities common to them both, yet they differ in many essential points, and proceed from very different causes. In the first place, greatness of dimension is a powerful cause of the sublime. I would by no means lay too much stress on greatness of dimension, but what Mr. Burke has observed with regard to buildings is true of many natural objects, such as rocks, cascades, &c., where the scale is too diminutive, no greatness of manner will give them grandeur. The picturesque has no connection with dimension of any kind, and is as often found in the smallest as in the largest objects. The sublime, being founded on principles of awe and terror, never descends to any thing light or playful; the picturesque, whose characteristics are intricacy and variety, is equally adapted to the grandest and to the gayest scenery. Infinity is one of the most efficient causes of the sublime: the boundless ocean, for that reason, inspires awful sensations; to give it picturesqueness you must destroy that cause of its sublimity, for it is on the shape and disposition of its boundaries that the picturesque must in great measure depend.

Uniformity, which is so great an enemy to the picturesque, is not only compatible with the sublime, but often the cause of it. That general, equal gloom which is spread over all nature before a storm, with the stillness, so nobly described by Shakspeare, is in the highest degree sublime—

> "And as we often see, against a storm,
> A silence in the heavens, the wrack stand still,
> The bold winds speechless, and the orb itself
> As hush as death,—anon the dreadful thunder
> Does rend the region."

The picturesque requires greater variety, and does not show itself till the dreadful thunder has rent the region, has tossed the clouds into a thousand towering forms, and opened, as it were, the recesses of the sky. A blaze of light unmixed with shade, on the same principles, tends to the sublime only. Milton has placed light, in its most glorious brightness, as an inaccessible barrier round the throne of the Almighty—

> "For God is light,
> And never but in unapproachéd light
> Dwelt from eternity."

And such is the power he has given even to its diminished splendour—

"That the brightest seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes."

In one place, indeed, he has introduced very picturesque circumstances in his sublime representation of the Deity, but it is of the Deity in wrath; it is when, from the weakness and narrowness of our conceptions, we give the names and the effects of our passions to the all-perfect Creator:—

"And clouds began
To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll
In dusky wreaths reluctant flames, the sign
Of wrath awaked."

In general, however, where the glory, power, or majesty of God are represented, he has avoided that variety of form and of colouring which might take off from simple and uniform grandeur, and has encompassed the divine essence with unapproached light, or with the majesty of darkness.

Again, if we descend to earth, a perpendicular rock, of vast bulk and height, though bare and unbroken, or a deep chasm, under the same circumstances, are objects which produce awful sensations; but without some variety and intricacy, either in themselves or their accompaniments, they will not be picturesque. Lastly, a most essential difference between the two characters is, that the sublime, by its solemnity, takes off from the loveliness of beauty, whereas the picturesque renders it more captivating. This last difference is happily pointed out and illustrated in the most ingenious and pleasing of all fictions, that of Venus' Cestus. Juno, however beautiful, had no captivating charms till she had put on the magic girdle—in other words, till she had exchanged her stately dignity for playfulness and coquetry.

According to Mr. Burke,* the passion caused by the great and sublime in *nature*, when those causes operate most powerfully, is astonishment, and astonishment is that state of the soul in which all its motions are suspended with some degree of horror; the sublime, also, being founded on ideas of pain and terror, like them operates by stretching the fibres beyond their natural tone. The passion excited by beauty is love and complacency; it acts by relaxing the fibres somewhat below their natural tone, and this is accompanied by an inward sense of melting and languor. I have heard this part of Mr. Burke's book criticised, on a supposition that pleasure is more generally produced from the fibres being stimulated than from their being relaxed. To me it ap-

* Sublime and Beautiful, Part II. Sec. 1.

pears, that Mr. Burke is right with respect to that pleasure which is the effect of beauty, or whatever has an analogy to beauty, according to the principles he has laid down.

If we examine our feelings on a warm genial day, in a spot full of the softest beauties of nature, the fragrance of spring breathing around us—pleasure then seems to be our natural state, to be received, not sought after; it is the happiness of existing to sensations of delight only—we are unwilling to move, almost to think, and desire only to feel, to enjoy. In pursuing the same train of ideas, I may add, that the effect of the picturesque is curiosity; an effect which, though less splendid and powerful, has a more general influence. Those who have felt the excitement produced by the intricacies of wild romantic mountainous scenes, can tell how curiosity, while it prompts us to scale every rocky promontory, to explore every new recess, by its active agency keeps the fibres to their full tone; and thus picturesqueness, when mixed with either of the other characters, corrects the languor of beauty, or the tension of sublimity. But as the nature of every corrective must be to take off from the peculiar effect of what it is to correct, so does the picturesque when united to either of the others. It is the coquetry of nature—it makes beauty more amusing, more varied, more playful, but also

"Less winning soft, less amiably mild."

Again, by its variety, its intricacy, its partial concealments, it excites that active curiosity which gives play to the mind, loosening those iron bonds with which astonishment chains up its faculties. This seems to be perfectly applicable to tragi-comedy, and is at once its apology and condemnation. Whatever relieves the mind from a strong impression, of course weakens that impression.

Where characters, however distinct in their nature, are perpetually mixed together in such various degrees and manners, it is not always easy to draw the exact line of separation; I think, however, we may conclude, that where an object, or a set of objects, are without smoothness or grandeur, but from their intricacy, their sudden and irregular deviations, their variety of forms, tints, and lights and shadows, are interesting to a cultivated eye, they are simply picturesque. Such, for instance, are the rough banks that often enclose a by-road or a hollow lane: imagine the *size* of these banks and the *space* between them to be increased, till the lane becomes a deep dell, the coves, large caverns, the peeping stones, hanging rocks, so that the whole may impress an idea of awe and grandeur—the sublime will then be mixed with the

picturesque, though the *scale* only, not the *style* of the scenery would be changed. On the other hand, if parts of the banks were smooth and gently sloping, or if in the middle space the turf were soft and close bitten, or if a gentle stream passed between them, whose clear, unbroken surface reflected all their varieties—the beautiful and the picturesque, by means of that softness and smoothness, would then be united.

I may here observe, that as softness is become a *visible* quality as well as smoothness, so also, from the same kind of sympathy, it is a principle of beauty in many visible objects; but as the hardest bodies are those which receive the highest polish, and consequently the highest degree of smoothness, there must be a number of objects in which smoothness and softness are for that reason incompatible. The one, however, is not unfrequently mistaken for the other, and I have more than once heard pictures, which were so smoothly finished that they looked like ivory, commended for their softness.

The skin of a delicate woman is an example of softness and smoothness united; but if by art a higher polish be given to the skin, the softness, and in that case I may add the beauty, is destroyed. Fur, moss, hair, wool, &c. are comparatively rough, but they are soft, and yield to pressure, and therefore take off from the appearance of hardness, and also of edginess. A stone or rock, when polished by water, is smoother, but less soft than when covered with moss; and upon this principle the wooded banks of a river have often a softer general effect than the bare shaven border of a canal. There is the same difference between the grass of a pleasure-ground mowed to the quick, and that of a fresh meadow; and it frequently happens, that continual mowing destroys the verdure as well as the softness. So much does excessive attachment to one principle destroy its own ends.

Before I end this chapter, I wish to say a few words with respect to my adoption of Mr. Burke's doctrine. It has been asserted that I have pre-supposed our ideas of the sublime and beautiful to be clearly settled,* whereas the least attention to what I have written would have shown the contrary. As far as my own opinion is concerned, I certainly am convinced of the general truth and accuracy of Mr. Burke's system, for it is the foundation of my own; but I must be very ignorant of human nature, to suppose "our ideas clearly settled" on any question of that kind. I therefore have always spoken cautiously, and even doubtingly, to avoid the imputation of judging for others; I have said, *if* we agree

* Essay on Design in Gardening, by Mr. George Mason, page 201.

with Mr. Burke, *according* to Mr. Burke; and in the next chapter to this, I have stated that Mr. Burke has done *a great deal towards* settling the vague and contradictory ideas, &c. These passages so very plainly show how little I presumed to suppose our ideas were clearly settled, that no person who had read the book with any degree of attention could have made such a remark; and I must say, that whoever does venture to criticise what he has not considered, is much more his own enemy than the author's.

By way of convincing his readers that Mr. Burke's ideas of the sublime are unworthy of being attended to, Mr. G. Mason has the following remark, which I have taken care to copy very exactly:— "The majority of thinking and learned men whom it has been my lot to converse with on such subjects, are as well persuaded of *terror's* being the cause of *sublime*, as that Tenterden steeple is of Goodwin sands." As Mr. Mason seems very conversant with the classics, as well as with English authors, and as the sublime in poetry has been discussed by writers of high authority, and the sublimity of many passages very generally acknowledged, I could wish that he and his learned friends would take the trouble of examining such passages in Homer, Virgil, Shakspeare, Milton, and all the poets who are most eminent for their sublimity; and should they find, as surely they will, that almost all of them are founded upon terror, or on those modifications of it which Mr. Burke has so admirably pointed out, they may, perhaps, be inclined to speak somewhat less contemptuously of his researches. They may even be led to reflect, what must have been the depth and penetration of that man's mind, who, scarcely arrived at manhood, clearly saw how one great principle, an acknowledged cause of the sublime in poetry, was likewise the most powerful cause of sublimity in all objects whatsoever; pursued it through all the works of art and of nature, and explained, illustrated, and adorned his discovery, with that ingenuity, and that brilliancy of language, in which he stands unrivalled.

A number of sublime passages in poetry will of course present themselves to a person so well read in the classics as Mr. Mason, but I will beg leave to remind him, and those who reject Mr. Burke's doctrine, of a few instances, in which if terror be not the cause of the sublime, I have no idea of any cause of any effect. It is natural to begin by the great father of all poetry, and by a passage which Longinus has particularly dwelt upon: it is that celebrated one in the Iliad,* where

* Iliad, b. xx., l. 56.

Homer has described Jupiter thundering above, Neptune shaking the earth beneath, and Pluto starting from his throne with terror, lest his secret and dreary abodes should be burst open to the day. From this short exposition the reader may judge what is the principle on which the sublimity of this passage is founded.

The most sublime passage, according to my idea, in Virgil, or perhaps in any other poet, is that magnificent personification of a thunder storm.

"Ipse Pater, media nimborum in nocte, corusca
Fulmina molitur dextra, quo maxima motu
Terra tremit, fugere feræ, et mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis stravit pavor—Ille flagranti
Aut Atho aut Rhodopen, aut alta Ceraunia telo
Dejicit."

Divest these two passages of terror, what remains? In this last particularly, the sublime opposition between the cause and the effect of terror, more strongly than in any other, illustrates the principle. And I may here observe, that one circumstance which gives peculiar grandeur to personifications, is the attributing of natural events to the immediate action of some angry and powerful agent.

"Ipse *Pater* mediâ, &c.
Neptunus muros sævoque emota tridente
Fundamenta quatit."

Whenever Dante is mentioned, the inscription over the gates of hell, and the Conte Ugolino, are among the first things which occur. Milton's Paradise Lost is wrought up to a higher pitch of awful terror than any other poem; to a mind full of poetical fire, he added the most studied attention to effect; and I think there is a singular instance of that attention, and of the use he made of terror, in one of his most famous similes.

"As when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations."

The circumstances are perfectly applicable to the fallen archangel; but Milton possibly felt that the sun himself, when shorn of his beams and in eclipse, was a less magnificent object than when in full splendour, and therefore added that dignified image of terror,

"And with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs."

It might even be conjectured, that he had literally *added* that last image; for the pause (which no poet took more pains to vary,) is the same as in the preceding line, and the half verse which follows,

"Darken'd so, yet shone,"

would do equally well, in point of metre and of sense, after

"On half the nations."

From Shakspeare also, a number of detached passages might be quoted, to prove what surely needs no additional argument; but that most original creator, and most accurate observer, of whom no Englishman can speak without enthusiasm, has furnished a more ample proof of the sublime effect of unremitting terror. Let those who have read, or seen his tragedies, consider which among them all is most strikingly sublime—which of them most powerfully seizes on the imagination, and rivets the attention—I believe almost every voice will give it for Macbeth. In that all is terror; and therefore either Aristotle, Longinus, Shakspeare, and Burke, or Mr. G. Mason, and his learned friends, have been totally wrong in their ideas of the sublime, and of its causes.

That the same principle prevails in all natural scenery, has been so fully and clearly explained by Mr. Burke, that any further arguments seem superfluous; yet, as it sometimes happens that what is placed in a different, though less striking light, may chance to make an impression on particular minds, I will mention a few things which have occurred to me. I am persuaded that it would be difficult to conceive any set of objects, to which, however grand in themselves, an addition of terror would not give a higher degree of sublimity; and surely that must be a cause, and a principal cause, the increase of which increases the effect —the absence of which, weakens, or destroys it. The sea is at all times a grand object; need I say how much that grandeur is increased by the violence of another element, and again, by thunder and lightning? Why are rocks and precipices more sublime, when the tide dashes at the foot of them, forbidding all access, or cutting off all retreat, than when we can with ease approach, or retire from them? How is it that Shakspeare has heightened the sublimity of Dover Cliff, so much beyond what the real scene exhibits? by terror; he has placed terror above on the brink of the abyss; in the middle where

"Half way down
Hangs one who gathers samphire—*dreadful* trade!"

And even on the beach below, drawing an idea of terror from the comparative deficiency of one sense:

" The murmuring surge
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be *heard* so high;—I 'll *look* no more
Lest my brain turn."

The nearer any grand or terrible objects in nature press upon the mind, (provided that mind is able to contemplate them with awe, but without abject fear,) the more sublime will be their effects. The most savage rocks, precipices, and cataracts, as they keep their stations, are only awful; but should an earthquake shake their foundations, and open a new gulf beneath the cataract—he, who removed from immediate danger, could dare at such a moment to gaze on such a spectacle, would surely have sensations of a much higher kind, than those which were impressed upon him when all was still and unmoved.

CHAPTER V.

Of the three characters, two only are in any degree subject to the improver; to *create* the sublime is above our contracted powers, though we may sometimes heighten, and at all times lower its effects by art. It is, therefore, on a proper attention to the beautiful and the picturesque, that the art of improving real landscapes must depend.

[There may be instances, indeed, in which the sublime may, in one sense, be created, so far at least as any one locality may be considered —I mean by the bringing into view some grand object, by the removal of some obstacle of fence, of ground, or of wood, which may exclude it from observation. I know a case, where a friend of mine by the judicious removal of ground, has opened up a view of a grand expansive branch of the ocean so as to bring it, as it were, under the windows of his mansion, though it is, in reality, several miles off. The view of sublime rocks, or mountains, or of magnificent waterfalls, or rivers, or lakes, is often lost for want of a little boldness in the sacrifice of a few trees. But no part of the art of landscape gardening requires greater caution, or more judgment than this, for rashness or ignorance may, perhaps, in a few hours, do such damage as ages may be required to repair. As for any attempt actually to create a sublime object, that would indeed be as absurd and presumptuous, as it would be certain of failure.—E.]

As beauty is the most pleasing of all ideas to the human mind, it is very natural that it should be most sought after, and that the name should have been applied to every species of excellence. Mr. Burke has done a great deal towards settling the vague and contradictory ideas which were entertained on that subject, by investigating its principal causes and effects; but as the best things are often perverted to the worst purposes, so his admirable treatise has, perhaps, been one cause of the insipidity which has prevailed under the name of improvement. Few places have any claim to sublimity, and where nature has not given them that character, art is ineffectual; beauty, therefore, is the great object, and improvers have learned, from the highest authority, that two of its principal causes are smoothness, and gradual variation; these qualities are in themselves very seducing, but they are still more so, when applied to the surface of ground, from its being in every man's power to produce them; it requires neither taste, nor invention, but merely the mechanical hand and eye of many a common labourer; and he who can make a nice asparagus bed, has one of the most essential qualifications of an improver, and may soon learn the whole mystery of slopes and hanging levels.

If the principles of the beautiful, according to Mr. Burke, and those of the picturesque according to my ideas, be just, it seldom happens that those two qualities are perfectly unmixed; and I believe, it is for want of observing how nature has blended them, and from attempting to make objects beautiful by dint of smoothness and flowing lines, that so much insipidity has arisen.

[It has arisen, and ever will arise from any attempt to produce beauty by the mere employment of any one of its qualities only, when, to produce its perfection, it is necessary to select and combine them, and this too in such a manner as that the associations produced by them shall not be incongruous, but be perfectly in harmony with the nature and character of the object. As the composition of beauty, therefore, must be varied in each individual case, it would be vain to lay down a general rule for compounding it, as one would give a receipt for making a particular pudding. I conceive that it is in the tact, and discrimination, and judgment displayed in the selection, and composition of objects to produce beauty, that the faculty of what is called good taste consists. The smallest reflection upon the examples which Sir Uvedale Price brings forward in the few following paragraphs of this Chapter, will at once show that something more than mere smoothness, at least, is required to constitute beauty. Nay, he proves that a due proportion of roughness is equally essential; and I conceive that it would be equally

easy to prove, that all the different ingredients proposed by others, may, in certain objects, be found individually operating in combination with others towards the composition of beauty.—E.]

The most enchanting object the eye of man can behold—that which immediately presents itself to his imagination when beauty is mentioned—that, in comparison of which all other beauty appears tasteless and uninteresting—is the face of a beautiful woman; and there, where nature has fixed the throne of beauty, the very seat of its empire, observe how she has guarded it, in her most perfect models, from its two dangerous foes, insipidity and monotony.

The eye-brows, and the eye-lashes, by their projecting shade over the transparent surface of the eye, and above all the hair, by its comparative roughness and its partial concealments, accompany and relieve the softness, clearness, and smoothness of all the rest; where the hair has no natural roughness, it is often artificially curled and crisped, and it cannot be supposed that both sexes have been so often mistaken in what would best become them. As the general surface of a beautiful face is soft and smooth, its general form consists of lines that insensibly melt into each other; yet if we may judge from those remains of ancient arts, which are considered as models of beauty, the Grecian sculptors were of opinion that a line nearly straight of the nose and forehead was required, to give a zest to all the other waving lines of the face.

Flowers are the most delicate and beautiful of all inanimate objects; but their queen the rose, grows on a rough thorny bush with jagged leaves. The moss rose has the addition of a rough hairy fringe, which almost makes a part of the flower itself. The arbutus, with its fruit, its pendent flowers, and rich glossy foliage, is perhaps the most beautiful of all the hardier evergreen shrubs; but the bark of it is rugged, and the leaves, which like those of the rose, are sawed at the edges, have those edges pointed upwards, and clustering in spikes; and it may possibly be from that circumstance, and from the boughs having the same upright tendency, that Virgil calls it arbutus *horrida*, or, as it stands in some manuscripts, *horrens*. Among the foreign oaks, maples, &c. those are particularly esteemed, the leaves of which (according to a common, though perhaps contradictory phrase) are beautifully jagged.

The oriental plane has always been reckoned a tree of the greatest beauty; Xerxes' passion for one of them is well known, as also the high estimation they were held in by the Greeks and Romans. The surface of their leaves is smooth and glossy, and of a bright pleasant green; but they are so deeply indented, and so full of sharp angles, that

the tree itself is often distinguished by the name of the true *jagged* oriental plane.

The vine leaf has, in all respects, a strong resemblance to the leaf of the plane; and that extreme richness of effect, which every body must be struck with in them both, is greatly owing to those sharp angles, to those sudden variations, so contrary to the idea of beauty when considered by itself. The leaf of the Burgundy vine is rough, and its inferiority, in point of beauty, to the smooth-leaved vines, is, I think, very apparent, and clearly owing to that circumstance. On the other hand, a cluster of fine grapes, in point of form, tint, and light and shadow, is a specimen of unmixed beauty; and the vine with its fruit, may be cited as one of the most striking instances of the union of the two characters, in which, however, that of beauty infinitely prevails; and who will venture to assert, that the charm of the whole would be greater, by separating them—by taking off all the angles, and sharp points, and making the outline of the leaves as round and flowing as that of the fruit? The effect of these jagged points and angles is more strongly marked in sculpture—especially in vases of metal—where the vine leaf, if imprudently handled, would at least prove that sharpness is very contrary to the beautiful in feeling; and the analogy between the two senses is surely very just. It may also be remarked, that in all such works *sharpness* of execution is a term of high praise.

I must here observe (and I must beg to call the reader's attention to what, in my idea, throws a strong light on the whole of the subject,) that almost all ornaments are rough, and most of them sharp, which is a mode of roughness; and, considered analogically, the most contrary to beauty of any mode. But as the ornaments are rough, so the ground is generally smooth; which shows, that though smoothness be the most essential quality of beauty, without which it can scarcely exist—yet that roughness, in its different modes and degrees, is the ornament, the fringe of beauty, that which gives it life and spirit, and preserves it from baldness and insipidity.

A moment's consideration, indeed, will show us, that the obvious, the only process in ornamenting any smooth surface, independently of colour, must be that of making it less smooth, that is, comparatively rough: there must be different degrees of roughness, of sharpness, of projections; and this is the character of those ornaments that have been admired for ages. The column is smooth; the ornamental part, the capital, is rough: the facing of a building smooth, the frize and cornice rough and suddenly projecting: it is so in vases, in embroidery, in every thing that admits of ornament; and as ornament is the most prominent and striking

part of a beautiful whole, it is frequently taken for the most essential part, and obtains the first place in descriptions. Thus Virgil in speaking of a part of dress highly ornamented says,

"Pallam gemmis auroque *rigentem*."

And Dryden in the same spirit, when describing the cup that contained the heart of Guiscard, calls it,

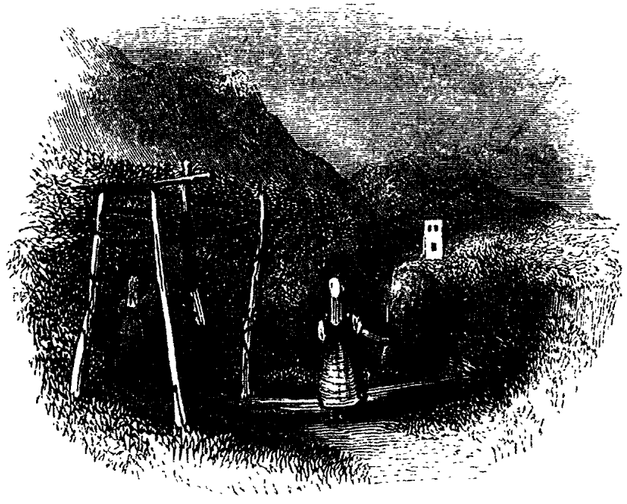
"A goblet rich with gems, and *rough* with gold."

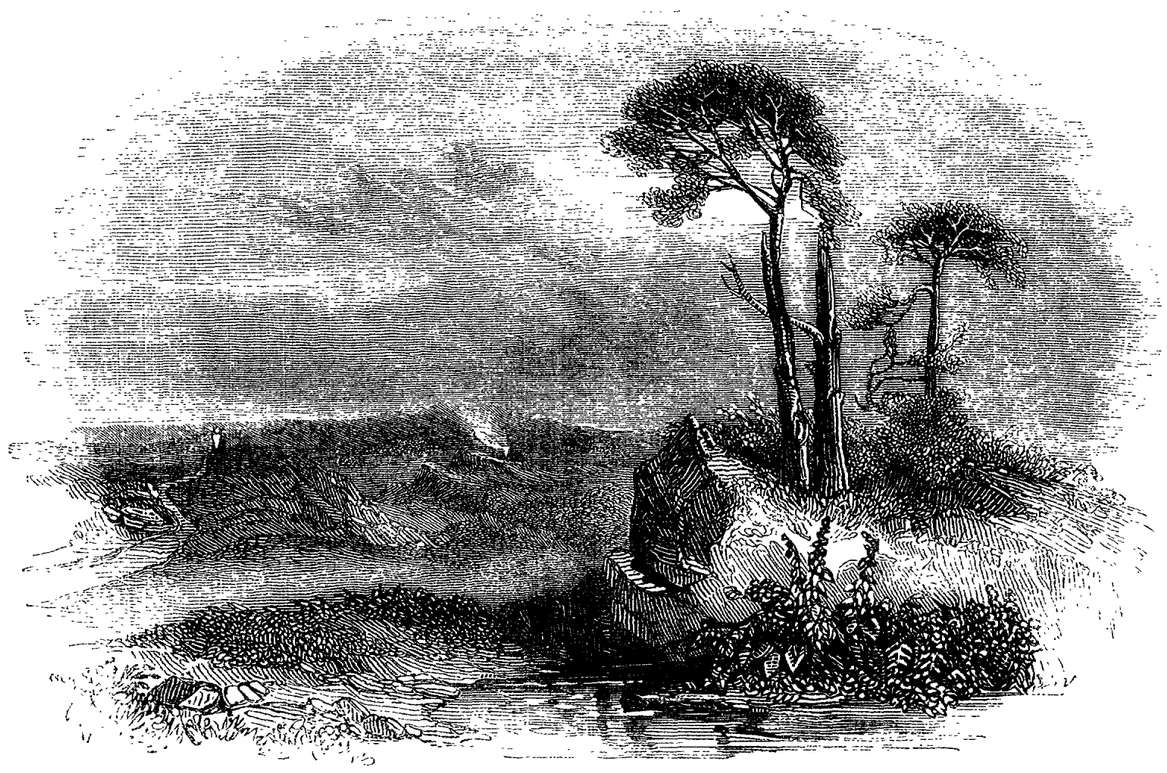
A plain stone building, may not only be very beautiful, but by many persons be thought peculiarly so from its simplicity; but were an architect to decorate the shafts, as well as the capitals of his columns, and all the smooth stone work of his house or temple, there are few people who would not be sensible of the difference between a beautiful building, and one richly ornamented. This, in my mind, is the spirit of that famous reproof of Apelles (among all the painters of antiquity the most renowned for beauty) to one of his scholars who was loading a Helen with ornaments; "Young man," said he, "not being able to paint her beautiful, you have made her rich."

All that has just been said on the effect, which, in objects of sight, a due proportion of roughness and sharpness gives to smoothness, as likewise on the danger of making these two qualities too predominant, may, I think, be very aptly illustrated by means of another sense. Discords in music, which are analogous to sharp and angular objects of sight, are introduced by the most judicious composers, in their accompaniments to the sweetest and most flowing melodies, in order to relieve the ear from that languor and weariness, which long continued smoothness always brings on. But, on the other hand, should a composer, from too great a fondness for discords and extraneous modulations, neglect the flow and smoothness of melody, or should he smother a sweet and simple air beneath a load even of the richest harmony, he would resemble an architect, who, from a false notion of the picturesque, should destroy all repose and continuity in his designs, by the number of breaks and projections, or should try to improve some elegant and simple building, by loading it with a profusion of ornaments. The most beautiful and melodious of all sounds, that of the human voice in its highest perfection, appears to the greatest advantage when there is some degree of sharpness in the instrument which accompanies it; as in the harp, the violin, or the harpsichord: the flute, and even the organ have too much of the same quality of sound; they give no relief to the voice; it is like accompanying smooth water with smooth banks; yet will any one say,

that separately considered, the sound of the harp or the violin is as beautiful as that of a fine human voice, or that they ought to be classed together? or that discords are as beautiful as concords, or that both are beautiful, because when they are mixed with judgment, the whole is more delightful? Does not this show that what is very justly called beautiful, from the essential qualities of beauty being predominant, is frequently, nay generally composite; and that we act against the constant practice of nature and of judicious art, when we endeavour to make objects more beautiful, by depriving them of what gives beauty some of its most powerful attractions?

[But why does the human voice affect us more powerfully than the sound of a musical instrument? Is it because its tones are finer, more delicate, or more powerful? I suspect not. The most magnificent human voices can be excelled in all these particulars by certain instruments, when played on by the best performers. The greater influence which the human voice possesses over us, arises from the circumstance of its being the human voice. For, as the influence which instrumental music has over us, arises from the association which its tones awaken with the feelings and passions of human nature, so it follows, that the human voice, as being more immediately connected with these, must be in itself a superior vehicle for their expression. It has also the immense advantage of being able to give utterance to those sentiments of poetry, with which the notes have been harmoniously associated. In support of this view, the experience of every one must bear witness to the fact, that it is by no means always the finest voice, considering it as an instrument, that most deeply touches the human heart, and that feeling and powerful expression, will always awaken more chords of sympathy, and more general emotions in the minds of the auditors, than the finest toned voices can possibly do without it. Nay, the very power which instrumental music possesses over us, depends entirely on the extent to which this mental feeling and expression can be imitated.—E.]





CHAPTER VI.

The various and striking lights in which Mr. Burke has placed the alliance between smoothness and beauty in objects of sight, and the very close and convincing arguments he has drawn by analogy from the other senses, I should have supposed would have left but little doubt on the subject. As I find, however, that the position has been questioned by persons to whose opinions much respect is due, I shall venture, notwithstanding the copious and masterly manner in which the subject has been treated, to mix a few observations on smoothness with some farther remarks I have to offer on the opposite quality of roughness. I am indeed highly interested in the question, for if this principle of Mr. Burke's should be false—if smoothness should not be an essential quality of beauty—if objects be as generally beautiful where roughness, as where smoothness prevails—and, lastly, if, as many have supposed, all that strongly attracts and captivates the eye be included in the sublime and the beautiful, my distinction, of course, must fall to the ground. I cannot help flattering myself, however, that the having considered and compared the three characters together, has thrown a reciprocal light on each; and that the picturesque fills up a vacancy between the sublime

and the beautiful, and accounts for the pleasure we receive from many objects, on principles distinct from them both; which objects should therefore be placed in a separate class.

In the last chapter I have endeavoured to show how nature has blended a certain portion of the qualities of the picturesque, of roughness, sharpness, &c. in many objects generally allowed to be beautiful, and that the same mixture has been adopted in many of the most approved works of art; and that although smoothness be the groundwork of beauty, yet that roughness is its fringe and ornament, and that which preserves it from insipidity. I shall now try to point out, what, according to my notions, is the most usual effect of the two qualities, and in what manner roughness and smoothness act upon the organs and upon the mind.

One principal charm of smoothness, whether in a literal or a metaphorical sense, is, that it conveys the idea of repose; roughness, on the contrary, conveys that of irritation, but at the same time of animation, spirit, and variety. This is very strongly exemplified in the sense of hearing. Smooth and flowing strains in music, give a pleasing and voluptuous repose to the ear and the mind; an effect which is beautifully described in the well-known lines of Dryden's ode,

> "Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
> Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures."

On the other hand, the character of martial music, which rouses and animates the soul, is finely characterised by

> "The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife."

And the notes of the trumpet, which rends the air with its harsh and sudden blasts, bears no small degree of analogy to all that is rude, broken, and abrupt, in visible objects.

That in speaking, a smooth and even tone of voice indicates inward calm and repose, and sharp, broken, irregular accents irritation, is too obvious to be dwelt upon.

In the sense of seeing, with which we are more immediately concerned, the position may be shortly exemplified in the instances already given of buildings and columns. If the whole, or a considerable part of them, were to be covered with sharp projecting ornaments, the eye would be harassed and distracted, and there would be a want of repose; on the other hand, if the whole were smooth and even, there would be a want of spirit and animation.

It may be objected to this notion of the effects of smoothness and

roughness, that the most highly polished, and consequently the smoothest of all surfaces, are those which most strongly reflect the light, and of course most powerfully irritate the organ. But here likewise roughness, in which term I mean to include whatever is sharp, pointed, angular, or in any way contrary to smoothness, produces the effect I have ascribed to it; for when smooth polished surfaces are cut into sharp angles, the irritation is infinitely increased. A table diamond, for instance, like other highly polished objects, has a considerable degree of stimulus; but it is only when cut into a number of sharp points and angles, that it acquires the distinguished title of a brilliant. Light itself, when broken in its passage, though the quantity be diminished, is rendered more irritating; we can bear the full uninterrupted splendour of the setting sun, nay can gaze on the orb itself with little uneasiness; but when its rays are broken by passing through a thin screen of leaves and branches, no eye is proof against the irritation.

In all cases where there is a strong effect of light, whether immediate or reflected, there is of course a real irritation on the organ; and it probably will be admitted, that there is a greater degree of it when the rays strike on pointed or angular, than, on smooth and even surfaces. But it may be said, that when there is no particular light upon objects, as on a sunless day, their roughness or abruptness causes no irritation in the organs of sight. I imagine, however, that besides the real irritation which is produced by means of broken lights, all broken, rugged, and abrupt forms and surfaces, have also by sympathy somewhat of the same effect on the sight, as on the touch. Indeed, as it is generally admitted, that the sense of seeing acquires all its perceptions of hard, soft, rough, smooth, &c. from that of feeling, such a sympathy seems almost unavoidable. Rough and rugged objects, especially such as are sharp and pointed, are found at a very early age to give pain and irritation, when imprudently touched or applied to the body; thence the eye learns to distinguish the visible appearance of such objects, and to connect it with the ideas that had been impressed by means of the sense of feeling. No one, it is true, can recollect when the first impression was made, or when the process commenced, by which the sight began to have a perception of qualities, which can alone excite a sensation by means of another sense; but the impression, in itself a strong and lasting one, is frequently renewed. The opposite impressions of pleasure, ease, and repose, from smooth objects, are made and renewed in the same manner, and the same sort of connection established. Thus a gently sloping bank of soft and smooth turf, must, I imagine, suggest the idea of the quality of smoothness, and consequently of ease and repose to a person while he is

viewing it, just as it does when he afterwards sits or lies down upon it: on the other hand a rough, abrupt, and stony bank, with stumps and roots of trees mixed with thorns and briers, would most certainly present ideas of a very opposite kind to a man who had to make his way through such obstructions; and therefore would probably suggest them, though less forcibly, when at other times he was merely looking at it; especially if the rude brakes, and the abruptnesses of the ground were contrasted, as is often the case, by openings of smooth turf and gently swelling hillocks. All objects of a rugged and abrupt kind are so contrary to the nature of repose, that when a soft and pleasing calm is the leading feature in any description, the very supposition of such objects or qualities being introduced, would disturb the mind of the reader. Shakspeare has most beautifully and poetically impressed an image of stillness and repose when he says,

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon yon bank!"

Nothing in that line gives any indication what sort of a bank it was; but if you fancy it broken and abrupt, the moon might indeed shine, but it could no longer sleep upon it.

[Nothing can be more in accordance with the doctrine of association, than that which Sir Uvedale Price has here set down, and the examples which he gives are peculiarly happy.—E.]

The same kind of sympathy that takes place in smaller objects, in broken ground, roots, stones, thorns, or briers, where a certain degree of difficulty and irritation is common and familiar, seems to continue whatever be the scale. A fall from a great height, as from the side of a precipice, is equally destructive, whether the surface upon which you would fall be rugged or plain; yet the imagination would be differently affected by looking down upon an even surface, or on sharp pointed rocks; and some feeling of that kind, I believe, is always connected, though we may not at all times be conscious of it, with broken and pointed forms.

But although it seems highly probable that such forms produce a kind of stimulus from sympathy, not unlike that which broken lights excite in the organ, yet the most constant and manifest stimulus which rough and abrupt objects produce in picturesque scenery, is that of curiosity. This will clearly appear, if we consider in how much greater a degree all that most excites and nourishes curiosity abounds in scenes where the lines and forms are broken and abrupt, than in those where they are smooth and flowing.

If, by way of example, we take any smooth object, the lines of which

are flowing, such as a down of the finest turf, with gentle swelling knolls and hillocks of every soft and undulating form—though the eye may repose on this with pleasure, yet the whole is seen at once, and no further curiosity is excited. But let those swelling knolls (without altering the scale) be broken into abrupt rocky projections, with deep hollows and coves beneath the overhanging stones; instead of the smooth turf, let there be furze, heath, or fern, with open patches between, and fragments of the rock and large stones lying in irregular masses—it is clear, if you suppose these two spots of the same extent, and on the same scale, that the whole of the one may be comprehended immediately, and that if you traverse it in every direction, little new can occur; while in the other, every step changes the composition. Then each of these broken projections and fragments, have as many suddenly varying forms and aspects as they have breaks, even when the sun is hidden; but when it does shine upon them, each break is the occasion of some brilliant light, opposed to some sudden shadow. All such deep coves and hollows, as are usually found in this style of scenery, invite the eye to penetrate into their recesses, yet keep its curiosity alive and unsatisfied; whereas in the other, the light and shadow has the same uniform, unbroken character as the ground itself.

I have, in both these scenes, avoided any mention of trees; for in all trees of every growth, there is a comparative roughness and intricacy, which, unless counteracted by great skill in the improver, will always prevent absolute monotony: yet the difference between those which appear planted or cleared for the purpose of beauty, with the ground made perfectly smooth about them, and those which are wild and uncleared, with the ground of the same character, is very apparent. Take, for instance, any open grove, where the trees, though neither in rows nor at equal distances, are detached from each other, and cleared from all underwood; the turf on which they stand smooth and level; and their stems distinctly seen. Such a grove, of full-grown flourishing trees, that have had room to extend their heads and branches, is deservedly called beautiful; and if a gravel road winds easily through it, the whole will be in character. But how different is the scenery in forests! Whoever has been among them, and has attentively observed the character of those parts, where wild tangled thickets open into glades—half seen across the stems of old stag-headed oaks and twisted beeches—has remarked the irregular tracks of wheels, and the foot-paths of men and animals, how they seem to have been seeking and forcing their way, in every direction—must have felt how differently the stimulus of curiosity is excited in such scenes, and how much likewise the varied

effects of light and shadow are promoted, by the variety and intricacy of the objects.

If it be true that a certain irritation or stimulus is necessary to the picturesque, it is equally so that a soft and pleasing repose is the effect, and the characteristic of the beautiful; and what, in my mind, places this position in a very favourable light is, that the peculiar excellence of the painter who most studied the beautiful in landscape, is characterised by *il riposo di Claudio;* and when the mind of man is in the delightful state of repose of which Claude's pictures are the image—when he feels that mild and equal sunshine of the soul which warms and cheers, but neither inflames nor irritates, his heart seems to dilate with happiness, he is disposed to every act of kindness and benevolence, to love and cherish all around him. These are the sensations which beauty, considered generally, and without any regard to the sex or to the nature of the object in which it resides, does, and ought to excite. A mind in such a state may be compared to the surface of a pure and tranquil lake, into which if the smallest pebble be cast, the waters, like the affections, seem gently to expand themselves on every side; but when the mind is carried on by any eager pursuit, the still voice of the milder affections is as little heard, and its effect as shortlived, as the sound or effect of a pebble, when thrown into a rapid and rocky stream.

Repose is always used in a good sense; as a state, if not of positive pleasure, at least as one of freedom from all pain and uneasiness; irritation, almost always in an opposite sense; and yet, contradictory as it may appear, we must acknowledge it to be the source of our most active and lively pleasures: its nature, however, is eager and hurrying, and such are the pleasures which spring from it. Let those who have been used to observe the works of nature, reflect on their sensations when viewing the smooth and tranquil scene of a beautiful lake, or the wild, abrupt, and noisy one of a picturesque river. I think they will own them to have been as different as the scenes themselves, and that nothing but the poverty of language makes us call two sensations so distinct from each other, by the common name of pleasure.

[Yet this is nothing after all but a complaint that our language is poor, because it does not admit of our having names sufficient to denominate all the various kinds of pleasure which the human mind is capable of enjoying. Tragedy and comedy are alike the sources of pleasure to mankind; but although it would certainly be no misfortune if our language were so copious as to enable us to afford to employ one particular name definitive of the sad pleasure we enjoy in the one case, and another descriptive of the merry pleasure which we enjoy

in the other, I greatly question whether the science of the anatomy of the human mind would be thereby one iota advanced.—E.]

All that has been said in this chapter with respect to the effects of roughness and smoothness, of light and shadow, in producing either irritation or repose, will receive much additional illustration from that art, by means of which the most striking characters of visible objects have been pointed out to our notice, and impressed on our minds. I now, therefore, shall take a view of the practice and principles of some of the most eminent painters, and shall endeavour to strengthen the positions which I have ventured to advance, by their examples and authority.

The genius of Rubens was strongly turned to the picturesque disposition of his figures, so as often to sacrifice every other consideration to the intricacy, contrast, and striking variations of their forms and groups. Such a disposition of objects seems to call for something similar in the management of the light and shade; and, accordingly, we owe some of the most striking examples of both to his fertile invention. In point of brilliancy, of extreme splendour of light, no pictures can stand in competition with those of Rubens. I speak of those pictures (and they are very numerous) in which he aimed at great brilliancy. As no painter possessed more entirely all the principles of his art, the solemn breadth of his light and shade is, on some occasions, no less striking than its force and splendour on others. Sometimes those lights are almost unmixed with shade ; at other times they burst from dark shadows, they glance on the different parts of the picture, and produce that flicker (as it sometimes is called) so captivating to the eye under his management, but so apt to offend it when attempted by inferior artists, or by those who are less thoroughly masters of the principles of harmony than that great painter. All these dazzling effects are heightened by the spirited management of his pencil—by those sharp, animated touches, which give life and energy to every object.

Correggio's principal attention, in point of form, was directed to flow of outline, and gradual variation : of this he never entirely lost sight, even in his most capricious fore-shortenings—and the style of his light and shadow is so congenial, that the one seems the natural consequence of the other. His pictures are always cited as the most perfect models of those soft and insensible transitions, of that union of effect which, above every thing else, impresses the general idea of beauty. The manner of his pencilling is exactly of a piece with the rest—all seems melted together, but with so nice a judgment, as to avoid, by means of certain free, yet delicate touches, that laboured hardness and insipidity

which arise from what is called high finishing. Correggio's pictures are indeed as far removed from monotony, as from glare; he seems to have felt, beyond all others, the exact degree of brilliancy which accords with the softness of beauty, and to have been with regard to figures, what Claude was in landscape.

The pictures of Claude are brilliant in a high degree—but that brilliancy is so diffused over the whole of them, so happily balanced, so mellowed and subdued by the almost visible atmosphere which pervades every part, and unites all together, that nothing in particular catches the eye—the whole is splendour, the whole is repose—every thing lighted up, every thing in sweetest harmony. Rubens differs as strongly from Claude, as he does from Correggio. His landscapes are full of the peculiarities, and picturesque accidents in nature—of striking contrasts in form, colour, and light and shadow: sunbeams bursting through a small opening in a dark wood—a rainbow against a stormy sky—effects of thunder and lightning, torrents rolling down, trees torn up by the roots, and the dead bodies of men and animals—are among the sublime and picturesque circumstances exhibited by his daring pencil. These sudden gleams, these cataracts of light, these bold oppositions of clouds and darkness which he has so nobly introduced, would destroy all the beauty and elegance of Claude: on the other hand, the mild and equal sunshine of that charming painter, would as ill accord with the twisted and singular forms, and the bold and animated variety of the landscapes of Rubens. The distinct characters and effects of light and shadow on the great face of nature, which have been imitated by Rubens and by Claude, may not unaptly be compared to the no less distinct characters and effects of smiles on the human countenance—nothing is so captivating, or seems so much to accord with our ideas of beauty, as the smiles of a beautiful countenance—yet they have sometimes a striking mixture of another character. Of this kind are those smiles which break out suddenly from a serious, sometimes from almost a severe countenance, and which, when that gleam is over, leave no trace of it behind—

> "Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
> That in a spleen unfolds both heaven and earth;
> And ere a man has time to say, behold!
> The jaws of darkness do devour it up."

This sudden effect is often hinted at by the Italian poets, as appears by their allusion to the most sudden and dazzling of lights;—gli *scintilla* un riso—*lampeggia* un riso—il *balenar'* d'un riso.

There is another smile, which seems in the same degree to accord

with the ideas of beauty only. It is that smile which proceeds from a mind full of sweetness and sensibility, and which, when it is over, still leaves on the countenance its mild and amiable impression; as, after the sun is set, the mild glow of his rays is still diffused over every object. This smile, with the glow that accompanies it, is beautifully painted by Milton, as most becoming an inhabitant of heaven—

> "To whom the angel, with a smile that glow'd
> Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,
> Thus answer'd."

If the general brilliancy and dazzling effects of that splendid painter Rubens, may justly be opposed to the more mild diffusion of light in Claude and Correggio, the deep midnight shadows which Rembrandt has spread over the greater part of his canvass, may be opposed to it with equal justice; and the whole of the comparison between these painters may serve to show, how much the picturesque delights in extremes, while the beautiful preserves a just medium between them. The general character of Rembrandt's pictures is that of extreme force, arising from a small portion of light amidst surrounding darkness; and though it be true that Rubens and Correggio, and even Claude, have produced effects of that kind, yet it was only occasionally, and where the subject, as in night scenes, required them; whereas, in Rembrandt they result from his prevailing principle: and it hardly need be said, how much more they are suited to objects and circumstances of a picturesque, than a beautiful character. Rembrandt's pencilling, where it is most apparent (for he well knew where to soften it) is no less different from that of the painters I have mentioned, than the principle on which he wrought; his colours seem, as it were, dabbed on the canvass; and one might suppose them to have been worked upon it with some coarser instrument than a painter's brush. Many painters, indeed, when they represent any striking effect of light, leave the touches of the pencil more rough and strongly marked, than the quality of the objects themselves seems to justify; but Rembrandt, who succeeded beyond all others in these forcible effects, carried also this method of creating them further than any other master. Those who have seen his famous picture in the Stadthouse at Amsterdam, may remember a figure highly illuminated, whose dress is a silver tissue, with fringes, tassels, and other ornaments, nearly of the same brilliant colour: it is the most surprising instance I ever saw of the effect of that rough manner of pencilling, in producing what most nearly approaches to the glitter and to the irritation which is caused by real light, when acting powerfully on any object; and this

too with a due attention to general harmony, and with such a commanding truth of representation, as no high finishing can give.

The following anecdote of Sir Joshua Reynolds, which a friend of mine heard from a pupil of his who was present at the scene, will serve as a further illustration of the subject—and I trust will not be unacceptable to the reader. This pupil, going one day into Sir Joshua's painting room, found him in a state of perplexing contemplation; he had been endeavouring to produce a glitter on a piece of splendid drapery, which occupied a very interesting situation in the centre of the eye of his picture, and never could do it to his mind. He tried again and again; rubbed it out; took snuff with unusual energy, but all would not do. He now looked for some time despondingly on the picture, playing with a large hog's brush which he held in his hand: at length he began to move backwards towards the chimney with his brush behind him, till his heel kicked the fender; when, stooping sideways, he thrust the brush into the ashes and cinders. His face then assumed a look of hope mixed with exultation, and having just wiped off a portion of the cinders on the carpet, he advanced towards his work, and grouted on the remains of them upon the part where he wished the brilliancy to be produced, crying out with a triumphant air, "that will do."

His object, which was accomplished by a kind of instinct, seems to have been this: to lay on such a ground for the reception of the proper colours, as by facing the light in a number of different directions might produce such a flicker, as could not be given by putting on the colours in the common way upon a smooth surface.

Rembrandt, it is well known, had scarcely any idea of beauty or elegance; and as little of that grandeur in the human form, which results from correctness and fulness of outline, added to nobleness of character. He had, however, a grandeur of his own of a mixed and peculiar kind, produced by the arrangement of his compositions, and even by the form of many of the objects themselves, when set off and partially concealed by the breadth and the disposition of his light and shadow. In that branch of his art in which he is so pre-eminent, he often produces a mysterious solemnity, which impresses very grand ideas, and which, I am persuaded, would add no small degree of grandeur to the figures and compositions of the higher schools. Rembrandt has great variety and truth of expression, though seldom of an elevated kind; one figure of his, however—the Christ raising Lazarus—for the simple, yet commanding dignity of the character and action, is perhaps superior to that of any painter who has treated that awful subject. I do not recollect any other figure of his in that style equally striking; but, should the

Christ be a single instance, it still may show that genius was not wanting, though early education and habit, and all that he saw around him, whether in nature or in art, had given a different bias to his mind. That bias seems to have been towards rich and picturesque effects, especially those of light and shadow; and the figures, dresses, buildings —scenes which he represented—though they occasionally produced grandeur, were chiefly chosen with a view to such effects. What was his opinion of studying the antique may be inferred from an anecdote mentioned in his life;—he carried one of his visitors into an inward room, and, showing him a parcel of old-fashioned dresses and odd bits of armour, "there," said he, "are my *antiques*."

Rubens, though he set a just value on ancient statues, and though he endeavoured to gain a more chaste and correct outline by copying, and, as it is said, by tracing the outlines of drawings that were excellent in that respect, could never overcome his original bias. Indeed, it may admit of some doubt whether a strict attention to such excellences be compatible with that peculiar spirit and effect which his works display; and whether he might not have lost more on one side than he would have gained on the other. Much certainly may be done by early and constant practice, but correctness and purity are allied to caution and timidity; and, to be in a high degree correct and chaste in form, spirited in touch, rich in colouring, and splendid in effect, is a combination of which the art of painting, since its revival, can hardly be said to have given any perfect example.

As the most exquisite of the ancient statues are the acknowledged standards of grandeur and beauty of form, combined with purity and correctness of outline, so the painters who have most formed themselves on those models, however they may have departed from them in certain points, are most distinguished for some of those excellences. But one very material difference between sculpture and painting, must always be taken into consideration. In sculpture, the whole work being of one uniform colour, and the figures, whether single or grouped, without any accompaniments, there is nothing to seduce or distract the eye from the form, to which, therefore, the efforts of the sculptor are almost exclusively directed; whereas, in painting, the charm of general effect or impression, of whatever kind it may be, will often counterbalance the greatest defects in point of form, and make amends for the want of grandeur, beauty, and correctness.

The grandest style of painting is generally allowed to be that of the Roman and Florentine schools; and among the works produced by them, the fresco paintings of Michael Angelo and Raphael claim the

first place. Nearly the same rank may be assigned to the pictures in oil of the same schools, in which, according to Sir Joshua Reynolds, the full unmixed colours, the distinct blues, reds, and yellows, very much conduce to the general grandeur. The style of these schools is more congenial to sculpture than that of any other; as the great masters by which they were rendered so illustrious, directed their chief attention to the same objects as the sculptors, and either rejected, or very sparingly admitted those captivating charms belonging to their own art, of which the other schools have so much availed themselves. This is particularly the case with Michael Angelo, himself a statuary, and at least as eminent in sculpture as in painting. He worked almost entirely in fresco, the grandeur of which was so suited to his genius, that he is said to have declared, after a single trial in oil, that oil-painting was fit only for women. His works, as it may well be supposed, have nothing of sensual attraction; and the same thing may be said in a great measure of the other masters of his and the Roman school. Their colouring—however well adapted to the character of their figures and compositions, however it may satisfy the judgment—has little to please the eye; and I should conceive that if it were applied to objects divested of grandeur and dignity, the union would appear incongruous, and that the affinity I mentioned between the grand style of painting and sculpture would be still more evident, from their being almost equally unfit to represent objects merely picturesque.

The Venetian style, on the other hand, in which there is a greater variety of colours, and those broken and blended into each other, is in itself extremely attractive from its richness, glow, and harmony: it gives a sort of consequence and elevation to objects the most simply picturesque, yet preserves their just character. One painter of this school must in some measure be considered separately from the rest; for, when Sir Joshua Reynolds speaks of the Venetian style as ornamental or picturesque, and consequently, according to the principles he has laid down, less suited to grandeur, he makes an exception in favour of Titian; and the grounds on which he makes it very clearly explain his ideas of the distinction between grandeur and picturesqueness. In comparing a picture of that master with one of Rubens, he opposes the regularity and uniformity, the quiet solemn majesty in the work of the Venetian, to the bustle and animation, and to the picturesque disposition in that of the Flemish master.*

As the ornamental style of the Venetians, and of Rubens, who formed

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* Note 25th on Du Fresnoï.

himself upon it, bears a nearer relation to the beautiful than to the grand, so, on the other hand, the picturesque style where ornament is little used, as in the works of Salvator Rosa, is more nearly related to grandeur. The style of Salvator and that of Rembrandt, though widely different, resemble each other in one particular—in each the strokes of the pencil are often left in the roughest manner; and as nothing can be more adapted to strongly marked picturesque objects and effects, so nothing can be less suited to express beauty, and to convey a general impression of that character. What *is* the style most truly productive of that general impression, will be much better learnt from the words of Sir Joshua Reynolds, than from any thing I could say, though he had not exactly the same point in view. Speaking of Correggio, he says—" His colour and his mode of finishing approach nearer to perfection than those of any other painter; the gliding motion of his outline, and the sweetness with which it melts into the ground, the clearness aud transparency of his colouring, which stops at that exact medium in which the purity and perfection of taste lies, leave nothing to be wished for."

If there be any style of painting, which, in contra-distinction to the others, might justly be called the *beautiful* style, that of Correggio has certainly, from this description, the best pretensions to the title; but, as that word is so commonly used merely to signify excellent, and as in that sense all styles which are suited to the subject, and all pictures which give a just and impressive representation of the objects, (though the most hideous and disgusting,) are equally beautiful, Sir Joshua might naturally have declined giving it that name, even supposing him inclined to make such a distinction. He seems, however, in some degree to have indicated it; first, by what he says of Guido's manner being particularly adapted to express female beauty and delicacy; and, secondly, by the whole account of the manner of Correggio, which, it must be observed, he has not classed either with the ornamental or with the grand style. He remarks, indeed, in another place, that it has something of the simplicity of the grand style in the breadth of the light and shadow, and the continued flow of outline; but no person, I think, who reads the description of it just quoted, can doubt that, having neither the solemnity and severity of the grand, nor the richness and splendour of the ornamental style, it must have a separate character in a high degree appropriate to what is simply beautiful; and may equally with them (though that is a consideration of much less importance) lay claim to a distinct title.

It is no small confirmation of all that I have advanced in the early part of this chapter, to find that each style of painting corresponds with

the characteristic marks of the grand, the beautiful, and the picturesque in real objects; and I trust that the different shades of distinction that have been noticed, will be found consistent with the general principles. The style of the Venetians and of Pietro da Cortona, will not accord with the grand character, on account of its splendour, its gaiety, and profusion of ornaments; and the reproof of Apelles may show, that such a profusion is not adapted to beauty, though more congenial to it than to grandeur. Again, the style of Salvator Rosa, Rembrandt, Spagnolet, Caravaggio, which have a greater affinity to grandeur, are ill suited to beauty, from qualities notoriously adverse to that character; for who would wish to have the dark shadows of Caravaggio or Rembrandt, or the bold touches of Salvator or Spagnolet, employed on nymphs and sleeping cupids?—or, on the other hand, the fresh and tender hues of Albano, or the sweetness of Correggio's pencilling and colouring, on executioners, sea-monsters, and banditti?

CHAPTER VII.

The various effects in painting which have been discussed in the last chapter, naturally lead me to that great principle of the art, breadth of light and shadow. What is called breadth, seems to bear nearly the same relation to light and shadow, as smoothness does to material objects; for, as a greater degree of irritation arises from uneven surfaces, and from those most of all which are broken into little inequalities, so all lights and shadows which are interrupted and scattered, are infinitely more irritating than those which are broad and continued. Every person of the least observation must have remarked how *broad* the lights and shadows are on a fine evening in nature, or (what is almost the same thing) in a picture of Claude. He must equally have remarked the extreme difference between such lights and shadows, and those which sometimes disgrace the works of painters, in other respects of great excellence; and which prevail in nature, when the sunbeams, refracted and dispersed in every direction by a number of white flickering clouds, create a perpetually shifting glare, and keep the eye in a state of constant irritation. All such accidental effects arising from clouds, though they strongly show the general principle, and are highly proper to be studied by all lovers of painting or of nature, yet not being subject to our control, are of less use to improvers; a great deal,

however, *is* subject to our control, and I believe we may lay it down as a very general maxim, that in proportion as the objects are scattered, unconnected, and in patches, the lights and shadows will be so too, and *vice versa*.

If, for instance, we suppose a continued sweep of hills, either entirely wooded, or entirely bare, to be under the influence of a low cloudless sun—whatever parts are exposed to that sun, will have one broad light upon them ; whatever are hid from it, one broad shade. If, again, we suppose the wood to have been thinned in such a manner, as to have left masses, groups, and single trees, so disposed as to present a pleasing and connected whole, though with detached parts ; or the bare hills to have been planted in the same style—the variety of light and shadow will be greatly increased, and the general breadth still be preserved : nor would that breadth be injured if an old ruin, a cottage, or any building of a quiet tint were discovered among the trees. But if the wood were so thinned, as to have a poor, scattered, unconnected appearance ; or the hills planted with clumps and detached trees—the lights and shadows would have the same broken and disjointed effect as the objects themselves; and if to this were added any harsh contrast, such as clumps of firs and white buildings, the irritation would be greatly increased. In all these cases, the eye, instead of reposing on one broad, connected whole, is stopt and harassed by little disunited, discordant parts. I of course suppose the sun to act on these different objects with equal splendour ; for there are some days when the whole sky is so full of jarring lights, that the shadiest groves and avenues hardly preserve their solemnity ; and there are others, when the atmosphere, like the last glazing of a picture, softens into mellowness whatever is crude throughout the landscape.

Milton, whose eyes seem to have been most sensibly affected by every accident and gradation of light, (and *that* possibly in a great degree from the weakness, and consequently the irritability of those organs,) speaks always of twilight with peculiar pleasure. He has even reversed what Socrates did by philosophy ; he has called up twilight from earth, and placed it in heaven :

> " From that high mount of God, whence light and shade
> Spring forth, the face of brightest heaven had changed
> To grateful twilight."

What is also singular, he has in this passage made shade an essence equally with light, not merely a privation of it ; a compliment, never, I believe, paid to shadow before, but which might be expected from his aversion to glare, so frequently and so strongly expressed :

"Hide me from day's *garish* eye."—
"When the sun begins to fling
His *flaring* beams."

The peculiarity of the effect of twilight is to soften and mellow. At that delightful time, even artificial water, however naked, edgy, and tame its banks, will often receive a momentary charm; for then all that is scattered and cutting, all that disgusts a painter's eye, is blended together in one broad and soothing harmony of light and shadow. I have more than once at such a moment, happened to arrive at a place entirely new to me, and have been struck in the highest degree with the appearance of wood, water, and buildings, that seemed to accompany and set off each other in the happiest manner; and I felt quite impatient to examine all these beauties by daylight:

"At length the morn, and cold indifference came."

The charm which held them together, and made them act so powerfully as a whole, had vanished.

It may, perhaps, be said that the imagination, from a few imperfect hints, often forms beauties which have no existence, and that indifference may naturally arise from those phantoms not being realised. I am far from denying the power of partial concealment and obscurity on the imagination; but in these cases, the set of objects when seen by twilight, is beautiful as a picture, and would appear highly so if exactly represented on the canvass; but in full daylight, the sun, as it were, decompounds what had been so happily mixed together, and separates a striking whole into detached unimpressive parts.

Nothing, I believe, would be of more service in forming a taste for general effect, and general composition, than to examine the same scenes in the full distinctness of day, and again after sunset. In fact, twilight does what an improver ought to do: it connects what was before scattered; it fills up staring, meagre vacancies; it destroys edginess; and by giving shadow as well as light to water, at once increases both its brilliancy and softness. It must, however, be observed, that twilight, while it takes off the edginess of those objects which are *below* the horizon, more sensibly marks the outline of those which are *above* it, and opposed to the sky; and consequently discovers the defects as well as the beauties of their forms. From this circumstance improvers may learn a very useful lesson—that the outline against the sky should be particularly attended to, so that nothing lumpy, meagre, or discordant should be there; for at all times, in such a situation, the form is made out, but most of all when twilight has melted the other parts together.

At that time, many varied groups and elegant shapes of trees, which were scarcely noticed in the more general diffusion of light, distinctly appear; then, too, the stubborn clump, which before was but too plainly seen, makes a still fouler blot on the horizon: while there is a glimmering of light he maintains his post, nor yields, till even his blackness is at last confounded in the general blackness of night.

These are the powers and effects of that breadth which I have been describing, and which may justly be considered as a source of visual pleasure distinct from all others; for objects, which in themselves are neither beautiful, nor sublime, nor picturesque, are incidentally made to delight the eye, from their being productive of breadth. This seems to account for the pleasure we receive from many massive, heavy objects, which, when deprived of the effect of that harmonizing principle, and considered singly, are even positively ugly. Such, indeed, is the effect of breadth, that pictures or drawings eminently possessed of it, though they should have no other merit, will always attract the attention of a cultivated eye; while others, where the detail is admirable, but where this master-principle is wanting, will often, at the first view, be passed by without notice. The mind, however, requires to be stimulated as well as soothed, and there is in this, as in so many other instances, a strong analogy between painting and music: the first effect of mere breadth of light and shadow is to the eye, what that of mere harmony of sounds is to the ear; both produce a pleasing repose—a calm sober delight—which, if not relieved by something less uniform, soon sinks into distaste and weariness: for repose and sleep, which are often used as synonymous terms, are always nearly allied. But as the principle of harmony must be preserved in the wildest and most eccentric pieces of music—in those where sudden, and quickly varying emotions of the soul are expressed—so must that of breadth be equally attended to in scenes of bustle and seeming confusion; in those where the wildest scenery, or most violent agitations of nature are represented; and I am here tempted to parody that frequently quoted passage of Shakspeare—"in the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of the elements, the artist, in painting them, must acquire a breadth that will give them smoothness."

There is, however, no small difficulty in uniting breadth with the detail, the splendid variety, and marked character of nature. Claude is admirable in this, as in almost every other respect: with the greatest accuracy of detail, and truth of character, his pictures have the breadth of the simplest washed drawing, or aquatinta print, where little else is expressed or intended. In a strong light, they are full of interesting and entertaining particulars; and as twilight comes on, I have often

observed in them the same gradual fading of the glimmering landscape, as in real nature.

This art of preserving breadth with detail and brilliancy, has been studied with great success by Teniers, Jan Steen, and many of the Dutch masters. Ostade's pictures and etchings are among the happiest examples of it; but, above all others, the works of that scarce and wonderful master, Gerard Dow. His eye seems to have had a microscopic power in regard to the minute texture of objects, (for in his paintings they bear the severe trial of the strongest magnifier,) and, at the same time, the opposite faculty of excluding all particulars with respect to breadth and general effect. His master, Rembrandt, did not attend to minute detail; but by that peculiar and commanding manner, which marked with equal force and justness the leading character of each object, he produced an idea of detail, much beyond what is really expressed. Many of the great Italian masters have done this also, and with a taste, a grandeur, and a nobleness of style, unknown to the inferior schools, though none have exceeded, or perhaps equalled Rembrandt, in truth, force, and effect. But when artists, neglecting the variety of detail, and those characteristic features that well supply its place, content themselves with *mere* breadth, and propose that as the final object of attainment—their productions, and the interest excited by them, will be, in comparison of the styles I have mentioned, what a metaphysical treatise is to Shakspeare or Fielding; they will be rather illustrations of a principle, than representations of what is real; a sort of abstract idea of nature, not very unlike Crambe's abstract idea of a lord mayor.

As nothing is more flattering to the vanity and indolence of mankind, than the being able to produce a pleasing general effect with little labour or study, so nothing more obstructs the progress of the art, than such a facility. Yet still these abstracts are by no means without their comparative merit, and they have their use as well as their danger; they show how much may be effected by the mere naked principle, and the great superiority which that alone can give to whatever is formed upon it, over those things which are done on no principle at all—where the separate objects are set down, as it were, article by article—and where the confusion of lights so perplexes the eye, that one might suppose the artist had looked at them through a multiplying glass.

I may, perhaps, be thought to have dwelt longer on this article than the principal design of my book seemed to require; but although—as I mentioned in a former part—the study of light and shadow appears, at first sight, to belong exclusively to the painter, yet, like every thing

which relates to that charming art, it will be found of infinite service to the improver. Indeed, the violations of this principle of breadth and harmony of light and shadow, are, perhaps, more frequent, and more disgustingly offensive than those of any other.

Many people seem to have a sort of callus over their organs of sight, as others over those of hearing; and as the callous hearers feel nothing in music but kettle-drums and trombones, so the callous seers can only be moved by strong oppositions of black and white, or by fiery reds. I am therefore so far from laughing at Mr. Locke's blind man for likening scarlet to the sound of a trumpet, that I think he had great reason to pride himself on the discovery.

It might well be supposed, that the natural colour of brick was sufficiently stimulating; but I have seen brick houses painted of so much more flaming a red, that, according to Mr. Brown's expression, they put the whole vale in a fever. White, though glaring, has not that hot sultry appearance; and there is such a look of neatness and gaiety in it, that we cannot be surprised, if, where lime is cheap, only one idea should prevail—that of making every thing as white as possible. Wherever this is the case, the whole landscape is full of little spots, which can only be made pleasing to a painter's eye, by their being almost buried in trees; but where a country is without natural wood, and is improved by dint of white-wash and clumps of firs, a painter, were he confined there, would be absolutely driven to despair, and feel ready to renounce, not only his art, but his eyesight.

One of the most charming effects of sunshine, is its giving to objects, not merely light, but that mellow golden hue so beautiful in itself, and which, when diffused, as in a fine evening, over the whole landscape, creates that rich union and harmony, so enchanting in nature and in Claude: in any scene, whether real or painted, where such harmony prevails, the least discordancy in colour would disturb the eye; but if we suppose a single object of a glaring white to be introduced, the whole attention, in spite of all our efforts to the contrary, will be drawn to that one point; if many such objects be scattered about, the eye will be distracted among them. From that analogy so often mentioned, it is usual to say that an object in a picture, or in nature, *is out of tune*. The expression is perfectly just—in music, one such note will invincibly fix our attention upon it, and several distract it; and, in either case, it is impossible to enjoy the harmony of the rest. There is, indeed, one essential difference; a passing note, however false, is quickly over, but a glaring object is like an eternal holding note held firmly out of tune, and which, in that case, well deserves the name an

unmusical friend once gave to holding notes in general—"I don't know what you call them," said he, "I mean one of those long noises."

Again—to consider this part of the subject in another view—when the sun breaks out in gleams, there is something that delights and surprises, in seeing an object, before only visible, lighted up in splendour, and then gradually sinking into shade; but a whitened object is already lighted up—it remains so when every thing has retired into obscurity—it still forces itself into notice—still impudently stares you in the face.

[In certain circumstances I hold this observation to be very just. But, when richly embosomed in trees, I conceive that white buildings often give the liveliest and most sparkling effect to scenery. Of this fact, any one who has visited Italy, and particularly the Italian lakes, must be perfectly persuaded by experience. See, for example, how the shores of the Lakes of Maggiore, Lugano, and Como, are clustered with little towns of the purest white, that appear like strings of orient pearls, between the blue water in which they are reflected, and the deep woods which cluster interminably over them, whence every now and then some prominent rock rears its head, to be crowned with some convent or villa of the same hue, whilst every jutting promontory below is ornamented by some such gem of human workmanship. Over these the full Italian sun pours forth his unshorn splendour, giving so universal a tone of brilliancy to the whole fairy scene, as to bring all its parts into perfect harmony. I am quite aware that Claude himself in painting such a scene, would have felt it necessary to subdue and keep down the intensity of many of these touches of white. But the art of a painter consists in the very exercise of the knowledge of what ought to be subdued in a picture, and what ought to be brought prominently forward. He seldom, or rather, I should say, he never finds this ready done for him in nature. He must do it for himself; and I fear much that, if the landscape gardener were to direct the whole of his attention to making perfect pictures for the artist, he would very much lose his time and labour. This remark is not inconsistent with my firm belief in the great advantage which landscape gardeners will gain by the extensive study of pictures, in perfecting them in the art of improving general effects. All I contend for is, that we must not suppose that nothing can give us pleasure in nature which is not capable of producing a good effect upon canvass when painted just as it is. Using the term in the Italian sense, I think I am not altogether unblessed with *l'occhio pittoresco*. But be this as it may, as I floated over the smooth surface of Lugano or Como—although I failed not to drink in, with a never

satiated thirst, the exhaustless beauties with which nature had so liberally surrounded me—although I was never tired with admiring the infinite variety of form and colour, which the margin of the lake exhibited in its rocks, and headlands, and mysteriously receding bays and inlets, whilst they shifted and moved upon one another, as the boat glided past them—although my eye at one time would sink in luxurious refreshment into the richly tufted recesses among the noble trees, and then again soar upwards with eagle flight over the undulating surface of the hanging woods above, to skim with exultation over the bare and prominent crags, to the very summits of the mountains—yet it still would turn with unspeakable delight to rest upon those white buildings, the very sight of which awakened within me a thousand interesting associations with man—his happiness—his trials—his pains—his pleasures—and his passions; whilst the gay sun reminded me that I was in the fascinating climate of Italy, and I here had the satisfaction of thinking, that my estimate of its advantages was not to be reduced by the miserable examples of poverty and disease, by which the eyes of the traveller are but too frequently shocked in other parts of the same country. Here I knew that early industry and prudence had produced comparative wealth and comfort. I was well aware that the greater part of those little sparkling habitations that studded the shore, owed their creation to the industrious habits of the youth of these districts, who, leaving their homes in early life with a small stock of prints, looking-glasses, and barometers, wander wearily over the European world, exposed to all the perils and vicissitudes of weather and of fortune, until their small but certain gains, husbanded by sobriety and frugality, enable them to return with a sum which, though little in itself, is wealth to them in these simple and unsophisticated regions—seeing that it enables them to become proprietors of their native soil, by the purchase of some small and picturesque spot of land, whereon to build a commodious and tasteful dwelling. There, after uniting themselves to the objects of their early affections, for whom their constant attachment has never varied, in defiance of all the blandishments to which they may have been exposed from women of all countries, they sit down contented, and full of gratitude to a beneficent God, to spend the remainder of their lives in ease and contentment, and to rear up a virtuous progeny, to go forth and return as their fathers had done. Filled with such reflections as these, how was it possible that I could have wished the white buildings of Como or Lugano to have been brought out less distinctly to my view?

But with all this, I am, at the same time, disposed to be of Sir Uvedale Price's opinion, that there are many occasions in which white—

that is positive and absolute dead white—does stare you most impudently in the face in landscape. But whilst this is admitted, we must, at the same time, remember that there is no colour that may not be made to appear offensive by being brought into improper contrast with others, and so producing a jar of mental association; and, moreover, we must bear in mind, that such a thing as positive and absolute dead white is rarely to be met with—and still more rarely to be seen—under so glaring an effect as will fully bring out its native hue, unmellowed by the influence of air or sky.—E.]

A cottage of a quiet colour half concealed among trees, with its bit of garden, its pales and orchard, is one of the most tranquil and soothing of all rural objects; when the sun strikes upon it, a number of lively picturesque circumstances are brought into view, and it becomes one of the most cheerful; but if cleared round, and whitened, its modest retired character is gone, and is succeeded by a perpetual glare.

An object of a sober tint unexpectedly gilded by the sun, is like a serious countenance suddenly lighted up by a smile—a whitened object, like the eternal grin of a fool. Even very white teeth—where excess of whiteness is least to be feared—if seen too much, often give a kind of silly look, that seems to belong to the part itself: nothing can be more characteristic of that effect than Mr. Walpole's well known expression of "the gentleman with the foolish teeth." Those gentlemen who deal much in pure white-wash, might well be distinguished by the same compliment being paid to their buildings.

I wish, however, to be understood, that when I speak of white-wash and whitened buildings, I mean that glaring white which is produced by lime alone, or without a sufficient quantity of any lowering ingredient; for there cannot be a greater, or a more immediate improvement, than that of giving to a fiery brick building the tint of a stone one. No person, I believe, has any doubt that stone—such as Bath and Portland, and many others which pass under the general name of free-stone—is the most beautiful material for building; and I imagine there is no instance of an architect's having painted such stones white in order to make them more beautiful; though dingy, or red stone, may sometimes have been painted of a free-stone colour. The true object of imitation seems therefore to be the tint of a beautiful stone; and if those who whiten their buildings would pique themselves on matching exactly the colour of Bath, or Portland stone, so as to be neither whiter nor yellower, the greatest neatness and gaiety might prevail, without crudeness or glare.

Such an improvement, however, should chiefly be confined to *fiery* brick; for when brick becomes weather-stained and mossy, it harmonises with other colours, and has often a richness, mellowness, and variety of tint, infinitely pleasing to a painter's eye; for the cool colour of the greenish moss lowers the fiery quality; while the subdued fire beneath gives a glow of a peculiar character, which the painter would hardly like to exchange for any uniform colour—much less for the unmixed whiteness of lime.

Besides the glare, there is another circumstance which often renders white-wash extremely offensive to the eye, especially when it is applied to any uneven surface; and that is, a smeared, dirty appearance. This is the case where decayed or rough stone-work is dabbed with lime, while the dirt is left between the crevices; as likewise where the coarse wood-work that separates the plastered walls of a cottage is brushed over, as well as the smooth walls themselves: in these cases, however, the objects are inconsiderable, and the effect in proportion; but when this pitiful taste is employed upon some ancient castle-like mansion, or the mossy weather-stained tower of an old church, it becomes a sort of sacrilege. Such a building daubed over and plastered is, next to a painted old woman, the most disgusting of all attempts at improvement; on both, when left in their natural state, time often stamps a pleasing and venerable impression; but when thus sophisticated, they have neither the freshness of youth, nor the mellow picturesque character of age; and, instead of becoming attractive, are only made horribly conspicuous.

I am afraid it will not be easy to check the general passion for distinctness and conspicuity. Each prospect hunter—a very numerous tribe—like the heroic Ajax, forms but one prayer—

Ποιησον δ' αιθρην, δος δ' οφθαλμοισιν ιδεσθαι.

Let them see but clearly, and see enough, they are content; and much may be said in their favour—composition, grouping, breadth and effect of light and shadow, harmony of colours, &c. are comparatively attended to and enjoyed by few; but extensive prospects are the most popular of all views, and their respective superiority is generally decided by the number of churches and counties. Distinctness is therefore the great point. A painter may wish several hills of bad shapes, and thousands of uninteresting acres to be covered with one general shade; but to him who is to reckon up his counties, the loss of a black or a white spot, of a clump or a gazabo, is the loss of a voucher.

Then, again, as the prospect-shower has great pleasure and vanity in

pointing out these vouchers, so the improver, on his side, has full as much in being pointed at; we therefore cannot wonder that so many churches have been converted into these beacons of taste, or that so many hills have been marked with them.

[Nothing can be more detestable in taste than this mode of marking out distant objects. A fine ancient Gothic church may thus be utterly destroyed in all its most venerable associations, and one's feelings outraged on a near approach to it, by beholding it converted into a dirty whited sepulchre, for the wretchedly absurd whim of some vulgar proprietor, whose tea-canister of a house happens to stand at some miles' distance, and whose immense liberality of purse so overpowers the village rustics, that they are led to talk of nothing but the bounty of the Squire, "who has so handsomely done up the ould church, out of his own pocket!" And nothing can be more abominable than the ignorant attempt of some people to make a hill more conspicuous, by putting some shocking nine-pin looking erection upon the summit of it. I have seen many instances of the prejudicial effects of this practice, but one most pregnant example of it continually haunts me. As at all times I am unwilling to give offence, and as in this case the nobleman who was guilty of this atrocity in taste is no more, I shall adhere to the advice contained in the proverb, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. But whilst I sink all names, both of men and of localities, I cannot be silent as to the effects produced. The scene where this most unfortunate experiment was tried, is a wide extended highland valley, through which a noble river finds its way. It is every where bounded by lofty elevations, and on one side by the highest range of mountains in Scotland. The broad sketch of the valley is singularly undulated and varied in its surface, which, in the greater part of it, is covered with forests, chiefly of pine. A view of it from an eminence gives one no idea of the endless ravines, and streams, and heights, and hollows, many of them filled with lakes, and the numerous other intricacies which every where present themselves to any one traversing its surface; but there are two beautiful green hills, covered on their sides with birch woods, and having richly coloured faces of rock, and castellated crags appearing from various parts of their sides and tops, which rise with the loveliest forms from the midst of the valley, one on either side of the river, proudly pre-eminent over every other part of the lower valley. These, from their bold shapes, always appeared to the spectator to be even higher than they really were, and large as the scale is on which nature is here to be found, this somewhat exaggerated estimate of their magnitude, being ap-

plied as a measure to the surrounding mountains, was even capable of adding, by comparison, considerably to the ideal altitude of their huge masses, and consequently to their sublimity. The district to which I allude was a favourite haunt of mine, and many happy days have I spent revelling in its scenery. It so happened that circumstances prevented me from visiting it for a considerable time—when I returned I found that a miserable erection had been made by the nobleman to whom I have alluded, on the summit of one of the two beautiful green hills I have mentioned. It was large and expensive, but all this was just so much the worse, because not knowing its actual size, it looked to me to be no more than about the height of a man, and my eye immediately measuring the hill on which it stood by that scale, it dwindled at once down, in my estimation, to less than one third of its real height, and still more when compared to the exaggerated height which it had always formerly maintained in my belief. But this was not the only withering effect of this ill-judged, ill-conceived, and ill-executed piece of art, for it made the twin green hill on the opposite side of the river also instantaneously sink in height—the broad expanse of the valley itself, with all its inequalities and intricacies shrank up in its dimensions in a relative degree—and the very mountains, once of elevation so sublime, were reduced in altitude and magnitude to an extent which I could not have believed possible from so insignificant a cause. And there on the green hill top, still sits this wretched abortion, in form and apparent size very much resembling an old witch wrapped in her plaid, and grinning as it were with delight, in the consciousness that she holds the whole scenery of this grand and magnificent valley bound up, as it were, in the envious spell of apparently comparative insignificance.—E.]

CHAPTER VIII.

I HAVE hitherto endeavoured to trace the picturesque in all that relates to form, and to the effects of light and shade; I have endeavoured to distinguish it from the beautiful, and from the sublime; and to show the influence of breadth on them all. It now remains to examine how far the same general principles operate with regard to colours.

Mr. Burke's idea of the beautiful in colour seems to me in the highest degree satisfactory, and to correspond with all his other ideas of beauty. I must observe, at the same time, that the *beautiful* in colour is of a positive and independent nature, whereas the *sublime* in colour is in a great degree relative, and depends on the circumstances and associations by which it is accompanied. A beautiful colour, is a common and just expression; no one hesitates whether he shall give that title to the leaf of a rose, or to the smallest bit of it; but though the deep gloomy tint of the sky before a storm, and its effect on all nature be sublime, no one would call that colour, (whether a dark blue, or purple, or whatever it might be,) a sublime colour, if simply shown him without the other accompaniments.

[Yet let us test this opinion. Let us suppose that a fragment of the most beautiful rose leaf that can be found shall be applied to the tip of the nose of a lovely young woman, in a manner so perfectly natural

as to lead the spectator to believe that the hue is native of the spot, and essentially belonging to it; how would the eyes of all strangers be directed askance towards it with curious inquiry—and how would they recoil from it as something fearfully strange and unnatural!—There can be no doubt that rose-colour has acquired its beauty in the eyes of mankind from the immediate association which it awakens in every one's mind with the rich fragrance of the flower itself, as well as with the endless poetical images with which it has been for ages connected. The beautiful in colour is no more of a positive and independent nature, then, than the sublime in colour; and the picturesque in colour stands, I suspect, on the same grounds as the other two. Yet I do not quarrel with the term as having reference to colour, more than I do when it has reference to form. Though it never can distinctly define in either, it is a convenient term of distinction in both; and Sir Uvedale illustrates this, in so far as this view is concerned, with great ingenuity. —E.]

I likewise imagine that no one would call any colour picturesque, if shown him in the same manner, though many of them might, without impropriety, be called so; for there are many which, having nothing of the freshness and delicacy of beauty, are generally found in objects and scenes highly picturesque, and admirably accord with them. Among these may be reckoned the autumnal hues in all their varieties—the weather-stains, and many of the mosses, lichens, and incrustations on bark and on wood, on stones, old walls, and buildings of every kind—the various gradations in the tints of broken ground, and of the decayed parts in hollow trees. All these, which surely cannot be classed with the fresh greens of spring, with the various hues, at once so fresh and vivid, of its flowers and blossoms, or with those of the clean and healthy stems of young plants, may serve to point out in how many instances picturesque colours as well as forms arise from age and decay. There is, indeed, a natural prejudice in our minds against all that is produced by such causes; but whoever attentively observes in nature the deep, rich, and mellow effect of such colours, will hardly be surprised that painters should have been fond of introducing them into their works, and sometimes to the exclusion of those of which the beauty is universally acknowledged, and is likewise enhanced by every pleasing association.

Autumn, which is metaphorically applied to the decline of human life, when "fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf," and not the spring, *la primavera, gioventù del anno*, is generally called the painter's season. And yet there is something so very delightful in the real charms of

spring, as well as in the associated ideas of renewed life and vegetation, that it seems a perversion of our natural feelings, when we prefer to all its blooming hopes the first bodings of the approach of winter. Autumn must, therefore, have many powerful attractions, though of a different kind, and those intimately connected with the art of painting; for which reason, as the picturesque, though equally founded in nature with the beautiful, has been more particularly pointed out, illustrated, and, as it were, brought to light by that art, an inquiry into the reasons why autumn, and not spring, is called the painter's season, will, I imagine, give great additional insight into the distinct characters of the picturesque and the beautiful, especially with regard to colour.

The colours of spring deserve the name of beauty in the truest sense of the word; they have every thing that can give us that idea—freshness, gaiety, and liveliness, with softness and delicacy; their beauty is indeed of all others the most generally acknowledged, so much so, that from them every comparison and illustration of that character is taken. The tints of the flowers and blossoms, in all the nearer views, are clearly the most striking and attractive, but the more general impression is made by the freshness of that vivid green with which the fields, the woods, and all vegetation begins to be adorned. Besides their freshness, the earlier trees have a remarkable lightness and transparency; their new foliage serves as a decoration, not as a concealment, and through it the forms of their limbs are seen, as those of the human body under a thin drapery, while a thousand quivering lights play around and amidst their branches in every direction.

But these beauties, which give to spring its peculiar character, are not those which are best adapted to painting. A general air of lightness is one of the most engaging qualities of that lovely season; yet the lightness, in the earlier part, approaches to thinness; and the transparency of the new foliage, the thousand quivering lights, beautiful as they are in nature, have a tendency to produce a meagre and spotty effect in a picture, where breadth, and broad masses can hardly be dispensed with. The general colour also of spring, when April

> "Lightly o'er the living scene
> Scatters his tenderest freshest green,"

though pleasing to every eye in nature, is not equally so on the canvass; especially when scattered over the general scene. Freshness also, it may be remarked, is in one sense simply coolness, and that idea, in some degree, almost always accompanies it; and though in nature gleams of sunshine, from their real warmth as well as their splendour, give a tem-

porary glow and animation to a landscape entirely green, yet even under the influence of such a glow, that colour would too much preponderate in a picture. Such a style of landscape is therefore rarely attempted—for who would confine himself to cold monotony, when all nature is full of examples of the greatest variety, with the most perfect harmony?

As the green of spring, from its comparative coldness, is upon the whole unfavourable to landscape painting, in like manner its flowers and blossoms, from their too distinct and splendid appearance, are apt to produce a glare and spottiness so destructive of that union, which is the very essence of a picture whether in nature or imitation.

This effect I remember observing in a very striking degree many years ago, on entering Herefordshire when the fruit trees were in blossom; my expectation was much raised, for I had heard that at the time of the blow, the whole country from the Malvern hills looked like a garden. My disappointment was nearly equal to my expectation—the country answered to the description—it did look like a garden, but it made a scattered discordant landscape: the blossoms, so beautiful on a near view, when the different shades and gradations of their colours are distinguished, seemed to have lost all their richness and variety; and though the scene conveyed to my mind the cheerful ideas of fruitfulness and plenty, I could not help feeling how defective it was in all those qualities and principles, on which the painter sets so high a value.

White blossoms are in one very material respect, more unfavourable to landscape than any others; as white, by bringing objects too near the eye, disturbs the aerial perspective and the gradation of distance. On this subject I must beg leave to introduce to the reader some remarks by Mr. Locke, in Mr. Gilpin's Tour down the Wye.

"White offers a more extended scale of light and shadow, than any other colour, when near; and is more susceptible of the predominant tint of the air, when distant. The transparency of its shadows, (which in near objects partake so little of darkness that they are rather second lights,) discover, without injuring the principal light, all the details of surfaces. I partake, however, of your general dislike to the colour; and though I have seen a very splendid effect from an accidental light on a white object, yet I think it a hue which oftener injures than it improves the scene. It particularly disturbs the air in its office of graduating distances—shows objects nearer than they really are—and by pressing them on the eye, often gives them an importance which, from their form, and situation, they are not entitled to. The white of snow is so active and refractory, as to resist the discipline of every harmonising principle. I think I never saw Mont Blanc, and the range of snows

which run through Savoy, in union with the rest of the landscape, except when they were tinged by the rays of the rising and setting sun; or participated of some other tint of the surrounding sky. In the clear and colourless days so frequent in that country, the glaciers are always out of tune."

It is impossible to read these remarks, without regretting that the observations of a mind so capable of enlightening the public, should be withheld from it; a regret which those who have enjoyed the pleasure and advantage of Mr. Locke's conversation, feel in a much higher degree.

If there be any thing in the universal range of the arts peculiarly required to be a whole, it is a picture. In pieces of music, particular movements may without injury be separated from the whole; in every species of poetry, detached scenes, episodes, stanzas, &c. may be considered and enjoyed by themselves; but in a picture, the forms, tints, lights and shadows, all their combinations, effects, agreements, and oppositions, are at once subjected to the eye: whatever therefore may be the excellence of the several parts, however beautiful the particular colours, however splendid the lights, if they want union, breadth, and harmony, the picture wants its most essential quality—it is not a whole. According to my notions, therefore, it is chiefly from this circumstance of union and harmony, that the decaying charms of autumn often triumph in the painter's eye over the fresh and blooming beauties of spring.

It must not, however, be concluded from what has been said, that the painter has no pleasure in any set of objects, unless they form a picture: the charms of spring are universally felt, and he also feels their influence, unless he has narrowed his mind by that art, which ought most to have enlarged it. The true lover of painting only adds new sources of pleasure to those which are common to all mankind. This is precisely the case with regard to prospects—the painter adds those new sources of pleasure to the general and vague delight which is felt by every spectator. He enjoys equally the general beauties of nature, but from his quick eye, and keen relish for her more happy combinations and effects, he acquires a number of pleasures which may be dwelt upon, when the first enchanting, but vague delight of spring is diminished.

Such indeed are the charms of reviving nature, such the profusion of fresh, gay, and beautiful colours and of sweets, united with the ideas of fruitfulness, that they absorb for the moment all other considerations: and on a genial day in spring, and in a place where all its charms are displayed, every man, whose mind is not insensible or depraved, must feel the full force of that exclamation of Adam, when he first awakened to the pleasure of existence;

"With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd."

I have now mentioned what seem to me the principal beauties and defects of the *earlier* part of spring, at which time, however, the peculiar character of that season is most striking; for as it advances, and the leaves are more and more expanded, they no longer retain their vernal hue, their gloss of youth; and the trees in the height of summer, lose perhaps as much in the freshness, variety, and lightness of their foliage, as they gain in the general fulness of it, and the superior size of their leaves.

The midsummer shoot is the first thing that gives relief to the eye, after the sameness of colour which immediately precedes it. In many trees, and in none more than the oak, the effect is singularly beautiful; the old foliage forms a dark background, on which the new appears, relieved and detached in all its freshness and brilliancy—it is spring engrafted upon summer. This effect, however, is confined to the nearer objects; the great general change in all vegetation is produced by the first frosts of autumn. It is then that the more uniform green of summer, is succeeded by a variety of rich glowing tints, which so admirably accord with each other, and form so splendid a mass of colouring, so superior in depth and richness, to that of any other part of the year.

It has often struck me, that the whole system of the Venetian colouring, particularly that of Giorgione and Titian, was formed upon the tints of autumn, whence their pictures have that golden hue, which gives them such a superiority over all others. Their trees, foregrounds, and every part of their landscapes, have more strongly, than those of any other painters, the deep and rich browns of that season—the same general hue prevails in the draperies, and even in the flesh of their figures, which has neither the silver purity of Guido, nor the freshness of Rubens, but a glow perhaps more enchanting than either. Sir Joshua Reynolds has remarked, that the silver purity of Guido is more suited to beauty than the glowing golden hue of Titian. It was natural for him to mention Guido, as being the painter who had most succeeded in beauty of form; but with less of his purity and evenness of tint, there is a freshness in that of Rubens, which would admirably accord with beauty, though there are but few instances in his works of such a union.

A strong proof that the same general hue prevailed in the whole of any one work of Titian, is to be found in his Ganymede, in the Colonna palace, to which, by the order of the old Cardinal, Carlo Maratt put a new sky of the same tone as those in his own pictures; and I may say, that none but such a cold insipid artist could have borne to execute, what such gross unfeeling ignorance had commanded.

Such a sky would have been a severe trial to the flesh of any warm picture, but it makes that of the Ganymede appear almost black, which certainly would not have been the case, if it had been painted by Rubens or Correggio.

I have observed in a former part, that if any one of the qualities which Mr. Burke has so justly ascribed to beauty, be more essential than the others, it is freshness; and it is that which makes the most distinct line of separation between the beautiful and picturesque in colouring. I should, on that account, even if I were not supported by the authority of Sir Joshua Reynolds, be inclined to call the Venetian style of colouring, and that of Mola, of Domenico Feti, and others who have imitated it, the picturesque style, as being formed upon the deep and glowing tints of autumn, and not upon the fresh and delicate colours of spring; and although this Venetian colouring may not upon the whole be so congenial to the sublime, as the severer styles of the Roman and Florentine schools, yet it is much more so, than the fresh and sensual tints of Rubens, or the silvery tone of Guido; and in this it accords with the general character of the picturesque, which more readily mixes with the sublime than the beautiful does. I am here speaking solely of the *tints* of Rubens, especially those of his women and children, without any reference to the forms or the dispositions of his figures, or the richness of his dresses and decorations, on account of which Sir Joshua Reynolds has classed him with the Venetians, as belonging to the ornamental, and, in that respect, the picturesque style. Sometimes, also, the grandest effects have arisen from the broken tints of the Venetian painters—effects that are displayed in their highest perfection in the backgrounds and skies of Titian, and which, in those parts of the picture, could not be produced by the unbroken and distinct colours of the Roman school. Claude always mixed a much larger proportion of cool, fresh colours in his landscapes, than the Venetians did in theirs. In some of his early pictures, those cool tints prevail too much, and give them a cold sickly appearance; his best works, however, are entirely free from that, as well as the opposite defect, and his authority for the due proportion of cool and warm colours which beauty requires, is as high as any man's can be; for no one studied beauty more diligently, more successfully, or for a greater number of years.

In many of Rubens' works we distinguish the freshness of the early season of the year; and the whole of that well-known picture of the Duke of Rutland's, has the spring-like hue of those flowers, which with so gay and spring-like a profusion, yet still with a painter's judgment,

he has thrown about it. But when Titian introduces flowers, they are made to accord with his general principle ; they are not the children of spring, they seem to belong to a later season ; for he spreads over them an autumnal hue and atmosphere, which would make even Rubens' flowers, much more those of a mere flower painter, look raw in comparison.

This leads me to observe, that it is not only the change of vegetation which gives to autumn its golden hue, but also the atmosphere itself, and the lights and shadows which then prevail. Spring has its light and flitting clouds, with shadows equally flitting and uncertain; refreshing showers, with gay and genial bursts of sunshine, that seem suddenly to call forth and to nourish the young buds and flowers. In autumn all is matured; and the rich hues of the ripened fruits, and of the changing foliage, are rendered still richer by the warm haze, which, on a fine day in that season, spreads the last varnish over every part of the picture. In winter, the trees and woods, from their total loss of foliage, have so lifeless and meagre an appearance, so different from the freshness of spring, the fulness of summer, and the richness of autumn, that many, not insensible to the beauties of scenery at other times, scarcely look at it during that season. But the contracted circle which the sun then describes, however unwished for on every other consideration, is of great advantage with respect to breadth; for then, even the mid-day lights and shadows, from their horizontal direction, are so striking, and the parts so finely illuminated, and yet so connected and filled up by them, that I have many times forgotten the nakedness of the trees, from admiration of the general masses. In summer, the exact reverse is as often the case ; the rich clothing of the parts makes a faint impression, from the vague and general glare of light without shadow.

[When we talk comparatively of the seasons, I think we may naturally enough give the name of the picturesque to that of autumn ; for as it affords greater facilities to the art of painting, so it holds out greater provocatives to its professors, and, consequently, its tones of colour are those which have been most usually adopted by the greatest masters, to give character and effect to their works. But when we view the seasons without regard to art at all—and entirely as they may affect us through the medium of association—we find the sources of our individual gratification to be as various as are our opinions. Spring, in all the pictures—animate as well as inanimate, which it produces—is associated in all men's minds with the tenderness and innocence of youth, and with all those anxieties with which the heart is

filled from the consideration of the many perils to which its delicacy is exposed. For,

> " As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
> And winter oft at eve resumes the breeze—
> Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
> Deform the day delightless."

But then, as when beholding budding youth, human bosoms are most filled with fair hopes, in despite of all that human experience which has, with dull uniformity, proved such hopes to be nought—so likewise does it too often happen, that those which we cherish regarding the promises of the young spring may be equally fallacious. But when,

> " At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,
> And the bright Bull receives him ; then no more
> The expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold—
> But, full of life, and vivifying soul,
> Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
> Fleecy and white, o'er all-surrounding Heaven."

Then, indeed, the earth begins to teem with verdure, and all nature becomes animated with universal joy. Then,

> " Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
> Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops
> From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
> Of sweet-brier hedges I pursue my walk ;
> Or taste the smell of dairy ; or ascend
> Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,
> And see the country, far diffused around—
> One boundless blush—one white-empurpled shower
> Of mingled blossoms, where the raptured eye
> Hurries from joy to joy."

Is not that man to be pitied who could stop in such a walk as this, to have the bounding delight of his bosom checked and cramped by the recollection that it may have nothing in it favourable for the artist? And who is there who would not have every fountain within his heart opened in a sympathetic gush of joy like that of Nature herself, by so rich a combination of rural sweets as spring presents, thus rejoicing in their new life beneath his eye? Yes—there are some with whom all this gladness of the birth of Nature may but excite a deeper melancholy. Such will be its effect on the mind of him who is conscious of watching his own gradual decay—and, instead of joy, it must only awaken an acuter pang of misery in the breast of the unfortunate who is the victim of some severe mortal affliction. We thus

see that the beauties of spring have no other charms than those which may be reflected from the mind of man himself.

Summer seems to be less likely to excite very powerful associations, either of an intensely pleasing or painful description. The burst of nature is over—the growth of plants and tress is less prominently apparent—the appearance of to-day is liker that of yesterday than was the case with the same successive portions of time during the more rapid vegetation of spring. The sky is more serene, and, at the same time, more monotonous in its effects—and if it be a real summer, such as Thomson describes, the heat of the sun is so potent as to be oppressive—to so great an extent, indeed, as to induce an indolence of disposition, arising from a bodily and mental lassitude. Then is the time for the calmness and the quiet of lazy speculation, and so, in perfect listlessness,

> "Let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
> Where scarce a sunbeam wanders through the gloom,
> And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink
> Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
> Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large."

Or let me, in dreamy meditation,

> "Sit on rocks, and muse o'er flood and fell."

I admit that all seasons are capable of producing individual associations with Nature. But, laying aside all such, I should say, in a general point of view, that these are the natural effects of summer.

But autumn,

> "Crown'd with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,"

comes with ten thousand charms for the young, who, regardless of the lesson which it is continually teaching to frail mortality, rejoice in the liberty which that season generally brings round to them—when they revel in its fruits—are cheered by the jocund labours of its harvests—and are excited by the animating field-sports which its season brings round to them—whilst the bright sun, tempered by a cool and invigorating air, gives elasticity and renewed action to every thing that has life, and whilst the effects of sky are splendid and ever varying. The rich hues of the woods, too, whilst they are in full harmony with such feelings, are rendered doubly pleasing by having been always intimately connected in the minds of the young with all these delightful gratifications. But with him to whom the tints of autumn afford no other association than that which they have with the decay of human life, the season only returns as a melancholy memento that

another year is silently departing over his head, and bringing him—though perhaps with insensible steps—gradually nearer and nearer to his grave. It is in the spring and in the autumn that such thoughts are most peculiarly apt to be awakened; for they are not so likely to be excited by the sameness of summer, when the growth of Nature may be said to be at maturity, and when, as regards the year, she may be said to be in her middle age.

The mind may be expected again to recover somewhat of the quietness and equality of its tone when winter has fairly set in, when the fleeting beauties of nature may be said to have expired. Then man becomes prepared to enjoy the socialities of intellectual life; and though winter does come

> "To rule the varying year
> Sullen and sad, with all his rising train—
> Vapours, and clouds, and storms,"—

When

> "Comes the father of the tempest forth,
> Wrapp'd in black glooms,"—

And, above all, when

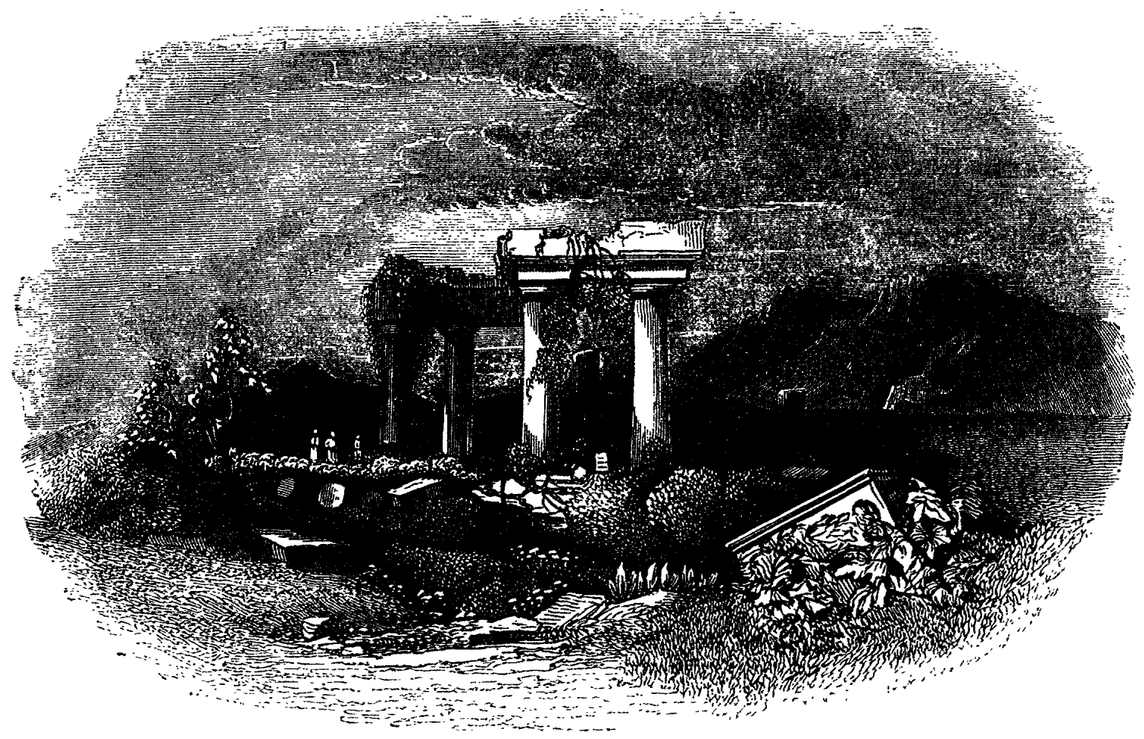
> "Through the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,"

And

> "The cherish'd fields
> Put on their winter-robe of purest white,"

it may be matter of doubt whether the conscious anticipation of the coming comfort, to be enjoyed in the domestic circle, by the bickering winter's hearth, in talk and tales of other times with those we like, may not give such a zest to our bracing country walk as may make even it more truly agreeable than that of summer. And how grateful does the well constituted mind then become to a good Providence for having thus bestowed the means for so viewing this otherwise dreary season! And how readily is it prepared to alleviate the wants of those for whom the Almighty has been pleased to provide more scantily, and who consequently look with shivering terror, and apprehensive desolation of face, upon every fresh stride which the bleak and howling wintry storms make in their advance.

Thus we may see, from these few desultory reflections, how much our estimation of the beauty of the seasons depends upon our individual circumstances and feelings, as well as upon those which belong to us more in common with mankind in general—so that the cheerfulness or the melancholy which each of them may produce, is but a cheerfulness or a melancholy which is merely a reflected image of that which we bear within us.—E.]



CHAPTER IX.

I HAVE endeavoured to the best of my abilities, and according to the observations I have made in a long habit of reflection on the subject, to trace the ideas we have of the picturesque, through the different works of art and nature; and it appears to me, that in all objects of sight, in buildings, trees, water, ground, in the human species, and in other animals, the same general principles uniformly prevail, and that even light and shadow, and colours, have the strongest conformity to those principles. I have compared both its causes and effects with those of the sublime and the beautiful; I have shown its distinctness from them both, and in what that distinctness consists.

I may perhaps, however, be able to throw some additional light on the subject, by considering two qualities the most opposite to beauty—those of ugliness and deformity; by showing in what points they differ from each other, and under what circumstances they may form a union with other qualities and characters. According to Mr. Burke, those objects are the ugliest which approach most nearly to angular,* but I think he would scarcely have given that opinion, if he had thought it worth while to investigate so ungrateful a subject as that of ugliness,

* Sublime and Beautiful, p. 217.

with the same attention as that of beauty; for, if his position be true, the leaves of the plane-tree and the vine are among the ugliest of the vegetable kingdom.

It seems to me, that mere unmixed ugliness does not arise from sharp angles, or from any sudden variation, but rather from that *want* of form, that unshapen lumpish appearance, which, perhaps, no one word exactly expresses; a quality (if what is negative may be so called) which never can be mistaken for beauty, never can adorn it, and which is equally unconnected with the sublime and the picturesque. The remains of Grecian sculpture afford us the most generally acknowledged models of beauty of form, in its most exquisitely finished state; if this be granted, every change that could be made in such models must be a diminution of the perfect character of beauty, and an approach towards some other. Were an artist, for instance, to model, in any soft material, a head from the Venus or the Apollo, and then, by way of experiment, to make the nose longer or sharper, rising more suddenly towards the middle, or strongly aquiline—were he to give a striking projection to the eye-brow, or to interrupt, by some marked deviation, the flowing outline of the face—though he would destroy beauty, yet he might create character, and something grand or picturesque might be produced by such a trial. But let him take the contrary method, let him clog and fill up all those nicely marked variations of which beauty is the result—ugliness, and that only, must be the consequence. Should he proceed still further with his experiment—should he twist the mouth, make the nose awry, of a preposterous size, and place warts and carbuncles upon it, or wens and excrescences on other parts of the face, he would then graft deformity upon ugliness.

Deformity is to ugliness what picturesqueness is to beauty—though distinct from it, and in many cases arising from opposite causes, it is often mistaken for it, often accompanies it, and greatly heightens its effect. Ugliness alone is merely disagreeable—by the addition of deformity it becomes hideous—by that of terror it may become sublime. All these are mixed in the

> "Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum."

Deformity in itself, however, has no connection with the sublime, and, when terror can be produced by circumstances of a more elevated character, may even injure its effect. Death, for instance, is commonly painted as a skeleton; but Milton, in his famous description, has made no allusion to that deformity (if it may be called so) which is usual in the representation of the king of terrors, possibly from judging that its

distinctness would take off from that mysterious uncertainty which has rendered his picture so awfully sublime.

"The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd, which shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be call'd, which shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either; black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a deadly dart; what seem'd his head,
The likeness of a kingly crown had on."

The union of deformity with beauty is, from the contrast, more striking than any other; but it is in the same proportion disgusting, and, so far from raising any grand ideas, has rather a tendency to excite those that are ludicrous. Such, I think, it appears in the description of Scylla in the Metamorphoses, and of Sin in Paradise Lost.

As deformity consists of some striking and unnatural deviation from what is usual in the shape of the face or body, or of a similar addition to it, all lines, of whatever description they may be, will equally produce it. Mr. Burke's opinion of flowing lines as producing beauty, and of angular lines as producing ugliness, has been mentioned; and those who are of his way of thinking, must probably object to the Grecian nose as too straight, and as forming too sharp an angle with the rest of the face. Whether the Greek artists were right or not, their practice shows, that, in their opinion, straight lines, and what nearly approach to angles, were not merely compatible with beauty, but that the effect of the whole would thence be more attractive, than by a continual sweep and flow of outline in every part. The application of this to modern gardening is too obvious to be enforced. It is the highest of all authority against continued flow of outline, even where beauty of form is the only object.

The symmetry and proportion of hills and mountains, are not marked out and ascertained like those of the human figure; but the general principles of beauty and ugliness, of picturesqueness and deformity, are easily to be traced in them, though not in so striking and obvious a manner.

Those hills and mountains which nearly approach to angles, are often called beautiful—seldom, I believe, ugly; and when their size and colour are diminished and softened by distance, they accord with the softest and most pleasing scenes, and compose the distance of some of Claude's most polished landscapes. The *ugliest* forms of hills, if my ideas be just, are those which are lumpish, and, as it were, unformed; such, for instance, as from one of the ugliest and most shapeless animals

are called pig-backed. When the summits of any of these are notched into paltry divisions, or have such insignificant risings upon them as appear like knobs or bumps; or when any improver has imitated those knobs or knotches, by means of patches and clumps, they are then both ugly and deformed.

The ugliest ground is that which has neither the beauty of smoothness, verdure, and gentle undulation, nor the picturesqueness of bold and sudden breaks, and varied tints of soil: of such kind is ground that has been disturbed, and left in that unfinished state—as in a rough ploughed field run to sward. Such also are the slimy shores of a flat tide river, or the sides of a mountain stream in summer, composed merely of loose stones, uniformly continued, without any mould or vegetation. The steep shores of rivers, where the tide rises at times to a great height, and leaves promontories of slime; and those on which torrents among the mountains leave huge shapeless heaps of stones, may certainly lay claim to some mixture of deformity, which is often mistaken for another character. Nothing, indeed, is more common than to hear persons who come from a tame cultivated country (and not those only) mistake barrenness, desolation, and deformity, for grandeur and picturesqueness.

It might be supposed, on the other hand, that the being continually among picturesque scenes, would of itself, and without any assistance from pictures, lead to a distinguishing taste for them. Unfortunately it often leads to a perfect indifference for that style, and to a preference for something directly opposite.

I once walked over a very romantic place in Wales, with the proprietor, and strongly expressed how much I was struck with it, and, among the rest, with several natural cascades. He was quite uneasy at the pleasure I felt, and seemed afraid I should waste my admiration. "Don't stop at these things," said he, "I will show you by and by one worth seeing." At last we came to a part where the brook was conducted down three long steps of hewn stone,—"There," said he, with great triumph, "that was made by Edwards, who built Pont y pridd, and it is reckoned as neat a piece of mason-work as any in the country."

[But I can say, that this is by no means generally the effect produced by an early residence among fine scenery; for I can myself enumerate many cases, where I can trace the formation of the *gusto pittoresco*, to early association with such scenery.—E.]

Deformity in ground is, indeed, less obvious than in other objects. Deformity seems to be something that did not originally belong to the object in which it exists—something strikingly and unnaturally disagreeable, and not softened by those circumstances which often make it

picturesque. The side of a smooth green hill, torn by floods, may at first very properly be called deformed; and on the same principle, though not with the same impression, as a gash on a living animal. When the rawness of such a gash in the ground is softened, and in part concealed and ornamented by the effects of time and the progress of vegetation, deformity, by this usual process, is converted into picturesqueness; and this is the case with quarries, gravel-pits, &c., which at first are deformities, and which, in their most picturesque state, are often considered as such by a levelling improver. Large heaps of mould or stones, when they appear strongly, and without any connection or concealment, above the surface of the ground, may also at first be considered as deformities, and may equally become picturesque by the same process.

[I have known many instances of such happy conversions by the hand of Taste, and, among others, I may notice a quarry at the Earl of Dunmore's seat of Dunmore Park, in Stirlingshire. The freestone for building the house was taken from it; but the quarriers had no sooner left off their operations, than, by the judicious planting of trees, shrubs, and creeping plants, it has been converted into a delightfully retired wilderness of sweets, the effect of which is much enhanced by the circumstance of its being in the midst of one of the most beautiful woods which can any where be met with. But I have seen nature do this for herself in the happiest way, though she required more time for the completion of her work, when altogether unassisted. It frequently happens, that when the rock has been extensively worked out of a quarry, springs have been laid bare, which fill the deeper parts of the excavations with the purest water, around the irregular margins of which, aquatic plants shoot up among the rubbish, a happy circumstance, which I have often seen add greatly to the wild charms of such a spot. —E.]

This connection between picturesqueness and deformity cannot be too much studied by improvers, and, among other reasons, from motives of economy. There are in many places deep hollows and broken ground not immediately in view, which do not interfere with any sweep of lawn necessary to be kept open—to fill up and level these, would often be difficult and expensive—to dress and adorn them costs little trouble or money. Even in the most smooth and polished scenes, they may often be so masked by plantations, and so united with them, as to blend with the general scenery at a distance, and to produce great novelty and variety when approached.

The same distinctions which have been remarked in other objects,

are equally observable in trees. The ugliest, are not those in which the branches—whether from nature or accident—make sudden angles, but such as are shapeless from having been long pressed by others, or from having been regularly and repeatedly stripped of their boughs before they were allowed to grow on. Trees that are torn by winds, or shattered by lightning, are deformed, and at first very strikingly so; and as the crudeness of such deformity is gradually softened by new boughs and foliage, they often become in a high degree picturesque.

In buildings and other artificial objects, the same principles operate in the same manner. The ugliest buildings are those which have no feature, no character; those, in short, which most nearly approach to the shape, "if shape it may be called," of a clamp of brick, the ugliness of which no one will dispute. It is melancholy to reflect on the number of houses in this kingdom that seem to have been built on that model; and if they are less ugly, it is chiefly owing to the sharpness of their angles, and to their having, on that account, something more of a decided and finished form. The term which most expresses what is shapeless, is that of a lump; and it generally indicates what is detached from other objects, what is without any variation of parts in itself, or any material difference in length, breadth, or height—a sort of equality that appears best to accord with the monotony of ugliness. Still, however, as what is most conspicuous has the most extensive influence whether in good or in bad, a tall building, *cæteris paribus*, may perhaps contend for the palm of ugliness. When I consider the striking natural beauties of such a river as that at Matlock, and the effect of the seven-story buildings that have been raised there, and on other beautiful streams, for cotton manufactories, I am inclined to think that nothing can equal them for the purpose of dis-beautifying an enchanting piece of scenery; and that economy had produced, what the greatest ingenuity, if a prize were given for ugliness, could not surpass. They are so placed, that they contaminate the most interesting views; and so tall, that there is no escaping from them in any part; and in that respect they have the same unfortunate advantage over a squat building, that a stripped elm has over a pollard willow. As in buildings there is no general or usual form, to which, as in the human race, we can refer, deformity is in them not so immediately obvious. Many buildings are erected, and then added to, as more space was wanted, without any plan; in others, the same kind of irregularity is originally designed; and all these an admirer of pure architecture would probably condemn as deformed, though they are in general considered as only irregular. Where, however, the architecture is regular, if any part be taken away

so as to interrupt the symmetry, or any thing added that has no connection with its character, the building is manifestly deformed. I have here supposed that the building, whether a part be taken away, or a part added, is left in an entire and finished state, and that the deformity solely arises from the destruction of its symmetry; for any breach or chasm in a *finished* building, whether regular or irregular, must always be a deformity. Ruins, therefore, of all kinds, are at first deformed; and afterwards, by means of vegetation and of various effects of time and accident, become picturesque.

With respect to colours, it appears to me that as transparency is one essential quality of beauty, so the want of transparency, or what may be termed muddiness, is the most general and efficient cause of ugliness. A colour, for instance, may be harsh, glaring, tawdry, yet please many eyes, and by some be called beautiful; but a muddy colour, no one ever was pleased with, or honoured with that title. If this idea be just, there seems to be as much analogy between the causes of ugliness in colour, and in form, as the two cases could well admit. In the first, ugliness is said to arise from the thickening of what should be pure and transparent; in the second, from clogging and filling up those nicely marked variations, of which beauty and purity of outline are the result. It is hardly necessary to say, that I have here been speaking of colours as considered separately; not of those numberless beauties and effects, which are produced by their numberless connections and oppositions.

Ugliness, like beauty, has no prominent features—it is in some degree regular and uniform, and at a distance, and even on a slight inspection, is not immediately striking. Deformity, like picturesqueness, makes a quicker impression, and, the moment it appears, strongly rouses the attention. On this principle, ugly music is what is composed according to rule and common proportion, but which has neither that selection of sweet and softly varying melody and modulation which answers to the beautiful, nor that marked character, those sudden and masterly changes, which correspond with the picturesque. If such music be executed in the same style in which it is composed, it will cause no strong emotion, but if played out of tune, it will become *deformed*, and every such deformity will make the musical hearer start. The enraged musician stops both his ears against the *deformity* of those sounds, which Hogarth has so powerfully conveyed to us through another sense as almost to justify the bold expression of Æschylus, δεδορκα κτυπον. Mere ugliness in visible objects is looked upon without any violent emotion; but deformity, in any strong degree, would probably cause the same sort of action in the beholder as in Hogarth's musi-

cian, by making him afraid to trust singly to those means of exclusion which nature has placed over the sight.

The picturesque, when mixed with the sublime or the beautiful, has been already considered; it will be found as frequently mixed with ugliness, and when so mixed will appear to be perfectly consistent with all that has been mentioned of its effects and qualities. Ugliness, like beauty, in itself is not picturesque, for it has, simply considered, no strongly marked features; but, when the last mentioned character is added either to beauty or to ugliness, they become more striking and varied, and, whatever may be the sensations they excite, they always, by means of that addition, more strongly attract the attention. We are amused and occupied by ugly objects, if they be also picturesque, just as we are by a rough, and in other respects a disagreeable mind, provided it has a marked and peculiar character; without it, mere outward ugliness, or mere inward rudeness, are simply disagreeable. An ugly man or woman, with an aquiline nose, high cheek bones, beetle brows, and strong lines in every part of the face, is, from these picturesque circumstances, which might all be taken away without destroying ugliness, much more *strikingly* ugly, than a man with no more features than an oyster. It is ugliness of this kind which may very justly be styled picturesque ugliness; and it is that which has been most frequently represented on the canvass. Those who have been used to admire such picturesque ugliness in painting, will look with pleasure (for we have no other word to express the degree or character of that sensation) at the original in nature; and one cannot think slightly of the power and advantage of that art which makes its admirers often gaze with such delight on some ancient lady, as, by the help of a little vanity, might perhaps lead her to mistake the motive.

A celebrated anatomist is said to have declared, that he had received in his life more pleasure from *dead* than from *living* women. This might, perhaps, be brought as a similar, though a stronger instance of perverted taste; but I never heard of any painter having made the same declaration with respect to age and youth. Whatever may be the future refinements of painting and anatomy, I believe young and live women will never have reason to be jealous of old or dead rivals.

As the excess of those qualities which chiefly constitute beauty produces insipidity, so likewise the excess of those which constitute picturesqueness produces deformity. These mutual relations may be sufficiently obvious in inanimate objects, yet, perhaps, they will be more clearly perceived if we consider them in the human countenance, supposing the *general* form of the countenance to remain the same, and

only what may in some measure be considered as the *accompaniments* to be changed.

Suppose, then, what is no uncommon style or degree of beauty, a woman with fine features, but the character of whose eyes, eyebrows, hair, and complexion, are more striking and showy than delicate. Imagine, then, the same features, with the eyebrows less marked, and both those and the hair of the head of a softer texture, the general glow of complexion changed to a more delicate gradation of white and red, the skin more smooth and even, and the eyes of a milder colour and expression; you would by this change take off from the striking, the showy effect, but such a face would have, in a greater degree, that finished delicacy, which even those who might prefer the showy style, would allow to be more in unison with the idea of beauty, and the other would appear comparatively coarse and unfinished. If we go on still further, and suppose hardly any mark of eyebrow—the hair, from the lightness of its colour, and from the silky softness of its quality, giving scarce any idea of roughness—the complexion of a pure and almost transparent whiteness, with hardly a tinge of red—the eyes of the mildest blue, and the expression equally mild—you would then approach very nearly to insipidity, but still without destroying beauty; on the contrary, such a form, when irradiated by a mind of equal sweetness and purity, united with sensibility, has something angelic, and seems further removed from what is earthly and material. This shows how much softness, smoothness, and delicacy, even when carried to an extreme degree, are congenial to beauty. On the other hand, it must be owned, that where the only agreement between such a form and the soul which inhabits it is want of character and animation, nothing can be more completely vapid than the whole composition.

If we now return to the same point at which we began, and conceive the eyebrows *more* strongly marked, the hair rougher in its effect and quality, the complexion more dusky and gipsy-like, the skin of a coarser grain, with some moles on it, a degree of cast in the eyes, but so slight as only to give archness and peculiarity of countenance—this, without altering the proportion of the features, would take off from beauty what it gave to character and picturesqueness. If we go one step farther, and increase the eyebrows to a preposterous size—the cast into a squint—make the skin scarred, and deeply pitted with the small-pox—the complexion full of spots—and increase the moles into excrescences—it will plainly appear how close the connection is between beauty and insipidity, and between picturesqueness and deformity, and what "thin partitions do their bounds divide."

The whole of this applies most exactly to improvements. The general features of a place remain the same—the accompaniments only are changed, but with them its character. If the improver, as it usually happens, attends solely to verdure, smoothness, undulation of ground, and flowing lines, the whole will be insipid. If the opposite and much rarer taste should prevail—should an improver, by way of being picturesque, make broken ground, pits, and quarries all about his place—encourage nothing but furze, briers, and thistles—heap quantities of rude stones on his banks—or, to crown all, like Mr. Kent, plant dead trees*—the deformity of such a place would, I believe, be very generally allowed, though the insipidity of the other might not be so readily confessed.

I may here remark, that though picturesqueness and deformity are, by their etymology, so strictly confined to the sense of seeing, yet there is in the other senses a most exact resemblance to their effects; this is the case, not only in that of hearing, of which so many examples have been given, but in the more contracted senses of tasting and smelling, and the progress I have mentioned is in them also equally plain and obvious. It can hardly be doubted, that what answers to the beautiful in the sense of tasting, has smoothness and sweetness for its basis, with such a degree of stimulus as enlivens, but does not overbalance those qualities—such, for instance, as in the most delicious fruits and liquors. Take away the stimulus, they become insipid—increase it, so as to overbalance those qualities, they then gain a peculiarity of flavour, are eagerly sought after by those who have acquired a relish for them, but are less adapted to the general palate. This corresponds exactly with the picturesque; but if the stimulus be increased beyond that point, none but depraved and vitiated palates will endure what would be so justly termed deformity in objects of sight. The sense of smelling has in this, as in all other respects, the closest conformity to that of tasting. The old maxim of the schools, *de gustibus non est disputandum*, is by many extended to all tastes, and claimed as a sort of privilege not to have any of theirs called in question. It is certainly very reasonable that a man should be allowed to indulge his eye, as well as his palate, in his own way; but, if he happened to have a taste for water-gruel without salt, he should not force it upon his guests as the perfection of cookery; or burn their insides, if, like the King of Prussia, he loved nothing but what was spiced enough to turn a living man into a mummy.

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* *Vide* Mr. Walpole's Essay on Modern Gardening.

These are the chief arguments that have occurred to me for giving to the picturesque a distinct character. I have had the satisfaction of finding many persons high in the public estimation of my sentiment; and, among them, some of the most eminent artists, both professors and dilettanti. On the other hand, I must allow, that there are persons whose opinion carries great weight with it, who, in reality, hold the two words beautiful and picturesque to be synonymous, though they do not say so in express terms: with those, however, I do not mean to argue at present, though well prepared for battle. Others there are who allow, indeed, that the words have a different *meaning*, but deny that there is any distinct *character* of the picturesque; to those, before I close this part of my essay, I shall offer a few reflections.

Taking it then for granted that the two terms are not synonymous, the word picturesque must have some appropriate meaning; and, therefore, when any person chooses to call a figure or a scene picturesque, rather than beautiful, he must have some reason for that choice. The definitions which have been given of picturesque appear to me very vague and unsatisfactory. Instead of attempting any other, I will do what perhaps may be of more service in ascertaining its meaning—I will endeavour to account for the introduction of a word into modern languages, which has nothing that in the smallest degree corresponds with it in those of the ancients. The two classes of visible objects which have been distinguished by the titles of the sublime and the beautiful, have, in all ages, and in all countries, long before the invention of the art of painting, excited the emotions of astonishment, and of pleasure: it seems natural, therefore, that such objects, when their true character was fully and happily expressed in painting, should at once have been felt and acknowledged to be the same which had so often struck and pleased them in reality; and that the emotions, though less powerful, should have been of a similar kind. Such, probably was the case, with this difference, however—that the character and qualities of beauty lose much less of their effect from being represented on the reduced scale of a picture than those of grandeur, and are likewise more familiar, and more immediately obvious to the bulk of mankind—on which accounts, I shall chiefly confine myself to them in the present discussion. These two classes of objects, though so distinct from each other, have one common relation—that of having had at all times a powerful and universal influence; and, in that point of view, may be considered as one general division; while another may, in the same manner, be formed of those objects which seem to have excited little or no interest or attention, till they were brought into

notice, and the principles on which they deserved to excite it, had been pointed out by the revived art of painting, and particularly that of landscape painting. It is well known how vague and licentious a use is made of the word beautiful; but I think it will be allowed that no qualities so truly accord with our ideas of it as those which are in a high degree expressive of youth, health, and vigour, whether in animal or vegetable life—the chief of which qualities are smoothness and softness in the surface—fulness and undulation in the outline—symmetry in the parts—and clearness and freshness in the colour. No one can well doubt that these are essential qualities of beauty, who considers what must be the consequence of substituting those of an opposite kind; but if any one should ask—and it has been doubted by a writer of high reputation on these subjects*—whether they are suited to the painter, the question may be answered by another—by asking, what is the rank which Guido, Albano, and Correggio hold among painters? Raphael, the first name among the moderns, who had grandeur and dignity of character more constantly in view than any of the last mentioned painters, was very far from neglecting beauty, or the qualities assigned to it; and if we go back to the ancients, what were the pictures most highly admired while they existed, and whose fame is now as fresh as ever? The Helen of Zeuxis, and the Venus of Apelles, in which no qualities could have had place, except such as accorded with beauty in its strictest sense.

