THE HOME BOOK of The PICTURESQUE

THE HOME BOOK OF THE PICTURESQUE.

THE HOME BOOK

OF THE

PICTURESQUE:

OR

AMERICAN SCENERY, ART, AND LITERATURE.

COMPRISING

A SERIES OF ESSAYS BY WASHINGTON IRVING, W. C. BRYANT, FENIMORE COOPER, MISS COOPER, N. P. WILLIS, BAYARD TAYLOR, H. T. TUCKERMAN, E. L. MAGOON, DR. BETHUNE, A. B. STREET, MISS FIELD, ETC.

WITH THIRTEEN ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL,

FROM PICTURES BY EMINENT ARTISTS,

ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

NEW-YORK:
G. P. PUTNAM, 155 BROADWAY.
MDCCCLII.

JOHN F. TROW, PRINTER,
49 Ann-street.

TO

A. B. DURAND,

PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS,

THIS WORK,

INTENDED AS AN INITIATORY SUGGESTION FOR POPULARIZING SOME OF THE CHARACTERISTICS

OF

American Landscape and American Art,

IS, BY PERMISSION,

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY THE PUBLISHER.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

That American artists have ample scope for the development of genius, in the department of landscape painting, is a truism too self-evident to need any argumentative dissertations. A very laudable degree of success in the cultivation of this genius, is also evident in many of our private drawing-rooms, as well as public exhibitions.

Believing that ample material thus exists for illustrating the picturesque beauties of American landscape, the publisher has ventured to undertake this volume as an experiment, to ascertain how far the taste of our people may warrant the production of home-manufactured presentation-books, and how far we can successfully compete with those from abroad. In the higher range of ornamental books of this class, such as are sought for by our liberal, gift-giving people, we have heretofore depended almost exclusively upon our importations from Europe.

It is not to be pretended that this volume, even in its department, has reached the highest degree of excellence. The engravings are perhaps of too moderate size to do anything like justice to the original pictures, and they are doubtless still capable of improve-

ment, although it will be conceded that the engravers have done their part with taste and skill.

Whether the volume shows any progress, however, in American book-making, must be left to the public decision. If that tribunal affords the needful encouragement, this may be followed by future volumes of similar import, but more worthy of the artists and of the country.

The publisher begs leave to return his acknowledgments to those who have so kindly aided him in making this experiment — particularly to Mr. Durand, the distinguished president of the Academy, and to Messrs. Huntington, Church, Kensett, Weir, Talbot, Cropsey, and Richards, all of whom have won so much distinction as landscape painters. To the gentlemen who have kindly loaned pictures for engraving, the publisher is under special obligation, particularly to Cyrus W. Field, Esq., for Mr. Church's charming picture of West Rock; to General J. A. Dix, for that of Rondout, by Huntington; to Mrs. Cole, for the picture of Schroon Lake, by her late husband; to Mr. C. H. Rogers for Mr. Talbot's "Juniata," and to Mr. J. W. Whitefield for the same artist's "Cascade Bridge."

It is superfluous to refer to the eminent writers who have zealously contributed to the substantial value of the volume by their able essays. The reader can appreciate them without note or comment.

The publisher would merely allude to the self-evident fact, that this volume does not claim to represent the American landscape painters in any thing like proper proportion. It was only practicable to give in this such specimens as were accessible, of only a small proportion of those artists who would worthily adorn such a book. If we are permitted to proceed with another volume, a dozen or two more names will at once occur to the reader as quite essential for such a purpose.

G. P. P.

CONTENTS.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

SCENERY AND MIND.

BY E. L. MAGOON, A. M.

"O my Native Land!
How shouldst thou prove aught else but dear and holy
To me, who from thy lakes and mountain hills,
Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks and seas,
Have drunk in all my intellectual life,
All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,
All adoration of the God in nature,
All lovely and all honorable things,
Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel
The joy and greatness of its future being?
There lives nor form nor feeling in my soul
Unborrowed from my country."

COLERIDGE.

GOD made the human soul illustrious, and designed it for exalted pursuits and a glorious destiny. To expand our finite faculties, and afford them a culture both profound and elevating, Nature is spread around us, with all its stupendous proportions, and Revelation speaks to us of an eternal augmentation of knowledge hereafter, for weal or woe.

Above, beneath, and on every side, open the avenues of infinite progression, through which we are to advance without pause, and expand without limit. Here, in this dim arena of earth, an immortal essence throbs at our heart in harmony with the infinite and eternal. The day-star of thought arises on the soul, and, with our first rational exercise, begins an existence which may experience many vicissitudes, may pass through many transitions, but can never terminate. The soul, vivified with power to think, will outlive the universe which feeds its thought, and will be still practising its juvenile excursions at the mere outset of its opening career, while suns and systems, shorn of their glories, shall sink, in shattered ruins, to the caverns of eternal oblivion. The two great capacities, correspondent to the two great natural elements alluded to above,—the power of perceiving the beautiful and feeling the sublime,—are at once the products and proofs of inherent immortality. They indicate endowments which it is bliss to improve, and a destiny which it will be fearful indeed to neglect.

All sentient beings may have an eye that can see, and an ear that can hear; but to be gifted with a heart that can feel, constitutes the chief characteristic of a living soul. Animals are created perfect, while mankind are made perfectible by virtue of loftier capacities. Instinct is compelled to pause over what it dimly perceives, but mind perpetually quickens its vision, as well as its speed, through the magnificent unfoldings of its unbounded progress. The senses educate the capabilities. Our lower nature is first susceptible to impression; and from this source, at a very early period, influences arise which, when once stereotyped upon the soul, are ineffaceable forever. What is the destiny of that little stranger, just emerged from mysterious night into life active and eternal? What is to be the history of that glimmering spark, struck from nothingness by the all-creating rock, and filled with a fulness of being that will shine when the stars are

extinct? Soon its faculties will unfold to external influences. As yet its germs of consciousness lie smothered under the passive and mortal powers; but as these are made the avenues of moral health or disease in early culture, that tremendous existence which lies before the unconscious babe will prove a blessing or a curse. In relation to every young denizen of earth, it is an important reflection, that having once felt, it retains that feeling; the emotion of pleasure it has experienced, thenceforth belongs to itself, and will recur with increased energy; that the pain it has once known belongs to itself, and may go on deepening its pungency forever. Glory or infamy is but a different direction of the same capacities. Soon from that youthful mind will come gleamings of thought and ebullitions of passion, and those same effervescing endowments may form a Catiline or a Cicero. The Neros and Herods, Newtons and Pauls, the scourges of earth, and its greatest benefactors, were once helpless infants.

To our mind, this book on American Scenery has an import of the highest order. The diversified landscapes of our country exert no slight influence in creating our character as individuals, and in confirming our destiny as a nation. Oceans, mountains, rivers, cataracts, wild woods, fragrant prairies, and melodious winds, are elements and exemplifications of that general harmony which subsists throughout the universe, and which is most potent over the most valuable minds. Every material object was designed for the use and reward of genius, to be turned into an intelligible hieroglyphic, and the memento of purest love. How strong this early influence and affection may become, it is difficult to say. Hills, valleys, brooks, trees — our first and fondest friends beyond the domestic hearth — are never forgotten. Memory recalls the sunny days of childhood and youth; and, like the green spot in the desert, in which the weary traveller lingers with delight, his toils and privations half forgotten, we love to ramble again amidst

the scenes of earliest emotion and purest thought, rejoicing still that, wherever exiled,

> "Trees, and flowers, and brooks,
> Which do remember me of where I dwelt,
> Ere my young mind was sacrificed to books,
> Come as of yore upon me, and can melt
> My heart with recognition of their looks."

We proceed to show that, in the physical universe, what is most abundant, is most ennobling; what is most exalted, is most influential on the best minds; and that, for these reasons, national intellect receives a prevailing tone from the peculiar scenery that most abounds.

First, in the kingdoms of matter around us, what is most abundant in amount, is most ennobling in use. The mighty magician, Nature, produces the greatest variety of striking effects with the fewest means. There are only a sun, soil, rocks, trees, flowers, water, and an observing soul. Every thing in use depends upon this last, whether to the contemplator "love lends a precious seeing to the eye." Deep in the concave of heaven is the luminary revealing all; and deep in the soul of the illumined is a chord tenderly vibrating to the charms of all. The voices of every order of moving things, the silvery tones of flowing streams, the trembling tongues of leaves, the inarticulate melody of flowers, the vibrations of mighty hills, and the dread music of the spheres, all sublunary blending with all celestial notes, are not for a moment lost to the heart that listens. The harp of Memnon is not fabulous, properly interpreted. The devout lover of nature, seated on the mountain, or by the ocean, bathed in the golden sheen of opening day, will have his soul often stirred by melody divine as ever resounded from the mysterious harmonicon by the waters of the Nile.

Every rational inhabitant of earth is a focal point in the universe, a profoundly deep centre around which every thing beautiful and sublime is arranged, and towards which, through the exercise of admiration, every refining influence is drawn. Wonderful, indeed, is the radiant thread that runs through every realm of outward creation, and enlinks all their diversified influences with the innermost fibres of the soul. This is the vital nerve by virtue of which the individual is related to the universe, and the universe is equally related to the individual. Through this, all physical powers combine to relieve spiritual wants. Earth contributes her fulness of wealth and majesty; air ministers in all the Protean aspects of beauty and sublimity; fire, permeating every thing graceful and fair, gleams before the scrutinizing eye with a light more vivid than the lightning's blaze; and water is not only "queen of a thousand rills that fall in silver from the dewy stone," diffusing a "dulcet and harmonious breath" from the most sylvan haunts of man to his most crowded home, but from continent to continent "pours the deep, eternal bass in nature's anthem, making music such as charms the ear of God."

In this abundance there is an infinite variety, adapted to every grade of intellect, and every condition in life. The book of nature, which is the art of God, as Revelation is the word of his divinity, unfolds its innumerable leaves, all illuminated with glorious imagery, to the vision of his creature, man, and is designed to elevate or soothe him by such influences as emanate from foaming cataracts, glassy lakes, and floating mists. For this beneficent purpose, fields bloom, forests wave, mountains soar, caverns open their jewelled mines, constellations sparkle, clouds spread their variegated drapery, the sun radiates from horizon to zenith, and billows roll from pole to pole. In spring, all is vivacious with an overflowing newness of life; in summer, gorgeous is the world to every eye; autumn mellows at once the landscape with

its harvests, and the hearts that love every form of matured and prolific worth; even winter, deserted as may be her temple of the thoughtless and vain, suggests, through hoar-frost and withered leaves, lessons of greatest value to votaries who evermore aspire to be truly wise.

Sir Joshua Reynolds has said that "Nature denies her instructions to none who desire to become her pupils;" but a great deal depends upon the motives with which we enter her school. It will be to a low purpose, surely, if our investigations are conducted in a predominantly utilitarian spirit, recognizing in the laws according to which the Divinity works merely the handmaids to sensual indulgence, rather than the instruments of the noblest use. It is thus that nature is made to present herself to gross minds, not as a quiet and awful temple, but as a plenteous kitchen, or voluptuous banqueting-hall. By this we do not mean that the sentiments which elevate are ever unnatural. Nature is most truly herself when she stands revealed to her votary in the most refined and suggestive form. The Apollo Belvidere is indescribably more natural than any rustic of Teniers, or any allegorical figure of Rubens. The master-scenes of nature, however, like the masterpieces of transcendent art, require for the inexperienced, yet earnest admirer, an interpreter; to the lukewarm and careless they are ever partially, if not completely, incomprehensible. Like certain delicate plants, their essential beauties shrink under rough handling, and become dimness to the profanity of a casual glance; they unveil themselves most fully to the enraptured, and pour the effulgence of their splendid mysteries into the fixed eye of him only who gazes on the charms he has studiously sought, and adores for their own dear sake. Thus employed, the most copious productions of God exert the most ennobling influence. They quicken thought and inspire humility, thus verifying the experience of the poet:

"I moved on
In low and languid mood: for I had found
That outward forms, the loftiest, still receive
Their finer influence from the Life within."

In viewing magnificent scenes, the soul, expanded and sublimed, is imbued with a spirit of divinity, and appears, as it were, associated with the Deity himself. For, as the shepherd feels himself ennobled, while communing with his sovereign, the beholder, in a far nobler degree, feels himself advanced to a higher scale in the creation, in being permitted to see and admire the grandest of nature's works. All vigorous souls prize most highly that healthy and expansive exercise of mind which is attained chiefly by traversing rugged paths and scaling celestial heights, in order to breathe pure and bracing air. To the query whether beneficial effects actually attend such excursions, let Sydney Smith reply: "I, for one, strongly believe in the affirmative of the question,—that Nature speaks to the mind of man *immediately* in beautiful and sublime language; that she astonishes him with magnitude, appals him with darkness, cheers him with splendor, soothes him with harmony, captivates him with emotion, enchants him with fame; she never intended man should walk among her flowers, and her fields, and her streams, unmoved; nor did she rear the strength of the hills in vain, or mean that we should look with a stupid heart on the wild glory of the torrent, bursting from the darkness of the forest, and dashing over the crumbling rock. I would as soon deny hardness, or softness, or figure, to be qualities of matter, as I would deny beauty or sublimity to belong to its qualities."

Mind is itself the strongest agency over mind; and next to this, in dignity and worth, is the potency of such inanimate productions as are pleasing in their aspect, or awe-inspiring in their form. This is

an influence which effectively appeals to the spirits of our race in every condition of life. Wherever the faintest ray of intelligence has dawned, thither does it come, and there with ever increasing dominion dwell. The savage is not too rude, nor the child too infantile, to be either refined or fortified by its lessons. Nature is an element which cannot be excluded, and which ought to be so directed as to produce the most agreeable and beneficent results. True, venerable mountains and verdant plains, with all their terrors and all their glories, are but pictures to the blind and music to the deaf, when a perceiving eye and appreciating soul are wanting. But with these endowments in exercise, however dim, dwellers in the midst of bold scenery are harder workers, greater readers, and better thinkers, than persons of equal rank elsewhere. Through the serene medium of their lofty elevation, they are less impressed by the pettiness of man and his affairs, than by the graceful magnitude of what the Almighty has spread through infinite fields around. Living with supreme delight far above a Lilliputian standard, the mind swells into something of the colossal grandeur it admires. A majestic landscape, often scanned and truly loved, imparts much of its greatness to the mind and heart of the spectator; so that while the species may dwindle in relative worth, the individual is ennobled by the expansion he has received. Even a transient visit to localities strongly characterized by what is intrinsically elegant or grand, leaves the noblest impression on susceptible souls. Charles Lamb relates, with his accustomed happy style, that on returning to his desk at the India House, after a brief sojourn amidst the Hills and Lakes of Westmoreland, he thought much less highly of himself than while invested with the mingled beauty and majesty of magnificent mountain scenery. Well might his loving school-fellow and great brother in devotion to Nature's charms, Coleridge, say, in addressing his little child:

"I was rear'd
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw naught lovely but the sky and stars.
But thou, my babe, shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself:
Great universal teacher! He shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask."

Thus far our first point, namely, that, in the outward creation, whatever is most abundant is most ennobling in its influence on our inner faculties. In the second place, we proceed to show, that the noblest aspects and energies of nature have the finest and firmest control over the best minds.

All eminent geniuses are close observers of rural objects, and enthusiastic admirers of imposing scenery. There can be no approximation towards universal development, save as one lays the entire universe under contribution to his personal cultivation. He must absorb into his expanded soul resources from every kingdom competent to render him a sovereign indeed over the realms of emotion and thought. He that would fortify a giant arm to sever an isthmus or tunnel mountains, as a pathway for the nations, or wield a giant mind that can quicken and mould the sentiments of other men gigantic like himself, must habitually feed on that aliment which is won in stray gifts by whosoever will find, and which, when attained, constitutes "a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets where no crude surfeit

reigns." The public man whose sphere is most comprehensive, and whose exhausting toils are most distracting, will probably be indebted to youthful and serener avocations in humbler scenes for his sweetest solace and most enduring strength. The experience and sagacity of a great philosopher justify this assertion: "I speak, sir, of those who, though bred up under our unfavorable system of education, have yet held, at times, some intercourse with Nature, and with those great minds whose works have been moulded by the spirit of Nature: who, therefore, when they pass from the seclusion and constraint of early study, bring with them, into the new scene of the world, much of the pure sensibility which is the spring of all that is greatly good in thought and action."

All great passions are fed, and all great systems are projected in solitude. Wide and dense masses of mankind form the appropriate field whereon superior talents are to be exercised; but, to the aspiring, the distraction and attrition of large cities are rather evils to be shunned, since they vitiate if not destroy that purity and calm which are essential to the best growth of mind. The predestined hero in moral warfare will avoid the broad and boisterous way, if he be wise; and, like the Pythagoreans of old, he will betake himself to some sequestered spot, there alone to mature the vigor of his thoughts. If he would elicit a train of sentiments the profoundest and best, let him wander through the shady walks and silent groves of the country, where all things tend to arm and elevate the soul. The song of birds and hum of bees will not profitless fall on his ear. Fields enamelled with verdure, and trees clothed in garments almost divine, the stillness of nature in her secret glens, and the awful import of her more vocal majesty, must recall the universal Creator in modes the most palpable to a meditative pupil in this university for all designed, and at the same time will most imbue him with the immense repose with which

creation is crowned. Forms of glory hovering over forest and field, on the river's bank, the lake's brim, ocean's strand, or around mountain-peaks, create glorious forms in admiring souls. They confer an inspiration which kindles afresh over each new object worthy of esteem, and forever keep burning on the altar of the heart a flame which infinitude perpetually draws near both to purify and feed. It is our bliss to cherish those early recollections, without which all others are null and void, and which should be wedded to memory forever.

> "You of all names the sweetest and the best;
> You Muses, Books, and Liberty, and Rest;
> You Gardens, Fields, and Woods."

It is no valid objection to our argument to remind us that some "misuse the bounteous Pan, and think the gods amiss." That is to quote the perversion of a privilege, and not its legitimate use. Petrarch, for instance, only aggravated the fires that consumed him, when he buried himself in the lonely recesses of Vaucluse. But had he gone there to study "the quaint mossiness of aged roots" by day, and at night gazed with acutest sympathy upon "the star of Jove, so beautiful and large,"—instead of tamely succumbing before "the patient brilliance of the moon;" had he been ambitious rather to "live in the rainbow and play in the plighted clouds," he might, on the bleakest summit, and with a richer facility than in the pampered palace, have created "Eschylean shapes of the sublime," and been imbued with energies nobler far than ever graced the marble porch where wisdom was wont to teach with Socrates and Tully. It has been among deserts, on islands, in caverns, or when hidden by other drapery of seclusion the most opaque, that philosophers, statesmen, and heroes, have obtained

that faith and fervor by which they secured triumphant success in the end, even though martyrdom was their road.

The best education consists in the most thorough training of natural energy. In all moral architecture, as in material, the elegant should rest on the substantial, and clearly indicate the firmness it adorns. Large portions of a temple admit of being highly polished, but he would not be a very wise builder who should set about his structure with nothing but polishings. They who have "yellowed themselves among rolls and records" are not generally the persons who exert the most salutary influence, and make the most indelible impress on mankind. On the contrary, happiest and mightiest are they who are born and reared where free course is allowed to the influences with which creative power has benignantly surrounded us. "Happy they who are located in the true infant-school of God and Nature; on whom this grand moving panorama sheds all its changing lights, and bestows all its successive scenes; who watch the revolving stars, and the progression of bright constellations, in no bounded horizon; for whom there are the infinite effects, daily and nightly, of sunlight and moonlight, over hill and plain,—better still if the vast ocean add its shifting colors and the accompaniment of its continuous and resounding anthem; to whom a hundred birds and plants, in rapid succession, tell of advancing spring; whose months the flowers calendar; whose autumn is infallibly marked by the ripened grain and the sheaves of joyous harvest; who make an era in the few years of their chronology by some more memorable storm or severer frost; and who change their sports and occupations with changing nature, receiving through every inlet the influences of God's spirit, and rejoicing in all. Not that children can feel the beauty or the grandeur, still less dive into the wisdom of this mighty scheme of things, but *the stimulus* is on them, the novelty is adapted to and excites

them; Nature has her way within them as well as parents and teachers; and the senses do such duty as in the crowded city school-room they never yet performed nor ever can. And thus they go on from infancy to youth, growing in the best knowledge of humanity; a knowledge of the world in which God has placed them; and thereby becoming fit to grapple with the difficulties and triumph in the moral conflicts that will present themselves in maturer life, as they come into the world that man has fashioned."

The superiority of nature over art, as a source of pleasure and profit, is worthy of special note. When we enter magnificent monuments of human skill, we are at first struck with the costly decorations of wood, pigments, marble, and gold. But after repeated views, we feel no longer charmed, and the mental pleasure received at the first glance is continually decreased. Whereas, in contemplating the works of nature, from the minutest specimen to the most majestic, and most powerfully when the sense of perception is armed with greatest clearness and force, the devotee feels that the luxury of observation is constantly enhanced. The prospect of the country never satiates us; the landscape, with all its changes, is ever new, and every day invests it with some fresh aspect to delight and invigorate the mind. Love of natural objects, and especially a preference for whatever makes scenery of the wilder or more romantic kind, is a prevailing element in all character of the most marked and practical use. There is down upon the breast of eagles; and the strongest men have usually the gentlest natures, because they habitually live in intimate and affectionate alliance with the mildest as well as mightiest influence. As an elephant crashes through jungles and over crags, whetting his tusks, and as the imperial bird of prey seeks some storm-worn summit to sharpen his talons, so every one, quick to feel and invincible to subdue, like Achilles, will court retirement in great nature's quiet nooks, where he

may recruit his mental strength and string his bow. Archimedes, a man of stupendous genius, was accustomed to say, that, next to the solution of a problem, was the pleasure of an evening walk in the suburbs of Syracuse. Descartes, having settled the place of a planet in the morning, would amuse himself in the evening by weeding and watering a bed of flowers. Gray, one of the most intellectual and fastidious of men, says, "Happy they who can create a rose-tree, or erect a honey-suckle; who can watch the brood of a hen, or a fleet of their own ducklings as they sail upon the water." The love of nature is, indeed, instinctive in all superior minds. Philosophers living in the time of Philostratus were accustomed to retire to the shades of Mount Athos, where "Meditation might think down hours to moments." Catullus, Martial, and Statius were ardent admirers of rural life; especially so were Atticus, Tacitus, and Epictetus. Cicero, who valued himself more upon his taste for the cultivation of philosophy, than upon his talents for oratory, had no less than eighteen different country residences in various parts of his beautiful native land. He speaks of them in terms of fondest attachment; and they were all situated in such delightful points of view, as to deserve being called "the eyes of Italy." The retreat of Tusculum was his favorite residence. It was the most elegant mansion of that elegant age; and the beauty of the landscape around it, adding a higher worth to the site than all the charms Atticus could purchase for its master at Athens, to the highest degree refined the taste of its accomplished possessor. When, fatigued with business, and happy in being allowed the indulgence of sequestered recreation, the great master of the Forum, "from whose lips sweet eloquence distilled, as honey from the bee," could mingle in the unrestrained companionship of such friends as Scipio and Atticus and Laelius, at Caieta and Laurentum, they together strove to grow boys again in their amusements, and derived no ignoble pleasure from

gathering shells upon the sea-shore. Simplicity and dignity always coalesce with the utmost gentleness and good-nature, in the persons and amusements of the truly great. They are equal to the society of the most refined and erudite, in all the delicate sobriety of exalted life; and, with equal spontaneity of native greatness and acquired grace, can run, shout, and leap, with juvenile thoughts and limbs. It is not in the least surprising to find Cicero so often urging us to study the natural beauties of the country in which we live. He asserts it to be the most auspicious pleasure of youth, and the most soothing joy of serene old age. Livy and Sallust were also vividly conscious of such impressions, and of the worth they confer. Pliny the younger declared himself never to have been happier than when he was indulging himself at his country seats, where in healthful leisure he wrote his works, and celebrated the views which his villas afforded. "If life were not too short," says Sir William Jones, "for the complete discharge of all our respective duties, public and private, and for the acquisition of necessary knowledge in any degree of perfection, with how much pleasure and improvement might a great part of it be spent, in admiring the beauties of this wonderful orb!" The graces willingly lend their zone to embellish and fortify the passions of a noble breast. Assimilating to himself the richest contributions from all sources of the beautiful, the true, and the sublime, the severest student and most useful citizen secures to himself the delightful companionship of that potent and infallible guide described by Campbell:

> "Taste, like the silent dial's power,
> Which, when supernal light is given,
> Can measure inspiration's hour,
> And tell its height in heaven!"

We have now considered two positions, assumed at the outset:

first, what is most abundant in nature is most ennobling in its effects; and, secondly, that the best minds are most influenced by natural excellence. It remains to indicate, thirdly, how character, as stamped on literature, has ever been toned by the predominant characteristics of native scenery.

In portraying the influence which the inanimate creation exerts upon mind and letters every where, we employ what has been universally felt and acknowledged. The wise man in his lonely turret, high among the palaces of Babylon, and the unsophisticated shepherd as he watched his flocks at midnight on the plains of Chaldea, recognized in the aspects and movements of the planetary world an intimate relation to the mysterious vicissitudes of human life, and the otherwise unrevealed determinations of human destiny. In the constitution of mankind, the religious instinct and literary taste are intimately allied, and seem, indeed, to a great extent, the same. "The untutored negro, when he prostrates himself on the reedy bank of his native stream, and adores the Deity of the stream in the shape of the crocodile, or bows before the poison tree, in reverence to the God of poisons, obeys this native impulse of humanity, no less than the disciple of Zoroaster who climbs the highest mountain tops, unsoiled by the profane footsteps of trade or of curiosity, where the air is ever pure, and the sun greets the earth with its earliest light, to pay his vows and offer his incense to the visible symbols of Divinity, to his mind themselves divinities; or the outcast Guebre, who with forbidden and untold of rites, worships an ever burning flame — to him the elemental principle of nature." The character of the early patriarchs was no doubt chiefly moulded by the peculiarity of their habitation and pursuits. Their manner of life upon the great oceans of wilderness and pasture, gave breadth and elasticity to their intellects. The free mountain winds had leave to blow against them, their eyes drank the rivers with

delight, and the vault of heaven under which they dwelt, with all its mighty stars, elevated their feelings no less than it expanded their minds.

The Hebrew prophets of a later day lived equally in the eye of nature. Says Gilfillan: "We always figure them with cheeks embrowned by the noons of the East. The sun had looked on them, but it was lovingly — the moon had 'smitten' them, but it was with poetry, not madness — they had drunk in fire, the fire of Eastern day, from a hundred sources — from the lukewarm brooks of their land, from the rich colors of their vegetation, from their mornings of unclouded brightness, from their afternoons of thunder, from the large stars of their evenings and nights. The heat of their climate was strong enough to enkindle but not to enervate their frames, inured as they were to toil, fatigue, fasting, and frequent travel. They dwelt in a land of hills and valleys, of brooks and streams, of spots of exuberant vegetation, of iron-ribbed rocks and mountains — a land, on one side, dipping down in the Mediterranean Sea, on another, floating up into Lebanon, and on the others, edged by deserts, teeming at once with dreadful scenery and secrets — through which had passed of old time the march of the Almighty, and where his anger had left for its memorials, here, the sandy sepulchre of those thousands whose carcasses fell in the wilderness, and there, a whole Dead Sea of vengeance, lowering amid a desolation fit to be the very gateway to hell: — standing between their song and subject-matter, and such a fiery clime, and such stern scenery, the Hebrew bards were enabled to indite a *language* more deeply dyed in the colors of the sun, more intensely metaphorical, more faithfully transcriptive of nature, a simpler, and yet larger utterance, than ever before or since rushed out from the heart and tongue of man."

But no where do the instincts of man, in their alliance with his

noblest productions, appear more strongly marked by the influence of surrounding scenery, than in the early training and national literature of "pagan Greece." That wonderful people seem fully to have understood that man was made to grow up harmoniously, with simultaneous expansion of trunk, branch, and foliage, as grows a tree; the sap of immortal energy must circulate without hindrance in every fibre, maturing fruits perennial and divine.

Two laws manifestly govern the constitution of our being, a due regard to which is indispensable to our highest welfare. In the first place, in proportion as the physical nature of man is developed by suitable discipline, winning the greatest vigor of limb, and the greatest acuteness of sense, he will derive important aids to the intellect and moral powers from the perfections of his outward frame. Moreover, by a delightful reaction, the mind, in proportion as it is invigorated and beautified, gives strength and elegance to the body, and enlarges the sphere of action and enjoyment. These laws have been observed by the best educators of the world. At Athens, the gymnasia became temples of the Graces. In these appropriate fields of moral training, the refined Greek could gratify his fondness for the beautiful, surrounded on every hand by the combined charms of nature and art. Every festival of childhood was rendered enchanting with flowers and music; the barge, as it was pushed in boyish sport on the lake, was crowned with garlands; the oars were moved to the sound of "sweet recorders," and the patriotic mother at home sang an inspiring lullaby, as she rocked her infant to sleep in the broad shield of its robust father. There were wrestlings for all classes in the palæstra, as well as races and heroic contests for the foremost ranks; there were gay revels on the mountain-sides, and moonlight dances in the groves. The popular games described in the twenty-fourth book of the Iliad, and the eighth of the Odyssey, all relate to important elements in

national education. Those ancient festivals had the finest influence upon the inhabitants of the metropolis, and upon those who dwelt the most remote. Every pilgrim through such lands, to such shrines, became Briareus-handed and Argus-eyed. The beautiful scenes, full of patriotic and refined associations, which every where arrested his attention, gave him the traveller's "thirsty eye," filled his mind with thrilling reminiscences, and caused him to return to his home glowing with brilliant descriptions and burdened with exalted thoughts. It was thus that the youthful Greek mingled with his studies pedestrian exercise and acute observation, formed his body to fatigue, while he stored his mind with the choicest ideas, and became equally skilled in handling a sword, subduing a horse, or building a temple. Such was the education found in the Lyceum where Aristotle lectured, and in

> "The olive-grove of Academe,
> Plato's retirement, where the attic bird
> Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long:
> There flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound
> Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
> To studious musing."

No Grecian city was without its public squares, airy colonnades, spacious halls, and shady groves; herein the people lived, transacted their business, passed their leisure, and improved their minds. The serene heaven which that land enjoys, was the best-loved roof of its population; the grateful breeze, resounding sea, and brilliant sun, were their perpetual recreation and delight. The country was looked upon as affording the only happy home. Large towns were regarded as huge prisons, but these were made as rural as possible. Whatever splendors might gleam from the capitol, Pan and his rustic train were

most fascinating to the popular intellect and heart. Familiar as the sensibilities and imagination of the people were with the outward world, and connecting the changing seasons and fruits of earth with some occult power that regulated and produced them, their enthusiasm created and sustained presiding deities, propitious in the calm, and adverse in the storm. Every gushing fountain was the dwelling of a nymph; dryads shared with man the shelter and repose of groves; on each hill an oread presided benignantly over the shepherds and their flocks; while a goddess, more fruitful than "the silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste," glided before the reapers, and shook the golden harvest from her lap on every plain. Speakers and writers the most popular, were so because they shared most, and expressed most clearly, the popular feeling. Of all literatures, the Grecian is most clearly marked with a thoroughly out-of-door character. Fresh morning air breathes through and glows about its twin first-births of Poetry and Philosophy, like the clear sky which still hangs above the two lofty peaks of Parnassus. One of the most delightful treatises that antiquity has transmitted to us, is the Œconomics of Xenophon, in which the pursuits and pleasures of husbandry are described in that beautiful manner which best befits the subject. And Pindar, as if expressing the universal conviction, as well as the most cherished affection of his race, has said, that "he deserves to be called the most excellent, who knows much of nature."

