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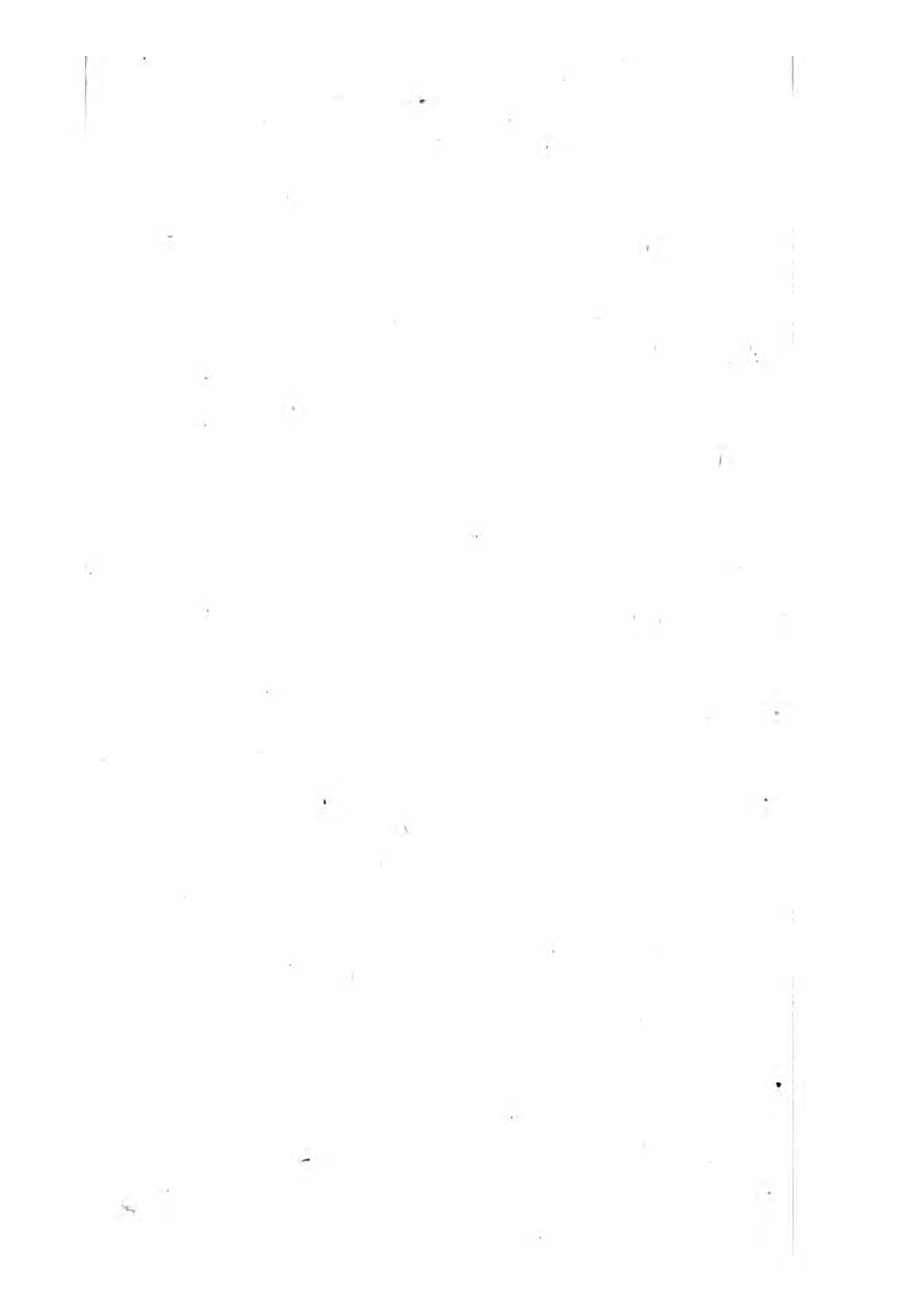
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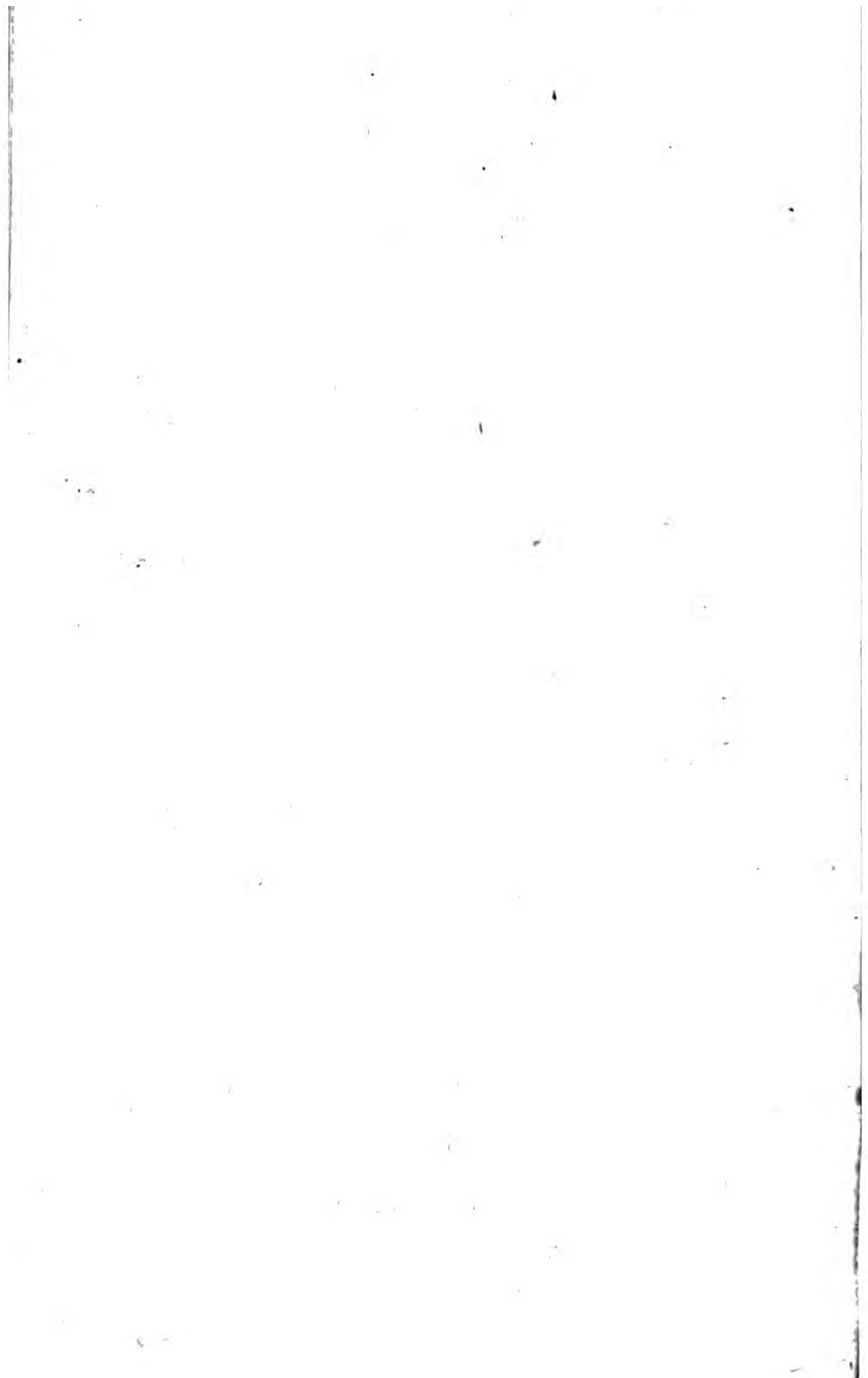
DEPARTMENT OF
THE HISTORY OF ART
OXFORD







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T H E
E N G L I S H G A R D E N :

A
P O E M.

I N
F O U R B O O K S,

By W. M A S O N, M. A.

A N E W E D I T I O N, corrected.

To which are added

A
C O M M E N T A R Y and N O T E S,
By W. B U R G H, Esq; LL. D.

A GARDEN IS THE PUREST OF HUMAN PLEASURES; IT IS THE GREATEST REFRESHMENT TO THE SPIRITS OF MAN, WITHOUT WHICH BUILDINGS AND PALACES ARE BUT GROSS HANDY-WORKS. AND A MAN SHALL EVER SEE, THAT WHEN AGES GROW TO CIVILITY AND ELEGANCE, MEN COME TO BUILD STATELY, SOONER THAN TO GARDEN FINELY: AS IF GARDENING WERE THE GREATER PERFECTION.

VERULAM.

YORK, PRINTED BY A. WARD:
And sold by J. DODSLEY, 'all-Mall; T. CADELL, in the Strand; and R. FAULDER, in New Bond-Street, London; and J. TODD, in York. 1783.



P R E F A C E.

AS the Four Books, which compose the following Poem, were published originally at very distant intervals, I thought it expedient at the conclusion of the last to subjoin a Postscript, in which I drew up an Analysis of each of them in their order, that the general plan of the whole work, and their connection with one another, might be more accurately conceived. That short analysis is now withdrawn, being superseded by a copious and complete Commentary, which the partiality of a very ingenious and learned friend has induced him to write upon it; a work which I am persuaded will be of more utility to those readers, who wish to understand the subject, than the Poem itself will be of entertainment to that more numerous class who read merely to be entertained: For myself, as to amuse was only a secondary motive with me when I composed the work, I freely own
a that

iv P R E F A C E.

that I am more pleased by a species of writing which tends to elucidate the Principles of my Poem, and to developé its method, than I should have been with that more flattering, yet less useful one, which interested itself in displaying what little poetical merit it may possess.

Notwithstanding this, I am well aware that many persons will think my friend has taken much more pains than were necessary on this occasion; and I should agree with them in opinion were the Poem only, and not the Subject which it treats, in question: But I would wish them to discriminate between these two points, and that whatever they may think of the writer's condescension in commenting so largely on the one, they would give him credit for the great additional illustration which he has thrown upon the other.

Yet as to the Poem itself, I am not without my hopes, that in this new Edition I
have

P R E F A C E. v

have rendered it somewhat more worthy of the pains which its Commentator has bestowed upon it, and of that approbation which it has already obtained from a very respectable part of the public; having revised it very carefully throughout, and purged it, to the best of my abilities, of many defects in the prior editions. That original Sin, however, which the admirers of Rhyme, and of Rhyme only, have laid to its charge, I have still ventured to retain: To this fault I must still own myself so blind, that in defence of it I shall again reprint what I said before in my former Postscript, and make it the conclusion of my present Preface.

“ When I first had the subject in contemplation, I found it admitted of two very different modes of composition: One was that of the regular Didactic Poem, of which the Georgics of Virgil afford so perfect an example; the

the other that of the preceptive epistolary essay, the model of which Horace has given in his Epistles *Ad Augustum* and *ad Pisones*. I balanced some time which of these I should adopt, for both had their peculiar merit. The former opened a more ample field for picturesque description and poetical embellishment; the latter was more calculated to convey exact precept in concise phrase*.

The

* See Mr. Pope's account of his *design* in writing the Essay on Man, where the peculiar merit of that way, in which he so greatly excelled, is most happily explained. He chose, as he says, "Verse, and even Rhyme, for two reasons: Verse, because precepts, so written, strike more strongly, and are retained more easily: Rhyme, because it expresses arguments or instructions more concisely than even Prose itself." As I have lately, in the Preface to my Translation of Fresnoy's Art of Painting, made use of this very reason for translating that Poem into Rhyme, some superficial readers may think that I hereby contradict myself; but the judicious critic will refer Fresnoy's Poem to *Horace's Art of Poetry* as to its proper archetype, and rightly deem it, though not an *epistolary*, yet a *preceptive Essay*. Whereas the present work comes under that species of composition which has the *Georgics of Virgil* for its original, than which no two modes of writing can be more dissimilar.

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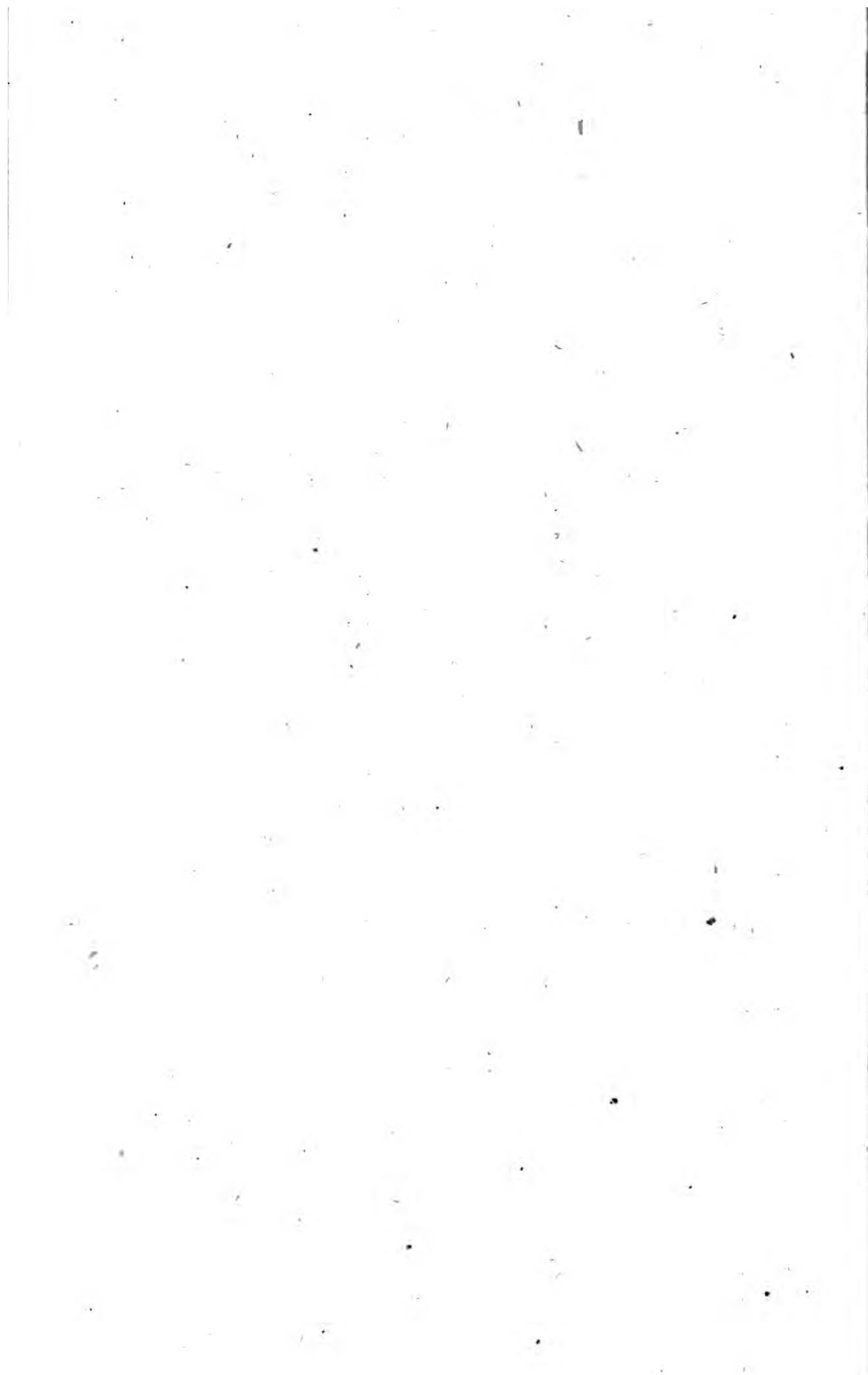
The one furnished better means of illustrating my subject, and the other of defining it; the former admitted those ornaments only which resulted from lively imagery and figurative diction; the latter seemed rather to require the seasoning of wit and satire; this, therefore, appeared best calculated to expose false taste, and that to elucidate the true. But false taste, on this subject, had been so inimitably ridiculed by Mr. Pope, in his Epistle to Lord Burlington, that it seemed to preclude all other authors (at least it precluded me) from touching it after him; and therefore, as he had left much unsaid on that part of the art on which it was my purpose principally to enlarge, I thought the didactic method not only more open but more proper for my attempt. This matter once determined, I did not hesitate as to my choice between blank verse and rhyme; because it clearly appeared, that numbers of the most varied kind were most proper to
 illustrate

illustrate a subject *whose every charm springs from variety*, and which, painting Nature as *scorning control*, should employ a versification for that end as unfettered as Nature itself. Art at the same time, in rural improvements, pervading the province of Nature, unseen, and unfelt, seemed to bear a striking analogy to that species of verse, the harmony of which results from measured quantity and varied cadence, without the too studied arrangement of final syllables, or regular return of consonant sounds. I was, notwithstanding, well aware, that by choosing to write in blank verse, I should not court popularity, because I perceived it was growing much out of vogue; but this reason, as may be supposed, did not weigh much with a writer, who meant to combat Fashion in the very theme he intended to write upon; and who was also convinced that a mode of English versification, in which so many good poems, with *Paradise Lost* at their head, have

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have been written, could either not long continue unfashionable; or if it did, that Fashion had so completely destroyed Taste, it would not be worth any writer's while, who aimed at more than the reputation of the day, to endeavour to amuse the public."

T H E



T H E
E N G L I S H G A R D E N .

B O O K T H E F I R S T .

TO thee, divine SIMPLICITY! to thee,
Best arbitress of what is good and fair,
This verse belongs. O, as it freely flows,
Give it thy powers of pleasing: else in vain
It strives to teach the rules, from Nature drawn, 5
Of import high to those whose taste would add
To Nature's careless graces; loveliest then,
When, o'er her form, thy easy skill has taught
The robe of Spring in ampler folds to flow.
Haste Goddess! to the woods, the lawns, the vales; 10
That lie in rude luxuriance, and but wait
Thy call to bloom with beauty. I meanwhile,
Attendant on thy state serene, will mark
Its faery progress; wake th' accordant string;
And tell how far, beyond the transient glare 15
Of fickle fashion, or of formal art,
Thy flowery works with charm perennial please.

Ye too, ye sister Powers ! that, at my birth,
 Auspicious smil'd ; and o'er my cradle drop'd
 Those magic seeds of Fancy, which produce 20
 A Poet's feeling, and a Painter's eye,
 Come to your votary's aid. For well ye know
 How soon my infant accents lisp'd the rhyme,
 How soon my hands the mimic colours spread,
 And vainly strove to snatch a double wreath 25
 From Fame's unfading laurel : fruitless aim ;
 Yet not inglorious ; nor perchance devoid
 Of friendly use to this fair argument ;
 If so, with lenient smiles, ye deign to hear,
 At this sad hour *, my desolated soul. 30
 For deem not ye that I resume the strain
 To court the world's applause : my years mature
 Have learn'd to slight the toy. No, 'tis to sooth
 That agony of heart, which they alone,
 Who best have lov'd, who best have been belov'd, 35
 Can feel, or pity ; sympathy severe !
 Which she too felt, when on her pallid lip
 The last farewell hung trembling, and bespoke
 A wish to linger here, and bless the arms
 She left for heav'n. She died, and heav'n is hers ! 40
 Be mine, the pensive solitary balm

* Ver. 30, Note I.

That recollection yields. Yes, Angel pure !
 While Memory holds her seat, thy image still
 Shall reign, shall triumph there ; and when, as now,
 Imagination forms a Nymph divine 45
 To lead the fluent strain, thy modest blush,
 Thy mild demeanor, thy unpractis'd smile
 Shall grace that Nymph, and sweet Simplicity
 Be dress'd (Ah meek MARIA !) in thy charms.

Begin the Song ! and ye of Albion's sons 50
 Attend ; Ye freeborn, ye ingenuous few,
 Who heirs of competence, if not of wealth,
 Preserve that vestal purity of soul
 Whence genuine taste proceeds. To you, blest youths,
 I sing ; whether in Academic groves 55
 Studious ye rove ; or, fraught with learning's stores,
 Visit the Latian plain, fond to transplant
 Those arts which Greece did, with her Liberty,
 Resign to Rome. Yet know, the art I sing
 Ev'n there ye shall not learn. Rome knew it not 60
 While Rome was free : Ah ! hope not then to find
 In slavish superstitious Rome the fair
 Remains. Meanwhile, of old and classic aid
 Tho' fruitless be the search, your eyes entranc'd

Shall catch those glowing scenes, that taught a CLAUDE
 To grace his canvass with Hesperian hues : 66

And scenes like these, on Memory's tablet drawn,
 Bring back to Britain ; there give local form

To each Idea ; and, if Nature lend
 Materials fit of torrent, rock, and shade, 70

Produce new TIVOLIS. But learn to rein,
 O Youth ! whose skill essays the arduous task,
 That skill within the limit she allows.

Great Nature scorns controul : she will not bear
 One beauty foreign to the spot or soil 75

She gives thee to adorn : 'tis thine alone
 To mend, not change her features. Does her hand
 Stretch forth a level lawn ? Ah, hope not thou

To lift the mountain there. Do mountains frown
 Around ? Ah, wish not there the level lawn. 80

Yet she permits thy art, discreetly us'd,
 To smooth the rugged and to swell the plain.

But dare with caution ; else expect, bold man !
 The injur'd Genius of the place to rise

In self-defence, and, like some giant fiend 85
 That frowns in Gothic story, swift destroy,

By night, the puny labours of thy day.

What then must he attempt, whom niggard Fate
 Has fixt in such an inauspicious spot
 As bears no trace of beauty? must he sit 90
 Dull and inactive in the desert waste,
 If Nature there no happy feature wears
 To wake and meet his skill? Believe the Muse,
 She does not know that inauspicious spot
 Where Beauty is thus niggard of her store: 95
 Believe the Muse, thro' this terrestrial vast
 The seeds of grace are sown, profusely sown,
 Ev'n where we least may hope: the desert hills
 Will hear the call of Art; the vallies dank
 Obey her just behests, and smile with charms 100
 Congenial to the soil, and all its own,

For tell me, where's the desert? there alone
 Where man resides not; or, if 'chance resides,
 He is not there the man his Maker form'd,
 Industrious man, by heav'n's first law ordain'd 105
 To earn his food by labour. In the waste
 Place thou that man with his primæval arms,
 His plough-share, and his spade; nor shalt thou long
 Impatient wait a change; the waste shall smile
 With yellow harvests; what was barren heath 110
 Shall

Shall soon be verdant mead. Now let thy Art
 Exert its powers, and give, by varying lines,
 The soil, already tam'd, its finish'd grace.

Nor less obsequious to the hand of toil,
 If Fancy guide that hand, will the dank vale 115
 Receive improvement meet; but Fancy here
 Must lead, not follow Labour; she must tell
 In what peculiar place the soil shall rise,
 Where sink; prescribe what form each sluice shall wear,
 And how direct its course; whether to spread 120
 Broad as a lake, or, as a river pent
 By fringed banks, weave its irriguous way
 Thro' lawn and shade alternate: for if She
 Preside not o'er the task, the narrow drains
 Will run in tedious parallel, or cut 125
 Each other in sharp angles; hence implore
 Her swift assistance, ere the ruthless spade
 Too deeply wound the bosom of the soil,

Yet, in this lowly site, where all that charms
 Within itself must charm, hard is the task 130
 Impos'd on Fancy. Hence with idle fear!
 Is she not Fancy? and can Fancy fail

In

In sweet delusions, in concealments apt,
 And wild creative power ? She cannot fail.
 And yet, full oft, when her creative power, 135
 Her apt concealments, her delusions sweet
 Have been profusely lavish'd ; when her groves
 Have shot, with vegetative vigour strong,
 Ev'n to their wish'd maturity ; when Jove
 Has roll'd the changeful seasons o'er her lawns, 140
 And each has left a blessing as it roll'd :
 Ev'n then, perchance, some vain fastidious eye
 Shall rove unmindful of surrounding charms
 And ask for prospect. Stranger ! 'tis not here.
 Go seek it on some garish turret's height ; 145
 Seek it on Richmond's or on Windsor's brow ;
 There gazing, on the gorgeous vale below,
 Applaud alike, with fashion'd pomp of phrase,
 The good and bad, which, in profusion, there
 That gorgeous vale exhibits. Here meanwhile, 150
 Ev'n in the dull, unseen, unseeing dell,
 Thy taste contemns, shall Contemplation imp
 Her eagle plumes ; the Poet here shall hold
 Sweet converse with his Muse ; the curious Sage,
 Who comments on great Nature's ample tome, 155
 Shall find that volume here. For here are caves,

Where

Where rise those gurgling rills, that sing the song
 Which Contemplation loves; here shadowy glades,
 Where thro' the tremulous foliage darts the ray,
 That gilds the Poet's day-dream; here the turf 160
 Teems with the vegetating race; the air
 Is peopled with the insect tribes, that float
 Upon the noontide beam, and call the Sage
 To number and to name them. Nor if here
 The Painter comes, shall his enchanting art 165
 Go back without a boon: for Fancy here,
 With Nature's living colours, forms a scene
 Which RUISDALE best might rival: chrystal lakes,
 O'er which the giant oak, himself a grove,
 Flings his romantic branches, and beholds 170
 His reverend image in th' expanse below.
 If distant hills be wanting, yet our eye
 Forgets the want, and with delighted gaze
 Rests on the lovely foreground; there applauds
 The art, which, varying forms and blending hues, 175
 Gives that harmonious force of shade and light,
 Which makes the landscape perfect. Art like this
 Is only art, all else abortive toil.

Come then, thou Sister Muse, from whom the mind
 Wins for her airy visions colour, form, 180
 And fixt locality, sweet Painting, come
 To teach the docile pupil of my song,
 How much his practice on thy aid depends.

Of Nature's various scenes the Painter culls
 That for his fav'rite theme, where the fair whole 185
 Is broken into ample parts, and bold ;
 Where to the eye three well-mark'd distances
 Spread their peculiar colouring. Vivid green,
 Warm brown, and black opaque the foreground bears
 Conspicuous ; sober olive coldly marks 190
 The second distance ; thence the third declines
 In softer blue, or, less'ning still, is lost
 In faintest purple. When thy taste is call'd
 To deck a scene where Nature's self presents
 All these distinct gradations, then rejoice 195
 As does the Painter, and like him apply
 Thy colours ; plant thou on each separate part
 Its proper foliage. Chief, for there thy skill
 Has its chief scope, enrich with all the hues
 That flowers, that shrubs, that trees can yield, the sides
 Of that fair path, from whence our sight is led 201

Gradual to view the whole. Where'er thou wind'st
 That path, take heed between the scene and eye,
 To vary and to mix thy chosen greens.
 Here for a while with cedar or with larch, 205
 That from the ground spread their close texture, hide
 The view entire. Then o'er some lowly tuft,
 Where rose and woodbine bloom, permit its charms
 To burst upon the sight ; now thro' a copse
 Of beech, that rear their smooth and stately trunks,
 Admit it partially, and half exclude, 211
 And half reveal its graces : in this path,
 How long soe'er the wanderer roves, each step
 Shall wake fresh beauties ; each short point present
 A different picture, new, and yet the same. 215

Yet some there are who scorn this cautious rule,
 And fell each tree that intercepts the scene.
 O great POUSSIN ! O Nature's darling, CLAUDE !
 What if some rash and sacrilegious hand
 Tore from your canvass those umbrageous pines 220
 That frown in front, and give each azure hill
 The charm of contrast ! Nature suffers here
 Like outrage, and bewails a beauty lost,
 Which Time with tardy hand shall late restore.

Yet

Yet here the spoiler rests not ; see him rise 225
 Warm from his devastation, to improve,
 For so he calls it, yonder champion wide.
 There on each bolder brow in shapes acute
 His fence he scatters ; there the Scottish fir
 In murky file lifts his inglorious head, 230
 And blots the fair horizon. So should art
 Improve thy pencil's savage dignity,
 SALVATOR ! if where, far as eye can pierce,
 Rock pil'd on rock, thy Alpine heights retire,
 She flung her random foliage, and disturb'd 235
 The deep repose of the majestic scene.
 This deed were impious. Ah, forgive the thought,
 Thou more than Painter, more than Poet ! HE,
 Alone thy equal, who was " Fancy's child."

Does then the Song forbid the Planter's hand 240
 To clothe the distant hills, and veil with woods
 Their barren summits ? No, it but forbids
 All poverty of clothing. Rich the robe,
 And ample let it flow, that Nature wears
 On her thron'd eminence : where'er she takes 245
 Her horizontal march, pursue her step
 With sweeping train of forest ; hill to hill

Unite with prodigality of shade.

There plant thy elm, thy chefnut ; nourifh there
Those fapling oaks, which, at Britannia's call, 250

May heave their trunks mature into the main,

And float the bulwarks of her liberty :

But if the fir, give it its ftation meet ;

Place it an outguard to th' affailing north,

To fhield the infant fcions, till poffeft 255

Of native ftrength, they learn alike to fcorn

The blaft and their protectors. Fofter'd thus,

The cradled hero gains from female care

His future vigor ; but, that vigor felt,

He fprings indignant from his nurfes arms, 260

Nods his terrific helmet, fhakes his fpear,

And is that awful thing which heav'n ordain'd

The fcourge of tyrants, and his country's pride.

If yet thy art be dubious how to treat

Nature's neglected features, turn thy eye 265

To thofe, the mafters of correct defign,

Who, from her vaft variety, have cull'd

The lovelieft, boldeft parts, and new arrang'd ;

Yet, as herfelf approv'd, herfelf inspir'd.

In their immortal works thou ne'er fhalt find 270

Dull

Dull uniformity, contrivance quaint,
 Or labour'd littleness; but contrasts broad,
 And careless lines, whose undulating forms
 Play thro' the varied canvass: these transplant
 Again on Nature; take thy plastic spade, 275
 It is thy pencil; take thy seeds, thy plants,
 They are thy colours; and by these repay
 With interest every charm she lent thy art.

Nor, while I thus to Imitation's realm
 Direct thy step, deem I direct thee wrong; 280
 Nor ask, why I forget great Nature's fount,
 And bring thee not the bright inspiring cup
 From her original spring? Yet, if thou ask'st,
 Thyself shalt give the answer. Tell me why
 Did RAPHAEL steal, when his creative hand 285
 Imag'd the Seraphim, ideal grace
 And dignity supernal from that store
 Of Attic sculpture, which the ruthless Goth
 Spar'd in his headlong fury? Tell me this:
 And then confess that beauty best is taught 290
 By those, the favor'd few, whom Heav'n has lent
 The power to seize, select, and reunite
 Her loveliest features; and of these to form

One Archetype compleat of sovereign Grace.
 Here Nature sees her fairest forms more fair ; 295
 Owns them for hers, yet owns herself excell'd
 By what herself produc'd. Here Art and She
 Embrace ; connubial Juno smiles benign,
 And from the warm embrace Perfection springs.

Rouse then each latent energy of soul 300
 To clasp ideal beauty. Proteus-like,
 Think not the changeful Nymph will long elude
 Thy chase, or with reluctant coyness frown.
 Inspir'd by Her thy happy art shall learn
 To melt in fluent curves whate'er is straight, 305
 Acute, or parallel. For, these unchang'd,
 Nature and she disdain the formal scene.
 'Tis their demand, that ev'ry step of Rule
 Be sever'd from their sight : They own no charm
 But those that fair Variety creates, 310
 Who ever loves to undulate and sport
 In many a winding train. With equal zeal
 She, careless Goddess, scorns the cube and cone,
 As does mechanic Order hold them dear :
 Hence springs their enmity ; and he that hopes 315
 To

To reconcile the foes, as well might aim
With hawk and dove to draw the Cyprian car.

Such sentence past, where shall the Dryads fly
That haunt yon antient Vista? Pity, sure,
Will spare the long cathedral isle of shade 320
In which they sojourn; Taste were sacrilege,
If, lifting there the axe, it dar'd invade
Those spreading oaks that in fraternal files
Have pair'd for centuries, and heard the strains
Of SIDNEY's, nay, perchance, of SURRY's reed. 325
Yet must they fall, unless mechanic Skill,
To save her offspring, rouse at our command;
And, where we bid her move, with engine huge,
Each ponderous trunk, the ponderous trunk there move.
A work of difficulty and danger try'd, 330
Nor oft successful found. But if it fails,
Thy axe must do its office. Cruel task,
Yet needful. Trust me, tho' I bid thee strike,
Reluctantly I bid thee: for my soul
Holds dear an antient oak, nothing more dear; 335
It is an antient friend. Stay then thine hand;
And try by saplings tall, discreetly plac'd
Before, between, behind, in scatter'd groups,

To

To break th' obdurate line. So may'st thou save
A chosen few ; and yet, alas, but few 340
Of these, the old protectors of the plain.
Yet shall these few give to thy opening lawn
That shadowy pomp, which only they can give :
For parted now, in patriarchal pride,
Each tree becomes the father of a tribe ; 345
And, o'er the stripling foliage, rising round,
Towers with parental dignity supreme.

And yet, My Albion ! in that fair domain,
Which Ocean made thy dowry, when his love
Tempestuous tore thee from reluctant Gaul, 350
And bad thee be his Queen, there still remains
Full many a lovely unfrequented wild,
Where change like this is needless ; where no lines
Of hedge-row, avenue, or of platform square
Demand destruction. In thy fair domain, 355
Yes, my lov'd Albion ! many a glade is found,
The haunt of Wood-gods only : where if Art
E'er dar'd to tread, 'twas with unfandal'd foot,
Printless, as if the place were holy ground.
And there are scenes, where, tho' she whilom trod, 360
Led by the worst of guides, fell Tyranny,

And

And ruthless Superstition, we now trace
 Her footsteps with delight ; and pleas'd revere
 What once had rous'd our hatred, But to Time,
 Not her, the praise is due : his gradual touch 365
 Has moulder'd into beauty many a tower,
 Which, when it frown'd with all its battlements,
 Was only terrible ; and many a fane
 Monastic, which, when deck'd with all its spires,
 Serv'd but to feed some pamper'd Abbot's pride, 370
 And awe th' unletter'd vulgar. Generous Youth,
 Whoe'er thou art, that listen'ft to my lay,
 And feel'ft thy soul assent to what I sing,
 Happy art thou if thou can'ft call thine own
 Such scenes as these : where Nature and where Time 375
 Have work'd congenial ; where a scatter'd host
 Of antique oaks darken thy sidelong hills ;
 While, rushing thro' their branches, rifted cliffs
 Dart their white heads, and glitter thro' the gloom.
 More happy still, if one superior rock 380
 Bear on its brow the shiver'd fragment huge
 Of some old Norman fortress ; happier far,
 Ah, then most happy, if thy vale below
 Wash, with the crystal coolness of its rills,
 Some mould'ring abbey's ivy-vested wall. 385

O how unlike the scene my fancy forms,
 Did Folly, heretofore, with Wealth conspire
 To plan that formal, dull, disjointed scene,
 Which once was call'd a Garden. Britain still
 Bears on her breast full many a hideous wound 390
 Given by the cruel pair, when, borrowing aid
 From geometric skill, they vainly strove
 By line, by plummet, and unfeeling sheers,
 To form with verdure what the builder form'd
 With stone *. Egregious madness; yet pursu'd 395
 With pains unwearied, with expence unsumm'd,
 And science doating. Hence the sidelong walls
 Of shaven yew; the holly's prickly arms
 Trimm'd into high arcades; the tonfile box
 Wove, in mosaic mode of many a curl, 400
 Around the figur'd carpet of the lawn.
 Hence too deformities of harder cure:
 The terras mound uplifted; the long line
 Deep delv'd of flat canal; and all that toil,
 Mistled by tasteless Fashion, could atchieve 405
 To mar fair Nature's lineaments divine.

Long was the night of error, nor dispell'd
 By Him that rose at learning's earliest dawn,

* Ver. 395, Note II.

Prophet of unborn Science. On thy realm,
 Philosophy ! his sovereign lustre spread ; 410
 Yet did he deign to light with casual glance
 The wilds of taste. Yes, sagest VERULAM, *
 'Twas thine to banish from the royal groves
 Each childish vanity of crisped knot
 And sculptur'd foliage ; to the lawn restore 415
 Its ample space, and bid it feast the sight
 With verdure pure, unbroken, unabridg'd :
 For Verdure sooths the eye, as roseate sweets
 The smell, or music's melting strains the ear.