From the ideas which we are well justified in forming to ourselves of those paintings, it seems probable that the delight they produced was immediate and universal—that to see and feel their charms, it did not require any knowledge of pictures, or any habit of examining them—however such knowledge might enhance and refine the pleasure—but only the common sensibility which all must experience, when such objects present themselves in real life. Unfortunately, not a trace remains of those, and other exquisite works of that age—but the art since its revival will furnish us with no mean examples; and, thanks to that of engraving, which ought to have been coeval with it, the compositions at least of the finest paintings are very generally known. If, then, we suppose a person of natural sensibility and discernment, but who had never seen a picture, to have been shown when they were first painted, the Aurora of Guido, the Nymphs and Cupids of Albano, or the Leda of Correggio—pictures in which nothing but what is youthful and lovely is exhibited—he must readily have acknowledged the whole,

* Mr. Gilpin.

and every part to be beautiful; because, if he were to see such objects in nature, he would call them so, and view them with delight. The same thing must have happened had he been shown a picture of Claude, where richly ornamented temples and palaces were accompanied by trees of elegant forms and luxuriant foliage, the whole set off by the mild glow of a fine evening; for every thing he saw there, he would wish to see and to dwell upon in reality. But should he have been shown a set of pictures, in which a number of the principal objects were rough, rugged, and broken, with various marks of age and decay, yet without any thing of grandeur or dignity, he must certainly have thought it strange that the artists should choose to perpetuate on their canvass such figures, animals, trees, buildings, &c., as he should wish, if he saw them in nature, to remove from his sight. He might afterwards, however, begin to observe, that among objects which to him appeared void of every kind of attraction, the painters had decided reasons of preference—whether from their strongly marked peculiarity of character—from the variety produced by sudden and irregular deviation—from the manner in which the rugged and broken parts caught the light, and from those lights being often opposed to some deep shadow—or from the rich and mellow tints produced by various stages of decay, all of which he had passed by without noticing, or had merely thought them ugly, but now began to look at with some interest, he would find at the same time, that there were quite a sufficient number of objects, which the painter would perfectly agree with him in calling ugly, without any addition or qualification.

Such observations as I have just supposed to be made by a single person, must have gradually occurred to a variety of observers during the progress of the art. Many of them may have seen the artists at work, and remarked the pleasure they seemed to take in imitating, by spirited strokes of the pencil, any rough and broken objects—any strongly marked peculiarity of character, or of light and shadow; and may have observed at the same time with what comparative slowness and caution they proceeded, when the correct symmetry—the delicate and insensible transitions of colour—and of light and shadow in a beautiful human face or body were to be expressed; and that although the picture, when finished in its highest perfection, would be the pride and glory of the art, such a real object would to all eyes be yet more enchanting. They might thence be led to conclude, that beauty, (and grandeur stands upon the same footing,) whether real or imitated, is a source of delight which all men of liberal minds may claim in common with the painter;—that mere ugliness is no less disgusting to him, than to the

rest of the world; but that a number of objects, neither grand, nor beautiful, nor ugly, are in a manner the peculiar property of the painter and his art, being by them first illustrated, and brought into notice and general observation. When such an idea had once begun to prevail, it was very natural that a word should be invented, and soon be commonly made use of, which discriminated the character of such objects, by their relation to the artist himself, or to his work. We find accordingly that the Italians, among whom painting most flourished, invented the word *pittoresco*, which marks the relation to the painter, and which the French, with a slight change, have adopted; while the English use the word *picturesque*, as related to the production. What has just been said, will, I trust, be thought to account with some probability for the origin of the term, as well as for the distinction of the character, and likewise to point out the reasons why roughness, sudden deviation, and irregularity, are in a more peculiar manner suited to the painter, than the opposite and more popular qualities of smoothness, undulation, and symmetry; and to show that the picturesque may justly claim a title taken from the art of painting, without having an exclusive reference to it.

If it be true with respect to landscape, that a scene may, and often does exist, in which the qualities of the picturesque—almost exclusively of those of grandeur and of beauty—prevail; and that persons unacquainted with pictures, either take no interest in such scenes, or even think them ugly, while painters, and lovers of painting, study and admire them. If, on the other hand, a scene may equally exist, in which, as far as the nature of the case will allow, the qualities assigned to the beautiful are alone admitted, and from which those of the picturesque are no less studiously excluded, and that such a scene will at once give delight to every spectator, to the painter no less than all others, and will, by all, without hesitation be called beautiful,*—if this be true, yet still no distinction of character be allowed to exist—what is it, then, which does create a distinction between any two characters? That I shall now wish to examine; and as the right of the picturesque to a character of its own is called in question, I shall do what is very usual in similar cases, inquire into the right of other characters, whose distinction has hitherto been unquestioned; not for the sake of disputing their right, but of establishing that of the picturesque, by showing on how much stronger and broader foundations it has been built.

Envy and Revenge, are by all acknowledged to be distinct cha-

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* Letter to Mr. Repton, page 137.

racters; nay, both of them, as well as many of our better affections, have been so often personified by poets, and embodied by painters and sculptors, that we have as little doubt of their distinct figurative existence, as of the real existence of any of our acquaintance, and almost know them as readily. But from what does their distinction arise? From their *general* effect on the mind? Certainly not; for their general effect, that which is common to them both, and to others of the same class, is ill-will towards the several objects on which they are exercised; just as the general effect of the sublime, of the beautiful, and of the picturesque, is delight or pleasure of some kind to the eye, to the imagination, or to both. It appears, therefore, from this instance, (and I am inclined to think it universally true,) that distinction of character does not arise from general effects, but that we must seek for its origin in particular causes. I am also persuaded, that it is from having pursued the opposite method of reasoning, that the distinction between the beautiful and the picturesque has been denied. The truth of these two positions will be much more evident, if it should be shown, that the *causes* of envy and revenge no less plainly mark a *distinction*, than their *general effect*, if singly considered, would imply a *unity* of character. The cause of envy, is the merit, reputation, or good fortune of others; that of revenge, an injury received. These seem to me their most obvious and striking causes, and certainly sufficient to distinguish them from each other. But let the most acute metaphysician place in one point of view, whatever may in any way mark the boundaries which separate them, then let his distinctions be compared with those which I have stated to exist between the beautiful and the picturesque, and if they be not more clear, and more strongly marked, why should they have a privilege which is denied to mine?

It has been argued by some, that the sublime, as well as the picturesque, is included in the beautiful; that such distinctions as Mr. Burke and myself have made, are too minute and refined; and that the picturesque especially, is only a mode of beauty.* What, then, are envy and revenge? are they in a less degree modes of hatred? Yet those who are most averse to any distinctions in the other case, would hardly object to it in this, or venture to say that all the useful purposes of language would be answered, if there were only one term to express every different mode of ill-will towards our fellow-creatures. In the usual progress of society towards refinement, as new distinctions arise,

* The difference between the general and the confined sense of beauty, is discussed in my letter to Mr. Repton, page 135.

new terms are invented; and it is in a great measure from their abundance or their scarcity, that the richness or the poverty of any language is estimated, while its precision no less depends on the accuracy with which they are employed.

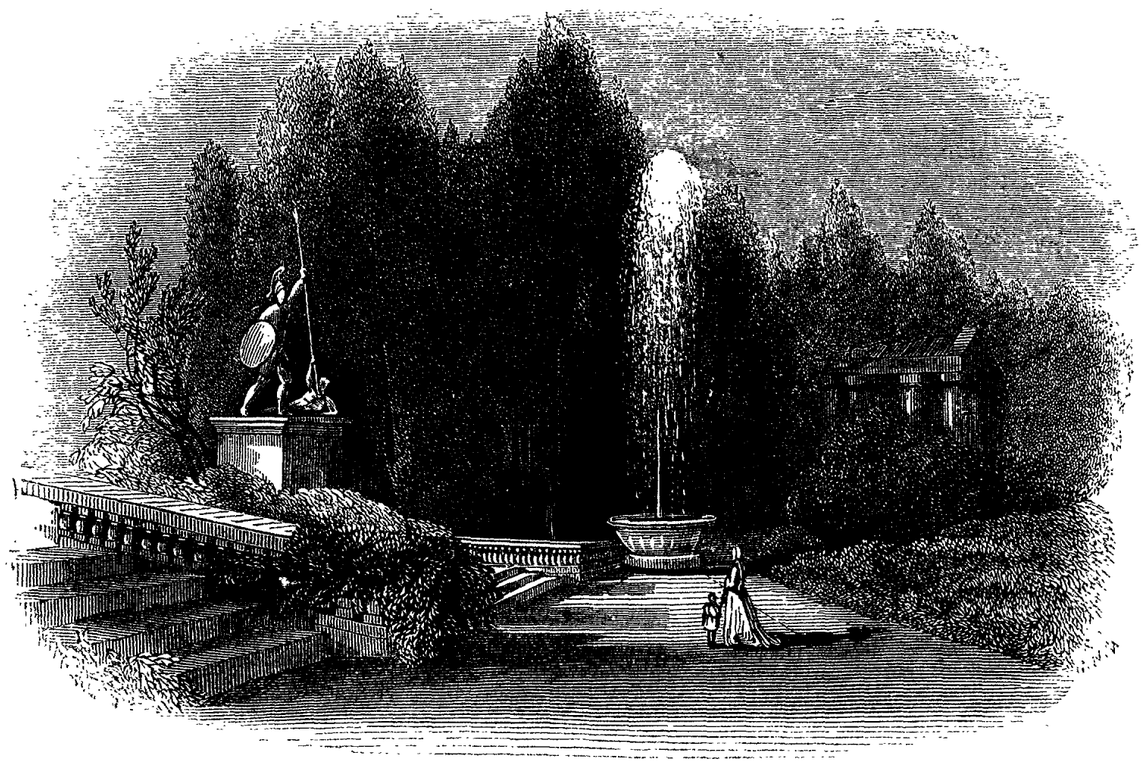
It may here very naturally be asked, how it could happen that certain distinctions of characters, which, according to my statement, are plain and manifest, should so long have been very inaccurately made out, and should still by many be called in question, when a number of others, which, as I have asserted, are separated by very thin partitions, have for ages been universally acknowledged. This may easily be accounted for; and the causes of accurate distinction, and of general agreement in the one case, will lead to those of inaccuracy and doubt in the other.

All that concerns our speculative ideas and amusements, all objects of taste, and the principles belonging to them, are thought of by a small part of mankind; the great mass never think of them at all. They are studied in one age, neglected in another, sometimes totally lost; but the variety of human passions and affections, all their most general and manifest effects, and their minutest discriminations, have never ceased to be the involuntary study of all nations and ages. These last have, indeed, at various times been particularly investigated by speculative minds; but every man has occasion to feel but too strongly the truth of their separate causes and effects, either from his own experience, or that of persons near and dear to him; nor are we in any case unconcerned spectators where they operate.

Had it in the nature of things been possible, that the same eager, constant, and general interest should have prevailed with respect to objects of taste, the discriminations might have been hardly less numerous, or less generally understood and acknowledged; and it is by no means impossible, should the distinctions in question continue for a long time together the subject of eager discussion, and likewise of practical application, that new discriminations, and new terms for them may take place. The picturesque might not only be distinguished from the sublime, and from the beautiful, but its union with them, or, what no less frequently occurs, with ugliness, might, when nearly balanced, have an appropriate term. At present, when we talk of a picturesque figure, no one can guess by that expression alone, to which of the other characters it may be allied: whether it be very handsome, or very ugly; in gauze and feathers, or in rags. Again, if we speak of a picturesque scene or building, it is equally uncertain whether it be of a hollow lane, a heathy common, an old mill or hovel, or, on the other hand, a scene of rocks

and mountains, or the ruin of some ancient castle or temple. We can, indeed, explain what we mean by a few more words; but whatever enables us to convey our ideas with greater precision and facility, must be a real improvement to language. The Italians do mark the union of beauty with greatness of size or character, whether in a picture or any other object, by calling it, una *gran*-bella cosa;—I do not mean to say that the term is always very accurately applied, but it shows a strong tendency to such a distinction. But in English, were we to add any part of the word picturesque to handsome, or ugly, or grand, though such composed words would hardly be more uncouth than many which are received into the language, they would be sufficiently so, to place a very formidable barrier of ridicule between them and common use. To invent new terms, supposing the object of sufficient consequence, is perhaps still more open to ridicule. Mr. Burke decided in favour of the word *delight*, to express a peculiar sense of pleasure arising from a peculiar cause; but the sense to which we are accustomed, is perpetually recurring during his essay; and out of it, the word of course returns to its general meaning: had he risked an entirely new word, and had it withstood the first inevitable onset of ridicule, and grown into use, the English language would have owed one more obligation to one of its greatest benefactors.

[As I have already said, there can be no objection to the use of words which may in any way assist the auditor or reader in more perfectly comprehending verbal description, even although they should not be capable of any thing like accurate or incontrovertible definition. The folly lies in setting up such terms as distinct and perfect definitions, whilst our experience every day proves that they are differently defined almost by each respective individual who employs them.—E.]



CHAPTER X.

HAVING now examined the chief qualities that in such various ways render objects interesting—having shown how much the beauty, spirit, and effect of landscape, real or imitated, depend upon a just degree of variety and intricacy, on a due mixture of rough and smooth in the surface, and of warm and cool in the tints—having shown, too, that the general principles of improving are in reality the same as those of painting—I shall next inquire how far the principles of the last mentioned art (clearly the best qualified to improve and refine our ideas of nature) have been attended to by improvers—how far, also, those who first produced, and those who have continued the present system, were capable of applying them, even if they had been convinced of their importance.

It appears from Mr. Walpole's very ingenious and entertaining treatise on modern gardening, that Kent was the first who introduced that so much admired change from the old to the present system; the great leading feature of which change, and the leading character of each style, are very aptly expressed in half a line of Horace:—

"Mutat quadrata rotundis."

[Kent, who was born in 1685, was originally a coach-painter, went to Rome to study as an artist, but never arriving at any degree of

eminence in the art, he took to the designing of furniture, after his return to his own country, and ultimately to park architecture and landscape gardening. He commenced his operations on Stowe in Buckinghamshire, which had been begun by Bridgeman in 1714. He is said to have declared, that his taste for gardening had its origin in the perusal of the beautiful descriptions of Spencer, which must appear somewhat ludicrous to those who can form any notion of the formality of his style. Walpole tells us, that "the great principles on which he worked were perspective, and light and shade. Groups of trees broke too uniform or too extensive a lawn; evergreens and woods were opposed to the glare of the champaign, and where the view was less fortunate, or so much exposed as to be beheld at once, he blotted out some parts by thick shades, to divide it into variety, or to make the richest scene more enchanting by reserving it for a farther advance of the spectator. Where objects were wanting, he introduced temples, &c., but he especially excelled in the management of water. The gentle stream was taught to serpentine seemingly at its pleasure, and, where discontinued by different levels, its course appeared to be concealed by thickets properly interspersed, and glittered again at a distance, where it might be supposed naturally to arrive. Its sides were smoothed, but preserved their meanderings; a few trees scattered here and there on its edges, and, when it disappeared among the hills, shades descending from the heights leaned towards its vanishing point. He followed nature even in her faults. In Kensington Gardens he planted dead trees, but was soon laughed out of this excess. His ruling principle was, that Nature abhors a straight line." Bridgeman was the first to innovate on the absolute uniformity which had prevailed till his time, and, however faulty the style adopted by him, and by Kent, who followed him, it was some gain to have innovated on the prejudices which till then existed.—E.]

Formerly every thing was in squares and parallelograms; now every thing was reduced by Kent into segments of circles and ellipses —the formality still remains, the character of that formality alone is changed. The old canal, for instance, has lost, indeed, its straightness and its angles; but it is become regularly serpentine, and the edges remain as naked and as uniform as before—avenues, vistas, and straight ridings through woods, are exchanged for clumps, belts, and circular roads and plantations of every kind—straight alleys in gardens, and the platform of the old terrace, for the curves of the gravel walk. The intention of the new improvers was certainly meritorious, for they meant to banish formality and to restore nature; but it must be re-

membered, that strongly marked, distinct, and regular curves, unbroken and undisguised, are hardly less unnatural or formal, though much less grand and simple, than straight lines; and that, independently of monotony, the continual and indiscriminate use of such curves, has an appearance of affectation and of studied grace, which always creates disgust.

[I certainly do conceive that any such metamorphosis as is here described, made upon any place executed in the old and formal style of gardening, would be productive of so great a sacrifice of that delightful association which we always have with the olden times, as would produce any thing but a gain. Let me here avail myself of this opportunity to notice some of those specimens of this style which have come under my own observation.

It is true that some of the accounts which we find in old authors regarding ornamental gardens are curious, and not always very intelligible to us of modern times. In the "Genealogy of the House and Surname of Setoun, by Sir Richard Maitland of Ledington, Knight," we find the following notice of the garden of Winton in East Lothian, which, we thence know, was made by George the fourth Lord Setoun. "He biggit the Place of Wintoun, w^{t} the zaird and gairdin theirof. In the quhilk gairding I have sein fyve scoir of torris of tymber about the knottis, ilk ane twa cubit hight, havand, twa cubit hight, twa knoppis on the heid, the ane above the uther, als grit everie ane as ane roll boull, ouer gilt w^{t} gold, and the shankis thairof paintit w^{t} dyvers heus of oylie collours." In the poetical or rhyming "Cronicle of the Hous of Setoun," also, we have the following notice regarding the garden-works of this same George fourth Lord Setoun :—

"And did yor gardings grace
W^{t} statelie stoupis, as than did weill appeir."

So far as we can understand these descriptions, we cannot altogether reconcile the practice of gardening of which they treat, to our modern ideas, nor should I much wish to see them imitated in these days; and yet, if they did any where still exist, the propriety of removing them would, I think, be extremely questionable. But we can quite comprehend and appreciate the roundels, or circular galleries or towers made in the garden walls, whence views of the open country were to be enjoyed. These roundels are still to be seen in the wall of the old garden at Setoun, another place belonging to the same ancient family. One of these roundels was occupied by the person and attendants of James I. of England, at the funeral of Robert the eighth Lord Setoun and first

Earl of Winton; and these, with the ruins of the beautiful chapel, always associated with the name of Queen Mary of Scotland, with whom that family were so intimately linked, are now the only remnants of a place so remarkable for the visits of the North British sovereigns.

Nothing, as I think, can be more natural, or more pleasing, than to discover that intense design has been at work in the immediate environs of a house. The extent to which this design is to be carried, must, in propriety, be regulated by the magnitude and importance of the building itself, and the scale on which the place is laid out. Any sudden transition from that manifest design which must necessarily be displayed by the architecture itself, to that absolute wildness which is to be found in untamed nature, must always be harsh and unpleasing. Straight terraces, terrace walks, statues, fountains, flights of steps, balustrades, vases, architectural seats, and formal parterres, knots, and flower-beds, are therefore most naturally the more immediate accompaniments of a mansion. They are employed, as it were, and I think properly so employed, for the purpose of softening off art into nature, and thus removing the harsh effect of sudden transition, in the same way that an artist softens off hardness of outline in his picture. The unsparing innovators of the improving school of landscape gardening, seemed to consider that it was impossible to carry their system too far, and, accordingly, they shaved away all those rich and harmonious attendants upon the architecture of the house, and carried bareness and poverty up to its very walls. Few perfect samples of the old style, therefore, are now to be found; but where they do exist, we are persuaded that they must always excite the liveliest feelings of delight, arising not only from associations with the olden time, but from those connected with that sense of propriety which gave birth to them. I know of one ancient garden of this description, that belonging to the old house of Barncleuch near Hamilton, the property of Lady Ruthven, which I visited with extreme satisfaction and delight. The house stands on the brink of a steep and lofty bank, hanging over the river Avon, at a point a little way above its confluence with the Clyde. The bank is cut out and built up into terraces of different degrees of level, which are connected by flights of steps, and decorated by fountains—arched recesses—stone seats—and all these adjuncts usually found in such old domestic gardens; and the whole is thus softened into the happiest gradual combination with the wildness of the neighbouring scenery. The history of the original formation of this garden is very curious. It was constructed by that Lord Belhaven who lived about the middle of

the seventeenth century, of whom Nicol in his Diary, (page 233,) gives us the following very strange history :—

"It is formerlie observit, that the Inglisches haiffing routtit this natioun at the fight at Dunbar, upone the 3d September 1650, they possest this kingdome, and did foirfalt the maist pairt of these that wer ingadged in that unlauchful ingadgement in the Scottis ingoing to England ; among quhome the Dukes of Hamiltoun, and all that formerlie were forfalt, the creditouris persewit the cautioneris for the Duke's dett and could get no relieffe. Among these cautioneris the Lord Belhevin being one, and being band for that hous in greater sumes of money than he was able to pay, he resolves to leave this natioun, that he mycht eschew comprysinges of his landis and imprissonement of his persone. This resolutioun he followes in this manner. He takis his jurney to England, and quhen he past by Silloway (Solway) Sandis, he causit his servand cum bak to his wyff with his cloak and hatt, and causit it to be vented that in ryding by these sandis, both he and his horse quhuairon he raid wer sunkin in these quick sandis and drowned, nane being privy to this, bot his lady and his man servand. This report passed in all pairtes as guid cunzie, that he was deid and perisched, for the space of six yearis and moir ; and to mak this the moir probable and lykelie, his lady and chyldrene went in dule and murning the first two yeiris of his absens, so that during these six yeiris it was certifyed to the haill cuntrey that he was deid and perisched ; all this wes done of set purpos to eschew the danger of the cautionary quhairin he lay for that Hous of Hamiltoun. Eftir his ingoing to England, he strypit himselff of his apperell, clothed himselff in ane base servill sute, denyit his name, and became servand to ane gairdner, and laborit in gardenes and yairdis during the haill space of his absence ; na person being privy to this cours bot his Lady, (as for his servand he went to other service, not knowing that his old Lord haid becum a gairdner) till efter six yeiris absens ; efter quhilk tyme and space the Dutches of Hamiltoun haiffing takin ordour with the dettis, and compereit and aggreyit with the creditouris, than he returned to Scotland in Januar last 1659, efter sex yeiris service in England with a gairdner, to the admiratioun of many, for during that haill space it was evir thocht he wes deid, no persone being accessorie to his secrecy bot his awin Lady to hir great commendatioune. By this meanis his landis and estait wer saiff, and his cautionarie for the Hous of Hamiltoun wes transactit for, as is afoirsaid, and his estait both personall and reall fred and outquytt."

I believe that it was owing to my friend Mr. Kirkpatrick Sharp having on one occasion directed Sir Walter Scott's attention to this

most singular story, that the first idea occurred to the great author of the Bride of Lammermoor, that he should terminate the existence of the Master of Ravenswood by a death similar to that which was thus feigned by Lord Belhaven, and which Sir Walter has made so sublimely affecting as the final fate of his hero. But the object which I have most particularly in view, in my present introduction of this piece of history is, that I may be enabled to mention, that it was the knowledge which Lord Belhaven thus acquired, during his six years' hard horticultural labour in England, that enabled him to lay out and construct this beautiful old terrace garden of Barncleuch. A fragment of this lovely specimen of this ancient Lord's taste, is given in the frontispiece to the present work; and however small this sample of the terraced garden may be, it is believed that it may yet be enough to give to the mind of any one of fine taste, very agreeable suggestions as to the beauty and richness of the effect of the whole.

It is a happy circumstance that this architectural style of ornamenting the environs of rural dwellings, is rapidly regaining its footing amongst us. Many domestic terrace gardens are now every day constructing, and we have reason to hope that all that is now wanting is a little time to make them very universal, and to give the fullest effect to them, by allowing growth to those taller shrubs and trees of an architectural character with which they will naturally be enriched.

Whilst I am upon this subject of the formal style of gardening, I must be permitted very particularly, yet shortly, to notice a very splendid, though much ruined specimen of it, on the more extended scale, which I have had opportunities of visiting more than once—I mean Castle-Kennedy in Wigtonshire, the property of my much-valued friend the Earl of Stair. This place, indeed, is by far the largest in extent of any in the same style with which I am acquainted in our own country—and I shall therefore attempt to give a general description of it. Two natural lakes—one called the White Loch, containing above one hundred and nineteen acres, and the other, called the Black Loch, of above one hundred and twenty-three acres of water—are divided by a neck of land, swelling gently, though not regularly so, to its crest, where stand the ruins of the ancient castle. This neck of land comprises rather more than seventy-one acres, which were all laid out above a hundred years ago by the great Field-Marshal Earl of Stair, in the most perfect manner of the formal style of which I am now treating. The outlines of both lakes are left irregularly sweeping as nature formed them; but, from all that now remains, it is manifest that not one square yard of these seventy-one acres, which

divide them from each other, was left unworked upon by the spade. Not only were the whole plantations made with scrupulous rectilinear accuracy, with the exception of certain regular circles, equally formal, from which straight lines took their origin of divergence, but the whole ground itself was cut down or heaped up, and shaped into rectilinear terraces, mounts, bastions, and slopes, of every possible variety of conception of rectilinear figure. The plantations, all regular in themselves, seem to have had their boundary lines formed of beech, hornbeam, holly, yew, and laurel, all clipped into the most formal vegetable walls. I can procure no information as to the individual who drew the original plan of the work—for work it may well be denominated—but from the mere fact, so well known, that it was the same Marshal Earl of Stair who planted the place of New Liston in West Lothian, according to the plan of the battle of Dettingen, we may reasonably conclude that he had himself a very considerable hand in designing the formalities of Castle-Kennedy—especially when we know that his residence as ambassador at Paris and the Hague, and his long intimate and extensive acquaintance with the grandest specimens of the same style on the Continent, must have amply fitted him for such a task. The original plan for Castle-Kennedy is now before me—but, from various pencil marks upon it, as well as from a knowledge of all that now remains, I should say that there had been considerable deviation from it in the execution—or perhaps much of its more expensive conceptions were left unexecuted. That the person who superintended the actual work itself was his lordship's gardener, Thomas M'Calla, is sufficiently proved by the following very curious letters from him to his master, in which the mention of the name of Mount Marlborough, shows that, in all probability, not only each particular formal spot was formally designated, but that even here the campaigns in which the gallant Marshal had gained so many laurels were not forgotten whilst he was engaged in the more peaceful occupation of planting them. The length of time which had elapsed between the dates of these two letters, proves that the work was not completed in a day.

CASTELLKENEDY, *march ye 2nd* 1731.

My Lord, I haue Teken the fredom to aquant your Lordshep of uhat I haue ben Douing In the gardens at Castellkenedy: sine the Last tim I urot to your lordshep, the gretest busines ue haue ben about uas forming the Ridge of hills aboue the blak loch, uhich I think In short tim uill be finished to greter perfection then any thing that [has been] don yet. Ther uas no maner of Earth that uas good on that Ridge

but uhat I uas obledged to fors uith barous from the lou grounds. The mers uas not abell to drau up, the bres bing so sti. I uold ben don uith that Ridge or nou; but the plantin seson bing In hand at the sem tim, Caused me to leue It and plant uhat plantin uas to be planted Eueri uher uher It uas to be doon. The uether Is uery dry hir. I Could not plant any tris this year withut Emediet uatring; the Ingin In this kess Is of ueri great use to us. On seterday feberuar the last I Reciued the frut tris from neulistoun, uhich I haue planted all of them In Earth that neuer had ben used befor, which I houp will be ueri helpfull to the them. I got allso som vins, to uit, the Rid fruntonis vin, and the whit mus Cadin vin, and the Rid Corant vin, with som figs; but the figs ar sukers; It Is long or they bir. I haue led all the lo branches of the fig in the old garden, uhich uill be Exslent plants next year. I haue Remoued the old berik of the perter uhich meks that ples look much beter then It Coulld [have] don other uays. I haue ueri great us for gras seeds this year, I hauing Dubell the ground to sow this year that Euer I had befor. I haue gathered all the hay sids about the hay staks, but It uill not nir ser me; I uold Rether let the ualks grou of themsellues befor I uold so any Rygras sid on them. I got a leter from Irland last uik, giuen me ane acount that the yeus and sherubs wold be ouer in short tim. The uork I am nou about Is the finishin of the uork I haue ben about this uintr, which I beliue uill be uork Enugh till the tim the gardens alredi med be unting ther deu kiping; neuer the less, I shall fell In nothing I am Capebell to geet don. I haue taken the ashes of the bullingren; It apers to be ueri much the beter. I haue altered the litel mount on Colcaldi Park Dik to the Center lin of the grauell uallk that gos from the bullingren, It bing much mor agriabell then it was uhen of at a sid. I disin to plant seuerall of the uallks In the sid next the bullingren, uher ther is no hedges, with pirimid holis and yeus, Is all at present I haue to trubell your lordshep uith, uishing god may send your lordshep safe and ueri shon to gallauay. If I Durst beg your lordshep ansuer Concerning uhat your lordshep uold haue Doon, It uold be ueri satisfing to him who Disirs faithfulli to serue your Lordshep, uhill I am,

THOMAS M'CALLA.

CASTELLKENEDY, *Janr ye 5th* 1738.

I Reciued your lordshep's leter of The Tenth of dcember. I am nou Diging the ground to Inlarg the planting at the baluadair as your lordshep ordered. I am also Remouing that strip of planten on the uest sid of the flouring sherub uildernes, the Alterations that uas med

the last year and this on both sids of the flouring sherub uildernes, and the perter beutyfing that sid to perfection from mount malborou and mount Eliner; ther can be no finer prospect then it nou is. I am still continuing the pruning the tris in the garden. I haue begon to plant the bre at the whyt loch sid as ue com in from the loch End; I haue planted a lin of uery good bich at the foot of the bre. I uas obledged to fors Earth to plant them in, for ther is no Earth in that bre; it is a lous dry runin sand; if the under lin of tris grou, it uill Couer that bre uery uell ther. Ther is no tri uill grou on the fac of that bre, it bing so lous dray sand, without any mixter of Earth; so it is the planten at the fot of the bre most beutyfar it. It is uery uet nou about the burns at ochtelur: ue Canot yet begen to plant ther; but I set them to uork to res alders at the loch sid hir, and resing and gatherin all the tris that ue Can get to plant at Ochtelur. Uhen the tris is all resed and redy at hand, they uill be son planted uhen the uether grous drier. Your lordshep disirs me to giue som money to the masons hir, but I ashour your lordshep I haue not on peny to my sellf. Your lordshep ordered Mr. Roos to giue me tuenty pound of my by gon uages, but he uold not giue me on farthen. I am uery sor straitned, for som money I am deu to som pipell hir Causes me nou to aplay to your lordshep for rellif. Mr. Rooss uill not giue me my liuery meall till he got neu ordors from your lordshep; so I houp your lordshep uill mind to ordor me my liuery meall as formerly. I thank god I haue your lordshep to aply to; I sie hou it uold be uith me uer it otheruays. I sent to Charles fergeson the glaser about the glas for the melons: he sims to be uery nis about it; yet he sent me uord that I uold get it. Your lordshep disired me to let you knou uhat I uold uant for the gardens and my sellf. I uill uant nothing for the gardens this seson but the fir sid. If the old garden uall had ben Rough Cast, I uold uanted som tris to a planted on it. I uold be glad that your lordshep uold ordor it to be Rough Cast this spring that it might be planted in october. The uether hes ben prety much inclind to rain thes thre uiks past, and an strong uind, but hes not hindered me any thing as to my uork. I uish your lordshep and my ledy stairs a uery good neu year, and mony of them, is al at present from your lordshep most humbell and obedent sert

THOMAS M'CALLA.

Castle-Kennedy was burned by some accident in the time of the Marshal Earl of Stair, when the family were compelled to occupy the buildings at Culhorn, about a mile-and-a-half distant. These had been

originally erected as barracks for the reception of his lordship's regiment of dragoons, the Scots Greys—and each succeeding proprietor having added his own desideratum to the buildings, this has ever since continued to be the family mansion in that quarter. In approaching the ancient place from Culhorn, as matters now are, you enter by a gate into a straight avenue between trees of not many years' growth, down the long vista, between which the eye is carried to the waters of the White Loch, and quite across its surface to the neck of land beyond it, where it travels up another avenue leading from the lake to the point where rise the picturesque ruins of the old castle. Having reached the margin of the lake, the road sweeps away to the right and runs around the shore under a high sloping bank, still fortunately covered with those beeches alluded to by Mr. M'Calla in his last letter, as having been planted by him "at the foot of the bre," and which are now of large growth. The road then diving through some younger wood, comes to a sudden turn, whence it descends directly on a handsome old bridge, which carries it across a straight artificial canal of connection between the two lakes, which thus converts the neck of land into a peninsula. Immediately on crossing the bridge, a walled garden is seen occupying the ground to the right, and the road climbs an ascent, under ancient trees, and amidst formally cut banks, until reaching the extremity of a straight avenue, you are by it enabled to drive, by a gentle ascent, quite up to the large open space where stand the ruins of the castle, with the formally cut ground, and shaven turf sloping away from it. There much of the original plan of the place becomes intelligible, though grievously devastated and ruined by the remorseless hatchet of the predecessor of the present Earl, which, judging from the roots of the felled trees yet remaining in the ground, must have committed slaughter, right and left, without the smallest discrimination. There seems to have been no particle of judicious thought exerted by him who wielded the murderous weapon, which, whilst he was bent upon the slaughter of a certain value of timber, might have led him to have produced the money by thinning out the several groves, and so to have left the plan itself entire. This would have been too troublesome, as well as tedious and inconvenient from its delay. The axe was therefore applied at one angle of a grove, and on it went felling all before it, till every individual of the whole phalanx lay prostrate. No longer does one formal grove now "nod at its brother"—but here and there they stand sighing in the wind for those which are now departed. And then as to individual trees—hollies, ilexes, and yews—all of the grandest growth—have been mingled in

one common destruction with the more ordinary forest timber. But, with all this, no one can look upon the scene without entertaining some feeling of thankfulness that so much wood, and so many fine evergreens should have been permitted yet to remain, and that the present Earl should still have so much left to encourage him in the work of restoration—as to the propriety of which my humble judgment was immediately formed the moment I saw the place. Indeed, any man of taste would require nothing more than a glance at the place, and a consideration of the great scale on which its plan is carried out, to be at once of opinion that its restoration should be immediate and complete. Although formality is strictly observed throughout every part of it, yet it is replete with these two great charms, intricacy and variety. These would of themselves be sufficient to save the whole from condemnation. But when we come to look upon it as associated with the recollections of its antiquity—whilst we feel that we cannot walk through it without in fancy descrying gay young men and lovely women traversing its alleys—seen at a distance as we cross its vistas—or seated in sportive yet decorous groups upon its smooth shaven turf, forming Watteau pictures in every direction—or floating in gilded gondolas on the unruffled bosom of either of its lakes, whilst the departing rays of a hot summer's sun pour all their glories over its surface—and soft sounds of lutes, and mingled voices come stealing on the ear; every mind embued with taste must call aloud for its restoration.

How then is this best to be effected?—To begin with the mansion: my love for the old Scottish style of house is so great, that under other circumstances I should have been disposed to have recommended the restoration of the ruins of the old castle, with such additions in the same style as might be required; but as it is of an era of construction many ages previous to that of the grounds, I think it would now be better to remove it entirely, and to raise on its site a lengthened pile of structure, of a size proportioned to the grandeur of the subject, and —*parva componere magnis*—of a character somewhat resembling that of Versailles. This should stand on a noble Roman arched architectural terrace running east and west on the ridge. The geometrical shapes into which the ground was originally formed must all be perfectly restored, together with all these geometrical groves which were so cruelly sacrificed; and in order that the trees may rush quickly up into maturity every possible means and appliance must be used, and the same means must be employed to force up the boundary hedges, which must all be of yew or holly. As these last grow up I would have them clipped with the most scrupulous attention; but I would not carry the topiary art

upwards to the trees rising above them, not only because the older groves that still remain have long since so far escaped from the thraldom of the shears, as to render any attempt to subject them again to their dominion utterly hopeless—but because I think that a better effect will be produced by allowing nature a certain license in this particular. In my plantations I should avail myself of all the advantages which the immensely extensive recent introduction and domestication of foreign trees and shrubs now afford. Moreover, I should introduce every thing that could be effected by fountains, architecture, or sculpture, to aid me in producing a perfect whole; and I would likewise carry out the execution of all those parts from the old original plan noticed above, where the present state of things would admit of the introduction of them. Perhaps the reader may ask whether my suggestion, that the whole of this extensive peninsula should thus be laid off with the square rule and plummet, is not at variance with what I have already maintained, that such formality ought not to go much beyond the immediate environs of the house; but let it be remembered that the limit of its actual extent must depend entirely on the scale on which the whole is carried on. I would hold that the whole seventy-one acres of the peninsula of Castle-Kennedy ought to be considered as the architectural garden that is to be in conjunction with the mansion; and then beyond the two lakes—and in the country surrounding them—I would produce so great an extent of woody wilderness, as would reduce that of the seventy-one acres of artificially formed ground into its due proportion, and give it full value from the happy contrast it would produce, softened as that contrast would be by the intervention of the two broad sheets of water afforded by the lakes. This, therefore, in my estimation, ought not to be considered as any infringement on the doctrine, that the formality of the rectilinear style should never be permitted to push itself too far into the neighbouring grounds, seeing that the proper distance to which it is to be allowed to go must always be relative to the magnitude of the mansion, and the extent of the subject to be worked upon, and besides this, in the case of Castle-Kennedy, which is a subject quite unique in itself, the nearer margins of the two lakes and the canal, are there the natural boundaries for this species of architectural gardening. —E.]

But when carried far beyond the precincts of the house, the old style had indisputably defects and absurdities of the most obvious and striking kind. Kent, therefore, is entitled to some praise, as other reformers who have broken through narrow, inveterate, long-established prejudices; and who, thereby, have prepared the way for more liberal

notions, although, by their own practice and example, they may have substituted other narrow prejudices and absurdities in the room of those which they proscribed. It must be owned, at the same time, that, like other reformers, he and his followers demolished, without distinction, the costly and magnificent decorations of past times, and all that had been long held in veneration; and among them, many things which still deserved to have been respected and adopted. Such, however, is the zeal and enthusiasm with which, at the early period of their success, novelties of every kind are received, that the fascination becomes general, and the few who may then see their defects, hardly dare to attack openly, what a multitude is in arms to defend. It is reserved for those, who are further removed from that moment of sudden change and strong prejudice, to examine the merits and defects of both styles. But how are they to be examined? By those general and unchanging principles, which best enable us to form our judgment of the effect of all visible objects, but which, for the reasons I before have mentioned, are very commonly called the principles of painting.* These *general* principles, not those peculiar to the *practice* of the art, are, in my idea, universally applicable to every kind of ornamental gardening, in the most confined as well as the most enlarged sense of the word. My business at present is almost entirely with the latter, with what may be termed the landscapes and the general scenery of the place, whether under the title of grounds, lawn, park, or any other denomination.

[Nothing can be more truly sensible than this distinction. Were the principles peculiarly applicable to the mere practice of the art of painting to be absolutely employed as the rules of landscape gardening, we should not only find that this latter art would be bound in fetters of the most tyrannical description, but the effects which such a system would produce would be lamentably deficient. I am quite prepared to support the opinion, that the principles by which the landscape gardener ought to be guided, are those general principles which are to be gathered from the study of the best works of landscape painters, which, by the way, will be found to be principles fully as valuable for enabling the professor of landscape gardening to guard against error, as for giving him hints for the composition of real scenery. It is impossible to create a real landscape, with its foreground, middleground, and distance, that can be capable of producing its effect from more than one point. Then the attempt to produce any one such perfect picture as this may ruin the general composition of the place in fifty other different

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points. Yet, if the distance be within the power of the improver, and, at the same time, if it be not beyond the reach of improvable effect—such improvements may be made upon its wooding or otherwise, as may make it a more pleasing feature when viewed from any part of the grounds. The middle-grounds must of course alter their position, as well as their appearance, with relation to the distance, whenever the spectator moves from one point of view to another. But all these various points should be duly considered and studied, and such alterations made on the middle-grounds, whether by addition to, or reduction from their masses —or by the opening or the loosening of their groves or woods, as may, if possible, leave them at least inoffensive to the eye, from whatsoever part of the place they may be viewed. As to foregrounds, it is well to attend to and heighten the effect which they may produce from some of the more important points. But in doing this, as well as in his interference with those parts of the grounds which have the relation of middle-grounds to that which may be considered as the most important distance, he must take care that he may be guilty of no operation which may in any degree injure the general effect and character of the place, either when it is considered as a place to look at, or as a place to ramble through and enjoy. If we study the manner in which Claude designs his pictures, we shall find that from his clearly made out, though very frequently deep-shadowed foreground, he carries your eye directly into his middle-grounds, which are varied, and often of great expanse. But you cannot in reality go into his canvass to try the landscape from another point. If, then, you could compare a real scene which, when beheld from one particular point, should be equal to such a picture, it may be easily imagined that great sacrifices would be required throughout the whole extent of the pleasure-grounds, in order to its production. This one example appears to me to be sufficient to explain how necessary it is to sacrifice these principles, which are peculiar to *the practice* of the art of painting, in order to submit one's self to the guidance of those great *general* principles, which may be collected from a liberal study of the works of the best masters, whence the landscape gardener may gather enlarged views, which will at least preserve him from the risk of doing anything to outrage nature. These remarks, however, are mostly applicable to what may be termed truly English places; for in the more romantic parts of our islands, there are spots, where a very gentle but judicious exercise of the hatchet, for perhaps not more than a quarter of an hour, may possibly open up that, which even the most fastidious artist would call a perfect picture—and where, by the exercise of the same means for one whole day, a whole series of pictures, each entirely different from the rest, might be produced, and this

without doing the smallest injury to the great general effect of the place. But this can only be the case where the surrounding features are universally bold; and the exception by no means impairs the strength of the general remark.—E.]

With respect to Kent, and his particular mode of improving, I can say but little from my own knowledge, having never seen any works of his that I could be sure had undergone no alteration from any of his successors; but Mr. Walpole, by a few characteristic anecdotes, has made us perfectly acquainted with the turn of his mind, and the extent of his genius.

A *painter*, who, from being used to *plant* young beeches, introduced them almost exclusively into his *landscapes*, and who even in his designs for Spencer, whose scenes were so often laid,

> " infra l'ombrose piante
> *D'antica* selva,"

still kept to his little beeches, must have had a more paltry mind than falls to the common lot. It must also have been as perverse as it was paltry; for as he *painted* trees without form, so he *planted* them without life, and seems to have imagined that circumstance alone would compensate for want of bulk, of age, and of grandeur of character.

I may here observe, that it is almost impossible to remove a large old tree, with all its branches, spurs, and appendages; and without such qualities as greatness of size, joined to an air of grandeur and of high antiquity, a dead tree should seldom if ever be *left*, especially in a conspicuous place. To entitle it to such a station, it should be " majestic even in ruin:" a dead tree which could be moved, would, from that very circumstance, be unfit for moving. Those of Kent's, were probably placed where they would attract the eye; for it is rare that any improver wishes to conceal his efforts.

If I have spoken thus strongly of a man, who has been celebrated in prose and in verse as the founder of an art almost peculiar to this country, and from which it is supposed to derive no slight degree of glory, I have done it to prevent (as far as it lies in me) the bad effect which too great a veneration for first reformers is sure to produce—that of interesting national vanity in the continuance and protection of their errors. The task which I have taken upon myself, has been in all ages invidious and unpopular. With regard to Kent, however, I thought it particularly incumbent upon me to show that he was not one of those great original geniuses, who, like Michael Angelo, seem born to give the world more enlarged and exalted ideas of art; but, on the contrary, that in the art he did profess, and from which he might be supposed to

have derived superior lights with respect to that of gardening, his ideas were uncommonly mean, contracted, and perverse. Were I not to show this plainly and strongly, and without any affected candour or reserve, it might be said to me with great reason—you assert that a knowledge of the principles of painting is the first qualification for an improver: the founder of English gardening was a professed artist, and yet you object to him!

Kent, it is true, was by profession a painter, as well as an improver; but we may learn from his example, how little a certain degree of mechanical practice will qualify its possessor to direct the taste of a nation in either of those arts.

The most enlightened judge, both of his own art and of all that relates to it, is a painter of a liberal and comprehensive mind, who has added extensive observation and reflection to practical execution; and if, in addition to those natural and acquired talents, he likewise possess the power of expressing his ideas clearly and forcibly in words, the most capable of enlightening others. To such a rare combination we owe Sir Joshua Reynolds' Discourses—the most original and impressive work that ever was published on his, or possibly on any art. On the other hand, nothing so contracts the mind as a little practical dexterity, unassisted and uncorrected by general knowledge and observation, and by a study of the great masters. An artist, whose mind has been so contracted, refers every thing to the narrow circle of his own ideas and execution, and wishes to confine within that circle all the rest of mankind.

I remember a gentleman who played very prettily on the flute, abusing all Handel's music; and to give me every advantage, like a generous adversary, he defied me to name one good chorus of his writing. It may well be supposed that I did not accept the challenge—*c'étoit bien l'embarras des richesses:* and indeed he was right in his own way of considering them, for there is not one that would do well for his instrument.

Before I enter into any particulars, I will make a few observations on what I look upon as the great general defect of the present system; not as opposed to the old style, which I believe, however, to have been infinitely more free from it, but considered by itself singly, and without comparison. That defect, the greatest of all, and the most opposite to the principles of painting, is want of connection—a passion for making every thing distinct and separate. All the particular defects which I shall have occasion to notice, in some degree arise from and tend towards this original sin.

Whoever has examined with attention the landscapes of eminent painters, must have observed how much art and study they have employed, in contriving that all the objects should have a mutual relation—that nothing should be detached in such a manner as to appear totally insulated and unconnected, but that there should be a sort of continuity throughout the whole. He must have remarked how much is effected, where the style of scenery admits of it, by their judicious use of every kind of vegetation—from the loftiest trees, through all their different growths, down to the lowest plants—so that nothing should be crowded, nothing bare; no heavy uniform masses, no meagre and frittered patches. As materials for landscape, they noticed, and often sketched, wherever they met with them, the happiest groups, whether of trees standing alone, or mixed with thickets and underwood; observing the manner in which they accorded with and displayed the character of the ground, and produced intricacy, variety, and connection. All that has just been mentioned, is as much an object of study to the improver as to the painter. The former, indeed, though in some parts he may preserve the appearance of wildness and of neglect, in others must soften it, and in others again exchange it for the highest degree of neatness; but there is no part where a connection between the different objects is not required, or where a just degree of intricacy and enrichment would interfere with neatness. Every professor, from Kent nearly down to the present time, has proceeded on directly opposite principles. The first impression received from a place where one of them has been employed, is that of general bareness, and particular heaviness and distinctness; indeed, their dislike or neglect of enrichment, variety, intricacy, and above all of connection, is apparent throughout. Water, for instance, particularly requires enrichment—they make it totally naked; the boundaries in the same degree require variety and intricacy—they make them almost regularly circular; and, lastly, as it calls for all the improver's art to give connection to the trees in the open parts, they make them completely insulated. One of their first operations is to clear away the humbler trees—those bonds of connection which the painter admires, and which the judicious improver always touches with a cautious hand; for however minute and trifling the small connecting ties and bonds of scenery may appear, they are those by which the more considerable objects in all their different arrangements are combined, and on which their balance, their contrast, and diversity, as well as union depends. It would be hardly less absurd to throw out all the connecting particles in language, as unworthy of being mixed with the higher parts of speech. Our pages would then be a good deal like our places, when all

the conjunctions, prepositions, &c., were cleared away, and the nouns and verbs clumped by themselves. Water, when accompanied by trees and bushes variously arranged, is often so imperceptibly united with land, that in many places the eye cannot discover the perfect spot and time of their union; yet is no less delighted with that mystery, than with the thousand reflections and intricacies which attend it. What is the effect, when those ties are not suffered to exist? You everywhere distinguish the exact line of separation; the water is bounded by a distinct and uniform edge of grass; the grass by a similar edge of wood; the trees, and often the house, are distinctly placed upon the grass—all separated from whatever might group with them, or take off from their solitary insulated appearance. In every thing you trace the hand of a mechanic, not the mind of a liberal artist.

I will now proceed to the particulars, and will beg the reader to keep in his mind the ruling principle I have just described, and of which I shall display the different proofs and examples.

No professor of high reputation seems for some time to have appeared after Kent, [save Wright, who was more of a draftsman than an actual worker out of plans—E.] till at length, that the system might be carried to its *ne plus ultra*, (no very distant point) arose the famous Mr. Brown, who has so fixed and determined the forms and lines of clumps, belts, and serpentine canals, and has been so steadily imitated by his followers, that had the improvers been incorporated, their common seal, with a clump, a belt, and a piece of made water, would have fully expressed the whole of their science, and have served them for a model as well as a seal.

What Ariosto says of a grove of cypresses, has always struck me in looking at made places,

"Che parean d'una *stampa* tutte impresse."

They seem "cast in one mould, made in one frame;" so much so, that I have seen places on which large sums had been lavished, so completely out of harmony with the landscape around them, that they gave me the idea of having been made by contract in London, and then sent down in pieces, and put together on the spot.

It is very unfortunate that this great legislator of our national taste, whose laws still remain in force, should not have received from nature, or have acquired by education, more enlarged ideas. Claude Lorraine was bred a pastry-cook, but in every thing that regards his art as a painter, he had an elevated and comprehensive mind; nor in any part of his works can we trace the meanness of his original occupation.

Mr. Brown was bred a gardener, and having nothing of the mind or the eye of a painter, he formed his style (or rather his plan) upon the model of a parterre; and transferred its minute beauties, its little clumps, knots, and patches of flowers, the oval belt that surrounds it, and all its twists and crincum crancums, to the great scale of nature.

This ingenious device of magnifying a parterre, calls to my mind a story I heard many years ago. A country parson, in the county where I live, speaking of a gentleman of low stature, but of extremely pompous manners, who had just left the company, exclaimed, in the simplicity and admiration of his heart, "quite grandeur in miniature, I protest!" This compliment reversed, would perfectly suit the shreds and patches that are so often stuck about by Mr. Brown and his followers, amidst the noble scenes they disfigure; where they are as contemptible, and as much out of character, as Claude's first edifices in pastry would appear in the dignified landscapes he has painted.

We have, indeed, made but a poor progress, by changing the formal, but simple and majestic avenue, for the thin circular verge called a belt; and the unpretending ugliness of the straight, for the affected sameness of the serpentine canal; but the great distinguishing feature of modern improvement is the *clump*—a name, which if the first letter were taken away, would most accurately describe its form and effect. Were it made the object of study how to invent something, which, under the name of ornament, should disfigure whole districts, nothing could be contrived to answer that purpose like a clump. Natural groups, being formed by trees of different ages and sizes, and at different distances from each other, often too by a mixture of those of the largest size, with thorns, hollies, and others of inferior growth, are full of variety in their outlines; and from the same causes, no two groups are exactly alike. But clumps, from the trees being generally of the same age and growth, from their being planted nearly at the same distance in a circular form, and from each tree being equally pressed by his neighbour, are as like each other as so many puddings turned out of one common mould. Natural groups are full of openings and hollows; of trees advancing before, or retiring behind each other—all productive of intricacy, of variety, of deep shadows, and brilliant lights. In walking about them, the form changes at each step; new combinations, new lights and shades, new inlets present themselves in succession. But clumps, like compact bodies of soldiers, resist attacks from all quarters. Examine them in every point of view—walk round and round them—no opening, no vacancy, no stragglers! but, in the true military character, *ils font face partout*. I remember hearing, that when Mr. Brown was High-

Sheriff, some facetious person, observing his attendants straggling, called out to him, "Clump your javelin men." What was intended merely as a piece of ridicule, might have served as a very instructive lesson to the object of it, and have taught Mr. Brown that such figures should be confined to bodies of men drilled for the purposes of formal parade, and not extended to the loose and airy shapes of vegetation.

The next leading feature to the clump in this circular system, and one which, in romantic situations, rivals it in the power of creating deformity, is the belt. Its sphere, however, is more contracted. Clumps, placed like beacons on the summits of hills, alarm the picturesque traveller many miles off, and warn him of his approach to the enemy;—the belt lies more in ambuscade; and the wretch who falls into it, and is obliged to walk the whole round in company with the improver, will allow that a snake with its tail in its mouth, is comparatively but a faint emblem of eternity. It has, indeed, all the sameness and formality of the avenue, to which it has succeeded, without any of its simple grandeur; for though in an avenue you see the same objects from beginning to end, and in the belt a new set every twenty yards, yet each successive part of this insipid circle is so like the preceding, that though really different, the difference is scarcely felt; and there is nothing that so dulls, and at the same time so irritates the mind, as perpetual change without variety.

The avenue has a most striking effect, from the very circumstance of its being straight; no other figure can give that image of a grand Gothic aisle, with its natural columns and vaulted roof, the general mass of which fills the eye, while the particular parts insensibly steal from it in a long gradation of perspective. By *long* gradation, I do not mean a great *length* of avenue. I perfectly agree with Mr. Burke, "that colonnades and avenues of trees, of a moderate length, are without comparison far grander than when they are suffered to run to immense distances." The broad solemn shade adds a twilight calm to the whole, and makes it above all other places the most suited to meditation. To that also its straightness contributes; for when the mind is disposed to turn inwardly on itself, any serpentine line would distract the attention.

All the characteristic beauties of the avenue—its solemn stillness—the religious awe it inspires—are greatly heightened by moonlight. This I once very strongly experienced in approaching a venerable castle-like mansion, built in the beginning of the 15th century;—a few gleams had pierced the deep gloom of the avenue—a large massive tower at the end of it, seen through a long perspective, and half lighted

by the uncertain beams of the moon, had a grand mysterious effect. Suddenly a light appeared in this tower—then as suddenly its twinkling vanished—and only the quiet silvery rays of the moon prevailed; again, more lights quickly shifted to different parts of the building, and the whole scene most forcibly brought to my fancy the times of fairies and chivalry. I was much hurt to learn from the master of the place, that I might take my leave of the avenue and its romantic effects, for that a death-warrant was signed.

[Melancholy, indeed, is the thought, that this is no solitary instance of this barbarous species of destruction in British places. I could name many which have come under my own observation. Some of the most interesting associations with our early history have thus been recklessly sacrificed beneath the chariot-wheels of the Juggernaut of modern barbarism. And what has been the general product of this most ruthless massacre? Instead of the grandeur which has just been so feelingly described, we have an abortive attempt to force the few unfortunate stragglers who have been spared from the slaughter, into formal groups, which have no other effect than to mark out the line which the whole army originally occupied when standing, so that they may serve to inform the indignant spectator of the full extent of the atrocity that has been committed. But even this is well, compared to the wretchedly puerile attempts which we often see made, to manufacture the straggling individuals that have been left into clumps, by the planting of younger trees around them. But when speaking thus of avenues, I of course mean that these my observations shall apply to really ancient avenues, composed of grand ancestral timber; for I can quite easily understand the necessity which may sometimes arise for breaking up those of younger date, and more insignificant growth, and which are consequently neither possessed of grandeur of aspect, nor of ancient association—and with such I can conceive the propriety of making an attempt to employ some of the trees which may be judiciously left standing, as the nucleus of groups of younger creation. But even this I hold to be a very difficult undertaking, and one in which it will generally require years before the original state of things can be thoroughly obliterated.—E.]

The destruction of so many of these venerable approaches, is a fatal consequence of the present excessive horror of straight lines. Sometimes, indeed, avenues do cut through the middle of very beautiful and varied ground, with which the stiffness of their form but ill accords, and where it were greatly to be wished they had never been planted; but being there, it may often be doubtful whether they ought to be destroyed.

As to saving a few of the trees, I own I never saw it done with a good effect;—they always pointed out the old line, and the spot was haunted by the ghost of the departed avenue. They are, however, not unfrequently planted, where a boundary of wood approaching to a straight line was required; and in such situations they furnish a walk of more perfect and continued shade, than any other disposition of trees, and, what is of no small consequence, they do not interfere with the rest of the place. At a gentleman's place in Cheshire, there is an avenue of oaks situated much in the manner I have described. Mr. Brown absolutely condemned it; but it now stands a noble monument of the triumph of the natural feelings of the owner over the narrow and systematic ideas of a professed improver. There is an essential difference between the avenue and the belt. When from the avenue you turn either to the right or to the left, the whole country, with all its intricacies and varieties, is open before you; but from the belt there is no escaping—it hems you in on all sides; and if you please yourself with having discovered some wild sequestered part (if such there ever be where a belt-maker has been admitted,) or some new pathway, and are in the pleasing uncertainty whereabouts you are, and whither it will lead you, the belt soon appears, and the charm of expectation is over. If you turn to either side, it keeps winding round you; if you break through it, it catches you at your return; and the idea of this distinct, unavoidable line of separation, damps all search after novelty. Far different from those magic circles of fairies and enchanters, that gave birth to splendid illusions—to the palaces and gardens of Alcina and Armida—this, like the ring of Angelica, instantly dissipates every illusion, every enchantment.

If ever a belt be allowable, it is where the house is situated in a dead flat, and in a naked ugly country. There, at least, it cannot injure any variety of ground, or exclude any distant prospect; it will also be the real boundary to the eye, however uniform, and any exclusion in such cases is a benefit;—but where there is any play of ground, and a descent from the house, it more completely disfigures the place than any other improvement. What most delights us in the intricacy of varied ground, of swelling knolls, and of valleys between them, retiring from the sight in different directions amidst trees or thickets, is that—according to Hogarth's expression—it leads the eye a kind of wanton chase; this is what he calls the *beauty* of intricacy, and is that which distinguishes what is produced by soft winding shapes, from the more sudden and quickly-varying kind, which arises from abrupt and rugged forms. All this wanton chase, as well as the effects of more wild and

picturesque intricacy, is immediately checked by any circular plantation, which never appears to retire from the eye and lose itself in the distance, never admits of partial concealments. Whatever varieties of hills and dales there may be, such a plantation must stiffly cut across them, so that the undulations—and what in seamen's language may be called the *trending* of the ground—cannot in that case be humoured; nor can its playful character be marked by that style of planting, which at once points out, and adds to its beautiful intricacy.

This may serve to show how impossible it is to plan any forms of plantations that will suit all places, however it may suit the professor's convenience to establish such a doctrine. There is, in this respect, no small degree of resemblance between the art of gardening and that of medicine—in which, after the general principles have been acquired, the judgment lies in the application; and every case—as an eminent physician observed to me—must be considered as a special case.

This holds precisely in improving; and in both arts the quacks are alike—they have no principles, but only a few nostrums, which they apply indiscriminately to all situations, and all constitutions. Clumps and Belts, pills and drops, are distributed with equal skill—the one plants the right, and clears the left, as the other bleeds the east, and purges the westward. The best improver or physician is he who leaves most to nature—who watches and takes advantage of those indications which she points out when left to exert her own powers; but which, when once destroyed or suppressed by an empiric of either kind, present themselves no more.

[These remarks are most important and sensible. As the constitution of the patient must be well studied before any curative medicines are attempted to be exhibited—or as the temper must be thoroughly known before any system can be rationally adopted for moral amelioration—so ought the general character of a place to be duly considered before any plans for its improvement are determined on. Perhaps the first thing that a judicious landscape gardener should do is to endeavour to divest himself of every thing that may have the semblance of a nostrum—of every thing that may savour of an universally applied system. Having rid himself of this, he will be enabled to take his impressions from the nature of the place he may be called upon to visit; and from these impressions, calmly and impartially formed, he will be enabled to originate designs, which, if not likely to turn out very striking improvements, will probably at least have the merit of creating nothing which may be afterwards considered as a decided deformity; —and thus, if he do not shine as a great manufacturer of landscape, he

will at least be saved from that damning fame to which some of those who have gone before him have been irrecoverably doomed.—E.]

I have perhaps expressed myself more strongly and more at length than I otherwise should have done, on the subject of so paltry an invention as that of the belt, from the extreme disgust I felt at seeing its effect in a place, of which the general features are among the noblest in the kingdom. In front, the sea appears in view, embayed amidst islands and promontories, and backed by mountains; between the house and the shore there is a quick, though not an abrupt descent of ground, on which a judicious improver might have planted different masses of wood, groups, and single trees, more or less dispersed or connected together, with lawns and glades between them, gently leading the eye among their intricacies to the shore. This would have formed a rich and varied foreground to the magnificent distance; and in the approach to the sea-side, whichever way you took, would have broken that distance, and have formed in conjunction with it a number of new and beautiful compositions. One of Mr. Brown's successors has thought differently; and this uncommon display of scenery is disgraced by a belt.

I do not remember the place in its unimproved state; but I was told that there was a great quantity of wood between the house and the sea, and that the vessels appeared, as at that wonderful place, Mount Edgecumbe, sailing over the tops, and gliding among the stems of the trees. If so, this professor

"Has left sad marks of his destructive sway."

The method of thinning trees which has been adopted by layers out of ground, perfectly corresponds with their method of planting; for in both cases they totally neglect what in the general sense of the word may be called picturesque effects. Trees of remarkable size, indeed, usually escape; but it is not sufficient to attend to the giant sons of the forest. Often the loss of a few trees, nay, of a single tree of middling size, is of infinite consequence to the general effect of the place, by making an irreparable breach in the outline of a principal wood—often some of the most beautiful groups owe the playful variety of their form, and their happy connection with other groups, to some apparently insignificant, and to many eyes, even ugly trees. To attend to all these niceties of outline, connection, and grouping, would require much time as well as skill, and therefore a more easy and compendious method has been adopted: the different groups are to be cleared round, till they become as clump-like as their untrained natures

will allow, and even many of those outside trees which belong to the groups themselves, and to which they owe not only their beauty, but their security against wind and frost, are cut down without pity, if they will not range according to a prescribed model—till, mangled, starved, and cut off from all connection, these unhappy newly-drilled corps

"Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves."

Even the old avenue, whose branches had intertwined with each other for ages, must undergo this fashionable metamorphosis. The object of the improver is to break its regularity; but, so far from producing that effect by dividing it into clumps, he could scarcely invent a method by which its regularity would be made so manifest in every direction. When entire, its straightness can only be seen when you look up or down it; viewed sideways, it has the appearance of a thick mass of wood; if you plant other trees before it, to them it gives consequence, and they give it lightness and variety; but when it is divided, and you can see through it and compare the separate clumps with the objects before and behind them, the straight line is apparent from whatever point you view it. In its close array, the avenue is like the Grecian phalanx—each tree, like each soldier, is firmly wedged in between its companions; its branches, like their spears, present a front impenetrable to all attacks, but the moment this compact order is broken their sides become naked and exposed. Mr. Brown, like another Paulus Æmilius, has broken the firm embodied ranks of many a noble phalanx of trees; and in this, perhaps, more than in any other instance, he has shown how far the perversion of taste may be carried —for at the very time when he deprived the avenue of its shade and its solemn grandeur, he increased its formality.

[Think of the calm enjoyment of a solitary saunter beneath the shade of one of those magnificent old avenues, just after the sun has sunk in a sultry summer's evening, and ere yet the black colony of rooks and daws who are heard over head, cawing, as it were, in another region, have quite settled down to their night's repose—only think of this, and then conceive the atrocity of that taste which could set the hatchet-men to work against the giant stems of those trees which ages have been employed in bringing to perfection, during which they have seen so many generations of human beings spring up like the grass of the field, like it to perish under their shade.—E.]

CHAPTER XI.

It is in the arrangement and management of trees that the great art of improvement consists; earth is too cumbrous and lumpish for man to contend much with, and, when worked upon, its effects are flat and dead, like its nature. But trees, detaching themselves at once from the surface, and rising boldly into the air, have a more lively and immediate effect on the eye; they alone form a canopy over us, and a varied frame to all other objects, which they admit, exclude, and group with, almost at the will of the improver. In beauty they not only far excel every thing of inanimate nature, but their beauty is complete and perfect in itself, while that of almost every other object requires their assistance. Without them, the most varied inequality of ground is uninteresting. Rocks, though their variety is of a more striking kind, and often united with grandeur, still want their accompaniment; and although in the higher parts of mountains trees are neither expected nor required, yet if there be none in any part of the view, a scene of mere barrenness and desolation, however grand, soon fatigues the eye. Water, in all its characters of brooks, rivers, lakes, and water-falls, appears cold and naked without them; the sea alone forms an exception, its sublimity absorbing all idea of lesser ornaments—for no one can view the foam, the gulfs, the impetuous motion of that

world of waters, without a deep impression of its destructive and irresistible power. But sublimity is not its only character, for after that first awful sensation is weakened by use, the infinite variety in the forms of the waves, in their light and shadow, in the dashing of their spray, and, above all, the perpetual change of motion, continue to amuse the eye in detail, as much as the grandeur of the whole possessed the mind. It is in this that it differs, not only from motionless objects, but even from rivers and cataracts, however diversified in their parts; in them the spectator sees no change from what he saw at first—the same breaks in the current, the same falls continue—but the intricacies and varieties of waves breaking against rocks, are as endless as their motion.

[I have enjoyed indescribable pleasure from sitting, as I have done for hours, to watch the play of the waves beating in upon a rocky coast, especially where numberless broken ledges of lower rocks encumbered the beach at the base of the loftier cliffs. The variety of their forms and motion is indeed endless. Now the surge comes on in one wide heave, swelling and mounting as it advances, until its crest rises thin and sharp, and it breaks over rapidly along its whole line, with a noise like the hollow discharge of artillery. It was like the advancing line of an army before, but now its order of battle is broken by the shock, whilst its numerous parts, like the brave irregular groups into which the battle-line has been divided, still press onward, each towards that point against which chance or circumstances may have directed it —some running rapidly in through the narrow straits between the rocks—others rushing against the perpendicular masses, and raging furiously over them—whilst others, hurrying with a hissing noise, and with the speed of the race-horse, up the inclined plane of some rough limpet-covered ledge, pour over its fractured edges to landward, in a thousand fantastical cascades;—and then the meeting again of these various broken bodies of water, tossing, and tumbling, and foaming, and producing ten thousand sonorous eddies, almost bewilders the ears as well as the eyes of the spectator. And thus wave succeeds wave, with infinite magnificence, each to produce new effects, as the tide advances, and to give birth to ever-changeful glories, which are perpetually altered too by the fitful lights and shadows that may fall upon them, and which are continually raising a chorus of sounds, which might have well begotten the fabled superstition of the mingled music of the sea-nymphs and tritons. To paint such an ever-varying subject as this might well be considered as beyond the powers of the pencil. Yet it has been often attempted, and by no one with more frequency, or with more perfect success, than by that most successful modern painter of coast scenes, the late—alas for

art that we should now be compelled to call him so—Reverend John Thomson of Duddingstone, whose matchless seas are so enlivened with apparent motion, that one almost fancies that their sound is audible. Whilst engaged in thus observing the surges breaking on the coast, I have imagined that I could trace a regular and gradual alternate rise and fall in the size of the waves. I fancied that I could perceive that each succeeding wave was larger than that which had preceded it, till they arrived at their climax—and that they then gradually subsided in magnitude, to rise again through a similar gradation. But it would require more observation than circumstances have as yet enabled me to bestow, to ascertain the accuracy of the remark, that they observe regular numbers in their rise and fall. The most sublime effects of the sea breaking upon a rocky coast, will be those produced by a storm. But I should rather say that the time most favourable for observing the changeful intricacies and varieties of the play of its waves among rocks, is when it is heaved up, and thrown in upon the shore in these long high surges which are created by what is called a heavy ground-swell.—E.]

There are situations where trees succeed near the sea, but it is only where it is land-locked; and in such cases, though their combination, as at Mount Edgecumbe, [and at Roseneath also, and various other places on the western-coast of our island—E.] is no less beautiful than uncommon, the sea itself loses its grand imposing character, and puts on something of the appearance of a lake. Then it is that trees are necessary; for a lake bounded by naked ground, or by naked rocks, forms a dull or a rude landscape; but let one change only be made—let the sea break against those rocks—and trees will no longer be thought of.

As, in addition to its sublime character, the intricacy and variety of its waves render the sea independent of trees, so those are the two qualities in trees, which render them of such importance in all inland situations, especially in those of a tame unvaried character; and so great is their power of correcting monotony, that, by their means, even a dead flat may become highly interesting.

The infinite *variety* of their forms, tints, and light and shade, must strike every body; the quality of *intricacy* they possess in as high a degree, and in a more exclusive and peculiar manner. Take a single tree only, and consider it in this point of view. It is composed of millions of boughs, sprays, and leaves, intermixed with and crossing each other in as many directions, while through the various openings the eye still discovers new and infinite combinations of them; yet in this labyrinth of intricacy there is no unpleasant confusion—the general effect is as simple as the detail is complicate. Ground, rocks, and

buildings, where the parts are much broken, become fantastic and trifling, besides, they have not that loose pliant texture so well adapted to partial concealment;—a tree, therefore, is perhaps the only object where a grand whole, or at least what is most conspicuous in it, is chiefly composed of innumerable minute and distinct parts.

To show how much those who ought to be the best judges consider the qualities I have mentioned, no tree, however large and vigorous, however luxuriant the foliage, will highly interest the painter, if it present one uniform unbroken mass of leaves; while others, not only inferior in size and in thickness of foliage, but of forms which might induce some improvers to cut them down, will attract and fix their attention. The reasons of this preference are obvious; but as on these reasons, according to the ideas I have formed, the whole system of planting, pruning, and thinning, for the purpose of ornament, depends, I must be allowed to dwell a little longer on them.

In a tree, of which the foliage is everywhere full and unbroken, there can be but little variety of *form;* then, as the sun strikes only on the surface, neither can there be much variety of *light* and *shade;* and as the apparent colour of objects changes according to the different degrees of light or of shade in which they are placed, there can be as little variety of *tint.*

"Lux varium vivumque dabit, nullum umbra colorem."

And, lastly, as there are none of those openings that excite and nourish curiosity, but the eye is everywhere opposed by one uniform leafy screen, there can be as little intricacy as variety. What is here said of a *single* tree is equally true of every massy *combination* of them, and appears to me to account perfectly for the bad effect of clumps, and of all plantations and woods where the trees grow close together. In all these cases the effect is in one respect much worse. We are disposed to admire the bulk of a single tree, the *ipse nemus*, though its form *should* be heavy; but there is a meanness, as well as a heaviness in the appearance of a lumpy mass produced by a multitude of little stems.

What are the qualities that painters *do* admire in single trees, groups, and woods, may easily be concluded from what they do not; the detail would be infinite, for, luckily, where art does not interfere, the absolute exclusions are few. If their taste be preferable to that of gardeners, it is clear that there is something radically bad in the usual method of making and managing plantations; it otherwise would never happen that the woods and arrangements of trees which they are least disposed

to admire, should be those made for the express purpose of ornament. Under that idea, the spontaneous trees of the country are often excluded as too common, or admitted in small proportions, whilst others of peculiar form and colour take place of oak and beech. But of whatever trees the *established* woods of the country are composed, the same, I think, should prevail in the *new* plantations, or those two grand principles, harmony and unity of character, will be destroyed. It is very usual, however, when there happens to be a vacant space between two woods, to fill it up with firs, larches, &c.; if this be done with the idea of *connecting* those woods, which *should* be the object, nothing can be more opposite than the effect. Even plantations of the same species require time to make them accord with the old growths; but such harsh and sudden contrasts of form and colour make these insertions for ever appear like so many awkward pieces of patch-work—and surely, if a man were reduced to the necessity of having his coat pieced, he would wish to have the joinings concealed, and the colour matched, and not to be made a harlequin.

It is not enough that trees should be naturalised to the climate—they must also be naturalised to the landscape, and mixed and incorporated with the natives. A patch of foreign trees planted by themselves in the outskirts of a wood, or in some open corner of it, mix with the natives much like a group of young Englishmen at an Italian conversazione. But when some plant of foreign growth appears to spring up by accident, and shoots out its beautiful, but less familiar foliage among our natural trees, it has the same pleasing effect as when a beautiful and amiable foreigner has acquired our language and manners so as to converse with the freedom of a native, yet retains enough of original accent and character, to give a peculiar grace and zest to all her words and actions.

Trees of a dark colour, or a spire-like form, though when planted in patches they have such a motley appearance, may be so grouped with the prevailing trees of the country, as to produce infinite richness and variety, and yet seem part of the original design; but it appears to be an established rule, that plantations made for ornament, should, both in form and substance, be as distinct as possible from the woods of the country, so that no one may doubt an instant what are the parts which have been improved. Instead, therefore, of giving to nature that "rich, ample, and flowing robe which she *should* wear on her throned eminence," instead of "hill united to hill with sweeping train of forest, with prodigality of shade," she is curtailed of her fair proportions, pinched and squeezed into shape, and the prim squat clump is perched

up exactly on the top of every eminence. Sometimes, however, where the extent is so great that common-sized clumps would make no figure, it has been very ingeniously contrived to consolidate (and I am sure the word is not improperly used) several of them in one larger lump, and these condensed, unwieldy masses, are at random stuck about the grounds.

Mr. Mason's Poem on Modern Gardening, is so well known to all who have any taste for the subject, or for poetry in general, that it is hardly necessary to say that the words between the inverted commas are chiefly taken from it. In the part from which I have taken these two passages, he has pointed out the noblest style of planting, in a style of poetry no less noble and elevated.

[He concludes his treatment of the part of his subject which regards planting, with these happy lines:—

> "Instruction now
> Withdraws; she knows her limits; knows that grace
> Is caught by strong perception, not from rules—
> That undrest Nature claims for all her limbs
> Some simple garb peculiar, which, howe'er
> Distinct their size and shape, is simple still.
> This garb to choose, with clothing dense or thin,
> A part to hide, another to adorn,
> Is Taste's important task; perceptive song
> From error in the choice can only warn."—E.]

In many such plantations the trees which principally show themselves are larches, and they produce the most complete monotony of outline. The summits of round-headed trees, especially the oak, vary in each tree; but there can only be one form in those of pointed trees:

> "Linea recta velut sola est, et mille recurvæ."

On that account, wherever ornament is the aim, great care ought to be taken that the general outline be round and full, and only partially broken and varied by pointed trees, and that too many of those should not rise above the others, so as principally to catch the eye. Now, wherever larches are mixed, even in a small proportion, over the whole of a plantation, the quickness of their growth, their pointed tops, and the peculiarity of their colour, make them so conspicuous, that the whole wood seems to consist of nothing else.

I have seen two places on a very large scale laid out by a professed improver of high reputation, where all the defects I have mentioned were most strikingly exemplified. Some persons have imagined, that

by a professor of high reputation I must here mean Mr. Repton; but these two places, which were laid out before he took to the profession, clearly prove that it did not then require his talents to gain a high reputation—I hope in future it will be less easily acquired. Whatever might be the other trees of which the separate clumps consisted, nothing was seen above but larches; from the multitude of their sharp points the whole country appeared *en herisson*, and had much the same degree of resemblance to natural scenery, as one of the old military plans with scattered platoons of spearmen, has to a print after Claude or Poussin. With all my admiration of trees, I had rather be without them than have them so disposed. Indeed, I have often seen hills, where the outline, the swellings, and the deep hollows were so striking, and where the surface was so varied by the mixture of smooth close-bitten turf, with the rich, though short clothing of fern, heath, or furze, and by the different openings and sheep-tracks among them, that I should have been sorry to have had the whole covered with the finest wood; nay, I could hardly have wished for trees the most happily disposed, and, of course, should have dreaded those which are usually placed there by art. An improver has rarely such dread. In general the first idea that strikes him, is that of distinguishing his property; nor is he easy till he has put his *pitch-mark* on all the summits. Indeed, this gratifies his desire of celebrity, by exciting the curiosity and admiration of the vulgar; and travellers of taste will naturally be provoked to inquire—though from another motive—to whom those unfortunate hills belong.

[I believe I have mentioned in another work a fact regarding the marks of such improvers, which is perhaps one of the most wonderful on record. A gentleman in a northern county of Scotland, though he did not exactly gratify the passing traveller by enabling him to read his own name, actually planted the name of his place in letters that covered a hill-side. This almost incredible piece of taste I saw and read with my own eyes.—E.]

It is melancholy to compare the slow progress of beauty with the upstart growth of deformity. Trees and woods planted in the most judicious style, will not for years strongly attract the painter's notice, though the planter, like a fond parent, feels the greatest tenderness for his children, at the time they are least interesting to others. Madame de Sevigné, whose maternal tenderness seems to have extended itself to her plantations, says, "Je fais jeter à bas de grands arbres, parce qu'ils font ombrage, ou qu'ils incommodent mes jeunes enfants."

But to the deformer—a name too often synonymous to the improver—it is not necessary that his trees should have attained their full

growth ; as soon as he has planted them in his round fences, his principal work is done—the eye which used to follow with delight the bold sweep of outline, and all the playful undulation of ground, finds itself suddenly checked and its progress stopt, even by these embryo clumps. They have the same effect on the great features of nature as an excrescence on those of the human face ; in which, though the proportion of one feature to another greatly varies in different persons, yet these differences, like others of a similar kind in inanimate nature, give variety of character without disturbing the general accord of the parts ; but let there be a wart or a pimple on any prominent feature—no dignity or beauty of countenance can detach the attention from it ; that little, round, distinct lump, while it disgusts the eye, has a fascinating power of fixing it on its own deformity. This is precisely the effect of clumps : the beauty or grandeur of the surrounding parts only serve to make them more horribly conspicuous ; and the dark tint of the Scotch fir, of which they are generally composed, as it separates them by colour, as well as by form, from every other object, adds the last finish.

But even large plantations of firs, when they are not the natural and the prevailing trees of the country, have a harsh and heavy look, from their not harmonizing with the rest of the landscape ; and this is particularly the case when, as it sometimes happens, one side of a valley is planted solely with firs, the other with deciduous trees. The common expressions of a *heavy* colour, or a *heavy* form, show that the eye feels an impression from objects analogous to that of weight ; thence arises the necessity of preserving what may be called a proper balance, so that the quantity of dark colour on one side, or in one part of the scene, should not in any striking degree outweigh the other ; and this is a very material point in the art of painting. If in a picture, the one half were to be light and airy both in the forms and in the tints, and the other half one black heavy lump, the most ignorant person would probably be displeased, though he might not know upon what principle, with the want of *balance* and of harmony ; for those harsh discordant forms and colours, not only act more forcibly from being brought together within a small compass, but also, because in painting they are not authorised by fashion, or rendered familiar by custom.

One principal cause of the extreme heaviness of fir plantations is their closeness. A planter very naturally wishes to produce some appearance of wood as soon as possible ; he therefore sets his trees very near together, and so they generally remain, for he has seldom the resolution to thin them sufficiently : they are consequently all drawn up together

nearly to the same height; and as their heads touch each other, no variety, no distinction of form can exist, but the whole is one enormous, unbroken, unvaried mass of black. Its appearance is indeed so uniformly dead and heavy, that instead of those cheering ideas which arise from the fresh luxuriant foliage, and the lighter tints of deciduous trees, it has something of that dreary image—that extinction of form and colour—which Milton felt from blindness; when he who had viewed objects with a painter's eye, as he described them with a poet's fire, was

"Presented with an universal blank
Of nature's works."

The inside of these plantations fully answers to the dreary appearance of the outside. Of all dismal scenes it seems to me the most likely for a man to hang himself in, though he would find some difficulty in the execution; for, amidst the endless multitude of stems, there is rarely a single side branch to which a rope could be fastened. The whole wood is a collection of tall naked poles, with a few ragged boughs near the top; above—one uniform rusty cope, seen through decayed and decaying sprays and branches; below—the soil parched and blasted with the baleful droppings; hardly a plant or a blade of grass, nothing that can give an idea of life or vegetation. Even its gloom is without solemnity; it is only dull and dismal; and what light there is, like that of hell,

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

In a grove where the trees have had room to spread, (and in that case I am very far from excluding the Scotch fir or any of the pines,) the gloom has a character of solemn grandeur—that grandeur arises from the broad and varied canopy over head, for as Virgil says of the tree,

"Media ipsa ingentem sustinet umbram,"

as well as from the small number and great size of the trunks by which the canopy is supported, and from the large undisturbed spaces between them; but a close wood of firs is, perhaps, the only one from which the opposite qualities of cheerfulness and grandeur—of symmetry and variety—are equally excluded; and in which, though the sight is perplexed and harassed by the confusion of petty objects, there is not the smallest degree of intricacy.

Firs, planted and left in the same close array, are very commonly made use of as screens and boundaries; but as the lower part is of most consequence where concealment is the object, they are, for the

reasons I mentioned before, the most improper trees for that purpose. I will, however, suppose them to be exactly in the condition the planter would wish, that the outer boughs, on which alone he can place any dependence, were preserved from animals; and that though planted along the brow of a hill, they had escaped from wind and snow, and the many accidents to which they are exposed in bleak situations, they would then exactly answer to that admirable description of Mr. Mason:

"The Scottish fir
In murky file rears his inglorious head,
And blots the fair horizon."

Nothing can be more accurately, or more forcibly expressed, or raise a juster image in the mind. Every thick unbroken mass of black, especially when it can be compared with softer tints, is a *blot;* and has the same effect on the horizon in nature, as if a dab of ink were thrown upon that of a Claude. This, however, is viewing it in its most favourable state, when at least it answers the purpose of a screen, though a heavy one; but it happens full as often that the outer boughs do not reach above half-way down, and then, besides the long, black, even line which cuts the horizon at the top, there is at bottom a streak of glaring light that pierces everywhere through the meagre and naked poles, and shows distinctly the poverty and thinness of the boundary. Many a common hedge, with a few trees in it, that has been suffered to grow wild, is a much more varied and effectual screen; but there *are* hedges, where yews and hollies are mixed with trees and thorns, so thick from the ground upwards—so diversified in their outline, in the tints, and in the light and shade, that the eye, which dwells on them with pleasure, is perfectly deceived, and can neither see through them, nor discover (hardly even suspect) their want of depth.

This striking contrast between a mere hedge, and trees planted for the express purpose of concealment and beauty, affords a very useful hint not only for screens and boundaries, but for every sort of plantation, where variety and intricacy, not mere profit, are the objects. We may learn from it that concealment, without which there can be no intricacy, cannot well be produced without a mixture of the smaller growths, such as thorns and hollies; which being naturally bushy, fill up the lower parts where the larger trees are apt to be bare. We may also learn in what manner such a mixture produces variety of outline; for in a hedge such as I have described, the lower growths do not prevent the higher from extending their heads, while at the same time by their different degrees of height, more or less approaching to that of the timber trees, they accompany and group with them, and prevent that formal discon-

nected appearance, which hedgerow trees left alone, after every thing has been completely cleared from them, almost always present.

If by such means a mere single line of hedge becomes an effectual and varied screen, of course a deeper plantation conducted on the same principles would be a much more varied boundary, and more impenetrable to the eye; and it seems to me, that if this method were followed in all ornamental plantations, it would, in a great measure, obviate the bad effects of their being left too close, either from foolish fondness or neglect. Suppose, for instance, that instead of the usual method of making an evergreen plantation of firs only, and those stuck close together, the firs were planted at various distances of ten, twelve, or more yards asunder, and that the spaces between them were filled with the lower evergreens. All these would for some years grow up together, till at length the firs would shoot above them all, and find nothing afterwards to check their growth in any direction. Suppose such a wood upon the largest scale, to be left to itself, and not a bough cut for twenty, thirty, any number of years; and that then it came into the hands of a person, who wished to give variety to this rich, but uniform mass. He might in some parts choose to have an open grove of firs only; in that case he would only have to clear away all the lower evergreens, and the firs which remained, from the free unconstrained growth of their heads, would appear as if they had been planted with that design. In other parts he might make that beautiful forest-like mixture of open grove, with thickets and loosely scattered trees; of lawns and glades of various shapes and dimensions, variously bounded. Sometimes he might find the ground scooped out into a deep hollow, forming a sort of amphitheatre; and there, in order to show its general shape, and yet preserve its sequestered character, he might only make a partial clearing; when all that can give intricacy, variety, and retirement to a spot of this kind, would be ready to his hands.

It may indeed be objected, and not without reason, that this evergreen underwood will have grown so close, that when thinned, the plants which are left will look bare—and bare they will look, for such must necessarily be the effect of leaving any trees too close. There are, however, several reasons why it is of less consequence in this case. The first and most material is, that the great outline of the wood formed by the highest trees, would not be affected; another is, that these lower trees being of various growths, some will have outstripped their fellows, in the same proportion as the firs outstripped them; and, consequently, their heads will have had room to spread, and form a gradation from the highest firs to the lowest underwood. Again, many of these ever-

greens of lower growth succeed well under the drip of taller trees, and also (to use the figurative expression of nurserymen) love the knife: by the pruning of some, therefore, and cutting down of others, the bare parts of the tallest would in a short time be covered; and the whole of such a wood might be divided at pleasure into openings and groups, differing in form, in size, and in degrees of concealment—from skirtings of the loosest texture, to the closest and most impenetrable thickets.

This method is equally good in making plantations of deciduous trees, though not in the same degree necessary as in those of firs; and though I have only mentioned *ornamental* plantations, yet, I believe, if thorns were always mixed with oak, beech, &c., besides their use in preventing the forest trees from being planted too close to each other, they would by no means be unprofitable. If they were taken out before they were too large to be moved easily, their use for hedges, and their ready sale for that purpose, is well known; if left longer, they are particularly useful for filling up gaps, where smaller plants would be stifled; and if they remained, they would always make excellent hedge-wood, and answer all the common purposes of underwood. For ornament, exotics of different growths might be added; among which, the various species of thorns alone would furnish a considerable list.

It is not meant that the largest growths should *never* be planted near each other; some of the most beautiful groups are often formed by such a close junction, but not when they have all been planted at the same time, and drawn up together. A judicious improver will know when, and how to deviate from any method, however generally good.

There are few operations in improvement more pleasant, than that of opening gradually a scene, where the materials are not unfit for use, but only too abundant; the case is very different where they are absolutely spoiled, as in a thick wood of firs. In that there is no room for selection; no exercise of the judgment in arranging the groups, masses, or single trees; no power of renewing vegetation by pruning or cutting down; no hope of producing the smallest intricacy or variety. If one bare pole be removed, that behind differs from it so little, that one might exclaim with Macbeth,

> "Thy air
> Is like the first—a third is like the former—
> Horrible sight!"

and so they would unvariably go on,

> "Though their line
> Stretch'd out to the crack of doom."

In contrasting the character of a close wood of firs only, with that of the mixed evergreen plantation which I have described, I do not think I have at all exaggerated the ugliness, and the incorrigible sameness of the one, and the variety and beauty of which the other is capable. I mean, however, *that* variety which arises from the *manner* in which these evergreens may be disposed, not from the number of distinct species. I have indeed often observed in forests, so many combinations and picturesque effects produced merely by oak, beech, thorns, and hollies, that one could hardly wish for more variety; on the other hand, I have no less frequently found the most perfect monotony in point of composition and effect, where there was the greatest variety of trees. It put me in mind of what is mentioned of the more ancient Greek painters—that with only four colours, they did, what in the more degenerate days of the art, could not be performed with all the aid of chemistry.

Variety, of which the true end is to relieve the eye, not to perplex it, does not consist in the diversity of separate objects, but in that of their effects when combined together—in diversity of composition, and of character. Many think, however, they have obtained that grand object, when they have exhibited in one body all the hard names of the Linnæan system; but when as many different plants as can well be got together are exhibited in *every* shrubbery, or in *every* plantation, the result is a sameness of a different kind, but not less truly a sameness, than would arise from there being no diversity at all; for there is no having variety of character without a certain distinctness—without certain marked features on which the eye can dwell. In a botanical light, such a Linnæan collection, as I have mentioned, is extremely curious and entertaining; but it is about as good a specimen of variety in landscape as a line of Lilly's grammar would be of variety in poetry :—

"Et postis, vectis, vermis societur et axis."

A collection of hardy exotics may also be considered as a very valuable part of the improver's pallet, and may suggest many new and harmonious combinations of colours; but then he must not call the pallet a picture.

In forests and woody commons, we sometimes come from a part where hollies had chiefly prevailed, to another where junipers or yews are the principal evergreens, and where, perhaps, there is the same sort of change in the deciduous underwood. This strikes us with a new impression; but mix them equally together in all parts, and diversity becomes a source of monotony.

One great cause of the superior variety and richness of unimproved

parks and forests, when compared with lawns and dressed grounds, and of their being so much more admired by painters, is, that the trees and groups are seldom totally alone and unconnected; that they seldom exhibit either of those two principal defects in the composition of landscapes, the opposite extremes of being too crowded or too scattered; whereas the clump is a most unhappy union of them both—it is scattered in respect to the general composition, and close and lumpish when considered by itself.

Single trees, when they stand alone and are round-headed, have some tendency towards the defects of the clump; and it is worthy of remark, that in the Liber Veritatis of Claude, consisting of nearly two hundred drawings, there are not, I believe, more than three single trees. This is one strong proof, which the works of other painters would fully confirm, that those who most studied the effect of visible objects, attended infinitely less to their distinct individual forms, than to their grouping and connection.

I remember hearing what I thought a just criticism on a part of Mr. Crabbe's poem of the Library—he has there personified *Neglect*, and given her the *active* employment of spreading dust on books of ancient chivalry. But in producing picturesque effects, I begin to think her *vis inertiæ* is in many cases a very powerful agent.*

The great sources of all that painters admire in natural scenery, are accident and neglect; for in forests and old parks, the rough bushes nurse up young trees, and grow up with them; and thence arises that infinite variety of openings, of inlets, of glades, of forms of trees, &c. The rudeness of many such scenes might be softened by a judicious style and degree of clearing and smoothing, without injuring what might be successfully imitated in the most polished parts, their varied and intricate character.

Lawns are very commonly made by laying together a number of fields and meadows, which are generally cleared of every thing but the timber. When the hedges are taken away, it must be a great piece of luck, if the trees which were in them, and those which were scattered about the open parts, should so combine together, as to form a connected whole. The case is much more desperate, when a layer-out of grounds has persuaded the owner

> "To improve an old family seat,
> By *lawning* a hundred good acres of *wheat*;"

* Should this criticism induce any person who had not read the *Library*, to look at the part I have mentioned, he will soon forget his motive for looking at it, in his admiration of one of the most animated and highly poetical descriptions I ever read.

for the insides of *arable* grounds have seldom any trees in them, and the hedges but few; and then clumps and belts are the usual resources.

Such an improvement, however, is greatly admired, and I have frequently heard it wondered at, that a green lawn, which is so charming in nature, should look so ill when painted. It must be owned, that it does look miserably flat and insipid in a picture; but that is not entirely the fault of the painter, for it would be difficult to invent any thing more wretchedly insipid than one uniform green surface dotted with clumps, and surrounded by a belt. If, however, instead of such accompaniments, we supposed a lawn to be adorned with trees disposed in the happiest manner, still I believe it would scarcely be possible to make a long extent of smooth uniform green interesting in a picture; such a scene, even painted by a Claude, would want precisely what it wants in nature—that happy union of warm and cool, of smooth and rough, of picturesque and beautiful, which makes the charm of his best compositions.

But though such scenes as the great masters made choice of are much more varied and animated than one of mere grass can be, yet I am very far from wishing the peculiar character of lawns to be destroyed. The study of the principles of painting would be very ill applied by an improver, who should endeavour to give each scene every variety that might please in a picture separately considered, instead of such varieties as are consistent with its own peculiar character and situation, and with the connections and dependencies it has on other objects. Smoothness, verdure, and undulation, are the most characteristic beauties of a lawn, but they are in their nature closely allied to monotony. Improvers, instead of endeavouring to remedy that defect, towards which those essential qualities of beauty are constantly tending, have, on the contrary, added to it and made it much more striking, by the disposition of their trees, and their method of forming the banks of artificial rivers; nor have they confined this system of levelling and turfing to those scenes where smoothness and verdure ought to be the ground-work of improvement, but have made it the fundamental principle of their art.

With respect to those objects where a very different art is concerned, the impressions are also very different. A perfectly flat square meadow, surrounded by a neat hedge, and neither tree nor bush in it, is looked upon not only without disgust, but with pleasure, for it pretends only to neatness and utility, and the same may be said of a piece of arable of excellent husbandry; but, when a dozen pieces are laid together and called a lawn, or a pleasure-ground, with manifest pretensions to beauty,

the eye grows fastidious, and has not the same indulgence for taste as for agriculture. Where, indeed, men of property, either from false taste, or from a sordid desire of gain, disfigure such scenes or buildings as painters admire, our indignation is very justly excited—not so when agriculture, in its general progress, as is often unfortunately the case, interferes with picturesqueness or beauty. The painter may indeed lament, but that science which of all others most benefits mankind, has a right to more than his forgiveness, when wild thickets are converted into scenes of plenty and industry, and when gipsies and vagrants give way to the less picturesque figures of husbandmen and their attendants.

I believe the idea that smoothness and verdure will make amends for the want of variety and picturesqueness, arises from our not distinguishing those qualities that are grateful to the mere organ of sight, from those various combinations, which, through the progressive cultivation of that sense, have produced inexhaustible sources of delight and admiration. Mr. Mason observes, that green is to the eye what harmony is to the ear; the comparison holds throughout, for a long continuance of either, without some relief, is equally tiresome to both senses. Soft and smooth sounds are those which are most grateful to the mere sense; the least artful combination, even that of a third below sung by another voice, at first distracts the attention from the tune—when that is got over, a Venetian duet appears the perfection of melody and harmony. By degrees, however, the ear, like the eye, tires of a repetition of the same flowing strain; it requires some marks of invention, of original and striking character as well as of sweetness, in the melodies of a composer; it takes in more and more intricate combinations of harmony and opposition of parts, not only without confusion, but with delight, and with that delight (the only lasting one) which is produced both from the effect of the whole, and the detail of the parts. This I take to be the reason why those who are real connoisseurs in any art, can give the most unwearied attention to what the general lover is soon tired of. Both are struck, though not in the same manner or degree, with the *whole* of a scene; but the painter is also eagerly employed in examining the *parts*, and all the artifice of nature in composing such a whole. The general lover stops at the first gaze; and I have heard it said by those who in other pursuits showed the most discriminating taste, "Why should we look at these things any more?—we have seen them."

"Non ragionar di lor; ma guarda e passa."

The having acquired a relish for such artful combinations, so far from

excluding, except in narrow pedantic minds, a taste for simple melodies or simple scenes, heightens the enjoyment of them. It is only by such acquirements, that we learn to distinguish what is simple from what is bald and commonplace—what is varied and intricate from what is only perplexed.

[Before proceeding to plant the grounds of a place ornamentally, it is necessary carefully to study its character—to become thoroughly acquainted with the various inequalities of its surface—to consider also the different soils which present themselves, and after well digesting all these particulars, let the improver then bestow some thought upon the question, how nature would have done the work, had she been pleased to have executed it. Here I am presupposing the existence of two things; first, that the place has some variety of surface; and secondly, that the improver has studied the wooding of nature, which is still abundantly to be met with in all the wilder parts of our own country, especially in Wales, or in the Highlands of Scotland, as, for example, in the valleys running down in all directions from the Grampians, where the beauty of the natural woods is so very remarkable. If the place is so utterly devoid of variety of surface as to be absolutely a dead flat, and if it has no timber on it already, the existing arrangement of which might suggest to the improver some design for ultimately producing intricacy and interest, I should be disposed to advise the proprietor to fix his residence elsewhere. But if he is reduced to the necessity of settling there, by having no other choice, I should say that the best advice that can well be given him, is to plant and spare not; so that although he may be able to do nothing very effectual in producing beauty, he may at least have the gratification of seeing his trees grow, with the hope of leaving behind him something, which his son or his grandson may work into a place. He should always bear in mind, that trees are more easily removed than reared, and that there is more hope of a place where the house stands in the middle of a forest, than there can be where it appears staring in the midst of a bare plain, without a single tree within view. But in planting—whether in the smaller groves, or larger woods, the different kinds of timber trees should not be mixed, so as to produce one general *uniformity of variety*, if I may so express myself; but, for the most part, though perhaps not always, the individuals of each kind should be grouped together in considerable masses, irregular both in form and size. The trees, moreover, should be planted at such distances from each other, as may enable them, when grown up, to stand without risk of much interference with each other, being well

intermixed with hollies, thorns, yews, hazels, mountain-ash, elders, bird-cherries, junipers, and all the different kinds of trees and bushes of smaller growth. These should especially prevail about the edges of the grove or wood, and they should likewise be planted as much as possible in patches of the same plants. In short, the plantations of nature should be imitated as nearly as may be. The woods at a distance from the site of the house should be of larger dimensions, and they should partake more of the character of groves as they draw nearer to it, and as they get smaller in size, the variation of the trees of which they are composed, may become more frequent, and the groves and woods should be so arranged, as that they may play upon one another as you move among them—those nearer to the eye shifting upon those that are more distant, so as to give the idea of continuity, whilst, at the same time, the eye may have full permission to find its way in among them in different parts. And as I should rather prefer an over-doing than an under-doing of wood at first, so I should wish the proprietor to be early alive to the necessity of making frequent inroads upon the outline of his groves and woods, by carrying glades into them in certain places, and loosening their edges in others, so as by degrees to give air, that is relative distance, as well as nature, to the whole scene. But the attempt to convert so utterly flat and unfavourable a subject as that which we have now supposed to exist is rarely to be made.

Then, if the improver has never enjoyed the opportunity of studying the manner in which nature plants, he will labour under great disadvantages, and must e'en make up the deficiency by availing himself a largely as he can of the study of the works of the best landscape painters, modern as well as ancient.

But, granting that the place which is to be improved is blessed with some degree of variety of ground, though it should even be altogether without any other requisite, plantation alone may in time give wonderful charms to it. For then the sides of the steeps may be covered with woods, the trees of which may be brought feathering loosely down from the denser parts, and scattered in irregular confusion upon the sloping lawns. Dingles and dells may be made mysteriously intricate and interesting, by filling them with dark woods, and tangled thickets in one place, and leaving natural openings of fairy-like turf in others, on which the richest mellowed lights may fall. Groves and dense coverts may clothe the knolls, and straggle towards one another with a species of broken continuity, so as to leave no mass in a staring and isolated condition—and the whole may thus be made to resemble a portion of one of Nature's own wild woodland scenes.

The question will naturally arise, how many years must elapse before such a change could be effected on a perfectly treeless place? The answer to this question will naturally depend upon the nature of the soil, and the degree of liberality of expenditure which the proprietor may be disposed to lay out upon its plantation. But, even under circumstances the least favourable, it may be answered by any one who has had the good fortune to read a most interesting volume called "*the Blair-Adam Book*," written and printed, though not published, by my venerable and highly respected friend the late Right Honourable William Adam, Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court in Scotland. The origin of this work is thus graphically recorded in its own pages:—"It was on a fine Sunday, lying on the grassy summit of Bennarty, above its craggy brow, that Sir Walter Scott said, looking first at the flat expanse of Kinross-shire, (on the south side of the Ochils,) and then at the space which Blair-Adam fills between the hill of Drumglow, (the highest of the Cleish hills,) and the valley of Lochore, 'What an extraordinary thing it is, that here to the north so little appears to have been done, where there are so many proprietors to work upon it, and to the south, here is a district of country entirely made by the efforts of one family, in three generations, and one of them amongst us in the full enjoyment of what has been done by his two predecessors and himself! Blair-Adam, as I have always heard, had a wild, uncomely, and unhospitable appearance, before its improvements were begun. It would be most curious to record in writing its original state, and trace its gradual progress to its present condition.'" The idea thus suggested by Sir Walter Scott, so pleased the Chief Commissioner, that he resolved to carry it into effect, and thus was the Blair-Adam Book produced.

Before the year 1733, the property of Blair-Adam, lying in an extremely dull and unpromising country, which might be said to be entirely destitute of wood, had but one solitary ash-tree upon it. The author of the book divides the history of the progress of its improvement from this truly hopeless state, into three distinct eras, viz:—that from 1733, when his grandfather William Adam began his operations, to 1748, when he died—the second era, that from 1748, when his father John Adam succeeded, to 1792, when he died—and the third, from 1792, when the late Lord Chief Commissioner succeeded, to the date of writing the book in 1834. To explain more perfectly the extent of beneficial change produced on the property during these different eras, the work is illustrated with four plans.

The first of these plans shows the state of the property before 1733, with that single tree upon it, in which it had then so much reason to rejoice.

The second exhibits the state of the property, as left by the grandfather, in 1748.

The third represents it, as left by the father, in 1792.

And the fourth gives the whole improvements on the estate as executed up to 1834, and consequently it furnishes a valuable example of what may be accomplished in the course of a century. There being now about nine hundred acres of wood, great part of which is well-grown timber, yielding without any sacrifice of beauty, a very considerable revenue.

Mr. William Adam, the grandfather, adopted that formal style of planting which prevailed in his time, so that the second plan, which shows the state of the property at his death, is covered with straight hedge-rows, bisecting each other at right angles—long avenues regularly lined off, each mathematically to correspond with the other—and in certain places circles, some of solid plantation surrounded by lawn—and others of open lawn surrounded by the circle of trees. A reference to the third plan—that of 1792—shows that John Adam, the father, had not only very much increased the plantations, but that he had succeeded in destroying the formality of the place as left by his father, as well as in giving to it a considerable degree of intricacy and interest. But the fourth plan, that of 1834, proves that the Lord Chief Commissioner added both to the extent of the timber on the estate, and to the beauty of the place, in a still greater degree.

In thus so particularly noticing Blair-Adam, I by no means desire to bring it forward as a perfect specimen of landscape gardening. Its late venerable and highly gifted owner himself, considered it in no other light than as a *terre ornée*, where agriculture, and the necessary evils of its accompanying fences, were objects of too great importance to be sacrificed, and which consequently fettered the hands of taste, though even these were executed with unusual care and judgment. My reason for selecting Blair-Adam is rather to show how much may be made of a place of the most unfavourable promise, by planting perseveringly, and with some attention to the nature and form of the ground. Where it has been possible, without sacrificing utility, to introduce touches of beauty, such favourable opportunities have not been neglected, but have been rendered successfully available. I need not particularize instances, but I may mention the Glen, and the Burn, and the Kiery Craigs, all of them objects of little interest until rendered interesting by the beautiful manner in which they have been wooded, as well as the fruit-garden, which, though walled on three sides, has been converted into a most interesting spot, by the manner in which it has been inclosed on the south

side, and in a great measure surrounded by a wilderness, in which is to be found intermixed a profusion of evergreen trees and shrubs of remarkable growth. Were it a matter of prudence to make a large sacrifice of income to absolute taste, often in itself unprofitable, I should say that Blair-Adam is now in that very state in which a judicious landscape gardener, with full powers and means allowed him, might produce the happiest effects in the shortest period of years, and with the least comparative labour, so as to introduce the appearance of perfect nature into every part of it.

It is somewhat remarkable that it should have fallen to the lot of the same individuals of the same family, I mean William and John Adam, the grandfather and father of the Chief Commissioner, to create and alter another place in the same way that they did Blair-Adam. This was the small property of North-Merchiston, near Edinburgh. It consisted of a square field of about thirty acres, which was surrounded by a wall, and planted by the grandfather with a circle in the centre, which had four regular avenues breaking off from it in four different directions. One of these avenues terminated in a straight row of trees running at right angles to it and flanking a broad walk ending with a lime tree on each side. The vista to this walk to the east was the castle of Edinburgh, and the tower of St Giles's Church, and the house was placed at the western end of it. John Adam broke up his father's formal lines here, as he did at Blair-Adam, and from what I recollect of the place when I visited it as a boy, the effects of his operations were very pleasing. From the intimacy that subsisted between Mr. Adam and Shenstone, whom he visited at the Leasowes, it seems to be doubtful whether the poet's formation of that celebrated place was not materially assisted, if not suggested, by the hints which he received from his Scottish friend. The place of North Merchiston afterwards passed into other hands, and it has since been much demolished by having its timber greatly diminished, and the Edinburgh and Glasgow canal carried directly through it, so as to subdivide it. But injured as it has been, there yet remains enough of beautiful features about it, to encourage a proprietor of taste to give it such restoration as might yet convert it into a very delightful villa, and the rich distant views which it commands, add much to the temptation to commence such an undertaking.

In considering the effects of the growth of plantation during a century as exhibited at Blair-Adam, it must be remembered that a much shorter period of active and judicious planting may produce changes the most satisfactory, so as richly to reward the proprietor who may have so employed his time and money, both by the pleasure

and the profit he may reap during many years of his own life. This, of course, will be more easily accomplished if ancient trees or older woods have chanced to exist already, especially if they do so amidst a variety of surface, and a favourable combination of natural features. I could mention many places where the proprietors who made the plantations on them still live in green vigour to enjoy the daily improving effects of their earlier operations. But the seat of a friend, which I have had occasion lately to visit, is at this moment particularly in my mind, as a most pregnant example of this. I mean Blairquhan in Ayrshire, the residence of Sir David Hunter Blair, Baronet. There the situation is peculiarly favourable, from the variety of form of the surrounding grounds, and the shapes of the retiring hills—from the noble ancient trees that exist in the vicinity of the house—as well as from the stream of the Girvan and its romantic glen, up which you approach the wider valley, where the mansion stands on its elevated side. But the great extent of judiciously-planted and well-grown woods, which Sir David has created within the short period of thirty years, has already had the effect of giving a noble magnitude to the demesne. It may now be said to be in that stage of advancement, when the happiest results may be anticipated; and these will certainly be produced, by the gradual destruction of the hard lines inevitably occasioned by fences—the loosening of the edges of woods and groves —the introduction of glades in certain parts of them, and perhaps by the enrichment of portions of the more open lawns by partial plantations.

I may likewise notice Dunskey, near Portpatrick, a place belonging to Colonel Hunter Blair, brother to Sir David, which affords, if possible, a still more remarkable example of what may be done by plantation, even in apparently the most unfavourable circumstances. About eight hundred acres of thriving wood having been got up there within a very short period of time, on ground generally much elevated, and exposed to the whole blast from the Irish Channel. In the island of Islay, also, Mr. Campbell of Islay, though a young man, has in his own time raised about thirteen hundred acres of wood, and he has now the satisfaction of being able to drive for miles under the shade of thriving trees of his own rearing.

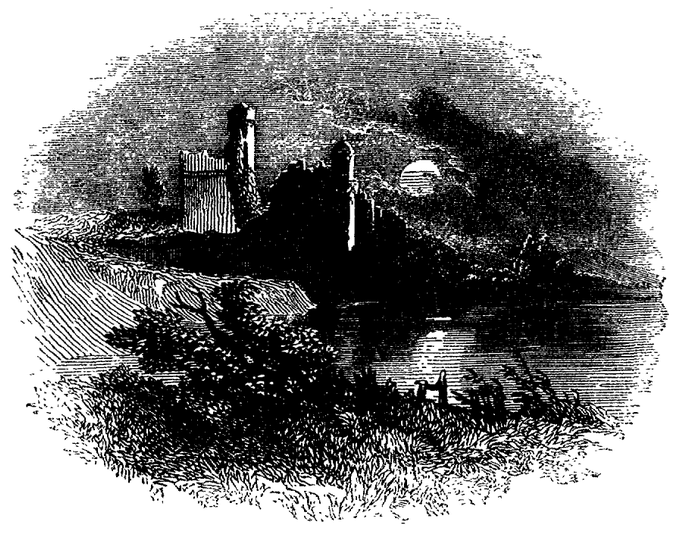
To conclude the few remarks which I have ventured to subjoin to those of Price upon planting, I shall only add, that the effects sought to be produced by the mixture of the different varieties of trees and shrubs, must be much guided by the comparative greatness or smallness of the place on which the improver is operating, minute at-

tention to the introduction of particular kinds being more admissible in a smaller place, or in the smaller or more observed parts of a larger place, than in other positions. On this particular point, Mr. Wheatley speaks most sensibly—as indeed he does on planting in general. "All these inferior varieties," says he, "are below our notice in the consideration of great effects: they are of consequence only where the plantation is near to the sight; where it skirts a home scene, or borders the side of a walk; and in a shrubbery, which in its nature is little, both in style and in extent, they should be anxiously sought for. The noblest wood is not indeed disfigured by them; and when a wood, having served as a great object to one spot, becomes in another the edge of a walk, little circumstances, varying with ceaseless change along the outline, will then be attended to; but wherever these minute varieties are fitting, the grossest taste will feel the propriety, and the most cursory observation will suggest the distinctions—a detail of all would be endless, nor can they be reduced into classes. To range the shrubs and small trees so that they may mutually set off the beauties and conceal the blemishes of each other—to aim at no effects which depend on a nicety for their success, and which the soil, the exposure, or the season of the day may destroy—to attend more to the groups than the individuals—and to consider the whole as a plantation, not as a collection of plants, are the best general rules that can be given concerning them."

One remark more, and I have done with this part of the subject. Nothing can be more unwise than to trust to delicate foreign trees or shrubs for the production of important effects, which may thus be all ruined by the destructive cold of some severe winter. Such tender strangers may be well enough introduced experimentally—but they should have places assigned to them where their failure may produce no serious blank, if they should unfortunately perish.

I shall offer but a single word on the subject of lawns. Levelling, smooth shaving, and rolling, are operations only admissible close to the house—and even there it is better that it should be associated with terraces, bowling-greens, flower-knots, and such minor pieces of formality as are in keeping with that of the architecture. Everywhere else the lawns should be in rich and natural looking pasture, especially where they begin to sweep away under trees, or to lose themselves in the woodlands. In such places, some of the more graceful wild plants, such as those of the fern tribe, the great tussilago, and others, may occasionally be permitted to show themselves—and even tufts of whins may not be altogether out of place. And as it is well known that the

best way to produce good pasture, is to put a great variety of animals upon it—so by having groups of cattle, horses, sheep, goats, and even asses, constantly grazing together, you will not only thereby ensure the richness of the surface, but you will also add to the interest of your scenery by the variety of the living objects which will thus be seen giving animation to it.—E.]



CHAPTER XII.

Of all the effects in landscape, the most brilliant and captivating are those produced by water—on the management of which, as I have been told, Mr. Brown particularly piqued himself. If those beauties in natural rivers and lakes which are imitable by art, and the selections of them in the works of great painters, be the proper objects of imitation, Mr. Brown grossly mistook his talent; for among all his tame productions, his pieces of made water are perhaps the most so.

One striking property of water, and that which most distinguishes it from the grosser element of earth, is its being a mirror; and a mirror which gives a peculiar freshness and tenderness to the colours it reflects. It softens the stronger lights, though the lucid veil it throws over them seems hardly to diminish their brilliancy, and gives breadth, and often depth, to the shadows, while from its glassy surface they gain a peculiar look of transparency. These beautiful and varied effects, however, are chiefly produced by the *near* objects—by trees and bushes immediately on the banks, by those which hang over the water, and form dark coves beneath their branches—by various tints of the soil where the ground is broken—by roots, and old trunks of trees—by tussucks of rushes, and by large stones that are partly whitened by the air, and partly covered

with mosses, lichens, and weather-stains; while the soft tufts of grass, and the smooth verdure of meadows with which they are intermixed, appear a thousand times more soft, smooth, and verdant by such contrasts.

But to produce reflections there must be objects; for, according to a maxim I have heard quoted from the old law of France, (a maxim that hardly required the sanction of such venerable authority,) *ou il n'y a rien, le roi perd ses droits;* and this is generally a case in point with respect to Mr. Brown's artificial rivers. Even when, according to Mr. Walpole's description, "a few trees, scattered here and there on its edges, sprinkle the tame bank that accompanies its meanders," the reflections would not have any great variety, or brilliancy. The passage I have quoted is in his Treatise on Modern Gardening. The general tenor of that part is in commendation of the present style of made water; but this passage contains more just and pointed satire than ever was conveyed in the same number of words: "a *few* trees *scattered* here and there on its *edges*, *sprinkle* the *tame* bank." It seems to me that in the midst of praises, his natural taste breaks out into criticism, perhaps unintended, and which, on that account, may well sting the improver who reads them; for the sting is always much sharper when

> "Medio de fonte leporum
> Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus angat."

The meanders of a river, which at every turn present scenes of a different character, make us strongly feel the use and the charm of them; but when the same sweeps return as regularly as the steps of a minuet, the eye is quite wearied with following them over and over again. What makes the sweeps much more formal, is their extreme nakedness. The sprinkling of a few scattered trees on their edges will not do; there must be masses, and groups, and various degrees of openings, and concealment—and by such means, some little variety may be given even to these tame banks, for tame they always will remain: and it may here be observed, that the same objects which produce reflections, produce also variety of outline, of tints, of lights and shadows, as well as intricacy. So intimate is the connection between all these different beauties; so often does the absence of one of them imply the absence of the others.

In the turns of a beautiful river, the lines are so varied with projections, coves, and inlets—with smooth and broken ground—with some parts open, and with others fringed and overhung with trees and bushes—with peeping rocks, large mossy stones, and all their soft and brilliant

reflections, that the eye lingers upon them; the two banks seem as it were to protract their meeting, and to form their junction insensibly, they so blend and unite with each other. In Mr. Brown's naked canals, nothing detains the eye a moment; and the two bare sharp extremities appear to cut into each other. If in such productions a near approach to mathematical exactness were a merit instead of a defect, the sweeps of Mr. Brown's water would be admirable: for many of them seem not to have been formed by degrees with the spade, but scooped out at once by an immense iron crescent, which after cutting out the indented part on one side, was applied to the opposite side, and then reversed to make the sweeps; so that in each sweep the indented and the projecting parts, if they could be shoved together, would fit like the pieces of a dissected map.

When I speak of Mr. Brown's artificial water, I include, without much scruple, the greater part of what has been made since his time. I consider him as the Hercules to whom the labours of the lesser heroes are to be attributed, and they have had no difficulty in copying his model exactly. Natural rivers, indeed, can only be imitated by the eye either in painting or reality; but his may be surveyed, and an exact plan taken of them by admeasurement; and though such a representation would not accord with a Claude or a Gaspar, it might with great propriety be hung up with a map of the demesne.

Where these serpentine canals are made, if there happen to be any sudden breaks or inequalities in the ground—any thickets or bushes—any thing, in short, that might cover the rawness and formality of new work—instead of taking advantage of such accidents, all must be made level and bare; and, by a strange perversion of terms, stripping nature stark-naked, is called dressing her.

A piece of stagnant water, with that thin, uniform, grassy edge which always remains after the operation of levelling, is much more like a temporary overflowing in a meadow or pasture, than what it professes to imitate—a lake or a river; for the principal distinction between the outline of such an overflowing, and that of a permanent piece of water neither formed nor improved by art, is, that the flood-water is in general everywhere even with the grass, that there are no banks to it, nothing that appears firmly to contain it. In order, therefore, to impress on the whole of any artificial water a character of age, permanency, capacity, and above all, of naturalness as well as variety, some degree of height and of abruptness in the banks is required, and different degrees of both; some appearance of their having been in parts gradually worn and undermined by the successive action of rain and

frost, and even by that of the water when put in motion by winds: for the banks of a mill-pond, which is proverbial for stillness, are generally undermined in parts by a succession of such accidental circumstances. All this diversity of rough broken ground, varying in height and form, and accompanied with projecting trees and bushes, will readily be acknowledged to have more painter-like effects, than one bare, uniform slope of grass; that acknowledgment is quite sufficient, and the objections, which are easily foreseen, are easily answered; for there are various ways in which rudeness may be corrected and disguised, as well as blended with what is smooth and polished, without destroying the marked character of nature on the one hand, or a dressed appearance on the other;—of this I have given some few instances in my letter to Mr. Repton. But as artificial lakes and rivers are usually made, the water appears in every part so nearly on the same level with the land, and so totally without banks, that were it not for the regularity of the curves, a stranger might often suppose that when dry weather came the flood would go off, and the meadow be restored to its natural state. Sometimes, however, it happens, that the bottoms of meadows and pastures subject to floods, are in parts bounded by natural banks against which the water lies, where it takes a very natural and varied form, and might easily from many points, and those not distant, be mistaken for part of a river. To such overflowings I of course do not mean to allude—the comparison would do a great deal too much honour to those pieces of water, the banks of which had been formed by Mr. Brown; for it is impossible to see any part of them without knowing them to be artificial.

Among the various ways in which the present style of artificial water has been defended, certain passages from the poets have been quoted,* to show that it is a great beauty in a river to have the water close to the edge of the grass:—

"May thy *brimmed* waves for this
Their full tribute never miss."

"Vivo de pumice fontes
Roscida mobilibus *lambebant gramina* rivis." †

To which might be added the well known passage:—

"Without o'erflowing, full."

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* Essay on Design in Gardening, p. 203.
† Claudian de raptu Proserpinæ.

I have such respect for the feeling which most poets have shown for natural beauties, and think they have so often and so happily expressed what is, and ought to be, the general feeling of mankind, that wherever they were clearly and uniformly against me, I should certainly, as far as that general sensation was concerned, allow myself to be in the wrong. In this case, however, I can safely agree with the poets, and yet condemn Mr. Brown. With regard to the first instance, I might say, that without thinking of beauty, it is a very natural compliment to a river-god or goddess, to wish their streams always full; but I am ready to admit, that by *brimmed* waves the poet meant as full as the river could be without overflowing, and that it were to be wished, for the sake of beauty, that rivers could be always kept in that state. All this is clearly in favour of an equal height of the *water;* but can it be inferred from this, or, I will venture to say, from any passage whatever, that Milton, or any other poet, was of opinion that the *banks* ought everywhere to be of an equal height above the water, and the ground equally sloped down to it? If it be allowed, as I presume it must, that no such idea is to be found amongst the poets, I am sure it can as little be justified by natural scenery; for let us imagine the river to be brimful, like a canal, for a certain distance from any given point, and then, as it perpetually happens, the bank to rise suddenly to a considerable height; the *water* must remain on the same level, but the *brim* would be changed, and instead of being brimful, according to an idea taken from Mr. Brown, not from Milton, the river though full, would in that place be deep within its banks. But still, it has been argued, when the water rises to the upper edge of the banks, the signs of their having been worn cannot appear: certainly not in Mr. Brown's canals, where monotony is so carefully guarded, that the full stream of a real river would, for a long time, hardly produce any variety. But do rivers, in their natural state, never swell with rain or snow, and, before they discharge themselves over the *lowest* parts, wear and undermine their *higher* banks? a distinction, which does not exist in what are called imitations of rivers. Do not the marks of such floods on the higher banks remain after the river has retired into its proper channel, that is, nearly to the height of the *lower* banks? But even on a supposition of its never overflowing, and never sinking, the same thing would happen in some degree; for it does happen in stagnant water, and must wherever there are any steep banks exposed to the usual effects of rain and frost.

The image in Claudian is extremely poetical, and no less pleasing in reality. The passage relates, however, to a small rivulet, not to a river. But, supposing it did relate to a river, are we thence to infer that accord-

ing to the poet's meaning, nothing but grass ought *anywhere* to be in contact with the water, and that the turf must *everywhere* be regularly sloped down to it? that there must be no *other* image? When trees from a steep and broken bank form an arch over the water, and dip their foliage in the stream; when the clear mirror beneath reflects their branching roots, the coves under them, the jutting rocks upon which they have fastened, and seem to hold in their embrace, and the bright and mellow tints of large moss-crowned stones that have their foundation below the water, and rising out of it, support and form a part of the bank—would the poet sigh for grass only, and wish to destroy, level, and cover with turf these and a thousand other beautiful and picturesque circumstances? Would he object to the river, because it was not every where brimful to the top of *all* its banks, and did not *everywhere* kiss the grass? And are we to conclude, that when poets mention one beauty, they mean to exclude all the rest?

It may possibly be said, that there are *natural* rivers, the banks of which, like those of Mr. Brown's, keep for a long time together the same level above the water. There certainly are such rivers, but I never heard of their being admired, or frequented for their beauty. It is possible also, that there may be found some lake or mere, with a uniform grassy edge all round it; I can only say, that such an instance of complete natural monotony, though it may be admired for its rarity, cannot be a proper object of imitation. But if an improver happens to be placed in a level country, should he not even there consult the *genius loci?* without doubt, and therefore he will not attempt hanging rocks and precipices; but he may surely be allowed to steal from the better genius of some other scene, a few circumstances of beauty and variety that will not be incompatible with his own. By such methods, many pleasing effects may be given to an artificial river even in a dead flat; but where there is any natural variety in the ground, with a tendency to wood and other vegetation, nothing but art systematically absurd, and diligently employed in counteracting the efforts of nature, can create and preserve perfect monotony in the banks of water.

An imitation of the most striking varieties of nature, so skilfully arranged as to pass for nature herself, would certainly be acknowledged as the highest attainment of art; for however fond of art, and even of the appearance of it, some improvers seem to be, if a stranger were to mistake one of their pieces of made water for the Thames, such an error I imagine would not only be forgiven, but considered as the highest compliment, notwithstanding the well known exclamation of Mr. Brown, when he was looking with rapture and exultation at one of his

own canals—"Thames! Thames! thou wilt never forgive me!" Yet, strange as it must appear, no one seems to have thought of copying those circumstances which might occasion so flattering a deception. If it were proposed to any of these professors to make an artificial river without regular curves, slopes, and levelled banks, but with those characteristic beauties and negligencies, which so plainly distinguish natural rivers from all that has hitherto been done in the pretended imitations of them by art, they would, in Briggs's language, "stare like stuck pigs—do no such thing." Their talent lies another way; and if you have a *real* river, and will let them improve it, you will be surprised to find how soon they will make it like an *artificial* one; so much so, that the most critical eye could scarcely discover that its banks had not been planned by Mr. Brown, and formed by the spade and the wheel-barrow.

The lines in natural rivers, in by-roads, in the skirtings of glades of forests, have sometimes the appearance of regular curves, and seem to justify the use of them in artificial scenery; but something always saves them from such a crude degree of it. If, on a subject so very unmathematical, I might venture to use any allusion to that science, or any term drawn from it, such lines might be called picturesque asymptotes; however they may approach to regular curves, they never fall into them.

I am persuaded that a very great improvement might be made in the banks of artificial water merely by a different mode of practice, without expecting from every professor the eye, or the invention of a Poussin. Mr. Brown and his followers have indeed shown very little invention, if it even deserve that name, and of that little they have been great economists. With them, walks, roads, brooks, rivers are, as it were, convertible terms; dry one of their rivers, it is a large walk or road—flood a walk or a road, it is a brook or a river, and the accompaniments, like the drone of a bagpipe, always remain the same. They do not indeed, always dam up a brook; it sometimes, though rarely, is allowed its liberty; but like animals that are suffered by the owner to run loose, it is marked as private property, by being mutilated. No operation in what is called improvement has such an appearance of barbarity, as that of destroying the modest retired character of a brook. I remember some burlesque lines on the treatment of Regulus by the Carthaginians, which perfectly describe the effect of that operation:

> "His eyelids they pared;
> Good God, how he stared!"

Just so do those improvers torture a brook, by widening it, cutting away its natural fringe, and exposing it to " day's garish eye."

If, instead of having their banks regularly sloped and shaven, or being turned into regular pieces of water, brooks were sometimes stopped partially and to different degrees of height, and every advantage were taken of the natural beauties of their banks, a number of pleasing and varied effects might be obtained. There are often parts, where by a small degree of digging so as to lower the bottom, or of obstruction by mere earth and stones, the water would lie, as in a natural bed, under banks enriched with vegetation; by such means there would be a succession of still, and of running water—of clear reflection, and of lively motion.

These beauties are so great, and so easily obtained, that before a running stream is forced into a piece of stagnant water, the advantages of such an alteration ought to be very apparent. If it be determined, nothing that may compensate for such a loss should be neglected; and as the water itself can have but one uniform surface, every variety of which banks are capable, should be studied both from nature and painting, and those selected, which will best accord with the general scenery. Objects of reflection are peculiarly required, for besides their distinct beauty, they soften the cold white glare of what is usually called a fine sheet of water—an expression which contains a very just criticism on what it seems to commend; for certainly water is far from being in its most beautiful state, when it is most like the object to which it is thus compared. Collins, indeed, in his Ode to Evening, has used this kind of expression with great propriety :—

" Where some *sheety* lake
Cheers the lone heath."