Respecting the harmony of the physical temperature, landscapes, and literature of Greece, an intelligent traveller has recently testified as follows: "The beauty of the scenery, so far as my experience extends, was unsurpassed by any in the world. For no where are land and water mixed together in such just proportions; islands and bays break the monotony of the one, and relieve and repeat the beauties of the other; and no where do soft valleys fade more insensibly

into sublime mountains: and when one of these was crowned by forests, and the other richly cultivated and studded with gardens and habitations, it must have surpassed all other lands, and almost does so now." It is evident that, if the climate was not so luxurious as that of Egypt, it was far more exhilarating, and instead of tending to enervate, was sufficiently severe always to invigorate, while it was at the same time so genial as to invest the general aspect of nature with the loveliest charm, and to awaken all the more delicate emotions of the human heart. We know from her admiring writers, that in that land of the cicada and the nightingale, each sound was melody, and all the hues of earth and heaven were harmonious, like the leaves of "Spring's sweetest book, the rose." Fine thought was spontaneous and yet perfect, as the song of nature's own melodists, "singing of summer in full-throated ease;" and the softest combinations of articulate expression were but echoes of the notes which joyous zephyrs elicited along the cliffs of Parnes, or wafted from the groves of Colonus. The deification of enthusiasm, embodied in the worship of Dionysos, cannot, under such circumstances, excite surprise. Among a people so full of inspiration, adoration under some form was a grateful vent, and a primary necessity. The agrarian religion of the Pelasgic herdsmen to the last occupied the Athenian acropolis, while the later and more delicate system of Ionian mythology spread its temples over the subjacent plains. This latter is known to modern times in the literature of classical paganism. The pleasing ritual which the beech-woods of Thrace contributed to that system, in the worship of Apollo and the Muses, was a romantic element which found easy access to the Greek mind, and was welcome there. Oracular places testified that earth was the vehicle of revelations to man, whether it were by her own vaporous breath, whispering in the oak branches, the flight and voices of her creatures, or the sportive cycles into which inscribed leaves were

strown by the wind. Hence arose the pantheism of antiquity, which worshiped earth herself as the supreme divinity; a self-originated storehouse of all power and knowledge, in whose awful centre, over which Delphi stood, all beneficent and malignant virtues were permitted to contend and awe the world with the sublime mystery of their strife.

The Greek mythology exhibits much more appreciation of, and minuter inquisition into natural phenomena than the literature of the Romans. To the mind of the latter nation every thing was more objective; and yet the master-spirits among them were far from being indifferent to the beauties and sublimities of the material world. The fact of Catullus having a villa so far from Rome as the peninsula of Sermione, where he could look at rugged Alps, is but one of many instances we have of Romans in love with natural beauty. The best minds there, as elsewhere, knew that the true method of viewing all created things, is to unite poetry to science, and to enlist both in the pursuit of truth, in order that both may purify the heart and aggrandize the mind. Said Cicero, "There is nothing so delightful in literature as that branch which enables us to discern the immensity of nature; and which, teaching us magnanimity, rescues the soul from obscurity." The practice of this great man comported with his theory, and substantiated it. He tells us in his letters, that when most crushed with professional cares, he would retire for weeks together from public life, and recreate himself in his quiet Cuman villa, where he enjoyed fresh breezes from the Tuscan ocean, that rolled beneath his windows, and where, thus invigorated, he wrote his famous six books upon Government. Such thinkers ever derive their finest inspiration and firmest strength from great nature, whose every kingdom they pant to explore; their imperial career is "known to every star and every wind that blows," giving the assurance that what they say and do will

survive in perpetually augmented power, "when tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent." In all their purposes and pursuits, they aspire only to a place

> "Amid th' august and never-dying light
> Of constellated spirits, who have gained
> A name in heaven, by power of heavenly deeds."

No writer, among the Romans, has shown a greater relish for natural beauty, than Horace. He might well rank himself among the "lovers of the country;" not only as his works abound in its praises, but because he could prefer his Sabine retreat to a distinguished position at the court of Augustus. The odes of this accurate observer of men and things abound with exquisite pictures of rural pursuits, connected with the diversified incidents and manners of life. If he celebrates the powers of wine, the pleasure of sitting under the umbrageous foliage and luscious clusters is not forgotten. If the charms of his mistress be the theme of his song, the rose is not more beautiful, nor has the violet a perfume more sweet. When war is portrayed, he forgets not to contrast its pains and its bloody horrors with the tranquil and innocent pleasures of a smiling landscape, enlivened with the hum of rural sport and prolific cultivation. The woods and fields he loved were enjoyed as often as possible; and when confined to his couch at Rome, he still delights in the remembrance of vernal and vintage incidents, when vigorous husbandmen urge their team, and happy peasants shout the harvest-home. "Ah!" exclaims he, "how delighted I am, when wandering among steep rocks and the sombre wilderness; since the shades of forests and the murmuring of waters inspire my fancy, and will render me renowned. Sing, oh! ye virgins, the beauties of Thessalian Tempe, and the wandering isle of Delos:—celebrate, oh!

ye youths, the charms of that goddess, who delights in flowing rivers and the shades of trees; who lives on the mountain of Algidus, among the impenetrable woods of Erymanthus, and on the green and fertile Cragus."

Virgil alludes less frequently to the climate and scenery of Italy, but he was thoroughly imbued with the mild splendor which adorns that beautiful clime. Though he seems always wishing for the cool valleys of Hæmus, and is most acutely appreciative of the more classical regions of Greece, he was by no means indifferent to the diversified charms of his native land. This we know from his history, can perceive it in his writings, and have felt it most when standing amid the glories that mantle his chosen grave.

The Romans, not less than the Greeks, in feeling their way through mythologic gloom, were conscious of a preternatural awe which gleamed upon them from cavernous waters and darkened from shaggy hills. "Where is a lofty and deeply-shaded grove," writes Seneca, "filled with venerable trees, whose interlacing boughs shut out the face of heaven, the grandeur of the wood, the silence of the place, the shade so dense and uniform, infuse into the breast the notion of a divinity." Hence the quickened imagination of the ancients, striving to supply a void which nature had created but could not fill, peopled each grove, fountain, or grotto, with a captivating train of sylvan deities. Intercourse with these, in the scenes which they sanctified, was deemed more auspicious to health and morals, than the arid and vitiating influence of crowded towns. Plutarch, for instance, after asserting that the troubled life of cities is injurious to the study of philosophy, and that solitude is the school of wisdom, proceeds to show, that the pure air of the country, and the absence of all disturbance from within, conduce most to the instruction and purification of the soul. "On this account, also," he adds, "the temples of the

gods, as many as were constructed in ancient times, were always in solitary places, especially the temples of the Muses and of Pan, and of the Nymphs of Apollo, and of as many as were guides of harmony; judging, I suppose, that cities were necessarily fearful and polluted places for the education of youth."

In contemplating the relative influence of scenery on mind, we shall probably conclude that mountains exert the greatest and most salutary power. The intellect of a people, in its primitive unfoldings amid elemental grandeurs, lies as it were in Nature's arms, feeds at her breast, looks up into her face, smiles at her smiles, shudders at her frowns, is adorned with her gracefulness, and fortified with her strength. Beauty and sublimity are thus interfused and commingled with the whole substance of the mind, as the glow of perfect health mixes itself with the whole substance of the body, unthought of, it may be, until the world is reminded of its potent fascination in deeds the mightiest and most beneficent. The mind and works of individuals tend strongly to assimilate with the nature of their parent soil. Dr. Clarke thought that the lofty genius of Alexander was nourished by the majestic presence of mount Olympus, under the shadow of which he may be said to have been born and bred. Grand natural scenery tends permanently to affect the character of those cradled in its bosom, is the nursery of patriotism the most firm and eloquence the most thrilling. Elastic as the air they breathe, free and joyous as the torrents that dash through their rural possessions, strong as the granite highlands from which they wring a hardy livelihood, the enterprising children of the hills, noble and high-minded by original endowment, are like the glorious regions of rugged adventure they love to occupy. This is an universal rule. The Foulahs dwelling on the high Alps of Africa, are as superior to the tribes living beneath, as the inhabitants of Cashmere are above the Hindoos, or as the Tyrolese are nobler

than the Arab race. The physical aspect and moral traits of nations are in a great measure influenced by their local position, circumstances of climate, popular traditions, and the scenery in the midst of which they arise. The transition from the monotonous plains of Lombardy to the bold precipices of Switzerland is, in outward nature, exactly like that, in inward character, from the crouching and squalid appearance of the brutalized peasant, to the independent air and indomitable energy of the free-born and intelligent mountaineer. The athletic form and fearless eye of the latter bespeaks the freedom he has won to enjoy and perpetuate, the invigorating elements he buffets in hardy toil, and the daring aspirations he is fearless and fervid to indulge. Liberty has ever preferred to dwell in high places, and thence comes she down through fields and towns, revealing the glory of her countenance, and diffusing her inspiration through undaunted breasts.

"Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet:
Above her shook the starry lights:
She heard the torrents meet.

Within her palace she did rejoice,
Self-gathered in her prophet-mind;
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind."

There is in the elements of our humanity a perpetual sympathy with the accompaniments of its first development. Nearly all the heroism, moral excellence, and ennobling literature of the world, has been produced by those who, in infancy and youth, were fostered by the influence of exalted regions, where rocks and wilderness are piled in bold and inimitable shapes of savage grandeur, tinged with the hues

of untold centuries, and over which awe-inspiring storms often sweep with thunders in their train. This is the influence which more than half created the Shakspeares, Miltons, Wordsworths, Scotts, Coleridges, Irvings, Coopers, Bryants, and Websters of the world; and without much personal acquaintance with such scenes, it is impossible for a reader to comprehend their highest individuality of character so as fully to relish the best qualities of their works.

Nearest allied to mountains in their natural effects, is the influence of oceans on national mind. The infinite is most palpably impressed upon the boundless deep; and wherever thought is accustomed with unimpeded wing to soar from plains, or traverse opening vistas through towering hills, that it may hover over the azure waste of waters becalmed, or outspeed their foam-crested billows in wildest storms, there will literature present the brightest lineaments and possess the richest worth. The Greek was a hardy mountaineer, with the most delicate faculties of body and soul, but he was not imprisoned by his mountains. Whenever he scaled a height, old Ocean, gleaming with eternal youth, wooed him to her embrace, in order to bear him to some happy island of her far-off domain. On every hand constantly appeared the two greatest stimulants on earth to emotion and thought. The voice of the Mountains, and the voice of the Sea, "each a mighty voice," were ever rousing and guiding him; each counteracting the ultra influence of its opposite. The sea expanded the range and scope of his thoughts, which the mountain-valleys might have hurtfully restrained. For want of this salutary blending of excitement and control, it is, perhaps, mainly owing that neither Tyre nor Carthage, notwithstanding their power and wealth, occupies any notable place in the intellectual history of mankind. But to the Greeks, the waste of waters was an inexhaustible mine of mental wealth. They were an amphibious race, lords of land and sea. On shore and afloat they

were eager listeners to the two great heralds, "Liberty's chosen music," calling them to freedom; and nobly did they answer to the call, when the sound of the mighty Pan was ringing on their soul, at Marathon and Thermopylæ, at Salamis and Platea.

Thirlwall, and Frederic Schlegel, have both called attention to the fact, that the literature of the West is differenced from the literature of the East, by the same character which distinguishes Europe from its neighboring continents,—the great range of its coasts, compared with the extent of its surface. And Goethe suggests that "perhaps it is the sight of the sea from youth upward, that gives English and Spanish poets such an advantage over those of inland countries." Herein the great German undoubtedly spoke from his own feelings; for he never saw the sea till he went to Italy in his thirty-eighth year; and "many-sided" as he was, he doubtless would have been a much greater and more comprehensive master had he dwelt nearer the ocean strand. Francis Horn, in his survey of German literature, alludes to this point. "Whatever is indefinite, or seems so, is out of keeping with Goethe's whole frame of mind: every thing with him is *terra firma* or an island: there is nothing of the infinitude of the sea. This conviction forced itself upon me, when for the first time, at the northernmost extremity of Germany, I felt the sweet thrilling produced by the highest sublimity of Nature. Here Shakspeare alone comes forward, whom one finds every where, on mountains and in valleys, in forests, by the side of rivers and of brooks. Thus far Goethe may accompany him: but in sight of the sea, Shakspeare is by himself." Solger, also dwelling far in the interior, lamented the necessary remoteness of a power, habitual converse with which, a chance view had assured him, would produce the noblest effects. He is speaking of his first sight of the sea:—"Here, for the first time, I felt the impression of the illimitable, as produced by an object of sense, in its full majesty."

Alfieri accustomed himself to lonely walks on the wild sea-shore near Marseilles, and those local influences gave a perpetual tone and energy to his mind. Every evening, after plunging in Neptune's domain, he would retreat to a recess where the land jutted out, and there would he sit, leaning against a high rock which concealed from his sight the land behind him, while before and around he beheld nothing but the sea and the heavens.

> "Blue roll'd the waters, blue the sky
> Spread like an ocean hung on high."

The sun, sinking into the waves, was lighting up and embellishing these two immensities; and there he passed many an hour in auspicious rumination and mental joy. Happy are they who love the scent of wild flowers in solitary woods, and with equal gladness listen to the melody of waters as they die along the smooth beach, or crash in thunders against the craggy coast. Thrice happy are the ardent worshipers at some mountain-shrine, whence they may contemplate a scene like this under "the opening eye-lids of the morn," or when the bold outlines of great Nature's temple are thrown into fine relief against a sky crimsoned with sunset hues. The rising of day at sea, and descending day on the hills, are the most sublime and suggestive scenes man can view. The sun marries earth and ocean in harmony full of heavenly awe. This is felt at evening, when there is no filmy haze to break the softness of the west, where golden rays spread gently through the highest ether, and all is blended over the vast and glowing concave; or when in lurid splendor he glides from peak to peak, his rays flashed and reflected from cloud to cloud, as he sinks from hill to hill, presaging coming storms. Not less fascinating is the magic of light on blue unruffled waters sleeping undisturbed at early

dawn, or gently curling their rippling surface to catch the dancing sunbeams and reflect their mimic glories. To one standing on earth, the god of day appears with weary pace to seek repose; but at sea, he rises all fresh and glowing from his briny couch, not in softened beauty, but full of dazzling splendor, bursting at once across the threshold of the deep, with the firm and conscious step of immortal youth. Then, earth, air, and sky, are all in unison, and their calm sublime repose is rapture to the grandest souls. With Beattie's Minstrel, they are ready to exclaim,

"Oh, how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
Oh, how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven!"

Lakes, also, have a marked influence on mind. Switzerland has ever been a favorite resort for those who are rich in native endowment, and whose best wealth is elicited by contact with natural greatness. The most tumultuous spirits have greatest need of repose, and with keenest relish enjoy the placid and quiet feelings which belong peculiarly to a lake — "as a body of still water under the influence of no current; reflecting therefore the clouds, the light, and all the imagery of the sky and surrounding hills; expressing also and making visible the changes of the atmosphere, and motions of the lightest breeze, and subject to agitation only from the winds —

"The visible scene
Would enter unawares into his mind
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven received
Into the bosom of the *steady* lake!"

One cannot easily walk unmoved where water, fresh from mountain-springs, "doth make sweet music with th' enamell'd stones," and verdant islands float far out on a surface resembling molten silver, thus affording the most enchanting objects to the excursive view. Around this central mirror, prone to the dazzling sun, let shrubbery and trees wave to the touch of zephyrs, terraces display their tangled beauties, fields and gardens, studded with elegant villas, swell towards bleak hills, surmounted by peerless and brilliant Alps, all magnificently repeated in the limpid wave below, and you have the bright summer scene which glows from the bosom of Leman in the foreground of Mont Blanc, and renders supremely beautiful the sacred solitude so delightful at Lucerne. Watt botanized on the fragrant banks of Loch Lomond, and fortified his severer studies by the rugged majesty of the Grampians. Haller, Zimmermann, and Lavater, sunk many a sorrow in the lake around Zurich, and Gibbon wrought out his mighty task under the lofty inspiration enjoyed at Lausanne. The product and proof of this potency are signalized in the memorable passage, where he describes the close of his vast undertaking: "I have presumed to mark the moment of conception, (amid the ruins of Rome); I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect

of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected upon the waters, and all Nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame."

Fountains, brooks, and rivers, impart some of the fairest aspects to the landscape, and stamp many valuable impressions on the mind. If the sea most abounds in that salt which seasons substantial and enduring thought, those streams, however small, which connect the remotest island therewith, are not entirely devoid of like power. It would seem that a sagacious love of nature was the true Egeria who taught wisdom to Numa in the grotto. When he worshiped the nymph at the fountain, and Narcissus fell in love with his own reflection in the water, they appear to have made that element necessary in the loves of all minds tenderly or profoundly moved. Petrarch sung of it at the source of the Sorgue, Vaucluse, and by the rushing Rhone at Avignon. Rousseau celebrated its inspiring influence in the rural haunts he most loved; and Byron prolonged the strain over almost every renowned sea, lake, river, and fountain of the world. "Where a spring rises or a river flows," said Seneca, "there should we build altars and offer sacrifices,"—an impulse which has been felt by the best hearts of every age. A thousand charms gather around one of those little currents of "loosened silver" that sing along the mossy channel, or leap down craggy heights, over which trees throw their protecting arms and imbibe grateful spray. How invigorating, with angle and book, or all alone with one's own thoughts, to trace the wild but gladsome offspring of the hills, now contracted by gloomy firs and half lost in dark ravines,—now sparkling from the deepest shadow, broken into dimples and bounding to the sun,—anon sweeping wild flowers to its bosom, and with augmented wave washing the gnarled and spread-

ing roots which jut out here and there from impending banks, with fringes of dripping weeds,—and finally losing its tributary beauty in a mightier stream. "Laugh of the Mountain," is the title given to a brook by a Spanish poet; and Bryant is not less happy in characterizing this fair feature of the world.

> "The rivulet
> Sends forth glad sounds, and tripping o'er its bed
> Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,
> Seems, with continuous laughter, to rejoice
> In its own being."

The chief rivers of every clime have ever furnished the favorite themes of leading minds. Darius was so charmed with the river Tearus, that he commemorated his attachment by erecting a votive column on its brink. Where rolled Ilyssus, was the best school of Athens; and on the shores of Arno and Cam, Milton acquired his best training and enjoyed the happiest life; as did Thompson, thrilled with the murmurs of the Jed. The philosophers of Shiraz composed their most celebrated works near the shores of the Rochnabad; while by the sacred Ganges, near Benares, erudite teachers instruct their pupils, after the manner of Plato, walking in their gardens. Aufidus, the Tiber, and the Po, had their respective admirers in Horace, Virgil, and Ovid, and the reader need not be told that all tongues unite to celebrate the Rhine. Calimachus has immortalized the beautiful waters of the Inachus, while the Mincio and the Tagus boast their Boccacio and Camöens; and the lovers of English letters know full well that the Severn, Trent, Avon, Derwent, Dee, and Thames, have been distinguished by the praises of the mightiest pens.

Modern literature, the production of northern regions, is imbued with a wild and romantic element strongly distinguished from the

severe simplicity of the classic south. This contrast has its counterpart, and much of its producing cause, in the characteristic scenery of its origin. In old Greece, the lovely climate had just vicissitudes enough to impress a happy variety on the experience and coinage of mind; while their free institutions, and the deep wisdom of their philosophers, conduced towards the production of those imperishable monuments of grandeur and beauty before which the genius of humanity still reverently bends. But England, and the kindred regions of Germany, have in their less favored climates a depth of gloom which is known to characterize the northern spirit, in which external nature is admirably harmonious with the intellectual structure, by its influence thereupon eliciting the noblest efforts. The literature of a country is truly national, just so far as it bears upon it the stamp of national character. Among the external causes which tend to create this exalted type of individuality, natural scenery and climate are undoubtedly the most obvious. The features of their native landscape give form and color to the thoughts and words of all creative minds. For instance, through the living speech, and over the speaking page of the Anglo-Saxon, and Anglo-American race, one can easily recognize the daily vicissitudes and fluctuating seasons,— those tints and hues of vernal beauty, summer promise, autumnal wealth, and wintry desolation,— those dimly shrouding mists which alternate with brilliant light,— and which render objects more lovely and harmonious to those who realize the invisible and perceive the spiritual, who unite all worlds in the comprehensive grasp of their imagination, and thus substantiate in effective use that which to others is only shadowy and remote.

As is the scenery, so are national letters and works of art. We children of mists, clouds, woods, darkening tempests, and weeping rain, produce and prefer the beauty of mystery and indefiniteness, in

other words, romantic beauty. If we would cultivate a keen pleasure in definite beauty, as it is seen in Homeric literature, and as it stood mightily exemplified in the severely gorgeous splendor of the Acropolis, we must transport our mind at least, if not our person, to other climes. There we may best emulate the consummate excellence which results from the coalescence of alacrity with depth, and which was most happily impressed upon the language Plato spoke, and in the symmetry which still survives in the fragmentary Propylæa and Olympeion. But if we would behold at once combined the definite beauty, shapely vastness, instantaneously recognized unity, and cheerful grandeur, most characteristic of the scenery, literature, and art of an immortal land, let us for a moment glance at the magnificent panorama, as seen from the lofty terrace through the golden-hued colonnades of the Parthenon. Linger here a while till the eye becomes accustomed to the scene, and imagination is able to refit the mutilated forms, and you will easily understand the spirit of the old religion, and its consecrated works. "There is no mixture of light and shade, no half-concealing, half-revealing, as in the symbolical cathedrals of the Christian faith. There are no rays of divine darkness running alongside of the rays of light, and sinking into the ground beneath the altar of the East. All is open to the unbounded blue ether above and the vertical rays of a noonday sun, and the trembling visitations of the unimpeded moonbeams, a very house of light, unstained by painted glass, undarkened by vaulted roofs, unintercepted by columns and arcades, and with the instantaneous perception of unity unmarred by the cruciform shape." Who can ever forget the electrical effect produced when first beholding the blue sky between the columns of a classic ruin? The shape, the tallness, which makes the space seem narrow, the straight hard line which renders the perfect contour so definite, all startle the eye with its firm and stable symmetry, even

after one has been long accustomed to the reverently swerving lines of a cathedral, and to the bold and trustful curve of the Gothic arch, throwing itself from pillar to pillar, with its segmental circle, like the unfolding of Christian truth here below, whose perfect whole is in heaven.

The mental creations of central Europe, and the still more romantic regions of the north, are equally characterized by an indefiniteness exactly comporting with the aspects and temperature of the material kingdoms around. The human soul, thirsting after immensity, immutability, and unbounded duration, needs some tangible object from which to take its flight,—some point whence to soar from the present into the future, from the limited to the infinite,—and is likely to be most vigorous in its capacity and productions where such facilities most abound. Mere space, contemplated under the dome of heaven, prostrates, rather than sustains, the mind; but Alpine heights, seen at a glance where earth and sky mingle, constitute the quickening and fortifying regions where mundane understanding and celestial imagination most happily blend in the suggestion of thoughts such as common language never expressed. Deep caverns, contracted lakes, projecting crags, impending avalanches, and glittering pinnacles, which rise in serene majesty till they are lost in mist and cloud, rolling over their summits like the waves of ocean, realize prospects which seem to conduct the contemplator from this to another world. The magnificence thus poured on the mind naturally imbues its faculties, and will be reproduced in living speech, or for ever glow from a graphic pen. The solitude seems holy where every grand feature constitutes a hymn, and a sublime melancholy impresses itself upon the thoughtful soul.

Northern legends and apparitions partake much more of the spiritual and infinite than did the sylvan deities and semi-human

mythology of the classic South; and modern romance, with its prevailing gloom and indefinite character, is much more appalling than the sunny and social personifications which antiquity produced. The natural phenomena which abound in a wild, uncultivated country, powerfully conspire to create the illusions of fancy which so much modify reason's severest works. The preternatural appearances commonly said to occur in the German mountains and Scottish highlands, whose lofty summits and unreclaimed valleys are shrouded with tempestuous clouds, may be explained on the same philosophical principle, whence the most potent local inspiration is derived. That which is strongly felt, is not only easily seen, but as easily believed; and an appetite for the marvellous, constantly excited, is made keen to detect and multiply visions and prognostics, until each heath or glen has its unearthly visitants, each family its omen, each hut its boding spectre, and superstition, systematized into a science, is expounded by wizards and gifted seers. The character of a primitive mythology, mingling more or less with the best literature of a nation, is always intimately connected with that of the scenery and climate in which it arose. Thus the graceful Nymphs and Naiads of Greece; the Peris of Persia, gay as the colors of the rainbow, and odorous as flowers; the Fairies of England, who in airy circles "dance their ringlets to the whistling wind," have forms and functions delicate and beautiful, like the countries in which they dwell; while "the Elves, Bogles, Brownies, and Kelpies, which seem to have legitimately descended, in ancient Highland verse, from the Scandinavian Dvergar, Nisser, &c., are of a stunted and malignant aspect, and are celebrated for nothing better than maiming cattle, bewildering the benighted traveller, and conjuring out the souls of newborn infants."

It is an occasion for special gratitude to God that there are yet wild spots and wildernesses left, unstained fountains and virgin hills,

where avarice has little dominion, and whence thought may take the widest range. These exercise analogous power over the popular mind, furnish the purest stimulus to noble exertion, and have ever developed the strongest patriotism, intensest energy, and most valuable letters of the world. So far as we can derive capacities from inanimate things, and be impelled by the activities which depend on place, mountains, moors, forests and rocky shores, are the localities most favorable for vigorous and prolific life. The language we speak, and the glorious literature it has preserved, are the accumulated products and historical proof of this. When the Saxons were called in as friends and allies by the Romanized Britons, they assembled in great numbers with their king Hengist, during the fifth and sixth centuries of the Christian era, and England continued to be peopled by them. But instead of friends they soon became masters, and the ancient inhabitants, the Britons, disappeared; after which, the Saxon tongue, laws, government, and manners soon overspread the land; so that it may literally be said, "the British constitution came out of the woods of Germany."

The real and ideal are most closely allied in the grandest creations of nature and the finest conceptions of mind. Although hoary cliffs and soaring heights are among the most palpable facts of earth, it is on them that we always seem to be most in the domain of fancy. It is impossible to overstate our indebtedness to those gigantic disturbances of the solid globe, by which mountains, with all their accompaniments of wild and rugged features, were upheaved, and substituted, in bold and picturesque beauty, for dead level plains. Without this contrast of expressive objects, earth would have told out little of those sublime truths, of which now every hill is a prophet, every stone a book. The ancients frequently erected temples and statues to the genius of the place; and these were often in retired localities, like Iero, the sacred city of Æsculapius, occupying a mountain-hollow, the

most secluded in Greece. According to Pliny, his countrymen, too, felt that Minerva, as well as Diana, inhabits the forests. Among the woods of Etruria, the great lawgiver and ruler to whom Rome was under greater obligations than to Romulus, sought refuge from the cares that attended the government of a turbulent but growing nation, and was the first pagan sovereign ever inspired to erect a fane to Peace and Faith. Akenside finely alludes to the sacred awe, with which the wilderness and hidden dells, stretching along the acclivities of a high mountain, are contemplated by persons of refined imagination:

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

When we meditate in plains, the globe appears youthful and imbecile; among crags and mountains, it exhibits energy and the gravity of age. All primitive aspects indicate a deep solemnity, and generate invincible power. We feel the spirit of the universe upon us, and are not surprised that when the shepherd in Virgil sought Love, he found him a native of the rocks. Traces of the divinity most abound in localities apart from throngs of mankind, where one can best establish the equilibrium of the soul by that of solitude, feeling a life on the surface of things and eternity in their depths. Nature sheds much of a supernatural influence around the superior souls, constituted in harmony with herself. Physical elements become plastic in the hands of such, and receive an impression not less brilliant than

enduring. Their mind is made to act as a prism, under whose influence the simplest elements assume the most exquisite combination of hues; and thus inanimate kingdoms and artificial lessons are converted into golden visions of thought and feeling. Form, color, light and shade are attendant handmaids, ever ready to impart a graceful and perennial utterance to the sublimest conceptions, and adorn rugged strength with charms more real and captivating than that of words.

This is as often verified in art as in literature. Hogarth began life a silver-engraver, Chantry a wood-carver, and Raeburn a goldsmith; but ruled by the love fed in early intercourse with nature, their course was changed, and each was matured in his peculiar department of excellence. Romney, when but a child, studied coloring before the rainbow, the purple perspective and gleaming lake; he took his first lessons in composition through wild woods, fruitful valleys, and over the loftiest mountains within reach. Mortimer with strongest impulse studied the sea, chafed and foaming, fit "to swallow navigation up," with ships driven before tempests, or strown in ruin. These, passionately seen and felt, gave him a skilful artistic hand. Richard Cosway was first kindled with a love for painting by a chance glance at two picturesque works from Rubens, at Tiverton; and a beautiful piece of wood is still shown in Suffolk, where the ancient trees, winding glades, and sunny nooks, inspired Gainsborough with the love of art. Thence he emerged the first landscape painter of his age. A few prints, illustrative of Michael Angelo's genius, found in his father's library, and conned beneath gnarled oaks, made the enthusiastic Fusili a master in his way; and a perusal of "The Jesuit's Perspective," when only eight years old, led an observant youth into the open fields, and prepared the way for Sir Joshua Reynolds to become the highest model and most elegant teacher of British art. It is well known that Salvator Rosa once resided with a band of robbers, and that the impressions

received from the rocks, caves, dens, and mountains they inhabited, gave a decided tone and direction to his taste. His original bent was thus so strongly developed, that he loved rather to stand on the ruins of nature, than to admire her soft and beautiful combinations; hence his imagination became daring and impetuous, his pencil rugged and sublime, from prolific sources armed to throw a savage grandeur over all his works. Claude Lorrain, on the contrary, spent his happiest days in sunny scenes, where the earth was enamelled with flowers, and heaven's mild radiance beamed perpetually on his brow. He early learned to mix a pallet of colors from every realm of beauty, and all his pictures teem with loveliness and peace.

In a fine picture, as in a favorite book, it is easy to identify what we behold with the life of the author; and probably we shall trace his first impressions in the peculiarity of his style, as well as in the general tenor of his thoughts. Milton found his most genial inspiration amidst the embowered lawns of Vallombrosa; Gray was permanently benefited by the solitude of the Chartreuse; and Johnson never rose higher in refined sentiment, than on the sea-beaten rock of Iona. To the great bard of Paradise Lost, nature ever imparted a clear and steady light, shining brightly through the storms of tumultuous life, and kindling up, when all else was dark, a lustre worthy of Eden in its first bloom. Shakspeare possessed the most intense fondness for natural beauty, and displayed it in all his works. "Images of rural scenes are for ever floating on his mind, and there is scarce an object, from the lofty mountain to the sequestered valley, from the dark tempest to the gray dawn and placid moonlight, from dreary winter to warm and fragrant spring, that he has not depicted; gentle airs, and murmuring rills, and sequestered groves, are features as prominent in his dramas, as the beings that haunt them; the vows of love become indeed silver soft as they are whispered by night

among pomegranate groves; life is more sweet among trees, and stones, and running brooks, afar from public haunts; the gentle boy sleeps more fitly among embowering woods, watched by fairy forms, and sung to rest by the dirge of affection." Like Milton, Shakspeare seems to have dwelt with sincerest pleasure on the peaceful images of rural life, and no one familiar with his history and thoughts can be surprised that, as soon as he was enabled to escape from the artificialness of metropolitan life, he hastened to spend the evening of his existence among the quiet hills and vales where in careless youth he had wandered, gathering innumerable germs of the richest and most magnificent thoughts. Sir Walter Scott's great art lay in exact descriptions of nature and of character, a facility attained by the constant pursuit of some piece of striking scenery, or in watching the spontaneous exhibition of unsophisticated character. Fancy was resorted to only for filling up the interstices, or supplying vacancies in the originals which nature furnished. In youth, he read Hool's Tasso and Percy's Reliques of ancient poetry, beneath a huge platanus tree, within the ruins of an old arbor near Kelso, the most beautiful and romantic village in Scotland. In full view lay the Tweed and the Teviot, both famous rivers, the ancient castles of Roxburgh and a ruined abbey, with the modern mansion of Fleurs, a landscape so situated as to combine the ideas of ancient baronial splendor with those of modern taste. These were vividly associated with the grand features of the scene around the young observer; and the historical incidents, or traditional legends connected with them, gave to his impassioned soul an intense reverence for ancient ruins and chivalrous enterprise. Thenceforth his faculties were all awake, and fitted for their work; giving to every field its battle, and to every rivulet its song. A true man's productions everywhere are the types of his mind, and reveal the scenes and circumstances of his early training.

Edmund Burke grew up encompassed by the gorgeous scenery around the castle of Kilcolman; and his great living successor in Parliament, Sheil,* gathered the best energies of his eloquence near the fine woods of Faithley, and the noble seat of the Bolton family, when the sullen roar of the ocean used to come over the hills to greet his youth, under the shadow of Dunbrody Abbey in ruins, where the Nore and the Barrow met in a deep and splendid conflux with his native Suir. The minds of these great men were the transcripts of the first scenes they loved; and it is most pertinent to this theme to remind the reader that one, perhaps greater than they, the master statesman and orator of his age, was cradled in the rugged bosom of Alpine New Hampshire, where all is cool, colossal, sublime.