So taught the Sage, taught a degenerate reign 420
 What in Eliza's golden day was taste.
 Not but the mode of that romantic age,
 The age of tourneys, triumphs, and quaint masques,
 Glar'd with fantastic pageantry, which dimm'd
 The sober eye of truth, and dazzled ev'n 425
 The Sage himself ; witness his high-arch'd hedge,
 In pillar'd state by carpentry upborn,
 With colour'd mirrors deck'd, and prison'd birds.
 But, when our step has pac'd his proud parterres,
 And reach'd the heath, then Nature glads our eye 430

C 2

Sporting

* Ver. 412, Note III.

Sporting in all her lovely carelessness.
 There smiles in varied tufts the velvet rose,
 There flaunts the gadding woodbine, swells the ground
 In gentle hillocks, and around its sides
 Thro' blossom'd shades the secret pathway steals. 435

Thus, with a Poet's power, the Sage's pen
 Pourtray'd that nicer negligence of scene,
 Which Taste approves. While He, delicious Swain,
 Who tun'd his oaten pipe by Mulla's stream,
 Accordant touch'd the stops in Dorian mood ; 440
 What time he 'gan to paint the fairy vale,
 Where stands the Fane of Venus. Well I ween
 That then, if ever, COLIN, thy fond hand
 Did steep its pencil in the well-fount clear
 Of true simplicity ; and " call'd in Art 445
 " Only to second Nature, and supply
 " All that the Nymph forgot, or left forlorn." *
 Yet what avail'd the song ? or what avail'd
 Ev'n thine, Thou chief of Bards, whose mighty mind,
 With inward light irradiate, mirror-like 450
 Receiv'd, and to mankind with ray reflex
 The sov'reign Planter's primal work display'd ?

That

* Ver. 447, Note IV.

* That work, "where not nice Art in curious knots,
 "But Nature boon pour'd forth on hill and dale
 "Flowers worthy of Paradise; while all around 455
 "Umbrageous grotts, and caves of cool recess,
 "And murmuring waters down the slope dispers'd,
 "Or held, by fringed banks, in chrystal lakes,
 "Compose a rural seat of various view."

'Twas thus great Nature's Herald blazon'd high 460
 That fair original impress, which she bore
 In state sublime; e'er miscreated Art,
 Offspring of Sin and Shame, the banner seiz'd,
 And with adulterate pageantry defil'd.

Yet vainly, MILTON, did thy voice proclaim 465
 These her primæval honours. Still she lay
 Defac'd, deflower'd, full many a ruthless year:
 Alike, when Charles, the abject tool of France,
 Came back to smile his subjects into slaves;
 Or Belgic William, with his warrior frown, 470
 Coldly declar'd them free; in fetters still
 The Goddess pin'd, by both alike oppress'd.

Go to the Proof! behold what TEMPLE call'd
 A perfect Garden. There thou shalt not find
 One blade of verdure, but with aching feet 475

* Ver. 458, Note V.

From terras down to terras shalt descend,
 Step following step, by tedious flight of stairs :
 On leaden platforms now the noon-day sun
 Shall scorch thee ; now the dank arcades of stone
 Shall chill thy fervour ; happy, if at length 480
 Thou reach the Orchard, where the sparing turf *
 Thro' equal lines, all centring in a point,
 Yields thee a softer tread. And yet full oft
 O'er TEMPLE's studious hour did Truth preside,
 Sprinkling her lustre o'er his classic page : 485
 There hear his candor own in fashion's spite,
 In spite of courtly dulness, hear it own
 " There is a grace in wild variety
 " Surpassing rule and order." † TEMPLE, yes,
 There is a grace ; and let eternal wreaths 490
 Adorn their brows who fixt its empire here.
 The Muse shall hail the champions that herself
 Led to the fair achievement ‡. ADDISON,
 Thou polish'd Sage, or shall I call thee Bard,
 I see thee come : around thy temples play 495
 The lambent flames of humour, bright'ning mild
 Thy judgment into smiles ; gracious thou com'st
 With Satire at thy side, who checks her frown,

But

* Ver. 481, Note VI.—† Ver. 489, Note VII.
 ‡ Ver. 493, Note VIII.

But not her secret sting. With bolder rage
 POPE next advances : his indignant arm 500
 Waves the poetic brand o'er Timon's shades,
 And lights them to destruction ; the fierce blaze
 Sweeps thro' each kindred Vista ; Groves to Groves *
 Nod their fraternal farewell, and expire.
 And now, elate with fair-earn'd victory, 505
 The Bard retires, and on the Bank of Thames
 Erects his flag of triumph ; wild it waves
 In verdant splendor, and beholds, and hails
 The King of Rivers, as he rolls along.
 KENT is his bold associate, KENT who felt 510
 The pencil's power : † but, fir'd by higher forms
 Of Beauty, than that pencil knew to paint,
 Work'd with the living hues that Nature lent,
 And realiz'd his Landscapes. Generous He,
 Who gave to Painting, what the wayward Nymph 515
 Refus'd her Votary, those Elyfian scenes,
 Which would ſhe emulate, her nicest hand
 Muſt all its force of light and ſhade employ.
 On thee too, SOUTHCOTE, ſhall the Muſe beſtow
 No vulgar praiſe : for thou to humbleſt things 520
 Could'ſt give ennobling beauties ; deck'd by thee,
 The

* Ver. 503, Note IX.—† Ver. 511, Note X.

The simple Farm eclips'd the Garden's pride, *
 Ev'n as the virgin blush of innocence,
 The harlotry of Art. Nor, SHENSTONE, thou
 Shalt pass without thy meed, thou son of peace! 525
 Who knew'st, perchance, to harmonize thy shades
 Still softer than thy song; yet was that song
 Nor rude, nor inharmonious, when attun'd
 To pastoral plaint, or tale of slighted love.
 HIM too, the living Leader of thy powers, 530
 Great Nature! him the Muse shall hail in notes
 Which antedate the praise true Genius claims
 From just Posterity: Bards yet unborn
 Shall pay to BROWN that tribute, fitliest paid
 In strains, the beauty of his scenes inspire. 535

Meanwhile, ye youths! whose sympathetic souls
 Would taste those genuine charms, which faintly smile
 In my descriptive song, O visit oft
 The finish'd scenes, that boast the forming hand
 Of these creative Genii! feel ye there 540
 What REYNOLDS felt, when first the Vatican
 Unbarr'd her gates, and to his raptur'd eye
 Gave all the godlike energy that flow'd
 From MICHAEL's pencil; feel what GARRICK felt,

* Ver. 522, Note XI.

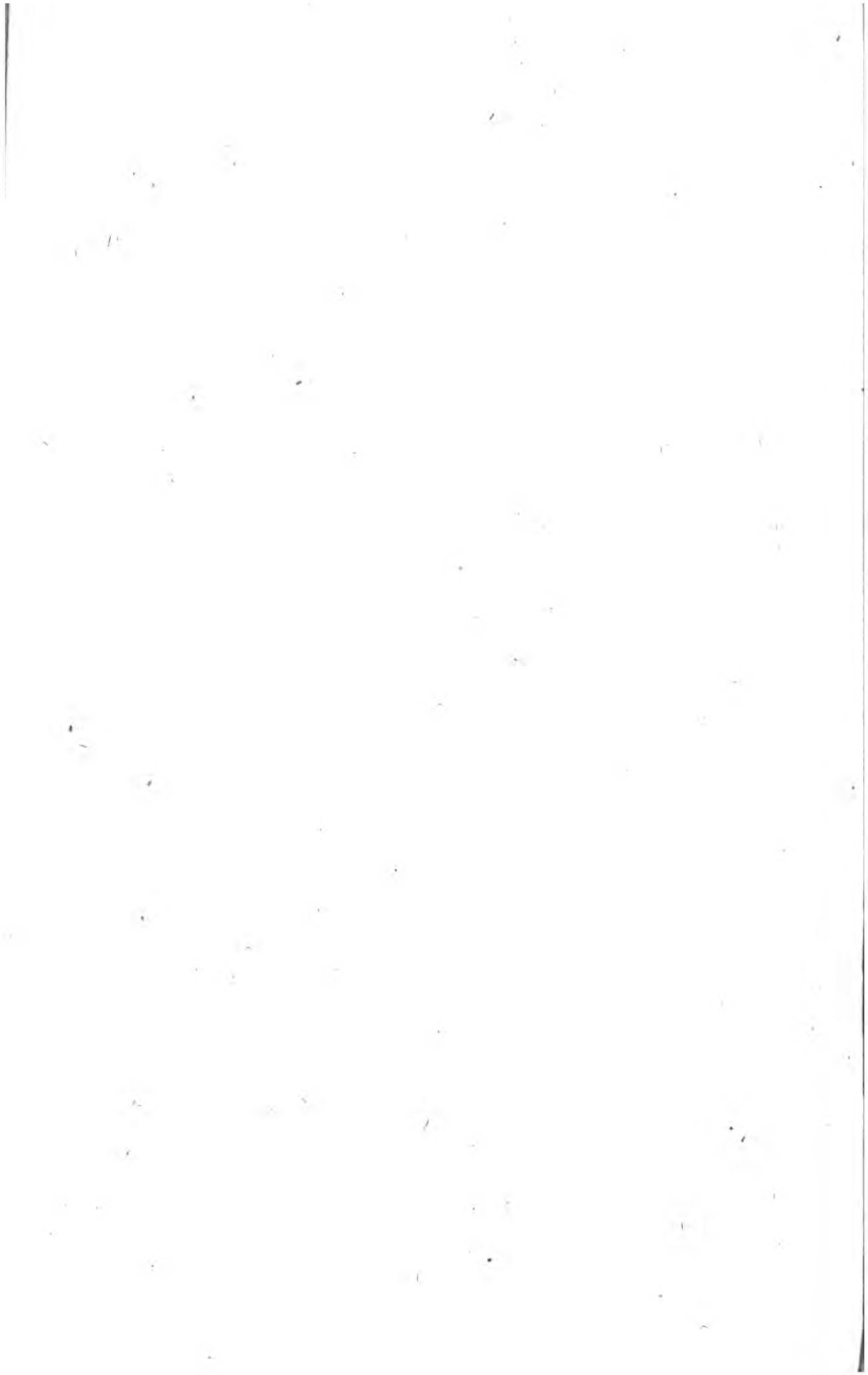
When

When first he breath'd the soul of Shakespear's page. 545
 So shall your Art, if call'd to grace a scene
 Yet unadorn'd, with taste instinctive give
 Each grace appropriate; so your active eye
 Shall dart that glance prophetic, which awakes
 The slumbring Wood-nymphs; gladly shall they rise
 Oread, and Dryad, from their verdurous beds, 551
 And fling their foliage, and arrange their stems,
 As you, and beauty bid: the Naiad train,
 Alike obsequious, from a thousand urns
 Shall pour their crystalline tide; while, hand in hand,
 Vertumnus, and Pomona bring their stores, 556
 Fruitage, and flowers of ev'ry blush, and scent,
 Each varied season yields; to you they bring
 The fragrant tribute; ye, with generous hand
 Diffuse the blessing wide, till Albion smile 560
 One ample theatre of sylvan Grace.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

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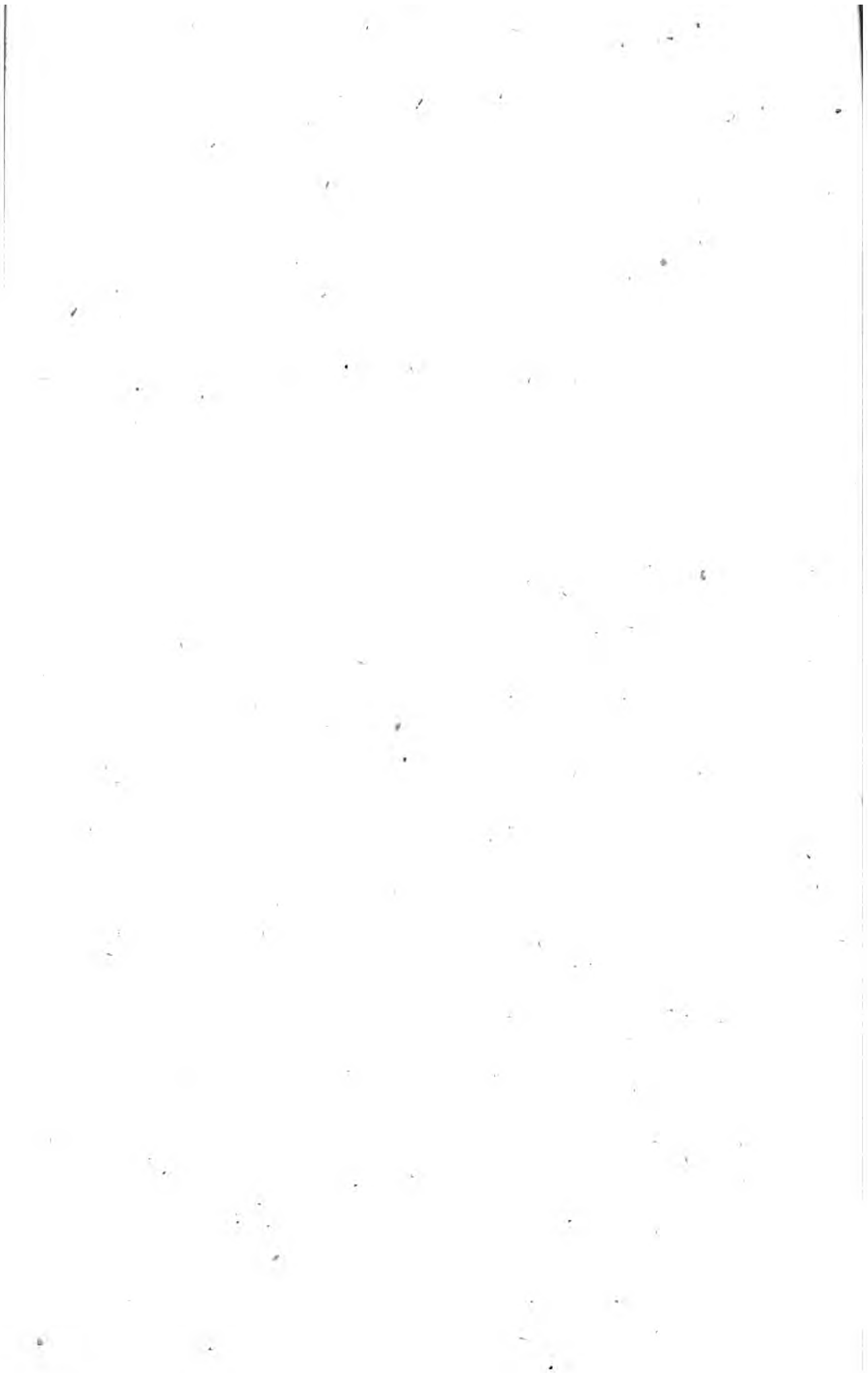
THE



T H E

E N G L I S H G A R D E N .

B O O K T H E S E C O N D .



E N G L I S H G A R D E N .

B O O K T H E S E C O N D .

HAIL to the Art, that teaches Wealth and Pride
 How to possess their wish, the world's applause,
 Unmixt with blame ! that bids Magnificence
 Abate its meteor glare, and learn to shine
 Benevolently mild ; like her, the Queen 5
 Of Night, who sailing thro' autumnal skies,
 Gives to the bearded product of the plain
 Her ripening lustre, lingering as she rolls,
 And glancing cool the salutary ray
 Which fills the fields with plenty *. Hail that Art 10
 Ye swains ! for, hark ! with lowings glad, your herds
 Proclaim its influence, wandering o'er the lawns
 Restor'd to them and Nature ; now no more
 Shall Fortune's Minion rob them of their right,
 Or round his dull domain with lofty wall 15
 Oppose their jocund presence. Gothic Pomp
 Frowns and retires, his proud behests are scorn'd ;
 Now Taste inspir'd by Truth exalts her voice,

* Ver. 10. Note XII.

And she is heard. " Oh, let not man misdeem ;
" Waste is not Grandeur, Fashion ill supplies 20
" My sacred place, and Beauty scorns to dwell
" Where Use is exil'd." At the awful sound
The terrace sinks spontaneous ; on the green,
Broider'd with crisped knots, the tonfile yews
Wither and fall ; the fountain dares no more 25
To fling its wasted crystal thro' the sky,
But pours salubrious o'er the parched lawn
Rills of fertility. Oh best of Arts
That works this happy change ! true Alchymy,
Beyond the Rosicrucian boast, that turns 30
Deformity to grace, expence to gain,
And pleas'd restores to Earth's maternal lap
The long-lost fruits of AMALTHEA's horn.

When such the theme, the Poet smiles secure
Of candid audience, and with touch assur'd 35
Resumes his reed ASCRÆAN ; eager he
To ply its warbling stops of various note
In Nature's cause, that Albion's listening youths,
Inform'd erewhile to scorn the long-drawn lines
Of straight formality, alike may scorn 40
Those quick, acute, perplex'd, and tangled paths,
That,



That, like the snake crush'd by the sharpen'd spade,
 Writhe in convulsive torture, and full oft,
 Thro' many a dank and unfortun'd labyrinth,
 Mislead our step; till giddy, spent, and foil'd, 45
 We reach the point where first our race began.

These Fancy priz'd erroneous, what time Taste,
 An infant yet, first join'd her to destroy
 The measur'd platform; into false extremes
 What marvel if they stray'd, as yet unskill'd 50
 To mark the form of that peculiar curve,
 Alike averse to crooked and to straight,
 Where sweet Simplicity resides; which Grace
 And Beauty call their own; whose lambent flow
 Charms us at once with symmetry and ease, 55
 'Tis Nature's curve, instinctively she bids
 Her tribes of Being trace it. Down the slope
 Of yon wide field, see, with its gradual sweep,
 The ploughing steers their fallow ridges swell;
 The peasant, driving thro' each shadowy lane 60
 His team, that bends beneath th' incumbent weight
 Of laughing CERES, marks it with his wheel;
 At night, and morn, the milkmaid's careless step
 Has, thro' yon pasture green, from stile to stile,

Imprest a kindred curve; the scudding hare 65
 Draws to her dew-sprent seat, o'er thymy heaths,
 A path as gently waving; mark them well;
 Compare, pronounce, that, varying but in size,
 Their forms are kindred all; go then, convinc'd
 That Art's unerring rule is only drawn 70
 From Nature's sacred source; a rule that guides
 Her ev'ry toil; or, if she shape the path,
 Or scoop the lawn, or, gradual, lift the hill.
 For not alone to that embellish'd walk,
 Which leads to ev'ry beauty of the scene, 75
 It yields a grace, but spreads its influence wide,
 Prescribes each form of thicket, copse, or wood,
 Confines the rivulet, and spreads the lake.

Yet shall this graceful line forget to please,
 If border'd close by sidelong parallels, 80
 Nor duly mixt with those opposing curves
 That give the charm of contrast. Vainly Taste
 Draws thro' the grove her path in easiest bend,
 If, on the margin of its woody sides,
 The measur'd greensward waves in kindred flow: 85
 Oft let the turf recede, and oft approach,
 With varied breadth, now sink into the shade,

Now

Now to the sun its verdant bosom bare.
 As vainly wilt thou lift the gradual hill
 To meet thy right-hand view, if to the left 90
 An equal hill ascends: in this, and all
 Be various, wild, and free as Nature's self.

For in her wildness is there oft an art,
 Or seeming art, which, by position apt,
 Arranges shapes unequal, so to save 95
 That correspondent poize, which unpreserv'd
 Would mock our gaze with airy vacancy.
 Yet fair Variety, with all her powers,
 Assists the Balance; 'gainst the barren crag
 She lifts the pastur'd slope; to distant hills 100
 Opposes neighb'ring shades; and, central oft,
 Relieves the flatness of the lawn, or lake,
 With studded tuft, or island. So to poize
 Her objects, mimic Art may oft attain :
 She rules the foreground; she can swell or sink 105
 Its surface; here her leafy screen oppose,
 And there withdraw; here part the varying greens,
 And there in one promiscuous gloom combine
 As best befits the Genius of the scene.

Him then, that sov'reign Genius, Monarch sole 110
 Who, from creation's primal day, derives
 His right divine to this his rural throne,
 Approach with meet obeisance; at his feet
 Let our aw'd art fall prostrate. They of Ind,
 The Tartar tyrants, Tamerlane's proud race, 115
 Or they in Persia thron'd, who shake the rod
 Of power o'er myriads of enervate slaves,
 Expect not humbler homage to their pride
 Than does this sylvan Despot*. Yet to those
 Who do him loyal service, who revere 120
 His dignity, nor aim, with rebel arms,
 At lawless usurpation, is he found
 Patient and placable, receives well pleas'd
 Their tributary treasures, nor disdains
 To blend them with his own internal store. 125

Stands he in blank and desolated state,
 Where yawning crags disjointed, sharp, uncouth,
 Involve him with pale horror? In the clefts
 Thy welcome spade shall heap that soft'ring mould
 Whence sapling oaks may spring; whence clust'ring crouds
 Of early underwood shall veil their sides, 131
 And teach their rugged heads above the shade

* Ver. 119, Note XIII.

To tower in shapes romantic : Nor, around
 Their flinty roots, shall ivy spare to hang
 Its gadding tendrils, nor the moss-grown turf, 135
 With wild thyme sprinkled, there refuse to spread
 Its verdure. Awful still, yet not austere,
 The Genius stands ; bold is his port, and wild,
 But not forlorn, nor savage. On some plain
 Of tedious length, say, are his flat limbs laid ? 140
 Thy hand shall lift him from the dreary couch,
 Pillowing his head with swelling hillocks green,
 While, all around, a forest-curtain spreads
 Its waving folds, and blesses his repose.
 What, if perchance in some prolific soil, 145
 Where Vegetation strenuous, uncontroll'd,
 Has push'd her pow'rs luxuriant, he now pines
 For air and freedom ? Soon thy sturdy axe,
 Amid its interwisted foliage driv'n,
 Shall open all his glades, and ingress give 150
 To the bright darts of day ; his prison'd rills,
 That darkling crept amid the rustling brakes,
 Shall glitter as they glide, and his dank caves,
 Free to salubrious Zephyrs, cease to weep.
 Meanwhile his shadowy pomp he still retains, 155
 His Dryads still attend him ; they alone

Of race plebeian banish'd, who to croud
Not grace his state, their boughs obtrusive flung.

But chief consult him ere thou dar'st decide
Th' appropriate bounds of Pleasure, and of Use; 160
For Pleasure, lawless robber, oft invades
Her neighbour's right, and turns to idle waste
Her treasures: curb her then in scanty bounds,
Whene'er the scene permits that just restraint.
The curb restrains not Beauty; sov'reign she 165
Still triumphs, still unites each subject realm,
And blesses both impartial. Why then fear
Lest, if thy fence contract the shaven lawn,
It does Her wrong? She points a thousand ways,
And each her own, to cure the needful ill. 170
Where'er it winds, and freely must it wind,
She bids, at ev'ry bend, thick-blossom'd tufts
Croud their inwoven tendrils: is there still
A void? Lo, Lebanon her Cedar lends!
Lo, all the stately progeny of Pines 175
Come, with their floating foliage richly deck'd,
To fill that void! meanwhile across the mead
The wand'ring flocks that browse between the shades
Seem

Seem oft to pass their bounds ; the dubious eye
Decides not if they crop the mead or lawn. 180

Browse then your fill, fond Foresters ! to you
Shall sturdy Labour quit his morning task
Well pleas'd ; nor longer o'er his useless plots
Draw through the dew the splendor of his scythe.
He, leaning on that scythe, with carols gay 185

Salutes his fleecy substitutes, that rush
In bleating chace to their delicious task,
And, spreading o'er the plain, with eager teeth
Devour it into verdure. Browse your fill
Fond Foresters ! the soil that you enrich 190

Shall still supply your morn and evening meal
With choicest delicates ; whether you choose
The vernal blades, that rise with seeded stem
Of hue purpleal ; or the clover white,
That in a spiked ball collects its sweets ; 195

Or trembling fescue : ev'ry fav'rite herb
Shall court your taste, ye harmless epicures !
Meanwhile permit that with unheeded step

I pass beside you, nor let idle fear
Spoil your repast, for know the lively scene, 200
That you still more enliven, to my soul

Darts

Darts inspiration, and impells the song
 To roll in bolder descant ; while, within,
 A gleam of happiness primæval seems
 To snatch me back to joys my nature claim'd, 205
 Ere vice defil'd, ere slavery sunk the world,
 And all was faith and freedom : Then was man
 Creation's king, yet friend ; and all that browse,
 Or skim, or dive, the plain, the air, the flood,
 Paid him their liberal homage ; paid unaw'd 210
 In love accepted, sympathetic love
 That felt for all, and blest them with its smiles.
 Then, nor the curling horn had learn'd to found
 The savage song of chace ; the barbed shaft
 Had then no poison'd point ; nor thou, fell tube ! 215
 Whose iron entrails hide the sulphurous blast,
 Satanic engine, knew't the ruthless power
 Of thundering death around thee. Then alike
 Were ye innocuous thro' your ev'ry tribe,
 Or brute, or reptile ; nor by rage or guile 220
 Had giv'n to injur'd man his only plea
 (And that the tyrant's plea *) to work your harm.
 Instinct, alas, like wayward Reason, now
 Veers from its pole. There was a golden time
 When each created being kept its sphere 225

* Ver. 222, Note XIV.

Appointed, nor infrin'g'd its neighbour's right.
 The flocks, to whom the grassy lawn was giv'n,
 Fed on its blades contented ; now they crush
 Each scion's tender shoots, and, at its birth,
 Destroy, what, sav'd from their remorseless tooth, 230
 Had been the tree of Jove. Ev'n while I sing,
 Yon wanton lamb has cropt the woodbine's pride,
 That bent beneath a full-blown load of sweets,
 And fill'd the air with perfume ; see it falls ;
 The busy bees, with many a murmur sad, 235
 Hang o'er their honied lofs. Why is it thus ?
 Ah, why must Art defend the friendly shades
 She rear'd to shield you from the noontide beam ?
 Traitors, forbear to wound them ! say, ye fools !
 Does your rich herbage fail ? do acrid leaves 240
 Afford you daintier food ? I plead in vain ;
 For now the father of the fleecy troop
 Begins his devastation, and his ewes
 Croud to the spoil, with imitative zeal.

Since then, constrain'd, we must expel the flock 245
 From where our saplings rise, our flow'rets bloom,
 The song shall teach, in clear preceptive notes,
 How best to frame the Fence, and best to hide

All its foreseen defects ; defective still,
 Tho' hid with happiest art. Ingrateful sure 250
 When such the theme, becomes the Poet's task :
 Yet must he try, by modulation meet
 Of varied cadence, and selected phrase,
 Exact yet free, without inflation bold,
 To dignify that theme, must try to form 255
 Such magic sympathy of sense with sound
 As pictures all it sings ; while Grace awakes
 At each blest touch, and, on the lowliest things,
 Scatters her rainbow hues.—The first and best
 Is that, which, sinking from our eye, divides, 260
 Yet seems not to divide the shaven lawn,
 And parts it from the pasture ; for if there
 Sheep feed, or dappled deer, their wandering teeth
 Will, smoothly as the scythe, the herbage shave,
 And leave a kindred verdure. This to keep 265
 Heed that thy labourer scoop the trench with care ;
 For some there are who give their spade repose,
 When broad enough the perpendicular sides
 Divide, and deep descend : To form perchance
 Some needful drain, such labour may suffice, 270
 Yet not for beauty : here thy range of wall
 Must lift its height erect, and, o'er its head

A verdant veil of swelling turf expand,
 While smoothly from its base with gradual ease
 The pasture meets its level, at that point 275
 Which best deludes our eye, and best conceals
 Thy lawn's brief limit. Down so smooth a slope
 The fleecy foragers will gladly browse ;
 The velvet herbage free from weeds obscene
 Shall spread its equal carpet, and the trench 280
 Be pasture to its base. Thus form thy fence
 Of stone, for stone alone, and pil'd on high,
 Best curbs the nimble deer, that love to range
 Unlimited ; but where tame heifers feed,
 Or innocent sheep, an humbler mound will serve 285
 Unlin'd with stone, and but a green-sward trench.
 Here midway down, upon the nearer bank
 Plant thy thick row of thorns, and, to defend
 Their infant shoots, beneath, on oaken stakes,
 Extend a rail of elm, securely arm'd 290
 With spiculated pailing, in such fort
 As, round some citadel, the engineer
 Directs his sharp stoccade. But when the shoots
 Condense, and interweave their prickly boughs
 Impenetrable, then withdraw their guard, 295
 They've done their office ; scorn thou to retain,

What frowns like military art, in scenes,
 Where Peace should smile perpetual. These destroy'd,
 Make it thy vernal care, when April calls
 New shoots to birth, to trim the hedge aslant, 300
 And mould it to the roundness of the mound,
 Itself a shelving hill ; nor need we here
 The rule or line precise, a casual glance
 Suffices to direct the careless sheers.

Yet learn, that each variety of ground 305
 Claims its peculiar barrier. When the fofs
 Can steal transverse before the central eye,
 'Tis duly drawn ; but, up yon neighb'ring hill
 That fronts the lawn direct, if labour delve
 The yawning chasm, 'twill meet, not cross our view ;
 No foliage can conceal, no curve correct 311
 The deep deformity. And yet thou mean'st
 Up yonder hill to wind thy fragrant way,
 And wisely dost thou mean ; for its broad eye
 Catches the sudden charms of laughing vales, 315
 Rude rocks and headlong streams, and antique oaks
 Lost in a wild horizon ; yet the path
 That leads to all these charms expects defence :
 Here then suspend the sportsman's hempen toils,

And

And stretch their meshes on the light support 320
 Of hazel plants, or draw thy lines of wire
 In fivefold parallel ; no danger then
 That sheep invade thy foliage. To thy herds,
 And pastur'd steeds an opener fence oppose,
 Form'd by a triple row of cordage strong, 325
 Tight drawn the stakes between. The simple deer
 Is curb'd by mimic snares ; the slenderest twine *
 (If Sages err not) that the Beldame spins
 When by her wintry lamp she plies her wheel,
 Arrests his courage ; his impetuous hoof, 330
 Broad chest, and branching antlers nought avail ;
 In fearful gaze he stands ; the nerves that bore
 His bounding pride o'er lofty mounds of stone,
 A single thread defies. Such force has Fear,
 When visionary Fancy wakes the fiend, 335
 In brute, or man, most powerful when most vain.

Still must the Swain, who spreads these corded guards,
 Expect their swift decay. The noontide beams
 Relax, the nightly dews contract the twist.
 Oft too the coward hare, then only bold 340
 When mischief prompts, or wintry famine pines,

F 2

Will

* Ver. 327, Note XV.

Will quit her rush-grown form, and steal, with ear
 Up-prick'd, to gnaw the toils ; and oft the ram
 And jutting steer drive their entangling horns
 Thro' the frail meshes, and, by many a chasm, 345
 Proclaim their hate of thraldom. Nothing brooks
 Confinement, save degenerate Man alone,
 Who deems a monarch's smile can gild his chains.
 Tir'd then, perchance, of nets that daily claim
 Thy renovating labour, thou wilt form, 350
 With elm and oak, a rustic balustrade
 Of firmest juncture ; happy could thy toil
 Make it as fair as firm ; yet vain the wish,
 Aim but to hide, not grace its formal line.

Let those, who weekly, from the city's smoke, 355
 Croud to each neighb'ring hamlet, there to hold
 Their dusty Sabbath, tip with gold and red
 The milk-white palisades, that Gothic now,
 And now Chinese, now neither, and yet both,
 Checquer their trim domain. Thy sylvan scene 360
 Would fade, indignant at the tawdry glare.

'Tis thine alone to seek what shadowy hues
 Tinging thy fence may lose it in the lawn ;

And

And these to give thee Painting must descend
 Ev'n to her meanest office ; grind, compound, 365
 Compare, and by the distanced eye decide,

For this she first, with snowy ceruse, joins
 The ochrous atoms that chalybeate rills
 Wash from their mineral channels, as they glide,
 In flakes of earthy gold ; with these unites 370
 A tinge of blue, or that deep azure gray,
 Form'd from the calcin'd fibres of the vine ;
 And, if she blends, with sparing hand she blends
 That base metallic drug then only priz'd,
 When, aided by the humid touch of Time, 375
 It gives a Nero's or some tyrant's cheek,
 Its precious canker. These with fluent oil
 Attemper'd, on thy length'ning rail shall spread
 That sober olive-green which Nature wears
 Ev'n on her vernal bosom ; nor misdeem, 380
 For that, illumin'd with the noontide ray,
 She boasts a brighter garment, therefore Art
 A livelier verdure to thy aid should bring.
 Know when that Art, with ev'ry varied hue,
 Portrays the living landscape ; when her hand 385
 Commands the canvass plane to glide with streams,

To wave with foliage, or with flowers to breathe,
 Cool olive tints, in soft gradation laid,
 Create the general herbage : there alone,
 Where darts, with vivid force, the ray supreme, 390
 Unfollied verdure reigns ; and tells our eye
 It stole its bright reflection from the sun.

The paint is spread ; the barrier pales retire,
 Snatch'd, as by magic, from the gazer's view.
 So, when the sable ensign of the night, 395
 Unfurl'd by mist-impelling Eurus, veils
 The last red radiance of declining day,
 Each scatter'd village, and each holy spire
 That deck'd the distance of the sylvan scene,
 Are sunk in sudden gloom : The plodding hind, 400
 That homeward hies, kens not the chearing site
 Of his calm cabin, which, a moment past,
 Stream'd from its roof an azure curl of smoke,
 Beneath the sheltering coppice, and gave sign
 Of warm domestic welcome from his toil. 405

Nor is that Cot, of which fond Fancy draws
 This casual picture, alien from our theme.
 Revisit it at morn ; its opening latch,

The

Tho' Penury and Toil within reside,
 Shall pour thee forth a youthful progeny 410
 Glowing with health and beauty : (such the dower
 Of equal heav'n) see, how the ruddy tribe
 Throng round the threshold, and, with vacant gaze,
 Salute thee ; call the loiterers into use,
 And form of these thy fence, the living fence 415
 That graces what it guards. Thou think'st, perchance,
 That, skill'd in Nature's heraldry, thy art
 Has, in the limits of yon fragrant tuft,
 Marshall'd each rose, that to the eye of June
 Spreads its peculiar crimson ; do not err, 420
 The loveliest still is wanting ; the fresh rose
 Of Innocence, it blossoms on their cheek,
 And, lo, to thee they bear it ! striving all,
 In panting race, who first shall reach the lawn,
 Proud to be call'd thy shepherds. Want, alas ! 425
 Has o'er their little limbs her livery hung,
 In many a tatter'd fold, yet still those limbs
 Are shapely ; their rude locks start from their brow,
 Yet, on that open brow, its dearest throne,
 Sits sweet Simplicity. Ah, clothe the troop 430
 In such a ruffet garb as best befits
 Their pastoral office ; let the leathern scrip.

Swing at their side, tip thou their crook with steel,
 And braid their hat with rushes, then to each
 Assign his station ; at the close of eve, 435
 Be it their care to pen in hurdled cote
 The flock, and when the matin prime returns,
 Their care to set them free ; yet watching still
 The liberty they lend, oft shalt thou hear
 Their whistle shrill, and oft their faithful dog 440
 Shall with obedient barkings fright the flock
 From wrong or robbery. The livelong day
 Meantime rolls lightly o'er their happy heads ;
 They bask on sunny hillocks, or desport
 In rustic pastime, while that loveliest grace, 445
 Which only lives in action unrestrain'd,
 To ev'ry simple gesture lends a charm.

Pride of the year, purpureal Spring ! attend,
 And, in the cheek of these sweet innocents
 Behold your beauties pictur'd. As the cloud 450
 That weeps its moment from thy sapphire heav'n,
 They frown with causeless sorrow ; as the beam,
 Gilding that cloud, with causeless mirth they smile.
 Stay, pitying Time ! prolong their vernal blifs,
 Alas ! ere we can note it in our song, 455
 Comes

Comes manhood's feverish summer, chill'd full soon
 By cold autumnal care, till wintry age
 Sinks in the froze severity of death.