For water on a heath, where there are scarcely any objects of reflection, has a sheety appearance; yet in such a situation, and towards the close of day, a cheering one. There is, however, one kind of scenery by which the expression may be still more naturally suggested; and I can easily conceive that on seeing a piece of made water in its usual naked state, any person might be struck with the uniform whiteness of the water itself, and the uniform greenness, and exact level of its banks, or rather its border; the idea of linen spread upon grass might thence very naturally occur to him, which in civil language he would express by a fine sheet of water. This has always been meant and taken as a flattering expression, though nothing can more pointedly describe the defects of such a scene; for had there been any variety in the banks, with deep

shades, brilliant lights and reflections, the idea of a sheet would hardly have suggested itself, or if it had, he who made such a comparison would have made a very bad one,

"And liken'd things that are not like at all."

But in the other case, nothing can be more alike than a sheet of water, and a real sheet; and wherever there is a large bleaching-ground, the most exact imitations of Mr. Brown's lakes and rivers might be made in linen, and they would be just as proper objects of jealousy to the Thames as any of his performances.

I happened to be at a gentleman's house, the architect of which, (to use Colin Campbell's expression,) "had not preserved the majesty of the front from the ill effect of crowded apertures." A neighbour of his, meaning to pay him a compliment on the number and closeness of his windows, exclaimed, "What a charming house you have!—Upon my word it is quite like a lantern." I must own I think the two compliments equally flattering; but a charming lantern has not yet had the success of a fine sheet.

I am aware that Mr. Brown's admirers, with one voice, will quote the great piece of water at Blenheim, as a complete answer to all I have said against him on this subject. No one can admire more highly than I do that most princely of all places; but it would be doing great injustice to nature and Vanbrugh, not to distinguish their merits in forming it from those of Mr. Brown.

If there be an improvement more obvious than all others, it is that of damming up a stream which flows on a gentle level through a valley; and it required no effort of genius to place the head, as Mr. Brown has done, in the narrowest and most concealed part. He has, indeed, the negative merit (and it is one to which he is not always entitled,) of having left the opposite bank of wood in its natural state; and had he profited by so excellent a model—had he formed and planted the other more distant banks, so as to have continued something of the same style and character round the lake, though with those diversities which would naturally have occurred to a man of the least invention, he would, in my opinion, have had some claim to a title created since his time—a title of no small pretension—that of *landscape gardener*. But if the banks above and near the bridge were formed or even approved of by him, his taste had more of the engineer than the painter; for they have so strong a resemblance to the glacis of a fortification, that we might suppose the shape had been given them in compliment to the first Duke of Marlborough's campaigns in Flanders.

The bank near the house which is opposite to the wooded one, and which forms part of the pleasure-ground, is extremely well done—for that required a high degree of polish, and there the gardener was at home. Without meaning to detract from his real merit in that part, but at the same time to reduce it to what appears to me its just value, I must observe that two things have contributed to give it a rich effect at a distance, as well as a varied and dressed look within itself. In the first place, there were several old trees there before he began his works, and their high and spreading tops would unavoidably prevent that dead flatness of outline, *cet air écrasé*, which his own close, lumpy plantations of trees always exhibit. In the next place, the situation of this spot called for a large proportion of exotics of various heights; those of lower growth, though chiefly put in clumps, of which the edgy borders have a degree of formality, yet, being subordinate, and not interfering with the higher growths or with the original trees, have from the opposite bank the appearance of a rich underwood; and the beauty and comparative variety of that garden scene from all points, are strongly in favour of the method of planting I described in a former chapter. It is clear to me, however, that Mr. Brown did not make use of this method from principle, for, in that case, he would sometimes, at least, have tried it in less polished scenes, by substituting thorns, hollies, &c., in the place of shrubs. Of the rich, airy, and even dressed effect of such mixtures, he must have seen numberless examples in forests, in parks, on the banks of rivers, and from them he might have drawn the most useful instruction, were it to be expected that those who profess to improve nature should ever deign to become her scholars.

It may be said, however, that though he did not take this method of giving concealment, richness, and variety to the lower part of his plantations, and of guarding against monotony in the outline above, yet that he meant such monotony to be prevented by constant and judicious thinning—that a professor's business is to *form*, not to *thin* plantations, and that Mr. Brown ought not to be made answerable for the neglect of gardeners. But a physician would deserve very ill of his patient, who, after prescribing for the moment, should abandon him to the care of his nurse, and who in his future visits should concern himself no farther, but let the disorder take its course, till the patient was irrecoverably emaciated and exhausted. Mr. Brown, during a long practice, frequently repeated his visits; but, as far as I have observed, the trees in his plantations bear no mark of his attention—indeed, his clumps strongly prove his love of compactness. There is another circumstance in his plantations which deserves to be remarked—a favour-

ite mixture of his was that of beech and Scotch firs in nearly equal proportion, but where unity and simplicity of character are given up, it should be for the sake of a variety that will harmonize, which *two* trees, so equal in size and quantity, and so strongly contrasted in form and colour, can never do.

This puts me in mind of an anecdote I heard of a person very much used to look at objects with a painter's eye. He had three cows; when his wife with a very proper economy, observed, that two were quite sufficient for their family, and desired him to part with one of them—"Lord, my dear," said he, "*two* cows, you know, can never group."

A third tree (like a third cow) might have connected and blended the discordant forms and colours of the beech and Scotch fir; but every thing I have seen of Mr. Brown's works have convinced me that he had, in a figurative sense, no *eye*, and, if he had had none in the literal sense, it would have only been a private misfortune—

"And partial evil, universal good."

I have given what I thought the just degree of praise to Mr. Brown for the method in which he has planted the garden scene which accompanies one part of the lake; but to judge properly of his taste and invention in the management of water, we must observe those banks with their accompaniments, which he has formed *entirely* himself, and that we may do without quitting Blenheim;—below the cascade all is his own, and a more complete piece of monotony could hardly be furnished even from his own works. When he was no longer among shrubs and gravel walks, the gardener was quite at a loss; for his mind had never been prepared by a study of the great masters of landscape for a more enlarged one of nature. Finding, therefore, no invention, no resources within himself, he copied what he had most seen, and most admired—his own little works; and in the same spirit in which he had magnified a parterre, he planned a gigantic gravel walk—when it was dug out, he filled it with another element, called it a river, and thought that the noblest stream in this kingdom must be jealous of such a rival.

["Water," says Mr. Wheatley, "though not absolutely necessary to a beautiful composition, yet occurs so often, and is so capital a feature, that it is always regretted when wanting; and no large place can be supposed, a little spot can hardly be imagined, in which it may not be agreeable. It accommodates itself to every situation—is the most interesting object in a landscape, and the happiest circumstance

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

There can be no doubt that water, whether running or spreading out in a broad lake, or pool, very much improves the animation of a place. Even when it is attended by the most unfavourable circumstances, it is sure to be productive of one grand aud ever changeful effect—I mean that of repeating the splendid colouring of the clouds, as well as their magical movements over the blue ether ; whilst its occasional reflection of the moon, or that of the setting sun, which kindles up the wavelets on its surface into golden flames, are accidents of the most gorgeous description. However small the body of water may be, it will be found to yield this description of beauty in a greater or lesser degree, exactly in a proportion corresponding to that of its size. Some extent of water, then, is desirable in every scene, if it can possibly be procured. That place, of course, is most to be envied, where bountiful Nature has made it flow through its grounds in spontaneous streams of sufficient magnitude, or where she has spread it abroad in some large natural basin in the form of a considerable lake. In both these cases the banks will at least be varied and irregular in shape, and with these advantages much

may be done to increase their beauty, by judicious planting and shrubbing. But where no such natural waters exist, the construction of artificial waters should certainly be attempted, if the nature of the ground, and other circumstances, will admit of their formation. I think that the project which most rarely succeeds, and which I honestly confess I have never, to my mind, seen successful, is that of the formation of an artificial river. When executed even in the most ingenious manner, a stranger may be deceived for a time, by the tricks which may be employed to hoodwink him, but his disappointment and disgust are just so much the greater when these tricks are found out; when the ends of the pretended river are once discovered, the character of the piece of water as such is gone for ever, and it is always thenceforth regarded as a miserable cheat. The dam which confines an artificial lake or pool has no such offensive effect even when it is detected, for, artificial or natural, the piece of water still remains a lake or pool.

But where the supply from rills or springs is sufficient, and the ground is at all favourable, it is quite possible to construct a piece of water which shall have all the appearance of a natural lake or tarn. The great secret for accomplishing this, is to imitate nature in all respects, as far as art can do so. The grand point, therefore, is, if possible, to select a spot where some natural valley or hollow can be most easily blocked up, and that with the least appearance of artifice, so as to arrest the discharge of the running waters it may contain, until they may swell up to such a height as to float it backwards to the required extent. I can conceive, nay I have seen, such situations where the shores afforded bold headlands, and projecting points, and where even rocky steeps, and broken recesses and promontories were happily found. But where these do not exist already, it will require an improver of no ordinary talent to produce them by artificial means, so that they shall look at all like nature, and if he is to fall short of this object, he had better not make the attempt. But much may be accomplished by plantation, and this should not be scanty, but so liberal as to give ample room for after openings, if such shall appear to be demanded. When the trees rise to a tolerable height, the beauty of the contrast of light and shade upon the water, as well as on its banks, will thus be much increased, and every little bay or recess will begin to have its peculiar interest.

> " Silva coronat aquas, cingens latus omne, suisque
> Frondibus, ut velo, Phœbeos submovet ignes."
>
> *Ovid, L. V.*

And as the lapping of the waves against the shores will every day be wearing them out more and more into a natural aspect, and as reeds, sedges,

bullrushes, the typha, and aquatics of various other kinds, may be planted here and there in the shallows, and water-lilies in parts that are a little deeper, the march of Nature will gradually advance, till she obtains a perfect dominion over the whole scene. If the piece of water be of such a size as to admit of its being the abode of waterfowl, it is quite indispensable to construct islands for their breeding and protection, however flat or small they may be—and if these are even covered over with willows, and bounded by reeds and sedges, they will add somewhat to the effect of the whole, whilst their winged and web-footed inhabitants will give a continual life to the lake. As an object of interest, as well as of amusement and advantage, fish should not be forgotten. Nothing can be more beautiful than to behold the trouts of a lake rising at the flies, in a fine summer evening, in so great numbers, as absolutely to dimple its glassy surface. To ensure this profusion of fish, it is quite essential that the rill that supplies the lake should enter it at one end and quit it at the other, so as to produce a certain degree of current throughout its whole length. It is also desirable that as many little feeders as can be commanded should find their way into the lake from its sides, as it is on the small gravelly shallows which these form at their emboucheures, that the fish are most inclined to deposit their spawn; and to promote their doing so, artificial beds of such gravel should be projected into the lake, where they do not naturally exist.

Even on the smallest piece of water a swan produces a sparkling effect when seen amidst the bright light, or the deep green shadow which is thrown over the surface of the pool by the superincumbent foliage, and nothing gives greater animation to a scene.

Before concluding my remarks in this place, I must beg not to be misapprehended as recommending the change of every full, active, bustling, and interesting little stream into an extensive inundation. Local circumstances must always guide every such determination. In some cases the sacrifice may be too great, and the gain too small, whilst in others, the change may be so manifestly of advantage, as to render the sacrifice highly expedient.—E.]

CHAPTER XIII.

I HAVE now gone through the principal points of modern gardening; but the observations I have made relate almost entirely to the *grounds*, and not to what may properly be called the *garden*.

A gentleman, whose taste and feeling, both for art and nature, rank as high as any man's, was lamenting to me the *extent* of Mr. Brown's operations:—"Former improvers," said he, "at least kept near the house, but this fellow crawls like a snail all over the grounds, and leaves his cursed slime behind him wherever he goes."

As the art of gardening in this extended sense, vies with that of painting, and has been thought likely to form a new school of painters, I think I am justified in having compared its operations and effects with those of the art it pretends to rival, nay, to instruct. These two rivals, whom I am so desirous of reconciling, have hitherto been guided by very opposite principles, and the character of their productions has been as opposite; but the cold flat monotony of the new favourite has been preferred by many, "aye, and those great ones too," to the spirited variety of her eldest sister—she has, indeed, been so puffed up by this high favour, that she has hardly deigned to acknowledge the relationship, and has even treated her with contempt. Those also, who, from their situation and influence, were best qualified to have brought about a union between them, have, on the contrary, contributed to widen the

breach; for I have heard an eminent professor treat the idea of judging, in any degree, of places as of pictures, or of comparing them at all together, as quite absurd. In real life, the noblest part a man can act, the part which most conciliates the esteem and good-will of all mankind, is that of promoting union and harmony wherever occasion offers; in the present case, though a breach between these figurative persons is not of serious consequence to society, yet I shall feel no small pleasure and pride should my endeavours be successful. I have shown, to the best of my power, how much it is their mutual interest to act cordially together, and have offered every motive for such an union; and I hope that prejudices, however strongly rooted, however enforced by those who may be interested in the separation, will at last give way. I may, perhaps, be thought somewhat caustic for a peace-maker, and, I must own,

"My zeal flows warm and eager from my bosom."

But if war be made for the sake of peace, those who doubt the wisdom of the expedient will agree that it ought to be prosecuted with vigour.

I never was in company with Mr. Brown, nor even knew him by sight, and therefore can have no personal dislike to him; but I have heard numberless instances of his arrogance and despotism, and such high pretensions seem to me little justified by his works. Arrogance and imperious manners, which, even joined to the truest merit and the most splendid talents, create disgust and opposition, when they are the offspring of a little narrow mind, elated with temporary favour, provoke ridicule, and deserve to meet with it.

Mr. Mason's poem on modern gardening, is as real an attack on Mr. Brown's system as what I have written. He has as strongly guarded the reader against the insipid formality of clumps, &c., and has equally recommended the study of painting as the best guide to improvers; but the praise which he has bestowed on Mr. Brown himself, however generally conveyed, has spoiled the effect of so powerful an antidote. Most people, from a very natural indolence, are more inclined to copy an established and approved practice, than to correct its defects, or to form a new mode of practice from theory; Mr. Mason's eulogium has therefore sanctioned Mr. Brown's system more effectually than his precepts have guarded against it. That eulogium, however, (if I may be allowed to make a suggestion, which I think is authorised by the tenor of the poem) has been given from the most amiable motive—the fear of hurting those with whom he lived on the most friendly terms, and who had very much employed and admired Mr. Brown. Silence would, in such a work, have been a tacit condemnation; still worse to have

"damned with *faint* praise;"—my idea may possibly be taken upon wrong grounds, but I have often admired Mr. Mason's address in so delicate a situation. Had Mr. Brown transfused into his works any thing of the taste and spirit which prevail in Mr. Mason's precepts and descriptions, he would have deserved, and might possibly have enjoyed, the high honour of having those works celebrated by him and Mr. Walpole, and not have had them referred, as they have been by both, to future poets and historians.

It may, perhaps, be thought presumptuous in an individual who has never distinguished himself by any work that might give authority to his opinion, so boldly to condemn what has been admired and practised by men of the most liberal taste and education; but the force of fashion and example are well known, and few have such energy of mind, and confidence in their own principles, to think and act for themselves in opposition to general opinion and practice. Some French writer, whose name I do not recollect, ventures to express a doubt whether a tree waving in the wind, with all its branches free and untouched, may not possibly be an object more worthy of admiration than one cut into form in the gardens of Versailles. This bold sceptic in theory had most probably his trees shorn like those of his sovereign.

It is equally probable that many an English gentleman may have felt deep regret when Mr. Brown had metamorphosed some charming trout stream into a piece of water; and that many a time afterwards, when, disgusted with its glare and formality, he has been heavily plodding along its naked banks, he may have thought how beautifully fringed those of his little brook once had been—how it sometimes ran rapidly over the stones and shallows, and sometimes, in a narrower channel, stole silently beneath the overhanging boughs. Many rich natural groups of trees he might remember, now thinned and rounded into clumps—many sequestered thickets which he had loved when a boy, now all open and exposed, without shade or variety—and all these sacrifices made, not to his own taste, but to the fashion of the day, and against his natural feelings.

It seems to me that there is something of patriotism in the praises which Mr. Walpole and Mr. Mason have bestowed on English gardening; and that zeal for the honour of their country, has made them, in the general view of the subject, overlook defects which they have themselves condemned. My love for my country, is, I trust, not less ardent than theirs, but it has taken a different turn; and I feel anxious to free it from the disgrace of propagating a system, which, should it become universal, would disfigure the face of all Europe. It is my wish that a

more liberal and extended idea of improvement should prevail; that, instead of the narrow mechanical practice of a few English gardeners, the noble and varied works of the eminent painters of every age and of every country, and those of their supreme mistress, Nature, should be the great models of imitation.

If a taste for drawing and painting and a knowledge of their principles, made a part of every gentleman's education; if, instead of hiring a professed improver to torture his grounds after an established model, each improved his own place according to general conceptions drawn from nature and pictures, or from hints which favourite masters in painting, or favourite parts of nature suggested to him, there might in time be a great variety in the styles of improvement, and all of them with peculiar excellences. No two painters ever saw nature with the same eyes; they tended to one point by a thousand different routes, and that makes the charm of an acquaintance with their various modes of conception and execution: but any one of Mr. Brown's followers might say, with great truth, "we have but one idea among us."

I have always understood, that Mr. Hamilton, who created Painshill, not only had studied pictures, but had studied them for the express purpose of improving real landscape. The place he created—a task of quite another difficulty from correcting, or from adding to natural scenery—fully proves the use of such a study. Among many circumstances of more striking effect, I was highly pleased with a walk, which leads through a bottom skirted with wood; and I was pleased with it, not merely from what *had*, but from what had *not* been done; it had no edges, no borders, no distinct lines of separation—nothing was done, except keeping the ground properly neat, and the communication free from any obstruction. The eye and the footsteps were equally unconfined; and if it be a high commendation to a writer or a painter, that he knows when to leave off, it is not less so to an improver.

This, and other parts of Painshill seem to have been formed on the precept contained in the well-known lines of Tasso, in his description of the garden of Armida:—

> "E quel che'l bello e'l caro accresce a l'opre,
> L' arte che tutto fa, nulla si scopre."

Mr. Hamilton, however, is one of the very few who have profited by it; for although no precept be more generally admitted in theory than that of concealing the art which is employed, none has been less observed in practice. It is true, however, that it must not be too strictly followed in all cases; and that, like other excellent rules, it has its

exceptions. Every thing that belongs to buildings and architecture is manifestly artificial, and the concealment of art entirely out of the question. Whatever therefore is connected with the mansion, should display a degree of art and of ornament, in proportion to its style and character; and I own my regret, that all the old decorations have been banished from an affectation of simplicity, and what is called nature. It is obvious, on the same principle, that all roads, walks, and communications immediately connected with the house, should be completely regular and uniform; and where a more extended part, as at Blenheim, is richly drest with shrubs and exotics, and kept in the highest state of polished neatness, a regular walk of the same high polish is perfectly in character; but in other parts, not solely the more distant, but wherever there is anything of natural wildness and intricacy in the scene, the improver should conceal himself like a judicious author, who sets his reader's imagination at work, while he seems not to be guiding, but exploring with him some new region. Among the numberless excellences of Homer, it is not the least that he scarcely ever appears in his own person: you are engaged amidst the most interesting and striking scenes, and are carried on from one to another in such a manner as to be totally unconscious of the consummate skill with which your route has been prepared—and his poem is the completest exemplification of Tasso's precept in a more exalted art. The improver (if I may be allowed to compare small things with great) should pursue the same line of conduct in his humbler art, though by a different process; and while he employs his whole skill to lead the spectator in the best direction through the most interesting scenes, and towards the most striking points of view, and to facilitate his approach to them, he should not strive to confine him to one single route, and should often, where it is practicable, conceal his having made any route at all. There is in our nature a repugnance to despotism even in trifles, and we are never so heartily pleased as when we appear to have made every discovery ourselves. It is this sort of feeling, as opposed to the one which arises from what is plainly and avowedly artificial, that Tasso seems to indicate by

"il bello e'l *caro* accresce a l'opre."

It is a feeling that I have more than once experienced myself and observed in others, when, after having been long confined to regular walks, however judiciously taken, we have enjoyed the dear delight of getting to some spot where there were no traces of art, and no other walk or

communication than a sheep-track, or some foot-path winding among the thickets.

It is in such spots as those, that art, if it interfere at all, should most carefully conceal itself; and in such, a Mr. Hamilton would proceed with a very cautious hand; but whatever effect an acquaintance with the fine arts, or perhaps the precept of Tasso, or the example of Homer, may have had on such a mind as his, nothing of that kind has influenced those of professed improvers; and a style very different from that of Painshill has been exhibited at no very great distance from it, in a place begun I believe by Kent, and finished by Brown. A wood with many old trees covered with ivy, mixed with thickets of hollies, yews, and thorns—a wood, which Rousseau might have dedicated *à la rêverie*, is so intersected by walks and green alleys, all edged and bordered, that there is no escaping from them; they act like flappers in Laputa, and instantly wake you from any dream of retirement. The borders of these walks are so thickly planted, and the rest of the wood so impracticable, that it seems as if the improver said—"You shall never wander from my walks—never exercise your own taste and judgment—never form your own compositions—neither your eyes nor your feet shall be allowed to stray from the boundaries I have traced:"—a species of thraldom unfit for a free country.

There is, indeed, something despotic in the general system of improvement—all must be laid open—all that obstructs levelled to the ground—houses, orchards, gardens, all swept away. *Painting*, on the contrary, tends to humanize the mind: where a despot thinks every person an intruder who enters his domain, and wishes to destroy cottages and pathways, and to reign alone, the lover of painting considers the dwellings, the inhabitants, and the marks of their intercourse as ornaments to the landscape.

Sir Joshua Reynolds told me, that when he and Wilson the landscape painter were looking at the view from Richmond Terrace, Wilson was pointing out some particular part; and in order to direct his eye to it, "There," said he, "near those houses—there! where the *figures* are." —Though a painter, said Sir Joshua, I was puzzled. I thought he meant statues, and was looking upon the *tops* of the houses; for I did not at first conceive that the men and women we plainly saw walking about, were by him only thought of as figures in the landscape.

For the honour of humanity there *are* minds, which require no other motive than what passes within. And here I cannot resist paying a tribute to the memory of a beloved uncle, and recording a benevolence

towards all the inhabitants around him, that struck me from my earliest remembrance; and it is an impression I wish always to cherish. It seemed as if he had made his extensive walks as much for them as for himself; they used them as freely, and their enjoyment was his. The village bore as strong marks of his and of his brother's attentions (for in that respect they appeared to have but one mind) to the comforts and pleasures of its inhabitants. Such attentive kindnesses are amply repaid by affectionate regard and reverence; and were they general throughout the kingdom, they would do much more towards guarding us against democratical opinions

"Than twenty thousand soldiers, arm'd in proof."

The cheerfulness of the scene I have mentioned, and all the interesting circumstances attending it, so different from those of solitary grandeur, have convinced me, that he who destroys dwellings, gardens, and inclosures, for the sake of mere extent and parade of property, only extends the bounds of monotony, and of dreary selfish pride; but contracts those of variety, amusement, and humanity.

I own it does surprise me, that in an age, and in a country where the arts are so highly cultivated, one single plan, and such a plan, should have been so generally adopted; and that even the love of peculiarity should not sometimes have checked this method of levelling all distinctions, of making all places alike—all equally tame and insipid. A person, well known for his taste and abilities, being at a gentleman's house where Mr. Brown was expected, drew a plan by anticipation, which proved so exact, that I believe the ridicule it threw on the serious plan, helped to prevent its execution.

Few persons have been so lucky as never to have seen or heard the true *proser;* smiling, and distinctly uttering his flowing commonplace nothings, with the same placid countenance, the same even-toned voice—he is the very emblem of serpentine walks, belts, and rivers, and all Mr. Brown's works—like him they are smooth, flowing, even, and distinct—and like him they wear one's soul out.

There is a very different being of a much rarer kind, who hardly appears to be of the same species—full of unexpected turns, of flashes of light—objects the most familiar are placed by him in such singular, yet natural points of view—he strikes out such unthought-of agreements and contrasts—such combinations, so little obvious, yet never forced nor affected, that the attention cannot flag—but from the delight of what is passed, we eagerly listen for what is to come. This is the true picturesque, and the propriety of that term will be more felt,

if we attend to what corresponds to the *beautiful* in conversation. How different is the effect of that soft insinuating style—of those gentle transitions, which, without dazzling or surprising, keep up an increasing interest, and insensibly wind round the heart.

It is only by a habit of observation added to natural sensibility, that we learn to distinguish what is really beautiful, from what is merely smooth and flowing, and to give a decided preference to the former. By the same means, also, we gain a true relish for the picturesque in visible objects, and likewise for what in some measure answers to it—the quick, lively, and sudden turns of fancy in conversation. I have sometimes seen a *proser* quite forlorn in the company of a man of brilliant imagination; he seemed "dazzled with excess of light," his dull faculties totally unable to keep pace with the other's rapid ideas. I have afterwards observed the same man get close to a brother proser; and the two snails have travelled on so comfortably upon their own slime, that they seemed to feel no more impression either of pleasure or envy from what they had heard, than a real snail may be supposed to do at the active bounds and leaps of a stag, or of a high-mettled courser.

This is exactly the case with that practical proser, the true improver. Carry him to a scene merely picturesque, he is bewildered with its variety and intricacy, the charms of which he neither relishes nor comprehends; and longs to be crawling among his clumps, and debating about the tenth part of an inch in the turn of a gravel-walk. The mass of improvers seem indeed to forget that we are distinguished from other animals, by being

"Nobler far, of look *erect*;"

they go about

"With leaden eye that loves the ground,"

and are so continually occupied with turns and sweeps, and manœuvring stakes, that they never gain an idea of the first elements of composition.

Such a mechanical system of operations little deserves the name of an art. There are indeed certain words in all languages that have a good and a bad sense; such as *simplicity* and *simple*, *art* and *artful*, which as often express our contempt as our admiration. It seems to me, that whenever art, with regard to plan or disposition, is used in a good sense, it means to convey an idea of some degree of invention—of contrivance that is not obvious—of something that raises expectation, and which differs with success from what we recollect having seen before. With regard to improving, that alone I should call art in a good

sense, which was employed in collecting from the infinite varieties of *accident* (which is commonly called *nature*, in opposition to what is called *art*,) such circumstances as may happily be introduced, according to the *real* capabilities of the place to be improved. This is what painters have done in their art; and thence it is, that many of these lucky accidents being strongly pointed out by them, are called picturesque.

He, therefore, in my mind, will show most art in improving, who *leaves*, (a very material point) or who creates the greatest variety of landscapes; that is of such different compositions as painters will least wish to alter: not he who begins his work by general clearing and smoothing, or, in other words, by destroying all those accidents of which such advantages might have been made; but which afterwards, the most enlightened and experienced artist can never hope to restore.

When I hear how much has been done by art in a place of large extent, in no one part of which, where that art has been busy, a painter would take out his sketch-book; when I see the sickening display of that art, such as it is, and the total want of effect—I am tempted to reverse the sense of the famous line of Tasso, and to say of such performances,

"L'arte che *nulla* fa, tutta si scopre."

APPENDIX

TO THE FIRST ESSAY.

GREAT part of my essay was written, before I saw that of Mr. Gilpin on picturesque beauty. I had gained so much information on that subject from his other works, that I read it with extreme eagerness, on account of the interest I took in the subject itself, as well as from my opinion of the author. At first I thought my work had been anticipated; I was pleased, however, to find some of my ideas confirmed, and was in hopes of seeing many new lights struck out. But as I advanced, that distinction between the two characters—that line of separation which I thought would have been accurately marked out, became less and less visible, till at length the beautiful and the picturesque were more than ever mixed and incorporated together, the whole subject involved in doubt and obscurity, and a sort of anathema denounced against any one who should try to clear it up. Had I not advanced too far to think of retreating, I might possibly have been deterred by so absolute a veto, from such authority; but I hope I shall not be thought presumptuous for having still continued my researches, though so diligent and acute an observer had given up the inquiry himself, and pronounced it hopeless.

Mr. Gilpin's authority is deservedly so high, that where I have the misfortune to differ from him, his opinion will of course be preferred to mine, unless I can clearly show that it is ill-founded. I must, therefore, endeavour to show in what respects it is ill-founded, as often as these points occur, and with the best of my abilities; for anything short of a victory, is in this case a defeat.

I will first mention, in general, the difficulties into which so ingenious a writer has been led, from losing sight of that genuine and universal distinction between the beautiful and the picturesque which he himself had begun by establishing, and which separates their characters equally in nature and in art; and from confining himself to that unsatisfactory notion of a mere general reference to the art of painting only.

He has given it as his opinion, that "roughness forms the most essential point of difference between the beautiful and the picturesque, and seems to be that particular quality which makes objects chiefly please in painting." He therefore has thought it necessary in some instances, to exclude smooth objects from painting, and to show in others, that what is smooth in reality, is rough in appearance; so that when we fancy ourselves admiring the smoothness which we think we perceive, as in a calm lake, we are in fact admiring the roughness which we have not observed. I will now proceed to give the particular instances of those points in which we differ.

Mr. Gilpin observes, that "a piece of Palladian architecture may be elegant in the last degree; the proportion of its parts, the propriety of its ornaments, the symmetry of the whole, may be highly pleasing; but, if we introduce it in a picture, it immediately *becomes* a formal object, and ceases to please." He adds, "should we wish to give it picturesque beauty, we must, from a smooth building, turn it into a rough ruin."

Mr. Gilpin's first point was to show that a building to be picturesque, must neither be smooth nor regular; and so far we agree. But, then, to show how much picturesque beauty (to use his expression) is preferred by painters to all other beauty, nay, how unfit beauty alone is for a picture, he asserts that a piece of regular and finished architecture becomes a formal object, and ceases to please when introduced in a picture; and that no painter, who had his choice, would hesitate a moment between that and a ruin.

Were this really the case, we must give up Claude as a landscape painter; for he not only has introduced a number of perfect, regular, and smooth pieces of architecture into his pictures, but into the most conspicuous parts of them. I should even doubt whether he may not have painted more entire buildings as *principal* objects than he has ruins, though more of the latter where they are only *subordinate.*

Claude delighted in representing scenes of festive pomp and magnificence, as well as of pastoral life and retirement; but if we conceive those temples and palaces which he painted in their perfect state, and which he accompanied with every mark of a flourishing and populous country to be deserted and in ruins, the whole character of those splendid compositions, which have so much contributed to raise him above the level of a mere landscape painter, would be destroyed. Mr. Gilpin cannot but remember that beautiful seaport which did belong to Mr. Lock, and which—could pictures choose their own possessors—would never have left him; he must have observed that the architec-

ture on the left hand was regular, perfect, and as smooth as such finished buildings appear in nature.

But with regard to entire buildings, in contradistinction to ruins, the backgrounds and landscapes of all the great masters are full of them, and in many the ruins few in proportion;—so much so, that in the numerous set of Gaspars published by Vivares, there are scarcely any ruins, though numberless entire buildings.

No painter more diligently studied picturesque disposition and effect than Paul Veronese; yet architecture of the most regular and finished kind forms a very essential part of his magnificent compositions. Many of these splendid edifices have the most truly beautiful appearance in pictures, especially when they are accompanied, as in Claude's, by trees of elegant forms, and when every part of the scenery accords with their character. I believe, indeed, that we might reverse Mr. Gilpin's position, and with more truth assert, that a piece of Palladian architecture, however elegant—however well proportioned its parts—however well disposed and selected its ornaments—how perfect soever the symmetry of the whole, yet, in the mere elevation, or placed at the top of a lawn naked and unaccompanied, is a formal object, and excites only a cold admiration of the architect's ability—but that it *becomes*, when introduced in a picture, a highly interesting object, and universally pleases. I, of course, mean introduced as the best masters have introduced and accompanied such buildings—for there can be no doubt of the tendency of all regular architecture to formality.

The skill with which that formality has been avoided by the great painters, without destroying smoothness or symmetry, is, perhaps, one of the strongest arguments in favour of studying their works for the purposes of improvement.

On the subject of water, I have again the misfortune of differing from Mr. Gilpin. He says,* "If the lake be spread out on the canvass—and in this case it cannot be different in nature—the *marmoreum æquor*, pure, limpid, smooth as the polished mirror, we acknowledge it to be picturesque." No one, I believe, will be singular enough to deny that a lake in such a state is beautiful; and such I am persuaded must always be its prevailing character, though many picturesque circumstances should be found in the scenery around it. On this occasion I must beg leave to quote a passage from Mr. Locke,† on a different subject, indeed, but of general application. "These passions—fear,

* Essay on Picturesque Beauty, page 22.

† On the Human Understanding, octavo edit. page 208.

anger, shame, envy, &c.—are scarce any of them simple and alone, and wholly unmixed with others, though usually, in discourse and contemplation, that carries the name which operates strongest, and appears most in the present state of the mind." Now, if smoothness, as Mr. Gilpin acknowledges, be at least a considerable source of beauty—and if roughness, according to his own statement, be that which forms the most essential point of difference between the beautiful and the picturesque, it surely is rather a contradiction to his own principles to call a lake in its smoothest state picturesque, on account of such interruptions to the absolute smoothness, or rather uniformity of its surface, as not only accord with beauty, but are often in themselves sources of beauty—such as shades of various kinds, undulations, and reflections.

Upon the same grounds that he asserts the smooth lake to be picturesque, he also gives that character to the high-fed horse with his smooth and shining coat. If, however,* "a play of muscles appearing through the fineness of the skin, gently swelling and sinking into each other—his being all over *lubricus aspici*, with reflections of light continually shifting upon him, and playing into each other," make an animal picturesque, what then will make him beautiful? The interruption of his smoothness, by a variety of shades and colours, not sudden and strong, but " playing into each other, so that the eye glides up and down among their endless transitions," certainly will not supply the room of roughness in such a degree as to overbalance the qualities of beauty, and abolish, as in the present instance, the very name.

It is true, that according to Mr. Gilpin's two definitions,† both the lake and the horse in their smoothest possible state, are picturesque; but they are no less opposite to that character, according to his more strict and pointed method of defining it, by making roughness the most essential point of difference between it and the beautiful. After so plain and natural a distinction between the two characters, it surely would have been more simple and satisfactory to have named things according to their obvious and prevailing qualities; and to have allowed that painters sometimes preferred beautiful, sometimes picturesque, sometimes grand and sublime objects, and sometimes objects where the two or the three characters, were equally, or in different degrees mixed with each other.

Many of the examples that I have given of picturesque animals, are taken from Mr. Gilpin's very ingenious work on forest scenery. He

* Essay on Picturesque Beauty, page 22.

† *Vide* pages 38 and 39.

there observes, that among all the tribes of animals scarce any one is more ornamental in landscape than the ass. He adds, "in what this picturesque beauty consists, whether in his peculiar character, in his strong lines, in his colouring, in the roughness of his coat, or in the mixture of them, would perhaps be difficult to ascertain." When I read this passage, I had not seen the Essay on Picturesque Beauty, and it gave me great satisfaction to find my ideas of the causes of the picturesque confirmed by so attentive an observer as Mr. Gilpin, though he spoke doubtingly; and I could not help flattering myself, that as his authority had confirmed me in my ideas, so, by tracing them through a greater variety of objects than his subject led him to consider, I might show the justness and accuracy of his suppositions. Peculiarity of character, on which Mr. Gilpin very properly lays a stress, naturally arises from strong lines and sudden variations; what is perfectly smooth and flowing, has proportionably less of peculiar character, and loses in picturesqueness what it may gain in beauty.

This leads me to consider a part of Mr. Gilpin's Essay on Picturesque Beauty that appears to me to be written in a very different spirit from the last mentioned passage, as also from several others in his works, which mark the true character and cause of the picturesque in a masterly manner, and show how much and how well he had observed. If the criticism I am going to make be just, Mr. Gilpin has, I think, laid himself open to it by his exclusive fondness for the picturesque, and by having carried to excess his position, that roughness is that particular quality which makes objects chiefly please in painting. From his partiality to this doctrine, he ridicules the idea of having *beauty* represented in a picture, and, addressing himself to the person whom he supposes to make so unpainter-like a request, he says—"The art of painting allows you all you wish. You desire to have a beautiful object painted—your horse, for instance, is led out of the stable in all his pampered beauty; the art of painting is ready to accommodate you —you have the beautiful form you admired in nature exactly transferred to canvass; be then satisfied—the art of painting has given you what you wanted. It is no injury to the beauty of your Arabian, if the painter thinks he could have given the graces of his art more forcibly to your cart-horse." *

If a person ignorant of the art of painting were to be told, that a painter who wished to give in any way the *graces* of his art, would prefer a cart-horse to an Arabian, he would be apt to think there was

* Essay on Picturesque Beauty.

something very preposterous, both in the art and the artist; and such must always be the consequence, when, instead of endeavouring to show the agreement between art and nature, even when they appear most at variance, a mysterious barrier is placed between them, to surprise and keep at a distance the uninitiated. To me the fact seems to be what we might naturally suppose, that Rubens, Vandyke, or Wouvermans, when they wished to show the graces of their art, painted beautiful horses—such as the general sense of mankind would call beautiful—gay, pampered steeds, with fine coats, and high in flesh. When they added, as they often did, a greater share of picturesqueness to these beautiful animals, it was not by degrading them to cart-horses and beasts of burden—it was by means of sudden and spirited action, with such a correspondent and strongly marked exertion of muscles and such wild disorder in the mane, as might heighten the freedom and animation of their character, without injuring the elegance or grandeur of their form. If by giving *forcibly* the graces of his art, nothing further is meant than giving them with powerful impression, I cannot help thinking that Rubens, when he was transferring from nature to the canvass one of these noble animals in all the fulness and luxuriancy of beauty, little imagined that he was throwing away his powers, and as little suspected that any of the rough high-boned cart-horses he had placed in scenes with which they accorded, were more striking specimens of the graces of his art.

It would indeed be a wretched degradation of the art, should the horses of Raphael, Giulio Romano, Polidore, N. Poussin, the forms and characters of which they had studied with almost the same attention as those of the human figure; in which, too, as in the human figure, they had corrected the defects of common nature from their own exalted ideas of beauty, and from those of their great models, the ancient sculptors, and in which they certainly meant to display, and not feebly, the graces of their art—should such ennobled animals be thought less adapted to display those graces, than a jade of Berchem or Paul Potter.

The next and last point of difference between us, is with respect to the plumage of birds. Mr. Gilpin thinks the result of plumage, for he makes no exception, is picturesque; and the whole seems to me another striking instance of his exclusive fondness for that character, and of his unwillingness on that account to allow any beauty or merit to smoothness. Indeed, as he supposes the picturesque solely to refer to painting, and that pictures can scarcely admit of any objects which are not of that character, and as he also allows (or rather asserts) that rough-

ness is its distinguishing quality, it became necessary either to allow that an object might be picturesque without being rough, which would contradict his assertion, or to show that there were other qualities which would render it so in spite of its smoothness; or, to use his own expression, would supply the room of roughness.

Speaking of the plumage of birds,* "nothing," he says, "can be softer, nothing smoother to the touch; yet it certainly is picturesque." He then observes, "it is not the smoothness of the surface which produces the effect—it is not this we admire—it is the breaking of the colours—it is the bright green or purple, changing perhaps into a rich azure or velvet black; from thence taking a semi-tint, and soon through all the varieties of colours; or if the colour be not changeable, it is the harmony we admire in these elegant little touches of nature's pencil."

It is singular that the colours of birds, and particularly those of a changeable kind, from which Mr. Burke has taken some of his happiest illustrations of the beautiful, should, by Mr. Gilpin, not only be cited as sources of the picturesque, but as so abounding in that quality as to bestow on smoothness the effect of roughness. He has laid it down as a maxim, that a smooth building must be turned into a rough one before it can be picturesque; yet, in this instance, a smooth bird may be made so by means of colours, many of which, with their gradations and changes, are universally acknowledged and admired as beautiful.

I cannot help repeating the same question on this subject as on the preceding one; if beautiful and changeable colours with their gradations, added to softness and smoothness of plumage, and to the harmony of the elegant little touches of nature's pencil, make birds picturesque, what then are the qualities which make them beautiful?

But Mr. Gilpin himself has furnished me with the strongest proof how natural it is for all men, when they design to produce a picturesque image, to avoid all idea of smoothness. He has quoted Pindar's celebrated description of the eagle, as equally poetical and picturesque; and such I believe it always has been thought. The *ruffled* plumage of the eagle, which Mr. Gilpin has put in italics, as the circumstance which most strongly marks that character, is both in Mr. West's translation, and Mr. Gray's imitation; but as far as I can judge, there is not the least trace of it in the original. I have not the most distant pretensions to any critical knowledge of the Greek language; yet still I think, that by the help of those interpreters who have studied it criti-

* Essay on Picturesque Beauty, page 23.

cally, an unlearned man, if he feels the spirit of a passage, may arrive at a pretty accurate idea of the force of the expressions. From them it appears to me, that far from describing the eagle with *ruffled* plumes, or with any circumstance truly picturesque, Pindar has, on the contrary, avoided every idea that might disturb the repose and majestic beauty of his image. After he has described the eagle's flagging wing, he adds, "ὑγρον νωτον αιωρει," which is so opposite to ruffled, that it seems to signify that perfect smoothness and sleekness given by moisture; that oily suppleness so different from any thing crisp or rumpled; as ὑγρον ελαιον expresses the smooth, suppling, undrying quality of oil. The learned Christianus Damm interprets κνωσσων ὑγρον νωτον αιωρει, dormiens incurvatum (vel potius *lœve*) tergum attollit; and the action is that of a gentle heaving from respiration during a quiet repose. In another place Damm interprets ὑγροτης, mollities; all equally opposite to ruffled. Indeed, we might almost suppose that Pindar, having intended to present an image both sublime and beautiful, had avoided every thing that might disturb its still and solemn grandeur; for he has thrown, as it were, into shade, the most marked and picturesque feature of that noble bird: κελαινωπιν δ' επι οι νεφελαν αγκυλω κρατι, βλεφαρων ἀδυ κλαιστρον, κατεχευας; a feature which Homer, in a simile full of action and picturesque imagery, has placed in its fullest light:

"Οι δ' ὡστ' αιγυπιοι γαμψωνυχες, αγκυλοχειλαι,
Πετρη εφ ὑψηλη μεγαλα κλαζοντε μαχονται."

Having been bold enough to criticise both the translation and imitation of Pindar, I shall venture one step further, and try to account for the passages having been so rendered. I think Mr. West and Mr. Gray might probably have been impressed with the same idea as Mr. Gilpin, that the imagery in this passage was highly picturesque, but might have felt that smooth feathers would not accord with that character; and, therefore, perhaps, (as Sir Joshua Reynolds observes on Algarotti's ill-founded eulogium of a picture of Titian) they chose to find in Pindar, what they thought they ought to have found. With all the respect I have for their abilities, (and Mr. Gray's cannot be rated too high,) I must think that by one word they have changed the character of that famous passage; and it may be doubted whether they have improved it.

Were the image which they have substituted represented in painting, it might be more striking, more catching to the eye than Pindar's; and that is the true character of the picturesque: but his would have more of that repose, that solemn breadth, that freedom from all bustle, which

I believe accords more truly with the genuine unmixed characters both of beauty and sublimity,* and with the ideas of the great original.

I have pressed strongly on all the points of difference between Mr. Gilpin and me, because I think them very essential to the chief object I have had in view—that of recommending the study of pictures and of the principles of painting, as the best guide to that of nature, and to the improvement of real landscape. Could it be supposed that for the purpose of his own art, a painter would in general prefer a worn-out cart-horse to a beautiful Arabian; or that such pieces of architecture as were universally admired for their beauty and elegance, would, if introduced in a picture, become formal, and cease to please—no man would be disposed to consult an art which contradicted all his natural feelings. But were he to be informed that painters have always admired and copied beauty of every kind, (and strange it would be were it otherwise) in animals, as well as in the human species, that they neither reject smoothness nor symmetry, but only the ill-judged and tiresome display of them; that with regard to regular and perfect architecture, it made a principal ornament in pictures of the highest class, but that while its smoothness, symmetry, and regularity were preserved, its formality was avoided; in short, that the study of painting, far from abridging his pleasures, would open a variety of new sources of amusement, and without cutting off any of those which he already possessed, would only direct them into better channels—he might be disposed to consult an art, which promised many fresh and untasted delights, without forcing him to abandon all those which he had enjoyed before.

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* *Vide* Sir Joshua Reynolds's Notes in Mason's du Fresnoï, p. 86.

ESSAYS

ON

ARTIFICIAL WATER, ON DECORATIONS,

AND ON

ARCHITECTURE AND BUILDINGS.

PREFACE.

THE three Essays which I here offer to the public, though detached from each other and from the Essay on the Picturesque, are, in respect to the matter they contain, and the suite of ideas they present, perfectly connected. In all that I have written, I have had two chief purposes in view—the one, to point out the best method of forming our taste and judgment in regard to the effect of all visible objects, universally; the other, to show in what manner the principles so acquired may be applied to the improvement of those particular objects with which each man is individually concerned.

The first step towards acquiring an exact taste and judgment in respect to visible objects, is to gain an accurate knowledge of their leading characters;—I, therefore, in my first Essay, traced the character of the Picturesque, its qualities, effects, and attractions, as distinct from those of the Sublime and Beautiful, through the different works of nature and art.

The next step was to show, that not only the effect of picturesque objects, but of all visible objects whatever, are to be judged of by the great leading principles of Painting—which principles, though they are really founded in nature, and totally independent of art, are, however, most easily and usefully studied in the pictures of eminent painters. On these two points, which, I trust, I have never lost sight of in any part of my work, rests the whole force of my argument. If I have succeeded in establishing them, the system of modern Gardening,

which, besides banishing all picturesque effects, has violated every principle of painting, is of course demolished.

All such abstract reasoning, however, makes but a slight impression unless it be applied. I therefore took examples from the works of the most celebrated layer-out of grounds, Mr. Brown, and examined them, and his whole system and practice, by the principles which I had before explained. It has been mentioned as an objection, that Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Shenstone are in reality the most celebrated for their skill in laying out grounds, and, therefore, Painshill and the Leasowes are the true examples of the taste of English Gardening. The acknowledged superiority of men of liberal education who embellished their own places, is strongly in favour of the whole of my argument—but has nothing to do with the objection. Poussin and Le Sueur were models of simplicity, and were the two most celebrated painters of their country—but, would it be right on that account to say that Simplicity was the characteristic of the French school? They were in painting what Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Shenstone were in gardening—exceptions to the national taste, not examples of it.

The censure of modern Gardening and Mr. Brown, drew upon me an attack from the most eminent professor of the present time, together with a defence of his predecessor. Nothing could be more fortunate than such an opportunity, for discussing the practicability of what I had proposed, with a practical improver of high reputation; as, likewise, of explaining and applying to particular parts of improvement, many positions in my first work.

Yet still, notwithstanding the degree of practical discussion in that letter, it might be said, even by those who are most partial to my ideas on the subject, "it is true that you have shown the tameness and monotony of Mr. Brown's made-water and regularly sloped banks, and the superior beauty and variety of those in natural lakes and rivers; but by what means can these last be imitated? how can those numberless varieties, which often owe their charms to a certain artless and negligent appearance, be produced by the dull mechanical operations of common labourers? If you would have us quit the present style, show us some method of practical improvement which may be acted upon." This is what I have attempted in the first of these three Essays; and the detail, which, from the novelty of the plan, I have been obliged to enter into, must be my excuse for its length. I must, however, observe, that the subject is much more comprehensive than the title announces: the discussion is not confined to the banks of made-

water, nor even to those of natural rivers and lakes, but is exten ed to all the natural beauties and varieties of objects near the eye, which therefore are classed by painters under the title of *foreground.* All, who are in any degree conversant with the art of painting, know of what consequence foregrounds are in pictures—how interesting they are in themselves, and what influence they have on the effect of the whole. If they be of such consequence to the painter, they are of still greater importance to the improver. The painter can command the other parts of his picture equally with the foreground—can alter, or new model them as he likes; but the foreground, in its more extended sense, or at most the middle distance, is all that is under the control of the improver. In this Essay I have followed the example of painters. I have bestowed particular pains on what is to be viewed close to the eye, and have worked it up more distinctly, and with greater minuteness of detail—in the hope that I may induce improvers to follow the same example in real scenery.

But, besides these foregrounds, of which the models are in nature, there are others manifestly and avowedly artificial; which, however, on that account, are the best suited to artificial objects, and indeed the only foregrounds strictly in character with them. I have, therefore, in the second Essay, examined the character of the old Italian Gardens, and the principles on which, as I conceive, their excellence is founded. I have compared them with modern gardens, and have stated what appear to me their respective merits and defects, the situation in which each is most proper, and the sort of alliance that might be made between them.

From the Decorations near the House, the transition was very natural to the house itself, and to buildings in general. In the third Essay, therefore, I have considered the character of Architecture and Buildings as connected with the scenery in which they are placed. In pursuing this inquiry, I have taken my arguments and illustrations from the works of eminent painters; examining the style of architecture and of buildings in their pictures, from the temples and palaces in those of the higher schools, to the cottages, mills, and hovels of the Dutch masters, and applying the principles of the three leading characters discussed in my first Essay, to this particular subject—of all others the most calculated to show their perfect distinction.

There are persons for whose opinion I have a very high respect, who, though they agree with me in the distinct character of the Picturesque, object to the term itself, on the ground that, from its manifest etymo-

logy, it must signify *all* that can be represented in pictures with effect. I had flattered myself with having shown, that, according to that definition, the word can hardly be said to have a distinct appropriate meaning; by placing this matter in a different, possibly in a more convincing light, I may be lucky enough to obviate their only objection. It has occurred to me that the term (which is in effect the same in English, French, and Italian,) may possibly have been invented by painters to express a quality, not merely essential to their art, but in a manner peculiar to it: the treasures of the sublime and the beautiful, it shares in common with Sculpture; but the Picturesque is almost exclusively its own. A writer of eminence lays great stress on the advantage which painting possesses over Sculpture, in being able to give value to insignificant objects, and even to those which are offensive. Many such objects are highly picturesque in spite of their offensive qualities, and in a degree that has sometimes caused it to be imagined, that they were rendered so by means of them. I remember a picture of Wouvermans, in which the principal objects were a dung-cart just loaded, some carrion lying on the dung, a dirty fellow with a dirty shovel, the dunghill itself, and a dog, that from his attitude seemed likely to add to it. These most unsavoury materials the painter had worked up with so much skill, that the picture was viewed by every one with delight. Imagine all this in marble ever so skillfully executed—it would be detestable. This certainly does tend to prove, that sculpture cannot represent with effect, objects merely picturesque. I do not mean to say, that the grave dignity of that noble art does not admit of a mixture of the picturesque; it is clear, however, that the ancients admitted it with a caution bordering upon timidity. The modern sculptors, on the other hand, have perhaps gone as much into the other extreme; and to that we probably owe the magnificent defects of Michael Angelo, the affectations of Bernini, and the pantomimes of some of his followers. It appears to me, that if the whole of this be considered, it completely takes away every objection to my use of the term; for if what I have stated be just, it shows that by Picturesque is meant, not all that can be expressed with effect in painting, but that which painting can, and sculpture cannot express. This, in reality, forms a very just distinction between the powers of the only two arts imitative of visible objects; and the etymology of the word, as I have accounted for it, instead of contradicting, sanctions the use I have made of it, and the distinction I have given to the character.

The subject of modern Gardening had been so fully discussed in my

first Essay, and in my Letter to Mr. Repton, that little remained to be said. In this second volume, therefore, I have seldom done more than make some occasional remarks upon it. It may, indeed, be thought by many, that I had already bestowed more time upon it, than a particular mode of gardening in this country would justify. On this not improbable supposition, I must say in my defence, and in some measure in defence of English gardening, that the present style of laying out places is not a mere capricious invention, but a consistent and regular system, founded on the most seducing qualities; and such as are likely to operate in every age and country, where extensive improvement in grounds may become an object of attention—on smoothness, continuity of surface, undulation, serpentine lines, and, also, what is peculiarly flattering to the vanity of the owner—distinctness. The whole purpose of my work has been to show—not that these qualities are by any means to be abandoned or neglected, but that there are striking effects and attractions in those of a totally opposite nature; and that they must be mixed with each other in various degrees, in order to produce that beauty of combination, which is displayed in the choicest works of art and of nature.

Such a mixture so sanctioned, appears to have such obvious and superior claims over any narrow system of exclusion, that it is hard to conceive how a system of that kind could long prevail among men of liberal and highly cultivated minds; yet no one can doubt the fact, who considers the almost universal admiration with which the exclusive display of smoothness, serpentine lines, &c. in our gardens and grounds has been viewed for more than half a century. I believe, indeed, that there are scarcely any bounds to the sort of idolatry which prevailed, and still prevails on that subject. English gardening has been considered as an object of high and peculiar national pride; it has been celebrated, together with its chief professor, by some of the most eminent writers of this age, in prose and in verse; and marbles with inscriptions, have been erected to the memory of Mr. Brown and his works. Such, indeed, is the enthusiasm of his admirers, that many of them, I am persuaded, would not only approve of his system being extended over another quarter of the globe, but would wish, that "the great globe itself" could be new modelled upon that system; and be made in every part, like one of his dressed places. Could their wish be carried into effect, there would really be a very curious similarity between Mr. Brown's finished state of the world, and the world in a state of chaos, as described by the poet—

"Unus erat toto naturæ vultus in orbe."

The late Mr. Owen Cambridge very pleasantly laughed at Brown's vanity, by assigning him a higher sphere for his operations than any of those I have mentioned. He was vapouring one day, as Mr. Cambridge himself told me, about the change he had made in the face of the country, and his hope of seeing his plans much more generally extended before he died. Mr. Cambridge with great gravity said, "Mr. Brown, I very earnestly wish that I may die before you."—"Why so?" said Brown, with great surprise. "Because," said he, "I should like to see heaven before you had improved it."

ON ARTIFICIAL WATER, &c.

It might very plausibly be argued in defence of Mr. Brown and his followers, that however easy it may appear in theory to make an artificial piece of water look like a natural lake or river, and to give it such effects as would please the eye of a painter, it would by no means be easy in practice. That the mode of proceeding in the two arts, (supposing the end to be the same,) is very different, as the painter executes his own ideas, while the improver must trust to the hands of common labourers; on which account, a regular and determined form must be given, the lines staked out with precision, and the levels taken with the same regularity and exactness. This I allow to be a real difference between the two arts, and a real difficulty in that of gardening. But if difficulties were always to stop the progress of art, and if the most obvious and mechanical system of operation were always to be adopted—because it would be the easiest, because it would require no invention to plan, nor taste to direct it—all arts would be reduced to trades; for that which makes the distinction between them would no longer exist. With regard to Artificial Water, whenever those circumstances which

can give it variety and effect shall studiously be preserved, I shall think highly of the taste and judgment of the professor; and should I ever see those circumstances *created*, I shall then be proud of English gardening. I shall then say that an artist, who could execute such a work by means of mechanical hands, not only had taste, but genius and invention, and that it seemed as if his spirit, like Hotspur's, had

"Lent a fire
E'en to the dullest peasant."

I am well aware, however, not only of the intrinsic difficulty of pointing out from theory what is likely to succeed in practice, but also of the cavils and objections which may be raised against every part of such an innovation, by those who are wedded to the old system; for I am not sanguine enough to expect, that what I am now risking in the hope of promoting the real improvement of real landscapes, will be received by them with candour, or that any allowances will be made in favour of the intention. On the contrary, I know that it will be looked upon as a fresh invasion of the realms of perpetual smoothness and monotony—an invasion which should be repelled by every kind of weapon.

I will begin by observing, that in order to gain a just idea of the manner in which we ought to form the banks of artificial pieces of water, the first inquiry should be, how those of natural lakes and rivers are formed; for I of course suppose, that the most admired parts of them are the proper objects of imitation. This is an inquiry which I believe has never been made with that view, and which I imagine will throw great light upon the whole subject.

It has been asked, indeed, by way of ridiculing the effect of time and accident in producing those circumstances which are generally called picturesque, "whether nature* is a more pleasing object in a dwindled and shrivelled condition, than when her vigour 'is as great, her beauty as fresh, and her looks as charming, as if she newly came out of the forming hands of her Creator?'" I do not know in what manner Lord Shaftesbury, from whom the latter part of this passage is taken, may have applied it, but as it has been made use of by Mr. G. Mason, it seems to mean—if it mean anything—that pieces of artificial water, as they have generally been made, of one equal verdure and smoothness, look as if they were the immediate productions of the Creator; while natural lakes and rivers, the banks of which must always be partially worn and broken, show nature in a dwindled and shrivelled condition.

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* Essay on Design in Gardening, page 204.

How this earth did look when it was first created, or how nature then performed her operations, it would be as useless as it is impossible to know. All we are concerned in, is the present appearance of things, and her present operations—the constant tendency of which, so opposite to the supposed improvements of art, is to banish, not to create monotony; and we really might as well reason on a supposed state of the moon, as on any supposed state of the earth when it was first created. What we *can* reason upon, and what can alone be in any degree to the purpose, is the *progressive* state of nature which we *now* observe, and which to us is creation. The most rational way, therefore, of imitating those happy effects, which we most admire in nature, is to observe the manner in which she progressively creates them, and instead of prescribing to her a set form, from which she must not presume to vary, we ought so to prepare every thing that her efforts may point out, what, without such indications, we never can suggest to ourselves. On this most material point, which I shall afterwards endeavour more fully and distinctly to explain, the true method of imitating nature is founded; and to the total neglect of it, or rather to the most determined aversion to such a mode of imitation, the tameness, monotony, and, I may add, *unnaturalness* of modern gardening must be attributed; for those higher degrees of smoothing and polishing, which, when used with judgment and confined to their proper limits, have so pleasing and dressed an appearance, have been made, I might almost say, the preparation for improvement, as well as the final object of it.

It can hardly be necessary to say, that I am here considering every thing merely in a picturesque light; and that I am not recommending to those, who think *only* of profit and convenience, to encourage the effects of accident;—they will, with equal reason, no less studiously guard against them.

As all artificial pieces of water must be stagnant, it seems to me that the circumstances which relate to the formation of what may be called *accidental* pieces of stagnant water, should more principally be attended to, than those which relate to rivers.

It often happens that large pieces of water are made for the use of mills or forges, by floating a valley; where, as they are not intended for ornament, the banks are left in their original state. These, though not accidental, may be considered in the same light. The only opposition is between natural banks, and those where art has interfered.

Upon the great and inimitable scale of nature, lakes are formed by many proportionate causes. As, for example, when the crater of a volcano sinks down—when a chasm remains after an earthquake—or when part of a mountain, falling across the bed of a river, creates a natural dam; one instance of which I heard from a person who had been an eyewitness of the progressive effect, soon after the tremendous cause had taken place. This might, without impropriety, be called the *creation* of a lake; for the only way in which the nature we are acquainted with does create them, is by some such accident as I have mentioned.

Artificial pieces of water must be formed by means of a head, of digging, or of both. The most beautiful, whatever be their size, will of course be those where digging is unnecessary—where the surrounding ground is of a varied character, and is indented with bays and inlets variously accompanied. If such a basin be ready to receive an artificial lake, the improver has little difficulty about the form of his banks; for the water, by insinuating itself into every creek and bay, by winding round each promontory, under the projecting boughs, and the steep broken ground, by lying against the soft verdure, and upon the stony or gravelly beach, will mark all the characters of the shore, as it will likewise mark its different heights, by a comparison with its own level. But where all is to be done by the spade, and the whole of the banks to be newly formed, the task is very different; and here it will be the proper place to inquire, by what means the varieties in the banks of natural lakes are produced. I of course suppose, that the improver would wish to have many of those varieties, provided they could be introduced without appearing crowded or affected, and without injuring unity of effect and of character; for if he be content with the unity of monotony, he cannot do better than take Mr. Brown for his guide.

I think the best method of stating this matter clearly, will be to show in what manner those natural lakes, of which the general form is pleas-

ing, but which want those varieties I have been speaking of, might, from natural causes, have acquired them; and then to show how art may so prepare the ground as to give a kind of guidance and direction to the operations of nature. It is easy to conceive some natural lakes, in which, though the shape of the ground and the turns of the water might, from their winding and undulation, be extremely pleasing, yet the monotony would be very great; as, for instance, among bare downs, or close-bitten sheep-walks—for where the soil and turf are firm, the descent gentle and uniform, so that the rain-water, from its spreading easily over the general surface, does not produce any breaks or gullies —the monotony would arise, from what, in many points of view, might very justly be considered as perfections. The whole outline of the *immediate* bank in such a piece of water, would have little more variety than that of one of Mr. Brown's, though it would be free from its formality and affected sweeps; and were natural wood to grow upon it, though that must always be a source of variety, yet alone it would not be sufficient; for there are many varieties of a striking kind, which exclusively belong to ground, and of which wood cannot supply the place, however necessary it be to accompany, and to give them their full value. What is it then that would give to a lake of this kind a higher interest with lovers of painting, and with many other persons of natural taste and observation? and what would be the causes of such a change? This is the inquiry I propose to make, and this will lead to the examples of that mode of imitating nature which I have already mentioned.

To give rise to picturesque circumstances in such a lake, we must first suppose the soil and the turf, instead of being firm, to be in parts of a looser texture, and consequently to be more easily acted upon by frost and water. The winter torrents would in that case wash some of the ground from the higher parts, which by degrees would accumulate, and form different mounds immediately above the water, and sometimes little promontories, which would jut out into the lake. Such projections would not long remain bare; for wherever soil is drifted down and accumulates, vegetation is particularly luxuriant: heath and furze, and, under their protection, trees and bushes will often spring up spontaneously; and every one must have observed how much more frequently they are found on the sides of gullies and ravines, than on the more open parts of hills, and how much more picturesque their effect is in such situations.

In other places the soil would crumble away, and the banks be broken, and deeply indented. Should there be any rocks or large stones,

they, from the same causes, will partially be bared; while the strata of sand, gravel, and of different coloured earths mixed with the tints of vegetation, will in various parts appear. The trees which often grow on the shallow soil above the rocks, will, as they grow old, show parts of their roots uncovered, and hanging over or clasping the rocks; while ivy, being guarded by the same brakes which nursed up the trees, will climb over them and the rocks. In all this, I have supposed only *parts* of the banks to be so altered, and the other parts to remain in their former smoothness, verdure, and undulation. I would now ask, if two lakes, the one universally green and smooth, the other with the varieties I have described, were near each other, which would be the most generally admired? I can hardly conceive that any person would hesitate to which of the two he would give the preference; yet it must be observed, that the picturesque circumstances I have mentioned, arise from what, in other points of view, must be considered as imperfections, and what, in their first crude state, are deformities.

I will now put the case of an improver who had been used to compare nature and pictures together, and who intended to make a piece of artificial water in a valley, the sides of which were uniformly green and sloping, like those of the lake I first mentioned. This valley I suppose him to be able to float nearly to the height he wished by means of the dam only, but that he still would be obliged to form some part totally by digging. Such an improver would, of course, admire the last mentioned lake, and be desirous of finding out how he might more quickly, and with greater certainty, give birth to those picturesque circumstances which in that must slowly have arisen from time and accident. He would begin by taking the level of the future water according to the intended height of the head, by which means he would have a very tolerable idea of the general form; and he would take care that in digging out the mould from the sides to form the head, the workmen should, if possible, always keep some little way below that level, in order that no marks of the spade should appear after the pool was filled, but that he might see the exact outline which would be formed by the water itself. By this method, some varieties, even in the most unvaried ground, will present themselves; whereas, by the usual method of preparing the outline with the spade according to the stakes, the whole of that outline must, in every instance, be stiff and formal; it would be so should the level be so exactly and minutely taken, that the line were precisely that which the water itself would describe, and much more so if artificial sweeps should be made. The bank, therefore, being at first left in its natural form, and the water itself being his best guide with

respect to any changes it might be proper to make, he would go round every part with a painter's, not a mere gardener's eye; and, instead of examining how he might make the sweeps more regular, the bank more uniformly sloping to the water edge, and every thing more smooth, he would consider in what parts the varieties I have mentioned could be introduced most naturally, and with most effect.

The two principal changes in the mere ground are effected, first, by removing earth *from* the banks, in order to form coves and inlets of various sizes; and, secondly, by placing it *upon* them, in order to vary their height and shape, or *against* them, to form strong projections. The first of these changes is made in most pieces of artificial water, but in so tame and uniform a manner as to have little effect or variety; the second method, I believe, has never been attempted.

In order to keep the whole more distinct, I will begin by considering both the difficulty and the practicability of breaking an uniform bank into such forms, as, when they are accompanied by vegetation, please all eyes in natural lakes and rivers.

Whenever the shaping of a bank is left to common labourers or gardeners, they, of course, make it as smooth and as uniformly sloping as possible. Any directions to them how to break it irregularly, would only produce the most ridiculous notches, with visible marks of the spade or the pick-axe—for even a painter who was used to gardening, could not, with his own hand, by the immediate use of such instruments, produce any thing picturesque or natural. As art is unable, by any immediate operation, to create those effects, she must have recourse to nature,—that is, to accident,—whose operation, though she cannot imitate, she can in a great measure direct. If, therefore, an improver wishes to break the uniformity of a green sloping bank—rising, however, from the water with a quick, though an equal ascent—he will oblige his workmen, after he has marked out the general forms and sizes of those breaks, to cut down the banks perpendicularly, and then to undermine them in different degrees. By this method, though he be unable to copy the particular breaks with which he may have been pleased, he will be certain of imitating their general character. By this method, likewise, all sameness and formality of lines will necessarily be avoided; for, were each break to be staked out in the most formal manner, each to be a regular semicircle precisely of the same dimension, and the workmen to follow the exact line of the stakes, yet still by undermining it would be impossible not to produce variety. Then again, as monotony is the parent of monotony, so is variety the parent of variety. When, by the action of rain and frost, added to that of

the water itself, large fragments of mould tumble from the hollowed banks of rivers or lakes, those fragments, by the accumulation of other mould, often lose their rude and broken form, are covered with the freshest grass, and enriched with tufts of natural flowers; and, though detached from the bank, and upon a lower level, still appear connected with it, and vary its outline in the softest and most pleasing manner. As fragments of the same kind will always be detached from ground that is undermined, so, by their means, the same effects may designedly be produced; and they will suggest numberless intricacies and varieties of a soft and pleasing, as well as of a broken kind. They will likewise indicate where large stones may be placed in the most natural and picturesque manner; for, when such stones and fragments of mould are grouped with each other, they not only have a better effect to the painter's eye, but they appear to have fallen together from the bank; whereas, without such indication, without something in the form of the ground which accords with and accompanies them, stones placed upon mere turf, have seldom that appearance of lucky accident which should be the aim where objects are not professedly artificial. In making any of those abrupt inlets, the improver must consider what parts would most probably have been torn by floods, if the mould and the turf had been of a looser texture, and the general surface less calculated to spread the water, in order that he might give to his breaks the appearance of having been torn by accident. He would not, however, be guided by that consideration alone, but also observe where such inlets would have the most picturesque, as well as the most natural effect—how they would be accompanied, and in what manner the more distant parts might be introduced; for as all strongly marked abruptnesses attract the eye, he would endeavour by their means to attract it towards the most interesting objects, or at least not towards those of an opposite character.

[I conceive that in most situations it may be quite possible, with some sacrifice of expense, to introduce here and there broken rocky precipices, of more or less magnitude, that might serve to give the happiest variety to the aquatic scene which the improver is forming. There can be no difficulty of ascertaining whether the prevailing rock of the locality is any where found to approach within reasonable proximity to the surface. This may be a more uncertain investigation if the rock be of the primitive class; but if it be stratified, it must always be an easy matter to ascertain the depth at which it exists, at whatever angle the general stratification may lie. Having learned this, it will be quite possible, before admitting the water into the valley to

be flooded, to open up a large irregular quarry in the sloping side of the hill; and to secure the essential point that the rocks may rise naturally out of a certain depth of the future water, the operation of quarrying may be made to commence at any given depth below the line of its intended level. Very picturesque little irregular rocky bays might thus be formed, which, with the after addition of trees, shrubs, and plants, might give the charm of Nature to the scene, when the whole effect became mellowed by the softening touch of time. A rocky promontory might thus also be created, by taking advantage of a prominence in the hill, and quarrying irregularly into either side of it—and if the masses of stone that are thus quarried out were not found to be of any important value elsewhere, they might be very advantageously employed for the general effect, by scattering them carelessly along certain flat parts of the shores within the proposed water line, or about the base of the newly-created cliffs, where some of them might be seen half-rising above the water. For this last object, the larger the blocks could be blasted out, and the more irregular they could be in form, the better effect they would have—and a due intermixture of aquatic plants would add to the perfection of the whole composition.—E.]

After the improver had settled the principal points where he would either add or take away earth for the sake of picturesque effect, he would then begin to dig out the soil that might be necessary for completing the form and size he wished to give his lake. In the management of this part, which must be entirely formed by digging, lies the great difficulty; for if the line be exactly staked out, and the bank everywhere sloped down in that direction to the edge of the future water, perfect monotony will, as usual, be the consequence. The art here consists—and it is by no means an easy one—in preserving a general play and connection of outline, yet varied by breaks and inlets of different heights and characters—it consists in avoiding sameness and insipid curves, yet in no less carefully avoiding such frequent and distinct breaks, as, from a different cause, would disfigure the outline.

Such opposite defects might perhaps be avoided, and such opposite beauties be united, were improvers to observe, and even to analyze those banks of natural lakes and rivers, in which such beauties, without the defects, do exist. No one can doubt that there are natural banks of a moderate height, where the general play of outline is preserved by the connection of the parts, and yet where on a near approach, and in different directions, numberless breaks, inlets, and picturesque circumstances of every kind are perceived.

Let us suppose then, that all the trees, bushes, and vegetation of

every kind, were to be taken away from such a bank; what would remain? A number of rough unsightly heaps of earth, tumbled into irregular shapes; with perhaps several stumps, roots of trees, and large stones in different parts of it. If these also were removed, nothing would be left but broken unequal banks of earth. The prophetic eye of real taste might indeed, even in this rude chaos, discern the foundation of numberless beauties and varieties; but the rash hand of false taste would destroy that foundation, by indiscriminately destroying all roughness and inequality.

This sort of analysis shows what is the groundwork of picturesque improvement; but that groundwork by no means precludes the future admission of those softer beauties which arise from smoothness and undulation. The essential difference is, that the last-mentioned qualities may be given at any time, and in any degree; whereas it is extremely difficult to return back to abruptness. The reason of this difference is obvious—all smoothing and levelling can be done in a great measure by rule, and therefore with certainty; but the effects of abruptness, though they may be prepared by design, can only be produced by accident, and cannot be renewed but by the same process.

The person, therefore, who has any part of a piece of water to form totally anew, would, according to my conception, do well to take any beautiful bank of a river or lake that would suit the style and scale of his ground, as a sort of model; and in some degree to analyze the component parts, and, as it were, the anatomy of it. He would do well to examine the ground with its breaks, cavities, and inequalities, separate from their beautiful disguise of trees and plants; and to consider the effect which such ground gives to vegetation, as well as the charm which it receives from that delightful drapery of nature. In doing this, the improver would be following the practice of the most consummate masters of another art. Who does not know that Raphael, and almost all the eminent historical painters, though their pictures were only to represent the human figure in its perfect state, yet studied and designed the anatomical position of all the bones, muscles, &c., in detail? What is still more to the point in question, the great artist whom I have just mentioned, accurately drew the naked forms of those figures, which he meant to represent with drapery; knowing how much the grace and play of that drapery must depend on what was beneath, and that its folds were not meant to hide, but to indicate and adorn the forms which they covered.

The whole of this presents the idea of ground-working in a new and a much higher point of view; so perfectly new, that I believe nothing

of the kind has hitherto been attempted, or even thought of. The difficulty is in proportion to the variety of points from which each part (as being part of a composition) must be considered. Mr. Brown never thought of picturesque composition; and where the parts, as in his banks, are all alike both in form and colour, and without any break, there can be no difficulty with regard to their connection with each other, however ill they may accord with the rest of the landscape. Monotony is, indeed, a very certain remedy against particular defects; but it may truly be said, that such a remedy is worse than almost any disease.

If, then, an improver were determined to avoid such unnatural monotony, to copy nature in her lucky varieties and effects, and to copy her as closely as possible, he might by way of study, and as a trial how far an imitation could be made to resemble a beautiful original, take a sort of plan of the ground, independently of the trees, &c. He might then mark out on the sides of the future water, the exact places where the mould which was dug out should be deposited, but without being smoothed or levelled; only directing that each heap, more or less continued and extended in length, should be raised to certain heights in different parts;—all the inlets and projections might be formed upon the same principle. This, when done, would be the rough groundwork, and would have something of the general shape of what he had admired, but with unavoidable varieties. Such a state of ground may be compared to the state of a picture when the artist has just roughly sketched in the general masses and forms. To a person unused to the process, the whole appears like a heap of confusion, and of dabs of paint put on at random—just as the ground in a similar state would appear like a heap of dirt, thrown about without any meaning; and this is the state in which both painters and improvers would dislike to have their works seen. But in both it is a necessary preparation—a rude process—through which those works must pass, before they can receive the more distinct and finishing touches.

The general form of the bank, that is, of the mere ground, being made out in this rude manner, the improver would next observe what were the other circumstances, independently of trees and vegetation, which gave picturesque effect to the bank of the natural river which he was endeavouring to imitate, and produced varied reflections in the water. These, he might probably find, were old stumps and trunks of trees, with their roots bare and projecting—small ledges of rocks, and stones of various sizes, either accompanied by the broken soil only, or

fixed among the matted roots—some of them in the sides of the bank itself—some below it, and near the *edge* of the water—others *in* the water, with their tops appearing above it. In another part again, there might be a beach of gravel, sand, or pebbles, the general bank being there divided, and a passage worn through it, by animals coming to drink, or to cool themselves in the water. Many of these, and of similar circumstances, he might probably be able to produce in his new-formed bank, before he began the operation of planting; nor ought he to be deterred by the awkward naked appearance of stumps, roots, and stones half-buried in dirt, but look forward to the time when dirt and bareness will be gone, when rudeness will be disguised, and effect and variety alone remain.

Should a taste for diversifying the banks of artificial water once prevail, I am well persuaded that such an inexhaustible fund of amusement and interest would succeed to the present dull monotony, as might tempt many into the opposite extreme. Just at present, however, there is no need of caution on that head; and the study of pictures, by means of which a taste for such varieties is best acquired, will at once be the incentive and the corrective;—it will point out many unthought-of varieties and effects, and at the same time will show in what situations simplicity, in what richness ought to prevail—where, and how they ought to be introduced in succession, so as to give relief to each other.

When we consider the great beauty of tints, independently of form, and of light and shadow; as likewise the great variety of them which

nature does, and consequently art may, introduce into one scene of a river, and that with the most perfect harmony and unity of effect—it is quite surprising that they should absolutely have been banished from the banks of artificial water, and from what are meant to be the most ornamented scenes. I am not here speaking of trees or their various tints—of which, however, little advantage has been taken on the banks of water, though in other places too licentious a use is often made of their diversity. I am now speaking of the tints of stone, and of the soil in broken ground, both which have this great advantage—that, although they form a more marked contrast to vegetation than any trees do to each other, yet they, in a peculiar degree, harmonise with other objects. The first of them is in many cases allowed to be highly ornamental;—the latter, I believe, may be made to accord with dressed scenery, at least where the banks of water are concerned; for where the professed aim is that of imitating a river, surely those circumstances which give such effect, variety, and naturalness to rivers, ought not to be proscribed. On the contrary, the improver ought to make them the object of his search, his study, and his imitation, not only on lakes and rivers, but wherever there are rich and varied banks—for we must be sure that water and reflection would double their beauties. All such banks afford studies for painters, either alone, or combined with water; but without some variety of tint in their accompaniments, rivers, either in nature or painting, would be most insipid objects. If, therefore, an artist were desired to paint a scene, in which a river was to be the principal feature, and were told, at the same time, that for the banks of it he must make use of no other colour than grass green, I imagine he would hardly undertake it, even if he should be allowed to differ so far from Mr. Brown as to vary the form as well as the light and shadow of those banks. Mr. Brown and his followers have confined themselves to the most strict and absolute monotony, in form, colour, and light and shadow. I trust that some years hence it will appear quite surprising, that professors of the art of laying out grounds should have received large sums of money for having planned and executed what they called artificial rivers; but from which they had studiously excluded almost every circumstance of a natural one, except what they could not get rid of—the two elements of earth and water. The artist whom I have instanced would certainly wish to make use of such a diversity of tints as might create variety and interest, without glare and confusion; and the improver, instead of being *more* restrained, may be allowed to go much farther than the painter—and this is a point which deserves to be discussed.

Landscape painters have availed themselves of all the varieties which suited their art; but in a painted landscape, the detail must always be subordinate to the general effect. It often happens that in a real foreground numberless circumstances give delight which the painter in a great degree suppresses; because they would not accord with the intentional neglect of detail in the general style and conduct of his picture, nor yet with the scale of it, compared with that of real scenery. But the improver, who works with the materials of nature, may venture, though still with caution, to indulge himself in her liberties—he may give to particular parts the highest degree of enrichment, that rocks, stones, roots, mosses, with flowering and trailing plants, of close or of loose texture, can create, without the same danger which the painter incurs, of injuring the whole. Such parts, when viewed at a distance, would only have a general air of richness; and that is the character which they would have in a painted landscape. When seen near, they are much more rich in detail than a painter could venture to represent them in his foreground—they are compositions of a confined kind, which have seldom been carefully finished as such, though often sketched as studies. But had such an artist as Van-Huysum, who was both a landscape and a flower-painter, chosen to take a compartment of that kind by itself quite separate from the rest of the scenery, he would have represented it in its full detail; and such a picture would have borne the same relation to a landscape, as one of those groups of flowers which he so often did paint, and with such wonderful truth and splendour, bear to the general view of a garden. He would have expressed all the brilliancy and mellowness of such a small composition; and we, in dressing such parts, should endeavour to give them that mixture of mellowness and brilliancy which would suit such a picture as he, or any painter of the same character and excellence, would have painted.

These are some of my reasons for thinking that the banks of artificial water may be more enriched, than those of rivers appear to be in painting, or, I may add, than they are in nature, if an average were taken between the plain and the enriched parts of the most admired river. A piece of made water bears the same relation to a lake, or a river, that a sonnet, or an epigram, does to an heroic or a didactic poem: in any short poem, a quick succession of brilliant images and expressions is not only admired, but expected—for, as Lorenzo de Medici says; "La brevità del sonetto, non comporte che una sola parola sia vana"—whereas they would be ill placed in the narrative, or the connecting parts of a long work. The case is particularly strong with respect to

artificial water—as it is professedly ornamental, and made with no other intention.

In order to point out a few of those varieties which appear to me most capable of being imitated by art, I will consider some of the different characters of the banks of natural rivers. The most uninteresting parts of any river, are those of which the immediate banks are flat, green, naked, and of equal height. I have said uninteresting; for they are merely insipid, not ugly; no one however, I believe, calls them beautiful, or thinks of carrying a stranger to see them. But should the same kind of banks be fringed with flourishing trees and underwood, there is not a person who would not be much pleased at looking down such a reach, and seeing such a fringe reflected in the clear mirror. If, a little farther on, instead of this pleasing, but uniform fringe, the immediate banks were higher in some places, and suddenly projecting—if, on some of these projections, groups of trees stood on the grass only; on others, a mixture of them with fern and underwood, and between them the turf alone came down almost to the water edge, and let in the view towards the more distant objects—any spectator who observed at all, must be struck with the difference between one rich, but uniform fringe, and the succession and opposition of high and low, of rough and smooth, of enrichment and simplicity. A little farther on, other circumstances of diversity might occur. In some parts of the bank, large trunks and roots of trees might form coves over the water, while the broken soil might appear amidst them and the overhanging foliage; adding to the fresh green, the warm and mellow tints of a rich ochre, or a bright yellow. A low ledge of rocks might likewise show itself a little above the surface; but so shaded by projecting boughs as to have its form and colour darkly reflected. At other times these rocks might be open to the sun, and, in place of wood, a mixture of heath and furze with their purple and yellow flowers, might crown the top; between them wild roses, honeysuckles, periwinkles, and other trailing plants might hang down the sides towards the water, in which all these brilliant colours and varied forms would be fully reflected.

These are a few of the numberless varieties, which it is within the compass of art to imitate; they, nevertheless, have seldom, if ever, been tried in the style, or for the purposes that I have mentioned—not even those which arise from planting. But as rocks with cascades have been imitated with success, there can be no difficulty in placing trunks, or roots of trees, or in imitating many effects of stone, or of rocks, on a smaller scale; especially where there is no motion to disturb them. With regard to the tints of soil, if sand, or any rich-coloured

earth, be placed where it will be supported by stones, roots, or ledges of rocks, as it often is in nature, it will probably remain undisturbed; as there would be no current, or flood to affect it.

In all I have written on the subject of improvement, one great purpose has been to point out the affinity between landscape painting, and landscape gardening; in this case, the affinity is very close indeed. The landscape gardener would prepare his colours, would mix and break them, just like the painter; and would be equally careful to avoid the two extremes of glare and monotony; every aim of the painter with respect to form, and light and shadow, would likewise be equally that of the landscape gardener.

Between the professors of Mr. Brown's school and landscape painters, there certainly is no kind of affinity; but there is one branch of the art of painting, from which they seem to have borrowed many of their principles, and their ideas of effect. I mean that branch, the professors of which sometimes call themselves *painters in general*, but who are more commonly known by the name of *house-painters*. The aim of a house-painter is to make every thing as smooth and even as the nature of what he is to work upon will allow; and then to make it of one uniform colour. So did Mr. Brown. Another part of his art is to keep exactly within the lines that are marked out. When, for instance, he is picking in (as it is termed) the frize, or the ornaments of a ceiling, he carefully and evenly lays on his white, his green, or his red, and takes care that all the lines and the passages from one colour to another shall be distinctly seen, and never mixed and blended with each other as in landscape painting. So far the two professors exactly resemble each other. The great difference between them is, that the former never proposed any of their works as landscapes; whereas the latter,

with almost as little pretension, have proposed their's, not merely as landscapes, but as landscapes of a more refined and exquisite kind, than those which nature, or the best of her imitators had produced.

It may be objected to the style I have recommended, that from the awkward attempts at picturesque effect, such fantastic works would often be produced as might force us to regret even the present monotony. I have no doubt that very diverting performances in roots, stones, and rock-work would be produced, and that alone I should reckon as no little gain; for who would not prefer an absurd, but laughable farce, to a flat insipid piece of five acts? There is, however, another very essential difference. In a made river there is such an incorrigible dulness, that unless the banks themselves be totally altered, the most judicious planting will not entirely get the better of it. But let the most whimsical improver make banks with roots, stones, rocks, grottos, caverns, of every odd and fantastic form; even these, by means of trees, bushes, trailing plants, and of vegetation in general, may in a short time have their absurdities in a great degree disguised, and still, under that disguise, be the cause of many varied and striking effects. How much more so, if the same materials were disposed by a skilful artist! There are, indeed, such advantages arising from the moisture and vegetation which generally attend the near banks of water, that even quarry stones simply placed against a bank, however crude their first appearance, soon become picturesque; mosses and weather-stains, the certain consequence of moisture, soon enrich and diversify their surface, while plants of different kinds spring forth between their separations, and crawl, and hang over them in various directions. [Where the depth of the water is not to be greater than may admit of such an operation, a good picturesque point may be produced by the mere erection of a rude pier, which may be partly or entirely made of rustic wood, or altogether of rough and uncemented stones. A boat moored to such a pier, will at once convert it into a point of some interest, which cannot fail to improve the whole effect.—E.] If stones thus placed upright like a wall, nay if a wall itself may by means of such accompaniments have an effect, what an infinite number of pleasing and striking combinations might be made, were an improver with the eye of a painter, to search for stones of such forms and tints as he could employ to most advantage! Were he, at the same time, likewise to avail himself of some of those beautiful, but less common flowering and climbing plants which in general are only planted in borders, or against walls! We see what rich mixtures are formed on rocky banks, by common heaths and furze alone, or with the addition of wild roses and woodbines; what new combina-

tions might then be made in many places with the Virginia creeper, periploca, trailing arbutus, &c., which though, perhaps, not more beautiful, would have a new and more dressed appearance! Many of the choice American plants of low growth, and which love shade, such as kalmeas, and rhododendrons, by having the mould they most delight in placed to the north, on that sort of shelf which is often seen between a lower and an upper ledge of rocks, would be as likely to flourish as in a garden. And it may be here remarked, that when plants are placed in new situations with new accompaniments, half hanging over one mass of stone, and backed by another, or by a mixture of rock, soil, and wild vegetation, they assume so new a character, such a novelty and brilliancy in their appearance, as can hardly be conceived by those who only see them in a shrubbery, or a botanical garden. In warmer aspects, especially in the more southern parts of England, bignonias, passion-flowers, &c. might often grow luxuriantly amidst similar accompaniments; these we have always seen nailed against walls, and have little idea of their effect, or even of that of vines and jessamines, when loosely hanging over rocks and stones, or over the dark coves which might be made among them.

[I have tried the experiment of allowing vines to trail wildly over rocks in certain favourable situations, with very happy effect. The hop may now and then be so used—and that grand broad-leaved plant, the aristolochia sepho, is especially well adapted for such purposes.—E.]

These effects of a more dressed and minute kind, might be tried with great convenience and propriety in those parts of artificial pieces of water, which are often enclosed from the pasture grounds, and dedicated solely to shrubs and verdure; while other circumstances of a ruder nature, and not so liable to be injured, might with equal propriety be placed in less polished scenes; and by such methods, a varied succession of pictures might be formed on the banks of made water. Some of soft turf, and a few simple objects—others full of enrichment and intricacy—others partaking of both those characters—yet while monotony was avoided in the simple parts, general breadth and harmony might no less be preserved in those which were most enriched, for they *are* preserved in the most striking parts of natural rivers; which are often so full of richness, intricacy, and variety, that art must despair to rival them.

It may, perhaps, be thought that such banks as Mr. Brown made, though very tiresome if uniformly continued, would be very proper for the simple parts of such artificial water as I have supposed; in my opinion, however, they are in one sense, almost as remote from simplicity as from richness. Simplicity, when applied to objects in which

nature is professedly imitated, always implies naturalness; by which I mean that all the circumstances, whether few or many, should have the appearance of having been produced by a lucky concurrence of natural causes, without the interference of art. For that reason, when a river is the object of imitation, the banks ought not to be made more regularly sloping to the edge of the water, or more exactly levelled, than those of gentle rivers usually are, otherwise they betray art, and, of course, are no longer simple. Indeed, in all such imitations the danger of betraying art should prevent too nice an attention to regular slopes, even though frequent precedents should be found to exist in nature. The case is different in the gravel walk; for that is no imitation of nature, but an avowed piece of art—avowedly made for comfort and neatness. The two sides of a gravel walk may, therefore, be as even and smooth as art can make them, and the sweeps regular and uniform. From not attending to this very obvious difference, Mr. Brown has formed the banks of his rivers just as he did the sides of his walks; he made the curves equally regular, and the lines equally distinct.*

I shall, very probably, be accused of a passion for enrichment, and a contempt for simplicity, as I have been of an exclusive fondness for the picturesque, and of a want of feeling for what is beautiful. I have the same defence to make against both charges—the necessity of counteracting the strong and manifest tendency of the general taste towards monotony and baldness, to which simplicity is nearly allied, and into which it easily degenerates. To correct those two great defects of artificial water, it was necessary to show the charms of variety and enrichment, and the practicability of producing them; and as they are not meant to exclude simplicity, so neither should simplicity exclude them—they are correctives and heighteners of each other. But it must be observed, that the effects of enrichment can be more distinctly pointed out in theory, and more certainly created in practice, than those of simplicity in its genuine sense. The charm of a simple view on a river consists in having a few objects happily placed. A small group of trees—a single tree with no other background than the sky, or a bare hill—a mere bush—a tussuck—may happen to give that character, and any addition, any diminution, might injure or destroy *quel tantino che fa tutto.* To leave such slight but essential circumstances unaltered, is a matter of some feeling and judgment—to place them, still more so, and the attempt might often produce unconnected spots; but stones,

* Essay on the Picturesque, page 242.

rocks, roots, with trees, bushes, and trailing plants, if placed together, must at least produce richness and variety.

That species of simplicity which arises from the objects being few, has in many cases a distinct and peculiar charm, and should in those cases be most carefully preserved. There is, however, another kind of simplicity, which is of more extensive consequence—I mean simplicity and unity of effect—

"*Denique sit quidvis simplex duntaxat et* unum."

Wherever intricacy, variety, and enrichment disturb *that* unity, they are highly injurious; but where they do not, unless they should interfere with simplicity so pleasing in itself, and so clearly marked out as not to be mistaken, they surely in most instances will plead their own excuse.

Hitherto I have supposed, that in some part of the ground where artificial water was to be made, there were originally certain inequalities and varieties of which advantage could be taken. But, it might be asked, what is a person to do whose house is situated in an absolute flat, and who still, in spite of the disadvantages of such a situation, and of the absence of all picturesque circumstances, is determined to make an artificial river? Is he to vary the heights of his banks, or to break them, when all around is smooth and level? Is he to plant bushes, or suffer them to grow, when the whole lawn is open and cleared? These are questions which Mr. Brown's admirers might ask with triumph; and here, they might add, the superiority of our school of improvement, and the genius of its founder, appear in the clearest light. That great self-taught master, by reducing the banks every where to the same height, by sloping them regularly, and keeping them clear from all rubbish, has preserved, as far as it is possible, that great beauty—continuity of surface; for in his artificial rivers, if we except the space which the water itself occupies, every blade of grass is seen as it was before the water was made.

Very few great self-taught masters have ever existed—none, perhaps, strictly speaking. Mr. Brown certainly is in no sense of that number; and to hear the same title given to him as to Shakspeare or Salvator Rosa, would raise our indignation, if the extreme ridicule did not give another turn to our feelings.

It must be owned, that if the pleasure of viewing a piece of scenery consisted in being able to follow a surface with the least possible interruption, Mr. Brown's method of making artificial water would be perfect; but if grouping, composition, partial concealment, variety, effect,

be all essential requisites in the art of creating landscapes, especially where water is a principal ingredient, then a very different method must be pursued, even where the whole country is perfectly flat. In reality, by sacrificing the effect of water to the surface of grass, the character of a meadow or lawn is destroyed, yet that of a lake or river is not obtained; for nothing can more completely separate and disunite the two parts of a meadow than a naked glaring piece of water, and nothing can be less like a beautiful river or lake than such a pretended imitation.

In my opinion, he who makes a piece of water, whatever may be its situation, ought, in almost all cases to consider it as the principal object of his attention, and, instead of sacrificing its character and effects to a false idea of continuity and union, ought to sacrifice, if necessary, many real beauties, if he thereby could obtain such scenes (considered merely in respect to their immediate banks) as we are oftentimes delighted with in natural lakes and rivers. It happens, however, very fortunately, that many of those circumstances which render them so beautiful in themselves, serve likewise to unite them with the rest of the scenery, and to give greater effect and variety to the more distant parts. Bare shaven banks form distinct lines, which everywhere mark the exact separation of the two elements, but partial concealments are no less the sources of connection, than of variety, effect, and intricacy; for by their means the water and the land, the nearer and the more distant parts, are blended and united with each other.

The effects of water are always so attractive, that wherever there is any appearance of it in a landscape, whether real or painted, to that part the eye is irresistibly carried, and to that it always returns. All the objects immediately around it are consequently most examined;—where they are ugly or insipid, the whole scene is disgraced; but where they are interesting, their influence seems to extend over the whole scenery, which thence assumes a character of beauty that does not naturally belong to it.

This strong attractive power of water, while it shows how much the immediate banks ought to be studied, suggests likewise another consideration with regard to its position in the general view from the house. In places where the views are confined to the nearer objects, the water, as at Blenheim, frequently occupies a very considerable portion of the scenery, and mixes with almost every part of it; but where from a high station the eye surveys a more extended country, the appearance of water which may be produced by art, bears no proportion to that extent, though it may greatly enliven parts of it. In such situations,

therefore, the placing of the water ought very much to be guided by the objects, whether near or distant, to which it will serve as a sort of focus. It may happen, for instance, that the parts which would be most easily floated are placed amidst open common fields, amidst hedges without trees, or, what is worse, with stripped elms, or pollard willows; that they are backed by hills of bad shapes, and divided by square map-like enclosures. A piece of water in that situation would infallibly draw the attention towards those objects, which otherwise might have escaped notice; and the eye, though it might be hurt by them, will still be forced towards that part—for our eyes, like moths, will always be attracted by light, and no experience can prevent them from returning to it. On that account, the position of water can never be a matter of indifference. If the size of it be considerable, and the objects in that direction ugly or uninteresting, it will make their defects more conspicuous, but by no means compensate those defects. On the other hand, the smallest appearance of water, a mere light in the landscape, may answer a very essential purpose—that of leading the attention to those parts which are most worthy of notice; and, therefore, wherever there are the happiest groups of trees or buildings, the richest distances, the most pleasing boundaries of hills or mountains, in that direction the water, if possible, should be placed, so as to blend with them into one composition. It will then serve, not merely as a brilliant light in the landscape, but likewise as a bond which unites all those parts together; whereas, if it be placed at a distance from them, the eye is distracted between objects which it would like to fix upon, and a fascinating splendour, the influence of which it cannot resist.

I now return from this more general consideration, to that of the banks of water in a flat; and where also the ground through which it is to be made, not only is without any variety of heights and breaks, but even without any thickets or bushes, of which advantage might be taken for the purposes of concealment and of naturalness. By what means, then, could a piece of water be formed in such a situation, so as to be interesting in itself, and to give an interest to all that surrounds it? I shall, in this inquiry, pursue something of the same method I have already taken, and consider how a natural river, according to its different accompaniments, might look in such a situation. Let us, therefore, suppose a natural river, about the usual size of those made by art, to pass slowly through the middle of a large flat meadow, totally without trees or bushes of any kind; but having the part of its banks between the general level of the grass and that of the water, worn and broken in various degrees. Such a river would certainly

have very few attractions; but still the banks would have some diversity, though of a rude and uninteresting kind. If one of Mr. Brown's followers were desired to dress such a scene, he would, of course, slope all those banks regularly and uniformly to the edge of the water—an operation by which they would lose indeed their rudeness, but with it all variety of surface. Again, the banks of the natural river might have many irregular turns and projections, which, not being disguised and softened by trees or bushes, would give a harshness to the outline. Those of Mr. Brown's improved river would, on the other hand, be moulded into regular curves equally undisguised, which would therefore appear in all their insipid sameness—and this, I think, is a fair parallel between one of Nature's worst rivers, and the best of Mr. Brown's. Such, then, would be their respective appearance when naked and undisguised; and were they left to grow wild for some years, and the wood which might spring up preserved, still their distinct characters would be apparent. In the natural bank, the irregular turns, the inlets with projections of crumbling soil being partially concealed or disguised by vegetation, would occasion some degree of variety and intricacy; while, in the other, the regularity of the curves, and the monotony of the slopes, would always be perceived, always have the same insipid artificial appearance.

To take it again in another light. Suppose that in the same level country the windows of the house looked down the reach of a natural river, both the banks of which were completely fringed with flourishing

trees and underwood—the ground on each side being a flat meadow as before. This total fringe, though in many respects very beautiful, the owner might justly think too uniform and absolute a screen. He therefore would observe what parts of it should be thinned or cut down, in order to let in the most interesting circumstances of the ground behind, whether trees, buildings, distant hills, or other objects: he might in some places smooth and slope the banks, though not in too gardener-like a style; and, in others, allow the trees he had cut down to spring up again, as a present rich covering, which might afterwards be thinned and grouped at pleasure. In examining the banks on which this fringe was growing, he might perhaps find that some parts of it, from whatever cause, whether of soil having been thrown up, or from original formation, were higher than the rest; and these risings, he might find, not only produced a pleasing variety when seen from the river, but likewise made a rich and varied termination in the view from the meadow towards the water. Would he, in such a case, have a thought of destroying the risings, of grubbing up the wood, and levelling the ground, in order to preserve everywhere the level of the meadow?—In searching amidst the thick underwood, he might find large roots of trees which projected over the water, supporting the mould above and behind them; while the water had washed away that below, and formed a deep hollow beneath. By partially clearing away some of the boughs which concealed these roots, he might give to the recesses below them a still greater appearance of depth, and lead the eye towards their dark shadows. Were there no other objection to Mr. Brown's pieces of made-water, than that they had no deep shadows, that would alone be a sufficient condemnation. But I will not trust myself to speak of their effects—it would lead me too far from the present subject. Were the improver, then, to find any large stones in the banks, or below them near the water edge—and such are not unfrequently to be found even in flat situations—he would hardly think of inquiring how they came there, and whether they belonged originally to the soil, but consider only how he could profit by them, or by any other circumstances which might produce effect and variety, without any manifest absurdity or unnaturalness.

If, then, it be acknowledged that these varieties do constitute some of the principal charms of natural rivers; if where they exist, are happily disposed, and mixed with verdure and smoothness, not only the river itself is beautiful, but the whole country from its influence seems to partake of that character; and if, on the other hand, where there is a total want of them, there must be total monotony—what should prevent

us from endeavouring to imitate that which is at the same time most natural and most delightful, instead of making something, which has no type in nature, and ought to have none in art? Can it be said that there is any real difficulty in executing any part of what I have described, or indeed much more than I have mentioned? I say in executing, for difficulty there certainly is in planning and directing what is to be a principal feature in a real landscape.

[However unfavourable such a flat place may be for the construction of an interesting piece of water, I conceive that much may be done to effect the object by planting alone. To attempt to lay down any universally applicable rule or plan for such a creation, would manifestly be most absurd. But the same skill and judgment that could effect an interesting combination of wood and lawn in such a situation, might certainly succeed in producing interest where the additional ingredient of water was allowed. The effect would, of course, entirely depend upon the mode in which the various irregular sinuosities of the shores were formed and wooded—here, with trees to be allowed to grow tall and spreading, and there, with a thicker jungle of lower shrubs. I do not think that such a piece of water could possibly have a good effect if very extensive; but, on a small scale, its reflections at least would be always pleasing and animating.—E.]

I have now very fully explained my ideas with respect to the manner in which the banks of water may be prepared, so that time and accident may produce in them those varieties and breaks, which, when properly accompanied, are so much admired by painters. I have likewise shown how other circumstances, usually called picturesque, such as rocks, stones, trunks and roots of trees, &c. may be added to them, and how they may be blended with what is smooth and undulating. The last finishing, that which gives richness, variety, effect, and connection to the whole—that which adds a charm to all other varieties, and which alone, when judiciously managed, will in a great degree compensate their absence, is planting. The connection, and partial concealment arising from wood, which are necessary and interesting in every part of landscape, are peculiarly so in the banks of water; but the degree of concealment which is required for the purpose of softening rudeness, or disguising monotony, cannot well be effected without a large proportion of trees of a lower growth. Although I have dwelt so much on this subject in a former part,* I shall have occasion not only to apply what I have

* Essay on the Picturesque.

there said to the particular points I am now discussing, but also still further to enlarge upon it.

In forming the banks of artificial water through a flat piece of ground, those who absolutely condemn Mr. Brown's regular curves and slopes, might still widely differ from each other as to the degree, and the sort of variety that could with propriety be introduced. One improver might like every kind of enrichment, even in such a situation; another only some variation in the height of the banks; a third, again, might think that any such variation of the ground itself would not accord with the flatness of the surrounding country; and so long as artificial monotony and baldness are excluded, each of these styles may have its merits and its beauties; but the improver who was least fond of variety, and who objected to any difference of height in the banks themselves, might still wish to break and conceal their uniformity by means of wood. Were he, however, to plant forest trees alone, and at the distance they ought to remain when full grown, they would for many years look poor and scattered; and were he to plant a number of them together, they would, if left thick as they usually are, be drawn up to poles, and the sameness of the ground beyond them would be seen between their stems. Should he cut many of them down, and let the underwood grow, still that method, though of great use, will not completely answer the purpose; for the underwood of forest trees would in a few years grow tall and bare, would require to be again cut down, again to be guarded from animals; but thorns and hollies continue thick and bushy, and, what is of great consequence, always subordinate to the higher growths; so that with the most perfect closeness and concealment at bottom, there may be the greatest variety and freedom of outline at top. If a mixture of low bushy plants be of such use in disguising a level surface, it is no less requisite where any risings are artificially made in the bank; for the crude manifest attempt at artificial variety, is much worse than natural unaffected sameness; and, lastly, where roots and stones are placed for picturesque effect, a disguise of low, bushy, and trailing plants, is still more necessary.

But the advantage of this method of planting extends much further than the immediate banks; and as the character of water (considered as part of a composition) is very much affected by all the grounds which surround it, and with which it can be combined into the same landscape, some additional remarks on the planting of such grounds may not be improper in this place; and, indeed, as the principal change in all places is made by means of planting, the superiority

of this method can hardly be placed in too many points of view. Should, then, the ground on each side of the water be either flat, or, what perhaps is scarcely less unvaried, uniformly sloping, still a great degree of variety and intricacy may be given to it, by means of the style of planting I have just mentioned. There are, for instance, many parts of forests quite flat, yet full of intricacy and variety—from what cause? Certainly from the mixture of thorns, yews, hollies, hazels, &c., with the larger trees; these form thickets, which often so variously cross behind each other, that the lawns among them are bounded, yet no one can ascertain the lines of the boundary; the eye is limited, yet appears to be free and unconfined, and wanders into the openings of the thickets themselves, and those between them. Contrast all this with a lawn of Mr. Brown's; the uncertain and perpetually varying boundary of the one, with the regular line of the plantation or belt that hems in the other; contrast the thickets themselves, each a model of intricacy and variety, with the clump of large trees only, as perfect a model of baldness and monotony. By planting a mixture of the different growths, sometimes in large extended plantations, to be separated afterwards into groups and thickets with various inlets and openings; sometimes in smaller masses, arranging them so as to cross, and, as it were, to lap over each other, with passages of various breadths between them, the variety of forest lawns might be given to those near a house, yet the neatness of a dressed lawn be preserved; and water so backed, would not need a continued fringe for the purpose of concealing what was behind. Such future groups and thickets, as they must be prepared by being dug and fenced, will at first look heavy and formal, but the circumstance of the different growths is a sure preservative against the incurable sameness and insulated appearance of clumps, as they are usually planted and left.

The same reflection, which before occurred in describing the immediate banks, again occurs on a more extended scale, namely, that this method, which can give such diversity to an absolute flat, is, if possible, still more useful where there are slight inequalities in the midst of a large space of lawn. A few forest trees placed on such small swellings, look meagre and scattered—a number of them heavy and uniform—and neither of them mark or accord with the character of those lesser risings; but the lower and more bushy plants both agree with the size of such swellings of ground, and humour and characterise their undulations, while a few of the larger trees, mixed with them, give variety and consequence to the general outline. These massive, yet diversified plantations, form divisions and compartments on which the eye can dwell with pleasure; they vary, without stuffing up, the large uninter-

esting spaces of which lawns and parks are too often composed, and from which arises that bare and meagre sameness, so opposite to the richness and diversity of many of the forest lawns.

[Nothing can be more important to the landscape improver than an earnest attention to these few most sensible observations. I have often remarked in grounds some beautiful knoll spoiled in its effect by an uniform and dense plantation of forest trees all over it, where a little attention at the time of planting, might have left it with irregular groups of the taller timber in some places, intermingled with those of lower growths in others, so as to produce a waving and broken outline. Then we often find, that when a knoll has been so spoiled in the planting, instead of the improver attempting to amend it by taking out irregular portions of the taller growths, and introducing thorns, hollies, and other lower growths instead of them, we see the whole grove thinned out regularly in every part, and the stems of the trees bared in such a manner, that the light flickers continually through among them as one moves along, so as to produce absolute pain to the organs of vision.—E.]

It may, perhaps, be said, that thickets, though very proper in forests, and, perhaps, in parks, are not in character with a lawn, or with such dressed ground as artificial water is generally made in. This opinion I wish to examine, for the notion that a lawn, or any meadow or pasture-ground near the house, ought to be kept quite open and clear from any kind of thickets, has been one very principal cause of the bareness I have so often had occasion to censure. It is probable that the first idea of a lawn may have arisen from the openings of various sizes which are found in forests and old parks, and that these openings were the original objects of imitation, in copying which, improvers have had the same degree of success as in their imitations of natural rivers, and from the same cause—that of never studying their models. If it be true that many of these forest lawns have every variety that can be wished for, whether in the disposition of their boundaries, in their groups, or their single trees; that the yews, thorns, hollies, &c., produce richness and concealment, and often, as far as they are concerned, a very dressed appearance; if the larger trees add loftiness and grandeur, while the frequent change from thickets to trees and bushes, either single or in open groups, no less produces variety—what is the objection to making such scenes the principal objects of study and imitation, where similar effects are meant to be created, and where they certainly would be admired? Should it happen, for example, that in parts of the rising ground of a lawn intended to be highly dressed, groups of thorns and hollies were mixed with the oaks and beeches, is there any one with

the least taste for natural beauties who would totally extirpate them, and clear round all the larger trees?—is there any one who would not delight in such a mixture—who would not show it as one of the most pleasing objects in that part of his place? If so, why not strive to create what we should be proud of if placed by accident? With regard to thickets not being suited to dressed scenery, what, let me ask, are those clumps of shrubs and trees of different growths, which at Blenheim and other places, are in the most polished parts of the garden? They are thickets in point of concealment and of variety in the outline of the summit, and so far they differ from those clumps which are planted with the larger trees only; their difference from the forest thicket is, that they are chiefly composed of exotics, and that, from the original line of the digging being preserved, and from their never having been thinned by means of cutting, or of the bite of animals, they remain in one uniform round or oval. Were such clumps thinned, and inlets made by a judicious improver, and were the line of digging effaced, they would soon have the variety of forest thickets; and, on the other hand, were a forest thicket dug round, planted up, and preserved, it would soon have the heaviness and formality of a garden clump. The forest thicket has, therefore, a great advantage in point of variety and playfulness of outline—and perhaps the mixture of oak and beech, with yew, thorn, and holly, were there no other varieties, is not inferior in real beauty to any mixture of exotics. What, then, ought to be the difference between the forest thicket, and that which might be introduced in a lawn? Exactly the difference which characterises the two scenes. The one is wild, rough, and neglected; the other smooth and cultivated. In the lawn, therefore, brambles and briers that crawl on the surface, and whatever gives a rude and neglected look, should be extirpated, and the grass encouraged; and by such means, while the rude entangled look of a brake is destroyed, richness, variety, and concealment, may be created or preserved. But even if it were a settled point that nothing but timber trees ought to have place in a lawn, still the best method of raising them so as to produce present effect without future injury, would be to mix a large proportion of the lower growths, till the timber trees were grown to a sufficient size; and then, if he who should then view their effect altogether could give such an order, every thing round them might be cleared.

In recommending extirpation I have confined my remark to those plants which crawl on the surface; as it is from that circumstance that they have a rude and neglected appearance, however they may suit the painter as a foreground; but where any flexible plants have climbed up trees, they are highly ornamental; nor can any thing be richer or

gayer, than wild roses, or clusters of berries intermixed with foliage, and hanging from it in festoons. Then as the grass may be kept neat about their stems, they do not give the idea of slovenly neglect.

In speaking of artificial hillocks, I have confined myself to those which might be made on the immediate banks of water. It would certainly be much more hazardous to try such an experiment on a more extended surface; still, I think, that where a great deal is to be dug out in order to make the water—where there is more earth than is wanting for the head, and where the ground is unvaried—such artificial risings might be made with good effect, and without appearing unnatural. I judge, in some degree, from what I have seen accidentally produced: it sometimes happens in stony arable grounds, that the stones, with clods of earth, weeds, and rubbish, have been heaped up at different times, and have formed irregular hillocks, which being unfit for cultivation, remain untouched; and trees, bushes, fern, and gorse, spring up in many parts of them. These hillocks are artificial; but not being intended for beauty, they are neither artificially formed, nor planted; and consequently have the perfect appearance of being natural. I have often been struck with the great richness of such banks at a considerable distance, and from a number of points; and have been surprised on examining them, to find how slight a rise of ground, when planted by the hand of nature, seemed to elevate and give consequence to that part. I have been quite deceived in regard to their depth—have gone round them, and though undeceived as to the reality, still observed with pleasure the same appearance. Such is the effect of these artless plantations, the fruits of accident, but which it would be the perfection of design to imitate. Art generally opposes either an uniformly thick, and therefore a suspected screen, or one, (which to use Milton's language,) is thin with excessive thickness—

"Dark with excessive bright."

and through which the ground behind is unpleasantly discovered; but in these works of accident, the many partial openings and inlets seem to invite the eye, while something still prevents it from penetrating too far into their recesses. Many different hillocks have been raised by art, in various ways and for various purposes;—some of them without any connection with the surrounding land; yet still, when enriched and disguised by wild, irregular vegetation, they have, in almost every instance, something in their appearance, which few would wish to part with. There are often, likewise, broad and high ridges, formed by old meers and hedgerows, that interrupt the natural flow of the ground, but which under similar circumstances have an equally good effect; and I have particularly observed meadows near rivers, uniformly surrounded

with banks of that kind, which yet formed the most striking and pleasing features in the whole landscape.

The word *hillock*, is, I believe, in general confined to *natural* swellings of ground. I have, however, the authority of Mr. Mason for using it in this sense, even without the addition of the word artificial. In the second book of the English Garden, where he is giving instructions how a flat scene may be improved, he observes that the genius of such a scene may be "lifted from his dreary couch" by

"Pillowing his head with swelling *hillocks* green."

My instructions have the same tendency, though delivered in humbler language.

All these circumstances might certainly be imitated and improved upon without difficulty; and it is no less certain that the simplest execution of any of the banks which I have described, would be a very essential improvement to the sides of many pieces of made water. I am very far, however, from recommending frequent and wanton attempts to change the surface of ground, as I hold them to be very dangerous on many accounts; for besides the danger of their having an unnatural character if not judiciously managed, heaps of earth might sometimes affect the drainage of the land—a point of equal consequence both to beauty and profit. But I wished to show by what means the different varieties in ground, whether natural or artificial, abrupt or gradual, connected or disjoined, may at once be disguised and set off to the greatest advantage. I wished also to suggest, that when a quantity of mould must somehow be disposed of, it had better be employed in creating and increasing variety, than (according to the usual practice) in destroying that which does exist, by filling up all inequalities without distinction, and reducing the whole to the strictest and stiffest monotony.

The folly of attempting to create variety and picturesque effect, by means of single objects without connection or congruity, is very pointedly ridiculed by the Abbé de Lisle in his poem on Gardens. The two lines, like most of his verses, are easily retained, and will be recollected with equal pleasure and profit—

"Et dans un sol égal, un humble monticule
Veut être pittoresque, et ne'st que ridicule."

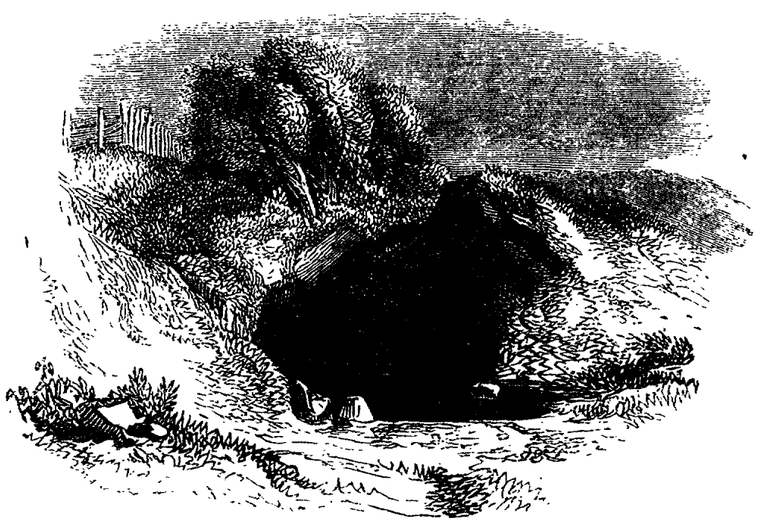
All that I have said, will serve to strengthen, not to counteract the force of that just satire, and the principle on which it is founded; for I have shown the method by which connection may be restored, and incongruity veiled and disguised, even where such hillocks had been formed, and by which they may in a great degree be united with the rest of the landscape.

It may naturally be expected, that having entered into so much detail with respect to the banks of artificial lakes and rivers, I should say something of their general shapes. I have already observed, that the character of a lake, and not that of a river, should, in most cases, be the object of imitation; and, in this opinion, I am more and more confirmed. A lake admits of bays and inlets in every direction; and, where the scene is confined, every source of variety should be sought after. A lake is a whole, and that whole, upon a smaller scale, may be completely imitated; but the imitation of a river is confined to one or two reaches, and then it must stop. Now one of the charms of a river, besides the real beauty of each particular scene, is the idea of continuance, of progression; but that idea can hardly be excited by the imitation of one or two reaches where its motion is least discernible —the only parts which art can properly imitate. In lakes, a great deal of the beauty arises from the number of bays, inlets, and promontories; but they would counteract the idea of continuance and progression, the hope and expectation of which give an interest to a river, considered generally, though many parts taken singly may be uninteresting. These manifest differences between the two characters, and, above all, the great difference between a complete and an incomplete imitation, leave, I think, no doubt which deserves the preference.

[I have already shown, that I go so far as to hold, that all attempts to produce a river must be abortive, disappointing, and bad. Where a considerable stream does exist already, very great judgment and good management may perhaps give it enlargement and greater consequence in its passage through the grounds. But even this I conceive must be at all times a dangerous experiment, and one which will be rarely successful. If it is to be tried, it will, I think, always have the best chance of turning out well, by the landscape gardener imitating some of those small lakes, or chains of lakes, into which gently-flowing streams are frequently apt to expand. In this, as in everything else, Nature, and Nature alone, must be the model.—E.]

The lakes which are most admired by painters, are remarkable for the variety and intricacy of their shores, and are what an improver, where he had the opportunity, would, of course, be most desirous of studying;—excellent hints, however, with regard to the general forms of lakes, might be taken from pools on a scale so very diminutive, as to excite the ridicule of those who attend to size only, and not to character. But as Gainsborough used to bring home roots, stones, and mosses, from which he formed, and then studied foregrounds in miniature; and as Leonardo da Vinci advised painters to enrich and vary their conceptions by attending to stains and breaks in old walls, that

is, to the lucky effects and combinations which, in the meanest objects, are produced by accident and neglect—I may venture to recommend many of the pools in old gravel pits on heathy commons, as affording most useful studies in this branch of landscape gardening. Such lakes in miniature strongly point out the effect of accident and neglect in creating varied and picturesque compositions, with the advantages that might be taken of such accidents; and they likewise show—what is by no means the least instructive part—the process by which such forms and compositions are undesignedly produced. The manner in which these pits are formed, seems to be nearly this: After a certain quantity of gravel has been dug out, and it becomes less plentiful, the workmen very naturally pursue it wherever it appears; the mere mould being left, or cast aside, just as it may suit their convenience; and as they want the gravel and not the surface, they pick it from under the turf, which, by that process, is undermined, and falls downwards in different degrees, and in various breaks. Sometimes the turf and the upper mould are taken off in order to get at the gravel which lies beneath, and are cast upon the surface of another part, the height of which is consequently raised above the general level; while in places where roads had been made to carry out the gravel, the ground is proportionably low, and the descent gradual. By means of these operations, in which no idea of beauty or picturesque composition was ever thought of, all the varieties of smooth turf, of broken ground, of coves, inlets, projections, islands, are often formed; while the heath, broom, furze, and low bushes, which vary the summit, are in proportion to the scale of the whole—and that whole is a lake in miniature of transparent



water, surrounded by the most varied banks. I have often thought, that if such a gravel pit with clear water were near a house, the banks of it might, with great propriety and effect, be dressed with kalmeas,

rhododendrons, azaleas, andromedas, &c. without any shrub too large for its scale; and that so beautiful a lake in miniature might be made, with every thing in such exact proportion, as to present no bad image of what one might suppose to be a full-sized lake in Liliput.

But there are likewise other pools on a scale equally diminutive, the character of which forms a singular contrast to such as I have just mentioned; for as in those one part of the beauty arises from the proportion between the size of the water and that of its accompaniments, so in the others, a striking effect is produced by their disproportion. These last are found in forests and in woody commons, where the ground is bold and unequal. In such places, it often happens that a high broken bank, enriched with wild vegetation, sometimes with a single tree upon it—sometimes with a group of them—hangs over a small pool: in a scene of that kind, the very circumstance of the smallness of the water gives a consequence to the objects immediately around it, which a larger expanse would diminish. Another great source of effect arises from the large mass of shadow, which, from the overhanging bank and trees, is reflected in so small a mirror; and also from the tints of vegetation, of broken soil, and of the sky, which are revived in it. All these circumstances give a surprising richness and harmony to every thing within the field of vision; the water being, as it were, the focus in which that richness and harmony are concentred, and whence they again seem to expand themselves on all that surrounds it. In many gentlemen's places there are opportunities of producing such effects of water with little expense or difficulty, in no part of which a good imitation of a lake or river on a large scale, could be made at any expense. There are hollows, for instance, in sequestered spots, partly surrounded by such banks as I have described, which might easily be made to contain water;—there is often a small stream near such a spot, running without any particular beauty in its own bed, but which, by an easy change in its course, might be made to fall into the hollow; and thus appear to be, and really become, the source of the still water beneath. These easy and cheap improvements would give a new and lively interest to woodland scenery, and would afford opportunities of trying a variety of picturesque embellishments. This style of scenery is very poetically and characteristically described by Mr. Mason in the first book of his English Garden:

> " Nature here
> Has with her living colours form'd a scene
> Which Ruysdale best might rival—crystal lakes,
> O'er which the giant oak, himself a grove,
> Flings his romantic branches, and beholds
> His reverend image in the expanse below."

Some of the most eminent painters, not only of the Dutch and Flemish, but likewise of the Italian school, were particularly fond of scenes of this kind; and our own Gainsborough, of whom we have so much reason to be proud, no less delighted in painting them. The esteem of such artists is very much in favour of the scenes themselves; but the principle, on which they give so much pleasure to those who have learnt to observe effects in nature by means of those which are expressed in painting, has been often displayed in landscapes of the highest style, and where the scenery is far from rude; and I am glad to cite such great and various authorities, for paying more attention to the effect and the accompaniments, than to the extent of water, as the opposite idea has so generally and exclusively prevailed.

A very striking example of the effect of this principle is displayed in a picture of the greatest of all landscape painters—Titian. It was in the Orleans collection, and represents the bath of Diana, with the story of Acteon. The figures, which are either in or close to the bath, bear the same kind of proportion to it, as a tree of Ruysdale or Gainsborough does to the small pool over which it hangs, and produce many similar effects by the disproportion of their size to that of the water, by their nearness to it, and by the consequent fulness of their shadows, and brilliancy of their reflections. The richness, glow, and harmony which arise from these circumstances, and which, from the revival of the colours interspersed in various parts of the picture, seem to diffuse themselves from the water over the whole of it, are so enchanting, as to justify the highest encomiums of his countrymen. There is, however, in a Venetian book, a compliment to one of his figures, which the most sanguine admirer of the art of painting cannot quite assent to: after praising many parts of a famous work of Titian at Venice, the Venetian author says, "at the bottom of the steps is an old woman with eggs—*assai piu naturale che se fosse viva*—much more natural than if she was alive."

Such is the passion for extent, that in order to gain a trifling addition to the surface, the water is often raised to the highest level without any attention to the trees it may injure, or to the varieties in the ground which it may cover: so that, instead of lying under banks well varied and enriched, it is frequently carried up to the uniform surface of the grass above them. Wherever water is everywhere on a level with the general surface of mere grass, there can, of course, be no diversity in its immediate banks, as is the case with rivers that slowly flow through a continued plain—the only kind that professed improvers seem to have looked at. Where rivers descend from a hilly country into a flat, the floods, even there, deepen their channels, and thereby give rise to many

varieties, which never can exist where the stream is nearly on a level with the grass.

The varieties which the impetuous motion of water occasions, and the means by which it produces them, are very distinctly marked in a Poem of Macchiavelli, called Capitolo della Fortuna—

> " Come un torrente rapido, ch'al tutto
> Superbo é fatto, ogni cosa fracassa
> Dovunque aggiugne il suo corso per tutto ;
> E questa parte accresce, e quella abbassa,
> Varia le ripe, varia il letto, il fondo,
> E fa tremar la terra d' onde passa."

This suggests to me a remark not unworthy the consideration of improvers—when the water is raised to the level of the general surface, you can only vary the banks by *raising* that surface; but when the water is less high, you can vary the banks by lowering, as well as by raising them.

Islands in artificial water have, in many instances, been so shaped, and so placed, as to throw a ridicule on the use of them; but if we once allowed ourselves to argue from abuse, they would not be the only imitations of natural objects that ought to be condemned. That islands are often beautiful in natural scenery, and in a high degree productive of variety and intricacy, cannot be doubted; and if it be true, that those parts of seas and large lakes where there are most islands (such as the entrance of Lake Superior, or the Archipelago) are most admired for their beauty—and if the manner in which those islands produce that beauty be by dividing, concealing, and diversifying what is too open and uniform—the same cause must produce the same effect in all water, however the scale may be diminished; the same in a pool or a gravel pit as in an ocean.

As the islands in Lake Superior are not as yet so celebrated as those in the Archipelago, I will quote a passage concerning them from Morse's American Geography, which, at the same time that it presents a beautiful picture, shows likewise how generally those circumstances on which I have dwelt, are admired. " The entrance into this lake from the Straits of St. Mary, affords one of the most pleasing prospects in the world. On the left may be seen many beautiful little islands, that extend a considerable way before you; and on the right, an agreeable succession of small points of land that project a little way into the water, and contribute, with the islands, to render this delightful basin calm, and secure from those tempestuous winds, by which the adjoining lake is frequently troubled."—(Morse's American Geography, p. 127.)

Islands, though very common in many rivers, yet seem (if I may be allowed to say so) more perfectly suited to the character of lakes ; and, as far as there is any truth in this idea, it is in favour of making the latter our chief models for imitation. In artificial water, the most difficult parts are the two extremities, and particularly that where the dam is placed ; which, from being a mere ridge between two levels, is less capable of being varied to any degree by bays and projections, or by difference of height. The head, therefore, must in general be the most formal and uninteresting part, and that to which a break, or a disguise of some kind, is most necessary ; but as it is likewise the place where the water is commonly the deepest, neither a projection from the land, nor an island, can easily be made thereabouts. There are generally, however, some shallow parts at a sufficient distance from one of the sides, and not at too great a distance from the head, where one or more islands might easily be formed, so as to conceal no inconsiderable portion of the line of the head from many points. In such places, and for such purposes, islands are peculiarly proper. A large projection from the side of the real bank, might too much break the general line ; but by this method, that line would be preserved, and the proposed effect be equally produced.

