ESSAYS,

ON

PICTURESQUE BEAUTY;

&c. &c. &c.
THREE ESSAYS:
ON PICTURESQUE BEAUTY;
ON PICTURESQUE TRAVEL;
AND ON SKETCHING LANDSCAPE:

TO WHICH IS ADDED A POEM, ON

LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

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VICAR OF BOLDRE IN NEW FOREST, NEAR LYMINGTON.

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M.DCC.XCII.
THEREFORE

TO

THE

LORD

OF

TENURE

AND

EQUALITY

OF

RIGHTS

AND

FRANCHISE

THE

RIGHT

OF

VOTE

AND

SPEECH

IN

CONGRESS

AND

THE

STATE

OF

THE

NATION

1838

(With the approval and the consent of the people of the United States, this document has been recorded and published for the benefit of the public.)
TO

WILLIAM LOCK, Esq;

OF

NORBURY-PARK, in SURREY.

DEAR SIR,

The following essays, and poem, I beg leave to inscribe to you. Indeed I do little more, than return your own: for the best remarks, and observations in them, are yours. Such as may be cavilled at, I am persuaded, must be mine.

A published work is certainly a fair object of criticism: but I think, my dear sir, we picturesque people are a little misunderstood with regard to our general intention. I have several
several times been surprized at finding us represented, as supposing, all beauty to consist in picturesque beauty—and the face of nature to be examined only by the rules of painting. Whereas, in fact, we always speak a different language. We speak of the grand scenes of nature, tho uninteresting in a picturesque light, as having a strong effect on the imagination—often a stronger, than when they are properly disposed for the pencil. We everywhere make a distinction between scenes, that are beautiful, and amusing; and scenes that are picturesque. We examine, and admire both. Even artificial objects we admire, whether in a grand, or in a humble style, tho unconnected with picturesque beauty—the palace, and the cottage—the improved garden-scene, and the neat homestead. Works of tillage also afford us equal delight—the plough, the mower, the reaper, the hay-field, and the harvest-wane. In a word, we reverence, and admire the works of God; and look with benevolence, and pleasure, on the works of men.
In what then do we offend? At the expence of no other species of beauty, we merely endeavour to illustrate, and recommend one species more; which, tho among the most interesting, hath never yet, so far as I know, been made the set object of investigation. From scenes indeed of the picturesque kind we exclude the appendages of tillage, and in general the works of men; which too often introduce preciseness, and formality. But excluding artificial objects from one species of beauty, is not degrading them from all. We leave then the general admirer of the beauties of nature to his own pursuits; nay we admire them with him: all we desire, is, that he would leave us as quietly in the possession of our amusements.

Under this apology, my dear sir, I have ventured, in the following essays, to inlarge a little both on our theory, and practice. In the first essay (that we may be fairly understood) the distinguishing characteristic is marked,
of such beautiful objects, as are suited to the pencil. In the second, the mode of amusement is pointed out, that may arise from viewing the scenes of nature in a picturesque light: and in the third, a few rules are given for sketching landscape after nature. I have practised drawing as an amusement, and relaxation, for many years; and here offer the result of my experience. Some readiness in execution indeed, it is supposed, is necessary, before these rules can be of much service. They mean to take the young artist up, where the drawing-master leaves him.—I have only to add farther, that as several of the rules, and principles here laid down, have been touched in different picturesque works, which I have given the public, I have endeavoured not to repeat myself: and where I could not throw new light on a subject, I have hastened over it:—only in a work of this kind, it was necessary to bring all my principles together.
With regard to the poem, annexed to these essays, something more should be said. As that small part of the public, who personally know me; and that still smaller part, whom I have the honour to call my friends, may think me guilty of presumption in attempting a work of this kind, I beg leave to give the following history of it.

Several years ago, I amused myself with writing a few lines in verse on landscape-painting; and afterwards sent them, as a fragment (for they were not finished) to amuse a friend.* I had no other purpose. My friend told me, he could not say much for my poetry; but as my rules, he thought, were good, he wished me to finish my fragment; and if I should not like it as a poem, I might turn it into an essay in prose.—As this was only what I expected, I was not disappointed; tho not encouraged to proceed. So

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* Edward Forster esq; of Walthamstow.
I troubled my head no farther with my verses.

Some time after, another friend,* finding fault with my mode of describing the lakes, and mountains of Cumberland, and Westmoreland, as too poetical, I told him the fate of my fragment; lamenting the hardship of my case—when I wrote verse, one friend called it prose; and when I wrote prose, another friend called it verse. In his next letter he desired to see my verses; and being pleased with the subject, he offered, if I would finish my poem (however carelessly as to metrical exactness) he would adjust the versification. But he found, he had engaged in a more arduous affair, than he expected. My rules, and technical terms were stubborn, and would not easily glide into verse; and I was as stubborn, as they, and would not relinquish the scientific part for the poetry. My friend's

* Rev. Mr. Mason.
good-nature therefore generally gave way, and suffered many lines to stand, and many alterations to be made, which his own good taste could not approve.* I am afraid therefore I must appear to the world, as having spoiled a good poem; and must shelter myself, and it under those learned reasons, which have been given for putting *Propria quae maribus*, and *As in praebenti*, into verse. If the rules have injured the poetry; as rules at least, I

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* Extract of a letter from Mr. Mason.

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"I have inserted conscientiously every word, and phrase, you have altered; except the awkward word *clump*, which I have uniformly discarded, whenever it offered itself to me in my English garden, which you may imagine it did frequently: in its stead I have always used *tuft*. I have ventured therefore to insert it adjectively; and I hope, I shall be forgiven. Except in this single instance, I know not that I have deviated in the least from the alterations, you sent.—I now quit all that relates to the poem, not without some self-satisfaction in thinking it is over: for, to own the truth, had I thought you would have expected such almost mathematical exactitude of terms, as I find you do; and in consequence turned lines tolerably poetical, into prosaic, for the sake of precision, I should never have ventured to give you my assistance."
hope, they will meet your approbation. I am, dear sir, with the greatest esteem, and regard,

Your sincere,

and most obedient,

humble servant,

WILLIAM GILPIN.

Vicar's-hill,
Oct. 12, 1791.
I. ON PICTURESQUE BEAUTY.
ESSAY I.

DISPUTES about beauty might perhaps be involved in less confusion, if a distinction were established, which certainly exists, between such objects as are beautiful, and such as are picturesque—between those, which please the eye in their natural state; and those, which please from some quality, capable of being illustrated in painting.

Ideas of beauty vary with the object, and with the eye of the spectator. Those artificial forms appear generally the most beautiful, with which we have been the most conversant. Thus the stone-mason sees beauties in a well-jointed wall, which escape the architect, who surveys the building under a different idea. And thus the painter, who compares
compares his object with the rules of his art, sees it in a different light from the man of general taste, who surveys it only as simply beautiful.

As this difference therefore between the beautiful, and the picturesque appears really to exist, and must depend on some peculiar construction of the object; it may be worth while to examine, what that peculiar construction is. We inquire not into the general sources of beauty, either in nature, or in representation. This would lead into a nice, and scientific discussion, in which it is not our purpose to engage. The question simply is, What is that quality in objects, which particularly marks them as picturesque?

In examining the real object, we shall find, one source of beauty arises from that species of elegance, which we call smoothness, or neatness; for the terms are nearly synonymous. The higher the marble is polished, the brighter the silver is rubbed, and the more the mahogany shines, the more each is considered as an object of beauty: as if the eye delighted in gliding smoothly over a surface.

In the class of larger objects the same idea prevails. In a pile of building we wish to see
fee neatness in every part added to the elegance of the architecture. And if we examine a piece of improved pleasure-ground, every thing rough, and slovenly offends.