Ah ! who, when such life's momentary dream,
 Would mix in hireling senates, strenuous there 460
 To crush the venal Hydra, whose fell crests
 Rise with recruited venom from the wound !
 Who, for so vain a conflict, would forego
 Thy syivan haunts, celestial Solitude !
 Where self-improvement, crown'd with self-content,
 Await to bless thy votary ? Nurtur'd thus 465
 In tranquil groves, list'ning to Nature's voice,
 That preach'd from whispering trees, and babbling brooks,
 A lesson seldom learnt in Reason's school,
 The wise Sidonian liv'd * : and, tho' the pest 470
 Of lawless tyranny around him rag'd ;
 Tho' Strato, great alone in Persia's gold,
 Uncall'd, unhallow'd by the people's choice,
 Usurp'd the throne of his brave ancestors,
 Yet was his soul all peace ; a garden's care 475
 His only thought, its charms his only pride.

G

But

* Ver. 470, Note XVI.

But now the conquering arms of Macedon
 Had humbled Persia. Now Phœnicia's realm
 Receives the Son of Ammon ; at whose frown
 Her tributary kings or quit their thrones, 480
 Or at his smile retain ; and Sidon, now
 Freed from her tyrant, points the Victor's step
 To where her rightful Sov'reign, doubly dear
 By birth and virtue, prun'd his garden grove.

'Twas at that early hour, when now the sun 485
 Behind majestic Lebanon's dark veil
 Hid his ascending splendor ; yet thro' each
 Her cedar-vested sides, his flaunting beams
 Shot to the strand, and purpled all the main,
 Where Commerce saw her Sidon's freighted wealth, 490
 With languid streamers, and with folded sails,
 Float in a lake of gold. The wind was hush'd ;
 And, to the beach, each slowly-lifted wave,
 Creeping with silver curl, just kiss the shore,
 And slept in silence. At this tranquil hour 495
 Did Sidon's senate, and the Grecian host,
 Led by the conqueror of the world, approach
 The secret glade that veil'd the man of toil.

Now

Now near the mountain's foot the chief arriv'd,
 Where, round that glade, a pointed aloe screen, 500
 Entwin'd with myrtle, met in tangled brakes,
 That bar'd all entrance, save at one low gate,
 Whose time-disjointed arch with ivy chain'd,
 Bad sloop the warrior train. A pathway brown
 Led thro' the pass, meeting a fretful brook, 505
 And wandering near its channel, while it leapt
 O'er many a rocky fragment, where rude Art
 Had eas'd perchance, but not prescrib'd its way.

Close was the vale and shady; yet ere long
 Its forest sides retiring, left a lawn 510
 Of ample circuit, where the widening stream
 Now o'er its pebbled channel nimbly tript
 In many a lucid maze. From the flower'd verge
 Of this clear rill now stray'd the devious path,
 Amid ambrosial tufts where spicy plants, 515
 Weeping their perfum'd tears of myrrh, and nard,
 Stood crown'd with Sharon's rose; or where, apart,
 The patriarch Palm his load of sugar'd dates
 Shower'd plenteous; where the Fig, of standard strength,
 And rich Pomegranate, wrapt in dulcet pulp 520
 Their racy seeds; or where the citron's bough

Bent with its load of golden fruit mature.
 Meanwhile the lawn beneath the scatter'd shade
 Spread its serene extent ; a stately file
 Of circling Cypress mark'd the distant bound. 525

Now, to the left, the path ascending pierc'd
 A smaller sylvan theatre, yet deck'd
 With more majestic foliage. Cedars here,
 Coeval with the sky-crown'd mountain's self,
 Spread wide their giant arms ; whence, from a rock 530
 Craggy and black, that seem'd its fountain head,
 'The stream fell headlong ; yet still higher rose ;
 Ev'n in th' eternal snows of Lebanon,
 That hallow'd spring ; thence, in the porous earth
 Long while ingulph'd, its crystal weight here forc'd 535
 Its way to light and freedom. Down it dash'd ;
 A bed of native marble pure receiv'd
 The new-born Naiad, and repos'd her wave,
 Till with o'er-flowing pride it skim'd the lawn,

Fronting this lake there rose a solemn grot, 540
 O'er which an ancient vine luxuriant flung
 Its purple clusters, and beneath its roof
 An unhewn altar. Rich Sabæan gums

That

That altar pil'd, and there with torch of pine
 The venerable Sage, now first descry'd, 545
 The fragrant incense kindled. Age had shed
 That dust of silver o'er his sable locks,
 Which spoke his strength mature beyond its prime,
 Yet vigorous still, for from his healthy cheek
 Time had not cropt a rose, or on his brow 550
 One wrinkling furrow plow'd; his eagle eye
 Had all its youthful lightning, and each limb
 The sinewy strength that toil demands, and gives.

The warrior saw and paus'd: his nod withheld
 The crowd at awful distance, where their ears, 555
 In mute attention, drank the Sage's prayer.
 " Parent of good (he cried) behold the gifts
 " Thy humble votary brings, and may thy smile
 " Hallow his custom'd offering. Let the hand
 " That deals in blood, with blood thy shrines distain;
 " Be mine this harmless tribute. If it speaks 561
 " A grateful heart, can hecatombs do more?
 " Parent of Good! they cannot. Purple Pomp
 " May call thy presence to a prouder fane
 " Than this poor cave; but will thy presence there 565
 " Be more devoutly felt? Parent of Good!

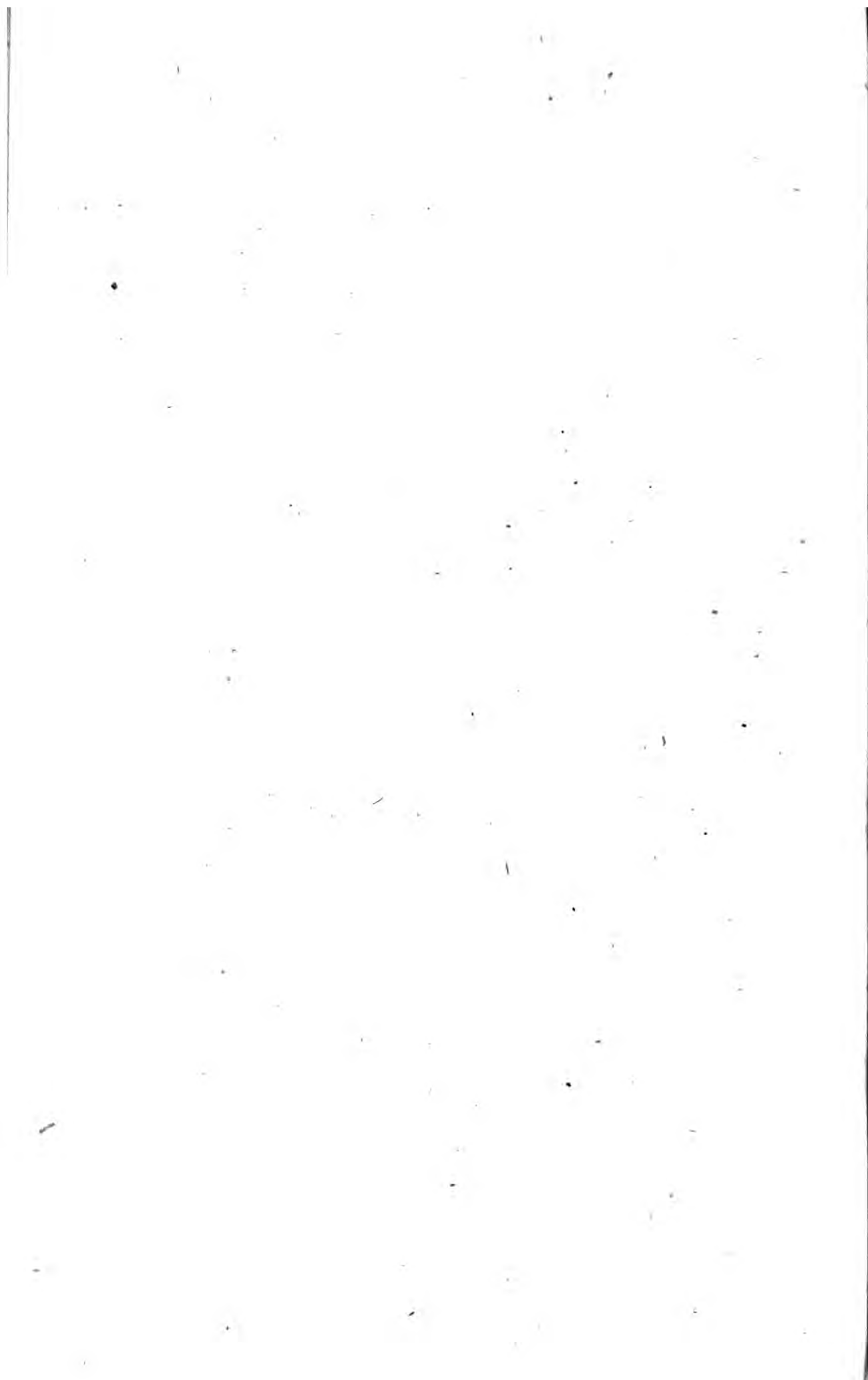
" It.

" It will not. Here then, shall the prostrate heart,
 " That deeply feels thy presence, lift its pray'r.
 " But what has he to ask who nothing needs,
 " Save, what unask'd, is, from thy heav'n of heav'ns
 " Giv'n in diurnal good? Yet, holy Power! 575
 " Do all that call thee Father thus exult
 " In thy propitious presence? Sidon sinks
 " Beneath a tyrant's scourge. Parent of Good!
 " Oh free my captive country."—Sudden here 575
 He paus'd and sigh'd. And now, the raptur'd crowd
 Murmur'd applause: he heard, he turn'd, and saw
 The King of Macedon with eager step
 Burst from his warrior phalanx. From the youth,
 Who bore its fate, the conqueror's own right hand 580
 Snatch'd the rich wreath, and bound it on his brow.
 His swift attendants o'er his shoulders cast
 The robe of empire, while the trumpet's voice
 Proclaim'd him King of Sidon. Stern he stood,
 Or, if he smil'd, 'twas a contemptuous smile, 585
 That held the pageant honours in disdain.
 Then burst the people's voice, in loud acclaim,
 And bad him be their Father. At the word,
 The honour'd blood, that warm'd him, flush'd his cheek;
 His brow expanded; his exalted step 590
 March'd

March'd firmer ; graciously he bow'd the head,
And was the Sire they call'd him. " Tell me, King,"
Young Ammon cried, while o'er his bright'ning form
He cast the gaze of wonder, " how a soul
" Like thine could bear the toils of Penury ?" 595
" Oh grant me, Gods !" he answer'd, " so to bear
" This load of Royalty. My toil was crown'd
" With blessings lost to Kings ; yet, righteous Powers !
" If to my country ye transfer the boon,
" I triumph in the loss. Be mine the chains 600
" That fetter Sov'reignty ; let Sidon smile
" With, your best blessings, Liberty and Peace."

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE

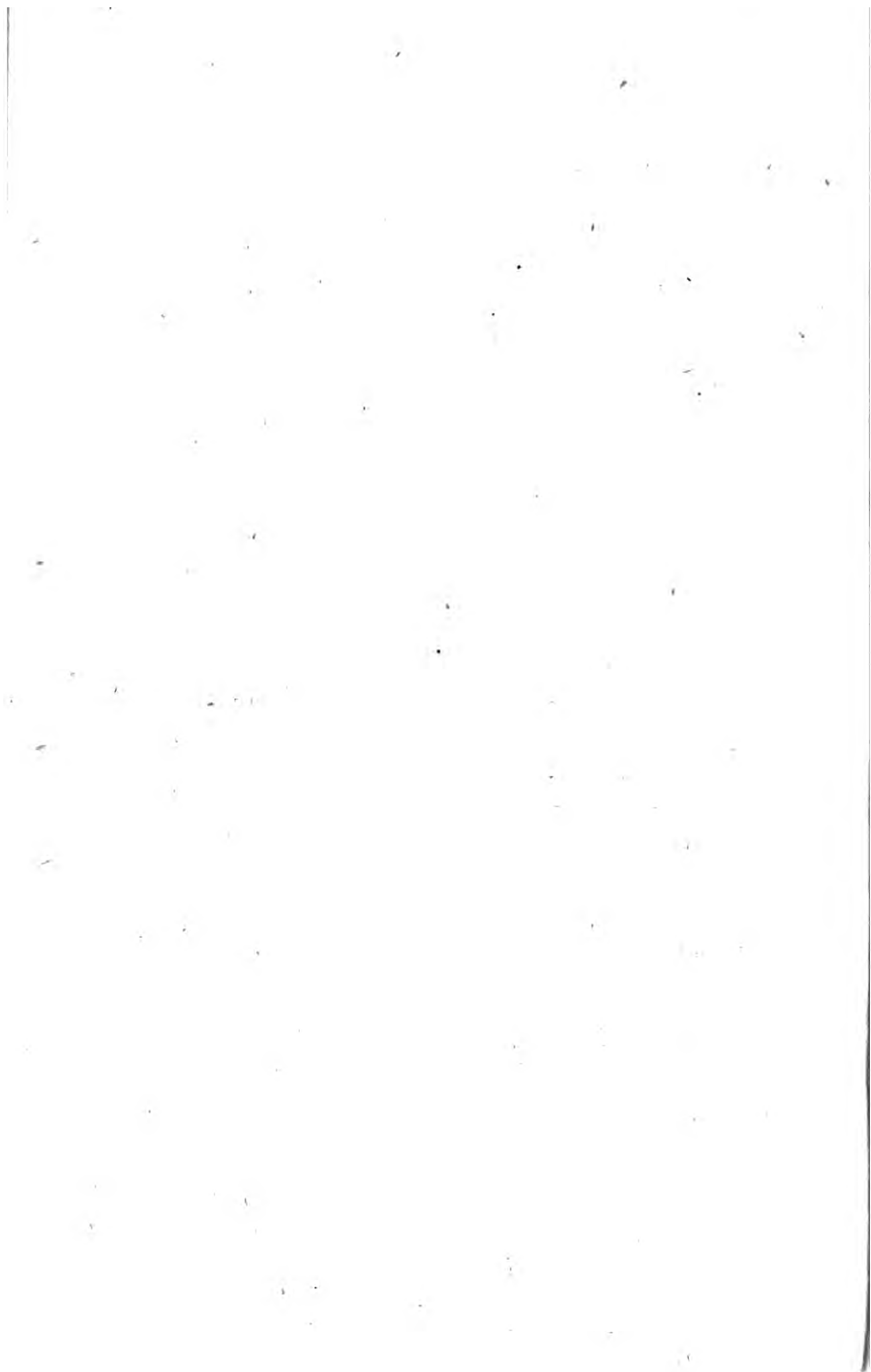


T H E
E N G L I S H G A R D E N .

B O O K T H E T H I R D .

H

T H E



T H E
E N G L I S H G A R D E N.
B O O K T H E T H I R D.

CLOS'D is that curious ear, by Death's cold hand,
 That mark'd each error of my careless strain
 With kind severity ; to whom my Muse
 Still lov'd to whisper, what she meant to sing
 In louder accent ; to whose taste supreme 5
 She first and last appeal'd, nor wish'd for praise,
 Save when his smile was herald to her fame.
 Yes, thou art gone ; yet Friendship's fault'ring tongue
 Invokes thee still ; and still, by Fancy sooth'd,
 Fain would she hope her GRAY attends the call. 10
 Why then, alas ! in this my fav'rite haunt,
 Place I the Urn, the Bust, the sculptur'd Lyre, *
 Or fix this votive tablet, fair inscrib'd
 With numbers worthy thee, for they are thine ?
 Why, if thou hear'st me still, these symbols sad 15
 Of fond memorial ? Ah ! my pensive soul !
 He hears me not, nor ever more shall hear
 The theme his candour, not his taste approv'd.

H 2

Oft,

* Ver. 12, Note XVII.

Oft, ' smiling as in scorn,' oft would he cry,
 " Why waste thy numbers on a trivial art, 20
 " That ill can mimic even the humblest charms
 " Of all-majestic Nature?" at the word
 His eye would glisten, and his accents glow
 With all the Poet's frenzy, " Sov'reign Queen!
 " Behold, and tremble, while thou view'st her state 25
 " Thron'd on the heights of Skiddaw: call thy art
 " To build her such a throne; that art will feel
 " How vain her best pretensions. Trace her march
 " Amid the purple craggs of Borrowdale;
 " And try like those to pile thy range of rock 30
 " In rude tumultuous chaos. See! she mounts
 " Her Naiad car, and, down Lodore's dread cliff
 " Falls many a fathom, like the headlong Bard
 " My fabling fancy plung'd in Conway's flood;
 " Yet not like him to sink in endless night: 35
 " For, on its boiling bosom, still she guides
 " Her buoyant shell, and leads the wave along;
 " Or spreads it broad, a river, or a lake,
 " As suits her pleasure; will thy boldest song
 " E'er brace the sinews of enervate art 40
 " To such dread daring? will it ev'n direct
 " Her hand to emulate those softer charms

" That

“ That deck the banks of Dove, or call to birth
“ The bare romantic craggs, and copses green,
“ That sidelong grace her circuit, whence the rills, 45
“ Bright in their crystal purity, descend
“ To meet their sparkling Queen? around each fount
“ The haw-thorns croud, and knit their blossom'd sprays
“ To keep their sources sacred. Here, even here,
“ Thy art, each active sinew stretch'd in vain, 50
“ Would perish in its pride. Far rather thou
“ Confess her scanty power, correct, controul,
“ Tell her how far, nor farther, she may go;
“ And rein with Reason's curb fantastic Taste.”

Yes I will hear thee, dear lamented Shade, 55
And hold each dictate sacred. What remains
Unfung shall so each leading rule select
As if still guided by thy judgment sage;
While, as still modell'd to thy curious ear,
Flow my melodious numbers; so shall praise, 60
If ought of praise the verse I weave may claim,
From just Posterity reward my song.

Erewhile to trace the path, to form the fence,
To mark the destin'd limits of the lawn,

The

The Muse, with measur'd step, preceptive, pac'd. 65
 Now from the surface with impatient flight
 She mounts, Sylvanus ! o'er thy world of shade
 To spread her pinions. Open all thy glades,
 Greet her from all thy echoes. Orpheus-like,
 Arm'd with the spells of harmony she comes, 70
 To lead thy forests forth to lovelier haunts,
 Where Fancy waits to fix them ; from the dell
 Where now they lurk she calls them to possess
 Conspicuous stations ; to their varied forms
 Allots congenial place ; selects, divides, 75
 And blends anew in one Elyzian scene.

Yet, while I thus exult, my weak tongue feels
 Its ineffectual powers, and seeks in vain
 That force of antient phrase which, speaking, paints,
 And is the thing it sings. Ah Virgil ! why, 80
 By thee neglected, was this loveliest theme
 Left to the grating voice of modern reed ?
 Why not array it in the splendid robe
 Of thy rich diction, and consign the charge
 To Fame thy hand-maid, whose immortal plume 85
 Had born its praise beyond the bounds of Time ?

Countless is Vegetation's verdant brood
 As are the stars that stud yon cope of heaven ;
 To marshal all her tribes, in order'd file
 Generic, or specific, might demand 99
 His science, wond'rous Swede ! whose ample mind
 Like antient Tadmor's philosophic king,
 Stretch'd from the Hyssop creeping on the wall
 To Lebanon's proudest cedars. Skill like this,
 Which spans a third of Nature's copious realm, 95
 Our art requires not, sedulous alone
 To note those general properties of form,
 Dimension, growth, duration, strength, and hue,
 Then first impress, when, at the dawn of time,
 The form-deciding, life-inspiring word 100
 Pronounc'd them into being. These prime marks
 Distinctive, docile Memory makes her own,
 That each its shadowy succour may supply
 To her wish'd purpose ; first, with needful shade,
 To veil whate'er of wall, or fence uncouth 105
 Disgusts the eye, which tyrant Use has rear'd,
 And stern Necessity forbids to change.

Lur'd by their hasty shoots, and branching stems,
 Planters there are who chuse the race of Pine

For this great end, erroneous ; witless they 110
 That, as their arrowy heads assault the sky,
 They leave their shafts unfeather'd : rather thou
 Select the shrubs that, patient of the knife,
 Will thank thee for the wound, the hardy Thorn,
 Holly, or Box, Privet, or Pyracanth. 115
 They, thickening from their base, with tenfold shade
 Will soon replenish all thy judgment prun'd.

But chief, with willing aid, her glittering green
 Shall England's Laurel bring ; swift shall she spread
 Her broad-leav'd shade, and float it fair, and wide, 120
 Proud to be call'd an inmate of the soil.
 Let England prize this daughter of the East *
 Beyond that Latian plant, of kindred name,
 That wreath'd the head of Julius ; basely twin'd
 Its flattering foliage on the traitor's brow 125
 Who crush'd his country's freedom. ' Sacred tree,
 Ne'er be thy brighter verdure thus debas'd !
 Far happier thou, in this sequester'd bower,
 To shroud thy Poet, who, with fost'ring hand,
 Here bade thee flourish, and with grateful strain 130
 Now chaunts the praise of thy maturer bloom.
 And happier far that Poet, if, secure

* Ver. 123, Note XVIII.

His Hearth and Altars from the pilfering slaves
 Of Power, his little eve of lonely life
 May here steal on, blest with the heartfelt calm 135
 That competence and liberty inspire.

Nor are the plants which England calls her own
 Few, or unlovely, that, with laurel join'd,
 And kindred foliage of perennial green,
 Will form a close-knit curtain. Shrubs there are 140
 Of bolder growth, that, at the call of Spring,
 Burst forth in blossom'd fragrance : Lilacs rob'd
 In snow-white innocence, or purple pride ;
 The sweet Syringa yielding but in scent
 To the rich Orange ; or the Woodbine wild 145
 That loves to hang, on barren boughs remote,
 Her wreaths of flowery perfume. These beside
 Myriads, that here the Muse neglects to name,
 Will add a vernal lustre to thy veil.

And what if chance collects the varied tribes, 150
 Yet fear not thou but unexpected charms
 Will from their union start. But if our song
 Supply one precept here, it bids retire
 Each leaf of deeper dye, and lift in front

Foliage of paler verdure, so to spread 153
 A canvass, which when touch'd by Autumn's hand
 Shall gleam with dusky gold, or ruffet rays.
 But why prepare for her funereal hand
 That canvass ? she but comes to dress thy shades,
 As lovelier victims for their wintry tomb. 160
 Rather to flowery Spring, to Summer bright,
 Thy labour consecrate ; their laughing reign,
 The youth, the manhood of the growing year,
 Deserves that labour, and rewards its pain.
 Yet, heedful ever of that ruthless time 165
 When Winter shakes their stems, preserve a file
 With everduring leaf to brave his arm,
 And deepening spread their undiminish'd gloom.

But, if the tall defect demands a screen
 Of forest shade high-tow'ring, some broad roof 170
 Perchance of glaring tile that guards the stores
 Of Ceres ; or the patch'd disjointed choir
 Of some old Fane, whose steeple's Gothic pride
 Or pinnacled, or spir'd, would bolder rise
 ' In tufted trees high bosom'd,' here allot 175
 Convenient space to plant that lofty tribe
 Behind thy underwood, lest, o'er it's head

The

The forest tyrants shake their lordly arms,
 And shed their baleful dews. Each plant that springs
 Holds, like the people of some free-born state, 180
 Its rights fair franchis'd; rooted to a spot
 It yet has claim to air; from liberal heav'n
 It yet has claim to sunshine, and to showers:
 Air, showers, and sunshine are its liberty.

That liberty secur'd, a general shade, 185
 Dense and impervious, to thy wish shall rise
 To hide each form uncouth; and, this obtain'd,
 What next we from the Dryad powers implore
 Is Grace, is Ornament: For see! our lawn,
 Though cloath'd with softest verdure, though reliev'd
 By many a gentle fall and easy swell, 191
 Expects that harmony of light, and shade,
 Which foliage only gives. Come then, ye plants!
 That, like the village troop when Maia dawns,
 Delight to mingle social; to the crest 195
 Of yonder brow we safely may conduct
 Your numerous train; no eye obstructed there
 Will blame your interpos'd society:
 But, on the plain below, in single stems
 Disparted, or in sparing groups distinct, 200

Wide must ye stand, in wild, disorder'd mood,
 As if the seeds from which your scyons sprang
 Had there been scatter'd from the affrighted beak
 Of some maternal bird whom the fierce Hawk
 Pursued with felon claw. Her young meanwhile 205
 Callow, and cold, from their moss-woven nest
 Peep forth; they stretch their little eager throats
 Broad to the wind, and plead to the lone spray
 Their famish'd plaint importunately shrill,

Yet in this wild disorder Art presides, 210
 Designs, corrects, and regulates the whole,
 Herself the while unseen. No Cedar broad
 Drops his dark curtain where a distant scene
 Demands distinction. Here the thin abele
 Of lofty bole, and bare, the smooth-stem'd beech, 215
 Or slender alder, give our eye free space
 Beneath their boughs to catch each lessening charm
 Ev'n to the far horizon's azure bound.

Nor will that sov'reign Arbitress admit,
 Where'er her nod decrees a mass of shade, 220
 Plants of unequal size, discordant kind,
 Or rul'd by Foliation's different laws;

But

But for that needful purpose those prefers
Whose hues are friendly, whose coëval leaves
The earliest open, and the latest fade. 225

Nor will she, scorning truth and taste, devote
To strange, and alien soils, her seedling stems ;
Fix the dank fallow on the mountain's brow,
Or, to the moss-grown margin of the lake,
Bid the dry pine descend. From Nature's laws 230
She draws her own : Nature and she are one.

Nor will she, led by fashion's lure, select,
For objects interpos'd, the pigmy race
Of shrubs, or scatter with unmeaning hand
Their offspring o'er the lawn, scorning to patch 235
With many a meagre and disjointed tuft
Its sober surface : sidelong to her path
And polish'd foreground she confines their growth
Where o'er their heads the liberal eye may range.

Nor will her prudence, when intent to form 240
One perfect whole, on feeble aid depend,
And give exotic wonders to our gaze.
She knows and therefore fears the faithless train :

Sagely

Sagely she calls on those of hardy class
 Indigenous, who, patient of the change 245
 From heat to cold which Albion hourly feels,
 Are brac'd with strength to brave it. These alone
 She plants, and prunes, nor grieves if nicer eyes
 Pronounce them vulgar. These she calls her friends,
 That veteran troop who will not for a blast 250
 Of nipping air, like cowards, quit the field.

Far to the north of thy imperial towers,
 Augusta! in that wild and Alpine vale,
 Thro' which the Swale, by mountain-torrents swell'd,
 Flings his redundant stream, there liv'd a youth 255
 Of polish'd manners; ample his domain,
 And fair the site of his paternal dome.
 He lov'd the art I sing; a deep adept
 In Nature's story, well he knew the names
 Of all her verdant lineage; yet that skill 260
 Missed his taste; scornful of every bloom
 That spreads spontaneous, from remotest Ind,
 He brought his foliage; careless of its cost,
 Ev'n of its beauty careless; it was rare,
 And therefore beauteous. Now his laurel screen, 265
 With rose and woodbine negligently wove,

Bows

Bows to the axe ; the rich Magnolias claim
 The station ; now Herculean Beeches fell'd
 Relinquish their rights, and warm Virginia sends
 Her Cedars to usurp them ; the proud Oak 270
 Himself, ev'n He the sov'reign of the shade,
 Yields to the Fir that drips with Gilead's balm.
 Now Albion gaze at glories not thy own !
 Pause, rapid Swale ! and see thy margin crown'd
 With all the pride of Ganges : vernal showers 275
 Have fix'd their roots ; nutritious summer suns
 Favor'd their growth ; and mildest autumn smil'd
 Benignant o'er them : vigorous, fair, and tall,
 They waft a gale of spices o'er the plain.
 But Winter comes, and with him watry Jove, 280
 And with him Boreas in his frozen shroud ;
 The savage spirit of old Swale is rous'd ;
 He howls amidst his foam. At the dread fight
 The Aliens stand aghast ; they bow their heads.
 In vain the glassy penthouse is supply'd : 285
 The pelting storm with icy bullets breaks
 Its fragile barrier ; see ! they fade, they die.

Warn'd by his error, let the Planter flight
 These shiv'ring rarities ; or if, to please

Fastidious

Fastidious Fashion, he must needs allot 290
 Some space for foreign foliage, let him chuse
 A sidelong glade, shelter'd from east and north,
 And free to southern and to western gales ;
 There let him fix their station, thither wind
 Some devious path, that, from the chief design 295
 Detach'd, may lead to where they safely bloom.
 So in the web of epic song sublime
 The Bard Mæonian interweaves the charm
 Of softer episode, yet leaves unbroke
 The golden thread of his majestic theme. 300

What else to shun of formal, false, or vain,
 Of long-lin'd Vistas, or plantations quaint
 Our former strains have taught. Instruction now
 Withdraws ; she knows her limits ; knows that Grace
 Is caught by strong perception, not from rules ; 305
 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 chuse, with clothing dense, or thin,
 A part to hide, another to adorn, 310
 Is Taste's important task ; preceptive song
 From error in the choice can only warn.

But

But vain that warning voice ; vain ev'ry aid
 Of Genius, Judgment, Fancy, to secure
 The Planter's lasting fame : There is a power, 315
 A hidden power, at once his friend, and foe :
 'Tis Vegetation. Gradual to his groves
 She gives their wish'd effect ; and, that display'd,
 Oh, that her power would pause ! but active still,
 She swells each stem, prolongs each vagrant bough,
 And darts with unremitting vigour bold 321
 From Grace to wild luxuriance. Happier far
 Are you, ye sons of CLAUDE ! who, from the mine,
 The earth, or juice of herb or flower concrete,
 Mingle the mass whence your Arcadias spring : 325
 The beauteous outline of your pictur'd shades
 Still keeps the bound you gave it ; Time that pales
 Your vivid hues, respects your pleasing forms.
 Not so our Landscapes : though we paint like you,
 We paint with growing colours ; ev'ry year, 330
 O'erpassing that which gives the breadth of shade
 We sought, by rude addition mars our scene.

Rouse then, ye Hinds ! e'er yet yon closing boughs
 Blot out the purple distance, swift prevent
 The spreading evil : thin the crouded glades, 335

While yet of slender size each stem will thrive
 Transplanted : Twice repeat the annual toil ;
 Nor let the axe its beak, the saw its tooth
 Refrain, whene'er some random branch has stray'd
 Beyond the bounds of beauty ; else full soon, 340
 Ev'n e'er the Planter's life has past its prime,
 Will Albion's garden frown an Indian wild.

Forboding Fears avaunt ! be ours to urge
 Each present purpose by what favoring means
 May work its end design'd ; why deprecate 345
 The change that waits on sublunary things,
 Sad lot of their existence ? shall we pause
 To give the charm of Water to our scene,
 For that the congregated rains may swell
 Its tide into a flood ? or that yon Sun, 350
 Now on the Lion mounted, to his noon
 Impells him, shaking from his fiery mane
 A heat may parch its channel ? O, ye caves,
 Deepen your dripping roofs ! this feverish hour *
 Claims all your coolness ; in your humid cells 355
 Permit me to forget the Planter's toil ;
 And, while I woo your Naiads to my aid,
 Involve me in impenetrable gloom.

* Ver. 354, Note XIX.

Blest is the Man (if blifs be human boast)
 Whose fertile soil is wash'd with frequent streams, 360
 And springs salubrious. He disdain to tofs
 In rainbow dew's their crystal to the sun ;
 Or sink in subterranean cisterns deep ;
 That so, through leaden siphons upward drawn,
 Those streams may leap fantastick. He his ear 365
 Shuts to the tuneful trifling of the Bard, *
 Who trick'd a gothic theme with classic flowers,
 And sung of Fountains bursting from the shells
 Of brazen Tritons, spouting through the jaws
 ' Of Gorgons, Hydras, and Chimæras dire.' 370

Peace to his Manes ! let the Nymphs of Seine
 Cherish his fame. 'Thy Poet, Albion ! scorns,
 Ev'n for a cold unconscious element
 To forge the fetters he would scorn to wear.
 His song shall reprobate each effort vile, 375
 That aims to force the Genius of the stream
 Beyond his native height ; or dares to press
 Above that destin'd line th' unwilling wave.

Is there within the circle of thy view
 Some sedgy flat, where the late-ripen'd sheaves 380

Stand brown with unblest mildew? 'tis the bed
 On which an ample lake in crystal peace
 Might sleep majestic. Pause we yet; perchance
 Some midway channel, where the soil declines,
 Might there be delv'd, by levels duly led 385
 Inbold and broken curves: for water loves
 A wilder outline than the woodland path,
 And winds with shorter bend.* To drain the rest
 The shelving spade may toil, till wintry showers
 Find their free course down each declining bank. 390
 Quit then the thought: a River's winding form,
 With many a sinuous bay, and Island green,
 At less expence of labour and of land,
 Will give thee equal beauty: feldom art
 Can emulate that broad and bold extent 395
 Which charms in native Lakes; and, failing there,
 Her works betray their character, and name,
 And dwindle into pools. Not that our strain,
 Fastidious, shall disdain a small expanse
 Of stagnant fluid, in some scene confin'd, 400
 Circled with varied shade, where, thro' the leaves,
 The half-admitted sunbeam trembling plays
 On its clear bosom; where aquatic fowl
 Of varied tribe, and varied feather sail;

* Ver. 387, Note XXI.

And where the finny race their glittering scales 405
 Unwillingly reveal : There, there alone,
 Where bursts the general prospect on our eye,
 We scorn these wat'ry patches : Thames himself,
 Seen in disjointed spots, where Sallows hide
 His first bold presence, seems a string of pools, 410
 A chart and compass must explain his course.

He, who would seize the River's sov'reign charm,
 Must wind the moving mirror through his lawn
 Ev'n to remotest distance ; deep must delve
 The gravelly channel that prescribes its course ; 415
 Closely conceal each terminating bound
 By hill or shade oppos'd ; and to its bank
 Lifting the level of the copious stream,
 Must there retain it. But, if thy faint springs
 Refuse this large supply, steel thy firm soul 420
 With stoic pride ; imperfect charms despise :
 Beauty, like Virtue, knows no groveling mean.

Who but must pity that penurious taste,
 Which down the quick-descending vale prolongs,
 Slope below slope, a stiff and unlink'd chain 425
 Of

Of flat canals ; then leads the stranger's eye
 To some predestin'd station, there to catch
 Their seeming union, and the fraud approve ?
 Who but must change that pity into scorn,
 If down each verdant slope a narrow flight 430
 Of central steps decline, where the spare stream
 Steals trickling ; or, withheld by cunning skill,
 Hoards its scant treasures, till the master's nod
 Decree its fall : Then down the formal stairs
 It leaps with short-liv'd fury ; wasting there, 435
 Poor prodigal ! what many a Summer's rain
 And many a Winter's snow shall late restore.

Learn that, whene'er in some sublimer scene
 Imperial Nature of her headlong floods
 Permits our imitation, she herself 440
 Prepares their reservoir ; conceal'd perchance
 In neighb'ring hills, where first it well behoves
 Our toil to search, and studiously augment
 The wat'ry store with springs and sluices drawn
 From pools, that on the heath drink up the rain. 445
 Be these collected, like the Miser's gold,
 In one increasing fund, nor dare to pour,

DOWNS

Down thy impending mound, the bright cascade,
Till richly fure of its redundant fall.

That mound to raise alike demands thy toil, 450
Ere Art adorn its surface. Here adopt
That facile mode which His inventive powers *
First plann'd, who led to rich Mancunium's mart
His long-drawn line of navigated stream.
Stupendous task! in vain stood tow'ring hills 455
Oppos'd; in vain did ample Irwell pour
Her Tide transverse: he pierc'd the tow'ring hill,
He bridg'd the ample tide, and high in air,
And deep through earth, his freighted barge he bore.
This mode shall temper ev'n the lightest soil 460
Firm to thy purpose. Then let taste select
The unhewn fragments, that may give its front
A rocky rudeness; pointed some, that there
The frothy spouts may break; some flaunting smooth,
That there in silver sheet the wave may slide. 465
Here too infix some moss-grown trunks of oak
Romantic, turn'd by gelid lakes to stone,
Yet so dispos'd as if they owed their change

T.