It is not necessary that islands should strictly correspond with the shores either in height or shape ; for there are frequent instances in nature, where islands rise high and abruptly from the water, though the shore be low and sloping ; and this liberty of giving height to islands may be made use of with particular propriety and effect towards the head ; which usually presents a flat, thin line, but little disguised or varied by the usual style of planting. An island, therefore, (or islands, as the case may require) in such a situation as I have proposed, with banks higher than those of the head, abrupt in parts, with trees projecting sideways over the water, by boldly advancing itself to the eye, by throwing back the line of the head and showing only part of it, would form an apparent termination of a perfectly new character ; and so disguise the real one, that no one could tell, when viewing it from the many points whence such island would have its effect, which was the head, or where the water was likely to end.

In forming and planting these islands, I should proceed much in the same manner as in forming the outline of the other banks. I should stake out the general shape, not keeping to any regular figure, and then direct the labourers to heap up the earth as high as I meant it should be, without levelling, or shaping it ; making allowance for its sinking,

and reserving always the best mould for the top. In the course of heaping up the earth without sloping it, a great deal would fall beyond the stakes, and would unavoidably give something of that irregularity and play of outline, which we observe in natural islands; the new earth would likewise settle, and fall down in different degrees, and in various places—from all which accidents, indications how to give greater variety might be taken. If it be allowed that a mixture of the lower growths is as generally useful as I have supposed, it must be particularly so in islands, where partial concealment is so principal an object; and as you can never give such a natural appearance of underwood, and of intricacy, can never so humour the ground, so mark its varieties, especially on a small scale, by planting as by sowing—it is most advisable to plant only what is more immediately necessary, and to sow seeds and berries of the lower growths, quite from the lowest growths of all; and to encourage fern, and whatever may give richness, and naturalness. In any part where I wished the boughs to project considerably over the water, I should raise the bank higher than the rest of the ground, and many times give it the appearance of abruptness; yet by means of stones and roots, endeavour both to render it picturesque in its actual state, and to prevent any change from its being broken down. On this high point, I should plant one, or more of such trees as had already an inclination to lean forward, from having been forced in that direction by trees behind them; and some of that kind are generally to be met with, even in nurseries and plantations. By this method, the bank, and the trees of that part of the island, would have a bold effect; and in places where the water began to deepen so much, that it would be difficult to extend the island itself any farther, its apparent breadth, and consequently the concealment occasioned by it, would in no slight degree be extended.

The best trees for such a situation, are those which are disposed to extend their lateral shoots, and are not subject to lose them by decay, and which likewise will bear the drip of other trees; such, for instance, as the beech, hornbeam, witch elm, &c., or should the insular situation, notwithstanding the height of the bank, be found too moist for such trees, the improver will naturally choose from the various aquatics, what will best suit his purpose. Among them, the alder, however common, holds a distinguished place, on account of the depth and freshness of its green, and its resemblance, when old, to the noblest of forest trees—the oak. The resemblance, when both are in full leaf, is so strong, that I have seen many persons, who are very conversant

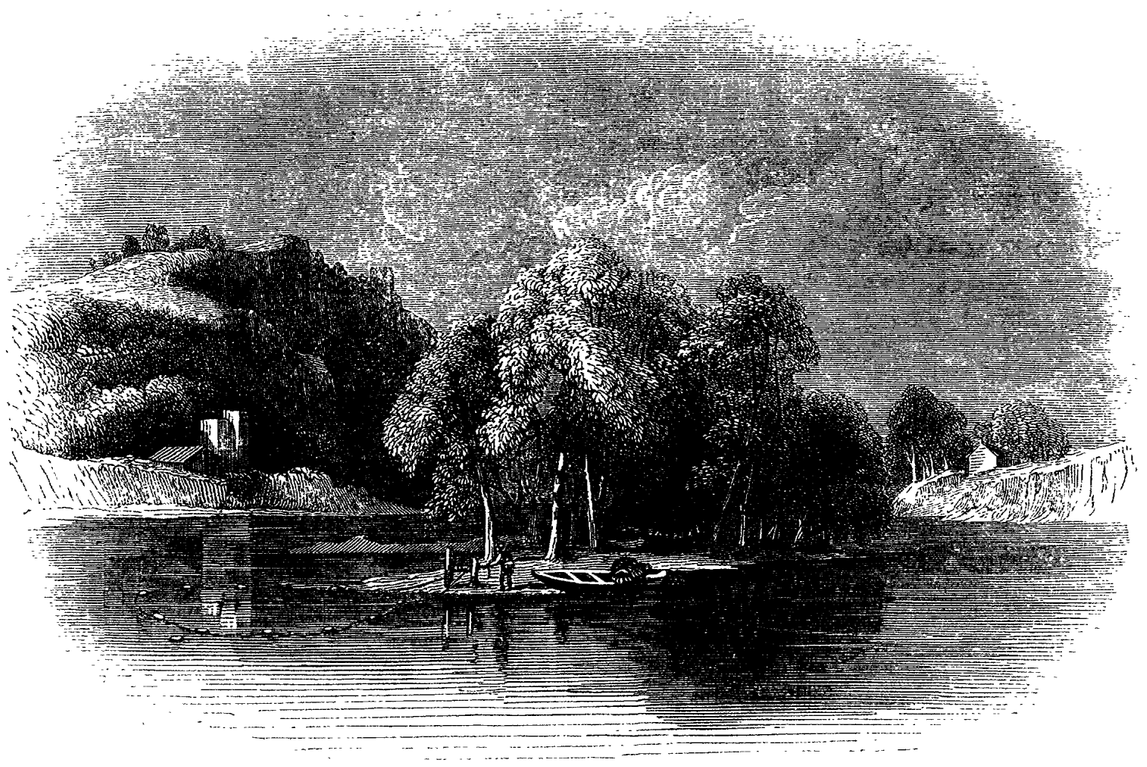
with the foliage and general appearance of trees, totally unable to distinguish them from each other; and from having some old alders intermixed with oaks, I have had frequent opportunities of making the experiment. This circumstance, added to their intrinsic merit, renders them extremely useful, should the improver wish to produce or continue the character of an oak plantation, where the ground is so moist that oaks will not flourish. In a very different style, the plane is a tree of the most generally acknowledged beauty; and it may be observed, that the boughs both of that and of the witch elm, form themselves into canopies with deep and distinct coves beneath them, in a greater degree than those of almost any other deciduous trees—a form of bough peculiarly beautiful when hanging over water. As the aim of the planter would be to make the whole of these trees push forward in a lateral direction, it might often be right to plant some other trees behind them of a more aspiring kind, such as the poplar; and by means of such a mixture, together with some of the lower growths, very beautiful groups may be formed, without any appearance of affected contrast.

[In producing the effects here pointed at, it will often be found highly useful to insert sapling trees here and there, with naturally sweeping stems, and instead of planting them accurately upright, to give them such an inclination as may make them the sooner tend towards the realization of the desired object. Some of the finest effects produced by landscape painters in the graceful combinations of stems, may be imitated by a little attention on the part of landscape gardeners, to the mere manner in which the young trees are inserted into the ground. Nowhere would such an attention be more necessary than in forming such an island as is here proposed.—E.]

It may not be useless to remark on this occasion, that all trees, of which the foliage is of a marked character, and the colour either light and brilliant, or in the opposite extreme, should be used with caution, as they will produce light or dark spots, unless properly blended with other shades of green, and balanced by them. The fir tribe in general has not a natural look upon islands on a small scale; but should a mixture of them happen to prevail on the other banks of the water, the cedar of Libanus would remarkably suit the situation I have just mentioned; and that, and the pine-aster, in place of the poplar, rising behind it from amidst laurels, arbutus, &c., would form, altogether, a combination of the richest kind.

All the plants which I have hitherto mentioned, are such as take

root on dry land, or at least above the surface of the water; but there are others which grow either in the water itself, or in ground extremely saturated with moisture, and therefore must, of course, be suited to the character of islands. These are the various sorts of flags, the the bulrush, the water-dock, [the typha.—E.] &c., to which may be added those plants which float upon the surface of the water, such as the water-lily. From the peculiarity of their situation and of their forms, and from the richness of their masses, they very much contribute to the effect of water, and great use may be made of them by a judicious improver; particularly where the shore is low. I have observed a very happy effect from them in such low situations towards the extremity of a pool—that of preventing any guess or suspicion where the water was to end, although the end was very near. This is an effect which can only be produced by islands, or by such plants as root in the water; for where trees or bushes grow on low ground, however completely they may conceal that ground by hanging over the water, yet we know that the land must be there, and that the water must end; but flags or bulrushes, being disposed in tufts and groups behind each other, do not destroy the idea of its continuation.



A large uniform extent of water, which presents itself to the eye without any intricacy in its accompaniments, requires to be broken and diversified like a similar extent of lawn, though by no means in the

same degree; for the delight which we receive from the element itself, compensates a great deal of monotony. Islands, when varied in their shape and accompaniments, have the same effect as forest thickets; circular islands, that of clumps; and the same system which gave rise to round distinct clumps, of course produced islands equally round and unconnected. As the prevailing idea has been to show a great uninterrupted extent, whether of grass or of water, islands on that account have been but little in fashion. I have seldom, indeed, seen more than one in any piece of artificial water, and that, apparently, made rather for the sake of water-fowl than for ornament. When one of these circular islands is too near the shore, the canal which separates them is mean, and the island from most points appears like a projection from the shore itself; and when, on the other hand, it is nearly in the centre, (a position of which I have seen some very ridiculous instances,) it has much the same unnatural, unmeaning look, as the eye which painters have placed in the middle of the Cyclops' forehead; and that is one of the few points on which the judgment of painters seems to me to be nearly on a level with that of gardeners; they have an excuse, however, which I believe the latter could never allege—that of having been misled by the poets.

As the greatest part of the supposed improvements in modern gardening, particularly with respect to water, is founded on the principle of flowing lines and easy curves, I will examine in what points that principle ought to be modified, and in what cases, for want of such modifications, it may counteract its own purposes. Hogarth, as I have observed in a former part, has shown the reason why they are beautiful, namely, "that they lead the eye a kind of wanton chase;" and Mr. Burke, with his usual happiness, has farther illustrated the same idea.* It seems to me that, according to the spirit of both these writers, beauty, as a distinct character, may be said more generally to arise from soft insensible transitions than from any other cause; and that this circumstance of insensible transition, (which cannot be expressed by any one word) is the most comprehensive principle of visible beauty in its strictest acceptation—as not being confined to lines or curves of any kind, and as extending, not only to form, but to colour, to light and shadow, and to every combination of them, that is, to all visible nature. Smoothness and flowing lines do most commonly produce insensible transitions, and it is chiefly on that account that they are principles of

* Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, p. 216, *et passim*.

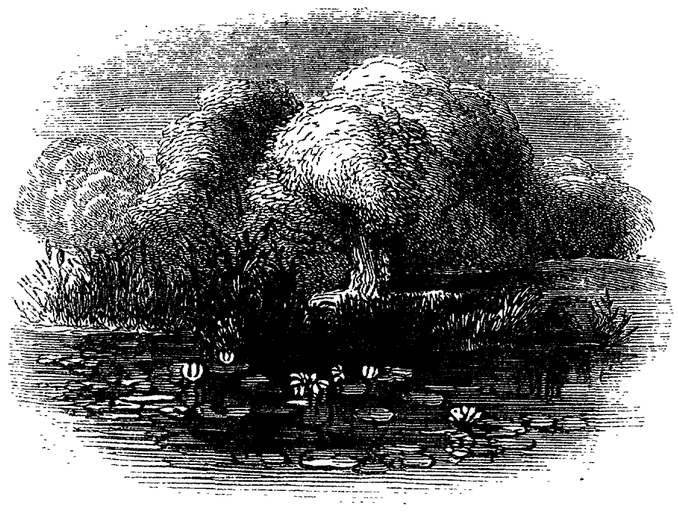
beauty; but if partial and comparative roughness and abruptness, as is frequently the case in the wooded banks of rivers, should more effectually promote that end, whoever destroys them and makes the whole smooth and flowing, will destroy the component parts of beauty. For instance, a bank of mowed, or of closely bitten grass, is clearly much smoother than one on which there are oaks, thorns, and hollies. Such trees and bushes, also, break and interrupt the continued flow of those sweeps, which most nearly approach to what has been called the line of beauty—and certainly any abruptnesses in the ground, however slight, are contrary to the idea of beauty in its confined sense; yet a river, even with broken ground and with rocks, when they are softened, not concealed by wood, so that the whole is blended together, will not only be more varied, more suited to the painter and to the genuine lover of nature, but will be more strictly beautiful than the finest turf and the most artfully formed curves, without similar accompaniments of trees and bushes; for such curves, from their distinctness and their nakedness, present nothing but hard, formal lines. All this to me is a proof that insensible transitions, and not any particular lines or curves, are the means by which beauty in landscape is chiefly effected; for I will venture to assert, that whenever in natural scenery a line of beauty is made by rule, it will most assuredly be unworthy of its name. Still, however, the alliance between flowing lines and insensible transitions may be shown from these very curves of artificial water; for if, in addition to the defects of uninterrupted smoothness and bareness, the outline of the bank were to be cut into angles, the sharpness of such an outline would be increased in proportion.

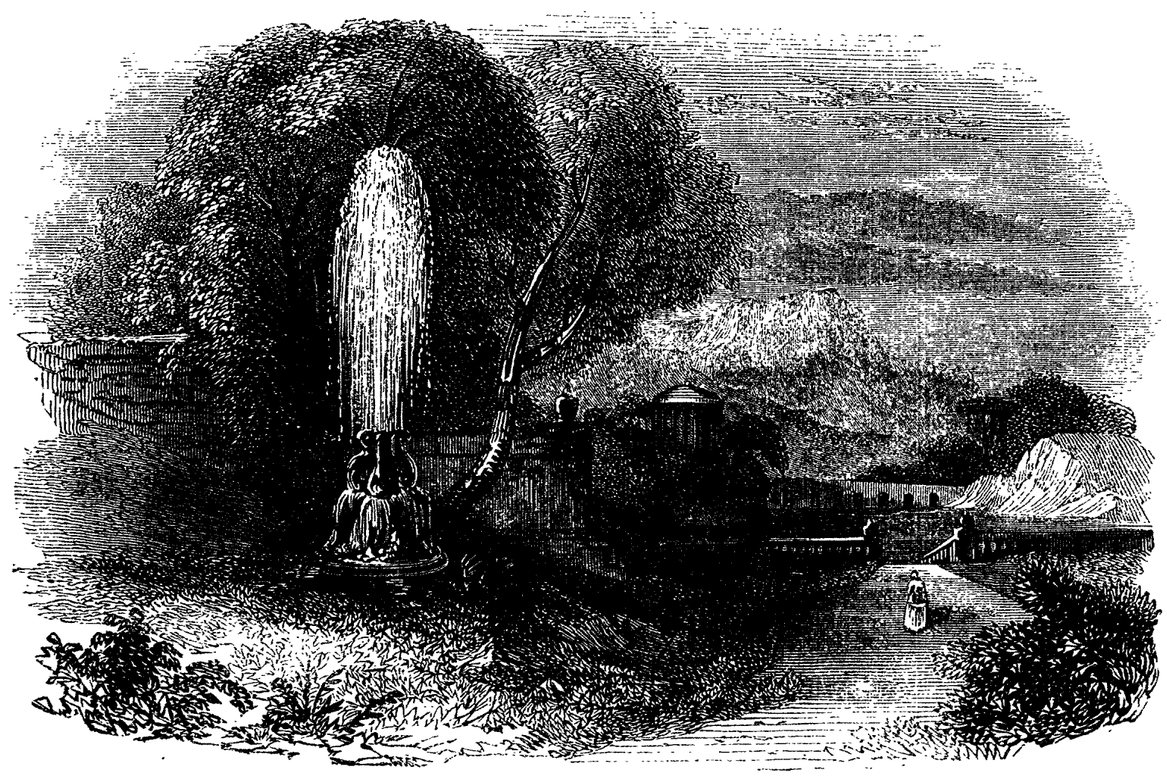
In places where the grounds have been dressed on Mr. Brown's system, particularly in those where water has been introduced, the most inveterate defect seems to me to be this—that the want of variety and intricacy as well as of connection, which is apparent at the first glance, and which takes off from the pleasure arising from neatness and verdure, is more disgustingly apparent at every step. On the other hand, one of the greatest charms of a beautiful piece of natural scenery is, that while the general effect and character are strictly beautiful, the detail is full of variety and intricacy—and that is the case, in a greater or less degree, in all beautiful scenes in nature, even in those of a simple kind. This most essential difference may easily be accounted for. Nature—for we are in the habit of considering her as a real and reflecting agent—forms a beautiful scene, by combining objects, whatever they may be, in such a manner, as that no sudden or abrupt transition,

either in form or colour, should strike the eye. This I take to be a just definition of beauty in landscape, whether real or painted, especially if we suppose a similar character of light and shadow. Now, Mr. Brown has attempted to produce beauty in scenery on a totally opposite plan—that of attending to particulars, and neglecting general composition, effect, and character. In the works of nature, many of the particulars are often rough and abrupt; yet each scene, as a whole, impresses an idea of the most pleasing variety, softness, and union. In Mr. Brown's works, the particulars are smooth and flowing—the effect and character of the whole hard, unvaried, and unconnected. Variety and intricacy are, in truth, essential qualities of beauty, though not of a sudden and abrupt kind. I have endeavoured, in a former part, to explain the difference between beautiful and picturesque intricacy. But whoever, like Mr. Brown, deprives beauty of these qualities, leaves a mere *caput mortuum*—and he who, also like him, destroys, or neglects connection, leaves out the most essential requisite in every style of scenery. It may likewise be observed, that the circumstances which produce variety and intricacy—such, for instance, as the different accompaniments of natural rivers—serve likewise to produce connection; and with connection that union and harmony, without which, beauty in landscape cannot exist.

But, it may be said, if this mixture of comparative roughness and abruptness may, in some cases—as in the instance just given of a wooded river—conduce more to the beautiful than smoothness and flowing lines alone, what would then be the distinction between such a river and a picturesque one? I must begin by repeating what I have before observed, that the two characters are rarely unmixed in nature, and should not be unmixed in art. In the wooded river, I have supposed roughness and abruptness to be so blended with the ingredients of beauty, and rudeness to be so disguised, as to produce altogether those insensible transitions, in which, according to my ideas, consists the justest and most comprehensive principle of the beautiful in landscape. The whole, then, assumes the soft and mild character of beauty. But should any of these rough, abrupt parts be more strongly marked; should the rocks and the broken ground distinctly appear, and their lines be such as a painter would express by firm, decided, forcible touches of his pencil, then the picturesque would begin to prevail—and in proportion as that distinct and marked roughness and abruptness increased, so far the character of the beautiful would decrease. If, again, this distinctness and rudeness were carried beyond a certain point, the

scene would probably become neither beautiful nor picturesque, but merely scattered, naked, deformed, or desolate. These instances may show, that it would be no less absurd to make picturesque scenes without any mixture of the beautiful—and the caution at some future period may not be unnecessary—than to attempt what has so long and so idly been attempted—to make beautiful scenes without any mixture of the picturesque.





ON DECORATIONS NEAR THE HOUSE.

I HAVE contracted a sort of engagement with the public, to give my ideas on the subject mentioned in the title—on the Decorations near the House, in what may properly be called the Garden. I must own it is an engagement I feel great difficulty in fulfilling. The works of painters furnish various examples of *landscapes* in every style; of models which have been sanctioned by constant and general approbation: to these, therefore, the *landscapes* of a place, with some allowances, may be referred. But of the embellishments of *gardens*, the examples given in pictures are comparatively few; and also the influence of fashion, which has little or no effect on the character of landscapes, with respect to them is very powerful.

There is another circumstance which renders the task more difficult: namely, that from this influence of fashion, and the particular influence of Mr. Brown, models of old gardens are in this country still scarcer in reality than in painting; and, therefore, what good parts there may be in such gardens, whether proceeding from original design, or from the changes produced by time and accident, can no longer be observed: and

yet from these specimens of ancient art, however they may be contemned as old-fashioned, many decorations might certainly be taken, and blended with such modern improvements as really deserve the name.

What appears to me the great defect of modern gardening in the confined sense, is exactly what has given them their greatest reputation—an affectation of simplicity, of mere nature—a desire of banishing all embellishments of art, where art ought to be employed, and even in some degree displayed. On this account I have always been sorry that Mr. Mason should have begun his Poem on English Gardening, by an address to Simplicity; not that simplicity is not fully deserving of all our homage, but that it is more than useless to enforce the practice of any one virtue, even where its excess is least dangerous, when the general tendency is towards that excess. Mr. Mason has also given her a jurisdiction, to which in my opinion, she is by no means entitled; he has made her "*arbitress* of all that's good and fair." Simplicity, as a character, may, I think, be opposed to what is enriched and ornamented. There is, indeed, no one word appropriated to that opposite character; but in painting (and perhaps in other arts) it might, without impropriety, be termed *Richness.* A striking example of their opposition may be found in the works of Rubens, contrasted with those of Poussin after he had neglected colouring, and thought only of the antique. Let any one who is acquainted with the pictures of those two great artists, reflect how justly the terms of richness and simplicity will apply to the respective styles of their composition, colouring, and light and shadow; to their manner of disposing and draping their figures, and of producing the general effect of the whole. Had simplicity been the arbitress, Poussin would have been the only model; and what we most admire in the works of Rubens, and of many other masters, could not have existed. The Venetian school owes that richness of colouring in which it surpasses all others, to the breaking, or *corruption* of colours; which Sir J. Reynolds opposes to the simplicity and severity of the *unbroken* colours of the Roman school; and from that circumstance, and from the splendour of their decorations, he calls the Venetian the *ornamental* style. Those splendid decorations the Roman school justly excluded from the higher style of painting; but from what have we excluded them? From ornamental gardens—from gardens, of which it is the peculiar and characteristic distinction, that they are ornamental, and nothing else; and, therefore, in Italian, the name *giardino* is appropriated solely to them, and never (as garden in English, or *jardin* in French,) made to signify either kitchen or pleasure garden. I must say, therefore, with all the respect due to Mr. Mason, that to make

simplicity the arbitress of ornament, is, in my idea, like making mercy the arbitress of justice, or frugality of generosity. It is a very proper and natural sentiment, that mercy should temper the stern qualities of justice, in the same manner that simplicity should correct and temper the profusion and glitter of ornament; but the sages of the law would, I believe, think it an extraordinary position, were any author to assert that mercy is the *arbitress* of what is just and right. On the other hand, it is equally obvious that the firmness of justice should correct the mildness, however amiable, of mercy; and that, in the same manner, the splendour of ornament should give spirit and variety to the uniform, though grand and touching, character of simplicity.

Where architecture, even of the simplest kind, is employed in the dwellings of man, art must be manifest; and all artificial objects may certainly admit, and in many instances require, the accompaniments of art; for to go at once from art to simple unadorned nature, is too sudden a transition, and wants that sort of gradation and congruity, which, except in particular cases, is so necessary in all that is to please the eye and the mind. Many years are elapsed since I was in Italy, but the impression which the gardens of some of the villas near Rome made upon me, is by no means effaced, though I could have wished to have renewed it before I entered upon this subject. I remember the rich and magnificent effects of balustrades, fountains, marble basons, and statues, blocks of ancient ruins, with remains of sculpture, the whole mixed with pines and cypresses. I remember also their effect, both as an accompaniment to the architecture, and as a foreground to the distance.

These old gardens were laid out formally, that is, with symmetry and regularity; for they were to accompany what was regular and symmetrical. They were full of decorations, for they were to accompany what was highly ornamented; and their decorations, in order that they might accord with those of the mansion, partook of sculpture and architecture. Those who admire undisguised symmetry, when allied with the splendour and magnificence of art, will be most pleased with such gardens, when kept up according to their original design; those, on the other hand, who may wish for an addition of more varied and picturesque circumstances, will find them in many of those old gardens whenever they have been neglected; for the same causes which give a picturesque character to buildings, give it also to architectural gardens.* The first step towards it is the partial concealment of

* Essay on the Picturesque, Chap. III.

symmetry by the breaks and interruptions that arise from an irregular mixture of vegetation—as of trees and shrubs, or of vines, ivy, and other creeping plants which climb up the vases, steps, and balustrades. At the Villa Negroni, I remember being particularly struck with many of these circumstances, which have since, to the extreme regret of all the artists, been destroyed. The more broken, weather-stained, and decayed the stone and brickwork, the more the plants and creepers seemed to have fastened and rooted in between their joints, the more picturesque these gardens become; and in that respect they have to the painter's eye an immense advantage over modern gardens, from which all present decoration, and all future picturesqueness, are equally banished. But between the original design, and such an extreme change, there are many intermediate states, as there are likewise many intermediate degrees between the wild and singular irregularity of those plants which seem to start from the old walls, and the elegant forms of vegetation that no less frequently are produced by accident. All these different states and degrees, may furnish very instructive lessons in this particular part of improvement.

I am aware of a very obvious misrepresentation of what I have just been stating, and by anticipating, may perhaps guard against it. It might very possibly be said, that according to my ideas, and in order to please the painter, a new garden ought to be made, not only in imitation of an old garden, but of an old one in ruin, and with every mark of decay. I will here repeat, what I have observed before on a similar occasion—that it is not by copying particulars, but by attending to principles, that lessons become instructive. In studying the effects of neglect and accident, either in wild scenes or in those which have been cultivated and embellished, the landscape painter thinks of his own art only, in which rudeness and negligence are often sources of delight; but the landscape gardener, who unites the two arts, if not the two professions, must attend to them both: and while in all cases he keeps strongly in his mind the general principles of painting, he must not neglect either the principles or the practice of gardening. He will therefore in the execution, omit or modify many of those circumstances, that may be suited to the canvass only.

I have always been of opinion, that the two professions ought to be joined together, and I lately heard an anecdote which confirmed me in that idea. I was told, that when Vanbrugh was consulted about the garden at Blenheim, he said, "you must send for a landscape painter;" a very natural answer to come from him, who, as Sir Joshua Reynolds observes, has of all architects most attended to painter-like effects. As

he did attend so much to those effects in his buildings, I cannot help regretting that he did not turn his thoughts towards the embellishments of the garden, as far as they might serve to accompany his architecture; which, though above all others open to criticism, is above most others striking in its effects. A garden of Vanbrugh's, even in idea, will probably excite as much ridicule as his real buildings have done, and none ever excited more; but I am convinced that he would have struck out many peculiar and characteristic effects; and that a landscape gardener, who really deserved that name, would have touched with caution what he had done, and would have availed himself of many parts of such a garden. Now, indeed, had such a garden existed, we might only know it by report; for it is highly probable that Mr. Brown, unless restrained by the owner, would have so completely demolished the whole, as to "leave not a rack behind."

I should be sorry to be thought guilty of any unfairness to Mr. Brown, but I can only judge of what it is probable he would have done, by what he usually *has* done, and by the general tendency of his system; nor do I think it unfair to suppose, that where there are instances of his having spared old gardens or avenues, some resolute owner, of a more enlarged mind,

"The little tyrant of his place withstood."

Had I happened to have seen the noble avenue of oaks I mentioned in a former part,* standing entire, and neither clumped nor defaced, and to have simply heard that Mr. Brown had been employed, I should naturally have given him credit for so judicious a forbearance. But at the time I saw the trees, I was told by the owner himself, that he had resolutely preserved what Mr. Brown had as peremptorily condemned; proposing (if I remember right) to plant larches in their room.

But though Vanbrugh did not make what may properly be called a garden at Blenheim, he made a preparation for one, a sort of architectural foreground to his building, which, in consequence of the modern taste in improvement, has been entirely destroyed. As I never saw it while it existed, nor even any representations of it, I do not pretend to say that there may not have been very good reasons against preserving every part of it; but I should greatly doubt, whether a sufficient motive could have been assigned for destroying the whole.

I may perhaps have spoken more feelingly on this subject, from having done myself what I so condemn in others—destroyed an old-

* Essay on the Picturesque, Chap. X.

fashioned garden. It was not indeed in the high style of those I have described, but it had many circumstances of a similar kind and effect. As I have long since perceived the advantage which I could have made of them, and how much I could have added to that effect—how well I could in parts have mixed the modern style, and have altered and concealed many of the stiff and glaring formalities, I have long regretted its destruction. I destroyed it, not from disliking it; on the contrary, it was a sacrifice I made against my own sensations to the prevailing opinion. I doomed it and all its embellishments, with which I had formed such an early connection, to sudden and total destruction; probably much upon the same idea as many a man of careless, unreflecting, unfeeling good-nature, thought it his duty to vote for demolishing towns, provinces, and their inhabitants, in America: like me—but how different the scale and the interest!—they chose to admit it as a principle, that whatever obstructed the prevailing *system*, must be all thrown down, all laid prostrate—no medium, no conciliatory methods were to be tried, but, whatever might follow, destruction must precede.

I remember, that even this garden—so infinitely inferior to those of Italy—had an air of decoration and of gaiety arising from that decoration; *un air paré*, a distinction from mere unembellished nature, which, whatever the advocates for extreme simplicity may allege, is surely essential to an ornamented garden—all the beauties of undulating ground, of shrubs, and of verdure, are to be found in places where no art has ever been employed, and consequently cannot bestow a distinction which they do not possess; for, as I have elsewhere remarked, they must themselves, in some respects, be considered as unembellished nature.

Among other circumstances, I have a strong recollection of a raised terrace, seen sideways from that in front of the house, in the middle of which was a flight of steps with iron rails, and an arched recess below it, backed by a wood. These steps conducted you from the terrace into a lower compartment, where there was a mixture of fruit-trees, shrubs, and statues, which, though disposed with some formality, yet formed a dressed foreground to the woods; and, with a little alteration, would have richly and happily blended with the general landscape.

It has been justly observed, that the love of seclusion and safety is not less natural to man than that of liberty—and our ancestors have left strong proofs of the truth of that observation. In many old places there are almost as many walled compartments without, as apartments within doors; and though there is no defending the beauty of brick walls, yet still that appearance of seclusion and safety, when it can be

so contrived as not to interfere with general beauty, is a point well worth obtaining—and no man is more ready than myself to allow, that the comfortable is a principle which should never be neglected. On that account, all walled gardens and compartments near a house—all warm, sheltered, sunny walks under walls planted with fruit-trees, are greatly to be wished for—and should be preserved, if possible, when once established. I, therefore, regret extremely, not only the compartment I just mentioned, but another garden immediately beyond it; and I cannot forget the sort of curiosity and surprise that was excited after a short absence, even in me, to whom it was familiar, by the simple and common circumstance of a door that led from the first compartment to the second, and the pleasure I always experienced on entering that inner, and more secluded garden. There was nothing, however, in the garden itself to excite any extraordinary sensations—the middle part was merely planted with the lesser fruits, and dwarf trees; but, on the opening of the door, the lofty trees of a fine grove appeared immediately over the opposite wall;—the trees are still there, they are more distinctly and openly seen, but the striking impression is gone. On the right was another raised terrace, level with the top of the wall that supported it, and overhung with shrubs, which, from age, had lost their formality. A flight of steps of a plainer kind, with a mere parapet on the sides, led up to this upper terrace underneath the shrubs and exotics.

All this gave me emotions in my youth, which I long imagined were merely those of early habit; but I am now convinced that was not all—they also arose from a quick succession of varied objects, of varied forms, tints, lights, and shadows—they arose from the various degrees of intricacy and suspense that were produced by the no less various degrees and kinds of concealment, all exciting and nourishing curiosity, and all distinct in their character from the surrounding landscapes. I will beg my reader's indulgence for going on to trace a few other circumstances which are now no more. These steps, as I mentioned before, led to an upper terrace, and thence, through the little wilderness of exotics, to a summer-house, with a luxuriant Virginia creeper growing over it; this summer-house and the creeper—to my great sorrow at the time, to my regret ever since, to my great surprise at this moment, and probably to that of my reader—I pulled down, for I was told that it interfered so much with the levelling of the ground, with its flowing line and undulation, in short, with the prevailing system, that it could not stand. Beyond this again, as the last boundary of the garden, was a richly worked iron gate at the entrance of a solemn grove; and they

both, in no small degree, added to each other's effect. This gate, and the summer-house, and most of the objects I have mentioned, combined to enrich the view from the windows and from the home terrace. What is there now? Grass, trees, and shrubs only. Do I feel the same pleasure, the same interest in this ground? Certainly not. Has it now a richer and more painter-like effect as a foreground? I think not by any means; for there were formerly many detached pieces of scenery which had an air of comfort and seclusion within themselves, and at the same time formed a rich foreground to the near and more distant woods, and to the remote distance.

The remark of a French writer may very justly be applied to some of these old gardens—"L'agréable y était souvent sacrifié a l'utile, et en général l'agréable y gagna."

All this, however, was sacrificed to undulation of ground only, for shrubs and verdure were not wanting before. That undulation might have been so mixed in parts with those decorations and abruptnesses, that they would have mutually added to each other's charms; but I now can only lament what it is next to impossible to restore, and can only reflect how much more difficult it is to add any of the old decorations to modern improvements, than to soften the old style by blending with it a proper portion of the new. My object (as far as I had any determinate object besides that of being in the fashion) was, I imagine, to restore the ground to what might be supposed to have been its original state; I probably have in some degree succeeded, and, after much difficulty, expense, and dirt, I have made it look like many other parts of mine and of all beautiful grounds—with but little to mark the difference between what is close to the house and what is at a distance from it—between the habitation of man and that of sheep.

If I have detained the reader so long in relating what personally concerns myself, I did it because there is nothing so useful to others, however humiliating to ourselves, as the frank confession of our errors and of their causes. No man can, equally with the person who committed them, impress upon others the extent of the mischief done, and the regret that follows it—can compare the former with the present state, and what might have been, with what has been done. I cannot flatter myself that my example will be followed by many statesmen; but were the ministers who undertook the management of rash, impolitic wars to be seized with a fit of repentance, and, for the sake of making some reparation, to write their confessions—were they to give a frank detail of the errors, (if they deserve no worse a name,) and of the various times when their mind possibly recoiled at what they were execut-

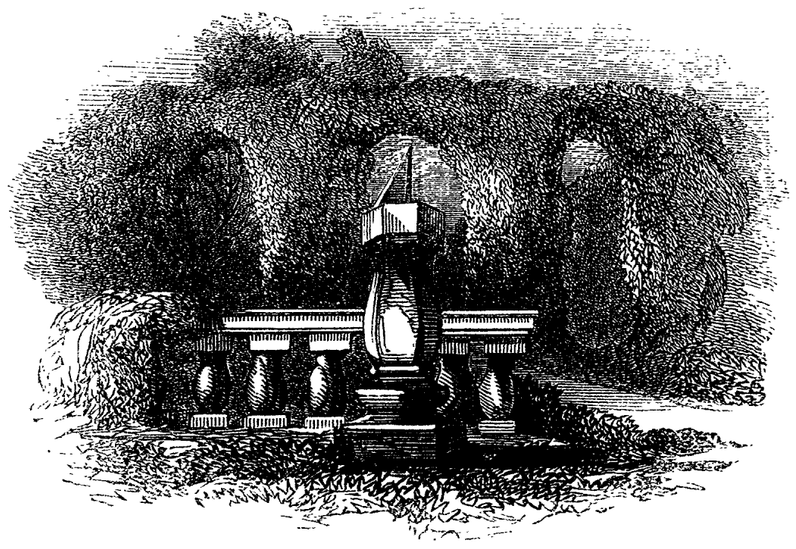
ing—and how their own ambition, and the blind, unrelenting power of system goaded them on, though they then felt how easily those countries, whose mutual enmity they kept up, might have coalesced, and added to each other's happiness and prosperity; such a detail of dark and crooked manœuvres—so useful a *testament politique*, would almost atone for the crimes which it recorded. With respect to my confession, it may be said that, having made it, I have little right to censure Mr. Brown if he has committed the same errors. I will not plead, what might well be alleged, youth and inexperience—the true plea, the true distinction, is, that he was a professor, that he acted in a public capacity, and that, therefore, every act of his is open to public criticism; nor will I so far undervalue what I have done, for the sake of showing in a stronger light what I ought not to have *undone*, as not allow that many beauties have arisen from the change. It is the *total* change—it is the *total* destruction I regret, even of a garden so inferior to those that I remember in Italy, though with many of the same kind of decorations.

[It is quite impossible for any person of taste to read the foregoing confession, without giving the highest commendation to its honesty, and without experiencing the deepest emotions of sympathetic feeling with the regret so eloquently expressed by its author. But, alas, it only recalls to mind how very universal the destruction of these old home gardens has been over the whole of our country, and how few of them comparatively now remain, in such a state of integrity as to furnish true samples of what we have lost. I could still name some, besides that near Hamilton, from which the design for the frontispiece to this work has been taken, and that at Drummond Castle particularly occurs to me at this moment as one. In considering the pleasure grounds of a place, no one can be more desirous than I am to see nature everywhere triumphant, and that, even when educated by art, she shall still be Nature. No one can more fully appreciate than I do, that beautiful description in the Gierusalemme Liberata, when applied to such a pleasure ground—a description which has been so often re-echoed by other poets.

"In lieto aspetto il bel giardin s'aperse;
Acque stagnanti, mobili cristalli,
Fior vari, e varie piante, herbe diverse,
Apriche collinette, ombrose valli;
Selve, e spelonche in una vista offerse.
E quel, che'l bello, e'l caro accresce a l'opre,
L'arte, che tutto fà, nulla si scopre."

But much as my feelings coincide with this description as it regards the garden or grounds that retire from the mansion, there is nothing of

which I am more convinced than of the propriety and necessity of allowing the art to become more apparent in the gardening which comes into more immediate contiguity with the mansion. My rule would be, that the house and its subsidiary buildings should be directly associated with designs of a character which may have much of architectural regularity, as well as actual architectural feature about them. By this means the house itself not only becomes a more pleasing object to look at from all points, but the different views enjoyed from it become much more interesting, from the enrichment of the foreground by minor architectural objects. Straight lined terraces, bowling-greens balustrades,



vases, sun-dials architectural seats, fountains, and statues, mingled with a profusion of shrubs, plants, and creepers, are all appropriate and useful decorations in such a place. The more formal trees, such as cypresses, Lombardy poplars, Irish yews, &c., come well into harmony with the architectural design, and, in some instances, box-hedges may be desirable, especially where they are contrasted with shrubs of a freer growth—the general design being to produce that intricacy and richness which begets interest, and to furnish an assemblage of objects to throw back the distances. Happy is the man who has had the luck to have a travelled ancestor, who may have imported the taste of such a garden from Italy, and who may have had the energy to construct one around the family dwelling, provided the more immediate predecessors of the living owner have had the good sense to leave it entire. Such a legacy is a perfect treasure to an old place, filled as it is with its many associations—with those groups of gentle knights and ladies fair, who, in different ages, have lounged upon its seats, listening to the soothing murmur of its fountains, or talked of love or other important trifles as

they moved along its terraces in all the glory of their gay attire, rivaling the very butterflies that participated with them in the sweets of that Flora which perfumed the air around them. A newly constructed garden of this description can have no such direct associations. But still it must possess a sort of reflective association of this description, from recalling the recollection of those which existed in the olden time, together with all the ideas connected with them. And its effect, in relation to the more distant landscape and grounds, must be the same, the moment its various parts are so grown up as to perfect the design. And thus it is that I agree entirely with the author of the "Landscape, a Poem," in the opinion expressed in these lines:—

> "But better are these distant scenes display'd
> From the high terrace, or rich balustrade—
> 'Midst sculptured founts and vases, that diffuse,
> In shapes fantastic, their concordant hues—
> Than on the swelling slopes of waving ground,
> That now the solitary house surround."

For,

> "Oft when I've seen some lonely mansion stand,
> Fresh from the improver's desolating hand,
> 'Midst shaven lawns, that far around it creep
> In one eternal undulating sweep—
> And scatter'd clumps, that nod at one another,
> Each stiffly waving to his formal brother—
> Tired with the extensive scene, so dull and bare,
> To Heaven devoutly I've addressed my prayer:—
> Again the moss-grown terraces to raise,
> And spread the labyrinth's perplexing maze—
> Replace in even lines the ductile yew,
> And plant again the ancient avenue."

It is pleasant to think, however, that these more immediate accompaniments of a house, the terrace, the balustrade, &c., are now every day becoming more generally considered as essential, and are attended to and studied by the ablest architects—so that we may hope soon to see the custom of putting down a house in the middle of a shaven grass lawn, like a tea-box on a green carpet, will be altogether exploded.—E.]

I have hitherto spoken of these old gardens merely from my own opinion and feeling. It is right to show that their excellence may, with great probability, be grounded on much higher authority, and still more so to point out, as far as I am capable, on what principles that excellence is founded; for without some principles, clearly discernible in the thing itself, mere authority, however high, is insuffi-

cient. I know very little of the history of the old Italian gardens, and of their dates; but it is probable that several of them, which may have served as models for those of later times, were made during the most flourishing period of painting—and as some of the greatest painters were likewise architects, and were employed by their patrons in making designs for the *houses* of their villas, it is not improbable that they might have been consulted about the *gardens*. The most eminent sculptors, also, who, of course, understood all the principles of design, if not of painting, embellished those gardens with statues, fountains, vases, &c.—and where men so skilled in their different lines, and with such exalted ideas of art in general were employed, they would hardly suffer mean and discordant parts to be mixed with their works.

Among the earlier painters, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Giulio Romano, were architects as well as painters. I do not happen to know whether the house at the Villa D'Este was designed by M. Angelo; but—what is much more to my purpose—he is generally supposed to have planted the famous cypresses in the garden of that Villa. Raphael, I believe, gave one part of the design for the Villa Madama, and might possibly have been consulted about its accompaniments—for as the little grotesques with birds, insects, flowers, trellises, and all the minute ornaments of the Loggia were designed under his eye, and serve to accompany his sublime historical compositions, there is nothing absurd in supposing that he might have given some attention to the decorations of a garden. G. Romano, the most distinguished among the moderns for a highly poetical genius in painting, did not disdain to make drawings for the Duke of Mantua's plate; and, therefore, could not have thought it a degradation of his art to have designed such a garden as would best accompany and set off his own architecture. That style of gardening, therefore, and those decorations which men of such eminence possibly may have designed, and certainly did not disdain to associate with their own designs, ought not to be treated with contempt and be totally banished, to make way for the productions of a Kent or a Brown.

Having shown the possibility, at least, of such high authorities for the excellence of the old Italian gardens, I will now endeavour to point out what I conceive to be the principles on which that excellence is founded.

All persons, whether they have reflected upon the subject or not, are universally pleased with smoothness and flowing lines—and thence the great and general popularity of the present style of gardening; but, on the other hand, those who have paid any attention to scenery,

are more *struck* with sudden projections and abruptnesses—more struck, for instance, with rocks, precipices, and cataracts, than with meadows, swelling hills and woods, and gentle rivers;—for in all such rugged abrupt forms, though they may be only picturesque, there is still a tendency towards the sublime; that is, towards the most powerful emotion of the human mind.* The great point, not merely in improvements, but in all things that are designed to affect the imagination, is to mix, according to circumstances, what is striking with what is simply pleasing. This seems the principle in architecture. Porticos, cornices, &c., are sudden projections; but then they differ from what is merely picturesque in their symmetry and regularity; and, with respect to ornaments, those of the Corinthian capitals, as well as all friezes and raised work of every kind, though they are sharp and broken, yet are *regularly* so, and many of them consist of the most beautiful curves and flowing lines. The same principle seems to have been studied in many of the old Italian gardens. Terraces, flights of steps, parapets, &c., are abrupt—but they are regular and symmetrical; their abruptness produces bold and striking effects of light and shadow, less bold and varied indeed than those which arise from irregular abruptness, as from rocks and broken ground, but infinitely more so than those which proceed from smoothness and flowing lines. These strong effects are peculiarly useful in the foreground; both because there the eye requires a more marked and decided character, and, likewise, because they throw off the softer lines, tints, and shadows of the distance. The old decorated foregrounds were manifestly artificial, and therefore by modern improvers may be reckoned formal; but there is a wide difference between an avowed and characteristic formality, and a formality not less real, but which assumes the airs of ease and playfulness—between that which is disguised by the effect of high dress and ornament, and that whose undisguised baldness has no air of decoration to conceal or ennoble its character.

There is an anecdote of Lord Stair, when Ambassador at the Court of France, so characteristic of the effect of high and dignified formality in dress and appearance, that though it may be familiar to many of my readers, I cannot forbear mentioning it. Lord Stair was determined, upon system, to treat Louis XIV. with some degree of arrogance, and endeavour to bully him. Upon trial, however, he could not go through with it; and, afterwards, in giving an account of his intention and his failure, he said, "J'avoue que la vieille machine m'a imposé."

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* Essay on the Picturesque, Chap. IV.

I shall now endeavour to explain the distinction I have drawn above, by giving an example. A broad dry walk near the house is indispensable to the comfort of every gentleman's habitation. In the old style, such walks were very commonly paved; in the modern, they are generally gravelled, but the great difference in their character arises from their immediate boundaries. That of the gravel walk is of pared ground, than which nothing can be more meagre or formal, or have a poorer effect in a foreground; and however the line may be broken and disguised by low shrubs partially concealing its edge, it still will be meagre; and if the grass be suffered to grow over those edges more strongly than in the other mowed parts, it will look slovenly, but neither rich nor picturesque. But the paved terrace, in its least ornamented state, is bounded by a parapet; and the simple circumstance of hewn stone and a coping, without any farther addition, has a finished and determined form, together with a certain massiveness which is wanting to the other; on which account, and from the opposition of its colour to the hue of vegetation, such mere walls are sometimes introduced as parts of the foreground by the greatest painters. When the walk before the door is of gravel, and that gravel is succeeded by the mowed grass of the pleasure ground, and that again by the grass of the lawn, nothing can be more insipid; if broken by trees and shrubs only, however judiciously they may be disposed, still the whole makes a comparatively flat and unvaried foreground, whether it be viewed in looking at, from, or towards the house. But when architectural ornaments are introduced in the garden immediately about the house—however unnatural raised terraces, fountains, flights of steps, parapets, with statues, vases, balustrades, &c., may be called—however our ancestors may have been laughed at, (and I was much diverted, though not at all convinced by the ridicule) for "walking up and down stairs in the open air,"*—the effect of all those objects is very striking; and they are not more unnatural, that is, not more artificial, than the houses which they are intended to accompany.

Nor is their own form and appearance singly to be considered, for their influence extends to other objects. Whatever trees are mixed with them, whether pines and cypresses, or the many beautiful varieties with which our gardens abound, they give a value to the tints of vegetation which no opposition between trees of different sorts can give to each other; and this is a consideration of no small moment. The contrast that arises from the tint of stone, either worked or in its natural

* Mr. Walpole on Modern Gardening.

state, (and the same may be said of many tints of broken ground,) has the great advantage of detaching objects from each other by a marked difference of form, tint, and character, but without the smallest injury to general harmony; whereas, strong contrasts in the colours of foliage, of flowers, and of blossoms, destroy harmony, without occasioning either the same degree or kind of distinction.

I have already mentioned the superiority of the terrace walk in its simplest state with a mere parapet, over the gravel walk with its pared edge of grass, as an immediate foreground; and it is clear that one cause of that superiority is the contrast between the colour of stone and the tints of vegetation. The inferiority of the gravel walk in such a situation proceeds likewise from another circumstance—its boundary is not only meagre as well as formal, but is incapable of receiving any ornament, or of being varied with any effect. The parapet, on the contrary, admits of a great degree of ornament, and also, what is very material, of a mixture of the light and pliant forms of vegetation with the uniform unbending substance of stone, and the enrichment of the sculptor. Should the solid wall be thought too heavy, a balustrade, without destroying the breadth, gives a play of light and shadow of the most striking kind, which occurs in the works of all the painters; on the top of the coping, urns, vases, flower-pots, &c., of every shape and size, find their place; vines, jasmines, and other beautiful and fragrant climbing plants, might add their loose festoons to those imitated in sculpture, twining round and between the balusters, clustering on the top, and varying the height of the wall in every style and degree that the painter might direct. In the summer, oranges, myrtles, and "each plant of firm and fragrant leaf," would most happily mix with them all; and vases of elegant forms, as well as the plants contained in them, would add to the general richness and variety.

I will here add, as a farther illustration of this subject, that a bank in its broken and picturesque state has the same advantage in giving effect to whatever plants are placed upon it, as the ornamented parapet and many other ornamented parts of the old gardens, and upon the same principle. The only difference is, that in the one case every thing is regular, in the other irregular. A smooth bank, uniformly and regularly sloped, is in ground what a mere wall is in building—neat and finished, but totally without variety. On the other hand, the overhanging coping, the cornice or moulding, projections of every kind, with their correspondent hollows, answer to the projections and coves which accident produces in neglected banks. The various inequalities in the sides and summits of such banks, whether arising from

mould deposited there, from large stones or bits of rock whence the mould has been washed away, from old trunks of trees, and other rude objects, correspond, in their general effect of diversifying the outline, with the vases, urns, flower-pots, &c. The stronger divisions of the roots of trees from which the soil has crumbled away and left them insulated and detached, may be compared to the openings made by balustrades; or, if the fibres be smaller and more intricate, to the open work and foliage of gates or palisades in wrought iron. All these, in either case, accord with the general principle of ornament, as being in various degrees and styles, raised or detached from the surface—some broad and massy, some minute, light, and intricate; but in the one case, from being regular and symmetrical, they are considered as ornaments—in the other, from being irregular, and not designed by art, they are very commonly destroyed or concealed as deformities.

A large old knotty trunk of a tree would generally be rooted up in any part meant to be improved, even at a distance from the house, much

more if near it; in my idea, however, great advantage might be taken of objects of that kind, even in a pleasure ground. Such a knotty trunk adorned, and half concealed by honeysuckles, jasmines, and roses, reverses the image of Iole dressed in the Lion's skin—it is the club of Hercules adorned by her with wreaths of flowers. Iole herself is the best example of the union of the beautiful with the picturesque; as likewise of the true cause of the sublime, and of its distinction from the last mentioned character. The spoils of the most terrible of animals, the warlike accoutrements of the most renowned of heroes, being divested of *terror*, only serve to heighten the effect of beauty.

I have already described the effect of mixing the fresh tints, and pliant forms of vegetation with vases, balustrades, &c. in a former part

of my Essay, as also their effect when mixed with trunks and roots of trees, and when hanging over the coves or the projections of a picturesque bank.* I will now add, that in such a bank, every break, every cove, every projection, is an indication, where some tree, shrub, climbing, or trailing plant, may be placed with immediate effect. The use of such *indications* even to men of high invention, and the assistance which they give to that invention, may be learned from the practice and recommendation of no less a man than Leonardo da Vinci, who advises artists to attend to the stains in old walls; and indeed the singular and capricious forms as well as tints which they exhibit, would assist the most fruitful painter's imagination. This is the principle on which that ingenious artist, M. Cozens, practised and recommended the making of compositions from blots. But when we come to consider a bank sloped by art, there is no motive of preference, nothing to determine the choice; and, therefore, in such banks, it is very natural that the plantations should have the same monotony as the ground on which they are planted. This holds in an equal degree in all smooth and levelled ground, and this one cause of the general monotony of modern improvements acts doubly; for in all broken picturesque banks, whatever their scale, each variety that is destroyed is not only a loss in itself, but it is also a loss considered as an indication how other correspondent beauties and varieties might have been produced.

To give effect and variety of character to foregrounds (in which light all the garden near the house may be considered) the forms, tints, and masses of stone or of wood-work, must often be opposed to those of vegetation what is artificial to what is natural; and this, I believe, is the general principle that should be attended to from the palace to the cottage. A cottage, with its garden pales, and perhaps some shrub, or evergreen, a bay or a lilac, appearing through, and fruit-trees hanging over them; with its arbour of sweet-brier and honeysuckle, supported by rude wood-work, or a rustic porch covered with vine or ivy—is an object which is pleasing to all mankind, and not merely to the painter. He, indeed, feels more strongly the value of their connection and disposition; but deprive the cottage of these circumstances, place it (as many a modern house is placed) on mere grass and unaccompanied—will the painter *only* regret them? what such rustic embellishments are to the cottage, terraces, urns, vases, statues and fountains are to the palace or palace-like mansion. These last indeed are splendid and costly decorations, and may not without reason be thought to require

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* Essay on the Picturesque, Chap. II.

that the whole should be of the same character; but there are some which appear to accord with every style and scale of houses and gardens. Trellises, with the different plants twining round them, and even the small basket-work of parterres, have a mixture of natural and of artificial, and of the peculiar intricacy of each; of firmness and playfulness; of what is fixed, with what is continually changing. I therefore regret that fashion has so much banished them from gardens; but, if I may be allowed to apply, though to a new subject, so very hackneyed a quotation, I will venture to prophesy in Horace's words, and boldly say,

"Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidêre, cadentque
Quæ nunc sunt in honore."

[It is a matter of great self congratulation to every one of taste, to behold this prophecy now so rapidly realizing. The old system of having nothing but shaven grass, and bare gravel around the house, with no other accompaniment to divide it off from the lawn, but some wretched wire fence, or invisible green paling, is fast giving way to the introduction of walled or balustraded terraces, and all the rich decorations of the old gardens. It is now becoming the practice to have some ornamental garden premises, if I may so express myself, all around the mansion. A lady may now walk forth upon her terrace, and trip down the steps into her flower garden—wander among its vases—its basket-works, and its quaintly conceived knottings—inhaling the perfume of its rare and delicious plants—disappear for a time among the intricacies of her full grown alleys, and all this without the necessity of bonneting or cloaking herself to be prepared to meet with strangers, as she would require to do in one of those places where such a home garden is wanting, and where she would be no sooner out of the door, than she would be in the park.—E.]

I shall probably be accused by Mr. Brown's admirers, of endeavouring to bring about a counter-revolution, and to restore the *ancien regime*, with all its despotism of straight lines and perpetual symmetry. It is true that I have some attachment to the old monarchy, though I should not like to have it restored without strict limitations; but my wish, in this instance, is to combat the despotism of modern improvers, as resembling in a great degree that of religious intolerance—for they allow no salvation out of their own pale. In this case, as in most others, I should rather choose to follow the example of ancient, than of modern Rome. The old Romans not only tolerated every style of worship, but mixed and incorporated them with their own. The gods

of Greece and of Homer, still kept their eminent stations; but there was always some corner where devotions might be paid to Apis or Anubis; and such there might be in any place, whatever its character, where a man who had a taste for the Dutch style, might enjoy his tulips, amidst box or yew hedges, labyrinths, &c.

"And in *trim* gardens take his pleasure."

This may be considered as no slight indulgence from a professed admirer of the Italian gardens; for it is highly probable that their destruction and the total banishment of that style was owing to its having been contaminated, by being mixed with the Dutch style at its introduction. All sculptural and architectural ornaments in gardens, though objections might be made to them as being too artificial, not only give impressions of magnificence and expensive decoration, but also recall ideas of the most exquisite works of art, even though the particular specimens should be rude copies, or imitations of them;—whereas the vegetable giants, obelisks, &c., of a Dutch Garden when they became principal, carried with them such glaring marks of unimprovable rudeness and absurdity, as made a change unusually popular. With regard to such topiary works, as they are called, there is a very curious passage in a Latin poem of Pontanus de hortis Hesperidum. After giving rules for the preparation and fencing of the ground, he says—

"Infode dehinc teneram prolem, et sere tramite certo,
Et vinclis obstringe, obeunda·ut munera discant
A pueris, sed quisque suo spatioque, locoque.
Inde ubi, et assiduo cultuque operâque magistri
Porrigit et ramos, et frondes explicat arbos,
Ad munus lege quamque suum, et dispone figuras;
Gratum opus, informemque gregem ad speciosa vocato.
Hæc altam in turrim, aut in propugnacula surgat;
Hæc arcum intendatque et spicula trudat; at illa
Muniat et vallo fossas, et mænia cingat.
Illa tubâ armatos ciat, et vocet agmen ad arma;
Altera tormento lapides jaculetur aheno,
Discutiat castella, et ruptis agmina muris
Immittat, fractâque acies (immane) ruinâ
Irrumpat, portis et congrediatur apertis,
Diruat et captam irrumpens exercitus urbem."

When we consider that the performers in this grand siege are trees, which, in their natural state, are called a shapeless crowd, we shall be apt to exclaim *immane!* with the author—a word, which though totally useless in his verse, would be aptly used to express our surprise at such a portentous garden.

These absurdities, in their ruin, carried away all the Italian ornaments that were mixed with them. The revolution, therefore, which, together with King William, brought over the taste of his country in gardening, may be said to have sown the seeds of another revolution hardly less celebrated. But the revolution in taste differed very essentially from that in politics, and the difference between them bears a most exact relation to the character of their immediate authors. That in politics, was the steady, considerate, and connected arrangement of enlightened minds; equally free from blind prejudice for antiquity, and rage for novelty; neither fond of destroying old, nor of creating new systems. The revolution in taste is stamped with the character of all those, which either in religion or politics have been carried into execution by the lower and less enlightened part of mankind. Knox and Brown differ very little in their manner of proceeding; no remnant of old superstition, or old taste, however rich and venerable, was suffered to remain, and our churches and gardens have been equally stripped of their ornaments.

I have now mentioned what appear to me the chief excellences of the old Italian gardens, but I am very far from undervaluing, or wishing upon that account, in all instances to condemn modern improvements. The former part of my essay, as I before observed, relates almost entirely to the grounds, and not to what may properly be called the garden; and this distinction I wish the reader to keep in his mind, lest he should be led to imagine that I praise at one time, what I censured at another. In my idea, Mr. Brown has been most successful in what may properly be called the garden, though not in that part of it which is nearest the house. The old improvers went abruptly from the formal garden to the grounds, or park; but the modern pleasure garden with its shrubs and exotics, would form a very just and easy gradation from architectural ornaments, to the natural woods, thickets, and pastures. All highly ornamented walks, such as terraces, &c., of course can only have place near the house; in the more distant parts of the garden, the gravel walk is, in like manner, a proper gradation from them to the simple pathway. The garden scene at Blenheim is one of the best specimens of the present style, and I have already endeavoured to point out what are its few defects, and whence its many beauties arise.* Had Vanbrugh formed an architectural garden for a certain space immediately before the house, it would not have interfered with this more extended garden, or pleasure ground; on the contrary, it would pro-

* Essay on the Picturesque, Chap. XII.

bably have enhanced the pleasure of it, and with a slight alteration or disguise, the one style might have been blended with the other, and magnificence of decoration happily united with the magnificence and beauty of natural scenery. In the garden scene at Blenheim the gravel walk appears in great perfection; the sweeps are large, easy, and well taken; and though in wild and romantic parts such artificial bends destroy the character of the scenery, yet in gardens, where there must be regular borders to the walks, an attention to the different curves is indispensable; and the skill that is shown in conducting them, though not to be rated too high, is by no means without its merit. That was Mr. Brown's *forte*, and there he was a real improver; for before him, the horror of straight lines made the first improvers on the new system, conceive that they could hardly make too many turns. I am told, that he began the reformation of those zigzag, corkscrew walks; and that he used to say of them, with very just ridicule, that you might put one foot upon zig, and the other upon zag. His misfortune, (and still more that of his employers,) was that, knowing his *forte*, he resorted to it upon all occasions, and carried the gravel walk, its sweeps, and its lines, to rivers, to plantations, and universally to all improvements; not contented with making gardens, many parts of which he well understood, he chose to make landscapes, of which he was worse than ignorant—for of them he had the falsest conceptions. Against his landscapes, not against his gardens, has almost the whole of my attack been pointed. In the one, every thing he did is to be avoided; in the other, many things are worthy of attention and imitation. In regard to the walks at Blenheim, another circumstance, though minute, adds to their perfection: they are so artfully laid, that the surface becomes a sort of mosaic; and notwithstanding their inherent defects, they add a higher polish to that beautiful garden scene. Whenever any thing can be devised, that has the neatness and dressed appearance of the gravel walk, without its distinct lines and meagre edge, I shall be very glad of the exchange; in the meantime, I must own, I know of no other method of having a dry walk for any length through a pleasure ground, in character with that ground.

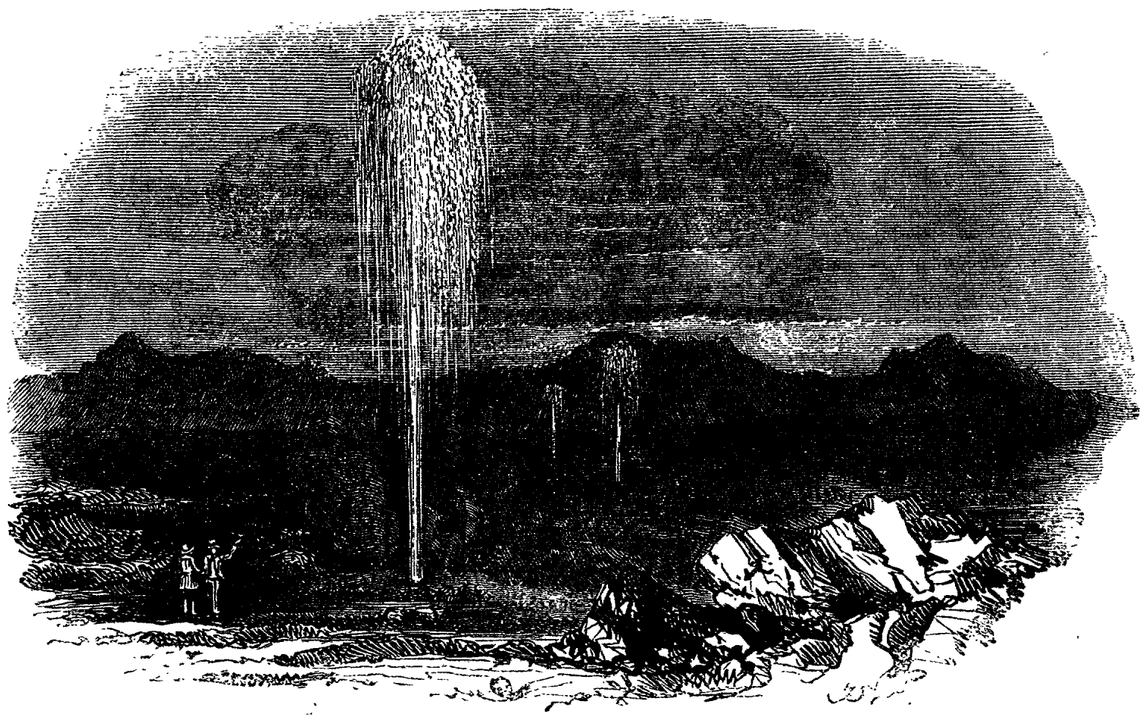
With respect to fountains and statues, as they are among the most refined of all garden ornaments, so they are most liable to be introduced with impropriety. Their effect, however, (especially that of water in motion mixed with sculpture,) is of the most brilliant kind; yet though fountains make the principal ornaments of the old Italian gardens, they are almost entirely banished from ours: statues in some degree still remain. Fountains have been objected to as unnatural, as

forcing water into an unnatural direction. I must own I do not feel the weight of that objection; for natural *jets d'eaux*, though rare, do exist, and are among the most surprising exhibitions of nature. Such exhibitions, when imitable, are surely proper objects of imitation; and as art cannot pretend to vie with nature in greatness of style and execution, she must try to compensate her weakness by symmetry, variety, and richness of design; and fountains, such as are still to be seen in Rome and its environs, may be classed with the most striking specimens of art, in point of richness and brilliancy of effect. But on the subject of fountains, I am inclined to risk what may be reckoned a bold position —that near a house on a large scale, this mode of introducing water in violent motion, so far from being improper, is, of all others, the mode in which it may be done with the most exact propriety. A palace can scarcely ever be built close to a grand natural cascade; and the imitation of such great falls, unless the general scenery correspond with them, is the height of absurdity. Now, the imitation of water forced upwards in a column by a subterraneous cause, though one of the most marvellous and mysterious effects in nature, may, in some respects, on that very account, be imitated with less improbability than a cascade; for it might take place in any spot whatever, and does not necessarily require accompaniments of a particular character, which a cascade does, if meant to appear natural. But laying aside these considerations, and supposing that there were no example in natural scenery of water forced upwards into the air, but that human ingenuity having discovered a power in nature capable of producing the most brilliant effects, had applied it to the purposes of human luxury and magnificence—I do not see why man should not be allowed to dispose of one element as of another—of a fluid as of a solid. No one blames the architect for cutting stone into forms of which there are no prototypes in nature. He does not imitate the rude irregular shapes of the rock or quarry whence he takes his materials—he considers that highly-finished symmetrical buildings, decorated with artificial ornaments, are congenial to polished artificial man; just as huts, dens, and caverns are to the wild savage, whether man or beast. In the same manner an architect-statuary, a Bernini, never could have thought of inquiring what were the precise forms of natural spouts of water; he knew that water forced into the air, must necessarily assume a great variety of beautiful forms, which, added to its own native clearness and brilliancy, would admirably accord with the forms and the colour of his statues, with the decorations of architecture, and with every object around it; he knew that he should preserve, and in some points increase all its characteris-

tic beauties—its transparency—its lively motion—its delicious freshness—its enchanting sound; and add to it such magical effects of light and colours, as can hardly be conceived by those who have not seen a *jet d'eau* on a large scale.

> " Et dans l'air s'enflammant aux feux d'un soleil pur,
> Pleuvoir en gouttes d'or, d'émeraude, et d'azur."
>
> *Les Jardins*, Chant. I.

I am indeed persuaded, that had there been specimens of natural waterspouts near Rome, such as those in Iceland, he would not, in ornamented



scenes, have imitated those rude circumstances, whatever they may be, which give them the appearance of being natural. My reason for thinking so is, that there are often cascades as well as fountains in the old Italian gardens, and they are manifestly artificial, without any attempt to imitate that style of rudeness and irregularity which characterises those which are natural. The stones, indeed, of which they are composed, are rough, but they bear something of the same relation to the rough stones of a natural cascade and to their disposition, which the *rustic* used by architects bears to the roughness and irregularity of a natural rock. It will hardly be said that it was for want of proper models in nature, or the power of imitating them, that such cascades were made, when we recollect the nearness of Tivoli to Rome, and that the age of Bernini was that of Gaspar, Claude, and Poussin. From all these considerations it appears to me, that in the old Gardens art

was meant to be apparent, and to challenge admiration on its own account, not under the disguise of nature—that richness, effect, and agreement with the surrounding artificial objects, were what the planners and decorators of those gardens aimed at. In that light, fountains with sculpture are the most proper, as well as the most splendid ornaments of such scenery.

[Nothing, in my opinion, can be more beautiful than a well arranged fountain, nothing can produce a happier effect, in what I would call the home garden, than an architectural *jet d'eau*, the symmetry of which, and the sparkling effects of its ascending column, are calculated to harmonise so well with the various features of the house and its accompaniments. Then, what can be more soothing than the gentle murmur of its falling waters, heard only when every thing else in nature is silent, as if it were the voice of the genius of the fairy ground in which it is placed. Such a sound of water gives life to a place. I remember when wandering one night through Rome, on a solitary romantic ramble to survey its remains of antiquity by moonlight, at an hour long after the whole of its inhabitants were buried in repose, amidst the silence that prevailed, my ears caught the sound of the waters of the fountain of Trevi, when I was yet at the distance of several streets from it. The effect was such as to produce the sublimest emotions in my mind. I felt as if it was the spirit of the city that spoke to me. I thought of that beautiful passage in Corinne, which embodies somewhat of the same idea. "Corinne en revenant de chez une femme de ses amies, oppressée par la douleur, descendit de sa voiture et se reposa quelques instants près de la fontaine de Trevi, devant cette source abondante qui tombe en cascade au milieu de Rome, et semble comme la vie de cette tranquille séjour. Lorsque pendant quelques jours cette cascade s'arrête on diroit que Rome est frappée de stupeur. C'est le bruit des voitures que l'on a besoin d'entendre dans les autres villes, a Rome c'est le murmure de cette fontaine immense qui semble comme l'accompagnement nécessaire à l'existence rêveuse qu'on y mène." In fountains the architecture should be chaste and classical, and the stream of water discharged should be abundant; and in a *jet d'eau* I infinitely prefer a single column of considerable magnitude and height, to a number of insignificant and whimsical spoutings. The effects of light, both from the sun and moon on the falling water of a large single column are always exquisitely beautiful.—E.]

But, although the full effects of fountains can only be displayed on a large scale, yet I believe that in all highly dressed parts, whatever be the scale, water may be introduced with more propriety in the style of

an upright fountain, than perhaps in any other way. It would, for instance, be extremely difficult, in a flower-garden, to give to a stream of water the appearance of a natural rill, and yet to make it accord with the artificial arrangement and highly embellished appearance of such a spot. Now, the upright fountain seems precisely suited to it, as it is capable of any degree of sculptural decoration which the decorations of the place itself may require; and likewise, as the forms in which water falls in its return towards the ground, not only are of the most beautiful kind, but have something of regularity and symmetry—two qualities which, more or less, are found in all artificial scenes.

The propriety of introducing any highly artificial decorations, where there is nothing in the character of the mansion which may seem to warrant them, may perhaps be questioned; for my own part, I would rather wish that some improprieties should be risked for the sake of effect (where the mischief, if such, could be repaired) than that improvements should be confined to the present timid monotony. What has struck me in some cases, and in some points of view, as a fault in the general effect of marble statues in gardens, is their whiteness—but it is chiefly where there are no buildings nor architectural ornaments near them; for, like other white objects, they make spots when placed amidst verdure only; whereas the colour and the substance of stone or stucco, by assimilating with that of marble, takes off from a certain crudeness which such statues are apt to give the idea of when placed alone among trees and shrubs. This, however, must rather be considered as a caution than an objection.

In forming a general comparison of the two styles of gardening, it seems to me that what constitutes the chief excellence of the old garden, is richness of decoration and of effect, and an agreement with the same qualities in architecture—its defects, stiffness, and formality. The excellences of the modern garden are verdure, undulation of ground, diversity of plants, and a more varied and natural disposition of them than had hitherto been practised; its defects, when considered as accompanying architecture, a uniformity of character too nearly approaching to common nature—when considered as improved natural scenery, a want of that playful variety of outline, by which beautiful scenes in nature are eminently distinguished.

The whole of this, in my idea, points out one great source of Mr. Brown's defects. Symmetry is universally liked on its own account—formality, as such, universally disliked; but we often excuse formality for the sake of symmetry;—now, Mr. Brown has, upon system, and in almost all cases, very studiously destroyed symmetry, while he has in

many instances preserved and even increased formality. He has also entirely banished straight lines, not knowing, or not reflecting, that the monotony of straight lines is frequently productive of grandeur, whereas there is a meanness as well as sameness in the continuation of regular curves. The terrace walk, therefore, which improvers of his school would probably object to on account of its straightness, had, from that very circumstance, a dignity and propriety in its situation, very different from the winding gravel walk, to which it bears the same sort of relation as the avenue to the belt.*

It will very naturally be said, that these rich and stately architectural and sculptural decorations are only proper where the house itself has something of the same splendid appearance. This is true in a great measure; but though it is only in accompanying grand and magnificent buildings that the Italian garden has its full effect, yet, as there are numberless gradations in the style and character of buildings, from the palace or the ancient castle, to the plainest and simplest dwelling house, so different styles of architectural, or at least of artificial accompaniments, might, though more sparingly, be made use of in those lower degrees, without having our gardens reduced to mere grass and shrubs. These near decorations, in every different style and degree, and their application ought certainly to be studied by ornamental gardeners, as well as the more distant pleasure ground, aud still more distant landscapes of the place. All I presume to do, is to indicate what seem to me the general principles. The invention of new, and the application of old ornaments, require the talents of an artist; but should the study of the principles of painting become an essential part of the education of an ornamental gardener, I should not despair of seeing them successfully applied to the particular objects which have been treated of in this Essay, as well as to those which appear more strictly to belong to the landscape painter.

I am, indeed, well convinced that there is one way by which ornamental gardening, in this confined, as well as in the more enlarged sense of it, would make a real and progressive improvement. It is, that landscape painters—and by no means those of the lowest class or ability—should give their attention to the peculiar character of such gardens; that they should observe, without prejudice on either side, what modern improvers have done; their merits, their defects, and the causes of them—that they should make the same observations on all that has been done in every age and country, and compare them

* Essay on the Picturesque, Chap. X.

with each other—in all this, putting fashion out of the question, and judging only by the great leading principles, not the particular practice of their own art. That they should mark the alterations which time and accident had produced, and consider how far such effects might be imitated in new works; and, lastly, how all these more ornamented parts might be connected both with the house and the general scenery. By such studies many new lights would be thrown on the whole subject, many new inventions and combinations worthy of being recorded would arise; but the bane of all invention is exclusive attachment to one manner—and that, above all others, is the character of Mr. Brown's school of improvement. There is, indeed, a very false idea with respect to originality which may have influenced Mr. Brown—that of rejecting all study and imitation of what others have done, for fear of being suspected of want of invention. Sir Joshua Reynolds has admirably pointed out the fallacy of this notion, and the truth of a seeming paradox, namely, that imitation—of course not of a servile kind—is often a source of originality; and he has very happily remarked, that by ceasing to study the works of others, an artist is reduced to the poorest of all imitations—that of his own works. This seems precisely the case with Mr. Brown, and might possibly be owing to his ill-directed aim at originality.

Were my arguments in favour of many parts of the old style of gardening ever so convincing, the most I could hope from them at present would be to produce some caution, and to assist in preserving some of the few remains of old magnificence that still exist, by making the owner less ready to listen to a professor, whose interest it is to recommend total demolition. Besides the profit arising from total change, a disciple of Mr. Brown has another motive for recommending it—he hardly knows where to begin, or what to set about, till every thing is cleared; for those objects which to painters are indications, to him are obstructions.

The owners of places where the old gardens have been preserved, may naturally feel, about raised terraces, &c. nearly as they would about avenues; many who would hardly plant, might still be unwilling to destroy them. What exists, and is mellowed and consecrated by time, and varied by accident, is very different from the crudeness of new work; it requires only a passive, or at most an obstinate indolence, to leave an old garden standing—it would require a very active determination, in a man ever so well convinced of its merit, to form a new garden, or any part of it, after an exploded model. The change from upright terraces to undulating ground, is an obvious improvement; it

seems only to restore nature to its proper original state before it was disturbed; but it appears a great refinement, which therefore will be admitted with difficulty to say—that what is unnatural and artificial (particularly with regard to ground) should be done, or left, if done already, in order to produce certain painter-like effects, that these raised terraces, &c. accord with the manifest art of all that belongs to building and architecture—that by contrast they give a greater relish for the natural undulations of the grounds in other parts, that they admit of more striking and varied ornaments than mere earth and grass, and form a just gradation from highly embellished to simple nature; just as the polished lawn or grove does afterwards to the wilder wood-walks and pastures.

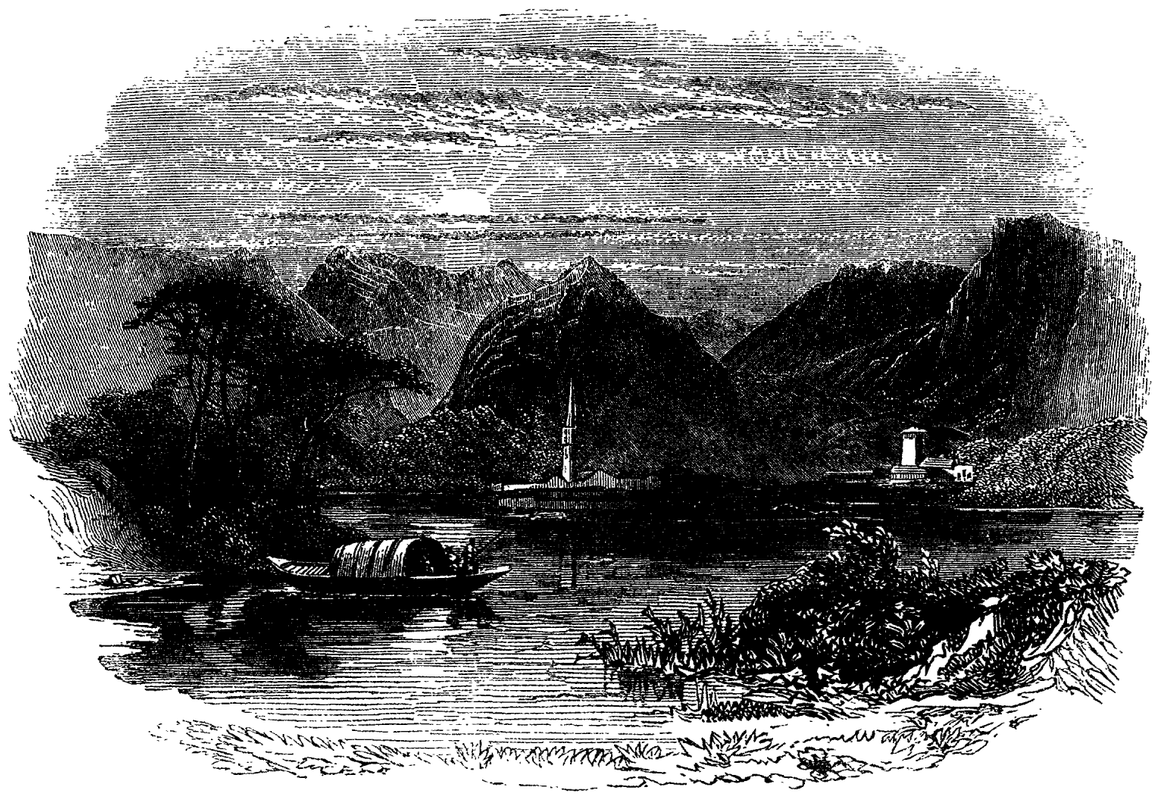
Mr. Brown has been celebrated for the bold idea of taking down Richmond Terrace. The word *bold*, must always be misplaced in speaking of his works, and here as usual. Had he loosened the ground of a high, but regularly sloped bank of a river, and turned for some time the current against it, in order to take advantage of the breaks and varieties which that current might occasion—it would have been bold; for then, in opposition to commonplace ideas, he would have searched after bold picturesque effects; but smoothness, verdure, and a hanging level, were sure to be popular. I do not mean to discuss the merit of this alteration, though somewhat inclined to doubt of it; but merely to question Mr. Brown's title to boldness of conception. His successor, who proposed blowing up the terrace at Powis Castle, had certainly more merit in point of boldness. I think, however, that upon such occasions some qualifying epithet should be applied, such as *splendidè mendax;* and when we consider the flat operation that was to have ensued after the burst of gunpowder, we might say that the successor was more *boldly tame*, than his more illustrious predecessor.

These remarks on the beauty of old gardens as connected with the house, may seem refinement to those who are the advocates of extreme simplicity; and yet it must be considered, that in the higher styles of all the arts—in painting, in poetry, in all dramatic representations—the most striking effects are produced by heightening, and so far by deviating from common obvious nature, and by adding what is artificial to what is strictly simple and natural. The good or bad effects of such heightenings, deviations, and additions, depend upon the taste, judgment, and genius with which they are made; what is merely fantastic and extravagant, and done upon no just principle, will very justly be neglected after the fashion is past; but gardening must not pretend to differ from all the other fine arts, and reject all artificial ornaments,

and pride herself upon simplicity alone, which, (as Sir Joshua Reynolds well observes in speaking of painting,) when it seems to avoid the difficulties of the art, is a very suspicious virtue. I do not mean by this the mere execution, though it is without comparison more difficult, in the Italian style. The difficulties in gardening, as in other arts, do not lie in forming the separate parts, in making upright terraces and fountains, or serpentine walks, plantations, and rivers, but in producing a variety of compositions and effects by means of those parts, and in combining them, whatever they may be, or however mixed, into one striking and well connected whole.

[I would only wish to add, to that which has been said on this subject of gardens, that whilst untaught Nature, or the accurate imitation of an untaught Nature, should be permitted wildly to luxuriate everywhere throughout the extended grounds, those more immediately connected with the house should be formed by a Nature, which has yielded herself somewhat to the rules of art, so as to be in harmony with the formality of architecture, and to carry out those associations of careful and laborious design, and liberal expenditure, which ought to arise from every thing connected with the mansion. It is not necessary that the old-fashioned garden should be so extensive as in some cases it used to be, in former times, though its bounds perhaps ought much to be regulated by the extent, the grandeur, or the consequence of the place. With reference to the size of the park, where all is unrestrained Nature, the formal garden should, I think, be at all times kept so subordinate, as chiefly to serve as a magazine of foregrounds for the various distant views. In the construction of this architectural garden, I would borrow hints from Lord Bacon, though I would not by any means servilely follow his or any other general receipt, but adapt my garden plan, both to the house to which it is attached, and to the grounds from which it separates the mansion. From the Roman Villas, I should, to use Lord Bacon's words on the subject of Travel, "prick in some flowers of what I had learned abroad," rather than copy every thing blindly and without consideration. Many valuable hints for this style might be got in the Isola Bella in the Lago Maggiore. In the Villa Pamfili Doria, " Si trovano lunghi e spaziosi viali, boschi, giardini, deliziose fontane, e un bellissimo lago con varie cadute d'acqua. Evvi inoltre una specie d'anfiteatro, ornato nella sua porte circolare di piccole fontane, di statue, e bassirilievi antichi, nel mezzo di cui è una stanza rotonda, in fondo della quale si vede una statua d'un Fauno, che con il suo flauto fa diverse suonate per mezzo d'una

machina, che gli rimane al di dietro, dentro un piccolo stanzino, dove a forza d'acqua si dà aria, e movimento ad una specie d'organo." And then, "Camminando per la Villa Borghese, si trovano vastissimi boschi, ameni prati, bellissimi viali, e dilettevoli giardini con ucceliere, e fontane. Nel fondo d'uno spazioso e lungo viale s'ammira un delizioso Lago. Nel mezzo di detto Lago evvi un isoletta, su cui vedesi un Tempio aperto, e dedicato ad Esculapio, dove è collocata una bella, e maestosa statua di questo nume, di Greco lavoro &c. Nella parte opposta del medesimo gran viale, vedesi in fondo un altro Tempio di figura rotonda, con otto colonne. In qualche distanza a sinistra trovasi una vastissima pianura, nella quale è un grandissimo Circo, atto alle corse dei cavalli, e ad ongni altra sorta di giuochi ginnici. Vi è anche una Cittadella: un edificio fatto ad imitazione d'un 'antico avanzo d'un Tempio d'Antonino e di Fanstina, consistente in quattro belle colonne di granito, che sostengono il loro cornicione, ed un pezzo di frontespizio; ed inoltre una Chiesa, ed un casino di riposo; il tutto fatto con architettura, e direzione d'Antonio Asprucci." I must say that the ruined temple is the very

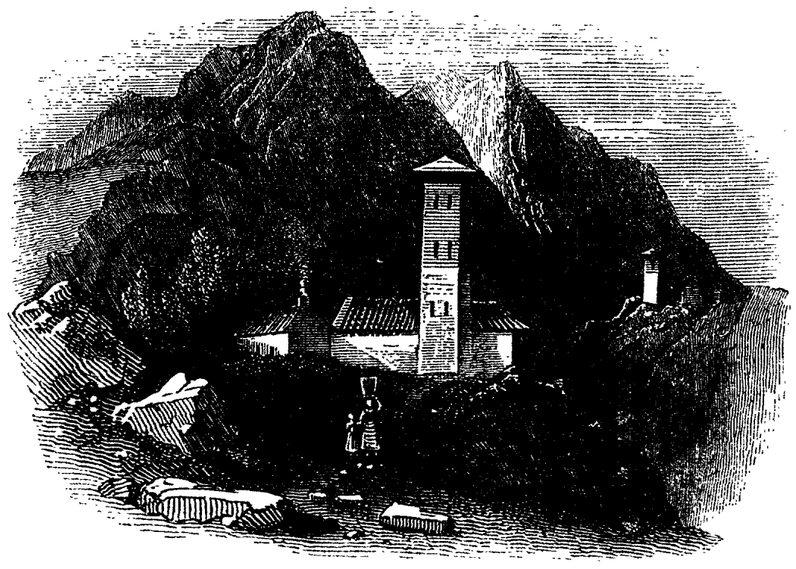


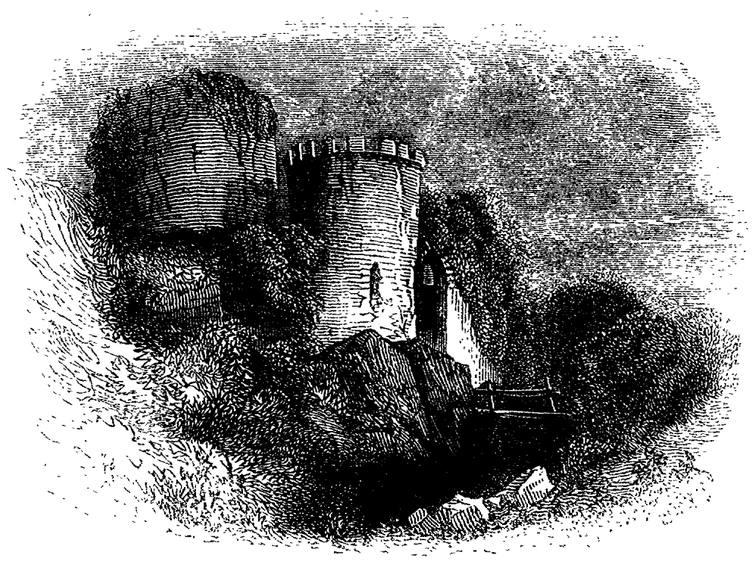
best artificial ruin that I ever beheld, though I am far from admiring any such attempt to produce modern ruins, which is at best merely a trick, that must lose all its effect the moment it is discovered. Indeed I have instanced these specimens of Italian gardens chiefly to show how much there is to be avoided, as well as to be imitated, in some of the very best of them.

As to that kingdom of Nature which I should wish to see spreading itself over all the grounds, everywhere beyond the precincts of the architectural garden, I care not for my own part how much the goddess may be allowed to run riot. If it can be commanded, let us there have the realisation of Milton's description of Paradise :—

" Eden, where delicious Paradise
Crowns with her inclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champion head
Of a steep wilderness ; whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied ; and overhead up grew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar and pine, and fir, and branching palm ;
A silvan scene !—and, as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view."

—E.]





ON ARCHITECTURE AND BUILDINGS, &c.

ORNAMENTAL Gardening is so connected with Architecture and Buildings of every kind, that I am led to make some remarks on that subject also. At the same time I must acknowledge, with respect to Architecture, that I have never made it my study as a separate art, but only as connected with scenery—and, therefore, shall chiefly confine my remarks to what may naturally have fallen within the sphere of my own observation.

Architecture in towns may be said to be principal and independent—in the country it is in some degree subordinate and dependent on the surrounding objects. This distinction, though not sufficient to form a separate class, ought not to be neglected: had it been attended to, so many square, formal, unpicturesque houses of great expense might not have encumbered the scenes which they were meant to adorn. I am not surprised, however, that the style of country houses should have been too indiscriminately taken from those of towns. All the fine arts have been brought to their greatest perfection where large bodies of men have been settled together; for wealth, emulation, and comparison are necessary to their growth; and, of all the arts, architecture has most strikingly embellished the places where it has flourished. In cities, therefore, the greatest number and variety of finished pieces of architecture are to be found—and it is not to be wondered at if those

houses, which in cities were with reason admired, should have been the objects of general, and often of indiscriminate imitation.

There are, however, very obvious reasons for making a difference of character in the two sorts of buildings. In a street, or a square, hardly any thing but the front is considered, for little else is seen—and even where the building is insulated, it is generally more connected with other buildings than with what may be called landscape. The spectator, also, being confined to a few stations, and those not distant, has his attention entirely fixed on the architecture, and the architect—but in the midst of landscape they are both subordinate, if not to the landscape painter, at least to the principles of his art.

In a letter written on tragedy to Count Alfieri, by an eminent critic, Signor Calsabigi, he insists very much on the necessity of uniting the mind of the painter with that of the poet, and that the tragic writer should be *poeta-pittore;* it is no less necessary, and more literally so, that the architect of buildings in the country should be *architetto-pittore;* for, indeed, he ought not only to have the mind, but the hand of the painter—not only to be acquainted with the principles, but, as far as design goes, with the practice of landscape painting. All that belongs to the embellishment of the scenes round country houses, has, of late years, been more generally and studiously attended to in this kingdom than in any other—architecture has also met with great encouragement; but however its professors may have studied the principles of landscape painting, they have had but little encouragement to pursue those studies, or opportunity of connecting them practically with those of their own profession. When a house was to be built, Mr. Brown, of course, decided with respect to its situation, the plantations that were to accompany it, the trees that were to be left or taken down, &c.—the architect, therefore, had only to consider how his own design would look upon paper, unconnected with any other objects—he was no further concerned.

Now, it seems to me, that if a person merely wants a house of beautiful architecture, with finely proportioned and well distributed rooms, and with convenient offices, and looks no further, the assistance of an architect, though always highly useful, is hardly necessary. A number of elevations and plans of such houses, of different forms and sizes, have been published; or he may look at those which have been completed, observe their appearance and distribution, and suit himself—the estimate a common builder can make as well as a Palladio.

I am very far from intending, by what I have just said, to undervalue a profession which I highly respect, or to suppose it unnecessary; on

the contrary, I am very anxious to show that whoever wishes his buildings to be real decorations to his place, cannot do without an architect; and by an architect I do not mean a mere builder, but one who has studied landscape as well as architecture, who is no less fond of it than of his own profession, and who feels that each different situation requires a different disposition of the several parts. In reality, this view of the profession points out the use, and greatly exalts the character, of an architect. It is an easy matter, by means of some slight changes in what has already been done, to avoid absolute plagiarism, and to make out such a design as may look well upon paper; but, to unite with correct design such a disposition as will accord, not only with the general character of the scenery, but with the particular spot and the objects immediately around it, and which will present from a number of points a variety of well combined parts, requires very different and very superior abilities.

There are many persons who give up all idea of beauty—except, perhaps, that of neat stone or brick work—and who, in order to have as little roof as possible, build up something

> "So tall, so stiff, some London house you 'd swear
> Had changed St. James' for a purer air."

Something that looks as if it had once been squeezed between two neighbours, and now felt quite naked and solitary without them. I do not mean to argue with the builders of such houses; they are satisfied, and their more difficult neighbours and visitors are alone to be pitied. There are others, however, who really think very much about the beauty of their house, and not less about that of their place, but who seem to think of them separately, and to be satisfied if both meet with separate approbation. But, even in point of vanity, any man, I think, must feel a wide difference between the reputation of having built a very elegant house, which makes a conspicuous figure in the Vitruvius Britannicus, and the additional praise, so much more rare and appropriate, that the architecture, however beautiful, is but a small part of its merit —that it is not one of those houses which would do nearly as well on one spot as on another, but that it seemed as if some great artist had designed both the building and the landscape, they so peculiarly suit and embellish each other.

Such union of character and effect can never be expected to prevail, till the application of the principles of painting to whatever in any way concerns the embellishment of our places becomes general; and perhaps no set of men are so likely to bring about such a reform in the manner

of placing and accompanying houses, and thence in every branch of improvement as the *architetti-pittori*. The education and habit of study among architects are so different from those of Mr. Brown and his school, and so much more congenial to painting, that I am persuaded a liberal architect would comply with his own, still more than with an improved public taste, in sacrificing something of the little exclusive vanity of his own particular profession, to the laudable ambition of uniting what never should be separated; and, far from removing trees, which, though they might conceal parts of his works, gave much more effect to the whole, would wish, and would direct, such trees to be planted.

It may be said with much truth, that the reformation of public taste in real landscape, more immediately belongs to the higher landscape painters, among whom the higher painters of every kind may generally be included; but there are circumstances which are likely to prevent them from succeeding in a task for which they are so well qualified. In the first place, they have few opportunities of giving their opinion, being seldom employed in improved places—certainly not in representing the improved parts—for there is a strong repugnance, of which the owners themselves are aware, in him who has studied Titian, Claude, and Poussin, and the style of art and of nature that they had studied, to copy the clumps, the naked canals, and no less naked buildings, of Mr. Brown. Besides, if they are employed at all, it is after all the alterations have been made; whereas the architect frequently begins his work before, or at the same time with the improver. The painter, also, might be suspected of sacrificing too much to the particular purposes of his own art—a suspicion which narrow-minded artists in every line will often justify. But the architect would apparently be making a sacrifice of his own art to that of painting, though in reality he would have the solid glory of combining them both, and of following the example of the greatest painters; some of whom united the two professions, while numbers of them displayed in their pictures the beauty and the grandeur arising from a union of the two arts.

Much of the naked solitary appearance of houses, is owing to the practice of totally concealing, nay sometimes of burying, all the offices under ground, and that by way of giving consequence to the mansion; but though exceptions may arise from particular situations and circumstances, yet, in general, nothing contributes so much to give both variety and consequence to the principal building, as the accompaniment, and, as it were, the attendance of the inferior parts in their different gradations. It is thus, that Virgil raises the idea of the chief bard,

"Musæum ante omnes, medium nam plurima turba
Hunc habet, atque humeris extantem suspicit altis."

Of this kind is the grandeur that characterises many of the ancient castles;* which proudly overlook the different outworks, the lower towers, the gateways, and all the appendages to the main building; and this principle, so productive of grand and picturesque effects, has been applied with great success by Vanbrugh to highly ornamented buildings, and to Grecian architecture. The same principle (with those variations and exceptions that will naturally suggest themselves to artists) may be applied to all houses. By studying the general masses, the groups, the accompaniments, and the points they will be seen from, those exterior offices, which so frequently are buried, if not under ground, at least behind a close plantation of Scotch firs, may all become useful in the composition; not only the stables—which often indeed rival the mansion, and divide the attention—but the meanest offices may be made to contribute to the character of the whole, and to raise, not degrade, the principal part. The difference of expense between good and bad forms is comparatively trifling; the difference in their appearance immense.

[These remarks are extremely just; yet how often have we to deplore the mistake which we see committed, of building up a certain quantity of good materials into a mass, remarkable for its deformity, when they might have been just as easily put together in a pleasing form, at the same expense, or even perhaps with a less expenditure. Then, again, how often do we see beauty of form altogether sacrificed to fineness of material, and smoothness of polish. These last are of the highest value in urban architecture; but although I do not say that there are not situations where they may be likewise estimated in the country, I hold that, in general, the perfection of all rural architecture depends more upon its form than upon any thing else. In a city, each building must necessarily be of regular plan. In the country, I think the more irregular the plan of the house—whether it be cottage, villa, manor-house, or castle—the better. The stables, and all the other useful offices belonging to the house, should find a place, though a subordinate one, in the group of buildings which the architect has to put down, and it is of great importance that some lines of attachment should be created to give them absolute connection; for nothing looks so ill as such subsidiary buildings being placed near to, yet unconnected with, the dwelling-house. So many subjects brought together, give greater

* [See head-piece to this Architectural Essay.—E.]

scope to the inventive powers of the architect, in his endeavour to work them into good combinations; and the necessity of the connecting lines, of which I have just spoken, begets additional opportunities of design, in the shape of low walls, balustrades, and terraces—altogether productive of an effect infinitely more rich, picturesque, and interesting, than any thing that can be created where a strictly uniform architectural house has been erected.—E.]

Another cause of the naked appearance in houses is the change in the style of gardening. While the old style subsisted, the various architectural ornaments, the terraces, summer-houses, and even the walls, as varied by different heights and breaks, took off from the insulated look of the house. On that account, however stiff and formal the gardens themselves, the whole composition was much less so than at present, when from that love of extreme simplicity, as well as of smoothness and undulation, the pasture ground frequently comes up to the hall door; so that a palace seems placed in a field, while the palace itself, in point of effect, is a mere elevation.

The appearance of one of these houses has often brought to my mind that part of the story of Aladdin, where the Genius of the Lamp takes up a magnificent palace from the place where it stood, carries it into another region, and sets it down in the midst of a meadow. One might suppose that this Genius had been very busy in England; but though the Genius of the *bare and bald* is not so powerful in his manner of operating, or so amusing in his effects, as that of the lamp, yet in this particular he rivals him; for though he cannot take up a house from the midst of its decorations, and place it in a meadow, he has often made all decorations vanish, and a meadow appear in their place.

This bareness is still more out of character in the foreground of an ancient castle, or abbey; yet such a foreground is immediately made, when a building of that kind is unfortunately within the circuit of a gentleman's improvements. Fountain's Abbey I never saw, but have heard too much of the alterations, which luckily were not quite completed. There is, however, an ancient castle which I have seen, since that boasted improvement took place, of making it stand in the lawn. The lawn has so entirely subdued and degraded the building, that had I not known it was really an ancient castle, I might have mistaken it for a modern ruin—nor at a distance would the real size have undeceived me; for the old foss having been filled up, and the surface levelled and smoothed to the very foot of the building, the whole had acquired a character of littleness, as well as of bareness, from the flat naked ground about it.

By filling up the fosses of a castle, its character as a castle is greatly destroyed; by removing the trees and brushwood, and levelling and smoothing the rough irregular ground, its effect to the painter, and its character as a ruin, are no less injured. What a system of improvement must that be, which universally destroys character, and creates monotony!

I lately observed the same effect produced by the same cause on natural masses of stone, in a walk near Matlock. The walk led towards the principal feature, a rock—which I had been greatly struck with from below, and was eager to get a nearer view of. On approaching it, I hardly could believe it was the same, but did not immediately conceive the cause of my disappointment. I had allowed for the bad effect, in such a scene, of a gravel walk with regular sweeps and borders; but, besides that, the ground had been cleared, levelled, and turfed from the edge of the walk to the foot of the rock, and round it, into all its hollows and recesses. Though an immense mass of stone, it hardly appeared natural; but seemed rather as if it had somehow been brought and erected at an enormous expense in a spot, which, as far as the improvements extended, so little suited its character.

Painters not only represent trees accompanying ruins, but almost in contact with splendid buildings in their perfect and entire state. Such an accompaniment adds still greater variety and beauty to the most beautiful and varied architecture, and by partial concealment they can give an interest almost to any building, however formal and ugly. In the pictures of Claude, the character of which is beauty and cheerfulness, detached architecture, as far as I have observed, is seldom unaccompanied with trees; continued buildings (as in some of his seaports) more frequently so; for he seems to have considered them in some measure as views in cities, and consequently as belonging to architecture rather than landscape. Poussin, who at one period of his life affected a severe and dry simplicity in his figures, and a neglect of what have been called the meretricious parts of the art, from the same turn of mind, sometimes introduced both temples and houses of regular and perfect architecture, and totally detached and unaccompanied, into his landscapes; where, from his judgment in placing them, they have a grand, though a lonely, cheerless aspect, and unsuited to ideas of habitation; but more commonly *his* buildings also, are richly blended with trees. The examples of naked buildings in pictures, bear indeed no proportion to those which are more or less accompanied by trees; the exact reverse is true with respect to improved places and this difference has so material an influence on the beauty and character of every place,

that the reasons of it are well worth examining; but as the introduction of such accompaniments might be thought to arise merely from the fancy of painters, I will first observe, that a fondness for trees near the house is not confined to lovers of painting, but prevails among nations of very opposite characters, and as opposite climates.

The Turks, it is well known, are by their religion forbidden to cultivate the art of painting, and have been constantly at war with all the fine arts; but their love of trees near their houses is carried to a degree of passion and reverence, of which many singular instances have been related by travellers. It may be said, that in a warm and dry climate, such a passion is not at all surprising; the same objection, however, cannot be made to instances from Holland, where the detached houses are frequently half surrounded by trees, where the canals are regularly planted with them, and their boughs (which at Amsterdam are never trimmed up) come close to the windows. It is clear, therefore, that the industrious Dutchman, who employs every foot of the territory which with so much labour and expense has been rescued from the sea, is no less fond of them than the indolent Turk, who inhabits a country where property is not endeared, nor its value enhanced by security.

Notwithstanding this instance from a foggy climate, I imagine the fear of dampness would be one of the principal reasons which the owner or the improver would allege, for not admitting large trees in the foreground of a real habitation, though the painter may place them near an imaginary building. But the number of trees which an inhabitant of Holland, without fear of inconvenience, plants close to his house, is by no means necessary to picturesque composition. A very few, even a single tree, may make such a break—such a division in the general view—as may answer that end; and most certainly will not make any great addition to the dampness.

A second objection which improvers will naturally make, is, that trees must obstruct the view from the windows. In regard to their being obstructions, or considered as such, that will partly depend upon the judgment with which they are placed, and partly upon the owner's turn of mind. Whoever prefers, in all cases, a mere prospect, (and in that light every unbroken view may be looked upon,) to a prospect of which the accompaniments had been, or seemed to have been, arranged by a great painter, will think every thing an obstruction that prevents him seeing all that it is possible to see in all directions. But he who is convinced that painters, from having most studied them, are the best judges of the combinations and effects of visible objects, will only look upon that as an obstruction, which, if taken away, would not merely let in

more of the view, but admit it in a happier manner in point of composition; and whoever has felt the extreme difference between seeing distant objects, as in a *panorama*, without any foreground, and viewing them under the boughs, and divided by the stems of trees, with some parts half discovered through the branches and foliage, will be very loth to cut down an old tree which produces such effects, and no less desirous of creating those effects by planting. Still, however, it may be objected, that though such trees may greatly improve the composition from some particular windows, they may injure it from others—this is an objection that I wish to state fairly, and in its full extent. It is certainly very difficult to accompany the best objects in the most favourable manner from one point, without obstructing some of them from others; and it is extremely natural, that a person who is used to admire a favourite wood, a distant hill, or a reach of a river from every window, should not without difficulty prevail on himself, to hide any part of them from any one of those windows, though for the sake of giving them tenfold effect from other points. I will here suppose (what is very rarely if ever the case,) each circumstance in the more distant view to be so perfect, that there was nothing which the owner would wish to conceal; and that the trees he might plant, would be solely for the purpose of heightening beauties, not of masking defects. Still, without some objects in the foreground, this view, however charming, would be nearly the same from each window; whereas, by means of trees, each window would present a different picture, and the charm of variety, though some of the variations should be unfavourable, ought to be taken into the account. It is more probable, however, than even these windows whence the objects would be most concealed, might present certain portions of the more distant view across the branches and foliage in so picturesque a manner, that a lover of painting would often be more captivated by them, than by a studied composition.

I have endeavoured in all I have stated, to point out some of the advantages that are gained, by breaking with trees, an uniform view from a house, and to obviate some of the objections to such a method; and I have done it more fully, because the opposite system has strongly prevailed. I do not mean, however, to assert that such breaks are always necessary, or expedient; though in my own opinion, it can seldom happen that a view will not be improved, from one or more trees, rising boldly above the horizon. Where fine old trees are *left*, they plead their own excuse; but for many years there is a poverty in the appearance of young single trees, that may well discourage improvers from planting them, though they may clearly foresee the future effect of each

plant, and wish for old trees in those positions. That poverty may be remedied, by making dug clumps in most of the places fixed upon for single trees, and by mixing shrubs with them. This produces an immediate mass; the temporary digging and the shelter, promote the growth of the trees intended to produce the effect; by degrees the shrubs may be removed entirely, or some left to group with them, as may best suit the situation; and, as they get up, the boughs may be opened and trained, so as to admit, or exclude what is beyond them, just as the planter thinks fit.

I now come to another objection, viz. that they conceal too much of the architecture. And here I will allow, however desirous I may be of varying the composition from the house, and of softening too open a display of symmetry, that great respect ought to be paid to such works as are deservedly ranked among the productions of genius, in an art of high consideration from the remotest antiquity. Whenever the improvement of the view would injure the beauty or grandeur of such works, or destroy that idea of connection and symmetry, which, though veiled, should still be preserved, such an improvement would cost too dear. But in buildings, where the forms and the heights are varied by means of pavilions, colonnades, &c., there generally are places where trees might be planted with great advantage to the effect of the building, considered as part of a picture, without injury to it as a piece of architecture; and in the placing of which accompaniments, the painter who was conversant with architecture, and the architect who had studied painting, would probably coincide; and this, I think, may more strongly point out the difference I mentioned before, between the style which suits a town only, and that which might suit both town and country. A square, detached house in the country, while it requires trees to make up for the want of variety in its form, affords no indication where they may be placed with effect; they will indeed diminish the monotony, but will not, as in the other case, so mix in with the buildings, as to seem a part of the design of an architect-painter.

The accompaniments of beautiful pieces of architecture, may in some respects be compared to the dress of beautiful women. The addition of what is no less foreign to them than trees are to architecture, varies and adorns the charms even of those, who, like Phryne, might throw off every concealment, and challenge the critic eyes of all Athens assembled. Men grow weary of uniform perfection; nor will any thing compensate the absence of every obstacle to curiosity, and every hope of novelty. It is not probable, that Phryne was ignorant or neglectful of the charms of variety and of partial concealment; and if the most

perfect forms may be rendered still more attractive by what is foreign to them, how much more those which have little or no pretensions to beauty! How many buildings have I seen, which, with their trees, attract and please every eye! But deprive one of them of those accompaniments, what a solitary deserted object would remain! I will not go on with the parallel, but I believe the effect would in both cases be very similar.

It may very naturally occur to any reader, and without the desire of cavilling, that if painters sometimes did, and sometimes did not accompany their buildings with trees—if both they and architects sometimes did, and sometimes did not vary the lines, heights, and dispositions of their buildings—the same liberty, according to the author's own principles, ought to be allowed to the improver. Nothing can be more just; and I should be very sorry to be suspected of having combated the despotism of others, in order to establish any arbitrary opinions of my own: but a physician must proportion his remedy to the degree, as well as to the nature of the disease; and bareness, monotony, and want of connection, are in a high degree the diseases of modern improvement. Had the opposite system prevailed, (and in the revolutions to which fashion is subject, it may still prevail) had all buildings of every kind been encumbered by trees, or had they, from a rage for the picturesque, been fantastically designed, with an endless diversity of different heights and breaks, with odd projections and separations—I should equally have taken my arguments from the works of eminent painters as well as of architects, against such a departure from all grandeur, elegance, and simplicity.

The best preservative against flatness and monotony on the one hand, and whimsical variety on the other, is an attentive study of what constitutes the grand, the beautiful, and the picturesque in buildings, as in all other objects. An artist who is well acquainted with the qualities of which those characters are compounded, with their general effect, and with the tendency of those qualities if carried to excess, will know when to keep each character separate—when, and in what degree, to mix them, according to the effect he means to produce.

The causes and effects of the sublime and of the beautiful have been investigated by a great master, whose footsteps I have followed in a road, which his penetrating and comprehensive genius had so nobly opened. I have ventured indeed to explore a new track, and to discriminate the causes and the effects of the picturesque from those of the two other characters; still, however, I have in some degree proceeded under his auspices—for it is a track I never should have discovered, had not he first cleared and adorned the principal avenues.

With respect to the sublime in buildings, Mr. Burke, without entering

into a minute detail, has pointed out its most efficient causes; two of which are succession, and uniformity. These he explains and exemplifies by the appearance of the ancient heathen temples, which, he observes, were generally oblong forms, with a range of uniform pillars on every side; and he adds, that from the same causes, may also be derived the grand effects of the aisles in many of our own Cathedrals. But although succession and uniformity, when united to greatness of dimension, are among the most efficient causes of grandeur in buildings, yet causes of a very opposite nature (though still upon one general principle) often tend to produce the same effects. These are, the accumulation of unequal, and, at least apparently, irregular forms, and the intricacy of their disposition. The forms and the disposition of some of the old castles built on eminences, fully illustrate what I have just advanced; the different outworks and massive gateways; towers rising behind towers; the main body perhaps rising higher than them all, and on one side descending in one immense solid wall quite down to the level below —all impress grand and awful ideas.

As I have in a former part made intricacy a characteristic mark of the picturesque, I may possibly be accused of inconsistency in making it also a cause of grandeur. It might be sufficient to say that there are other qualities common to the sublime and to the picturesque, such as roughness and abruptness, and that, therefore, intricacy might be in the same class. I shall not, however, be satisfied with that general defence, but shall endeavour to account in a more satisfactory manner for this seeming inconsistency. There appear to be various degrees and styles of intricacy. Hogarth, as I have mentioned on a former occasion, in speaking of the effect of those waving lines which steal from the eye, and lead it a kind of wanton chase, has termed it the *beauty* of intricacy, which I have endeavoured to distinguish from the more sudden and abrupt kind which belongs to the picturesque; I will now point out what I conceive might be called with equal propriety the sublime of intricacy.

When suspense and uncertainty are produced by the abrupt intricacy of objects divested of grandeur, they are merely amusing to the mind, and their effect simply picturesque.* But where the objects are such as are capable of inspiring awe or terror, there suspense and uncertainty are powerful causes of the sublime; and intricacy may, by those means, create no less grand effects than uniformity and succession. An avenue of large and lofty trees, forming a continued arch, and terminated by

* Essay on the Picturesque, Chap. IV.

the gateway of a massive tower, is a specimen, and no mean one, of the grandeur arising from succession and uniformity. On the other hand, many forest scenes are no less striking examples of the grandeur of intricacy. In the avenue, all is simple and uniform in the highest degree, and the eye is totally fixed to one point—to one focus. In the forest scene, trees of different shapes and sizes cross each other in numberless directions, while other parts of the wood are mysteriously seen between their trunks and branches. Instead of one straight walk or road without any variation, uncertain tracks appear, wild and irregular as the trees and thickets through which they pass; instead of one solemn mass of foliage that hides the sky and its effects, gleams of light, issuing, perhaps, from stormy and portentous clouds, shoot athwart the glades, and, by discovering part of the recesses, show how deep the gloom is beyond. The grandest of all landscapes, the San Pietro Martire of Titian, is in part a scene of this kind. The assassination is committed amidst lofty trees, at the entrance of a forest—a supernatural light from a glory of angels is mixed in with the foliage and branches of the trees, and conceals part of their summits—two horsemen in armour, the one turning his head back towards the assassins, the other pushing forward, are seen at some distance just entering the depth of the forest, and forcibly carry the eye and the imagination towards its dark and intricate recesses. But in this model of the sublime in landscape we see none of those singularly curved and twisted stems and branches, as in the old trees of Bloemart, of Ruysdael, and others of the Dutch and Flemish schools, nor their playful variety of bushes, scattered thickets, and catching lights, not even the more noble and animated wildness of Salvator's stems and branches—but the whole character of the picture seems to be an exact medium between the savage grandeur of that sublime though eccentric genius, and the sedate solemn dignity which usually characterises the landscapes of Poussin.

The same kind of difference subsists between the intricacy of the pinnacles and fret work of Gothic architecture, and that more broad and massive kind of the towers and gateways of ancient castles. Mr. Burke observes, that the sublime in building requires solidity, and even massiness; and, in my idea, no single cause acts so powerfully, and can so little be dispensed with as massiness; but as massiness is so nearly allied to heaviness, it is—in this age especially—by no means a popular quality; for in whatever regards the mind itself, or the works that proceed from it, the reproach of heaviness is, of all others, the least patiently endured. It is a reproach, however, that has been made to some of the most striking buildings, both ancient and modern.

It might be thought somewhat strained to suppose, that the most fashionable style of writing in any age should at all influence the character of other arts; yet something of the same general taste is apt to prevail in them all during the same period, and a distaste for whatever is opposed to it. Voltaire was, without comparison, the most fashionable writer of this century; and, in addition to the charms of the lightest and most seducing style, he did not neglect any occasion of insinuating its excellence. For fear his writings should be thought too light and superficial, compared with others of a more solid and argumentative kind, he turned the keen edge of his wit against any appearance of that quality, which has been so ridiculed in Vanbrugh's architecture. He called the great Dr. Clarke—it must be owned with some humour, however unjustly—"*une vraie machine à raisonnement;*" and, indeed, he summed up the whole matter in one short maxim, which equally characterises his mind and his style—"*Il n'y a qu'un mauvais genre; c'est le genre ennuyeux.*"

Among the various remains of ancient temples, none, perhaps, have so grand an effect as the old Doric temples in Sicily, and at Pæstum; though, from their general look of massiness, and from the columns being without bases, none are more opposite to what are usually considered as light buildings; but may it not be doubted, whether the giving of bases to those columns, and consequently a greater degree of lightness and airiness to the whole, might not proportionably diminish that solid, massive grandeur, which is so striking to every eye? If, again, we consider modern buildings, no mansion of regular, finished, ornamental architecture that I have yet seen, has, from such a number of different points, so grand an appearance as Blenheim; and never was the reproach of heaviness so unceasingly applied to any building. It would hardly be supposed that the *heaviness* of Blenheim would ever have been mentioned as a compliment to the noble owner; yet I remember hearing an instance of it. The conversation happened to turn upon the immense weight that an egg would support if pressed exactly in a perpendicular direction;—no weight, they said, would break it. A person who was sitting at some distance from the Duke of Marlborough, called out to him, "My Lord Duke! if they were to put Blenheim upon it, egad, I believe it would crush the egg."

How far the heaviness of the ancient temples or of the modern palace might be diminished, without diminution of their grandeur, may be a question; but I believe it is very clear, that after a certain point, as they gained more in lightness, they would become less majestic, and, beyond that again, less beautiful.

The same principle seems to have guided the highest painters in respect to the human figure. The Prophets and Sybils of M. Angelo, Raphael, and Fra. Bartolomeo, are all of a character and proportion, which, in buildings, would be called massive. Tibaldi, and after him the Caracci and their disciples, formed their style upon those famous models; and they had a peculiar word (*sagoma*) to express that fulness and massiveness of form as opposed to the meagreness of Mantegna, Pietro, Perugino, and almost all the earlier painters. Particular exceptions may indeed be produced—as, for instance, the Moses of Parmeggiano, so highly and so justly admired by the poet Gray. That, like all his figures, is of a more lengthened proportion, and the body thinner than those of the other masters whom I have mentioned; but the limbs have the same fulness of form in a very high degree. It must be remembered, also, that expression of countenance, energy of action, and many other circumstances, will give to the human figure what cannot be given to a building.

But the effects of art are never so well illustrated, as by similar effects in nature; and, therefore, the best illustration of buildings, is by what has most analogy to them—the forms and characters of rocks; in which it can hardly be doubted, that massiveness is a most efficient cause of grandeur.

Where the summit of such massive rocks runs in a parallel line, and the breaks and projections lower down are slightly marked, both the first impression is less strong, and the eye soon becomes weary; for though a natural wall of such solidity and magnitude must always be a grand object—it is still a wall.

But where certain bold projections are detached from the principal body of rock; where in some places they rise higher than the general summit, and in others, seem a powerful buttress to the lower part—the eye is forcibly struck with the grandeur of such detached masses, and occupied with the variety of their form, and of their light and shadow. Such is the effect and the character of many of the ancient castles.

On the other hand, it no less frequently happens, that the lower parts of rocks are varied in shape, and boldy relieved, while their summit describes one uniform line; the projections then lose their consequence when seen from afar, especially in a front view, and the eye is more distinctly occupied with the line of the summit. This is the case with many of those buildings, which are executed in what is called Grecian, or Italian architecture. When viewed at a distance, the porticos and columns are less observed, than the general squareness, and the straight lines of the roof.

But when in the approach to rocks with an unvaried summit, you come so near them, that the summit is partially concealed and broken by the projecting parts below—then the whole becomes varied, yet the masses are preserved. Such is the effect of Grecian architecture, where the spectator is on a level with the base of the building, and confined with respect to distance; and then the columns and porticos have their full effect, one of the most noble and beautiful that architecture can display.

Again, where rocks are composed of crumbling, friable stone, they are frequently broken into detached pointed forms, with holes, openings, and intricacies of every kind, which may be compared to similar forms, openings, and intricacies in Gothic buildings; many of which indeed they probably may have suggested. Such rocks amuse the eye by their variety and singularity, but are much less grand and imposing than those of a more firm and unbroken kind.

Rocks of slate and shivering stone, which instead of being disposed in large masses, are parted into thin layers, however lofty they may be—however their summits may be broken and varied—have comparatively a poor effect, from the want of solidity and massiveness. Such rocks are like castles and towers built of rubbish and small stones, kept together by the cement only; and like them, at a distance and under the influence of twilight or of a misty atmosphere, assume a grandeur which, from the same cause, they lose on a nearer approach.

Lastly, there are high uniform banks of red earth, without any hollows or projections, to which unhappily the greater part of the houses in this kingdom bear but too close a resemblance.

From the analogy between the general effects of rocks and of buildings, I am led to believe, that though many small divisions diminish grandeur, yet that certain marked divisions, by affording the eye a scale of comparison, give a greater consequence to the whole. The same quantity, therefore, of stone, brick, or any other material, if divided into certain large portions, (as, for instance, into round or square towers,) will not only be more varied, but appear of greater magnitude, than the same quantity of materials in one square mass, such as is often seen in houses of what is called the Italian style.

The effect of this principle struck me very much at Wollaton, (Lord Middleton's, within two miles of Nottingham,) a house, which for the richness of its ornaments in the near view, and the grandeur of its masses from every point, yields to few, if any, in the kingdom. But it is still more striking when contrasted with the neighbouring castle (as it is called) of Nottingham. That is a long square house, of the Italian style, built

in a high commanding situation overlooking the town. The long unvaried line of the summit, and the dull uniformity of the whole mass, would not have embellished any style of landscape; but such a building, on such high ground, and its outline always distinctly opposed to the sky, gives an impression of ridicule and disgust. The hill and the town are absolutely flattened by it, while the comparatively low situation of Wollaton, is so elevated by the form of the house, that it seems to command the whole country round it.

Of the more distant views of houses in the country, those are the most generally pleasing, where trees and masses of wood intervene, and where consequently the base is not seen. Now, in such views, the porticos and the breaks below the summit, are often in a great degree concealed, and the line of the roof, being the part opposed to the sky, becomes principal; in which cases the advantage of towers, and of whatever varies that line, is obvious.

Sir Joshua Reynolds is, I believe, the first who has done justice to the architecture of Vanbrugh, by showing that it was not a mere fantastic style, without any other object than that of singularity, but that he worked on the principles of painting, and has produced the most painter-like effects.* It is very possible that the ridicule thrown on Vanbrugh's buildings by some of the wittiest men of the age he lived in, though not the best judges of art, may in no slight degree have prevented his excellences from being properly attended to—for what has been the subject of keen and amusing ridicule, will seldom become the object of study or imitation. It appears to me, that at Blenheim, Vanbrugh conceived and executed a very bold and difficult design—that of uniting in one building, the beauty and magnificence of Grecian architecture, the picturesqueness of the Gothic, and the massive grandeur of a castle; and that in spite of the many faults with which he is very justly reproached, he has formed, in a style truly his own, a well-combined whole—a mansion worthy of a great prince and warrior. His first point seems to have been massiveness, as the foundation of grandeur. Then, to prevent that mass from being a lump, he has made various bold projections of various heights, which from different points serve as foregrounds to the main building. And, lastly, having probably been struck with the variety of outline against the sky in many Gothic and other ancient buildings, he has raised on the top of that part, where the slanting roof begins in many houses of the Italian style, a number of decorations of various characters. These, if not new in themselves,

* Sir Joshua Reynolds' Thirteenth Discourse

have at least been applied and combined by him in a new and peculiar manner; and the union of them gives a surprising splendour and magnificence, as well as variety, to the summit of that princely edifice. There is a point on the opposite side of the lake, whence it is seen in full glory, and with its happiest accompaniments. The house, the lake, and the rich bank of the garden, may be so grouped with some of the trees that stand near the water and hang over it, and so framed amidst their stems and branches, as to exclude all but the choicest objects; and whoever catches that view towards the close of the evening, when the sun strikes on the golden balls, and pours his beams through the open parts, gilding every rich and brilliant ornament, will think he sees some enchanted palace. But let those decorations be changed for the summit of any of the most celebrated houses built since the time of Vanbrugh—such as Fonthill, or Keddlestone, in which (if I may trust to my recollection, and to the designs) the edge of a slanting roof, with scarcely any other break but that of detached chimneys, forms the outline against the sky—however the sun might illuminate such a summit, the spectator would no longer think of Alcina or Armida.

[There is great difficulty in applying Grecian architecture to modern purposes. The plan of a Grecian temple is so simple in itself, as to render it a very puzzling matter for an architect to produce within it that multifarious accommodation, which is required in all modern buildings, both public and private. But Mr. Hamilton, in his High School, upon the Calton Hill at Edinburgh, has shown that if this cannot easily be made out by building one temple, it may be accomplished by erecting a group of temples in one mass, and the effect is altogether very pleasing. In the High School, these various temples are grouped together with a strict attention to uniformity of plan; and perhaps this may be absolutely necessary in any such public building in a city. But it has often occurred to me that, for rural mansions, where Greek architecture was preferred, a very pleasing and picturesque effect might be produced by grouping the several temples irregularly together, though each particular portion should be perfectly regular in itself. I can conceive the effect of such a group, with its connecting passages covered by colonnades —and all its other additions of terraces, balustrades, flights of stairs, vases, statues, and fountains, intermingled with shrubs and plants of all kinds—the whole broken here and there by the intervention of tall trees, to be extremely rich and interesting. Nor would the conception be altogether new, for a close inspection of the works of some of the best old masters of landscape painting, particularly of Poussin, would prove

that they had discovered that such combinations were in some cases valuable for their art.—E.]

I have already disclaimed all knowledge of architecture as a science, and have professed my intention of treating of it chiefly as connected with scenery; after what I have said of Vanbrugh, it is highly necessary to renew that declaration. Few persons, I believe, have in any art been guilty of more faults, though few, likewise, have produced more striking effects. As an author, and an architect, he boldly set rules at defiance, and, in both those characters, completely disregarded all purity of style; yet, notwithstanding those defects, Blenheim and Castle Howard, the Provoked Wife and the Relapse, will probably be admired as long as the English nation or language shall continue to exist.

An architect who is thus notorious for his violation of rules, his neglect of purity and elegance, and his licentious mixture of styles and ornaments, certainly ought not to be held up as a model for imitation; but, on the other hand, an artist who, in any art, produces new and striking effects, well deserves to have their causes investigated; for he who has produced such effects, (it hardly matters by what means) has attained a great end. The study, therefore, not the imitation of Vanbrugh's architecture, might be extremely serviceable to an artist of genius and discernment. It is true that Sir Joshua Reynolds, when speaking in praise of Vanbrugh, has disclaimed any authority on the subject of architecture as a science; but his authority as a painter for the general picturesque effect of buildings, is indisputable; and what such a man admired, ought not rashly to be despised or neglected. He explained upon the principles of his own art, what were those of the architect of Blenheim; and they deserve to be still farther discussed. I should think it would be an excellent study for an architect, to make drawings of Blenheim, endeavouring to preserve the principle of light and shadow, the character of the architectural foreground, the effect of the raised decorations on the roof, and the general grandeur and variety of the whole; but trying, at the same time, to give more lightness and purity of style to that whole, more elegance and congruity to the parts; observing as he proceeded, how far he found it necessary to sacrifice purity, lightness, elegance, and unity of style, in order to preserve those effects which Vanbrugh has produced. Let him, too, if he likewise understand landscape, substitute any fine house of the same style of architecture with those I lately mentioned, in the room of Blenheim. Let him do it where the view first opens, at the entrance from Woodstock; and also in other views, where the portico, and the best parts of such a building would be seen to most advantage. Let him again make

the same change, and consider it from other points whence the projecting parts would be hidden, and only the summit seen; and I believe he would be convinced that if Blenheim has not the purer graces of the art, it has something, which, if there be no possibility of allying it with those graces, should by no means be sacrificed to them. I must here state that if I mention Blenheim singly, it is, that I have had constant opportunities of examining it, which I, unluckily, have not enjoyed, with respect to the no less magnificent fabric of Castle Howard.