On a flowery morning of spring, or in the stillness of a clear autumnal night,—in summer fruitfulness or wintry desolation,—we feel, if we do not hear, the rushing of that stream of life, which from Orion flows down to the very heart of earth. Hence the declaration of Burns,—"There is scarcely any earthly object gives me more—I do not know how I should call it *pleasure*—but something which exalts me—something which enraptures me—than to walk in the sheltered side of the wood, or high plantation, in a cloudy winter-day, and hear the stormy wind howling among the trees, and roaring over the plain. It is my best season for devotion." Campbell, too, courted the heath-clad wilderness—"bleak—lifeless—and broken into numberless glens—strewn with rocks—and scantily clothed with copse-wood; from the dusky covert of which he could observe the wild deer darting forth at intervals and again vanishing in a deeper and more distant shade. Bold rocks, fringed with wild flowers, rising in huge and often grotesque masses through the purple heath; streams and torrents

* While these sheets are passing through the press, news is received of the death of this eminent man.

winding peacefully through the deep grassy glens, or dashing, in clouds of spray, over some rugged precipice; the shrill pipe of the curlew—the blithe carol of the lark over head—the bleating of the goats from the steep pastoral acclivities—the scream of the eagle from his eyrie in the rocks:"—these were the sights and sounds which enlivened his rambles and supplied his worth. The youth of Byron was spent mainly on the sea-shore, the heaths, and the hills, of the Doric north; and when more secluded in Newstead Abbey, the recollections of childhood moulded his first song.

"When I roved, a young highlander, o'er the dark heath,
And climb'd thy steep summit, O Morven! of snow;
To gaze on the torrent that thunder'd beneath,
Or the mist of the tempest that gather'd below."

Gladsome wanderings in the sunshine among the hills, enlivened by melodious waters and the song of birds, the changeful aspects of fields and woods, gleamings of the far-off sea, and mountains piercing through clouds a pathway to the skies,—this is the paradise of all minds nobly endowed, and not yet entirely debased. It is when thus environed and exercised that lofty impulses are kindled in genial blood. Thus was felt and expressed the grandeur, beauty, pathos, dazzling light and freezing gloom which mingled in the memories of Childe Harold. He had profoundly experienced the truth that,

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd."

We have purposely avoided copious reference to American scenery, artists and authors, as corroborative of the positions assumed in the foregoing disquisition. We know something of the pictorial illustrations so admirably executed for this work, and would gladly allude to the diversified aspects characteristic of art, literature, and scenery in our land. But that department has been assigned to other and abler pens. Our specific task will conclude with a remark or two on the relation which nature sustains to religion, as an auxiliary in the highest culture of mind.

What scene is more simple, or more sublime, than the vast solitude of untainted nature, cast in a fresh yet giant mould, a silent and mighty temple of the great God, wherein the pure spirit of love reigns and smiles over all? Pilgrimages were made to the oaks of Mamre, near Hebron, from the time of Abraham to that of Constantine; and the nations surrounding the divinely favored tribes conspired to attach the idea of veneration to rivers and fountains, and were accustomed not only to dedicate trees and groves to their deities, but ever to sacrifice on high mountains: customs which were practised by the Jews themselves, previous to the building of Solomon's temple. The beginning of wisdom was among the wilds of Asia, and it was there that the God of nature implanted grand ideas in the minds of shepherds meditating on those antique plains and heights, teaching them to wonder and adore. As the loftiest mountains are surmounted with unsullied snow, so the purest sentiments crowned their exalted souls, and for ever rendered them the chief source of fertilizing streams to all lands, through every region of thought.

A little child standing under the heaven bright with stars, once asked its mother,—"Dear mother, are those yonder the open places, which the glory of God shines through?" Those were the old heavens which infancy admired, and they yet proclaim the glory of their

Maker to the most matured. The hills, the vales, and the ocean, have never grown old, but still have wonders as innumerable as they are lasting. Not a realm of nature is unfolded to our gaze that does not teem with beauties and sublimities bearing an antiquity more ancient than the pyramids. The evening breeze is yet redolent of the balm shed over Canaan, when Isaac went forth to meditate. Zion's hill has survived its temple, and lifts its sacred brow to the same sun that shone upon Thermopylæ, and is swept by the same wind which laid the armaments of Xerxes low. The rainbow we to-day admire, is the same that was bent near the portal of the Ark; and the mighty rivers of America bear with their billows a murmur kindred to the Nile, as it moved the bulrushes of Egypt in which the child Moses nestled, watched over by the sisterly love of Miriam.

To holy men of the earlier times, the exterior and interior life were brought into perfect harmony, so as to produce that expansion of heart which is the real cause that makes rural existence so delightful to men of good will: for so sweet is it to them, that "they whose verse of yore the golden age recorded, and its bliss on the Parnassian mountain," seem to have foreseen it in Arcadian dreams. They loved clear waters, aspiring hills, with all the countless forms and tones which each returning spring reproduced more fair than ever to their growing appreciation. Nature prompted purifying tears in their eyes, that they might trace the goodness of their God in these his lower works, wondering not that the Samaritan woman should have recognized and confessed the Messiah at the fountain, whom Jewish sages knew not in the temple. The fields and level shores were by them connected with religious mysteries; for, Jesus standing by the lake of Genesareth when the multitude pressed upon him, the two boats afloat and the occupation of the fishermen, together with the walk through the corn with the disciples on the Sabbath, were designed to make such an

impression, that one should never enjoy the beauties of nature, or the recreations of a country life, without being reminded of the blessed Redeemer. But mountains are especially associated with religion through the remembrance of that mount whose name has given a universal fame to the pale verdure of the olive, from that of Tabor, and Sinai, and Ephraim, which fed the holy Samuel. We read in the Iliad that Hector sacrificed on the top of Ida; and the summits of mountains were ever selected, not only by the Greeks, but by nations taught direct from heaven, as the most appropriate situations whereon their altars should stand. It was on mountains that the only true God manifested himself to the Hebrews of old, and it was on them that the tremendous mysteries of redemption were accomplished. Connected with these grand objects, and in no small measure by them inspired, was the mighty energy which sent the apostle Paul to Mars Hill, preaching Jesus and the resurrection; and long afterwards, in a feebler degree, impelled Edward Irving to roll "the rich thunders of his awful voice," where mute thousands stood enraptured amid the glories of the Frith of Forth.

Persons accustomed to explore the ruins of religious houses in England, and the scenery peculiar to each, will often be struck with the fact that the several orders consulted their highest happiness, as well as greatest good, in fixing the site of their respective foundations. Evidently, mere convenience, or retirement, was not their chief aim; they felt that spiritual culture would be most auspicious, where natural charms most abound. They believed that in the shrines which Jehovah had adorned with the clearest impress of his own attributes, and in which he had bidden nature contribute her richest gifts,— the glittering gems of her mineral stores, the fairest folds of her tinted drapery, the delicate tracery of her interlacing boughs, the incense of her breathing flowers, the music of her gentlest zephyrs, her sighing

foliage, chanting birds, and gliding waters,—they also could most suitably offer adoration. Quiet nooks, shut in by the curving river, as Kirkstall; rocky banks, encompassed with verdant foliage, as Fountains; umbrageous and sequestered sea-coasts, as Netley; green plots of smooth sward, traversed by some wild, romantic stream, as Tintern; cool and solitary valleys, as Furness; lovely shores, where the swift brook sparkles and bounds to the deep, as Beaulieu;—such were the homes the early Christians loved. And they had their reward. Their persons, their names, and the distinguishing features of their creeds, true and false, have mainly passed away, but the scenes of their earthly devotions are treasured by all the good. Still we visit their ruins, to mourn over their departed glories; "and still they live in fame, though not in life." We may not adopt the theology of those devout builders, but it would be well for us to emulate their taste, knowing that while all sublunary things are transient, "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever!"

The enthusiastic painter, Gainsborough, exclaimed on his death-bed,—"We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke will be of the party." May the reader be imbued with something more divine than mere taste, that he may survive anguish or ecstasy in the energies of faith; and, soaring amid the infinite glories of the universe, at each remove imbibing majestic charms of every hue and form, may he for ever realize the high significancy of our theme,—SCENERY AND MIND.

VIEW NEAR RONDOUT.

(HUNTINGTON.)

The village of Rondout, founded in 1808, by the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, is situated near the Walkill Creek on the Hudson, about ninety miles above the city of New-York, and two miles distant from Eddyville, where that Canal terminates.

In the effective and mellow little picture from which our engraving is taken, Mr. Huntington has pleasingly represented a secluded and romantic nook on the creek, near its entrance to the Hudson. In the background is a glimpse of the Catskill mountains. The picture is one of a pair belonging to Gen. John A. Dix, and is one of the happiest efforts of the artist in this department, especially in its coloring.

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN SCENERY COMPARED.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER.

Every intellectual being has a longing to see distant lands. We desire to ascertain, by actual observation, the peculiarities of nations, the differences which exist between the stranger and ourselves, and as it might be all that lies beyond our daily experience. This feeling seems implanted in our nature, and few who possess the means of doing so fail to gratify it. Every day increases the amount of the intercourse between the people of different countries, and the happiest results may be anticipated from this fusion of nations and the humanizing influences which are its consequences. Those, however, who are forbidden by circumstances to extend their personal observations beyond the limits of their own homes, must be content to derive their information on such subjects from the pen, the pencil, and the graver.

We understand it to be the design of this work to aid in imparting a portion of the intelligence, necessary to appease these cravings of our nature, and to equalize, as it might be, the knowledge of men and things. Our own task is very simple. It will be confined to

showing some of the leading peculiarities of the scenery of various nations, and to direct the attention of the reader to the minor circumstances which give character to the landscape, but which are seldom alluded to by the writers of graver works.

The great distinction between American and European scenery, as a whole, is to be found in the greater want of finish in the former than in the latter, and to the greater superfluity of works of art in the old world than in the new. Nature has certainly made some differences, though there are large portions of continental Europe that, without their artificial accessories, might well pass for districts in our own region; and which forcibly remind the traveller of his native home. As a whole, it must be admitted that Europe offers to the senses sublimer views and certainly grander, than are to be found within our own borders, unless we resort to the Rocky Mountains, and the ranges in California and New Mexico.

In musing on these subjects, the mind of the untravelled American naturally turns first towards England. He has pictured to himself landscapes and scenery on which are impressed the teeming history of the past. We shall endeavor to point out the leading distinctions between the scenery of England and that of America, therefore, as the course that will probably be most acceptable to the reader.

The prevalent characteristic of the English landscape is its air of snugness and comfort. In these respects it differs entirely from its neighbor, France. The English, no doubt, have a great deal of poverty and squalid misery among them. But it is kept surprisingly out of the ordinary view. Most of it, indeed, is to be found in the towns, and even in them it is concealed in out of the way places and streets seldom entered by the stranger.

There are places in America, more especially in the vicinities of the large towns, that have a strong resemblance to the more crowded

portions of England, though the hedge is usually wanting and the stone wall is more in favor among ourselves than it appears ever to have been among our ancestors. The great abundance of wood, in this country, too, gives us the rail and the board for our fences, objects which the lovers of the picturesque would gladly see supplanted by the brier and the thorn. All that part of Staten Island, which lies nearest to the quarantine ground, has a marked resemblance to what we should term suburban English landscape. The neighborhoods of most of the old towns in the northern States, have more or less of the same character; it being natural that the descendants of Englishmen should have preserved as many of the usages of their forefathers as was practicable. We know of no portion of this country that bears any marked resemblance to the prevalent characteristics of an ordinary French landscape. In France there are two great distinctive features that seem to divide the materials of the views between them. One is that of a bald nakedness of formal *grandes routes*, systematically lined with trees, a total absence of farm-houses, fences, hedges, and walls, little or no forest, except in particular places, scarcely any pieces of detached woods, and a husbandry that is remarkable for its stiffness and formality. The fields of a French acclivity, when the grain is ripe, or ripening, have a strong resemblance to an ordinary Manchester pattern-card, in which the different cloths, varying in color, are placed under the eye at one glance. The effect of this is not pleasing. The lines being straight and the fields exhibiting none of the freedom of nature. Stiffness and formality, indeed, impair the beauty of nine-tenths of the French landscapes; though as a whole the country is considered fine, and is certainly very productive. The other distinctive feature to which we allude is of a directly contrary character, being remarkable for the affluence of its objects. It often occurs in that country that the traveller finds himself on a height that com-

mands a view of great extent, which is literally covered with *bourgs* or small towns and villages. This occurs particularly in Normandy, in the vicinity of Paris, and as one approaches the Loire. In such places it is no unusual thing for the eye to embrace, as it might be in a single view, some forty or fifty cold, grave-looking, chiselled *bourgs* and villages, almost invariably erected in stone. The effect is not unpleasant, for the subdued color of the buildings has a tendency to soften the landscape and to render the whole solemn and imposing. We can recall many of these scenes that have left indelible impressions on the mind, and which, if not positively beautiful in a rural sense, are very remarkable. That from the heights of Montmorenci, near Paris, is one of them; and there is another, from the hill of St. Catharine, near Rouen, that is quite as extraordinary.

The greater natural freedom that exists in an ordinary American landscape, and the abundance of detached fragments of wood, often render the views of this country strikingly beautiful when they are of sufficient extent to conceal the want of finish in the details, which require time and long-continued labor to accomplish. In this particular we conceive that the older portions of the United States offer to the eye a general outline of view that may well claim to be even of a higher cast, than most of the scenery of the old world.

There is one great charm, however, that it must be confessed is nearly wanting among us. We allude to the coast. Our own is, with scarcely an exception, low, monotonous and tame. It wants Alpine rocks, bold promontories, visible heights inland, and all those other glorious accessories of the sort that render the coast of the Mediterranean the wonder of the world. It is usual for the American to dilate on the size of his bays and rivers, but objects like these require corresponding elevation in the land. Admirable as is the bay of New-York for the purposes of commerce, it holds but a very subor-

dinate place as a landscape among the other havens of the world. The comparison with Naples that has so often been made, is singularly unjust, there not being two bays of any extent to be found, that are really less alike than these. It was never our good fortune to see Constantinople or Rio de Janeiro, the two noblest and most remarkable scenes of this kind, as we have understood, known to the traveller. But we much question if either will endure the test of rigid and severe examination better than the celebrated Gulf of Napoli. The color of the water, alone, is a peculiar beauty of all the Mediterranean bays: it is the blue of the deep sea, carried home to the very rocks of the coast. In this respect, the shores of America, also, have less claim to beauty than those of Europe, generally. The waters are green, the certain sign of their being shallow. Similar tints prevail in the narrow seas between Holland and England. The name of Holland recalls a land, however, that is even lower than any portion of our own with which we are acquainted. There are large districts in Holland that are actually below the level of the high tides of the sea. This country is a proof how much time, civilization, and persevering industry, may add even to the interest of a landscape. While the tameness of the American coast has so little to relieve it or to give it character, in Holland it becomes the source of wonder and admiration. The sight of vast meadows, villages, farm-houses, churches, and other works of art, actually lying below the level of the adjacent canals, and the neighboring seas, wakes in the mind a species of reverence for human industry. This feeling becomes blended with the views, and it is scarcely possible to gaze upon a Dutch landscape without seeing, at the same time, ample pages from the history of the country and the character of its people. On this side of the ocean, there are no such peculiarities. Time, numbers, and labor are yet wanting to supply the defects of nature, and we must be content, for a while,

with the less teeming pictures drawn in our youth and comparative simplicity.

On the American coast the prevailing character is less marked at the northward and eastward than at the southward. At some future day, the Everglades of Florida may have a certain resemblance to Holland. They are the lowest land, we believe, in any part of this country.

Taking into the account the climate and its productions, the adjacent mountains, the most picturesque outlines of the lakes, and the works of art which embellish the whole, we think that most lovers of natural scenery would prefer that around the lakes of Como and Maggiore to that of any other place familiarly known to the traveller. Como is ordinarily conceived to carry off the palm in Europe, and it is not probable that the great mountains of the East or any part of the Andes, can assemble as many objects of grandeur, sweetness, magnificence and art, as are to be found in this region. Of course, our own country has nothing of the sort to compare with it. The Rocky Mountains, and the other great ranges in the recent accession of territory, must possess many noble views, especially as one proceeds south; but the accessories are necessarily wanting, for a union of art and nature can alone render scenery perfect.

In the way of the wild, the terrific, and the grand, nature is sufficient of herself; but Niagara is scarcely more imposing than she is now rendered lovely by the works of man. It is true that this celebrated cataract has a marked sweetness of expression, if we may use such a term, that singularly softens its magnificence, and now that men are becoming more familiar with its mysteries, and penetrating into its very mists, by means of a small steamboat,—the admirer of nature discovers a character different from that which first strikes the senses.

We regard it as hypercritical to speak of the want of Alpine scenery

around Niagara. On what scale must the mountains be moulded to bear a just comparison, in this view of the matter, with the grandeur of the cataract! The Alps, the Andes, and the Himmalaya, would scarcely suffice to furnish materials necessary to produce the contrast, on any measurement now known to the world. In fact the accessories, except as they are blended with the Falls themselves, as in the wonderful gorge through which the river rushes in an almost fathomless torrent, as if frightened at its own terrific leap; the Whirlpool, and all that properly belongs to the stream, from the commencement of the Rapids, or, to be more exact, from the placid, lake-like scenery above these Rapids, down to the point where the waters of this mighty strait are poured into the bosom of the Ontario, strike us as being in singular harmony with the views of the Cataract itself.

The Americans may well boast of their water-falls, and of their lakes, notwithstanding the admitted superiority of upper Italy and Switzerland in connection with the highest classes of the latter. They form objects of interest over a vast surface of territory, and greatly relieve the monotony of the inland views. We do not now allude to the five great lakes, which resemble seas and offer very much the same assemblage of objects to the eye; but to those of greatly inferior extent, that are sparkling over so much of the surface of the northern States. The east, and New-York in particular, abound in them, though farther west the lover of the picturesque must be content to receive the prairie in their stead. It would be a great mistake, however, to attempt to compare any of these lakes with the finest of the old world; though many of them are very lovely and all contribute to embellish the scenery. Lake George itself could not occupy more than a fourth or fifth position in a justly graduated scale of the lakes of Christendom; though certainly very charming to the eye, and of singular variety in its aspects. In one particular, indeed, this lake has scarcely an equal.

We allude to its islands, which are said to equal the number of the days in the year. Points, promontories, and headlands are scarcely ever substitutes for islands, which add inexpressibly to the effect of all water-views.

It has been a question among the admirers of natural scenery, whether the presence or absence of detached farm-houses, of trees, of hedges, walls and fences, most contribute to the effect of any inland view. As these are the great points of distinction between the continent of Europe and our own country, we shall pause a moment to examine the subject a little more in detail. When the towns and villages are sufficiently numerous to catch the attention of the eye, and there are occasional fragments of forest in sight, one does not so much miss the absence of that appearance of comfort and animated beauty that the other style of embellishment so eminently possesses. A great deal, however, depends, as respects these particulars, on the nature of the architecture and the color of the buildings and fences. It is only in very particular places and under very dull lights, that the contrast between white and green is agreeable. A fence that looks as if it were covered with clothes hung out to dry, does very little towards aiding the picturesque. And he who endeavors to improve his taste in these particulars, will not fail to discover in time that a range of country which gives up its objects, chiselled and distinct, but sober, and sometimes sombre, will eventually take stronger hold of his fancy than one that is glittering with the fruits of the paint and white-wash brushes. We are never dissatisfied with the natural tints of stone, for the mind readily submits to the ordering of nature; and though one color may be preferred to another, each and all are acceptable in their proper places. Thus, a marble structure is expected to be white, and as such, if the building be of suitable dimensions and proportions, escapes our criticisms, on account of its richness and uses.

The same may be said of other hues, when not artificial; but we think that most admirers of nature, as they come to cultivate their tastes, settle down into a preference for the gray and subdued over all the brighter tints that art can produce. In this particular, then, we give the preference to the effects of European scenery, over that of this country, where wood is so much used for the purposes of building, and where the fashion has long been to color it with white. A better taste, however, or what we esteem as such, is beginning to prevail, and houses in towns and villages are now not unfrequently even painted in subdued colors. We regard the effect as an improvement, though to our taste no hue, in its artificial objects, so embellishes a landscape as the solemn color of the more sober, and less meretricious looking stones.

We believe that a structure of white, with green blinds, is almost peculiar to this country. In the most propitious situations, and under the happiest circumstances, the colors are unquestionably unsuited to architecture, which, like statuary, should have but one tint. If, however, it be deemed essential to the flaunting tastes of the mistress of some mansion, to cause the hues of the edifice in which she resides to be as gay as her *toilette*, we earnestly protest against the bright green that is occasionally introduced for such purposes. There is a graver tint, of the same color, that entirely changes the expression of a dwelling. Place two of these houses in close proximity, and scarcely an intellectual being would pass them, without saying that the owner of the one was much superior to the owner of the other in all that marks the civilized man. Put a third structure in the immediate vicinity of these two, that should have but one color on its surface, including its blinds, and we think that nine persons in ten, except the very vulgar and uninstructed, would at once jump to the conclusion that the owner of this habitation was in tastes and refinement superior to both his

neighbors. A great improvement, however, in rural as well as in town architecture, is now in the course of introduction throughout all the northern States. More attention is paid to the picturesque than was formerly the case, and the effects are becoming as numerous as they are pleasing. We should particularize New Haven, as one of those towns that has been thus embellished of late years, and there are other places, of nearly equal size, that might be mentioned as having the same claims to an improved taste. But to return to the great distinctive features between an ordinary American landscape and a similar scene in Europe. Of the artificial accessories it is scarcely necessary to say any more. One does not expect to meet with a ruined castle or abbey, or even fortress, in America; nor, on the other hand, does the traveller look for the forests of America, or that abundance of wood, which gives to nearly every farm a sufficiency for all the common wants of life, on the plains and heights of the old world. Wood there certainly is, and possibly enough to meet the ordinary wants of the different countries, but it is generally in the hands of the governments or the great proprietors, and takes the aspect of forests of greater or less size, that are well cared for, cleared and trimmed like the grounds of a park.

Germany has, we think, in some respects a strong resemblance to the views of America. It is not so much wanting in detached copses and smaller plantations of trees as the countries farther south and east of it, while it has less of the naked aspect in general that is so remarkable in France. Detached buildings occur more frequently in Germany than in France especially, and we might add also in Spain. The reader will remember that it is a prevalent usage throughout Europe, with the exception of the British Islands, Holland, and here and there a province in other countries, for the rural population to dwell in villages. This practice gives to the German landscape, in particular, a

species of resemblance to what is ordinarily termed park scenery, though it is necessarily wanting in much of that expression which characterizes the embellishments that properly belong to the latter. With us this resemblance is often even stronger, in consequence of the careless graces of nature and the great affluence of detached woods; the distinguishing features existing in the farm-house, fences and out-buildings. Of a cloudy day, a distant view in America often bears this likeness to the park, in a very marked degree, for then the graces of the scene are visible to the eye, while the defects of the details are too remote to be detected.

The mountain scenery of the United States, though wanting in grandeur, and in that wild sublimity which ordinarily belongs to a granite formation, is not without attractions that are singularly its own. The great abundance of forest, the arable qualities of the soil, and the peculiar blending of what may be termed the agricultural and the savage, unite to produce landscapes of extraordinary beauty and grace. Vast regions of country possessing this character are to be found in almost all the old States, for after quitting the coast for a greater or less distance, varying from one to two hundred miles, the ranges of the Alleghanies interpose between the monotonous districts of the Atlantic shores and the great plains of the west. We are of opinion that as civilization advances, and the husbandman has brought his lands to the highest state of cultivation, there will be a line of mountain scenery extending from Maine to Georgia, in a north and south direction, and possessing a general width of from one to two hundred miles, from east to west, that will scarcely have a parallel in any other quarter of the world, in those sylvan upland landscapes, which, while they are wanting in the sublimity of the Alpine regions, share so largely in the striking and effective.

It is usual for the American to boast of his rivers, not only for

their size and usefulness, but for their beauties. A thousand streams, that in older regions would have been rendered memorable, ages since, by the poet, the painter, art in every form, and the events of a teeming history, flow within the limits of the United States still unsung, and nearly unknown. As yet, something is ordinarily wanting, in the way of finish, along the banks of these inferior water-courses. But occasionally, in places where art has, as it might be, accidentally assisted nature, they come into the landscape with the most pleasing influence on its charms. In this respect, the peculiarity of the country is rather in a want of uniformity than in any want of material. To us, it would seem that all the northern States of America, at least, are far better watered than common, and that consequently they possess more of this species of beauty. As for the great streams, the largest, perhaps, have the least claims to high character in this respect in both the old and the new world. The Rhine is an exception, however, for it would be difficult to find another river of equal length and with the same flow of water, that possesses the same diversity of character or one so peculiar. At its source it descends from the high glaciers of the Alps a number of brawling brooks, which forcing their way through the upper valleys, unite below in a straggling, rapid, but shallow stream, that finds its way into the lake of Constance, out of which it issues a compact, rapid river, imposing by its volume of water, rather than by its breadth, or any other advantage. Its cataracts, so celebrated in the old world, can scarcely claim to be the equal of the Cohoes, or many others of the secondary falls of this country, though the Rhine has always an abundance of water, which the Mohawk has not. On quitting Switzerland, this remarkable stream assumes many aspects, and decorates, beyond a doubt, as much landscape scenery as falls to the share of any other stream in the known world. We do not think it, however, in its best parts, equal to the Hudson in its whole length,

though the characters of these two rivers are so very different as scarcely to admit of a fair comparison. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the Rhine is its termination, for after embellishing and serving the purposes of such an extent of country in the very heart of Europe, it disappears, as it might be, in a number of straggling, uninteresting, turbid waters, among the marshes of Holland. This is a very different exit from that which characterizes the majestic flow of the Hudson to the Atlantic.

England has no great rivers to boast of, though she has a few of singular claims to notice, on account of the great flow of the tides and the vast amount of commerce that they bear on their bosom. The Thames, so renowned in history, is as uninteresting as possible, until it passes above the bridges of London, where it becomes an ordinarily pretty sylvan stream.

The Seine, another river, familiar in name, at least, to every reader, has much higher claims than its neighbor of the British Islands, in the way of natural beauty. This stream, from Rouen to the Channel, is not without some very fine scenery, as well as possessing a very variant and interesting character, with both natural and artificial accessories, to say nothing of the historical, that draw largely on the attention.

Italy has many rivers that are celebrated in song or story, but not one, we think, that should rank high, on the ground of landscape beauty. Most of her streams are so dependent on the melting of the snows in the Apennines and Alps, as to be either brawling torrents, or meagre, straggling pools. The Arno, the Po, the Adige, the Tiber, and all the other rivers of that peninsula, are obnoxious to these objections. Even the Tiber, which is navigable as high as Rome, for vessels of a light draft, is either a tranquil thread, or one of those noisy, turbid streams that overflow their banks, and often appear at a loss to know in which direction to pour their waters.

The day is not distant, when America must possess a vast extent of territory of a character directly the reverse of that we have described in our mountain scenery, but which, nevertheless, will not be without a certain magnificence from its extent, productions, and fertility. We allude to the great plains of the West; those which lie between the bases of the Alleghanies and the semi-sterile steppes that are known in this part of the world as the great prairies. Lombardy, teeming as she is with population, vines, and all the productions of a fertile soil, in the possession of millions, sinks into insignificance before the vast plains that are destined to be her rivals in this quarter of the world. Perhaps New-York, alone, could furnish nearly as much of this character of country as is to be found in Upper Italy; for, stretching from the shores of Ontario towards the southern ranges of uplands, and as far east as Utica, is spread to the eye a vast extent of the most fertile plain, slightly relieved in places with a rolling surface of very respectable claims to natural beauty. We question if greater fertility is to be found in any part of the world, than is met with in the region last mentioned, though drainage and the other works of an advanced state of husbandry are still much wanting to bring forth both its fertility and its beauties.

New-York, indeed, in the way of scenery, has very high claims to variety, gracefulness, and even grandeur, among the mountains of the counties bordering on Champlain. By grandeur, however, let there be no mistake, by receiving the term in any other than a limited sense. Any well delineated view of a high-class Swiss scene, must at once convince even the most provincial mind among us that nothing of the sort is to be found in America, east of the Rocky Mountains. Nevertheless, the Adirondack has claims to a wild grandeur, which, if it do not approach magnificence, is of a character to impress a region with the seal of a very noble nature. The lovers of the picturesque

sustain a great loss by means of the numerous lines of railroads that have recently come into existence. This is true of both Europe and America. In the course of time, it will be found that every where a country presents its best face towards its thoroughfares. Every thing that depends on art, naturally takes this aspect, for men are as likely to put on their best appearance along a wayside in the country as on the streets of a town. All that has been done, therefore, in past ages, in these particulars, is being deranged and in some instances deformed by the necessity of preserving levels, and avoiding the more valuable portions of a country, in order to diminish expense. Thus villages and towns are no longer entered by their finest passages, producing the best effects; but the traveller is apt to find his view limited by ranges of sheds, out-houses, and other deformities of that nature. Here and there, some work of art, compelled by necessity, furnishes a relief to this deformity. But on the whole, the recent system of railroads has as yet done very little towards adding much to the picturesque for the benefit of the traveller. Here and there is to be found an exception, however, to this rule; portions of the Erie railroad, and the whole of the Hudson River, as well as that along the Rhine, necessarily possessing the advantage of sharing in the sublimity and grace through which they pass. Time will, of course, remedy the defects of the whole arrangement; and a new front will be presented, as it may be, to the traveller throughout the civilized world. Whether human ingenuity will yet succeed in inventing substitutes for the smoke and other unpleasant appliances of a railroad train, remains to be seen; but we think few will be disposed to differ from us, when we say that in our view of the matter this great improvement of modern intercourse has done very little towards the embellishment of a country in the way of landscapes. The graceful winding curvatures of the old highways, the acclivities and declivities, the copses, meadows and

woods, the half-hidden church, nestling among the leaves of its elms and pines, the neat and secluded hamlet, the farm-house, with all its comforts and sober arrangements, so disposed as to greet the eye of the passenger, will long be hopelessly looked for by him who flies through these scenes, which, like a picture placed in a false light, no longer reflects the genius and skill of the artist.

The old world enjoys an advantage as regards the picturesque and pleasing, in connection with its towns, that is wholly unknown, unless it may be in the way of exception, among ourselves. The necessity, in the middle ages, of building for defence, and the want of artillery before the invention of gunpowder, contributed to the construction of military works for the protection of the towns of Europe, that still remain, owing to their durable materials, often producing some of the finest effects that the imagination could invent to embellish a picture. Nothing of the sort, of course, is to be met with here, for we have no castles, have never felt the necessity of fortified towns, and had no existence at the period when works of this nature came within the ordinary appliances of society. On the contrary, the utilitarian spirit of the day labors to erase every inequality from the surface of the American town, substituting convenience for appearance. It is probable there is no one who, in the end, would not give a preference to these new improvements for a permanent residence; but it is not to be denied that so far as the landscape is concerned, the customs of the middle ages constructed much the most picturesque and striking collections of human habitations. Indeed, it is scarcely possible for the mind to conceive of objects of this nature, that are thrown together with finer effects, than are to be met with among the mountainous regions, in particular, of Europe. We illustrate one or two that are to be met with in the Apennines, and the Alps, and even in Germany, as proofs of what we say. The eye, of itself, will teach the

reader, that Richmond and Boston, and Washington and Baltimore, and half-a-dozen other American towns that do possess more or less of an unequal surface, must yield the palm to those gloriously beautiful objects of the old world. When it is remembered, too, how much time has multiplied these last, it can be seen that there are large districts in the mountain regions of the other hemisphere, that enjoy this superiority over us, if superiority it can be called, to possess the picturesque, at the expense of the convenient. The imagination can scarcely equal the pictures of this nature that often meet the eye in the southern countries of Europe. Villages, with the chiselled outlines of castles, gray, sombre, but distinct, are often seen, perched on the summits of rocky heights, or adhering, as it might be, to their sides, in situations that are frequently even appalling, and which invariably lend a character of peculiar beauty to the view. There are parts of Europe in which the traveller encounters these objects in great numbers, and if an American, they never fail to attract his attention, as the wigwam and the bark canoe, and the prairie with lines of bisons, would catch the eye of a wayfarer from the old world. To these humbler mountain pictures, must be added many a castle and strong-hold of royal, or semi-royal origin, that are met with on the summits of abrupt and rocky eminences farther north. Germany has many of these strong-holds, which are kept up to the present day and which are found to be useful as places of security, as they are certainly peculiar and interesting in the landscape.