Mr. Burke, enumerating the properties of beauty, considers smoothness as one of the most essential. "A very considerable part of the effect of beauty, says he, is owing to this quality: indeed the most considerable: for take any beautiful object, and give it a broken, and rugged surface, and however well-formed it may be in other respects, it pleases no longer. Whereas, let it want ever so many of the other constituents, if it want not this, it becomes more pleasing, than almost all the others without it."* How far Mr. Burke may be right in making smoothness the most considerable source of beauty, I rather doubt†. A considerable one it certainly is.

Thus

* Upon the sublime and beautiful, p. 213.
† Mr. Burke is probably not very accurate in what he farther says on the connection between beauty, and diminutives.
—Beauty excites love; and a loved object is generally characterized by diminutives. But it does not follow, that all objects characterized by diminutives, tho they may be so because
Thus then, we suppose, the matter stands with regard to beautiful objects in general. But in picturesque representation it seems somewhat odd, yet we shall perhaps find it equally true, that the reverse of this is the case; and that the ideas of neat and smooth, instead of being picturesque, in fact disqualify the object, in which they reside, from any pretensions to picturesque beauty.—Nay farther, we do not scruple to assert, that roughness forms the most essential point of difference between the beautiful, and the picturesque; as it seems to be that particular quality, which makes objects chiefly pleasing in painting.—I use the general term roughness; but properly speaking roughness relates only to

because they are loved, are therefore beautiful. We often love them for their moral qualities; their affections; their gentleness; or their docility. Beauty, no doubt, awakens love; but it also excites admiration, and respect. This combination forms the sentiment, which prevails, when we look at the Apollo of Belvidere, and the Niobe. No man of nice discernment would characterize these statues by diminutives.—There is then a beauty, between which and diminutives there is no relation; but which, on the contrary, excludes them: and in the description of figures, possessed of that species of beauty, we seek for terms, which recommend them more to our admiration, than our love.
the surfaces of bodies: when we speak of their delineation, we use the word ruggedness. Both ideas however equally enter into the picturesque; and both are observable in the smaller, as well as in the larger parts of nature—in the outline, and bark of a tree, as in the rude summit, and craggy sides of a mountain.

Let us then examine our theory by an appeal to experience; and try how far these qualities enter into the idea of picturesque beauty; and how far they mark that difference among objects, which is the ground of our inquiry.

A piece of Palladian architecture may be elegant in the last degree. The proportion of it's parts—the propriety of it's ornaments—and the symmetry of the whole, may be highly pleasing. But if we introduce it in a picture, it immediately becomes a formal object, and ceases to please. Should we wish to give it picturesque beauty, we must use the mallet, instead of the chisel: we must beat down one half of it, deface the other, and throw the mutilated members around in heaps. In short, from a smooth building we must turn it into a rough
rough ruin. No painter, who had the choice of the two objects, would hesitate a moment.

Again, why does an elegant piece of garden-ground make no figure on canvas? The shape is pleasing; the combination of the objects, harmonious; and the winding of the walk in the very line of beauty. All this is true; but the smoothness of the whole, tho right, and as it should be in nature, offends in picture. Turn the lawn into a piece of broken ground: plant rugged oaks instead of flowering shrubs: break the edges of the walk: give it the rudeness of a road: mark it with wheel-tracks; and scatter around a few stones, and brushwood; in a word, instead of making the whole smooth, make it rough; and you make it also picturesque. All the other ingredients of beauty it already possesses.

You fit for your picture. The master, at your desire, paints your head combed smooth, and powdered from the barber's hand. This may give it a more striking likeness, as it is more the resemblance of the real object. But is it therefore a more pleasing picture? I fear not. Leave Reynolds to himself, and he will make it picturesque: he will throw the hair dishevelled about your shoulders. Virgil would have
have done the same. It was his usual practice in all his portraits. In his figure of Ascanius, we have the *fusos crines*; and in his portrait of Venus, which is highly finished in every part, the artist has given her hair,

\[ \textit{diffundere ventis.} \]

That lovely face of youth smiling with all it's sweet, dimpling charms, how attractive is it in life! how beautiful in representation! It is one of those objects, that please, as many do, both in nature, and on canvas. But

\* The roughness, which Virgil gives the hair of Venus, and Ascanius, we may suppose to be of a different kind from the squalid roughness, which he attributes to Charon:

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Portitor has horrendus aquas, et flumina fervat} \\
\text{Terribili squalore Charon, cui plurima mento} \\
\text{Canities inculta jacet.} \\
\end{align*} \]

Charon's roughness is, in it's kind, picturesque also; but the roughness here intended, and which can only be introduced in elegant figures, is of that kind, which is merely opposed to hair in nice order. In describing Venus, Virgil probably thought hair, when *streaming in the wind*, both beautiful, and picturesque, from it's undulating form, and varied tints; and from a kind of life, which it assumes in motion; tho perhaps it's chief recommendation to him, at the moment, was, that it was a feature of the character, which Venus was then assuming. would
would you see the human face in its highest form of picturesque beauty, examine that patriarchal head. What is it, which gives that dignity of character; that force of expression; those lines of wisdom, and experience; that energetic meaning, so far beyond the rosy hue, or even the bewitching smile of youth? What is it, but the forehead furrowed with wrinkles? the prominent cheek-bone, catching the light? the muscles of the cheek strongly marked, and losing themselves in the shaggy beard? and, above all, the austere brow, projecting over the eye—that feature which particularly struck Homer in his idea of Jupiter*, and which

* It is much more probable, that the poet copied forms from the sculptor, who must be supposed to understand them better, from having studied them more; than that the sculptor should copy them from the poet. Artists however have taken advantage of the pre-possession of the world for Homer to secure approbation to their works by acknowledging them to be reflected images of his conceptions. So Phidias assured his countrymen, that he had taken his Jupiter from the description of that god in the first book of Homer. The fact is, none of the features contained in that image, except the brow, can be rendered by sculpture. But he knew what advantage such ideas, as his art could express, would receive from being connected in the mind of the spectator with those furnished by poetry; and from the just partiality of men for such a poet.
he had probably seen finely represented in some statue? in a word, what is it, but the rough 
touches of age?

As an object of the mixed kind, partaking both of the beautiful, and the picturesque, we 
admire the human figure also. The lines, and surface of a beautiful human form are so in-
finately varied; the lights and shades, which it receives, are so exquisitely tender in some 
parts, and yet so round, and bold in others; it's proportions are so just; and it's limbs so 
fitted to receive all the beauties of grace, and contrast; that even the face, in which the 
charms of intelligence, and sensibility reside, is almost lost in the comparison. But altho 
the human form, in a quiescent state, is thus

poet. He seems therefore to have been as well acquainted with the mind of man, as with his shape, and face.—If by 

προφέρει, we understand, as I think we may, a projecting brow, which casts a broad, and deep shadow over the eye, Clarke has 
rendered it ill by nigris superciliis, which most people would construe into black eye-brows. Nor has Pope, tho he affected 
a knowledge of painting, translated it more happily by fable 
brows.—But if Phidias had had nothing to recommend him, except his having availed himself of the only feature in the poet, 
which was accommodated to his art, we should not have heard of inquirers wondering from whence he had drawn his ideas; 
or of the compliment, which it gave him an opportunity of 
paying to Homer.

beautiful;
beautiful; yet the more it's smooth surface is ruffled, if I may so speak, the more picturesque it appears. When it is agitated by passion, and it's muscles swoln by strong exertion, the whole frame is shewn to the most advantage.—But when we speak of muscles swoln by exertion, we mean only natural exertions, not an affected display of anatomy, in which the muscles, tho justly placed, may still be overcharged.