When I consider the cause whence the striking effect of Blenheim, in all the more distant views, proceeds, I cannot but reflect with surprise, on the little attention that has been paid to the summits of houses in the country—even of those, of which every other part is expensively decorated. As in many of them the difference of expense was no object, I can only account for it from what I mentioned before—that the architecture of houses in towns, has been too indiscriminately followed in the designs of mansions in the country. The reason which I then suggested, why the forms of the summits are less material in town houses than in those which are placed in the midst of landscapes, was, that in streets and squares, they are seen from more confined spaces, from fewer points,

and from a more uniform level. There are situations, however, where the summits of mere houses in towns, may be very material in the general view; as when a town happens to be placed on the side of a hill, where the ascent is steep, and the ground irregular—for, as in such

cases the houses rise above each other with sudden changes in their level and direction, their tops are more distinctly seen, and from a greater variety of different points. In situations of that kind, were an architect with a painter's eye, to have the planning of the whole, he would have an opportunity of producing the richest effects, by combining his art with that of painting—by varying the characters of the buildings, and particularly of their summits, according to the place which they were to occupy.

Amidst all the interesting circumstances at Tivoli, nothing is more striking to a person who has been used to consider the disposition and grouping of objects, than the manner in which the general outline of the town appears to yield and vary according to the shape of its foundation, with now and then a counteracting line, that gives a zest and spirit to the composition. Not a projecting rock or knoll, no "coigne of vantage," but is occupied; the buildings advancing or retiring from the eye, according to the nature of their situation, while the happy mixture of trees completes the whole. Much of this is probably owing to lucky accident as well as to judicious design; but what if Mr. Brown, or any of his followers, had been employed to lay out such a town according to their conceptions of scenery? What gunpowder plots should we have had, as at Powis Castle,* not to procure, but to get rid of, the effects of accident, and to reduce the whole to their system of monotony! As I recollect my admiration of the circumstances I have just mentioned at Tivoli, so I remember my disappointment the first time I approached Bath, notwithstanding the beauty of the stone with which it is built, and of many of the parts on a nearer view. Whoever considers what are the forms of the summits, how little the buildings are made to yield to the ground, and how few trees are mixed with them, will account for my disappointment, and probably lament the cause of it.

When a town built nearly on level ground is viewed at a distance, the summits of the houses are of much less consequence; for they then either disappear totally, or are so blended with each other that their shapes are scarcely distinguished. But observe how those buildings which are meant to have the principal effect in the general view of a town are varied and adorned—observe what are the objects which then strike our eyes either in real cities, or in those with which the fertile imagination of painters has enriched their landscapes; towers, domes, columns, open arches, clusters of pillars with all their finished orna-

* Letter to Mr. Repton.

ments; or else the more pointed forms of Gothic splendour and magnificence, such as we often view them in reality, and as they strike the imagination in Milton's glowing description of

> "Some renown'd metropolis,
> With glittering spires and pinnacles adorn'd,
> Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams."

What a different aspect would a city present, in which all the buildings were nearly of the same height, and roofs and chimneys the most conspicuous objects!—such, however, is the appearance of a number of expensive houses in the country. Yet, in my opinion, a mansion with its offices, as being a mass of building independent of all others, the highest parts of which are not eclipsed by the superior height and magnitude of other edifices, but are conspicuous from all parts, has very little relation in its general character to a *house* in a city; it should rather be considered in point of effect, and, when viewed at some distance, as a *whole* city under the same circumstances—in which, though the summits of the general mass of houses are neglected, those of the highest, and consequently the most conspicuous buildings, have always a full share of the architect's attention.

In walking about Blenheim, I have been repeatedly struck with the excellence of the principle displayed by Vanbrugh in all that regards the summit, whatever objections may be made to many of the parts in detail. Wherever the smallest portion of it was to be seen, and from whatever quarter, whether between or above trees, the grandeur, richness, and variety of it never failed to make a strong impression, and to suggest to me how insipid a bit of slated roof and a detached chimney would have been in the same view. It certainly appears to be the most obvious of all reflections, that as the highest part of an object is the most seen in all the more distant views, the form of it, where such views often present themselves, should be carefully studied; but look at our houses, and you would suppose that it had seldom occurred to the builders, or that it was considered by them as a matter of little consequence. On this subject we have received an important lesson from one whom Swift has represented as an architect, not only without lecture but without thought.

> "Van's genius, without thought or lecture,
> Is hugely turn'd to architecture."

Vanbrugh's aim in decorating the summit of Blenheim, was to produce richness and variety, and still to preserve the idea of massiveness; and where an artist of genius has any point strongly in view, and pur-

sues it with enthusiasm, he will generally go beyond the mark—what he does produce, however, will not have that worst of faults, insipidity. The enthusiasm of Michael Angelo, which so often produced the grandest and most striking attitudes, at other times led him to twist the human figure into such singular and capricious forms, as border on caricatura: and in the same manner Vanbrugh, by pursuing his favourite ideas, may have made some of the parts, especially in the summit, more broken or more massive than was necessary for the purpose he intended; but his defects should be corrected, like those of Michael Angelo, by a Raphael in architecture, not by a Carlo Marat; and even then, though the style would be purer, and altogether more excellent, it might lose something of original character; and of that, perhaps, inseparable mixture of excellences and blemishes, which sometimes appear to belong to each other, and to strengthen the general effect.

One of the greatest difficulties with respect to the summits of our houses, certainly arises from the chimneys; which though not very generally attended to in point of outward form, very materially affect the outline of all houses, from the highest to the lowest. In our northern climate every house on a large scale must have a number of chimneys; and in order to answer the purpose for which they are made, they must be higher than the general level of the summit; if, therefore, what I have said on the subject of summits be just, the appearance and effect of chimneys cannot be a matter of indifference. The outline of a building must depend upon the form, proportion, and distribution of the principal masses. In point of size, chimneys cannot come under that description, but they may in some degree, on account of their situation—by means of which they are themselves very conspicuous, and when viewed at some distance—have a great influence on the outline of whatever part is immediately under them. When, for instance, in the near view of a house, you have admired the portico with its columns, the rich capitals, mouldings, and cornices, the balustrade that surrounds the top, the statues, urns, and vases with which it is adorned—should you retire from it ten paces further, and then look back, you may, perhaps, see several square unornamented funnels, sometimes with earthen pots upon them, peeping over the whole building, mixing themselves with all the rich ornaments, and occupying the highest station.

It cannot be denied, however, that there is no slight difficulty in the management of chimneys in buildings of pure architecture. With respect to their size, if they be made large enough to become principal masses, they lose that sort of congruity which depends on the proportion of any object to its use; and if they be grouped together irregularly for the

sake of picturesque effect, they offend against the symmetry which is required in architecture; yet, such small square masses, as we generally see placed at nearly equal distances from each other, have a poor unconnected appearance.

On these points, little or no assistance can be gained from pictures. I do not recollect, at least in those of the higher schools, to have seen any example of chimneys distinctly made out, where the building had any pretension to architectural beauty or grandeur.

Little more assistance can be gained from some of the most approved writers on architecture. Palladio, for example, is totally silent with regard to the form and effect of chimneys on the outside of houses. Some, however, though of less high authority, have given designs for them in such forms, as they judged would have more of variety, beauty, or grandeur, than those in common use—such as turrets, obelisks, urns, columns, vases, &c.

There is always danger in running counter to ideas of utility and congruity, and in general to all such associations; yet when, by strictly confining yourself to customary form and size, to the exact limits of utility, and to what exclusively regards the object itself, you destroy its union with the masses, the decorations, and high-finishing of the other parts—there I think the more narrow and partial congruity, should give place to one of a higher and more important nature.

Among the different shapes that have been applied to chimneys, there is none more inadmissible from its striking incongruity than that of a column; for the eye always takes offence, when a form, which it had been used to see appropriated to particular purposes and situations, is placed in a situation, and applied to a purpose of a very opposite nature. Turrets we have been used to see on the tops of houses, and never as supports to any thing above them: their form is pleasing in itself, and the circumstance of their being hollow is in their favour, whereas the usual solidity of columns is against them. Urns and vases, as being highly ornamental, seem well adapted to finish buildings on a small scale; but in what manner, and in what cases, the different methods of improving the appearance of chimneys may be applied, must be left to the judicious architect; whom I always suppose to be one who adds to the knowledge of his own art a love for that of painting, and an acquaintance with its principles. Such an artist, I think, would be of opinion, that one of the first points in a building is the general outline; and that, in country houses, the outline of the summit is not the least principal; that whatever will essentially improve that outline, can hardly be purchased

by too great a sacrifice ; and that whatever tends to deform and disgrace it, cannot be too carefully avoided.

As the great defect of chimneys in general, is that of being meagre and detached, every method of correcting that defect by means of pleasing, yet not incongruous forms, deserves the attention of an architect. I have sometimes seen in Italian architecture chimneys connected together by arches ; and in many of the old mansions of Gothic and of mixed architecture, two or three chimneys are joined together in one cluster, with openings between them, but connected at top ; sometimes they are on the same line ; at other times turned to different points ; frequently they are embellished with rich cornices, with spiral ribs, and other decorations. These old clustering chimneys, in addition to their other merits, have that of not assuming any other character ; and although the same style will not suit the purer character of Grecian architecture, yet many of the circumstances on which the picturesque effect of such chimneys depends, are not unworthy of notice. From their union they present a large mass, which, however, is lightened by means of the openings ; and is often varied, by the parts of which it is composed being turned to different aspects ; they are likewise well connected, and are formed into groups ; they have a great play of light and shadow, and their enrichments accord with the decorated style of the main building. Vanbrugh has made great use of those circumstances at Blenheim, but he has indulged himself in his favourite propensity to the top of his bent ; and, as it is observed by an eminent writer on architecture, has converted his chimneys into castles. He certainly had something gigantic in his turn of mind, and loved to pile Pelion upon Ossa. His castle-like chimneys appear too vast and ponderous even for his building ; but in the distant views, where their want of congruity is not apparent, they have a very rich and grand effect. The perfection of the art, is to give grandeur and effect, without heaviness or licentiousness of style ; but if I were obliged to determine between insipid congruity, and incongruity which produces grand and striking effects, I should not hesitate in preferring the latter.

[The subject of the influence produced by chimneys on the outsides of buildings, is very difficult, and very important. The great matter is to deal with them according to the general style of the building. On the light, airy looking villa, they may be slender and ornamented. In the Gothic structure they may be more massive, and so clustered as to produce the most picturesque effects. The rude old chimneys, belonging to ancient Scottish mansions, of a character and taste of architecture

borrowed from the old French chateau, have a fine breadth about them, which could not be exchanged for any thing more delicate, without considerable loss to the general effect.—E.]

All that the architect can do, is to disguise, if he cannot new model, the forms of his chimneys; they must exist, and must occupy a conspicuous station. Painters, indeed, in representing any splendid edifices, usually take the liberty of omitting them altogether; a liberty which in some respects we may regret their having taken, as if they had thought themselves obliged to make out the form distinctly, they probably would have contrived to make it harmonise with the rest of the structure, and would have afforded very useful hints to the architect. But though on that particular point we can gain little or nothing from pictures, yet for the general forms and outlines of summits, and for that degree of enrichment and diversity in them which accords with purity and elegance, we must have recourse to the works of the great Italian masters, as well as for the enchanting effects of those summits, when mixed with trees and scenery. Such effects are likewise displayed in many of the magnificent villas in Italy, and in other countries where our taste for laying every thing open has not prevailed. Those who have no opportunity of examining the real buildings, may yet, from the numerous representations of them, and from the various architectural inventions and combinations displayed in the works of painters, find examples of a number of different gradations—from the most splendid and varied summits, to the flat roof with the plain unadorned parapet;—all of them have their distinct characters of grandeur, of variety, of richness, of elegance, or of simplicity, from which the judicious architect, and the judicious painter, will select what suits the idea they mean to impress.

I have mentioned the flat roof with the simple parapet, as between that and the terrace walk, under the same circumstances, there is a very close affinity; both of them admitting of enrichments and variations, nearly in the same style. The same comparison, also, which has been drawn between the raised terrace with its parapet, and a gravel walk with the ground sloping from it, may, with equal propriety, be made between the flat summit of a house, whether plain or decorated, and the sloping roof.* The summit of a house may, indeed, from many points, be considered as an elevated architectural foreground, where objects, though distant from the eye, are strongly marked from their situation and character; and the same causes which produce grandeur

* Essay on the Decorations, &c.

and variety in the terrace below the eye, will produce them above it; but the resemblance will be more apparent, if we suppose the spectator to be on a height, so that the summit really becomes a foreground below the eye to the more distant objects. Whatever is sloping has, generally speaking, less of grandeur than what is abrupt or perpendicular—what has a thin edge, than what is broad and projecting—what is slight and fragile, than what is strong and massive; and the edge of the sloping roof, and that of the gravel walk, are also alike incapable of receiving decorations.

Mr. Burke, who has given us his ideas of what constitutes the grand in buildings, has not entered into particulars with respect to the beautiful in objects of that class, but has left us to collect its causes, as well as its distinction from the sublime in similar objects, from the general tenor of his Essay. The principles which he has there laid down are so just, and are so happily explained and enforced, that they may readily be applied to buildings, as to all other objects, though with certain exceptions and modifications, which arise from the nature of architecture. These chiefly regard waving lines, the beauty of which was so enthusiastically admired, and so ingeniously set forth by Hogarth, and since more fully considered and illustrated by Mr. Burke.

Hogarth had a most enthusiastic admiration of what he called the line of beauty, and enthusiasm always leads to the verge of ridicule, and seldom keeps totally within it. My father was very much acquainted with him, and I remember his telling me, that one day Hogarth, talking to him with great earnestness on his favourite subject, asserted, that no man thoroughly possessed with the true idea of the line of beauty, could do anything in an ungraceful manner.—"I myself," added he, "from my perfect knowledge of it, should not hesitate in what manner I should present any thing to the greatest monarch."—"He happened," said my father, "at that moment, to be sitting in the most ridiculously awkward posture I ever beheld."

At one period, the architects throughout Europe were extremely fond of waving lines. I recollect many public edifices at Rome and at Naples in that style, the false taste of which struck me at the time; for it is obvious that the first principle in all architecture, whatever its style, must be the appearance, as well as the reality of firmness and stability; and whatever gives an idea of a false or uncertain bearing, contradicts that first principle. On that account, twisted columns have very justly been objected to—and though some of the greatest masters, and not only those whose style of painting has been distinguished as the ornamental style, but even the painters of the Roman school, have

introduced them into their pictures, yet they have rarely been employed in the more massy parts of real buildings. But, on the other hand, where the principle I mentioned is not affected, waving lines of every varied and playful form have constantly been made use of, and constitute the chief beauty of some of the most ornamental and highly finished parts.

Natural objects are chiefly made up of different gradations of waving lines; and straight lines being rare, and proceeding more frequently from design than from accident, have in them an unnatural, or at least an artificial appearance. The reverse is true with respect to architecture—straight lines belong to its very essence; and any attempt to avoid them must, in general, appear unnatural or affected. Its curves, also, are regular and uniform; and those waving lines, and their easy, but perpetually varying deviations, which give such a charm to other objects, must chiefly be confined to the less essential parts. All this, indeed, has been so generally understood and followed in practice, that I should not have dwelt upon it even so long as I have, but for the sake of pointing out the reason why one principal cause of the beautiful cannot take place in the general forms of buildings; and why angles—which certainly are not beautiful, separately considered—must perpetually occur. Still, however, among the more essential parts of architecture, those are the most beautiful which either form an easy curve, or, from their round and polished surface, insensibly steal from the eye, and thereby approach most nearly to the effect of the waving lines—such as columns, arches, domes, &c.

No building is more generally admired for its beauty than what is usually called the temple of the Sybil at Tivoli. Let us consider, then, how far it possesses the qualities of beauty, as they are recapitulated by Mr. Burke, for the purpose of comparing them with those of the sublime. "In this comparison," says Mr. Burke, "there appears a remarkable contrast; for sublime objects are vast in their dimensions; beautiful ones comparatively small—beauty should be smooth and polished; the great rugged and negligent—beauty should shun the right line, yet deviate from it insensibly—the great, in many instances, loves the right line, and when it deviates, often makes a strong deviation—beauty should be light and delicate; the great ought to be solid, and even massive." These qualities, in stating which, it appears from the general tenor of Mr. Burke's inquiry, that he had chiefly natural objects in view, are perhaps less applicable to buildings than to any other artificial objects. I believe, however, that the temple I have just mentioned has as many of the qualities ascribed to beauty

as the particular principles of architecture will allow. It is comparatively small, that is, compared with the greater number of ancient temples, especially with those which have any pretensions to grandeur. It is circular, and therefore shuns the right line, and steals insensibly from the eye, and must, of course, be less angular than a square building, the most usual form of ancient temples. Then, being surrounded by columns in the same circular direction, and detached from the main body, it has a remarkable appearance of lightness, airiness, and delicacy, as opposed to what is solid, massy, and compact. All these qualities and circumstances of beauty have still an effect on the eye even in its present mutilated state—but the beauty of tint and surface would now be lost had it been built with stone of the finest colour and grain, and had the whole been as highly finished as many ancient temples of a much larger size were finished. It was built, indeed, as I have learnt from an authority I cannot doubt, of a rough and dingy stone of the country, which, I may venture to say, must have arisen from motives of convenience and economy, not of choice; for I am very sure that no person who intended to build such a temple, and had a quarry of light freestone, and another of rough dingy stone at equal distances, would choose the latter for beauty, whatever he might do for the sake of exact imitation. In speaking of the beauty of this temple, I, of course, have supposed it to be in its perfect state, and every thing to have corresponded with the beauty of its general form. Its actual state suggests many reflections on the effect of partial ruin and decay. I shall, however, only add for the present, that as a further proof of its beauty, Claude has repeated it much more frequently in his landscapes than any other building.

With regard to the beauty arising from smoothness in the surface, and softness in the colour of buildings, I cannot forbear mentioning a picture which I have cited, in some measure on the same account, in a former part—I mean the Seaport of Claude that did belong to Mr. Locke. I do so because it is not only one of the best painted pictures of that studious observer of what is beautiful in art and in nature, but also one of the best preserved; and, consequently, the colours remain nearly in their original purity. The *forms* of the buildings in that picture, though greatly to be admired for a mixture of beauty and grandeur, are not what I am now speaking of, but the effect of their smoothness, and of the tenderness of their hue; and this soft tender hue is particularly apparent in the more distant building, to which the cool morning vapour, so wonderfully expressed by the painter, adds a still greater softness. I could wish that any person who well recollects, or can again examine

the picture, would reflect on the peculiar beauty (in its strictest sense,) which arises from the even surface, and silver purity of tint in that farthest building, from the soft haze of the atmosphere, and the aërial perspective produced by the union of these circumstances, which, without any false indistinctness, or uncertainty of outline, make the architecture retire from the eye and melt into the distance. When this union, and the character it gives to the picture, have made their full impression, let him imagine one alteration to take place; namely, that in both the buildings the present surface should be changed, for the appearance of a rough dark-coloured stone. I believe there can be no doubt, supposing the same forms to remain, how much their beauty would be diminished, though their grandeur might possibly be increased. But let him proceed still farther, and take away in idea the other circumstances of beauty, which in Grecian architecture are always in some degree mixed with those of grandeur, and which may account for that air of elegance which prevails even in the most majestic among them—let all the buildings in the picture have bulk and massiveness, and so disposed as to impress the fullest and most awful ideas of those qualities;—but, on the other hand, let them be without lightness and airiness, or any of those highly finished ornaments, which give such grace to the buildings as they now stand; then, if the universal feeling of mankind would pronounce, that to deprive objects of the qualities which Mr. Burke has assigned to beauty, would make them cease to be beautiful, and if the substituting of those which he has assigned to the sublime would give them that character and no other—then the distinction he has made is founded in truth and nature.

This leads me to consider, whether, by rendering such buildings picturesque, we should not equally destroy their beauty. For the purpose of this inquiry, I could wish that any person who was desirous of attending to the subject, and who had before him the print of the Seaport I have been mentioning, would reflect on a circumstance which I have not dwelt upon in the distinction between the beautiful and the sublime—that of symmetry. I wish him to observe how the continuity, succession, and correspondence of the lines and parts, make the eye glide easily from one to the other. First, let him attend to the unbroken succession of the columns in the round portico, and that of the cornice and the balustrade on the top of it; then the symmetry of the two square towers in the furthest building, and the effect of that symmetry in their perspective gradation; as likewise of all the lines, as they go off in the same direction towards the misty horizon. I am here speaking of symmetry, not merely as an object of the understand-

ing, but also as it affects the sense, by the ease and facility with which the eye follows correspondent lines. The more distinct that correspondence, the greater that facility; and this seems to me to be one principal cause of the difference of character between the Grecian and the Gothic architectures—the symmetry of the former is obvious—that of the latter is often concealed by the intricacy of its parts. When the individual supposed has gradually considered and fixed in his mind the whole arrangement, continuity, and dependence of one part upon another, let him suddenly conceive the whole broken and disturbed. Where the eye now follows the winding columns of the portico, and finds the same line continued in the cornice, and then again in the balustrade, it might see an unconnected group of pillars with part of the entablature and balusters remaining; then a sudden break, and then other mutilated parts, the ground being strewed with fallen capitals, fragments of ornaments, and masses of stone. In the further building, the two towers might have fallen in unequally, and where the doors and windows had been, wide shattered openings might appear, with bits of mouldings decayed and confused. I am not here supposing—what would be most favourable to my argument—that all this were to be seen in the crude state of sudden ruin. I suppose it to be mellowed by time, and adorned, as usual, by the painter, with many circumstances of beauty, mixed with what was abrupt and picturesque. No man can be more ready to acknowledge the charms of buildings in such a state; yet still, I will ask, can the same title suit both states of these buildings? can that which was designed with the most studied attention to the arrangement and harmony of its parts, to the choice and execution of its ornaments, remain equally beautiful, or retain the same character, when all those circumstances which the architect intended as beauties, are mutilated and defaced?

It may be objected, that, according to what I have said in a former part upon the principle of insensible transitions,* a building in ruin is often more strictly beautiful than it was when entire, as the lines must then have been more distinct and hard; for it is clear that the ivy, shrubs, and vegetation, which usually accompany old ruins, render their lines more soft and melting into each other. This is an objection which ought to be fairly met, and fully answered; for the principle applies universally. But whence does this softness, whence do these insensible transitions arise? from vegetation; and there cannot be any comparison between vegetation and brick or stone in point of softness

* Essay on Artificial Water, p. 118.

of effect. The comparison ought to be made between entire buildings, and buildings when broken and shattered—the other circumstances are hardly less foreign to a building than the foliage of an overhanging tree which might happen to grow near it. It is true that there are vegetable productions in a manner belonging to old walls—such as mosses, &c.—the tints of which are extremely soft, as well as their general appearance; and, on that account, they may seem to have just pretensions to beauty. But as they announce something of age, decay, and abandonment, the mind, from the powerful and extensive influence of that principle, called *association of ideas*, is unwilling to give them a title which, as I conceive, implies the freshness of youth, or, at least, a state of high and perfect preservation.

Before I proceed any further on this subject, I will offer a few remarks on the above-mentioned principle of association. All external objects affect us in two different ways—by the impression they make on the senses, and by the reflections they suggest to the mind. These two modes, though very distinct in their operations, often unite in producing one effect; the reflections of the mind either strengthening, weakening, or giving a new direction to the impression received by the eye. In a piece of natural scenery, for instance, whether it be confined or extensive, a wood, a river, or a distant view, every eye is more or less pleased with a happy combination of forms, colours, lights, and shadows; but, together with these, other considerations proceeding from the mind only, are often imperceptibly blended; in most of which, utility has a principal share. The different qualities and uses of trees; the advantages of a river to commerce, to agriculture, or manufactures; the local geography and history of an extensive prospect, are all considerations totally distinct from the sense of seeing, and from the combinations which affect it; yet they have a known, and in many cases, a very strong influence on its pleasures. From the force of this association, places of great celebrity are viewed with much more delight, than those which are little known, though of equal, or greater beauty. And, I believe, it would be difficult for a man of poetical enthusiasm, to judge impartially between a beautiful scene in some obscure district, and one in the classic regions of Greece,

> "Where not a mountain rears its head unsung."

[It is curious to observe how Price, in these remarks, seems unwittingly to grope about the true philosophical principle of the theory of association.—E.]

If what I have just stated be true of natural scenery in all its cha-

racters of grand, beautiful, or picturesque, the case is much stronger with respect to artificial objects, especially the productions of architecture; in considering which there is a constant reference to the understanding. On that account, the beauty of a building considered separately, depends on symmetry and design; consequently what is foreign to it (as vegetation is) cannot supply the place of that appropriate beauty, and make it beautiful as a building, though by such means, an object of a mixed character, with many qualities of beauty, may be formed. The ruins, therefore, in Claude's pictures, having for the most part their sudden breaks and abruptnesses disguised by vegetation, and all the stronger marks of violence or decay softened by distance, are, in many instances, beautiful in point of outline, considered generally as objects, but not as pieces of architecture; they are beautiful as to their general tint, and light, and shadow, but not in regard to symmetry and design, for they are mutilated and irregular; still, however, from the reasons I have mentioned, the ruins in Claude's pictures are in perfect unison with that select idea of beauty, which he sought after.

But, besides the softness and play of outline that they receive from vegetation, his ruins have another claim to the character which so prevails in his landscapes. I have before observed, that buildings of Grecian architecture, even where their prevailing character is grandeur, have yet an air of elegance mixed with it; so, likewise, when they become picturesque from being in ruin, the character of beauty still lingers about their forms and their ornaments, however disfigured—a circumstance which very essentially distinguishes them from the ruins of castles, and mere massive buildings. This may account for the very few examples in Claude's pictures of ruins totally without ornament, and with their broken parts strongly marked. Two instances occur to me in the Liber Veritatis; the first, of a shattered castle on a rock, in one of the only two sea-storms of his painting; the second, of a singular sort of hovel in the Temptations of St. Anthony; and both these exceptions, more strongly prove the motive of his general choice, and of these deviations from it, than if they had not existed. Another circumstance is, that he rarely painted ruins in the immediate foreground —perfect architecture continually; which seems to imply, that, in his opinion, what was broken and abrupt, should not, in the style of scenery which he represented, be brought too near the eye, but kept at such a distance, that the whole might in a great degree be blended together. This leads me to another consideration, namely, that as almost all the pictures of Claude represent mornings and evenings of the mildest kind, the lights and shadows are such as take off from all harshness,

and give to every thing an air of softness and repose; both of them qualities very different from those of the picturesque, which demands sudden lights and deep shadows.

It is not a little remarkable, that of the two most celebrated of mere landscape painters, Gaspar and Claude, the one who painted wild, broken, picturesque nature, should have hardly any of those buildings which are allowed to be most picturesque; and that the other, whose attention to all that is soft, engaging, and beautiful, is almost proverbial, should comparatively have but few pictures without them. As these two great painters knew perfectly the effects which they intended to produce, and the means of producing them, it may be useful to inquire, whether they did not proceed upon principle, in this seeming deviation from it. I have remarked in a former part,* in the case of two eminent painters of figures, how much an exclusive attention to what is strictly beautiful, will lead towards monotony; it is not less true in landscape. Claude, probably, was sensible of this, and must have felt that, by confining himself chiefly to morning and evening lights, he precluded himself from a number of effects, of a singular and striking kind; but which did not accord with his conceptions of beauty. It was therefore very natural, that on account of this voluntary exclusion, he should seek for every variety which would accord with such conceptions; and nothing could answer his purpose so well as the ruins he saw around him. They exhibit great diversity of form, and they both give and recall ideas of beauty and magnificence; and he found that, by keeping them in the second ground—by mixing them with foliage—and surrounding them with his atmosphere, and mild light and shadow, their particular abruptness would vanish, their general variety only remain.

Gaspar, the rival and contemporary of Claude, like him lived at Rome; and he who gave such masterly representations of all that is broken in ground, in branches, and foliage, could not be insensible to similar effects in ruins; but if I may be allowed to conjecture why he did not represent what seems so congenial to his own character, and that of the scenes he painted, I should say, that it was precisely that very passion and strong predilection for similar effects in natural objects, which prevented him. Examine his pictures and prints with that idea—observe his elegant, but unbroken and unornamented buildings, and see how happily and unaffectedly they are contrasted with his broken ground and wild thickets, and all the play of his foliage.

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* Essay on the Picturesque, Chap. III., near the end.

One great use of buildings in landscape, which he seems to have felt very strongly, is that of a resting place to the eye, on which it may fix and dwell, and find relief from the intricacy, the indistinctness, and the monotony of mere earth and vegetation. On that account, where there is much intricacy in the forms and dispositions of trees, foliage, and ground, should it be continued in the buildings also, the eye would want a necessary relief. In Claude, there is little abruptness in the parts, and a general repose is diffused over the whole; and, therefore, broken buildings, such as he selected, form the degree of contrast he had occasion for. In Gaspar, the general landscape is broken and intricate, but the buildings which he has chosen, give to the eye a firm and solid resting place; and it may be observed also, that straight lines and angles, besides their being necessary to the appearance of uprightness and stability in buildings, are also of use in detaching them from the surrounding objects, and in contrasting them with the playful forms of vegetation; and, therefore, if buildings could be made to look and to be equally firm without them, the result of the whole would be much less pleasing.

As buildings, in their various styles, are confessedly among the most striking ornaments of landscape, it appears almost incredible that there should be a landscape painter, and one of the highest class, who seldom painted any buildings whatsoever; yet, I believe, that was the case with Salvator Rosa. In his landscapes, few traces of architecture appear, or even of human habitation. He seems to have thought our puny efforts unworthy of being allied with those vast piles of stone, the savage grandeur of which his pencil alone has truly exhibited; and that the dens and caverns which they afford were the proper dwellings for the savage race whom he has placed amidst such scenes. But, besides these reasons, drawn from the poetry of his art, he might have had others more immediately drawn from the art itself, which may help to confirm my conjectures with respect to Claude and Gaspar. It is obvious that any building of Grecian architecture, either entire or ruined, would have been out of character in such scenes—cottages and hovels, however picturesque, too mean and familiar—ruined castles and towers appear to be the buildings most analogous; but the same reasons that possibly induced Gaspar to avoid ruins, would act with double force upon S. Rosa. It is, however, very certain, that the same touch which so powerfully characterised the solid masses and the broken fragments of rocks, would no less forcibly have marked those of ruins; and we might expect, from a general idea of his style, that they would form a distinguished part of many of his pictures. As they do not,

and as his rejection of them, and almost of buildings altogether from his landscapes, could not arise from ignorance of their forms, or from inability to represent them, it must have been founded upon principle; and the reasonings and feelings of such a mind as his in all that respects his own art are well worth attending to. These remarks must be confined to those pictures where the landscape is principal, and the scenery, such as he usually painted—wild and romantic. In the famous picture at Lord Townsend's there is a column with fragments of architectural ornaments; for the subject, if it be Marius amidst the ruins of Carthage, required such an accompaniment. In one or two of his etchings there are also bits of architecture introduced with equal propriety; and, instead of his broken trees, they are accompanied with cypresses. All these instances prove that he did not work capriciously, but on settled principles.

Having mentioned what seem to me the most characteristic marks of the grand and the beautiful in buildings—and having offered some reasons why the use and the neglect of those buildings, which are generally allowed to be picturesque, should, in many pictures, be so contrary to what we might expect from the general style, and from the turn of mind of those who painted them, I shall now offer some remarks on the character of the picturesque as it more or less prevails in different kinds of buildings viewed under different circumstances. I shall also mention the hints which architects appear to have taken from irregular additions to buildings, and the advantages which possibly might result with respect to their art, were the plan and form of houses sometimes to be guided by the picturesque disposition of the trees, and of the other objects by which they would be accompanied.

I have shown in an early part of my first Essay, how time and decay convert a beautiful building into a picturesque one, and by what process the change is operated. That the character of every building must be essentially changed by decay, is very apparent; and, likewise, that the alteration must be in proportion as the original character or design is obliterated by that decay; a building, however, does not immediately change its original character, but parts with it by degrees; and seldom, perhaps, loses it entirely. It will probably be acknowledged, that a beautiful building is in its most beautiful state, when the columns are in every part round and smooth, the ornaments entire, and the whole design of the artist in every part complete. If this be granted, then from the first moment that the smoothness, the symmetry, the design of such a building suffers any injury, it is manifest that its beauty is thereby diminished; and it may be observed, that there is a state of injury

and decay, in which we only perceive and lament the diminution of beauty, without being consoled for it by any other character. In proportion as the injury increases, in proportion as the embellishments that belong to architecture, the polish of its columns, the highly finished execution of its capitals and mouldings, its urns and statues, are changed for what may be called the embellishments of ruins, for incrustations and weather stains, and for the various plants that spring from, or climb over the walls—the character of the picturesque prevails over that of the beautiful; and at length, perhaps, all smoothness, all symmetry, all trace of design are totally gone. But there may still remain an object which attracts notice. Has it then no character when that of beauty is departed? is it ugly? is it insipid? is it merely curious? Ask the painter, or the picturesque traveller; they never abandon a ruin to the mere antiquary, till none but an antiquary would observe it. Whatever then has strong attractions as a visible object, must have a character; and that which has strong attractions for the painter, and yet is neither grand nor beautiful, is justly called picturesque.

Take, again, a building, the sole character of which is grandeur. On that, the changes are less sensible than on the delicate qualities of beauty; but, when the walls begin to lose their firmness, and in parts to totter—when large cracks and breaches appear, that species of architectural grandeur which is derived from one of its greatest sources, solidity, is diminished in proportion. It is long, however, before the picturesque prevails over that original grandeur; from the first approaches of decay they are indeed in some degree mixed and combined with each other, but the ruins of Agrigentum and Selinus will testify, that though beauty in buildings may be destroyed by time and decay, grandeur resists their power; and, by a singular agreement, these most solid bodies resemble what Milton says of immaterial substance, and

"Cannot, but by annihilating, die."

The chaste and noble style of Grecian architecture does not admit of a number of sudden breaks and variations of form, or of enrichments over a large part of the surface; it therefore never displays a marked picturesque character till in ruin. But Gothic buildings are full of breaks and divisions, and the parts highly and profusely enriched; the correspondence between the parts being also much less obvious than in Grecian architecture, the whole has often an apparent irregularity, and from these circumstances many Gothic structures, even in their entire and perfect state, display a marked picturesque character. That character, however, cannot but be increased by decay. Abruptness and

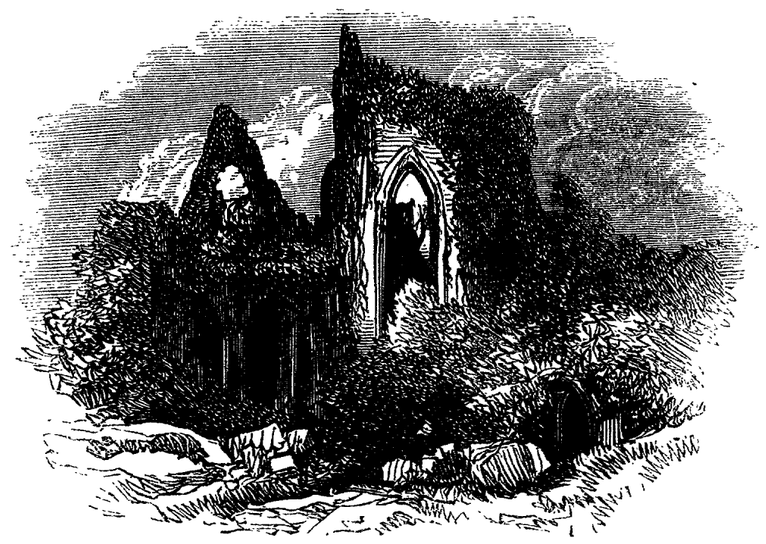
irregularity are two of its principal sources, and consequently every building must be more picturesque in a ruinous state than it was when entire; for, in a perfect habitable building, however abruptly and irregularly the lines of the walls and roofs may cross each other, yet each break which decay occasions in them at once increases both their irregularity and their abruptness.

[Queen Mary's Chapel at Seton, in East Lothian, already noticed in page 167, affords a beautiful specimen of the religious Gothic; and the state of ruin in which it now exists is just such as to render it a pleasing subject for the artist, without depriving the antiquary of the means of fully enjoying it.—E.]

Of all ruins, those of the ancient Greek and Roman buildings are on many accounts the most interesting;—in no other buildings are the rival qualities of grandeur and beauty so happily united, and to that union is added the prejudice in favour of their high antiquity, and of their being the productions of two peoples, renowned for every art and accomplishment that can raise or adorn our nature.

Next to them, and, in some points of view, to us still more interesting, are the ruins of abbeys and castles. I have named them together, though nothing can be more strongly contrasted than their two characters. The abbey, built in some sequestered spot, and surrounded by woods, announces religious calm and security—its sanctity, even in

those early times of turbulence, but likewise of superstition, was thought a sufficient safeguard, and its structure, though solid and massive, seems



designed for ornament, not for defence. All the minute and detached decorations of its outside—the pinnacles, the open-work, the high and spacious windows divided into small compartments by the lightest partitions, and enriched with all the refinements of Gothic sculpture—were ill adapted to defy hostile attacks.

In the castle, every thing proclaims suspicious defiance—the security of strength and precaution. A commanding, or at least an uncommanded situation—high solid walls and towers—the draw-bridge—the portcullis—few apertures, and those small—no breaks nor projections that would interfere with strength and solidity. The ruins of these once magnificent edifices are the pride and boast of this island; we may well be proud of them, not merely in a picturesque point of view—we may glory that the abodes of tyranny and superstition are in ruin.

In the third degree are old mansion-houses in their various styles; few, however, of those which have been long uninhabited, have stood the shock of time like castles and abbeys, not having been protected, like them, either by their own solidity, or by the religious veneration of mankind. But some of these old mansions, that are only in a state of neglect, not of ruinous decay, accompanied by their walled terraces, by their summerhouses covered with ivy and mixed with wild vegetation, have the most picturesque effect. Where any of them are sufficiently preserved to be capable of being repaired, and are intended to be made habitable, too much caution cannot be used in clearing away those disguises and intricacies which the hand of time has slowly created, lest, with those accompaniments, their ancient and venerable character should be destroyed.

Last of all are the different cottages, mills, outhouses, and hovels; many of which are, in their entire state, extremely picturesque, and almost all become so in decay.

The most picturesque *habitable* buildings are old castles, which were originally formed for defence as well as habitation—they, in general, consist of towers of different heights, and of various outworks and projections—particularly where the abruptness and irregularity of the ground has in a manner forced the architect to adopt the same irregularity in the shapes and heights of his building. It is not improbable that many of those old castles owe the extreme picturesqueness of their appearance to their having been built at different times, just as occasion required; for by those means, as we well know, a number of common houses become picturesque, the separate parts of which have nothing of that character. Why are they so? Because they are built of various heights, in various directions, and because those variations are sudden and irregular. Architects, like painters—or, to speak more justly, like men of genius and observation in every art—have, in many cases, taken advantage of the effects of accident, and have converted the mere shifts of men, who went the nearest way to work, into sources of beauty and decoration. An irregular room, for instance, detached from the body of the house, with a low covered passage to it, may have given to architects the idea of pavilions, connected with the house by arcades, or colonnades; but in the use which they have made of these accidents, they have proceeded according to the genius of their own art. That of painting admits, and often delights in irregularity—architecture, though, like other arts, it studies variety, yet it must, in general, consider that variety as subject to symmetry, especially in buildings on a large scale, and highly decorated—a symmetry not always ostentatiously displayed, but still to be traced through the whole design. In transferring something of the variety and picturesque effect of irregular buildings to regular architecture, the architect proceeds no further than the buildings themselves—but the painter, from having observed the effect of trees among the irregular parts of old houses, may, in his pictures, have been induced to add them in correspondent situations to regular pieces of architecture, though he may not have seen them so placed in reality. The mere architect would not place them there—but it is from the joint labours of the two artists that the improver must form himself.

Some of the most striking and varied compositions, both in painting and in nature, are those where the more distant view is seen between the stems, and across and under branches of large trees, and where

some of those trees are very near the eye. But where trees are so disposed, a house with a regular extended front could not be built without destroying, together with many of the trees, the greatest part of such well composed pictures. Now, if the owner of such a spot, instead of making a regular front and sides, were to insist upon having many of the windows turned towards those points where the objects were most happily arranged, the architect would be forced into the invention of a number of picturesque forms and combinations which otherwise might never have occurred to him; and would be obliged to do what so seldom has been done—accommodate his building to the scenery, not make that give way to his building.

Many are the advantages, both in respect to the outside and the inside, that might result from such a method. In regard to the first, it is scarcely possible that a building formed on such a plan, and so accompanied, should not be an ornament to the landscape, from whatever point it might be viewed. Then the blank spaces that would be left where the aspect suddenly changed—which, by the admirers of strict regularity would be thought incurable blemishes—might, by means of trees and shrubs, or of climbing plants trained about wood or stone work, be transformed into beauties—which, at the same time that they were interesting in the detail, would very essentially contribute to the rich effect of the whole.

[I have already stated my decided predilection for irregularly built houses in the country. The styles which admit of this are the cottage, the villa, the old English manor-house, the old Scottish manor-house, and the castle. We may thus have picturesque houses adapted to all fortunes, for dwellings to suit incomes of all degrees of extent may be constructed from one or other of those kinds of buildings, and I am inclined to think, that if planned with judgment, they may be made so at no greater cost than they would have otherwise occasioned, if built with less attention to taste. One thing appears to me to be important, and that is, to preserve the integrity of our associations by avoiding, so far as we possibly can, the introduction of styles of building which must at once be perceived to be foreign to the country in which they are placed. For this reason, whilst I see all manner of propriety in erecting an old English manor-house in an English scene, I am rather disposed to think that such a building is not well placed in Scotland, where it must stand for ages before it can gather, with the mosses and lichens of years, those associations which may make it harmonise with the history of the country into which the style has been transferred. In the same way I think the old Scottish house, with its square tower

and bartisan, plain windows, hanging turrets, round towers and lofty sugar-loaf roofs, high narrow gables, &c., all borrowed from France during the long period of alliance between Scotland and that country, but now for generations intimately associated with Scottish scenery, however picturesque in itself, would be quite out of harmony with English landscape. This does not apply to Greek or Roman architecture, to which our island has now been long accustomed. Of all the kinds of dwellings mentioned above, the castle is the only style which it may be dangerous to attempt; for unless executed on the great scale, and with all the massiveness of our best ancient castles, it must always turn out to be a pitiful failure.—E.]

I am well convinced that such a disposition of the outside would suggest to an artist of genius no less varied and picturesque effects within, and that the arrangement of the rooms would oftentimes be at least as convenient as in a more uniform plan. I am likewise convinced, that a house of that kind would not be admired by men of a picturesque taste only, for I have had occasion to observe that men of a different turn are often struck with a certain appearance of irregularity in the distribution of a house, and in the shapes of the rooms, and even to conceive an idea of comfort from it. With respect to the improvement of the view there can be no doubt, and whatever constitutes a good foreground to the view *from* the house, will, generally speaking, have equally a good effect from every other point. Infinite are the ways, even in an absolute flat, of varying, by means of trees and plantations, the characters of the foreground, of the middle plan, and of the two sides, as likewise of connecting them with each other and with the remoter distance in such a manner that nothing may look bald and vacant, and that the buildings may from most points be combined with other objects. But where a professed layer-out of grounds has the planning of the whole, his first point is to display the mansion, and to make a long extent of grass in front. For that purpose he clears the middle part, or leaves it quite open, while the sides are either planted with clumps or with close plantations, which, going off in regular sweeps from the house, make a formal border round the lawn, so that the building may be viewed from every part of it with little or no interruption. It seems as if the word of command given by Satan to his troops, had been issued by Mr. Brown at the hall door of each place:—

"Vanguard, to right and left, the front unfold."

However wretched the *routine* of a professed improver may be, there

is a sort of comfort in having things done by a regular practitioner; for, as the apothecary in Molière says, "Quoi qu'il puisse arriver, on est assuré que les choses sont toujours dans l'ordre."

There is one class of buildings of a very distinct character from any of those already mentioned, which by no means deserves to remain unnoticed—that of bridges. In every style of scenery they are objects of the most interesting kind; whether we consider their great and obvious utility, and the almost intrinsic beauty of their forms, or their connection with the most pleasing scenes in nature, and the charms which they add to water, and receive from it in return. The simplest construction of a stone bridge, and therefore probably the earliest, is where long flat stones are placed upon others more thick and massive; —such bridges we often see over brooks in villages, and they are admirably suited to that style and scale of scenery.

Such a construction seems less adapted to bridges of great extent; there is, however, an instance of a most stupendous bridge in China, built on that simple plan. Three hundred piers are joined together without arches, by blocks of black marble, each of which is fifty-four feet in length, and six feet in breadth and in thickness; seven of these marble slabs laid parallel to each other, make the breadth of the bridge; the length of which, exclusive of the abutments, must be 16,200 feet, that is, above three miles in length.* When we consider the vast expense and difficulty, even under the most favourable circumstances, of procuring and transporting above 2000 pieces of marble of such dimensions, it does not seem improbable, that this bridge was erected before arches were known in China, and consequently that we owe this surprising work, not to ideas of magnificence, but to the ignorance of a principle in building, with which every common stone-mason is practically acquainted.

The contrivance of a wooden centre, on which a circular wall of brick, stone, or any hard material might be built, so as to remain self-supported after the removal of the original support, nay, itself capable of sustaining the greatest weight, implies a very advanced state of the arts. Accordingly, it is generally thought, that no example of an arch, prior to the Macedonian conquest, can be produced in the countries known to the ancient Greeks and Romans; though buildings of great

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* This account is taken from Fischer's Architecture. He has given a print of the bridge in book iii., plate 14; but after describing the particulars, has the following reference:—"*Vide* Martin Mart, who measured them very exactly."—*Atlas of China*, page 124.

extent and magnificence had been executed in them, long before that period.

This invention of arches, is an epoch of great moment in architecture. Openings, formed by the most beautiful curves, were found to be the firmest of all supports; these, therefore, gave a new character to many buildings, but to none more than to bridges; and when all the circumstances of an arched bridge over a broad and rapid river, from the foundation to the last finishing, are considered, it may be reckoned among the noblest efforts of architecture; uniting, perhaps, in a higher degree than any other building, beauty, grandeur, utility, and real as well as apparent difficulty of execution.

The two general divisions of architecture in England, the Grecian and the Gothic, are as strongly marked in bridges as in other buildings. In the old bridges that were built in the neighbourhood of castles and abbeys, and probably about the same period, the pointed arches, and the strong projecting buttresses, while they accord with similar forms in the edifices to which those bridges were in some measure appendages, gave to them a remarkable appearance of firmness and resistance to floods, with a peculiar depth and opposition of light and shadow. This agreement between the principal building, whether a castle, an abbey, or a great mansion, and that of the bridge which belongs, or seems to belong to it, has not always been attended to in modern improvements. Vanbrugh has given to his bridge at Blenheim, the same character which prevails in the principal fabric. Mr. Brown, on the other hand, in the bridge of which he was the architect, has tried the opposite extreme—that of making it, from its plainness, the strongest possible contrast to the whole mass of buildings. Still, however, in one point of view, he did not neglect unity of character; for, as he had banished all enrichment from the banks of his river, he perhaps thought it right to adapt the style of his bridge to that of the water.

But, although it appears to me, that any bridge at Blenheim required something in its character more analogous to the established style of architecture at that place, yet I am very far from objecting to plain bridges in general; on the contrary, I think it may safely be asserted, that of all buildings, an arched stone bridge is that which will bear the greatest degree of plainness and simplicity, without the danger of baldness. The situation of a bridge most commonly confers on it such distinction, that it wants no ornaments to mark it, and to detach it from other objects; then the arches themselves form such grand and beautiful openings, that they require no artificial breaks or embellishments to disguise or adorn them, for their natural arrangement is as simple and

beautiful as their form; whereas in some of the necessary apertures in other buildings, such as the windows in houses, there is nothing of intrinsic beauty or grandeur; and in their arrangement, the architect is frequently embarrassed how to make beauty accord with convenience.

Where richness, massiness, depth and variety of light and shadow, are the architect's principal aim, bold, varied, and massy projections, with ornaments of a correspondent character, are the obvious means of producing them. But where his aim is beauty, and that degree and style of lightness which is consistent with a look of solidity, there, I believe, such projections, whether plain or ornamented, are highly injurious to the proposed effect; and more so in a bridge than in any other building. Perhaps no building, of equal solidity, has so light an appearance as a light stone bridge; and that I imagine is owing to the small proportion of what is closed up, compared with what is open; to the form of the openings; and to the peculiarity of situation, from which a bridge seems, as it were, to pass from one side of a river to the other, with something analogous to motion—and this method of considering such objects, though it may appear fantastic, will, I believe, lead to very just principles.

Whatever gives the idea of easy and rapid motion, gives in the same proportion that of lightness; and, on the other hand, whatever impresses the idea of resistance to motion, in the same proportion, also, impresses that of massiveness. All the circumstances of lightness, and of massiveness, together with its resistance to motion, are finely opposed to each other in Milton's battle of the Angels:—

> "Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they flew.
> From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,
> They pluck'd the seated hills with all their load,
> Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
> Uplifting, bore them in their hands."

The grandeur arising from absolute immobility, is no less finely marked in the same book:—

> "Under his burning wheels
> The steadfast empyrean shook throughout,
> All but the throne itself of God."

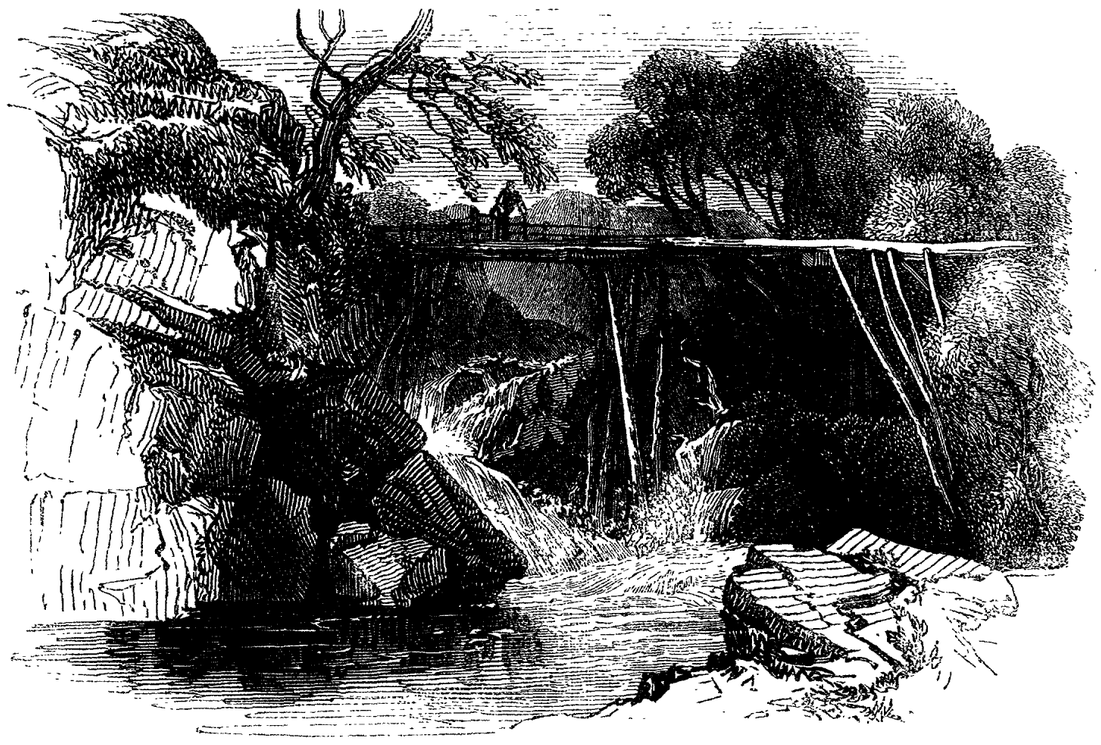
It is true that all solid buildings, though not equally immovable, are in themselves equally motionless, but where the surface is even, the eye glides easily along it, and that ideal motion of the sight is in some degree transferred to the object itself; all easy transitions, therefore, from one object, or from one part of an object, to another, which con-

stitute so principal a cause of beauty, are equally a cause of lightness, and it may be observed, that many of the terms used on such occasions are borrowed from those of motion. To apply this to the present subject I must observe, that where the general surface of a bridge is even, and where the projections and ornaments are such as give relief to the whole, but do not break the continuity of its outline, the eye moves easily and rapidly along from arch to arch till it reaches the opposite side; but that ideal motion, with the lightness which attends it, is gone, whenever the eye is stopped and checked in its progress by projecting parts. Where such projections create any grand or picturesque effect, they compensate the want of lightness, and in reality cannot be said to injure, but to change the character of the object. In other cases they merely injure it, and of this, in my mind, there cannot be a more glaring example than in the columns of Blackfriar's Bridge, considering them solely on the principle which I have just been discussing; but indeed it appears to me that, in general, columns are ill suited to bridges, as they can hardly be made essential parts of them, and it is an acknowledged maxim, that what is ornamental should, if possible, appear to answer some purpose of utility. Where, indeed, ornaments are trivial in size and consequence, though beautiful in form, such as leaves, scrolls, festoons, &c., utility is not required; but to make columns support some trifle, manifestly placed upon them as an excuse for their introduction, is to degrade a member of such great and obvious use, to a mere gewgaw.

I know that there are very high authorities for introducing columns in bridges, as little more than mere ornaments, and that examples may be produced from the works both of ancient and modern architects, and also in those of some eminent painters; but, although it may appear great presumption in me to question such authorities, I still must think that in a bridge, columns can hardly be disposed and connected together in the most advantageous manner, and, of all the members of architecture, they suffer most from disconnection. This remark, for very obvious reasons, is not meant to extend to the upper part of covered bridges. Two of the noblest effects of columns are where they are grouped together in a bold projection, as in a portico; or when, upon that grand principle of uniformity and succession, they are arranged on a line in one or more rows, as in most of the ancient temples; but the usual form and construction of a bridge, and the difference in the height of its arches, excludes such arrangements of columns. Those at Blackfriars, from their detached unconnected position, and from their size being so disproportioned to the great mass of the bridge, (a circumstance of no

slight importance) appear to be, what they really are, bits of useless finery. Indeed, from every point, they proclaim themselves to be merely ornamental, and in that, and other respects, they put me in mind of certain human beings that I have sometimes observed parading in more solemn edifices; for these columns, appearing to have no business where they are, nor office to perform, and being more decorated than the other parts, distract the attention and disturb the grandeur and solemnity of the whole mass.

The character of a wooden bridge is as different from that of a stone one, as the nature of the one material is different from that of the other. Many of the wooden bridges in Alpine scenes, with the supports irregular-



ly crossing each other, are universally admired for their wild picturesque character, so well suited to that of the scenery; and even where wooden bridges are executed with great mechanical skill on a regular plan, still a great degree of intricacy, though of a less picturesque kind, must arise from the necessary crossing of the timbers. Intricacy is therefore one principal characteristic of wooden bridges, as solidity, and consequently a certain degree of massiness, is of stone bridges; for whatever is solidly built of any hard material, however light the general appearance, must be massy in parts, when compared with that which is formed of wood only, and where the different supports, (whether upright or slanting) together with the pieces which, by intersecting, tie them together, are all visible. Painters, therefore, when they have wished for

that species of intricacy, and for that peculiar lightness of appearance, which arises from the comparative lightness of the material, and the small proportion of what is solid to what is perforated, have made use of wooden bridges only.

But there are likewise very singular and striking effects produced by a mixture of wood and stone, of which painters have equally availed themselves. It sometimes happens, where there is a failure in one or more arches of a stone bridge, that a temporary junction is made with timber, which, being found sufficiently strong, is suffered to remain. So incongruous a mixture, most certainly will not answer the purposes of grandeur or of beauty, but, at the same time, nothing can be more picturesque ; and if any additional examples were wanting to show the distinction of that character from the two others, nothing could be more convincing than the result of such a mixture. A remarkable instance of it I have seen in prints and drawings of the bridge at Charenton near Paris, which is a perfect model of variety, intricacy, and picturesque irregularity.

Such a bridge, however, can scarcely become an object of imitation, though it might without impropriety be suffered to remain ; and the reason of this difference is very obvious. Indolence, or economy, or a fondness for what we have long been acquainted with, may be admitted as excuses for allowing any object to stand in its actual state ; particularly where from time and accident it had acquired a picturesque character ; but to imitate the incongruous parts which had been added from necessity to a well connected design, and make a new piece of patch-work—though it might prove that the artist had some skill in copying, would show but little taste or intelligence in his employer.

The following anecdote is a curious instance how a talent for exact imitation may be misapplied. In the course of a very long passage to China, the Chaplain's cassock had been so often patched and mended, that it was necessary to have a new one. It was therefore sent to a tailor at Canton, that he might make another by it. The Chinese are famous for the exactness of their imitations, and this tailor gave a proof of it in the new cassock ; for he so accurately copied every patch and darn of the old one, that, except by the freshness of the new stuff, it was impossible to tell one from the other.

There are other mixtures, however, of stone and wood, which may suit the improver no less than the painter, and which have generally a pleasing, sometimes a grand effect. These are bridges, where the upper part, consisting of straight timbers with little or no intricacy, is supported by square massive stone piers. Of these bridges, Claude was

particularly fond, and most commonly placed them at some distance from the eye, where the general plan of that part of the picture was nearly on a level; but there is one drawing in the Liber Veritatis,* where, with the most striking effect, he has introduced one of them in the foreground over a rocky river, that appears to pass under it towards the country below—in which St. Peter's dome is seen at a distance. It is a composition well worth studying; for it shows, in the most convincing manner, the grandeur of massiness and of straight lines, and also their powerful effect in throwing off the distance. If any one could doubt it, let him substitute the most picturesque Alpine bridge of wood only, with the most varied intricacy of form, and he would immediately feel how much the grandeur of the whole scene would be destroyed.

It is by no means improbable, that Claude may have copied this bridge with little alteration, from one that he had seen; for in constructing bridges over rapid mountainous torrents, the builder is often obliged to make the piers and supports of a much more massive kind, than the weight of the woodwork requires, and produces an effect of grandeur, where security alone was thought of. At other times, in such situations, the builder is forced into singular and picturesque forms and combinations, into a mixture of irregular wood-work and masonry, with the equally irregular supports furnished by the natural rock; and thus suggests ideas to the painter, instead of receiving them from him. There is indeed no class of buildings, among which a more marked diversity of character is to be found than that of bridges; yet at the same time there is none, in which the approved regular models are so well suited to various situations. The splendid mansions which we admire in a city, are seldom in character when placed in the midst of a landscape; but a bridge which adorns a metropolis, does not misbecome a scene of mere wood and water.

[Two other descriptions of bridges have arisen since the time of Price —I mean the iron arched bridge, and the suspension bridge of the same material. Both of these want the massiveness of stone, on the one hand, and the picturesque effect of wooden bridges, on the other, and several ages must elapse before the eye becomes so much accustomed to their flimsy appearance, as to be able fully to tolerate them. The wire bridge, indeed, may furnish a cheap and commodious means of passing a river, but it is so devoid of substance that it never can become an object that may be admired as a feature in landscape. The best iron bridge I have seen in point of effect, is that of the Pont des Arts, opposite to the

* No 67.

Jardin des Plantes at Paris, and its superiority of appearance, in my eyes, arises entirely from a certain approach to massiveness, which I do not recollect to have remarked in any other bridge of this description. It appears to me that of iron bridges, those are of best appearance which consist of the fewest parts, and these parts of the most massive description, whilst those are least so, which have the greatest number of parts, and these parts thin and fragile looking. If intricacy of construction be considered by some as an ingredient that constitutes beauty, I certainly think that it does not do so in the article of iron bridges; indeed it has often occurred to me that the way to make an iron bridge look well, would be to board up its sides and the interior of the circle of the arch underneath, so as to give it the appearance of solidity, and to paint it in such a manner as to give to it the semblance of stone. There is no arch so beautiful as the ancient Roman arch, and its beauty arises in a great measure, like that of Doric architecture, from its perfect solidity, and the conviction which it conveys to the mind of its strength and stability. What an effect might be produced in many parts of the country by adopting this style for the great viaducts of the many railways now executing, which, being thus rendered like the aqueducts of ancient Rome, would multiply to us an important feature of Italian scenery. But it is provoking to observe, that whilst in the railway arches, an approach is made to the style of those of the ancient aqueducts, the perfection of that style is generally destroyed by the arch being made to spring from angles on each side, instead of the perpendicular lines of the piers being made to run naturally and sweetly into the perfect semicircle of the Roman arch, in which so much of its beauty consists.—E.]

Having now taken a view of the different characters and styles of real buildings, interspersed, however, with such illustrations from those in pictures, as I thought might throw an occasional light on the subject, I will now more fully and distinctly consider the use which, both in history and landscape, some of the principal painters of different schools and countries have made of buildings, from the highest style of architecture, to the simplest cottage—from those which are in their freshest and most perfect state, to those which time has most defaced and mutilated.

Many of the first great masters of the revived art, Leonardo da Vinci, M. Angelo, Raphael, G. Romano, and others, were architects as well as painters; and several buildings were executed after their designs, and under their inspection. But I am now considering architecture as it appears in pictures, and mixed with other objects; and among these great artists, Raphael is the only one who has left a

number of historical compositions in which buildings and architecture form so principal a part, as may enable us to form a judgment of the result of the whole. The general character of his architecture, like that of his figures, is a sedate and simple grandeur, equally free from superfluous ornament, and from strongly marked contrasts; and such is that of the painters of the Roman and Florentine schools taken in a general view, and with the exceptions and modifications which in such views must occur.

The character of the architecture in the pictures of the Venetian masters, taken in the same general manner, is a gay and splendid magnificence. Such characters will of course vary in each school according to the disposition of the particular master; and I think in most instances it may be observed, that the style of the buildings is in unison with that of the figures. Titian, in whose figures and general conceptions there is often a simplicity unknown to his two countrymen and contemporaries, Paul Veronese and Tintoret, has the same comparative simplicity in his architecture; still, however, it is of a very different cast from that of either of the schools I have mentioned. Tintoret is less dignified in his pictures than either Titian or Paul; and, as far as I have had an opportunity of observing it, the same may be said of his architecture. No painter, whose subjects were serious, ever placed the human figure so much, and so frequently out of the perpendicular. It is a liberty which cannot well be taken with buildings, except in painting an earthquake, a subject which in all respects would have suited his capricious invention, and the facility of his execution.

There is a drawing of his, that was in Sir Joshua Reynolds' collection, and is now in my possession, where the subject has enabled him to indulge his favourite propensity on a building. He has represented the dream of a Pope, who is lying in a stately bed adorned with a canopy, and supported by emblematical figures; his attendants are sleeping, in the room, in various and singular attitudes. Over the door, a Cathedral church seems to be tumbling towards the Pope, while a Monk on his knees, with his hand stretched towards the portico, appears in the act of supporting it. Rays of light issue from the church, and, illuminating the face of the Pope, glance upon the different ornaments of the bed, and on the sleeping attendants. Two other figures are at the door, the one lifting up the curtain of it, and discovering part of an inner room, in which is a strong effect of sunshine; the other advancing into the bedchamber. The whole composition, in point of singularity and richness of invention, of no less singular effects of light and shadow, of the style and disposition of the ornaments of the

bed, the tables, and of all the furniture, is in the highest degree characteristic of that wild and capricious, but truly original painter.

But of all the painters who have flourished since the revival of the art, none have equalled Paul Veronese in the festive pomp, and the theatrical splendour and magnificence of his buildings. The profusion of columns, open galleries, balustrades and balconies; of buildings seen across and behind other buildings, with various and singular effects of lineal and aërial perspective, admirably accords with the profusion of figures with which he has peopled them, with the studied contrasts of their groups and attitudes, and the richness of the dresses; and as his subjects were frequently festivals and banquets, to these may often be added the rich tints and ornaments of gold and silver plate, of urns, cups, vases, &c. The immense scale of his pictures, the facility with which the whole is conducted, and the extreme clearness and brilliancy of that whole, have so captivated his countrymen, that his works are more celebrated at Venice, than even those of his more exalted rival, Titian.

In Paul Veronese, more than perhaps in any other painter of his class, we find those striking effects of perspective, those groups and clusters of buildings receding from the eye in various directions, and all those splendid artifices which may be called the picturesque of regular and entire architecture, in contradistinction to that of irregular buildings and ruins. It is obvious that there are but few subjects where a history painter could introduce ruins with propriety, especially as principal objects. Being therefore in some degree precluded from buildings in their most picturesque state, (that is, where the variety of forms, tints, and effects, are most sudden and striking,) those painters who were fond of such varieties, and of all that is termed picturesque, have sought for them by means not incompatible with what is due to the dignity and propriety of the historical style. This will clearly appear to any person who compares the architectural backgrounds of such artists, with those of other masters who studied the higher parts of the art; as, for instance, the backgrounds of P. Veronese and Rubens, with those of Raphael and Poussin. In the works of the two first mentioned painters, those artifices, and that picturesque disposition I mentioned, appear in all their brilliancy, and are perfectly suited to what has very properly been termed the ornamental style, as opposed to the severer character of the Roman and Florentine schools.

I have now stated what appear to me to be the distinct characters of those buildings, which the painters of the schools I have mentioned have introduced into their pictures. I could wish to point out some of the principles on which the Venetians, and especially P. Veronese, proceeded,

and by means of which they have produced that remarkable lightness, airiness, and splendour, so strikingly displayed in their buildings. Without presuming that I shall be able to do it satisfactorily, I will mention what has occurred to me on the subject.

I went to Venice from Rome, full of Raphael and the Vatican, and of the works of many great masters of the other schools, that are collected in that capital of the arts. In most of them, buildings and architecture of the highest kind are introduced; yet those of the Venetian painters had a new and a very forcible effect upon my mind, and, as far as I can recollect, I passed the same judgment upon them that I do now; but I was not then in the same habit of reflecting on my own ideas and impressions. If then the architecture of that school has a striking effect, and one of a different kind from those of the other schools, it is worth while to endeavour, at least, to investigate the principles on which they proceeded; and to observe whether those principles are constant and uniform. Such inquiries will not be useful to the painter only, but in many cases to the architect; for whatever in any way relates to the effect of buildings, cannot be totally foreign to his art; and as there are scenes which call for a style of architecture similar to that of the Roman or Florentine, so there are others, to which that of the Venetian school is no less adapted.

I have already considered the general causes of grandeur and beauty. As massiveness and solidity belong to the former, so lightness and detached parts no less belong to the latter. What is light, in both senses of the word, accords with ideas of beauty, and particularly with those of gaiety and splendour. We often say of a building that it is light and airy, when the air appears to have a free passage round the parts of it—an idea which peculiarly applies to open colonnades. All these effects are increased if the colour of the stone also be light and clear.

If we attend to the practice of the Venetian painters in these points, we shall find how fond they were of introducing open porticos and colonnades, and of displaying near the eye the full effect of their light and airy character. Paul Veronese, who indeed never scrupled to sacrifice propriety to effect, has placed the Magdalen washing our Saviour's feet under a magnificent portico, decorated with every rich and splendid ornament. The view is through the columns to the open air, not towards the interior building; and this, I think, is a circumstance to which he was generally attentive. He likewise took care so to dispose his columns, that a large portion of the background, and particularly of the sky, should be seen through them. The effect of this disposition will best be perceived by comparing it with that of Raphael in a scene

of the same kind. In the Cartoon, which represents the Apostle curing the lame man at the Beautiful gate of the Temple, he likewise has placed the figures in a portico; and, in allusion to the name of the gate, has given to the architecture a degree of richness and decoration beyond that which appears in any of his other compositions. The columns are twisted—their shafts are enriched with figures of boys amidst festoons of foliage; but they are very close to each other—the view is inwards towards the temple, and only a very small portion of the sky is seen. This alone would be sufficient to occasion the striking difference between these two compositions in point of airiness and lightness of effect—but there is another cause, distinct from architecture, which clogs that of Raphael, and which deserves to be mentioned, as it shows the different character and aim of the two painters. The figures in this Cartoon are of their natural size, while the columns are on so much smaller a scale, that the bodies of the figures which are beyond them, and therefore further removed from the eye, are as large, or larger, than their shafts—and consequently fill up the space which was already sufficiently crowded. It may be alleged, that a great history painter, whose mind was occupied with the character and expression of his figures, is justified in having sacrificed propriety, and even probability, in an inferior branch of the art; and the judgment of Sir Joshua Reynolds on the small proportion of the boats in the picture of the miraculous draught of fishes, may be brought in defence of a similar breach of propriety in architecture—still I think that the necessity, or at least the expediency of the sacrifice—as, perhaps, in the circumstance of the boats—ought to be manifest. But here the case is different; for the architecture is a very principal part of the picture—attracts the eye from its ornaments—and appears to have been very much studied. It seems to me, however, not only to want airiness, but grandeur; and even in that last point the Roman school may sometimes condescend to take lessons from the Venetian, though in general so much superior to it in dignity. I have in my mind a composition of Titian, respecting the Virgin and Child, placed on an altar in a sort of portico, with other figures on the steps of the altar—only two columns are seen, the tops of which are supposed to be out of the picture. The manner in which this architecture is introduced produces a very grand, and, at the same time, a very picturesque effect. These columns, from being brought near the eye, and in their full proportion, present an imposing mass; and as their bases are placed on different levels, their symmetry, though not doubtful, is not obvious. The two columns are sufficient to impress the idea of magnificent architecture; yet, from the circum-

stance of there being only two, room enough is given for the figures, and space enough for that appearance of air which the Venetian painters were so desirous of producing.* It will hardly be suspected, after what I have said of Vanbrugh's buildings, that, in my opinion, a light, airy, and detached style ought to be the sole aim either of painters or architects; and that Raphael would have acted with more judgment, if, instead of the noble, but solemn architecture, and correspondent light and shadow, which he had made choice of in the school of Athens, the miracle of Bolsenna, and the Heliodorus, he had displayed in those pictures the blaze of daylight, and all the splendid decorations of P. Veronese. All I aimed at was to point out, as far as I am capable, what are the principles of lightness, airiness, and splendour in buildings, and in what instances they may be compatible with grandeur.

The Caracci, in their historical paintings, endeavoured to blend all that, in various ways, was most worthy of imitation in the great masters who preceded them. Among so many men of original conceptions, and whose originality, instead of being checked or perverted, was fostered and guided by the liberal method of instruction in that famous academy, much variety of character, in every part of their productions, will occur; but the general style of their architecture in their historical pictures, appears to have been, like that of their figures, a medium between the more simple and severe dignity of the Roman and Florentine schools, and the splendid richness of the Venetian—the striking effects of which last school, in every way, they studied with great assiduity. An example of that middle style may be given from a picture of one of the greatest among the Bolognese masters—the martyrdom of St. Andrew, by Domenichino, which is etched by Carlo Maratti. There is an open range of columns, and the view is through them towards the outward air, which gives great lightness to the whole; but they are in one straight line, and directly opposite to the eye, and on the left hand of the picture the wall of the inclosed place in which the scene is represented is quite plain. By means of these circumstances, he has given to the general composition that degree of repose and simplicity, which, in his judgment, was best suited to the occasion.

Pietro da Cortona has been reproached, and not without reason, as the corruptor of the Italian taste in painting; corruptors in every way

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* This is the picture, of which Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his Tour through Flanders, (page 45,) has so admirably described the character and effect, contrasting them with those of a picture of Rubens. Unfortunately he has made no observations on the architecture in either of them.

have generally some attractions by means of which they are enabled to seduce, and those he by no means wanted. He is another example of the union of the two professions, for he was an architect of great reputation, and some churches in Rome built after his designs are highly esteemed. The architecture in his pictures is enriched with a greater profusion of ornaments than that of almost any other master, but he has compensated that profusion (as far as it can be compensated) by a skilful arrangement of the parts, and a no less judicious combination of the whole. The qualities which he possessed, though they do not accord with the higher style of painting, or with the purest taste, are not to be despised when so eminently displayed, and the effect of richness and grouping cannot be better studied than in his works.

A striking contrast to his style in every branch of the art, may be taken from a nation and a school, generally thought to have a strong tincture of his merits, and his defects: it is hardly necessary to name N. Poussin. There is no master, whose works, both in history and landscape, afford so many studies for the higher styles of buildings, and for the use which may be made of them; for none ever more diligently studied their effect and character, as well as the character of the objects which they were to accompany. That severe and learned simplicity, which in his figures he had acquired by his studious imitation of the ancients, he was not likely to abandon in the other branches of the art; and as no painter was more sensible of the grandeur arising from straight lines, of those, as might naturally be expected, he has made frequent use in architecture, to which they are so congenial. These principles are everywhere exemplified in his works, in which we never see the profuse ornaments of Pietro da Cortona, or the splendid incongruities of Paul Veronese; and that not for want of skill in the execution—for his touch, when he chose to introduce vases, foliage, masks, or other decorations, was not inferior to that of either of those masters. His Sacraments are models of that plainness and sobriety of architecture which the subjects required; of that just medium, between a strict adherence to historical probability (which, in pictures, as in theatrical representations, must often be dispensed with) and a licentious abuse of an acknowledged privilege of poets and painters. In one of them, he has represented the same subject, which P. Veronese has treated in a picture already mentioned—that of the Magdalen anointing the feet of our Saviour. The character, and the expression of the figures, are foreign to my present subject. The scene of the action, is a spacious room enclosed on every side; the ornaments few and simple; in the centre, a recess with Ionic columns before it, and two niches on each side. In point of lightness

and effect, of air and brilliancy, there can be no comparison between this picture and that of P. Veronese at Genoa; but the one is addressed to the understanding through the sight; the other to the sight only; and who can doubt which has attained the noblest end?

Poussin is more generally known and admired than any of his countrymen; but many excellent examples of buildings connected with scenery, may be found in the works of the principal French painters. In that school, however, there is such a diversity of styles, from extreme simplicity and severity to as great licentiousness, that no general character of their buildings can well be given; but from that diversity much instruction may be drawn, both as to what may be followed, and what should be avoided. The compositions of Le Sueur, Le Brun, not to mention others of acknowledged merit, are in high estimation; and they, like other historical painters, did not neglect architecture.

The Flemish School owes its principal reputation in history painting to its illustrious head, Rubens; for Vandyke, whose historical pictures gave such just cause of jealousy to his master, forsook that higher branch of the art, and is more generally known as a portrait painter. There are others, indeed, such as Diepenbeck, Quellinus, de Vos, &c., who painted dignified subjects on a large scale, and whose works have no slight degree of merit, particularly in the ornamental part; but even there, where they most excelled, the interval is very great between them and Rubens. His architecture, like that of Paul Veronese, from whom he borrowed many of his ideas of magnificence and decoration, is in a high degree splendid; but has less of that display of architectural symmetry, and of that lightness and elegance, which are so striking in the Venetian; for the peculiar heaviness of the Flemish taste, so strongly marked in his figures, seems, in particular instances, to have affected the character of his buildings. There is a well known print after him, the title of which (Le Jardin de L'Amour) expresses the employment of the figures, and the place where they are assembled; and, certainly, if ever a light and airy style of architecture be proper, it must be peculiarly so, where the subject of the picture is gallantry, and the scene a garden. Had Parmeggiano painted a subject of this kind, as his figures would have been Sylph-like, he would have probably made any building which he might have chosen to introduce of the same aërial kind. Rubens, in his garden, has represented the entrance to a sort of pavilion; the general character of which, and all the particular parts and ornaments are so massive, that if a palace of the Gnomes were to be represented, this might serve for its portal.

But although in this and other instances his buildings may justly be

charged with heaviness, especially if compared with those of his model, Paul Veronese, yet he compensated that occasional defect, by great and frequent beauties; for no master has combined such magical effects of light and shadow, with the richness and splendour of regular architecture; none has shown such art in disguising that regularity for the sake of picturesque disposition, without injuring the well-connected grandeur of the whole: and this might be exemplified from a number of his works.

From Rubens also, more than from any other painter, an architectural gardener might take examples of the mixture of regular architecture with vegetation; as, for instance, of pilasters joined with trellises, or of columns encircled by climbing plants. Sometimes on such occasions, he has made use of twisted columns, and, I think, with peculiarly good effect; for the waving lines of the columns accord with those of the plants, which in return soften the defect of such columns, while they coincide with their undulating shape.

In all that has lately been said, I have considered architecture and buildings as they appear in historical pictures. I shall now proceed to consider the character of buildings, and the manner in which they are introduced and accompanied, where the landscape is principal; or, if not strictly so, where it occupies a considerable and striking part of the picture. But little of this kind is to be found in the great masters of the Roman and Florentine schools; none of whom, I imagine, ever painted what would properly be called a landscape. Raphael, in his backgrounds, has seldom completely overcome the dryness of his early manner; nor could he in that branch of the art, enlarge his conceptions from the works of his great inspirer, M. Angelo. But as no one ever so rapidly distinguished and appropriated what was most excellent in other artists, we may be sure from what he has done in some of his backgrounds, of the progress he would have made had his life been protracted, and had he seen a style in landscape not less elevated than his own and M. Angelo's in figures. That branch of the art, in which the moderns have the best claim to superiority over the ancients, was brought to its highest perfection in point of grandeur of style, and richness of colouring, by the artists of the Venetian school, and more particularly by their chief boast, the divine Titian—upon whose works all the great landscape painters may be said to have formed themselves. As far as I can recollect, Titian has seldom, if ever, introduced any finished pieces of architecture into the near parts of his landscapes, nor indeed any buildings as principal objects occupying a large part of the picture, such as we see in the landscapes of some other painters; though in his historical pictures (to use a very common though improper term of distinc-

tion) columns, arches, balustrades, &c. serve as magnificent frames to those backgrounds, which have been models to all succeeding painters. Many of the buildings in his landscapes are of a peculiar form, with long slanting roofs, of which I am persuaded several examples might still be found near his native city of Cador, and other parts of the Venetian terra firma; for I have observed in the more modern Venetian pictures, many forms of buildings of the same character with those of Titian, which yet could not have been copied from him, having been painted from nature. Slanting roofs are certainly very far from contributing to grandeur—one great characteristic of Titian's landscapes; but as every painter at first copies the nature he sees around him, he will have a partiality for the buildings to which his eye had been early accustomed, though they should not be exactly those which his maturer judgment would have preferred without such a bias; and Titian might feel that they gave to his pictures an air of truth and of naturalness, both in his own eyes and those of his countrymen. He has taken care, however, as might well be expected from such an artist, to place other buildings among them of such a degree of dignity, as to relieve, but not

"To shame the meanness of his humble sheds."

Two instances occur to me, which I am inclined to mention with some detail, on more than one account. In each of the compositions there are a number of common looking houses with sloping roofs on the side of a small eminence; on the top stands a massy, but unornamented tower, which overlooks them, and crowns the whole. These are the principal circumstances common to both the groups, in which, however, there are others, such as open arches, a gateway towards the centre of one of the towers, &c. that give variety to each composition. As the buildings in those two groups are of various kinds, common dwellings and outhouses, as well as towers and turrets; some with slanting, others with flat roofs—the principle upon which they are grouped and blended together, so as to produce a grand whole, in spite of the meanness of many of the particulars, well deserves attention.

Whenever any mass of buildings is to be erected, whether a house with its offices, or a farm with its outbuildings, an opportunity presents itself, of producing what will be a striking feature from many points; the difference of expense in the mere outward form, where there are no ornaments, is trifling, when compared with the difference of effect. Those who are desirous of improving the landscapes of their place by means of buildings, ought surely to study what the great masters of landscape have done in various situations, and in various styles—how

they sometimes softened and disguised the too manifest symmetry of regular architecture, by blending it with other objects of a different but not degrading kind; and at other times, ennobled meaner buildings by the help of some imposing mass, that fixed upon itself the principal attention. This last method is capable of frequent application; as, for instance, when a small hamlet or some farm buildings are in an interesting situation, where the person, from whose place they are in view, would wish for something more attractive. It is true, that a rich person, to whom the whole belonged, might pull them all down, and place in their room a tower, a temple, or some ornamental building; but, besides that there is something unpleasant in destroying for the sake of mere ornament the marks of industry and habitation, such buildings of parade have too frequently staring, unconnected, ostentatious appearance. Should he, however, choose to preserve the look of a farm or hamlet, but wish, at the same time, to improve the general mass, any building of a good form, rising higher than the rest from amidst them, would probably answer that purpose, and serve at once both to vary and unite the whole group; especially with the assistance of a few trees judiciously placed. There may be cases also, where an improver, with great property all around, may have only a small piece of ground in such a hamlet, and be unable to purchase any more;—a building of the character I mentioned, might do all that a lover of painting would wish for, and give him a sort of property in the whole; and I know that manner of appropriating objects to be the source of much pleasure.

The buildings in the landscapes of the Bolognese painters have many excellences highly proper to be studied, but which it would be tedious to discriminate. The style of landscape in that school was, in a great degree, formed upon that of the Venetians, and especially of Titian; and his manner of forming groups of buildings which has just been described, may, I think, be traced in a number of their works. It is probable indeed that the two landscapes, on which those groups make so principal a figure, were favourite compositions, as they are both of them etched by Giar. Francisco Grimaldi, the famous landscape painter of the Carach school.

In the landscapes of Nicholas Poussin, there are more regular finished pieces of architecture—and those made principal objects—than in almost any other painter. Claude is an exception, and he brought them still nearer to the eye; the style of their architecture is, however, as different, as that of their landscapes—it is the difference of male from female beauty. In Poussin's buildings, the symmetry is often so per-

fectly undisguised, from their being placed directly opposite the eye, without any effect of perspective, that many persons, if they were not checked by such authority, would pronounce, that no painter could make use of them in that manner. Yet this great artist, who so well knew the value of straight lines, and of uniformity, has shown with how much skill he could diversify the outlines of his buildings, when he saw occasion for it; and exchange the grandeur of simplicity, for that of splendid variety. One instance of this I shall now give, as it will illustrate and confirm what I have advanced on the subject of slanting roofs, and of their want of grandeur; and as it will likewise show, what, in this great painter's idea, the general appearance of a magnificent city ought to be. The picture I allude to, was in the Orleans collection; the subject, the infant Moses exposed on the Nile. And here, though I wish to confine myself strictly to the design of my Essay, I cannot help saying a few words on the expression of the figures; for more true, more varied and dignified expressions, are scarcely to be found in the whole compass of the art. The mother is represented, hardly enduring to push from the shore the little basket that holds her child; her face is turned from it, and in that face all a mother's agony is painted. The father is slowly walking from the scene; a smothered grief in his countenance; but his hand, which clasps his drapery, seems more strongly to betray his feelings. Close behind, and clinging to him, is the elder boy; his head is turned round, and he looks back, as he walks, at the action of his mother, with an expression of anxious concern, terror, and uncertainty. So superior is the interest arising from the human figure and the expression of human passions, that when I first saw this composition I hardly thought of the landscape, admirable as it is in every part. The background, on account of which I have mentioned this noble work, is one of the richest I ever saw. It is the view of a magnificent city, mixed with trees, and backed with mountains—the principal buildings near enough to be distinct, distant enough to have the whole taken in at one view. The summits of them are most studiously varied, with domes, pyramids, obelisks, towers of different heights and shapes, but among them all not more than one sloping roof of the straight kind strikes the eye within the town itself—without the walls, indeed, (perhaps as a foil, and a contrast to so much magnificence) he has placed a cottage with a simple sloping roof, still, however, varied by a projecting shed in front, and another on the side. Paul Veronese, also, in a picture of the finding of Moses, has given us his idea of a city, which perfectly accords with that of Poussin in the splendour and variety of the sum-

mits, and the absence of sloping roofs; and Claude, in several of his pictures, has on similar occasions proceeded on the same principles.

As these great painters, in compositions where they clearly meant to express a magnificent assemblage of buildings, have studiously varied the outlines of their summits—and, except in circular roofs, such as domes, where their effect is of a distinct character, have avoided sloping roofs—it is a strong argument for pursuing the same method in every assemblage of buildings, whether it be a city with its numerous edifices, or a mansion with its appendages—in short, wherever the whole is intended to be magnificent in itself, and to adorn from different points the surrounding scenery.

The buildings in some of the landscapes of Sebastian Bourdon, particularly deserve to be cited, as very striking specimens of the union of grandeur and picturesqueness. One picture, in which this union is most happily exemplified, I have had frequent opportunities of examining in the houses of its late and present possessors, and, what is no slight advantage, have often heard their remarks upon it. It was left as a legacy to Sir George Beaumont by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who thought that the grandeur of its style (which he always spoke of with admiration) was of so peculiar a cast, and so far removed from obvious common nature, as to be incapable of being truly relished, except by minds of strong original feeling, and long accustomed to contemplate the higher excellences of the art. Such a legacy, from such a man, is a panegyric

> "Distinct and clear
> As any muse's tongue could speak."

The subject is, the ark of the covenant on its progress, when it was recovered from the Philistines. It is represented in its passage over a bridge, on the opposite side of which are several figures, some of whose attitudes and countenances express profound awe and devotion, and others the most fervent enthusiasm. The bridge is built over a rapid river; at some distance higher up stands a mill, in the management of which the painter has shown the greatest skill and judgment. A mill, such as those which Ruysdael, Waterlo, or Hobbima painted, (excellent as they are in their kind,) would, on account of their broken forms and strongly marked intricacy and irregularity, be ill suited to the solemnity of such a subject. Bourdon has, therefore, made the general form of the building of a more massive and uniform kind, though sufficiently varied; and at the same time that he has, with great truth, marked the intricacy of the wheels and the effect of water in motion, he has kept the whole in such a mass of broad shadow that nothing presses

upon the eye, or interferes with the style of the picture—yet, on inspection, all the circumstances of intricacy and motion amuse the mind, and (what is the true character and use of the picturesque in such cases) relieve it from the monotony of mere breadth, massiveness, and uniformity.

There is a passage in some Essays on Painting by Diderot, which very aptly illustrates this idea of the use and the limits of the picturesque, in the higher style of the art. "Mais revenons à l'ordonnance et l'ensemble des personnages. On peut, on doit en sacrifier un peu au technique. Jusqu'où ? je n'en sçai rien. Mais je ne veux pas qu'il en coûte la moindre chose à l'expression, à l'effet du sujet. Touche moi, étonne moi, déchire moi, fais moi tressaillir, pleurer, fremir, m'indigner d'abord, tu recréeras mes yeux après si tu peux."

In the works of many of the Dutch and Flemish masters, mills are among the truest specimens of the picturesque, unmixed with grandeur or beauty; and are therefore perfect in their kind. But there are other painters who have overshot the mark; and, as I have taken one instance of the most judicious conduct from a French master, I will mention another of an opposite kind, from the same school. There is a picture of a mill at Beauvais, the print from which is common, by Boucher, in which he seems to have collected together all the singularly abrupt and irregular forms that he had ever seen, in order to be superlatively picturesque; and in the same proportion that the wheels and the intricate parts of the mill are less distinct in the picture of Bourdon, than they appear in the landscapes of Ruysdael and Hobbima, they are more so in that of Boucher;—the picture of the former, is a model of the use which may be made of the qualities of the picturesque; that of the latter, one of the best examples I know of their abuse.

Rubens, in his landscapes, appears to have paid as little attention to the shapes of his buildings, as to those of his trees; having often placed the most vulgar forms of both, in his grandest compositions. The great points at which he aimed, and in which he so admirably succeeded, were colour, and effect; and where they take possession of a painter's mind, he can seldom prevail upon himself to reject, hardly to alter the forms of those objects, on which such captivating qualities are eminently displayed.

I have hitherto dwelt almost entirely on the landscapes of those masters, who were also eminent in the higher parts of the art, and have only touched occasionally on the painters of the Dutch School. I shall now speak more fully of that school, in which, after the example of Sir Joshua Reynolds, I mean to include those of the Flemish masters

who painted similar subjects. In the pictures of the Dutch masters few instances of architectural beauty or grandeur occur, yet it is certain that many of the buildings which those masters have represented, though void of those two qualities, attract our attention in a high degree by means of others which I have assigned to the picturesque. It may, perhaps, be thought, that the pleasure arises solely from the exact imitation of familiar objects, and that we again transfer to the objects themselves, the pleasure acquired from that imitation. This is a point on which some further discussion will by no means be useless in the present inquiry; and I am the more inclined to enter upon it, as Mr. Burke has but slightly touched upon it in his Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful.

He there proposes a rule, which, he observes, "may inform us with a good degree of certainty, when we are to attribute the power of the art to imitation, or to our pleasure in the skill of the imitator merely; and when to sympathy, or some other cause in conjunction with it. When the object represented in poetry or painting, is such as we could have no desire of seeing in the reality, then I may be sure that its power in poetry or painting is owing to the power of imitation, and to no cause operating in the thing itself. So it is with most of the pieces which the painters call still-life—in these a cottage, a dunghill, the meanest and most ordinary utensils of the kitchen, are capable of giving us pleasure."*

This certainly does appear a very natural and just criterion; yet still in some degree it implies an indifference with regard to the selection and arrangement of such objects, and seems to confine the whole scope of the painter's exertions, and the effect they have on the spectator, within a very narrow limit—that of mere imitation. I am persuaded, however, that many of the Dutch masters have shown as much choice and selection, with respect to those circumstances which struck them in mills, cottages, insides of kitchens, &c. as the higher Italian painters have displayed in the arrangement of more dignified objects. It is true, they did not seek for elegance or grandeur; but they were painters, and as such, they could not help considering the disposition and character of such forms, and feeling strong motives of preference. The best succedaneums for elegance and grandeur, are variety and intricacy, and to these two qualities, many of the Dutch painters have paid the highest attention. There cannot be a more thorough boor than Ostade, and it might be concluded from the monsters he has painted by way of human

* Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, Part I., page 81, sec. 16.

figures, that he never thought of form in any objects; but let any one carefully examine—not merely his pictures, (for in them the excellence of his colouring might seduce the judgment) but the prints from them, and his etchings; they will then see how, in the insides of kitchens, he has selected every circumstance that can vary the forms, and give intricacy to their disposition, without injuring the unity of the whole. The different degrees of foreshortening, in the rafters, in the half-opened doors and casements; the winding staircases seen only in part; chairs, tables, cradles, baskets, &c. all serve to vary the perspective, and form the most artful, yet the most natural groups; and the pots, pans, kettles, and all the various utensils, are distributed with the same intention.

The outsides of his cottages are no less distinguished for their variety and intricacy. Their outline against the sky is generally composed of forms of unequal heights thrown into many different degrees of perspective; the sides are varied by projecting windows and doors, by sheds supported by brackets, with flower-pots on them; by the light, airy, and detached appearance of cages hung out from the wall; by porches and trellises of various constructions, often covered with vine or ivy; these, and many other picturesque objects, are so happily grouped with each other and with trees, that the bare outline would prove how much the eye may be pleased, and what skill may be shown in the playful variety and intricacy of buildings and their appendages, where grace, elegance, and grandeur, are unthought of. But then, when it is considered, that this play and variety of outline, however pleasing, are not so much to be valued on their own account, as from being productive of what these painters most excelled in, variety and effect of light and shadow; that to these must be added their other great excellence, the management of colours; and that this infinite diversity of forms, colours, lights and shadows, must be so arranged, as to produce one whole in composition and effect—it will show, that it is not from mere imitation, but from great judgment in selecting and combining, as well as in executing, that our pleasure arises. The same principles of light and shadow, the same attention to the effects of variety and intricacy, which are so strongly displayed in the pictures of Ostade, may be traced even in those of Claude Lorraine; though in him the character of beauty infinitely prevails, and that of picturesqueness is only subordinate.

There can hardly be a stronger contrast than between a picture of Claude, and one of Ostade; but the contrast arises from the countries which they inhabited. Claude had constantly before his eyes the most striking specimens of beauty, grandeur, and magnificence, both in art and nature; but it is by his skilful management of these materials,

which lay open to a number of other artists, that he raised himself, though a mere landscape painter, almost to a level with history painters. Nothing can be more directly opposite than the character of his and of Ostade's buildings; yet there is no slight resemblance in their manner of considering the effect of buildings in general, and in the use they made of those circumstances, which give most variety of outline, of tint, and of light and shadow, without injuring the harmony and connection of the whole. The porches and posts of the one answer those purposes as effectually as the porticos and columns of the other—projecting roofs, sheds with brackets and rails, have, in another style, the effect of cornices and balustrades. The vulgar flower-pots of Ostade take the forms of urns and vases in Claude; his winding staircase, of magnificent flights of steps—it is the fable of Baucis and Philemon.

Architecture is the divinity that raises the porches of cottages, and the rude posts that support them, into porticos and colonnades—but while it refines and ennobles, it necessarily takes off from that quickly-changing variety and intricacy of form, and that correspondent light and shadow, which are so striking in picturesque buildings, and which constitute and prove their distinct character. Such, indeed, must always be the effect of high polish and refinement, however judicious—and the same analogy prevails in language, in manners, in every thing with which the human mind is conversant. The pleasure which we receive from beauty and grandeur of character is more refined and exalted—still, however, there is a peculiar relish which arises from many rude and even mean, but strongly marked picturesque circumstances; and that peculiar relish, as it does arise from those circumstances, cannot exist, or cannot be equally powerful, where they are changed for others of a more noble, or a more beautiful, but of a different character. Nor let it be imagined that such a union of them, as is displayed in the buildings of some of the Dutch masters, is common—every old cottage will no more make a good Ostade, than every fine piece of architecture or ancient ruin in a beautiful country will make a good Claude; and he who has been used to look at objects with a painter's eye, will be little less surprised—I do not say pleased—at finding a perfect Ostade in nature than a perfect Claude.

Notwithstanding the great delight which Ostade seems to have taken in representing all the picturesque circumstances of buildings, there is one painter who has sought after their varieties with still greater passion. Many of my readers will be surprised when I name Wouvermans. We have been used to think of him chiefly as a painter of

animals, and particularly horses, in which line he so eminently excelled; and when we consider the high finishing of his pictures, the extreme delicacy of his touch, and the manner in which he blended his colours, so as oftentimes to give too smooth an appearance to the general surface, it is difficult to imagine, that he, of all painters, should most diligently have searched for every broken and irregular form. Yet so it is, and in a degree that no one will conceive, who has not looked at his pictures and prints with that impression; and whoever wishes to gain an idea of the varieties of picturesque forms in the outsides of buildings (from which, however, the grand and beautiful remains of antiquity are excluded) will find that he has assembled them together in his works with all the passion of a collector of such objects, and all the skill of a painter in combining them with each other. In this, as I conceive, lies a very principal difference between these two artists in respect to their buildings. Ostade seems to have chosen with great judgment; but, having made his choice, to have painted the objects, whatever they might be, with little variation. Wouvermans, on the other hand, appears to me to have collected all the scattered varieties that he met with, as materials for composition. The buildings, therefore, in Ostade have, as might be expected, a more striking air of naturalness; those of Wouvermans display more diversity, and greater ingenuity of combination.

It seems very obvious, (although the example of Wouvermans, and even of Ostade, might make it doubtful) that a sharp, spirited touch, where the stroke of the brush remains, is most adapted to express broken irregular forms; and thence, we might naturally conclude, that Teniers, the sharpness and spirit of whose pencilling is almost proverbial, would at least equal the painters whom I have just mentioned in the number and choice of those objects, which are so well adapted to show the peculiar excellence of his execution. It is really surprising that the fact should be so exactly the reverse; the forms of his cottages, so far from being picturesque, are plain and common to such a remarkable degree, and so void of intricacy and variety, that he seems to have taken as much pains to shun all sudden breaks and irregularities, as other painters have taken to express them. This extreme plainness may, perhaps, be accounted for, by supposing him to have been influenced by the same motive which I have supposed to have influenced Gaspar Poussin; for he may have judged, that the even surface, and unbroken lines of his houses, would give more effect to the sharp and varied touches on the objects in his foregrounds. I am inclined, however, to think that, independently of every other consideration, he preferred plain cottages, and that his taste did not lead him to search after, or to admire picturesque

circumstances in any buildings; for when he did paint old-fashioned houses, or castles with singular turrets, he seems to have taken the whole, just as it presented itself; often very crudely, and without any of those softenings, disguises, or accompaniments of trees and vegetation, and without any of those changes and additions, which painters usually take the liberty of making. In this, again, the contrast between him and Wouvermans is very striking. Wouvermans had so accustomed his eye to that variety and play of outline, which arise from a mixture of vegetation with wood-work and masonry of every kind, that whatever parts of buildings he painted, whether common walls, roofs, and sheds, or garden walls with terraces and summer-houses; whether turrets, or mansions with porticos and columns, (for such, though not of a very pure architecture, he often introduced,) he never failed to adorn them, and to break and diversify their outline, by means of trees, shrubs, and climbing plants.

The known characteristic of Rembrandt's style, is a strongly marked effect of light and shadow. He well knew, indeed, how to delineate their nicer transitions, yet he was less curious with regard to that detail which arises from sudden variety and intricacy of form, than Ostade or Wouvermans. We often see in his pictures and prints, very common-place forms of cottages, and other buildings; but they hardly appear so, on account of his peculiar management of light and shade, by which he contrived to raise the character of vulgar objects, and to disguise that of such as were raw and disgusting. This will clearly be perceived, if we compare his representations of mean subjects, with those of other painters who have great reputation in the same line. I have seen a butcher's shop, by Teniers, painted with a truth that struck every observer, and with an execution that claimed the admiration of every artist; I have likewise seen a picture of the same subject by Rembrandt, the execution of which was at least as masterly, and the representation of the principal circumstances, though less obviously and popularly natural, equally just. The Teniers perfectly exemplified Mr. Burke's distinction; the pleasure (mixed indeed with some disgust,) arose from the mere power of imitation; in the Rembrandt, it arose from the artist's choice of such effects of light and shadow, as alone would raise our admiration; and, likewise, from seeing those effects applied in such a manner, as to soften all the crudeness of objects in themselves disgusting, without destroying their naturalness. When he painted subjects of a higher and more serious kind, the buildings which he introduced, like the dresses of his figures, are capriciously invented, and of a style peculiar to himself. He troubled himself very little about their beauty, symmetry, or proportion; his aim was effect, which they are admirably

calculated to produce: but however capricious and singular, they never appear frittered or unconnected; for those great principles of union and breadth, which he so eminently possessed, made him attend to forms, as far as those principles were concerned. His buildings, therefore, with all their singularities, have often an air of grandeur as well as of richness, which they would lose, if separated from all that accompanies them; whereas, the grandeur of those buildings which adorn the works of the great Italian masters, and of those who have formed themselves on their model, is intrinsic; and will bear to be considered singly.

I have endeavoured, in a former part of this Essay, to point out the reason why slanting roofs do not in general accord with splendid architecture; and have shown that some of the most eminent painters have avoided them in buildings of that description. My former objections related chiefly to the defects of their general outline, which admits of scarcely any variation. I shall now mention a few observations on their surface, that have been communicated to me by a learned and ingenious friend, some of which relate to more polished buildings; but the general principle of improvement extends to every style. "The surface of slanting roofs must be nearly flat; decoration, therefore, is difficult; and though it is rough, when compared with the surface of columns or of hewn stone in general, it has no effect of light and shadow; it has also a more unfinished look than any other part, a very material circumstance in whatever is to be combined with the highly finished forms and ornaments of architecture. It remains to be considered, by what means these defects may be diminished. Few roofs of ancient buildings remain; in them, however, a peculiar attention seems to have been paid both to regularity of construction, and to light and shadow. The Tower of the Winds at Athens is covered with slabs of marble, in each of which the horizontal edge projects so much, as to give a strong shade; while the vertical joints are so elevated as to form high ribs, which break the uniform surface in a very beautiful manner. An ancient anecdote, mentioned by the Abbé Winkleman, records the first inventor of this kind of covering; and proves the great attention that the Greeks paid to the forms of their roofs, by the manner in which they rewarded those who made any essential improvements in them. 'Nell' isola di Nasso fu eretta una statua a certo Biza il quale avea il primo pensato a formare col marmo pentelico le tegole, onde coprirne gli edifizi.' The Lanthorn of Demosthenes is roofed in the form of laurel leaves, which, in a different way, have the same effect. The ancient mode of tiling, by semi-circular tiles laid within each other, gave a sort of fluted look to the roof; and the old flat tiles of the lower empire, which were

joined with a high rib something in the way of the Temple of the Winds, had the same effect of light and shadow. Even the ridge and hiprolls of our roofs, diminish in some degree the bareness of their appearance; and our pantiles, though much less picturesque than the hollow tiles of the ancients, are, perhaps, in point of form, the best material in use for common covering. The richness occasioned by these variations from uniformity of surface, is also very striking in some of the old leaded roofs of our churches, where the sheets are small, and the rolls large; but it is still more so, when, as it sometimes happens, a part of the roof is repaired with slate, while the rest remains in its original state. The ancients seem to have had it in view to give both lightness and richness to their roofs, by a sort of lacing to the edges of them; the ridges as well as the caves, were decorated with a sort of open work of small knobs or projections; and the same kind of ornament yet remains with peculiarly elegant effect, in many of our old churches and houses.

These and other ornaments and variations, judiciously applied, would give a pleasing variety to slanting roofs of every kind; and to some of them, where the scale was not too large, a degree of finished beauty worthy of being allied with the most polished architecture. But whatever changes or improvements may be made in the appearance of such roofs by persons whose taste led them towards such objects, in general the common materials of the country, and the common method of using them, will of course be employed, and such uniformity and plainness are not only natural and proper, but give a zest to any deviations from them.

There is an idea of rural simplicity annexed to a thatched cottage, which is very much in favour of that covering; and indeed the appear-

ance of new thatch, both from its neatness and colour, is remarkably pleasing. It is no less picturesque, when mossy, ragged, and sunk in among the rafters in decay; a species of that character, however, which the keenest lover of it would rather see on another's property than on his own. But between the two periods of neatness, and of picturesque decay, particularly in the approach towards the latter, thatch has something of a damp dirty look ; and, what would often induce me to prefer tile or slate, that dampness is increased, both in reality and appearance, by trees or climbing plants hanging or creeping over it. Whereas any covering of a hard material may without injury be half concealed by either of them ; and it rarely happens that there is any thing in the look of a covering, that could make one regret its partial concealment.

[I confess, that after considerable experience, I have been completely cured of my romantic attachment to thatch. The continual repair which it requires to keep it water-tight, is a source of perpetual annoyance and vexation. If the roof of a cottage be well formed, and well projected, so as to throw a deep shadow over the wall beneath it, I do not conceive that it will be necessary to thatch it, in order to add to its picturesque effect, at the risk of diminishing the comfort of the poor inmates. The most beautiful thatch of any is that composed of heather. I remember a highland proprietor, a friend of mine, who had constructed in different parts of his grounds, some of the most picturesque cottages I ever beheld, which were all thatched with heather. When I first saw them I was loud in my commendation of his good taste, and high in my praise of his fine heather thatch. "It is very beautiful indeed," said he to me. "It has but one fault, indeed, and that is that it does not keep out one drop of rain." Now, I do not think that any one has a right to make his cottagers suffer to any such extent as this, in order that their cottages may look picturesque to his friends, as they drive past them in an open carriage on a sunshiny day. If a country gentleman must have thatch-roofed cottages, and particularly if he must have them thatched with heather, I would recommend, that he should, in the first place, put on a good slate or tile roof, and then cover it with the thatch, for which purpose a frame-work might be easily laid over it.—E.]

In all that relates to cottages, hamlets, and villages, to the grouping of them, and their mixture with trees and climbing plants, the best instruction may be gained from the works of the Dutch and Flemish masters ; which afford a greater variety of useful hints to the generality of improvers, and such as might more easily be carried into practice, than those grander scenes which are exhibited in the higher schools of painting. All the splendid effects of architecture, and of assemblages

of magnificent buildings, whether in cities, or amidst rural scenery, can only be displayed by princes, and men of princely revenues. But it is in the power of men of moderate fortunes, by means of slight additions and alterations, to produce a very essential change in the appearance of farm buildings, cottages, &c. and in the grouping of them in villages; and such effects, though less splendid than those of regular architecture, are not less interesting. There is, indeed, no scene where such a variety of forms and embellishments may be introduced at so small an expense, and without any thing fantastic or unnatural, as that of a village; none where the lover of painting, and the lover of humanity, may find so many sources of amusement and interest.

A number of mere ornamental buildings have, very generally, an air of profuse ostentation, and, at the same time, are apt to have a glaring, unconnected appearance; and, indeed, however judiciously they may be placed and accompanied, they have a want of interest, from the very circumstance that they are designed for no other purpose than that of ornament. The mind does not feel entirely satisfied when that is the only purpose; it likes to consider ornament as an accessary, not as a principal. An ancient temple, dedicated to a divinity of those times, as that of Clitumnus on the bank of his own stream, sanctified by the supposed presence of the god, frequented by his worshippers, and decorated by their piety, was then an object of gay and festive devotion, and still continues to be looked at with an interesting veneration; but the sensation is comparatively cold, when ornament is itself the sole deity of every temple. I by no means intend by this to condemn such buildings. Magnificence cannot be better displayed in extensive gardens and pleasure grounds, than by giving scope to the inventions of rising geniuses in architecture, or by shewing us the real appearance of those ancient buildings, which we have admired in pictures, prints and drawings; but I could wish to turn the minds of improvers from too much attachment to solitary parade, towards objects more connected with general habitation and embellishment. Where a mansion-house and a place upon a large scale, happen to be situated as close to a village, as some of the most magnificent seats in the kingdom are to small towns, both styles of embellishment might be adopted. Far from interfering, they would add to each other's effect; and it may be truly said, that there is no way in which wealth can produce such natural unaffected variety, and such interest, as by adorning a real village, and promoting the comforts and enjoyments of its inhabitants. Nothing ever so strongly impressed me with the vacancy of solitary grandeur and power, and the disgust that attends the eternal sameness of artificial scenery and man-

ners, as the sham towns and villages made to divert the Emperor of China; in which the various incidents of real life (not selected and compressed as in dramatic representation) are acted by Eunuchs.

Goldsmith has most feelingly described (more, I trust, from the warmth of a poetical imagination and quick sensibility, than from real fact) the ravages of wealthy pride. My aim is to show that they are no less hostile to real taste, than to humanity; and should I succeed, it is possible that those, whom all the affecting images and pathetic touches of Goldsmith would not have restrained from destroying a village, might even be induced to build one, in order to show their taste in the decoration and disposition of village-houses and cottages.

As human vanity is very fond of new creations, it may not be useless to observe, that to build an entirely new village, is not only a more expensive undertaking than to add to an old one, but that it is, likewise, a much more difficult task to execute it with the same naturalness and variety of disposition; and that it is hardly possible to imitate those circumstances of long-established habitation, which, at the same time that they suggest pleasing reflections to an observing mind, are sure to afford delight to the painter's eye.

An obvious and easy method of rebuilding a village (and one which unfortunately has been put in practice) is to place the houses on two parallel lines, to make them of the same size and shape, and at equal distances from each other. Such a methodical arrangement saves all further thought and invention; but it is hardly necessary to say that nothing can be more formal and insipid. Other regular plans of a better kind have been proposed; but it seems to me, that symmetry, which in cities, and generally in all the higher styles of architecture, produces such grand effects, is less suited to humbler scenes and buildings.

The characteristic beauties of a village, as distinct from a city, are intricacy, variety, and play of outline; and whatever is done, should be with a design to promote those objects. The houses should, therefore, be disposed with that view, and should differ as much in their disposition from those of a regularly built city, as the trees, which are meant to have the character of natural groups, should from those of an avenue. Wherever symmetry and exact uniformity are introduced, those objects which produce a marked intricacy and variety must in general be sacrificed. In an avenue, for instance, sudden inequalities of ground, with wild groups of trees and bushes, which are the ornaments of forest scenery, would not accord with the prevailing character. In the same manner, where a regular street or a square are to be built, all inequalities of ground, all old buildings, however picturesque, will

injure that symmetry of the whole, which must not, except on extraordinary occasions, be sacrificed to particular detail. Now, in a village, all details, whether of inequality of ground, of trees and bushes, or of old buildings of every kind, not only are in character, but serve as indications where and in what manner new buildings may be placed so as at once to promote both variety and connection.

There is no scene where neatness and picturesqueness, where simplicity and intricacy can be so happily united as in a village; or where they may be so well contrasted without any affectation or impropriety. Should there be a house of an old style, in which not only the forms were of a picturesque irregularity, but the tints were of that rich, mellow, harmonious kind, so much admired by painters—an improver who had ever studied pictures, would not suffer them to be destroyed by plaster or white-wash. Another house might have something of the same character in respect to form; but instead of displaying the same variety of well mixed tints, might only look smeared and dirty; in that case a sober white-wash would add neatness and evenness of colour to diversity of form. If there were many irregular old houses, any new one that was wanting might be perfectly simple; but as there is an essential difference between those tints which painters admire and mere dirtiness of colour, so there is as essential a difference between what is simple and what is bald. Baldness of effect, in all objects, arises from want of shadow; but many circumstances that produce depth of shadow—such as projecting roofs, porches, windows that are recessed—are perfectly consistent with simplicity and uniformity.

The forms of chimneys are not less to be attended to in village-houses, than in those on a larger scale; and in some respects still more so: for although any poverty of form gives greater offence when mixed with the beauty and splendour of architecture, yet, in low houses, the good or bad effect of chimneys is more immediately striking, as they are nearer the eye, and larger in proportion to the building. In old village-houses they have often the same picturesque character, and many of the same decorations, with those of the ancient mansions already described; and, indeed, seem to have been copied from them. These, and a great variety of other forms, differing in a number of circumstances, and all of them with some marked characteristic distinction, are to be found both in pictures and in real buildings; and I have often had occasion to observe the amusing effect of that diversity in villages, and on the other hand, the opposite effect of monotony of the worst kind. One instance of the latter I mention with regret, as the houses were in a great measure either rebuilt or repaired by the gentleman who lives

within a short distance of the place, and who, in the two most essential points of neatness and comfort, has great reason to be proud of what he has done: but the chimneys are all single, tall, and thin; and I could not help lamenting that an undertaking, which in other respects deserved so much praise, should have produced the most wretched meagre outline I ever beheld. It is the more provoking, as the village is beautifully backed with trees, which serve to show, with perfect distinctness, all these long detached tubes. The opposite extreme in some of the old stone chimneys, which are built as massively as towers, is more suited to the lover of painting; who might, in particular cases, be induced to build a chimney of that kind, where something of a massive character seemed to be wanting in the composition—a new, but by no means an unentertaining way of considering every part of a building.

Trees, whether single or in groups, whether young or old, are obviously of the greatest use in accompanying buildings of every kind; but there seems to be a much closer union between them and low buildings. Cottages appear to repose under their shade, to be protected, sometimes supported by them; and they, on the other hand, hang over and embrace the cottage with their branches: it seems as if they could never have been separated from each other; and there would be a sort of cruelty in dividing them. If trees thus adorn the cottage, that, in return, by the contrast of its form and colour, no less enhances the peculiar beauties of vegetation, and often fixes the attention on trees which in other situations would be unnoticed. No wonder, then, if we are particularly struck with any of the beautiful exotics when so placed—with an acacia, a pine, a cedar, that shade part of a village-house—with an arbutus, or a cluster of lilacs, over-topping the wall, or the pales of its garden. In these cases, besides the real and less familiar beauty of such trees and shrubs, and the effect of contrast, there is another circumstance that helps to attract and fix our attention; they are separated from that infinite variety of similar productions, which, while it amuses, distracts the eye in shrubberies and collections of exotics.

But though trees and shrubs of every kind have a peculiar and distinguished effect, in consequence of accompanying, and being accompanied by the houses of a village, there is another tribe of plants which gains still more by such a situation, and which indeed no other can show to such advantage; I mean the various sorts of climbing plants. All of them in their native soils, and in their wild state, twist themselves round trees or bushes, mixing their foliage with that of their supporters, enriching their summits, or hanging in festoons from their

branches; nor can anything be more beautiful than such a union. But of the exotic kinds, few among those that endure the open air, will bear the drip of trees so as to flourish amidst their boughs; they therefore are generally seen nailed against a flat wall, or supported by a pole, neither of which are very favourable to their effect. As almost all of them require a free circulation of air, many of them warmth and shelter, the best situation, in regard both to their health and effect, seems to be a projection from a building. Porticos of regular architecture, are too costly to be made supporters of climbing plants, however beautiful their union might be; and the same thing may in general be said of temples and ornamental buildings, in gardens and pleasure grounds. Other buildings might be made expressly for that purpose; but it would be difficult to contrive such a variety of supports of different characters, as may be found in a village; or which, if not found there, may always be added to the houses of it. A great diversity of sudden and singular projections is to be met with in all old houses that have been added to at different times; but what I principally allude to, are porches, of which so many models may be taken both from real buildings and from pictures. Wherever honeysuckles, vines, jasmines, grow over them, they attract and please every eye; and the same sort of beautiful effect (not indeed more beautiful) would be produced by the less common exotic climbers.

It seldom happens that the taste of the mere collector of curious plants, and that of the picturesque improver, can be made to accord so well as in this instance. Village-houses generally afford many warm aspects and sheltered situations, where the less hardy climbers will flourish, and of course a still greater number of more exposed walls and projections, against which those that are perfectly hardy may be placed; and from the irregular shape of many of the houses, there are various divisions and compartments of various sizes and heights, by means of which a collector of climbing plants might arrange them, according to their different degrees of hardiness and luxuriancy; so that while he was indulging his favourite passion, he would be adding the most engaging ornaments to the most pleasing of all rural scenes. In all climbing plants, there is so much beauty arising either from their flowers, their foliage, or from their loose and flexible manner of growing, that no arrangement could well prevent them from giving pleasure to the lover of painting, as well as to every spectator; for the detail would be in a high degree interesting, whether the plants were considered in a botanical light, as detached flourishing specimens, or in a picturesque light, as exhibiting a variety of new combinations of form and colour;

the different vegetable tints being sometimes blended with the rich mellow hues of old stone or wood-work; sometimes with the neatness, and the fresh colours of new work. Sometimes, too, the more light and delicate leaves and brilliant flowers would appear alone, at other times mixed and twined with large broad leaves, either jagged and deeply indented, such as the vine, or entire, as those of the aristolochia.

Although I have particularly dwelt upon the beauty of climbing plants, I do not mean that no others ought to be made use of in such situations as I have described. Where there are brick houses in villages, we sometimes see fruit-trees against them, while honeysuckles or jasmines are trained over the porch or the trellis before the door. This mixture of utility with ornament, of boughs which are nailed close to the wall with those which hang loosely over a projection, forms a pleasing variety. Indeed, fruit-trees, which in every situation give the cheerfullest ideas, are peculiarly adapted to villages; for as they exhibit both in spring and autumn a striking image of fertility, they are the properest, and indeed the most usual accompaniments to habitation. Considered, likewise, in another point of view, they are seldom seen to such advantage in other situations. The effect of blossoms, however gay and cheerful, is often spotty and glaring; but I have frequently observed, that when they are seen near stone buildings or houses of a light colour, the whole is upon the same scale of colouring, and produces a highly brilliant, but harmonious picture. Should the taste of improvers be turned towards the embellishment of villages, a variety of such standard fruit-trees might be introduced, as are remarkable in their different kinds, not only for their goodness, but for the beauty of their blossoms and fruit.

It might not perhaps be expected that a lover of painting and of picturesque circumstances, should speak of trees nailed close to a wall, or of clipped hedges, as objects that are pleasing to the eye; it is certain, however, that both of them do give pleasure, though of a totally different kind from that which we feel in viewing a tree in its untouched luxuriant state, bending with the weight of its fruit; or from a neglected hedge with trees and bushes of various heights, and overgrown with ivy and woodbine. The fact is, that neatness and regularity are so connected with the habitation of man, that they almost always please on a small scale, and where that connection is immediate—especially when they are contrasted with what is wild and luxuriant, without being slovenly. A hedge that has been so carefully and regularly trained and sheared as to be of equal thickness from top to bottom, gives pleasure also, from its answering so perfectly the end for which it was de-

signed; on the other hand, where there is a wall, climbing plants may be allowed to spread over it in all their luxuriancy—for they adorn, without injuring it as a fence.

The building which gives most consequence to a village, and distinguishes it from a mere hamlet, is the church. That forms its most conspicuous feature at a distance, and often in the near view a central point, round which the houses are irregularly disposed. Indeed, the church, together with the church-yard, is, on various accounts, an interesting object to the villagers of every age and disposition; to the old and serious, as a spot consecrated to the purposes of religion, where the living Christian performs his devotions, and where, after death, his body is deposited near those of his ancestors, and departed friends and relations; to the young and thoughtless, as a place where, on the day of rest from labour, they meet each other in their holiday clothes; and also (what forms a singular contrast with tombs and gravestones) as the place which at their wakes, is the chief scene of their gaiety and rural sports. Of the most conspicuous part of churches there are various forms; among which, none is, perhaps, more suited to a village, than that which occurs in the often-quoted lines of Milton—a tower with battlements. A tower, in its most simple, unvaried, unornamented state, always strikes and pleases the eye; it also admits of a high degree of ornament. The battlement is the simplest break to the uniformity of a mere wall; it is sufficient to give variety to the summit, without injury to its massiveness. On the other hand, pinnacles and open work, such as are seen in many of the towers of our cathedrals, are the most striking specimens of richness and lightness, both of design and execution. They are, however, on account of that richness, less suited to a village than to a city, yet they will not bear to be simplified; for where a plain pinnacle is placed on each corner of a tower, the whole has a very meagre appearance; indeed, when we consider what are the chief characteristics of the style of architecture to which they belong, plain simple Gothic, is almost as great a contradiction, as plain simple intricacy and enrichment. Battlements are not liable to the same objection as pinnacles, for their effect, though simple, is never meagre. The battlemented tower admits, also, of many picturesque additions, such as turrets rising above, or projecting beyond the main body, most of which additions and variations were probably taken from those of a similar kind in the ancient castles. The well-known passage in Milton,

> "Towers and battlements it sees
> Bosom'd high in tufted trees,"

has, I believe, been most commonly supposed to refer to churches of that form; but I should rather conceive that it alludes to a castle—a more suitable, because a more romantic habitation for the "Cynosure of neighbouring eyes," than a village or a town.

The spire has its own peculiar beauty, though of a very inferior kind to that of the tower; yet there are situations where the spire, on account of its height, and for the sake of variety, may have the preference; but as its beauty consists in its height, its gradual diminution, and its connection with the base, nothing can be more absurd than a short spire stuck upon a tower, and that by way of ornament.

A church, like other buildings, is greatly improved by the immediate accompaniment of trees; and luckily few church-yards are without them. The yew, which is the most common in that situation, is, from the depth and solemnity of its foliage, the most suited to it, and is, indeed, as much consecrated to the dead, as the cypress was among the ancients. Whatever trees are planted in a church-yard, whether evergreens or deciduous, it is clear that they should be of a dark foliage. Evergreens, therefore, as more solemn, in general deserve the preference; and there seems to be no reason why, in the more southern parts of England, cypresses should not be mixed with yews, or why cedars of Libanus, which are perfectly hardy, and of a much quicker growth than yews, should not be introduced. In high romantic situations particularly, where the church-yard is elevated above the general level, a cedar, spreading its branches downwards from that height, would have the most picturesque, and at the same time the most solemn effect.

The last finishing charm of a village scene, as of all others, is water; and though there is no character of water which will not add an interest to whatever is connected with it, yet a brook seems to be that which most perfectly accords with the scale and character of a village. In the same degree also, the simple construction of a foot-bridge, which has been already mentioned, formed by flat stones laid on more massy blocks, agrees with the character of a brook. Indeed, it generally happens that on a small scale the rude efforts of inexperienced man have something more attractive—and what is very justly called picturesque—than that which is done by the more regular process of art; such a bridge, for instance, whether of wood or stone, than one of a small arch.

Where the country abounds with quarries, we often see large flat stones laid upon others for the purpose of washing, in the same manner as they are placed in the rude bridges, and near to one of them. These have their effect to the painter's eye merely as objects in the foreground,

and as being so perfectly in character with all that is near them—but they are more interesting on account of the number of picturesque circumstances which the purpose they are intended for gives rise to; and, therefore, trifling as they may appear, are not unworthy the attention of an improver. There is no situation in which they are not interesting to the lover of painting; but I remember to have been particularly delighted with a scene of this kind, close by the road side in a romantic country, and at a short distance from a town. It was a place where a small cascade had worn a basin in the natural rock. I came suddenly upon it at a turn of the road—it was almost surrounded by women busily employed, but gaily laughing, talking, and singing, amidst the noise of beating clothes, and the splashing of the water. Some of the clothes were spread out on the low rocks near the basin, and partly hanging down their sides; other were in bundles on the ground, or on the heads of those who were carrying them away; while their different shapes, folds, and colours, the actions and expressions of the women, the clearness and various motions of the water—the whole seen on a beautiful summer evening made the greatest impression on me as a picture; but it also struck me as the most delightful image of peace and security, and brought to my mind the well-known lines of the great poet, in which he has introduced that image with the most powerful and tender effect. It is in that interesting part, where, as Achilles is pursuing Hector, they come to the two fountains of Scamander.

Ενθα δ' επ' αυταων πλυνοι ευρεες εγγυς εασι
Καλοι, λαινεοι, 'οθι ειματα σιγαλοεντα
Πλυνεσκον Τρωων αλοχοι, καλαι τε θυγατρες,
Τοῶριν επ ειρηνης, πριν ελθειν υἱας Αχαιων.
Iliad, lib. 21, *l.* 153.

May we never feel the full pathos of this affecting passage. Pope's translation of this passage, though the lines are very pleasing, is far from having the pathos of the original.

"Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,
Whose polish'd bed receives the falling rills—
Where Trojan dames, e'er yet alarm'd by Greece,
Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace."

The difference, I believe, arises in a great degree from the different arrangement of the circumstances. In Homer, all the descriptive part comes first, while the reflection is entirely reserved to the last—an art—if such it may be called, where there is no appearance of any—of

which there are other striking instances in that great father of poetry. The word *alarmed*, also, does not express what is clearly expressed in the original—the actual invasion of the country.