It has often been said by scientific writers, that this country affords many signs of an origin more recent than the surface of Europe. The proofs cited are the greater depths of the ravines, wrought by the action of the waters following the courses of the torrents, and the greater and general aspect of antiquity that is impressed on natural objects in the other hemisphere. This theory, however, has met with a

distinguished opponent in our own time. Without entering at all into the merits of this controversy, we shall admit that to the ordinary eye America generally is impressed with an air of freshness, youthfulness, and in many instances, to use a coarse but expressive term, rawness, that are seldom, if ever, met with in Europe. It might perhaps be easy to account for this by the labors of man, alone, though we think that natural objects contribute their full share towards deepening the picture. We know of no mountain summits on this side of the Atlantic that wear the hoary hues of hundreds that are seen on the other side of the water; and nearly everywhere in this country that the eye rests on a mountain-top, it encounters a rounded outline of no very decided tints, unless, indeed, it may actually encounter verdure. To our eye, this character of youthfulness is very strongly perceptible throughout those portions of the republic with which we are personally acquainted, and we say this without reference to the recent settlements, which necessarily partake of this character, but to the oldest and most finished of our own landscapes. The banks of the Hudson, for instance, have not the impress of time as strongly marked on their heights and headlands, and bays, and even mountains, as the banks of the Rhine; and we have often even fancied that this distinguishing feature between the old and new worlds is to be traced on nearly every object of nature or art. Doubtless the latter has been the principal agent in producing these effects; but it is undeniable that they form a leading point of distinction in the general character of the scenery of the two continents. As for England, it has a shorn and shaven aspect that reminds one of the husbandman in his Sunday's attire; for we have seen that island in February, when, owing to the great quantity of its grain and the prevalent humidity of the atmosphere, it really appeared to us to possess more verdure than it did in the subsequent July and August.

There is one feature in European scenery, generally, more prevalent, however, in Catholic than in other countries, to which we must allude before we close. The bourg, or town, with its gray castellated outlines, and possibly with walls of the middle ages, is, almost invariably, clustered around the high, pointed roofs and solemn towers of the church. With us, how different is the effect! Half a dozen ill-shaped, and yet pretending cupolas, and other ambitious objects, half the time in painted wood, just peer above the village, while the most aspiring roof is almost invariably that of the tavern. It may be easy enough to account for this difference, and to offer a sufficient apology for its existence. But to the observant lover of the picturesque the effect is not only unpleasant but often repulsive. No one of ordinary liberality would wish to interfere with freedom of conscience, in order to obtain fine landscapes; but this is one of the hundred instances in which the thoughtful man finds reason to regret that the church, as it exists among us, is not really more Catholic.

To conclude, we concede to Europe much the noblest scenery, in its Alps, Pyrenees, and Apennines; in its objects of art, as a matter of course; in all those effects which depend on time and association, in its monuments, and in this impress of the past which may be said to be reflected in its countenance; while we claim for America the freshness of a most promising youth, and a species of natural radiance that carries the mind with reverence to the source of all that is glorious around us.

THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

The Catskill, Katskill, or Cat River Mountains derived their name, in the time of the Dutch domination, from the Catamounts by which they were infested; and which, with the bear, the wolf, and the deer, are still to be found in some of their most difficult recesses. The interior of these mountains is in the highest degree wild and romantic; here are rocky precipices mantled with primeval forests; deep gorges walled in by beetling cliffs, with torrents tumbling as it were from the sky; and savage glens rarely trodden excepting by the hunter. With all this internal rudeness, the aspect of these mountains toward the Hudson at times is eminently bland and beautiful, sloping down into a country softened by cultivation, and bearing much of the rich character of Italian scenery about the skirts of the Apennines.

The Catskills form an advanced post, or lateral spur of the great Alleganian or Appalachian system of mountains which sweeps through the interior of our continent, from Southwest to Northeast, from Alabama to the extremity of Maine, for nearly fourteen hundred miles, belting the whole of our original confederacy, and rivalling our

great system of lakes in extent and grandeur. Its vast ramifications comprise a number of parallel chains and lateral groups; such as the Cumberland Mountains, the Blue Ridge, the Alleganies, the Delaware and Lehigh, the Highlands of the Hudson, the Green Mountains of Vermont, and the White Mountains of New Hampshire. In many of these vast ranges or sierras, nature still reigns in indomitable wildness: their rocky ridges, their rugged clefts and defiles, teem with magnificent vegetation. Here are locked up mighty forests that have never been invaded by the axe; deep umbrageous valleys where the virgin soil has never been outraged by the plough; bright streams flowing in untasked idleness, unburthened by commerce, unchecked by the mill-dam. This mountain zone is in fact the great poetical region of our country; resisting, like the tribes which once inhabited it, the taming hand of cultivation; and maintaining a hallowed ground for fancy and the muses. It is a magnificent and all-pervading feature, that might have given our country a name, and a poetical one, had not the all-controlling powers of common-place determined otherwise.

The Catskill Mountains, as I have observed, maintain all the internal wildness of the labyrinth of mountains with which they are connected. Their detached position, overlooking a wide lowland region, with the majestic Hudson rolling through it, has given them a distinct character, and rendered them at all times a rallying point for romance and fable. Much of the fanciful associations with which they have been clothed may be owing to their being peculiarly subject to those beautiful atmospherical effects which constitute one of the great charms of Hudson River scenery. To me they have ever been the fairy region of the Hudson. I speak, however, from early impressions; made in the happy days of boyhood; when all the world had a tinge of fairy land. I shall never forget my first view of these mountains. It was in the course of a voyage up the Hudson in the

good old times before steamboats and railroads had driven all poetry and romance out of travel. A voyage up the Hudson in those days, was equal to a voyage to Europe at present, and cost almost as much time: but we enjoyed the river then; we relished it as we did our wine, sip by sip, not, as at present, gulping all down at a draught without tasting it. My whole voyage up the Hudson was full of wonder and romance. I was a lively boy, somewhat imaginative, of easy faith, and prone to relish every thing which partook of the marvellous. Among the passengers on board of the sloop was a veteran Indian trader, on his way to the lakes to traffic with the natives. He had discovered my propensity, and amused himself throughout the voyage by telling me Indian legends and grotesque stories about every noted place on the river, such as Spuyten Devil Creek, the Tappan Sea, the Devil's Dans-Kammer, and other hobgoblin places. The Catskill Mountains especially called forth a host of fanciful traditions. We were all day slowly tiding along in sight of them, so that he had full time to weave his whimsical narratives. In these mountains he told me, according to Indian belief, was kept the great treasury of storm and sunshine, for the region of the Hudson. An old squaw spirit had charge of it, who dwelt on the highest peak of the mountain. Here she kept Day and Night shut up in her wigwam, letting out only one of them at a time. She made new moons every month, and hung them up in the sky, cutting up the old ones into stars. The great Manitou, or master spirit, employed her to manufacture clouds; sometimes she wove them out of cobwebs, gossamers, and morning dew, and sent them off flake after flake, to float in the air and give light summer showers—sometimes she would brew up black thunder-storms, and send down drenching rains; to swell the streams and sweep every thing away. He had many stories, also, about mischievous spirits who infested the mountains in the shape of animals, and played all kinds of pranks upon Indian

hunters, decoying them into quagmires and morasses, or to the brinks of torrents and precipices.* All these were doled out to me as I lay on the deck throughout a long summer's day, gazing upon these mountains, the ever-changing shapes and hues of which appeared to realize the magical influences in question—sometimes they seemed to approach; at others to recede; during the heat of the day they almost melted into a sultry haze; as the day declined they deepened in tone; their summits were brightened by the last rays of the sun, and later in the evening their whole outline was printed in deep purple against an amber sky. As I beheld them thus shifting continually before my eye, and listened to the marvellous legends of the trader, a host of fanciful notions concerning them was conjured into my brain, which have haunted it ever since.

As to the Indian superstitions concerning the treasury of storms and sunshine, and the cloud-weaving spirits, they may have been suggested by the atmospherical phenomena of these mountains, the clouds which gather round their summits and the thousand aërial effects which indicate the changes of weather over a great extent of country. They are epitomes of our variable climate, and are stamped with all its vicissitudes. And here let me say a word in favor of those vicissitudes which are too often made the subject of exclusive repining. If they annoy us occasionally by changes from hot to cold, from wet to dry, they give us one of the most beautiful climates in the world. They give us the brilliant sunshine of the south of Europe with the fresh verdure of the north. They float our summer sky with clouds of gorgeous tints or fleecy whiteness, and send down cooling showers to refresh the panting earth and keep it green. Our seasons are all poetical; the

* Some of these Indian superstitions about the Catskill Mountains have already been spoken of in a postscript to Rip Van Winkle, in the revised edition of the Sketch Book.

phenomena of our heavens are full of sublimity and beauty. Winter with us has none of its proverbial gloom. It may have its howling winds, and thrilling frosts, and whirling snow-storms; but it has also its long intervals of cloudless sunshine, when the snow-clad earth gives redoubled brightness to the day; when at night the stars beam with intensest lustre, or the moon floods the whole landscape with her most limpid radiance — and then the joyous outbreak of our spring, bursting at once into leaf and blossom, redundant with vegetation, and vociferous with life! — and the splendors of our summer; its morning voluptuousness and evening glory; its airy palaces of sun-gilt clouds piled up in a deep azure sky; and its gusts of tempest of almost tropical grandeur, when the forked lightning and the bellowing thunder volley from the battlements of heaven and shake the sultry atmosphere — and the sublime melancholy of our autumn, magnificent in its decay, withering down the pomp and pride of a woodland country, yet reflecting back from its yellow forests the golden serenity of the sky — surely we may say that in our climate "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth forth his handy work: day unto day uttereth speech; and night unto night showeth knowledge."

A word more concerning the Catskills. It is not the Indians only to whom they have been a kind of wonder-land. In the early times of the Dutch dynasty we find them themes of golden speculation among even the sages of New Amsterdam. During the administration of Wilhelmus Kieft there was a meeting between the Director of the New Netherlands and the chiefs of the Mohawk nation to conclude a treaty of peace. On this occasion the Director was accompanied by Mynheer Adriaen Van der Donk, Doctor of Laws, and subsequently historian of the colony. The Indian chiefs, as usual, painted and decorated themselves on the ceremony. One of them in so doing made use of a pigment, the weight and shining appearance of which attracted

the notice of Kieft and his learned companion, who suspected it to be ore. They procured a lump of it, and took it back with them to New Amsterdam. Here it was submitted to the inspection of Iohannes De la Montagne, an eminent Huguenot doctor of medicine, one of the counsellors of the New Netherlands. The supposed ore was forthwith put in a crucible and assayed, and to the great exultation of the junto yielded two pieces of gold, worth about three guilders. This golden discovery was kept a profound secret. As soon as the treaty of peace was adjusted with the Mohawks, William Kieft sent a trusty officer and a party of men under guidance of an Indian, who undertook to conduct them to the place whence the ore had been found. We have no account of this gold-hunting expedition, nor of its whereabouts, excepting that it was somewhere on the Catskill Mountains. The exploring party brought back a bucketful of ore. Like the former specimen it was submitted to the crucible of De la Montagne, and was equally productive of gold. All this we have on the authority of Doctor Van der Donk, who was an eye-witness of the process and its result, and records the whole in his Description of the New Netherlands.

William Kieft now dispatched a confidential agent, one Arent Corsen, to convey a sackful of the precious ore to Holland. Corsen embarked at New Haven in a British vessel bound to England, whence he was to cross to Rotterdam. The ship set sail about Christmas, but never reached her port. All on board perished.

In 1647, when the redoubtable Petrus Stuyvesant took command of the New Netherlands, William Kieft embarked, on his return to Holland, provided with further specimens of the Catskill Mountain ore; from which he doubtless indulged golden anticipations. A similar fate attended him with that which had befallen his agent. The ship in which he had embarked was cast away, and he and his treasure were swallowed in the waves.

Here closes the golden legend of the Catskills; but another one of

similar import succeeds. In 1649, about two years after the shipwreck of Wilhelmus Kieft, there was again rumor of precious metals in these mountains. Mynheer Brant Arent Van Slechtenhorst, agent of the Patroon of Rensselaerswyck, had purchased in behalf of the Patroon a tract of the Catskill lands, and leased it out in farms. A Dutch lass in the household of one of the farmers found one day a glittering substance, which, on being examined, was pronounced silver ore. Brant Van Slechtenhorst forthwith sent his son from Rensselaerswyck to explore the mountains in quest of the supposed mines. The young man put up in the farmer's house, which had recently been erected on the margin of a mountain stream. Scarcely was he housed when a furious storm burst forth on the mountains. The thunders rolled, the lightnings flashed, the rain came down in cataracts; the stream was suddenly swollen to a furious torrent thirty feet deep; the farm-house and all its contents were swept away, and it was only by dint of excellent swimming that young Slechtenhorst saved his own life and the lives of his horses. Shortly after this a feud broke out between Peter Stuyvesant and the Patroon of Rensselaerswyck on account of the right and title to the Catskill Mountains, in the course of which the elder Slechtenhorst was taken captive by the Potentate of the New Netherlands and thrown in prison at New Amsterdam.

We have met with no record of any further attempt to get at the treasures of the Catskills; adventurers may have been discouraged by the ill luck which appeared to attend all who meddled with them, as if they were under the guardian keep of the same spirits or goblins who once haunted the mountains and ruled over the weather.

That gold and silver ore was actually procured from these mountains in days of yore, we have historical evidence to prove, and the recorded word of Adriaen Van der Donk, a man of weight, who was an

eye-witness. If gold and silver were once to be found there, they must be there at present. It remains to be seen, in these gold-hunting days, whether the quest will be renewed, and some daring adventurer, fired with a true Californian spirit, will penetrate the mysteries of these mountains and open a golden region on the borders of the Hudson.

A DISSOLVING VIEW.

BY MISS COOPER.

Autumn is the season for day-dreams. Wherever, at least, an American landscape shows its wooded heights dyed with the glory of October, its lawns and meadows decked with colored groves, its broad and limpid waters reflecting the same bright hues, there the brilliant novelty of the scene, that strange beauty to which the eye never becomes wholly accustomed, would seem to arouse the fancy to unusual activity. Images, quaint and strange, rise unbidden and fill the mind, until we pause at length to make sure that, amid the novel aspect of the country, its inhabitants are still the same; we look again to convince ourselves that the pillared cottages, the wooden churches, the brick trading-houses, the long and many-windowed taverns, are still what they were a month earlier.

The softening haze of the Indian summer, so common at the same season, adds to the illusory character of the view. The mountains have grown higher; their massive forms have acquired a new dignity from the airy veil which enfolds them, just as the drapery of ancient marbles serves to give additional grace to the movement of a limb, or to

mark more nobly the proportions of the form over which it is thrown. The different ridges, the lesser knolls, rise before us with new importance; the distances of the perspective are magnified; and yet, at the same time, the comparative relations which the different objects bear to each other, are revealed with a beautiful accuracy wanting in a clearer atmosphere, where the unaided eye is more apt to err.

There is always something of uncertainty, of caprice if you will, connected with our American autumn, which fixes the attention anew, every succeeding year, and adds to the fanciful character of the season. The beauty of spring is of a more assured nature; the same tints rise year after year in her verdure, and in her blossoms, but autumn is what our friends in France call "*une beauté journalière*," variable, changeable, not alike twice in succession, gay and brilliant yesterday, more languid and pale to-day. The hill-sides, the different groves, the single trees, vary from year to year under the combined influences of clouds and sunshine, the soft haze, or the clear frost; the maple or oak, which last October was gorgeous crimson, may choose this season to wear the golden tint of the chestnut, or the pale yellow of duller trees; the ash, which was straw-color, may become dark purple. One never knows beforehand exactly what to expect; there is always some variation, occasionally a strange contrast. It is like awaiting the sunset of a brilliant day; we feel confident that the evening sky will be beautiful, but what gorgeous clouds or what pearly tints may appear to delight the eye, no one can foretell.

It was a soft hazy morning, early in October. The distant hills, with their rounded, dome-like heights, rising in every direction, had assumed on the surface of their crowning woods a rich tint of bronze, as though the swelling summits, gleaming in the sunlight, were wrought in fretted ornaments of that metal. Here and there a scarlet maple stood in full colored beauty, amid surrounding groves of green.

A group of young oaks close at hand had also felt the influence of the frosty autumnal dews; their foliage, generally, was a lively green, worthy of June, wholly unlike decay, and yet each tree was touched here and there with vivid snatches of the brightest red; the smaller twigs close to the trunk forming brilliant crimson tufts, like knots of ribbon. One might have fancied them a band of young knights, wearing their ladies' colors over their hearts. A pretty flowering dogwood close at hand, with delicate shaft and airy branches, flushed with its own peculiar tint of richest lake, was perchance the lady of the grove, the beauty whose colors were fluttering on the breasts of the knightly oaks on either side. The tiny seedling maples, with their delicate leaflets, were also in color, in choice shades of scarlet, crimson, and pink, like a new race of flowers blooming about the roots of the autumnal forest.

We were sitting upon the trunk of a fallen pine, near a projecting cliff which overlooked the country for some fifteen miles or more; the lake, the rural town, and the farms in the valley beyond, lying at our feet like a beautiful map. A noisy flock of blue jays were chattering among the oaks whose branches overshadowed our seat, and a busy squirrel was dropping his winter store of chestnuts from another tree close at hand. A gentle breeze from the south came rustling through the colored woods, and already there was an autumnal sound in their murmurs. There is a difference in the music of the woods as the seasons change. In winter, when the waving limbs are bare, there is more of unity in the deep wail of the winds as they sweep through the forests; in summer the rustling foliage gives some higher and more cheerful notes to the general harmony; and there is also a change of key from the softer murmurs of the fresh foliage of early summer, to the sharp tones of the dry and withering leaves in October.

There is something of a social spirit in the brilliancy of our Ame-

rican autumn. All the glory of the colored forest would seem displayed for human eyes to enjoy; there is, in its earlier stages, an air of festive gayety which accords well with the cheerful labors of the season, and there is a richness in the spectacle worthy of the harvest-home of a fruitful land. I should not care to pass the season in the wilderness which still covers large portions of the country; either winter or summer should be the time for roaming in those boundless woods; but with October let us return to a peopled region. A broad extent of forest is no doubt necessary to the magnificent spectacle, but there should also be broken woods, scattered groves, and isolated trees; and it strikes me that the quiet fields of man, and his cheerful dwellings, should also have a place in the gay picture. Yes; we felt convinced that an autumn view of the valley at our feet must be finer in its present varied aspect, than in past ages when wholly covered with wood.

The hand of man generally improves a landscape. The earth has been given to him, and his presence in Eden is natural; he gives life and spirit to the garden. It is only when he endeavors to rise above his true part of laborer and husbandman, when he assumes the character of creator, and piles you up hills, pumps you up a river, scatters stones, or sprinkles cascades, that he is apt to fail. Generally the grassy meadow in the valley, the winding road climbing the hill-side, the cheerful village on the bank of the stream, give a higher additional interest to the view; or where there is something amiss in the scene, it is when there is some evident want of judgment, or good sense, or perhaps some proof of selfish avarice, or wastefulness, as when a country is stripped of its wood to fill the pockets or feed the fires of one generation.

It is true there are scenes on so vast a scale, scenes so striking in themselves, that whatever there may be of man in view is at first

wholly overlooked; we note the valley, but not his villages; we see the winding stream, but not the fisher's skiff; even in these instances, however, after the first vivid impressions produced by the grandeur of the spectacle, we please ourselves by dwelling on the lesser features awhile; and after wondering on the Righi-Kulm at the sublime array of hoary Alps bounding the distant horizon, we pause to note the smoke curling from the hamlet in the nearest valley, we mark the châlets dotting the mountain-side, or the white sail of the boat making its way across the lake.

Even in those sublime scenes, where no trace of man meets the eye, in the cheerless monotony of the steppes of central Asia, in the arid deserts of Africa, among the uninhabited Andes, or in the boundless forests of America, it is the absence of human life which is so highly impressive; and if other portions of the earth were not peopled with intellectual beings, mapped out by them and marked with their works, the contrast of those strange solitudes could not be felt by the heart of the wanderer.

All the other innumerable tribes of animated beings inhabiting this world, may crowd a country, and scarcely make an impression on its face which the winds and rains of a few seasons will not wholly obliterate; but man, in his most savage condition, shall raise some fortification, or heap over the bones of his heroes some vast misshapen pile, which outlasts perhaps the existence of a whole race. The south-eastern portion of Europe is a vast level region, resembling in many particulars the steppes of central Asia, or the great prairies of our own country; until recently it lay a broad unpeopled waste, no part of which had been brought under cultivation; but in the midst of these grassy solitudes rise rude ancient tumuli, or barrows, whose origin goes back to periods anterior to history; nomadic shepherd tribes passed and repassed the ground for ages, but knew nothing of

their story. Similar tumuli are numerous in western Asia also, and, like the mounds of our own continent, they doubtless belong to a rude and ancient race. These old works of earth, whose great piles refuse to reveal the names of those who reared them, never fail to excite a peculiar interest; there is a spirit of mystery hovering over them beyond what is connected with monuments of any later period, even the proudest labors in stone; so like the works of nature in this respect, they seem to possess for us something of the same profound secrecy. These lasting and remarkable tumuli, or mounds, although they produce no very striking effect on the aspect of a country, yet have an important place in the long array of works which give a peculiar character to the lands which man has once held as his own.

The monuments of a succeeding age, raised by a more skilful people, are much more prominent. Indeed it would seem as if man had no sooner mastered the art of architecture, than he aimed at rivalling the dignity and durability of the works of nature which served as his models; he resolved that his walls of vast stones should stand in place as long as the rocks from which they were hewn; that his columns and his arches should live with the trees and branches from which they were copied; he determined to scale the heavens with his proud towers of Babel. The durability of their architecture still remains to the present day one of the most remarkable characteristics of those ancient ages. Such is the wonder excited in the minds of the most skilful architects of the present day at the sight of the immense masses of stone transported and uplifted, apparently at will, by those ancient nations, that some have supposed them to have possessed mechanical powers of their own, lost to succeeding ages, and not yet regained by ourselves. Certainly it would appear a well-assured fact, that the oldest works of the first great architects have been the most enduring and the most imposing of all that human art has raised.

How many centuries were required to ruin Babylon! With the prophetic curse of desolation hovering over her towers for ages, the violence of a dozen generations was aroused against her, nation after nation was brought to the work, ere that curse was fulfilled, and all her pride laid in the dust; and still to-day her shapeless ruins break the surface of the level desert which surrounds them. Look at the ancient temples of India; look at Egypt with her wonderful works; all the proudest edifices of modern times may yet fall to the ground, ere those Pyramids are ruined; they may see the last future acts of the earth's story, as they have stood mute witnesses of a thousand past histories. What were that level country of Egypt, that muddy Nile, without the Pyramids and the surrounding coeval monuments!

Look, even later, at the works of Grecian and Roman art. Although Greece and Rome were the chosen prey of barbarous nations for ages, yet not all the fury of millions of savages could utterly destroy the monuments they raised. Study the ruined temples, and theatres, and tombs, the aqueducts, the bridges of those ancient nations. What architectural labors have we which for excellence and beauty will compare with them? For thousands of years they have stood, noble, distinctive features of the lands to which they belong. The little temple of the Sybil seems, to modern eyes, as much an integral part of the surrounding hills, and the valley of Tivoli, as the evergreen oaks and olive trees, ay, as the stream which flings itself over the rocks at its feet. What were the Campagna, without its broken aqueducts, its ancient tombs? What were Rome itself without its ruins? The architectural remains of those old works still give to the seven hills, and the broad plain about them, a positive beauty, which their modern works, imposing as they are, cannot equal.

It is well for us that those races of old undertook such noble labors. May we not believe that there was something Providential in

the feeling which led them to erect such lasting monuments? They built for us. Such works as the Pyramids, and their cotemporary temples, such works as those of Babel, Pæstum, the Coliseum, the Parthenon, belong to the race; their influence is not confined to the soil on which they stand. As the sun of Time descends to complete its course, their shadows are thrown over the whole earth.

In the middle ages, after Europe had become Christian, all the edifices of sufficient importance to give character to a country were divided in two great classes; they were the Gothic churches and abbeys of religion, or the fortified castles of war. It is rather singular that the age of the greatest extent of religious houses should also have been peculiarly an age of warfare; but no doubt the very prevalence of this warlike spirit was a cause of the increase of monarchism. If the dozen hills about a valley were each crowned with a castle, and if half a dozen feuds between their different lords laid waste the surrounding country, it became a sort of necessity for a Christian society that one house of peace, at least, should lie in the meadows of the valley, in view from the towers. The very violence of the age, united to the superstitious nature of religion at the time, was thus no doubt a cause of the great size and riches of the churches. Louis XI. of France, as a general rule, committed some act of cruelty or treachery every morning, and then sought to buy a pardon in the evening by some pecuniary favor to church or abbey; and there were in those days many knights and barons bold whose consciences were appeased by the same course of proceeding.

The durability of the works of the middle ages — although they had lost so much of ancient civilization — is still very remarkable. Some of the cathedrals, the castles, and the bridges of those days are likely, with a few exceptions here and there, to outlast modern works of the same nature; certainly they may outlast those now standing in

this country. There are bridges of that period in the wildest parts of Europe, so bold in their position, spanning gorges so deep, springing from precipices so abrupt, that the people of later days gave them a magical origin, calling them "Devils' Bridges." There are feudal castles with walls so massive, that the idea of razing them was abandoned after the orders to do so had been given. Their vast cathedrals, whose noble spires still rise so grandly above the roofs of the towns to which they belong, were ages in building; some of these, nay, one may say many of them, required such vast sums of money, and such a long period of time to carry out the great designs of their architects, that they have remained unfinished to the present hour. They not only built for the future, in those days, but they expected posterity to work with them; and as one generation lay down in their graves, they called another generation to the pious labor.

It is not exactly as a stranger that an American looks at these remains of feudal days, that he stands before the half-ruined walls of their castles; in one sense we also have an interest in them. Who knows but ancestors of our own may have been among the squires who crossed that drawbridge, or among the masons who built the walls, or with the peasants who clustered under the protection of the banners of yonder ruined hold? At any rate there is no one breathing in Christendom whose present fate, perhaps both for good and for evil, has not been in some measure influenced by those days of chivalry and superstitious truth, in their bearing upon civilized society at large. We Americans are as much the children of those European ages, as the present population of France or England.

The vast extent of the regions over which these ancient monuments are scattered, the different series of them on the same soil — Druidical, Roman, Gothic, renaissance and modern — give one a clearer idea than figures can, of the innumerable throngs of human beings which have

preceded the present tenants of the ground, and so fully stamped the impression of man on the face of the old world. The plains, the hills, the valleys, the cliffs, the bare and massive mountains, the islands, the very caves of those regions, all bear ancient human marks. The plains are crowned by remains of Roman roads; the valleys and the islands have been the seat of old monasteries, or perhaps still older villas; the hills, the cliffs, the mountains, are crowned with the ruined towers of feudal days; the wild gorges and the caves have been the haunts of banded robbers and outlaws, or of solitary hermits.

The caves of the old world, more especially those of the eastern and southern countries, of Syria, Arabia, Egypt, Greece, Italy, have had a strange story of their own. Many of them have been strongholds, which have stood siege after siege, as for instance those of Palestine and Egypt. Others have been the dens of robbers, or pirates. Many, cut in the face of high and apparently inaccessible cliffs, have been used as tombs, and are more or less carved and sculptured within and without; such are frequently seen in Syria and other parts of Asia. In southern Italy there are many caves in the face of the cliffs of the Apennines, whose openings are plainly seen from the highways in the valleys below; those were at one time, when Italy was overrun by barbarous heathen nations, the refuge of Christian hermits. Probably the natural caves of those Eastern lands were the first dwellings of their earliest population. Thus it is that there is not in those old countries a single natural feature of the earth upon which man has not set his seal, from the cave of Machpelah to the summit of the Alpine mountain, where the pale gray lines of the distant cross are faintly drawn against the sky.

How different from all this is the aspect of our own country! It is true that our fathers, with amazing rapidity, have changed a forest wilderness into a civilized and populous land. But the fresh civiliza-

tion of America is wholly different in aspect from that of the old world; there is no blending of the old and the new in this country; there is nothing old among us. If we were endowed with ruins we should not preserve them; they would be pulled down to make way for some novelty. A striking instance of this tendency will be found in the fact that the last Dutch house in New-York has disappeared. For a long time a number of those historical way-marks existed in the older parts of the town, but now, we understand that the last high gable, the last Dutch walls, have disappeared from New Amsterdam. We might have supposed that occupying so little space as they did, standing in streets with Dutch names, owned perhaps by men of Dutch descent, one, at least, of these relics of our own olden time might have been preserved. But no; we are the reverse of conservators in this country; it was idle perhaps to expect that a single monument of the origin of the town would be left in place.

We are the borderers of civilization in America, but borderers of the nineteenth century, when all distances are lessened, whether moral or physical. And then, as borderers, we also often act as pioneers; the peculiar tendencies of the age are seen more clearly among us than in Europe. The civilization of the present is far more subtle in its character than that of the past, and its works are naturally like itself, highly influential, and important, but less dignified, and imposing in aspect. It would be comparatively an easy work to remove from the earth all traces of many of the peculiar merits of modern civilization, just as the grand Palace of Glass, now standing in London, that brilliant and characteristic work of the day, might in a few hours be utterly razed. Look at our light suspension bridges, marvellous as they are, how soon they could be destroyed; look at our railways, at our ships and manufactories moved by steam; look at the marvellous electric telegraph, at the wonders Daguerre has showed us —

look, in fact, at any of the peculiar and most remarkable of the works of the age, and see how speedily all traces of them could be removed. It will be said that the most important of all arts, that of printing, must suffice in itself to preserve all other discoveries: assuredly; but remove the art of printing, bring fresh hordes of barbarians to sweep over the civilized world, let them busy themselves with the task of destruction, and say then what traces of our works would remain on the face of the earth as monuments of our period. Perchance, as regards America, the chief proofs that eastern civilization had once passed over this country would then be found in the mingled vegetation, the trees, the plants, ay, the very weeds of the old world.

We are told by Monsieur Agassiz that, as the surface of the planet now exists, North America is, in reality, the oldest part of the earth. He tells us that in many particulars our vegetation, and our animal life, belong to an older period than those of the eastern hemisphere; he tells us of fossil hickories, and fossil gar-pikes in Europe, while hickories and gar-pikes are now confined to our own part of the world. But without doubting this theory, still there are many peculiarities which give to this country an air of youth beyond what is observed in the East. There are many parts of Europe, of Asia, of Africa, which have an old, worn-out, exhausted appearance; sterile mountains, unwooded moors, barren deserts and plains. In North America, on the contrary, there is little territory which can be called really sterile. As a general rule, the extent and richness of its forests and its wealth of waters give it naturally a cheerful aspect, while the more rounded forms of the hills and mountains, and their covering of vegetation, leave an impression of youth on the mind, compared with the abrupt, rocky peaks, the smaller streams, and the open unwooded plains of eastern regions.

The comparatively slight and fugitive character of American archi-

tecture, no doubt, gives additional force to this impression. Seldom indeed are our edifices imposing. The chief merit of our masonry and carpentry, especially when taken in the mass, where the details are not critically examined, is a pleasing character of cheerfulness. It is not the airy elegance of French or Italian art; it is not the gayety of the Moorish or Arabesque; it is yet too unformed, too undecided to claim a character of its own, but the general air of comfort and thrift which shows itself in most of our dwellings, whether on a large or a small scale, gives satisfaction in its way.