It is true, we are better pleased with the usual representations we meet with of the human form in a quiescent state, than in an agitated one: but this is merely owing to our seldom seeing it naturally represented in strong action. Even among the best masters we see little knowledge of anatomy. One will inflate the muscles violently to produce some trifling effect: another will scarce swell them in the production of a laboured one. The eye soon learns to see a defect, tho unable to remedy it. But when the anatomy is perfectly just, the human body will always be more picturesque in action, than at rest. The great difficulty indeed of representing strong muscular motion, seems to have struck the ancient masters of sculpture: for it is certainly much harder to model
model from a figure in strong, momentary action, which must, as it were, be shot flying; than from one, sitting, or standing, which the artist may copy at leisure. Amidst the variety of statues transmitted from their hands, we have only three, or four in very spirited action.* Yet when we see an effect of this kind well executed, our admiration is greatly increased. Who does not admire the Laocoon more than the Antinous?

Animal life, as well as human, is, in general, beautiful both in nature, and on canvas. We admire the horse, as a real object; the elegance of his form; the stateliness of his

* Tho there are only perhaps two or three of the first antique statues in very spirited action—the Laocoon, the fighting gladiator, and the boxers—yet there are several others, which are in action—the Apollo Belvidere—Michael Angelo’s Torso—Arria and Pæsus—the Pietas militaris, sometimes called the Ajax, of which the Pasquin at Rome is a part, and of which there is a repetition more entire, tho still much mutilated, at Florence—the Alexander, and Bucephalus; and perhaps some others, which occur not to my memory. The paucity however of them, even if a longer catalogue could be produced, I think, shews that the ancient sculptors considered the representation of spirited action as an achievement. The moderns have been less daring in attempting it. But I believe connoisseurs universally give the preference to those statues, in which the great masters have so successfully exhibited animated action.
tread; the spirit of all his motions; and the glossiness of his coat. We admire him also in representation. But as an object of picturesque beauty, we admire more the worn-out cart-horse, the cow, the goat, or the ass; whose harder lines, and rougher coats, exhibit more the graces of the pencil. For the truth of this we may examine Berghem’s pictures: we may examine the smart touch of Rosa of Tivoli. The lion with his rough mane; the bristly boar; and the ruffled plumage of the eagle*, are all objects of this kind. Smooth-coated

* The idea of the ruffled plumage of the eagle is taken from the celebrated eagle of Pindar, in his first Pythian ode; which has exercised the pens of several poets; and is equally poetical, and picturesque. He is introduced as an instance of the power of music. In Gray’s ode on the progress of poetry we have the following picture of him.

Perching on the sceptered hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightening of his eye.

Akenfide’s picture of him, in his hymn to the Naiads, is rather a little stiffly painted.

With slackened wings,
While now the solemn concert breathes around, Incumbent
coated animals could not produce so picturesque an effect.

But when the painter thus prefers the cart-horse, the cow, or the ass to other objects *more beautiful in themselves*, he does not certainly recommend his art to those, whose love of beauty makes them anxiously seek, by what means it's fleeting forms may be fixed.

Suggestions of this kind are ungrateful. The art of painting allows you all you wish. You desire to have a beautiful object painted—your horse, for instance, led out of the stable

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Incumbent on the sceptre of his lord
Sleeps the stern eagle; by the numbered notes
Possessed; and satiate with the melting tone;
Sovereign of birds.

Well's picture, especially the two last lines, is a very good one.

The bird's fierce monarch drops his vengeful ire,
Perched on the sceptre of th' Olympian king,
The thrilling power of harmony he feels
And indolently hangs his flagging wing;
While gentle sleep his closing eyelid seals,
And o'er his heaving limbs, in loose array,
To every balmy gale the ruffling feathers play.
in all his pampered beauty. The art of painting is ready to accommodate you. You have the beautiful form you admired in nature exactly transferred to canvas. Be then satisfied. The art of painting has given you what you wanted. It is no injury to the beauty of your Arabian, if the painter think he could have given the graces of his art more forcibly to your cart-horse.

But does it not depreciate his art, if he gives up a beautiful form, for one less beautiful, merely because he could have given it the graces of his art more forcibly—because it's sharp lines afford him a greater facility of execution? Is the smart touch of a pencil the grand desideratum of painting? Does he discover nothing in picturesque objects, but qualities, which admit of being rendered with spirit?

I should not vindicate him, if he did. At the same time, a free execution is so very fascinating a part of painting, that we need not wonder, if the artist lay a great stress upon it.—It is not however entirely owing, as some imagine, to the difficulty of mastering an elegant line, that he prefers a rough one. In part indeed this may be the case; for
for if an elegant line be not delicately hit off, it is the most insipid of all lines: whereas in the description of a rough object, an error in delineation is not easily seen. However this is not the whole of the matter. A free, bold touch is in itself pleasing.* In elegant figures indeed there must be a delicate outline—at least a line true to nature: yet the surfaces even of such figures may be touched with freedom; and in the appendages of the composition there must be a mixture of rougher objects, or there will be a want of contrast. In landscape universally the rougher objects are admired; which give the freest scope to execution. If the pencil be timid, or hesitating, little beauty results. The execution then only is pleasing, when the hand firm, and yet decisive, freely touches the characteristic parts of each object.

* A stroke may be called free, when there is no appearance of constraint. It is bold, when a part is given for the whole; which it cannot fail of suggesting. This is the laconism of genius. But sometimes it may be free, and yet suggest only how easily a line, which means nothing, may be executed. Such a stroke is not bold, but impudent.
If indeed, either in literary, or in picturesque composition you endeavour to draw the reader, or the spectator from the subject to the mode of executing it, your affectation* disgusts. At the same time, if some care, and pains be not bestowed on the execution, your slovenliness disgusts, as much. Tho perhaps the artist has more to say, than the man of letters, for paying attention to his execution. A truth is a truth, whether delivered in the language of a philosopher, or a peasant: and the intellect receives it as such. But the artist, who deals in lines, surfaces, and colours, which are an immediate address to the eye, conceives the very truth itself concerned in his mode of representing it. Guido's angel, and

* Language, like light, is a medium; and the true philosophic style, like light from a north-window, exhibits objects clearly, and distinctly, without soliciting attention to itself. In painting subjects of amusement indeed, language may gild somewhat more, and colour with the dies of fancy: but where information is of more importance, than entertainment, tho you cannot throw too strong a light, you should carefully avoid a coloured one. The style of some writers resembles a bright light placed between the eye, and the thing to be looked at. The light shews itself; and hides the object: and, it must be allowed, the execution of some painters is as impertinent, as the style of such writers.
the angel on a sign-post, are very different beings; but the whole of the difference consists in an artful application of lines, surfaces, and colours.

It is not however merely for the sake of his execution, that the artist values a rough object. He finds it in many other respects accommodated to his art. In the first place, his composition requires it. If the history-painter threw all his draperies smooth over his figures, his groups, and combinations would be very awkward. And in landscape-painting smooth objects would produce no composition at all. In a mountain-scene what composition could arise from the corner of a smooth knoll coming forward on one side, intersected by a smooth knoll on the other; with a smooth plain perhaps in the middle, and a smooth mountain in the distance. The very idea is disgusting. Picturesque composition consists in uniting in one whole a variety of parts; and these parts can only be obtained from rough objects. If the smooth mountains, and plains were broken by different objects, the composition might be good, on a supposition the great lines of it were so before.

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Variety
Variety too is equally necessary in his composition: so is contrast. Both these he finds in rough objects; and neither of them in smooth. Variety indeed, in some degree, he may find in the outline of a smooth object: but by no means enough to satisfy the eye, without including the surface also.