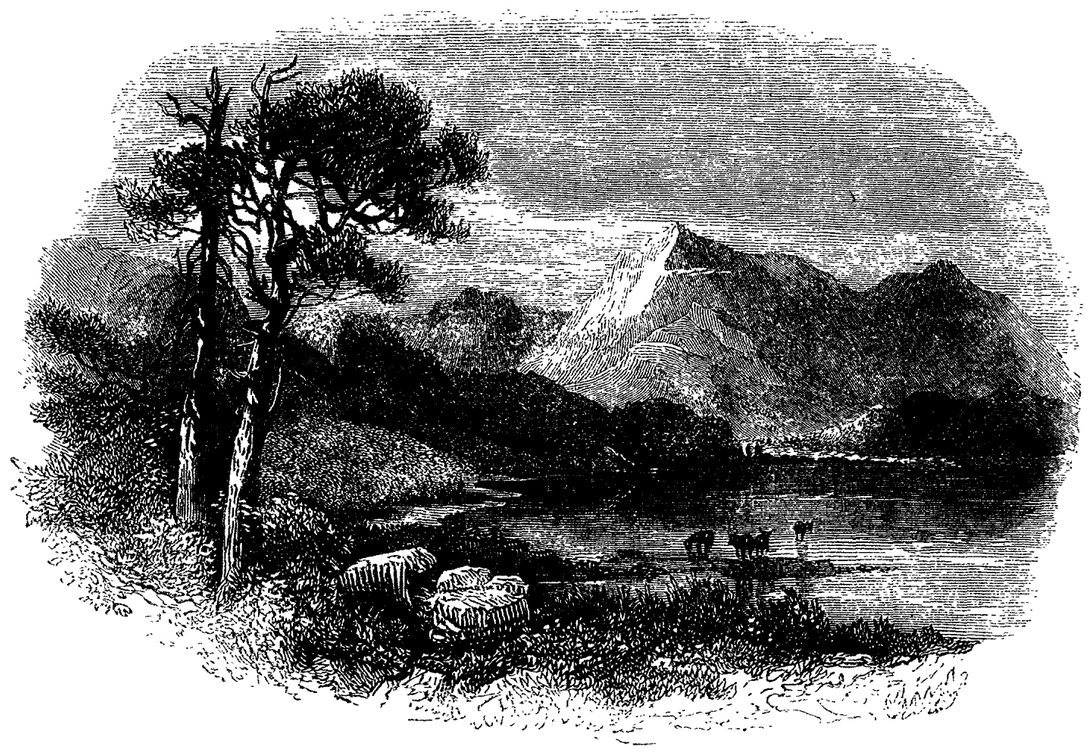
I may, perhaps, be thought by many of my readers, to have indulged myself too long in my passion for village scenery. I must repeat as my excuse, what I said when I first entered on the subject, that "there is no scene where such a variety of forms and embellishments may be introduced at so small an expense, and without any thing fantastic or unnatural, as in a village; and where the lover of painting, and the lover of humanity, may find so many sources of amusement and interest." All the liberal arts are justly said to soften our manners, and not suffer them to be fierce and savage. None, I believe, has a juster claim to that high praise, than the art of painting. Whoever has looked with delight at Gainsborough's representations of cottages and their inhabitants; at Greuze's interesting pictures; at the various groups and effects in those of the Dutch masters, will certainly feel from that recollection, an additional delight in viewing similar objects and characters in nature. And I believe it is difficult to look at any objects with pleasure (unless where it arises from brutal or tumultuous emotions) without feeling that disposition of mind, which tends towards kindness and benevolence; and surely whatever creates such a disposition, by increasing our pleasures and enjoyments, cannot be too much cultivated. I have just mentioned Gainsborough's pictures, and will here add a few words with regard to the painter himself. When he lived at Bath, I made frequent excursions with him into the country; he was a man of an eager irritable mind, though warmly attached to those he loved; of a lively and playful imagination, yet at times severe and sarcastic. But when we came to cottage or village scenes, to groups of children, or to any objects of that kind which struck his fancy, I have often remarked in his countenance an expression of particular gentleness and complacency. I have often too observed Sir Joshua Reynolds, when children have been playing before him—the most affectionate parent could not gaze at them with a look more expressive of kindness and interest. He was indeed the mildest and most benevolent of men; but in that look was clearly expressed the mixture of interest which arose from his art, and which seemed to give additional force to his natural philanthropy.

With respect to the particular subject of this Essay, although by the study of pictures a man will gain but little knowledge of architecture as a science, yet, by seeing the grandest and most beautiful specimens of that art happily grouped with each other and with the surrounding objects, and displayed in the most favourable points of view, he may

certainly acquire a just idea of their forms and effects, and their connection with scenery. He will also gain a knowledge, not easily acquired by any other means—that of the infinitely diversified characters and effects of broken and irregular buildings with their accompaniments; and of all that in them, and in similar objects is justly called picturesque, because they belong to pictures, and to the productions of no other art.

The more I reflect on the whole of the subject, the more I am convinced, that the study of the principles of painting in the works of eminent painters, is the best method of acquiring an accurate and comprehensive taste and judgment, in all that regards the effects and combinations of visible objects. And thence I conclude, that unless we are guided by those enlarged principles, which, instead of confining our ideas to the peculiar and exclusive modes of one nation, or one period, direct our choice towards whatever is excellent in every age, and every country —we may indeed have fine houses, highly polished grounds and gardens, and beautiful ornamental buildings, but we shall not have that general combination of form and effect, which is by far the most essential point; which makes amends for the want of particular beauties, but the absence of which no particular beauties can compensate.

[It is impossible to add any thing to what has been said so well in the foregoing pages, upon village architecture and scenery. But I may only remark, that to those who have the ground and the means, we know nothing so well calculated to increase the interest of any locality, as a well placed, and judiciously constructed village, or even cluster of cottages.—E.]



LETTER TO UVEDALE PRICE, Esq.

Sir,

I am much obliged by your attention, in having directed your bookseller to send me an early copy of your ingenious work. It has been my companion during a long journey, and has furnished me with entertainment similar to that which I have occasionally had the honour to experience from your animated conversation on the subject. In the general principles and theory of the art which you have considered with so much attention, I flatter myself that we agree, and that our difference of opinion relates only to the propriety, or perhaps possibility, of reducing them to practice.

I am obliged both to Mr. Knight and to yourself, for mentioning my name as an exception to the tasteless herd of Mr. Brown's followers, and yet I may say that, should the new system of improving, "by neglect and accident," ever prevail so far as to render this beautiful kingdom one huge picturesque forest, I doubt whether such mention of my name may not be attributed to the same delicate motives which you so ingeniously assign in excuse for Mr. Mason's praise of Brown. But, while you are pleased to allow me some of the qualities necessary to my profession, you suppose me deficient in others, and therefore strongly recommend the study of "what the higher artists have done, both in

their pictures and drawings;" a branch of knowledge which I have always considered to be not less essential to my profession than hydraulics or surveying, and without which I should never have presumed to arrogate to myself the title of "*Landscape Gardener*," which, you observe, is "*a title of no small pretension.*"

It is difficult to define GOOD TASTE in any of the polite arts, and amongst the respective professors of them, I am sorry to observe, that it is seldom allowed in a rival; while those who are not professors, but, being free from the business or dissipation of life, have found leisure to excel in any one of these arts, generally find time also to cultivate the others, and, because there really does exist some affinity betwixt them, they are apt to suppose it still greater.

Thus *Music* and *Poetry* are often coupled together, although very few instances occur in which they are made to assimilate, because the melody of an air is seldom adapted either to the rhyme or measure of the verse. In like manner *Poetry* and *Painting* are often joined, but the canvass rarely embodies those figurative personages to advantage, which the poet's enthusiasm presents to the reader's imagination.

During the pleasant hours we passed together amidst the romantic scenery of the Wye, I do remember my acknowledging that an enthusiasm for the picturesque had originally led me to fancy greater affinity betwixt *Painting* and *Gardening*, than I found to exist after more mature consideration and more practical experience; because, *in whatever relates to man, propriety and convenience are not less objects of good taste than picturesque effect*—and a beautiful garden scene is not more defective, because it would not look well on canvass, than a didactic poem, because it neither furnishes a subject for the painter or the musician. There are a thousand scenes in nature to delight the eye, besides those which may be copied as pictures; and indeed one of the keenest observers of picturesque scenery (Mr. Gilpin) has often regretted that few are capable of being so represented without considerable license and alteration.

If, therefore, the painter's landscape be indispensable to the perfection of gardening, it would surely be far better to paint it on canvass at the end of an avenue, as they do in Holland, than to sacrifice the health, cheerfulness, and comfort of a country residence to the wild but pleasing scenery of a painter's imagination.

There is no exercise so pleasing to the inquisitive mind, as that of deducing theories and systems from favourite opinions. I was, therefore, peculiarly interested and gratified by your ingenious distinction betwixt the beautiful and the picturesque; but I cannot admit the propriety of

its application to landscape gardening, because beauty and not "picturesqueness," is the chief object of modern improvement; for although some nurserymen, or labourers in the kitchen garden, may have badly copied Mr. Brown's manner, yet the unprejudiced eye will discover innumerable beauties in the works of that great self-taught master; and since you have so judiciously marked the distinction betwixt the *beautiful* and the *picturesque*, they will perhaps discover that, where the habitation and convenience of man can be improved by *beauty*, "*picturesqueness*" may be transferred to the ragged gipsy, with whom "the wild ass, the Pomeranian dog, and shaggy goat," are more in harmony, than "the sleek-coated horse," or the dappled deer, which have never till lately been discovered, when "in groups, to be meagre and spotty." The continual moving and lively agitation observable in herds of deer, is one of the circumstances which painting cannot represent; but it is not less an object of beauty and cheerfulness in park scenery.

Amidst the severity of your satire on Mr. Brown and his followers, I cannot be ignorant that many pages are directly pointed at my opinions; although with more delicacy than your friend Mr. Knight has shown, in the attempt to make me an object of ridicule, by misquoting my unpublished MSS.

It is the misfortune of every liberal art to find amongst its professors some men of uncouth manners; and since my profession has more frequently been practised by mere day labourers, and persons of no educa-

tion, it is the more difficult to give it that rank amongst the polite arts, which I conceive it ought to hold. Yet it is now become my duty to support its respectability, since you attack the very existence of that profession, at the head of which both you and Mr. Knight have the goodness to say that I am deservedly placed.

Your new theory of deducing *landscape gardening* from *painting* is so plausible, that, like many other philosophic theories, it may captivate and mislead, unless duly examined by the test of experience and practice. I cannot help seeing great affinity betwixt deducing gardening from the painter's studies of wild nature, and deducing government from the uncontrolled opinions of man in a savage state. The neatness, simplicity, and elegance of English gardening, have acquired the approbation of the present century, as the happy medium betwixt the wildness of nature and the stiffness of art; in the same manner as the English constitution is the happy medium betwixt the liberty of savages, and the restraint of despotic government; and so long as we enjoy the benefit of these middle degrees betwixt extremes of each, let experiments of untried, theoretical improvement be made in some other country.

So far I have endeavoured to defend Mr. Brown with respect to the general principle of improvement. But it is necessary to enter something farther into the detail of his practice of what has been ludicrously called *clumping* and *belting*. No man of taste can hesitate betwixt the natural group of trees composed of various growths, and that formal patch of firs which too often disfigure a lawn, under the name of a clump; but the most certain method of producing a group of five or six trees, is to plant fifty or sixty within the same fence, and this Mr. Brown frequently advised, with a mixture of firs to protect and shelter the young trees during their infancy; but, unfortunately, the neglect or bad taste of his employers would occasionally suffer the firs to remain long after they had completed their office as nurses, while others have actually planted *firs only* in such clumps, totally misconceiving Mr. Brown's original intention. Nor is it uncommon to see these black patches surrounded by a painted rail, a quick hedge, or even a stone wall, instead of that temporary fence which is always an object of necessity, and not of choice.

If a large expanse of lawn happens unfortunately to have no single trees or groups to diversify its surface, it is sometimes necessary to plant them; and if the size and quantity of these clumps or masses bear proportion to the extent of lawn or shape of the ground, they are surely less offensive than a multitude of starving single trees surrounded

by heavy cradle fences, which are often dotted over the whole surface of a park. I will grant that where a few old trees can be preserved of former hedge-rows, the clump is seldom necessary, except in a flat country where the surface of the lawn may be varied by thick masses, whose effect cannot be produced by single trees. The clump, therefore, is never to be considered as an object of present beauty, but as a more certain expedient for producing future beauties, than young trees which very seldom grow when exposed singly to wind and sun.

I shall now proceed to defend my predecessor's *belt*, on the same principle of expedience. Although I perfectly agree that, in certain situations, it has been executed in a manner to be tiresome in itself and highly injurious to the general scenery, yet there are many places in which no method could be more fortunately devised than a belt or boundary of plantation to encompass the park or lawn. It is often too long and always too narrow, but from my own experience I am convinced, that notwithstanding the obstinacy and presumption of which Mr. Brown is accused, he had equal difficulties to surmount from the profusion and the parsimony of his employers, or he would never have consented to those meagre girdles of plantation which are extended for many miles in length, although not above twenty or thirty yards in breadth.

Let me briefly trace the origin, intention, and uses of a belt.—The comfort and pleasure of a country residence requires that some ground, in proportion to the size of the house, should be separated from the adjoining ploughed fields; this inclosure, call it park, or lawn, or pleasure-ground, must have the air of being appropriated to the peculiar use and pleasure of the proprietor. The love of seclusion and safety is not less natural to man than that of liberty, and I conceive it would be almost as painful to live in a house without the power of shutting any door, as in one with all the doors locked; the mind is equally displeased with the excess of liberty or of restraint, when either is too apparent. From hence proceeds the necessity of inclosing a park, and also of hiding the boundary by which it is inclosed; and a plantation being the most natural means of hiding a park pale, nothing can be more obvious than a drive or walk in such a plantation. If this belt be made of one uniform breadth, with a drive as uniformly serpentining through the middle of it, I am ready to allow that the way can only be interesting to him who wishes to examine the growth of his young trees—to every one else it must be tedious, and its dulness will increase in proportion to its length. On the contrary, if the plantation be judiciously made of various breadth, if its outline be adapted to the natural

shape of the ground, and if the drive be conducted irregularly through its course, sometimes totally within the dark shade, sometimes skirting so near its edge as to show the different scenes betwixt the trees, and sometimes quitting the wood entirely to enjoy the unconfined view of distant prospects—it will surely be allowed that such a plantation is the best possible means of connecting and displaying the various pleasing points of view, at a distance from each other, within the limits of the park; and the only just objection that can be urged, is where such points do not occur often enough, and where the length of a drive is substituted for its variety.

This Letter, which has been written at various opportunities during my journey into Derbyshire, has insensibly grown to a bulk which I little expected when I began it. I shall therefore cause a few copies to be printed, to serve as a general defence of an art, which, I trust, will not be totally suppressed, although you so earnestly recommend every gentleman to become his own landscape gardener. With equal propriety might every gentleman become his own architect, or even his own physician: in short, there is nothing that a man of abilities may not do for himself, if he will dedicate his whole attention to that subject only. But the life of man is not sufficient to excel in all things; and as "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," so the professors of every art, as well as that of medicine, will often find that the most difficult cases are those where the patient has begun by *quacking himself.*

The general rules of art are to be acquired by study, but the manner of applying them can only be learned by practice; yet there are certain good plans which, like certain good medicines, may be proper in almost every case. It was therefore no greater impeachment of Mr. Brown's taste to anticipate his belt in a naked country, than it would be to a physician to guess, before he saw the patient, that he would prescribe James's powders in a fever.

In the volume of my works now in the press, I have endeavoured to trace the difference betwixt *painting* and *gardening*, as well as to make a distinction betwixt a *landscape* and a *prospect.* Supposing the former to be the proper subject for a painter, while the latter is that in which every body delights; and, in spite of the fastidiousness of connoisseurship, we must allow something to the general voice of mankind. I am led to this remark from observing the effect of picturesque scenery on the visitors of Matlock Bath (where this part of my Letter has been written.) In the valley a thousand delightful subjects present themselves to the painter, yet the visitors of this place are seldom satisfied till they have climbed the neighbouring hills to take a bird's-eye view of the whole spot, which no painting can represent. The love of pro-

spect seems a natural propensity, an inherent passion of the human mind, if I may use so strong an expression.

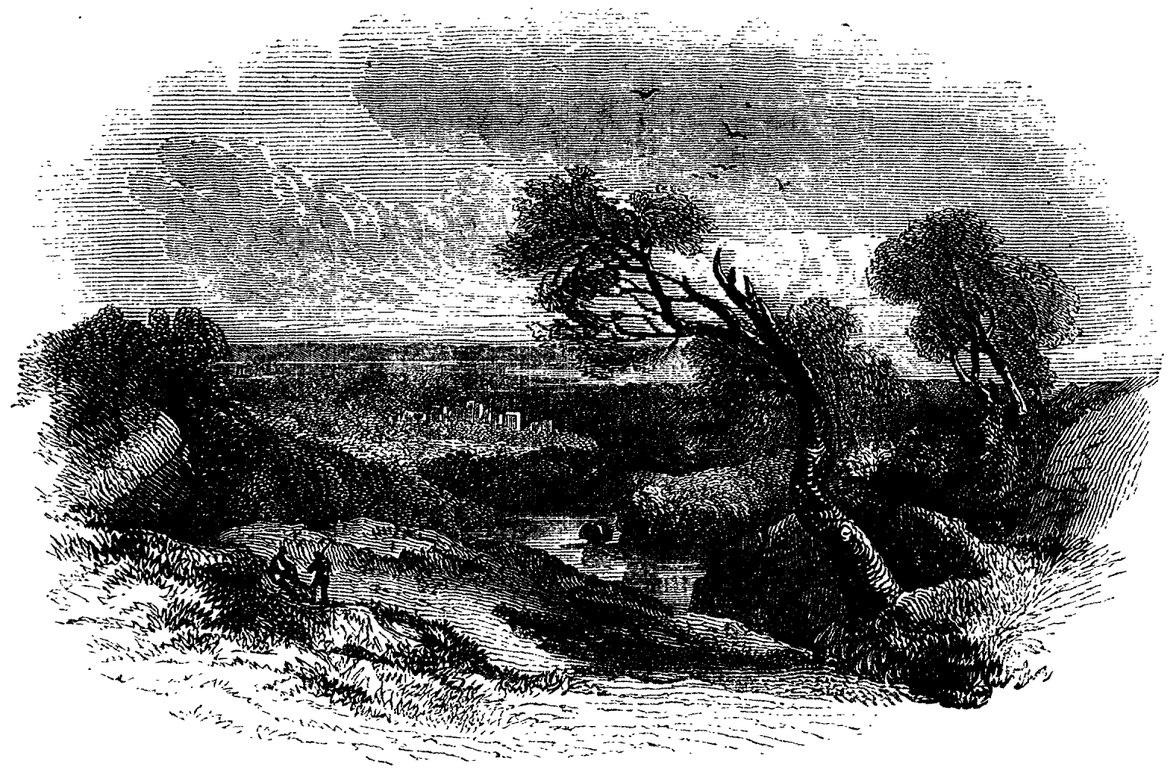
This consideration confirms my opinion that *painting* and *gardening* are nearly connected, but not so intimately related as you imagine: they are not sister arts proceeding from the same stock, but rather congenial natures, brought together like man and wife; while, therefore, you exult in the office of mediator betwixt these two "imaginary personages," you should recollect the danger of interfering in their occasional differences, and especially how you advise them both to wear the same article of dress.

I shall conclude this long letter by an allusion to a work which it is impossible for you to admire more than I do. Mr. Burke, in his Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, observes, that habit will make a man prefer the taste of tobacco to that of sugar; yet the world will never be brought to say that sugar is not sweet. In like manner, both Mr. Knight and you are in the habits of admiring fine pictures, and both live amidst bold and picturesque scenery—this may have rendered you insensible to the beauty of those milder scenes that have charms for common observers. I will not arraign your taste, or call it vitiated, but your palate certainly requires a degree of "irritation" rarely to be expected in garden scenery; and I trust the good sense and good taste of this country will never be led to despise the comfort of a gravel walk, the delicious fragrance of a shrubbery, the soul-expanding delight of a wide extended prospect, or a view down a steep hill, because they are all subjects incapable of being painted. An extensive *prospect* is here mentioned as one of the subjects that may be delightful, although not picturesque. But I have repeatedly given my opinion, that however desirable a prospect may be from a tower or belvidere, it is seldom advisable from the windows of a constant residence.

Notwithstanding the occasional asperity of your remarks on my opinions, and the unprovoked sally of Mr. Knight's wit, I esteem it a very pleasant circumstance of my life to have been personally known to you both, and to have witnessed your good taste in many situations. I shall beg leave, therefore, to subscribe myself, with much regard and esteem,

SIR,
Your most obedient humble Servant,
H. REPTON.

HARE STREET, NEAR ROMFORD,
July 1, 1794.



LETTER TO H. REPTON, Esq.

Sir,

Though upon some accounts I might have wished that the printed Letter you have addressed to me, had been a private one; yet upon the whole I cannot be sorry that you have made it public. I am thereby enabled freely and openly to discuss the points of difference between us; to enforce some principles, and enlarge upon others, on which I had touched but slightly. On the other hand, had it been a private Letter, those points might have been more amicably discussed; explanations and corrections might have taken place, which, had you afterwards thought it right to appeal to the public, might have so changed the nature of the appeal, as to make an answer from me less necessary, or at least less controversial.

Had such a Letter been addressed to me by a mere theorist in improvement, I should have been much less solicitous (however high his reputation) to answer his objections in detail; for, were I ever so completely to vanquish such an antagonist, it might still be said, that the *practical* improver only, and one whose practice was extensive, could point out the most essential defects in my book as far as it related to improvements; for that whatever principles could not be applied practically, and yet were intended to be so applied, were worse than useless;

they were likely to mislead. It is therefore no little satisfaction to me, that I am now probably acquainted with the chief bent of the arguments against my principles of improvements, and in favour of Mr. Brown's practice; for no person is likely to be so well prepared with those arguments as yourself.

I do not consider this Letter merely as an answer to yours, but as a Supplement (and perhaps a very necessary one) to my Essay; and I will own, that without the assistance your Letter has afforded me, without the hints you there have given me, and the modes of defence and attack which you have suggested, I could not so well have made it.

You have, however, in the course of that Letter, produced several opinions as mine, none of which, as far as I can judge, are warranted by what I have written; some directly contrary to the whole tenor of my work. These I must necessarily point out; and there cannot be a greater advantage in any controversy, than to be able to show clearly that your opponent has mis-stated your opinions, and then ridiculed and argued against his own mis-statements. Had you thought proper to communicate your Letter to me before it was printed, (though I do not mean to insinuate that I had any right to expect it,) you would easily have been convinced of those mis-statements by references to my book. This would have saved me from the unpleasant task of pointing them out to the public—a task which it is difficult to perform without some retort, and appearance of asperity; it would also have saved you from, what I am sure you will very sensibly feel, the mortification of being convicted either of want of candour, or of common attention, where, for your own sake, the closest attention, and the utmost fairness and accuracy were required. It is true, I should thereby have lost a very great advantage in case of a controversy; but I should by no means regret it, being much more desirous of union than of triumph.

From the time I had first the pleasure of being acquainted with you, I wished to be your ally, not your opponent. I flattered myself, that, having considered the same subject in different lights, and by means of a different course of study, we might have been of reciprocal use to each other. I felt great hopes that you might employ your talents (which I thought would naturally lead you that way) in making experiments in landscape-gardening on the principles of landscape-painting, and of the art of painting in general. Your reputation would have justified you in making those experiments, and they in return (if performed for some time under your own eye,) would, I am convinced, have increased that reputation in no slight degree. You have, however, chosen to take what I may well call the opposite side—to stand forth the defender of Mr.

Brown; a circumstance which, I assure you, is sincerely lamented by many of your friends and well-wishers, among whom I may, with great truth, reckon myself;—they were desirous that you should stand on your own merits, leaving yourself free to avoid whatever, on more mature reflection, might appear defective in any system.

I shall now proceed to answer the different parts of your Letter; and must begin by thanking you for your civility in speaking so favourably of my book. I am much pleased to find that you agree with me in the general principles of the art; that is a great point gained. The propriety or possibility of reducing them to practice may be an object of future, and, I trust, of amicable discussion. The trial as yet has never fairly been made; if it should be, I am persuaded it will be found, that the affinity between the principles of painting and of improving is much closer than you seem willing to allow; and that the application of those principles, particularly with respect to water, will produce varieties and effects, which will shame the cold monotony of Mr. Brown's works.

The "new system of improvement" you have taken the trouble of forming for me, together with the sarcastic title you have given it, accord but ill with the approbation you had just before bestowed, and that in so flattering a manner, on my general principles. As little does the consequence of that system accord with my ideas of improvement; for there is so great a pleasure arising from fine verdure, from neatness, from the marks of habitation, of ease, and opulence, that rather than see this beautiful kingdom one huge, though picturesque, forest, I should almost hesitate (had I the choice) whether I might not even prefer its being *finished* by Mr. Brown; and that, for a lover of pictures, and whose palate, as you afterwards observe, requires a degree of irritation, is going a great length. An anecdote I heard some years ago of Mr. Quin, and which I believe is not so much hackneyed as many others, seems to me not inapplicable. When grown old, and quite broken down, he one day crawled out to sun himself on the South Parade. A conceited young fellow skipping up to him, cried out, "Mr. Quin! I am sorry to see you look so old and infirm; now what would you give to be as young, and as active, and as full of spirits as I am!" Quin looked at him very sternly; "Young man," said he, "I would bid very high indeed—I think I could be content to be as foolish."

It seems to me that your principal aim through the whole of this Letter, is to show, that by an attention to pictures, and to the method of study pursued by painters, only wild and unpolished ideas are acquired. I cannot but wonder, that a person whose talents for drawing might have led him to form a more just opinion on the subject, should

have conceived that the study of an art, which has been employed in tracing whatever is most beautiful and elegant, as well as what is wild and romantic, should convert its admirers into so many Cherokees, and make them lose all relish but for what is savage and uncultivated. I will beg you to reflect on what some of the highest artists have done both in their pictures and drawings, and on the character of their productions. You must be sensible that the mixture of gay and highly cultivated nature, with the most splendid and finished works of art in Claude Lorraine—the studied and uniform grandeur of the landscapes of N. Poussin, the style of his compositions, sometimes approaching to formality, but from that very circumstance deriving a solemn dignity —are both of them (and many other examples might be given) as distinct from the wildness of mere forest scenery, as they are from the tameness of Mr. Brown's performances. Many painters, it is true, did principally study the wild and unpolished parts of nature; and from this circumstance, and from my having mentioned in my essay the effects of neglect and accident, together with the use which all painters *had* made, and improvers *might* make of those effects, you have formed a *system* for me, and have called it "*the new system of improving by neglect and accident.*" You will, perhaps, be surprised if I should show, in the course of this letter, that you have been trying to ridicule (and very undeservedly) your own practice, while you thought you were laughing at mine. Had you considered what I have written with the attention which every man ought to give to what he means to criticise, and candidly taken the spirit of it, you must have felt that I never could propose so preposterous a plan as you appear to have formed for me—that I never could mean that the improver should abandon all design and leave every thing to chance (the idea you clearly intend to convey by "the new system of improving by neglect and accident,") but that by studying the effects which *had* been produced by them, he should learn *how* to design—that is, how to produce similar effects with as great a degree of certainty as the case will admit of, for still a great deal must, and ought to be, left to accident.

I was struck with a passage I read lately in Helvetius, which illustrates this idea by showing its application to a higher purpose:—"Le hazard a, et il aura donc toujours part à notre éducation, et surtout à celle des hommes de génie. En veut on augmenter le nombre dans une nation? *Qu'on observe les moyens dont se sert le hazard* pour inspirer aux hommes le désir de s'illustrer. Cette observation faite, qu'on les place *à dessein*, et fréquemment *dans les mêmes positions ou*

le hazard les place rarement. C'est le seul moyen de les multiplier." —*Helvetius de l'Homme*, Chap. VIII.

What I have stated above may appear like a contradiction, but it must be remembered that what would be absurd in many other arts (as, for instance, in architecture) is proper in yours, where vegetation is the chief instrument in your operations. Trees and plants of every kind (considered as materials for landscape) should have room to spread in various degrees and in various directions, and then accident will produce unthought-of varieties and beauties, without injuring the general design; but if they are allowed to spread in one direction only, you in a great measure prevent the operation of accident—and thence the sameness and heaviness of the outsides of clumps, and of all close plantations. The old gardeners of the Dutch school *totally* prevented its operation, and imitated architecture—and thence the still greater formality and stiffness of vegetable walls, and of all that is called topiary work. It has been said in defence of Mr. Brown, that, allowing the clump to be bad, yet still it is better than an obelisk or pyramid of lime or yew; this defence would be good, had such pyramids and obelisks, and all the ornaments of a Dutch garden, been stuck upon the sides and summits of hills, and all the most conspicuous points of a whole district; the clump would then have taken the place of more glaring pieces of formality, and therefore would comparatively have been an improvement, but as the case stands, while Mr. Brown was removing old pieces of formality, he was establishing new ones of a more extensive and mischievous consequence. Besides, those old formalities were acknowledged as such, and confined to the garden only; but these new ones have no limits, and are not only cried up as specimens of pure, genuine nature, but of nature refined and embellished, from which the painter, as well as the gardener, may learn to correct and enlarge his ideas and his practice.

As I have attributed much of the defect in Mr. Brown's system to his not having attended to the effects which *had* been produced by accident, and to his having, in a great degree, prevented its *future* operation in his own works—as this is in my opinion a point of no little consequence, though (as you have shown) extremely open to misrepresentation, and as it is a point on which I have touched but slightly in my essay, I will beg leave to dwell upon it a little longer.

Every man will allow that painters and improvers ought to study nature, and nature in contradistinction to art. Are then all parts of nature to be studied indiscriminately? No one will make such an assertion. But whence do these various combinations arise, of trees so

happily grouped and connected with ground, buildings, and water; of open lawns, of closer glades, and skirtings, in planting and forming which no art has been employed? As it cannot be from design, it must be from accident. Of these lucky accidents painters have made the greatest use; wherever they meet with them they eagerly trace them in their sketch-book; these they study, arrange, and combine in a thousand different ways; these are the stores whence their greater compositions are afterwards formed. But of these accidents (if we may judge from their works) improvers have as yet made but little use.

Again, wherever art interferes, the effect of these beautiful and striking accidents is generally spoiled to the painter's eye; for the prevailing taste for clearing either indiscriminately, or in distinct clumps and patches, destroys their connection, their playful variety and intricacy. Neglect, therefore, as well as accident, is necessary to furnish these examples of nature in her most picturesque state; that is (according to the common use of the word) the state in which painters do, and improvers ought to study and imitate her; but, in the latter case particularly, with such modifications as the character of the scenery may require. Accident and neglect are, therefore, two principal causes of those beauties (and they often deserve that name in its strictest sense) which painters, lovers of painting, and many whose natural judgment has not been vitiated by false ideas of refinement, admire; and whoever means to study nature, must principally attend to the effects of neglect and accident. But, as Mr. Burke well observes, "there is in mankind an unfortunate propensity to make themselves, their views, and their works, the measure of excellence in every thing whatsoever."

Lest you should think my arguments for such a course of study not sufficiently convincing, I can produce an authority for it, which you cannot well dispute—I mean your own practice. I learned from your own mouth, and with much satisfaction, that you had gone repeatedly into Epping Forest for the purpose of studying. Of studying what? not the effects of art or design—not of nature indiscriminately; but peculiar effects, peculiar dispositions of trees, thickets, glades, lawns, openings, and skirtings of various form and character, which you might afterwards transfer with a higher degree of polish, but without injuring their loose and varied shapes, to more ornamented scenes. You were therefore studying the effect of neglect and accident; and it is a study, which, joined to that of the selections which painters have made of those effects, every professor of your art should perpetually renew—not merely in forests, but universally wherever they occur. He should, by the study of pictures, accustom his eye to catch them, and to fix them

in his memory as sources of natural, unaffected variety; or he will certainly fall into the wretched sameness of him, whom you have dignified with the title of "that great self-taught master," and whose works (if he was self-taught) fully justify the Italian proverb—Chi s'insegna ha un pazzo per maestro.*

I cannot quit the short note of yours, which has occasioned so large a comment, without observing, that it seems to be meant as a sort of corrective both of the praises you have given and received. With regard to myself, I can freely say that I spoke of your talents as I thought of them, and I praised them, because it is always pleasant to give praise where it is due.

I did take the liberty of recommending to you the study of what the higher artists have done, both in their pictures and their drawings; for I will frankly own, that from all the conversations which have passed between us, I had—perhaps rashly—conceived that you were not very conversant in them. I cannot recollect, amidst all the romantic scenes we viewed together, your having made any of those allusions to the works of various masters which might naturally have occurred to a person who had studied, or even observed them with common attention. I did therefore take the liberty of recommending what I thought would be of the greatest use in your profession, but am extremely glad to hear that you had anticipated my advice—that you had studied the great masters—and that you allow (a concession of no slight importance) that it is a branch of knowledge essential to the profession.

That there is a certain affinity between all the polite arts, has been universally acknowledged, from Aristotle and Cicero down to the present time; and it seems to me that good taste and good judgment consist in finding out in what circumstances, and in what degree, that affinity holds good, and may be practically applied. General assertions are easily made, and as they carry no conviction, they require no answer. Whether those who are *not* professors are likely to suppose greater affinity between the arts than those who are, I really cannot tell; but I am pretty certain that this oblique compliment to the latter, at the expense of us Dilettanti, will not bring over the professors of painting to admire clumps, belts, &c., and that they will at least be of opinion, that there is greater affinity between landscape painting and landscape gardening than appears in Mr. Brown's works.

I shall always remember with pleasure the hours we spent together on the Wye, and the perfect good-humour and cheerfulness of the

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* *Vide* Essay on the Picturesque, page 60.

whole party; but I could not help observing at the time—and with much concern—how lightly you treated the idea of taking any hints from any part of a natural river towards forming an artificial one. You tell me, however, that an enthusiasm for the picturesque had originally led you to fancy greater affinity between painting and gardening than you found to exist after mature deliberation and practical experience. As I cannot guess how far that enthusiasm may originally have carried you, so neither can I guess in what degree mature deliberation, and practical experience, may have altered your ideas. Your profession, it is true—as it has hitherto been exercised—may be considered as a certain preventive against any such enthusiasm, and as a most radical cure for it, should the infection have taken place; but I still must hope that yours, though lowered, has by no means been extinguished by it.

Though your principal aim throughout the whole of your Letter has been to counteract my endeavours, and to weaken, as much as possible, the connection between painting and landscape gardening, yet your own mode of proceeding affords the strongest proof of the closeness of that connection. Consider only what your process is when you are consulted about the improvements of a place. One of the first things you do is to make representations of the principal points in the state in which you find them—and other representations of the state in which you hope they will be hereafter. In reality, you make the best *pictures* you can, with the materials you find there; and also with those fresh ones you mean to employ, and to which time must give effect. Consider the whole progress and aim of your operation, and compare it with that of the painter.

According to my notions, were a landscape painter employed to correct the defects of a scene that the owner wished to improve, (an employment which, without degrading his profession, would ennoble yours,) he would begin by examining the forms and tints of all the objects, and their connection, by the principles of his art; if he found the trees too crowded, and too heavy, he would vary and lighten their masses in his drawing—if too scattered, connect them; where parts were bare, he would place such masses or groups as he thought would best suit the composition. If the house were of a harsh colour, he would make it of a more harmonising tint; if the form of it were flat and without any relief, or too much in one lump, or (in the opposite extreme) with its parts too much disjoined, he would give to the whole more lightness, more massiveness, more variety or unity, as the case might require; if there were a river, or a piece of water, he would

make such alterations in the shape and the accompaniments, as might have the happiest effect from the principal stations. This I conceive would nearly be the painter's aim and method of proceeding. In what points, then, do that aim and that method differ from yours? If in none, what closer affinity can there be between any two arts than between painting and landscape gardening? So close indeed is their affinity in those most material points—disposition and general effect—that they ought to be, and I hope will be, perfectly incorporated.

In all this, *convenience* and *propriety* are not the objects of consideration; not that either of them is to be neglected, but that they are objects of another kind; objects of good sense and good judgment, rather than of that more refined and delicate sense and judgment, called taste. Any glaring offence against either of them is disgusting, but the strictest observance of them will give a man but little reputation for taste, unless the general effect of the *picture* be good. In these pictures you, as an improver, display your skill in uniting what is present, and what is future, into compositions, and in arranging the forms and tints as they will best accord; they give the first impression of your talents, and they are in a great degree to be your guides in the execution. It is true, you are not a Claude, a Gaspar, a Poussin, or a Titian, but you do as much as your powers will enable you to do, which I by no means intend to undervalue, when I place them at an immense distance from such masters, as likewise from others I could name, who, by a successful study of their works, have transfused the spirit of them into their own. I am persuaded you have not the vanity to compare your forms and dispositions of objects (and I speak not of effects) to theirs; and that you must be sensible, that were the minds of artists, such as those I have mentioned, turned to the practical part, the same feeling and experience which guided them to the happiest choices in their pictures, would equally guide them in nature. How, indeed, should it be otherwise? Such men would quickly see how groups might best be improved by cutting down, by pruning, or by planting; they would discover the whole connection of the different landscapes, and make the best use of the materials they found in real nature, just as they would in transferring them on the canvass. The more you study their works, and the lucky accidents of nature, the more you will bring your pictures and your places to resemble the variety and connection of their forms, and the union of their tints; and practice will always suggest such softenings as situation may require, and such sacrifices as convenience and propriety may demand.

I must here observe, that through the whole of your Letter you have

very studiously and dexterously endeavoured to confine your reader's ideas to mere garden scenes, and what is near the house—though you certainly would not wish your own practice to be so limited;—you have also endeavoured to persuade them, that I think every thing should be sacrificed to picturesque effect. I had foreseen the probability of such misrepresentation, but thought it the less necessary for me to guard against it, because the observations I have made in my Essay relate almost entirely to the *grounds*, and not to what may properly be called the garden.* Still, however, I will beg leave to refer you and your readers to page 72, in which it is mentioned, that near the house picturesque beauty must in many cases be sacrificed to neatness, &c.; also to page 203, in which the characteristic beauty of lawns is mentioned; also to page 140, where the delights of spring, its flowers and blossoms, are described; all which, with many other passages, I think will show that I am by no means bigoted to the picturesque, or insensible to the charms of beauty, though I have tried to discriminate the two characters. I must, indeed, take the liberty of referring you to the whole book; for it strikes me, as I will fairly own, that if you did read it through, it must have been in a very cursory manner, with a view of observing what was hostile to such parts of modern gardening as you adhered to, and what were the parts of my opposite principles most open to attack; but as to the general chain of reasoning, (such as it is,) and the connection and dependence of one principle on another, I am very clear that you either did not attend to them, or had totally discarded them from your memory before you wrote your Letter.

You have observed, that a beautiful garden scene is not more defective because it would not look well upon canvass, than a didactic poem, because it did not furnish a subject to the painter, &c. You will forgive me if I do not think this a very happy illustration. The principal object of a *didactic* poem is to instruct, to be useful; the ornaments are subordinate. It therefore bears a much nearer resemblance to what is called a *ferme ornée* than to a garden; and nothing, in my opinion, would more happily illustrate the various degrees and styles of ornament which might accord with what is useful, than the various characters of such poems. A didactic work in *prose*, is a *mere* farm; it pretends only to be useful; though in such works as in mere farms, interesting and amusing parts will often present themselves even to those who are not interested in the general subject; and the more agreeably so, as they are not intended. Many didactic poems are *sermoni propiora;* they differ

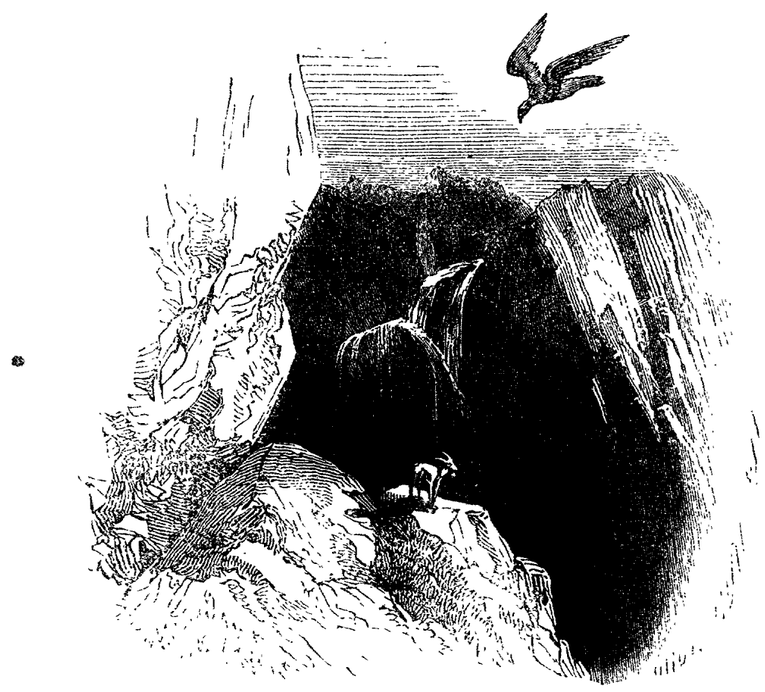
* Essay on the Picturesque, page 227.

from mere prose only by a certain arrangement, and a few poetical ornaments; either the ground-work of the poem itself, or the genius of the poet not leading him to higher effusions. These answer very much to an ornamented farm, in a country where the soil is good and wel cultivated, but where there are no great natural beauties. On the other hand, there are didactic poems, where the most striking imagery is mixed with the instructive parts, and so happily, that the ornaments seem to arise out of the subject, and sink as naturally into it again; but rarely appear (as they almost always do in improved places) like patches of ornament, that catch the vulgar, and offend the judicious eye. Of this description are the two most renowned of all didactic poems, those of Lucretius and Virgil; and they are the best illustrations of the manner in which the useful and the ornamental, in places of great natural beauties, should be combined together.

Those who wish for as great a degree of elegance and high polish as is compatible with grandeur and energy, will imitate Virgil; but, like him, they will avoid all flat effeminate smoothness. Like him, they will leave those masterly touches which give a spirit to the rest, though they will give to the whole of their scenery a more general appearance of polish, than those who take Lucretius for their model. In him certainly the contrast between what answers to the picturesque, the sublime, and the beautiful, that is, between the rough and seemingly neglected parts, the forcible and majestic images he at other times presents, and the extreme softness and voluptuousness of his beautiful passages, is much more striking than in Virgil, and therefore by many his style has been preferred to that of his more equal, but less original rival; both, however, are far removed from coarse and slovenly negligence, and from insipid smoothness. But though neither these, nor any other didactic poems have the least analogy to a garden scene, yet there is enough of modern poetry that will perfectly suit many modern pleasure grounds. Who is there that has not read, or tried to read, under the name of poems, a number of smooth, flowing verses, equally void of imagery and instruction?

As your letter is addressed to me in consequence of my book, I could wish to know from what part of it you have collected, that, in my opinion, the painter's landscape is indispensable to the perfection of gardening? I must own, at the same time, that I do not perfectly understand what idea you annex to that term, though I conclude you mean by it in general a landscape with rough and broken parts; still, however, there is something extremely vague in the term of the *painter's landscape*, as also in that of *gardening*. In its enlarged sense and

practice, gardening may extend over miles of country, and painters' landscapes differ from each other as much as the scenes they represent; a Salvator Rosa, or a Mola, for instance, differ as much from a Claude,



as a garden from a piece of rough pasture. Wouvermans, and many of the Dutch masters, often introduced parts of gardens into their landscapes—Rubens sometimes, and Watteau very frequently, painted garden scenes only—in Claude, orange trees and flower-pots are mixed with his buildings; hardly any thing in nature is so polished, so formal, so flat, nay so ugly, as not to have been sometimes made into a landscape, and by some painter of reputation. To ask, therefore, whether the painter's landscape is indispensable to gardening, is to ask whether all that is rugged and savage, all that is highly cultivated and embellished, all that is solemn and majestic, all that is light and fantastic—in short, whether all the different characters of art and nature are indispensable to the perfection of gardening. Now, if instead of *the painter's landscape* you had put *a study of the principles of painting*, as in candour you ought to have done, the whole would have been perfectly intelligible, the whole fairly stated according to the author's words and obvious meaning—and you yourself allow *that* study to be essential to your profession.

I must here observe, that as with regard to improvements, you have wished to confine your reader's ideas to mere garden scenes, so with respect to painting, you have directed them towards the rudest styles of landscapes; in order to separate the two arts as widely as possible, and weaken their affinity. You must be sensible, however, that all land-

scapes are not rough; that for instance, Adrian Vandervelde, and Wouvermans, are often too smooth; and I forbear mentioning history, or portrait painters, such as Carlo Dolce, &c. being less strictly to the present object. As landscapes may be considered (independently of figures and buildings) as copies of the *general* effects of vegetation, and of the soil it springs from; so may flower-painting, as an imitation of the *near*, and *distinct* effects of the most beautiful parts of it; and you will own, that nature herself is hardly more soft and delicate in her most delicate productions, than the copies of them by Van Huyssum. To the greatest delicacy and exactness he also joined the choice of forms, the effects of light and shadow, and harmony of tints; in short, he knew the principles of his art. Take then the most dressed and polished of all garden scenes, and what may be supposed least to interest a painter —a mere flower-garden, surrounded with shrubs and exotic trees. If we suppose that two such flower-gardens were shown to such a painter —that in the one, the grouping of the shrubs, the flowers, and their ornamental accompaniments—their general effect, harmony, and connection—the variety of their forms, and their light and shadow, were such as his judgment approved; while in the other, every thing was comparatively scattered, discordant, and in patches, and had neither the same variety nor connection—would he not be a better judge of the *degree* of superiority of the one over the other, and of the *causes* of that superiority, than a person who had not studied his art? would not his criticisms, and his directions, be more likely to improve such scenes, than those of a gardener? and were he to paint them, is it not probable that the one he preferred would be the more beautiful, both in reality, and on the canvass? The question, therefore, is not, whether the Caracci, Francesco Bolognese, or S. Rosa, would study landscapes in a flower-garden, but which of two scenes of the same character, (whatever it were, from the Alps to a parterre,) had most of those qualities that accord with the general principles of their art. Considered in this light, I am persuaded that if instead of Van Huyssum, S. Rosa himself had been shown two such flower-gardens, the same general principles would have made his and the Dutch painter's judgment agree. If this would be the case in a mere flower-garden, the more the scene was extended and diversified, the more it would get out of the province of the gardener, and into that of the painter.

But you are so alarmed, lest any of your friends and employers should be infected with an enthusiasm for the picturesque, (which you seem to consider as nearly synonymous with the art of painting,) that you have not only endeavoured to seduce them by the allurements of beauty

as a separate quality, but have also addressed yourself to their fears. You have alarmed your valetudinarian and hypochondriacal patients for their spirits and constitution, by telling them, that the consequence of having that mysterious bug-bear, the painter's landscape, in their places, "is a sacrifice of the health, cheerfulness, and comfort of a country residence." Do you really think that rocks and cascades (when a gentleman is so unfortunate as to have them within the circuit of his walks, or even near his mansion,) are more aguish than grass and stagnant water? or is a made river, with its formal sweeps and naked edges more cheerful and enlivening than a rapid stream—

"Che rompe il corso fra minuti sassi?"

Is a sandy or gravelly lane, with broken ground and wild vegetation, less healthy or varied than a gravel walk between banks smoothly turfed?

I believe there are many people who imagine that dirt, rubbish, and filth are essential to the picturesque—and that a true connoisseur can judge of objects of that character by their smell, as an antiquarian is supposed to know by the taste whether a medal has the true ancient ærugo. It must be allowed that filthy objects are often picturesque, but not because they are filthy; on the contrary, such ideas always must take off from pleasure of any kind. All dirt, mud, and filth, as such, are simply ugly;* so is mere rubbish; thistles and docks may have a rich effect in the foreground of a wild scene, but ground covered with docks, thistles, or nettles, is merely ugly; so is ground that has been disturbed and thrown about, though time and vegetation may add picturesque circumstances to ugliness and deformity;† and though painters are fond of what is called broken ground, yet, when improperly introduced, it offends the painter's no less than the gardener's eye. All land that is boggy, rushy, or which in any way has the appearance of being wet, is equally adverse to the picturesque and the beautiful; and that in forests many such parts are found, is no argument that they are picturesque; but, perhaps, besides your anxiety to preserve your friends from that dangerous enthusiasm, which you yourself were once seized with, the desire of introducing that ingenious expedient of the picture at the end of the avenue, may have been no slight additional motive for attacking the painter's landscape.

You have observed (what I have often heard remarked,) that there are a thousand scenes in nature to delight the eye, besides those that may be copied as pictures. This appears to me a very common, but

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* Essay on the Picturesque, p. 150. † Ibid. p. 151.

very fallacious argument against the affinity between painting and improving; all such scenes, with hardly any exception, *may* be copied as pictures, and those which make the best pictures will probably be the most beautiful and pleasing scenes; but then the comparison must not be made between a lawn or a pleasure-ground, and a piece of forest scenery; but between two lawns, or two pleasure-grounds; for the effect of all high polish on the character of scenery, as on that of the human mind, is to diminish variety and energy; and it is hardly necessary to say, of what consequence those two qualities are in painting. You yourself are often employed in copying, not only such polished scenes as are generally pleasing, though less suited to the canvass, but also such as have little to delight either the common, or the picturesque eye; by copying them, their beauties (if they have any) and their defects are made more apparent, as well as the additions and corrections which may be made. In making those additions and corrections, what is your principal aim? Certainly, I believe, to make the best compositions, the best *pictures* you can; *convenience* and *propriety* are to be the checks, the correctives; they are to prevent you from sacrificing too much to what might please the painter only; but, subject to that check, your aim (as I said before) is to make pictures, and to make them in their general principle, as nearly approaching as possible to painters' landscapes; for I think you will acknowledge, that those scenes (of whatever kind) which have most of a whole—of union, connection, and harmony; that is, have most of the requisites of a picture, are most to be admired. You will also acknowledge, that where any of those requisites are wanting you wish them to be there.

Mr. Gilpin's regret (if I understand him right) is, that there are so few perfect compositions in nature; so few where, either in the foreground—the disposition of the trees—the forms of the hills—the manner in which the distance comes in between the nearer objects, &c., a great painter would not see defects; or at least something that might clearly be changed to advantage. But what does this regret prove? Surely, that we should highly value such compositions where they exist, or where they most nearly approach to perfection, and that we should endeavour to form them as far as our powers, and the style of the scenery will allow; in short, that we should not attend merely to a confined notion of beauty as a separate quality, but to a more enlarged and general idea of it.

Before I published my Essay, I was told by a friend who had read it in MS. that the admirers of Mr. Brown's system would certainly take advantage of my distinction, profess themselves satisfied with beauty

alone, and ready to give up the picturesque. Notwithstanding my friend's prophecy, I can scarcely hope that they will give *me* such an advantage. In the first place, before they give up all pretension to one object of improvement, it would be prudent to establish their title to the other; and I hope, in the course of this Letter, to exhibit some glaring proofs how great their imprudence would be in that point of view. In the next place, I suppose it will be allowed, that there are (in every sense of the words) highly *picturesque* scenes near many gentlemen's houses in this kingdom, and that it also will be allowed, that to destroy the peculiar character of any scene is not the way to improve it; hence it naturally follows, that to enable either the owner himself, or the professor, to make any real improvements in such scenes, it is necessary, not only that they should not despise or renounce, but that they should study, and obtain a thorough knowledge of the character to which it belongs. Should, therefore, the Brownists in general renounce the picturesque, they certainly ought to do what I hardly expect—renounce improving all such scenes; and with regard to the professors, should they only renounce the character, and all study of it, they will at least give fair warning; and those who, after such a declaration, should employ them, would have no right to complain of the mischief they might do.* Still, however, Mr. Brown, and those whom you have very justly, though severely, called "the tasteless herd of his followers," have been universally and professedly, smoothers, shavers, clearers, levellers, and dealers in distinct serpentine lines and edges; they have also been satisfied with the equivocal name of *improvers*, and from them a declaration of such a nature would be less surprising; but that you, a *landscape*-gardener, and the first, I believe, that has assumed that title—that you should set out by giving up (or what nearly amounts to it) the picturesque, and by endeavouring to weaken the affinity between painting and landscape-gardening, is what I am equally grieved and surprised at.

Before I say any thing farther on the use of the picturesque in landscape-gardening, I must beg leave to call the reader's attention to a few points in this controversy. I wish it to be remembered, that, according to the distinction I have made, (and which you have paid me the compliment of calling judicious,) the picturesque, by being discriminated from the beautiful and the sublime, has a separate character, and not a mere reference to the art of painting. The picturesque, therefore, in that sense, as composed of rough and abrupt objects, is in many cases not applicable to modern gardening; but the principles of painting are

* Essay on the Picturesque, page 73.

always so. This is, in my opinion, a very material difference, and one which I have tried to explain and establish throughout my book; yet it seems to me that, either from design or inattention, you have not made the distinction.

In the next place (as I observed before) the term of *gardening* is extremely apt to mislead. What would be proper in a park, or sheep-walk, would be equally improper very near the house, or in sight of the windows. Now, I have observed, that upon all occasions where you renounce the picturesque, or wish to make your readers renounce it, you act like troops, or vessels, that retire under the guns of a battery; you always keep close to the mansion; you talk of the *habitation and convenience of man,* of a *garden* scene, &c. One might therefore suppose that all the talents of a landscape-gardener were to be displayed within a few hundred yards of the house, where (as I observed towards the beginning of my Essay*) the picturesque must often be sacrificed to neatness, and to things of comfort, as gravel walks with regular borders, &c.

In the third place, I must beg it to be remembered, that I have taken no small pains to show, that, though a distinct character, the picturesque is generally mixed with the beautiful, and that it is for want of observing how nature has blended them, that improvers have fallen into so much tameness and insipidity.† Now, you have, throughout your Letter, considered the picturesque as to be applied in its roughest state; as a harsh discord without being prepared, or resolved—a dose of crude antimony without any corrective—all by way of deterring your patients from mixing such sharp, stimulating ingredients with the soft emollients of Mr. Brown. It is also curious to observe, how you have avoided mentioning whatever might lead the imagination towards picturesque scenes, lest your readers should be seduced by the bare recital of them. You, therefore, after having, by a sort of proxy, made choice of *unmixed* beauty (and what that beauty is shall afterwards be considered) have remarked that picturesqueness may be transferred—not to rocks, deep glens, and caverns; to cascades, to rivers dashing among stones, to wild forest glades, and thickets—but to the ragged gipsey; with whom [not with the rocks, cascades, &c.] you observe that the wild ass, the Pomeranian dog, the shaggy goat, are more in harmony than the sleek-coated horse, &c. The natural thing was to show that these wild *animals* were in harmony with wild *scenery;* no—for fear of alluding to what might endanger the cause, they are made in harmony with the

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* Essay on the Picturesque, p. 72.

† Ibid., p. 105.

gipsey ; not with those *landscapes* in which both they and the gipsey would be the most proper *figures.*

You have in this place somewhat sarcastically alluded to an observation in my Essay, namely, "that the effect of deer in groups is apt to be meagre and spotty."* This observation (which I believe is not a new one) I have no reason to think unfounded. Animals which, like deer, are of a slender make, whose slenderness is not disguised by fleecy or shaggy coats, and whose coats (like those of many deer) are mottled, must surely be more apt to be meagre and spotty when in groups, than such as are of a fuller make and appearance, and of a more uniform and harmonising tint. The effect in trees would be obvious. Thin trees, thinly clothed with foliage, and that foliage of a variety of tints, you must allow, would at least be *apt* to be meagre and spotty in groups ; and I went no further. The observation in my Essay does not stand alone, as might possibly be supposed from your allusion; it was put there to show the distinct qualities of deer and sheep, considered as animals suited to pictures ; it was to show, what was very much to my purpose, and what I am very glad here again to inculcate, that an object may be highly suited to the painter without being on that account picturesque in my sense of the word—nay, so far from it, that it may, and often does suit him from some quality directly opposite to those which I have assigned to that character †—as, for instance, from uniformity of shape and of tint. From that uniformity often proceeds what, both in colour and in light and shadow, is called *breadth,* which quality of breadth (as I have shown in my Essay ‡) will often render an object, in itself neither grand, beautiful, nor picturesque, extremely suited to the painter. This principle is in some degree exemplified in the sheep and the deer, which last, I think, must be allowed to be comparatively meagre and spotty, and especially the dappled kind, which indeed I had not mentioned, but of which you, like a generous adversary, have given me the advantage.

Claude, who often introduced deer into his pictures, avoided those of the mottled kind, and made his of one uniform, quiet tint. He would equally have avoided the Nova Scotia breed of sheep, and all pied animals ; for no painter was more attentive to general harmony. Berchem, who aimed at great brilliancy, both in touch and colour, painted cattle with their various marks ; and his pictures (though excellent in other respects) are remarkable for their spottiness, and the want of that fullness of form and repose, for which Claude's are so distinguished.

Though you have not directly, and in your own name, renounced the

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* Essay on the Picturesque, p. 86. † Ibid., 82. ‡ Ibid., 127.

picturesque, yet no man who did not wish it to be renounced, would speak of transferring it to goats and gipsies. But do you really think it has little to do (in whatever sense you take it) with landscape gardening? Suppose, for instance, that in a place you were improving, there were a river, in one part of which the banks consisted of soft and fresh meadow and pasture, either level, or gently sloping to the water, the natural turf extending to the brink, unless where the current had slightly worn it away, or where a low fringe of wood or flourishing trees overhung it, and broke the continuation of its outline. That in other parts the banks were of a rude and picturesque character; high and abrupt, with rugged old trees projecting from them, and extending their twisted limbs over the stream—that the ground had crumbled away from among their shaggy roots, and had left them, and bits of rock, or rude stones, arching over the coves beneath them—that both these banks, if not within view of the windows, were within the circuit of the home walk—would you, by way of making the two parts of the same character, and the whole more strictly *beautiful*, destroy these rough projecting trees, the rude stones, the broken ground with its accompaniments, and all their varied reflections in the water? Were you to hint that such a thing were possible, you must abdicate the first part of your title. You might say, however, that *being* there, you would not *destroy* them. But could you with a wish make the whole soft and beautiful—could you make it so without the expense of new work, and the rawness of its effect, and at once give it the fringe and mellowness of the other part; would you do it? would you give up the variety and contrast of the two characters, and the relief they would give to each other? would you not rather preserve to each its distinct style, and be careful how you introduced too much softness and smoothness into the ruder scene? would you not consider how to make the most, both of the effect of contrast and of connection, by sometimes going abruptly from one scene to the other, and by sometimes gradually softening the picturesque into the beautiful, and insensibly blending the one with the other? Would you not do the same by any other scenery of the same kind? Were a wild entangled dingle, with rocks, and a headlong torrent, near the house, would you not be cautious how you deprived it in too great a degree, of its rude and even entangled look? and would you not, while you facilitated the communication, avoid the appearance of doing so, and the constant parade of a walk? would you not think yourself lucky, if from a dressed part of the pleasure-ground —from out of a flower-garden—you could suddenly burst into a scene of this kind?—Should you tell me that near the house, and where the

walks extended, you would wish all this to be smooth and undulating, and every mark of roughness and abruptness destroyed—I would freely say, that no professed improver ought ever to be admitted, except where a professed improver had been before ; and where the Cossacks had been rifling, the Pandours might be allowed to plunder.

These, however, are scenes in which the picturesque strongly prevails ; but there are a number of others, where the whole is in a high and prevailing degree beautiful, but where there are touches of the other character which give spirit to its softness ; and this is what in many parts of my Essay I have endeavoured to point out. For instance, in the most simply *beautiful* river the current will partially undermine the banks, and in places discover the soil, the roots of trees or beds of rocks,—there will be places where cattle come down to the water, and where stones and broken gravel will be left on the shore—there will be various interruptions to softness and smoothness, which, instead of destroying or weakening, enhance their charms ; but if you renounce the picturesque, and make choice of unmixed beauty *only*, all these must either be destroyed, or in a great measure concealed ; and, after all, we should never forget that the beautiful is no more the immediate result of smoothness, undulation, and serpentine lines, than the picturesque is of roughness, abruptness, and sudden variation ; and that beauty, the most free from any thing rough, is still very different from what Mr. Brown intended for beauty, as I hope to show more fully towards the end of this Letter.

Perhaps you will tell me I have mistaken your meaning ; that by beauty you do not mean to confine yourself to what is merely smooth and undulating, nor to exclude many of those natural circumstances which, though rough and abrupt, yet when not too prevalent, accord with, and add to the general effect—which effect is beauty. Should you say so, you will say precisely what I have said throughout my book ; but, in that case, what is the dispute about ? You agree with me in my distinction between the two characters ; they must be either mixed or unmixed. If you take beauty alone, separated from the picturesque, you must not admit of any thing rough or abrupt with what is smooth and undulating, (except where nature has indivisibly mixed them together, or where they are softened and disguised by other circumstances) else it is not *unmixed* beauty according to our notions. If you once admit of a mixture of the picturesque, the whole question will be about the *degree* of mixture, which must of course depend on the general character of the place, that of the particular spot, and its situation. But then all you have said about beauty in contradistinction to picturesqueness, as far as I can judge, has no object ; for who ever thought (unless

in some very particular cases) of introducing picturesqueness *exclusive* of beauty into garden scenes, or near the mansion ?

No one, indeed, can doubt that the beautiful ought chiefly to be attended to near the house ; yet there are situations, where the prevailing character of beauty, (that is, a greater proportion of softness than of abruptness,) would not so well accord with the style of the place, but where that false beauty of Mr. Brown would totally destroy it. The strongest instance I ever met with of the truth of this position, was an alteration proposed by a professed improver at Powis Castle. One of the most striking points in that noble place, is a view through an archway, after passing through an inward court. The mountains which divide Shropshire from Montgomeryshire, (and which from the grandeur of their character, if not from their height, well deserve that name,) appear almost in the centre of it ; beyond the archway projects a rock, a sort of abrupt promontory, shooting forward from that on which the castle is built ; on this is a terrace surrounded by an old massive balustrade, such as the massiveness of the castle required—steps of the same character descend from it to the bottom of the rock, great part of which is mantled with ivy, some of whose luxuriant shoots twine round the balusters. The effect which this projecting terrace has in throwing off the mountains—the richness of the foreground made by its ivied balustrade—its light and shadow—the perfect union of its character with the mountains and the castle—can hardly be conceived by those who have not seen it. The professor proposed to blow up this rock, and all its accompaniments, with gunpowder, in order to make the whole ground smooth, and gently falling from the castle ; in short, to place this ancient irregular fabric, on a regular green slope. The noble owner, both from his own natural judgment and feeling, and from the advice of Mr. Knight, to whom he mentioned the proposal, not only rejected it, but has repaired all that was broken and defaced in this terrace ; and has preserved, in its true character, what would have been equally regretted by the painter, by the antiquary, and by every man of natural judgment and reflection.

Too many instances might probably be produced where such sacrilege has not been prevented, and nothing can show in so strong a light the dangerous tendency of recommending a narrow exclusive attention to beauty as a separate quality, even where " the habitation and convenience of man are to be improved," instead of a liberal and enlarged attention to beauty in its more general sense, to character, and to the *genius loci.* It also shows the danger of throwing contempt on the study of the picturesque and of the principles of painting ; for had this

professor acquired the least knowledge of either, he could not have made such a proposal. You, who might well have guarded both present and future professors from such blind undistinguishing attachment to *system*, have rather sanctioned it by your precepts, though I trust you would not by your practice.

I remember your being consulted about the improvements at Ferney Hall, a small place in the neighbourhood of Mr. Knight, the most striking feature of which is a rocky dell near the house. I was extremely pleased to hear that you had asked Mr. Knight's advice with regard to the management of that part, acknowledging that you had not been so conversant as himself in that style of scenery.

This instance of your diffidence, and of your wish to draw knowledge from others, not merely to impress them with an idea of your own, was what first made me desirous of being known to you. The character I heard of your drawings added to that desire; and, as I was persuaded that the same diffidence and readiness to listen to advice would lead you to correct any defects they might have, I felt great hopes that the art of landscape gardening would be fixed on better principles than it had hitherto been, for I little imagined that you would strive to lessen the consequence of that art to which you are indebted for your superiority in your own.

Those drawings of yours which were shown to me, (when considered as those of an improver, and not of a professed artist) manifested talents which made me wish to know their author. You will forgive me, however, if I mention in my own justification, and by no means with an intention of hurting you, that they still (according to my conceptions) pointed out reasons for recommending to you what I did, and do strongly recommend—a study of the higher artists; for it is a study which never should be remitted, either by the painter or the improver. In the same note, I also mentioned what I thought a very necessary caution to all professors of your art, not less so than to those of painting —I mean the danger of becoming mannerists. The improver, particularly, without the study of the higher artists, joined to that of varied nature, is sure to get into a habit of commonplace forms—of rounds and ovals, and distinct clump-like masses. These, by general effects of breadth and tinting, he may disguise in his drawings, and thus his own eyes, and those of his employers, will learn to acquiesce in them, nay, to be partial to such forms; and it should always be remembered, that Kent, a painter by profession, (a bad one it is true) had been so accustomed to consider objects as an improver, that at last he could only copy the little beeches he had planted.

I am sorry you should suppose that many pages in my Essay are pointed against your opinions; I can say, with great truth, that there is scarcely one whole page pointed at them. I have, indeed, canvassed with great freedom all opinions that appeared to me erroneous, without inquiring who might have adopted them; and if I have unintentionally wounded you through Mr. Brown, I am, on every account, sincerely grieved that you stood within the line of fire.

The respectability of your profession, I never meant to call in question, though I will frankly own, that, from what I have said, there was sufficient reason for your standing forth in its defence. I was anxious, on the contrary, that it should have a respectability which it hitherto had not deserved, by being founded on more just, more enlarged, and more liberal principles. It was partly with that view (and I hope I may say so without presumption) that I wished to cultivate your acquaintance; and I should not have courted the professor, had I wished to lower the profession. You are the first of that profession whose acquaintance I ever did desire, for you are the first I ever thought likely to do honour to it, by honouring and cultivating a higher art, and by considering that as the true road to fame and excellence in your own.

There is only one way in which I can account for the desire you have so strongly manifested throughout this Letter, of lowering the art of painting. You find yourself at the head of your own art; but with no mean talents for one branch of the art of painting, you in that, are far from having the same pre-eminence. You therefore seem to me to have used your endeavours, not only to show that there is much less affinity between the two arts than I have supposed, but to degrade the art itself, and to exalt your own upon its ruins; for nothing surely but such a *jalousie de métier*, could have induced you to have made any sort of allusion, any kind of parallel, between the uncontrolled opinions of savages, and an art, the principles of which had been investigated with such care, and its practice enlarged and refined by a succession of so many illustrious men. To make this illustration the more plausible, you have opposed gardening (not landscape gardening) to the painter's studies of *wild* nature. But wherefore of *wild* nature exclusively, when, as I observed before, the studies of many of them are taken from the most highly embellished nature? I am willing to suppose, that you mean no more by *wild* nature, than simple nature—nature untouched by art—and *that*, perhaps, would have been a more accurate and candid manner of stating it; but then *simple* nature would have raised ideas of a variety of soft and delightful scenes, whereas *wild* is often used for what is rude and savage, and you might not be sorry to give that bias

to the minds of your readers. As this wildness and rudeness of painters' landscapes, is constantly brought as an argument against the affinity between painting, and even *landscape* gardening, it will be of great use towards clearing up this disputed point, to examine in what this wildness consists—how far it extends—what parts of such wild nature, when arranged by the painter, may be imitated by the gardener, even in dressed scenes, and what may not. In order to do it in the fairest manner possible, I will put out of the question Claude Lorraine, and all who studied highly ornamented nature, and will take such painters as Mola and Gaspar Poussin. Examine the forms of their trees—their groups—the general disposition of them—the connection—the manner in which the distance is introduced between them—and in which they accompany buildings and water. I believe you will own that all this would, in many of their pictures, not ill accord with any kind of scenery, and that many of these forms have much real beauty as well as picturesque effect—that they have a variety of highly pleasing outlines, flowing and blending into each other, and giving a softness* to the water they accompany—very different both from the *abruptness* of clumps, and from the naked *hardness* of artificial rivers. If this be true, much the greater and more conspicuous part of a mere painter's landscape might, without impropriety, be allied with, nay, even make a part of a dressed scene. What part, then, of such pictures would be out of character in highly polished scenery? It is in an *extended* sense the foreground, or what might be termed the ground-plan of the picture. This often consists of rough and broken ground, and of other rude objects, that give play, variety, and effect of light and shadow, as well as variety and richness of tint. Should it be possible, however, that, in certain cases, the variety and effect of a painter's foreground could, without rudeness, be imitated in a garden scene, I imagine you would think it no small advantage.

But are all unimproved scenes in nature rude? Are there not in the most picturesque districts—are there not in forests—lawns, and openings of the softest turf, divided from the general scenery by an intricate screen of thorns and hollies, mixed with larger trees, and enriched with tufts of natural flowers, which have altogether not only a beautiful, but even a dressed appearance?

[There are numerous instances of such spots in the New Forest, and in many of our wildest Highland woods—and they always afford the greatest delight to the eye of taste when unexpectedly discovered.—E.]

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* Essay on the Picturesque, page 99.

What is the difference between such a piece of wild nature and one of Mr. Brown's garden scenes in which he has best succeeded? In his the ground is mowed; it is more exactly, and therefore more stiffly levelled, and has not the same undulation, or—to borrow an expression from Mr. Burke—"that change of surface, continual, yet hardly perceptible at any point, which forms one of the great constituents of beauty." Instead of those tufts, thickets, and groups, whose playful outline and disposition create that *beautiful* intricacy which leads the eye a kind of wanton chase, his are clumps regularly dug, and consequently with a hard outline. Instead of that varied surface, where the mixture of broken tints gives such value to the more uniform green, and such delight to the painter's eye—the unvaried colour and surface of dug ground abruptly succeed to the no less unvaried surface and colour of mowed grass. Instead of the easy bends of a path, there are the regular and consequently more formal and edgy sweeps of a gravel walk. He has indeed the advantage in diversity of plants, in gaiety and brilliancy of colours—an advantage, however, which has its danger, and which is liable to great abuse. But let the same kind of scene—and there must be thousands of them—be placed in a warmer climate—in the southern part of North America. There such groups and thickets would be composed of the various oaks or maples—of tulip trees, or acacias mixed with magnolias, cedars, kalmeas, rhododendrons, andromedas, &c.—the wild vines and Virginia creeper climbing up the larger trees, and loosely hanging from their boughs. Would the making all those tufts and groups separate, and clump-like, and digging round them—would levelling the whole ground, and mowing what flowers the sheep had spared—would the making of a gravel walk across or around the whole opening improve the *beauty* of such a scene?—for the convenience of walking, and the look of neatness and habitation, are separate considerations. Can any one doubt that there are in wild, that is, unimproved nature, scenes more soft, more beautiful, than anything which modern gardening has produced? Nay, that the peculiar beauties of such scenes have been ill imitated, and the true principles of those beauties ill understood? In the same proportion that natural groups and thickets are intricate yet beautiful, clumps are abrupt without being picturesque; for the line of digging is hard, and renders the round, the oval, or whatever be the shape, distinct and formal. It clearly appears to me, that all these are defects, and they may be avoided, in a great degree, by endeavouring to follow, not to improve by counteracting, the happy accidents of nature; and that the

stiff manner of levelling the ground, (though perhaps an object of greater difficulty,) might be corrected from the same model. I wish, however, not to be misunderstood, as if I condemned levelling, digging, mowing, and gravel walks. Where, in a part meant to be pleasure-ground, the surface is rough and uneven, it must of course be levelled and made smooth; where plants will not otherwise grow luxuriantly, the ground (for some time at least) must be dug; where sheep are not admitted, it must be mowed; and a gravel walk, besides the great comfort and convenience, has a look of neatness and high keeping that is extremely pleasing, though upon a different principle from the natural path. What I mean to show is, that there are scenes in wild, unimproved nature, *of the same kind* as those in which modern gardening most excels—scenes produced by accident, not design—more soft, more truly beautiful in every respect, than the imitations of them. I believe, however, that those who have been used to consider Mr. Brown's works as perfection, think a little like the Chevalier Taylor, the famous oculist; he used to say, that there was as much difference between an eye that he had brushed, and an unimproved eye, as between a rough diamond and a brilliant. Such scenes are also beautiful on the principles of painting, not of gardening, though those principles ought to be, and I hope will be, the same. I will here just slightly mention, what I may perhaps enlarge upon some future time, that in the old Italian gardens, where architecture and gardening were mixed together, effects were produced, to which nothing *of the same kind* could be found in unembellished nature.

As you have tried to degrade the painter's studies, by comparing them with the opinion of savages, so you have striven to exalt modern gardening, by comparing it to our glorious constitution. That the English constitution is the happy medium between the liberty of savages, and the restraint of despotic government, I do not merely acknowledge, I feel it with pride and exultation; but that pride and exultation would sink into shame and despondency, should the parallel you have made, ever become just—should the freedom, energy, and variety of our minds, give place to tameness and monotony—should our opinions be prescribed to us, and, like our places, be moulded into one form. A much apter and more instructive parallel might have been drawn between our constitution, and the art you have so much wronged. That art, like the old feudal government, meagre, hard, and Gothic in its beginning, was mellowed and softened by long experience and successive trials; and not less improved in spirit and energy.

Such was the progress of our constitution, such is its character; such also was the progress of painting, such the character of its highest productions, at its brightest period. The later artists from Carlo Marat, lost that firmness, variety, and energy, and became mannered, cold, and insipid. Such indeed is the natural progress of human arts and institutions; the progress from oppression to anarchy, (of which we have seen such an awful example,) is not more natural, than from the ease of freedom and security, to indolence and apathy. Let England beware; let her guard no less against the one, than against the other extreme; they generate each other in succession, for apathy invites oppression, and oppression is the parent of anarchy.

Having said thus much with respect to your general defence of Mr. Brown's system of improvement, and your illustration of its excellence, I will next consider your defence of the detail of his practice. If, as you say, no man of taste can hesitate between the natural group of trees composed of various growths, and a formal patch of firs, (and, I will venture to add, of any other trees,) which, as you well observe, "too often disfigure a lawn, under the name of a clump," why not strive to imitate those natural groups by attending to the principle on which they please? The strong argument against Mr. Brown, and that which I stated in my Essay,* is, that in the course of a long practice, and

* Essay on the Picturesque, p. 221.

therefore with many opportunities of seeing their effects, he never made a clump like a natural group, though he did make many natural groups like clumps—I therefore may fairly conclude that he preferred the latter; and, as he never (as far as I have observed) connected one group with another, but always detached them as much as possible, I may also infer that he studied distinctness, not connection.

Now, unless I am totally wrong in all my notions, CONNECTION is the leading principle of your art, and it is the principle that has been, of all others, the most flagrantly and systematically violated. It is by means of this *system* of making every thing distinct and separate, that Mr. Brown has been enabled to do such rapid and extensive mischief, and thence it is that he is so much more an object of the painter's indignation than his straight-lined predecessors. He was a mere gardener, but he chose to be a landscape gardener, without knowing the first principles of a landscape; the consequences have been such as might be expected, for as nothing is so easily, so quickly destroyed as connection, so nothing is restored with greater difficulty, or by a more tedious process.

Two of the principal defects in the composition of landscapes, whether real or painted, are the opposite extremes of objects being too crowded, or too scattered; your censure, therefore, of single trees dotted over the whole surface of a park or any other ground, is perfectly just. Such scattered trees are rendered much more disgusting by heavy cradle fences, and, unless in very good soils, they also (as you observe) are generally starving. I can speak very strongly as to the bad consequence of this practice in every point of view, from its having been in too great a degree my own; and it is by no means the only instance in which I could offer my own former practice (for I do not persevere in what I think wrong) as a warning to others.

There cannot be a doubt, that the most certain expedient for producing future beauty, is to prepare and fence the ground, and to set more plants than are meant to remain; for the young plants must neither be stunted, browsed, nor starved. But where those masses (as is usually the case) are formed of trees of equal growths, and left close together in one thick lump, the *variety* they give to *any* ground scarcely deserves that name. The remedy I proposed,* (after stating the defects of the usual method) was to mix a large proportion of the lower growths in every plantation;—this, in my opinion, would not only prevent their flat, heavy, uniform appearance, but would also furnish means for

* Essay on the Picturesque, page 198.

varying and softening the abrupt lines of their outside boundaries, and correcting that solitary, insulated look which they still would have. The method of doing it which I should recommend, would be to take trees, both of the larger and smaller growths, from the plantation itself, (after they are grown strong enough to resist animals,) and to transplant them on the outside of the fence; where a stiff formal outline is apt to remain, even when the fence itself has been taken away. As these plants would be to be carried so short a way, though large, they might be removed with safety, and would want no fence, but merely to be staked till they had taken root. Their effect would also be immediate; they would at once break, vary, and soften the hard line of the clump by partially concealing it, which trees alone would not effect, but by such a mixture of thorns, hollies, &c., with forest trees, the most painter-like groups and thickets might be formed.

This seems to me the true use of planting trees and bushes detached from the larger masses; and thus much it may be sufficient to add to what I had before said in my Essay, with respect to those solitary lumps of various sizes;* whose principle, indeed, is the very opposite to that of connection, and by which at this moment the greatest part of the parks and grounds of improved places throughout the kingdom, are disjoined from the surrounding landscape. It requires no acquaintance with the principles of painting, to make any uniformly thick plantation from a clump to a large wood; but to vary and to connect those plantations with others, and with the more detached trees and groups—to compose and arrange the different parts of the different landscapes of a whole place, without injuring the unity of that whole, certainly does demand an acquaintance, and no slight one, with those principles; the first is the province of the mere gardener, the latter of the landscape-gardener only.

As to the belt, I thought it had been quite extinct, and never likely to revive; but under your protection it may perhaps again crawl about the ground,

> "And, like a wounded snake, drag its slow length along."

As "I have scotched the snake, not killed it," I must renew the attack. You very truly observe, "that the love of seclusion and safety is no less natural than that of liberty, and that the mind is equally displeased with excess of liberty, or of restraint, when either are too apparent." But why is this addressed to me?—to me, who have in the strongest man-

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* Essay on the Picturesque, page 192.

ner censured the passion for *mere* extent*—for the removal of boundaries without any other object—for extent that is to be admired, like virtue, for its own sake—to be apparent, and measured with the eye as well as with the chain. No one can doubt the necessity of enclosing a park, or a pleasure ground, and of hiding—at least in a great measure—that enclosure; the only question is about the mode of hiding it.

There are two different ways in which the owner's vanity—a very powerful and common agent—may operate on this occasion, according to the extent of the ground enclosed.

If it should be small, he will most sincerely wish that it should not be known where the boundary goes, though he may not take the proper method of concealment.

If, on the contrary, the extent should be very great, the owner may as sincerely wish to *mark* that extent, by distinctly marking the *course* of the boundary, though he would be equally desirous of concealing the *fence itself*.

But if the owner happen to be a lover of painting, and to have neither the dread of discovering a small, nor the ambition of displaying a large extent, he will wish the concealments in any case to be such as will accord with the rest of the landscape—nor will he be shocked if now and then part of the wall or the pales should appear.

The person who has a *small* extent will wish to have a screen of uniform thickness as an impenetrable disguise; not considering that the *uniformity* of the disguise betrays it, and that the stranger soon guesses what is behind.

Then, again, the vanity of him who has enclosed an immense compass, will be pleased that it should be marked out distinctly by a uniformly high plantation; so that all the neighbours round may not only have to relate how many miles the whole circuit extends, but may be able to show the exact line of it to the wondering stranger, and to make him trace it with his eye.

If to these motives of vanity in the possessor we add the motives of self-interest in the professor, it will be easy to account for the introduction and continuance of belts. The invention of them (a term never more misused than in the present instance) is beyond all others obvious; and the thing being once established, it saves all reflection on the style and character of the part it is to pass through. Then it might be both laid out and executed, not only by a common gardener, but by a common labourer, without the professor's having ever seen the

* Essay on the Picturesque, page 195.

place; for it is only to measure a certain number of yards from the fence to the outside of the plantation, and to stuff it with trees, leaving a certain space for the drive. It is, therefore, highly the interest of every professor, who is more desirous of gain than reputation, to work by *general receipts*—such as clumps, belts, and serpentine canals with uniformly levelled banks, so long as their employers are kind enough to be satisfied with them; and I will own, that should my Essay have the influence which, as a very zealous author I must wish, though I do not expect it to have, many an honest professor of improvement must, for want of education, seek his bread in some other way.

You allow that the drive through such belts is tedious, and that the dulness increases with its length; their insides are therefore condemned. What then is the effect of their outsides with respect to the general landscape?—which, after all, ought to have some weight with the landscape gardener. They present one conspicuous, uniform, unvaried screen—meagre and drawn up, and differing in character from all that is on either side of it—in reality, a gigantic *hedge*, that wants to be hidden, as much or more than the fence it hides. Observe the difference of those accidental screens to many of the old parks, where thickets of thorns and hollies, groups, and single trees are continued quite to the wall, or the pales; and where, till you see the boundary—which, however, from its mosses and ivy is at least a very picturesque object—you might suppose yourself near the centre, not at the extremity of the park. These surely are the screens which ought to be imitated by landscape gardeners, for they accord with the rest of the scenery, and at every step form landscapes; and where perfect concealment is the object, they are best calculated to produce it without discovering the intention. Still, however, if the owner says, I do not care about landscape and variety, I like uniformity and continued shade, he is quite in the right to please himself, though it may be dull to others—it answers his purpose, and a very good one; but let not two such distinct ideas, as convenience and beauty, be confounded.

The belt you have so accurately described, "of one uniform breadth, with a drive as uniform, serpentining through the middle of it," is, I believe, what, with little difference, has been most generally made, and it answers perfectly to its name. But such a plantation as you afterwards have proposed, of "various breadths, and its outline adapted to the natural shape of the ground," is hardly a belt, or at least is not Mr. Brown's belt; and I criticised what had been, not what might be, made. I am very ready to acknowledge the great superiority of such a belt —a superiority which increases as it grows more unlike the thing it is

named from; but still you must excuse me if I suggest (not indeed by way of strict argument) that you have shown the dulness of *any* belt in a way which will have much more effect than any thing I have written, by presenting a much more lively image of its tiresome monotony. You, the defender of belts, can so little bear the *ideal* confinement, even of your own highly improved belt, that, after skirting near the edges, and looking wistfully out of it, at last finding an opening, you fairly escape from it entirely, "to enjoy the unconfined view of distant prospects,"—an example that, I believe, would be followed by most persons in the same situation.

It is true that I have very earnestly and generally recommended it to gentlemen who have places, that they should qualify themselves for becoming their own landscape gardeners, by one of the most pleasing and liberal of all studies—that of the principles of painting, the works of painters and of nature.* This, you think, (perhaps with too much partiality towards professed improvers,) might tend to suppress, not the profession, but the *art* itself. I cannot help thinking, that so far from suppressing or injuring either, it would, on the contrary, be of great advantage to both. As to suppressing the art, you must recollect that there was a time when there were professors of eloquence; there are none now—is the art suppressed? Would the great orators of this day, who rival those of Greece and Rome—would they have had more variety, energy, and effect, had some professor taught them the routine of eloquence, its tropes and figures, and endeavoured to mould their minds to his conceptions?

Of all the arts, none is more adapted to men of liberal education, who pass much of their time at their own country-seats, than landscape gardening. They must be continually among landscapes, (for there are few districts, unless *very much improved*, that do not furnish something for the painter,) and, with the least attention to pictures and to composition, the principles of landscape gardening would insensibly press themselves upon their minds; and in most points the practice is far from difficult. Not so with architecture, though a study highly becoming every man of taste and property, and intimately connected with gardening; models of architecture are thinly spread, the occasions of imitating them are rare, and the practical part requires a very different degree of accuracy. There are also many arts whose theory is curious and interesting, but in which the method of acquiring practical knowledge is tedious or disgusting. Such is medicine, a science which

* Essay on the Picturesque, p. 230.

often illustrates the art of gardening more happily than one might suppose. No man voluntarily frequents hospitals and sick-rooms, as he does woods and rivers, and all the parts of landscape; yet every man would do well to know enough of the general effect of drugs, and of their particular effect on his habit, to guard against the hasty decision of perhaps an able physician, but who has neither the same opportunities of studying the constitution of his patient, nor the same motives for studying it. This will be very readily applied to the other art.

All quackery, I allow to be bad, in either of the arts, and much should in both be left to nature; but he who quacks himself, has an extreme interest in his patient, and will be afraid of violent remedies; not so the bold empiric, who undertakes to improve a place, or a constitution. As you have started the idea of this illustration, I will carry it on a little farther. Many places, like many constitutions, want but little to be done to them, and an honest and able professor, in either art, will do but little. Ignorance, on the other hand, is always rash and meddling; and the design of my work is to guard against the rashness and active ignorance of quacks. But were the mass of professors in your art to mix theory with practice; were they to study the works of painters, and to compare them with nature; were they to do so with as much diligence, as the eminent professors of medicine study the works of former physicians of every age and country, and compare their doctrines and experiments with the varying characters of diseases in real subjects—the respectability of the profession would be effectually established, and we should consult the professors of either art with equal confidence in their skill.

Whatever effect my recommendation may produce, believe me your profession is in no danger. Should the professors of it in general (as indeed must be the case) improve in proportion to the taste and knowledge of their employers, *that* increased taste, and the knowledge of theory joined to practice, will secure them employment, even among those who are the most capable of directing their own works; for whenever just and new ideas are to be acquired from a professor, every affluent man who has extensive plans of improvement, will certainly (unless prevented by conceit, or avarice) be desirous of consulting him. But, in any case, there will always remain a sufficient number of rich and helpless persons, who must endeavour to purchase what they have not themselves. It is not to such men (who must always be directed,) that I have addressed my advice; yet still they are not uninterested in its success: for, as I before observed, the taste and knowledge of

the general mass of professors, will naturally increase in proportion to that of the general mass of their employers, and consequently those who are unable to act themselves, will at least be directed by more skilful guides.

After all, should any perverse, ignorant, and *desperate amateurs*, (as they have humourously been named,) take one part of my advice only, and, contrary to its spirit and obvious meaning, boldly act for themselves, without any previous study or reflection—they still would seldom occasion such extensive and irreparable mischief as the regular system of clearing and levelling; and as they probably would have no imitators, their improvements would be confined to one spot, and one point of time. Their extravagancies also, though mischievous, might be amusing; and, like other wanton licentious effects of freedom, as pumping, ducking, tarring and feathering, have a mixture of the barbarous and the ludicrous—at once shock and divert you. Even the revengeful and studied cruelty of savages, horrid as it is, yet still is less odious and disgusting than the cold, settled, regular *system* of oppression and torture of the inquisition.

The method of applying general rules, (as you have remarked,) can only be learnt by practice; but I should much doubt whether there be any plan, or any medicine "proper almost in every case." I have read indeed of a *panacea*, but I believe it to be as rare as a plan of improvement of the same accommodating nature; certainly the character will neither suit Mr. Brown's plan, nor James's powder; and it would, in my idea, be no small impeachment to a physician, could it be foretold, before he had seen his patient, that he would prescribe that excellent medicine, whatever the disorder, or the sort of fever might be; for that is the true parallel with Mr. Brown's anticipated plan, which was not to be executed (as you have supposed) in a naked country. But, indeed, a physician who, like Mr. Brown, had but *one* plan of operations, must treat all disorders, Sangrado-like, in the same manner.

Those who affect to despise all prospects, as beneath the notice of lovers of painting, deserve the title you have indirectly bestowed upon them, (and perhaps designed for me) of fastidious connoisseurs. I must observe on this occasion, that there is a wide difference between despising prospects one's self, and rallying those who despise everything else—the mere prospect-hunters. I must also observe, that my attack was not directly made upon the exclusive love of prospects, though a very fair subject for raillery. It was levelled against the passion for whitening objects—the passion for distinctness; and the prospect-hunter was

brought in to illustrate the effects of that passion.* If I do despise prospects, I am constantly acting against my inclination, by climbing up, not only high hills, but towers and churches; certainly not for the painter's landscape. In my own place I have three distinct prospects—bird's-eye views seen from high hills—of which I am not a little proud, and to which I carry all my guests of every description. If they like nothing else in the place, I do not converse with them on pictures or landscape-gardening; but if they have the affectation I have sometimes been witness to, that of holding all prospects in contempt as unworthy the attention of a man of true taste, I do not feel very eager to converse with them on any subject.†

A prospect of mere extent, if that extent be very great, has, without any striking features, a powerful effect on the mind. If to extent you add a richly wooded and cultivated country, with a varied boundary of hills or mountains; and to that again, effects of water and buildings, it is enchantment. If from a high summit you look from mountain to mountain, across their craggy breaks, and down into their recesses, it is awful and sublime.

[As examples of these two different kinds of prospects here alluded to, I may be permitted, so far as regards Great Britain, to instance one which I consider remarkable, as of the first mentioned class, I mean that view which may be enjoyed from the summit of the hill Dumyot, which commands the whole rich vale of the Forth, with its broad and winding river, and its moving panorama of shipping, its expanding firth, its towns, villages, and residences of all descriptions, the tower of Cambuskenneth Abbey, the richly wooded hills, rocks, and knolls, that vary the surface of the valley, and especially the bold rock, of Stirling, with its town and castle, so much resembling many of the most picturesque foreign towns; and, more immediately under the eye, the Abbey Craig, the park and grounds of Airthrey Castle, and above all, the distant and magnificent range of western mountains, among which those of Benlomond and Benledi are so conspicuous. I know of no prospect where the richness arising from human cultivation, is so combined with the grand features of nature, and this too upon so great a scale, and yet capable of being all embraced distinctly, and at once, within the human ken. Then, as an example of the utterly wild, I should give that of the sublime mountain view to be enjoyed from the summit of Ben Machdhuie, the highest of

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* Essay on the Picturesque, p. 133.

† See illustration at the commencement of this Letter.—E.

the Cairngorm group of mountains, and the loftiest spot of land in our British Islands. From this elevated situation, the foregrounds in every direction are of the most savage character, consisting in many places of crags, built up, as it were, by the hand of nature; of huge tabular masses of granite piled one on the top of another, whilst the eye swoops down past their giddy verges into desolate valleys, where a subdued silvery light is seen to gleam on the bosom of some lonely lake, that lies sleeping in eternal repose, amid huge stony fragments which have fallen from the insurmountable precipices around; and again, when the vision soars higher, it travels over miles of billowy mountain tops, to stretch far across the open champaign, and to rest on the distant sea of the Moray firth, that is backed by new ranges of mountains beyond. I have seen more wonderful prospects of the kind than this, in Switzerland, but of all our home views of this character, I know nothing that can surpass that from the summit of Ben Machdhuie.—E.]

Yet neither such grand nor such beautiful prospects as those which I have just described, nor yet many others of intermediate styles and degrees, are in general proper subjects for pictures. This I imagine to arise, not from the height whence they are viewed, but from another cause which equally operates on all views—namely, the want of any objects of importance either in the foreground, or the middle distance. Apply this to any view, even to such as are taken from a low station, and where the extent is limited; if it want those nearer objects, it will seldom suit the painter in point of composition; though, from the resources of his art, (by means of broken tints—of breadth and effect of light and shade—by his management of the sky, &c.) he may contrive in representing such a view, to disguise, or compensate its original defect. With regard to prospects, they are for the most part taken from the highest and openest part of a hill, where there is the least obstruction, and consequently where there is seldom either foreground, or second distance. On that account they do not make good landscapes; and on that circumstance, as I conceive, is founded the principal distinction, not merely between a landscape and a prospect, but generally between what is and is not proper for a picture in point of composition. Any view that is unbroken, unvaried, undivided by any objects in the nearer parts, whether it be from a mountain or a plain, is, generally speaking, ill suited to the painter.

Consider for a moment what would be the effect in any good composition of the *limited* kind, either real or painted, were all the near objects swept away, and only the distant ones left. Try the same experiment on any admired composition of a great master, in which an

extensive distance is introduced: let all that in any way intercepts, breaks, divides, and accompanies that distance—all that throws it off, and marks the gradations—all the strong masses, the powerful tones of colour, the distinct and forcible touches that contrast with its soft fading tints—let all be removed—it becomes a mere prospect, and nothing else. Again, (to prove, as they do in arithmetic, subtraction by addition) let the objects taken from such a picture, be added to a mere prospect—it becomes a composition, a painter's landscape.

With respect to the point of sight being taken high, *that* has frequently a very grand effect; and that Titian thought so, is plain from the numerous prints after his compositions—in many of which, as it may be proved by the height of the horizontal line, he has supposed himself on a considerable eminence. Where beauty is the painter's object (as was the case with Claude) it is certainly more judicious to place the horizontal line lower, which he accordingly does.

[The late Reverend John Thomson of Duddingstone, one of the most distinguished of our modern landscape painters, has shown by his works, how perfectly he was aware of the truth of the observation here made, with regard to the sublimity of effect produced by the height of the horizontal line. In his magnificent pictures of sea coast castles, he has very frequently availed himself of this circumstance. Where the building happens to be perched, as is often the case, on some lower projecting promontory, round which the sea rages with billows which are broken into ten thousand fluctuating forms, and chafed into spray and foam by the sunken rocks at its base, it has been no uncommon practice with him to take his view from some higher part of the continuous cliffs above, by which means the horizontal line of the sea is raised much higher than his principal object. This circumstance, together with the matchless skill which he has displayed in the management and treatment of his sea and sky, has enabled him to produce pictures of the most sublime description.—E.]

All this seems to point out, that though prospects are not in general such compositions as painters select, yet that both the separate parts, and the general effect of each prospect—its masses—its boundaries—its composition as a piece of distance, are to be judged of, like any other scene, on the principles of painting. I therefore can have no doubt, if two such painters as Claude and Titian were obliged to paint two mere *prospects*, that the prospect which Claude chose for his picture, would be the most generally pleasing among the pleasing ones; and that which Titian chose, the most striking among the sublime. In fact, the same distance, the grandeur of whose boundary, whose aërial perspective,

whose gradual diminution of tints we so much admire in a prospect, forms a very principal part of many of Titian's, Claude's, and other painter's landscapes; they only frame and accompany it.

There is, however, an obvious reason why *mere* prospects, however exquisitely painted, cannot have the effect of those in nature. They are not *real*, and therefore do not excite the curiosity which reality does, both as to the particular spots, and the circumstances attending them—as to the real geography of what is really spread out before us, and the many doubts, inquiries, and observations it suggests to the curious traveller, and also to the painter in his own line; who, from such eminences, can best remark what districts promise the most interesting scenery. These are the circumstances which make the love of prospects a natural propensity, independently of their beauty. It was therefore unnecessary to apologise for making use of too strong an expression, when you called curiosity an inherent passion of the human mind. That passion will very naturally account for the visitors at Matlock having done what you, and I, and every one in the same situation would probably have done; but why this consideration should have confirmed you in your opinion, that painting and gardening are less intimately related than you at first conceived them to be, it is difficult to guess.

These two arts, according to a very usual figure, I had called *sisters;* but I can have no objection to adopting your idea, and calling them husband and wife; for the union is still closer. You have not, indeed, assigned to your new-married couple their respective sexes, but I can have no doubt about them. *Landscape gardening* is clearly the lady, and I must say that you have taken a very unfair advantage of your intimacy with her. You have tried to make her elope; and you have proceeded, as seducers generally do, not only by flattering her on her own peculiar charms and accomplishments, but by endeavouring to degrade her husband in her eyes—one of the most powerful, but not the most honourable, means of seduction. He that acts so, more than interferes between husband and wife; not he who, with equal love and regard for both, sincerely tries to promote a lasting union—whose aim it is to raise, not lower them in each other's esteem; but, at the same time, to convince the wife that she can never appear so amiable, or so respectable, as when closely united to her husband; and I may add in this case, to such a husband.

When I came to the illustration which you have taken from Mr. Burke, and which, in his Essay, is perfectly just and in its place, I was curious to see what use you would make of it, and I was greatly surprised to find how you had applied it. I hardly believed it at first,

and some of my friends had the same hesitation till they had read it a second time. A *landscape* gardener, who is also an artist, can find no apter way of illustrating the habit of admiring fine pictures and bold picturesque scenery than by the habit of chewing tobacco! You suppose such admiration may have the same kind of effect on *mental* taste as the use of such a nauseous herb has on the *sense* of tasting—that of making it insensible to the beauty of milder scenes. You, therefore, by a kind of negative affirmation, insinuate that my taste is vitiated; not feeling that a habit of observation and selection, (even supposing it in a great measure directed towards the higher styles of painting and of scenery,) acts very differently on the faculties of the mind, from what a strong and perverse taste does on the palate; and that, far from deadening the organs, it makes them more alive to every fine sensation, in every style. Sir Joshua Reynolds's enthusiasm for M. Angelo, and high admiration of Titian's landscapes, did not make him less delighted with Correggio and Claude, with Watteau and Teniers; and he who felt all the savage grandeur of Salvator's scenery, equally enjoyed the view from his house on Richmond Terrace.

Whoever reads your Letter without having read my book, must probably conclude that I am a sort of tiger, who pass my life in a jungle, with no more idea of the softer beauties of nature than that animal. I fear I am not less exposed to an imputation of a very different kind; and I should not be surprised were some wrong-headed friend of Mr. Gilpin to represent me as a man so in love with smoothness, as to have no relish for what is rough, abrupt, and picturesque. He might very plausibly say, that, not contented with opposing Mr. Gilpin, my enthusiasm for beauty and its distinct qualities had led me much farther; that I had gone beyond Mr. Burke, and, as if his arguments and illustrations on that subject were not sufficient, had added whole chapters of my own. He might treat me as a false friend, and ask whether a man can be a true lover of the picturesque, who allows, that near the house it ought to be sacrificed to neatness and convenience—who talks of the characteristic beauties of a lawn, of its smoothness and verdure; who dwells with rapture on the softer beauties of nature—on the fragrance and colours of flowers—on the profusion of blossoms, and all the charms of spring.

I might thus be convicted of having no taste or feeling for anything, unless (as is sometimes supposed to happen) the one poison should expel the other.

I now come to the examples you have given, of different subjects which I am supposed to despise myself, and to wish others to despise,

because they are incapable of being painted. Before I make any remarks on the examples themselves, I will beg leave to ask you, whether you seriously think that any person was ever so absurd as to declare, or even to think, that objects of sight, which were incapable of being painted, were *therefore* to be despised. Should you discover any person who had declared *that*, (or any thing which nearly approaches it,) to be his opinion—treat him as Dogberry desired to be treated—set him down as an ass—but no more think of arguing with him than with Dogberry, or his representative. If it be merely a phantom you have raised, in order to combat it, I must say your talents might have been more worthily employed. It is never reckoned very creditable to display one's wit on a butt who cannot retort; and those poor fatherless opinions, which nobody owns, and nobody defends, must be considered in that light; the victories obtained over them both, are also much alike in point of glory and difficulty.

As to the examples themselves, I imagine that a gravel walk and a shrubbery, not only may, but often have been painted, though they will not make good pictures. So have wide extended prospects, and there is one mere bird's-eye view in Claude's *Liber Veritatis*. It might be thought uncandid to suppose, that you mean to reproach the art of painting with not being able to express the *fragrance* of a shrubbery, though your words will bear that construction; such a construction might also be supported in the former part of your Letter.* You there observe—what a less keen observer might have discovered—"that the *continual* moving, and lively agitation observable in herds of deer, is one of the circumstances which painting cannot represent, *but* that it is not less an object of beauty and cheerfulness in park scenery." The same observation might have been made with equal truth and novelty on the warbling of birds, and its cheerful effect in garden scenery; for actual audible sound is not *more* incapable of being painted, than actual continued motion; and real sensible fragrance is just upon the same footing.

After all, for what purpose is this circumstance mentioned? is it to establish the superiority of nature over painting? I am very far from denying it. That of landscape gardening over landscape painting? there has been no question about their respective superiority. But if there had, how does it affect that question? does the landscape gardener claim any merit in the grouping of deer, as he does in that of trees? Does he dispose and drill them, and direct their continual motion and

* Page 412.

lively action? Were there occasion, it might be shown, on the contrary, that in this respect the art of painting is much superior. The painter does catch and record momentary action; it is the pride and the difficulty of his art. The improver can only prepare the scene in general, and leave it to chance how the figures may be disposed. This circumstance of continued motion, has, in my opinion, as little to do with the affinity between painting and gardening, as with their respective superiority. What does it then prove? what, I am sorry to say, there are but too many proofs of already—a desire of pointing out, on every occasion, what might in any way be thought to depreciate that art, which you have unfortunately chosen to consider as a rival one.

The only example you have given of a mere object of sight, incapable, at any moment, of being painted, is a view down a steep hill. That is, (if I comprehend it) the *immediate and uninterrupted progress* of the descent; for the *general* effect of looking down from a height on lower objects, has been perpetually expressed in painting. This deficiency of the art (such as it is) has been frequently cited as an argument against the affinity between painting and landscape gardening; but in what manner it applies, I have not been able to discover. If it could be proved, that in the eye of a lover of painting, what was incapable of being expressed upon canvass, was *therefore* incapable of giving pleasure, the argument would be unanswerable; it otherwise hardly deserves an answer. As lovers of painting (unless I am strangely mistaken) never judge by so absurd a rule, but by the general principles of the art, the only question will be, whether those general principles can be applied to a view down a steep hill, *though* it be incapable of being actually represented. Can it be doubted, whether the style of the immediate foreground and every part of it—the disposition and character of the trees quite down to the roots—the effects of light and shadow—the harmony of the colours—the whole of the composition, may not be judged of in that, just as in any other landscape? And let me ask you, whether you would not think a painter tolerably affected, who, if his opinion were desired of all those particulars, were to answer, that he could not judge of them at all, nor of any scene in *that direction*, for it was incapable of being painted. Had I not so often heard this circumstance mentioned, and with great triumph, by the adversaries of painting, I should be ashamed of having said so much about an impossibility, that seems to have no more to do with the application of the principles of painting to objects of sight, or with the affinity between painting and gardening, than the impossibility of painting real sounds, real smells, or real motion.

I did not intend to have said any thing more on the subject of this deficiency, but it has since been taken up, and connected with a doctrine which, if true, would certainly give weight to the argument that has been drawn from it. This doctrine is, that the chief, or rather the only way in which the art of painting can be useful to that of gardening, is by making representations of the parts to be improved; and thence it is inferred, that where such representations (from whatever cause) cannot be made, the painter has no other method of explaining his ideas, or giving directions, so that, according to the words of Mr. Mason, "the instructor leaves his pupil in the lurch, where assistance is most required;" that is, (for no other deficiency is mentioned,) where it is required to form a judgment of the disposition and effect of objects as they appear to the spectator when he is looking down a steep hill. In order to show that the doctrine just mentioned is mine, Mr. Mason has made use of a very easy, but neither a very candid nor ingenious method of perverting an author's meaning—that of adding some words of his own to part of a sentence of mine. I had said, that "the landscapes of great painters are the only models that approach to perfection;"* he has left out the rest of the sentence, which explained and limited my meaning, and has added, "for designers of real scenery to work by."† I shall make no further comment on such a style of criticism, but shall proceed to say a few more words on this deficiency in the art of painting.

The greatest opposers of the alliance between that art, and the art of gardening, would probably allow, that the owner of a place might listen with attention and interest to the remarks of a painter, on the manner in which many groups of trees might be broken or united; or in which parts of the distance might be let in or shut out; on the picturesque effect which projecting trees, roots, stones, and broken ground, with a torrent forcing its way among them, had on the eye when viewed from below. On all these points he might think his hints and observations very just; but should they afterwards get to the top of the same bank, and look *down* the course of the torrent, and should the painter *then* attempt to expatiate on the same effects reversed—the owner, according to Mr. Mason, might stop him short, and tell him—You must leave this to me and my gardener, for you know you cannot represent this view in a picture, exactly as it appears to us looking at it from the brink of the precipice; and *therefore* you can have no idea

* Essay on the Picturesque, p. 62.

† Essay on Design in Gardening, by Mr. G. Mason, p. 189.

yourself, and can give me no idea, how it should be improved, or what should, or should not, be done. If the painter thought it worth his while to answer such a reasoner, he would not be at a loss for arguments, but he probably would do as I shall now—not say another word on the subject.

When I reflect upon the whole of your Letter, I cannot help being struck with the very singular contrast between your professions at the beginning of it, and the whole tenor of it afterwards. You set out by agreeing with me in the general principles of your art, which general principles, according to my doctrine, are precisely those of painting; you also allow, that the study of what the higher artists have done (in other words, the study of those principles in their works,) is essential to your profession. After such an exordium, I hoped and expected, that you would briefly have given a general idea (which, in your great work, you might explain more at large,) in what points this study would be useful, and in what it could not be applied, with the reasons deduced from practical experience. This, if you entered upon the subject at all, would have been a liberal and candid manner of treating it, which, without obliging you to go into a long detail, might have enlightened your readers; but, in the very next page, you seem to dread the force of the concessions you had made, and begin your attack on the affinity between gardening and painting, the study of which last you had just considered as so essential. In the succeeding page, the attack proceeds with more violence. The painter's landscape, instead of being studied for the purpose of improving the landscapes of the place, is to be hung up, *à la Hollandoise*, at the end of the avenue—it is made use of as a sort of *scapegoat*, on which all the picturesque sins of the place are to be discharged, and by means of which the rest of the grounds may be freed from all painter-like effects, and the possessor secured from colds, agues, and the blue-devils. Soon afterwards, the uncontrolled opinions of savages are brought in to illustrate the studies of painters; an acquaintance with which, and no slight one, you acknowledge not only to be essential to your art, but that without it you should never have presumed to arrogate to yourself the title of Landscape Gardener. The attack upon painting is then suspended during several pages, the offensive war being changed to a defensive one, in support of your ally Mr. Brown. But, in the eighteenth page, you open your battery again, with an illustration still more degrading to the art than that of the savages; I need not put our readers in mind of it—they will immediately recollect the comparison between the love of pictures and of tobacco. You close the whole argument (in which,

after the two first pages, not a syllable is said in favour of an art to which you are so much indebted,) with an account of its deficiencies, in not being able to represent a gravel walk, a fragrant shrubbery, an extensive prospect, or a view down a steep hill—to which catalogue may be added continual motion.

I must say, that, according to your representation of the art of painting, its powers and effects, you, as an improver, have totally thrown away your time in studying what the higher artists have done in their pictures and drawings; and still more so, if it be considered that the picturesque is to be banished from improved places. If you take the term picturesque in a very usual sense, as signifying *painter-like*, that is, *as giving an idea of such combinations of form, colour, and light and shadow, or of any one of them, as strike artists, though they may not please a common observer*, (and which, therefore, might not be ill distinguished by some such word as painter-like) the banishing of such effects must make the study of the higher artists totally useless. If, again, you take picturesque in my stricter, but far from contradictory sense of it, as describing what is rough and abrupt, with sudden deviations—the banishing of all such objects will render the above-mentioned study of almost as little use; for, even in the works of those painters who have most studied the beautiful, you will have difficulty in finding many instances of it totally detached from the picturesque.

As, according to my notions, your art very much depends on mixing in proper degrees, and according to circumstances, the two characters, and in some cases on preserving them nearly unmixed—and as some confusion is likely to arise from the term beautiful being made use of both in a general and a confined sense, I will here add a few remarks to what I have said in my Essay, which may help to clear up a subject, whose chief difficulties (like those of many others) have arisen from the uncertain and licentious use of words.

It seems to me, that the term *beautiful*, in its most general and extended acceptation, is applied to all that allures, attracts, or pleases the eye in every style. It is applied to rocks, precipices, rugged old trees, torrents, &c. as well as to shrubs, flowers, meadows and gentle streams, and that in the most indiscriminate manner; to gay and brilliant colours, however discordant, for they are highly attractive; and for the same reason to peculiar and striking, though unconnected and incongruous forms.

Its general acceptation among painters and lovers of painting, is, I believe, no less extended, but with this difference—that they apply the principles of painting to these various styles, and call beautiful, in its

extended sense, whatever has a connection and union of form, colour, and light and shadow.

> " 'Tis still one principle through all extends,
> And leads through different ways to different ends.
> Whate'er its essence, or whate'er its name,
> Whate'er its modes, 'tis still in all the same:
> 'Tis just congruity of parts combined,
> To please the sense, and satisfy the mind." *

This union, this harmony, this connection, this breadth, this congruity of parts, may be considered as one principle, and it seems to be the grand principle necessary to all styles; and therefore what possesses it, though purely sublime, or purely picturesque, is called by that title of highest and most favoured excellence, *Beauty*, as well as what is more strictly beautiful. On this account, objections have been made to my distinction, and even that of Mr. Burke, as too narrow and confined; but I believe the dispute is, as usual, about names.

Beauty is, in one sense, a collective idea, and includes the sublime as well as the picturesque. In the other, it is confined to particular qualities, which distinguish it from the two other characters, just as *their* particular qualities distinguish them also from *it*, and from each other. Virtue, in the same manner, is sometimes a collective idea of many qualities; sometimes, as with respect to women, confined to the single one of chastity; or, as anciently, with respect to men, to that of courage; in short, to what was most esteemed in either sex. Virtue, therefore, seems to be, in a moral and metaphysical light, precisely what beauty is with regard to sensible objects; and no one, I imagine, who understands modern or ancient languages, will venture to assert that *because* there is a collective idea of virtue, therefore there is no confined idea annexed to the word. The qualities of union, harmony, connection, &c. are not peculiar to the beautiful as distinct from the sublime or the picturesque; they are qualities common to them all; they are general, not discriminating, qualities—they are necessary to give effect to the distinct and peculiar qualities of each of those characters, but do not therefore destroy, or confound them.

For instance, a number of broken rocks, and rugged old trees, with a stony torrent dashing among them, are all *ingredients* of the picturesque —of the sublime—or of both. These, perhaps, may be so unhappily mixed together, as to produce little or no effect; but should they be ever so happily united, either in nature or painting, will they *therefore*

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* The Landscape, p. 2. v. 35.

become beautiful in the confined sense? In like manner, smooth undulating ground, fresh verdure and foliage, tender blossoms and flowers, are all ingredients of the beautiful. These also may be so ill combined —and of examples there is no scarcity—as to have but little effect; yet should these *alone* be ever so happily united, will they therefore become sublime, or picturesque in the confined sense? or, I may almost say, in any sense?

As these are very material points in this discussion, I will request your indulgence, and that of my other readers, for what always has need of it—description of scenery. I will endeavour (though well aware what I risk in the undertaking,) to express a certain combination of natural objects, which, as nearly as the case will allow, may answer to my idea of *unmixed* beauty; and likewise to point out the difference between that, and a scene merely picturesque, as also the difference between both of them and a scene of Mr. Brown's.

It must be remembered, however, that many of the most strictly beautiful objects in nature, have a mixture of roughness in some parts, which of course cannot be separated from them, and which mixture, as I remarked in my Essay,* should serve as a lesson to improvers, not to aim at such a separation in their general system. I must, therefore, premise, that the simply beautiful scene I shall attempt to describe, is by no means intended to recommend an affected selection of such objects as have most of the separate qualities of beauty; but to show, that even *with* such an affected selection, and with as studied an exclusion of whatever has any of the separate qualities of the picturesque,† a scene might be formed, to which, I trust, the painter would not have the same objection as to one of Mr. Brown's; though he might not call it picturesque, or choose it for the subject of a landscape.

I easily conceive, that a person who is very much struck with a scene that exhibits the varied, and strongly marked effects of broken ground; of sudden projections, and deep hollows; of old twisted trees, with furrowed bark; of water tumbling in a deep worn channel over rocks and rude stones, and half lost among shaggy roots, decaying stumps, and withered fern; and who views the whole in some favourable moment of light and shadow—may very naturally call that whole *beautiful;* for he gives to what so much pleases him, the epithet which conveys the highest commendation.

But suppose that, at the extremity of such a scene, he were to enter a glade, or a small valley of the softest turf and finest verdure; the

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* Essay on the Picturesque, pp. 105 and 106. † Ibid., p. 82.

ground on each side swelling gently into knolls, with other glades and recesses stealing in between them; the whole adorned with trees of the smoothest and tenderest bark, and most elegant forms, mixed with tufts of various evergreens and flowering shrubs; all these growing as luxuriantly as in garden mould, yet disposed in as loose and artless groups as those in forests; whilst a natural pathway led the eye amidst these intricacies, and towards the other glades and recesses. Suppose a clear and gentle stream to flow through this retirement, on a bed of the purest gravel or pebbles; its bank sometimes smooth and level, sometimes indented and varied in height and form, and in parts even abrupt, and the soil appearing; but all rudeness concealed by tufts of flowers, trailing plants, and others of low growth, hanging over the clear water; the broken tints of the soil seen only through their boughs as through a veil, and just giving a warmth and variety to the reflections. Imagine that soon after, this brook (according to that beautiful image in Milton)

> "Spread
> Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved,
> Pure as the expanse of heaven:"

that over this lake, in some parts, trees of the most pleasing form and foliage extended their branches, while the vine, the honeysuckle, and other climbers, hung from them in loose festoons, almost into the water; that in other parts the trees retired farther back, and the turf came quite to the brink, and almost level with its surface; that further on, the bank swelled more suddenly, and was partially fringed and crowned with such plants as are most admired for beauty of leaves and flowers; and that amidst them, smooth stones of different forms and sizes, but their surface sometimes varied and softened by the rich velvet of mosses, mixed their mellow and brilliant tints with those of the flowers, and the general hue of vegetation; while the whole was rendered more soft and enchanting by the clear mirror that reflected them.

After having viewed such a scene, let him return at once to the former one; would he then give it the same epithet he did before? I think he would sensibly feel, that the character of each was as distinct as their causes, and that a scene composed almost entirely of objects, rough, rugged, abrupt, and angular, with various marks of age and decay, and without one fresh and tender colour, could never be classed with another scene, where softness, flow of outline, luxuriancy of vegetation, freshness and tenderness of colour, characterised every object.

Again, (to show how much the accidents of light and shadow heighten or diminish the peculiar character of each scene, according to their own

character) suppose, that while he was viewing the rude scene, a sudden gleam of sunshine glanced on the rugged trunks, and pierced into the recesses of the torrent, while catching lights were shifting upon the fern, the projecting roots, and broken ground; and that behind the mossy stagheaded trees, dark clouds arose, with breaks between them into the blue sky; the whole would then be infinitely more striking. In the other scene, however, though such a sky, with such lights, would also have a *striking* effect, yet, from the irritation which always attends sudden contrasts, it would take off from its repose, its calm delight; in a word, from its beauty.* But let it be viewed under the influence of a warm setting sun, or the mild glow of twilight, and then each scene will have the accompaniment that most suits and heightens its character.

Having thus separated the two characters, try what would be the effect of uniting them. Smooth part of the banks in the rough scene—mix luxuriant trees, flowering plants, and fresh foliage with the gnarled and half decaying oaks—add still-water and reflections to the noisy torrent—and you will feel how beauty will advance, as picturesqueness retires. Again, break the banks in the other scene, and make those breaks more visibly abrupt—place some of the rough oaks among the smoother and fresher trees—take away the shrubs—and let the water dash among rude stones—and you can have no doubt that you would lose in beauty, what you would gain in picturesqueness.

But, should Mr. Brown come, and level the banks in both scenes to one smooth edge, clump the trees, dam up all the water, and make everything distinct, hard, and unconnected—the beautiful and the picturesque would equally disappear, and the insipid and the formal alone remain.

I shall here wish to enlarge upon some few points, in which, I believe, the design and purport of my Essay have by many people been totally misconceived; at the same time, I know how difficult it is to guard against or to correct such false ideas, particularly when they are cherished by those who, perhaps, have been too ready to adopt them. In matters of greater consequence, wherever party runs high, he who expresses warmly his love of freedom, and hatred of despotism—however carefully he may distinguish freedom from licentiousness, and despotism from limited monarchy—must never hope for candour. He will be treated by zealots, as a friend to anarchy and confusion, as an enemy to all order and regularity, as one who would wish to see mankind in what is called a state of nature. In the same manner, from speak-

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* Essay on the Picturesque, Chap. VI.

ing warmly of certain wild unpolished scenes, I have been represented as a person who, had I the power, would destroy all the comforts of a place; all gravel walks and shrubberies (in which case it would at least be proper to begin with my own) would allow no mowing, but wet everybody in high grass—tear their clothes with brambles and briars—and send them up to their knees through dirty lanes between two cart-ruts. Though I expected a good deal of this kind of misconception, yet it seemed to me quite unnecessary to recommend those comforts which everybody was fond of, and with great reason; especially as I was not treating of the garden, but of the grounds. My point was to show, that there were many striking circumstances in nature, which were either neglected or destroyed, from a narrow exclusive attachment to high polish; and also from extending that polish too far, and with too little attention to beauty in its more general and enlarged sense.

As, notwithstanding these misconceptions, my book has been more favourably received than I had any reason to expect, I will enter into some little detail (not very amusing I fear) on the subject of those comforts; and it is a subject which cannot be more properly discussed than in a letter addressed to you.

In this climate, particularly, gravel walks are indispensable; and neatness and symmetry require, that in the most dressed parts they should be of uniform breadths, and consequently between two regular borders. On that account, however useful and even ornamental, they cannot have the playful variety of a path; which, in my idea, is owing, not merely to the variety of its curves, but to the lines of those curves being softened into the untrodden grass, and the transitions insensibly made; for thence proceed, what Hogarth calls the waving lines that lead the eye a kind of wanton chase, and to which distinctness puts an immediate end. Were a gardener, for instance, to copy, as nearly as possible, *all* the waving lines of a path, and to make them as distinct as those of a gravel walk, nothing could be more absurd and unnatural.

The whole of this principle is admirably exemplified in the remark of Annibal Caracci on the different styles of painting (not drawing) of Raphael and Correggio. He was so struck with these insensible transitions in the works of Correggio, that, in a letter to his cousin Ludovico, he said, "That St. Paul of Raphael, which I formerly looked upon as a miracle, now seems to me a thing of wood; so hard it is and so cutting." It must be remembered, also, that this was the judgment, not of a mere colourist, but of one whose style of drawing was remarkable for its firmness and precision. If, therefore, such a painter may be supposed to have just ideas on the subject, a pathway (for no object

is trifling which clearly shows the principle) has more of the requisites of beauty than any walk with distinct edges. Still, however, the gravel walk, from its symmetry, its neatness, and its dressed appearance, accords much more with what is soft and beautiful, than with what is rude and picturesque. For example, were the simply beautiful scene which I have just described close to a gentleman's house, he would very naturally make a regular gravel walk through it, and he would do very right; for convenience, neatness, and a dressed appearance are, in such cases, among the first considerations. But then, according to the doctrine I have endeavoured to establish, such a walk would not improve the *beauty* of the scene, though it would give it, what, on another principle, is highly pleasing. On the contrary, however well it might be managed, however artfully carried among the trees and shrubs, and partially concealed and broken by them, still the lines of it would stiffly cut across every thing, and never, like those of the pathway, play as it were into the other objects, and insensibly steal among them. It was on that account I observed, that near the house picturesque beauty (for in that early part of my Essay I had made no objection to the term) must often be *sacrificed* to neatness; but that it was a *sacrifice*, and one which should not wantonly be made.* Now, I believe, there are a number of persons who, were they rich enough, would have regular gravel walks in every part of their whole place; and should they make them in such a scene as I have been mentioning, at a distance from the house, I should think it a *wanton* sacrifice; for a dry path without borders would answer every purpose of convenience, without taking off from the retired character of the place. In a *rude* scene, the sacrifice would be much greater, for symmetry and regularity are particularly adverse to the picturesque.†

With regard to a natural path, either through a meadow, or across more intricate ground, it is, I believe, very generally popular; a by-road, from an idea of ruts and mire, very naturally much less so; though the principal distinction between both of them, and whatever has a regular border, is the same. There are, however, by-roads in dry soils, upon a level surface, and where there are few heavy carriages, that to me have a remarkably cheerful look; and so far are they from giving an idea of any thing slovenly, that the manner in which the soil (whether sand or gravel) and the grass are pressed and blended together, has rather the appearance of an operation of great nicety and attention. I should think, therefore, that in all scenery at some distance from the

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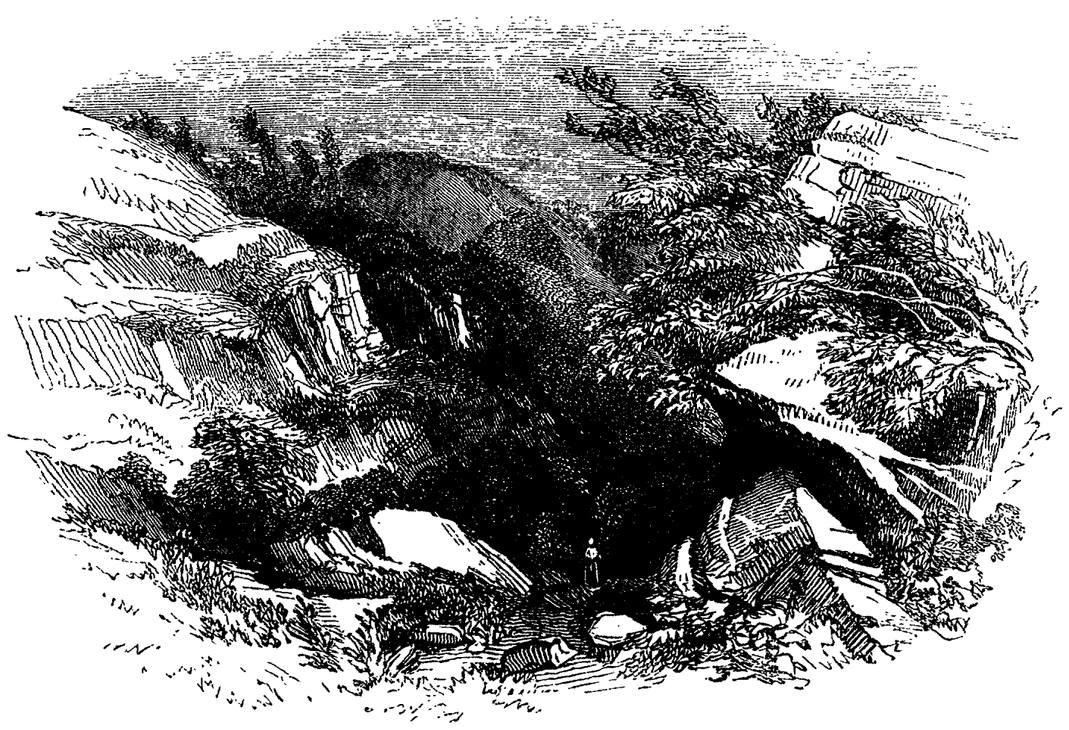
* Essay on the Picturesque, p. 72.

† Ibid., p. 83.

house, (particularly of the wilder kind) such roads and paths would answer every purpose of comfort and convenience, without formality; they might be dug out, and stoned just like any other gravel walk or road, only have no distinct borders; and what would be a great additional motive, they would give an idea that the *general* soil was dry; whereas the *borders* always seem to indicate that the gravel extends no farther, and was brought there on purpose.