Such were the thoughts which came to us as we sat on the fallen pine, among the October woods, overlooking the country. Before bending our steps homeward we amused ourselves with a sort of game of architectural consequences, the result of the preceding fancies. I had gathered a sprig of wych-hazel, and, waving it over the valley, determined to make a trial of its well-established magical powers. No sooner had the forked branch, garnished with its ragged yellow flowers, been waved to and fro, than strange work began! The wooden bridge at the entrance of the village fell into the stream and disappeared; the court-house vanished; the seven taverns were gone; the dozen stores had felt the spell; the churches were not spared; the hundred dwelling-houses shared the same fate, and vanished like the smoke from their own chimneys. Merely razing a village was not, however, our ambition; so we again had recourse to the leafless twig of wych-hazel. Scarcely had it passed once more over the valley, when we saw a forest start from the earth, the trees in full maturity, of the same variety of species, and in the same stage of autumnal coloring with the woods about us. But even this reappearance of a forest on the site of the vanished village did not satisfy the whim of the moment. The branch of wych-hazel was again rapidly waved towards the four quarters of the heavens, and so great was the agitation

of the movement, that a number of its yellow ragged petals were broken off, and scattered by the wind over the country. Perhaps the blossoms increased the power of the spell, for in another moment we beheld a spectacle which wholly engrossed our attention. We had been indulging in the wish to have a view of the valley in the condition it would have assumed, had it lain in the track of European civilization during past ages; how, in such a case, would it have been fashioned by the hand of man? To our amazement the wish was now granted. But it required a second close scrutiny to convince us that this was indeed the site of the village which had disappeared a moment earlier, every thing was so strangely altered. We soon convinced ourselves, however, that all the natural features of the landscape remained precisely as we had always known them; not a curve in the outline of the lake was changed, not a knoll was misplaced. The vegetation was such as we had long been familiar with, and the coloring of the autumnal woods precisely what it had been an hour earlier. But here all resemblance ceased. Many of the hills had been wholly shorn of wood. The position of the different farms and that of the buildings was entirely changed. Looking down upon the little town we saw it had dwindled to a mere hamlet; low, picturesque, thatched cottages were irregularly grouped along a wide grassy street, and about a broad green which formed the centre of the village; in this open grassy green stood a large stone cross, beautifully designed and elaborately carved, doubtless a monument of some past historical event. One small inn, the only tavern, faced the green and the cross, and a large sign swung heavily before the door. The church, the largest building in the hamlet, was evidently very old, and covered a good deal of ground — its walls were low, of hewn stone — one large and rich window occupied the eastern end, and a graceful spire rose in the opposite direction. Two or three small, quiet-looking shops repre-

sented the trade of the place. The bridge was of massive stone, narrow, and highly arched, while the ruins of a tower stood close at hand. The fields were parted by hedges, which lined the narrow roads on either side. Several country houses were seen in the neighborhood, in various grades of importance. There was a pretty thatched cottage, with one large bay window for front, and surrounded by a gay flower-garden. Then just without the village was a place of some size, evidently an old country house, dating perhaps some six or eight generations back, with its brick walls, quaint chimneys, angles, cornices, and additions; this place could boast its park, and deer were grazing on the lawn. Yonder in the distance, upon the western shore of the lake, stood a castle of gray stone, its half dozen towers rising a hundred feet from the hill-side; there were beautiful lawns and broad masses of wood in this extensive domain; the building itself was in good condition, and apparently inhabited. On a pretty point, projecting into the lake about a league from the village, stood a half-ruined convent, now reduced to a mere farm-house. Something whispered to us that a Roman road had once passed in that direction, that a villa had formerly stood on the same spot as the Priory, and that ancient coins were occasionally dug up there. The modern highways running through the valley were the most perfect that can be conceived. No less than nine different hamlets were in sight from our position on the cliff; two, in addition to the village at our feet, were seated on the lake-shore; three more were seen clinging to the hill-sides, grouped about sites where feudal castles had stood in former times; another appeared on the bank of the river, at a point long used as a ford, and two more occupied different positions in the valley. Pretty gray spires, or low church towers, were seen rising above most of these hamlets. On the farthest hill to the northward, and from its highest point, the ruins of an ancient watchtower rose above the wood.

I could carry my observations no further. The yellow flowers of the wych-hazel in my hand had attracted a roving bee, bent apparently on improving these last warm days, and harvesting the last drops of honey; the little creature had crept close to a finger, and a sharp sting soon recalled my wandering attention, and caused me to drop the branch and the bee together. The magic wych-hazel thrown aside, the spell was over; the country had resumed its every-day aspect.

THE SCENERY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

THERE is, perhaps, no State in the Union which presents a greater variety of landscape than Pennsylvania. This variety does not consist only in the outward configuration of her surface — in the change from mountain to plain, from sterile grandeur to the rich monotony of a level alluvial region — but also in climate, atmosphere, and all those finer influences which are as the soul to the material forms of Nature. All landscapes, whatever may be their features, have a distinct individuality, and express a sentiment of their own. As in Man, there is no reproduction of the same form or the same peculiar spirit, though in belts and broad ranges of scenery — often in entire countries — Nature bears some general distinguishing stamp whereby the smallest of her pictures may be recognized.

It would be difficult to present any single landscape as being especially Pennsylvanian. Occupying a central position among the States, Pennsylvania touches both belts of the temperate zone, embracing within her boundaries varieties of climate ranging between those of Canada and Virginia. From the Atlantic tide-water, she crosses the

broad mountain chain which separates its affluents from those whose union forms the Beautiful River of the West, and from her Lake Erie border looks over to the cold shores of Canada. While she is washed by waters that have been thawed from ice-bound Winnipeg, far away towards the Arctic realm, the streams of half her territory find their way to the zone of the orange and the palm, before they reach the sea. In regard to the general characteristics of her scenery, the State may be divided into three districts: the warm agricultural region, lying in the south-eastern part, between the Susquehanna and the Delaware; the mountain region, embracing all the ranges of the great Appalachian chain, many of which terminate before they reach the New-York frontier; and the cool, rolling upland plateau of the north-west, with its lakes, forests, and abundant streams. Each of these regions has a separate character, and while no considerable part of the State is absolutely barren or monotonous, the tourist who traverses its whole extent is enchanted with the continual change and picturesque variety of scenery through which he passes.

The only localities which have acquired much celebrity beyond the borders of the State, are the Valley of the Juniata River, (a charming glimpse of which is given in the engraving accompanying this sketch,) and the Vale of Wyoming, renowned through Brandt's Massacre and Campbell's poem; though the description of its bold and beautiful landscapes, as given by the transatlantic bard, is more befitting one of the rough *barrancas* of Mexico. The stranger who visits it with that description in his memory, will see no scarlet flamingoes circling through the air, nor thorny aloes hanging from the crevices of the rocks, neither can he murmur the melodious cadences of Outalissi's death-song "on hillocks by the palm-tree overgrown." But the mountain rampart of Wyoming is plumed with the northern fir, and the sweet valley, with the Susquehanna in its lap and its foliage of oak,

chesnut, and sycamore, could scarcely take an additional grace from the aloe or the palm. Yet, because those warm and opulent champaigns and those hills veined with iron and set on solid foundations of coal, which are the pride of Pennsylvania, are unsung and undescribed, (what part of our country has yet been justly described?) it should not be presumed that the State cannot show many a valley as fair as the mountain-girdled repose of Wyoming, and many a gorge as freshly and wildly beautiful as those through which leap the sparkling waters of the Juniata.

Most beautiful to our eyes, perhaps because most familiar — more enticing even than the fastnesses of the Alleghanies — is that delightful region lying between them and the Delaware. The mountains, in their passage through the State, deflect gradually from their northern course and curve in the arc of a grand circle towards its eastern and north-eastern boundary. The first ridge rises about forty miles west of the Susquehanna, where the river crosses Mason and Dixon's line. Thence, running northward, it gives place to the Blue Ridge, which has come, with scarcely a break, from its starting-point in the central group of the North Carolina mountain region. Crossing the Susquehanna near Harrisburg, the Blue Ridge bends away to the north-east, suffering the Schuylkill and Lehigh to slip through its deep gorges, and finally forms the stupendous Water-Gap of the Delaware. Protected from the chill lake-winds by this grand natural barrier and the still higher ridges behind it, and open to the equalizing influence of the near Atlantic, this is the richest and most beautiful agricultural district of any of the sea-board States. Its climate is singularly genial and temperate, and the vegetation which covers its softly undulating hills has something of the rich tints and prodigal luxuriance of the South. The author of Evangeline sings of this region: "There the air is all balm and the peach is the emblem of beauty."

The face of the country is diversified with an endless succession of round, open hills, sometimes rising steep and bold from the banks of the rills and rivulets that course through it, sometimes receding so as to form gentle valleys, or spreading into broad upland tracts, rich with forests and pasture fields. Except the Great Valley of Chester, which extends from the Schuylkill to the Conestoga, a distance of forty miles, there are no long reaches of level land, while there is scarcely a hill which may not be cultivated to its summit. The highest swells south of the Blue Ridge do not rise more than five hundred feet above the sea-level. Near the mountains the winters are more cold and sharp, but in the southern part but little snow falls, and the autumn frequently stretches its mild reign into December. The great variety and beauty of the native forest-trees gives this region, in summer, an almost tropical wealth of vegetation. The pine, the fir, the cedar, the hemlock-spruce and the beech come down from the North and clothe the banks of the streams; the oak, the walnut, the superb tulip-tree, the chesnut, sycamore and linden add their warmer and more luxuriant foliage, and in some sheltered spots the magnolia pours from its snowy goblets a delicious perfume on the airs of early summer. The laurel, towards the end of May, covers whole hill-sides with its crimped pink blossoms, and the crimson rhododendron, scarcely less magnificent than the Cape Azalea, is frequently seen hanging over the cliffs of the Schuylkill.

At the commencement of June, when the leaves are fully expanded and retain their first fresh and beautiful green, the warmth, brightness and richness of the landscapes of this region are the very embodiment of the spirit of Summer. The forests are piled masses of gorgeous foliage, now stretching like a rampart over the hills, now following some winding water-course, and now broken into groves and clumps, dotting the undulations of the grain and grass fields. And

those fields! some rolling with the purple waves of the ripe, juicy clover; some silver-gray with rye, or just tinged with yellow where the wheat has leaned to the sun; or glittering with the lance-like leaves of the Indian corn: — surely there can be no more imposing exhibition of agricultural wealth, even in older and more productive lands. In the trim, careful beauty of England and the broad garden of the Rhine plain, one sees nothing of this prodigality of bloom and foliage — this luxury of Nature.

Here is found almost every variety of scenery which may be had without mountain or prairie. The region is watered by several large streams and their tributaries. In addition to the Schuylkill and Lehigh, which take their rise on the southern slope of the mountains behind Wyoming, there is the Brandywine, made classic by its revolutionary memories and deserving of equal renown for the pastoral beauty of its course; the Octorara, a wild and picturesque stream, overhung with bold hills and frequently broken by rocky barriers; the Conestoga, watering the agricultural paradise of Lancaster county, and the Swatara, on whose banks the Suabian emigrants might forget their memories of the secluded Fils. Nor are there wanting fitting associations to give the country a deeper interest than its external beauty; for nature never speaks to us with a perfect voice till she has received a soul from her connection with Man. The annals of the Revolution are now old enough to nurture a legend; and what finer personages than Washington, Lafayette and Anthony Wayne on one side, and Howe and Knyphausen on the other? Still further back we have William Penn, and that wife of his, who sat at the feet of Milton. And this was also the Vinland of Scandinavian Printz, when he brought his vessel, the Key of Calmar, to unlock the portal of a new Swedish Empire in the West.

But the natural affection of a son of this region and an heir of

these memories, has led me away from the mountains, where we shall find a wholly different sentiment expressed in the scenery. Never rising to such a height as to give the impressions of power and sublimity which we receive from grander ranges, the Alleghanies still possess a fresh and picturesque beauty of their own. They are never monotonous, even where, as in the southern part of the State, they are drawn into long parallel ridges of level outline, inclosing broad valleys between their bases. The unpruned wildness of the forests with which they are clothed compensates the eye for the absence of cliff, and scar, and spiry pinnacle of naked rock; while the waters of the Susquehanna and its tributatries, most of which break through them abruptly, at right angles to their course, give a constant variety to their landscapes. The height of the principal chains varies from two to three thousand feet above the sea. In the northern part the mountains are steep and abrupt, with sharp crests, and occasionally a notched and jagged outline. Sharp Mountain, near Pottsville, has along its summit a thin vertical stratum of rock, like a comb or crest, so narrow that one may bestride it in many places. On the other side of the coal-fields, however, and fronting this ridge, rises Broad Mountain, whose summit is a nearly level plain.

The principal ranges in the south have this latter conformation, and their summits are here and there inhabited and cultivated, though, at such a height above the sea, the crops are necessarily scanty. The old stage route from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh—still travelled by drovers and their herds of Western stock for the markets of the East—is one of the most picturesque highways in the United States. Its course for a hundred miles is over these mountains, crossing valleys from ten to twenty miles in width, and climbing the ridges by straight and slowly ascending lines to the pure atmosphere of the summit plain and the splendid landscape which it commands. Leaving the bewil-

dering view behind him, the traveller is soon whirled on to the opposite brink, where he looks down on another hazy realm of streams and forests, villages and embowered homesteads, bounded by another blue and far-stretching rampart, where a white thread, that seems to have been dropped slantly along the side, marks the further course of his journey. But he is allowed no time to revel in the suggestions of that airy vision; the horses' feet have touched the descending grade; they break into a headlong gallop and hurl him downwards into the forest. Down, down, like wild steeds let loose on a prairie; for the stage rolls by its own weight, and there can be no pause in the mad career. The pine spreads out its arms to catch him, but he shoots past, careless of the dew it dashes in his face. The mountain drops into a cliff and a gulf yawns on one side; the dust of his passage rolls over the brink, but he does not stay. And so, for miles down that interminable slope, till the horses are reined up, panting and smoking, on the level of the valley.

The upper region of the Alleghanies, if it has no such imposing sweeps of landscape and cannot afford such exciting passages of travel, is more broken and rugged. The regularity of the chain ceases; the mountains are more involved and irregular, and many of the rivers are real labyrinths of scenery, perpetually unfolding in some new and unexpected combination. From the dome of the State House at Harrisburg the entrance to the Highlands of the Susquehanna — the gap where the river forces its way through the Blue Ridge, is seen in the distance. Thence, to all the sources of the river and those of all its tributaries, it never loses sight of the Alleghanies. They step across it as a barrier and break it into rapids; they run by its side and try to shadow it into insignificance; they stretch away and look at it from the horizon; — but it is a child of theirs, and is never so wild and free and beautiful as when in their company. It is not to be compared

with any foreign river. It is infinitely more grand and inspiring than the Moselle or the Meuse; it is brighter and fresher than the Rhone, and the character of its scenery is totally different. Although the canal-boat has invaded its primitive silence, it is a picturesque innovation, and the mountains could not call to each other in a more fitting voice than is given them by the boatman's bugle, pealing through the morning mists.

In the heart of the Susquehanna's realm, there are many spots, the record of whose beauty has not yet been wafted over the tops of the mountains that inclose them. Everybody knows the name of Wyoming, but few — outside of Pennsylvania, at least — have heard of the Half-Moon Valley in Centre county, or the mountain wildernesses of Clinton and Clearfield; and though the Juniata, so far as its course has been made the State's highway, is a beaten track, yet its upper waters flow through many a scene of sequestered loveliness. The prevailing characteristic of the river is its picturesque beauty, of which the scene chosen by Mr. Talbot in the accompanying engraving is an admirable exemplar. Here is nothing grand or awe-inspiring. The outlines of the mountain in the background, though clearly drawn in the serene air, are soft, graceful and suggestive only of repose; the nearer crags, though bluff and rude, are mantled with foliage, and the quiet curve of the transparent water, touched with the gleam of a pigmy sail in the distance, whispers of other nooks and more beautiful retreats, far away in the silent solitudes of the hills. The freshness of these scenes has not yet departed; the dew of the virgin Continent is still moist upon them. The antlered deer track the mazes of their forests and the black bear makes his winter couch in their deepest and loneliest nooks.

Leaving this enchanting region and crossing the wild and half-settled tract, which extends through the counties of Clearfield, Elk

and Forest — a cold, central table-land, twelve or fifteen hundred feet above the sea — we reach the Northern agricultural district of the State. In its elevation, its frequent lakes, its innumerable streams, and the general character of its soil, this country resembles the Lake district of Central New-York. The vegetation is no longer so warm and luxuriant as on the Delaware; the oak, hemlock and pine supplant the tulip-tree and the linden, and the maize no longer thrusts up such tall spears and shakes such lusty tassels in the breeze. But the region, nevertheless, has a bold, fresh, vigorous beauty of its own. It is inured to cold winds and keen winters, and if its landscapes ever look bleak, it is that bracing bleakness which exhilarates and strengthens.

Here our tour is at an end; we pass the large, clear lakes, most beautiful under a cloudless autumnal sky; we pass the farms, the trim villages, the pine-crested hills; and, after leaving the Alleghanies, three days on one of the strong-limbed horses of the country brings us within sight of the silver horizon-line and hearing of the silver surf of Lake Erie.

THE HIGHLAND TERRACE ABOVE WEST POINT.

BY N. PARKER WILLIS.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE are *three compulsory and unnatural residents in cities*, whom the improvements of the age are about to set at liberty. But for the inconveniences of distance, TASTE, STUDY, AND LUXURY, WOULD HAVE NEVER LIVED WILLINGLY IN STREETS. Silently and insensibly, however, different parts of the country have become as accessible as different parts of the town. It would be safe, perhaps, to say that every thing that is within an hour's reach, is sufficiently at hand; and English rail-trains now travel regularly sixty miles an hour. Fifty miles from New-York will soon be near enough to its amusements, society and conveniences — at least, for the greater portion of the year; and, on the day when this fact shall be recognized, New-Yorkers will be ready for a startling and most revolutionizing change, viz:— *homes in the country and lodgings in town, instead of homes in town and lodgings in the country.* Industry, necessity, or vice, could alone prefer a house in a "block," among disturbances and gutters, to a home unencroached upon, amid fresh air and gardens. Taste, Study, and Luxury, we repeat, are about removing to the country.

It will be observed that we anticipate a general preference, only for *such rural life as leaves the pleasures and advantages of a city within reach.* To be too far in the country, is, for many reasons, a dangerous as well as unpleasant removal from liberalizing and generalizing influences. Its effect on the mind is, perhaps, ultimately, the more important consideration — for it must be a very self-sufficing and unassimilating character that does not narrow and grow egotistic with limited associations and intercourse — but its effect on the sensitiveness as to mental liberty and social position, is sooner to be considered; for, there is no tyranny like that which is occasionally found in a small village, and no slavery like the efforts sometimes necessary to preserve the good will of small neighborhoods. Country life, even with its best natural charms and advantages, is a doubtful experiment of happiness, unless your main dependence for reciprocity, society and amusements, is beyond the reach of local jealousies and caprices. The great charm of a city is the freedom between neighbors as to any obligation of acquaintance, and the power to pick friends and make visits without fear of offending those not picked nor visited. With the city not farther off than an hour or two hours of locomotion, this privilege can be reasonably and harmlessly asserted in the country; and, with theatres, concerts, galleries of art, churches and promenades also within reach, the advantages of both town and country life are combined, while the defects of both are modified or avoided. It is with reference to a *new era of outer life*, therefore — *science having so far reduced distance that we may mix town and country life in such proportion as pleases us* — that we propose to describe a locality where residence, with this view, would be most desirable for New-Yorkers.

DESCRIPTION.

West Point is Nature's Northern Gate to New-York City. As soon as our rail-trains shall equal those of England, and travel fifty or sixty miles an hour, the Hudson, as far as West Point, will be but a fifty-mile extension of Broadway. The river-banks will have become a suburban avenue — a long street of villas, whose busiest resident will be content that the City Hall is within an hour of his door. From this metropolitan avenue into the agricultural and rural region, the outlet will be at the city's Northern Gate, of West Point — a gate whose threshold divides Sea-board from In-land, and whose mountain pillars were heaved up with the changeless masonry of Creation.

The passage through the Mountain-Gate of West Point is a three-mile Labyrinth, whose clue-thread is the channel of the river — a complex wilderness, of romantic picturesqueness and beauty, which will yet be the teeming Switzerland of our country's Poetry and Pencil — and, at the upper and northern outlet of this labyrinthine portal of the city, there is a formation of hills which has an expression of most apt significance. *It looks like a gesture of welcome from Nature, and an invitation to look around you!* From the shoulder-like bluff upon the river, an outspreading range of Highlands extends back, *like the curve of a waving arm* — the single mountain of Shawangunk, (connected with the range by a valley like the bend of a graceful wrist), *forming the hand at the extremity.* It is of the area within the curve of this bended arm — a Highland Terrace of ten or twelve miles square, on the West Bank of the river — that we propose to define the capabilities, and probable destiny.

The Highland Terrace we speak of — ten miles square, and lying within the curve of this outstretched arm of mountains — has an average level of about one hundred and twenty feet above the river. It

was early settled; and, the rawness of first clearings having long ago disappeared, the well-distributed *second woods* are full grown, and stand, undisfigured by stumps, in park-like roundness and maturity. The entire area of the Terrace contains several villages, and is divided up into cultivated farms, the walls and fences in good condition, the roads lined with trees, the orchards full, the houses and barns sufficiently hidden with foliage to be picturesque — the whole neighborhood, in fact, within any driving distance, quite rid of the angularity and well-known ungracefulness of a newly-settled country.

Though the Terrace is a ten-mile plain, however, its roads are remarkably varied and beautiful, from the *curious multiplicity of deep glens*. These are formed by the many streams which descend from the half-bowl of mountains enclosing the plain, and — their descent being rapid and sudden, and the river into which they empty being one or two hundred feet below the level of the country around — they have gradually worn beds much deeper than ordinary streams, and are, from this and the character of the soil, unusually picturesque. At every mile or so, in driving which way you will, you come to a sudden descent into a richly wooded vale — a bright, winding brook at bottom, and romantic recesses constantly tempting to loiter. In a long summer, and with perpetual driving over these ten-mile interlacings of wooded roads and glens, the writer daily found new scenery, and heard of beautiful spots, within reach and still unseen. From every little rise of the road, it must be remembered, the broad bosom of the Hudson is visible, with foreground variously combined and broken; and the lofty mountains, (encircling just about as much scenery as the eye can compass for enjoyment), form an *ascending background and a near horizon* which are hardly surpassed in the world for boldness and beauty. To what degree sunsets and sunrises, clouds, moonlight, and storms, are aggrandized and embellished by this peculiar forma-

tion of country, any student and lover of nature will at once understand. Life may be, outwardly, as much more beautiful, amid such scenery, as action amid the scenery of a stage is more dramatic than in an unfurnished room.

LOCAL ADVANTAGES.

The *accessibilities* from Highland Terrace are very desirable. West Point is perhaps a couple of miles below, by the river bank; and, though mountain-bluffs and precipices now cut off the following of this line by land, a road has been surveyed and commenced along the base of Cro'nest, which, when completed, will be one of the most picturesque drives in the world. A part of it is to be blown out from the face of the rock; and, as the lofty eminences will almost completely overhang it, nearly the whole road will be in shade in the afternoon. To pass along this romantic way for an excursion to the superb military grounds of West Point, and to have the parades and music within an easy drive, will be certainly an unusual luxury for a country neighborhood. The communication is already open for vehicles, by means of a steam ferry, which runs between Cornwall Landing (at the foot of the Terrace), and Cold Spring and the Military Wharf — bringing these three beautiful spots within a few minutes' reach of each other — Morris the song-writer's triple-view site of "Undercliff," by the way, overlooking the central of these Highland-Ferry Landings.

It may be a greater or less attraction to the locality of the Terrace, but it is no disadvantage, at least, that three of the best frequented summer resorts are within an afternoon drive of any part of it — the West Point Hotel, Cozzens's, which is a mile below, and Powelton House, which is five or six miles above the Point, at New-

burgh. For accessibility to these fashionable haunts of strangers and travellers, and the gayeties and hospitalities for which they give opportunity — for enjoyment of military shows and music — for all manner of pleasure excursions by land and water, to glens and mountain-tops, fishing, hunting, and studying of the picturesque — Highland Terrace will probably be a centre of attraction quite unequalled.

The river-side length of the Terrace is about five miles — Cornwall at one end and Newburgh at the other. At both these places there are landings for the steamers, and from both these are steam-ferries to the opposite side of the river, bringing the fine neighborhoods of Fishkill and Cold Spring within easy reach. Newburgh is the metropolis of the Terrace — with its city-like markets, hotels, stores, trades and mechanic arts — an epitome of New-York convenience within the distance of an errand. Downing, one of our most eminent horticulturists, resides here, and Powell, one of the most enterprising of our men of wealth; and, along one of the high acclivities of the Terrace, are the beautiful country seats of Durand, our first landscape painter; Miller, who has presented the neighborhood with a costly and beautiful church of stone, Verplanck, Sands, and many others whose taste in grounds and improvements adds beauty to the river drive.

To the class of seekers for sites of rural residence, for whom we are drawing this picture, the fact that the Terrace is *beyond suburban distance from New-York*, will be one of its chief recommendations. What may be understood as "Cockney annoyances" will not reach it. But it will still be sufficiently and variously accessible from the city. On its own side of the river there is a rail-route from Newburgh to Jersey City, whose first station is in the centre of the Terrace, at "Vail's Gate," and by which New-York will eventually be brought within two hours or less. By the two ferries to the opposite side of

the river, the stations of the Hudson Railroad are also accessible, bringing the city within equal time on another route. The many boats upon the river, touching at the two landings at all hours of day and night, enable you to vary the journey to and fro, with sleeping, reading, or tranquil enjoyment of the scenery. Friends may come to you with positive luxury of locomotion, and without fatigue; and the monotony of access to a place of residence by any one conveyance — an evil very commonly complained of — is delightfully removed.

There is a very important advantage of the Highland Terrace, which we have not yet named. It is *the spot on the Hudson where the two greatest thoroughfares of the North are to cross each other.* The intended route from Boston to Lake Erie, here intersects the rail-and-river routes between New-York and Albany. Coming by Plainfield and Hartford to Fishkill, it here takes ferry to Newburgh, and traverses the Terrace by the connecting link already completed to the Erie Railroad — thus *bringing Boston within six or eight hours* of this portion of the river. Western and Eastern travel will then be direct from this spot, like Southern and Northern; and Albany and New-York, Boston and Buffalo, will be four points, all within reach of an easy excursion.

To many, the most essential charm of Highland Terrace, however, (as a rural residence in connection with life in New-York), will be the fact that it is the *nearest accessible point of complete inland climate.* Medical science tells us that nothing is more salutary than change from the seaboard to the interior, or from the interior to the seaboard; and, between these two climates, the ridge of mountains at West Point is the first effectual separation.

The raw east winds of the coast, so unfavorable to some constitutions, are stopped by this wall of cloud-touching peaks, and, with the rapid facilities of communication between salt and fresh air,

the balance can be adjusted without trouble or inconvenience, and as much taken of either as is found healthful or pleasant. The trial of climate which the writer has made, for a long summer, in the neighborhood of these mountainous hiding-places of electricity, the improvement of health in his own family, and the testimony of many friends who have made the same experiment, warrant him in commending it as a peculiarly salutary and invigorating air.

We take pains to specify, once more, that it is to a certain class, in view of a certain new phase of the philosophy of life, that these remarks are addressed. For those who must be in the city late and early on any and every day, the distance will be inconvenient, unless with unforeseen advances in the rate of locomotion. For those who require the night and day dissipations of New-York, and who have no resources of their own, a nearer residence might also be more desirable. For mere seekers of seclusion and economy, it is too near the city, and the neighborhood would be too luxurious. But, for those who have their time in some degree at their own disposal — who have competent means or luxurious independence — who have rural tastes and metropolitan refinements rationally blended — who have families which they wish to surround with the healthful and elegant belongings of a home, while, at the same time, they wish to keep pace with the world, and enjoy what is properly and only enjoyable in the stir of cities — for this class — the class, as we said before, made up of Leisure, Refinement and Luxury — modern and recent changes are preparing a new theory of what is enjoyable in life. It is a mixture of city and country, *with the home in the country*. And the spot with the most advantages for the first American trial of this new combination, is, we venture confidently to record, the HIGHLAND TERRACE ENCIRCLED IN THE EXTENDED ARM OF THE MOUNTAINS ABOVE WEST POINT.

WA-WA-YAN-DAH LAKE, NEW JERSEY.

(CROPSEY.)

WA-WA-YAN-DAH LAKE is situated on the Wa-wa-yan-dah Mountains, in the township of Vernon, Sussex county, New Jersey, about three and a half miles from the boundary between New York and New Jersey, and about two miles from the line between Sussex and Passaic counties. The word "Wa-wa-yan-dah," in the Indian language, means "Winding Stream," so that both the lake and the mountain derive their name from this — the Lake and Mountain of the Winding Stream. The outlet of the lake after winding in various directions empties in the Wall-kill. The lake is called by the settlers on the mountain, the "Double Pond," from the fact that an island nearly separates it into two ponds; the water is of great depth, fed by cold springs, and produces very fine trout.

An old man, named Jeremiah Edes, who formerly lived near the lake, tells of an old German, who came there with a tradition handed down to him from his grandfather, that a vein of precious ore existed near a lake, which answered to the description of this one; which ore he was to seek for between four trees, near the bank; that he, Edes,

assisted the German in his search, which after several months resulted in the discovery of some shining metal, of which the German took several lumps back to Germany, after carefully hiding the spot, and binding Edes, by a solemn oath, not to reveal the place.

The lake is about one mile in extent, either way — it is about fifteen miles from the Chester Dépôt of the New York and Erie Railroad, and is usually visited from this place or from Greenwood Lake.

To the above description, kindly furnished by a friend, we add an extract from a letter from Mr. Cropsey, the artist whose picture we have copied :—

"The country is mountainous and covered mostly by forests; but the little ridges and valleys that lie between the mountains are cultivated; farmhouses dot them here and there, amid apple orchards and luxuriant meadows — brooks wind through the meadows or 'linger with many a fall' down the wooded hill-side, sustaining here and there a mill, and then loosing themselves in some swamp, or spreading out in some placid little lake or pond. All the country, as I passed along, was highly picturesque, possessing to a great extent the wild beauty of the Catskill and White Mountain country, combined with the tame and cultivated Orange county, next which it lies.

"Near the lake, and supplied by its water, is an iron work with a pretty clearing in the woods around — with numerous neat little cottages for the workmen — a store — the manager's house, and all that kind of incident that indicates a new-made but flourishing place. Upon the high ground near by, and near where my view was taken, can be seen beyond the Sha-wan-gunk Mountains the Catskills, and from another position not far distant is distinctly seen Mount Adam and Mount Eve."

OVER THE MOUNTAINS, OR THE WESTERN PIONEER.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

The peculiar beauty of American mountains is rather incidental than intrinsic; we seldom gaze upon one with the delight awakened by an individual charm, but usually on account of its grand effect as part of a vast landscape. Our scenery is on so large a scale as to yield sublime rather than distinct impressions; the artist feels that it is requisite to select and combine the materials afforded by nature, in order to produce an effective picture; and although our country is unsurpassed in bold and lovely scenes, no ordinary patience and skill are needed to choose adequate subjects for the pencil. The outline of the mountains is almost invariably rounded; the peaks of Alpine summits and the graceful linear curves of the Apennines render them far more picturesque. As we stand on the top of Mount Washington, or the Catskills, the very immensity of the prospect renders it too vague for the limner; it inspires the imagination more frequently than it satisfies the eye. Indeed, general effect is the characteristic of American scenery; the levels are diffused into apparently boundless prairies, and the elevations spread in grand but monotonous undulations; only here

and there a nook or a ridge, a spur, a defile or a cliff, forms the nucleus for an impressive sketch, or presents a cluster of attractive features limited enough in extent to be aptly transferred to canvas. "High mountains are a feeling;" but here it is liable to be expansive rather than intense. The Alleghanies stretch illimitably, and, as it were, beckon forward the enthusiastic wanderer, while the Alps visibly soar and lure him upward; amid the latter he has but to look through the circle of his hand to behold a picture, while the former awaken a sense of the undefined and limitless, and thus break up continually the perception of details. It is remarkable, however, that about the centre of the range, where it intersects the western part of North Carolina, the summits are peaked like the Alps, and are disposed waywardly like the Apennines. Here, too, the French Broad river, as it winds along the turnpike for the distance of forty miles, although not navigable, is highly picturesque on account of its numerous rapids and the bluffs that line its course; and, while the autumnal frost produces no such gorgeous tints in the foliage around as make the western woods radiant with crimson and gold, the profusion and variety of the evergreens, render the winter landscape far more attractive.

A similar discrepancy attaches to the moral association of mountains at home and abroad. We follow the track of invading hosts as we cross the Alps, and are thus haunted by memorable events in the history of civilization amid the most desolate heights of nature; every fastness of the Apennines has its legend of Scythian, Gaul, or Roman, and each base its Etrurian sepulchre. The chief moral interest belonging to the Alleghanies is that derived from the fact that they constitute the natural boundary of the old and new settlements of the continent. The memory of the Indian, the hunter, and especially the pioneer, consecrate their names; and as we contemplate a view taken at the picturesque locality before alluded to, and illustrated by the an-

nexed landscape, we naturally revert to the brave and original man who thence went "over the mountains," to clear a pathway, build a lodge, and found a State in the wilderness.