From rough objects also he seeks the effect of light and shade, which they are as well disposed to produce, as they are the beauty of composition. One uniform light, or one uniform shade produces no effect. It is the various surfaces of objects, sometimes turning to the light in one way, and sometimes in another, that give the painter his choice of opportunities in massing, and graduating both his lights, and shades.—The richness also of the light depends on the breaks, and little recesses, which it finds on the surfaces of bodies. What the painter calls richness on a surface, is only a variety of little parts; on which the light shining, shews all it's small inequalities, and roughnesses; and in the painter's language, enriches it.—The beauty also of catching lights arises from the roughness of objects. What the painter calls a catching light is a strong touch of light on
on some prominent part of a surface, while the rest is in shadow. A smooth surface has no such prominences.

In colouring also, rough objects give the painter another advantage. Smooth bodies are commonly as uniform in their colour, as they are in their surface. In glossy objects, tho smooth, the colouring may sometimes vary. In general however it is otherwise; in the objects of landscape, particularly. The smooth side of a hill is generally of one uniform colour; while the fractured rock presents it's grey surface, adorned with patches of greensward running down it's guttered sides; and the broken ground is every where varied with an okery tint, a grey gravel, or a leaden-coloured clay: so that in fact the rich colours of the ground arise generally from it’s broken surface.

From such reasoning then we infer, that it is not merely for the sake of his execution, that the painter prefers rough objects to smooth. The very essence of his art requires it.
As picturesque beauty therefore so greatly depends on rough objects, are we to exclude every idea of smoothness from mixing with it? Are we struck with no pleasing image, when the lake is spread upon the canvas; the mar moreum æquor, pure, limpid, smooth, as the polished mirror?

We acknowledge it to be picturesque: but we must at the same time recollect, that, in fact, the smoothness of the lake is more in reality, than in appearance. Were it spread upon the canvas in one simple hue, it would certainly be a dull, fatiguing object. But to the eye it appears broken by shades of various kinds; by the undulations of the water; or by reflections from all the rough objects in its neighbourhood.

It is thus too in other glossy bodies. Tho the horse, in a rough state, as we have just observed, or worn down with labour, is more adapted to the pencil, than when his sides shine with brushing, and high-feeding; yet in this latter state also he is certainly a picturesque object. But it is not his smooth, and shining coat, that makes him so. It is the apparent interruption of that smoothness by a variety of shades, and colours, which produces the
the effect. Such a play of muscles appears, every where, through the fineness of his skin, gently swelling, and sinking into each other—he is all over so *lubricus aspici*, the reflections of light are so continually shifting upon him, and playing into each other, that the eye never considers the smoothness of the surface; but is amused with gliding up, and down, among these endless transitions, which in some degree, supply the room of roughness.

It is thus too in the plumage of birds. Nothing can be softer, nothing smoother to the touch; and yet it is certainly picturesque. But it is not the smoothness of the surface, which produces the effect—it is not this we admire: it is the breaking of the colours: it is the bright green, or purple, changing perhaps into a rich azure, or velvet black; from thence taking a semitint; and so on through all the varieties of colour. Or if the colour be not changeable, it is the harmony we admire in these elegant little touches of nature's pencil. The smoothness of the surface is only the ground of the colours. In itself we admire it no more, than we do the smoothness of the canvas, which receives the colours of the picture. Even the plumage of the swan, which
which to the inaccurate observer appears only of one simple hue, is in fact varied with a thousand soft shadows, and brilliant touches, at once discoverable to the picturesque eye.

Thus too a piece of polished marble may be picturesque; but it is only, when the polish brings out beautiful veins, which in appearance break the surface by a variety of lines, and colours. Let the marble be perfectly white, and the effect vanishes. Thus also a mirror may have picturesque beauty; but it is only from it's reflections. In an unreflecting state, it is insipid.

In statuary we sometimes see an inferior artist give his marble a gloss, thinking to atone for his bad workmanship by his excellent polish. The effect shews in how small a degree smoothness enters into the idea of the picturesque. When the light plays on the shining coat of a pampered horse, it plays among the lines, and muscles of nature; and is therefore founded in truth. But the polish of marble-flesh is unnatural*. The lights therefore

* On all human flesh held between the eye and the light, there is a degree of polish. I speak not here of such a polish as
therefore are false; and smoothness being here one of the chief qualities to admire, we are disgusted; and say, it makes bad, worse.

After all, we mean not to assert, that even a simple smooth surface is in no situation picturesque. In contrast it certainly may be: nay in contrast it is often necessary. The beauty of an old head is greatly improved by the smoothness of the bald pate; and the rougher parts of the rock must necessarily be set off with the smoother. But the point lies here: to make an object in a peculiar manner picturesque, there must be a proportion of roughness; so much at least, as to make an opposition; which in an object simply beautiful, is unnecessary.

Some quibbling opponent may throw out, that wherever there is smoothness, there must also be roughness. The smoothest plain consists of many rougher parts; and the roughest rock of many smoother; and there is such a variety of degrees in both, that it is hard to

as this, which wrought marble always, in a degree, possesses, as well as human flesh; but of the highest polish, which can be given to marble; and which has always a very bad effect. If I wanted an example, the bust of arch-bishop Boulter in Westminster-abbey would afford a very glaring one.

fay,
say, where you have the precise ideas of rough, and smooth.

To this it is enough, that the province of the picturesque eye is to survey nature; not to anatomise matter. It throws its glances around in the broad-cast stile. It comprehends an extensive tract at each sweep. It examines parts, but never descends to particles.

Having thus from a variety of examples endeavoured to shew, that roughness either real, or apparent, forms an essential difference between the beautiful, and the picturesque; it may be expected, that we should point out the reason of this difference. It is obvious enough, why the painter prefers rough objects to smooth*: but it is not so obvious, why the quality of roughness should make an essential difference between the objects of nature, and the objects of artificial representation.

To this question, we might answer, that the picturesque eye abhors art; and delights solely in nature: and that as art abounds with regularity, which is only another name

* See page 19, &c.
for smoothness; and the images of nature with irregularity, which is only another name for roughness, we have here a solution of our question.

But is this solution satisfactory? I fear not. Tho art often abounds with regularity, it does not follow, that all art must necessarily do so. The picturesque eye, it is true, finds it's chief objects in nature; but it delights also in the images of art, if they are marked with the characteristics, which it requires. A painter's nature is whatever he imitates; whether the object be what is commonly called natural, or artificial. Is there a greater ornament of landscape, than the ruins of a castle? What painter rejects it, because it is artificial?—What beautiful effects does Vandervelt produce from shipping? In the hands of such a master it furnishes almost as beautiful forms, as any in the whole circle of picturesque objects?—And what could the history-painter do, without his draperies to combine, contrast, and harmonize his figures? Unclothed, they could never be grouped. How could he tell his story, without arms; religious utensils; and the rich furniture of banquets? Many of these contribute
tribute greatly to embellish his pictures with pleasing shapes.

Shall we then seek the solution of our question in the great foundation of picturesque beauty? In the happy union of simplicity and variety; to which the rough ideas essentially contribute. An extended plain is a simple object. It is the continuation only of one uniform idea. But the mere simplicity of a plain produces no beauty. Break the surface of it, as you did your pleasure-ground; add trees, rocks, and declivities; that is, give it roughness, and you give it also variety. Thus by inriching the parts of a united whole with roughness, you obtain the combined idea of simplicity, and variety; from whence results the picturesque.—Is this a satisfactory answer to our question?