[These remarks on roads and walks are extremely sensible, and well worthy the particular attention of all landscape gardeners. Formality and great precision of finish, as I have already hinted, are not only allowable, but quite necessary in the immediate vicinity of the mansion. But as you depart from it into the grounds, though the roads and paths should uniformly be firm and dry, so as to secure such delicate persons as may frequent them from rhuematism or sore throat, any labour that has been bestowed on them should always be less apparent. The character of the road or foot-way should be at all times in harmony with the scene through which it leads, but still there is no necessity for keeping up a bog, or a quagmire, for any such purpose of preservation of



character. I have seen a secluded ravine, so wild, with fallen rocky fragments tossed down all over the bottom, and so overgrown with weeds and brambles, that the angular holes existing between the masses were perfectly invisible, so that it became almost impossible to scramble through it without the imminent risk of grazing the shins, if not of breaking a leg; whilst in other parts, there were swamps which were almost

impassable. What was to be done in such a case as this? at the expense of much gunpowder, a smooth gravel walk with regular and equidistant edges, would have been constructed by a disciple of the smoothing and shaving style of gardening, whilst those of an opposite school might have said "let it not be touched at all." The plan followed was different from either. Covered drains, at a very considerable expense, were put into all the boggy places, so that the ground was not only rendered perfectly firm, but the grassy surface was improved in quality, and thus it was left untouched and natural looking, whilst all appearance of art was hid below the ground. Then as to the stony parts—the smaller fragments were removed irregularly, and thrown aside in such a manner as to leave a naturally winding passage among the larger masses, the great, deep, and dangerous holes were filled up with fragments of stone, and so the weeds were allowed to rise again among them, in such a manner, as to give to the whole the perfect effect of accident. There was no one who afterwards made his way through that ravine, who did not congratulate himself that he had had the good luck to find out a natural passage which fortunately conducted him safely and without broken bones, through all the intricacies occasioned by the obstacles which lay in his way. On no occasion could any one have suspected that his path had been smoothed by the hand of man, and at a considerable expense. Had the work been so ill done as that the art employed had been permitted to have exposed itself, the whole of the sentiment of wild and savage loneliness with which this ravine, that led to nothing, was filled, would have fled. I have brought forward this example, because the case was an extreme one, and because I think it proves that if a difficulty of so great magnitude as this, was thus so happily and completely overcome, there can be no doubt, that paths may be made through every variety of scenery, so as perfectly to preserve the appearance of untouched nature. In the case I have adduced, it was essential that the passage should be made safe and easy, but at the same time it was also essential that no path should appear at all. But in other cases, where paths come naturally in, the only thing that requires to be provided for, is, that they shall not have an artificial appearance, or at least, that they shall not have a more artificial appearance, than the nature or character of the scene may warrant.—E.]

All the same principles hold good with respect to mowing. It is a very common observation, that sheep are the best gardeners, and it is a very just one; the operation of the scythe, like that of the spade, is always distinct and uniform; whereas the bite of sheep has the same

kind of effect on the general face of the grass, that the constant tread of animals produces on the borders of paths and roads; it leaves slight inequalities, (in a way which the scythe cannot imitate) even on the most closely bitten turf, and on the sides of banks many tufts of flowers untouched; all which gives play and variety to the surface. A pleasure-ground can hardly be too nicely mowed, but some of the circumstances of a sheep-walk might well be imitated in particular parts of it, and especially on banks, or what are called garden slopes. These, when bare, and close shaven, have a remarkably cold, naked, and *hard* appearance;* dug clumps on their sides give them a blistered look, and destroy that play of outline and easy transition, which never should be neglected; but were holes made in them of different sizes, from that of a clump to a single plant, and where the soil itself was not excellent, filled with rich mould, and no longer dug, when the plants had taken root—not only the lower shrubs, but tufts of flowers might be so dispersed (yet still connected, and with room to mow between them) that every part of the bank would have the play and variety of wild, and the polish of dressed nature.

The whole that has been said on the subject of distinct lines, applies in a much stronger manner to the boundaries of water. One great reason for having borders to a gravel walk is, that the operations of hoeing and weeding, (so necessary to high keeping,) may be regularly and exactly carried on; but water needs no operation of that kind. The very purpose of a walk makes it inconvenient to have many boughs extended beyond its edge; but they may extend over water without any inconvenience; and there, besides their breaking the too long continuance of a line, they furnish objects of reflection—a very material difference between that and a walk. In dressed walks and roads, though the curves of paths and of by-roads, might give hints for correcting their too great sameness, yet the sweeps must in a great degree be regular; and a number of inlets would be ridiculous and inconvenient where you are to walk; but in the banks of water, coves and inlets, with their abruptnesses and irregularities, may be partially concealed and disguised; and, if not too frequent, will produce great variety, without any unpleasant break in the outline.

To return from this minute detail, to general distinctions and principles; all the reflections I have made, since I published my Essay, have confirmed me in my opinion, that whatever be the name applied to objects, the beautiful and the picturesque, must remain as separate as

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* Essay on the Picturesque, page 99.

their respective qualities; as separate as rough and smooth, as abrupt and gradual. But though it is necessary that the improver should know their distinct natures, just as the painter must know his distinct colours before he mixes them, yet it is not on their *constant* separation, as you have proposed, but on blending them as circumstances may point out, that your art must greatly depend; still more, however, on the thorough knowledge and the application of those higher principles of union, connection, &c. by means of which all the characters of visible nature are, as it were, incorporated, into one general title of excellence.

The joint compliment you have paid to my friend and me, I can for my own part return with great sincerity; and, on this occasion, I dare say I may answer for Mr. Knight. I fear, however, that as you complain of the occasional asperity of my supposed remarks on your opinions, you will not think me grown milder in this open and continued controversy; for in the course of pointing out and explaining the tendency of many indirect attacks and insinuations, which at first sight might not be obvious, some degree of sharpness in my answer would naturally arise; but he who writes a formal challenge, must not expect a billet-doux in return. I may also observe, that every man (whatever the game may be) has his particular manner of playing—an allusion, which may not unaptly be applied to writing. I have been told by some of my friends, that my play is sharp. I believe it may be so; but were I to endeavour to alter it, I could not play at all. I trust, however, that my friends will vouch for me, that whatever sharpness there may be in my style, there is no rancour in my heart.

On reading over what I have written, I could not but lament that there should be any controversy between us. Controversy at best is but a rough game, and in some points not unlike the ancient tournaments; where friends and acquaintance, merely for a trial of skill, and love of victory, with all civility and courtesy tilted at each others' breasts—tried to unhorse each other—grew more eager and animated—drew their swords—struck where the armour was weakest, and where the steel would bite to the quick—and all without animosity. As these doughty combatants of the days of yore, after many a hard blow given and received, met together in perfect cordiality at the famous round tables; so I hope we often shall meet at the tables of our common friends. And as they, forgetting the smarts of their mutual wounds, gaily discoursed of the charms of beauty, of feats of arms, of various stratagems of war, of the disposition of troops, the choice of ground, and ambuscades in woods and ravines—so we may talk of the many correspondent dispositions and stratagems in your milder art; of its

broken picturesque ravines, of the intricacies and concealments of woods and thickets, and of all its softer, and more generally attractive beauties.

Though I have already, perhaps, dwelt too long on that great principle, Connection, yet I cannot conclude this Letter without mentioning an example of its effects in a more important sphere. Not that its effects are doubtful, but that it is an example by no means unapplicable to the subject on which I have been writing, and one that, in the present crisis, cannot be too much impressed on our minds.

The mutual connection and dependence of all the different ranks and orders of men in this country; the innumerable, but voluntary ties by which they are bound and united to each other—so different from what are experienced by the subjects of any other monarchy—are perhaps the firmest securities of its glory, its strength, and its happiness. Freedom, like the general atmosphere, is diffused through every part, and its steady and settled influence, like that of the atmosphere on a fine evening, gives at once a glowing warmth, and a union to all within its sphere; and although the separation of the different ranks and their gradations, like those of visible objects, is known and ascertained, yet from the beneficial mixture, and frequent intercommunication of high and low, that separation is happily disguised, and does not sensibly operate on the general mind. But should any of these most important links be broken; should any sudden gap, any distinct undisguised line of separation be made, such as between the noble and the roturier, the whole strength of that firm chain—and firm may it stand—would at once be broken.

May the strength of that exalted principle, whose effects I have so much enlarged upon, enable us to cultivate this and every other art of peace in full security, whatever storms threaten us from without; and as it so happily pervades the true spirit of our government and constitution, may it no less prevail in all our plans for embellishing the outward face of this noble kingdom,

"Till Albion smile
One ample theatre of silvan grace."

This line has, I believe, been often quoted, and always as descriptive of the happy effects of modern gardening on the general face of the country. To me it appears to have exactly the opposite tendency, and for that reason I have made use of it; though I hope it will not be thought that, like Panurge, I am always crying *au rebours*. I by no means, however, conceive that Mr. Mason intended, by *silvan* grace,

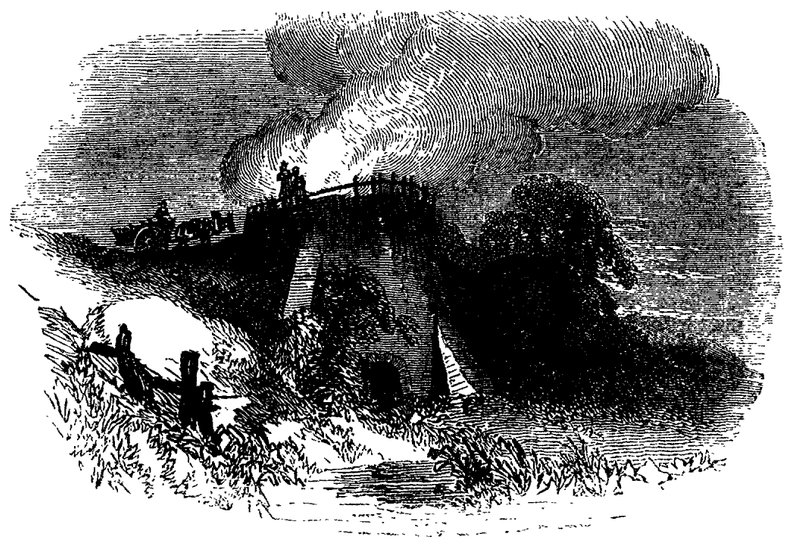
to inculcate such a doctrine, as that all parts of an improved place should be wild, in thickets, and free from every appearance of art; but that the general features and outline of the place should be so far silvan, as not to be disjoined from the surrounding objects. This single word *silvan*, added to many other instances throughout his poem, is to me a plain indication that Mr. Mason had, in his idea, a much more free, connected, and painter-like style of improvement, than he had seen practised by any of those, whose works he had just recommended to his reader's attention.

I will now conclude this long comment on your Letter, and as it is the first, so I hope it will be the last time of my addressing you in this public manner; in every private intercourse and communication, I shall always feel great satisfaction.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

UVEDALE PRICE.



A DIALOGUE

ON THE

DISTINCT CHARACTERS

OF THE

PICTURESQUE AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

IN ANSWER TO THE

OBJECTIONS OF MR. KNIGHT,

PREFACED BY

AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY ON BEAUTY;

WITH

REMARKS

ON

THE IDEAS OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS AND MR. BURKE
UPON THAT SUBJECT.

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

It has often occurred to me since I published my Essay on the Picturesque, that, in order to understand thoroughly the distinction I have endeavoured to establish, the reader should previously be acquainted with that which Mr. Burke has so admirably pointed out and illustrated, between the Sublime and Beautiful. At first sight, it may appear presumptuous in me to suppose, that my Essay is likely to be more familiarly known than Mr. Burke's; but a new publication is often more generally read at the time, than an old one of infinitely greater excellence. On that ground, I may, perhaps, be allowed to give a short abridgment of Mr. Burke's system, as far as it relates to the Sublime and Beautiful in visible objects, with which I am chiefly concerned. Such an account, though perfectly useless to those who have read the original Essay with attention, may give some idea of its general tendency to those who have never read it, and induce them to consult the work itself; and may also serve to recall its leading principles to those who have only given it a cursory reading.

The two great divisions on which Mr. Burke's system is founded, are self-preservation, and society; the ends of one or other of which, he observes, all our passions are calculated to answer. The passions which concern self-preservation, turn mostly on pain and danger, and they are the most powerful of all the passions. Whatever, therefore, is fitted in any way to excite the ideas of pain and danger—that is to say, whatever is in any sort terrible, or conversant about terrible objects—is a source of the sublime; that is, it is productive of the strongest emotions the mind is capable of feeling. The passion caused by the great or sublime in nature, when those causes operate most powerfully, is astonishment; and astonishment is that state of the soul, in which all its motions are suspended with some degree of horror. This is the effect of the sublime in its highest degree; the inferior effects are

admiration, reverence, and respect. Mr. Burke then goes through the principal causes of the sublime—obscurity—power—all general privations, as vacuity, darkness, solitude, silence; then considers greatness of dimension—infinity—the artificial infinite, as arising from uniformity and succession; and, lastly, the effects of colour, of light, as well as of its opposite darkness, in producing the sublime. If even the bare enumeration of these causes of our strongest emotions has something striking in it, what must they be, when set forth and illustrated by a writer of the most splendid and poetical imagination, that ever adorned this, or perhaps, any other country!

The other head under which Mr. Burke classes the passions, that of Society, he divides into two sorts—the society of the sexes, which answers the purposes of propagation; and that more general society which we have with men and with animals, and which we may in some sort be said to have with the inanimate world. The object of the mixed passion, which we call love, is the *beauty* of the *sex*. Men are carried to the sex in general, as it is the sex, and by the common law of nature; but they are attached to particulars by personal beauty. I call beauty (Mr. Burke then adds,) a *social* quality; for where women and men, and not only they, but when other animals, give us a sense of joy and pleasure in beholding them, (and there are many that do so) they inspire us with sentiments of tenderness and affection towards their persons; we like to have them near us, and we enter willingly into a kind of relation with them, unless we should have strong reasons to the contrary. This very just and natural distinction between the mixed passion of love which relates to the sex, and that perfectly unmixed love and tenderness which is universally the effect of beauty, must be constantly kept in the reader's mind, when he is considering this part of Mr. Burke's system; according to which, he applies the name of beauty to such qualities as induce in us a sense of tenderness and affection, or some other passion the most nearly resembling these.

Mr. Burke afterwards takes a review of the opinions that have been entertained of beauty, and points out the impropriety of applying that term to virtue, or any of the severer or sublimer qualities of the mind; and also shows that it does not consist in proportion, in perfection, or in fitness, or utility—he then examines in what it really consists, and what are its qualities. Of these qualities I shall merely give the enumeration, and shall do what will be most satisfactory, by copying Mr. Burke's own comparison of them with the qualities of the sublime. "Sublime objects are vast in their dimensions—beautiful ones comparatively small; beauty should be smooth and polished—the great

rugged and negligent; beauty should shun the right line, yet deviate from it insensibly—the great in many cases loves the right line, and when it deviates makes a strong deviation; beauty should not be obscure—the great ought to be dark and gloomy; beauty should be light and delicate—the great ought to be solid, and even massive."

This is the skeleton of Mr. Burke's system of the sublime and beautiful, and of the distinction between the two characters. As far as I have been able to observe, his principles of the sublime are more generally admitted than those of the beautiful; which, if true, may be easily accounted for. We have been used to consider the terrible as a principal source of the sublime in poetry, and therefore were prepared to have that principle extended to the whole compass of visible objects, and to have it founded on the great basis of self-preservation; but, with respect to the beautiful, we had not the same preparation; and, as we have been accustomed to apply the term in a very vague and licentious manner, his attempt to restrain the sense within more exact and narrow bounds has not, I imagine, been so favourably received. If such were the case in this country, his ideas of the beautiful were less likely to be adopted in France, as the word *beau*, from its being so particularly opposed to *joli*, almost always, I believe, indicates that the object is comparatively large; whereas it is one part of Mr. Burke's system, that beautiful objects are comparatively small. Some of his other qualities of beauty have been objected to by his own countrymen; and altogether, as I conceive, his idea of beauty has been thought too confined. Now, as I have introduced a third distinct character, that of the Picturesque, I am more interested than Mr. Burke himself could be, to show that his idea of the beautiful is not too limited; for, when three separate characters are to be distinguished from each other, each of them must, of course, be kept within stricter bounds.

In order to examine how far the idea of beauty may be limited, the first inquiry will be, whether, in those times when beauty of form was most particularly attended to, we can trace any idea of the beautiful as separate from all other characters. I think it clearly appears, that although beauty of the highest kind was attributed to all the superior goddesses, and that the ancient artists endeavoured to express it in their representations of them, yet the beauty of Venus, if not more perfect, was at least without the smallest tinge of any other character; whereas Juno, Pallas, Diana, and the other goddesses had a mixture of awful majesty, of the severity of wisdom, of warlike valour, or of rigid chastity. These, indeed, were *additions* to beauty, but one may properly say, that, in this case, *additio probat minorem*—and what

particularly strengthens Mr. Burke's system is, that the effects which all such additions produce are opposite to those of beauty. The effect of beauty, as Mr. Burke has so well pointed out, whether in the human species, in animals, or even in inanimate objects, is love, or some passion the most nearly resembling it. Now, the effect of majesty or severity, even when allied to beauty, is awe—a sensation very different from love; and thence the poet, who most studied all that belongs to love and beauty, has pronounced, that majesty and love cannot dwell together. If love cannot dwell with majesty, it certainly can as little dwell with that severity which arises from the more manly virtues and habits; especially when accompanied with something approaching to manly strength and vigour of body. Cupid, therefore, tells his mother that he feels a dread of Minerva from her terrible and *masculine* appearance; *Δεδια ω μητερ αυτην, φοβερα γαρ εστι, και χαροπη, και δεινως ανδρικη.*—(Lucian, 19th Dial. of the Gods.) And such must always be the effect of any mixture of the sublime with the beautiful—but the goddess of love is likewise the goddess of perfect unmixed beauty.

In point of beauty, singly considered, the female form has always had the preference; and to that Mr. Burke's principles of beauty most strictly apply; it may only be doubted whether he be right in saying, without any restriction, that beautiful objects are comparatively small. But, on the other hand, there seems to be as little reason for making them comparatively large; for, we must naturally suppose, in the human figure particularly, some just standard of height and proportion; in which case, all who possessed the qualities of beauty, but were above that standard, would, as far as size is concerned, begin to rise into grandeur; and all below it, to sink into prettiness—beauty being the golden mean. It must be owned, however, that, like the French, the more ancient Greeks appear to have considered large stature as almost a requisite of beauty, not only in men, but in women; this, I think, may have arisen from the very high estimation in which strength of body, and, consequently, largeness of stature, was held in those ancient times, when the words which signify beauty, and beautiful, were first made use of; and thence that combined sense of the words may have remained, when, from the high perfection and refinement of the arts, a more just and delicate notion and representation of beauty, separate from strength and size, had taken place. I may here observe, that the most admired statue of Venus now existing, and the allowed model of female beauty, is rather below the common standard—a circumstance which, as far as it goes, seems to favour Mr. Burke's idea, that beautiful objects are comparatively small.

There is a passage in Virgil, to be sure, which might be quoted, in

opposition to what I have just observed; it is where Æneas describes the appearance of Venus to him, at the moment when he is going to kill Helen—

> "Alma parens confessa Deam, qualisque videri
> Cælicolis, et *quanta* solet."

This, however, seems to refer to the proportion of deities in respect to each other; for it is clear, from the passage itself, that this was an unusual manner of appearing, and that upon most occasions, her stature was no larger than that of women in general. I may add, too, that it was a moment of great importance; she wished to make an immediate and awful impression on Æneas, and to prevent him from doing a deed very unworthy of a hero, and particularly of her son. She was also to appear on the same theatre with Juno and Pallas; who, though invisible to mortals in general, may be supposed to have been in their own celestial forms, and their full stature.

But, whatever may be the prevailing opinion on the point in question, I think it is perfectly clear that his general principles of beauty—that smoothness, gradual variation, delicacy of make, tender colours, and such as insensibly melt into each other—are strictly applicable to female beauty; so much so, that not one of them can be changed or diminished, without a manifest diminution of that quality.

The manner in which the ancients have represented their male deities, will throw still more light on their ideas of beauty as a separate character. The two most beautiful of their gods, Apollo and Bacchus, enjoy perpetual youth; that is, they continue in the state in which the male sex is most like to the female; they are represented without beards, their limbs smooth and round, and without any marked articulation of the muscles; in Bacchus, particularly, the turn of the limbs, and the style of face are perfectly female; and his extreme beauty and feminine appearance are mentioned at the same time by the poets, as connected with each other,

> "Tu formosissimus alto
> Conspiceris cœlo; tibi, cum sine cornibus adstas
> *Virgineum* caput est."

On the other hand, their awful and terrible deities, Jupiter, Neptune, Pluto, and Mars, are represented in the full strength of manhood, or of more advanced maturity.

There were mystic representations of many deities, totally different from the characters of them in the poets, and from the statues which accord with their descriptions. Not only Bacchus, but even Venus was

represented with a beard. Her statue at Paphos, which is said to be the original Venus, was an androgynous figure with a long beard. With such representations, however, I have no more concern than with the form of any Egyptian hieroglyphic.

It may be said, perhaps, that in the finest statue of Apollo which has been preserved, dignity is intimately connected with beauty; and that the mixture has produced the highest idea of male beauty, of which we have any model. This is perfectly true, and seems to contradict what I have before observed; but, if instead of a few statues saved from the general wreck of ancient sculpture, we could at once view and compare with each other all the different masterpieces which existed at the same period, we should probably find the nicest shades of distinction, not only between different deities, but between the different characters of the same deity. There cannot be a stronger instance of such a nice distinction, than that of the three famous statues of Scopas, representing three different names of Cupid—that is, three shades or distinctions of the passion of Love. The names are Ερως, Ιμερος, Ποθος. There probably are no terms that exactly correspond with these, in any other language. The Belvidere Apollo is in the act of slaying the Python; he is the destroying, not the creating power—"*severe* in youthful beauty;" there may have been other equally perfect statues of him as the god of poetry and music; he may have been represented in the enthusiasm of those divine arts, or in the softer emotions of love, a passion to which none of the deities was more subject; and certainly the expression of rapture or tenderness, is more congenial to beauty, than that of anger, however dignified. In such representations of him, his beauty might have borne the same relation to that of the statue we possess, as the beauty of the Guidian Venus did to different statues of Juno or Minerva; that is, would have less of awful and severe dignity, and more of loveliness. We may be sure, also, that beauty, and not dignity was the prevailing character of the Apollo. The highest idea of dignity is found only in the father of gods and men, in the Jupiter of Phidias or Lysippus, of Homer or Virgil; whether he be represented in the terrible exercise of his power, as bending his awful brow, and shaking the heavens with his nod; or with that mild countenance, by which he diffuses serenity through all nature. This seems to show that dignity, though it may be united with youth, more properly belongs to maturer age; and that may be one reason why the addition of it takes off, in some degree, from the genuine character and effect of beauty.

The following passage shows the opinion of the ancients on this subject. "Diligentia ac decor in Polycleto, cui quanquam a plerisque

tribuatur palma, tamen, ne nihil detrahatur, deesse pondus putant. Nam ut humanæ formæ decorem addiderit supra verum, ita non explevisse deorum authoritatem videtur. Quin ætatem quoque graviorem videtur refugisse, nihil ausus præter leves genas." (Quint. Inst. lib. xii., cap. 10.)

No one can doubt that youth is the season of beauty; it is then that the lines are most flowing, the frame most delicate; that the skin has its most perfect smoothness and clearness; and every part that gradual variation, which, at a more advanced period, gives way to stronger marked lines and angular forms, and ends in wrinkles and decay; the same holds good in all animals, and not less in the vegetable world. On this last point, Mr. Burke has touched more slightly; and, therefore, I shall dwell somewhat longer upon it, as I think it will tend to illustrate the whole subject.

Almost all trees, except the pointed tribe of firs, display, when in health and vigour, the greatest variety of undulating forms in their general outline; all groups of them do the same; and large continued masses of them mark the inequalities of the ground they stand upon, however broken and abrupt the ground itself may be, by the same graceful undulations. As this is the general character of all scenery where there is much natural wood in a flourishing state, and as trees and woods form the principal outlines in all pleasing scenery, it surely is a sufficient reason for a strong inherent love of undulating lines in the general face of nature. Such a style of scenery, chiefly prevails in situations free from violent winds, and where the fertility of the soil, corresponds with the ideas impressed by the general aspect; but where the country is rocky and barren, and subject to storms and hurricanes, there the forms of the trees, like those of the rocks on which they grow, are usually abrupt and broken; and exhibit marks of sudden violence, or premature decay.

The trees in the pictures of Claude, who studied what was soft and beautiful in nature, are almost all of the first kind; while those of Salvator Rosa, who chose the wildest and most savage views, are as generally of the second; their forms are indeed so sharp and broken, and they are often so destitute of foliage, that a person used only to the full and swelling outlines of rich vegetation, would scarcely know them to be trees. These last, however, have frequently a grand, generally a striking and peculiar character; but when we call such broken, diseased and decaying forms (and, I may add, the colours that accompany them) beautiful, either in reality or imitation, we clearly speak in direct opposition to nature; for it is just as unnatural to call an old, decaying,

leafless tree beautiful, as to call a withered, bald, old man or woman, by that most ill-applied term.

If, from trees, we go to those vegetable productions which nature seems to have taken most pleasure in adorning, we shall perceive that the same undulation prevails. Fruit and flowers are allowed to be the most beautiful of vegetable productions. The forms of most kinds of fruit are round, or oval, or at least are composed of swelling curves without any angles; as they ripen, their form and colour gradually attain their perfection; and, no one doubts, that when ripe, that is when in their most perfect state, they are most beautiful to the eye. In flowers, the *extremities* of the leaves are cut into an infinite diversity of shapes, many of which are strongly angular, and distinguished (as similar leaves in trees are,) by the terms sawed, and jagged; but the *general* form of the most admired among them presents a swelling outline. In them nature seems to act upon a small, as she does in trees on a large scale; for those trees, the particular leaves of which are divided into angles, have often as varied undulations in their general outline, as most others of the deciduous sorts.

I may here observe, that there is as much analogy as their different natures may be conceived to afford, between the respective beauty of young trees in their different degrees of growth, opposed to those which have nearly attained their full size, and that of children of different ages, compared with the form of men and women when it has acquired its full perfection. In the early state of many trees, there are particular circumstances of beauty which they afterwards lose—such, for instance, as the smoothness of their bark; but, in point of form, the very circumstance of rapid growth, though extremely pleasing in other respects, often produces a comparatively straggling outline; whereas in full-grown trees, the shoots being less luxuriant and more connected with each other, the whole has a greater fulness of form, a more gradual variation in the general outline, and a richer and more clustering effect in the different parts. Much in the same manner, children, and the unformed youth of both sexes, have generally more delicate skins and complexions, than when their growth is completed; but the limbs, during that state of increase, have seldom that fulness, that just symmetry and connection with each other, so necessary to perfect beauty.

I must own it strikes me, that if there be any one position on this subject likely to be generally admitted, it is, *that each production of nature is most beautiful in that particular state, before which her work would have appeared incomplete and unfinished, and after which it would seem to be tending, however gradually, towards decay.* It may,

perhaps, be doubted, how far the complete state, whether in animals or vegetables, is the precise moment of beauty; some may think it a little before the perfect expansion, though none after; but, in my opinion,

> "Crude is the bud, and stale the fading flower.
> On Venus' breast the full-expanded rose,
> Alone with all its sweets, and all its richness glows."

This state of full expansion and completion in the works of nature, may, I think, be admitted as a general criterion; and from observing the qualities which are more commonly found in objects during that state, we surely may be said to obtain more just and rational ideas of the qualities and principles of beauty, than from any other source; and those, I believe, Mr. Burke has very accurately pointed out, though not on the ground that I have taken. But although these qualities, more or less, exist in all beautiful objects, and though no object can be beautiful that is totally deprived of them, yet they still are only qualities or ingredients; and beauty is a thing of much too refined and delicate a nature to be made by a receipt, or to be judged of with accuracy, merely by an acquaintance with its general qualities; more especially with respect to form, and, above all, the human form. It required a long series of observations to enable men to discriminate amidst the general mass of beauty, what was in a pre-eminent, and exquisite degree beautiful; this has been done by men, who, in an age when all the arts were in their highest perfection, in the happiest climate for producing beautiful forms, and in a country where beauty in either sex had almost divine honours paid to it, made those forms their peculiar study, and who, by means of the noble and durable art of sculpture, have been able to embody their ideas.

Fortunately, some few at least of their finest productions still remain; and by examining the different antique statues, busts, gems, and coins, by comparing the ideas which they present with those of the poets, and with those also which are expressed in the works of the great masters of the revived arts of painting and sculpture, and all of them again with the existing forms of nature—I think it will appear, that there is in the human form a character, which may be pronounced strictly and purely beautiful. By allying beauty with any of the more sublime qualities, the result will be more awful and imposing, but less lovely and engaging; it may be a Juno, or a Pallas, but no longer a Venus; and, it may not be foreign to my present argument to mention, that two of the most celebrated statues of Juno and Minerva were colossal, whereas the Gnidian Venus of Praxiteles, the most famous of any of the statues of that goddess, was of the natural size.

Though no great argument can be drawn from the size of statues, which might be varied according to the sculptor's fancy, yet I cannot help mentioning, that Pausanias, in describing a statue of Diana, (also by Praxiteles) observes, that its stature exceeded that of the tallest woman. As the large stature of Diana is often remarked by the poets, this difference between the statues of the two goddesses by the same sculptor, seems to show an attention to the supposed proportion of different deities. Pausanias, lib. x., cap. 37.

But if beauty should not be colossal, so neither should it be diminutive in size or character. There seems to belong to the idea of genuine beauty, a certain mild and graceful dignity, as well as an exact symmetry; and therefore, when in nature the scale is below the common standard, and the character wants that degree of elevation, we are apt to call such objects pretty, rather than beautiful; just as we call them fine, when in the opposite extreme. Again, when there are any marked irregularities in the features combined with the qualities of beauty, although such combinations have often a wild variety and playfulness, more attractive perhaps than even beauty of a more pure and unmixed kind, yet the difference is manifest, and the addition of the term picturesque to that of beauty, most accurately marks the distinction.

As the same analogy, in a greater or less degree, prevails throughout all the productions of nature and of art, it possibly may not be too much to affirm, that the terms which answer to beauty and beautiful in all languages, however vaguely and licentiously employed in common use, yet, in their strict and proper sense, must have nearly the same meaning; they must refer in general to objects in their most perfect, finished, and flourishing state; and among them, to those particular combinations of form, which, from attentive and enlightened observation and experience, have been discovered to be more complete in those qualities, which are found to constitute beauty in general.

I must here acknowledge, that the opinion of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the last of his Letters inserted in the *Idler*, and since published in his works, does not coincide with that of Mr. Burke; but, on the contrary, differs from it in some essential points. I imagine Sir Joshua's attack (for such it is) was directed against Hogarth's Analysis of Beauty, and in particular against a very vulnerable part of it—the *line* of beauty; but as Mr. Burke adopted many of Hogarth's principles, though he rejected the idea of any *one* line peculiarly beautiful, he still is exposed to a ridicule, which might not have been levelled against him.

It cannot be supposed, that in these first Essays, written, for a peri-

odical paper, the ideas can be so perfectly digested, as in his later, and more studied productions; still, whatever comes from such a mind as his, especially on subjects connected with his own art, deserves the highest attention; and although I feel great unwillingness to controvert any opinions of a man whose memory I so much love and reverence, yet were I to omit doing it, the weight of his authority might very justly be brought against me. As his works are, or at least ought to be, in the hands of every man who has the slightest pretension to taste, it will be only necessary for me to mention those points which I wish to consider.

In this Letter, before he examines Hogarth's ideas of beauty, Sir Joshua gives us his own. These he founds on the great and general ideas inherent in universal nature, which, according to the practice of the Italian painters, are to be distinguished from the accidental blemishes, that are continually varying the surface of her works. This he illustrates by the leaves of a tree, of which, though no two are exactly alike, yet the general form is invariable; and a naturalist, after comparing many, selects, as the painter does, the most beautiful, that is the most general form. Nature, he goes on to say, is constantly tending towards that determinate form; and it will be found that she oftener produces perfect beauty than deformity, that is, than deformity of any one kind; for instance, the line that forms the ridge of the nose, is beautiful when straight; this is the central form, which is oftener found than either concave, convex, or any irregular form that shall be proposed. As we are, therefore, more accustomed to beauty than deformity, we may conclude that to be the reason why we approve and admire it.

He then observes, that whoever pretends to defend the preference he gives to one form rather than to another—as of a swan to a dove—by endeavouring to prove that this more beautiful form proceeds from a particular gradation of magnitude, undulation of a curve, or direction of a line, or whatever other conceit of his imagination he shall fix on as a criterion of form, will be continually contradicting himself, and find that nature will not be subjected to such narrow rules. The most general reason of preference is custom, which, in a certain sense, makes white black, and black white; it is custom alone determines our preference of the colour of the Europeans to the Ethiopians; and they, for the same reason, prefer their own colour to ours. This he illustrates in a very ingenious manner, by saying, that if one of their painters were to paint the goddess of beauty, nobody will doubt that he would represent her black, with thick lips, flat nose, and woolly hair; and he would act very unnaturally—adds Sir Joshua—if he did not; for, by

what criterion will any one dispute the propriety of his idea? we indeed say, that the form and colour of the European are preferable to those of the Ethiopian, but I know of no other reason we have for it, but that we are more accustomed to it.

After observing, that neither novelty nor fitness can be said to be causes of beauty—in which he agrees with Mr. Burke—he thus makes a sort of recapitulation: "from what has been said, it may be inferred that the works of nature, if we compare one species with another, are all equally beautiful; and that preference is given from custom, or some association of ideas; and that in creatures of the same species, beauty is the medium or centre of all its various forms."

Such are Sir Joshua Reynolds's opinions on the subject of beauty, and such his criticisms on those of others. With respect to the latter, I imagine that, though by undulation of a curve, and direction of a line, he may only allude to Hogarth's line of beauty, yet by gradation of magnitude he must have meant nearly what Mr. Burke calls gradual variation; and, indeed, it is most probable that his ridicule is pointed against the whole system of distinct, visible qualities of beauty.

The only way in which one can hope to vanquish such an adversary as Sir Joshua, is to oppose him to himself—his practice to his theory—

"Ut nemo Ajacem poterit superare, nisi Ajax."

Certainly no painter has made a more constant and judicious use of the principle of undulating lines, and gradual variation, and the acknowledged grace and beauty of his forms are the best proofs of its excellence; but deprive his pictures, or those of Correggio or Guido, of that principle which pervades them, and you would rob them of the charms to which they owe their greatest reputation. It is true that undulation, gradual variation, &c., like other general principles, have been often absurdly applied, and that they will not in themselves create beauty; but, it may safely be laid down as a maxim, and it is one to which in this discussion frequent reference may be made—that those qualities, without which a character cannot exist, must be essential to that character.

I may here observe, that, although the method of considering beauty as the central form, and as being produced by attending only to the great general ideas inherent in universal nature, be a grander way of treating the subject; and though the discriminations of Mr. Burke may, in comparison, appear minute; yet, after all, each object, or set of objects, according to its characters, must be composed of qualities, the knowledge of which is necessary to a knowledge of its distinct

characters. Such a method is more easily comprehended, than the more general and abstract one which Sir Joshua proposes; and when allied with it, is more likely to produce a just estimate of the character altogether, than any other method singly.

Sir Joshua remarks, that custom, though not the cause of beauty, is certainly the cause of our liking it; and that if we were more used to deformity than beauty, deformity would lose the idea now annexed to it, and take that of beauty. In this place, I imagine Sir Joshua uses the word deformity in its common acceptation; in others, he uses it for any deviation from the central form. If by being used to deformity, he meant a supposed case, that the forms of visible objects on this planet were universally what we now call deformed, his position is probably true—in that case, however, custom would only be another name for nature; but, on any other supposition, I rather think he has given to that second nature custom, a power which only belongs to nature itself —that is to *universal* custom.

It seems to me, that *partial* custom and habit are more employed in reconciling us to defects and deformities, than in absolutely converting them into beauties; and that, if in some particular cases they do convert them into beauties, (as it is said that those who have the goitres, think that excrescence becoming, and those who want it deformed,) yet such a notion of beauty is confined to the ignorant inhabitants of a few narrow districts. The Ethiopians, indeed, and what are in general called negroes, are much more numerous; and they probably prefer their own form and colour to those of Europeans; but, as Sir Joshua remarks, "the black and white nations must, in respect of beauty, be considered as of different kinds, or at least as different species of the same kind."

As this part of Sir Joshua's Letter has been thought to contain, not only a lively and striking illustration of his own doctrines, but likewise a refutation of those of Mr. Burke, it is necessary for me to discuss it more particularly, and to examine how far it affects Mr. Burke's system.

It is clear, that as the black and white nations may be considered as different species, an Ethiopian painter would with great propriety represent the goddess of beauty in the manner Sir Joshua has described; that is, with the characteristic marks of his distinct race; but, in other respects, it is probable that the painter would select such a model as an European painter would select, if employed to paint an Ethiopian Venus; her skin black, indeed, but of a clear jetty black—

"Such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem;"

her limbs round and smooth, and without any sharp angles or projections; her eyes of a clear transparent colour; in short, he would select a model, with all those qualities of beauty which Mr. Burke has mentioned, the peculiar marks of the species only excepted. I will even go further, and, notwithstanding the very high authority of Sir Joshua, will venture to propose some reasons, why both the form and the colour of Europeans, may claim a preference to those of the Ethiopians, independently of our being more accustomed to them.

The most striking difference is the colour; and it seems to me that there are so many obvious arguments in favour of the European, that I am surprised the preference should have been attributed to mere habit. Light and colours are the only natural pleasures of vision, all the others being acquired; but black is, in some degree, a privation both of light and colour; and it is associated with the more general privations caused by night and darkness, and all the gloomy ideas that result from them. Variety, gradation, and combination of tints, are among the highest pleasures of vision; black is absolute monotony. In the particular instance of the human countenance, and most of all in that of females, the changes which arise from the softer passions and sensations, are above all others delightful; both from their outward effect in regard to colour, and from the connection between that appearance, and the inward feelings of the mind; but no Ethiopian poet could say of his mistress,

> "Her pure and eloquent blood
> Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
> That you might almost say her body thought."

The well-known answer of a Grecian lady, is not a less high compliment to the same sort of appearance in the male sex; when asked what was the most beautiful colour in nature, she replied, the blush of an ingenuous youth. From that charming suffusion in the human face, which can only take place where the skin is transparent, we borrow an epithet very commonly given to the most beautiful of flowers; an Ethiopian lady may admire the rose's blushing hue (and it is said that the black nations have a sort of passion for the rose,) but no such pleasing association can arise in her mind.

In discussing this subject, I think I may fairly be allowed to reason from the analogy of all we see around us, especially from objects, whether animate or inanimate, of acknowledged beauty. I will first observe, what every one must have remarked, that nature has made use of black in a very small proportion. Almost all the objects we see are adorned with colours, or with white, which is the union of them all; but

she avoids black, which is their extinction. In vegetation, she has interspersed, upon the general clothing of green, the ornaments of flowers and fruit; and those she has decorated with every delightful variety and combination of colours; less often, however, with absolute black, though from the accompaniment of leaves, a certain proportion of black has a very rich effect—as we see in the deep purple of grapes, and in other berries either black, or nearly approaching to black. In flowers, black is at least as rare; and, upon the whole, I think I am fully justified in saying, that the colour of the Europeans, has a much stronger relation to the colours which prevail in the most avowedly beautiful objects, than that of the Ethiopians, and, consequently, has the best founded claim to beauty.

It may be said (and it is an argument which has been made use of) that, although we call the negro complexion black, from its being many degrees darker than that of the darkest European, yet it is far from being of one uniform blackness; and that its tint, though less varied, has a richness which, in a painter's eye, may compensate its comparative monotony, and may, therefore, by him be called beautiful. It is true, that some of the greatest colourists have introduced negroes into their pictures, and seem to have painted them, as the Italians express it, *con amore*, and certainly with striking effect; and, I may add, none with more truth, or with a richer tone of colouring, than Sir Joshua Reynolds himself. There is a head of a negro painted by him, and now in the possession of Sir George Beaumont, which for character, colouring, and masterly execution, may vie with any head of the same kind, by any master. But that he did not think such a tint could accord with beauty, and especially with female beauty, there is the clearest proof in one of his admirable Notes on Du Fresnoy. Sir Joshua is there speaking of the Venetian style of colouring, and that of Titian in particular, as the most excellent, and as eclipsing with its splendour whatever is brought into competition with it; yet, he adds, if female delicacy and beauty be the principal object of the painter's aim, the purity and clearness of the tint of Guido will correspond better, and more contribute to produce it, than even the glowing tint of Titian. Now, if he judged that the hue of Titian's naked figures, whether women or children, which that great colourist had studied with more attention than any other painter, and from models, not of a southern climate, but of the north of Italy—if he judged *that* hue to be too rich and glowing to correspond with the idea of delicate beauty, what would he have thought, if Titian, as a companion to his Florentine Venus, had painted an Ethiopian goddess of beauty, with Cupids of the same dusky complexion.

From the whole of the Note, it appears clearly to have been the opinion of Sir Joshua, at a time too when his judgment was perfectly matured, that Guido's colouring, the style of which he characterises by the expression of *silver* tint, as opposed to the *golden* hue of Titian, is a standard for the colouring of flesh, where beauty is the object. That silver tint, represents the colour of the most delicate European skins, in which white predominates; and the golden hue, those on which a richer, but a browner tint has been impressed. Every gradation downwards from that golden, to a deeper, and more dusky hue, is, according to this doctrine, a departure from beauty; and, consequently, the complexion of the negro, is at the extremity of the scale, as being the direct opposite to a clear and silvery tint. White, in its greatest purity, being the union of all other colours, ranks as high, and in some instances higher, than any one of them separately, or than any other union of them; and, for the opposite reason, black, being the absence, or extinction of all colours, ranks below them all. In pearls and diamonds, which are chiefly valuable for the pleasure they give to the sight, pure colourless transparency constitutes the highest excellence; and though it might be presumed, that the rich and the tender colours of rubies, emeralds, &c. would be more attractive, yet the pure colourless lustre of the diamond has the preference. The same, may, perhaps, be said of the most pure and perfect statuary marble.

With respect to form, the feature which most strongly distinguishes the human countenance, from that of all other animals, is the nose. Man is, I believe, the only animal that has a marked projection in the middle of the face; the noses of other animals being either flat, or not placed in that central position. All projections, universally, in all objects, give character—flatness and insipidity being synonymous; but between those large projections which impress a strongly marked character, and those slight elevations which give scarcely any relief, lies that medium, which in all things has the best claim to beauty. The same principles prevail in the form, as in the size of projections. Any sudden depression or elevation, or sudden variation of any kind, is a departure from the medium, or central form, as Sir Joshua has expressed it; and if that be the sense of his expression, the preference due to the European nose over that of the negroes, will be founded on his own principles.

According to the same principles, the lips of the negroes are less beautiful, than those which are more admired among the Europeans; for they are further removed from the central form—from the medium between such lips as scarce seem to cover the teeth, and those which appear unnaturally swollen.

The last object of comparison is the hair—a circumstance of great beauty in itself, and of the highest use in accompanying the face. One very principal beauty in hair, is its loose texture and flexibility; by means of which it takes, (as vines, and other flexible plants, do in vegetation) a number of graceful and becoming forms, without any assistance from art; and, like them too, is capable of taking any arrangement that art can invent. Add to this, the great diversity of colours, from the darkest to the lightest in all their gradations—the glossy surface—the play of light and shadow which always attends variety of form—and then contrast all this with the monotony of the black woolly hair of the negro! Its colour, nearly the same in all of them, and the form, without any natural play or variety, and incapable of receiving any from art! There is, likewise, another circumstance of difference not to be omitted—that of motion—the poets are particularly fond of describing this light, airy, playful effect of hair, both in man and in animals;

"*Luduntque* jubæ per colla per armos."

"Intonsosque *agitaret* Apollinis aura capillos."

And Tasso, in some measure, makes it the distinguishing mark of beauty—

"Della più vaga, et cara Virginella,
Che mai spiagasse al vento chioma d'oro."

The European ladies, in the wantonness and caprice of fashion, have sometimes chosen to imitate the Ethiopian character of hair, though, according to the French term for such a head-dress, the immediate object of imitation was the head of a sheep; but the Ethiopian ladies could not take their revenge—they have no tresses which they can either spread loosely on their shoulders, or tye up and arrange in numberless graceful and becoming forms.

I flatter myself, that, from what has been said of the characteristic differences between the Ethiopians and the Europeans, it will appear that the preference which we give to the form and colour of the latter, is not merely the effect of habit and prejudice, but that it is founded on the best grounds that can be had in such cases—on the manifest analogy which subsists between those forms and colours and such as are acknowledged to be beautiful in every other part of nature; and, likewise, on that very just principle, that the most beautiful forms are those which lie between the extremes, whether of thickness and thinness, flatness and sharpness, or whatever those extremes may be.

The most peculiar circumstance in what we call Grecian beauty, is the straight line of the nose and forehead, which is thought to be

almost as characteristic of the Grecian face as the flat nose is of the Ethiopian. This certainly is very unfavourable to the doctrine of waving lines and gradual variation; for, although it might plausibly be said that one such straight line has a pleasing, as well as a striking effect, when contrasted with the number of flowing lines of which the human face is composed, still, however, in so very principal a feature as the nose, it must be owned that the contrast is of too sudden and marked a kind to accord with Mr. Burke's system. But, on the other hand, how very strong an argument will it be in favour of that system, if it should appear, that in some of the most exquisite pieces of Grecian art, in which beauty, in its strictest sense, has been the chief object of the artist, the line of the nose and forehead has just that degree of gradual variation which seems in perfect harmony with all the other lines of the face. This, I believe, is the case in a number of statues, gems and medals; and particularly in the statue, which, of all others, is the best example on the present occasion—that of the Venus de Medicis—and as casts of that statue, and especially of the bust, are very common, it is easy for any person to satisfy himself with respect to the degree of variation.

If this be true, even of one statue of the highest class, that single instance will outweigh millions of examples, drawn from inferior works of art; more especially if it be considered that the statue in question, represents the Goddess of Love and Beauty. It must, therefore, be at least doubtful, whether the ancients considered the straight line of the nose and forehead as the most beautiful; but whatever may have been their opinion, or the forms of living models in Greece, the reason which Sir Joshua has assigned for the beauty of that line, can hardly be admitted in this country; for such a line is so far from being the most common, that we can easily recollect the very few examples we have seen of it.

The more extended position, "that the most general form of nature is the most beautiful," must, I imagine, relate to a supposed central form, not to such as actually exist; for, with respect to the human figure, to which he principally refers, we can never cast our eyes round any place of public resort, without perceiving that the proportion of handsome persons of either sex is comparatively small, much more so of those who are really beautiful; but if habit and custom determined our preference, we should certainly prefer mediocrity to beauty, as being infinitely more accustomed to it.

The illustration which he has drawn from the naturalist, is not, I think, perfectly in point. The aim of the naturalist is directed towards

the ascertainment of the species; he compares the different leaves, not as the painter compares other objects, for the purpose of discovering whether there be any of so peculiarly pleasing a form, as to deserve that he should except them from the general mass, but simply to know what is that shape, in which the greatest number most nearly agree. By such observation, the naturalist knows at the first glance, the general form of leaf in any particular species; if in some of the leaves there should be a slight difference, he still acknowledges them to be of the same species; but if the variation, either in the shape, or the position of those marks by which he distinguishes it, pass certain bounds, he considers such a leaf as a monstrous, or capricious production of nature. This is neither more nor less than we all do in our own species, from the unavoidable habit of observation—but this has nothing to do with the research of beauty in either case; nor does it at all tend to prove, that the most general forms, are the most beautiful.

I therefore cannot avoid suspecting, that Sir Joshua's meaning must be different from what his words seem to express. No man certainly had better opportunities of knowing how scarce a thing beauty is, even in this country, where, in comparison with many others, it so much abounds; and how very few, among those who really deserved that title, approached towards that perfection, of which none had a juster or nicer conception than himself; nor was he to be informed, that in most languages the epithet *rare* is constantly applied to beauty; and the opposite one of common, or ordinary, to the faces and figures of women who are totally void of it. If more instances were required in so plain a case, there is a very peculiar one in the Italian language—that of applying the epithet *pellegrina*, or foreign, to beauty; the Italians say *bellezze pellegrine*, *leggiadria singolare et pellegrina*, as if beauty in any high degree was so rare, that they could not look for it within their own well known limits, but could only hope that it might visit them from some distant, and more fortunate region. If, then, Beauty be as rare as these expressions, and our own experience, show it to be, it can hardly be called the most general form of nature, or the medium or centre of its various forms, in any other sense than that which I have supposed.

Beauty, then, according to this supposition, may, in respect to form, and particularly the human form, be considered as the centre or medium between the extremes of every kind; but this perfect central form, so far from being common or general, has very rarely been found to exist in any one individual; to discover, to abstract, and separate it from all existing forms, required numberless and repeated trials, observations,

and refinements. These were made during a considerable period of time by the Grecian artists; and though they could seldom find that central form in the whole of any one individual, they found it in particular parts sufficiently exact for them to copy from; with such corrections, perhaps, as the abstract ideas they had formed, though without ever losing sight of nature, might suggest. Phryne, indeed, seems to be an exception; as she is said to have been the model of the Gnidian Venus of Praxiteles, and of the Venus Anadyomene of Apelles; nor is it mentioned that those artists made any corrections, in copying that "human form divine," but thought it worthy of representing the goddess, to whose service it had always been dedicated. But their general plan of proceeding, was by putting these most perfect parts of different individuals together, and connecting them into a whole, by means of the rules of symmetry and proportion, which they had laid down in consequence of repeated trials, and likewise by the guidance of that nicety of taste and judgment, which adds all that rules cannot teach, they created, what has been called *ideal beauty*. In one particular statue, Polycletus so happily exemplified the rules which he himself had committed to writing, that they jointly obtained the name of the *canon;* or the rule and model of the relation which one part of the human figure bears to the other, and of the result of the whole.

Here, then, after long researches, is a distinct central form, to which others may be referred—a form to which nothing could be added, from which nothing could be taken away. This, therefore, with such other works of art as were wrought according to the same rules, and in the same spirit, may properly be called "the invariable general form," not "which nature most frequently produces," but which she may be supposed "to intend in her productions." Such real visible models "of the great and general ideas which are fixed and inherent in universal nature" being once acknowledged, it will naturally follow, that all deviations from them must be reckoned among "those accidental blemishes and excrescences which are continually varying the surface of nature's works;" and thence we have a clear conception of that to which the painter ought to attend when studying the highest style of the art, and of that which he ought to avoid. The practice of his best guides, the ancient artists, plainly shows, that, in their opinion, whatever nature's intention may be, she rarely produces a perfect whole, or even perfect parts; and the ancient writers confirm that opinion by their avowal of the superiority of statues, even when they are speaking of the *parts* of the human body—

"Pectoraque, artificum laudatis proxima signis."

As the art of sculpture, if even invented in the time of Homer, was then in its infancy, he has not made any comparison between his heroes and statues; but, what is curious enough, in order to give an idea of the perfect form of the king of men, he has selected different parts even of the gods—

Ὄμματα καὶ κεφαλὴν ἴκελος Διὶ τερπικεραύνῳ,
Ἄρεϊ τε ζωνὴν, στέρνον δὲ Ποσειδάωνι.

One might almost imagine, that Shakspeare had thought of this passage in his description of Hamlet's father; only that he had chosen to take the eyes from Jupiter, and transfer them to the god of war—

"Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars to threaten or command;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill."

From all that has hitherto been said, the opinions of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Mr. Burke, seem to differ very much on the subject of beauty; yet, I believe, the difference is more in the manner in which they viewed and treated the subject, than in the judgment, which, according to their own principles, they would have given of any work, either of nature or of art. The most perfect specimens of the latter, are certainly the fine antique statues; which being wrought upon the principles already mentioned, approach as nearly as possible to what Sir Joshua calls the central form—that is, to general abstract nature, in opposition to particular individual nature. From them the great Italian masters first learned to generalise their ideas, on all that in any way relates to their art; and from them, likewise, they acquired their notions of perfect ideal beauty; but these two acquirements, though founded on one principle, ought, in my opinion, to be considered in distinct points of view; as, from the want of such distinction, beauty and grandeur of character have been strangely confounded.

This will appear in a very clear light, if we reflect, that the abstract method of considering the human form and countenance, extended to all ages and characters; to the ideal heads of aged bards, lawgivers, and philosophers, as well as to the youthful forms of either sex; and therefore beauty, in any just sense of the word, could not be the constant result of it. That quality must be confined to such statues as represent young and graceful persons; and those, indeed, are the most perfect illustrations of Sir Joshua's ideas of the beautiful.

I lately hit upon a passage that I had not remarked before, in which Sir Joshua considers flowing lines as essential to beauty, and as being,

in a manner, the characteristic marks of it. The passage is in his 56th Note on Du Fresnoy. He there says, "a flowing outline is recommended because beauty—which alone is nature—cannot be produced without it; old age or leanness produces straight lines, corpulency round lines, but in a state of health accompanying youth, the outlines are waving, flowing, and serpentine."

But, again, as such statues display, in an eminent degree, the qualities which Mr. Burke has assigned to beauty, they are also the most perfect illustrations of his system; it therefore appears very plainly, that when the models, to which both these eminent judges would certainly have referred their notions of perfect beauty, are analysed, those notions are found to coincide; and the only difference between them is, that the one treats of the great general abstract principles of beauty; the other of its distinct visible qualities. Were there now extant any of the first-rate pictures of the ancient Greek school—the Venus of Apelles, or the Helen of Zeuxis—in perfect preservation, we should probably see, that the delicate blending of the tints, their clearness and purity, would equally tend to establish Sir Joshua's and Mr. Burke's principles of the beautiful in colour.

If, then, it be true, that by adhering to a central form, as displayed in the best antique statues, and by applying to it the qualities of beauty, as stated by Mr. Burke, it would be almost impossible not to produce a beautiful object; and if, on the other hand, it would be quite impossible to produce one, if that central form, and those qualities, were rejected; and if this may equally be affirmed, with respect to all other objects in nature, as well as to the human figure—it points out very distinctly, in what beauty does, and does not consist; and it shows that although an Apollo Belvidere, or a Venus de Medicis, cannot be made by means of rules and qualities, yet they could not be made in opposition to them.

Lastly, if it appear, that those qualities which are supposed to constitute the beautiful, are in all objects chiefly found to exist at that period when nature has attained, but not passed, a state of perfect completion, we surely have as clear, and as certain principles on this, as on many other subjects, where little doubt is entertained.

Whether our notions of the sublime, are more or less clear and settled than those of beauty, with which it has been so closely brought into comparison, I will not pretend to determine; there seems, however, to be this difference between them: those objects which call forth our wonder, are rare—and their rarity is indeed one cause of their effect; the term sublime, is therefore less frequently misapplied. Those, on the other hand, which create our pleasure, are comparatively common, and

familiar; and as we are apt to give the name of beauty to all objects which give us pleasure, however different from each other in their qualities or character, our notions of beauty, and our application of the term, have been proportionably lax and indistinct. To give them a just degree of precision, it therefore was not sufficient to point out what in its strict acceptation is beautiful; it was likewise necessary to account for the pleasure which we receive from numberless objects, neither sublime nor beautiful, yet well entitled to form a separate class; and this I have endeavoured to do, in my Essays on the Picturesque.

PREFACE.

THE following Dialogue is written in answer to a Note, which my friend Mr. Knight has inserted in the second edition of *The Landscape*. In that Note he has stated it as his opinion, that the distinction which I have endeavoured to establish between the Beautiful and the Picturesque, is an imaginary one: and has given his reasons for thinking so.

I have thrown my defence into its present form, in hopes that after so much discussion upon the subject, something lighter, and more like amusement, might be furnished by this method. I also thought, that many persons who were not affected or convinced by reasoning only, might possibly be struck with it when mixed with imagery; when the different objects were placed before them, and successively examined and canvassed by the different speakers in the Dialogue; and when the doubts and questions, which may naturally occur to an unpractised mind, were stated by a character of that description, and thereby more familiarly discussed and explained, than can be done in a regular Essay.

For this purpose, I have supposed two of the characters to be very conversant in all that relates to nature, and painting: that one of them, whom for distinction I have called by the name of Howard, is a partisan of Mr. Knight's; that the other, whom I have called Hamilton, is attached to my opinions; and that the third, of the name of Seymour, has little acquaintance with the art of painting, or with the application of its principles to that of gardening, or to natural scenery.

By means of the supposed partisan of Mr. Knight's opinions, I have introduced almost the whole of the Note into the body of the Dialogue; but as it appears there in detached parts, just as the arguments might be conceived to occur in the course of the discussion, I thought it right to print it altogether; for it would be very unfair to Mr. Knight, if the reader were not enabled to view the whole chain of his reasoning as he had arranged it himself, and likewise to refer to it whenever he had occasion.

Some of my friends, who had read this Dialogue in manuscript, were inclined to think, that the passages, which were taken from the Note, should be distinguished by inverted commas. But as the Note itself is now prefixed, such a distinction seems less necessary. There were, indeed, some objections to it; for I have at times been obliged to introduce and connect those passages by words of my own, which therefore could not, without impropriety, have been included within the commas; and yet, being part of the same speech, could not, without awkwardness, have been excluded. I judged, also, that the frequent recurrence of such commas, might distract the reader's attention from what was going forward, and, in any case, take off from the naturalness of the dialogue.

NOTE

ANNEXED TO THE SECOND EDITION

OF

THE LANDSCAPE.

It is now, I believe, generally admitted, that the system of picturesque improvement, employed by the late Mr. Brown and his followers, is the very reverse of picturesque—all subjects for painting instantly disappearing as they advance; whence an ingenious professor, who has long practised under the title of *Landscape Gardener*, has suddenly changed his ground; and, taking advantage of a supposed distinction between the picturesque and the beautiful, confessed that his art was never intended to produce landscapes, but some kind of *neat, simple, and elegant effects*, or nondescript beauties, which have not yet been named or classed. (See Letter to Mr. Price, p. 413.) "*A beautiful garden scene*," he says, "*is not more defective because it would not look well on canvass, than a didactic poem, because it neither furnishes a subject for the painter or the musician.*" (Ibid., p. 411.) Certainly not—for such a poem must be void of imagery and melody; and, therefore, more exactly resembling one of this professor's improved places than he probably imagined when he made the comparison. It may, indeed, have all the *neatness, simplicity, and elegance of English gardening* (Ibid., p. 413.); but it will also have its vapid and tiresome insipidity; and, however it may be esteemed by a professor or a critic, who judge every thing by rule and measure, will make no impression on the generality of readers, whose taste is guided by their feelings.

I cannot, however, but think that the distinction of which this ingenious professor has thus taken advantage, is an imaginary one, and that the picturesque is merely that kind of beauty which belongs exclusively to the sense of vision—or to the imagination, guided by that sense. It must always be remembered in inquiries of this kind, that

the eye, unassisted, perceives nothing but light, variously graduated and modified. Black objects are those which totally absorb it, and white those which entirely reflect it; and all the intermediate shades and colours are the various degrees in which it is partially absorbed or impeded, and the various modes in which it is reflected and refracted. Smoothness, or harmony of surface, is to the touch, what harmony of colour is to the eye; and as the eye has learned by habit to perceive form as instantaneously as colour, we perpetually apply terms belonging to the sense of touch to objects of sight; and while they relate only to *perception*, we are guilty of no impropriety in so doing; but we should not forget that *perception* and *sensation* are quite different—the one being an operation of the mind, and the other an impression on the organs. And that, therefore, when we speak of the pleasures and pains of each, we ought to keep them quite separate, as belonging to different classes, and governed by different laws.

Where men agree in facts, almost all their disputes concerning inferences arise from a confusion of terms; no language being sufficiently copious and accurate to afford a distinct expression for every discrimination necessary to be made in a philosophical inquiry, not guided by the certain limits of number and quantity; and vulgar use having introduced a mixture of literal and metaphorical meanings so perplexing, that people perpetually use words without attaching any precise meaning to them whatever. This is peculiarly the case with the word *beauty*, which is employed sometimes to signify that congruity and proportion of parts, which in composition pleases the understanding; sometimes those personal charms, which excite animal desires between the sexes; and sometimes those harmonious combinations of colours and smells, which make grateful impressions upon the visual or olfactory nerves. It often happens, too, in the laxity of common conversation or desultory writing, that the word is used without any pointed application to either, but with a mere general and indistinct reference to what is any ways pleasing.

This confusion has been still more confounded, by its having equally prevailed in all the terms applied to the constituent properties both of beauty and ugliness. We call a still clear piece of water, surrounded by shaven banks, and reflecting white buildings, or other brilliant objects that stand near it, *smooth*, because we *perceive* its surface to be smooth and even, though the impression, which all these harsh and edgy reflections of light produce on the eye, is analogous to that which roughness produces on the touch; and is often so violently irritating, that we cannot bear to look at it for any long time together. In the same manner, we call an agitated stream, flowing between broken and sedgy

banks, and indistinctly reflecting the waving foliage that hangs over it, *rough;* because we know, from habitual observation, that its impression on the eye is produced by uneven surfaces; at the same time that the impression itself is all of softness and harmony; and analogous to what the most grateful and nicely varied smoothness would be to the touch. This is the case with all smooth animals, whose forms being determined by marked outlines, and the surfaces of whose skins producing strong reflections of light, have an effect on the eye corresponding to what irritating roughness has upon the touch; while the coats of animals which are rough and shaggy, by partly absorbing the light, and partly softening it by a mixture of tender shadows, and thus connecting and blending it with that which proceeds from surrounding objects, produce an effect on the eye similar to that which an undulated and gently varied smoothness affords to the touch. The same analogy prevails between shaven lawns and tufted pastures, dressed parks and shaggy forests, neat buildings and mouldering walls, &c. &c. as far as they affect the senses only. In all, our landscape gardeners seem to work for the touch rather than the sight.

When harmony, either in colour or surface, becomes absolute unity, it sinks into what, in sound, we call monotony; that is, its impression is so languid and unvaried, that it produces no farther irritation on the organ than what is necessary for mere *perception;* which, though never totally free from either pleasure or pain, is so nearly neutral, that by a continuation it grows tiresome; that is, it leaves the organ to a sensation of mere existence, which seems in itself to be painful.

If colours are so harsh and contrasted, or the surface of a tangible object so pointed or uneven, as to produce a stronger or more varied impression than the organ is adapted to bear, the irritation becomes painful in proportion to its degree, and ultimately tends to its dissolution.

Between these extremes lies that grateful medium of grateful irritation, which produces the sensation of what we call *beauty;* and which in visible objects we call *picturesque beauty*, because painting, by imitating the visible qualities only, discriminates it from the objects of other senses with which it may be combined; and which, if productive of stronger impressions, either of pleasure or disgust, will overpower it; so that a mind not habituated to such discriminations, or (as more commonly expressed) a person not possessed of a painter's eye, does not discover it till it is separated in the artist's imitation. Rembrandt, Ostade, Teniers, and others of the Dutch painters, have produced the most beautiful pictures, by the most exact imitations of the most ugly and

disgusting objects in nature; and yet it is physically impossible that an exact imitation should exhibit qualities not existing in its original; but the case is, that in the originals, animal disgust, and the nauseating repugnance of appetite, drown and overwhelm every milder pleasure of vision, which a blended variety of mellow and harmonious tints must necessarily produce on the eye, in nature as well as in art, if viewed in both with the same degree of abstracted and impartial attention.

In like manner, properties pleasing to the other senses, often exist in objects disgusting or insipid to the eye, and make so strong an impression, that persons who seek only what is generally pleasing, confound their sensations, and imagine a thing beautiful, because they see in it something which gives them pleasure of another kind. I am not inclined, any more than Mr. Repton, *to despise the comforts of a gravel walk, or the delicious fragrance of a shrubbery;* (see his letter to Mr. Price, p. 416,) neither am I inclined to despise the convenience of a paved street, or the agreeable scent of distilled lavender; but, nevertheless, if the pavier and perfumer were to recommend their works as delicious gratifications for the eye, I might be tempted to treat them both with some degree of ridicule and contempt. Not only the fragrance of shrubs, but the freshness of young grass and green turf, and the coolness of clear water, however their disposition in modern gardens may be adverse to picturesque beauty, and disgusting to the sense of seeing, are things so grateful to the nature of man, that it is impossible to render them wholly disagreeable. Even in painting, where freshness and coolness are happily represented, scenes not distinguished by any beautiful varieties of tints or shadows, please through the medium of the imagination, which instantly conceives the comforts and pleasures which such scenes must afford; but still, in painting, they never reconcile us to any harsh or glaring discords of colour; wherefore I have recommended that art as the best criterion of the mere visible beauties of rural scenery, which are all that I have pretended to criticise.

If, however, an improver of grounds chooses to reject this criterion, and to consider picturesque beauty as not belonging to his profession, I have nothing more to do with him; the objects of our pursuit and investigation being entirely different. All that I beg of him is, that if he takes any *professional* title, it may be one really descriptive of his profession, such as that of *walk-maker*, *shrub planter*, *turf cleaner*, or *rural perfumer;* for if *landscapes* are not what he means to produce, that of *landscape gardener* is one not only of *no mean*, but of *no true pretension*.

As for the beauties of congruity, intricacy, lightness, motion, repose,

&c. they belong exclusively to the understanding and imagination ; and though I have slightly noticed them in the text, a full and accurate investigation of them would not only exceed the limits of a note, but of my whole work. The first great obstruction to it is the ambiguity of language, and the difficulty of finding distinct terms to discriminate distinct ideas. The next is the habit which men are in, of flying for allusions to the inclination of the sexes towards each other; which, being the strongest of our inclinations, draws all the others into its vortex, and thus becomes the criterion of pleasures, with which it has no further connection than being derived from the same animal functions with the rest. All male animals probably think the females of their own species the most beautiful part of the creation ; and in the various and complicated mind of civilized man, this original result of appetite has been so changed and diversified by the various modifications of mental sympathies, social habits, and acquired propensities, that it is impossible to analyze it ; it can therefore afford no lights to guide us in exploring the general principles and theory of sensation.

A DIALOGUE

ON

THE DISTINCT CHARACTERS

OF THE

PICTURESQUE AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

Mr. Howard and Mr. Hamilton, two gentlemen remarkably fond of pictures, were on their return from a tour they had been making through the north of England. They were just setting out on their walk to a seat in the neighbourhood, where there was a very numerous and well chosen collection of pictures, when a chaise drove to the inn door, and they saw, to their great delight, that the person who got out of it was Mr. Seymour, an intimate friend of theirs. After the first rejoicings at meeting so unexpectedly, they told him whither they were going, and proposed to him to accompany them. You know, said he, how ignorant I am of pictures, and of every thing that relates to them; but, at all events, I shall have great pleasure in walking with you, and shall not be sorry to take a lesson of connoisseurship from two such able masters.

Mr. Hamilton had formerly been a great deal at the house they were going to, and undertook to be their guide; the three friends, however, conversed so eagerly together, that they missed their way, and got into a wild unfrequented part of the country; when, suddenly, they came to a ruinous hovel on the outskirts of a heathy common. In a dark corner of it, some gipsies were sitting over a half-extinguished fire, which every now and then, as one of them stooped down to blow it, feebly blazed up for an instant, and showed their sooty faces, and black tangled locks. An old male gipsy stood at the entrance, with a countenance that well expressed his three-fold occupation of beggar,

thief, and fortune-teller; and by him a few worn out asses—one loaded with rusty panniers, the other with old tattered clothes and furniture. The hovel was propt and overhung by a blighted oak; its bare roots staring through the crumbling bank on which it stood. A gleam of light from under a dark cloud, glanced on the most prominent parts; the rest was buried in deep shadow, except where the dying embers

"Taught light to counterfeit a gloom."

The three friends stood a long while contemplating this singular scene; but the two lovers of painting could hardly quit it. They talked in raptures of every part; of the old hovel, the broken ground, the blasted oak, gipsies, asses, panniers, the catching lights, the deep shadows, the rich mellow tints, the grouping, the composition, the effect of the whole; and the words beautiful and picturesque were a hundred times repeated. The uninitiated friend listened with some surprise; and when their raptures had a little subsided, he begged them to explain to him how it happened, that many of those things which he himself, and most others he believed, would call ugly, they called beautiful and *picturesque*—a word, which those who were conversant in painting, might perhaps use in a more precise, or a more extended sense, than was done in common discourse, or writing. Mr. Howard told him that the picturesque was merely that kind of beauty which belongs exclusively to the sense of vision, or to the imagination guided by that sense. "Then," said Mr. Seymour, "as far as visible objects are concerned, what is picturesque is beautiful, and *vice versâ*; in short, they are two words for the same idea. I do not, however, entirely comprehend the meaning of *exclusively*, to the sense of vision."

"It must always be remembered," answered the other, "in inquiries of this kind, that the eye, unassisted, perceives nothing but light, variously graduated and modified. Black objects are those which totally absorb it; and white, those which entirely reflect it; and all the intermediate shades and colours, are the various degrees in which it is partially absorbed or impeded. Smoothness, or harmony of surface, is to the touch, what harmony of colour is to the eye; and as the eye has learnt by habit to perceive form, as instantaneously as colour, we perpetually apply terms belonging to the sense of touch, to objects of sight; and while they relate only to *perception*, we are guilty of no impropriety in so doing. But we should not forget that perception and sensation are quite different; the one being an operation of the mind, the other an impression on the organs; and that, therefore, when we speak of the pleasures and pains of each, we ought to keep them quite

separate, as belonging to different classes, and governed by different laws."

"There can be no doubt," said Mr. Seymour, "of the distinction between perception and sensation; but in speaking of visible objects, I can hardly admit that they are quite different, or that they ought to be kept quite separate; because perception, as an operation of the mind, has no existence but through the medium of impressions on the organs of sense. Perception, therefore, in the mind, and sensation in the organ, although distinct operations in themselves, are practically inseparable. I am ready, for instance, to allow, that an eye unassisted, sees nothing but light variously modified; but where will you find such an eye? We have all learned to distinguish by the sight alone, not only form in general, but likewise its different qualities—such as hardness, softness, roughness, smoothness, &c., and to judge of the distance and gradation of objects. All these ideas, it is true, are originally acquired by the touch; but from use, they are become as invariably connected with objects of sight, as the very perceptions of the colours themselves. *You* may possibly be able, so to abstract your attention from all these heterogeneous qualities, as to see light and colours only; but, for my part, I plainly see that old gipsy's wrinkles, as well as the colour of his skin; I see that his beard is not only grizzle, but rough and stubbed, and, in my mind, very ugly; I see that the hovel is rugged and uneven, as well as brown and dingy; and I cannot get these things out of my mind by any endeavours; in short, what I see and feel to be ugly, I cannot think or call beautiful, whatever lovers of painting may do."

"It is by a love and study of pictures," replied Mr. Howard, "that this beauty is perceived; because painting, by imitating the visible qualities only, discriminates it from the objects of the other senses with which it may be combined, and which, if productive of stronger impressions either of pleasure or disgust, will overpower it; so that a mind not habituated to such discriminations, or (as more commonly expressed) a person not possessed of a painter's eye, does not discover it till it is separated in the artist's imitation. Rembrandt, Ostade, Teniers, and others of the Dutch painters, have produced the most beautiful pictures by the most exact imitations of the most ugly and disgusting objects in nature; and yet it is physically impossible that an exact imitation should exhibit qualities not existing in its original; but the case is, that in the originals, animal disgust and the nauseating repugnance of appetite, drown and overwhelm every milder pleasure of vision, which a blended variety of mellow and harmonious tints must

necessarily produce on the eye, in nature as well as in art, if viewed in both with the same degree of abstracted and impartial attention."

"I have listened," said Mr. Seymour, "with much pleasure, for I think there is something very ingenious in this explanation; still, however, I have many doubts and objections. The first is, that when I see that all the *parts* are ugly, I can hardly bring myself to call the whole beautiful, merely on account of those mellow harmonious tints you mention; much less can I bring myself to call the parts themselves beautiful or (what I find is the same thing) picturesque. Were it true indeed, that we saw nothing but light variously modified, such a way of considering objects would be more just; for then the eye would in such objects really see nothing but what, in point of harmony, was beautiful; but that pure abstract enjoyment of vision, though possibly reserved in future for some man, who may be born without the sense of feeling, our inveterate habits will not let us partake of. Another circumstance strikes me in your manner of considering objects; you lay great stress, and, I dare say, with reason, on general effect and general harmony; but do you not, on the other hand, lay too little stress on the particular parts when you talk of beauty? For instance, what you call effect of light and shade, is, I imagine, when the sun shines strongly on some parts, and others are in deep shadow; but suppose those people and animals, and that building were beautiful, according to the common notions of beauty, that old gipsy a handsome young man—those worn-out beasts of burden, gay and handsome horses—that old hovel a handsome building—would such a change preclude all effect of light and shadow? would it preclude all harmony of colours? and are ugly objects alone adapted to receive a blended variety of mellow and harmonious tints?

"I am willing," continued he, after a short pause, "to allow a great deal to harmony of colours; its effect is perceived in a nosegay, or a riband; but is, therefore, the beauty of particular colours to be totally out of the question, and their harmony solely to be attended to? and am I obliged to call a number of colours beautiful, because they match well, though each of them separately considered, is ugly? It is very possible, for example, that the old gipsy's tanned skin, the ass and his panniers, the rotten posts and thatch of the hovel, may match each other admirably; but, for the soul of me, I cannot think of them in the same light with the fresh and tender colours in the cheeks of young men or women; with the shapes and colours of sleek and pampered horses, richly and gaily caparisoned; or with those of porticos or columns of marble, porphyry, lapis lazuli, or even common freestone;

and I can scarcely think that you do. It is very possible, also, that the blasted old oak there—its trunk a mere shell—its bark full of knobs, spots, and stains—its branches broken and twisted, with every mark of injury and decay, may please the painter more than a tree in full vigour and freshness; and I grant that those circumstances do give it a wild and singular appearance, and so far attract attention; but, surely, you cannot be in earnest, when you call such circumstances beautiful?"

Mr. Hamilton had listened in silence to the conversation of his two friends, and, at the same time, had been observing the course of the country, in order to correct his mistake in the road; he now recollected a way across the heathy common, which, after taking a last look at the hovel and its inhabitants, they pursued under his guidance. Then turning to Mr. Howard, "there are several things," said he, "that have been thrown out by our uninitiated friend, which you could not well deny in general, nor yet venture to make those discriminations which might naturally have occurred to you; for you know they would tend to sanction a certain distinction, that you have chosen to reject."

"I perceive by this," said Mr. Seymour, "that there are different sects among you modern connoisseurs, as there were among the ancient philosophers; and as an ancient, whose doubts were not perfectly resolved by a Stoic, would apply to an Epicurean or a Peripatetic, so I will now beg to propose some queries to you."

"There is but one point of difference," said Mr. Hamilton, "between Howard and me, and that rather on a matter of curious inquiry, than of real moment; our general principles are the same, and I flatter myself we should pass nearly the same judgment on the merits and defects of any work of art, or on any piece of natural or improved scenery; but our friend there has taken a strong antipathy to any distinction or subdivision on this subject."

"For the present," said Mr. Seymour, "I will not enter any further on this point of difference, but will at once begin my queries. Tell me, then, how you account for this strange difference between an eye accustomed to painting, and that of such a person as myself? If those things which Howard calls beautiful, and those which I should call beautiful, are as different as light and darkness, would it not be better to have some term totally unconnected with that of beauty, by which such objects as we have just been looking at, should be characterised? By such means, you would avoid puzzling us vulgar observers with a term, to which we cannot help annexing ideas of what is soft, graceful, elegant, and lovely; and which, therefore, when applied to hovels,

rags, and gipsies, contradicts and confounds all our notions and feelings."

"The term you require," answered Mr. Hamilton, "has already been invented, for, according to my ideas, the word Picturesque, has exactly the meaning you have just described."

"Then," said Mr. Seymour, "*you* do not hold picturesque and beautiful to be synonymous."

"By no means," said he, "and that is the only difference between Howard and me. In all the effects that arise from the various combinations of form, colour, and light and shadow, we agree; and I am truly sorry that we should disagree on this distinction."

"No matter," said Mr. Seymour, "a friendly discussion of this kind opens the road to truth; and, as I have no prejudice on either side, I shall take much delight in hearing your different opinions and arguments. Tell me, then, what is your idea of the picturesque?"

"That is no easy question," said Mr. Hamilton; "for to explain my idea of it in detail would be to talk a volume: but, in reality, you have yourself explained a very principal distinction between the two characters. The set of objects we have been looking at struck you with their singularity; but, instead of thinking them beautiful, you were disposed to call them ugly. Now, I should neither call them beautiful nor ugly, but picturesque; for they have qualities highly suited to the painter and his art, but which are, in general, less attractive to the bulk of mankind; whereas the qualities of beauty are universally pleasing and alluring to all observers."

"I must own," said Mr. Seymour, "that it is some relief to me to find, that, according to your doctrine, I am not forced to call an ugly thing beautiful; yet still, by the help of a middle term, may avoid the offence I must otherwise give to painters. But what most surprises me, and what I wish you to explain is, that those objects which you and Howard so much admired, and which he called beautiful, not only appeared to me ugly, but very strikingly so. Am I, then, to conclude, that the more peculiarly and strikingly ugly an object is, the more charms it has for the painter?"

"You will be surprised," said Mr. Hamilton, "when I tell you, that what you have, perhaps ironically, supposed, is in great measure the case."

Just at this time, a man, with something of a foreign look, passed by them on the heath, whose dress and appearance they could not help staring at. "There," said Mr. Seymour, after he had passed them, "I hope, Hamilton, you are charmed with that figure; I hope he is

sufficiently ugly for you. I shall not get his image out of my head for some time; what a singularly formed nose he has, and what a size! what eyebrows! how they, and his black raven hair, hung over his eyes, and what a dark designing look in those eyes! then the slouched hat that he wore on one side, and the sort of cloak he threw across him, as if he were concealing some weapon!"

"Need I now explain," interrupted Mr. Hamilton, "why an object peculiarly and strikingly ugly is picturesque? Were this figure, just as you saw him, to be expressed by a painter with exactness and spirit, should you not be struck with it as you were just now in nature, and from the same reasons? What, indeed, is the object of an artist, in whatever art? Not merely to represent the soft, the elegant, or the dignified and majestic; his point is to fix the attention; if he cannot by grandeur or beauty, he will try to do it by deformity; and, indeed, according to Erasmus, 'quæ naturâ deformia sunt, plus habent et artis et voluptatis in tabulâ.' It is not ugliness, it is insipidity, however accompanied, that the painter avoids, and with reason; for if it even deprives beauty of its attractions, what must it do when united to ugliness? Do you recollect a person who passed by us, a little before you saw this figure that struck you so much? You must remember the circumstance, for he bowed to me as he passed, and you asked me his name, but made no further remark or inquiry. I, who have often seen him, know that he is as ugly, if not uglier, than the other—a squat figure; a complexion like tallow; an unmeaning, pudding face, the marks of the small-pox appearing all over it, like bits of suet through the skin of a real pudding; a nose like a potatoe; and dull, heavy, oyster-like eyes, just suited to his face and person. A figure of this kind dressed, as he was, in a common coat and waistcoat, and a common sort of wig, excites little or no attention; and if you do happen to look at it, makes you turn away with mere disgust. Such ugliness, therefore, neither painters nor others pay any attention to; but the painter, from having observed many strongly marked peculiarities and effects, which, in the human species, though mixed with ugliness, attract, in some degree, the notice of all beholders, is led to remark similar peculiarities and effects in inanimate, and consequently less interesting objects; while those persons, who have not considered them in the same point of view, pass by them with indifference."

He had scarcely done speaking, when they had begun to enter a hollow lane on the opposite side of the common; the banks were high and steep; and the soil, being sand mixed with stone, had crumbled away in many places from among the junipers, heath and furze, which,

with some thorns, and a few knotty old pollard oaks, and yews, clothed the sides.

A little way further, but in sight from the entrance, stood a cottage, which was placed in a dip of the bank near the top. Some rude steps led from it into the lane, and a few paces from the bottom of these steps, the rill which ran on the same side of the lane, had washed away the soil, and formed a small pool under the hollow of the bank. At the edge of the water, some large flat stones had been placed, on which a woman and a girl were beating clothes; a little boy stood looking on; some other children sat upon the steps, and an old woman was leaning over the wicket of the cottage porch, while her dog and cat lay basking in the sun before it.

"I wonder," said Mr. Seymour, "why they do not clear the sides of this lane a little, and let in the sun and air; the soil, indeed, is naturally dry, but there are ruts and rough places, over which I have already stumbled two or three times; it is really impossible to walk three together."

The two others were so occupied with the scene, that they hardly heard what he said, or missed him as he passed on before them. And the whole way up the lane, they met with so many interesting objects, that they were a long while getting to the top of the ascent; where they discovered their companion seated under a spreading tree, and gazing with delight, on what they began to look at with no less rapture. It was one of those views, which only such persons as are insensible, or affectedly fastidious, ever look at, or speak of, without pleasure; though the chief circumstances are familiar to all men, both in reality, and description. It was an extensive view over a rich country, in which a river sometimes appeared in full splendour, and again was concealed within its woody banks; the whole bounded by distant hills of the most graceful form.

The place where Mr. Seymour sat, was just where the lane ended, and suddenly widened into an open part, whence there was a gentle descent towards the plain; and to the broken and shaggy banks, succeeded a soft turf, interspersed with a few trees rising from amidst tufts of fern, and patches of thorn and juniper. The road continued winding towards the village, which stood about half way down the hill, and looked at once both gay and modest, from the mixture of trees among the houses; the church, with its tower and battlements, crowned the whole. To the right of the road and of the village, and somewhat lower, was an ancient mansion, the turrets of which appeared above the trees, while the offices being built in the same style, most happily grouped

with the principal building, and with the woods and thickets of the park. Beyond it, in the more distant country, a handsome stone bridge of several arches seen obliquely, crossed the river, and carried the eye towards a large city—

"With glittering spires and pinnacles adorn'd."

"What can you have been doing so long in that hollow way," said Mr. Seymour, as he rose from his seat. "I did not see any gipsies, asses, or broken panniers; but, now you are come, do tell me if you ever saw any thing half so enchanting as this view, either in nature, or in painting? I do not know, indeed, whether I ought to call it beautiful, or picturesque; nor do I know whether you connoisseurs deign to admire, or whether painters deign to represent what the common herd are pleased with."

"You do us and the painters great injustice," answered Mr. Howard; "the most celebrated of all the landscape painters, represented such popular scenes as these; not indeed without making such alterations as his art required, and his experience suggested. But, in regard to the view before us, it happens that those breaks in the foreground, those separations of the distance by means of trees that rise above the horizon, and all those circumstances of composition, which are more peculiarly attended to by the painter, are here in a great degree, united with those general and popular beauties, that delight all mankind."

"*You*, therefore," said Mr. Seymour, "would call this scene indifferently either beautiful or picturesque?"—"Certainly," answered Mr. Howard?"—"And you?" addressing himself to Mr. Hamilton.

"I," said he, "if I were to speak of its general character, should call it beautiful, and not picturesque; because those circumstances which all mankind acknowledge to be beautiful, infinitely prevail. For the same reason, I should call the lane which we have just passed, picturesque; and that it does not suit the general taste, you have given a strong proof, who seem by no means insensible to another style of scenery; nothing detained you there—every thing detained us."

"Well," said Mr. Seymour, "it is time likewise to quit this beautiful spot, (for that is the term I must use when I am highly pleased,) and get on to the house, where you tell me there are many fine pictures, and where I am to receive my first lesson."

They then began to descend towards the village, which, as they approached, presented a pleasing and cheerful appearance. The church was placed upon a small eminence, and in the church-yard were some large elms, and two venerable old yews; one of them stood in front, and hung over the road, the top of the tower appearing above it, the

other was behind the church, but great part of its boughs advanced beyond the end of the chancel, the window of which was seen sideways against it.

On the opposite side of the road was the parsonage-house, which exhibited a singular mixture of neatness and irregularity. Something seemed to have been added by each incumbent, just as a room, a staircase, or a passage was wanting; there were all kinds of projections—of differently shaped windows and chimneys—of rooms in odd corners—of roofs crossing each other in different directions. This curious old fabric was kept in the highest order; part of it was rough-cast, part only white-washed, but the whole of a pleasing quiet colour; vines, roses, jasmines, and honey-suckles, flourished against the walls, and hung over the old-fashioned porch, a luxuriant Virginia creeper grew quite to the top of a massy stone chimney, and shrubs and fruit-trees were very happily disposed, so as, in some degree, to disguise and connect the extreme irregularity of the building.

They were all much pleased with the neatness and comfortable look of this dwelling, and with the whole scenery round it. "If I were not afraid of worrying you," said Mr. Seymour, "I could wish to know what title you would give to this building; where I see so much neatness, cheerfulness, and comfort, I am inclined to call the whole, if not beautiful, at least pretty and pleasing—and yet it is so strangely irregular, and has so little of any thing like design or symmetry, that I am in doubt whether I may venture to call it any thing but odd."

"You put me in mind of the French," said Mr. Hamilton; "when they are afraid of risking too serious a commendation, they often say 'mais, c'est assez drôle!' and you have taken something of the same cautious method, for fear of shocking me with an improper term. I, of course, imagine that your question refers to the distinction about which Howard and I are not agreed, and if you are really desirous that I should read a lecture on the subject with respect to buildings, I never can have a better opportunity."

"Take care," said Mr. Howard, laughing, "how you get entangled among these nice distinctions; there is a sort of pursuit which leads us further from the game—what sportsmen call *running heel*.

"I know," said Mr. Hamilton, "what I risk with such a keen adversary as you are; and our friend there preserves a sort of armed neutrality, and will not allow anything to pass under the pretence of established custom; but the whole of this distinction appears to me so clear and satisfactory, that I cannot help flattering myself with the hope of making it equally so to others. In reality, before Seymour

put the question to me, I had been considering this singular old house, and thought it quite a thing made for a lecture—and I will now begin it. You must know then, Seymour, (for I do not address myself to that scoffer at these distinctions,) that irregularity is one of the principal causes of the picturesque; and as the general appearance of this building is in a very great degree irregular, so far it is highly picturesque; but, then, another cause, is sudden and abrupt deviation. Do you remember the hovel where the gipsies were? how the roof was sunk in parts—the thatch ragged and uneven—the walls broken, and bulging out in various directions? You certainly must also recollect the weather-stains and concretions on the walls and the wood-work; for I very well remember your surprise at hearing the term beautiful applied to them: now, the clean, even colour of this house, if contrasted with the mouldy tints of the hovel, might almost be called beautiful. That hovel was simply picturesque, without any quality that approached to what is beautiful, or to what would be likely to give pleasure to the generality of mankind. This, like many other buildings, has a mixture of both qualities; but their limits happen to be particularly distinct, and if what we have been conversing upon has made any impression on your mind, I am sure you will see at once by what means this building would become *merely* picturesque."

"That," said Mr. Seymour, "does not require much consideration; only let it be neglected for a few years, it will be as full of moulds, stains, and broken parts, and as much out of the perpendicular, as any painter could wish; and would afford little pleasure to any but painters and connoisseurs. On the other hand, as irregularity, by your account, is so principal a cause of the picturesque, I no less easily can conceive, that if a regular front were put to this old house, it would be as far from being picturesque, as, in the other case, it would be far from being beautiful."

At this time, the clergyman came into the garden, with his daughter; and being an old acquaintance of Mr. Hamilton's, desired them to walk in. This gave them an opportunity of looking round the whole of the premises, and of asking some questions about the mansion-house and the grounds.

"You will find the place much altered," said the clergyman to Mr. Hamilton, "since you were here. You may, perhaps, recollect some fine tall trees in front of the house; at least you must remember the old terrace, and the balustrade with urns and flower-pots on it, and the flight of steps that led down into the lower garden, where the statues and cypresses were. The trees I am speaking of, were towards the end

of that garden, a little to the left; they were cut down two years ago; and I, who have known them for these forty years, and often sat under their shade, exceedingly regret them. It may be prejudice; but I declare I do not think the view looks so well, now they are away, though one sees a greater expanse of country. The terrace, too, and the old garden—the statues, and all the fine ornaments—are gone; and yet, in my judgment, they suited the stately old mansion. They were, Mr. Hamilton, the 'veterum decora alta parentum;' and put one in mind of the magnificence of ancient times. The river, too, is very much widened, and, as they say, improved. You, perhaps, will think me an old-fashioned fellow, and fond of every thing I remember in my youth; but, for my part, I liked it better when, though smaller, it had its own natural wooded bank, like the little brook behind my house, that you all seemed so much pleased with. There have been many other alterations, and they are now doing a great deal to different parts of the ground, and have made a new approach; but you cannot miss your way, if you turn to the right at the end of the village, where you will see a stone foot-bridge over the brook, and a cottage, very much covered with ivy, close by it."

"I think," said Mr. Seymour, as they were walking on, "that there is a sort of resemblance between the good old parson's daughter and his house. She is upright, indeed, and so are the walls, but her features have a little of the same irregularity, and her eyes are somewhat inclined to look across each other, like the roofs of the old parsonage. Yet a clear skin, clean white teeth, though not very even, and a look of neatness and cheerfulness, in spite of these irregularities, made me look at her with pleasure; and, I really think, if I were of the cloth, I should like very well to take to the living, the house, and its inhabitant. You, Hamilton, I suppose, were thinking, how age and neglect would operate upon her as upon the house, and how simply picturesque she would become, when her cheeks were a little furrowed and weather-stained, and her teeth had got a slight incrustation."

"No indeed," said the other, "I thought of her much as you did; and I was reflecting how great a conformity there is between our tastes for the sex, and for other objects; though Howard, I know, holds a very different opinion. Here is a house and a woman, without any pretensions to beauty; and yet many might prefer them both, to such as had infinitely more of what they, and the world, would acknowledge to be regularly beautiful. But then, again, deprive the woman, or the house, of those qualities that belong to beauty, though they will not alone confer that distinction, and you will hardly find any man fond

enough of the picturesque, to make the sort of proposition you have just been making."

"I must own," said Mr. Howard, "that I do object to this kind of analogy. I do not like the habit men are in, of flying for allusions to the inclination of the sexes towards each other; for that being the strongest of our inclinations, it draws all others into its vortex, and thus becomes the criterion of pleasures, with which it has no further connection, than being derived from the same animal functions with the rest."

"I agree with you entirely," said Mr. Hamilton, "that in any case where that inclination was really made the criterion of other pleasures, or other tastes, we should reason on false grounds. I believe, however, you will seldom find any instance of that sort. Do but recollect what women you have known men to be passionately in love with. Some short and fat—some tall and skinny—some with a little turn-up nose, a small gimlet eye, a dusky skin, or one covered with freckles. And yet did you ever know one of these lovers so biassed by his particular fancy, as to insist upon it that these were criteria, and universal principles of beauty? Or who was not ready to acknowledge the superior, though to him less interesting, beauty of other women, whose persons differed in every respect from that of the object of his passion? I have as little found, that the partiality we feel for our own species, has made us think it a standard for beauty in other objects; on the contrary, we are perpetually borrowing images from other animals, for the purpose of conveying a higher idea of beauty, or of character. The eye of the eagle, the dove, the ox, are used to express keenness, mildness, or fulness; the neck of a beautiful woman is compared to that of a swan; and numberless comparisons are drawn from animate and inanimate objects, in order to heighten the idea of human beauty. On the other hand, when a compliment is to be paid to an animal, it is drawn from the more acknowledged source of human superiority; as "the half-reasoning elephant" in Pope; and Rinaldo's famous horse Bajardo, of whom Ariosto says, "Che avea intelletto umano." But I see we are just arrived at the gate, and luckily there is a servant coming towards us."

The servant knew Mr. Hamilton, and conducted them into the house; and as they were impatient to see the pictures, they passed at once into the gallery, which contained a great variety of them, and by masters of all the different schools.

"Here," said Mr. Seymour, "we shall have ample room for discussing the subject of the beautiful and the picturesque in painting; I have already had a very good lecture on real objects. Tell me, Howard, do

you as little agree to Hamilton's distinctions here, as in nature? do you make rough and smooth, gradual and abrupt—in short, all that he keeps separate—tend to one point, to beauty only? or do you allow of his distinctions in works of art, though not in real objects?"

"I equally deny them in both," said he. "I hold, that between the extremes of monotony either of colour or surface, and such harshness of either as produces a disagreeable sensation, lies that grateful medium of grateful irritation, which produces the sensation of what we call beauty, and which, in visible objects, is called *picturesque* beauty; because painting, as I observed to you before, by imitating the visible qualities only, discriminates it from the objects of the other senses with which it may be combined, and which, if productive of stronger impressions, either of pleasure or disgust, will overpower it; so that a mind not habituated to such discriminations, or—as more commonly expressed—a person not possessed of a painter's eye, does not discover it till separated in the artist's imitation."

"This appears to me," said Mr. Seymour, "to be a very just way of accounting for the taste, which lovers of painting acquire for such objects; and I easily conceive how a relish for them in painting may beget such a relish for them in reality, as may be strong enough to overcome the disgust of many nauseous accompaniments; but I will look round the room, and tell you freely what effect the pictures which happen to strike me, have upon my unlearned eye, and how far they seem to me to confirm, or contradict your doctrine. I am glad to see that the names of the painters are written on the frames; to you that is, probably, almost useless, but to me, it will be very convenient; for although the mere names of some of the principal painters, like those of the ancient Greek artists, are familiar to me, yet I must own to my shame, that I am almost as little acquainted with their works, as with those of Parrhasius, or Protogenes. I shall begin at once with this large picture opposite to us, which has the name of Rubens upon it; for there is an air of splendour in every part of it, that is very striking. There seems, also, to be a great deal of action and energy, though I cannot say much for the grace or elegance either of his men or women; he really, however, has made amends in his horses; that one particularly, with the flowing white mane, is a most beautiful animal, and, I may add, in the highest condition—a great merit in real horses; and, if I may judge from this specimen, no less so in those that are painted. You know I have a passion for horses, and I am delighted to see them, according to my notions, so finely represented."

"Rubens," said Mr. Howard, "had the same passion; and as he

kept a number of horses, which, probably, were very beautiful, and in high order, he painted them truly after nature. I do not wonder at your being struck with that horse, and with the effect of his white mane —nothing can be more brilliant than the touches of light upon it, and upon the foam on his mouth; yet you see those touches, and the whole of that mass of white, are in perfect harmony with the rest of the picture. But you must not neglect that other large picture, which makes a companion to this; it is by Paul Veronese, a painter of the Venetian school, from whom Rubens caught that general air you so justly admire."

"There is, indeed," said Mr. Seymour, "a most imposing air of splendour and magnificence throughout the whole of it. I do not perceive, I must own, any thing of interest or expression in the very numerous company of well-dressed persons he has brought together; but the richness of the dresses, the profusion of ornaments, and, above all, the assemblage of superb buildings, would make a strong impression on me, if I were to see them in reality, just as they appear in this painting. This may not always be a proper criterion, but it is a very natural one for an ignorant man to resort to."

"As you have admired the magic pencil of Rubens in that historical picture," said Mr. Howard, "you must now look at those landscapes by him, which are not less captivating; and, first, observe this singular and brilliant effect of the sunbeams bursting through a dark wood."

"It is more than brilliant," replied Mr. Seymour, "it is perfectly dazzling; and a most extraordinary imitation of real light, when broken by leaves and branches. That other picture of the thunder-storm, is not less striking. Nothing can be more finely conceived, or more terrific, than the opposition of such extreme blackness in the clouds that hang over the mountain, to the lightning, and the glaring stream of light, which seems to pour down upon the buildings below it. Such effects in nature strike the most insensible persons, but I should suppose it must be extremely difficult to represent them in painting; the ancients at least appear to have thought it next to impossible, if I may judge from what Pliny (somewhat affectedly) says of Apelles—'pinxit et quæ pingi non possunt; tonitrua, fulgetra, fulguraque.'"

Mr. Seymour then went on, looking at many of the pictures, but not stopping long at any of them, till he came to one of Claude Lorraine. "This," said he, after standing some time before it, and examining it with great attention, "is what I hardly expected, though I believe you gave me a hint of it when we were looking at the prospect from the hill; and really the view in this picture is not unlike that real view. It is seen in the same manner between trees; and the river, the bridge, the

distant buildings, and hills, are nearly in a similar situation. I have great pleasure in seeing the same soft lights, the same general glow which we admired in the real landscape, represented with such skill, that, now the true splendour of the sun is no longer before us, the picture seems nature itself. This, I imagine, must be the painter you alluded to, when I asked you whether such views were ever painted. What a picture would this be to have in one's sitting-room! to have always before one such an image of fine weather, such a happy mixture of warmth and freshness! a scene where one imagines that every other sense must be charmed, as well as that of seeing! Indeed, Howard, this tends very much to confirm what you have been saying; for, as all the objects here are really charming, they have no need of being separated from what might affect the other senses, by the artist's imitation. I am very sure at least that it is not necessary to have a painter's eye in order to admire this picture. I fear, however, I shall look at nothing else with pleasure, and I hardly know how to quit it."

"You may come to it again by and by," said Mr. Howard, "but do look at this picture of Teniers; and you will own that he has produced (and so have many of the Dutch school) the most beautiful pictures, by the most exact imitation of the most ugly and disgusting objects in nature; and yet, as I observed before, it is physically impossible that an exact imitation should exhibit qualities not existing in its original."

"I do allow," said Mr. Seymour, after looking at it for some time, "that this is an admirable imitation; and I own, likewise, that if what the woman is washing and cleaning, were real tripes, guts, and garbage, the sense of smelling, and animal disgust, would prevent any pleasure I might have (if pleasure there could be) in such a sight. This certainly is merely the pleasure arising from imitation; I mean, as far as the hog's puddings are concerned—for there are other parts neither ugly nor disgusting—that group of boys, for instance, who are blowing bubbles, I should look at with pleasure in nature; and many parts of the building are what Hamilton would call picturesque, for they are broken and irregular; and although they have nothing of beauty, they at least have nothing offensive.

"You have given this very extraordinary piece of art as an instance that the most *beautiful* pictures may be produced by the most ugly and disgusting objects; I must say, that if Hamilton grants you this in the strict sense of the word, it will bear very hard upon his distinctions, and indeed upon all distinctions on this subject—but tell me, has not your eagerness to oppose his new-fangled doctrines betrayed you

into something a little like sophistry? Is it not clear, that by beautiful you only mean excellent, and that in the present case the term would be quite absurd in any other sense? If so, neither Hamilton nor any one else will deny that the most beautiful, that is, the most excellent, pictures may be produced by any objects whatever; though I, for one, do most strenuously deny that the most beautiful, that is, the most lovely, pictures, can be produced by the most unlovely objects.

"These incongruities strike us less, perhaps, in our own language, but how often have you and I been surprised and diverted at the expressions we have heard foreigners make use of, that seemed infinitely too grand for the occasion! If a Frenchman, for instance, were now to come into the room, and we were to show him this picture, it is a great chance if he did not exclaim—'c'est superbe!—c'est magnifique!' for we have often heard those two words full as singularly applied; and thence, my good friend, you might, with equal fairness, conclude that the most superb and magnificent pictures may be produced by the meanest and most filthy objects. Now, if we were afterwards to take the same Frenchman to the two large pictures we first looked at, he could not find any stronger terms to express his admiration of them, than superb and magnificent; but if he were an unprejudiced man, he would certainly allow that those terms distinctly characterised the peculiar excellence and style of those two pictures; while in the case of this Teniers, they were merely strong expressions of praise, without any other meaning.

"If all this be true, if such expressions often convey nothing more than general commendation, the whole seems to me very simple; there is no longer any question about physical impossibility, or the exhibition of qualities which do not exist in the original. The hog's inside, in this exact imitation, is neither more nor less beautiful or magnificent than a real one in a real back-kitchen; and the picture itself, according to my notions, is neither more nor less entitled to either of those epithets than any other well painted picture, without any one circumstance of beauty or magnificence. The painter, it is true, has very skilfully distributed his colours, and his lights and shadows, so that all is highly natural, and the harmony of the whole pleases my unpractised eye, now I have been taught to reflect upon it; but I must again repeat, that the term beautiful, applied to a picture without a single beautiful object in it, and with some, like those before you, very ugly and nasty, is used, if not in a licentious, at least in a very vague sense; so I will go back to the Claude, where I know and feel that the whole and every part is beautiful."

"Stay," said Mr. Hamilton, "do not pass by this Magdalen of Guido for mere landscape."

"I did not observe it," said Mr. Seymour, "perhaps from its being hung higher than the rest; and I am much obliged to you for stopping me. Good God! what a difference it makes, when, with the same harmony and softness, there is such exquisite beauty of form! not only in the face, and in the turn of the body, but where one should less expect it. Look at that foot! it has such elegance of shape, and purity, and delicacy of colour, that it almost rivals the face. When the term beautiful is applied to such a picture, how fully do we feel and acknowledge its propriety! If you quit this, Howard, and return to your Teniers, I shall say you have a depraved appetite, that

"Sates itself in a celestial bed,
And preys on garbage."

But as I am here for my instruction, I must quit it myself for the present, and look at other pictures. What is that which hangs next to it, with strong harsh lights, and the men looking like ruffians? I see the name is Spagnolet. I dare say it has great charms for connoisseurs, as well as that opposite to it, on the other side of the Magdalen, which I suppose is by the same hand—no, I see there is another name—Michael Angelo Caravaggio. What amazingly deep shadows, and what a singular light strikes upon that man's shoulder, and then upon the boy's cheek! it is a mixture of mid-day and midnight. The characters I do not like, and the whole is a strong contrast to the softness and delicacy of that charming Magdalen."

"Let me show you," said Mr. Howard, "what is as strong a contrast to your other favourite, the Claude, as these are to the Guido—it is this landscape, with banditti, by Salvator Rosa, a painter of a wild original genius, and of whom I am a most enthusiastic admirer. We did not perfectly agree about the last picture I pointed out to you; perhaps I may be more lucky this time. I think at least, you will like it a good deal better than those on each side of the Magdalen."

"I do indeed," said he. "There is a sublimity in this scene of rocks and mountains, savage and desolate as they are, that is very striking; the whole, as you say, is a perfect contrast to the Claude; and it is really curious to look from the one to the other. In that, every thing seems formed to delight the eye, and the mind of man—in this, to alarm and terrify the imagination; in the Claude, the inhabitants inspire us with ideas of peace, security, and happiness—in this of Salvator, (for I now recollect and feel the full force of those lines I only admired before)—

"Appears in burnish'd arms some savage band;
Each figure boldly pressing into life,
And breathing blood, calamity, and strife."*

In that sweet scene, the recesses amidst fresh woods and streams, seem bowers made for repose and love; in this, they are caves of death, the haunts of wild beasts—

"Or savage men, more dreadful far than they."

What a stormy, portentous appearance in those clouds, that roll over the dark mountains, and threaten, further on, still greater desolation! while that mild evening sky, and soft tinge upon the distant hills, seem to promise, if possible, still more charming scenes beyond them!"

"Why, Seymour," said Mr. Howard, "you talk with more enthusiasm on the subject, than either Hamilton or myself!"

"Where there is so much poetry in pictures," answered he, "it is not necessary to have a painter's eye to enjoy them; although I am well pursuaded, that a knowledge of the art would greatly enhance the pleasure."

"As you are so much delighted with the poetry of the art," said Mr. Hamilton, "you must look at these pictures by Nicholas Poussin, a French painter, and one of the brightest ornaments, not only of his own school, but of the art itself. He is one of the most learned and classical of the painters, and equally excellent in figures and in landscape—as I think you will see, when you examine this Bacchanalian."

"I see at the first glance," replied Mr. Seymour, "a great deal of beauty, grace, and expression in the figures; and, as you observed, there is a certain antique and classical character in them that gives to their grace and beauty a different cast from that which I admired in the Magdalen. Without being any judge of the composition of landscape, I admire very much the richness of those trees, with vine-leaves and clusters of grapes mixed with their foliage, and hanging from them in festoons. Such a mixture, besides its real beauty, is particularly striking to an English eye, as it marks a warmer climate and a more luxuriant vegetation than our own, and is therefore perfectly in unison with the scene where the action may be supposed to have passed. The general glow of the colouring no less happily accords with the subject; indeed, it is, in every respect, a most enchanting picture.

"But I see that the name of Poussin is also on that picture of the crucifixion. I suppose it must be some other painter of the same name, for I never saw any thing more harsh and discordant than the

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* The Landscape, page 7, line 88.

colours appear to my eye, or more completely different from those of the Bacchanalian; and yet," continued he, "now I am nearer to it, the expressions are very striking; especially that of the soldier, who perceives the dead rising from their graves."

"It is more easy," said Mr. Hamilton, "to judge of Poussin (for there is but one historical painter of that name) by his characters and expressions, in which he very uniformly excelled, than by his colouring, in which no one was ever more different from himself. In the present instance, it is possible that these harsh colours, and this strong opposition of them, may have designedly been introduced, from an idea (I hardly think a just one) that they suited the terror of the subject. In that other picture of his—the Deluge—I believe you will be of opinion, that the colouring and the subject are more happily adapted to each other."

"I am indeed," answered Mr. Seymour; "I feel very sensibly, that the sameness and deadness of the general hue perfectly accords with my conceptions of such a scene; and, as he has shown in the Bacchanalian, that he knew how to give the most animated glow to his colours, when the occasion called for it, I must attribute this total absence of all brilliancy and variety to great judgment and reflection."

"You have, perhaps unknowingly," said Mr. Howard, "been paying a compliment to yourself in showing so much admiration of Poussin; for he has been called, "Le peintre des gens d'esprit."

"It was indeed unknowingly," replied Mr. Seymour; "but whatever interpretation you may put on it, I cannot help saying, that he seems to deserve his title; but I must tell you, Howard, that one thing strikes me in consequence of the extreme contrast that I have remarked between many of the pictures; and the rest of them will probably furnish more examples. You say, that between the two extremes of monotony and harshness lies the grateful medium of grateful irritation, which is called beauty, or picturesque beauty. Now, I must say, that this is a most extensive medium; for, among the pictures that we have been looking at, there are some, as near as possible, to absolute monotony; and others, which are clearly intended to produce as much irritation as can well be produced by strong, sudden contrasts of every kind. It seems to me, therefore, that, according to your system, whatever is not absolute monotony, or absolute discord, is positive beauty, or, if you please, *picturesque* beauty; for that epithet, taken in your sense, only confines the term to visible objects, but makes no other discrimination."

"I flatter myself," said Mr. Howard, "that as you become more

conversant with pictures, you will come over to my opinion, and perceive that there is really no such discrimination as Hamilton imagines. I therefore appeal from your present to your future judgment."

"My present judgment," replied Mr. Seymour, "must be very crude, as being formed on what has struck me at the moment. I shall most willingly suspend it, till I am better instructed, which I hope to be in a short time, if I continue picture-hunting with you and Hamilton; and I assure you, also, that what I have just seen, has amused and interested me much more than I should have expected, probably on account of the discussion that has taken place. At present, indeed, I find I have no relish for many of the pictures which you seem to admire; for unless there be something obviously grand or beautiful, according to my notions, what you call grandeur or beauty of style, has little effect upon me. I must, however, except these small Dutch pictures; for though the subjects are mean, and the figures without grace or dignity, yet their characters, actions, and expressions, are so true, and the detail of circumstances so distinctly expressed, that I have received great entertainment from several of them, though I did not think it worth while to discuss their merits with you. I have even looked, not only without disgust, but with a degree of pleasure, at some, where the subject was rather of a coarse and a dirty kind. There is a darkish picture a little further on, which seems to be something of that nature. Now I am nearer to it, I see it is an ox hung up, and the painter's name Rembrandt; who, I conclude, is a Dutchman. Though the picture is not so finished as the others, it certainly is very like the thing; and yet, though it is so like, and the subject so offensive, I do not look at it with as much repugnance as I should have expected.

"You certainly are in the right, Howard," continued Mr. Seymour, "and have accounted for this perfectly well. I cannot, indeed, easily bring myself to call such a picture beautiful; but I do perceive, and with pleasure, the blended variety of mellow and harmonious tints you spoke of, both on the ox itself, on the gloomy window behind, and on the woman leaning over the wicket. Now, I recollect that in coming through the village, we passed by a butcher's shop, where a real ox was hung up much in the same manner; but neither of you stopped to examine it; on the contrary, we all got a little out of the way. Animal disgust, therefore, prevailed in the one case, and not in the other; and thus far, I think, even you, Hamilton, must allow, that Howard's distinction is just; though you do not agree with him on the point altogether."

" Before I answer you," said Mr. Hamilton, " I beg you will look at this head, and tell me what you think of it."

" What I think of it!" said he, " why, I think it a much more exact and extraordinary imitation of nature, than any thing I have seen; every line of the countenance, every hair is expressed—it is natural to a degree, that I had no idea the art of painting could arrive at; and I shall not easily forget the name of Denner, which the artist is well justified in having written on it."

" I do not immediately guess," said Mr. Howard " what is Hamilton's aim in making you look so particularly at this Denner, though, I dare say, he has his motive. I must now beg, in my turn, that you will cast your eye towards that head which hangs on one side of the ox, and is by the same master, Rembrandt. It is, in one sense, and, I believe, in the truest sense, more natural than the Denner; and as you may doubt my opinion, and think it rather paradoxical, I will mention a passage from one of Sir Joshua Reynolds' Discourses, which struck me so forcibly when I first read it, and has since recurred to me on so many occasions, that I dare say I can nearly repeat it.

" ' The detail of particulars, says that excellent writer, ' which does not assist the expression of the main characteristic, is worse than useless—it is mischievous, as it dissipates the attention, and draws it from the principal point. It may be remarked, that the impression which is left on our mind, even of things which are familiar to us, is seldom more than their general effect; beyond which, we do not look in recognising such objects. To express this in painting, is to express what is congenial and natural to the mind of man, and what gives him, by reflection, his own mode of conceiving. The other pre-supposes *nicety* and *research,* which are only the business of the curious and attentive, and therefore does not speak to the general sense of the whole species; in which common, and, as I may so call it, mother tongue, every thing grand and comprehensive must be uttered.

" If you will apply this masterly observation to the two heads before us, you will see the reason why Rembrandt holds a much higher place in the scale of painters than Denner."

" Nothing can be more striking and convincing, than the passage you have just quoted," said Mr. Seymour, " and though, in spite of reason and authority, I still cannot help feeling a preference for this highly finished head, yet I am persuaded that you and Sir Joshua are right. Indeed, the same sort of reflection has frequently occurred to me, in respect to another kind of painting with which I am much more conversant, the *pictura loquens*, as poetry has been called. The de-

scriptions, for instance, in Thomson's Seasons, are admirable in their style; but, compared with those which we meet with in poets of a higher cast, and not professedly descriptive, I own they, in some respects, put me in mind of Denner; for Thomson seems to have watched all the detail of circumstances, one after another, in the most minute manner, in order to describe them as minutely; and, therefore, according to Sir Joshua's excellent remark—a remark equally applicable to both arts—he does not so much express what is congenial and natural to the mind of man, as what pre-supposes research and nicety. I must not, however, be unjust to Thomson; his subject often required minute description, and at least he is far from having the coldness which often accompanies minuteness; on the contrary, to express myself in painters' language, he has great glow of colouring, and great force of light and shadow."

"As you seem," said Mr. Howard, "tacitly to allow, that Denner has some of the defects which attend minuteness, let me show you a most uncommon union—that of Rembrandt's great principles of light and shadow, with the detail of Denner. If you will come this way, you will see it in that picture of Gerard Dow. Do not, however, go too close, at first, but look from this place at the general effect; you, who begin to feel some relish for the mellow harmonious tints of Rembrandt, may here admire the same excellences in this work of his scholar. I will now allow you to come quite close; and I beg you will examine the minute but mellow style of finishing, which is displayed in the woman's face and hands, in the sleeping child, the basket-work of the cradle, and, above all, in the old velvet chair—part of which you plainly see has been rubbed threadbare by long use. To raise your wonder still higher, I must desire you will look at it with this glass; though, to say the truth, the trial is too severe; for the glass is one I make use of for examining gems, and is a very powerful magnifier."

"This is surprising, indeed," said Mr. Seymour, "I saw, with my naked eye, how admirably he had represented the worn-out part of the velvet; but, with this assistance, one distinguishes each of the bare threads, so as really to follow, in a manner, the process of the loom. You may now take your glass again, for though it is very curious to examine it with such a magnifier, it is much more pleasant to look at it without. I am afraid the Denner will suffer by comparison with this exquisite piece of art; let us, however, return to it. Yes," continued he, "I do perceive there is a crudeness of imitation, compared with the last—but, Hamilton, you have been quite silent all this time; I believe Howard's suspicion was unjust, or, at least, that hitherto you agree with him in all he has advanced."

"I do most entirely agree with him," replied Mr. Hamilton, "for I am not so apt to quarrel with his distinctions, as he is with mine; and that distinction which he made between these three different styles of painting, is, in my opinion, a very just one. But, tell me, which of the three do you prefer?"

"That of the picture with the child and cradle," answered he, "in which the detail, though highly interesting, is not forced upon your notice. I am not sure, however, whether its being on so much smaller a scale than the head may not be one cause of my preference. I know, at least, that when I have been shown a view in a concave mirror, I have been highly pleased with what I had looked at with indifference in nature; and, again, when I took my eyes off it, the real scene has looked comparatively coarse. Perhaps, therefore, the cradle picture may have the same sort of advantage over the head as a view in the mirror has over the real one, and on this principle—that in both of them the detail, though not lessened in quantity by the diminution of the scale, appears from it more soft and delicate."

"On that principle," said Mr. Hamilton, "you then will certainly allow, that the real carcass of an ox reflected in such a mirror would lose part of its disgusting appearance, though the detail would be preserved; and still more so if the mirror should be one of the dark kind, which are often made use of for viewing scenery."

"I allow it," said Mr. Seymour.

"Let us, then," continued Mr. Hamilton, "apply all this to painting. If, for instance, the ox in that Rembrandt, which (as in the case of the dark mirror) is of a lower tone than nature, and in which the detail is skilfully suppressed, were painted in the same full light, and with the same minute exactness as this head of Denner, you would probably turn with some disgust from such a crude, undisguised display of raw flesh. But, again, suppose instead of being, as it now is, hardly a fourth part of the size of a real ox, it were as large as nature, and still every part thus distinctly expressed as if seen quite close, I am not sure that you would not keep at the same distance from it as you did from the shambles in the village."

"I easily conceive," said Mr. Seymour, "that it makes a very great difference whether you are close to a large disgusting object, or at some distance from it, even supposing every other sense than that of seeing out of the question; but did painters never paint shambles and such objects on a large scale?"

"They did," said Mr. Hamilton, "but then they imagined the spectator to be at such a distance as easily to take in the whole together, and consequently, in the usual manner of looking at such objects, not

likely to distinguish the minute parts—they would therefore be untrue to nature had they made them distinct. Denner has supposed you to be quite close to the object, and intent upon every particular; his choice, therefore, is in some measure unnatural, though he has great merit in the execution. If you put all these circumstances together, I think you will perceive, that, even without having recourse to the operation of the other senses, we may account for the difference between the effect of disgusting objects in reality, and in pictures; in which last, not only the size of objects and their detail are in general very much lessened, but also the scale, both of light and colour, is equally lowered.

"I must here put you in mind of a circumstance that I dare say you will remember, though you could little expect to hear it introduced on this occasion. Do not you recollect calling upon me some time ago, when I was looking over some prints? They were by this very master, Rembrandt. One of them was of a very ugly woman, in a filthy and indecent attitude, from which, I remember, you turned with extreme disgust—yet that was merely a little black and white print! What, then, would have been your disgust, if, upon entering my room, you had seen a picture of the same beastly creature as large as life, and the whole detail as distinctly coloured and expressed as in this head of Denner! I believe it would have been only less than if you had seen the real object. Æschylus, you know, makes one of his characters say δεδορκα κτυπον; I think such a representation would justify the application of the same daring figure to another sense; I am sure, at least, the impression would have been so powerful that you would scarcely have felt any 'mild pleasure of vision from the blended variety of mellow and harmonious tints,' scarcely have been able to 'view them with abstract and impartial attention,' though they would have been 'separated in the painter's imitation.'"

"And now, I think, you must have had nearly enough of this discussion; and very probably may imagine, from all you have seen and heard of the Dutch masters, that they never painted any but low, and those often filthy subjects. It is true, that they seldom attempted the higher style of the art, yet still they did not always confine themselves to the lowest; and I should like to show you a picture of Wouvermans, which used to hang at yonder corner next to the saloon. I do not mean that the subject of this, or of any of his other pictures, is at all elevated, except as compared with the other painters of his school—they generally painted boors and peasants; but Wouvermans often represented the most dignified characters he was acquainted with; that

is, the nobility of the country, handsomely dressed, and mounted on beautiful horses, and occupied in the gay diversions of hunting, hawking, &c."

When they came up to the picture, Mr. Seymour looked very significantly at Mr. Hamilton. "I begin to suspect," said he, "that you had your reasons for bringing me almost the whole length of the gallery, to look at this picture. I now recollect, when we first began this discussion, soon after leaving the hovel, that I asked Howard, whether handsome, well-dressed men and women, and handsome horses with gay caparisons, did not admit of effects of light and shadow, and harmonious colouring, as well as gipsies, asses, and panniers; and I rejoice to have my questions so satisfactorily answered. These are, indeed, very beautiful horses, and full of sprightly and graceful action; their riders, of both sexes, are pleasing figures; the whole scenery, too, the portico, the gardens, the fountains, and the handsome country houses in different parts, have all a very rich and cheerful appearance. I am quite glad to find, that what, according to my ideas, is beautiful, and highly ornamented, may be expressed in painting, as well as what is so like dirt and ugliness, that it requires some practice to distinguish in what the difference consists. Had I the liberty of picking out a few pictures from the collection for my own amusement, this certainly would be one of them."

"And with much reason," said Mr. Hamilton; "for where great excellence in the art is employed on pleasing objects, the superior interest will be felt by every observer; but especially by those who are less conversant in the mechanical part. On that account, I am persuaded, that the two pictures of Panini in the next room, which Howard and I have both mentioned to you, will give as much pleasure to you, as they do to us; particularly that of the inside of St. Peter's."

"As it is getting rather late," said Mr. Seymour, "and as we have nearly finished the gallery, I think we had better try the experiment."

"If you will give me leave," said Mr. Howard, "I shall commit you to Hamilton's care; I know the two pictures by heart, having often seen them in the house of their late possessor, and I wish to examine a few pictures in the lower part of the gallery, that are new to me. I believe, however, I am doing an imprudent thing; for, I have no doubt, that Hamilton will take this opportunity of instilling some of his doctrines."

"I shall not neglect it, most certainly," said he; "and I rather think the opportunity will be favourable."

Mr. Howard then returned to the further part of the gallery, while the two other friends entered the saloon together; on the opposite side of which, and quite alone, hung the picture of the inside of St. Peter's.

As they advanced towards it, Mr. Hamilton observed, with great pleasure, the admiration of his friend, who stopped before it a long while, without saying a word. When at last he began to speak—"I have often heard," said he, "of the beauty and magnificence of this building, the grandest, I believe, of any modern temple, or perhaps of any that ever existed; I have often longed to see the original, and, just before the French got possession of Italy, I had determined to go to Rome. This picture makes me feel still greater regret at the disappointment, and, at the same time, in some degree it consoles me for it; but I cannot help reflecting with pain, that a building, which requires such constant attention and expense to keep it in repair, may now perhaps, by degrees, become a mere ruin; all that delightful symmetry, that correspondence of all the parts, that profusion of gilding and of precious marbles, may, in a few years, be broken and defaced, and covered with dirty stains and incrustations; in short, all its high finished ornaments totally destroyed; and then, perhaps, this picture, a frail memorial of such a work, may be the only one existing of its former splendour and magnificence."

"I wish your fears may not be too well founded," said Mr. Hamilton, "and I own I feel just as you do. Now, if Howard were here, he could comfort you, though I cannot; for, according to his system, it will become still more beautiful, when it is in the state that you have just been describing with so much horror."

"You cannot mean this seriously," said the other; "you cannot mean, that Howard would assert, that when all the circumstances which now give beauty to this building are destroyed, it will then become more beautiful!"

"No," replied Mr. Hamilton, "not in those terms. He is not a man to give such a hold to his adversary; but it is a conclusion fairly to be drawn from what he has asserted. He must acknowledge, (for nothing is more generally acknowledged) that a building when in ruins, is more picturesque than it was in its entire state; therefore, according to him, it must be more beautiful, for he says, that the picturesque is merely that kind of beauty which belongs exclusively to the sense of vision; in other words, that it is the beautiful in visible objects."

"You have, indeed, made good use of this inside of St. Peter's," said Mr. Seymour, "and I must own, it has befriended you extremely in this discussion. Nothing has so much tended to convince me of the want of a distinction; for though I have never paid much attention to the strict use of the word, I have perpetually heard it observed, that

ruins are more picturesque than entire buildings; now, when I look at that building, there seems to be something so very contradictory in the idea of its becoming more beautiful by destruction, that I must either deny that it will become more picturesque, or give a very different sense to those words. But is it possible that in such a case Howard can really think there is no distinction?"

"I am so thoroughly convinced, that there is one myself," said Mr. Hamilton, "and the whole appears to me so clear, that I can scarcely believe him to be quite in earnest. No one has a more quick, and accurate perception of distinctions than our friend, and I once hoped he would have employed his talents in throwing new lights on this distinction; but, unfortunately, he has exercised all his ingenuity in trying to prove, that youth and age, freshness and decay, what is rough, broken, and rudely irregular, and what has that symmetry, continuity of parts, and last finishing polish, which the artist (whether divine or human) manifestly intended, are all to be considered as belonging to one general class. Therefore, for instance, not only this building, in its present state, or in ruins, but this building, and the inside of a broken hovel, would be indifferently either beautiful or picturesque; and either of these terms would not only suit a Paris or a Belisarius, but a Paris and a common old beggar."

"I can allow a great deal," said Mr. Seymour, "for the manner in which painters view objects, and consider them with respect to their art, and consequently apply terms to them, which others would hardly use, except those, perhaps, who without being artists, may have acquired their ideas and language; but tell me, Hamilton, is it possible that when that roof, with all its brilliant ornaments, shall be rent and broken, when the gilding, the marbles, the rich frizes, and cornices, become stained with moisture, and are mouldering away, the painter will admire them more than when in perfect preservation, or think them more suited to his art? But why do I ask: is not this a picture? and does it not delight you and Howard, as much as it does me, and such untutored eyes as mine?—But I see Howard is just come in; and I shall not be sorry to hear you discuss this point together."

"Well, Seymour," said Mr. Howard, when he came up to them, "are not these three admirable pictures? I hardly know so beautiful a head as that of the St. John, in the Parmeggiano; and the Virgin and Child in the upper part, have a fine mixture of grace and dignity; as to the two Paninis, I can scarcely tell which I prefer; for that amazing assemblage of columns in the opposite picture, the *selva di colonne*, as

the Italians call it, is no less beautiful in its style, than this richly ornamented inside of St. Peter's."*

"To say the truth," said Mr. Seymour, "we have as yet only looked at this one picture."

"How, Seymour," said the other, "all this time at one picture! The love of painting has made a surprising progress with you; but I fancy I prophesied very justly when you left me."