There hung, for many months, on the walls of the Art-Union gallery in New-York, a picture by Ranney, so thoroughly national in its subject and true to nature in its execution, that it was refreshing to contemplate it, after being wearied with far more ambitious yet less successful attempts. It represented a flat ledge of rock, the summit of a high cliff that projected over a rich, umbrageous country, upon which a band of hunters leaning on their rifles, were gazing with looks of delighted surprise. The foremost, a compact and agile, though not very commanding figure, is pointing out the landscape to his comrades, with an air of exultant yet calm satisfaction; the wind lifts his thick hair from a brow full of energy and perception; his loose hunting shirt, his easy attitude, the fresh brown tint of his cheek, and an ingenuous, cheerful, determined yet benign expression of countenance, proclaim the hunter and pioneer, the Columbus of the woods, the forest philosopher, and brave champion. The picture represents Daniel Boone discovering to his companions the fertile levels of Kentucky. This remarkable man, although he does not appear to have originated any great plans or borne the responsibility of an appointed leader in the warlike expeditions in which he was engaged, possessed one of those rarely balanced natures, and that unpretending efficiency of character which, though seldom invested with historical prominence, abound in personal interest. Without political knowledge, he sustained an infant settlement; destitute of a military education, he proved one of the most formidable antagonists the Indians ever encountered; with no pretensions to a knowledge of civil engineering, he laid out the first road through the wilderness of Kentucky; unfamiliar with books, he reflected deeply and attained to philosophical

convictions that yielded him equanimity of mind; devoid of poetical expression, he had an extraordinary feeling for natural beauty, and described his sensations and emotions, amid the wild seclusion of the forest, as prolific of delight; with manners entirely simple and unobtrusive, there was not the least rudeness in his demeanor; and relentless in fight, his disposition was thoroughly humane; his rifle and his cabin, with the freedom of the woods, satisfied his wants; the sense of insecurity in which no small portion of his life was passed, only rendered him circumspect; and his trials induced a serene patience and fortitude; while his love of adventure was a ceaseless inspiration. Such a man forms an admirable progenitor in that nursery of character—the West; and a fine contrast to the development elsewhere induced by the spirit of trade and political ambition; like the rudely sculptured calumets picked up on the plantations of Kentucky—memorials of a primitive race, whose mounds and copper utensils yet attest a people antecedent to the Indians that fled before the advancing settlements of Boone—his character indicates for the descendants of the hunters and pioneers, a brave, independent and noble ancestry. Thus, as related to the diverse forms of national character in the various sections of the country, as well as on account of its intrinsic attractiveness, the western pioneer is an object of peculiar interest; and the career of Boone is alike distinguished for its association with romantic adventure and historical fact.

A consecutive narrative however would yield but an ineffective picture of his life as it exists in the light of sympathetic reflection. The pioneer, like the mariner, alternates between long uneventful periods and moments fraught with excitement; the forest, like the ocean, is monotonous as well as grand; and its tranquil beauty, for weeks together, may not be sublimated by terror; yet in both spheres there is an undercurrent of suggestive life, and when the spirit of conflict and

vigilance sleeps, that of contemplation is often alive. Perhaps it is this very succession of "moving accidents" and lonely quiet, of solemn repose and intense activity, that constitutes the fascination which the sea and the wilderness possess for imaginative minds. They appeal at once to poetical and heroic instincts; and these are more frequently combined in the same individual, than we usually suppose. Before attempting to realize the characteristics of Boone in their unity, we must note the salient points in his experience; and this is best done by reviving a few scenes which typify the whole drama.

It is midnight in the forest; and, through the interstices of its thickly woven branches, pale moonbeams glimmer on the emerald sward. The only sounds that break upon the brooding silence, are an occasional gust of wind amid the branches of the loftier trees, the hooting of an owl, and, sometimes, the wild cry of a beast disappointed of his prey, or scared by the dusky figure of a savage on guard at a watch-fire. Besides its glowing embers, and leaning against the huge trunk of a gigantic hemlock, sit two girls whose complexion and habiliments indicate their Anglo-Saxon origin; their hands are clasped together, and one appears to sleep as her head rests upon her companion's shoulders. They are very pale, and an expression of anxiety is evident in the very firmness of their resigned looks. A slight rustle in the thick undergrowth near their camp, causes the Indian sentinel to rise quickly to his feet and peer in the direction of the sound; a moment after he leaps up, with a piercing shout, and falls bleeding upon the ground, while the crack of a rifle echoes through the wood; in an instant twenty Indians spring from around the fire, raise the war-whoop, and brandish their tomahawks; but three or four instantly drop before the deadly aim of the invaders, several run howling with pain into the depths of the forest, and the remainder set off on an opposite trail. Then calmly, but with an earnest joy, revealed

by the dying flames upon his features, a robust, compactly knit figure, moves with a few hasty strides towards the females, gazes eagerly into their faces, lifts one in his arms and presses her momently to his breast, gives a hasty order, and his seven companions with the three in their midst, rapidly retrace their way over the tangled brushwood and amid the pillared trunks, until they come out, at dawn, upon a clearing, studded with enormous roots, among which waves the tasselled maize, beside a spacious log-dwelling surrounded by a pallisade; an eager, tearful group rush out to meet them; and the weary and hungry band are soon discussing their midnight adventure over a substantial breakfast of game. Thus Boone rescued his daughter and her friend when they were taken captive by the Indians, within sight of his primitive dwelling;—an incident which illustrates more than pages of description, how closely pioneer presses upon savage life, and with what peril civilization encroaches upon the domain of nature.

It is the dawn of a spring day in the wilderness; as steals the gray pearly light over the densely waving tree-tops, an eagle majestically rises from a withered bough, and floats through the silent air, becoming a mere speck on the sky ere he disappears over the distant mountains; dew-drops are condensed on the green threads of the pine and the swollen buds of the hickory; pale bulbs and spears of herbage shoot from the black loam, amid the decayed leaves; in the inmost recesses of the wood, the rabbit's tread is audible, and the chirp of the squirrel; as the sunshine expands, a thousand notes of birds at work on their nests, invade the solitude; the bear fearlessly laps the running stream, and the elk turns his graceful head from the pendant branch he is nibbling, at an unusual sound from the adjacent cane-brake; it is a lonely man rising from his night slumber; with his blanket on his arm and his rifle grasped in one hand, he approaches the brook and bathes his head and neck; then glancing around, turns aside the in-

terwoven thickets near by, and climbs a stony mound shadowed by a fine clump of oaks, where stands an humble but substantial cabin; he lights a fire upon the flat stone before the entrance, kneads a cake of maize, while his venison steak is broiling, and carefully examines the priming of his rifle; the meal dispatched with a hearty relish, he closes the door of his lodge, and saunters through the wilderness; his eye roves from the wild flower at his feet, to the cliff that looms afar off; he pauses in admiration before some venerable sylvan monarch, watches the bounding stag his intrusion has disturbed, or cuts a little spray from the sassafras with the knife in his girdle; as the sun rises higher, he penetrates deeper into the vast and beautiful forest; each form of vegetable life, from the enormous fungi to the delicate vine-wreath, the varied structure of the trees, the cries and motions of the wild animals and birds, excite in his mind a delightful sense of infinite power and beauty; he feels, as he walks, in every nerve and vein the "glorious privilege of being independent;" reveries that bathe his soul in a tranquil yet lofty pleasure, succeed each other; and the sight of some lovely vista induces him to lie down upon a heap of dead leaves and lose himself in contemplation. Weariness and hunger, or the deepening gloom of approaching night, at length warn him to retrace his steps; on the way, he shoots a wild turkey for his supper, sits over the watch-fire, beneath the solemn firmament of stars, and recalls the absent and loved through the first watches of the night. Months have elapsed since he has thus lived alone in the wilderness, his brother having left him to seek ammunition and provision at distant settlements. Despondency, for awhile, rendered his loneliness oppressive, but such is his love of nature and freedom, his zest for life in the woods and a natural self-reliance, that gradually he attains a degree of happiness which De Foe's hero might have envied. Nature is a benign mother, and whispers consoling

secrets to attentive ears, and mysteriously cheers the heart of her pure votaries who truthfully cast themselves on her bosom. Not thus serenely however glides away the forest life of our pioneer. He is jealously watched by the Indians, upon whose hunting-grounds he is encroaching; they steal upon his retreat and make him captive, and in this situation a new phase of his character exhibits itself. The soul that has been in long and intimate communion with natural grandeur and beauty, and learned the scope and quality of its own resources, gains self-possession and foresight. The prophets of old did not resort to the desert in vain; and the bravery and candor of hunters and seamen is partly the result of the isolation and hardihood of their lives. Boone excelled as a sportsman; he won the respect of his savage captors by his skill and fortitude; and more than once, without violence, emancipated himself, revealed their bloody schemes to his countrymen, and met them on the battle-field, with a coolness and celerity that awoke their intense astonishment. Again and again, he saw his companions fall before their tomahawks and rifles; his daughter, as we have seen, was stolen from his very door, though fortunately rescued; his son fell before his eyes in a conflict with the Indians who opposed their emigration to Kentucky; his brother and his dearest friends were victims either to their strategy or violence; his own immunity is to be accounted for by the influence he had acquired over his foes, which induced them often to spare his life — an influence derived from the extraordinary tact, patience, and facility of action, which his experience and character united to foster.

Two other scenes of his career are requisite to the picture. On the banks of the Missouri river, less than forty years ago, there stood a few small rude cabins in the shape of a hollow square; in one of these, the now venerable figure of the gallant hunter is listlessly stretched upon a couch; a slice of buck twisted on the ramrod of his

rifle, is roasting by the fire, within reach of his hand; he is still alone, but the surrounding cabins are occupied by his thriving descendants. The vital energies of the pioneer are gradually ebbing away, though his thick white locks, well-knit frame, and the light of his keen eye, evidence the genuineness and prolonged tenure of his life. Overmatched by the conditions of the land law in Kentucky, and annoyed by the march of civilization in the regions he had known in their primitive beauty, he had wandered here, far from the state he founded and the haunts of his manhood, to die with the same adventurous and independent spirit in which he had lived. He occupied some of the irksome hours of confinement incident to age, in polishing his own cherrywood coffin; and it is said he was found dead in the woods at last, a few rods from his dwelling.

On an autumn day, six years since, a hearse might have been seen winding up the main street of Frankfort, Kentucky, drawn by white horses, and garlanded with evergreens. The pall-bearers comprised some of the most distinguished men of the state. It was the second funeral of Daniel Boone. By an act of the legislature, his remains were removed from the banks of the Missouri to the public cemetery of the capitol of Kentucky, and there deposited with every ceremonial of respect and love.

This oblation was in the highest degree just and appropriate, for the name of Boone is identified with the state he originally explored, and his character associates itself readily with that of her people and scenery. No part of the country is more individual in these respects than Kentucky. As the word imports, it was at once the hunting and battle-ground of savage tribes for centuries; and not until the middle of the eighteenth century, was it well-known to Anglo-Saxon explorers. The elk and buffalo held undisputed possession with the Indian; its dark forests served as a contested boundary between the Cherokees,

Creeks and Catawbas of the South, and the Shawnees, Delawares and Wyandots of the North; and to these inimical tribes it was indeed "a dark and bloody ground." Unauthenticated expeditions thither we hear of before that of Boone, but with his first visit the history of the region becomes clear and progressive, remarkable for its rapid and steady progress and singular fortunes. The same year that Independence was declared, Virginia made a county of the embryo state, and forts scattered at intervals over the face of the country, alone yielded refuge to the colonists from their barbarian invaders. In 1778, Du Quesne, with his Canadian and Indian army, met with a vigorous repulse at Boonesborough; in 1778, occurred Roger Clark's brilliant expedition against the English forts of Vincennes and Kaskaskias; and the next year, a single blockhouse—the forlorn hope of advancing civilization—was erected by Robert Patterson where Lexington now stands; soon after took place the unfortunate expedition of Col. Bowman against the Indians of Chilicothe; and the Virginian legislature passed the celebrated land law. This enactment neglected to provide for a general survey at the expense of the government; each holder of a warrant located therefore at pleasure, and made his own survey; yet a special entry was required by the law in order clearly to designate boundaries; the vagueness of many entries rendered the titles null; those of Boone and men similarly unacquainted with legal writing, were, of course, destitute of any accuracy of description; and hence interminable perplexity, disputes and forfeitures. The immediate consequences of the law, however, was to induce a flood of emigration; and the fever of land speculation rose and spread to an unexampled height; to obtain patents for rich lands became the ruling passion; and simultaneous Indian hostilities prevailed—so that Kentucky was transformed, all at once, from an agricultural and hunting region thinly peopled, to an arena where rapacity and war swayed a

vast multitude. The conflicts, law-suits, border adventures, and personal feuds growing out of this condition of affairs, would yield memorable themes, without number, for the annalist. To this epoch succeeded "a labyrinth of conventions." The position of Kentucky was anomalous; the appendage of a state unable to protect her frontier from savage invasion; her future prosperity in a great measure dependent upon the glorious river that bounded her domain, and the United States government already proposing to yield the right of its navigation to a foreign power; separated by the Alleghany mountains from the populous and cultivated East; and the tenure by which estates were held within its limits quite unsettled, it is scarcely to be wondered at, that reckless political adventurers began to look upon Kentucky as a promising sphere for their intrigues. Without adverting to any particular instances, or renewing the inquiry into the motives of prominent actors in those scenes, it is interesting to perceive how entirely the intelligence and honor of the people triumphed over selfish ambition and cunning artifice. Foreign governments and domestic traitors failed in their schemes to alienate the isolated state from the growing confederacy; repulsed as she was again and again in her attempts to secure constitutional freedom, she might have said to the parent government, with the repudiated "lady wedded to the Moor"—

> "Unkindness may do much,
> And your unkindness may achieve my life,
> But never taint my love."

Kentucky was admitted into the Union on the fourth of February, 1791.

From this outline of her history, we can readily perceive how rich and varied was the material whence has sprung the Western character; its highest phase is doubtless to be found in Kentucky; and, in

our view, best illustrates American in distinction from European civilization. In the North this is essentially modified by the cosmopolite influence of the seaboard, and in the South, by a climate which assimilates her people with those of the same latitudes elsewhere; but in the West, and especially in Kentucky, we find the foundation of social existence laid by the hunters — whose love of the woods, equality of condition, habits of sport and agriculture, and distance from conventionalities, combine to nourish independence, strength of mind, candor, and a fresh and genial spirit. The ease and freedom of social intercourse, the abeyance of the passion for gain, and the scope given to the play of character, accordingly developed a race of noble aptitudes; and we can scarcely imagine a more appropriate figure in the foreground of the picture than Daniel Boone, who embodies the honesty, intelligence, and chivalric spirit of the state. With a population descended from the extreme sections of the land, from emigrants of New-England as well as Virginia and North Carolina, and whose immediate progenitors were chiefly agricultural gentlemen, a generous and spirited character might have been prophesied of the natives of Kentucky; and it is in the highest degree natural for a people thus descended and with such habits, to cling with entire loyalty to their parent government, and to yield, as they did, ardent though injudicious sympathy to France in the hour of her revolutionary crisis. Impulsive and honorable, her legitimate children belong to the aristocracy of nature; without the general intellectual refinement of the Atlantic states, they possess a far higher physical development and richer social instincts; familiar with the excessive development of the religious and political sentiments, in all varieties and degrees, their views are more broad though less discriminate than those entertained in older communities. The Catholic from Maryland, the Puritan from Connecticut, and the Churchman of Carolina, amicably flourish together; and the conservative and fanatic are alike undisturbed; the

convent and the camp-meeting being, often within sight of each other, equally respected.

Nature, too, has been as liberal as the social elements in endowing Kentucky with interesting associations. That mysterious fifteen miles of subterranean wonders known as the Mammoth Cave,—its wonderful architecture, fossil remains, nitrous atmosphere, echoes, fish with only the rudiment of an optic nerve,—its chasms and cataracts—is one of the most remarkable objects in the world. The boundaries of the state are unequalled in beauty; on the east the Laurel Ridge or Cumberland Mountain, and on the west the Father of Waters. In native trees she is peculiarly rich—the glorious magnolia, the prolific sugar-tree, the laurel and the buckeye, the hickory and honey locust, the mulberry, ash, and flowing catalpa, attest in every village and roadside, the sylvan aptitudes of the soil; while the thick buffalo grass and finest crown-imperial in the world, clothe it with a lovely garniture. The blue limestone formation predominates, and its grotesque cliffs and caverns render much of the geological scenery peculiar and interesting.

The lover of the picturesque and characteristic, must often regret that artistic and literary genius has not adequately preserved the original local and social features of our own primitive communities. Facility of intercourse and the assimilating influence of trade are rapidly bringing the traits and tendencies of all parts of the country to a common level; yet in the natives of each section in whom strong idiosyncrasies have kept intact the original bias of character, we find the most striking and suggestive diversity. According to the glimpses afforded us by tradition, letters, and a few meagre biographical data, the early settlers of Kentucky united to the simplicity and honesty of the New-York colonists, a high degree of chivalric feeling; there was an heroic vein induced by familiarity with danger, the necessity of mutual protection and the healthful excitement of the chase. The absence of any marked

distinction of birth or fortune, and the high estimate placed upon society by those who dwell on widely separated plantations, caused a remarkably cordial, hospitable and warm intercourse to prevail, almost unknown at the North and East. Family honor was cherished with peculiar zeal; and the women accustomed to equestrian exercises and brought up in the freedom and isolation of nature — their sex always respected and their charms thoroughly appreciated—acquired a spirited and cheerful development quite in contrast to the subdued, uniform tone of those educated in the commercial towns; their mode of life naturally generated self-reliance and evoked a spirit of independence. Most articles in use were of domestic manufacture; slavery was more patriarchal in its character than in the other states; the practice of duelling, with its inevitable miseries, had also the effect to give a certain tone to social life rarely witnessed in agricultural districts; and the Kentucky gentleman was thus early initiated into the manly qualities of a Nimrod and the engaging and reliable one of a man of honor and gallantry—in its best sense. It is to circumstances like these that we attribute the chivalric spirit of the state. She was a somewhat wild member of the confederacy—a kind of spoiled younger child, with the faults and the virtues incident to her age and fortunes; nerved by long vigils at the outposts of civilization,—the wild cat invading her first school-houses and the Indians her scattered cornfields, —and receiving little parental recognition from the central government,—with a primitive loyalty of heart, she repudiated the intrigues of Genet and Burr, and baptized her counties for such national patriots as Fulton and Gallatin. Passing through a fiery ordeal of Indian warfare, the fever of land speculation, great political vicissitude, unusual legal perplexities, imperfect legislation, and subsequently entire financial derangement,—she has yet maintained a progressive and individual attitude; and seems to us, in her most legitimate specimens of character, more satisfactorily to represent the national

type, than any other state. Her culture has not been as refined, nor her social spirit as versatile and elegant as in older communities, but a raciness, hardihood and genial freshness of nature have, for those very reasons, more completely survived; as a region whence to transplant or graft, if we may apply horticultural terms to humanity, Kentucky is a rich garden. Nor have these distinctions ceased to be. Her greatest statesman, in the nobleness of his character and the extraordinary personal regard he inspires, admirably illustrates the community of which Boone was the characteristic pioneer; and the volunteers of Kentucky, in the Indian wars, under Harrison, and more recently in Mexico, have continued to vindicate their birthright of valor; while one of her most accomplished daughters sends this year a magnificent bed-quilt, wrought by her own hands, to the World's Fair.

A Pennsylvanian by birth, Boone early emigrated to North Carolina. He appears to have first visited Kentucky in 1769. The bounty lands awarded to the Virginia troops induced surveying expeditions to the Ohio river; and when Col. Henderson, in 1775, purchased from the Cherokees, the country south of the Kentucky river, the knowledge which two years exploration had given Boone of the region, and his already established reputation for firmness and adventure, caused him to be employed to survey the country, the fertility and picturesque charms of which had now become celebrated. Accordingly, the pioneer having satisfactorily laid out a road through the wilderness, not without many fierce encounters with the Aborigines, chose a spot to erect his log-house, which afterwards became the nucleus of a colony, and the germ of a prosperous State, on the site of the present town of Boonsborough. While transporting his family thither, they were surprised by the Indians, and, after severe loss, so far discouraged in their enterprise as to return to the nearest settlements; and on the first summer of their residence in Kentucky oc-

curred the bold abduction of the two young girls, to which we have previously referred. In 1778, while engaged in making salt with thirty men, at the lower Blue Licks, Boone was captured, and while his companions were taken to Detroit on terms of capitulation, he was retained as a prisoner, though kindly treated and allowed to hunt. At Chillicothe he witnessed the extensive preparations of the Indians to join a Canadian expedition against the infant settlement; and effecting his escape, succeeded in reaching home in time to warn the garrison and prepare for its defence. For nine days he was besieged by an army of five hundred Indians and whites, when the enemy abandoned their project in despair. In 1782 he was engaged in the memorable and disastrous battle of Blue Licks, and accompanied Gen. Clarke on his expedition to avenge it. In the succeeding year, peace with England being declared, the pioneer saw the liberty and civilization of the country he had known as a wilderness, only inhabited by wild beasts and savages, guaranteed and established. In 1779, having laid out the chief of his little property in land warrants,—on his way from Kentucky to Richmond, he was robbed of twenty thousand dollars; wiser claimants, versed in the legal conditions, deprived him of his lands; disappointed and impatient, he left the glorious domain he had originally explored and nobly defended, and became a voluntary subject of the King of Spain, by making a new forest home on the banks of the Missouri. An excursion he undertook, in 1816, to Fort Osage, a hundred miles from his lodge, evidences the unimpaired vigor of his declining years.

So indifferent to gain was Boone that he neglected to secure a fine estate rather than incur the trouble of a visit to New Orleans. An autograph letter, still extant, proves that he was not illiterate; and Governor Dunmore of Virginia, had such entire confidence in his vigilance and integrity that he employed him to conduct surveyors eight

hundred miles through the forest to the falls of the Ohio, gave him command of three frontier stations and sent him to negotiate treaties with the Cherokees. It was a fond boast with him that the first white women that ever stood on the banks of the Kentucky river, were his wife and daughter, and that his axe cleft the first tree whose timbers laid the foundation of a permanent settlement in the State; he had the genuine ambition of a pioneer and the native taste for life in the woods embodied in the foresters of Scott and the Leatherstocking of Cooper. He possessed that restless impulse — the instinct of adventure — the poetry of action. It has been justly said that "he was seldom taken by surprise, never shrunk from danger, nor cowered beneath exposure and fatigue." So accurate were his woodland observations and memory, that he recognised an ash tree which he had notched twenty years before, to identify a locality; and proved the accuracy of his designation by stripping off the new bark and exposing the marks of his axe beneath. His aim was so certain, that during life, he could with ease bark a squirrel, that is, bring down the animal, when on the top of the loftiest tree, by knocking off the bark immediately beneath, killing him by the concussion.

The union of beauty and terror in the life of a pioneer, of so much natural courage and thoughtfulness as Boone, is one of its most significant features. We have followed his musing steps through the wide, umbrageous solitudes he loved, and marked the contentment he experienced in a log-hut and by a camp fire; but over this attractive picture there ever impended the shadow of peril — in the form of a stealthy and cruel foe, the wolf, disease, and exposure to the elements. Enraged at the invasion of their ancient hunting-grounds, the Indians hovered near; while asleep in the jungle, following the plough, or at his frugal meal, the pioneer was liable to be shot down by an unseen rifle, and surrounded by an

ambush; from the tranquil pursuits of agriculture, at any moment, he might be summoned to the battle-field, to rescue a neighbor's property or defend a solitary outpost. The senses become acute, the mind vigilant, and the tone of feeling chivalric under such discipline. That life has a peculiar dignity, even in the midst of privation and however devoid of refined culture, which is entirely self-dependent both for sustainment and protection. It has, too, a singular freshness and animation the more genial from being naturally inspired. Compare the spasmodic efforts at hilarity, the forced speech and hackneyed expression of the fashionable drawing-room, with the candid mirth and gallant spirit born of the woodland and the chase; — the powerful sinews and well-braced nerves of the pioneer with the languid pulse of the metropolitan exquisite; — and it seems as if the fountain of youth still bubbled up in some deep recess of the forest. Philosophy, too, as well as health, is attainable in the woods, as Shakespeare has illustrated in "As You Like It;" and Boone by his example and habitual sentiments. He said to his brother, when they had lived for months in the yet unexplored wilds of Kentucky, "You see how little human nature requires. It is in our own hearts rather than in the things around us, that we are to seek felicity. A man may be happy in any state. It only asks a perfect resignation to the will of Providence." It is remarkable that the two American characters which chiefly interested Byron, were Patrick Henry and Daniel Boone — the one for his gift of oratory, and the other for his philosophical content — both so directly springing from the resources of nature.

There is an affinity between man and nature which conventional habits keep in abeyance but do not extinguish. It is manifested in the prevalent taste for scenery, and the favor so readily bestowed upon its graphic delineation in art or literature; but in addition to the poetic love of nature, as addressed to the sense of beauty, or that ardent

curiosity to explore its laws and phenomena which finds expression in natural science, there is an instinct that leads to a keen relish of nature in her primeval state, and a facility in embracing the life she offers in her wild and solitary haunts; a feeling that seems to have survived the influences of civilization and developes, when encouraged, by the inevitable law of animal instinct. It is not uncommon to meet with this passion for nature among those whose lives have been devoted to objects apparently alien to its existence; sportsmen, pedestrians, and citizens of rural propensities, indicate its modified action, while it is more emphatically exhibited by the volunteers who join caravans to the Rocky Mountains, the deserts of the East and the forests of Central and South America, with no ostensible purpose but the gratification arising from intimate contact with nature in her luxuriant or barren solitudes.

To one having but an inkling of this sympathy, with a nervous organization and an observant mind, there is, indeed, no restorative of the frame or sweet diversion to the mind like a day in the woods. The effect of roaming a treeless plain or riding over a cultivated region is entirely different. There is a certain tranquillity and balm in the forest that heals and calms the fevered spirit and quickens the languid pulses of the weary and disheartened with the breath of hope. Its influence on the animal spirits is remarkable; and the senses, released from the din and monotonous limits of streets and houses, luxuriate in the breadth of vision and the rich variety of form, hue and odor which only scenes like these afford. As you walk in the shadow of lofty trees, the repose and awe of hearts that breathe from a sacred temple, gradually lulls the tide of care and exalts despondency into worship. As your eye tracks the flickering light glancing upon the herbage, it brightens to recognize the wild-flowers that are associated with the innocent enjoyments of childhood; to note the delicate blossom of the

wild hyacinth, see the purple asters wave in the breeze, and the scarlet berries of the winter-green glow among the dead leaves, or mark the circling flight of the startled crow and the sudden leap of the squirrel. You pause unconsciously to feel the springy velvet of the moss-clump, pluck up the bulb of the broad-leaved sanguinaria, or examine the star-like flower of the liverwort, and then lifting your gaze to the canopy beneath which you lovingly stroll, greet as old and endeared acquaintances the noble trees in their autumn splendor,—the crimson dogwood, yellow hickory or scarlet maple, whose brilliant hues mingle and glow in the sunshine like the stained windows of an old gothic cathedral; and you feel that it is as true to fact as to poetry that "the groves were God's first temples." Every fern at your feet is as daintily carved as the frieze of a Grecian column; every vista down which you look, wears more than Egyptian solemnity; the withered leaves rustle like the sighs of penitents, and the lofty tree-tops send forth a voice like that of prayer. Fresh vines encumber aged trunks, solitary leaves quiver slowly to the earth, a twilight hue chastens the brightness of noon, and, all around, is the charm of a mysterious quietude and seclusion that induces a dreamy and reverential mood; while health seems wafted from the balsamic pine and the elastic turf, and over all broods the serene blue firmament.

If such refreshment and inspiration are obtainable from a casual and temporary visit to the woods, we may imagine the effect of a lengthened sojourn in the primeval forest, upon a nature alive to its beauty, wildness and solitude; and when we add to these, the zest of adventure, the pride of discovery and that feeling of sublimity which arises from a consciousness of danger always impending, it is easy to realize in the experience of a pioneer at once the most romantic and practical elements of life. In our own history, rich as it is in this species of adventure, no individual is so attractive and prominent as Daniel

Boone. The singular union in his character of benevolence and hardihood, bold activity and a meditative disposition, the hazardous enterprises and narrow escapes recorded of him, and the resolute tact he displayed in all emergencies, are materials quite adequate to a thrilling narrative; but when we add to the external phases of interest, that absolute passion for forest life which distinguished him, and the identity of his name with the early fortunes of the West, he seems to combine the essential features of a genuine historical and thoroughly individual character.

WEST ROCK, NEW HAVEN.

BY MARY E. FIELD.

Conspicuous among the lovely places of New England is the elm-shaded city of New Haven. It is a city by virtue of its population and municipal regulations; but its rural appearance,—neat, unpretending homes, with their pleasant court-yards and tasteful gardens, open squares and streets overarched with trees, make one hesitate to give it a name associated with glare, and dust, and noise. The waters of Long Island Sound flow softly to its feet, and in the haven thus formed the mariner finds shelter from outside storms.

The town is situated on a plain which opens northward into a beautiful valley, whose guarding hill-sides terminate in two rocky heights. When seen from the harbor below, these eminences seem near the city, and look like the sides of some huge portal thrown open in welcome to the traveller. They are known as East and West Rock.

It is one of these prominent and most picturesque objects, which the artist has chosen for his beautiful picture. How truthful are its outlines when compared with the scene in memory, daguerreotyped there in those

summer days when the student goes to the woods with his books,—when the angler lies idle by the brook,—and the poet dreams to a tuneful measure as he gazes on the outline of hills, or watches the clouds which rest over them. There is the bold, red rock, a columned wall,—seamed and scarred, and piled up half its height with fragments of stone. There gleams a village spire above the trees; there are the river and meadow shadowed by summer clouds, and there the haymakers gather their fragrant harvest.

But West Rock has another interest. The artist here gives us not only a beautiful and well-known scene, but illustrates a passage in colonial history. That rugged pile recalls a story of trial and fortitude, courage and magnanimity, the noblest friendship, and a fearless adherence to political principles from religious motives.

There were troubled days in England. The king had been false to his people, and had been adjudged the death of a traitor. Then followed the brief rule of Cromwell, his death, and the restoration of the monarchy. The enthronement of Charles II. was the signal of flight to those who acted as judges on the trial of his father.

Two of these men, Edward Whalley and William Goffe, arrived at Boston the 27th of July, 1660, in the very ship which brought the first tidings of the Restoration. They were particularly obnoxious to the new government from their relationship to Cromwell, their political influence in the late Commonwealth, the rank they had held in the armies of the Parliament, and the possession of eminent talents whose exercise might again endanger the monarchy.

For a time they were safe in Massachusetts, and it was hoped they might be forgotten in the mother country and suffered to live in peace in these remote regions. But when, some months later, an act of indemnity arrived, and these men were specially excluded from the general pardon, it became evident that royal vengeance would not

overlook them. Still no attempt was made to arrest them until February, 1661, when a warrant to that effect arrived from England. Anticipating this, they had left for Connecticut a few days before, and the friendly officers of justice in Massachusetts were careful to look for them in another direction.

Already had the good Davenport, minister of the New Haven colony, prepared his people to receive them, teaching them to "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers;" to "Remember those in bonds as bound with them," and citing for their direction such passages as "Make thy shadow as the night in the midst of the noonday; hide the outcasts; bewray not him that wandereth. Let mine outcasts dwell with thee, Moab; be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler." Thus taught, and the people of that colony were attentive to such instructions, they were ready to give the fugitives efficient protection. Royalist officers pursued them, but the "noonday was night" around them. They had been seen at the house of Mr. Davenport and elsewhere in town, but search was always made for them in the wrong place.

At last, when no house could longer give them protection and their friends were endangered by their presence, West Rock furnished them a refuge. On its summit there are large masses of stone irregularly thrown together, so that the apertures between furnish a recess or small cave, in which the wanderers hid themselves. Trees and bushes grew thick around, concealing the entrance. They were not forgotten in this retreat. Every day, and often both morning and evening, a messenger ascended the height to carry them food, and they were informed of all that passed below. There they were comparatively safe; but it was told them that their tried friend, Mr. Davenport, was exposed to danger on their account, and though the certainty of a painful, humiliating death was before them, they de-

scended to the town with the intention of surrendering themselves to the royal officers. They preferred any suffering to the transient peril of their friend. This danger was less alarming than they supposed, and they were persuaded to return to their cave.