By no means. Simplicity and variety are sources of the beautiful, as well as of the picturesque. Why does the architect break the front of his pile with ornaments? Is it not to add variety to simplicity? Even the very black-smith acknowledges this principle by forming ringlets, and bulbous circles on his tongs, and pokers. In nature it is the same; and your plain will just as much
be improved in reality by breaking it, as upon canvas. — In a garden-scene the idea is different. There every object is of the neat, and elegant kind. What is otherwise, is inharmonious, and roughness would be disorder.

Shall we then change our ground; and seek an answer to our question in the nature of the art of painting? As it is an art strictly imitative, those objects will of course appear most advantageously to the picturesque eye, which are the most easily imitated. The stronger the features are, the stronger will be the effect of imitation; and as rough objects have the strongest features, they will consequently, when represented, appear to most advantage. — Is this answer more satisfactory?

Very little, in truth. Every painter, knows that a smooth object may be as easily, and as well imitated, as a rough one.

Shall we then take an opposite ground, and say just the reverse (as men pressed with difficulties will say any thing) that painting is not an art strictly imitative, but rather deceptive — that by an assemblage of colours, and a peculiar art in spreading them, the painter gives a semblance of nature at a proper distance; which at hand, is quite another thing — that
—that those objects, which we call picturesque, are only such as are more adapted to this art—and that as this art is most concealed in rough touches, rough objects are of course the most picturesque.—Have we now attained a satisfactory account of the matter?

Just as much so, as before. Many painters of note did not use the rough style of painting; and yet their pictures are as admirable, as the pictures of those, who did: nor are rough objects less picturesque on their canvas, than on the canvas of others: that is, they paint rough objects smoothly.

Thus foiled, shall we in the true spirit of inquiry, persist; or honestly give up the cause, and own we cannot search out the source of this difference? I am afraid this is the truth, whatever airs of dogmatizing we may assume. Inquiries into principles rarely end in satisfaction. Could we even gain satisfaction in our present question, new doubts would arise. The very first principles of our art would be questioned. Difficulties would start up vestibulum ante ipsum. We should be asked, What is beauty? What is taste?—Let us step aside a moment, and listen to the debates of the learned on these heads. They will at least shew
flew us, that however we may wish to fix principles, our inquiries are seldom satisfactory.

One philosopher will tell us, that taste is only the improvement of our own ideas. Every man has naturally his proportion of taste. The seeds of it are innate. All depends on cultivation.

Another philosopher following the analogy of nature, observes, that as all mens faces are different, we may well suppose their minds to be so likewise. He rejects the idea therefore of innate taste; and in the room of this makes utility the standard both of taste, and beauty.

Another philosopher thinks the idea of utility as absurd, as the last did that of innate taste. What, cries he, can I not admire the beauty of a resplendent sun-set, till I have investigated the utility of that peculiar radiance in the atmosphere? He then wishes we had a little less philosophy amongst us, and a little more common sense. Common sense is despised like other common things: but, in his opinion, if we made common sense the criterion in matters of art, as well as science, we should be nearer the truth.

A fourth
A fourth philosopher apprehends common sense to be our standard only in the ordinary affairs of life. The bounty of nature has furnished us with various other senses suited to the objects, among which we converse: and with regard to matters of taste, it has supplied us with what, he doubts not, we all feel within ourselves, a sense of beauty.

Pooh! says another learned inquirer, what is a sense of beauty? Sense is a vague idea, and so is beauty; and it is impossible that any thing determined can result from terms so inaccurate. But if we lay aside a sense of beauty, and adopt proportion, we shall all be right. Proportion is the great principle of taste, and beauty. We admit it both in lines, and colours; and indeed refer all our ideas of the elegant kind to its standard.

True, says an admirer of the antique; but this proportion must have a rule, or we gain nothing: and a rule of proportion there certainly is: but we may inquire after it in vain. The secret is lost. The ancients had it. They well knew the principles of beauty; and had that unerring rule, which in all things adjusted their taste. We see it even in their slightest vases. In their works, proportion, tho varied through
through a thousand lines, is still the same; and if we could only discover their principles of proportion, we should have the arcanum of this science; and might settle all our disputes about taste with great ease.

Thus, in our inquiries into first principles, we go on, without end, and without satisfaction. The human understanding is unequal to the search. In philosophy we inquire for them in vain—in physics—in metaphysics—in morals. Even in the polite arts, where the subject, one should imagine, is less recondite, the inquiry, we find, is equally vague. We are puzzled, and bewildered; but not informed. All is uncertainty; a strife of words; the old contest,

Empedocles, an Stertinii delirct acumen?

In a word, if a cause be sufficiently understood, it may suggest useful discoveries. But if it be not so (and where is our certainty in these disquisitions) it will unquestionably mislead.

END OF THE FIRST ESSAY.
As the subject of the foregoing essay is rather new, and I doubted, whether sufficiently founded in truth, I was desirous, before I printed it, that it should receive the *imprimatur* of Sir Joshua Reynolds. I begged him therefore to look it over, and received the following answer.

London,
April 19th, 1791.

Dear Sir,

Tho I read now but little, yet I have read with great attention the essay, which you was so good to put into my hands, on the difference between the *beautiful*, and the *picturesque*; and I may truly say, I have received from it much pleasure, and improvement.

Without opposing any of your sentiments, it has suggested an idea, that may be worth consideration—whether the epithet *picturesque* is not applicable to the excellences of the inferior schools, rather than to the higher.
The works of Michael Angelo, Raphael, &c. appear to me to have nothing of it; whereas Reubens, and the Venetian painters may almost be said to have nothing else.

Perhaps picturesque is somewhat synonymous to the word taste; which we should think improperly applied to Homer, or Milton, but very well to Pope, or Prior. I suspect that the application of these words are to excellences of an inferior order; and which are incompatible with the grand stile.

You are certainly right in saying, that variety of tints and forms is picturesque; but it must be remembered, on the other hand, that the reverse of this—(uniformity of colour, and a long continuation of lines,) produces grandeur.

I had an intention of pointing out the passages, that particularly struck me; but I was afraid to use my eyes so much.

The essay has lain upon my table; and I think no day has passed without my looking at it, reading a little at a time. Whatever objections presented themselves at first view,* were

* Sir Joshua Reynolds had seen this essay, several years ago, through Mr. Mason, who shewed it to him. He then made some
were done away on a closer inspection: and I am not quite sure, but that is the case in regard to the observation, which I have ventured to make on the word picturesque.

I am, &c.

JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

To the rev'd. Mr. Gilpin,
Vicar's-hill.

THE ANSWER.

May 2d, 1791.

DEAR SIR,

I am much obliged to you for looking over my essay at a time, when the complaint in your eyes must have made an intrusion of this kind troublesome. But as the subject was rather novel, I wished much for your sanction; and you have given it me in as flattering a manner, as I could wish.

With regard to the term picturesque, I have always myself used it merely to denote such objects, as are proper subjects for painting:

some objections to it: particularly he thought, that the term picturesque, should be applied only to the works of nature. His concession here is an instance of that candour, which is a very remarkable part of his character; and which is generally one of the distinguishing marks of true genius.
so that, according to my definition, one of the cartoons, and a flower-piece are equally picturesque.

I think however I understand your idea of extending the term to what may be called taste in painting— or the art of fascinating the eye by splendid colouring, and artificial combinations; which the inferior schools valued; and the dignity of the higher perhaps despised. But I have seen so little of the higher schools, that I should be very ill able to carry the subject farther by illustrating a disquisition of this kind. Except the cartoons, I never saw a picture of Raphael's, that answered my idea; and of the original works of Michael Angelo I have little conception.

But tho I am unable, through ignorance, to appreciate fully the grandeur of the Roman school, I have at least the pleasure to find I have always held as a principle your idea of the production of greatness by uniformity of colour, and a long continuation of line: and when I speak of variety, I certainly do not mean to confound it's effects with those of grandeur.