"You did, indeed," said Mr. Seymour, "Hamilton has made good use of his time, and of this picture; and I can tell you, it is as dangerous to quit a disciple, as a mistress; your rival has been very pressing, and I wish I may not have given him too much encouragement. I am glad, however, you are come, as I had just begun to question him on a point, which I wish to hear discussed with you; it is, whether painters, or connoisseurs like yourselves, would continue to admire such a building as this, if all that I admire were broken and defaced, as much, or even more, than in its present entire and finished state."

"I perceive you look to me for an answer," said Mr. Hamilton, "probably as I am the person to whom you originally put the question; and I know you rather love to promote a little altercation between Howard and me; but upon this particular point I think we shall not differ very materially. It certainly has been imagined, that because ruins are more picturesque than entire buildings, they are consequently preferred to them by painters. I think, however, the idea is unfounded, for I believe there are at least as many perfect buildings as there are ruins, in the works of the most eminent artists. If, then, painters themselves balance between the two, it is very natural that you, when you look at that picture, should think with horror of any possible change; and not conceive how the most prejudiced person could make the smallest comparison between the building you now see, and any future state of it; but the fact is, that however striking the effect of ruins, when they are fully mellowed by time, the first beginning of decay is no less odious to the painter, than to the rest of mankind. When that gilded roof, those finished ornaments, those precious marbles, shall first begin to be soiled and broken, while the greatest part of them will still remain perfect, each crack, each stain, will obviously destroy so much beauty—that is, so much of its original character; and this incongruity continues, till the whole, by degrees, assumes a new and totally distinct character. Such a building is not a phœnix, that arises

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* The two Paninis are in the collection of the Marquis of Abercorn, and each of them singly occupies a side of the drawing room at the Priory.

with renewed, yet similar beauty and brilliancy from destruction; on the contrary, it is changed, by a slow process, into something totally different from its former self; and that butterfly there, with his painted wings, is not more unlike the chrysalis from which it proceeded, than the St. Peter's you here see in its glory, is unlike the St. Peter's which some future age—I hope a far distant one—will admire as a ruin."

"I like the first part of your explanation so well," said Mr. Howard, "that I will not quarrel with you about the end of it; and, indeed, I want you both to return to the gallery as soon as you have looked at the two other pictures; for, if I am not mistaken, I shall show you a fruit-piece, which you will prefer to any of Baptist or Van Huysum."

When they had returned to the gallery, (though not till they had paid proper attention to the other Panini, and the Parmeggiano,) they found that the servant had brought in a quantity of beautiful fruit; and, among the rest, some remarkably fine bunches of grapes; these, with their leaves, and the branches on which they hung, were suspended over a small wooden frame in such a manner, that the frame was concealed, while the fruit and foliage were displayed to the greatest advantage. They were all delighted with the fruit itself, and with its arrangement; and they agreed that nothing could be more truly beautiful than the whole effect.

"I desire," said Mr. Howard, "that you will look at the bread as well as the fruit; for, according to Hamilton's doctrines, there never was so truly picturesque a loaf—at least I never saw one so full of cracks, roughnesses, and inequalities; all of which I acknowledge are very inviting to the taste, whatever effect they may produce on the pleasures of vision distinctly considered."

"I am much obliged to you," said Mr. Hamilton, "for putting me in mind of a passage I was reading a little time ago, and which, I believe, in all our disputes, I never mentioned to you. You will be surprised to hear what a powerful ally I have met with, in support of my distinction—no less a one than Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, emperor and philosopher! The passage is in his third book; he there describes such a loaf as this, with a comment not very unlike yours, and afterwards mentions several other objects, which, together with the circumstances attending them, we should call picturesque; such as the bursting of figs when over-ripe—the appearance of olives when just approaching to decay—the heads of corn bent downwards—the over-hanging brows of a lion—the foam of a wild-boar—all of which, he observes, (together with many other things of the same kind,) though

far from beautiful to the eye, yet, if considered distinctly, and as they follow the course of nature, have an ornamental and alluring effect."

"You will gain but little from this passage," answered Mr. Howard. "I remember it very well, and am not afraid of your pretended ally. Antoninus, you know, was a stoic, and the whole turns on the stoical doctrines about nature. They held that the productions of nature, and their accessories, were all καλα; that is, beautiful in the general sense, on account of their fitness, though they might not be εὐειδια, that is, beautiful to the eye; and you must recollect, that they thought much less highly of the pleasures of vision than we do, and held them indeed below the concern of a philosophic mind. If you were to read the whole treatise, you would find, that every thing refers to those doctrines; but, I dare say, *you* discover very clearly in this passage, the first dawn of the distinction you are so fond of; and consider Antoninus to have been as truly the herald of the picturesque, as Bacon was of the true philosophy."

"I may perhaps, have indulged some fancies of that kind," replied Mr. Hamilton; "indeed, the passage was pointed out to me by our excellent friend Winterton, for, as you very well know, I am no great Grecian, and the book itself is out of my course of reading. He thought the passage curious, and that it contained an allusion, though a faint one, to the distinction which you deny. I remember, too, that he was much diverted at the good emperor's panegyric on kissing crust; and he put me in mind of a scene we had witnessed together, when a French gentleman, before a pretty large company at breakfast, very openly expressed his disappointment at not finding any crust of that kind. We had observed him turning the loaf round several times; at last he exclaimed, "Ma foi, je le tourne, le retourne, et n'y vois rien d'appétissant!" But, to return from this Frenchman to the emperor. I believe, as you say, that he meant to account for the pleasure he received, solely from his stoic doctrines, and yet, as according to those doctrines, all the productions of nature universally, (even those that are baneful, as poisons) were to be admired, why should he select and specify these particular objects as having something *peculiarly* ornamental and attractive? I think I can account for this selection, and, as you may suppose, in a manner that accords with my distinction. The emperor, you know, was a dilettante in painting, as well as in philosophy, having actually studied the practical part of the art under Diognotus. This would naturally make him attend to those objects which have an effect in painting, such as the brow of the lion, the foam of the boar—and that the ancients were struck with the effect of foam in a picture, we may infer from the story of Apelles—which, by the way, is a very good instance of accident

having performed, what design could not. You remember, that after trying in vain to paint the foam of a horse in the regular way, he threw his sponge at the picture in despair; and by that lucky accident produced an effect of foam, which was the admiration of all who saw it. I am very fond of this anecdote, for it agrees with my doctrine, that accident is a principal agent in producing picturesque circumstances."

"I will own," said Mr. Seymour, "that I should have some scruple in making accident so very active an agent; for, according to its etymology, which, I think, should always be attended to, accident signifies what falls, or befalls, from the effect of some unknown cause. The use, therefore, which you seem inclined to make of it, appears to me (con rispetto parlando) rather unphilosophical. You may say, perhaps, that one need not be so very strict in conversation; but the history of our sensations, and whatever relates to it, is a subject so truly philosophical, that even in common discourse I had rather consider it as such, and not get into a habit of turning effects into causes."

"And yet," replied Mr. Hamilton, "from our very limited knowledge, how often are we obliged to consider effects as causes! I really think, as we make Fortune a goddess, and place her in heaven, Accident may be allowed to become an agent upon earth. Perhaps, too, if we were to examine into the rights of the universally acknowledged agent Nature, she might possibly be degraded from a cause into an effect; in short, I have been so much accustomed, however unphilosophically, to give accident an active employment, that I should be quite at a loss without its assistance. All I can do for you is, to imitate what I have seen done in Italy by the writers of operas, though from motives which certainly have nothing to do with philosophy; they begin with professing, that although the words '*fato*, *fortuna*,' &c. are made use of, nothing is to be understood contrary to the true Catholic Faith. I am ready to make the same sort of profession, and now, with your leave, will go on; only premising, that as by nature, I mean the constant and regular effect of an unknown cause, so by accident, I mean the inconstant, and irregular effect, of a cause equally unknown.

"If then the emperor were present, I think I could account to him for the pleasure he received from the objects he mentions, much better than he has done by his stoic doctrines; and yet, in some measure, according to his own expressions. You translate *τα ἐπιγινομενα τοις φυσει γινομενοις*, the productions of nature, and their accessories—I dare say very justly; now I conceive that the *φυσει γινομενα* may refer to what might be called the usual and regular course, either of nature or of art—for the emperor clearly gives one example from the latter—and

the ἐπιγινομενα to the effects of accident.* Thus, for instance, the baker (as Antoninus observes) designs to make the bread of a regular form, according to the principles of his art; accident gives it a broken and irregular appearance, by which it becomes picturesque, and likewise *apptéissant;* or, as the stoical epicure gravely expresses himself, προθυμιαν προς την τροφην ἰδιως διακινει. The fig becomes ripe in the regular course of nature; it bursts in various ways from the operation of accident. Olives ripen in the same regular manner; but accident often makes them drop before they are ripe, and then gives them that peculiar appearance in decay, which the emperor was struck with. The same may be said of corn; its regular growth is upright; accident bends it in a thousand directions. The brow of the lion is always a marked feature of nature; but the effect of passions, which are the accidents of the mind, makes it infinitely more striking; and Antoninus might very possibly think of that famous line of Homer which describes the lion drawing down his brow in anger. The foam of the wild boar is also a mark of passion, and consequently has a stronger effect on the imagination. All that he says, too, of the pleasure we receive from looking at those objects in reality, which we have been used to admire in painting, and of that which we receive from viewing the strongly marked lines of age, as well as the loveliness of youth, shows that he examined objects with a painter's eye, however stoically he might account for the pleasure they gave him.

"But let us suppose, that his master Diognotus—or any painter of an inquiring mind, but not addicted, like Antoninus, to a particular sect—had been to account for the pleasure he received from such objects as the emperor has described. I think he very naturally would have first reflected on the pleasure they gave him, when he was imitating them in his own art; and thence have been led to inquire, what were the circumstances, which made them so particularly suited to that art. He would have found that they were suited to it, by reason of their strongly marked and peculiar character; by their sudden, and irregular variation of form, and correspondent lights and shadows; and often (as in the decaying olives) by their peculiar tints; that these, in many cases, arose from accident; in others, from natural conformation; and that, in most cases, accident seemed to increase peculiarity of character. He might then reflect, (as Antoninus does) that all such objects were far from being beautiful; and he might also make a further reflection,

* It so happens (and aptly enough for the sound at least,) that Stephens interprets ἐπιγινεται supervenit, magis tamen propriè *accidit*.

which Antoninus does not make, but which the art of painting might well have suggested—that they were equally far from insipid ugliness; that is, from the character of numberless objects, alike uninteresting to the painter, and to the rest of mankind; that, therefore, they formed a separate class, highly suited to his art, but of a suitableness clearly to be accounted for from their distinct qualities.

"Thus the painter might have reasoned; while the philosopher, even supposing the whole of these reflections had come into his mind, as part of them seems to have done, would have thought himself guilty of heresy, if he had thus accounted for his feelings; and consequently Antoninus, though he felt like a painter, reasoned like a stoic. If he were present, I should pursue the subject much further; but as he is not, I will spare you."

"Many, many thanks to you for your forbearance," said Mr. Seymour; "for though I like your different comments upon Antoninus's text, and at another time should not have been sorry to prolong the discussion, I really think we may as well taste the fruit and the loaf which have given rise to it; and, I must say, that it would be difficult to find two other men in all England, who, after such a walk, with such tempting objects before them, would have entered into a long discussion on their visible qualities and effects."

Mr. Seymour's advice was immediately followed; and, after making a most delicious repast (for every thing was as delightful to the taste as to the eye) the three friends walked towards the garden.

They stood some time looking at the view from the house; the distant objects in which, were nearly the same as those from the hill, but less happily accompanied; when Mr. Hamilton, addressing himself to Mr. Howard, "You cannot imagine," said he, "what a loss there is in that group of trees, of which my old friend the clergyman was speaking. I can show you very nearly where it stood; you see where there is a sinking in those hills to the left; from about this point where we stand, the trees just intersected that part; and as they rose a great deal above the horizon, and spread very much at top, you may imagine how well they must have divided this long continued view. You will immediately perceive, too, that the noble reach of the river in the second distance, with the bridge, the town, and the hills beyond, came in to the right of the group; and being separated by it from the general view, formed quite a picture. The composition was most perfect from that window of the drawing-room; but from many of the other windows, the glitter of the water and of the buildings on a fine evening like this, was seen between the stems, and through the branches, in a manner

that would have enchanted you with its brilliancy and variety. You too, I know, would have admired the terrace and the balustrade, with all their enrichments, for this piece of grass was a garden in the old Italian style; and there is no saying what a value these rich and strongly marked objects in the foreground, gave to the soft colouring of the distance. You would have been no less pleased with the numberless gradations of tints, beginning at the massy balusters with their accompaniments, and the forcible effect of their light and shadow when the sun darted obliquely through them; then going on to the high group of trees, near which, I remember, there were some old cypresses, and evergreen oaks; and thence to the more general glow on that fine expanse of country, quite to the pearly hue of the most distant boundary. I am well pursuaded, that all these striking circumstances in the foreground have been destroyed, for the purpose of making this stiffly levelled slope; and as the level of the trees would not agree with that of the new made ground, they of course were sacrificed."

"I perfectly conceive the effect of all the objects you have described," said Mr. Howard, "and regret the loss of them as much as you can. I suppose, too, that the canal I see in the lawn, is another improvement; and that it was once the river your old friend at the parsonage spoke of."

"Exactly so," said Mr. Hamilton; "it is a tributary stream, and no inconsiderable one, to the large river beyond. We had better go down to it now, for I believe it is our nearest way."

They then passed through a close shrubbery and a plantation, when the whole of the serpentine river, with its regular curves, appeared in all its nakedness and formality.

"If I may judge," said Mr. Seymour, "from all you have said, and from your looks now, you have both of you the greatest contempt for this water; and I must acknowledge, (for you have made me perceive it more than I used to do) that there is something of tameness and monotony about it; but surely there is in the whole scene, a great look of neatness and of high polish, and that is no small point."

"I allow it," said Mr. Howard; "but not so great a one, as to justify the exclusion of more essential qualities. By way of illustrating this point, let me remind you of our friend Lacy; nothing can be more highly polished than his conversation, as far as high polish consists in the absence of all roughness; you grew very sick of it, however, towards the end of the week we passed with him last spring; how then should you like to pass your life with a man, whose ideas have one uniform flow, without the least energy or variety? He is to the mind, what this place is to the eye."

"You might equally have made the comparison," said Mr. Seymour, "between his own place and his mind, for it is laid out exactly in the same style with this. He had noble disputes with you both, and particularly with Hamilton, about his improvements; but as at that time I felt no great interest in the subject, I did not much attend to them. I remember, however, that one of his great arguments was, that 'his object was beauty alone, and that the improvers of Mr. Brown's school had nothing to do with the picturesque.' Had I then been as much initiated in your doctrines as I am at present, I should have paid more attention to what was going forward. Indeed, I probably should not have recollected even that one sentence, if Lacy had not so frequently repeated it."

"That one sentence," said Mr. Hamilton, "constitutes the whole of their attack, and their defence; and I am glad you have mentioned it, as it has been thought to contain some argument; but the sophistry of it is so easily pointed out, that you will hardly conceive how it can have imposed on any one. You will observe, that in the first member of this little sentence, beauty is employed to signify whatever pleases, without regard to the manner—for they do not profess to adopt any particular definition or limitation of the word; and consequently it may include whatever is grand or picturesque; but then, in the second member, picturesque is used as something contrasted to beauty, which thus, by implication, is confined to one peculiar set of pleasing objects. Now, if the meaning were expressed in words that did not admit of ambiguity, the sophistry would appear at once; for thus it would stand—'the effects which we, of Mr. Brown's school, mean to produce, are only such as proceed from verdure, smoothness, and flowing lines, which, in our idea, constitute beauty of scenery; we have nothing to do with irritation of any kind, or degree, or with any of those sources of pleasure which arise from sudden variety and intricacy, from the contrast of wild and broken scenery, of rocks, cataracts, or abruptness of any kind; or from what is called picturesque composition.'"

"It must be owned," said Mr. Seymour, "that you have translated them out of their sophistry into plain English. I question, however, whether you will get them to abide by your translation; for it would confine them within stricter limits than they probably would approve of."

"I believe they are aware of it," said Mr. Hamilton; "and certainly such a clear explicit declaration might put a professed improver of that school into a perplexing situation. Supposing, for instance, that he were consulted on the improvements of an extensive place, full

of picturesque scenery, but where no art had been employed, though some judicious alterations and communications were wanting. He, of course, would not like to refuse such an engagement; and yet, if he were a conscientious man, he ought to tell his employer, 'all this is out of my line, if you intend to preserve the present wild style of scenery, for I have nothing to do with the picturesque. If you would like to have every thing smoothed and polished, those irregular trees and thickets made into clumps, the grounds surrounded by a belt, and a gravel walk carried regularly round the whole, I can do it for you according to the most approved method; but as to that rude waterfall, those rocks, the manner of approaching them, and the sort of wild path which you wish to make amidst their intricacies, I really can give you no advice whatever—they are grand, as well as picturesque, and we confine ourselves entirely to the beautiful.'"

"Of which," said Mr. Howard, "the scene before us is a complete specimen."

"Seymour," said Mr. Hamilton, "you will have hard work if you attempt to defend this piece of water. Howard and I are firmly united against you, and I am inclined to speak more strongly than he has done; for I remember it in its original, but by no means unpolished state. It was a charming natural meadow, perfectly free from every thing that looked slovenly; in which, however, several groups of trees mixed with a few thorns and hollies, had been very judiciously, at least very luckily, suffered to remain. I used to delight in walking along the old pathway; for the most part it kept near the water, and every now and then passed through one of the thickets, where for a moment you lost sight of the river; the banks of which though neither high nor rocky, possessed a great deal of pleasing variety. I recollect particularly one projecting part, that was higher than the rest, and most beautifully fringed; and where there were some large stones, on the side and at the bottom of the bank. I remember it the more, because, from my favourite window in the drawing-room, it appeared with its beautiful reflections, just under the branches of that group of trees, which the old rector and I so much regret. Now, the trees, the bank, the pathway, and the thickets, are all gone; and you see how they are replaced, by those clumps, that naked building, and shaven bank."

"I do perceive," said Mr. Seymour, "that upon this point, you and Howard are perfectly of the same mind, and I shall not contend against

"The Percy and the Douglas joined together."

Indeed, I myself should certainly have preferred the pathway, and all

the accompaniments you have described, to the present bare banks; but really you two seem quite worn down with this last part of our walk. You bring to my mind a French novel* I was lately reading, in which a fairy inflicts a singular punishment on a young damsel, of a lively, volatile disposition; she places her in the midst of an immense smooth, green lawn, where she forces her, by her enchantments, to be constantly walking a slow, regular pace. Now, I think an eternal walk, round and round the banks of one of these serpentine rivers, would be no bad punishment in another world for picturesque sinners."

"It would be a most terrifying one," said Mr. Howard; "but I believe our present purgatory is nearly over; for if I am not mistaken, that line of Scotch firs, announces the head which it was meant to conceal. I guessed right," continued he, when they got up to it; "I am glad to see, however, that the improvements have proceeded no farther, for below, the banks have not been touched. I now beg you will look at the contrast between nature, and such art as has been displayed here; and observe, at the same time, how very little the quality of smoothness and evenness of surface has to do with beauty. Look at the reflection of that glaring white building, and of the shaven banks in the still water above; we call that water *smooth*, because we *perceive* its surface to be smooth and even, though the impression which all these harsh and edgy reflections of light produce on the eye, is analogous to that which roughness produces on the touch. I do not know how it affects you; but to me the reflection of that building is so irritating, that I can hardly bear to look at it for any time. Now, pray turn round, and look at that agitated stream, flowing between broken and sedgy banks, and indistinctly reflecting the waving foliage which hangs over it; *that* we call rough, because we know, from habitual observation, that its impression on the eye is produced by uneven surfaces—at the same time, can any thing be more soft and harmonious than the impression itself, or more analogous to what the most grateful and nicely varied smoothness would be to the touch?"

"Howard," cried Mr. Hamilton, "this is an excellent masked battery; and Seymour can hardly guess how dextrously it is pointed against me; for I entirely agree with you, that the upper scene is harsh, and the lower one soft and harmonious. Your point is to prove that smoothness is not a principle of the beautiful, nor roughness of the picturesque. Then, in order to make it appear that smoothness may be harsh and irritating, and analogous to what roughness is to the touch,

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* Le Palais de la Verité, by Madame de Genlis.

you show us a piece of still smooth water, and a glaring white building reflected in it, which proves nothing more than what everybody will acknowledge, namely, that a strong light is irritating, and that white objects are those which reflect light most strongly; for the water itself, my good friend, is only a mirror, and no more responsible for the qualities of the objects which it reflects, than any other mirror. If a very perfect looking-glass were shown to you, would you deny that the clearness and evenness of its surface were beauties, because a Bardolph, with his flaming carbuncled face in full sunshine, happened to be standing opposite to it? This water is the looking-glass, and that building (though if it had been brick, my comparison would have been more perfect) is Bardolph.

"But to show you in what a peculiar degree clear and still water accords with beautiful scenery, and beautiful objects, I will put you in mind of a favourite description of yours in Milton—that of the clear, smooth lake, in which Eve first views her own image; you surely must feel that, independently of its being a mirror, the least ruffling of its surface would destroy the idea of that soft repose, which, above all things, is congenial to beauty. What most accords with beauty next to stillness in water, (and in many respects, perhaps, in at least an equal degree,) is gentle motion; and now, having stated some of my principles, let us examine what you call the rough scene below.

"In the first place, I must take notice of one expression of yours in talking of it, which shows that you were thinking more of pointing your battery against me, than of the scene before you. It diverted me to hear you call that an *agitated* stream, because it was to be a principal feature in the rough scene, and yet describe it as *flowing* between its *sedgy* banks; and you see it does flow very gently where the reflections and the sedges begin; for here, immediately below us, as far as the effect of the cascade extends, and where the water is really agitated, there are neither sedges nor reflections. The broken banks, too, you see are disguised and softened by the foliage that hangs over them, and by the sedges below; and certainly the indistinct reflections of such a bank in a flowing stream, is a very mild example of roughness, and much more suited to Claude than Salvator. If the fairy, whom Seymour just now was speaking of, would only touch the two banks with her wand, and make them change their places, without changing the water, the scene above—own the truth Howard—would then be all softness, harmony, and variety; and this below, would be harsh, edgy, and insipid.

"Another thing," continued Mr. Hamilton, "I must mention. You

have laid no slight stress on the analogy between the sight and the touch; there cannot be a more evident one; I think, however, there is this very essential difference as to the manner in which the two senses are affected. Sharp or rugged surfaces of any kind, are *always* unpleasant to the *touch*—

'Tis pain in each degree;'

whereas light is only painful when excessive. In all its various degrees, short of that excess, it is the great, the only source of pleasure;—so great indeed is the pleasure, that light, by the splendour and magnificence of its effects, compensates, in many instances, the pain it gives to the mere organ. You remember what Lear says—

'When the mind's free,
The body's delicate.'

In the same manner, when the imagination is not affected, the organ is delicate; and as this white building, and shaven bank, certainly have no hold on your imagination, you are very impatient at the glare.

"How differently did you feel, when we were on the western coast a few days ago!—how steadily did you look towards the setting sun, though I never yet saw a more dazzling light; for, as a slight breeze had curled the waves, they sparkled as if the whole surface of the sea had been studded with diamonds—then, into the bargain, you know there were a number of vessels, whose white sails caught the light, which again glanced upon the rocks, and made the window of the old castle appear on fire. You then never once complained of irritation, and yet that ruffled sea was a thousand times more dazzling than this still water; which proves, by-the-by, how infinitely more irritating the effect of light becomes, when the surface which reflects it is broken.

"With regard to that bank and building, which have given rise to this discussion, they would make you still more indignant, if you had remembered the whole in its former state, as I do. I particularly regret the part where the building now stands, so naked and staring; for, besides the bushes and trees which adorned the old bank before it was newly formed and levelled, there were several large mossy stones that appeared in many parts, and all about it were the richest tufts of fern I ever beheld; unluckily, I was abroad while the alteration was going forward, or might possibly have prevented it; had I been here, how earnestly should I have said to the owner—

'Teach them to place, and not remove, the stone
On yonder bank, with moss and fern o'ergrown—

To cherish, not mow down, the weeds that creep
Along the shore, and overhang the steep—
To break, not level, the slow-rising ground,
And guard, not cut, the fern that shades it round.' " *

They now crossed the head of the water, and, after passing on to the other side of a small hill, they found themselves in a neglected part of the park, full of old ragged thorns, that grew among a few stag-headed oaks. They got entangled in this wild scene, and could not distinguish any pathway in the long coarse grass; at last, however, after wandering a good while, they saw the park gate, where some horses were standing, which, from the appearance of age, looked as if they had the run of the park in reward of their past services; near them was an ass and her foal—and the whole made an excellent group, and mixed very happily with the thorns and oaks, and with the old park-pales, that were seen here and there between the trees and the thickets.

Mr. Seymour thought his two friends stopped to look at this rather longer than was necessary, so he dragged them on to the gate, and then through it into a piece of fresh pasture, in which, on a rising bit of ground to the right, were a number of very handsome cattle, some standing, others lying down under the shade of a large group of flourishing trees. While they were looking at them, and admiring their high condition, a groom passed through the gate with two very fine horses, which, they understood from him, were just going to be turned out for half an hour, and for the first time. As soon as he had let them loose, they began—

" Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Such was the hot condition of their blood."

After galloping twice round the field, and scampering among the peaceful cattle, they stopped and grazed very quietly near the gate.

" This is really a very lucky incident," said Mr. Seymour; " I never saw two more beautiful horses; what fine action—and what high order they are in!—they are as sleek as moles, and that chestnut particularly—his coat is like silk, and looks as if it were powdered with gold; then this charming fresh turf, intermixed with such flourishing trees, and the cattle, and the mildness of the evening, make it altogether one of the most pleasing scenes I ever saw;—surely, Howard, you will allow that this, at least, is all softness and harmony."

" I can by no means allow it," said Mr. Howard, " particularly when

* The Landscape, p. 40, l. 194.

compared with the scene you forced me away from on the other side of the gate. You admire the fine coats of these horses and cattle; but if you were to consider the subject attentively, you would find that all smooth animals, as their forms are determined by marked outlines, and the surfaces of their skins produce strong reflections of light, have an effect on the eye, correspondent to what irritating roughness has on the touch. While the coats of animals which are rough and shaggy, (like those of the horses and the ass on the other side,) by partly absorbing the light, and partly softening it by a mixture of tender shadows, and thus connecting and blending it with that which proceeds from surrounding objects, produce an effect on the eye similar to that which an undulated, and gently varied smoothness affords to the touch."

"So I find," said Mr. Seymour, "that these horses and cattle have a rough, irritating effect on my eye, which I never should have suspected. And yet you, who refer every thing so much to painting, were delighted with two pictures in the gallery, in which there were horses as smooth, and with coats as fine as these; and I particularly remember your remarking, how admirably those in the larger picture (I think it was by Rubens) harmonised with all the surrounding objects. Surely, that which is in perfect harmony in a picture, must often, at least, be so in nature; and cannot be like what irritating roughness is to the touch.

"It is true, that I have not much attended to these subjects; but some of our earliest ideas are, that smoothness is pleasing, and roughness unpleasing to the eye, as well as to the touch; and these first ideas always prevail, though we afterwards learn to discriminate, and to modify them. In the same manner, bright and clear colours are more pleasing to the eye than such as are dingy; and, therefore, almost all men, I believe, would think the colours of these horses, and of this fresh turf, more beautiful than those of the old ragged horses, of the ass, and of the shaggy pasture in which they were feeding.

"I observed, from the remarks which both you and Hamilton made on several of the pictures to-day, that there may be as much relative harmony between bright colours and the objects around them, as between such as are dingy; and yet, as it seems to me, the whole tenor of your argument goes to prove, that, with respect to colours, the mere absence of discord is the great principle of visible beauty; whereas, if there be a positive beauty in any thing, it must be in colours. The *general* effect, I allow, will not be beautiful without harmony; but neither can the most perfect accord change the nature of dull or ugly colours, and make them beautiful. No, my dear friend, this negative system of yours is too refined for the generality of mankind; and, as

to myself, all that you can say on this point, however I may admire the ingenuity of your arguments, cannot shake my early and inveterate habits."

"Many of them," said Mr. Hamilton, "are so founded in nature, that we ought not to allow them to be shaken ; and it is in a great measure on those early habits and feelings, which are common to all mankind, that I ground the distinction which Howard rejects as imaginary. I watched your feelings, unbiassed as they were by any thing of system, or by associations with pictures ; and I remarked throughout our whole progress to day, (and sometimes, I believe, mentioned it at the moment) that although you scarcely paid any attention to those objects or combinations, the charms of which have been pointed out by painting, you were not less delighted than Howard and myself, with all that the common sentiment of mankind, as well as that of more refined and cultivated minds like your own, proclaims to be beautiful ; and in the picture gallery, your delight, or indifference, was influenced by similar feelings. Had you been struck in the same manner, if not in the same degree, with the hovel, the gipsies, the blasted oak, and all the circumstances and accompaniments, as we were ; had you lingered with us in the hollow lane—indeed, had I not observed so many instances at various times, of the indifference of persons little conversant with pictures to picturesque objects—I must have given up one principal ground of my distinction. Its strongest foundation, however, rests upon the direct and striking opposition that exists between the qualities which prevail in objects which all allow to be beautiful, and those which prevail in others, almost as generally admitted to be picturesque ;—and till youth and age, freshness and decay, smoothness and ruggedness, symmetry and irregularity, are looked upon in the same light, and the objects in which they are prevalent give the same kind of pleasure to all persons —whether one term be applied to all objects however constituted, or the terms beautiful and picturesque be applied to them indifferently—the character of the objects themselves, must, in truth, be as distinct, as the qualities of which they are composed. This, Seymour, is my creed, which I have made as short as I could, and may perhaps write down, as a sort of manual for your use. If Howard likes to make a summary of his doctrines by way of counter-poison—*padronissimo*, as the Italians say. But, you see the sun is getting low and we must make the best of our way to the Inn."

They then crossed the pasture, and on getting over the next style, saw the town they were going to, standing on an eminence and in great beauty—for the sun being almost immediately behind it, gilded

with his last beams the tops of the trees, and the battlements and pinnacles of the churches; while the lower buildings were in a mass of shade. After a pleasant walk over fields, the three friends got to their inn just before it was dusk, highly pleased with the excursion they had made, and full of new plans for the rest of the time they were to pass together.

APPENDIX

TO

DIALOGUE ON THE PICTURESQUE AND BEAUTIFUL.

MR. KNIGHT, in his advertisement to the second edition of his Analytical Inquiry, has made a kind of apology for the additional arguments he has inserted against Mr. Burke's theories and mine. He seems conscious that some of these additions are not of a very mild nature; but he says, they were introduced in consequence of my having signified my intention of refuting generally what he had advanced in opposition to both of us. I cannot pretend to remember, with any accuracy, what I may have signified in conversation, or in our correspondence; but I am perfectly sure that the word *refuting*, which, from Mr. Knight's very just consciousness of his own powers, might naturally have presented itself to him, was never made use of by me. Perhaps it may be a question, how far what I may have signified unguardedly and in private, should be formally announced to the public; as to myself, I certainly should have had some scruples of announcing, without consulting him, any intention of his under the same circumstances. To him, however, it would have been of less consequence—as, from the abundant stores of his mind, and above all from his power of application, he could easily have performed any engagement I might have made for him;—but it surprises an indolent writer, who can so little depend on any constant and regular exertions, to find himself engaged, not only to combat, but to refute the arguments of such an adversary, before he had even begun to write. How long it may be before the work, thus prematurely and unexpectedly announced, will be finished, is rather uncertain. I therefore have thought it best in this new edition of my publications, to take notice of Mr. Knight's censures, where they related to particular passages; leaving the more general discussion of his animadversions on Mr. Burke's and my theories, till some future, though I hope not very far distant, period.

My outset on the present occasion is not auspicious. In the former

edition of the Dialogue, I committed a gross blunder, of which my antagonist, according to a common, though not always an accurate expression, has *taken advantage*. The passage stood thus; "all these ideas, it is true, are originally acquired by the touch, but from use they are become as much objects of sight as colours."* *They* clearly refers to ideas, and my words certainly express, what I should have hoped no one would have thought me capable of meaning—that ideas may become visible.

It so happened, that the Dialogue was oftener looked over in manuscript than any of my other publications, and by several persons who had the kindness to examine it with particular attention, and who suggested many alterations; but though some of them were men as high in reputation for ability and acuteness as any in the kingdom, yet this most palpable blunder escaped them all—probably from their having so clearly perceived the general drift and intention, that they did not attend to the particular expression. On such occasions the eye of an antagonist is sharper than that of a friend; for, however keen in itself, it is rendered still keener by controversy. Mr. Knight discovered the blunder, and as such, might very fairly have laughed at it. He has chosen, however, to suppose, not only that it was my deliberate opinion that ideas might become objects of sight, but that I considered this visibility of ideas as a fundamental principle, and that it furnished him with a key to all my doctrines.† As my friend, from our long intimacy, must be supposed to know the limits of my capacity better than most men, I might long have passed for a driveller, if the Edinburgh Reviewers, in their account of the Analytical Inquiry, had not very kindly taken my part; they have defended me (not without a little *risposte* to my antagonist) more ably, and with much more effect than I could have defended myself; it is clear that it was, and could only be a slip of the pen; but they have pointed out whence the mistake arose, and how by a slight alteration, which I have readily adopted, the passage might be made consistent with the general tenor of the reasoning, and with common sense.‡ In short they have taken Mr. Knight's *key* from him, which, after all, seems to have been very like a lord of the bed-chamber's, a key of mere parade, and never intended to unlock any thing.

Controversy, I am afraid, has some resemblance to gaming; those who are warmly engaged in either, can hardly refrain from taking advantage

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* Dialogue, p. 107, line 6. † Analytical Inquiry, p. 203, part 2, ch. 2, sec. 80.
‡ Edinburgh Review, No. xiv., p. 309, Jan. 1806.

of every kind of slip or carelessness, and sometimes in a way that the usual license amongst either gamesters or writers, does not admit of. One very singular instance I remember with respect to gaming, where the person was very far from being low either in rank or fortune. If his neighbours did not keep their heaps of gold pretty close to them, and a guinea happened to stray, he could not forbear hooking it a little with his finger, till it was near enough for him to claim it. A friend of mine used sometimes to take the expensive amusement of *baiting* him with a stray guinea, and never failed to have sport. It would, in one sense, be a more ruinous amusement, were an author purposely to scatter a few blunders over his work by way of baits; but there are adversaries so greedy, that they would be sure to swallow them, hook and all.

I must add a few more words with respect to the blunder in question, which, I can assure the reader, was made very innocently, and without any insidious purpose. In the part of his work where Mr. Knight speaks of it, he gives his readers to understand, that the argument in the discussion where it occurs is given to an interlocutor, who on *that occasion* sustains *my own part* in the Dialogue. By this he seems to insinuate, that the argument ought to have been in the mouth of Mr. Hamilton, not of Mr. Seymour; in short, that I had done what careless apothecaries, and sometimes great doctors have been accused of—had put on the wrong labels. But as Mr. Seymour is not represented as ignorant upon any other subject than that of painting, there was no reason, from any thing in his supposed character, why he should not argue on sensation and perception; and there were reasons, in my judgment, why the arguments should come from him rather than from Mr. Hamilton. Chiefly, because they seem to lead naturally to the observations and the sentiments which follow, and which completely belong to Mr. Seymour.

I could wish that in other parts Mr. Knight had paid a little more attention to the *labels;* as possibly some of his strictures might not have been made, if he had considered who was the speaker. There are places where it is a matter of indifference. It was perfectly immaterial, for instance, whether the *blunder* came from Mr. Seymour, or Mr. Hamilton, as I certainly did not mean that either of them should speak like a madman or an idiot; but the character of the speaker is by no means indifferent where he accuses me (perhaps by way of recrimination for a similar charge on my side) of having used the epithets beautiful and lovely as synonymous, and defined the one by the other.* As love,

* Analytical Inquiry, part 2, chap. 2, sec. 79, at the end.

however, has always been the natural effect of beauty, and as the goddess of beauty is also the goddess of love, I should not feel much ashamed, if I had been convicted of having made this synonym and definition in my own proper character, or through my representative, Mr. Hamilton; but my antagonist ought to have observed, that it is not Mr. Hamilton, but Mr. Seymour, who says the most beautiful, that is the most lovely pictures.

One principal advantage of writing in dialogue, and of which my friend seems inclined to deprive me, is that of being able to give to some one of the speakers—whether for the sake of variety and contrast, or in order to support indirectly an opinion you wish to prevail—expressions and sentiments which could not come in a direct manner from any of the others. It is Mr. Hamilton's, or, if you please, my interest, to have it thought that the term beautiful is improperly applied to a picture in which the objects are ugly or disgusting, whatever may be its merit as a work of art. This was to be effected in part through Mr. Seymour; who, though he ought not to say any thing that betrayed folly, may be allowed, when speaking of pictures, to discover sentiments, and to use expressions, which would not perhaps occur to a thorough-bred connoisseur. In such cases the author is no further answerable for the expressions or the sentiments, than that they should accord with the character which he has assigned to the speaker; and, indeed, were it otherwise, all the interlocutors in all dialogues must speak and think alike. With regard to the epithet in question, I dare say Mr. Knight has heard many ladies, and many gentlemen exclaim, Oh, what a lovely picture! and if he could have thought it necessary to ask what they meant by it, they probably would have interpreted it by beautiful. The expression would not perhaps have been quite proper in Mr. Hamilton's mouth, though he might not feel much repugnance to it; in Mr. Howard's, with regard to whose sentiments and expressions I was bound to be extremely cautious, it would have been quite improper; but Mr. Seymour was more at liberty, and any one who reads the part, will see that he uses the word *lovely*, not as being *generally* synonymous with beautiful, but as expressing and explaining his particular feeling—that is, his repugnance to call those pictures beautiful, the subjects of which, with the objects represented in them, were the most directly opposite to every idea of loveliness.

Again, it is Mr. Seymour, not Mr. Hamilton, who speaks of the parson's daughter as not being an undesirable object, though her features were irregular, and her eyes *somewhat inclined* to look across each other; this slight *inclination*, my adversary, has exaggerated into a

squint.* Perhaps there is no defect in the human countenance that depends so much on the degree, as that of a deviation in the eyes. The inclination to deviate may be such, as scarcely to be perceptible at first sight; and a slight *cast* in the eye, as it is called, though no one would call it a beauty, may give an archness and a peculiarity, which may accord with the general character and expression of the countenance, and, like other peculiarities, suit particular tastes. Positive squinting is among the worst of deformities; it is one, however, that belongs to

Mr. Knight's comment, not to my text. I would not claim too much indulgence for the style of a dialogue; but I should hardly have expected that the jocular manner in which Mr. Seymour speaks of the parson's daughter, and the allusions he makes to her father's house, would have been canvassed as strictly as the positions in a philosophical treatise; much less that the whole would be placed in a false, because an exaggerated, point of view. Let us, however, consider it gravely. If it be true, then, that a woman with irregular features, with a slight cast in her eyes, with uneven teeth, but those teeth white and clean, and with her complexion fresh and clear, may, to many tastes, be often more attractive than a woman regularly handsome; and if a house under circumstances as nearly similar as the two cases will admit of, may also be preferred by many to houses of regular architecture—then Mr. Seymour, whether he were jocular or serious, might be allowed to profess his willingness, under certain circumstances, to take to the house and its inhabitant. With regard to the lady, Mr. Knight may attribute such a liking (for that is the most it can be called) to what motives he pleases; but he must allow that fondness for a house cannot arise from "social and sensual sympathies."*

In writing this Dialogue, I was very peculiarly circumstanced. In all that related to Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Seymour I was free as air; but as Mr. Howard was manifestly the representative of Mr. Knight, I was almost restricted to the very words that he himself had written. This restraint was not without its advantage, and he felt it as such; for

he complained to me, but with the greatest good humour, of my having taken what he jocosely called his *buckram* note, and put it piecemeal into the mouth of an interlocutor; where it must be owned that the note thus divided, and in dialogue, has rather a buckram appearance, and that Mr. Howard *parle comme un livre.* As I had put his grave note in dialogue, it was no unfair retaliation to treat any jocular part of my dialogue as serious;

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* Analytical Inquiry, part 2, chap. 2, sec. 79. † Ibid., sec. 81.

"Thus then exchange we mutually forgiveness."

There is, however, one point remaining to be discussed (and it is the last) on which my friend does not appear in a forgiving humour; for he very seriously complains of misrepresentation. It may be right, therefore, to give the accusation at length in his own words. "I am not aware," says Mr. Knight, "that any thing I have ever written or said on the subject, can fairly be construed to imply that I ever considered the words beautiful and picturesque to be synonymous or convertible terms, as has been supposed. In the Essays on the Picturesque, indeed, it is merely stated, '*that there are persons who, in reality, hold the two words to be synonymous, though they do not say so in express terms; and others, who allow that the words have a different meaning, but that there is no distinct character of the picturesque.*' Of this latter sect I have always *meant* to profess myself; and, even if I have expressed that meaning so ill, as to give just cause for being placed in the other, I cannot but think that the interlocutor in the dialogue, who makes me *in express terms* say, '*that there is no distinction between them; in other words, that they are in respect to visible objects synonymous,*' adopts rather an inquisitorial mode of proceeding; which, howsoever sanctioned by authority in the trials of heretics, has not yet been acknowledged in the courts of philosophy, or by the judicature of common sense."

I am persuaded that my friend never meant seriously to accuse me of being possessed with the spirit of the inquisition; it is only his way of writing. Perhaps, before he indulged himself in it, he ought to have examined his own expressions which gave rise to my supposed misstatement, and to have been pretty certain that they do not fairly admit of the interpretation I have given them; or at least sufficiently so, to lead me into the mistake, if it be one, without my having had any evil intention;—the reader must judge between us. The accusation is, that I have supposed him to consider the words beautiful and picturesque as synonymous; not as *generally* so—for then I should undoubtedly have misrepresented him—but with respect to visible objects; in other words, that I have supposed him to be of opinion, that, as far as visible objects are concerned, there is no difference or distinction between them. Now it seems to me that this is precisely what he sets out by declaring; for, after having given it as his opinion that the distinction which I have made is imaginary, he says "the picturesque is merely that kind of beauty which belongs exclusively to the sense of vision, or to the imagination guided by that sense." I really have considered this definition with the best attention I have been able to give it, and I can

only understand from it, that the picturesque is merely the beautiful in *visible* objects, that the word cannot be applied to the beautiful in sounds, smells, &c. but that, with those exclusions, it is the very same as the beautiful, and of course may be applied on all occasions where *visible* beauty is talked of; for, after all, "that kind of beauty which belongs exclusively to the sense of seeing," can mean nothing more than is expressed in the two words—visible beauty. If this be so, (and I do not comprehend how it can be otherwise) the picturesque, according to Mr. Knight's own definition, is the beautiful in objects of sight, and the two terms are in the strictest sense synonymous or convertible, as they mean precisely the same thing in all that regards the sense of seeing.

I trust that I shall not be suspected of having knowingly on any occasion misinterpreted an antagonist's meaning; but supposing that on this I *had* been mistaken, or that in any part of the Dialogue I had mis-stated Mr. Knight's meaning, the utmost, in my opinion, that he ought to have done, was simply to set me right; without any thing, however, that tended to reproof. Before the Dialogue was printed, I gave him the manuscript, and begged him to mark any thing that he thought unfair or uncandid. He returned it without any remark of that kind; and though it be true that he might not have examined it with sufficient attention, or that things which did not then occur to him, may afterwards have struck him in the printed copy, still, having had the manuscript, he ought on this occasion to have been contented with defending himself, without turning me into an inquisitor. Should it be asked whether I continued this practice of showing him what related to himself before it was published, and whether he saw in manuscript what the reader has just seen, my answer must be

"Belli commercia Turnus
Sustulit illa prior."

The first work of his that appeared after the Dialogue came out, was the Analytical Inquiry, and I saw nothing of it till after it was published.

I must beg leave to remind the reader, that what is said in the Dialogue, can only have a reference to the opinions contained in the note which gave rise to it—not to those which were published long afterwards in the Analytical Inquiry. In that work, Mr. Knight, if I may venture to say so, appears *somewhat inclined* to make the same sort of distinction between the beautiful and the picturesque which I have made, and which in his Note he had treated as imaginary. All his opinions, however, on that point, and their accuracy and consistency, may, perhaps be the subject of a separate discussion.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE 65, l. 4.

I CAN hardly think it necessary to make any excuse for calling Lord Orford Mr. Walpole; it is the name by which he is best known in the literary world, and to which his writings have given a celebrity much beyond what any hereditary honour can bestow. It is more necessary, perhaps, to make an apology for the liberty I must take of canvassing with freedom many positions in his very ingenious and entertaining Treatise on Modern Gardening. That treatise is written in a very high strain of panegyric on the art of which he gives so amusing a history; mine is a direct and undisguised attack upon it. The greater his authority, the more necessary it is to combat the impression which that alone will make on most minds. I do it, however, with great deference and reluctance; for I know how difficult it is to steer between the tameness of over-caution, and the appearance of acrimony, or of want of respect towards a person for whom I feel so much, and to whom, on so many accounts, it is due. But he who is warmly engaged in a cause, and has to fight against strongly rooted opinions, upheld by powerful supporters, must, if he hopes to vanquish them, take every fair advantage of his opponents, and not seem too timid and fearful of giving offence where none is intended.

PAGE 65, l. 17.

As some doubts have arisen about the meaning of the word *clump*, which so frequently occurs in this Essay, it may not be improper to define what I mean by it. My idea of a clump, in contradistinction to a group, is, *any close mass of trees of the same age and growth, totally detached from all others.* I have generally supposed them to be of a round, or at least of a regular form. Their size of course must vary; and no rule can well be given when such a detached mass ceases to be a clump, and may be called a plantation.

PAGE 71, l. 14.

There is frequently a resemblance, and a very happy one, between the picturesque irregularities of by-roads, and those of brooks and rivers; just as there is a most unfortunate likeness between the regularity of gravel-walks and roads, and those of artificial rivers, where all the effects of accident have been destroyed or guarded against. An example has been given of picturesque irregularity in a road, where, from meeting with some obstruction, it branches off for a time on each side. A similar circumstance in a brook is described in the Abbé Delille's exquisite Poem

on Gardens, which I had not read when I first published my Essay, but which I have hardly ceased to read since I had it in my possession. I shall only transcribe the lines which suit my particular purpose. I trust, however, they will induce the reader to look over the whole description, where he will find the various charms of a rapid little stream, painted with a most congenial life and animation.

" Plus loin il se sépare en deux ruisseaux agiles ;
Qui se suivant l'un l'autre avec rapidité
Disputent de vitesse et de limpidité."

The whole poem, indeed, is full of the justest taste, the nicest discrimination, and the most brilliant imagery, and all expressed in the happiest, and most poetical style. I should think myself very ungrateful, if I did not acknowledge the very great pleasure and instruction I have received from it, and add my testimony to that I believe of every other reader.

PAGE 72, l. 2.

The use of attending to the effects of accident and neglect, which has been exemplified in trees and hollow lanes, extends to objects of much greater importance—to every species of improvement, even to the highest and most important of all—that of government. Neither improvers nor legislators will leave every thing to neglect and accident; but it certainly is wise in both, by carefully observing all the effects which have arisen from them, to learn how to take advantage of future changes, and above all to learn that most useful lesson, not to suppress the workings of nature, but to watch and take indications from them; for who would choose to settle in that place, or under that government, where the warnings, indications, and all the free efforts of nature, were forcibly counteracted and suppressed.

PAGE 73, l. 13.

The destruction of so many picturesque circumstances by the prevailing passion for levelling, is mentioned with regret in many parts of this Essay. The term itself may suggest regrets and apprehensions of a more serious kind. To level, in a very usual sense of the word, means to take away all distinctions; a principle that, when made general, and brought into action by any determined improver either of grounds or governments, occasions such mischiefs, as time slowly, if ever, repairs—and which are hardly more dreaded by monarchs than painters.

A good landscape is that in which all the parts are free and unconstrained, but in which, though some are prominent and highly illuminated, and others in shade and retirement—some rough, and others more smooth and polished, yet they are all necessary to the beauty, energy, effect, and harmony of the whole. I do not see how a good government can be more exactly defined; and as this definition suits every style of landscape, from the plainest and simplest to the most splendid and complicated, and excludes nothing but tameness and confusion, so it equally suits all free governments, and only excludes anarchy and despotism. It must be always remembered, however, that despotism is the most complete leveller; and he who clears and levels every thing round his own lofty mansion, seems to me to have very Turkish principles of improvement.

PAGE 73, l. 29.

Among the various ill effects occasioned by the prevailing system of making the ground everywhere, and in all cases smooth and even, none is more lamented by

the painter than that of covering up the picturesque roots of old trees, which seem to fasten on the earth with their dragon claws. Such were those of the beech, that I have mentioned with so much regret. It is even worse when the spurs of a large oak, which give to its base such a look of firmness and stability, and show what must be the rivets beneath that enable him to defy the tempest, are completely moulded up, for the sake of bringing the whole of the ground to one exact level, or for some such paltry consideration. The trunk then loses one of the most marked and striking parts of its character, and looks like an enormous post stuck into the ground.

PAGE 84, l. 39.

It may appear singular that in mentioning trees of a picturesque character, I should have excepted the young ash ; for, as it is a great favourite with painters, though at no age a popular tree, it may seem inconsistent to those who refer the term to art only, that I should deny it to be picturesque. But, as I have before remarked, if all the objects which painters have been fond of representing were therefore to be called picturesque, it would be a term of little distinction. The young ash has every principle of beauty ; freshness and delicacy of foliage, smoothness of bark, elegance of form ; nor am I surprised that Virgil, whose poetry has so much of those qualities, should call the ash the most beautiful tree in the woods ; but when its own leaves are changed to the autumnal tint, and when contrasted with ruder or more massive shapes or colours, it becomes part of a picturesque circumstance, without changing its own nature.

PAGE 90, l. 6.

There is hardly any principle of beauty more general than that of smoothness ; baldness, however, seems to be an exception ; as smoothness in that case, though it may contribute to give a picturesque character, can never be beautiful. It is, however, an exception, which instead of weakening, confirms what I have said, and shows the constant opposition of the two characters, even where their causes appear to be confounded.

Baldness is not the smoothness of youth, health, and freshness, but of age and decay. It is picturesque from those associations, and from producing peculiarity of character, by destroying the usual symmetry and regularity of the face.

When a bald head is well plastered and floured, and the boundary of the forehead distinctly marked in pomatum and powder, it has as little pretension to picturesqueness as to beauty.

PAGE 100, l. 22.

That the sublime in poetry is founded on the terrible, seems to be taken for granted by Longinus ; and probably on the authority of Aristotle. That great father of criticism has indeed in his poetics dwelt much less on epic poetry, in which perhaps the highest specimens of the sublime are to be found, than on tragedy ; we cannot, however, suppose him to have been ignorant that sublimity is one striking character of the tragic muse ; and as he has stated terror and pity to be the two principal means by which she produces her effects, we can hardly doubt which of them she would employ, when she meant to produce sublimity. In our own language we often distinguish those two great sources of human emotion which Aristotle calls *το φοβερον και το ελεεινον*, or the terrible, and the pathetic, by the *sublime*, and the pathetic ; whether he or Longinus, according to the established idiom, could have used *το ὑψηλον* in the same sense, those who are critics in the language may be able to de-

termine ; if they could not, it seems by no means improbable that they should have substituted the most efficient cause for the character itself. In speaking of writers who introduce the marvellous alone into their tragedies, Aristotle says Οι δε, μη το φοβερον, αλλα το τερατωδες μονον παρασκευαζοντες, ουδεν τραγωδια κοινωνουσι. Now, if Aristotle can be supposed to have meant, that if terrific as well as marvellous circumstances had been introduced, the whole would then have been truly tragical, the authors of many modern dramas, in which the excess of all that is terrific has been very severely, and I believe very justly censured by modern critics, as having nothing in common with the true spirit of tragedy, might take refuge under the authority of the ancient ; but if we conceive him to have meant by το φοβερον those grand and awful circumstances, which, when selected with judgment, and impressed in their full force, can hardly fail of being sublime, no such refuge will be afforded. If we were to imitate the turn of Aristotle's criticism in censuring the exaggerated use of terror in the dramas to which I have alluded, we might say, that the authors of them having displayed, not the sublime, but only the terrific, had nothing of the genuine spirit of tragedy. Longinus has in several places made use of the words φοβερος and δεινος, both of which are generally translated terrible, nearly as we should use the word sublime. Speaking of a bombast passage he says, if you examine it, εκ του φοβερου, κατ' ολιγον ὑπονοσει προς το καταφρονητον ; and again, when he is discriminating between a sublime and a disgusting image, he says, ου γαρ δεινον ποιησεν το ειδωλον, αλλα μισητον. Among the different passages which he has quoted as sublime, there are none on which he has more fully expatiated, than those in which terror is the leading character ; and what perhaps is the most convincing proof of his opinion, he has cited other passages intended to be sublime, but which, as he shows, are not so, because the authors of them failed in their aim of making them terrible ; and, that no doubt might remain on his reader's mind, he has distinctly pointed out the cause of the failure, by opposing to their want of judgment, the skill and judgment of Homer in selecting those circumstances, by which the terrible is most strongly impressed on the imagination. It is said, however, that δεινον signifies also what is excellent, or striking in various ways, as well as terrible ; but how came it by such a signification ? Clearly because terror, in its various modifications, is the cause of all that is most striking. The Italians apply such expressions to any striking works of art ; a fine picture or statue (no matter what the subject) is called *un spavento ;* and the style of the greatest of modern artists is called

" Di Michel' Agnol' la *terribil'* via."

A more familiar instance may be given to the English reader, of the use which is continually made of the word terrible, for the purpose of raising our ideas of the objects to which it is applied ; and certainly by persons who never read Aristotle, or Longinus, or even Mr. Burke. Who can hear at a horse-race, of *the terrible high-bred cattle*, and not feel how universally the same idea has prevailed ?

PAGE 106, l. 15.

The instrument for the purpose of curling and crisping the hair seems to be of very ancient date ; as Virgil, who probably studied the *costume* of the heroic age, supposes it to have been in use at the time of the Trojan war, and makes Turnus speak contemptuously of Æneas for having his locks perfumed, and as Madame de Sevigné expresses it, *frisés naturellement avec le fer*,

" Vibratos calido ferro, myrrhâque madentes."

The *natural* roughness or crispness of hair is often mentioned as a beauty—l'aurée *crespe* crini—capelli *crespe*, and lunghe, and d'oro.

In many points the hair has a striking relation to trees; they resemble each other in their intricacy, their ductility, the quickness of their growth, their seeming to acquire fresh vigour from being cut, and in their being detached from the solid bodies whence they spring; they are the varied boundaries, the loose and airy fringes, without which mere earth, or mere flesh, however beautifully formed, however engagingly coloured, is bald and imperfect, and wants its most becoming ornament.

In Catholic countries, where the nuns, those unfortunate victims of avarice and superstition, are supposed to renounce all idea of pleasing our sex, the first ceremony is that of cutting off their hair, as a sacrifice of the most seducing ornament of beauty; and the formal edge of the fillet, which prevents a single hair from escaping, is well contrived to deaden the effect of features.

PAGE 106, l. 32.

The epithets *horridus* and *horrens*, are frequently applied to sharp pointed and jagged objects in an upright position; as, *horridior rusco, horrentibus hastis, cautibus horrens*, &c., and, indeed, according to Stephens, an erect position of objects, is the strict and proper meaning of the verb from which they are derived; *horrio, proprie cum pili setœque in animante eriguntur; capilli horrent;* as we say, stand on end. But the appearance of the arbutus is so remarkably pleasing, that an epithet of which almost all the associations are unpleasing, seems at first sight very oddly applied to it. Different interpretations have been proposed. Martyn thinks the arbutus is called *horrida*, from the roughness of its bark; in which the learned Heyne agrees with him. This interpretation may very fairly be admitted; but I rather think that an epithet applied to the tree in general, is more likely to have been given from its general appearance, than from a particular part less apparent, and often entirely hidden. Many plants point their leaves downwards, as the lilac, chestnut, Portugal laurel, &c.; and whoever compares the arbutus and the Portugal laurel, in both of which the leaves are serrated, will find how strongly the epithet *horrens* applies to the former.

In the Delphin edition, the arbutus is supposed to be called *horrida, quia raris est foliis;* but nothing can be less thin of leaves than the *frondentia arbuta* (as Virgil calls them in another place) when in a flourishing state. This idea, I think, is not unlikely to have been adopted from a verse in the seventh eclogue, *rarâ tegit arbutus umbrâ*, which, in the same edition, is interpreted *raris inumbrat foliis;* but surely if *rara* do mean thin, as Martyn has also interpreted it, nothing can less accord with *tegit*, and with the shepherd's request, *solstitium pecori defendite.* As the meaning of the word *rara* in this passage has been a good deal canvassed, I hope I may be indulged in following the train of criticism which has thus incidentally offered itself. The learned and highly distinguished commentator whom I have lately mentioned, in speaking of this passage says, *rara* vero *umbra*, aut ut ad naturam arboris humilis, nec admodum patulis respiciatur, aut ut rara non urgendum sit, ut Ecl. 5. 7. The passage to which he refers in the fifth Eclogue, is

> "Sive sub incertas Zephyris mutantibus umbras;
> Sive antro potius succedimus: aspice ut antrum
> Silvestris raris sparsit labrusca racemis."

And he observes upon it, "raris autem hic non urgendum, uti Burm. and Martin.

faciunt; alias in vitio hoc esset, quod rari sunt racemi: sed simpliciter notat naturam racemorum sive uvarum, passim e palmitibus per antri ostium serpentibus pendentium, ut adeo per intervallos dies intret." Ita. & Ecl. 7. 46. "Et quæ vos rarâ viridis tegit arbutus umbra." As far as these observations relate to the vine, and to the whole of that passage, they are perfectly just; but I do not think they will apply to the arbutus, or to the general spirit of the other. In the one passage the imagery is playful and varying, the air fresh and in motion, the Zephyrs blowing, and quickly changing the shadows; and from the pliant texture of the vine, the extremities of its trailing branches, as well as its pendant clusters, are easily agitated by the wind; and the expression is, raris *sparsit* racemis. In the other, every thing announces the stillness and repose of summer heat, when the close and compact texture of the arbutus leaves, and its stiff branches, which yield less to the wind than those of almost any other tree, would have none to contend with; and the expression is rara *tegit* umbra. The epithet *raris*, as signifying loose, or separate, and consequently letting in the light by intervals, is an appropriate one to the separate clusters of the vine, or to its long rambling young shoots, but is very far from being so to the arbutus; it would be only saying of it, what is generally true of every shade produced by foliage alone, namely, that it does not *completely* exclude the light. The arbutus appears to have been a favourite tree and a favourite shade among the Romans. Ovid, in describing a shady and sequestered grove and fountain, has not forgot it, or its shade,

"Silva nemus non alta facit, tegit arbutus herbam."

Propertius likewise speaks of its beauty; and from the position, indicates its assistant shade,

"Surgat et in solis formosior arbutus antris."

Horace speaks voluptuously of the pleasure of being stretched under its canopy,

"Nunc viridi membra sub arbuto
Stratus."

And when Virgil, in the passage that has given rise to this discussion, together with the turf and the fountain apostrophises the arbutus which protects them with its boughs, he probably meant to convey a compliment to such a shade in the epithet: such as its delightful, or its excellent shade. Now, as *rarus*, like the correspondent words in our own and other languages, has that meaning, and as none can more perfectly accord with the sense and spirit of the passage, there seems to be some reasonable ground for supposing it to be that of Virgil. We find in Stevens's explanation of the word, *rarum quod non ubique reperitur unde pro præstanti sumitur;* and in that sense Ovid seems to have used it in a passage very opposite to the present subject,

"Patulis rarissima ramis
Sacra Jovi quercus."

Where, if rarissima be interpreted very thin, or letting in the light at many intervals, it would as ill agree with patulis, as rara in the same sense would with tegit. Another verse in Ovid,

"Rara quidem facie, sed rarior arte canendi,"

and one in Statius,

"Laudati Juvenis rarissima conjux,"

clearly show that the word was used simply as excellent; and I hope may be thought

sufficient to justify me in having ventured to propose an interpretation of mine, in opposition to that of so eminent a critic.

PAGE 123, l. 11.

The following instance very clearly shows how much the love of strong oppositions and striking effects is apt to make painters neglect or sacrifice the qualities of beauty, even where they are most requisite. In Sir Joshua Reynolds' collection, there was a head by Rembrandt, which was supposed to be intended for that of Achilles. The form of the face had more of beauty than is usual in those of Rembrandt; but in order to give a more glittering effect to the helmet, he had kept down the colour of the flesh to so low a tone, that it appeared almost black. If Sir Joshua (who I believe has mentioned this picture in some of his works) thought the silvery tint of Guido more suited to express the delicacy of female beauty than even the golden hue of Titian, what must he have thought of changing the young and beautiful Achilles into an Othello!

PAGE 178, l. 7.

The circumstance of Kent's having *painted* nothing but young beeches, because he had been used to *plant* them, is taken from Mr. Walpole. His works are so much read, and his manner of treating all subjects is so lively and amusing, as well as ingenious, that I supposed this anecdote was familiar to every body; nor could I have thought it necessary to put the words *painter*, *plant*, and *landscapes* in Italics, in order to prevent any misapprehension of my meaning. But Mr. G. Mason has conceived, from what I have said, that I disapprove of *plantations* of young beeches, and asks, with some triumph, whether I would have had Kent plant old ones, as a nursery for dead groves?*

I flatter myself, that hitherto I have not mis-stated the meaning of any author whom I have taken the liberty to criticise, and I shall certainly be very careful in future; for I feel how infinitely ashamed I should be, were I ever to be convicted of having grossly perverted another person's ideas, and then triumphed over my own mis-statement.

PAGE 179, l. 14.

I cannot so well describe the strong impression, and the various instruction that I received from Sir Joshua Reynolds' Discourses, as in the words which Madame Roland has applied to a very different guide. "Il sembla que c'étoit l'aliment qui me fut propre, et l'interprète des sentimens que j'avois avant lui, mais que lui seul pouvoit m'expliquer." The same impression, and with additional delight, I received from his conversation. It was as pleasing as it was instructive; I never missed any opportunity of enjoying it, and I never think of it without regret.

Few men had more numerous friends, in more various ranks of life, or more warmly attached. Those among them, who now honour and cherish his memory, as they loved and admired him when living, must surely be hurt at the publication of certain letters ascribed to him, which, it will readily be allowed, are very unlike his printed works—the noble produce of the vigour and maturity of his age. These letters (whatever they may be) appear to be written with the hasty negligence of early and unsuspicious youth. If they be genuine, they may indeed suggest very severe reflections on the persons who gave them up, and on those who published them, but

* Essay on Design in Gardening, p. 109.

can little affect the high, and firmly-established reputation of their supposed author; for, in my opinion, it would be just as fair to draw an inference from his former ignorance in painting, as from his former ignorance in writing; just as conclusive, to produce some of his early bad pictures, to prove that he did not paint Mrs. Siddons, or Cardinal Beaufort, as to bring forth early letters to show that he did not compose his Discourses.

The most valuable part of every man's education, is that which he receives from himself, from his own untutored reflections; especially when the active energy of his character makes ample amends for the want of a more finished course of study. Such a man, and so formed, was Sir Joshua Reynolds; his observations on a variety of subjects, as well as on his own art, were those of a strong original mind, and his language, both in speaking and writing, gave them their full value. In his conversation there was a peculiar mildness, and a simplicity highly interesting, but which promised little else; and I have often been struck with the contrast, between that simplicity of manner, and the vigour of his thoughts and expressions. Some of our common friends have made the same reflection; and, indeed, many parts of his Discourses, and those not the least impressive, appeared like transcripts of what he had spoken.

PAGE 183, l. 9.

Kent has not only been celebrated by Mr. Walpole in his Treatise on Modern Gardening, but likewise by Dr. Warton, and in a very high style of panegyric, in a Poem of his called the enthusiast; from which the following very apposite quotation has been cited, in opposition to my censures, by Mr. G. Mason.

"Can Kent design like nature? Mark where Thames
Plenty and pleasure pours through Lincoln's meads?
Can the great artist, though with taste supreme
Endued, one beauty to this Eden add?
Though he, by rules unfetter'd, boldly scorns
Formality and method; round and square
Disdaining, plans irregularly great."

There cannot be a more decided and pointed opinion against all I have said of Kent; it remains only to consider what degree of weight is due to that opinion. I am ready to acknowledge that the sentiments of poets with respect to the general beauties of nature, ought always to have great weight; for poetical and picturesque ideas are congenial. But where a poet means to celebrate the talents of a particular person, the case is different, as he is apt, from a very natural enthusiasm, to bestow upon him his own ideas of excellence and freedom from defects, without weighing too minutely whether he be entitled to such unreserved praise. And besides, poetry for the most part deals in strong general praise or censure, and does not often stop to discriminate. I have great respect for Dr. Warton's character both as a man and as a poet, and I am sorry that the defence of my own judgment should oblige me in any way to question the accuracy of his; but I must own that I am led to doubt of it in these points, from the lines that immediately follow those which have been quoted.

"Creative Titian, can thy vivid strokes,
Or thine, O graceful Raphael, dare to vie
With the rich tints that paint the breathing mead,
The thousand-colour'd tulip, violet's bell
Snow-clad and meek, the vermil-tinctured rose,
And golden crocus."

Had it so happened that Dr. Warton had applied to the study of pictures, and of the principles on which their excellence depends, those talents which in other studies have gained him such deserved reputation, he would have known that to challenge Titian to vie with tulips and crocuses, is hardly less improper than to make the same challenge to Raphael; that in truth he might almost as well have pitted nature against nature, and challenged a forest in autumn to vie with a flower-garden in spring; and that although Titian is renowned above all other painters for the glow and richness of his colours, yet that Van Huysum came infinitely nearer to the tints of flowers in point of exact imitation, and probability of deception, without aspiring to the same high and general fame as a colourist. The study of pictures also, by presenting the varied and well-chosen forms, which, with their numberless happy combinations, are displayed in the works of the most eminent painters, would have convinced Dr. Warton that Kent and his followers had made a very small progress in the choice of forms, or in the manner of arranging them. They disdained indeed the square and measured formality and method of the old style, but substituted a method and formality of their own, in which distinct and regular curves had no little share; and I am very sure that if Dr. Warton, when his mind was full of the compositions of eminent masters, had been shown the prints of the Fairy Queen, he would not have ventured to ask—"Can Kent design like nature?"—the obvious ridicule would have struck him too forcibly.

PAGE 187, l. 31.

I have mentioned in the text the wretched effect of taking away the outside trees from groups, where they had long grown together; it is to the full as bad when they are incautiously removed from the front of an extended wood, for it can hardly ever be done without making a manifest gap, in itself very unpleasant, and at the same time letting in the view towards a number of naked stems behind. It appears, however, that the founder of the modern school did it upon system. "Where the plumage of an ancient wood extended wide its undulating canopy, and stood venerable in darkness, Kent," says Mr. Walpole, "thinned its foremost ranks." One should really be led to conclude from every expression in this description, that the writer intended to give us a horror for the practice, which yet, from the place where it is mentioned, we must suppose him to have approved. The bad consequence of this system of separating trees which had long grown together, is nowhere more apparent, than when an old avenue is broken into clumps; yet it may very well happen that a landscape painter, however strongly he may condemn the alteration as it affected the general views and the character of the place, might find some particular advantages from it with respect to his own art; for, as he is not obliged to make an exact portrait, it is sufficient for his purpose if he discover the principal materials for composition, from the spot where he places himself. He therefore may select a view between any two of the clumps; and as a very slight alteration in his expeditious art turns them into groups, the whole may form a very pleasing landscape. Again, as only two of the clumps would appear, no one could suspect, from such a picture or drawing, that there were other clumps which strongly marked the old line of the avenue from every part where they were seen. All this is perfectly fair in the painter with reference to his own art; but were he employed to show what would be the future effect of breaking an avenue into clumps, it would in the same degree be unfair—it would in fact be a deception, and tend to mislead

his employer. Yet this is precisely what Mr. Repton has done, for the purpose of showing how an avenue may be broken with good effect. He has in one plate represented the avenue on which the operation is to be performed, at its length, and of course as describing the straight line; and in common justice he ought to have given the same view of it when broken—but he well knew what a figure his clumps would make when the straight line was dotted with them. He therefore in the other plate has very dexterously changed both the point of view, and the scale; and as he knew that even a third clump would have marked the straight line, he has supposed himself at the exact point from which only two of them could be introduced into the drawing; and to this painter-like liberty he has added that of varying their forms, so as to give them some appearance of natural groups. Mr. Repton cannot be ignorant that when trees have long been pressed on each side by others, whenever one or more of them are left separate, two of their sides must be naked and flattened; and that although by degrees the nakedness is clothed with small boughs and with leaves, hardly any length of time will make the flatness completely disappear. This is what on such occasions ought fairly to be stated; and if a drawing or engraving be made, ought fairly to be represented. But it is singular that the person who has most strongly written against the use of applying painting to landscape gardening, should have furnished the most flagrant instance of its abuse.

PAGE 195, l. 21.

Vanity is a general enemy to all improvement; and there is no such enemy to the real improvement of the beauty of grounds, as the foolish vanity of making a parade of their extent, and of exhibiting various uninteresting marks of the owner's property, under the title of "Appropriation." Where there *are* any noble features that are debased by meaner objects; where greater extent would show a rich and varied boundary, whatever chokes up, or degrades such scenes, should of course be removed;—but where there are no such features, no such boundaries, to appropriate, by destroying many a pleasant meadow, and by showing you, when they are laid into one great common, green enough to surfeit a man in a calenture—to appropriate, by clumping their naked hedge-rows, and planting other clumps and patches of exotics, which seem to stare about them and wonder how they came there—to appropriate, by demolishing many a cheerful retired cottage, that interfered with nothing but the despotic love of exclusion, and make amends, perhaps, by building a village *regularly* picturesque—is to appropriate, by disgusting all whose taste is not insensible or depraved, just as an alderman appropriates a plate of turtle, by sneezing over it.

PAGE 199, l. 13.

I believe there are only three sorts of the lower evergreens natural to this country, holly, box, and juniper; to which, on account of the slowness of its growth, and its doing so well under the drip of other trees, may be added the yew. There is, however, a great variety of exotics which are as hardy as any of our native plants, with many others that will succeed in sheltered spots; and the most scrupulous person will allow, that among firs and pines, the greatest part of which are exotics, they are perfectly in character. And should these be mixed indiscriminately without any design or arrangement, they still must produce a rich and a varied effect if compared to a close wood of firs only. But, on the other hand, where the trees

have always had full room to expand, an open grove of large spreading pines is peculiarly solemn, and that solemnity might occasionally be varied, and in some respects heightened, by a mixture of yews and cypresses, which at the same time would give an idea of extreme retirement, and of sepulchral melancholy. In other parts a very pleasing contrast in winter might be formed by holly, arbutus, laurustinus, and others that bear berries and flowers at that season. Whoever has been at Mount Edgecombe, and remembers the mixture of the arbutus, &c., with the spreading pines, will want no further recommendation of this method. I must own that amidst all the grand features of that noble place, it made no slight impression on me.

PAGE 214, l. 3.

What has been said of the naked edges of Mr. Brown's canals, may be illustrated by an observation of Mr. Burke in the Sublime and Beautiful. "When we look along a naked wall, from the evenness of the object the eye runs along its whole space, and arrives quickly at its termination."* This accounts for the total want of all that is picturesque, and of all interest whatsoever, in a continuation of naked, edgy lines; for where there is nothing to detain the eye, there is nothing to amuse it. I may add, that wherever ground is cut with a sharp instrument, it has that ideal effect on the eye; it is a metaphor which naturally prevails in many languages, where lines, from whatever cause, are hard and edgy. When An. Caracci speaks of the edginess of Raphael compared with Correggio, he uses the expression, così duro et *tagliente*—couleurs *tranchantes*, &c.

PAGE 216, l. 15.

It is difficult to define with any precision, what may properly be called the *bank* of a river. In its most extended acceptation, it may mean whatever is seen from the water. I wish it to be taken here in its most confined sense, as that which immediately rises above the water till another level begins, or some distinct termination. This, in certain instances, will be very clear—as where a flat meadow (but not sloped down to the water by art,) joins the river. It will be equally clear, where the general bank is steep, if a road be carried near the bottom; for such an artificial level will form a distinct *near* bank, and one which would be distinctly marked in a picture. The highest part to which the flood generally reaches, is also a very usual boundary; and in most places there is something which separates the immediate bank, from the general scenery that encloses the river. This near bank being in the foreground, is of the greatest consequence. Wherever that is regularly sloped and smoothed, whatever beauty or grandeur there may be *above*, the character of the *river* is gone.

PAGE 218, l. 14.

Mr. Repton, who is deservedly at the head of his profession, might effectually correct the errors of his predecessors, if to his taste and facility in drawing, (an advantage they did not possess,) to his quickness of observation, and to his experience in the practical part, he were to add an attentive study of what the higher artists have done, both in their pictures and drawings. Their selections and arrangements would point out many beautiful compositions and effects in nature, which, without such a study, may escape the most experienced observer.

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* Page 27.

The fatal rock on which all professed improvers are likely to split, is that of system. They become mannerists, both from getting fond of what they have done before, and from the ease of repeating what they have so often practised; but to be reckoned a mannerist, is at least as great a reproach to the improver as to the painter. Mr. Brown seems to have been perfectly satisfied, when he had made a natural river look like an artificial one. I hope Mr. Repton will have a nobler ambition—that of having his pieces of water mistaken for natural lakes and rivers.

PAGE 220, l. 26.

Although I have allowed Mr. Brown the negative merit of having left the wooded bank at Blenheim as he found it, yet I cannot allow that he or any of his school could ever have felt or distinguished the peculiar beauties of its *unimproved* state. A professed improver is in many respects like a professed picture cleaner—the one is always occupied with grounds, and the other with pictures; but the eyes and taste of both are in general so vitiated by their practice, that they see nothing in either but subjects for smoothing and polishing; and they work on, till they have skinned and flayed every thing they meddle with. Those characteristic, and spirited roughnesses, together with that patina, the varnish of time, which time only can give, (and which in pictures may sometimes hide crudities which escape even the last glazing of the painter) immediately disappear; and pictures and places are scoured as bright as Scriblerus's shield, and with as little remorse on the part of the scourers.

PAGE 221, l. 14.

As I have dwelt very much on the bad effect of distinct edges, it may be right to observe, that whenever a separation of the general covering of the ground, whether grass, heath, moss, or whatever it be, is made by the action of water or frost, or by the tread of animals, it is free from that sharp liney appearance which the spade always leaves. Such edginess is scarcely less adverse to the beautiful than to the picturesque. It is hard and cutting; it destroys all variety and play of outline, and every kind of intricacy. Digging, therefore, with the edges it occasions, is a blemish, which is endured at first, and with reason, for the sake of luxuriant vegetation; and in some cases, as where the plants are very small, or where flowers are cultivated, must always be continued; but when the end is answered, why continue the blemish? No one, I believe, would think it right to dig a circle or an oval, and keep its edges pared, round a group of kalmeas, azeleas, rhododendrons, &c. that grew luxuriantly in their own natural soil and climate, in order to make the whole look more beautiful. Why then continue to dig round them, or any other foreign plants in this country, after they have begun to grow as freely as your own? Why not suffer them to appear without the marks of culture,

"As glowing in their *native* bed?"

PAGE 222, l. 22.

As Blenheim is the only place I have criticised by name, an apology is due to the noble possessor of it, to whom, on many accounts, I should be particularly sorry to give offence for the freedom I have taken. I trust, however, that the liberality of mind, which naturally accompanies that love and knowledge of the fine arts for which he is so distinguished, will make him feel that in criticising modern gardening it would have been unfair to Mr. Brown not to have mentioned his most famous work; and that my silence on that head, would have been attributed to other motives

than those of delicacy and respect. I must also add in my defence, that I can hardly look upon Blenheim in the light of common private property. It has the glorious and singular distinction of being a national reward for great national services ; and the public has a more than common interest in all that concerns so noble a monument.

PAGE 233, l. 32.

The language (if it may be so called) by which objects of sight make themselves intelligible, is exactly like that of speech. To a man who is used to look at nature, pictures, or drawings, with a painter's eye, the slightest hint, on the slightest inspection, conveys a perfect and intelligible meaning ; just as the slightest sound, with the most negligent articulation, conveys meaning to an ear that is well acquainted with the language of the speaker ; but to a person little versed in that language, such a sound is quite unintelligible—he must have every word pronounced distinctly and articulately.

Then, again, as these slight hints and slurred articulations have often a grace and spirit in language which is lost when words are distinctly pronounced, so many of these slight and expressive touches both in art and in nature, give most pleasure to those who are thoroughly versed in the language. This may, perhaps, in some degree account for the plainly marked distinctions in improvement ; for as, in order to convey any idea to a man unused to a language addressed to *one* sense, you must mark every *word ;* so to a man unused to it, when addresed to *another* sense, you must mark every *object*—must cut sharp lines, must whiten, redden, blacken, &c. &c.

PAGE 286, l. 19.

The circumstance of tints being *revived* by means of water, is little attended to but by painters. It is a rule in their art, that no tint should be introduced into a picture, without being revived again in other places ; in short, that it should in a manner echo from one part of the composition to another, and that no considerable part should be without it—a rule, by no means founded on the mere practice of the art, but on repeated observations of the most harmonious combinations in nature. Now, water, by repeating not only the brilliancy, but the hue of the sky, acts as a powerful harmoniser in respect to colour, and for that reason few compositions are totally without it. A small quantity, however, will answer that purpose—often better than a larger expanse, the brilliancy of which, might be too powerful for the rest of the picture. This will account for the seemingly insignificant bits of water that we see in pictures, and also for the pleasure which lovers of painting feel, when after viewing any natural scenery deficient in that respect, they catch a glimpse of water, however trifling ; a pleasure which arises not merely from its brilliancy, but also from that revival and renewal of colour, by means of which, the beauty and harmony of the whole is so greatly augmented.

These remarks may be said to belong more immediately to the art of painting ; but whatever tends to add new pleasures to those which we already receive from the common objects and effects of nature, cannot be foreign to the purpose of this work.

PAGE 293, l. 20.

All that part of the fable which relates to the form and position of the Cyclops' eye, is by many supposed to have been invented since the time of Homer ; it is

certain that he is perfectly silent with respect to them both. Some of his most diligent interpreters have also thought, that he never intended to represent Polyphemus as having been originally of a different conformation from that of other men, but merely as having lost an eye by some accident ; and at Catanea in Sicily, there is a sculpture in relief, which does represent him according to this idea. Notwithstanding these authorities I am still inclined to think, that Homer did mean to represent the Cyclops in general as a one-eyed race by nature, whatever may have been his notion of the form and position of that one eye. There is a passage in Strabo which clearly proves that he was of that opinion. Speaking of Homer's mixing truth with falsehood, he says, that he probably borrowed τους μονοματους κυκλωπας, from the history of the Arimaspians. An observation also which I heard at the time I was writing this note, strongly influenced my opinion. I then mentioned the subject of it in company with some friends of mine, very much versed in all classical learning ; among whom, a person now no more, whose words in public and private had such weight, that the slightest of them are recollected, said, he was persuaded that Polyphemus never had more than one eye ; for if he had ever had two, Homer would not have omitted telling us how he had lost one of them. This remark, though slightly thrown out, struck me as containing great justness of observation, and great knowledge of Homer's character.

But though Homer is silent as to the form and position of the eye, both these circumstances, as likewise the etymology of the name *Cyclops*, are mentioned with remarkable exactness in the Theogony ; a poem ascribed to Hesiod, but which, I believe, is generally thought to be posterior both to him and Homer.

Μουνος δ' οφθαλμος μεσσῳ επεκειτο μετωπῳ·
Κυκλωπες δ' ονομ' ησαν επωνυμον, ουνεκ αρα σφεων
Κυκλοτερης οφθαλμος ἑεις ενεκειτο μετωπῳ.

Euripides, who has written a whole play on the subject of the Cyclops, says nothing of the form of the eye, and very slightly alludes to its position ; with regard to the latter, Ovid has in two passages followed Hesiod very exactly.

Whatever may be thought of the merit of this invention in poetry, it has certainly furnished a very bad monster in painting ; for the artists who have represented a Cyclops, have placed the eye, not merely in the middle of the face (which possibly μετωπον, as well as *frons*, might, with a little license, be supposed to signify,) but in the exact middle of the forehead, considered separately. Callimachus, and, after him, Virgil, have given a much more picturesque image—

Τοισι δ' υπ' οφρυν
Φαεα μουνογληνα, σακει ισα τετραβοειῳ
Δεινον υπογλαυσοντα.

Callimach. Hymnus in Dianam.

"Ingens, quod solum torvà *sub* fronte *latebat*."

Æneid, b. 3.

the exact reverse of an eye in the most open and conspicuous part of the face. Theocritus dwells particularly on the thickness, and the continued length of the eyebrow—

Λασια μεν οφρυς επι παντι μετωπῳ,
Εξ ωτος τεταται ποτι θ' ωτερον ως, μια μακρα.

From these descriptions, added to the general character in Homer, a much less un-

natural, and, at the same time, a more terrific monster might have been produced, even supposing the popular fable to be in a great measure adopted. The eye might, for instance, be made central, and round ; but be placed according to the authorities I have just quoted, under the forehead. Such an eye, half concealed by the overhanging eyebrow, and *dreadfully gleaming from beneath it*, would give a portentous character ; yet still, being so accompanied, and being placed, if not in the usual situation, at least in the usual line, would not, as I conceive, have that appearance of stupid blindness, which a Polypheme in painting, (before his adventure with Ulysses) always presents.

That appearance I take to arise, not solely from a position of the eye, so different and so distant from its usual situation, but also because the painters have marked the sockets of the two eyes; probably from finding that when the whole space between the brow and the cheek was filled up, the face lost its form, and became a shapeless lump. Yet, on the other hand, when the sockets of the eyes are ever so slightly indicated, it is impossible not to look there for the organs of sight; and not finding them there, the idea of blindness is unavoidably impressed. Now, I believe, that if a single eye were placed immediately above the nose, and under the brow, and no indication were made of other sockets, that single eye would give the idea of vision. Then, the one continued shaggy eyebrow, so strongly and distinctly expressed by Theocritus, which seems to favour the idea of an eye in the centre, would, above all things, give a dark and savage look to the giant cannibal; for the mere junction of the eyebrows, is said to have given *unair sinistre* to Marshal Turenne; a man hardly less famed for the mildness of his nature, than for his skill and valour in war. What I have endeavoured to explain in words, Mr. West, the President of the Royal Academy has most happily and forcibly expressed by a few touches of his pencil. His highly poetical and characteristic sketch is in my possession.

Although I have on a former occasion disclaimed any critical knowledge of the Greek language, I must add to this long note, by making an acknowledgment of the same kind. I should be sorry to be suspected of making a parade of erudition, if I really were possessed of any; much more having no such pretensions. I thought the subject new and curious. I wished to collect, and communicate, whatever might throw light upon it; and I have on this, as on many other occasions, received great assistance from my ingenious and learned friends.

PAGE 303, l. 13.

The effect of coming upon objects suddenly and without preparation is so well known, that I should hardly have mentioned it, were it not that the general system of opening and clearing has made it much less common, and less natural when attempted. Where a thick plantation is made to blind you till the master thinks you ought to see, there is a lurking suspicion in the mind of an effect to come, very fatal to the intended impression—

"Ten lines hence a ghost, and hah! a start."

There is, besides, a sort of impatience and irritation at being blindfolded for any length of time, and not allowed to make your own compositions, as you may amidst forest glades and thickets. The circumstance of a door or gateway, in the place where it seems naturally placed for convenience, is the most effectual method of creating surprise. The gateway at the end of Woodstock, through which Blenheim is first discovered, is one of the best examples of it in that particular situation; and

I am apt to think that the plainness, and even bareness in the space before the gate-way, and the absence of ornamental plantation, contributes to the surprise and delight, which all must feel at the first view of that magnificent pile of buildings; of which it has been the peculiar fate to excite in almost all beholders the highest admiration with an equal repugnance to acknowledge it, and a strange desire of reasoning themselves out of their own feelings and impressions.

PAGE 304, l. 28.

The only difference between a garden and a fine sheep-walk, where oaks, beeches, thorns, hollies, junipers, yews, &c., grew naturally, would be the changing of those trees for exotics, such as planes, acacias, tulip trees, pines, arbutuses, red cedars, and the having the ground mowed instead of fed, and the clumps dug. Now if pines, arbutuses, laurustinuses, &c., were mixed, as at Mount Edgecombe, in the more distant parts (and there seems to be no reason against familiarising our eyes to a mixture of the most beautiful exotics, where the climate will suit them,) the distinction which would remain, and which would be almost entirely reduced to mowing and digging, would not be much in favour of gardens.

PAGE 320, l. 40.

The Abbé de Lille, who has very pointedly ridiculed the little fountain and the statues in a citizen's garden, and all such attempts to be magnificent in miniature, has done justice to the real magnificence and splendour of those on a large scale, and has celebrated them in verses well suited to the effects he has described. Mr. Mason, on the other hand, has altogether condemned upright fountains with their decorations, and the principle on which they are made. He had certainly a good right to object to them in the English garden, of which he has made Simplicity the *arbitress;* but to condemn them absolutely and universally, savours more of national prejudice, than of genuine comprehensive taste. As I feel something of a national pride, I am sorry to give a decided preference to the French poet in point of justness and liberality; but I have often thought that Mr. Mason's passion for the two words, Simplicity and Liberty, has in this, and in other instances, betrayed him into opinions and sentiments of a very contracted kind. Upon this occasion he says—

"Thy poet, Albion, scorns,
E'en for a cold unconscious element,
To forge the fetters he would scorn to wear."

It is difficult to say, whether Simplicity or Liberty would have most reason to be disgusted with so puerile a conceit.

PAGE 321, l. 41.

The same aversion to symmetry showed itself nearly at the same period, in other arts as well as in gardening. Fugues and imitations in music began to grow out of fashion, about the time that terraces and avenues were demolished; but the improvements in modern music have a very different character from those in modern gardening, for no one can accuse Haydn or Paesiello of tameness or monotony. The passion for strict fugues in music, and for exact symmetry in gardens, had been carried to excess; and when totally undisguised and unvaried, it created in both arts a dryness and pedantry of style; but the principle on which that passion is founded should never be totally neglected. Some of the greatest masters of music

in later times, among whom Handel claims the highest place, have done what improvers might well have done ; they have not abandoned symmetry, but have mixed it, (particularly in accompaniments,) with what is more wild and irregular. Among many other instances, there is part of a chorus of Handel's in the Oratorio of Jephtha, which strongly illustrates all that I have been dwelling upon. It is that which begins

"No more to Ammon's God and King,"

a chorus which Mr. Gray, (by no means partial to Handel) used to speak of with wonder. The first part, though admirable, is not to my present purpose ; the second opens with a fugue on the words,

"Chemosh no more
Will we adore,
With timbrell'd anthems to Jehovah due."

The subject for two bars continues on the same note without any change of interval, and the simplicity and uniformity of the notes may be compared to that of the straight line in visible objects. The ear and the eye, by habit, equally judge of what is intended to have a correspondent part, even before that part is heard or seen, and feel a sensible pleasure when it is perceived, and a proportionable disappointment when it is wanting. Here then the ear expects another set of voices to take up the strain it is become acquainted with, which accordingly is done ; but then the counter-tenors, who opened the fugue, instead of pursuing something of the same uniform character, as was usual in the more ancient fugues and canons, join with the trebles, and break out into a light and brilliant melody (though still in fugue) on the words "with timbrell'd anthems," while the tenors continue the plain chant of the opening ; which again, when they have finished it, the basses take up. The surprise and delight at the fulness of the harmony when all the instruments join with this third part, is enhanced by the recollection of the simple uniform beginning, and also by the general symmetry—that is, by the continued expectation of a correspondent part, the strain of which we know, but are ignorant of the rich, powerful, and commanding effect of the whole union ; then the light and brilliant strain, "with timbrell'd anthems," joined to the varied touches of the instrumental parts, has the same kind of effect on the ear, as the playful and intricate forms of vegetation, mixed with the plain, solid, and distinct masses of stone, have on the eye.

Page 323, l. 15.

As a further illustration of what Sir Joshua Reynolds has said upon the subject of imitation and originality, I will mention an example taken from an art in which he was not very conversant. If ever there was a truly great and original genius in any art, Handel was that genius in music ; and yet, what may seem no slight paradox, there never was a greater plagiary. He seized, without scruple or concealment, whatever suited his purpose ; but as those sweets which the bee steals from a thousand flowers, by passing through its little laboratory, are converted into a substance peculiar to itself, and which no other art can effect—so, whatever Handel stole, by passing through the powerful laboratory of his mind, and mixing with his ideas, became as much his own as if he had been the inventor. Like the bee, too, by his manner of working, he often gave to what was unnoticed in its original situation, something of high and exquisite flavour. To Handel might well be applied, what Boileau, with more truth than modesty, says of himself—

"Et même en imitant toujours original."

PAGE 341, l. 41.

A passage from Plutarch was pointed out to me as extremely illustrative of the bad effect of a passion for lightness and elegance, by a friend, who is himself of all others the most capable in every way of illustrating the whole subject. "This fourth temple of Jupiter Capitolinus (the three former having perished by fire) was completed, and dedicated by Domitian. The columns were cut out of Pentelic marble, having their thickness most beautifully proportioned to their length; for we saw them at Athens; but being cut over again, and polished at Rome, they did not gain so much in elegance as they lost in symmetry; they appear too slender, and are void of beauty."—*Plutarch in the Life of Poplicola.*

PAGE 345, l. 15.

I do not know whether Vanbrugh ever was in Italy, or whether there ever was a print of the house of Nicolò di Rienzi before that by Piranesi, in his Views of Rome;* but supposing him to have seen either the house itself, or a print of it, I should not be surprised if it had suggested to him the idea of the open arches on the top of Blenheim. The house of Rienzi (by Piranesi's account) was built out of the ruins of some ancient edifices, from which the entablature was probably taken; immediately over that entablature (as at Blenheim) are raised some open arches, which terminate the whole; a mode of finishing the summit, which I have seldom observed in other buildings. These arches, however, are quite simple, like those of an aqueduct; whereas the arches at Blenheim are turned to different points, and, with their piers, cluster together like some of the old chimnies, and thence acquire that richness which Vanbrugh aimed at.

PAGE 335, l. 41.

As Mr. Knight has conceived me to have been mistaken in every thing that I have advanced with respect to the temple of Vesta at Tivoli, and as he has thought it worth his while to write an additional section for the purpose of pointing out those mistakes, I must endeavour to show that I am not so completely in the wrong, as he wishes to make me appear.†

Every author, I presume, has a right to expect that a candid adversary will pay some regard to the general intention and spirit in which the part he criticises is written; and not lay hold of a particular section and consider it separately, as if it had no connection with what had gone before. There was no difficulty in discovering my intention; for not to mention the general tenor of all that had been said on the subject, the paragraph immediately preceding the one which relates to the temple at Tivoli, was written for the express purpose of guarding against any misconception.‡ I there endeavoured to show, as distinctly as possible, that the principles or qualities of beauty as enumerated by Mr. Burke, could not be applied in the same degree to buildings as to other objects; and I particularly observed, that, as the curves in architecture are regular and uniform, those waving lines, whose easy, but perpetually varying deviations give such a charm to a number of objects, must chiefly be confined to the less essential parts. And again, that angles, which certainly are

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* Tom. I. Tavola 21.

† Analytical Inquiry, part 1st, chap. 5, sec. 24. Second Edit. As all that relates to the subject in question is contained in little more than four pages, this general reference I imagine is sufficient.

‡ Essay on Architecture and Buildings, p. 271.

not beautiful separately considered, must in buildings perpetually occur. This, with the rest of the paragraph, Mr. Knight appears never to have read, or to have completely discharged from his memory ; for he has reasoned on the application of the qualities of beauty, just as if I had made no restriction, but meant them to be applied as absolutely and unreservedly to buildings as to other objects.

There is another restriction, which he at least must have read, as it is in the part of my Essay which he has quoted in his own work. I have there said, after enumerating Mr. Burke's principles of beauty, "The temple which I have just mentioned, has, I think, as much of those chief qualities of general beauty, *as the particular principles of architecture will allow of.*" Now one principle of architecture, and a very essential one, is, that the main walls, whether straight or circular, must be perpendicular. All variation and departure from that direction are therefore absolutely excluded ; and this alone makes a most material difference between the forms of buildings, and of other objects. A tree, for instance, being supported by its roots, a waving line in its stem is often in the highest degree graceful, yet gives no idea of want of firmness and stability ; but a building owes its chief stability, and still more the impression of it, to its perpendicularity. Another principle of architecture is, that the curves, especially in the main parts, must be regular and uniform ; this again excludes numberless varieties in the direction of the parts, so pleasing in many objects. A varied knoll (to give another example from natural objects) while it presents a pleasing form from whatever point you view it, offers a number of perpetually changing swellings and hollows as you go round it ; whereas in going round a circular building, the same uniform curve must continue.

These examples are sufficient to show, that a manifest distinction exists, and ought to be made, between buildings and other objects ; and that according to my restriction, the qualities of beauty are to be applied to them as much, *but only as much*, as the principles of architecture will allow of. If, therefore, among the principles of beauty there should be any which those of architecture will not allow of at all, or only in a small degree, they of course are either totally excluded, or in that degree only to be admitted. Thus, when in Mr. Burke's enumeration it is said of beautiful objects that they are, "*thirdly, to have a variety in the direction of the parts, but fourthly, to have those parts not angular, but melted as it were into each other,*" the question is whether this principle (for it is only one) can be applied in any, and in what degree to the temple of Tivoli—which, as it is well known, is a circular building, surrounded by columns in the same direction. The forms of temples, as indeed of all buildings, may be divided into two general classes—circular or round, and square or angular ; the second, by far the most numerous, is excluded by the words "not angular." The principle, therefore, if applicable at all, must be applied to round buildings ; and if the spirit of what Mr. Burke has said be attended to, I believe it will apply as much as can be expected in such cases. For the lines in all circular objects have a perpetual, though uniform variation ; and as they are constantly and insensibly retiring from the eye, they answer to the description of "melting as it were into each other," much more than the lines in square, that is, in any other buildings.

I must here make my reader acquainted with some dexterous manœuvres of my antagonist. The principle in discussion, as I began by remarking, though divided into two parts, is only one ; for it is obvious that if you take the third part singly, without the limitation in the fourth, you totally pervert Mr. Burke's manifest intention. This, however, is precisely what Mr. Knight has done ; he has confined him-

self (and he had his reasons for so doing,) solely to "*variety in the direction of the parts;*" he has indeed, in his quotation from my Essay, given the words, "*melted as it were into each other,*" though he has taken no notice of them in his statement; but, what is most singular, he has omitted, even in the quotation, the words "not angular, but"—which immediately precede them, and which so very particularly point out and limit Mr. Burke's intention. It may easily be seen how strong a first impression may be made by an adversary, were he even a feeble one, who quotes, indeed, some words, but argues as if he had not quoted them; who omits others in his quotation, which form a most material restriction; and who totally disregards that, and every restriction and limitation.

That a round building is, generally speaking, more free from angles than a square one, need not be much insisted upon; and as the temple of Tivoli is round, and as a great majority of the ancient temples are square, it may certainly be said, comparatively with other temples, to be free from angles. This is all that, from the whole tenor of what had preceded, I could mean to assert, when I said it was "in a great measure free from angles." I ought indeed to have said, as I meant, *comparatively*, and Mr. Knight might very fairly have attacked the words as they stand, had he at the same time fairly stated, what he could not but have known to be my meaning. But he has adopted a mode of warfare to which he seems very partial, and of which I shall hereafter have occasion to produce a still more striking example—that of inferring from one careless or inaccurate expression, a fundamental error in judgment, and a whole train of false and absurd ideas. Speaking of the temple—"Instead of being free from angles," says he, "every thing is composed of angles; the entablature consists of angles projecting beyond each other; the soffit of angles indented within each other; the capitals are clusters of angles, obtuse in the abacus, and acute in the foliage; while the columns, being fluted, exhibit circles of angles round every shaft, and stand upon a basement surrounded by a cornice composed chiefly of angular mouldings." If it could be believed, that after having stated that from the nature of architecture angles must perpetually occur; and after having mentioned that this particular temple was surrounded by columns, I still could conceive it to be positively, not comparatively free from angles, I should certainly have deserved the sarcasm of my friend, without the compliment by which it is softened. For I should have shown that I was "deprived even of the ordinary powers of perception by the fascinations of a favourite system." But, on the other hand, if no one can believe that having mentioned the columns, I could not be ignorant that their capitals, and the entablature they supported, could not be free from angles, it may perhaps be thought that some kind of fascination must have deprived my friend's mind of its usual discernment, or he would never have entered into so scientific a detail of angles in the soffit, angles in the abacus, some acute, some obtuse, some indented, but, after all, much as they usually are in such places. Could he indeed have made it appear that columns are unusual in ancient temples, that the capitals of those of the temple of Tivoli, as well as its entablature, were *more* angular than any others, and that the building had altogether a more angular appearance—he would have shown what would have been very closely to his point, instead of employing so much science to inform us

"That ships have anchors, and that seas are green!"

There is however one set of angles that must not be classed with the rest; for though columns are seldom if ever without capitals, they are very commonly with-

out flutes; and the flutes of those at the temple of Tivoli increase, and very considerably, the quantity of angles. Mr. Knight very justly describes their effect and character, by calling them *circles* of angles, and as such they manifestly accord with the circular character of the shafts, and of the building altogether, more than those of any other kind. The flutes of columns are almost always rounded at top, frequently so both at top and bottom, but it is a very singular fact, and one which Mr. Knight would hardly have omitted mentioning if he had been acquainted with it, that both the tops and bottoms of the flutes in question, are square. As far as I can learn, the only example of a similar termination at both ends, is in a very ancient temple at Palestrina. It therefore appears probable, that later architects, from being sensible that such a form counteracted the circular character of the shaft, changed it to the oval—the superior beauty and congruity of which has been established, by its having been so generally adopted, and never, I believe, in the upper part of the flute, changed again for the square termination.

As I have generously made Mr. Knight a present of a set of angles, with which he appears to have been unacquainted, I may be allowed to bring into notice another set, usually attached to columns, and particularly striking from their being very near the eye, but which do not accompany those of the temple at Tivoli; and though I shall give no information to Mr. Knight, who is well aware of his loss, I perhaps may to several of his readers, when I mention that the columns of the temple at Tivoli have no plinths. It is true that this circumstance may be inferred from what he has stated; but as the plain fact is not mentioned, his less attentive readers are not likely to suspect it, especially as their attention is directed towards other angles. He says, "the columns being fluted exhibit circles of angles round every shaft, and stand upon a basement surrounded by a cornice, chiefly composed of angular mouldings." I shall not lay any stress on the difference between the angles of the general basement or pavement of the colonnade, and those of each particular plinth, though not immaterial, but on another point of difference peculiar to the columns at Tivoli, which appears to me very essential. It is well known that the columns of the old Doric order are always without bases, but their shafts are placed on the pavement, in the same manner as the original of all columns, a tree sawed off at the butt, is placed on the ground. Now, in those at Tivoli, the lower *torus* or round moulding, forms a finishing at the bottom of the shaft, and rests immediately on the bottom of the pavement; and it is obvious how much the circular character must be heightened, when such a moulding, so near the eye, occupies the place where, in other Corinthian columns, an angular plinth usually presents itself; and what an impression it must make upon a spectator who stands on the pavement, or on any near station upon a level with it, and thence takes a view of the circle of columns.

The next point to be considered is the appearance of the temple, in respect to the character of its structure—that is, whether, compared with other temples, its frame appears to be of a massy or a delicate kind. "So far," says Mr. Knight, "from being of a delicate frame, or with little appearance of strength, it is remarkable for nothing more than the compact firmness of its construction," &c. It is here particularly necessary to keep in view the nature of the objects of which we are speaking. Delicacy of frame, by which Mr. Burke meant to characterise very different objects, and which is so obviously applicable to a number of them, both natural and artificial, must, when applied to a temple, which, though comparatively small, is by no means diminutive, and of course strongly and firmly built, appear incongruous,

if full allowance be not made for the quality of buildings in general, and unless a comparison be made between it and a variety of other temples. I must admit that it cannot be said of the temple of Tivoli, even with the utmost degree of allowance and indulgence, that it has "little appearance of strength"—but that is Mr. Knight's manner of stating the principle, not Mr. Burke's; and as he has on a former occasion omitted some words altogether, so here he has, indeed, transcribed them right in his quotation, but altered them in his statement. Mr. Burke's words are—"fifthly, to be of a delicate frame, without any *remarkable* appearance of strength." I hardly need observe what very different ideas the two expressions convey. It must also be remembered that the exception is to the *appearance*, not the reality of strength, and only to such an appearance of it as is *remarkable;* in other words, such as exceeds that of most objects of the same kind. Among natural objects, many derive a grace and beauty from their manifest *want* of strength and firmness, from their suppleness, their pliancy, and even their inability to support themselves—such is the case with vines, honeysuckles, and other climbing plants; but in a building, however elegant the design and the proportions, however light and airy the effect, still the masonry must be firm and compact, just as in the most massy structure, where nothing but strength and durability are thought of. The question therefore is, not whether the temple of which we are speaking be firmly or solidly constructed, whether its columns be formed of many or few, of large or small blocks of stone, still less what are its foundations and substructions; but what, when compared with other temples, is its general appearance and character. Now, I conceive that there are few forms of buildings more opposite to our notions of massiness in the appearance than that of a circular tower, surrounded by a circle of columns detached from it. The greater or less degree of massiness in the tower itself will make no difference to the eye; for the *appearance* of the building altogether would in either case be equally light and airy, and, as far as such a term is applicable to such objects, of a delicate frame—that is, the opposite of a massy one. Its lightness, airiness, and delicacy, considered in the point of view I have mentioned, depend on the columns—on their proportion and arrangement—on the free space between one column and another—and between them all and the central tower; but should you build up the spaces between the columns, however thin the walls, there would be an end of every appearance of lightness, airiness, or delicacy of frame. As to the rock on which the ruin is placed, and the vast substruction of arches, &c., on which Mr. Knight lays so much stress, they seem to me to have about as much to do with the character of the building itself, considered as a beautiful piece of architecture, as piles would have had, if they had been necessary for the foundation.

The comparative smallness of the temple is now to be taken into consideration. "Compared with the Pantheon, or the Temple of Peace," says Mr. Knight, "it was certainly small; but compared with any edifice of similar plan, (the proper object of comparison,) it was by no means so; for though smaller in diameter than that of the same goddess at Rome, it appears to have been altogether a larger, more massive, and more considerable building, than that or any of the kind known." The most material part of what has just been quoted, is contained between the hooks—"the proper object of comparison"—for on those words the whole argument depends. It is not indeed the usual place for words of consequence; but as the assertion they contain is, to say the least, very questionable, it might perhaps be thought more likely to pass off, by appearing to be said merely *par parenthese.* Now, if in speaking of other objects, I were to say that Caderidris or Ben-Lomond

were comparatively small mountains, I should mean, and probably be so understood, when compared with the Alps, Andes, &c., but Mr. Knight, in the same spirit in which he has argued, might say, "compared with Mount Blanc, or Mount St. Elias, they certainly are small, but compared with any of the mountains of Great Britain (the proper object of comparison,) they are by no means so; and he might perhaps discover, that though less lofty than Snowdon or Ben-Nevis, their *substructions*, their bases were more considerable, and contained more solid yards. But in truth, this restriction of Mr. Knight's, to one set of objects of his own choosing for his own purpose, which does not allow the author to know his own intention, and would therefore on any occasion be very arbitrary, is on this peculiarly unjust; as it excludes those objects of comparison, which, according to the whole spirit of Mr. Burke's doctrines, are the most proper. Mr. Burke has made greatness of dimension a quality of the sublime, and one, which when it happens to be united with those of the beautiful, very much diminishes their effect; and he of course has made comparative smallness a principle of beauty; not that beautiful objects must be diminutive, but small when compared with those, which from their magnitude alone, would produce grand and awful impressions. As, therefore, Mr. Burke meant to oppose the beautiful to the grand, the proper comparison is between the temple in question, and those (whatever be their plan,) which from their size and character are of acknowledged grandeur—such as the vast and massy structures of Pœstum and Selinus. Let it, however, be granted that those temples are objectionable as being square; yet we might presume that one round temple would be allowed to be compared with another. By no means; my opponent is well aware of the danger; for he admits that compared with the Pantheon, the temple of Tivoli is small. The object of comparison must therefore not only be round, but of a similar plan; and I rather imagine, though it is not said in direct terms, dedicated to the same goddess. As no one is more conversant with the remains of ancient buildings than Mr. Knight, I think, after so very strict a limitation, he should have given us a list of temples with which he *would* allow a comparison to be made. It will hardly be doubted that had he been acquainted with any of a *smaller* size, and which consequently would have made that of Tivoli appear large by comparison, he would not have been backward in naming them; and therefore I may venture to conclude, that he did not know of any smaller; as to any decidedly larger, if he did know them, it was not his business to produce them. The only temple he has named is that of Vesta at Rome; and even that being unfortunately larger in the diameter, (a very material circumstance in the size of a round building,) he has vaguely alluded to the substructions, arches, and solid basement of the temple at Tivoli, and says of it, that "it appears to have been *altogether* a larger, more massive, and more considerable building than either that, or any other *of the kind* known." He really seems to have felt no small embarrassment on this point; and allowing him to have every thing entirely his own way, I do not see how he can get out of it. For let all square temples be excluded, because they are not round; and let no round temple be admitted if not dedicated to Vesta, and of a similar plan to those that are; in short, let the temple of Vesta at Rome, the only one he has named, be the only proper object of comparison; still this object of comparison, chosen by himself, is, as he himself informs us, larger in diameter than its rival at Tivoli! How then is the temple at Tivoli to be proved larger? by means, as I imagine, of "a projecting point of rock enlarged into a square area by vast substructions of arches, supporting a basement of solid stone above forty-five feet in diameter, and nearly eight feet thick!"

But is all this in the *plan* of the Roman temple? no more I believe than the enlarged rock itself. Then, either the two temples are not of similar plans, and therefore, by his own restriction, not proper objects of comparison, or, as far as the plans are similar, the Roman temple is, by his own account, the larger.

I have hitherto endeavoured to show, that Mr. Knight's charges are not well founded. One mistake, however, I must acknowledge. I had chosen to imagine from the elegant character of the temple at Tivoli, that the stone of which it was built must have accorded with it; but I can have no doubt that the material employed was the common rough stone of the country; and the natural inference, which every one must draw from Mr. Knight's account of it is, that the colour and surface of the temple must always have been the exact reverse of what I had supposed. For he says, "the colour is that of the rough Tiburtine stone, which never could have been any other than a dingy brown," and that "so far from being smooth, it is . . . . built of the most rugged, porous, unequal stone, ever employed in a highly wrought edifice." I have always been fully sensible of the advantages I should have received, in having my errors corrected, while only in manuscript, by such a friend as Mr. Knight, instead of having them sought for and attacked, after they had appeared in print, by such an adversary; on the present occasion, however, I am not sure whether I may not derive more advantage from this public hostile attack, than I should have done from his friendly admonitions in private. The point in discussion is, how far the qualities which Mr. Burke has ascribed to beauty, are applicable to the temple of Tivoli. And it appears, that the qualities of smoothness and clearness, never could at any time have been applicable to the stone of which it is built, consequently, as far as the stone is concerned, I am wrong. But Mr. Burke is not at all implicated in my mistake, which, indeed, has been of singular service to his theory; as Mr. Knight, in his eagerness to convict me of an error in point of fact, has unintentionally given his suffrage and support to the principle, and in a more satisfactory manner, than he could have done by the most direct and decisive approbation. For how cold would any direct praise have been, compared with the contemptuous and indignant tone in which he speaks of the opposite qualities to smoothness and clearness! "the colour, which could never have been any other than a *dingy brown!* the most *rugged, porus, unequal* stone ever used in a highly wrought edifice." As my friend has, on other occasions, dwelt so much on the charms of roughness and dinginess in the coats of animals, and the surface of ground, it gives me great pleasure to think, that I may henceforward consider him as a zealous advocate for the principles of smoothness and clearness, wherever highly wrought edifices are concerned.

But what if it could be shown, that although it be true that this rough dingy stone was used in the construction of the building, yet that the colour and surface of the temple, when complete and perfect, were, as I had supposed them to be! What if, in addition to Mr. Knight's valuable suffrage, I should be able to adduce the highest possible authority on the present occasion, in favour of such a colour and surface, no less than that of the architect of the temple itself! This I believe I can do, for there is the strongest reason to suppose that the whole was originally covered with stucco, some of it being still remaining on parts of the building; and this accounts in a very satisfactory manner for what otherwise seemed almost unaccountable, and shows why in so highly wrought an edifice, the builder employed without scruple, any hard material that was nearest at hand.

I am indebted for this, and for whatever curious information is contained in this

discussion, to an eminent architect, whose name would have fully established the accuracy of all his communications ; but I have denied myself the satisfaction I should have had in mentioning it, from finding, that although he was unwilling to refuse me the permission, he would not have granted it without some reluctance. I should on any occasion feel a little jay-like, if I were to plume myself on borrowed feathers, as if they were my own ; and on this, not a little ungrateful to the person who so kindly furnished them, if I did not publicly acknowledge my obligation, although he wishes not to be named. If more reasons were wanting for doing, what it would be so improper not to do, I may lastly add, what indeed is a reason of no slight consequence, that instead of offering the whole as coming from myself, I now confidently oppose to some points of Mr. Knight's attack, the accurate observations, and professional knowledge and judgment of an architect, who took particular pains in examining the temple of Tivoli ; and whose testimony with regard to the stucco has peculiar weight, from his having, with his own hands, taken off a part of it from the shafts of the columns.

The difference between Mr. Knight and me on this point is singular enough. I *guessed*, and happened to be right, that the general surface of the temple must have been smooth, and the colour clear ; and thence falsely concluded, that such also was the quality of the stone. He, on the other hand, *knew* that the stone must always have been rough and dingy, and thence, as falsely concluded, that such likewise must have been the appearance of the temple. Total ignorance is sometimes more lucky than half knowledge.

In the passage relative to the quality of the stone, which I lately quoted from the Analytical Inquiry, I purposely omitted some words, from being doubtful of their exact meaning and extent ; the words are, "so far from being smooth, *it is all over rough with sculpture.*" Full forty years are gone by since I saw the temple itself ; and it too plainly appears, that either my observation at the time, or my recollection since were very defective. But as far as I can now judge from prints and drawings, the sculpture is in the usual places, and not in greater quantity than is common in buildings of the same order and character. If this be so, "*all over* rough with sculpture," it is surely a very exaggerated expression, made use of for a very obvious purpose. It might suit some few specimens of the Gothic style, but is totally inapplicable to any thing that at all deserves the name of Grecian architecture.

This is what occurred to me on my own ideas. I now am enabled to speak more fully and particularly on the subject ; and from the following account, which I am persuaded may be entirely depended upon, the reader will judge whether the sculpture, though of the richest kind, be not even less, instead of more in quantity, than is usual in similar buildings. The capitals of the columns (a very essential feature) are peculiarly ornamented with large flowers of the lotus, but they are of *less* height, and so likewise is the entablature, than is common in the Corinthian order. The rest of the sculpture, with the exception of the flowers, &c. in the soffit between the columns and the circular cell, is confined to the frize, which is superbly adorned with bull's heads, pateras, and festoons of fruit and flowers. But the mouldings of the cornice and the architrave, which in most of the high finished Roman buildings are richly carved with beads, echini, foliage, &c. in this are plain, without any enrichment whatever. And this plainness, as my judicious informer observes, admirably sets off the richness of the frize. What very different ideas the builder of the temple seems to have had, from those imputed to him by Mr. Knight! when,

instead of making it all over rough with sculpture, he has left those parts absolutely plain, which in so many buildings are covered with ornaments.

But in order to give such a relief as may accord with highly finished sculptural ornaments, the mere absence of enrichment is not all that is required. The unenriched parts must not only be plain, but of an even surface and colour; and the roughness as well as dinginess of the Tiburtine stone so ill accords with them, that if no remains of the stucco had been found, it might very reasonably have been conjectured that some covering must have been employed, and the circumstance I am going to mention would very much have strengthened such a conjecture. The walls of the circular cell or tower are built of rubble, or small irregular stones roughly put together; and it is quite incredible that such a coarse piece of work, could have been suffered to appear amidst stately columns, and all the splendour of ornament. And if that was covered, it is extremely improbable that the rough dingy stone, though in larger masses, and more carefully and regularly worked, should have been left uncovered in other parts.

Again, the manner in which these walls were built, suggests another reflection. Mr. Knight, in speaking of the temple, has laid particular stress on "the compact firmness of its construction, which nothing but some convulsion of nature, or the mischievous exertions of man, could have destroyed." And now it appears that the most massive part of it, described by him as "a tower of rough masonry twenty-eight feet in diameter," and which defied every thing short of an earthquake—was built of rubble. Whether Mr. Knight was acquainted with this circumstance I do not know; but the expression of "a tower of rough masonry," seems happily chosen, as it is strongly opposed to the even surface of which I had spoken, yet gives no intimation of the want of massiness. The discovery of the rubble stone, and of the cement with which it was covered, acts as a two-edged sword; and cuts to pieces at one stroke, all that has been said of the remarkable massiness and firm compact construction of the most massy part of the building, and also of the roughness and dinginess of its general appearance.

I will now end this long note, which I fear must have tried the patience of those readers, who may have had the perseverance to go through with it. But so strong a censure as that of Mr. Knight, and so fully detailed, seemed to require a full and distinct answer. I rather hope I have shown, that among the numerous errors of which I have been accused, one only can fairly be laid to my charge, and that solely an error in point of fact, not of principle or of judgment; but, on the contrary, that the inference to be drawn from the error, is strongly in favour of the principle and of its application. I trust it has likewise been shown, that the rest of the strictures are written in direct opposition to the manifest intention and spirit of the part of my Essay which has been so severely criticised; and likewise in defiance of the restrictions and limitations expressed in the very page that was quoted, and in the two that immediately preceded it. A common reader may certainly, without being called to account for it, skip over as many pages as he chooses, and forget those he has read; but a professed critic, who is likewise an adversary, has by no means the same privilege; he must neither skip, nor forget, nor argue as if he had neither read nor remembered any thing but the passage which he attacks. One of these cases must apply to Mr. Knight, and I leave them to his choice—either he never read the two pages immediately preceding that which he quoted, or he forgot their contents; or, having read and remembered, he chose to pay no sort of regard to them.

I ought, perhaps, to have been aware, that although an intelligent, attentive, and unprejudiced reader might keep my restrictions in view, as well as the general spirit and intention of the author, yet that such readers are not the most numerous. An alteration which I have made in the present edition will, I trust, render the restrictions less necessary. In the former one, I had set down the principles or qualities of the beautiful, as they were enumerated *by themselves* in Mr. Burke's Inquiry ; in this, I have stated them, as he has, in another part of his work, recapitulated and compared them with those of the sublime. The principles are, of course, essentially the same ; but from the difference in the manner of expressing them, and from the different point of view in which some of them are placed, by being opposed to those of the sublime, they are more applicable to buildings, and the whole, as far as I can judge, appears in a more clear and satisfactory light.

PAGE 367, l. 9.

The following note is an extract from the letter of a friend, admirably qualified, both by his pen and his pencil, to throw light on the whole of this subject :—

" When I was at Rome, Zucchi, who married Angelica, was there. He was a great castle-maker, and his mode of composing them, was to draw first a bold and varied outline of the rock, mountain, or eminence upon which his castle was to stand. He then, with according lines, added his castle ; and you would be surprised to find how the imagination is assisted by this practice, and what towers, battlements, and projections are suggested by it, which would not otherwise have been thought of. I always observed that his building was more varied and picturesque, in exact proportion to the taste and happiness with which the foundation-line was struck. How far it might be serviceable to the architect of a refined building to follow this practice, by taking the line of the ground on which it was to stand, by observing what part would be opposed to the sky only, and what others would be backed and accompanied by trees, woods, and hills, and, lastly, by designing his building according to the shapes those objects might suggest, I know not ; but I am confident that it would be of infinite service to an architect, whose employer wished his house to appear like an ancient castle or fortification, or an irregular picturesque building of any kind."

PAGE 381, l. 6.

I have already stated the principle on which twisted columns may be objected to ; but in this instance, Raphael would be justified in having introduced them, even supposing him to have disapproved of such a style of architecture on other occasions. There are two antique columns at Rome, of the same form with those he has painted, which tradition has ascribed to the Temple of Solomon—they were in old St. Peter's, and are now in some part of the present church. I believe there is no reason to suppose that they ever did belong to the Temple of Jerusalem ; on the contrary, the style of them is of a much lower age than that of the destruction of the Temple ; but having been long objects of a sort of veneration, it was natural for Raphael to introduce them. Perhaps Bernini was influenced in some degree by this consideration, (though he was always very fond of twisting,) in applying that form of column to the Baldaquin of the high altar of St. Peter's, where, however, it has a very good effect ; for as the chief objection to twisted columns, is their seeming unfitness to support a great weight, and as their merit is a look of

ornament, they are certainly most proper in things of mere decoration, where there is little appearance of pressure from above.

PAGE 405, l. 32.

I have remarked in the text, that plain simple Gothic is almost as great a contradiction as plain simple enrichment; and the same idea has occurred to me in looking at the excellent representations of eastern buildings, which within a few years have been published. In many of those buildings, the whole taken together gives a striking impression of richness and magnificence; and the manner in which they generally are raised on a platform, so as never to appear rising crudely, and without any preparation, from the ground, together with other circumstances in the arrangement of the parts, may afford useful hints to architects of every country; but were all the ornaments to be removed, and the naked buildings to remain, the want of more perfect design and studied proportion, would be very glaring. Grecian architecture, on the other hand, admits indeed of the richest ornaments, and is beautiful when so decorated; but such is the well-studied proportion and arrangement of its forms, that in one sense it may be said to be more beautiful without ornaments. I have sometimes been so pleased with the effect of great simplicity in buildings of that style, as to apply to Grecian architecture in general, what was so happily said of a beautiful woman—

"Induitur formosa est; exuitur, ipsa forma est."

PAGE 478, l. 17.

A doubt has been sugggested, whether there be any authority for supposing that Venus was considered by the ancients as the goddess of beauty; or whether beauty was considered by them as a positive quality, of which there could be an abstract personification. It is very possible that there may be no passage in which Venus is directly mentioned as the goddess of beauty; but I may safely assert that no figurative genealogy was ever more plain and obvious, than that love is the offspring of beauty; and, therefore, the mother of love, whose attendants are the Graces, must virtually be considered as beauty personified and deified. The judgment of Paris, notwithstanding the charge of bribery in the judge, is strongly in favour of her superiority over the other goddesses in point of beauty; and we find in the poets, that women are compared to Venus for beauty, as they are to Minerva for excellence in the arts, or to Diana for stature. The ancients were so much in the habit of personifying abstract qualities, that it would be singular indeed, if it should appear that they had neglected one, which they so highly prized as that of beauty. Force and strength are not merely personified by Æschylus in description, but they are two of the dramatis personæ, and act no inconsiderable part in the Prometheus. That beauty was considered as a positive quality, and actually personified, may, I think, be shown from a passage in one of the poems that go under the name of Anacreon, and which were at least written early enough to be of sufficient authority in the present case.

Αι Μουσαι τον Ερωτα—
Τω Καλλει παρεδωκαν.

Love, bound by the Muses, and delivered over to Beauty, implies a manifest personification of that quality; and if it should be a single instance, it will, on that

account, be rather in favour of what I have advanced ; for, I take it, that the reason why beauty was not in general personified as beauty is, that it was personified in a more august and splendid manner, under the name and deity of Venus or Aphrodite.

PAGE 483, l. 13.

I have already had occasion, in some instances, to differ from Mr. Burke, but in none so strongly (at least in appearance) as in the present; for he expressly states, that perfection is not the cause of beauty, and has an entire section on that particular point. I imagine, however, that Mr. Burke was there considering the subject with a different view ; for it is clear that, as I have considered it, nothing can more exactly accord with his general principles. Mr. Burke's aim throughout his Essay is to show that love is the constant effect of beauty ; while every thing that creates awe, or even respect, is allied to the sublime ; he points out that the sublimer virtues which approach to mental perfection, are less engaging than the softer virtues ; some of which (as compassion, for instance,) border upon weakness. It is on this same idea, as I conceive, that in the section I allude to, he supposes that there may be some kinds of *bodily* weaknesses and imperfections, more attractive, and thence more conducive to beauty, than the absolute exemption from all defects—

"The faultless monster which the world ne'er saw."

I must own, however, that there is, in my opinion, a very essential difference between the two cases. It is undoubtedly true, that there is an awful severity in the higher virtues, and in a perfect moral character exempt from all human frailty ; but there is nothing severe or awful in the fresh and tender colours, and in the graceful form of youthful beauty, however perfect, considered in themselves ; the Antinous, and the Venus de Medicis, are only attractive ; so, probably, both in form and colour, was the Venus of Apelles ; and if the Belvidere Apollo strikes us with a sort of awe, it is from the grandeur, not from the beauty, of his countenance and attitude.

PAGE 496, l. 19.

Sir Joshua's opinion on this point, as expressed in this 43d Note on Du Fresnoy, has already been stated.* From that, and another passage which I have quoted from the same work,† I think it may be inferred, that he considered beauty of form as a distinct character, to which a flowing outline is essential, and to which, likewise, a particular style of colouring, of a pure and delicate kind, is above all others congenial—and so far he coincides with Mr. Burke's idea of the beautiful, in the two principal points of form and colour. Then, likewise, as he considers a more rich and glowing tint, though its effect be much more striking and powerful, as less suited to genuine beauty, I flatter myself that his great authority supports in some measure my idea of a character in colour, and in colouring, which might without impropriety be called picturesque ;‡ for if the colouring of Titian, who so minutely attended to the nicest variations in the tints of naked bodies, (confessedly the most difficult part of the art of colouring,) was thought by him less suited to beauty than that of Guido, how much less suited to it must be the colouring of many other painters, who are indeed highly celebrated for richness and effect, but are far from possessing the delicacy of Titian ; such as Mola and Feti among the Italian, and Rembrandt among the Dutch masters !

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* Page. 489. † Page 496. ‡ Essay on the Picturesque, p. 142.

That their style of colouring is not congenial to beauty in its strict sense, we have Sir Joshua's authority; we have likewise his authority, that it is not suited to grandeur, when compared with the unbroken colours of the Roman and Florentine schools, or the solemn hue of the Bolognian;* but that it must be suited to some character in nature, and of no mean or obscure kind, it is impossible to doubt.

* Discourse IV., p. 59.

THE END.

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