What weary days and nights passed over them in that solitude! Those restless souls, nurtured to battle and the strife of political parties, so lately prominent in the terrible struggle at home, were here condemned to inaction, to the slow wearing out of life in loneliness and dread. They could look off upon the waters, but seldom came a vessel up that bay; and when at rare intervals a white sail gleamed there, it only seemed to mock their impatience to know the tidings it brought,—too often saddest news for them.

They could watch every approach to the mountain, and friends occasionally visited them there. Stories were long told of mysterious appearances on that height,—forms as of human beings seen in mist, hovering over the edge of the precipice; tales which have since resolved themselves into the morning or evening stroll on which the lonely outcasts ventured. The messenger who generally carried them food, was ignorant for whom it was intended. There was a strange mystery in his errand, and he executed it with fear, thinking of apparitions the villagers had seen there. The emptied cloth or basket was always in its place, but no human being was visible.

But the Cave on West Rock had its own dangers. A security from pursuing men, there was no safety from the tenants of the forest. Wild beasts were around the fugitives. Roused at night by their howling or cries, and waked to see their glaring eyeballs fixed upon them, they were forced to desert their mountain refuge, and again found a shelter among men.

Years passed on. Search for them was relinquished at intervals only to be renewed with greater zeal; but concealed in an inland vil-

lage of Massachusetts,* not all the officers of the crown could trace them out. There they died, but their place of burial was kept secret, lest their ashes should be dishonored. Later developments seem to prove their removal to New Haven, and the stranger standing on West Rock is shown the church in whose shadow they are believed to lie buried.

The panther no longer screams up that rocky height, and the woods are cut away, but the "Judge's Cave" remains. High on its front some hand has recorded the political creed of the men who there suffered exile and persecution: "Opposition to tyrants is obedience to God." There may it remain, the epitaph of the "Regicides" as the Rock is their memorial!

* Hadley.

THE ERIE RAILROAD.

(*See Title-page.*)

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

With the rapid progress and wider development of the great locomotive triumphs of the age, steam travel and steam navigation, the vulgar lament over their introduction is beginning to disappear. Sentimental tourists who once complained that every nook where the poetry of the Past still lives — every hermitage of old and sacred associations — would soon be invaded by these merciless embodiments of the Present and the Practical, are now quite content to take their aid, wherever it may be had, between Ceylon and the North Cape. The shriek of the steam whistle is hardly as musical as the song of the sirens, and a cushioned car is not so romantic as a gondola, yet they pass Calypso's isle with the sound of one ringing in their ears, and ride into Venice over the bridged Lagunes in the other. The fact is, it was only the innovation which alarmed. Once adopted, its miracles of speed, comfort, and safety, soon silenced the repinings of those who depend on outward circumstances and scenes to give those blossoms of thought and sensation, which, without these, their minds are too barren to produce. We now more frequently hear of the

power and poetic mystery of the steam-engine. We are called upon to watch those enormous iron arms and listen to the thick throbbings of that unconscious heart, exerting the strength of the Titans and the Anakim to beat down the opposing waves and bear us forward in the teeth of the terrible winds. We have been told, till the likeness has grown commonplace, of the horse that, snorting fire and smoke from his nostrils, and his neck "clothed with thunder," skims over the plain and pierces the mountain's heart, outrunning the swift clouds and leaving the storm in his rear. We shall learn, ere long, that no great gift of science ever diminishes our stores of purer and more spiritual enjoyment, but rather adds to their abundance and gives them a richer zest. Let the changes that *must* come, come: and be sure they will bring us more than they take away.

No similar work in the world could contribute more to make the Railroad popular with the class referred to, than the New-York and Erie Railroad. This is by far the most striking enterprise of the kind which has yet been completed. Exceeding in length any single road in the world, the nature of the country through which it passes, the difficulties to be overcome in its construction, and the intrinsic character of the work itself, invest it with an interest and grandeur which few mechanical enterprises of ancient or modern times possess. Its course represents, on a small scale, the crossing of a continent. It belts four dividing ridges of mountains, separating five different systems of rivers and streams. From the level of tide-water at New-York, it rises to a height of 1,366 feet on crossing the main ridge of the Alleghanies, and yet throughout its whole extent of four hundred and fifty miles, there is neither an inclined plane nor a tunnel. The first direct line of communication between the Atlantic and the great Lakes of the North, it has brought them within the compass of a summer's day. The traveller who sees daybreak glimmer over the

waters of New-York Bay, may watch the last tints of the sunset sink behind the horizon of Lake Erie.

The history of the Erie Railroad, is like that of all great undertakings. It began with a failure; it ended with a triumph. The first charter for its construction was granted in 1832, fixing the stock at ten millions of dollars, but for several years little was done except to survey the route. It was originally proposed to construct the road on piles instead of solid embankments, and the ruins of many miles of such skeleton-work still stretch along the valley of the Canisteo. The difficulties which beset the enterprise during the first decade of its existence, were innumerable, and would have discouraged less courageous and less enthusiastic men than its projectors. The natural obstacles to be overcome required an enormous outlay; the consent of Pennsylvania was to be obtained to the building of those parts of the road which lay within her borders; owners of capital hesitated to invest it in an uncertain scheme; and to crown all, came the commercial revulsions of 1837, which for a time prostrated it wholly. After the country had recovered from this shock, another effort was made. The State came to its relief, and after a season of toil and anxiety the work was recommenced and kept alive till the prospect of success brought all the wealth to its aid which had hitherto been held back. Ten years more, and the President of the United States and his Cabinet, with the highest dignitaries of the City and State, were whirled from station to station, from the Ocean to the Lakes, amid the thunder of cannon, the peal of bells, and the shouts of an inauguration grander even in its outward aspects than the triumphal processions of old Rome. The cost of this stupendous work was more than twenty millions of dollars.

What distinguishes the Erie Road above all other railroads is its apparent disregard of natural difficulties. It disdains to borrow an

underground passage through the heart of an opposing mountain, but climbs the steeps, looks over the tops of the pines, and occasionally touches the skirt of a stray cloud. It descends with equal facility, with a slope in some places startlingly perceptible, throws its bridges across rivers, its viaducts over valleys, and sometimes runs along the brink of a giddy precipice, with a fearless security which very much heightens the satisfaction of the traveller. Let us put the airy car of our memory on its track, and we shall run over the whole line before one of its locomotives could pant out fifty of its asthmatic breathings.

From Piermont, on the Hudson, the road stretches out an arm, a mile in length, into the Tappan Bay, and receives us from the boat. Behind the village there is a notch in the arc of hills embracing the bay, and through it we pass into the old fields of Rockland, with their old walls and old, red, Dutch farmhouses. A few miles — and the long, sweeping outline of Ramapo Mountain rises before us; the beautiful Ramapo Valley lies below, and the little village, with its foundries and forges, nearly two centuries old, stands in the mouth of the only pass whereby the mountain is pierced in all its extent — the Clove of Ramapo. Through this pass, of eight miles in length, winds a rivulet, now spreading into a tiny mountain lake, now fretting over the rocks, and leaping hither and thither in a chain of linked cascades. The road follows the rivulet into the grazing farms of Goshen — rich, upland meadows, dotted with trees and breathing of the cream and milk and butter that load a daily train to the metropolis. This region is passed and again the mountains appear, the Catskills blue in the north, but the rugged Shawangunk lying across our path. Up, up we go, fifty feet to the mile, and are soon high on the side, looking over its forests into the deep basin of the Nevising, which pours its waters into the Delaware. Port Jervis, a station on the line, seems at our feet; it is five hundred feet below us, but sliding down ten miles in almost so many minutes, we are there.

The road now crosses the Delaware into Pennsylvania, and for a distance of seventy or eighty miles follows the bank of the river through wild and rugged scenery. For several miles the track has been laid, with immense labor and cost, on the top of a precipice nearly one hundred feet in height and falling sheer to the river. Much of the country is the primitive wilderness, which has never yet been reclaimed. Finally, at Deposit, not far from the source of the Delaware, the road turns westward and crosses the Alleghanies to the valley of the Susquehanna. Between the two rivers there is also a complete wilderness, uninhabited except by the workmen belonging to the road. Notwithstanding a summit cut of 200 feet deep, which cost $200,000, the ascending and descending grades are very heavy, and some of the most remarkable portions of the work are to be found at this point. After striking the Susquehanna, our journey lies for nearly one hundred and fifty miles in the rich and picturesque valleys of that river and its tributaries, the Tioga and the Canisteo, passing through the flourishing towns of Binghamton, Owego, Elmira, and Corning. Overlooking the superb meadows and rolling grain-fields, the Alleghanies or spurs of them are always in sight, and on either side we have a rapidly unrolling panorama of such rural beauty as would have bewildered old Cuyp and Rysdael. Another dividing ridge, less steep and rugged than the previous, and we descend through virgin forests, some of which are swept away by fire to make room for the settler, to the Alleghany River. Hence, to Lake Erie, our course is mainly through a wild and uncultivated region, or seeming so, after the bountiful valleys we have left. We cross the Indian Reservation; catch a glimpse of some aboriginal idlers in wampum and moccason; again climb a range of hills, several hundred feet in height, from whose sides we overlook valleys and levels of wild woodland, and at last reach a curve, where, beyond the far sweep of the dark forest, we see the

edge of the sky crossed by a line of deeper blue and know that we behold Lake Erie. Is not all this enough for a summer's day?

The bold design of this road involved the necessity of a number of grand and costly works. The track itself, in the Pass of Ramapo, and along the Upper Delaware, frequently cost upwards of $100,000 per mile. The Starucca Viaduct, an immense structure of hewn stone, crossing the valley at Lansingburg, is the finest work of the kind in this country. It is 1,200 feet long, consisting of 18 arches 114 feet in height, and was erected at a cost of $300,000. Next to this, in point of importance, and more remarkable in its character, is the bridge over Cascade Ravine, which is crossed in the descent from the summit ridge of the Alleghanies to the Susquehanna. The mountain is here interrupted by a deep gorge or chasm, through the bottom of which a small stream tumbles in its foamy course. Across this gulf, 184 feet in depth, a single arch of 280 feet span has been thrown, its abutments resting on the solid crags. This daring arch, which, to the spectator below, seems hung in mid-air, was eighteen months in building, and cost $70,000. A little to the north the gorge opens into the Valley of the Susquehanna, disclosing through its rugged jaws the most beautiful landscape seen on the road.

It was the good fortune of the writer to be one of the guests in the first train which passed over the Cascade Ravine Bridge. At the close of December, 1848, the line was opened from Port Jervis to Binghamton, a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles. The incidents of that first journey by steam through the wilderness, in the depth of winter, will not soon be forgotten by those who took part in it. The Shawangunk Mountains were topped with snow as we passed them, and on taking the new track, beyond Port Jervis, the flakes began to fall thick and fast. The Delaware ran at the foot of the wild bluffs choked with masses of ice, and each of its many windings

disclosed a more drear and wintry prospect. The hemlocks bent under their white load; the river ran cold and dark; the frozen cascades hung from the rocks, like masses of transparent spar. For many a mile there was no sign of human habitation — nothing but the grand and desolate solitude of the mountains. And yet — wonder beyond the tales of Scheherazade! — our superb train carried a heart of luxury into that savage realm. We sped along, swiftly as the bird flies, in a warm and richly furnished chamber, lounging on soft seats, half arm-chair and half couch, apparently as disconnected from the landscape as a loose leaf blown over it by the winds. In that pleasant climate of our own we heard the keen air whistle without, and the light patter of the snow against the windows, with a sense of comfort rendered doubly palpable by the contrast.

At the little villages on the route, triumphal arches of fir and hemlock boughs were built for us, upon which antlered bucks, brought in by the hunters, stood straight and stiff. Every town which could boast a cannon, gave a hearty salute, and as the early nightfall came on, bonfires were lighted on the hills. It was after dark when we left Deposit, and the snow was a foot deep on the track, but with two locomotives plowing through the drifts, we toiled slowly to the summit. After we had passed the deep cut and had entered on the descending grade, it was found that in consequence of the snow having melted around the rails and afterwards frozen again, the breaks attached to the cars would not act. The wheels slipped over the icy surface, and in spite of the amount of snow that had fallen, we shot down the mountain at the rate of forty miles an hour. The light of our lamps showed us the white banks on either hand; the ghostly trees above and the storm that drove over all: beyond this, all was darkness. Some anxiety was felt as we approached the Bridge over Cascade Ravine; the time was not auspicious for this first test of its

solidity. Every eye peered into the gloom, watching for the critical spot, as we dashed onwards. At last, in the twinkling of an eye, the mountain-sides above and below us dropped out of sight, and left us looking out on the void air. The lamps enabled us to see for an instant, through the falling snow-flakes, the sharp tops of pines far below. For a second or two we hung above them, suspended over the terrible gulf, and then every one drew a deep breath as we touched the solid rock which forms the abutment of the arch. But our course was not checked till we reached the Susquehanna Valley, where we sped on past bonfires blazing redly over the snow, till the boom of minute-guns and the screams of our strong-lunged locomotives startled the inhabitants of Binghamton at midnight.

On our return, the following day, we reached the Cascade Ravine in the afternoon, and a halt was made to enable us to view the bridge from below. Scrambling through the snow, down the slippery declivities, we at last reached the bottom of the gorge and looked up at the wonderful arch, which spanned it as lightly as a rainbow. Firm-set on its base of eternal granite, it gave not the slightest quiver when our train passed over. Although made of perishable materials, it will last as long as they hold together, for its mountain abutments cannot be shaken. Seen from below, the impression it makes upon the eye is most complete and satisfactory, combining the extreme of lightness and grace with strength and inflexible solidity. A few yards further up the mountain, the cloven chasm, over which the gnarled pines hang their sombre boughs, widens to a rocky basin, into which falls a cascade seventy feet in height, whence the ravine takes its name. The accompanying engraving, from the view taken by Mr. Talbot, though it may appear exaggerated to one who has never beheld the reality, conveys no more than a just idea of the bold and striking character of this work.

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY INNOCENTS,

WEST POINT.

The Church of the Holy Innocents is situated on the west bank of the Hudson, in the very heart of the Highlands, and about a mile south of the Military Academy at West Point.

It was built in the years '46 and '47, and consecrated in July of the latter year by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Delancey.

Rumor has so highly colored the history of its origin, as to enlist in its behalf a degree of interest which may not be materially lessened by a simple statement of the truth.

While two or three persons at West Point were contemplating a place for the erection of a Church, somewhere near the spot on which the one in question now stands, for the benefit of the neighboring population, and as a centre of missionary operations in the surrounding country, embracing a large section of the Highlands, one of their number — Prof. R. W. Weir — moved by an afflictive dispensation of God's providence, in the death of *a child*, made an offering, of that child's portion, to God, as the beginning of a fund for the building of a Church to be called "The Church of the *Holy Innocents*." He subsequently added to this sum other offerings of his own, and of a few

other persons at West Point and elsewhere, who felt an interest in the undertaking. The simple, but chaste and beautiful sanctuary, erected to "the honor and glory of God," is the fruit of these offerings.

The plan of the Church, both in its outline and details, was furnished by Mr. Weir, who also superintended its erection. The stone of which it is built was taken from the land on which the Church stands, and which was the gift of Mr. W. B. Cozzens.

The Church is somewhat in the early English style of architecture; cruciform in plan, the nave being about 60 feet by 28 (on the outside), and each of the transepts $10\frac{1}{2}$ feet by 19. There is an admirably well proportioned *Tower* at the north-east corner, 48 feet in height, and $14\frac{1}{2}$ feet square at the base. One of the most beautiful external features of the sacred edifice, is the low *south porch*, which is its principal entrance. Over the door of this porch there is a tablet with the simple inscription, "To the honor and glory of God." Surmounting the east end of the nave, and also the porch, are two floriated crosses.

In the position of the Church the rule of orientation has been observed, the chancel pointing towards the east, and the altar being in the eastern end.

On *entering* the porch the eye is at once arrested by a text of Holy Scripture written over the inner door: "O! come let us worship and fall down and kneel before the Lord our Maker." On entering the Church itself, the eye is again met every where with texts of Holy Scripture. Over every door, on every window, over the altar, over the font, on the walls, and in each of the windows, texts chosen with peculiar aptness convey their sacred teachings to the devout worshipper: — *e. g.*, over the altar are the words, "As often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye show the Lord's death until he come;" over the font, "Except a man be born of water and the Spirit, he

cannot enter the kingdom of God;" over the door by which the Priest enters the Church to engage in his holy functions, "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you;" over the windows the texts are all words of *Thaise*.

In the south transept, at the entrance of the Church, stands the Baptismal Font, one of the most beautiful in this country, octagon shaped, with sacred symbols carved on the sides. It is of the granite of the Highlands, $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet in height, and the bowl $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet in circumference. The windows, deeply splayed on the inside, are of stained glass; in the centre of each is a plain white cross, on the tranverse beam of which is a passage of Holy Scripture chosen from the divine sayings of our Lord.

The seats are plain, open benches, and free to all worshippers. The wainscoting and walls are of a grave and sober color. The chancel occupies at present the head of the cross, but this, it is hoped, will be only a temporary arrangement.

The whole *interior*, marked by unity of design, by perfect simplicity, and by a quiet solemnity, cannot fail to shed its hallowing, subduing influence over the soul of every worshipper who enters there, in sincerity and truth, to worship Almighty God; while the *exterior* of the sacred temple, with its gray, unhewn walls, its very irregular outline, its simple rural aspect, harmonizes most strikingly with the rough, wild mountain scenery in the midst of which it seems to have sprung up, itself a work of nature. And its tower, pointing heavenward, its cruciform outline, its cross-crowned peak, tell unmistakably its holy character, and serve to remind all who enter or behold it, both of the end and of the faith to which God is calling them.*

* For the preceding notice we are indebted to the Rev. W. B. Gibson, the Rector of the Church.

THE VALLEY OF THE HOUSATONIC.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The landscape of Gignoux, engraved for this volume, representing a winter scene, belongs to a class of subjects which he always treats well. With him winter is always a season of splendor. The crisp snow lies glittering where it was dropped from the clouds or cast by the wind, an intense sunshine fills the transparent sky, and is reflected from the white clouds, and penetrates the pellucid ice. The figures he introduces are shown in movements which have all the vivacity belonging to the season.

Gignoux is a native of France, who for many years has made this country his home, and learned to love its scenery with all the affection of one who passed his childhood here. He is never tired of wandering by our wild streams, of studying our boundless woods, with their vast variety of foliage, of climbing our rocky mountains and looking down into the pleasant valleys that stretch away in our clear and glowing atmosphere. To him Nature makes no reserve of her hidden beauties, and his portfolio, filled with studies of places the image of

which was never before thrown upon canvas, is one of the richest ever possessed by landscape painter.

In this view he shows us the Valley of the Housatonic at New Milford, where the river, in its passage to the sea, takes its leave of the more beautiful parts of the country through which its flows. The time is early winter, as is shown by the tufts of sere foliage yet clinging to the trees and shrubs. Skaters are pursuing their sport in the foreground, a sleigh is passing swiftly over a rude wooden bridge which crosses one of the tributaries of the Housatonic, and beyond, in the distance, rises the line of cold blue hills which bound the valley. The snow has fallen through the naked trees to the earth, leaving the sides and summits of the hills dark with their branches.

Below New Milford, the valley of the Housatonic, if it may still be called a valley, wears a tamer aspect. Let me, in a few words, trace the river in its progress to the ocean. The Housatonic has its birth among the highlands of Berkshire in the State of Massachusetts. Here it sports and sings away its infancy in the woods, leaping in its frolics from one rock to another. Of the brooks that form its current some linger in the rich meadows of Lanesborough, where the limestone soil nourishes a thick growth of grass and gives a peculiar denseness to the foliage of the trees. If I may trust to my recollection I have never observed the same freshness and brightness of verdure in the fields of any part of our country as in that neighborhood. As the stream increases in volume and strength, its season of play is over, and entering the broad and beautiful vale of Pittsfield, in what I may call the period of its youth, it is set to toil for man, and drives the machinery of cotton and woollen mills. Escaped from this servitude it murmurs awhile in the narrow and woody valleys of Lenox, where it is only of late that the kingfisher has been startled by the shrill whistle of the railway engine, but it is soon employed in other tasks—

to lift and let fall the ponderous hammers of forges and make acres of paper for the daily press. In Stockbridge it begins to put on the majesty of manhood and winds backwards and forwards among the grassy natural terraces and maple woods, as if unwilling to leave so fair a region. In Great Barrington it flows slowly through meadows hemmed in by the picturesque summits of craggy mountain ridges. In Sheffield it has formed, by mining the ground for centuries, a vast plain of six miles in width, reaching to the base of the Taconic, the highest mountain along its course, dark, grand, and sending scores of clear rivulets down his steep sides to swell the current of his own fair river. In Canaan the Housatonic casts its entire volume of amber-colored waters down a precipice of sixty feet in height, an overhanging shelf, as is the case with most of the waterfalls in this country, the layers of rock below having crumbled away, while the uppermost remains firm. It then pursues its way through a sort of glen, bounded east and west by ridges rich with massive woods, and fields running up their sides into the forest, till it reaches New Milford, the scene of Gignoux's picture. In all the places I have enumerated it turns huge wheels and labors in the mills, but a few miles below New Milford it lays itself sluggishly down between level banks and creeps to its final resting place in the ocean. From Derby downward to the Sound it is navigable, passively bearing out and bringing in a vessel now and then — like an aged man, retired from the active employments of life, and good-naturedly carrying his grandchildren in his arms.

The tributaries of the Housatonic are no less beautiful than the river itself. The lake in Stockbridge, a wonder of beauty, which the birth and residence of Miss Sedgwick in its neighborhood have made classical — I mention the name of the lady without reserve as I would that of any other person held in universal honor, — gives the tribute of its waters to the Housatonic. In Great Barrington, Green River

comes in from the west through charming pastoral solitudes, with a current almost of a grass-green tint. The sister lakes in Salisbury, issue in a brook which falls into this river. I am not certain whether the stream of Bashpish, so much visited of late, which throws itself down the steep sides of Taconic in a series of falls, flows into the Housatonic or not, but the cascade by universal consent is reckoned among the beautiful and picturesque things of the valley.

Some of the most remarkable atmospheric appearances observed in this valley do not present themselves to the casual visitor, though he be an artist. I remember one of these altogether too glorious to be copied by the pencil. A thunder-shower had arisen after a hot summer day. As the thunderbolts were dropping into the tops of the hills around, and the rain falling in torrents, the sun, then about to set, illuminated the whole mass of clouds and rain, with an orange-colored light, which gradually passed into a deep crimson. The inner rooms of the houses were filled with the same ruddy lustre, which glittered reflected from the pools and streams in the road, and from the wet roofs of the houses, the grass, and the leaves of the trees. Above, the spectacle was still more extraordinary. The lightnings were running to and fro, appearing like rivulets of molten gold, suddenly poured through the crimson clouds and as suddenly absorbed into them. The crimson glow slowly changed into a purple as the clouds were retiring, and the last flashes of the lightning and the last tinges of the clouds were blended with the cool blue light of the full moon shining from a sky of perfect transparency.

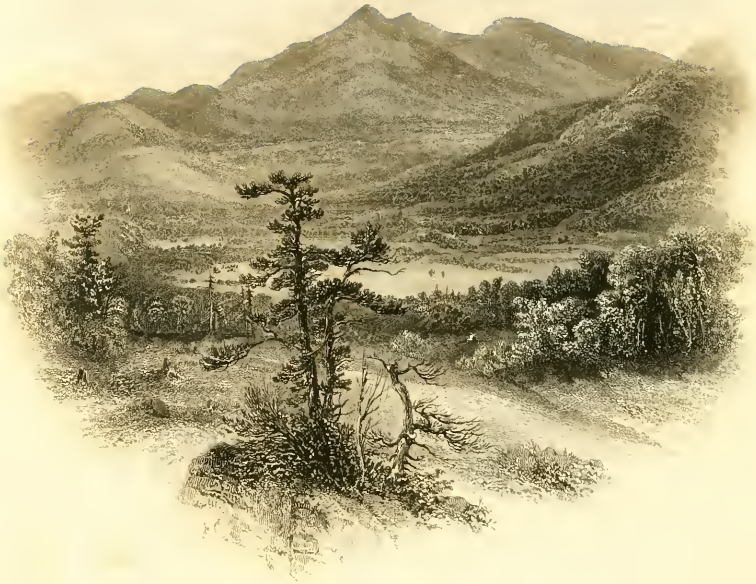
At another time when at Sheffield, I was a spectator of a thunder-shower no less remarkable. After a day of extreme sultriness, the clouds began to rise behind Taconic and over its summit, with the mutterings of distant thunder. Up they were heaved, higher and higher, darker and darker, heavier and heavier, till they became of a

deep indigo tint, and seemed as if the steeps of a far loftier mountain, one of the Alps or the Andes, had been heaped upon Taconic. Suddenly the huge mass began to roll downwards with louder crashes of thunder, towards the sides of the mountain, as if it had broken over a barrier, carrying with it the strange indigo hue and an intense darkness, and sending before it winds which scoured the plain and raised clouds of dust, and filled the sky with leaves rent from the trees. I have never seen any aspect of the clouds so grand and awful as the approaches of that thunder-shower.

It was some time about the beginning of the last century that the Dutch emigrants from the State of New-York, and the settlers from Connecticut and the eastern part of Massachusetts came at the same time into the valley of the Housatonic. The descendants of the Hollanders chose Great Barrington and its neighborhood for their abode, where they had large farms on the rich lands bordering this river, and kept large herds of cattle and horses. Their posterity, somewhat intermingled with the English race, remain there yet, and I recollect that twenty-five years since they gave evidence in their persons—for they were large-limbed men, almost colossal in size—of the effect of a mixture of nations upon the human stature. In some of the households Dutch was still the language of the fireside, and those who were adopted into them, learned it as a matter of course, though they were often laughed at for the imperfect manner in which they spoke it. I recollect one of these tall Dutchmen boasting of the progress made in the tongue by a little boy who had come to live in his family. I met the same man a few years since, and was informed by him that he had lost his wife long ago and had nearly forgotten his Dutch. I infer that it is no longer a living language in Berkshire.

But I have often reflected upon what would have been the consequence if the power of England had met the fate which befell the

power of Holland, and if that republic had flourished, while England fell into decay. The Dutch emigration would, of course, have filled the valley of the Housatonic. Bilderdijk would have been at this moment the favorite poet of the people on that river; the romances of Loosjes would have taken the place of those of Walter Scott; the more devout would have read the sermons of Van der Palm, and the lovers of mirth would have laughed at the jokes of Weiland. So far as concerns the fine arts, the dwellings would have been more picturesque, comfortable Dutch houses with low roofs and spacious *stoops*, embowered in trees, instead of the grim, naked, and tasteless habitations of the Yankees. The painters who sought their subjects among the inhabitants of the valley would have painted interiors after the manner of Teniers, or elaborate and highly finished landscapes, in which fidelity to nature was more regarded than the selection of objects, after the manner of Cuyp.



THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

Upon a beautiful July evening, the writer was passing up Lake Champlain in one of the fine steamboats that ply upon its lovely waters. Happening to raise his eyes from the plain of glass which stretched before him, his attention was arrested by a mountain mass tracing an irregular line against the golden background of the West. Just over the highest peak was the descending sun, and the whole mass was invested with an azure hue soft as a remembered sorrow, and sweet as a hope of the future. It seemed as if seraphic music might breathe from that dreamy mist, as if on those summits rested the quietude of heaven. It was the mass of the Adirondacks.

These splendid mountains form a group, the loftiest of a range which extends, in the Northern section of New-York, from Little Falls on the Mohawk to Trembleau Point on Lake Champlain. The group heaves up into and above the clouds its cone-like peaks and jagged ridges, which seem, from some commanding view, as if a stormy ocean had become suddenly fixed in its wildest tossings. The range in which occurs this group runs in a northeasterly direction, forming

the easterly and most elevated portion of what is denominated the Plateau of Northern New-York—which Plateau is bounded by the waters of the St. Lawrence and Ontario, the Black and Mohawk rivers and Lake Champlain. The group is composed of several summits, the loftiest of which are Mounts Marcy, McIntyre, McMartin and Santanoni, the two latter rising 5000 feet above the tide, and the two former over that elevation. The highest is Mount Marcy (the Indian name being Ta-ha-wus — "He splits the Sky"), the loftiest eminence in our State, raising itself to a mile in height. From its summit of gray rock is a forest prospect, three hundred miles in circumference. The forked lightning darts from clouds far, far below this peak, and the fir which on the sides of the mountain rises to a stately shape, diminishes to a creeping shrub, and at last vanishes from the face of the stern cold summit. Near it springs the most northern source of the Hudson, whilst the whole group, forming the highest portion of the northern watershed, pours its streams, which become majestic rivers, in all directions.

Manifold lakes lie along the bases of these wild mountains, whose crystal bosoms are only disturbed by the canoe of the Indian hunter, or casual sportsman, the leap of the monster trout, the dip of the screaming diver, or the motions of the swimming deer. Such are lakes Colden, Avalanche, Sanford, and Henderson.

A dense forest mantles the slopes and valleys of the region, within which live the splendid moose, the lurking panther, the dark heavy bear, and quick timid deer. In a few shaded streams still linger the beaver, the loneliest of the forest habitants, known only to the most indefatigable trapper.

The Adirondack Pass in this group is wild and savage as the imagination can conceive. Situated between Mount McIntyre and Wallface, a perpendicular precipice of a thousand feet rears itself on

one side, upon the summit of which lofty firs appear, like a fringe, a few inches in height, whilst the gorge itself is piled with rocks upon which grow trees of fifty feet.

It is a sublime cathedral of nature, whose stillness awes the soul, and whose voice, supplied by the storm, lift a tremendous anthem to the God whose wonderful power was employed in its creation.

Such is the Adirondack region, surrounded by the smiling civilization of our Empire State, but remaining still as countless centuries have seen it, probably since the waters of the Deluge.

SCAROON OR SCHROON LAKE.

(COLE.)

The engraving represents one of the wildest and most beautiful Lakes in the State of New York, and probably in the United States. It is situated partly in the counties of Warren and Essex, is nine miles long and about one mile wide. The view is taken from an island in the north end of the Lake, at the time when

> "Twilight's shade comes stealing on,
> O'er mountain, wood, and stream,
> Wrapping the dim, far-stretching Lake
> In a hush'd and holy dream."

It is peculiarly American in its character, being both wild and picturesque, and one which the artist delighted to portray.

Schroon, *Pharaos* or *Bluebeard* Mountain, which is the most prominent peak in the picture, is about four miles from the Lake, and attains an altitude of 3,200 feet. The more distant are the peaks of the Eastern range of the Adirondacks. That at the right of the engraving is the Saddleback Mountain. The shores of the Lake are covered with the dense foliage as seen in the engraving.

The red cedar in the foreground is one of the noble trees which abound on the borders of the Mountain Lakes in this section of our country, interspersed with the maple, hemlock, and pine. Around the extreme point, jutting into the Lake and seen through the trees, flows the noble Hudson, which at this point is but a very small stream, and which connects Schroon with Paradox Lake.

The island from which the scene was taken, is owned and is now the residence of Andrew Ireland, Esq., formerly of this city, from the north end of which a magnificent view of the whole eastern range of the Adirondacks may be had. The name of the lamented Cole is identified with American Scenery, and while he continued to paint the scenery of America, he was unapproached. He it was that first gave the American landscape character, and whose genius delighted in portraying the wild and romantic beauty of her forests, lakes, and waterfalls, and who so truthfully presented to the admiring eye the grandeur of her sunsets, tornadoes, and autumn's gorgeous livery. He it was who first taught us that we need not leave our own wild and beautiful scenery for subjects suitable for pictorial embellishment. The scene here given is but one of America's magnificent Lakes, and it is to be regretted that we have not more views of the Lakes of Essex from the pencil of this favorite artist. The accompanying engraving is made from the original in the possession of Mrs. Cole, who has many of the remaining productions of this distinguished painter.

ART IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY GEO. W. BETHUNE, D. D.

The comprehensive title at the head of this page is not a promise of a formal essay, but has been taken as a convenient because sufficiently expansible heading, to cover some desultory remarks suggested by the rapid growth among us, during the last few years, of talent and taste for Art.