I am, &c.

WILLIAM GILPIN.

To Sir Joshua Reynolds,
Leicester-square.
ON PICTURESQUE TRAVEL.
ENOUGH has been said to shew the difficulty of assigning causes: let us then take another course, and amuse ourselves with searching after effects. This is the general intention of picturesque travel. We mean not to bring it into competition with any of the more useful ends of travelling: but as many travel without any end at all, amusing themselves without being able to give a reason why they are amused, we offer an end, which may possibly engage some vacant minds; and may indeed afford a rational amusement to such as travel for more important purposes.

In treating of picturesque travel, we may consider first its object; and secondly its sources of amusement.
It's object is beauty of every kind, which either art, or nature can produce: but it is chiefly that species of picturesque beauty, which we have endeavoured to characterize in the preceding essay. This great object we pursue through the scenery of nature; and examine it by the rules of painting. We seek it among all the ingredients of landscape—trees—rocks—broken-grounds—woods—rivers—lakes—plains—vallies—mountains—and distances. These objects in themselves produce infinite variety. No two rocks, or trees are exactly the same. They are varied, a second time, by combination; and almost as much, a third time, by different lights, and shades, and other aerial effects. Sometimes we find among them the exhibition of a whole; but oftener we find only beautiful parts.*

That we may examine picturesque objects with more ease, it may be useful to class them into the sublime, and the beautiful; tho, in fact, this distinction is rather inaccurate.

* As some of these topics have been occasionally mentioned in other picturesque works, which the author has given the public, they are here touched very slightly: only the subject required they should be brought together.

Sublimity
Sublimity alone cannot make an object picturesque. However grand the mountain, or the rock may be, it has no claim to this epithet, unless it's form, it's colour, or it's accompaniments have some degree of beauty. Nothing can be more sublime, than the ocean: but wholly unaccompanied, it has little of the picturesque. When we talk therefore of a sublime object, we always understand, that it is also beautiful: and we call it sublime, or beautiful, only as the ideas of sublimity, or of simple beauty prevail.

The curious, and fantastic forms of nature are by no means the favourite objects of the lovers of landscape. There may be beauty in a curious object; and so far it may be picturesque: but we cannot admire it merely for the sake of it's curiosity. The hujus naturæ is the naturalist's province, not the painter's. The spiry pinnacles of the mountain, and the castle-like arrangement of the rock, give no peculiar pleasure to the picturesque eye. It is fond of the simplicity of nature; and sees most beauty in her most usual forms. The Giant's causeway in Ireland may strike it as a novelty; but the lake of Killarney attracts it's attention. It would range with supreme delight
delight among the sweet vales of Switzerland; but would view only with a transient glance, the Glaciers of Savoy. Scenes of this kind, as unusual, may please once; but the great works of nature, in her simplest and purest style, open inexhausted springs of amusement.

But it is not only the form, and the composition of the objects of landscape, which the picturesque eye examines; it connects them with the atmosphere, and seeks for all those various effects, which are produced from that vast, and wonderful storehouse of nature. Nor is there in travelling a greater pleasure, than when a scene of grandeur bursts unexpectedly upon the eye, accompanied with some accidental circumstance of the atmosphere, which harmonizes with it, and gives it double value.

Besides the inanimate face of nature, it's living forms fall under the picturesque eye, in the course of travel; and are often objects of great attention. The anatomical study of figures is not attended to: we regard them merely as the ornament of scenes. In the human figure we contemplate neither exactness of form; nor expression, any farther than it is shewn in action: we merely consider general shapes, dresses, groups, and occupations; which
we often find casually in greater variety, and beauty, than any selection can procure.

In the same manner animals are the objects of our attention, whether we find them in the park, the forest, or the field. Here too we consider little more, than their general forms, actions, and combinations. Nor is the picturesque eye so fastidious as to despise even less considerable objects. A flight of birds has often a pleasing effect. In short, every form of life, and being has it's use as a picturesque object, till it become too small for attention.

But the picturesque eye is not merely restricted to nature. It ranges through the limits of art. The picture, the statue, and the garden are all the objects of it's attention. In the embellished pleasure-ground particularly, tho all is neat, and elegant—far too neat and elegant for the use of the pencil; yet, if it be well laid out, it exhibits the lines, and principles of landscape; and is well worth the study of the picturesque traveller. Nothing is wanting, but what his imagination can supply—a change from smooth to rough.*

* See page 8.
But among all the objects of art, the picturesque eye is perhaps most inquisitive after the elegant relics of ancient architecture; the ruined tower, the Gothic arch, the remains of castles, and abbeys. These are the richest legacies of art. They are consecrated by time; and almost deserve the veneration we pay to the works of nature itself.

Thus universal are the objects of picturesque travel. We pursue beauty in every shape; through nature, through art; and all its various arrangements in form, and colour; admiring it in the grandest objects, and not rejecting it in the humblest.

From the objects of picturesque travel, we consider it's sources of amusement—or in what way the mind is gratified by these objects.

We might begin in moral file; and consider the objects of nature in a higher light, than merely as amusement. We might observe, that a search after beauty should naturally lead the mind to the great origin of all beauty; to the

first good, first perfect, and first fair.

But
But tho in theory this seems a natural climax, we insist the less upon it, as in fact we have scarce ground to hope, that every admirer of picturesque beauty, is an admirer also of the beauty of virtue; and that every lover of nature reflects, that

Nature is but a name for an effect,
Which cause is God.

If however the admirer of nature can turn his amusements to a higher purpose; if it's great scenes can inspire him with religious awe; or it's tranquil scenes with that complacency of mind, which is so nearly allied to benevolence, it is certainly the better. Appo-nat lucro. It is so much into the bargain: for we dare not promise him more from picturesque travel, than a rational, and agreeable amusement. Yet even this may be of some use in an age teeming with licentious pleasure; and may in this light at least be considered as having a moral tendency.

The first source of amusement to the picturesque traveller, is the pursuit of his object—the expectation of new scenes continually opening, and arising to his view. We suppose the country to have been unexplored. Under this circumstance the mind is kept constantly in an agreeable
agreeable suspense. The love of novelty is the foundation of this pleasure. Every distant horizon promises something new; and with this pleasing expectation we follow nature through all her walks. We pursue her from hill to dale; and hunt after those various beauties, with which she every where abounds.

The pleasures of the chase are universal. A hare started before dogs is enough to set a whole country in an uproar. The plough, and the spade are deserted. Care is left behind; and every human faculty is dilated with joy.

And shall we suppose it a greater pleasure to the sportsman to pursue a trivial animal, than it is to the man of taste to pursue the beauties of nature? to follow her through all her recesses? to obtain a sudden glance, as she flits past him in some airy shape? to trace her through the mazes of the cover? to wind after her along the vale? or along the reaches of the river?

After the pursuit we are gratified with the attainment of the object. Our amusement, on this head, arises from the employment of the mind in examining the beautiful scenes we have found. Sometimes we examine them under the idea of a whole: we admire the composition,
position, the colouring, and the light, in one comprehensive view. When we are fortunate enough to fall in with scenes of this kind, we are highly delighted. But as we have less frequent opportunities of being thus gratified, we are more commonly employed in analyzing the parts of scenes; which may be exquisitely beautiful, tho unable to produce a whole. We examine what would amend the composition; how little is wanting to reduce it to the rules of our art; what a trifling circumstance sometimes forms the limit between beauty, and deformity. Or we compare the objects before us with other objects of the same kind:—or perhaps we compare them with the imitations of art. From all these operations of the mind results great amusement.