* Ver. 452, Note XXII.

To what they now controul. Then open wide
 Thy flood-gates ; then let down thy torrent : then 470
 Rejoice ; as if the thund'ring Tees * himself
 Reign'd there amid his cataracts sublime.

And thou hast cause for triumph ! Kings themselves,
 With all a nation's wealth, an army's toil,
 If Nature frown averse, shall ne'er atchieve 475
 Such wonders : Nature's was the glorious gift ;
 Thy art her menial handmaid. Listening youths !
 To whose ingenuous hearts I still address
 The friendly strain, from such severe attempt
 Let Prudence warn you. Turn to this clear rill, 480
 Which, while I bid your bold ambition cease,
 Runs murmuring at my side : O'er many a rood
 Your skill may lead the wanderer ; many a mound
 Of pebbles raise, to fret her in her course
 Impatient : louder then will be her song : 485
 For she will 'plain, and gurgle, as she goes,
 As does the widow'd ring-dove. Take, vain Pomp !
 Thy lakes, thy long canals, thy trim cascades,
 Beyond them all true taste will dearly prize
 This little dimpling treasure. Mark the cleft, 490
 Through

* Ver. 471, Note XXIII.

Through which she bursts to day. Behind that rock
 A Naiad dwells : LINEIA is her name ; *
 And she has sisters in contiguous cells,
 Who never saw the sun. Fond Fancy's eye,
 That inly gives locality and form 495
 To what she prizes best, full oft pervades
 Those hidden caverns, where pale chrysolites,
 And glittering spars dart a mysterious gleam
 Of inborn lustre, from the garish day
 Unborrow'd. There, by the wild Goddess led, 500
 Oft have I seen them bending o'er their urns,
 Chaunting alternate airs of Dorian mood,
 While smooth they comb'd their moist cerulean locks
 With shells of living pearl. Yes, let me own,
 To these, or classic deities like these, 505
 From very childhood was I prone to pay
 Harmless idolatry. My infant eyes
 First open'd on that bleak and boist'rous shore,
 Where Humber weds the nymphs of Trent and Ouse
 To His, and Ocean's Tritons : thence full soon 510
 My youth retir'd, and left the busy strand
 To Commerce and to Care. In Margaret's grove, †
 Beneath whose time-worn shade old Camus sleeps,

L

Was

* Ver. 492, Note XXIV. — † Ver. 512, Note XXV.

Was next my tranquil station : Science there
 Sat musing ; and to those that lov'd the lore 515
 Pointed, with mystic wand, to truths involv'd
 In geometric symbols, scorning those,
 Perchance too much, who woo'd the thriftless muse.
 Here, though in warbling whisper oft I breath'd
 The lay, were wanting, what young Fancy deems 520
 The life-springs of her being, rocks, and caves,
 And huddling brooks, and torrent-falls divine.
 In quest of these, at Summer's vacant hour,
 Pleas'd would I stray, when in a northern vale,
 So chance ordain'd, a Naiad sad I found 525
 Robb'd of her silver vase ; I sooth'd the nymph
 With song of sympathy, and curst the fiend
 Who stole the gift of Thetis *. Hence the cause
 Why, favour'd by the blue-ey'd sisterhood,
 They sooth with songs my solitary ear. 530

Nor is LINEIA silent—" Long," she cries,
 " Too long has Man wag'd sacrilegious war
 " With the vext elements, and chief with that,
 " Which elder Thales, and the Bard of Thebes
 " Held first of things terrestrial ; nor misdeem'd : 535
 " For,

* Ver. 533, Note XXVI.

“ For, when the Spirit creative deign'd to move,
“ He mov'd upon the waters. O revere
“ Our power : for were its vital force withheld,
“ Where then were Vegetation's vernal bloom,
“ Where its autumnal Wealth ? but we are kind 540
“ As powerful ; O let reverence lead to love,
“ And both to emulation ! Not a rill,
“ That winds its sparkling current o'er the plain,
“ Reflecting to the Sun bright recompense
“ For ev'ry beam he lends, but reads thy soul 545
“ A generous lecture. Not a pansy pale,
“ That drinks its daily nurture from that rill,
“ But breathes in fragrant accents to thy soul,
“ So by thy pity chear'd, the languish'd head
“ Of Poverty might smile.' Who e'er beheld 550
“ Our humble train forsake their native vale
“ To climb the haughty hill ? Ambition, speak !
“ He blushes, and is mute. When did our streams,
“ By force unpent, in dull stagnation sleep ?
“ Let Sloth unfold his arms and tell the time. 555
“ Or, if the tyranny of Art infring'd
“ Our rights, when did our patient floods submit
“ Without recoil ? Servility retires,

“ And clinks his gilded chain. O, learn from us,
“ And tell it to thy Nation, British Bard! 560
“ Uncurb'd Ambition, unresisting Sloth,
“ And base Dependence are the fiends accurst
“ That pull down mighty empires. If they scorn
“ The awful truth, be thine to hold it dear.
“ So, through the vale of life, thy flowing hours 565
“ Shall glide serene; and, like LINEIA's rill,
“ Their free, yet not licentious course fulfill'd,
“ Sink in the Ocean of Eternity.”

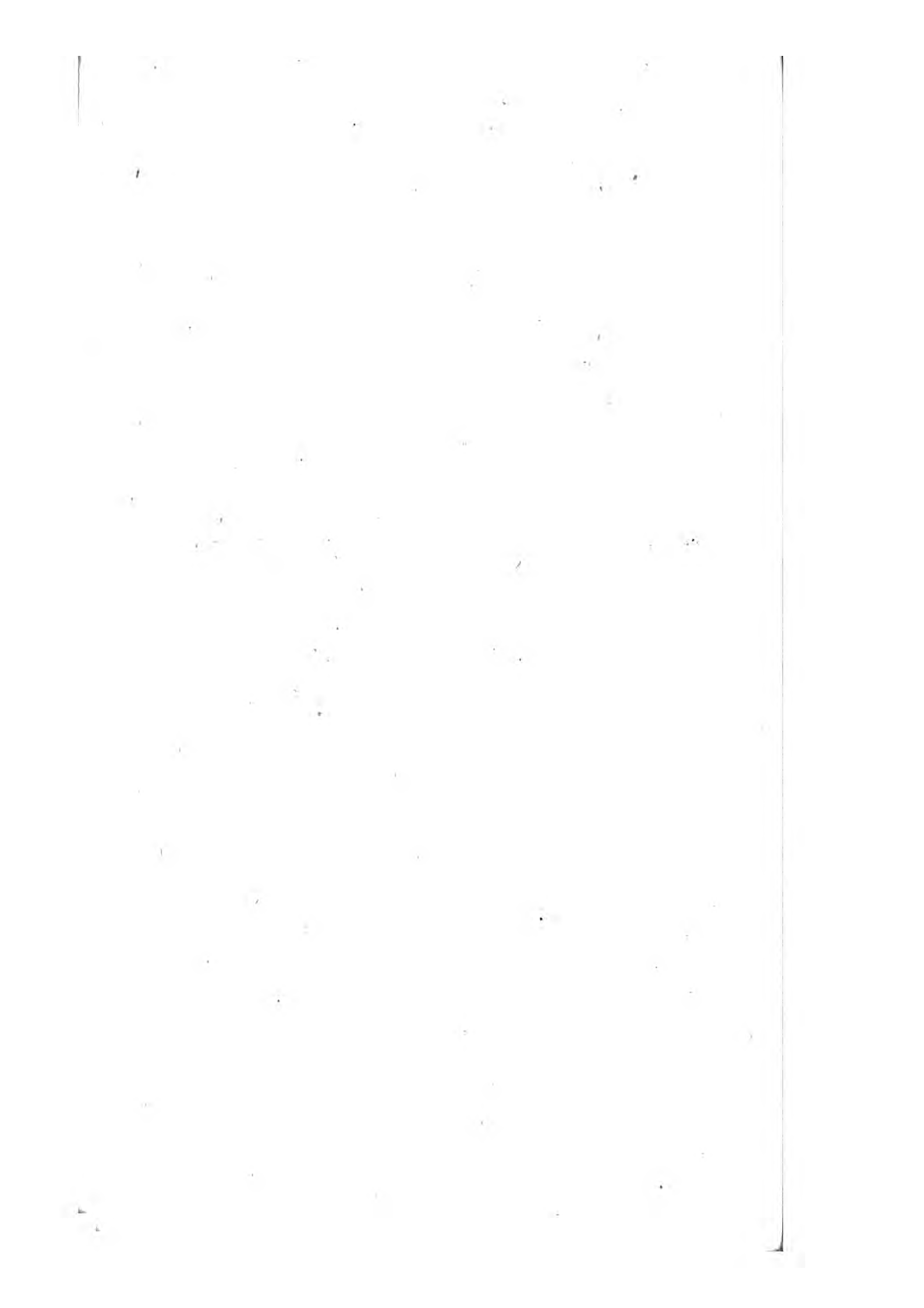
END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE

T H E

E N G L I S H G A R D E N .

B O O K T H E F O U R T H .



T H E

E N G L I S H G A R D E N .

B O O K T H E F O U R T H .

NOR yet, divine SIMPLICITY, withdraw
That aid auspicious, which, in Art's domain,
Already has reform'd whate'er prevail'd
Of foreign, or of false; has led the curve
That Nature loves thro' all her sylvan haunts; 5
Has stol'n the fence unnotic'd that arrests
Her vagrant herds; giv'n lustre to her lawns,
Gloom to her groves, and, in expanse serene,
Devolv'd that wat'ry mirror at her foot,
O'er which she loves to bend and view her charms. 10

And tell me Thou, whoe'er hast new-arrang'd
By her chaste rules thy garden, if thy heart
Feels not the warm, the self-dilating glow
Of true Benevolence. Thy flocks, thy herds,
That browze luxurious o'er those very plots 15
Which

Which once were barren, bleſs thee for the change ;
 The birds of Air (which thy funereal Yews
 Of ſhape uncouth, and leaden Sons of Earth,
 Antæus and Enceladus, with clubs
 Uplifted, long had frighted from the ſcene) 20
 Now pleas'd return, they perch on ev'ry ſpray,
 And ſwell their little throats, and warble wild
 Their vernal minſtrelſy ; to Heav'n and Thee
 It is a hymn of thanks : do thou, like Heav'n,
 With tutelary care reward their ſong. 25

Ere-while the Muſe, induſtrious to combine
 Nature's own charms, with theſe alone adorn'd
 The Genius of the Scene ; but other gifts
 She has in ſtore, which gladly now ſhe brings,
 And he ſhall proudly wear. Know, when ſhe broke 30
 The ſpells of Faſhion, from the crumbling wreck
 Of her enchantments ſagely did ſhe cull
 Thoſe reliques rich of old Vitruvian ſkill,
 With what the Sculptor's hand in claffic days
 Made breathe in Braſs or Marble ; theſe the Hag 35
 Had purloin'd, and diſpos'd in Folly's fane ;
 To him theſe trophies of her victory
 She bears ; and where his awful nod ordains

Conſpicuous

Conspicuous means to place. He shall direct
 Her dubious judgment, from the various hoard 40
 Of ornamental treasures, how to chuse
 The simplest and the best ; on these his seal
 Shall stamp great Nature's image and his own,
 To charm for unborn ages.—Fling the rest
 Back to the Beldame, bid her whirl them all 45
 In her vain vortex, lift them now to day,
 Now plunge in night, as, thro' the humid rack
 Of April cloud, swift flits the trembling beam.

But precepts tire, and this fastidious Age
 Rejects the strain didactic : Try we then 50
 In livelier Narrative the truths to veil
 We dare not dictate. Sons of Albion, hear !
 The tale I tell is full of strange event,
 And piteous circumstance ; yet deem not ye,
 If names I feign, that therefore facts are feign'd : 55
 Nor hence refuse (what most augments the charm
 Of storied woe) that fond credulity
 Which binds th' attentive soul in closer chains.

At manhood's prime ALCANDER's duteous tear
 Fell on his Father's grave. The fair Domain, 60
 M Which

Which then became his ample heritage,
 That Father had reform'd ; each line destroy'd
 Which Belgic duinefs plann'd ; and Nature's self
 Restor'd to all the rights ſhe wiſh'd to claim.

Crowning a gradual hill his Mansion roſe 65
 In antient Engliſh grandeur : Turrets, Spires,
 And Windows, climbing high from baſe to roof
 In wide and radiant rows, beſpoke its birth
 Coëval with thoſe rich cathedral fanes,
 (Gothic ill-nam'd) where harmony reſults 70
 From diſunitèd parts ; and ſhapes minute,
 At once diſtinçt and blended, boldly form
 One vaſt majeſtic whole. No modern art
 Had marr'd with miſplac'd ſymmetry the Pile.
 ALCANDER held it ſacred : On a height, 75
 Which weſtering to its ſite the front ſurvey'd,
 He firſt his taſte employ'd : for there a line
 Of thinly ſcatter'd Beech too tamely broke
 The blank Horizon. “ Draw we round yon knowl,”
 ALCANDER cry'd, “ in ſtatèly Norman mode, 80
 “ A wall embattled ; and within its guard
 “ Let every ſtructure needful for a Farm
 “ Arife in Caſtle-ſemblance ; the huge Barn
“ Shall

" Shall with a mock Portcullis arm the gate,
 " Where Ceres entering, o'er the flail-proof floor 85
 " In golden triumph rides ; some Tower rotund
 " Shall to the Pigeons and their callow young
 " Safe roost afford ; and ev'ry buttress broad,
 " Whose proud projection seems a mass of stone,
 " Give space to stall the heifer, and the steed. 90
 " So shall each part, tho' turn'd to rural use,
 " Deceive the eye with those bold feudal forms
 " That Fancy loves to gaze on." This achiev'd
 Now nearer home he calls returning Art
 To hide the structure rude where Winter pounds 95
 In conic pit his congelations hoar,
 That Summer may his tepid beverage cool
 With the chill luxury ; his Dairy too
 There stands of form unsightly : both to veil,
 He builds of old disjointed moss-grown stone 100
 A time-struck Abbey * An impending grove
 Screens it behind with reverential shade ;
 While bright in front the stream reflecting spreads,
 Which winds a mimic River o'er his Lawn.
 The Fane conventual there is dimly seen, 105
 The mired Window, and the Cloister pale,
 With many a mouldering Column ; Ivy soon

M 2

Round

* Ver. 101, Note XXVII.

Round the rude chinks her net of foliage spreads ;
Its verdant meshes seem to prop the wall.

One native Glory, more than all sublime, 110
ALCANDER'S scene possess : 'Twas Ocean's self—
He, boist'rous King, against the eastern cliffs
Dash'd his white foam ; a verdant vale between
Gave splendid ingress to his world of waves.
Slaunting this vale the mound of that clear stream 115
Lay hid in shade, which slowly lav'd his Lawn :
But there set free, the rill resum'd its pace,
And hurried to the Main. The dell it pass'd
Was rocky and retir'd : Here Art with ease
Might lead it o'er a Grot, and filter'd there, 120
Teach it to sparkle down its craggy sides,
And fall and tinkle on its pebbled floor.
Here then that Grot he builds, and conchs with spars,
Moss petrified with branching corallines
In mingled mode arranges ; All found here 125
Propriety of place ; what view'd the Main
Might well the shelly gifts of Thetis bear.
Not so the inland cave : with richer store
Than those the neighb'ring mines and mountains yield
To hang its roof, would seem incongruous Pride, 130
And fright the local Genius from the scene. *

* Ver. 131, Note XXVIII.

One vernal morn, as urging here the work
 Surrounded by his hinds, from mild to cold
 The Season chang'd, from cold to sudden storm,
 From storm to whirlwind. To the angry main 135
 Swiftly he turns and sees a laden Ship
 Dismasted by its rage. "Hie, hie we all,"
 ALCANDER cry'd, "quick to the neighb'ring beach."
 They flew; they came, but only to behold,
 Tremendous fight! the Vessel dash its poop 140
 Amid the boiling breakers. Need I tell
 What strenuous Arts were us'd, when all were us'd,
 To save the sinking Crew? One tender Maid
 Alone escap'd, sav'd by ALCANDER's arm,
 Who boldly swam to snatch her from the plank 145
 To which she feebly clung; swiftly to shore,
 And swifter to his home the youth convey'd
 His clay-cold prize, who at his portal first
 By one deep sigh a sign of Life betray'd.

A Maid so fav'd, if but by nature blest 150
 With common charms, had soon awak'd a flame
 More strong than Pity, in that melting heart
 Which Pity warm'd before. But she was fair
 As Poets picture Hebe, or the Spring;
 Graceful withal, as if each limb were cast 155

In

In that ideal mould whence RAPHAEL drew
 His Galatea * : Yes, th' impassion'd Youth
 Felt more than pity when he view'd her charms.
 Yet she, (ah, strange to tell) tho' much he lov'd,
 Suppress'd as much that sympathetic flame 160
 Which Love like his should kindle : Did he kneel
 In rapture at her feet ? she bow'd the head,
 And coldly bad him rise ; or did he plead,
 In terms of purest passion, for a smile ?
 She gave him but a tear : his manly form, 165
 His virtues, ev'n the courage that preserv'd
 Her life, bescem'd no sentiment to wake
 Warmer than gratitude ; and yet the love
 Withheld from him she freely gave his scenes ;
 On all their charms a just applause bestow'd ; 170
 And, if she e'er was happy, only then
 When wand'ring where those charms were most display'd.

As thro' a neighb'ring Grove, where antient beech
 Their awful foliage flung, ALCANDER led
 The pensive maid along, " Tell me," she cry'd, 175
 " Why, on these forest features all-intent,
 " Forbears my friend some scene distinct to give
 " To Flora and her fragrance ? Well I know

* Ver. 157, Note XXIX.

" That

“ That in the general Landscape’s broad expanse
 “ Their little blooms are lost ; but here are glades, 180
 “ Circled with shade, yet pervious to the sun,
 “ Where, if enamell’d with their rainbow-hues,
 “ The eye would catch their splendor : turn thy Taste,
 “ Ev’n in this grassy circle where we stand,
 “ To form their plots ; there weave a woodbine Bower,
 “ And call that Bower NERINA’S.” At the word 186
 ALCANDER smil’d ; his fancy instant form’d
 The fragrant scene she wish’d ; and Love, with Art
 Uniting, soon produc’d the finish’d whole.

Down to the South the glade by Nature lean’d ; 190
 Art form’d the slope still softer, opening there
 Its foliage, and to each Etesian gale
 Admittance free dispensing ; thickest shade
 Guarded the rest.—His taste will best conceive
 The new arrangement, whose free footsteps, us’d 195
 To forest haunts, have pierc’d their opening dells,
 Where frequent tufts of sweetbriar, box, or thorn,
 Steal on the green sward, but admit fair space
 For many a mossy maze to wind between.
 So here did Art arrange her flow’ry groups 200
 Irregular, yet not in patches quaint *,

* Ver. 201, Note XXX.

But

But interpos'd between the wand'ring lines
 Of shaven turf which twisted to the path,
 Gravel or sand, that in as wild a wave
 Stole round the verdant limits of the scene ; 205
 Leading the Eye to many a sculptur'd bust
 On shapely pedestal, of Sage, or Bard,
 Bright heirs of fame, who living lov'd the haunts
 So fragrant, so sequester'd. Many an Urn
 There too had place, with votive lay inscrib'd 210
 To Freedom, Friendship, Solitude, or Love.

And now each flow'r that bears transplanting change,
 Or blooms indigenous, adorn'd the scene :
 Only NERINA's wish, her woodbine bower,
 Remain'd to crown the whole. Here, far beyond 215
 That humble wish, her Lover's Genius form'd
 A glittering Fane, where rare and alien plants
 Might safely flourish * ; where the Citron sweet,
 And fragrant Orange, rich in fruit and flowers,
 Might hang their silver stars, their golden globes, 220
 On the same odorous stem : Yet scorning there
 The glassy penthouse of ignoble form,
 High on Ionic shafts he bad it tower
 A proud Rotunda ; to its sides conjoin'd

* Ver. 218, Note XXXI.

Two broad Piazzas in theatric curve, 225
 Ending in equal Porticos sublime.
 Glass roofd the whole, and sidelong to the South
 'Twixt ev'ry fluted Column, lightly rear'd
 Its wall pellucid. All within was day,
 Was genial Summer's day, for secret stoves 230
 Thro' all the pile solstitial warmth convey'd.

These led thro' isles of Fragrance to the Dome,
 Each way in circling quadrant. That bright space
 Guarded the spicy tribes from Afric's shore,
 Or Ind, or Araby, Sabæan Plants 235
 Weeping with nard, and balsam. In the midst
 A Statue stood, the work of Attic Art;
 Its thin light drapery, cast in fluid folds,
 Proclaim'd its antientry; all save the head,
 Which stole (for Love is prone to gentle thefts) 240
 The features of NERINA; yet that head,
 So perfect in resemblance; all its air
 So tenderly impassion'd; to the trunk,
 Which Grecian skill had form'd, so aptly join'd,
 PHIDIAS himself might seem to have inspir'd 245
 The chissel, brib'd to do the am'rous fraud.
 One graceful hand held forth a flow'ry wreath,

The other prest her zone ; while round the base
 Dolphins, and Triton shells, and plants marine
 Proclaim'd, that Venus, rising from the sea, 250
 Had veil'd in Flora's modest vest her charms.

Such was the Fane, and such the Deity
 Who seem'd, with smile auspicious, to inhale
 That incense which a tributary world .
 From all its regions round her altar breath'd : 255
 And yet, when to the shrine ALCANDER led
 His living Goddess, only with a sigh,
 And starting tear, the statue and the dome
 Reluctantly she view'd. And " why," she cry'd,
 " Why would my best Preserver here erect, 260
 " With all the fond idolatry of Love,
 " A Wretch's image whom his Pride should scorn,
 " (For so his Country bids him) ? Drive me hence,
 " Transport me quick to Gallia's hostile shore,
 " Hostile to thee, yet not, alas ! to her, 265
 " Who there was meant to sojourn : there, perchance,
 " My Father, wafted by more prosp'rous gales,
 " Now mourns his Daughter lost ; my Brother there
 " Perhaps now sooths that venerable age
 " He should not sooth alone. Vain thought ! perchance
 " Both

“ Both perish’d at Esopus—do not blush, 271
 “ It was not thou that lit the ruthless flame ;
 “ It was not thou, that, like remorseless Cain,
 “ Thirsted for Brother’s blood : thy heart disdains
 “ The savage imputation. Rest thee there, 275
 “ And, tho’ thou pitiest, yet forbear to grace,
 “ A wretched Alien, and a Rebel deem’d,
 “ With honors ill-beseeming her to claim.
 “ My wish, thou know’st, was humble as my state ;
 “ I only begg’d a little woodbine bower, 280
 “ Where I might sit and weep, while all around
 “ The lilies and the blue bells hung their heads
 “ In seeming sympathy.” “ Does then the scene
 “ Displease ?” the disappointed lover cry’d ;
 “ Alas ! too much it pleases,” sigh’d the fair ; 285
 “ Too strongly paints the passion which stern Fate
 “ Forbids me to return ;” “ Dost thou then love
 “ Some happier youth ?” “ No, tell thy generous soul
 “ Indeed I do not.” More she would have said,
 But gushing grief prevented. From the Fane 290
 Silent he led her ; as from Eden’s bower
 The Sire of Men his weeping Partner led,
 Less lovely, and less innocent than she.

Yet still ALCANDER hop'd what last she figh'd
Spoke more than gratitude; the War might end; 295
Her Father might consent; for that alone
Now seem'd the duteous barrier to his blifs.
Already had he sent a faithful friend
To learn if France the reverend Exile held;
'That friend return'd not. Mean-while ev'ry fun 300
Which now (a year elaps'd) diurnal rose
Beheld her still more pensive; inward Pangs,
From grief's concealment, hourly seem'd to force
Health from her cheek, and Quiet from her soul.
ALCANDER mourn'd the change, yet still he hop'd; 305
For Love to Hope his flickering taper lends,
When Reason with his steady torch retires:
Hence did he try by ever-varying arts,
And scenes of novel charm her grief to calm.

Nor did he not employ the Syren Powers 310
Of Music and of Song; or Painting, thine,
Sweet source of pure delight! But I record
Those arts alone, which form my sylvan theme,

At stated hours, full oft had he observ'd,
She fed with welcome grain the household fowl 315
That

That trespass on his lawn ; this wak'd a wish
 To give her feather'd fav'rites space of land,
 And lake appropriate : in a neighb'ring copse
 He plann'd the scene ; for there the crystal spring,
 That form'd his river, from a rocky cleft 320
 First bubbling broke to day ; and spreading there
 Slept on its rushes. " Here my delving hinds,"
 He cry'd, " shall soon the marshy soil remove,
 " And spread, in brief extent, a glittering Lake
 " Chequer'd with isles of verdure ; on yon Rock 325
 " A sculptur'd River-God shall rest his urn ;
 " And thro' that urn the native fountain flow.
 " Thy wish'd-for bower, NERINA, shall adorn
 " The southern bank ; the downy race, that swim
 " The lake, or pace the shore, with livelier charms,
 " Yet no less rural, here will meet thy glance, 331
 " Than flowers inanimate." Full soon was scoopt
 The wat'ry bed, and soon, by margin green,
 And rising banks, inclos'd ; the highest gave
 Site to a rustic fabric, shelving deep 335
 Within the thicket, and in front compos'd
 Of three unequal arches, lowly all
 The surer to expel the noontide glare,
 Yet yielding liberal inlet to the scene ;

Woodbine with jafmine carelefsly entwain'd 340
 Conceal'd the needful mafonry, and hung
 In free feftoons, and vefted all the cell.
 Hence did the lake, the iflands, and the rock,
 A living landfcape fpread ; the feather'd fleet,
 Led by two mantling fwans, at ev'ry creek 345
 Now touch'd, and now unmoor'd ; now on full fail,
 With pennons fpread and oary feet they ply'd
 Their vagrant voyage ; and now, as if becalm'd,
 'Tween fhore and fhore at anchor feem'd to fleep.
 Around thofe fhores the Fowl that fear the ftream 350
 At random rove : hither hot Guinea fends
 Her gadding troop ; here midft his fpeckled Dames
 The pigmy Chanticleer of Bantam winds
 His clarion ; while, fupreme in glittering ftate,
 The Peacock freads his rainbow train, with eyes 355
 Of fapphire bright, irradiate each with gold.
 Mean-while from ev'ry fpray the Ringdoves coo,
 The Linnets warble, captive none *, but lur'd
 By food to haunt the umbrage : all the Glade
 Is Life, is Mufic, Liberty, and Love, 360

And is there now to Pleafure or to Ufe
 One fcene devoted in the wide domain

* Ver. 358, Note XXXII.

Its Master has not polish'd ? Rumour spreads
Its praises far, and many a stranger stops
With curious eye to censure or admire. 365

To all his Lawns are pervious ; oft himself
With courteous greeting will the critic hail,
And join him in the circuit. Give we here
(If Candour will with patient ear attend)
'The social dialogue ALCANDER held 370
With one, a youth of mild yet manly mein,
Who seem'd to taste the beauties he survey'd.

“ Little, I fear me, will a stranger's eye
“ Find here to praise, where rich Vitruvian Art
“ Has rear'd no temples, no triumphal arcs ; 375
“ Where no Palladian bridges span the stream,
“ But all is homebred Fancy.” “ For that cause,
“ And chiefly that,” the polish'd Youth reply'd,
“ I view each part with rapture. Ornament,
“ When foreign or fantastic, never charm'd 380
“ My judgment ; here I tread on British ground ;
“ With British annals all I view accords.
“ Some Yorkist, or Lancastrian Baron bold,
“ To awe his vassals, or to stem his foes,
“ Yon massy bulwark built ; on yonder pile, 385
“ In

“ In ruin beauteous, I distinctly mark
“ The ruthless traces of stern HENRY’s hand.

“ Yet,” cry’d ALCANDER, (interrupting mild
The stranger’s speech) “ if so yon antient feat,
“ Pride of my ancestors, had mock’d repair, 390
“ And by Proportion’s Greek or Roman laws
“ That pile had been rebuilt, thou wouldst not then,
“ I trust, have blam’d, if, there on Doric shafts
“ A temple rose ; if some tall obelisk
“ O’ertopt yon grove, or bold triumphal arch 395
“ Usurpt my Castle’s station.”—“ Spare me yet
“ Yon solemn Ruin,” the quick youth return’d,
“ No mould’ring aqueduct, no yawning crypt
“ Sepulchral, will console me for its fate.”

“ I mean not that,” the Master of the scene 400
Reply’d ; “ tho’ classic rules to modern piles
“ Should give the just arrangement, shun we here
“ By those to form our Ruins ; much we own
“ They please, when, by PANINI’s pencil drawn,
“ Or darkly grav’d by PIRANESI’s hand, 405
“ And fitly might some Tuscan garden grace ;
“ But Time’s rude mace has here all Roman piles
“ Levell’d

“ Levell’d so low, that who, on British ground
“ Attempts the task, builds but a splendid lye
“ Which mocks historic credence. Hence the cause
“ Why Saxon piles or Norman here prevail : 411
“ Form they a rude, ’tis yet an English whole.”

“ And much I praise thy choice,” the stranger cry’d ;
“ Such chaste selection shames the common mode,
“ Which, mingling structures of far distant times, 415
“ Far distant regions, here, perchance, erects
“ A fane to Freedom, where her BRUTUS stands
“ In act to strike the tyrant ; there a Tent,
“ With crescent crown’d, with scymitars adorn’d,
“ Meet for some BAJAZET ; northward we turn, 420
“ And lo ! a pigmy Pyramid pretends
“ We tread the realms of PHARAOH ; quickly thence
“ Our southern step presents us heaps of stone
“ Rang’d in a DRUID circle. Thus from age
“ To age, from clime to clime incessant borne, 425
“ Imagination flounders headlong on,
“ Till, like fatigu’d VILLARIO *, soon we find
“ We better like a field.” “ Nicely thy hand
“ The childish landscape touches,” cries his host,

O

“ For

* Ver. 427, Note XXXIII.

" For Fashion ever is a wayward child ; 430
 " Yet sure we might forgive Her faults like these,
 " If but in separate or in single scenes
 " She thus with Fancy wanton'd : Should I lead
 " Thy step, my Friend, (for our accordant tastes
 " Prompt me to give thee that familiar name) 435
 " Behind this screen of Elm, thou there might'st find
 " I too had idly play'd the truant's part,
 " And broke the bounds of judgment." "Lead me there,"
 Briskly the Youth return'd, " for having prov'd
 " Thy Epic Genius here, why not peruse 440
 " Thy lighter Ode or Eclogue?" Smiling thence
 ALCANDER led him to the Woodbine bower
 Which last our Song describ'd, who seated there,
 In silent transport view'd the lively scene.

" I see," his host resum'd, " my sportive art 445
 " Finds pardon here ; not ev'n yon classic form,
 " Pouring his liquid treasures from his vase,
 " Tho' foreign from the soil, provokes thy frown. *
 " Try we thy candor farther : higher art,
 " And more luxurious, haply too more vain, 450
 " Adorns yon southern coppice." On they pass
 Thro' a wild thicket, till the perfum'd air

* Ver. 448, Note XXXIV.

Gave to another sense its prelude rich
 On what the eye should feast. But now the grove
 Expands; and now the Rose, the garden's Queen, 455
 Amidst her blooming subjects' humbler charms,
 On ev'ry plot her crimson pomp displays.
 "Oh Paradise!" the ent'ring youth exclaim'd,
 "Groves whose rich trees weep odorous gums and balm,
 "Others whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind, 460
 "Hang amiable, Hesperian fables true,
 "If true, here only*." Thus, in Milton's phrase
 Sublime, the youth his admiration pour'd,
 While passing to the dome; his next short step
 Unveil'd the central statue: "Heav'ns! just Heav'ns,"
 He cry'd, "'tis my NERINA." "Thine, mad Youth?
 "Forego the word," ALCANDER said, and paus'd;
 His utterance fail'd; a thousand clust'ring thoughts,
 And all of blackest omen to his peace,
 Recoil'd upon his brain, deaden'd all sense, 470
 And at the statue's base him headlong cast,
 A lifeless load of being.—Ye, whose hearts
 Are ready at Humanity's soft call
 To drop the tear, I charge you weep not yet,
 But fearfully suspend the bursting woe: 475

O 2

NERINA'S

* Ver. 462, Note XXXV.

NERINA'S self appears; the further isle
 She, fate-directed, treads. Does she too faint?
 Would Heav'n she could! it were a happy swoon
 Might soften her fixt form, more rigid now
 Than is her marble semblance. One stiff hand 480
 Lies leaden on her breast; the other rais'd
 To heav'n, and half-way clench'd; stedfast her eyes,
 Yet viewless; and her lips, which op'd to shriek,
 Can neither shriek nor close. So might she stand
 For ever: He, whose sight caus'd the dread change, 485
 Tho' now he clasps her in his anxious arm,
 Fails to unbend one sinew of her frame;
 'Tis ice; 'tis steel. But see, ALCANDER wakes;
 And waking, as by magic sympathy,
 NERINA whispers, "All is well, my friend; 490
 "'Twas but a vision; I may yet revive ——
 "But still his arm supports me; aid him, friend,
 "And bear me swiftly to my woodbine bower;
 "For there indeed I wish to breathe my last."

So saying, her cold cheek, and parched brow, 495
 Turn'd to a livid paleness; her dim eyes
 Sunk in their sockets; sharp contraction prest
 Her temples, ears, and nostrils: signs well-known

To those that tend the dying *. Both the youths
 Perceiv'd the change ; and had stern Death himself 500
 Wav'd his black banner visual o'er their heads,
 It could not more appall. With trembling step,
 And silent, both convey'd her to the bower.

Her languid limbs there decently compos'd,
 She thus her speech resum'd : “ Attend my words 505
 “ Brave CLEON ! dear ALCANDER ! generous Pair :
 “ For both have tender interest in this heart
 “ Which soon shall beat no more. That I am thine
 “ By a dear Father's just commands I own,
 “ Much-honour'd CLEON ! take the hand he gave, 510
 “ And with it, Oh, if I could give my heart,
 “ Thou wert its worthy owner, All I can,
 “ (And that preserv'd with chastest fealty)
 “ Duteous I give thee, CLEON it is thine ;
 “ Not ev'n this dear preserver, e'er could gain 515
 “ More from my soul than Friendship—that be his ;
 “ Yet let me own, what, dying, sooths the pang,
 “ That, had thyself and duty ne'er been known,
 “ He must have had my love.” She paus'd ; and dropt
 A silent tear ; then prest the stranger's hand ; 520
 Then

* Ver. 499, Note XXXVI.

Then bow'd her head upon ALCANDER's breast,
And "blefs them both, kind Heav'n!" she pray'd and died.

"And blest art thou," cry'd CLEON, (in a voice
Struggling with grief for utterance) blest to die
"Ere thou hadst question'd me, and I perforce 525
"Had told a tale which must have sent thy soul
"In horror from thy bosom. Now it leaves
"A smile of peace upon those pallid lips,
"That speaks its parting happy. Go fair faint!
"Go to thy palm-crown'd father! thron'd in blifs, 530
"And seated by his side, thou wilt not now
"Deplore the savage stroke that seal'd his doom;
"Go hymn the Fount of Mercy, who, from ill
"Educing good, makes ev'n a death like his,
"A life surcharg'd with tender woes like thine, 535
"The road to Joys eternal. Maid, farewell!
"I leave the casket that thy virtues held
"To Him whose breast sustains it; more lov'd,
"Perhaps more worthy, yet not loving more
"Than did thy wretched CLEON." At the word 540
He bath'd in tears the hand she dying gave,
Return'd it to her side, and hasty rose.
ALCANDER, starting from his trance of grief,

Cry'd

(III)

Cry'd "Stay, I charge thee stay;" "and shall he stay,"

CLEON reply'd, "whose presence stabb'd thy peace?"