The American has frequent occasion to say, in answer to hasty strictures of foreigners, particularly those from Great Britain, that they "do not understand us;" and the reply, irrepressible from its truth, has been much ridiculed by our transatlantic cousins, as if it were easy to draw conclusions from superficial facts. The reverse is, however, the case, both from the difficulty of knowing *all* the facts, and the necessity of having a right point of view. As, because of the variety, which gives individuality of character, no one man can thoroughly understand another, but each has received a distinctness from his peculiar temperament, mental structure, early circumstances, and all those influences which make up his education, so we may well doubt the ability of an observer, however candid and intelligent, to

understand the people of another nation. Forms of government, climate, pursuits of life as affected by soil or position, descent whether pure or mixed, seclusion from other portions of mankind or intercourse with them, historical associations, hereditary habits and prejudices, language, literature, religion, with many other less scrutable but important coalescing causes, render each nation an enigma to all others. Civilization is a mystery to the savage, and the savage no less a mystery to his civilized brother. A Laplander and an Arab, if thrown together, would scarcely agree in aught but the appetites, passions, and faculties common to man. An adult Turk could never be turned into an Anglo-Saxon, nor an Anglo-Saxon into a Turk; they might exchange countries and garments, but, while life lasted, the one would delight to steal away from the bustle around him that he might enjoy in cross-legged repose his revery of trustful fatalism, and the other would shuffle forth in his slippers eager after the latest news. It is hardly more possible for an Englishman to comprehend a Frenchman, or a Frenchman an Englishman, though they have been within a few hours of each other since time immemorial. Solid John Bull looks upon the grimaces of his mercurial neighbor, as upon the tricks of a mountebank's monkey, while he of the *Grande Nation*, shrugging his elastic shoulders, returns the contempt by muttering, "*Bête!*" How utterly strange to us in this country is the readiness with which the revolutionary masses of the old world, after months of fire and carnage and bluster, subside before the bayonets of an autocrat! And how far beyond the conception of European statesmanship is the simple law by which the very multiplicity of our well-guarded state sovereignties best secures our national union!

There are strong reasons why our American characteristics are slowly understood by others; biassed through our reading of historical precedents, we are apt to judge incorrectly of ourselves; nor can

any question touching our manners or tendencies, be properly discussed without going over and carefully considering the circumstances in which they have been developed. Our origin, situation, constituents, and manner of growth, are so unexampled as almost to exclude analogy. Compared with all others, ancient or modern, our nation is an anomaly. Coming into being when the mind of Europe, especially of Great Britain, had reached a high degree of cultivated strength, the American people sprung less from the loins than from the brain of her great parent, not, indeed, full-grown, but with a precocious vigor far beyond childhood. The early colonists of British race were, for the most part, of that stern, indomitable faith, which, loyal to a divine sovereign, unhesitatingly challenged human usurpations. Those from Holland, then just emancipated, after a long struggle with bigot Spain, and the Huguenot exiles, preferring expatriation to apostacy, were of the same liberty-loving, yet severe creed. Religious sympathy prepared them for political co-operation; and they, acting really long before they acted formally together, gave, as the predominating element, a unity of purpose to the scattered settlements, which could not otherwise have been expected from their heterogeneous origin. Educated by difficulties in the old world, they were ready to meet, with intelligent, hopeful courage, the difficulties of the new. They were also of equal rank, and, for the most part, equal fortunes. Hereditary nobility and privileged classes were not recognized among them. Such pretensions, where personal labor was required of all, would have been ridiculous. Oppressed, at times, by the imperial exactions of the mother country, and the insolence of its proconsular representatives, they yet could not be debarred the filial prerogative of using the English tongue and the unequalled stores of wisdom, political, literary, and religious, already provided by English pens.

The land in which they sought a new home, seemed to have been

reserved by a predetermining Providence for them. Other great states, established by conquest or colonization, have been founded among pre-resident tribes, who, mingling with the new-comers, have exerted an influence, sometimes not small, upon the character of the future nation. Unless we utterly discredit their traditionary annals, we find Pelasgic names interspersed among the Cecropidæ of Athens; and trace the growth of Rome in her successive engorgements of neighboring people. The excellence of the present British character is fairly attributable to the fusion of several bloods in one. But the aborigines of this country, too few and too savage to cultivate the wilderness, resisted feebly the disciplined invaders, while their color, but still more their singular spirit, forbade amalgamation. Our fathers had the whole country to themselves, and found here neither arts, nor customs, nor alliances. Separated by a wide ocean from the inveterate prejudices and hereditary proscriptions which retard older nations, they had opportunity for experiment; while, at the same time, their commercial enterprise, the main secret of Anglo-Saxon superiority, brought them the stimulants of example and emulation. Their institutions were not indigenous, but having been first selected from what they considered the best stocks of Europe, then modified and adapted to their exigencies and views by various intergraftings, they grew rapidly and fruitfully in the virgin soil. Thus the principles of our government were educed, not from the hypotheses of utopian philosophers, or slavish imitations, or a fortuitous concourse of elements, or even from the mere pressure of circumstances, but from a sturdy common sense, regulated by scriptural faith, improved by study, warned by the failures and encouraged by the successes of all antecedent time, animated by an insatiable thirst for liberty, compelled by the vital necessity of union, and supported by physical strength earned in felling forests and subduing wild farms. In a happy hour the govern-

ment was independently established. Since then, on that broad, and, as every true heart hopes, indestructible basis, our nation has been built up from prolific natural increase and emigration to us out of oppressed and over-peopled countries. Our territories have been widely, yet safely enlarged, until now a broad region between the sea, on whose shores the early settlers landed, and the Pacific, over which the eager eye of our enterprise looks out for fresh aggrandizements, is inhabited by a brotherhood governed by the one law of their own consent.

Under the pressure of such cares, and struggles, and urgent anxieties, there could be neither time nor desire for the cultivation of those elegant pursuits which are the luxury of leisure, the decoration of wealth, and the charm of refinement. The Puritans and the Presbyterians, together the most influential, were not favorable to the Fine Arts; and the Quakers abjured them. Men living in log cabins and busied all the day in field, workshop, or warehouse, and liable to attack by savage enemies at any moment, were indisposed to seek after or encourage what was not immediately useful. Their hard-earned and precarious gains would not justify the indulgence. There were few, or rather no specimens of artistic skill among them to awaken taste or imitation. It is, therefore, little to be wondered at, if they did not show an appreciation of Art proportionate to their advance in other moral respects; or that they waited until they had secured a substantial prosperity, before they ventured to gratify themselves with the beautiful. The brilliant examples of West and Copley, with some others of inferior note, showed the presence of genius, but those artists found abroad the encouragement and instruction not attainable at home, thus depriving their country of all share in their fame except the credit of having given them birth.

As a sense of security and increasing riches began to be felt, about

the beginning of the century, we discover tokens of a more generous spirit. Distinguished men returned from honorable missions with an appetite for Art, excited by what they had seen in the capitals of Europe. The enthusiasm and example of PEALE, STUART, TRUMBULL, and others native-born and foreigners, could not be without effect. Aspirants to the honors of the pencil and burin became numerous enough to form associations for their mutual benefit; and, at least among the better few, a disposition to encourage their efforts was apparent. Two valuable collections of casts from the antique were obtained; one for the New-York Academy of Fine Arts, through CHANCELLOR LIVINGSTON; the other for the Pennsylvania Academy at Philadelphia, through the zeal of JUDGE HOPKINSON; some good pictures were imported, and some good, with many inferior, produced at home; the Academies and Artists' Associations attempted exhibitions, private enterprise opened others, and, doubtless, though not eminently successful, they all contributed to improve the taste of the public. Increasing wealth, means of communication with the old world, and the travel of many Americans abroad, rapidly extended a spirit favorable to Art in every form, which was yet more stimulated by the rise among us, almost simultaneously, of men whose genius in several departments of painting and of sculpture, startled and delighted us with a galaxy of talent deserving eminence among cotemporaneous competitors in any part of the world. Some of them are still living, others have died too soon; but their brilliant names need not be written here, for they are inscribed high in the records of their country's fame and on the hearts of us all. Since then, especially since the establishment of the National Academy of Design, (of which our most honorably distinguished but ill-requited fellow-citizen, S. F. B. MORSE, was the first President,) in 1826, and more especially within the last

ten years, large advances have been made, and Art has fairly begun to flourish among us, giving rich earnest of yet higher attainments.

There has been and will be dispute as to the comparative efficiency of the various means which have been adopted for the encouragement of Art in the United States. Institutions and individuals contend for the honor, and some deserve more of it than others; but our office is not to settle such quarrels. There should, however, be no recriminations between Artists and the friends (patrons is an ungenerous word) of Art. Each class is necessary to the other. It is a false (and, happily, now nearly obsolete) policy, to force through the fundamental laws of supply and demand. Men will not consent to be scolded or ridiculed out of their money; and if they prefer bull-feasts, or gaudy furniture, or miserly accumulation to pictures or statuary, their money is their own, nor have we a right to take it out of their hands. We may be pained to think that any are disappointed, when we could rejoice in the success of all the deserving; yet it must not be forgotten, that in the compensating distributions of Providence, genius, so liberally endowed with its own exquisite pleasures, can rarely expect the profits of trade. It is the duty of the artist to instruct us by his own beautiful and elevating works; and, when we have been so educated in the high moral uses and noble gratifications to be derived from Art, we should be indeed ungrateful if the due of the master be withheld. The distribution of good specimens through the community, however accomplished, is the only sure method of spreading a desire for more, and the harvest will repay the seed manifold. In the language of Holy Writ, there must be "a patient continuance in well-doing" by those who "look for glory and honor;" but "in due season they shall reap if they faint not." Nor have the profits of our artists been altogether contemptible; for, while we regret that, owing principally to the smallness of American fortunes, some of the best have not brought

their value, it is also certain that works of art generally meet with fair prices; and there is no country where so large a proportion of its artists are living comfortably on their earnings, or where the gains of talent in Art compares so favorably with those of equal talent in other pursuits of life, as this. We may rebuke and even lash the stupid indifference of those able, yet unwilling, to encourage liberally the efforts of genius; but it degrades Art to set it whining after patronage, or to confound it with every self-inflated aspirant to the name of artist who has set up an easel, trims his beard a la Van Dyke, and in the very outset imagines himself a compeer of RAFFAELE. Happily, the very great majority of our recognized artists are gentlemen in the true sense of the word, shunning the bad taste of eccentricity, and despising charlatanry; while they depend for success on their own generous devotion to their elevated calling, and patient enthusiasm in the cultivation of the gifts with which the good God has endowed them. They will not lose their reward.

The main features of human nature must be radically the same, however various the modifications of which they are capable; and, though there have been peculiar reasons for the delay of Art among us, yet its history in this country has not been altogether singular. The rise and progress of Art are justly attributable to concurrent and successive natural causes working out, through the agency of man under the economy of a wise providence, the beneficent designs of God. Wealth and political stability have always preceded Art; but where those have been gained, its progress has been proportionate, because it meets with that innate fondness for beauty and imitation of His divine works which is a universal attribute of the creature made after the image of his Creator. Taste and genius exist among every people, and, where depressing circumstances give place to more favorable, they will appear and compel regard, whatever be the particular

machinery by which the end is gained. Even where influences seem most adverse, this tendency shows itself, though by feeble efforts; and the growth of art may be obscurely traced long before it bursts into sudden splendor. In what degree Greece derived her Art from the early Eastern empires it is not easy to guess. Religion, especially under idolatrous forms, would naturally suggest first the structure of imposing temples and representative images. Dædalus, if he be not a mythical fiction, is the earliest name in the annals of Grecian art, and he was a sculptor, most probably of wood; but, though we read of a few others scattered along the interval, seven or eight centuries must have elapsed between his date and that of Phidias. Some descriptions in Homer indicate the existence of designing skill, of which there remained no adequate specimens as indubitable proof. The convenient quarries of snowy Parian and sparkling Pentelican greatly encouraged the use of marble in building and statuary. Still it is certain that, until after the Persian war, art in Athens and all Greece was in its swaddling clothes; but, through the magnificent foster-care of the elegant demagogue Pericles, in less than forty years Architecture reached perfection, Sculpture had achieved by the hand of Phidias her most sublime triumphs, and Painting, in the frescoes of the Propylæa, had exhibited strong promise soon to be fully developed. We are astonished and instructed by the crowd of men eminent in these several departments, who flourished in the course of the half century of which Phidias was the Angelo: Ictinus, Callicrates, and Innesicles, architects; Polycletus, Myron, Alcamenes, Aysladas (the younger), Nestocles, Athenodorus (the elder), and Calamis, sculptors; Panænus, Polygnotus, Apollodorus, Parrhasius, Zeuxis, and Timanthes, painters. Thirty years after, Sculpture, which could not advance in grandeur beyond the Phidian Jupiter, was carried to its highest point of spiritual grace by Praxiteles; and Paint-

ing, in less than seventy, attained its ancient acmé under APELLES and PROTOGENES. From this time Art, though largely practised and illustrated occasionally by works of great merit, began to decline.

The revival of Art in Europe is remarkable for similar facts. The first impulse came, through ecclesiastical associations, from the East, and the monuments of classical genius were overlooked. BUSCHETTO, (or BUSCHETTUS) a Greek, built in the eleventh century the Cathedral of Pisa; but it was not until the middle of the thirteenth, that we find the Sculptors GIOVANNI and NICOLO PISANI spreading their really beautiful works through Italy. DONATELLO and GHIBERTI, about the close of the fourteenth, left behind them achievements which have received admiration from all subsequent ages. CIMABUE, in the latter half of the thirteenth century, began the emancipation of Painting from depraved Byzantine taste; and his superior scholar GIOTTO pursued the good work with admirable courage. BRUNELLESCHI (the architect) introduced clearer notions of perspective; and MASACCIO, making nature his guide, and discarding still more the restrictions which had hindered freedom and breadth, excelled in the spirit of his attitudes and the harmony of his colors. Thus, by slow and arduous steps, did Art ascend from its living tomb during more than two centuries until PERUGINO; but immediately after it shone forth with a lustre which has never since been equalled and can never be surpassed. About this time, under the admirable politics of LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT, the balance of power in Italy, which had been so long disturbed by cruel and confused wars, became settled; and the consequence was a general prosperity. LORENZO employed large wealth during the long peace in the encouragement of learning and art. He collected many antique statues and the best pictures then to be found, within a palace, which he opened as an academy. The power of his liberal example, coextensive with that of his statesmanship, was felt

at Milan, then under the Sforzas; at Venice, then in its palmy day; at Rome, then richest and proudest, and even at unhappy Naples. This affluent calm ushered in the great period of Italian Art, which began with DA VINCI and closed with RAFAELLE. Within less than fifty years, between 1470 and 1520, flourished DA VINCI, ANGELO, RAFAELLE, TITIAN, CORREGGIO, DEL SARTO, and GIORGIONE; and, a few years later, GIULIO ROMANO, TINTORETTO, PARMEGGIANO, and POL. CARAVAGGIO. From this time, Italy being again convulsed, with the brilliant exception of BAROCCIO, Art continued to decline, until in another long peace, during the latter half of the sixteenth century, we discover a second constellation only inferior to the first; PAOLO VERONESE, the CARACCI, GUIDO, DOMENICHINO, and MICHAEL ANGELO CARAVAGGIO. The only names of later date worthy to be given with those above, are SALVATOR ROSA and CARLO DOLCE, who were cotemporaneous about the middle of the seventeenth century.

FRANCE hardly affords us an example in point. Her Art was immediately derived from Italy, and her best artists flourished there. We may observe, however, that the prosperous administration of SULLY seems first to have given the energy which produced her best masters, and that in the forty years between 1582 and 1622, were born VINET, the POUSSINS, CLAUDE LORRAINE, BLANCHARD, the MIGNARDS, DE BRUN, SARAPIN, and PUGET.

ANTWERP, until the destruction of its harbor, the chief seat of commerce in the Low Countries, had attained the culminating point of its fortunes after the middle of the sixteenth century, and its citizens were proud of their wealth. As a consequence, Art, which, in Flanders, had been struggling upward from VAN EYCK (who flourished about the beginning of the fifteenth century), BREUGHEL, and VAN ORT (born 1557), was elevated to a glorious height by the simultaneous excellences of RUBENS, VAN DYKE, SNY-

DERS, TENIERS, and JORDAENS, all of whom were born between 1576 and 1600.

THE UNITED PROVINCES, before 1610, had shown themselves strong enough to maintain their freedom from the yoke of Spain, and established their admirable government. A similar triumph of Art followed; and, accordingly, a multitude of artists appeared in Holland. HONTHORST (GHERARDO DELLE NOTTI), CUYP, REMBRANDT, GERARD DOUW, BOTH, the elder VAN DER WELDE, VAN OSTADE, WOUVERMANS, PAUL POTTER, BACKHUYSEN, JAN STEEN, RUYSDAEL, VAN DER WELDE the son, were all born between 1592 and 1636.

WILLIAM OF ORANGE ascended the throne of Great Britain in 1689. The ecclesiastical buildings of that island contain evidences of Art at an early period, and further down we read of HILLIARD, OLIVER, JAMESON, COOPER, WYATT, GRINLING GIBBONS, and others; but they are obscure, and seldom spoken of compared to those of the foreigners, HOLBEIN, VAN DYKE, LELY, KNELLER, and the two VAN DER VELDES, who were liberally rewarded by royal and noble patrons. The establishment of civil and religious liberty, after the expulsion of the STUARTS, was followed by a general and increasing prosperity. During the reign of GEORGE I. and II. the power and wealth of Britain made large progress; and at the accession of GEORGE III. she had reached her pre-eminence in Europe. We are not, therefore, disappointed when we look for a correspondently flourishing condition of Art. HOGARTH, born in 1698, was at the height of his fame in 1735, and continued to flourish until his death in 1762. Within the time of HOGARTH, and in the half century between 1713 and 1764, were born STUART, WILSON, REYNOLDS, GAINSBOROUGH, BARRETT, ROMNEY, RUNCIMAN, NOLLEKENS, BANKS, BACON, COSWAY, BARRY, WYATT, NORTHCOTE, FLAXMAN, BLAKE, OPIE, and MORLAND. WEST and COPLEY also were born in America, 1737–8, the former settling in England, 1763;

the latter, 1775. This list, it will be perceived, comprises men eminent in every department. Under the liberal encouragement of GEORGE III. the Royal Academy was established in 1766, of which the first president was REYNOLDS, and the second our countryman WEST. Of Art in Great Britain subsequently, there is no need that we should speak.

These *memoranda* show that we have great reason for encouragement with regard to the progress of Art in this country. It has begun to flourish as early in the history of our nation as circumstances, according to all precedent, would allow. Nor should we think that its farther development must necessarily be slow. It is the characteristic of Art, when fairly awakened, to make progress by large strides; and we may well feel the shame of disappointment if this should not be the case in the United States. We are as a people successful in all the pursuits of industry, and as a nation secure in the justness and stability of our government. The day has therefore come, when, with no neglect of matters vital to our general safety, we should cultivate liberally those refined tastes which will add grace to our strength, and vindicate our national character from the imputation of an undue lust of gain. The *new rich* are ordinarily fond of display in costly appliances of luxurious life. They delight in a vulgar ostentation of mere expense before the eyes of the less fortunate, or in rivalling the tinsel splendor of each other. Intoxicated with sudden wealth, they are eager to lavish it, yet know not how to do so elegantly or creditably. This childish folly is rife among us. Many (comparatively) large fortunes are now in the hands of successful adventurers, who lack the education which teaches the better value of money. Hence we see on every hand a straining after effect disproportionate to the scale of things. Houses, not beyond the size of comfortable mansions, receive an architectural decoration suitable only to large palaces; and

the two or three narrow rooms on the principal floor are so crowded with glaring furniture as to drive the family, when not on exhibition, down into the obscure but more home-like basement. Festivals are given with an extravagant ambition, which can only be carried out by the aid of hired services and supernumerary servants. Robes, fit only for the evening drawing-room, sweep the dust of the pavement. Men, after having drudged all the day in office or counting-house, spend the night in aping the fashions of idle aristocrats, to begin again their necessary toil unrestored by sleep, while their wives and families live only to scatter what they have gathered with anxious industry. It is not surprising that pictures, or other works of Art, should be rare in their houses. They have no leisure even to read, much less to cultivate taste; their talk is of money, and they flatter their pride of purse by contemning all who, absorbed in liberal pursuits, have filled their heads rather than their pockets. The evil will not long be so rampant. It must grow less as the possession of riches ceases to be a novelty; and, especially, when the next generation, educated from infancy, perhaps enlightened by foreign travel in countries where letters and art are regarded as glory, comes upon the stage, a better sentiment will prevail, and money be devoted to more honorable ends. Even now we are not without pleasing exceptions to the general fault. There are those, who, uncorrupted by the habits and successes of business, delight to relieve its fatigues, not by animal indulgences, but spiritual enjoyments; with whom the scholar, the man of science, and the artist, are honored guests; from whose apartments books are not excluded as unfashionable lumber, and on whose walls a picture is not thought to be a deformity. These are the men who have encouraged the artist's zeal, and to whom, next to the artist and scarcely less, we owe a large improvement of the public feeling for Art and its already gratifying achievements. The Art of classical antiquity arose in a

democracy; to the merchant MEDICI it owed its revival in modern times; in the commercial states of the Netherlands appeared the only original school out of Italy; and why should not Art flourish in our republic, where the lounging idler is a nuisance, and skilful occupation a title to respect?

In the history of Art we are glad to see refuted a common prejudice that it demands peculiar conditions of climate, atmosphere, and natural scenery; or that it is the endowment of any particular people; or that it flourishes better under superstition than truth. It first appeared in the far, sultry East, where at this late day are now exhumed its stupendous remains. It shone forth under the clear skies of Greece long centuries after its oblivion in Asia. When Art was splendid in Athens and Rhodes, and Cos and Corinth, it had no native growth in Italy. The pictures and the statues with which Rome was crowded, were the work of Grecian hands. PLINY has barely rescued from forgetfulness the names of two or three countrymen of his, who imitated the Grecian school, but they scarcely deserved the record. Again, when Art had been irreparably lost to Greece for well nigh a thousand years, Italy became the theatre of its highest glory, and claimed the prerogative of teaching the world. Even there was there a distinction. If study of antique forms in the clear, dry atmosphere of Rome, gave to her school its unequalled perception of form, the moistened air of Venice enabled her artists to study the coloring of nature,*

* About the year 1824 the writer had the pleasure of a conversation with GILBERT STUART, and asked him why it was that the Venetian school so far excelled the Roman in coloring. He made no reply, but for a few moments carelessly burnished with his handkerchief a plain gold ring on his finger — when turning it to the sunlight he sharply said: "Can you see color in that ring, sir?" "Very indistinctly." He then breathed upon it, and showing it again, asked: "Do you see color now, sir?" A happy illustration, characteristic of the eminent artist.

while those of Lombardy, holding a middle place, united grace and beauty. Almost alone in Spain we see the star-like lustre of the exquisite Murillo. Then, leaping, as it were, over the space between, Art found another home among the fogs and marshes of the Low Countries, where she exhibited herself in new and striking combinations. Thence the transition to our ancestral Britain was easy: and now, go where we will in the civilized world, we find the living artist. Germany, notwithstanding the early inspiration of Albert Durer, is only of late succeeding in the establishment of a school of her own. Rauch of Berlin, and Schwanthaler of Munich, have won most enviable fame in the grandest styles of sculpture; nor should it be forgotten, that the greatest sculptor of the age, the greatest since Angelo, the Scandinavian Thorwaldsen, emerged from the *Ultima Thule* of the ancients. In our land we have every variety of climate and atmosphere, with a commingling of all the cultivated races; genius for each department of skill has appeared among us. Is it then presumption to hope that, as empire marches westward, Art may here attain the lustre reserved for her destined acquisition of universal sway?

Too much stress has been laid upon the encouragement of Art by the classical mythology of the ancient world, and the legendary traditions, that cling like parasitic masses about a better creed. These may be favorable, but are not necessary to Art. The ideal of power, beauty, heroic endurance, or moral emotion, is the creature of the artist's soul. He embodies it in form, and but calls that form by a popular name. The anthropinal character of their gods enabled the ancients to approach more nearly their idea of divinity; but no genius has adequately translated into human shape the God of our faith, "whom no man hath seen or can see." Overpowered as we are by other conceptions of Angelo, we are disappointed, if not pained, by

his figures of the Almighty; and our hope is unsatisfied when we look upon the canvas of Carlo Dolce, or even Rafaelle, for the Divinity whom we adore in the Man Christ Jesus. The Jupiter of the Elian Olympia appears again, though with more noble attributes, in the Jehovah of the Cistine; and the precipitation of the wicked in the tremendous Last Judgment might, with a proper change of the accessories, present to the mind of a pagan Greek an overthrow of conspiring Titans. An adequate personification of Wisdom could not fail of being a reminiscence of Minerva, though without helmet or ægis. Benjamin West saw the symmetrical strength and graceful energy of a young Mohawk warrior in the Pythian Archer of the Vatican. Were the Satan of Milton wrought in marble, there would be on his thunder-scarred brow the defiant despair of Prometheus bound. Venus, who once in Cyprus struggled with Adonis, has given her *cestus* to the wife of Potiphar, scorned, nevertheless, like herself; or, converted from her sins, weeps with Magdalen in the desert, who, the painters seem unanimously to think, never regained her modesty with her penitence. In the martyr, we discover constancy under suffering, sweetened by forgiving patience and sublimated by celestial hope. The virtues and the vices, the appetites and the passions of human nature, are peculiar to no age. As Art is spiritualized, it becomes independent of mere outer accidents; the true type, however exoterically given, is ever the same, and the true artist will ever find it in his soul, though to express it, he may use prevailing associations, as the philosopher teaches in the tongue of his disciples. A like strain of remark is applicable to drapery, for it is ever a poor artifice because untruthful (which should be synonymous with unartistic) to clothe an individual of one period in the fashion of another. Washington in a *toga* is an affront to our common sense; and he who cannot give us the foremost man of modern times in his own garb, should confess a

genius unequal to the portraiture. An artist is not obliged to copy all the fantastic caprices of fashion, but his invention is very weak if, like a country tailor, he can work only after obsolete patterns. He has the right of contrivance in costume, but imagination must be ruled by propriety. So many are the beauties of RAFAELLE, that we are apt to overlook the drapery of his figures, not its color or application to the form, but its naturalness, yet it greatly assists the pure harmony which is the superlative charm of his works; while GUIDO, charming as he is, and easy in the disposition of the drapery he chooses, has decorated his archangel like a celestial Alcibiades. Our own HUNTINGTON, who has more of RAFAELLE's elevated serenity than any other recent artist, shows, especially in his allegorical pictures, how superior a true artist is to pedantic affectation, when dressing his characters.

No artists of modern times have had such opportunities for originality, or such untrodden walks opened before them, as ours; and it should be their honorable aim, so far as is consistent with the peculiar tendency of their genius, to illustrate the country of their birth. POLYGNOTUS, after he had depicted on the walls of the Pœcilo the victories of his compatriots, lived by a vote of the Amphictyonic Council as the guest of all Greece; and an American, who should successfully follow his example, would not remain unhonored. Every petty town of Europe has in its public walks statues of those who have been feared or loved. How few are the memorials of our mighty dead! It is vain to say that they live in our hearts, when we are too niggard to prove by outward sign the sentiment we profess. Sad would it be, if there were preserved no likeness of our country's Father, and we could not gaze with filial veneration upon that calm majesty of countenance and form which is the visible presentment of his grave and good soul! Yet how many who have contributed to

our glorious history, have been permitted to die, their lineaments forgotten before they have crumbled to dust! Had they been as faithful servants of a despotism, they would have stood in marble and bronze upon proudly inscribed pedestals. Should freemen be less grateful than tyrants? It is by such uses that the moral power of Art is best exerted on the popular mind; and we can well pardon the awkward multitude of legs in TRUMBULL's picture, when we know that it has carried to every dwelling of our people a perpetuation of the sublime assembly, which declared our national independence.

What inexhaustible studies are afforded by the aborigines of Northern America, now passing away with noiseless tread that leaves no trail, which the plough will not soon obliterate! They had no art, and a more than Cimmerian darkness hides their story before the white man came; its fatal catastrophe cannot long be delayed, yet let them not be as though they had never been! We owe this duty to them and to the inquirers of future centuries. Their physical peculiarities, their costume, their habits at rest, in war, or in the chase; their moral characteristics, and not a few scenes of their contest with civilization, supply to both chisel and pencil subjects at once novel and various for every style of delineation. We are proud of our sculptors, who can achieve no mean distinction in the walk beaten by so many mighty predecessors—of GREENOUGH, now by no means duly appreciated; of POWERS (would that the chain were shivered from the beautiful limbs of his slave! it is a paltry method of helping out the story, most unworthy of his genius); and of CRAWFORD, whose Orpheus is like a dream of classic poetry; but we must congratulate BROWN upon his having received an inspiration truly American, when he chose the Indian for the model of some recent works. He has entered an untried and vast field, which his severe education in the antique well fits him to explore; and it is earnestly to be hoped that

no withholding of proper sympathy may compel his abandonment of the best chance for high and permanent distinction he could expect or desire.

When we consider the distinctive scenery of our country, the undulating outline of our mountains, the majestic flow of our rivers, the thundering cataract and the innumerable cascades, the placid lakes embosomed among the hills, and their multitudinous islands, the contrasts of nature in her wildest grace and most rugged grandeur with the tranquil charms of progressive cultivation, and the gorgeous magnificence of our autumnal forests, the paradise of color, we are not surprised that Landscape painting should have many and enthusiastic votaries. Here also there is large scope, and, indeed, a necessity for originality. The fundamental canons of Art must remain the same, but the painter of American scenery will find himself wanting, however he may study foreign artists, unless he closely and faithfully observe nature as it is displayed here. Our skies, our atmosphere, the shapes of our trees and the hues of their foliage, our very rocks are so peculiar, that to an eye which has never looked upon the reality, a representation of them may seem false, or at least exaggerated. The accomplished critic, Mrs. JAMIESON, has said, that when she first saw a Claude in England, she thought, "How beautiful!" but when she saw the effects of that magic pencil in Italy, she exclaimed, "How like!" The same thing might occur with a true picture of an American landscape. Here are many various effects not met with elsewhere, and as delightful as they are peculiar. For these and other obvious reasons, next to the painter of portraits who ministers to the proudest affections of our hearts, the painter of landscapes has met with most general favor; and a volume like this in the reader's hand, must be a most welcome contribution to the public taste. We have not a few artists in this line who deserve mention, and some high

praise, if an award of merit was the presumptuous purpose of this essay; but no one will forbid a grateful tribute to the memory of him, who has been to America what Giorgione was to Italy, Ruysdael to Holland, and Gainsborough to England, Thomas Cole, the head of the American school of Landscape painting. The works which he has left behind him are his best eulogy. He revelled amidst the splendors of the frost-touched woods almost to intoxication. As we look upon the scenes he represents we are oftentimes oppressed by the dazzling richness of the hues, while we confess the fidelity of the painter, and thank him for his tribute to the surpassing beauties, which the hand of nature has scattered so lavishly and on so grand a scale over the mountains and valleys of our native land. Even after such enjoyment, it is most pleasing, if we may turn to a picture of the ever-faithful and ever-judicious Durand, who never applies his pencil without impressing upon the canvas pure and delicious traces of a calm, chastened spirit; or to the charming summer fields of Doughty, as they swim in silvery brightness before our fortunate eyes. These gentlemen our younger artists have done well to emulate, and some have studied well; while they show, not by servile imitation, but by following ever their own peculiar tendencies under the teaching of happy example. Among those, who are now daily presenting us with creditable landscapes, it is perhaps invidious to make particular mention of any; yet it would be unjust not to name Church and Kensett, both of whom are rapidly gaining a high degree of acknowledged distinction, which must yield them a most satisfactory return for their well-directed enthusiasm.

Early youth is naturally imitative, and, for that reason, timid. Our Art has not passed the period of its youth, nor acquired sufficient boldness and self-reliance. With more maturity we may expect more originality. It were strange indeed if, with so many new lessons from Nature, the great teacher, our artists should content themselves with doing only what has been done before.

The history of American Art will one day be a matter of curious interest. Specimens of some, especially among our earlier artists, are already becoming rare. A permanent collection of pieces, from each hand, would be very instructive, and a happy monument. It could now be made without great difficulty, and continued easily. The cost would not be very great, and its exhibition might defray, at least, the current expenses. An Historical Gallery of National Art! The suggestion is not undeserving of thought.

THE END.

THE HOME BOOK of The PICTURESQUE