But it is not from this scientifical employment, that we derive our chief pleasure. We are most delighted, when some grand scene, tho perhaps of incorrect composition, rising before the eye, strikes us beyond the power of thought—when the vox faucibus hæret; and every mental operation is suspended. In this pause of intellect; this deliquium of the soul, an enthusiastic sensation of pleasure overspreads it,
it, previous to any examination by the rules of art. The general idea of the scene makes an impression, before any appeal is made to the judgment. We rather feel, than survey it.

This high delight is generally indeed produced by the scenes of nature; yet sometimes by artificial objects. Here and there a capital picture will raise these emotions: but oftener the rough sketch of a capital master. This has sometimes an astonishing effect on the mind; giving the imagination an opening into all those glowing ideas, which inspired the artist; and which the imagination only can translate. In general however the works of art affect us coolly; and allow the eye to criticize at leisure.

Having gained by a minute examination of incidents a compleat idea of an object, our next amusement arises from inlarging, and correcting our general stock of ideas. The variety of nature is such, that new objects, and new combinations of them, are continually adding something to our fund, and inlarging our collection: while the same kind of object occurring frequently, is seen under various shapes; and makes us, if I may so speak, more learned in nature. We get it more by heart. He
He who has seen only one oak-tree, has no compleat idea of an oak in general: but he who has examined thousands of oak-trees, must have seen that beautiful plant in all its varieties; and obtains a full, and compleat idea of it.

From this correct knowledge of objects arises another amusement; that of representing, by a few strokes in a sketch, those ideas, which have made the most impression upon us. A few scratches, like a short-hand scrawl of our own, legible at least to ourselves, will serve to raise in our minds the remembrance of the beauties they humbly represent; and recall to our memory even the splendid colouring, and force of light, which existed in the real scene. Some naturalists suppose, the act of ruminating, in animals, to be attended with more pleasure, than the act of grosser mastication. It may be so in travelling also. There may be more pleasure in recollecting, and recording, from a few transient lines, the scenes we have admired, than in the present enjoyment of them. If the scenes indeed have peculiar greatness, this secondary pleasure cannot be attended with those enthusiastic feelings, which accompanied the real exhibition. But, in general,
general, tho it may be a calmer species of pleasure, it is more uniform, and uninterrupted. It flatters us too with the idea of a sort of creation of our own; and it is unallayed with that fatigue, which is often a considerable abatement to the pleasures of traversing the wild, and savage parts of nature.—After we have amused ourselves with our sketches, if we can, in any degree, contribute to the amusement of others also, the pleasure is surely so much enhanced.

There is still another amusement arising from the correct knowledge of objects; and that is the power of creating, and representing scenes of fancy; which is still more a work of creation, than copying from nature. The imagination becomes a camera obscura, only with this difference, that the camera represents objects as they really are; while the imagination, impressed with the most beautiful scenes, and chastened by rules of art, forms it's pictures, not only from the most admirable parts of nature; but in the best taste.

Some artists, when they give their imagination play, let it loose among uncommon scenes—such as perhaps never existed: whereas the nearer they approach the simple standard of
of nature, in its most beautiful forms, the more admirable their fictions will appear. It is thus in writing romances. The correct taste cannot bear those unnatural situations, in which heroes, and heroines are often placed: whereas a story, naturally, and of course affectingly told, either with a pen, or a pencil, tho known to be a fiction, is considered as a transcript from nature; and takes possession of the heart. The marvellous disguists the sober imagination; which is gratified only with the pure characters of nature.

Beauty best is taught
By those, the favoured few, whom heaven has lent
The power to seize, select, and reunite
Her loveliest features; and of these to form
One archetype compleat, of sovereign grace.
Here nature sees her fairest forms more fair;
Owns them as hers, yet owns herself excelled
By what herself produced.

But if we are unable to embody our ideas even in a humble sketch, yet still a strong impression of nature will enable us to judge of the works of art. Nature is the archetype. The stronger therefore the impression, the better the judgment.

E 3    We
We are, in some degree, also amused by the very visions of fancy itself. Often, when slumber has half-closed the eye, and shut out all the objects of sense, especially after the enjoyment of some splendid scene; the imagination, active, and alert, collects its scattered ideas, transposes, combines, and shifts them into a thousand forms, producing such exquisite scenes, such sublime arrangements, such glow, and harmony of colouring, such brilliant lights, such depth, and clearness of shadow, as equally foil description, and every attempt of artificial colouring.

It may perhaps be objected to the pleasureable circumstances, which are thus said to attend picturesque travel, that we meet as many disgusting, as pleasing objects; and the man of taste therefore will be as often offended, as amused.

But this is not the case. There are few parts of nature, which do not yield a picturesque eye some amusement.

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Believe the muse,
She does not know that unauspicious spot,
Where beauty is thus niggard of her store.
Believe the muse, through this terrestrial waste
The seeds of grace are sown, profusely sown,
Even where we least may hope.

It is true, when some large tract of barren country *interrupts* our expectation, wound up in quest of any particular scene of grandeur, or beauty, we are apt to be a little peevish; and to express our discontent in hasty exaggerated phrase. But when there is no disappointment in the case, even scenes the most barren of beauty, will furnish amusement.

Perhaps no part of England comes more under this description, than that tract of barren country, through which the great military road passes from Newcastle to Carlisle. It is a waste, with little interruption, through a space of forty miles. But even here, we have always something to amuse the eye. The interchangeable patches of heath, and green-sward make an agreeable variety. Often too on these vast tracts of intersecting grounds we see beautiful lights, softening off along the sides of hills: and often we see them adorned with cattle, flocks of sheep, heath-cocks, grous, plover, and flights of other wild-fowl. A group of cattle, standing in the
the shade on the edge of a dark hill, and relieved by a lighter distance beyond them, will often make a compleat picture without any other accompaniment. In many other situations also we find them wonderfully pleasing; and capable of making pictures amidst all the deficiencies of landscape. Even a winding road itself is an object of beauty; while the richness of the heath on each side, with the little hillocks, and crumbling earth give many an excellent lesson for a foreground. When we have no opportunity of examining the grand scenery of nature, we have everywhere at least the means of observing with what a multiplicity of parts, and yet with what general simplicity, she covers every surface.

But if we let the imagination loose, even scenes like these, administer great amusement. The imagination can plant hills; can form rivers, and lakes in vallies; can build castles, and abbeys; and if it find no other amusement, can dilate itself in vast ideas of space.

But altho the picturesque traveller is seldom disappointed with pure nature, however rude, yet
yet we cannot deny, but he is often offended with the productions of art. He is disgusted with the formal separations of property—with houses, and towns, the haunts of men, which have much oftener a bad effect in landscape, than a good one. He is frequently disgusted also, when art aims more at beauty, than she ought. How flat, and insipid is often the garden-scene! how puerile, and absurd! the banks of the river how smooth, and parallel! the lawn, and it's boundaries, how unlike nature! Even in the capital collection of pictures, how seldom does he find design, composition, expression, character, or harmony either in light, or colouring! and how often does he drag through saloons, and rooms of state, only to hear a catalogue of the names of masters!

The more refined our taste grows from the study of nature, the more insipid are the works of art. Few of it's efforts please. The idea of the great original is so strong, that the copy must be very pure, if it do not disgust. But the varieties of nature's charts are such, that, study them as we can, new varieties will always arise: and let our taste be ever so refined, her works, on which it is formed
formed (at least when we consider them as objects,) must always go beyond it; and furnish fresh sources both of pleasure and amusement.

END OF THE SECOND ESSAY.
III.

ON THE ART OF SKETCHING LANDSCAPE.
Essay III.