"Hear this before we part: That breathless Maid 546

"Was daughter to a venerable Sage,

"Whom Boston, when with peace and safety blest,

"In rapture heard pour from his hallow'd tongue

"Religion's purest dictates. 'Twas my chance, 550

"In early period of our civil broils,

"To save his precious life: And hence the Sire

"Did to my love his Daughter's charms consign;

"But, till the war should cease, if ever cease,

"Deferr'd our nuptials. Whither she was sent 555

"In search of safety, well, I trust, thou know'st;

"He meant to follow; but those ruthless flames,

"That spar'd nor friend nor foe, nor sex nor age,

"Involv'd the village, where on sickly couch

"He lay confin'd, and whither he had fled 560

"Awhile to sojourn. There (I see thee shrink)

"Was he that gave NERINA being burnt!

"Burnt by thy Countrymen! to Ashes burnt!

"Fraternal hands and christian lit the flame.—

"Oh thou hast cause to shudder. I meanwhile 565

"With his brave son a distant warfare wag'd;

"And him, now I have found the prize I fought,

"And

“ And finding lost, I hasten to rejoin ;
 “ Vengeance and glory call me.” At the word,
 Not fiercer does the Tigress quit her cave 570
 To seize the hinds that robb’d her of her young,
 Than he the bower. “ Stay, I conjure thee, stay,”
 ALCANDER cry’d, but ere the word was spoke
 CLEON was seen no more. “ Then be it so,”
 The youth continu’d, clasping to his heart 575
 The beauteous corse, and smiling as he spoke,
 (Yet such a smile as far out-sorrows tears)
 “ Now thou art mine entirely—Now no more
 “ Shall duty dare disturb us—Love alone—
 “ But hark ! he comes again—Away vain fear ! 580
 “ ’Twas but the fluttering of thy feather’d flock.
 “ True to their custom’d hour, behold they troop
 “ From island, grove, and lake. Arise my Love,
 “ Extend thy hand—I lift it, but it falls.
 “ Hence then, fond fools, and pine ! NERINA’s hand
 “ Has lost the power to feed you. Hence and die.” 586

Thus plaining, to his lips the icy palm
 He lifted, and with ardent passion kist ;
 Then cry’d in agony, “ on this dear hand,
 “ Once tremblingly alive to Love’s soft touch, 590
 “ I

“ I hop’d to seal my faith :” This thought awak’d
 Another sad soliloquy, which they,
 Whoe’er have lov’d, will from their hearts supply,
 And they who have not will but hear and smile.

And let them smile, but let the scorners learn 595
 There is a solemn luxury in grief
 Which they shall never taste ; well known to those,
 And only those, in Solitude’s deep gloom
 Who heave the sigh sincerely : Fancy there
 Waits the fit moment ; and, when Time has calm’d
 The first o’erwhelming tempest of their woe, 601
 Piteous she steals upon the mourner’s breast
 Her precious balm to shed : Oh, it has power,
 Has magic power to soften and to sooth,
 Thus duly minister’d. ALCANDER felt 605
 The charm, yet not till many a ling’ring moon
 Had hung upon her zenith o’er his couch,
 And heard his midnight wailings. Does he stray
 But near the fated temple, or the bower ?
 He feels a chilly monitor within, 610
 Who bids him pause. Does he at distance view
 His grot ? ’tis darken’d with NERINA’s storm,
 Ev’n at the blaze of noon. Yet there are walks

The lost one never trod ; and there are seats
 Where he was never happy by her side, 615
 And these he still can sigh in. Here at length,
 As if by chance, kind Fancy brought her aid,
 When wand'ring thro' a grove of sable yew,
 Rais'd by his ancestors : their Sabbath-path
 Led thro' its gloom, what time too dark a stole 620
 Was o'er Religion's decent features drawn
 By Puritanic zeal. Long had their boughs
 Forgot the sheers ; the spire, the holy ground
 They banish'd by their umbrage. " What if here,"
 Cry'd the sweet Soother, in a whisper soft, 625
 " Some open space were form'd, where other shades ;
 " Yet all of solemn sort, Cypress and Bay
 " Funereal, pensive Birch its languid arms
 " That droops, with waving Willows deem'd to weep ;
 " And shiv'ring Aspens mixt their varied green ; 630
 " What if yon trunk, shorn of its murky crest,
 " Reveal'd the sacred Fane ?" ALCANDER heard
 The Charmer ; ev'ry accent seem'd his own,
 So much they touch'd his heart's sad unison.
 " Yes, yes," he cry'd, " Why not behold it all ? 635
 " That bough remov'd shews me the very vault
 " Where my NERINA sleeps, and where, when Heav'n
 " In

“ In pity to my plaint the mandate seals,
 “ My dust with her’s shall mingle.” Now his hinds,
 Call’d to the task, their willing axes wield ; 640
 Joyful to see, as witeless of the cause,
 Their much-lov’d Lord his sylvan arts resume.
 And next, within the centre of the gloom,
 A shed of twisting roots and living moss,
 With rushes thatch’d, with wattled oziars lin’d, 645
 He bids them raise * : it seem’d a Hermit’s cell ;
 Yet void of hour-glass, scull, and maple dish,
 Its mimic garniture : ALCANDER’S taste
 Disdains to trick with emblematic toys
 The place where He and Melancholy mean 650
 To fix NERINA’S bust, her genuine bust,
 The model of the marble. There he hides,
 Close as a Miser’s gold, the sculptur’d clay ;
 And but at early morn and latest eve
 Unlocks the simple shrine, and heaves a sigh ; 655
 Then does he turn, and thro’ the glimm’ring glade
 Cast a long glance upon her house of death ;
 Then views the bust again, and drops a tear.
 Is this idolatry, ye sage ones say ? —
 Or, if ye doubt, go view the num’rous train 660

* Ver. 646, Note XXXVII.

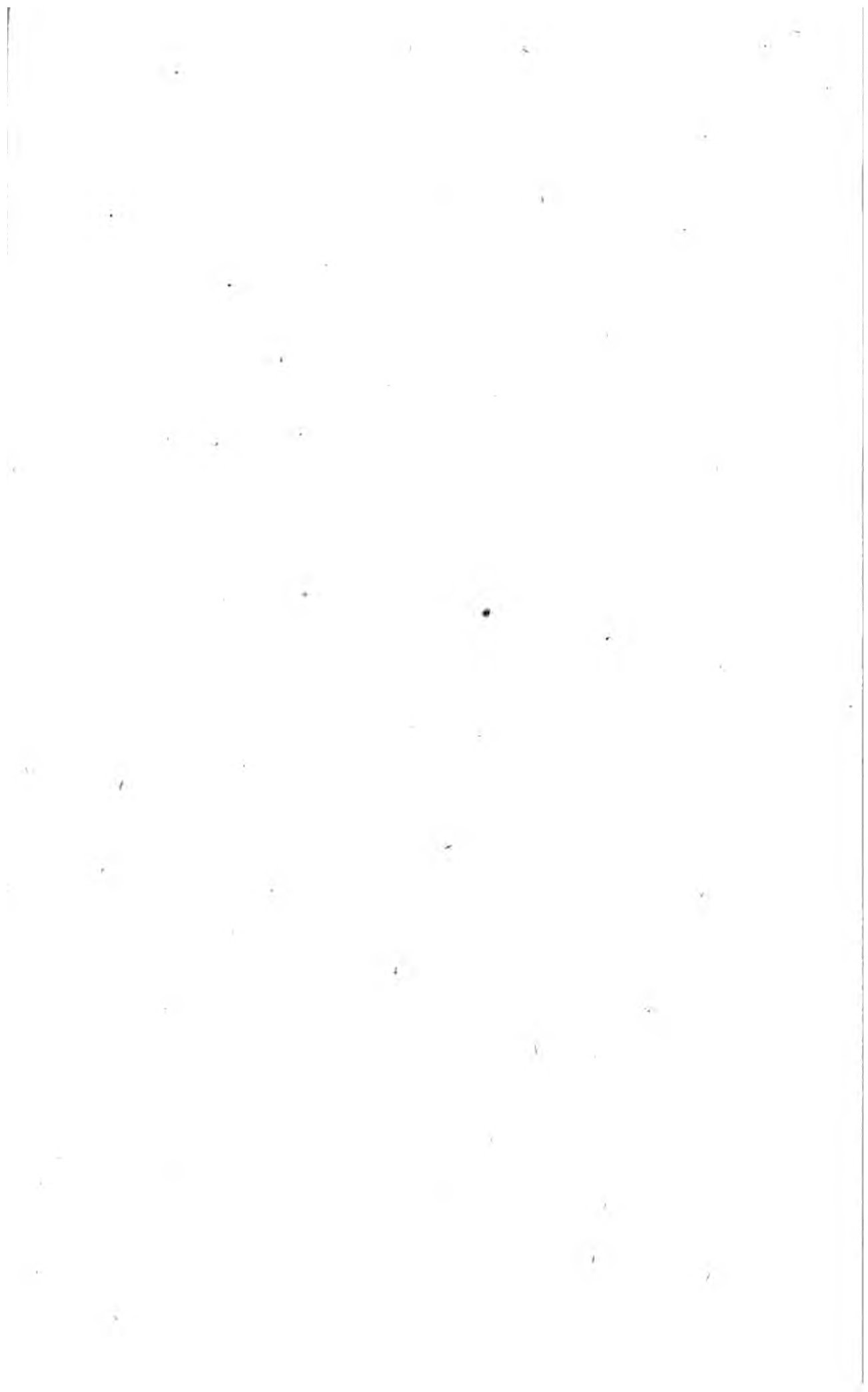
Of poor and fatherless his care consoles ;
 The sight will tell thee, he that dries their tears
 Has unseen angels hov'ring o'er his head,
 Who leave their heav'n to see him shed his own.

Here close we, sweet SIMPLICITY ! the tale, 665
 And with it let us yield to youthful bards
 That Dorian reed we but awak'd to voice
 When Fancy prompted, and when Leisure smil'd ;
 Hopeless of general praise, and well repaid,
 If they of classic ear, unpall'd by rhyme, 670
 Whom changeful pause can please, and numbers free,
 Accept our song with candour. They perchance,
 Led by the Muse to solitude and shade,
 May turn that Art we sing to soothing use,
 At this ill-omen'd hour, when Rapine rides 675
 In titled triumph ; when Corruption waves
 Her banners broadly in the face of day,
 And shews th' indignant world the host of slaves
 She turns from Honour's standard. Patient there,
 Yet not desponding, shall the sons of Peace 680
 Await the day, when, smarting with his wrongs,
 Old England's Genius wakes ; when with him wakes
 That plain Integrity, Contempt of gold,

Disdain

Disdain of slav'ry, liberal Awe of rule
Which fixt the rights of People, Peers, and Prince,
And on them founded the majestic pile 686
Of BRITISH FREEDOM; bad fair ALBION rise
The scourge of tyrants; sovereign of the seas;
And arbiters of empires. Oh return,
Ye long-lost train of Virtues! swift return 690
To save ('tis ALBION prompts your Poet's prayer)
Her Throne, her Altars, and her laureat Bowers.

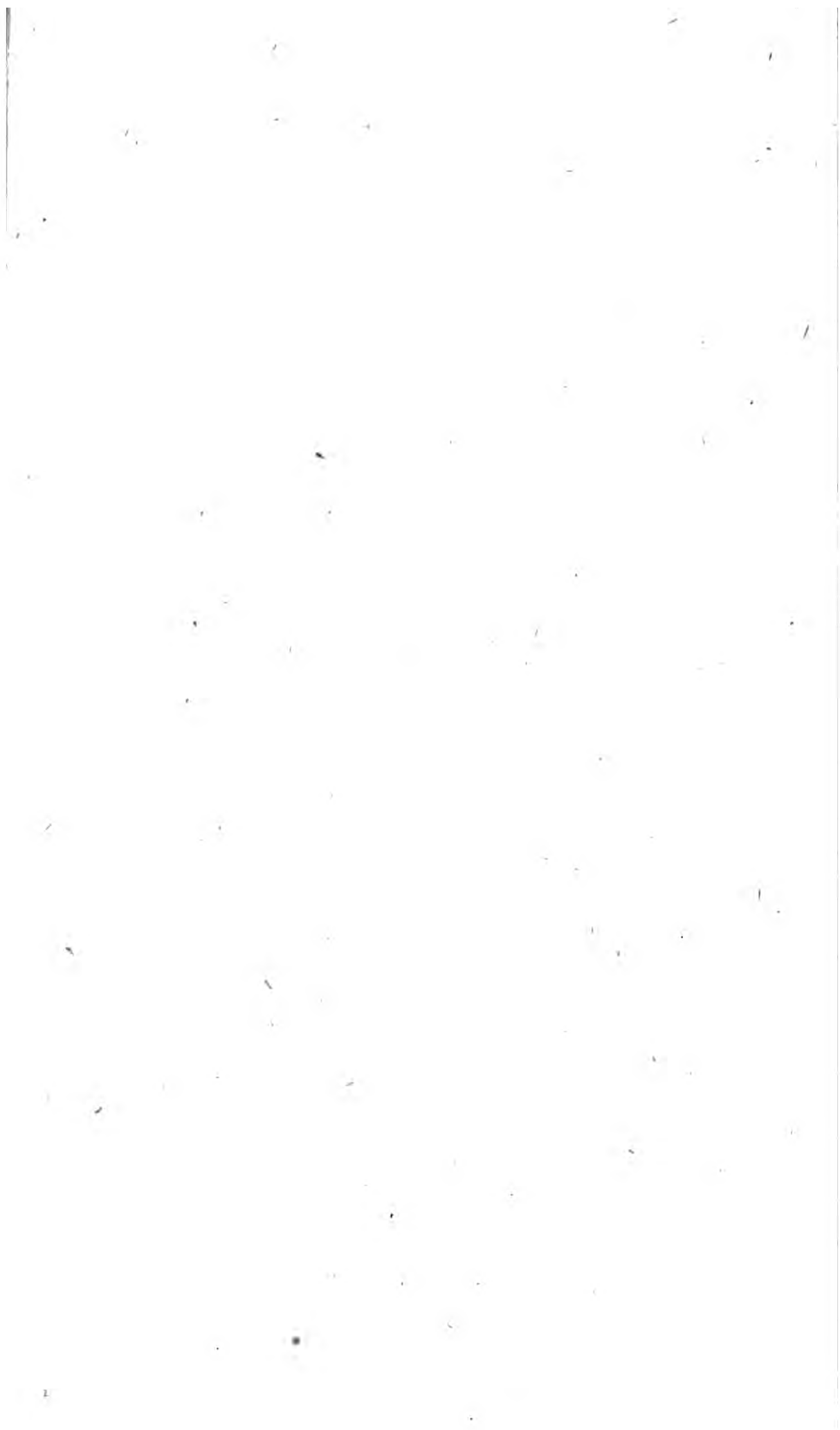
T H E E N D.



COMMENTARY

A N D

N O T E S.



COMMENTARY

ON THE

FIRST BOOK.

GARDENING imparts to rural scenery what a noble and graceful deportment confers upon the human Frame: It is not an imitative Art, it is more, it is an endeavour to bestow on each individual Reality, those beauties which judicious imitation would select from many, and combine in one fictitious Representation. That the Son of Achilles was as much inferior in person to his Father, as the most perfect human forms are to the finest Statues, is the declaration of the skilful Philostratus; and amounts to a full acknowledgment of the inferiority of individual Nature to selective Art. If, therefore, by any means the original can be brought under the obedience of those Laws, by which she is imitated to advantage, an Art is then devised as much superior to those which merely deal in imitation, as motion and reality are superior to fiction and inanimate rest: It is only in right of their constitution and laws that the imitative arts are intitled to any preference; but these are now transferred and set over a more noble dominion. (A)

Q

To

To establish their empire, and pronounce their decrees in the Province of Landscape, is the purpose of the foregoing Poem ; to mark the connexion, to point out the principles, and sometimes to extend the application of the precepts delivered by the Poet, is the purpose of this Commentary : it was written originally in the margin of the Poem, and has been so fortunate as not only to receive the approbation, but actually now to appear before the world, under the sanction of its Author. Thus honoured, it is little solicitous concerning the reception it may there meet with : For should it even come short of the favourable expectations he has been pleased to entertain, and fail to promote the delightful Art it is designed to serve, one private End, at least, must still be answered, and my best Pride will receive its ample satisfaction from seeing my name thus publickly connected with that of Mr. Mason.

From what is here said, it is obvious that the poetical merits of the English Georgic are not under my consideration ; it will be inferred, perhaps, that I am precluded from giving an opinion on that head ; I am so : Yet why have I studiously considered and noted the Poem ? The necessary answer to this question will
give

give my judgment; in terms very general, I grant; but thus alone, by leaving it for others to draw the inference, I am enabled to evade the prohibition I am under.

I confess that the subject also, exclusive of the manner in which it has been treated, has charms for me sufficient to engage my attention: If Reason has her Sports, they are worthy the pursuit of Reason; and I am far from concurring with the mathematical Reader of Virgil, who, having perused the *Æneid*, laid down the book, and then contemptuously pronounced that it might, perhaps, be very good; but for his part he could not see the use of it, because, forsooth, it proved nothing.

In the class with this sentence we must also rank the surly and sullen speculation which would insinuate reflections on an Art that successfully undertakes to embellish and render Nature universally lovely. To extinguish the finest Faculty of the human Mind, or pervert the natural Taste for the Pleasures thence derived, will not, I trust, however arrogantly claimed, be generally considered as the Business of Reason; and therefore we are constrained to account for the savage and cynical censures which would deprive us

of the delights of Poetry and Gardening, by referring them to an absolute ignorance of the respective Subjects, and a total defect of the Imagination.


But it is so far from being the true Business of Reason to degrade, that to cultivate and enlarge the Imagination is, perchance, the happiest fruit of her genuine researches. It is by means of this sense of the intellect that our convictions, in a thousand instances, become our pleasures; and by facilitating the comprehension of remote objects it is that Reason renders them the objects of this Faculty; we are thus rendered sensible of the Beauty of Holiness, the Beauty of Virtue, the Beauty of System, and even of the Beauty of Theorem; and shall an easier accessibility derogate from our Sense of the Beauty of Nature? When Reason is not disgraced in thus referring her issues to the Imagination, I can see no just cause why our educated sense of Beauty should be suddenly refused the full enjoyment of those objects which, by the benevolent Author of Nature, were originally adapted to her immediate possession.

It is not however without some discriminating powers of the mind that the Beauties of Nature are even discerned; the Imagination must be correct and
pure

pure to select with judgment the scenes that are most worthy of contemplation. And if to enjoy require an act of the cultivated understanding, it will not be denied that to open the sources of enjoyment, and to design and execute, so as to give pleasure to the taste of an improved intellect, demands the exertion of much greater powers of the mind. What, for example, can be accomplished without a critical knowledge of the rules of composition, and a vigorous fancy to forecast, in each particular instance, the future effects of their judicious application? Can a ready observation to detect a latent grace, and to discern the advantages it is capable of receiving from art, be dispensed with? and can the ignorance of any mechanical science be supposed in the genuine Gardener, whose occupation is a perpetual display of even consummate skill in the comprehensive theories of Painting and Architecture? But, referring my reader to the Author's motto, let me here cease farther to apologize for the liberality of an Art which He, who of all mankind best understood the true business of Reason, has not disdained to consider as "the perfection of civility," or to rank as "the purest of human pleasures."

The Plan of the ENGLISH GARDEN is made to correspond with its subject, which is single, and in which

which the parts, however numerous, are evidently the parts of one uniform whole. The practical precepts, delivered in the three latter Books of the Poem in like manner, are but the amplifications of one fundamental and universally pervading principle, to the doctrine and establishment of which, as a common basis, the commencing book has been accordingly assigned by the Poet.

Ver.


The Poem begins with an invocation to SIMPLICITY, the inseparable attendant upon genuine Beauty and Grace; and this with much judgment, because the interference of Simplicity is necessary to control the natural tendency of Art, which is ever more apt to overcharge her work, than fall short of the golden mean, which is the perfection of Nature, and of every artifice to imitate or adorn her. A defective Taste, like a phlegmatic disposition, requires provocatives to excite an interest: Where the Wit of Terence or Addison would fail to obtain a smile, the boisterous and ribbald Jest will be attended by acclamations of joy; and actual afflictions are required to extort a tear from the eye that can view the fictitious miseries of the Stage without emotion. In like manner it is that gaudy hues, violent contrasts, and a surface rough with sculpture and fluttering projections, invite the admiration

tion of such as are blind to the Harmony of colouring, the tender varieties of light and shadow, the graces of well-poised disposition, and the majestic dignity of just proportion: And from the same principle, it is probable, that the formal magnificence of our antient gardens would, on a comparison, find a more general suffrage than the delicious domestic scenes which are peculiar to our day: for the sumptuous Art, which obliterates what it should only adorn, and thus obtrudes itself alone upon the eye, solicits the vulgar, and will thence obtain a preference to that which, modestly ministering to Nature, sets forward only her charms and withdraws itself from observation. To correct and strengthen the judgment, and consequently to reform this vicious taste, is the great purpose of the Poet; and while he is about to teach, he seeks to place the Conduct of his Poem under the same just restrictions that he prescribes to the kindred Art which forms its subject.—That sweet Simplicity which should thus preside in every art, is excellently described by Quintilian:

“ Quendam purum, qualis etiam in feminis amatur,
 “ ornatum habet; & sunt quædam velut é tenui dili-
 “ gentia circa proprietatem significationemque mun-
 “ ditæ. Alia copiâ locuples, alia floribus læta; vi-
 “ rium non unum genus, nam quicquid in suo genere
 “ satis effectum est valet.” *Institut.* lib. viii.

The

Ver.
 ~~~~~  
 18

The assistance of the two sister muses of Poetry and Painting, is likewise invoked to promote a kindred Art, an Art in which the attributes of both are engaged : For that Taste which is required either to enjoy, to design, or critically to instruct in the means to design the beauties of scenery, must result from an union of the Poet's delicate feelings, and the Painter's practiced judgment to select the objects by which they are best excited. Ever since the days of Simonides, who declared Painting to be silent Poetry, and Poetry to be speaking Picture, Critics of all ranks and sizes have touched, and some have even extensively expatiated upon the affinity of these two Arts. To prove that Gardening is of their sisterhood, it might be enough to say, that she makes her address to the same mental source of Pleasure, and so rank the whole doctrine under the equally acknowledged assertion of Antiquity, that all the Arts are of one family. Gardening, I grant, has heretofore in a manner withdrawn herself from her relations ; for while Nature gave laws to these, and seemed to preside over their friendly society, she alone refused to comply with the dictates which, if possible, more nearly concerned her than the rest. A vigorous imagination, with a correct judgment, were the qualifications which all her sisters sought for in their votaries ; while she, with a wayward

ward obstinacy, addicted herself to the tasteless  
 minions of Fortune, and only required that her woers  
 should be endowed with Wealth. What wonder then  
 that she has been put down from her station, and that  
 her claim to be numbered among the liberal Arts has  
 not been universally acknowledged? But having now  
 become sensible of her own depravity, reformed her  
 errors, and placed herself under the direction of Na-  
 ture; having lent her whole attention to the laws by  
 which the family is governed; and taken the rules of  
 her present and future conduct from them; her pre-  
 tensions are no longer problematical: she assumes a  
 dignity that renders her worthy of the rank to which  
 she is restored; has become a favourite in the Train  
 of Nature, the common Mistress of them all; and  
 Painting, who has chiefly taken her under tuition, like  
 the Preceptor of Scipio, declares, that while she im-  
 parts, she derives instruction from her ready Pupil.

Det.  
 18

Having thus, in the poetical mode of invocation,  
 generally intimated the qualifications that are equally  
 requisite in the 'Pupil of his Song' as in the precepts  
 which teach his Art, after a few episodical lines, upon  
 which, for the reason already assigned, I feel myself  
 with much regret precluded from expatiating, the  
 Poet, addressing himself to such of the Youth of  
 England, as are enabled by the means of a sufficient

25

50

R

fortune

*Ver.* fortune and an unvitiated Taste of Beauty to carry  
 his lessons into execution, slides into his subject  
 54 with an assurance to so many of them as are in pursuit  
 of classical knowledge, that the Art of Gardening was  
 61 unknown to antient Rome ; and to such as visit the  
 Continent, that it is not even now to be learned in  
 63 the detail by travel into modern Italy ; but that fo-  
 reign countries, and particularly that of Italy will,  
 notwithstanding, contribute natural beauties adapted  
 to improve or form the taste, and afford scenes well  
 71 worthy of our imitation. These, however, we are  
 instructed, not indiscriminately, or too ambitiously to  
 83 aim at adopting, for this important reason, (which  
 is the first general precept laid down) that every effort  
 to improve the scenery must correspond with the  
 original nature of the place, or else most certainly  
 prove abortive. (B)

88 But although objects which are inapplicable be  
 thus proscribed, it does not therefore follow that we  
 should despair of giving beauty to any spot however  
 seemingly defective ; for the seeds of grace are univer-  
 sally disseminated ; and though we cannot any where  
 raise such as are foreign from the soil, and as it were  
 102 exotic ; yet such as are indigenous will rise, and attain  
 107 to their full maturity and perfection under the culti-  
 vation

vation of Industry and Taste. The very Heath, for *Ver.*  
 example, of all things apparently the least susceptible *~*  
 of a picturesque appearance, may be fertilized, and  
 receive a cheerful aspect from the hand of toil ;  
 and taste succeeding to this may carry the work so *111*  
 much farther as to bestow upon it even beauty and  
 grace : but as the soil must be reclaimed, in order to  
 its affording the materials of verdure and foliage to  
 Taste, it is evident here that labour must go before ;  
 while in the improvement of the dank Vale, which *114*  
 affords another instance of their united powers, it is  
 equally evident that Taste must take the lead, and pre-  
 cede, or at least conduct the works of labour ; for if *123*  
 not, the waters may be drawn off by the straightest,  
 as being the shortest lines ; and these again be so placed  
 as to form angular interfections : Whereas Taste, be-  
 ing at once possessed of her materials here, will pre-  
 scribe that bed or channel in which they may spread  
 or run in the most beautiful manner ; and hence it  
 is that Labour must, in this and similar cases, be the  
 attendant instead of the harbinger of Taste.

And here the valley thus improved is described ; the *129*  
 beauties which Nature has contributed, and the cor-  
 responding charms which Fancy has bestowed, are  
 peculiarized : Time is supposed to have imparted ma-  
 turity

*Ver.* turity to its groves, and ripened all its beauties to the  
precise idea of the Planter, and it is accordingly found  
150 altogether suited to contemplation, and the pleasures  
153 of seclusion and learned retirement: The cave, the  
160 rill, and the shadowy glade, adapt it to the Poet; its  
copious vegetation, and numerous insect inhabitants  
164 to the Naturalist; while, from the general disposition  
of its wood and water, and the accidents of light,  
which its various parts are formed to catch, the Painter  
may derive improvement to his Art. But it is not for  
the mere pleasure of dwelling on the lovely scene that  
the Poet has thus minutely described its parts; he had  
another view, and has accordingly made his descrip-  
142 tion the conveyance of an important censure on that  
indiscriminating zeal for prospect which requires and  
is only delighted with the extent of unselected objects;  
172 and also an exemplification of this doctrine, that a  
single scene, though not comprehending distances,  
may yet, by a judicious disposition of light and shadow,  
be put into possession of sufficient variety to render a  
landscape, thus formed merely of a foreground, com-  
plete and perfect within itself.

179 If then it appears that Fancy be of such power as  
thus to give charms to reluctant Nature, it follows  
that we should exert ourselves to improve this faculty;  
and

and to this end it is laid down as a maxim, that we should consult the laws by which Painting is governed, and apply them to the sister Art of Gardening. But of these, the first is to make a happy selection of objects for the pencil; and therefore, as greatness of parts, a receding gradation of hues and limiting outlines, and three distances, marked each with their respective characters, and bearing to each other a due proportion, are the objects of the Painter's choice, so, if they can be attained, they are recommended to the Gardener as the most desirable scenery for the exercise of his imagination and his art.


But of these three distances, supposing them possessed, the foreground is that part which is usually most at the disposal of a proprietor, and is consequently of the highest importance. Wherever a Man stands the contiguous objects immediately before him form a foreground to the scene he is looking at; and by the foreground how much the general prospect is affected, there are few who delight in landscape that have not perceived. The general harmony of a scene results from a due proportion of its parts; but the greater distances are seldom within the power of art: How then shall art, thus limited in the extent of her dominion, attempt to harmonize the whole scene? To this

*Ver.*  
 this I answer, by a judicious adaption and disposition  
 of the objects through which the eye beholds it. A  
 198 path is a series of foregrounds ; and to adapt each part  
 of this to the various combinations of the distant ob-  
 jects which always result from change of place or  
 aspect, is the proper business of art. The effect of  
 aspect on a scene, and the pleasure arising from an  
 agreeable series of foregrounds, must be strongly felt  
 by such as sail upon a fine river between beautiful  
 banks : by this means we always, as it were, carry  
 water with us, and render it a permanent ingredient  
 in a continually changing landscape. The means then  
 prescribed for obtaining a similar permanency in a  
 beautiful foreground are the direction of the path from  
 203 which the general scenery is to be viewed ;—a selec-  
 tion of well-adapted greens which shall contrast or  
 205 mix their colouring into it ;—such interruptions as  
 may frequently give the charm of renewal to what we  
 207 had been for a time deprived of ;—the absolutely un-  
 intervening foliage of shrubbery beneath the eye ;—  
 209 and the shade of forest foliage above it ; in which  
 latter case the best portions of the distant scene may  
 be selected, and beheld from between the stems of the  
 trees, which should be so situated as sometimes by  
 211 affording lateral limits to reduce the view even to the  
 strictest rules of composition ;—and thus from the va-  
 rieties

rieties of the foreground the general scene is also per-  
petually varied. Ver:  
w

But as there are many who are not sensible of the 216  
beauty of this last feature in a foreground, and hence  
might too hastily think of removing every forest-tree  
in front, as only an interruption to the scene, a cau-  
tion is suggested against such a practice: to prove its  
necessity, the picturesque principle is resorted to, and  
exemplified in the wooded foregrounds of Claude  
Lorrain and G. Pouffin; and, as from these it would  
be impossible to retrench even a single bough without  
an injury to the general composition of the scene, so  
Nature is said to suffer a similar injury if her fore-  
grounds are injudiciously deprived of their shade.—  
And as, again, the same defective taste which would 225  
thus strip the foreground where trees are an important  
feature, if possessed of power to reach the distances,  
might there be induced to plant in such a manner as  
to give them no importance whatever; to counteract  
the uniform operation of aerial perspective, by spot-  
ting the remote hills with little circumscribed clumps  
of dark foliage; and to intersect by angular fences  
what is formed to please only by the singleness and  
majesty of the whole, the picturesque principle, with  
which the general rules respecting foregrounds are here  
concluded,



*Ver.*  
  
 225
 
 concluded, is made the means of commencing a new subject, and is accordingly extended to the distant scenes, and in this case exemplified in the distances of Salvator Rosa; for as it would be impossible, among the sublime objects of which these, for the most part, consist, without absolutely subverting the dignity of his whole composition, to introduce the petty contrasts resulting from deep shadowed, but narrowly limited plantations, so Nature is said to suffer a similar injury, if minute inclosures and formal foliage be allowed to disturb the awful tranquility of her more majestic scenes. And the reason is obvious: the whole should be viewed together and not in parts, which would, on account of their remote situation, very distinctly shew their extremities to the eye; whereas in the foreground, neighbourhood intirely precludes the possibility of this effect.

The end and spirit of this precept then being to preserve proportion and harmony in the relative extent and colouring of those parts which enter into the composition of the distant scenery, it will clearly follow that no broad and sober contrasts are precluded by the prohibition. Of nearer objects Nature defines with accuracy at once the outline and the shadow; but losing at a distance the intenseness of both, she

exhibits

exhibits them with blended and doubtful extremities ;  
 like twilight she diminishes their opposition, and consequently exclaims against whatever should attempt to give it an unadapted strength : hence dark patches of ill-consoled wood, which rather seem to stick out from, than compose a part of, the scene, are her abhorrence. But it is not therefore a woody distance that is obnoxious either to Her or her Poet ; on the contrary, he inculcates this farther doctrine, that extensive clothing will be productive of the same uniform and simple greatness as extent of any other character whatsoever ; but he ascertains its manner of application, and instructs us in these cases to give a forest extent of wood to distances even the extremest, and unite them all by one uninterrupted length of foliage. But extent and continuity are insisted on as indispensable here : for as in the sublime ferocity of the scenes, last considered, no little additions were admitted to interrupt the general union ; so where the character of the distance is forest extent, for the same reason, little intermissions are equally precluded. For as clumps and acute divisions are there said to form a disproportionate contrast, so here the very same defect would result from formal extremities or circumscribed interruptions of wood, when opposed to the general hue of the foliage. And here the particular foliage, by which this great

Ver.  
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*Ver.*  
 253 effect is best obtained, is specified, and the Oak, the Elm, and the Chesnut are recommended to the Planter; their hues are sufficiently similar, and consequently that species of Variety alone, which is naturally incident to distances, is aimed at. No fictitious protuberances are affected by the means of paler verdure, nor, altho' the Fir be permitted, as a protection to the other trees, to afford a temporary shade, are sudden, and therefore incongruous, breaks sought after by the admission of darker greens; the scene is left to obtain its variety from the effects of light upon its surface; and these, let no man doubt, will be sufficient for his purpose: for from the undulating form of this the light and shadow will borrow not only extent and breadth, but soft and uncertain limits; and even that diversity of colour which is thus judiciously declined by art, will be amply repaid by the ordinary accidents resulting from the vicissitudes of weather, and the several seasons of the day.

264 Thus then we see the picturesque principle exemplified and applied to the living scenery of Nature; but we are not for this reason to conceive that Nature is thus rendered subservient to an Art over which she has not herself previously presided; for, tho' she may not in every portion of her works have exhibited the full perfection

perfection of beauty, yet in some she probably has ; *Ver.*  
 and though, wherever these lovely features occur, she *264*  
 may not in every instance have combined them to the  
 greatest possible advantage ; yet in some she has certainly  
 displayed the charms of harmonious composition.  
 Had she done this universally, or where she has done  
 it, were it the talent of every man to observe and to  
 generalize the principle on which she has proceeded,  
 it would be unnecessary here to call in the aid of an  
 imitative Art ; but when to those alone who have *280*  
 cultivated this, the skill to select and recombine the  
 beauties of Nature, has been heretofore in a manner  
 confined, to those it cannot be deemed unreasonable  
 to refer the Gardener for instruction in the conduct of  
 his own art. To grace and adorn the person of the  
 great original herself is his pleasing province ; and  
 surely He is the most likely to succeed in the discharge  
 of this duty, who most diligently investigates the prin-  
 ciples on which she has already been imitated with  
 the happiest success. From those then who, with the  
 highest Taste and most discriminating powers of selec-  
 tion, have transferred the beauties of Nature to the  
 canvas, we may, without derogation, submit to re-  
 ceive instruction, and learn ourselves to select, to digest,  
 and to dispose our superiour materials, according to

*Ver.* rules of composition that have been primarily dictated  
 280 by herself.

300 It is not, therefore, by declining the study of Nature, that we are desired to aim at attaining that abstract Idea of Beauty to which we should for ever refer our designs and works, but by studying her through the medium of an Art which, upon her own principles, has combined and improved her features; thus we are ascertained of success, and having once got possession of this general archetype, we see every species of littleness fly before it; every symptom of  
 312 mechanism withdraws, and every trace of geometric order is obliterated; the Angle declines into the waving Curve, and parts, before acutely divided, now melt into each other with soft and easy transitions.

318 And such a transition the Poet may be said to have here exemplified in his own method. We had before been instructed how far the Powers of Fancy were able to contend with the difficulties started by Nature herself, and to remove what appeared to be even deformity; and now from a general rule, in which his abhorrence of mechanick order is inculcated, we are carried to the consideration of her equal powers to reform the absurdities introduced by antecedent  
 Art.

Art. The right lined Vista consequently, however *Ver.*  
 sanctified by time or circumstance, is condemned to *324*  
 fall, while only such of its trees as can survive re- *328*  
 moval, or such as, by concealment of their line, may *336*  
 plead for mercy, can hope to avert the stroke of the  
 Axe: from these few, however, a considerable effect *342*  
 is promised; and thus Art, in concurrence with Na-  
 ture, and acting only as her handmaid, is seen resto-  
 ring to Beauty Scenes, which, without that concu-  
 rence, she had herself previously deformed. (C)

We have now seen the picturesque principle esta-  
 blished, and we have traced its operations in the  
 improvement of defective Nature, and the reforma-  
 tion of erroneous Art. We have seen it also more  
 agreeably occupied in selecting, heightening, and  
 arranging the Features of an extensive Landscape ori-  
 ginally beautiful: we are now to contemplate its effect  
 upon the only species of rural view that has not yet  
 been brought under its direction: But in this instance  
 the precept is Caution; and so very tenderly is Art  
 permitted to touch the almost-finished work of Na-  
 ture, that its interference seems rather to be prohibited  
 than invited here. If indeed the scene fall short of  
 the Poet's description, and yet consist of parts that  
 are capable of being rendered conformable to it, it is  
 then

Ver. then the delightful office of Art to break new ground,  
 348 and for the first time to enter into the shadowy wild,  
 which bears no mark of ever having heretofore been  
 invaded by the hand of man: but here good Taste  
 will hold sacred the deep solemnity, the silent and  
 solitary grandeur of its dark recesses; it will move on  
 without impressing a distinguishable vestige, and will  
 355 only, as it were, by stealth admit the human eye to  
 the enjoyment of their secluded beauties. If Time in-  
 deed, giving to oblivion every unpleasing idea of  
 their former designation, has handed over to Nature,  
 and she adopting them has blended with her own  
 360 offspring the antient seats of tyranny and superstition,  
 Fancy has little more to do than to enjoy the vale,  
 whose woody sides, forming a gloomy contrast to the  
 rocks that glitter through them, are over-hung by  
 the majestick Ruins of a Castle; or in the bottom of  
 perhaps the same valley to contemplate the more aw-  
 ful Remains of an Abbey standing on the margin of a  
 stream, by which the whole is watered: For what in-  
 deed remains for her to do? If absolute neglect has  
 obscured the beauties of the scene, or rendered it, per-  
 haps, inaccessible, an access must be obtained, and  
 its beauties must be retrieved from a circumstance  
 equivalent to annihilation: but this is the utmost that  
 is allowed to Art, and even in the performance of  
 these

these necessary offices, the principal attention must be paid to the concealment and disguise of its interference. Hence the Poet, instead of imparting his instruction in this instance in the form of precept, has conveyed it by a description, and finding so little matter for maxim, instead of a lesson, has given us an archetype for our imitation.

Ver.  
360

From the contemplation of Scenes like these, the Poet now suddenly directs our observation to the geometrical absurdities of our antient Gardens, and by thus artfully bringing them into immediate comparison, excites our just indignation against their unnatural and sumptuous puerilities : Our eye, but now in the enjoyment of Nature's loveliest freest forms, beholds, with disgust, the narrow restraints under which she has heretofore been oppressed. Where Art takes Nature for its Archetype, Nature may herself improve under the conduct of that Art ; but where on the contrary its source is in itself, or to be found rather in the principles than the visible performances of Nature, the works of Art like this, are never to be adopted in her domains. Painting presents a mirror to her form ; and before this she may dress herself to the improvement of her charms : but what can Architecture contribute to heighten them ? Having never

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ver borrowed from her it has nothing to restore; and  
 386 to become a borrower herself, is a condescension be-  
 neath the dignity of her character; and consequently,  
 however graceful, however majestick the works of  
 this fine Art may rise, their beauties are their own,  
 they are peculiar to themselves, and in no respect ap-  
 plicable to the forms of Nature, who will therefore  
 392 scorn to wear them. Boundless in her easy variety  
 she disdains the restrictions of the line and plummet,  
 and, that substitute for the chizzel, the sheers. Yet  
 such were the antient implements of the Gardener;  
 by these the green Arcade was formed, and the dwarf  
 vegetable trimmed into the mosaic pavement of the  
 parterre; by these its angular extremities and quick,  
 smooth slope were given to the terras: by these the  
 winding currents of water were compelled to stagnate  
 in straight canals; and, to use the language of an old  
 French Writer, by these they were effectually prevent-  
 ed from ever degenerating into Rivers again.

The History of Gardening in England, from the  
 days of Elizabeth to our own time, finds here an easy  
 introduction, it is accordingly related, and hence we  
 learn the antiquity of that formal mode which has  
 just been condemned; we also learn that however  
 obstinately

obstinately it held its ground, it had yet in every age  
 come under the censure of the wisest and most dis-  
 cerning men; that yielding at last to their remon-  
 strances and ridicule, it began to give way about the  
 commencement of the present century; and, con-  
 sequently, that at that period the style which forms  
 the subject of the Poem may be said to have had its  
 rise, although it has but very lately attained to its  
 perfection. To the works of those great Masters,  
 therefore, who have brought it to this high state, as  
 before to the works of the Painter, we are now re-  
 ferred, with an earnest assurance, that by them we  
 shall see the principles of the Art exemplified, and  
 from the study of their practice, be enabled to correct  
 our Taste and extend our Fancy; that by exercising  
 these, and giving an actual existence to whatever ideal  
 forms and combinations we may have derived from  
 all the sources that have now been laid open to us,  
 we may bestow beauty upon even the ordinary features  
 of natural scenery, and enter into the refined enjoy-  
 ment of whatever Nature has, in this kind, created  
 most lovely and complete. (D)

Having now brought the Commentary on the First  
 Book to a conclusion, and throughout endeavoured  
 to maintain and strengthen the great principle of rural

T

beauty

beauty which has been prescribed by the Poet, I seem to hear an objection started to the justice of the doctrine, and to be asked in what manner the practice of the Gardener, who, for the most part, makes excessive neatness an object in his scenes, is to be reconciled with that species of beauty which consists in roughness of surface, and which appears to have been always aimed at by the Painter of Landscape.

To this, in the first place, I answer, that the objection does not affect the general composition, which is still moulded according to the picturesque idea; and, secondly, that it cannot affect the distances, which are beyond the reach of any such subordinate consideration. How far then does it extend? Only to the foreground; and even in this, not to the design, but the pencilling; for, exclusive of the surface, the form may be preserved to the most fastidious expectations of the Painter. What then remains? not the drawing of the Picture, for that is allowed to be correct, but just the manner of handling that small domestic portion which lies immediately beneath the eye. And, surely, when it comes to be considered, that in generalizing a principle, and applying it to a new subject, some variety must always result from the application; and this not from any mutability of the principle itself, but from  
the

the diversity of the objects with which it is combined, a variety so extremely trivial, can hardly be admitted as an objection to the introduction of the picturesque principle into the Art of Gardening; it falls before this self-evident proposition, that a rural scene in reality, and a rural scene upon canvas, are not precisely one and the same thing.

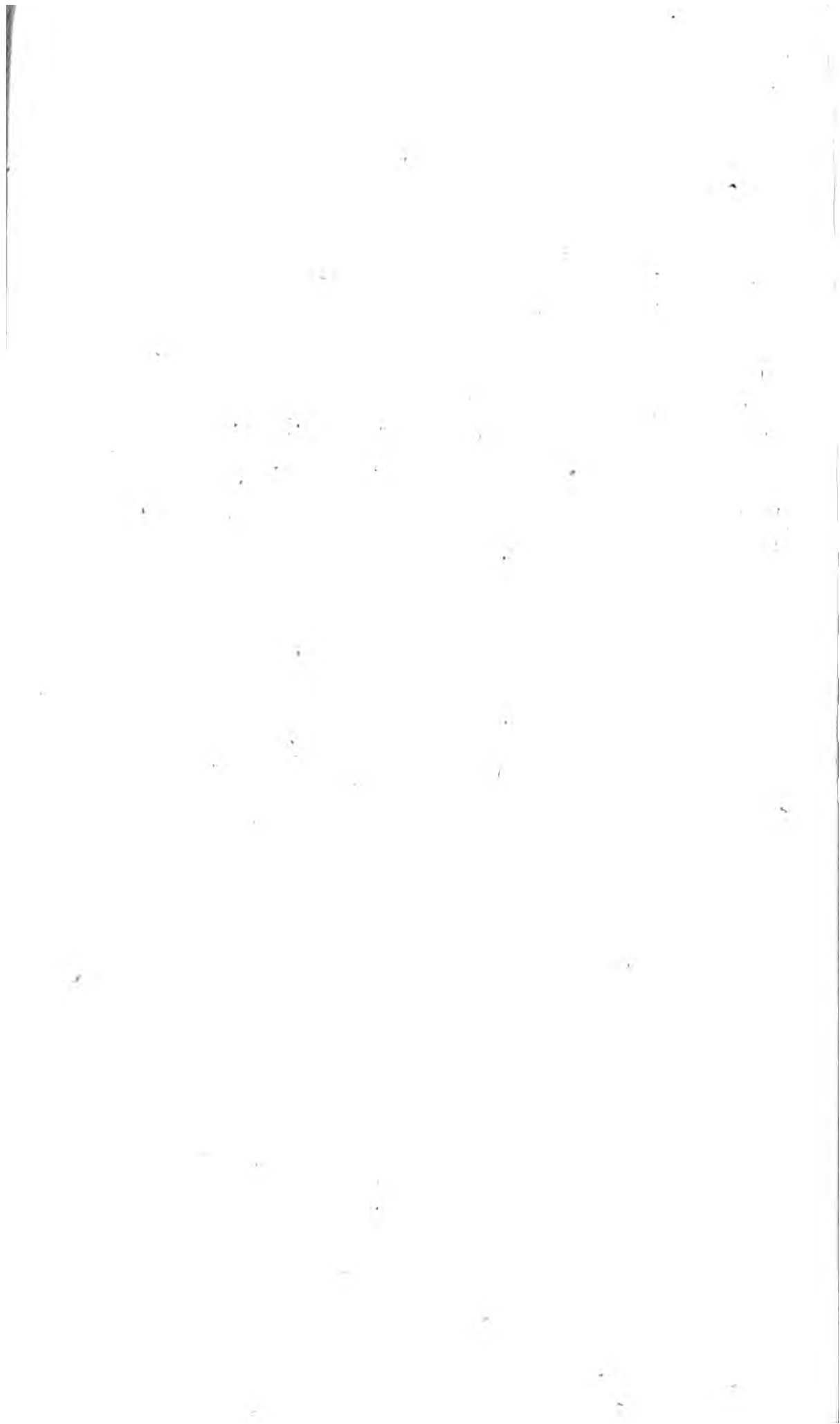
But that point, in which they differ here, is not itself without a guiding principle: Utility sets up her claim, and declares, that however concurrent the genuine Beauty of Nature and Picture may be, the Garden Scene is hers, and must be rendered conformable to the purposes of human life; if to these every consonant charm of painting be added, she is pleased; but by no means satisfied, if that which is convertible to use be given absolutely to wildness. The Wildness of Nature, therefore, is irretrievably set aside, and, consequently, it is only that kind of beauty which wears the stamp of human interference that can be cultivated here. Admit that desert Nature is best arrayed in the rough garb which painting chuses to imitate; yet in the English Garden, even in her very finest scenery, it is not desirable to preserve her in such a state of useless purity, that it shall appear as if no human footstep had even trod the ground. The

presence of the mansion must for ever refute the supposition. Neatness must, consequently, supersede this savage air, for meer slovenly accommodation is, of all defects, the most disgusting, it is a mean between wildness and cultivation, which makes each destructive of the other, and, consequently, instead of being both, is really neither. To neatness, therefore, the surface of the foreground must be given: the claims of utility must be complied with, for the rudeness of Nature is precluded, and this alone remains: but even from this no small share of picturesque beauty may be made to arise, and smoothness itself, if thus the means and reasons of creating it appear, and that the shaven Lawn be seen covered with the flocks which have been the instruments of its polish, will be found in a very extensive degree to conform to the principle originally prescribed. But I will now go even further, and aver, that it altogether conforms: The Arts which imitate Nature are necessarily defective in one point, they cannot imitate her motion; and hence they are driven to seek for some substitute that may be productive of the same effect. A roughness of surface is produced by quick contrasts of contiguous Light and Shade, which resulting in the appearance of frequent projection and retirement, the Eye, by the rapid succession of these, is affected

in

in exactly the same manner as if the parts were actually moving before it: But is this roughness, therefore, necessary in Nature herself? It certainly is not; and the reason is, that possessing a real, it would be superfluous to adopt the means by which only a fictitious motion is achieved: the PRINCIPLES of Painting, therefore, are universally received; and thus THE ENGLISH GARDEN, exempted from the necessity of using them, is found only not to accept of the artificial resources of Picture.

COM-



# COMMENTARY

ON THE

## SECOND BOOK.

**T**HE Poet having, in the former Book, proposed every general principle relating to the Art of Gardening, it would have been allowable for him to have laid down his pen, and left his readers, in each particular instance, to have made the application as well as they could for themselves: But reflecting on the difficulty of carrying general theories into practice, he has himself condescended to take his Pupil by the hand, and to teach him to apply his rules in every portion of his subject. He enters accordingly in the following Books into the detail, and instructs us in the means of executing every part of that great whole with which we had been previously made acquainted; we have seen the Picture; we have admired the Composition; and even contemplated its greater features; but we are now to imitate it; we must, therefore, descend to subordinate considerations; we are no longer to consider the effect alone, but to enquire into the means by which it is produced; and to the speculative part of Gardening, henceforward learn to afford the assistance of manual operation.

The



*Ver.*  
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The regard that is due to Utility, and the necessity which subsists of rendering even Beauty no more than an adjunct to this in the English Garden, has been already intimated : to some reflections on the happy effects of their union the present portion of the subject now naturally leads the mind ; and, accordingly, the Second Book opens with an Address to an Art which thus benevolently turns Magnificence from the cultivation of sumptuous trifles to the improvement of that which is beneficial to mankind. But here, while we attend to the precept conveyed in this apostrophe, we must be exceedingly on our guard not to misapply it, or imagine, that by converting beautiful objects to any other than their appropriate use, we are acting under its direction : The genuine spirit and tendency of the rule is not to turn ornament to use ; it is the converse of this, and instructs us only to make utility the subject of ornament (E). But even this law is not without its liberal construction : in the great it must, perhaps, be literally interpreted ; yet, like Poetry, Gardening will frequently acquiesce in a fiction of utility, accept of an End for a Use, and stamp the means which effect it, and the just adaption of the ornaments to the seeming purpose, with the name and characters of Truth.

Under

Under the authority of this general maxim then, it is obvious that the antient formal style of Gardening must necessarily fall : the Gardener will endeavour to restore to Nature whatever she has been so long deprived of : but as in the infancy of his art there is danger, that in destroying the right-lined disposition of his ground, he should, as was really the fact, run into the opposite extreme, a caution is suggested against all excessive and overstrained curvatures, and that easy line, which is a mean between them, and which is spontaneously traced in the pathway of every Being that moves under the unaffected direction of Nature, is described as the only legitimate source of beauty and genuine grace ; of this soft and melting curve the application, we are told, must be universal ; and that not only the pathway, and the outline of wood and water must be guided by it, but that the form of the surface of the ground itself must come under its direction.

But however gracefully it may flow, and however considered in itself, it may appear to be an absolute stranger to geometric rules, yet as all parallelisms must thence derive their source, even this curve must not be matched with its own parallel : the green-sward, therefore, through which the pathway winds, must be varied in its breadth, and the neighbouring

Ver.
 86 objects stand at that variety of distance that con-
 90 trast may result; in like manner the surface of the
 ground should be diversified in its form; and in every
 instance, whether of hill, ground-plan, or plantation,
 the idea of pairs must be diligently avoided. With-
 92 out this equality the balance may be sufficiently main-
 tained, and the means of preserving it are prescribed
 by Nature herself; it is not by copying one feature
 from another that she proceeds to create a harmony of
 parts, she accomplishes this end with more variety,
 nor finds it even necessary to place her correspondencies
 at an equal distance from the point of view; for to the
 remote Mountain she frequently opposes the neigh-
 bouring Shade or Rock, and thus satisfies the expect-
 ations of the Eye with difference and uniformity
 at once. Hence then Art should derive its rule, and
 by a like opposition of dissimilar objects give poize
 and regularity to the general Composition of her
 105 Works: the Foreground is her proper district, here
 therefore every object, whether of surface or planta-
 tion, may be formed according to the Taste of the
 Proprietor; their mutual adaption is, consequently,
 at his disposal, and he is accordingly instructed in the
 manner of suiting both their forms and hues, not only
 to each other, but to the distant scenery which is be-
 held from among them.

But

But in this, and every other operation of Art, the particular character of the scene must be most attentively considered, and cultivation assume a manner from the subject with which it connected; thus the introduction of soil, sufficient to maintain the vegetation of forest trees among the rocky clefts, may prove the means of removing the black and desolated Air of a Scene, whose proper character is Majesty; and thus by a junction of Wood and Rock, and thence a happy contrast of gloom and glitter, Dignity may be made to supersede a cold and forbidding aspect. The swelling Hillock may be made to vary the fatiguing sameness of the Flat, while this again, opposed by Plantations, may result in an animated and chearful Landscape; and in like manner variety may be introduced into the very Thicket, its uniform darkness may be chequered by clearing away the inferiour wood, while the remaining Shade will borrow dignity from the contrasted Light that is thus admitted into it; the rivulet too should here be allowed to sparkle in the sun and assist the opposition; and thus we see not only the balance well adjusted, but the cure that may, by attention to its genius, be applied to the defects of each particular species of scenery.

But of all the purposes on which the character of a Scene should be consulted, that is the most important

Per. which determines the mode of adapting ornament to
 Use, without permitting it to encroach upon the
 159 limits by which it should be restricted ; of these, as
 we have already observed, it is the business of the
 gardener to make such a Union, that neither may
 prove injurious to the other ; ornament must not in-
 fringe the claims of Utility, while, at the same
 time, it is essential that Utility should not sordidly
 reject the ornament with which it is becomingly ar-
 rayed. But it is a Truth, which experience will
 161 speedily evince, that nothing is more difficult than to
 preserve the proper boundary of these ; Pleasure in its
 wantonness would seek to appropriate what should
 be destined to more profitable purposes ; and there is
 hardly to be found a profitable Purpose to which
 ground may be turned, that is not likely to invade
 the equitable claims of Pleasure ; the very sheep, in
 their browsing, thus destroy the bloom and foliage
 which give beauty to the Pathway that steals round
 their pasture. Where then is the remedy to be
 167 found? in the Fence, alone ; we must ascertain their re-
 spective Limits ; we must divide and yet not disunite,
 and the expedient is as practicable as it is necessary ;
 the Fence, by winding freely, may for ever be with-
 170 drawn from the eye, and the very foliage, which it
 serves to protect, will at every bend conceal it from
 the

the view. The form of the ground, in each parti-
 cular instance, will instruct in some peculiar means
 of disguising the division, but in all it should
 be drawn with that bold line, that the trees and
 shrubbery which adorn the pathway, should frequent-
 ly project into, and appear to blend themselves with
 the field; while the field, in like manner, should
 frequently be seen to form recesses among these pro-
 jected trees; and here, when the sheep go into these,
 they will seem to be uncontrolled, and the only evi-
 dence to the contrary will afterwards be, that no-
 thing has been destroyed.

Having thus far spoken of the Fence, as the neces-
 sity for its concealment, and the general form of its
 line are concerned, the Poem now enters into a more
 practical discussion of the various kinds that may be
 resorted to, and the properest means to render them
 at once effectual and invisible; and of these, the first
 that is recommended to our choice, is that which
 is commonly known by the name of the Sunk Fence;
 by this the ground which is seen beyond it, provided
 its manner of cultivation be any thing similar, ap-
 pears so intimately and continuously united with
 that on which we stand ourselves, that it is almost
 always with surprize the division is discovered; and
 hence,

Ver.

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Ver. hence, as expressive of that passion, it obtained, when
 first invented, the name of the Ha! Ha! The mode of
 260 constructing this is specified, and is as follows: Dig
 265 deep a trench, and to the base of the side from which
 you look, and which must be perpendicular and fronted
 with stone, the opposite side must be gently sloped
 from the level of the soil; the verdure of this slope
 must be preserved, and the wall which sustains the
 272 neighbouring side, must be covered on its top also with
 the green turf, a little raised above the surface of the
 soil. This is the strongest manner of constructing the
 Sunk Fence; but the greatest strength is not in every
 instance necessary; it may, indeed, be requisite, in
 284 order to restrain the Deer, but cattle of a tamer kind,
 will be turned without it; the perpendicularity and
 the stone front of the nearer bank may, therefore, be
 288 here dispensed with, and in their place a slope, and
 at midway down a row of thorns, defended when
 young with pointed pales, may be substituted; but
 this must be kept from surmounting the level of the
 300 Lawn, and its surface made always parallel to the
 bank on which it grows.

305 But the form of the surface of the ground, the di-
 rection in which it is to run, and the nature of the
 inconvenience to be excluded, must, in every parti-
 cular case, determine the sort of Fence that should be
 made

made use of; that which we have already seen is best ^{Ver.}
 applied, when its line runs directly across the Eye, 306
 for in this instance it becomes absolutely invisible;
 but on the contrary it becomes, of all deformities, 308
 itself the most disgusting, if ascending the Hill in
 front, or in any other manner offering its end to the
 view, it exhibits only a gaping interruption of the
 otherwise continuous surface: in these cases, there-
 fore, we must have recourse to new expedients, and
 if sheep only are to be excluded from the Pathway,
 a sufficient defence against their inroads may be ob-
 tained from net-work, or wire extended upon com- 319
 mon stakes; three rows of stronger cordage stretched
 between posts must be opposed to horses and oxen (F);
 but as these are all liable to a thousand injuries and 330
 a swift decay, and consequently will require a trouble-
 some degree of attention to keep them in repair, a 336
 more durable substitute, but chiefly where the division
 is at some little distance, is allowed of, and for this 350
 purpose a well-constructed paling of wood-work is
 recommended; but as this again might very pro-
 bably obtrude itself upon the Eye, while it is not
 possible that a fence of any kind can be an orna-
 ment, we are instructed in the best means of miti-
 gating the necessary evil, and preventing its becoming
 a defect.

The

Ver. The means then are briefly these; give to your
 362 paling no tawdry glare, but as near as possible the
 colour of the ground against which it is seen; for thus
 the Eye shall blend them together, and thus the
 ground in a manner shall absorb the Fence. And
 here the poet, strongly feeling, and wishing to inculcate,
 the necessity of this precept, is exceedingly particular,
 and has left it only for me to reduce his farther instruc-
 tions on this head, to the form of a recipe, in
 which, however, I am obliged to omit the quantity of
 each ingredient, because it must always depend upon
 the circumstances of the scenery in which the paint
 367 is made use of; take then White-Lead, Oker, Blue-
 Black, and a proportionably small quantity of Verdi-
 grease, and making of these an oil paint, spread it on
 393 the paling; the effect of this, if used with judge-
 ment, will be found fully answerable to the most
 sanguine expectations; the limits, as it were, retire
 from the view, and Use and Beauty, which seemed
 to have suffered a momentary divorce, are now indis-
 tinguishably united again.

407 But there is a Fence of which the concealment is
 not equally necessary, a Fence which genuine taste
 will even rejoice to contemplate, for of genuine taste
 humanity is the inseparable associate; on the children,
 therefore,

therefore, of the labouring Peasants, we are previ- *Ver.*
ously desired to confer the charge of superintending all *407*
our boundaries, and guarding them from the inva-
sions of herds and flocks; in order to adapt them to
this little stewardship, to change their weeds of *430*
poverty for a more cleanly and comfortable attire;
and arming the infant shepherds with the proper im-
plements of their picturesque office, to employ and
post them where they may be even conspicuously
seen.

From this benevolent precept, the Poet is naturally *460*
led to consider the blessings and mental improvements
which attend upon the active occupations and the
contemplative retirement of the Gardener, and con-
cludes the book with an Episode in which they are
eminently illustrated. The scenery of the piece is
well deserving of our attentive observation, and the
sentiment, however poetically blazoned, stands firm
upon the basis of historic evidence.

Cicero has spoken of retirement in terms not very
different from those which introduce the Tale of
Abdalonimus: “ Quis enim hoc non dederit nobis,
“ ut cum operâ nostrâ Patria sive non possit uti, sive
“ poluit, ad eam vitam revertamur, quam multi docti
X “ homines,

Ver. “ homines, fortasse non recte, sed tamen multi etiam
 460 “ reipublicæ præponendam putaverunt.” *Cic. Epist.*
lib. ix. epist. vi. But, surely, the Poet has spoken
 more decisively like a patriot than even this great de-
 liverer of his country himself; he has not preferred
 secession to the cause of the public; on the contrary,
 he has described it as a means of cultivating every
 talent for its service, and a sort of watch-tower from
 which to look out for the happy moment when they
 may be called into action; and in the conduct of his
 Hero, has presented it to us in the light of a school, in
 which the lessons of magnanimity and moderation are
 taught; and in which the well-disposed mind, ab-
 stracted from the pursuits of the world, will learn the
 duty of foregoing every private indulgence when the
 sacrifice may render us the fortunate instruments of
 restoring prosperity to our country, or extending the
 happiness of our species.

I do not exclusively challenge for Gardening the
 whole of those attributes which have been by a thou-
 sand writers ascribed to Agriculture at large, any
 more than I should exclusively claim to the most per-
 fect knowledge of architectural ordonnance the entire
 eulogy that might be pronounced on the art of con-
 structing habitations. Without the stately column or
 fretted

fretted roof the Savage might receive protection from the storm, and without the picturesque scene the nerves of labour might be braced, and the markets supplied with the ordinary productions of the field: But on the other hand, without some portion of these refinements, are Agriculture and Architecture adapted to the exercise or reception of an English Gentleman? Certainly they are not; and yet, as we are now instructed to dispose the Garden-scene, the occupations of the Farm are not excluded from it; the purposes of life are not only attended to, but consulted. Magnificence is no longer a Tyrant, deriving his honours from the desolation of his territories; assuming a milder royalty, he now seeks his chief glory from their fertile state; he sets his polish upon accommodation, and it is henceforward Utility that the King delighteth to honour. What, therefore, can now be said in the praise of Agriculture that may not be extended to Gardening, with this additional felicity, that being endowed with Pleasures of its own, it counteracts the guilty temptations of fashionable Vice, and renders the favourites of Fortune partakers with the peasant in the blessings of innocency and health, without, at the same time, imposing upon them the necessity of sharing in his toil; enjoying at once the opportunities of salubrious exercise and contemplative leisure, unaf-

fected by the little cares of the world, and unalienated by seeing their unamiable influence upon others, exempt, so far as human nature can be exempt, from the assaults of irretrievable disappointment, Contentment, which generates the love of man, and a sense of gratitude which, if not the thing itself, must necessarily result in the Love of God, take possession of their hearts, and assume the conduct of their virtuous lives; and hence, with the man who tills his own ground, the Gardener may be justly characterized as “one who inflicts no terror; who entertains no hostile disposition, but is an universal friend; whose hands, unstained with blood, are devoutly consecrated to that God who blesses his orchards, his vintage, his threshing-floor, and his plough; who vindicates his equality in an equal state, and strenuously opposes himself to the unconstitutional encroachments of Aristocratic or Monarchic Power.” (G)

COM-

COMMENTARY

ON THE

THIRD BOOK.

IN an apostrophe to his memory, the Poet now introduces his late lamented friend, Mr. Gray, as delivering his opinion on the subject of the present Poem, and declaring the preference which he gave to the works of Nature over every effort of Art. We are not, however, to conceive that he condemned her just exertions, because he prefers the more majestic sublimity of Nature; the contrary inference will follow from the precept with which he closes his animated counsel: for after he has showed the inferiority of art's creative powers, he yet proceeds to regulate her conduct, and stating her proper office, advises her to conform to the Canon of Nature, and only to curb every fantastic or capricious variation from her great example. (H)

The subject of the English Garden is not, like that of Thomson's Seasons, a mere descriptive Eulogy on the luxuriances and beauties of Nature; it is preceptive, and its end is to polish Husbandry, and instruct

Ver.
 I instruct us in the art of preserving those very beauties as far as may be reconcilable with the necessities of cultivation: these had, in the antient mode of Gardening, been altogether superseded; to teach the means, therefore, of recalling them is, surely, not setting up Art as a rival to Nature, it is making it subservient and contributory to her ends. If the rude magnificence of untouched Nature could consist with appropriation, it would be unnecessary to prescribe any rule; but when we know that it cannot, and that heretofore a false idea of beauty has been entertained, shall we, therefore, depreciate the value of the lesson that conveys a better? Or shall we, because the praise of Nature is higher than that of Art, declare that Art is not deserving of our attention? The argument, that on this ground would militate against the English Garden, will be found to go a great deal farther, and extend to the subversion of every other imitative art as well as the Art of Gardening.

As we have all along considered the Garden as a Picture, so we are under the necessity of considering the unadorned and naked soil as the Painter's canvas, and, consequently, of looking on every means of ornament as the pencils and colours with which he is to work. But the canvas, with the coarse outlines of
 the

the scene, are supplied by Nature; the former Book *Ver.*
 has corrected the drawing; and now we come to give *W*
 it all the variety of tints that WOOD and WATER can
 afford; from these it is true the landscape will derive
 its most important charms of light and shadow, they
 are nevertheless represented only in the light of super-
 added, though natural, ornaments, as not being es-
 sential to the existence of the scene which, considered
 in this light, we see may subsist without them. From
 the conduct of the Pathway, the Fence, and the
 Ground-plan, therefore, the subject now changes 63
 first to the proper disposition of WOOD; and the pic-
 turesque purposes of planting being to conceal de-
 formities and create ornament, the Planter, tho' it is
 declared unnecessary for him to be an adept in all 87
 the science of the Naturalist, with respect to the classi-
 fication of trees, is yet required skilfully to know their 96
 several forms, their sizes, their colours, their manner
 of growing, and other external characters, in order
 that he may be always able to apply them respectively
 to those purposes which they are best adapted to an-
 swer; for his ignorance of these may lead him into
 bad mistakes; the Pine, for instance, by its quick
 growth and branching arms, seems well calculated to 108
 shut out the low wall or fence from the view, yet a
 better acquaintance with its habits, will shew its un-
 fitness;

^{Ver.}
 fitness; for as it rises it is found to shake off those
 115 very arms that might serve to tempt the planter to use
 it. Box, therefore, and Holly, &c. are declared more
 eligible here, because they are found to thicken be-
 low, and being planted not for their own beauty,
 but to hide what is defective in other objects, may be
 brought by the pruning knife to any form that most
 118 effectually promotes this end. But above all plants,
 the Laurel has received a preference from the Poet, as
 at once both answering this purpose, and being in
 136 itself also positively beautiful. With these evergreens,
 it is farther recommended to blend such indigenous
 shrubs as are of early bloom, and though the utmost
 150 nicety of selection be not attended to, yet we are
 promised a good general effect, one rule only being
 153 observed, which is to range the darker foliage behind
 as a ground to fling forward that which has a brighter
 hue, and, in Autumn, by their undecaying verdure, to
 give brilliancy to the ruffet colour which is acquired
 by the dying deciduous leaves; but this latter reason
 161 is not insisted on, the Spring and Summer being
 deemed of more important consideration: in order,
 163 however, to prevent any breach in the skreen from the
 decay of leaves in Winter, the greatest care must be
 taken to preserve the line of Evergreens entire.

Such

Such is the remedy for low deformities, but to exclude those of loftier stature, the intervention of forest-trees, so planted as not to overhang the underwood-shrubbery, is required; and these may be so managed, as that while they conceal a part they may, at the same time, convert the remainder of a structure even to an ornamental object. When the barn-like choir and chancel of a country Church, for instance, are by means of such a skreen as this shut out from the view, what can afford a more pleasing appearance than the tower which remains among the deep-shadowing foliage that has served to conceal them?

Per.
169

It only now remains to consider planting in the light of ornament, and as it serves at once to harmonize, and give energy to that opposition of light and shade which results, perhaps, too tenderly from the easy surface of the soil. To the general maxims delivered in the first book upon this subject, the following more particular precepts are therefore now added, and taken together, the whole may be considered as a complete code of all the laws that relate to this subject.

Where the ground is so elevated as to be itself an obstruction, the interposition of foliage cannot any farther

195

X
farther

Ver.
farther abridge the view. Plant boldly, therefore, on
such a brow, it is itself your object; its beauty must
arise from the richness of its vesture, and consequently
the trees with which it is clothed must be closely
200 planted together; but on the plain beneath they must
be set single, or at wide intervals, and this without
any seeming order or the visible interference of art.

210 Art must, however, in reality interfere, and that
for many purposes; the indiscriminating hand might
else exclude an eligible distance by the interposition
of trees which spread their tops and hang their impe-
netrable branches, while, under her correction, the
scene may be preserved, and sufficient wood obtained
by planting only such as bear an airy foliage on light
and lofty stems.

219 She must superintend the choice of trees destined
to form either clumps or an extensive shade, and for
this purpose select such only as are of similar cha-
racter, size, and colour, and also bear their leaves in
the same season.

226 She will hearken to the dictates of Nature, and
carefully avoiding every transgression against her laws,
will

will adapt her plants only to such soils and situations *Ver.*
as are favourable to their culture. *W*

Avoiding disproportion, she will forbear to plant *232*
the Lawn with low clumps of shrubbery, and, instead
of incongruously attempting there to interpose their
diminutive stature for the sake of variety, will range
them contiguous to the pathway, where alone they
can have consequence, and where the eye may either
dwell upon their peculiar beauties, or altogether look
beyond them.

She will teach us also to cultivate only the hardy *240*
indigenous race of trees, and to avoid the introduc-
tion of exotics into the general scene, from which an
ill-adapted climate will soon snatch them, and so
leave a blank. This doctrine the Poet has enforced *252*
and exemplified in a fictitious tale, which, however,
he concludes with a little abatement of his interdic-
tion; for he allows, that if a taste for foreign plants
must be gratified, it may be indulged in some lateral
seclusion from the general scene sheltered from every
rougher blast, and open only in mild and favorable
aspects.

Ver. The subject of planting being now concluded with
 301 a very brief recapitulation, referring the particular
 instances to good taste, and limiting every precept
 313 that would attempt to regulate this to little more than
 prohibitory caution, a subsequent evil is suggested,
 which is the overgrowth of trees beyond the line they
 were intended to describe, by means of which, when
 the effect is obtained it is almost as soon lost; but
 the Planter whose materials (in this differing from
 those of the Painter) will not retain their forms, is
 assured of his remedy in attention; and of being able
 to restore his outline by introducing the axe and pru-
 ning knife to cut off the luxuriance that has infringed
 those limits which his picturesque idea had originally
 prescribed.

343 Care then, we perceive, is necessary to preserve what
 Taste had created, but this necessity, we are told,
 should not yet discourage us from the pursuit of
 beauty: Mutability is a common lot, and the possi-
 349 bility of Winter-torrents might be equally well urged
 350 against the introduction of Water into a Scene, or
 that it is liable to be dried away by violent Summer
 heats. And here the Poet, by means of this exempli-
 354 fication, with great address changes his theme from
 Wood to WATER; he seems to pant beneath the fer-
 vours

vours he has just described, and seeking a refuge in the coolness of the element he has named, assumes the latter as a subject which the heat he sustains has rendered grateful to his mind. Per.
w

The tendency which Nature has bestowed upon every portion of her works is vindicated to them as a species of right, and that of Fluidity being an active descent to the lowest beds, the false principles upon which the French, as described by Rapin, have endeavoured to give an upward current to water by means of Jet d'eaux, with all their fantastic varieties, are censured as an infringement of its equitable claims; while the dank bottom ground, which is, on that account, unfavourable to vegetation, is declared to be the proper receptacle of this element. Here then, if sufficiently copious, let it spread; or, if more scantily supplied, and that the declivity of the soil be such as to afford it a channel, let it rather assume the form of a river; for to this, Extent which is in general beyond the reach of Art, and yet the usual character of natural lakes, is not required. But, be the disposition what it may, we are desired in either case to give to water an air of freedom in its outline, and a bolder curve than that which has been already prescribed for the pathway; the natural reason of which precept is, that

Ver. that the base of every little inequality in the ground jets into and turns it, and consequently, as it is unable to climb and surmount these, it must receive them as limits to its bed or channel. These, it is true, the torrent may cut or wear away, and hence the rocky and perpendicular bank has its original; but unless we have the means to supply a torrent speed to our artificial rivers, this species of margin is not a proper subject for our imitation.

398 Though the river has obtained a preference on account of the difficulty of giving sufficient greatness to the lake, the latter is not, however, proscribed, and the smallest extent of water is allowed of for the purpose of reflecting foliage and its accidents, and as a scene for Water-fowl, &c. provided that it be in a sequestered situation, and well surrounded with forest-trees; but unless so bounded, these diminutive pools are declared to be absolutely inadmissible, nothing being more obnoxious to the eye than such palpable patches; for even the greatest rivers, if by their windings they are rendered seemingly discontinuous, and are caught only at broken intervals, are adjudged disgusting, being thus reduced to pools, unless indeed they afford a considerable stretch of water contiguous to the beholder's station, in which case the eye is carried on
to

to their distances, and thus unites their divided parts *Ver.*
without any other assistance. *W*

Fill then the channel you give to the water, pro- 415
vided the best effect of river is sought for, in order
that it may not be interrupted in its windings, but
still demonstrate its own continuance; but when this
has in reality found its determination, let the eye
there encounter some strong feature of wood or hill
seemingly interposed; for beyond this, if conducted
with judgment, the imagination will certainly con- 419
tinue to prolong the stream. And here a consideration
of the necessity we lie under of procuring abundant
supplies of water for all these purposes, leads the Poet
to a direct prohibition of every attempt to introduce
this great natural ornament, unless we can give it per-
fection from such supplies.

The flat lake and low-bedded river being thus dis- 421
missed, we now come to the rules which teach the
streams to descend with beauty from their higher
sources to the vallies underneath. But first, the false
taste of our ancestors, which conducted water thus
circumstanced down by steps, as it were, and for
resting-places, disposed it in short canals, so ranged
one beneath another as in profile to afford the appear-
ance

Ver. ^{ance of stairs, but of length and continuance from}
 some one favoured point of view, is censured as de-
 429 serving only our contempt, which we ought to be-
 stow still more liberally on that mode of communi-
 cation which conveys it from those above to those
 below by flights of narrow stairs, whether it is suffered
 at all times to trickle down, or hoarded, on account
 438 of its scarcity, to be devolved only at long and arbi-
 trary intervals; for the cascade, such as Nature has
 exhibited, and such alone is recommended to our
 present purpose, requires an abundant store of water,
 which must first be provided ere imitation is attempt-
 450 ed, and instead of narrow steps requires a vast mound
 462 to fall over (I), which, when raised, must have its
 front beautified with rocks to shape the fall, and give
 it the majestic rudeness of Nature. (K)

473 But as the possession of these more magnificent
 features of landscape is beyond the limits of most
 men's power, every attempt to atchieve them without
 a previous certainty of success is discouraged, and we
 are desired to acquiesce in the enjoyment of the little
 rivulet which waters almost every scene; nay its im-
 provement, if requisite, is permitted; but this must
 be made to correspond exactly with its character: it
 is not the office of genuine art here to stagnate the
 lively

lively stream into width of lake, or by retarding its current to give it the form of a slow-moving river; on the contrary, she will try to fret, and so to increase its murmuring course as to continue it still, only in a higher degree, what Nature originally formed it. *Vin*
490

On the secluded margin of one of these clear rivulets, the Poet presenting himself as seated, there testifying the fitness of such a situation to excite Fancy, and in a short history of his own life giving an instance how constantly he has been enamoured of this kind of aquatic scenery, proceeds to confer a form and voice upon the lovely stream that has so strongly captivated his imagination. That voice which he has thus bestowed, he accordingly makes her now raise, and concludes the book with a recital of the Song, in which she aptly renders the several qualities of her little current so many examples of virtue to human Nature: her reflection of the ray she receives from the sun reads to man a lesson of gratitude; the nurture afforded to every little flower that embroiders her banks, of extensive benevolence; she seeks the lowliest vale for the path of her waters, and thence rebukes the aspiring career of Ambition; she calls on Sloth to mark her brisk and unceasing current; and swelling to an indignant torrent effectually to

Ver. resist the Tyranny of Art, contemptuously derides
 555 the servile Spirit; she then commissions her Poet to
 559 report her counsels, and with a warning voice to pro-
 nounce the vices she has reprobated to be the cause of
 a nation's overthrow; but, if neglected, himself to
 take the lesson and monopolize the profits he is denied
 the means of communicating; and thus we become
 almost persuaded that we find the assertion of Shake-
 spear's Duke in *As you like it*, even literally verified,
 the little brook has instructed us in good;

“ And thus a life exempt from public haunt
 “ Finds tongues in trees, books in the running streams,
 “ Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.”

COM-

COMMENTARY

ON THE

FOURTH BOOK.

SIMPLICITY having already reformed the taste and corrected the false principles of Gardening; delineated the genuine curve of Nature; instructed us in the means of uniting Beauty with Use, and to this end concealed the necessary fence which forms their common limit; having promulged the laws of Planting, and directed the proper course or bed for Water, is once more invoked to continue her assistance, while the Poet proceeds now to the consideration of artificial ornaments, that is, of such works of Architecture and Sculpture as may, without derogation from its dignity, be admitted into the Garden Scene.

But this is not the whole, for the fourth Book not only extends to artificial ornament, but is a kind of recapitulation of all that has gone before, which, exclusive of variety, the declared purpose of its Author, gives, even in point of strict propriety, a preference to the form of a tale in which it is conceived; for were it preceptively written, it must have been restricted to its single subject, while the ordinary rules

^{Ver.}
 of composition allow a latitude and allot the business of exemplification and enforcement to the conclusion. The demerit of ALCANDER accordingly shews us not the example only from which we may, on the present portion of the subject, deduce for ourselves the rule, but in its general disposition demonstrates the great advantage of attending to every rule that has been already prescribed.

These, however, have been considered in their respective places, and therefore it only remains for me to discuss the principles of artificial ornament as they are set forth in the practice of ALCANDER.

65 All vestiges of former Art being obliterated, and Nature restored to her original simplicity, the study of congruity in ornament is the first maxim that offers itself to our observation; and, therefore, if the principal structure or mansion be Gothic, the ornamental
 80 buildings should be made to agree with it. Even such necessary structures as the offices of a Farm, seldom ornamental in themselves, may, at a proper distance, receive this character; by being masked with the fictitious ruins of a castle they will appear as if the reliques of an antient fortress had been turned to the purposes of husbandry, and thus, instead of offending
 the

the fight, be converted to a correspondent and even a noble object; while a mouldering Abbey will better serve to conceal those domestic structures that stand nearer to the view.

Vir.
80
95

But not only the mutual agreement of buildings should be attended to, but their agreement with the circumstances of the scene in which they are introduced; the Castle, for instance, should derive the probability of having stood in former ages, from a situation in which it is probable that a former age would have placed it for the purposes of defence and strength; to this, therefore, an elevated situation is adapted, while a secluded recess and contiguity to running water, are not among the least essential characters of the Abbey, which should, now that time is supposed to have passed over it, stand backed with wood, and so sunk in shade as to give it an air of antique solemnity; for the great and venerable tree will be considered as a kind of witness to its age, while diligence should be used to bring forward the growth of Ivy to assist in giving credit to the fiction.

Still farther, in every ornamental building of whatsoever kind, an agreement of its parts among themselves is to be maintained; in those already instanced

it

Ver. it is requisite that every character of each should be preserved with the most scrupulous precision: omission of parts indeed may be justified by the supposition of ruin and decay; but what can palliate the absurdity of annexing parts unknown to antiquity, and altogether foreign from the original purposes of such a structure.

These are the greatest possible artificial features, and as they must necessarily preclude all littleness, and consequently exceed the abilities of most improvers, they are converted to uses which must, undoubtedly, be somewhere complied with, and which will, therefore, defray at least some part of the charges. These also belong to the general scenery, and consequently admit of no dispensation either with respect to their greatness, or propriety in the manner of constructing them. The inference is obvious: where the execution, from its proper point of view, cannot amount to absolute deception, let the attempt be altogether relinquished: to fictitious buildings of this nature I have never yet heard an objection (and many an objection I have heard) that in substance extended farther than to such as are ill performed, and against such I am as ready to give my voice as the severest critic that has ever passed judgment upon them. (L)

But

But, apart from the general, there is also another species of scenery to which alone the ornament may be referred without considering its relation to the whole: Thus, if the valley be so sunk as to make no part of the prospect, the structure that adorns it may be adapted rather to this of which it will constitute an important feature, than to the whole, of which, by the supposition, it makes no part at all; to this retired valley, therefore, if watered by a rapid stream, the grotto is well adapted, for the water trickling thro' its roof, will serve to keep it always cool for refreshment; but even here within itself, consistency of ornament must be attended to; and whether the scene in which it is placed be inland, or in view of the ocean, the building must only be incrusted with the productions that are natural to its situation and the soil.

The Flower-Garden also comes under this description; and therefore it is required, that it shall stand apart from the general scene, and be whatever it is within itself; some glade or sheltered seclusion is consequently its proper situation. The form and disposition of the flower-beds, though very irregular, must not appear broken into too many round and disjointed patches, but only seem to interrupt the green-sward walks, which, like the mazy herbage that in forest-scenes

Ver. 494 scenes usually surrounds the underwood tufts of thorn, wind carelessly among them, and running from side to side through every part of the scene, frequently meet the gravel path that leads round the whole. The Flower-Garden being professedly a work of art, will no more desire to catch prospects beyond its own limits than it seeks to be seen from 206 without itself; the internal scenery, therefore, must consist of objects adapted to a neighbouring eye, present it with graceful architectural forms, and call to mind, by their emblems, the Virtues and the Arts that deserve our cultivation, or by their busts the names of men, who, by cultivating these, have deserved our grateful remembrance.

212 But among all the ornaments of the Flower-Garden, the Conservatory is intitled to the pre-eminence; great, however, as it may be rendered, it is not yet requisite that its style should coincide with that of the mansion; it stands in a separate scene, there forms the principal feature, and, consequently, instead of receiving, should itself prescribe the mode to which every inferiour ornament must be made to conform.

Separation

Separation from the general scene is likewise re- ^{Ver.}
 quisite for the recess where domestic fowl are reared ; ³¹⁴
 and as these are of two kinds, the land and the
 aquatic, their little demesne must consist of parts
 adapted to the habits of each : the lake studded with
 small islands, and surrounded with a grassy bank, will
 afford them every accommodation of this nature ; and
 the narrowness of the space required will give propriety ³²⁵
 to the introduction of some classic emblematical orna-
 ments ; while the whole animated plot may be enjoyed ³³⁴
 from a bower or rustic seat, so situated as at once to
 comprehend it all, and so circumstanced as to shut out
 the glare of the noontide sun by the means of climb-
 ing shrubbery, which will serve at the same time to
 invest the wall and conceal the masonry of which this
 bower must necessarily be constructed.

These three consistencies, for such they may be
 called, with the scene, with each other, and of each
 within itself, being thus declared necessary to artificial
 ornaments, and exemplified in a Gothic scheme, the
 manner of maintaining them, where the mansion or
 principal structure is of Greek Architecture, is now ³⁸⁸
 prescribed ; and here, instead of the majestic Ruin,
 the great ornaments of the general scene should rather
 consist of the Temple, the Obelisk, the Column, or

A a

triumphal

Ver.
388 triumphal Arch. The fragment, however, of the Gothic Structure is not to be considered as an inconsistency in England; it may be the residue of an age that actually once existed; it has, consequently, a kind of prescriptive right to its station, and should not therefore be obliged to conform; while the Greek
400 buildings that are raised to suit the mansion must be made to appear its modern cotemporaries, the idea of a Greek Ruin in England being a contradiction both to history and experience.

403 Every argument to prove the necessity of maintaining consistency, being in a manner exhausted, it remained only for the Poet with ridicule to explode the heterogeneous miscellanies of buildings which have been sometimes drawn together from remote parts of the earth, and by a comic painting of the puerile chaos to render it contemptible in our eyes.

639 As it seems to have been our Author's intention to select from the variety of buildings, which have usually found a place in our modern Gardens, such as were capable of being introduced with the greatest congruity, and, when so introduced, capable of producing the best effect, he could not well overlook, that most common of them all, the Hermitage; he has
therefore

therefore allotted to it a situation retired and solitary; ^{Ver.}
 but, as the melancholy circumstances of his tale led [~]
 him to do, he has also made it a kind of monumental
 structure; here as elsewhere, both by example and
 precept, conveying to us these important lessons, that
 such melancholy memorials should only be raised
 where a real interest in their object gives them pro-
 priety, and that where the circumstance recorded is
 near the heart, simplicity should be most studiously 648
 consulted, as emblems and unappropriated orna-
 ments must necessarily prove contemptible to a mind
 which is too much in earnest to derive any pleasure
 from fiction. (M)

Although it has been my province to divide what
 the Poet has most closely interwoven, to decompound,
 as it were, this part of the Poem, and separate the
 preceptive maxims from the tender narrative in which
 they are involved, I cannot, however, conclude with-
 out observing that this book appears to me to be
unique in its kind, as combining with infinite address
 in one natural whole, the dramatic, the descriptive,
 and the didactic *genera* of writing. To elucidate the
 last is all that I have attempted; and if what I have
 written tends, in any sort, to give the less attentive
 kind of readers a clearer conception of the general plan

Ver. of the Poem, and of the connexion of its parts with
 each other, it will add considerably to the pleasure I
 have already enjoyed in this agreeable occupation.

665 Having now finished the whole of his subject, he
 concludes this book, as he had done the first, with an
 address to those of his countrymen who have a relish
 for the politer arts; but as an interval of more than
 ten years had past between the times when the first
 and fourth books were written, that art, therefore,
 which in the former he exhorts them to practice for
 the embellishment of a then prosperous country, in the
 672 latter he recommends, merely for the purpose of amuse-
 ment and self-consolation, at a period when the free-
 dom and prosperity of that country lay oppressed be-
 neath the weight of an immoral, a peculating, a fan-
 guinary, and desolating system. History, when she
 transmits the records of the year 1781, will best con-
 vince posterity that this conclusion of the Poem had
 in it as much propriety when it was written, as they
 will feel that it has pathos when they peruse it.

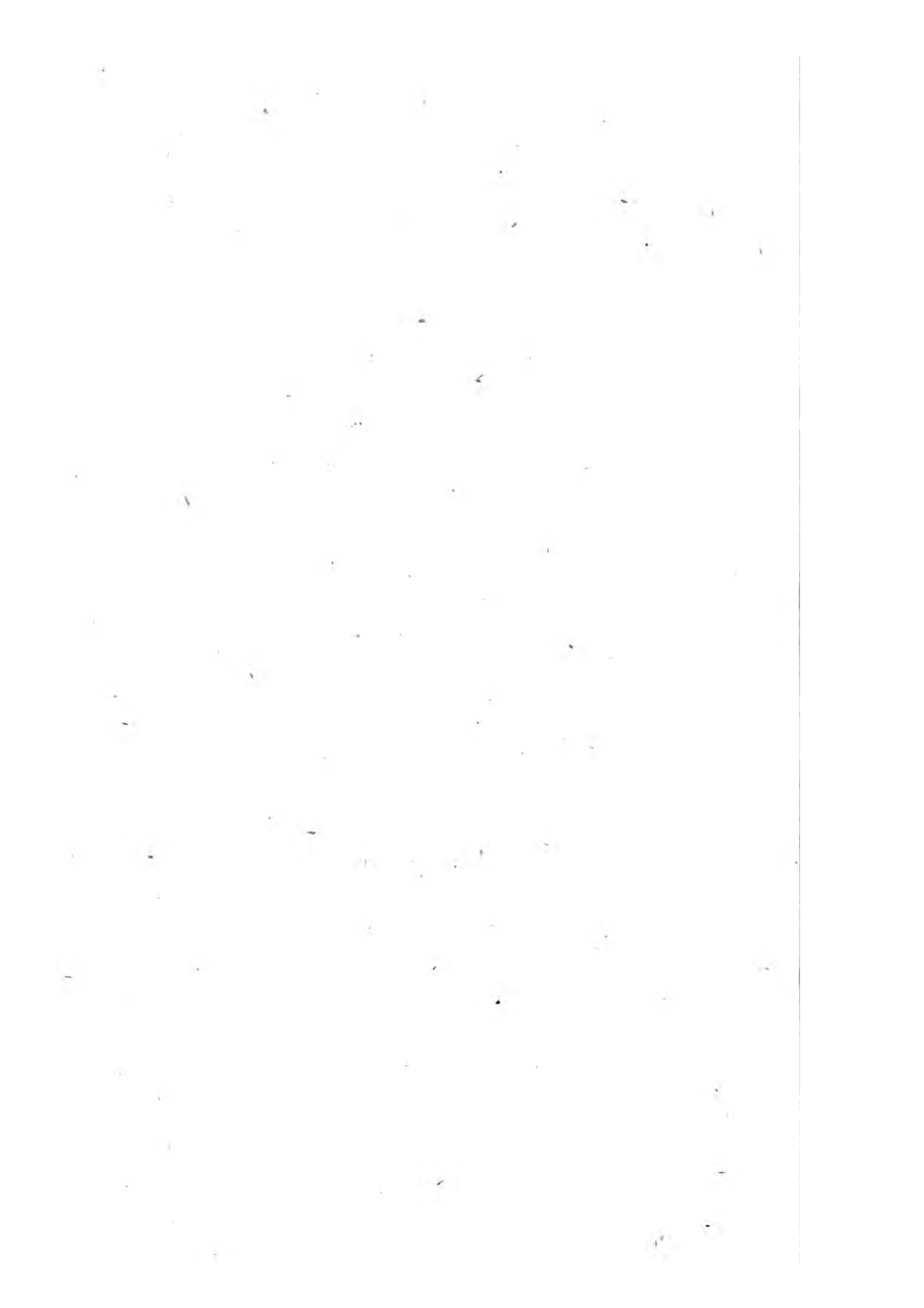
It is reserved for me to conclude this Commentary
 in a happier hour: When a great and unexpected
 ministerial revolution gives us good reason to hope
 that the sword which was drawn to obliterate the rights
 of

of mankind, and cut up the securities of Property, will soon hide its disappointed and guilty edge in its scabbard; that commerce will once more return with opulence to our shores; and that a just, a generous, and a liberal Policy will scorn to restrain her benefits to a single district of a great and united Empire. I have only to ask of Heaven to hasten the maturity of these blessings; to give them perpetuity; and, instead of suffering a barbarous and debilitating luxury to grow upon that prosperity of which it has thus afforded us a prospect, to invigorate our very amusements, and teach us with a manly and patriot pride, in the hours of peace and relaxation, to aim at lifting our country to that superiority in genuine Arts which we have so lately begun to vindicate to her in just and honourable Arms.

THE END OF THE COMMENTARY.

MAY 30, 1782.

NOTES



N O T E S

UPON THE

P O E M

A N D

C O M M E N T A R Y.

Such of the following Notes as are marked with numeral Letters and the number of the Verse refer to the Poem, and were inserted by the Author in the former quarto Editions of its separate books. Those marked with the capital Letters of the Alphabet and the Page refer to the Commentary.

N O T E S.
U P O N
B O O K T H E F I R S T
And its C O M M E N T A R Y.

NOTE I. Verse 30.

At this sad hour, my desolated soul.

THIS Poem was begun in the year 1767, not long after the death of the amiable person here mentioned. *See Epitaph the first in the Author's Poems.*

NOTE A. Page 121.

I think it proper to apprise my Reader, that I use the general term GARDENING for that peculiar species of modern improvement which is the subject of the Poem, as it is distinguished from common horticulture and planting.—The Gardener in my sense, and in that of the Poet, bears the same relation to the Kitchen-Gardener that the Painter does to the House-Painter.

NOTE B. Page 130.

The few descriptions of Gardens which occur in the writers of antiquity, cut off all hope of obtaining any classical aid to the art. In that of Alcinous the

B b

charm

charm consists not in the happy disposition of the little plot, for it was hedged in and contained only four acres, but in the supernatural eternity of its bloom and verdure, and the perpetual maturity of its fruits. The hanging gardens of Babylon, and of the Egyptian Thebes, like the pastures on the roof of Nero's golden palace, are rather to be considered as the caprices of Architecture. The younger Cyrus, according to Xenophon's account of his occupations, had, perhaps, a more just idea of magnificence, yet still the orderly arrangement of his quincunxes could never have consisted with the picturesque principle. If we turn to the primitive Romans, their Agrarian laws, however ill executed, directly operated against this art, and we find Cincinnatus called not from his Garden but his Farm to assume the government of his county; and as to the Litemum of Scipio, that simplicity of life, which is so highly applauded by Seneca, and the very little care he took even to accommodate himself there, will give us reason to believe that he rather neglected than over-polished his villa. Cicero was a professed admirer of *topiary works*, which exactly correspond with the green statuary, the espaliers, and trellis-work of our own old gardens: "Trahitur enim Cupressus in
 " picturas opere historiali, venatus classesse, et ima-
 " gines

“ gines rerum tenui folio, brevique et virente super-
 “ vestiens.” *Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 6. cap. 33.*

From the laboured description which the Younger Pliny has given us of his own Tuscan Villa, we may at once infer the truth of our Poet's panegyric on the general appearance of Italy, and also that Gardening had not improved at Rome beneath the imperial yoke. Nothing can exceed the beauty of that scenery which this elegant writer has laid before us: “ A
 “ Theatre, such as Nature alone could construct, is
 “ presented to our eye: a Valley is extended at the
 “ foot of the surrounding Appenine, whose loftiest
 “ summits are crowned with old patrician Forests,
 “ while the descending sides are covered with foliage,
 “ there only interrupted where some bold projections
 “ lift their heads above it: Vineyards extended on
 “ every side occupy the base of the mountain, while
 “ the valley beneath looks chearful with meadows and
 “ cornfields, and all the varieties of inclosure and cul-
 “ tivation; the whole is fertilized by eternal rills
 “ which are yet no where collected in a stagnant lake,
 “ but hurry down the declivities of the ground into
 “ the Tiber, which, forming here a vast navigable
 “ stream, and reflecting the whole landscape from his
 “ smooth surface, divides the valley in the midst.”

Such are the glowing scenes of Italy, and how well adapted they are to the canvas Pliny himself has perceived; for he declares, “the view before him to resemble a picture beautifully composed rather than a work of Nature accidentally delivered.”

And now having contemplated the prospect, it is time to turn our eye to the proprietor, and the character of that foreground from which he was pleased to enjoy it. Behold him then hemmed in by a narrow inclosure, surrounded with a graduated mound, tracing, perhaps, his own or his Gardener's name scribbled in some sort of herbage upon a formal parterre, or ranging in allies formed of boxen pyramids and unshorn apple-trees placed alternately, in order, as he declares himself, “happily to blend rusticity with the works of more polished art;” nay, it is even possible that seated now upon a perforated bench, so contrived as, under the pressure of his weight, to fling up innumerable jets d'eau, he thence takes in the view of this “vast Theatre of Nature” from between the figures of fantastic monsters or the jaws of wild beasts, into which he has shorn a row of box-trees at the foot of an even sloping terras. In brief, in a foreground probably designed, but certainly applauded by the Younger
Pliny,

Pliny, no vestige of Nature is suffered to remain ; and if, from a man of his erudition and accomplishments, we receive no better a model for our imitation, I believe we may safely infer, that however lovely Italian scenery in general may be to the eye, the search of classic aid to the Art of Gardening must prove absolutely fruitless : By one of his contemporaries, it is true, the defective taste of his age was observed, but the censure affords an argument of its universality while it exempts only the sensible individual who pronounced it.

In vallem Egeriæ descendimus et speluncas
 Dissimileis veris. Quanto præstantius esset
 Numen Aquæ, viridi si margine clauderet undas
 Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum.

Juven. Sat. iii. ver. 17.

The villa of the Gordiani, described by J. Capitolinus, is in much the same stile, nor does that of Dioclesian seem to have possessed any advantage over it.

I should not name the fictitious Garden of Psyche, as delineated in very general terms by Apuleius, but for the purpose of introducing one of a much later date, described by his commentator Beroaldus, and

so illustrating the equally defective Taste of modern
 “superstitious Italy.” “Behold then the fairest and
 most magnificent seat subsisting in the territories of
 Bologna in the year 1510; and we find its beauties
 to consist of a marble fountain, in a green inclosure,
 throwing the water up by the means of siphons; of a
 fish-pond annexed to this; and of a long and right-
 lined canal between two parallel stone-walls, while
 another stone-wall of ten feet high, but broad enough
 at top to admit of two persons walking abreast on it,
 completely excludes the view of the country and of
 the natural river from which this canal is supplied
 with water.” In the year 1550 we find a Cardinal à
 Valle, at Rome, employed in erecting a hanging
 Garden on the columns of his palace. Strada, who
 was himself a Roman, gives us his own idea of a
 perfect Garden in the middle of the last century, and
 like that of Pliny, it principally consists of jets d'eau
 and green statuary: And Bishop Burnet, in the year
 1685, describes the Borromean Garden in the Lago
 Maggiore, as “rising from the lake by five rows of
 “terrasses on the three sides of the Garden that are
 “watered by the lake; the stairs are noble, the walls
 “are all covered with Oranges and Citrons, and a
 “more beautiful spot of a Garden cannot be seen.”
 He afterwards informs us, in more general terms, that
 “the

“ the Gardens of Italy are made at great cost: the
 “ statues and fountains are very rich and noble; the
 “ grounds are well laid out, and the walks are long and
 “ even, but they are so high-scented by plots made
 “ with box, that there is no pleasure to walk in them;
 “ they also lay their walks between hedges that one
 “ is much confined in them. In many of their Gar-
 “ dens there goes a course of water round the walls,
 “ about a foot from the ground, in a channel of stone
 “ that goes round the side of the wall.” So here is
 an Italian Garden, walled round, watered by foun-
 tains, and an elevated stone-channel at its extremities,
 and divided into box-plots by long, even, high-hedg-
 ed walks; “ but they have no gravel,” he says, “ to
 “ make these firm and beautiful like those we have
 “ in England;” and hence, perhaps, it is that the
 judgment of Addison, who visited that country but a
 little after, may be accounted for; “ for he says,
 “ their Gardens then contained a large extent of
 “ ground covered over with an agreeable mixture of
 “ Garden and Forest, which represent every where an
 “ artificial rudeness, much more charming than that
 “ neatness and elegance which we meet with in our
 “ own country;” but he bestows the same encomium
 upon the Gardens of France, where there is but little
 reason to believe that he really found a better stile
 than

than that which prevailed at home; he desired to reform a mode that disgusted him; he saw the fault and wished to avoid it, but had never formed an idea of the perfection to which it was possible the art could be carried; whatever differed from the obnoxious track he had been used to afforded him satisfaction, and this he probably exaggerated to himself, and was glad to make use of as an example to his doctrines. It is not very likely that Mr. Addison, if he were still living, would now bestow the exalted title of heroic Poets upon the designers of Kensington Gardens: But the fact is, we were in his time the apes of France in this as well as in every other frippery device of Fashion, and Le Nautre alike presided over the taste of Gardening in both countries. Rapin is childish in his precepts; Stevens, a century before him, delivered nearly the same in prose; and I cannot find that France, at any previous time, afforded an instance of a practice better than they have prescribed. The genius of Petrarch, I grant, is in some respect visible at Vacluse; but who has dared to tread in his footsteps? But I do not design minutely to trace the history of French Gardening. It is my purpose only to confirm the assertion of the Poet, who vindicates the Art he sings to his own country; and this, I think, I have sufficiently done, by enquiring into its
state

state upon the Continent, and chiefly in Italy, down to the time about which it seems to have had its commencement in England ; but though admired by some of their travellers who have visited this country, it is not yet adopted by them, and consequently no modern claim can come into competition with ours. Mr. Gray has asserted our originality in this particular, and Algarotti has acknowledged it *. The Art is, therefore, our own, and consequently the Poem, which undertakes to impart its principles, has a right to intitle itself the ENGLISH GARDEN.

NOTE C. Page 141.

In a postscript which the Author annexed to the quarto edition of the fourth book of this Poem, in which he gave a general analysis of the whole, and answered certain objections which had been made to particular passages in it, he thus vindicates himself for having prescribed the demolition of vistas, which had been defended as having in themselves a considerable share of intrinsic beauty : “ I am,” says he, “ myself far from denying this, I only assert that their beauty is not picturesque beauty ; and, therefore, that it is to be rejected by those who follow picturesque principles. It is architectural beauty, and accords

C c

only

* See Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray, Let. 8. Sect. 5.

only with architectural works. Where the Artist follows those principles, vistas are certainly admissible; and the French, who have so long followed them, have, therefore, not improperly (though one cannot help smiling at the title) given us, in their Dictionary of Sciences, an article of *Architecture du Jardinage*. But did Gaspar Pouffin, or Claude Lorrain, ever copy those beauties on their canvas? Or would they have produced a picturesque effect by their means if they had? I think this single consideration will induce every person of common taste to allow that these two principles oppose one another; and that whenever they appear together, they offend the eye of the beholder by their heterogenous beauty. If, therefore, vistas are ever to be admitted, or rather to be retained, it is only where they form an approach to some superb mansion so situated that the principal prospect and ground allotted to picturesque improvement lie entirely on the other side; so much so that the two different modes of planting can never appear together from any given point of view; and this is the utmost that I can concede on the subject."

NOTE II. Verse 395.

With stone. Egregious madness; yet pursu'd
 Altho' this seems to be the principle upon which
 this

this false taste was founded, yet the error was detected by one of our first writers upon architecture. I shall transcribe the passage, which is the more remarkable as it came from the quaint pen of Sir Henry Wotton :

“ I must note,” says he, “ a certain contrariety between building and gardening : for as fabricks should be regular, so gardens should be irregular, or at least cast into a very wild regularity. To exemplify my conceit, I have seen a garden, for the manner perchance incomparable, into which the first access was a high walk like a terras, from whence might be taken a general view of the whole plot below, but rather in a delightful confusion, than with any plain distinction of the pieces. From this the beholder descending many steps, was afterwards conveyed again by several mountings and valings, to various entertainments of his scent and sight : which I shall not need to describe, for that were poetical ; let me only note this, that every one of these diversities, was as if he had been magically transported into a new garden.” Were the terras and the steps omitted, this description would seem to be almost entirely conformable to our present ideas of ornamental planting. The passage which follows is not less worthy of our notice. “ But tho’ other countries have more benefit of the Sun than

“ we, and thereby more properly tied to contemplate
 “ this delight; yet have I seen in our own a delicate
 “ and diligent curiosity, surely without parallel among
 “ foreign nations, namely in the garden of Sir Henry
 “ Fanshaw, at his seat in Ware-Park; where, I well
 “ remember, he did so precisely examine the tinctures
 “ and seasons of his flowers, that in their settings,
 “ the inwardest of which that were to come up at the
 “ same time, should be always a little darker than
 “ the utmost, and so serve them for a kind of gentle
 “ shadow.” This seems to be the very same species
 of improvement which Mr. Kent valued himself for
 inventing, in later times, and of executing, not indeed
 with flowers, but with flowering shrubs and ever-
 greens, in his more finished pieces of scenery. The
 method of producing which effect has been described
 with great precision and judgment by a late ingenious
 writer. (See *Observations on modern Gardening*, sect.
 14th, 15th, and 16th.) It may, however, be doubted
 whether Sir Henry Fanshaw’s garden were not too
delicate and *diligent* a curiosity, since its panegyrist
 concludes the whole with telling us, that it was
 “ like a piece not of Nature, but of Art.” See *Reli-
 quia Wottoniana*, page 64, edit. 4th.

NOTE

NOTE III. Verse 412.

The wilds of taste. Yes, sagest VERULAM,

Lord Bacon, in the 46th of his essays, describes what he calls *the platform of a princely garden*. If the Reader compare this description with that which Sir William Temple has given in his essay, intituled, *The Gardens of Epicurus*, written in a subsequent age, he will find the superiority of the former very apparent; for though both of them are much obscured by the false taste of the times in which they were written, yet the vigor of Lord Bacon's genius breaks frequently through the cloud, and gives us a very clear display of what the real merit of gardening would be when its true principles were ascertained. For instance, out of thirty acres which he allots for the whole of his Pleasure-ground, he selects the first four for a lawn, without any intervention of plot or parterre, "because," says he, "nothing is more pleasant to the eye than green grass kept finely shorn." And "as for the making of knots of figures, with
" diverse coloured earths, that they may lie under
" the windows of the house, on that side which the
" garden stands, they be but toys, you may see as
" good sights many times in tarts." Sir William Temple, on the contrary, tells us, that in the garden at Moor-park, which was his model of perfection, the
first

first inlet to the whole was a very broad gravel walk garnished with a row of Laurels which looked like Orange-trees, and was terminated at each end by a summer-house. The parterre or principal garden which makes the second part in each of their descriptions, it must be owned, is equally devoid of simplicity in them both. "The garden," says his Lordship, "is best to be square, encompassed with a stately "arched-hedge, the arches to be upon carpenters "work, over every arch a little belly enough to receive a cage of birds, and, over every space, between the arches, some other little figure with "broad plates of round coloured glass, gilt for the "sun to play upon." It would have been difficult for Sir William to make his more fantastic; he has, however, not made it more natural. The third part, which Lord Bacon calls the Heath, and the other the Wilderness, is that in which the Genius of Lord Bacon is most visible; "for this," says he, "I wish "to be framed as much as may be to a natural wilderness." And accordingly he gives us a description of it in the most agreeable and picturesque terms, infomuch that it seems less the work of his own fancy than a delineation of that ornamental scenery which had no existence till above a century after it was written. Such, when he descended to matters
of

of mere Elegance (for when we speak of Lord Bacon, to treat of these was to descend) were the amazing powers of his universal Genius.

NOTE IV. Verse 447.

All that the Nymph forgot, or left forlorn.

See Spencer's Fairy Queen, Book 4th, Canto the 10th: the passage immediately alluded to is in the 21st Stanza.

For all that Nature, by her mother wit,
Could frame in earth and form of substance base
Was there; and all that Nature did omit,
Art (playing Nature's second part) supplied it.

NOTE V. Verse 453.

That work, "where not nice Art in curious knots,
See Milton's inimitable description of the garden of Eden. Paradise Lost, Book 4th, part of which is here inserted.

NOTE VI. Verse 481.

Thou reach the Orchard, where the sparing turf
The French at present seem to be equally sparing of this natural clothing of the earth, although they have done us the honour to adopt our Bowling-greens, and to improve upon them. This appears from the following

following article of the Encyclopedie translated verbatim.

“ Boulingrin. N. S. In gardening is a species of
 “ Parterre composed of pieces of divided turf with
 “ borders sloping (*en glacis*) and evergreens at the
 “ corners and other parts of it. It is mowed four
 “ times a year to make the turf finer. The invention
 “ of this kind of parterre comes from England, as
 “ also its name, which is derived from *Boule*, round,
 “ and *Grin*, fine grass or turf. Boulingrins are either
 “ simple or compound; the simple are all turf with-
 “ out ornament; the compound are cut into com-
 “ partments of turf, embroidered with knots, mixt
 “ with little paths, borders of flowers, yew-trees,
 “ and flowering shrubs. Sand also of different colours
 “ contributes greatly to their value.”

NOTE VII. Verse 489.

Surpassing rule and order.” TEMPLE, *yes,*

The passage here alluded to is as follows: “ What
 “ I have said of the best forms of Gardens is meant
 “ only of such as are in some sort regular; *for there*
 “ *may be other forms wholly irregular, that may, for*
 “ *ought I know, have more beauty than any of the others;*
 “ but they must owe it to some extraordinary dispo-
 “ sitions of Nature in the seat, or some great race of
 “ fancy

“ fancy and judgment in the contrivance, which may
 “ reduce many disagreeing parts into some figure
 “ which shall yet upon the whole be very agreeable.
 “ Something of this I have seen in some places, and
 “ heard more of it from others who have lived much
 “ among the Chineses.” Sir William then gives us
 a kind of general account of the Chinese taste, and
 of their *Sbarawadgi*, and concludes thus: “ But I
 “ should hardly advise any of these attempts in the
 “ figure of gardens among us, they are adventures of
 “ too hardy atchievement for any common hands;
 “ and tho’ there may be more honour if they succeed
 “ well, yet there is more dishonour if they fail, and
 “ it is twenty to one they will, whereas in regular
 “ figures it is hard to make any great and remarkable
 “ faults.” See *Temple’s Miscellanies*, vol. I. p. 186.
 fol. edit.

NOTE VIII. Verse 493.

Led to the fair atchievement. ADDISON,

I had before called Bacon the prophet, and Milton
 the herald of true taste in Gardening. The former,
 because in developing the constituent properties of a
 princely garden, he had largely expatiated upon that
 adorned natural wildness which we now deem the
 essence of the art. The latter, on account of his
 having made this natural wildness the leading idea in

his exquisite description of Paradise. I here call Addison, Pope, Kent, &c. the Champions of this true taste, because they absolutely brought it into execution. The beginning therefore of an actual reformation may be fixed at the time when the Spectator first appeared. The reader will find an excellent chapter upon this subject in the Pleasures of Imagination, published in N^o. 414 of the Spectator; and also another paper written by the same hand, N^o. 447; but perhaps nothing went further towards destroying the absurd taste of clipped evergreens than the fine ridicule upon them in the 173d Guardian, written by Mr. Pope.

NOTE IX. Verse 503.

Sweeps thro' each kindred Vista; Groves to Groves

See Mr. Pope's Epistle on False Taste, inscribed to the Earl of Burlington. Few readers, I suppose, need be informed that this line alludes to the following couplet:

Grove nods to Grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.

NOTE X. Verse 511.

The pencil's power: but, fir'd by higher forms

It is said that Mr. Kent frequently declared he caught his taste in Gardening from reading the picturesque

tureſque deſcriptions of Spenſer. However this may be, the deſigns which he made for the works of that poet are an incontrovertible proof, that they had no effect upon his executive powers as a painter.

NOTE XI. Verſe 522.

The ſimple Farm eclips'd the Garden's pride,

Mr. Southcote was the introducer, or rather the inventor of the *Ferme ornè*; for it may be preſumed, that nothing more than the term is of French extraction.

NOTE D. Page 145.

Camden, who lived in the days of Spenſer, has deſcribed Guy-Cliffe, in Warwickſhire, in a manner that looks as if either the Taſte of his time was infinitely ſuperior to that of the period immediately ſucceeding it; or at leaſt as if the Proprietor were himſelf an inſtance of a Genius very far tranſcending all his cotemporaries. “Guy-Cliffe, nunc Thomæ de Bello Fago habitatio, & quæ ipſa ſedes eſt amœnitatis: Nemusculum ibi eſt opacum, fontes limpidi et gemmei, antra muſcoſa, prata ſemper verna, rivi levis et ſufurrans per ſaxa diſcurſus, nec non ſolitudo, et quies Muſis amiciffima.” Here is nothing fantaſtic and unnatural, which is the more extraordinary, as Guy-Cliffe is ſituated in the ſame county with Ken-
D d 2
nelworth,

nelworth, at that time the principal feat of every quaint and sumptuous departure from Nature and Simplicity.

Theobalds, which Hentzner has described, was laid out by Lord Burleigh, who seems to have anticipated all the absurdities we usually ascribe to a Taste supposed to have been long after imported from Holland; a Ditch full of water, Labyrinths made with a great deal of labour, and a Jet d'eau with its marble basin, constitute the principal ornaments of the place; and in a still earlier period, we learn that the Beauty of Nonsuch, the Delight of Henry VIII. consisted chiefly in Groves ornamented with trellis work, and cabinets of verdure. "At Ulkelf, near Towton," says Leland, "there lives a Prebendary of York, possessed of a goodly orchard with walks *opere topiaria*;" and, in the year 1538, the same author describes "the Gardens within, and the orchards without the Mote" of Wreschill-Castle, the antient seat of the Perceys, to have "been exceedingly fair. And in the orchards were mounts *opere topiario*, written about with degrees like turnings of cokil-shells to cum to the top without pain."

This is all that I will add to Mr. Mason's notes on this part of the subject; I had intended to have gone a great deal farther, and to have traced the history of
modern

modern Gardening in England as far as diligence would have supplied me with materials; but the subject has had the better fortune to come under the agreeable, the lively, and at the same time the accurate pen of Mr. Walpole. With all my readers I rejoice that I have been thus prevented.

NOTES

N O T E S

U P O N

B O O K T H E S E C O N D

And its C O M M E N T A R Y.

NOTE XII. Verse 10.

Which fills the fields with plenty. Hail that Art

THIS simile, founded on the vulgar error concerning the Harvest Moon, however false in philosophy, may, it is hoped, be admitted in poetry.

NOTE E. Page 152.

This rule is founded in Nature and Reason, and its universal application has the sanction of antiquity to support it. Quintilian, though certainly defective in his taste for Landscape, and even an admirer of *topiary* works, has yet in the following passage very well apologized for that regularity which he in general applauds, by making Utility and Profit, in these particular instances, reasons for it. “Nullusne *fructiferis* adhibendus est decor? quis neget? nam et in ordinem

dinem certaue intervalla redigam meas arbores: quid enim illo quincunxe speciosius, qui, in quamcunque partem spectaveris, rectus est? sed protinus in id quoque prodest ut terræ succum æqualiter trahant. Decentior Equus cujus adstricta sunt ilia, si idem velocior. Pulcher aspectu sit Athleta cujus lacertos exercitatio expressit, idem certamini paratior. Nunquam vero Species ab Utilitate dividitur." *Quint. Inst. lib. viii. cap. iii. de Ornatu.*

Cicero has elegantly observed, "Nullam partem corporis (vel hominis vel ceterarum animantium) sine aliqua necessitate affectam, totamque formam quasi perfectam reperietis Arte non casu. Quid in arboribus, in quibus non truncus, non rami, non folia sunt denique, nisi ad suam retinendam, conservandamque Naturam? nusquam tamen est ulla pars nisi venusta. Linquamus Naturam, Artesque videamus; quid tam in Navigio necessarium quam latera, quam carinæ, quam mali, quam vela? quæ tamen hanc habent in specie venustatem, ut non solum salutis sed etiam voluptatis causâ inventa esse videantur. Columnæ & templa & porticus sustinent, tamen habent non plus Utilitatis quam Dignitatis. Capitolii fastigium illud & cæterarum Ædium non Venustas sed Necessitas ipsa fabricata est. Nam cum esset habita ratio quemamodum ex utraque parte tecti
aqua

aqua delaberetur, Utilitatem Templi, Fastigii Dignitas consequuta est, ut etiam, si in Cœlo Capitolium statueretur ubi imber esse non posset, nullam sine Fastigio dignitatem habiturum fuisse videatur. Hoc in omnibus item partibus Orationis evenit ut Utilitatem ac prope Necessitatem suavitas quædam & Lepos consequatur." *Ciceron. de Oratore*, lib. iii.

I might multiply quotations without end, but will close with a passage from the practical Architect Vitruvius, which may serve as a comment on the above beautiful observation of Cicero: "Quod non potest in veritate fieri, id non putaverent (Antiqui) in imaginibus factum, posse etiam rationem habere. Omnia enim certâ proprietate, & a veris Naturæ deductis moribus traduxerunt in operum perfectiones; & ea probaverunt, quorum Explicationes in disputationibus rationem possunt habere Veritatis." *Vitruv.* lib. iv. cap. ii. *de Ornamentis Columnarum.*

NOTE XIII. Verse 119.

Than does this sylvan Despot. Yet to those

See Book the First, line 84. See also Mr. Pope's Epistle to Lord Burlington, line 57,

Consult the Genius of the place in all, &c.

A fundamental rule, which is here further enlarged upon from line 126.

NOTE

NOTE XIV. Verse 222.

(*And that the tyrant's plea*) to work your harm.

Alluding to Milton.

So spake the Fiend, and with *necessity*,

The tyrant's plea, excus'd his dev'lish deeds.

PARADISE LOST, book iv. line 393.

NOTE XV. Verse 327.

Is curb'd by mimic snares ; the slenderest twine

Linnæus makes this a characteristical property of the fallow deer ; his words are, *arcetur filo horizontali*. (See Syft. Nat. Art. *Dama*.) I have sometimes seen feathers tied to this line for greater security, though perhaps unnecessarily. They seem, however, to have been in use in Virgil's time, from the following passage in the Georgicks :

Stant circumfusa pruinis

Corpora magna boum : confertoque agmine cervi

Torpent mole novâ, et summis vix cornibus extant.

Hos non emissis canibus, non cassibus ullis,

Puniceæve agitant pavidos formidine pennæ :

Sed frustra oppositum trudentes pectore montem

Cominus obtruncant ferro.

GEORG. lib. iii. v. 368.

Ruæus's comment on the fifth line is as follows: *linea, aut funiculus erat, cui Plumæ implicabantur variis tinctæ coloribus, ad feras terrendas, ut in retia agerentur.* And a simile, which Virgil uses in the twelfth book of the *Æneid*, v. 749, and another in Lucan's *Pharf.* lib. iv. v. 437, clearly prove that the learned Jesuit has rightly explained the passage.

NOTE F. Page 159.

I omitted, in the Commentary, to take notice of the Feathers which the Author has mentioned as a means of restraining deer, because in the foregoing Note he seemed to think them unnecessary; and therefore I conceived that he introduced them only as a poetical embellishment founded merely on classical authority; but I have since learned that the practice still prevails in many, perhaps all of our English forests, particularly in that of Whittlebury. It should seem, therefore, that its continuance thro' ages must be supported by experience of its use, and that a horizontal line without these feathers would not be a sufficient obstruction.

NOTE

NOTE XVI. Verse 470.

The wise Sidonian liv'd: and, tho' the pest

ABDALONIMUS. The fact, on which this Episode is founded, is recorded by Diodorus Siculus, Plutarch, Justin, and Q. Curtius; the last is here chiefly followed. M. de Fontenelle and the Abbé Metastasio have both of them treated the subject dramatically.

NOTE G. Page 164.

Φοβερός γεωργὸς ἔδει, φίλῃ παῖσιν, ἄπειρῃ αἵματι, ἄπειρῃ σφαγῆς, ἱερὸς κὲ παραγῆς θεῶν ἐπικαρπίων κὲ ἐπιπληαίων κὲ ἀλώων κὲ προηροσίων· ἴσῃ μὲν ἐν δημοκρατία, ὀλιγαρχίαν δὲ κὲ τυραννίδα πάντων μάλις αἰσεί γεωργία.

Γεωργοὶ πρῶτοι μὲν τῶν ἐκ γῆς καρπῶν τοῖς δεδωκάσι θεοῖς ἀπερξάμενοι—γεωργῶν φιλάνθρωποι μὲν αἱ εὐχαι, εὐφημοὶ δὲ ἐν δυσίαι ἀπὸ οἰκείων πόνων, ἄμοιροι συμφερωῶν, ἄμοιροι κακῶν.

Maxim. Tyr. Dissertat. xiv.

N O T E S

U P O N

B O O K T H E T H I R D

And its C O M M E N T A R Y.

NOTE H. Page 165.

THE respect Mr. Gray had for the Art of Gardening, appears in his letter to Mr. How, to which I have before referred my reader, (see Note B. p. 102.) but which I shall here insert at large, because I have since been informed that a Poem on the same subject has been lately published in France, and is there highly esteemed, in which the Author, like the rest of his countrymen, ascribes the origin of our Gardens to the Chinese. “ He (Count Algarotti) is highly civil to our nation, but there is one point in which he does not do us justice; I am the more solicitous about it, because it relates to the only taste we can call our own; the only proof of our original talent in matter of pleasure, I mean our skill in Gardening, or rather laying out grounds: and this is no small honour to us, since neither France nor Italy have ever
had

had the least notion of it, nor yet do at all comprehend it when they see it. That the Chinese have this beautiful art in high perfection seems very probable from the Jesuit's Letters, and more from Chambers's little discourse published some years ago; but it is very certain we copied nothing from them, nor had any thing but Nature for our model. It is not forty years since the Art was born among us, and as sure we then had no information on this head from China at all." See *Memoirs of Mr. Gray, Section v. Letter viii.*

In the last smaller Edition of Mr. Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting, the reader will also find a very entertaining and important addition made to his history of Gardening on this very subject (see vol. iv. p. 283.) which puts the matter out of all doubt. Yet it is to be observed, that Mr. Gray and Mr. Walpole differ in their ideas of Chinese perfection in this Art: But had Mr. Gray lived to see what he calls Chambers's *little discourse* enlarged into a *dissertation on oriental Gardening* by Sir William Chambers, Knight, it is more than probable he would have come over to his friend's sentiments; certain it is he would never have agreed with the French, in calling this species of Gardening *Le gout Anglo-Chinois.*

NOTE

NOTE XVII. Verse 12.

Place I the Urn, the Bust, the sculptur'd Lyre,

Mr. Gray died July 31st, 1771. This book was begun a few months after. The three following lines allude to a rustic alcove the author was then building in his garden, in which he placed a medallion of his friend, and an urn; a lyre over the entrance with the motto from Pindar, which Mr. Gray had prefixt to his Odes, ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑ ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙΣΙ, and under it on a tablet this stanza, taken from the first edition of his Elegy written in a country church-yard.

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

NOTE XVIII. Verse 122.

Let England prize this daughter of the East

Our common Laurel was first brought into the Low Countries A. D. 1576 (together with the Horse Chesnut) from Constantinople, as a present from David Ungnad, the Imperial Ambassador in Turkey, to Clusius the famous Botanist. It was sent to him by the name of Trabison-Curmasi, or the Date of Trebifond, but he named it Lauro-Cerasus.

NOTE XIX. Verse 354.

Deepen your dripping roofs! this feverish hour

These lines were written in June, 1778, when it was remarkably hot weather.

NOTE XX. Verse 366.

Shuts to the tuneful trifling of the Bard,

René Rapin, a learned Jesuit of the last century, who wrote a didactic Latin Poem on Gardens, in four books, by way of supplement to Virgil's Georgics. The third book treats the subject of water, or more properly of water-works, for it is entirely made up of descriptions of jets d'eau, and such sort of artificial baubles.

NOTE XXI. Verse 388.

And winds with shorter bend. To drain the rest

See Book the second, ver. 50 to ver. 78, where the curve of beauty, or a line waving very gently, is said not only to prevail in natural pathways, but in the course of rivulets and the outline of lakes. It generally does so; yet in the latter it is sometimes found more abrupt: in artificial pieces of water, therefore, sharper curves may be employed than in the formation of the sand or gravel-walk.

NOTE

NOTE XXII. Verse 452.

That facile mode which His inventive powers

Mr. Brindley, who executed the Duke of Bridgewater's canal, and invented a method of making dams to hold water, without clay, using for this purpose any sort of earth duly tempered with water.

NOTE I. Page 176.

The method of constructing these mounds, which is called "puddling," consists only in greatly moistening and turning the soil (of whatever nature it may be) in the manner in which mortar is tempered; for thus its parts are brought closer together, and in its almost fluid state the influence of attraction is allowed to operate, to turn to each other and bring into contact those surfaces which are best adapted to cohesion, a principle so universal, that even in sand it is found so strong as to render it, after sufficient working, water-proof. Where an unmeasurable weight of water was to be resisted, I have seen the operation thus performed; a deep perpendicular trench was dug out about four feet wide; in this, as incident to its situation, the water sprung up very plentifully, and into this the soil that was raised was again returned by degrees, being trampled and beaten, and turned with shovels and spades, exactly (as I said before)

before) as if it were mortar, by which means it became perfectly viscous: beyond this point labour is useless; for attraction has taken place and no more can be added. The practice, on a very confined scale, was known before Brindley, but he first developed its principles, applied it indiscriminately to every soil, and used it to great and extensive purposes, and therefore may justly be allowed the honour of having been the inventor.

NOTE K. Page 176.

We so seldom see the rock-work of these artificial Cascades well executed, that persons of a refined picturesque taste, are apt to explode them, and to think of them as they do of artificial Ruins and imitative Buildings, that they ought never to be put into execution. Our Author, however, has ventured to recommend both, the one here, and the other in the succeeding book; and this, in my opinion, very justly, because the arguments against their use are founded only on that abuse which has taken away all likeness from the imitation; and, surely, that they have been ill imitated affords no reason that they cannot be well imitated; on the contrary, there is great reason to attempt a copy upon better principles, and execute it with truer taste because there are scenes

and situations in Nature which absolutely call for such objects to give them their last and finished perfection. It is as necessary, therefore, for the Gardener to supply them upon his living canvass, as for the Landscape Painter to display them upon his dead one; and he is capable of doing this, because he has sometimes actually done it with full effect.

NOTE XXIII. Verse 471.

Rejoice; as if the thund'ring Tees himself

The fall of the Tees, near Middleton in Yorkshire, is esteemed one of the greatest in England.

NOTE XXIV. Verse 492.

A Naiad dwells: LINEA is her name:

This idea was conceived in a very retired grove at Papplewick in Nottinghamshire, the seat of Frederick Montagu, Esq; who has long honoured me with his friendship, where a little clear trout-stream (dignified perhaps too much by the name of a River) gurgles very deliciously. This stream is called the Lin, and the spring itself rises but a little way from his plantations. Hence the name of this Naiad is formed. The village itself, which is situated on the edge of the forest of Sherwood, has not been without poetical notice before, Ben Johnson having taken some of his

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ from it, in his unfinished Pastoral Comedy, called *The Sad Shepherd*.

NOTE XXV. Verse 512.

To Commerce and to Care. In Margaret's grove,
St. John's College in Cambridge, founded by Margaret Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry the Seventh.

NOTE XXVI. Verse 528.

Who stole the gift of Thetis. Hence the cause,
Alluding to the Ode to a Water Nymph which the Author wrote a year or two after his admission into the university. See his *Poems*, Ode II.

N O T E S

U P O N

BOOK THE FOURTH

And its C O M M E N T A R Y.

NOTE XXVII. Verse 101.

A time-struck Abbey. An impending grove

IT was said in the first Book, ver. 384, that of those architectural objects which improved a fine natural *English* prospect, the two principal were the *Castle* and the *Abbey*. In conformity with this idea, ALCANDER first begins to exercise his taste, by forming a resemblance of those two capital artificial features, *uniting them, however, with utility*. The precept is here meant to be conveyed by description, which had before been given more directly in Book II. ver. 21.

Beauty scorns to dwell

Where Use is exil'd.

NOTE

NOTE L. Page 182.

If we consider how Gothic Edifices were originally constructed, it will appear how very defectively they have been, for the most part, imitated. In order, therefore, to obviate this practice, I will here give a summary and brief description both of such as were Military and Ecclesiastical.

The **GOthic CASTLE**, of military structure, consisted in every instance of the **Keep** or Strong-hold, and the **Court** or Enclosure annexed to the **Keep**.

The **KEEP** was a great and high tower, either round or square, for the most part situated on an artificial elevation, the entire top of which it usually occupied. Advantage also was frequently taken of a naturally high situation.

If the tower was square, it often had annexed to it square projections, generally at the corners, and about mid-way between them, to act as buttresses, of which, however, they do not carry the appearance, as they exhibit a front greater than their projection, and do not diminish in their projection as they ascend. When round, I have frequently seen the **Keep** without any buttress whatever.

The great **Portal** or door of entrance into the **Keep**, was always at the least one floor high from the ground, and was usually entered by means of an external staircase

case and vestibule, which was strongly fortified. . . This stair-case led only so high as the portal, and the landing-place at the head consisted for the most part of a draw-bridge which was worked from within the Keep, and which, when raised, not only cut off all communication, but by leaning against and covering the portal, served exceedingly to strengthen it against an enemy that might already have taken possession of the vestibule and stair-case.

There was seldom any aperture for a considerable height from the ground ; and as the apartments of the Lord or Commander of the Castle were near the top, it was only there that any aperture appeared which exceeded the size of a loop, and even there the windows were of but small dimensions.

The Keep was usually embattled at top, but the battlements have in general been defaced by time and ruin.

The wall of the COURT, or Enclosure was always connected with the Keep, and the entrance into it was usually by a great arch strongly fortified, and passing between two towers connected by the wall through which the arched-way was carried.—There was never any great arch in the Keep itself.

As the wall commenced at the Keep at both sides, it was commonly carried down the hill, and frequently

quently comprehended not only the descent but also a part of the plain beneath.

The height of the wall, where it joined the Keep, was sometimes regulated by the height of the great portal that led to the principal apartments, which, for the most part, occupied the third story; for the staircase, by which this was approached, was often built within the substance of the wall itself, in which case there was no other external vestibule.

Loops were frequently made in the wall of the Enclosure; for it was of such dimensions as not only to contain a passage for maintaining a communication among the parts of the fortrefs within its thickness, but had sometimes even apartments either for confinement of prisoners, or for stores.

The reader, who wishes for farther information on this subject, is referred to Mr. King's ingenious and accurate *Observations on ancient Castles*.

ECCLESIASTICAL BUILDINGS, or ABBIES, consisted generally of the great Church, a Refectory, a Chapter-House, and a Cloyster, with the necessary accommodations of Kitchen, Dormitory, &c.

The CHURCH was usually in the form of a cross, in the center of which rose the tower.—From east to west it was always considerably longer than from north to south.

The

The great west end was the place of entrance into the Church; here, therefore, the greatest degree of ornament was bestowed both on the portal and the window over it.

The lateral walls were strengthened by buttresses which always diminished as they rose, and between every two windows was a buttress.

Within, the insulated columns ran in rows corresponding with the buttresses without.

As a cross affords two sides to each of many squares, one of these squares was usually completed, and the other two sides were supplied, the one by the cloyster, which was frequently carried in length from north to south, and the other by the refectory and chapter-house, which stood at right angles with this cloyster, and parallel to the body of the Church from east to west.

The cloyster was sometimes carried into length, and sometimes surrounded a square court; over the cloyster was the customary place for the dormitory.

None of the parts of the Abbey at all approached to the height of the Church.

The great pointed arch was an invention subsequent to the building of many Abbies, which have small round-topped windows; these, therefore, may very well be placed in the sides of the Church; but in the
west

west end, for the most part, the pointed arch was introduced as a high ornament by succeeding Architects.

There never yet was built an external column, nor an internal buttress; miniature imitations of these were indeed promiscuously introduced among the smaller ornaments of the building; but the rule is invariably true with regard to the great structure itself.

The stone-work of Gothic buildings was very neatly hewn and jointed; and even now their very ruins are by no means rough on the surface, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the spot where time has made a breach; or where they have been stripped of their casing.

Though the rules of Gothic Architecture have not been so diligently inquired into as those of the Greek, yet certain we may be, from the resemblance which prevails, not only in the whole, but in the parts of all great Gothic edifices among themselves, that they were constructed upon rules which it would be better for us to investigate than dispense with in favour of the silly caprices which we daily see executed under the name of GOTHIC BUILDINGS, to the disgrace of our Observation and Taste. I have seen a Gothic

G g

Temple,

Temple, an open Gothic Portico, a Gothic Cupola, and I have seen an arched Gothic Rotunda!

Magnitude is a *sine quâ non* of Gothic Architecture.

I have been forced to make use of the qualifying terms *usually, for the most part, &c.* because I cannot say that any of these rules, tho' general, are without, perhaps, many exceptions. I am writing, not for the benefit of the Gothic Architect, but his picturesque Imitator, for whom these few precepts and cautions, I trust, will be found sufficiently precise.

The reader will not suppose, that by thus delineating the rules by which these two sorts of edifices were constructed, I recommend to the imitator an exact copy of the whole of either, much less that I would wish him to execute on a small scale what can only have probability when practised on a great one. I only require a judicious selection of the parts of such buildings, and that each may be made with exactness to occupy its proper place. A remnant of the Keep, of the great gate of entrance, or even of a single tower, with an additional length of ruined wall, will frequently answer the purpose of imitation in the military style very completely, while a single high-arched window or portal, a part of a low groyned cloyster, and a few mutilated columns justly arranged within the supposed body of the Church, will equally well
answer

answer it in the ecclesiastical style: But the general faults that have prevailed in these kinds of imitation is, first, that of designing too much, perhaps a whole; secondly, the executing that whole upon a pigmy scale; thirdly, the introduction of a capricious mode of ornament; and, lastly, a total neglect of the real position of the parts. The best, perhaps the only good rule that can be followed, is to copy some beautiful fragment of an antient ruin with the same fidelity that one would copy a portrait, and happily for our purpose England abounds with such fragments; but let us ever avoid invention where our proper business is only imitation.

The description of Alcander's mansion remarkably coincides with Leland the Antiquary's account of Greenwich in its antient state.

Ecce ut jam niteat locus petitus,
 Tanquam sydereæ domus cathedræ!
 Quæ fastigia picta! quæ fenestræ!
 Quæ tures vel ad astra se efferentes!

Κυρνεϊον Ἄσμα, ver. 310.

Leland died A. D. 1552.

NOTE XXVIII. Verse 131.

And fright the local Genius from the scene.

A precept is here rather more than hinted at; but it appeared to be so well founded, and yet so seldom attended to by the fabricators of Grottos, that it seemed necessary to slide back a little from the narrative into the didactic to inculcate it the more strongly.

NOTE XXIX. Verse 157.

His Galatea: Yes, th' impassion'd Youth

Alluding to a Letter of that famous Painter, written to his Friend Count Baltasar Castiglione, when he was painting his celebrated picture of Galatea, in which he tells him, *essendo carestia di belle donne, io mi servo di certa idea che viene alla mente.* See Bellori *Discriz. delle imagini dipinte da Raffaello d' Urbino*, or the Life of B. Castiglione, prefixt to the London Edition of his Book entitled, *Il Cortegiano*.

NOTE XXX. Verse 201.

Irregular, yet not in patches quaint,

There is nothing in picturesque Gardening which should not have its archetype in unadorned Nature. Now, as we never see any of her plains dotted with dissevered patches of any sort of vegetables, except, perhaps, some of her more barren heaths, where even

Furze

Furze can grow but sparingly, and which form the most disagreeable of her scenes; therefore the present common mode of dotting clumps of flowers, or shrubs on a grass-plot, without union, and without other meaning than that of appearing irregular, ought to be avoided. It is the form and easy flow of the grassy interstices (if I may so call them) that the designer ought first to have a regard to; and if these be well formed, the spaces for flowers or shrubbery will be at the same time ascertained.

NOTE XXXI. Verse 218.

Might safely flourish; where the Citron sweet,

M. Le Girardin, in an elegant French Essay, written on the same subject, and formed on the same principles, with this Poem, is the only writer that I have seen (or at least recollect) who has attempted to give a stove or hot-house a picturesque effect. It is his hint, pursued and considerably dilated, which forms the description of ALCANDER'S Conservatory. See his Essay, *De la composition des Paysages*. Gen. 1777.

NOTE XXXII. Verse 358.

The Linnets warble, captive none, but lur'd

See Rousseau's charming description of the Garden of Julie, *Nouvelle Eloise*, 4 partie, lett. 11th. In consequence

consequence of pursuing his idea, no birds are introduced into ALCANDER's Menagerie, but such as are either domesticated, or chuse to visit it for the security and food they find there. If any of my more delicate readers wish to have theirs stocked with rarer kind of fowls, they must invent a picturesque Bird-cage for themselves.

NOTE XXXIII. Verse 427.

Till, like fatigu'd VILLARIO, soon we find
See Pope's Epistle to Lord Burlington, ver. 88.

NOTE XXXIV. Verse 448.

Tho' foreign from the soil, provokes thy frown.

It is hoped that, from the position of this River-God in the menagerie; from the situation of the busts and vases in the flower-garden; and that of the statue in the conservatory, the reader will deduce the following general precept, "that all adventitious ornaments of sculpture ought either to be accompanied with a proper back-ground (as the Painters term it) or introduced as a part of architectural scenery; and that when, on the contrary, they are placed in open lawns or parterres, according to the old mode, they become, like Antæus and Enceladus mentioned in the beginning of this book, mere *scare-crows*."

NOTE

NOTE XXXV. Verse 462.

“ *If true, here only.*” Thus, in Milton’s phrase
See Milton’s Paradise Lost, b. iv. ver. 248, &c.

NOTE XXXVI. Verse 499.

To those that tend the dying. Both the youths

These lines are taken from the famous passage in Hippocrates in his book of Prognostics, which has been held so accurately descriptive, that dying persons are, from hence, usually said to have the *facies Hippocratica*. The passage is as follow: Ρίς ὀξεῖα, ὀφθαλμοὶ κῶλοι, κρόταφοὶ ζυμπεπλωκότες, ὠτα ψυχρά κὶ ξυνεσαλμένα, κὶ ὁ λόβος τῶν ὠτῶν ἀπετραμμένοι, κὶ τὸ δέρμα τὸ περὶ τὸ μέτωπον, σκληρὸν τε κὶ περιελαμένον κὶ καρφαλέον ἔον, κὶ τὸ χρῶμα τῆ ξύμπασι τοῦ προσώπου χλωρὸν τε ἢ κὶ μέλαν ἔον κὶ πελιὸν ἢ μολεδῶδες.

NOTE XXXVII. Verse 646.

He bids them raise: it seem’d a Hermit’s cell;

If this building is found to be in its right position, structures of the same kind will be thought improperly placed when situated, as they frequently are, on an eminence commanding an extensive prospect. I have either seen or heard of one of this kind, where the builder seem’d to be so much convinced of its incongruity, that he endeavoured to atone for it by the following ingenious motto:

Despicere

Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
Errare, atque viam palanteis quærere vitæ.

LUC. lib. ii. v. 8.

But it may be said, that real Hermitages are frequently found on high mountains: Yet there the difficulty of access gives that idea of retirement, not easily to be conveyed by imitations of them in a Garden-scene, without much accompanying shade and that lowness of situation, which occasions a seclusion from all gay objects

NOTE M. Page 187.

Cicero has beautifully expressed a similar sentiment in the following terms:

Tum Piso: Naturæ nobis hoc datum, dicam, an errore quodam, ut cum ea loca videamus, in quibus Memoriam dignos viros acceperimus multos esse versatos, magis moveamur, quam si quando eorum ipsorum aut facta audiamus, aut scriptum aliquod legamus? velut ego nunc moveor: venit enim mihi Platonis (memoria sc.) in mentem, quem acceperimus primum hinc (in Academia sc.) disputare solitum: cujus etiam illi hortuli propinqui non memoriam solùm mihi afferunt sed ipsum videntur in conspectu meo hinc ponere; hinc Speusippus, hinc Xenocrates, hinc ejus auditor Polemo; cujus ipsa illa sessio fuit quam videmus—tanta vis admonitionis

monitionis inest in locis ut non sine causâ ex his memoriæ ducta fit disciplina.—*Cicero de Fin. lib. v. ad init. (vide quoque quod ibid. de Carneade idem dicit.)*

My business, as an illustrator of the English Garden, properly ends here; but as the Author thought fit, in a general Postscript to the first edition of his Poem, not only to assign his reasons for composing this fourth Book, in a style so different from those that go before it, but to defend the particular Tale, in which he has conveyed his precepts, in a manner that I think reflects as much honour upon his heart, as the design and conduct of the Story does upon his invention and judgment, I chuse here to reprint the two paragraphs for the mere satisfaction of declaring my own concurrence with the sentiments they convey.

“ Though this subject was in itself as susceptible of poetical embellishment as any that preceded it, and much more so than those contained in the second book; yet I was apprehensive that descriptive poetry, however varied, might pall when continued through so long a poem; and therefore, by interweaving a Tale with the general theme, I have given the whole a narrative, and in some places a dramatic cast. The idea was new, and I found the execution

of it somewhat difficult : However, if I have so far succeeded as to have conveyed, through the medium of an interesting story, those more important principles of taste which this part of my subject required, and if those rules only are omitted which readily result from such as I have descriptively given ; if the judicious place and arrangement of those artificial forms, which give the chief embellishment to a finished garden-scene, be distinctly noticed, I am not without hope that this conclusion will be thought (as Sir Henry Wotton said of Milton's juvenile Poems at the end of a miscellany) to leave the reader in some small degree *con la bocca dolce*.

With respect to the criticisms, which may be made on this last book, there is one so likely to come from certain readers, that I am inclined to anticipate it ; and taking for granted that it will be said to breathe too much of the spirit of party, to return the following ready answer : The word *Party*, when applied to those men, who, from private and personal motives, compose either a majority or minority in a house of parliament, or to those who out of it, on similar principles, approve or condemn the measures of any administration, is certainly in its place : But in a matter of such magnitude as the present American

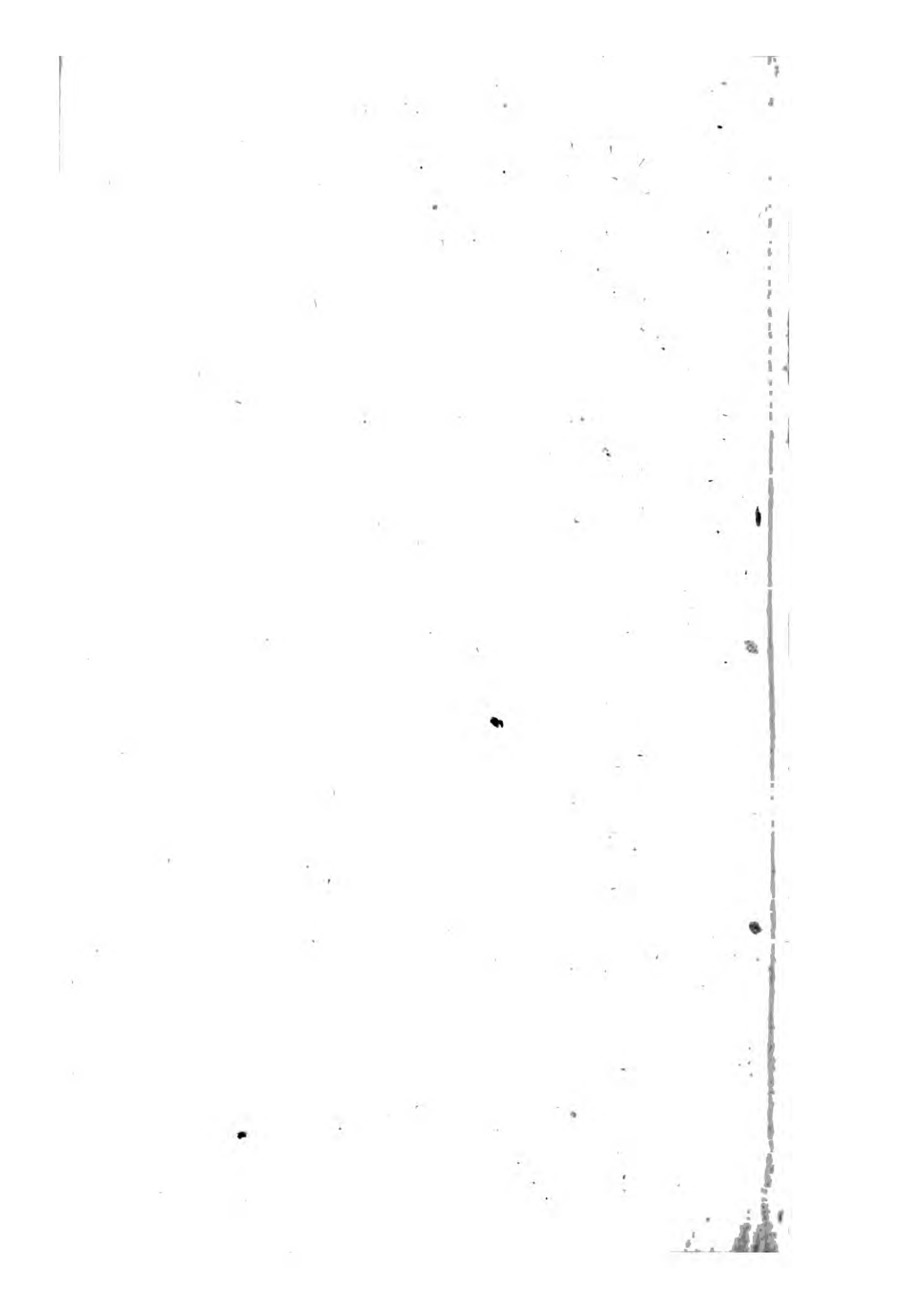
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can War, in which the dearest interests of mankind are concerned, the puny term has little or no meaning. If, however, it be applied to me on this occasion, I shall take it with much complacency, conscious that no sentiment appears in my Poem which does not prove its author to be of THE PARTY OF HUMANITY."

F I N I S.







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