The art of sketching is to the picturesque traveller, what the art of writing is to the scholar. Each is equally necessary to fix, and communicate its respective ideas.

Sketches are either taken from the imagination, or from nature. When the imaginary sketch proceeds from the hands of a master, it is very valuable. It is his first conception; which is commonly the strongest, and the most brilliant. The imagination of a painter, really great in his profession, is a magazine abounding with all the elegant forms, and striking effects, which are to be found in nature. These, like a magician, he calls up at pleasure with a wave of his hand; bringing before the eye, sometimes a scene from history, or romance;
mance; and sometimes from the inanimate parts of nature. And in these happy moments, when the enthusiasm of his art is upon him, he often produces from the glow of his imagination, with a few bold strokes, such wonderful effusions of genius, as the more sober, and correct productions of his pencil cannot equal.

It will always however be understood, that such sketches must be examined also by an eye learned in the art, and accustomed to picturesque ideas—an eye, that can take up the half-formed images, as the master leaves them; give them a new creation; and make up all that is not expressed from it's own store-house. —I shall however dwell no longer on imaginary sketching, as it hath but little relation to my present subject. Let me only add, that altho this essay is meant chiefly to assist the picturesque traveller in taking views from nature, the method recommended, as far as it relates to execution, may equally be applied to imaginary sketches.

Your intention in taking views from nature, may either be to fix them in your own memory —— or
—or to convey, in some degree, your ideas to others.

With regard to the former, when you meet a scene you wish to sketch, your first consideration is to get it in the best point of view. A few paces to the right, or left, make a great difference. The ground, which folds awkwardly here, appears to fold more easily there: and that long blank curtain of the castle, which is so unpleasing a circumstance, as you stand on one side, is agreeably broken by a buttress on another.

Having thus fixed your point of view, your next consideration, is, how to reduce it properly within the compass of your paper: for the scale of nature being so very different from your scale, it is a matter of difficulty, without some experience, to make them coincide. If the landscape before you is extensive, take care you do not include too much: it may perhaps be divided more commodiously into two sketches.—When you have fixed the portion of it, you mean to take, fix next on two or three principal points, which you may just mark on your paper. This will enable you the more easily to ascertain the relative situation of the several objects.
In sketching, black-lead is the first instrument commonly used. Nothing glides so volubly over paper, and executes an idea so quickly.—It has besides, another advantage; its grey tint corresponds better with a wash, than black, or red chalk, or any other pastile.—It admits also of easy correction.

The virtue of these hasty, black-lead sketches consists in catching readily the characteristic features of a scene. Light and shade are not attended to. It is enough if you express general shapes; and the relations, which the several intersecions of a country bear to each other. A few lines drawn on the spot, will do this. "Half a word, says Mr. Gray, fixed on, or near the spot, is worth all our recollected ideas. When we trust to the picture, that objects draw of themselves on the mind, we deceive ourselves. Without accurate, and particular observation, it is but ill-drawn at first: the outlines are soon blurred: the colours, every day grow fainter; and at last, when we would produce it to any body, we are obliged to supply its defects with
with a few strokes of our own imagination."—What Mr. Gray says, relates chiefly to *verbal* description; but in *lineal* description it is equally true. The leading ideas must be fixed on the spot: if left to the memory, they soon evaporate.

The lines of black-lead, and indeed of any *one* instrument, are subject to the great inconvenience of *confounding distances*. If there are two, or three distances in the landscape, as each of them is expressed by the *same kind* of line, the eye forgets the distinction, even in half a day’s travelling; and all is confusion. To remedy this, a few written references, made on the spot, are necessary, if the landscape be at all complicated. The traveller should be accurate in this point, as the spirit of his view depends much on the proper observance of distances.—At his first leisure however he will review his sketch; add a few strokes with a pen, to mark the near grounds; and by a slight wash of Indian ink, throw in a few general lights, and shades, to keep all fixed, and in it’s place.—*A sketch*

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* Letter to Mr. Palgrave, p. 272, 4to.

F need
need not be carried farther, when it is intended merely to assist our own memory.

But when a sketch is intended to convey, in some degree, our ideas to others, it is necessary, that it should be somewhat more adorned. To us the scene, familiar to our recollection, may be suggested by a few rough strokes: but if you wish to raise the idea, where none existed before, and to do it agreeably, there should be some composition in your sketch—a degree of correctness, and expression in the outline—and some effect of light. A little ornament also from figures, and other circumstances may be introduced. In short, it should be so far dressed, as to give some idea of a picture. I call this an adorned sketch; and should sketch nothing, that was not capable of being thus dressed. An unpicturesque assemblage of objects; and, in general, all untractable subjects, if it be necessary to represent them, may be given as plans, rather than as pictures.

In the first place, I should advise the traveller by no means to work his adorned sketch upon
upon his original one. His first sketch is the standard, to which, in the absence of nature, he must at least recur for his general ideas. By going over it again, the original ideas may be lost, and the whole thrown into confusion. Great masters therefore always set a high value on their sketches from nature. On the same principle the picturesque traveller preserves his original sketch, tho in itself of little value, to keep him within proper bounds.

This matter being settled, and the adorned sketch begun anew, the first point is to fix the composition.

But the composition, you say, is already fixed by the original sketch.

It is true: but still it may admit many little alterations, by which the forms of objects may be assisted; and yet the resemblance not disfigured: as the same piece of music, performed by different masters, and graced variously by each, may yet continue still the same. We must ever recollect that nature is most defective in composition; and must be a little assisted. Her ideas are too vast for picturesque use, without the restraint of rules. Liberties however with truth
truth must be taken with caution: tho' at the
same time a distinction may be made between
an object, and a scene. If I give the striking
features of the castle, or abbey, which is my
object, I may be allowed some little liberty in
bringing appendages (which are not essential
features) within the rules of my art. But in
a scene, the whole view becomes the portrait;
and if I flatter here, I must flatter with de-
licacy.

But whether I represent an object, or a scene,
I hold myself at perfect liberty, in the first
place, to dispose the foreground as I please;
restrained only by the analogy of the country.
I take up a tree here, and plant it there. I
pare a knoll, or make an addition to it. I
remove a piece of paling—a cottage—a wall—
or any removeable object, which I dislike.
In short, I do not so much mean to exact
a liberty of introducing what does not exist;
as of making a few of those simple variations,
of which all ground is easily susceptible, and
which time itself indeed is continually making.
All this my art exacts:

She rules the foreground; she can swell, or sink
It's surface; here her leafy skreen oppose,
And there withdraw; here part the varying greens,

And
And crowd them there in one promiscuous gloom,
As best befits the genius of the scene.

The foreground indeed is a mere spot, compared with the extension of the distance: in itself it is of trivial consequence; and cannot well be called a feature of the scene. And yet, tho so little essential in giving a likeness, it is more so than any other part in forming a composition. It resembles those deep tones in music, which give a value to all the lighter parts; and harmonize the whole.

As the foreground therefore is of so much consequence, begin your adorned sketch with fixing this very material part. It is easier to ascertain the situation of your foreground, as it lies so near the bottom of your paper, than any other part; and this will tend to regulate every thing else. In your rough sketch it has probably been inaccurately thrown in. You could not so easily ascertain it, till you had gotten all your landscape together. You might have carried it too high on your paper; or have brought it too low. As you have now the general scheme of your landscape before you, you may adjust it properly; and give it its due proportion. ——I shall add only, on the subject of fore-

grounds,
grounds, that you need not be very nice in finishing them, even when you mean to adorn your sketches. In a finished picture the foreground is a matter of great nicety: but in a sketch little more is necessary, than to produce the effect you desire.

Having fixed your foreground, you consider in the same way, tho' with more caution, the other parts of your composition. In a hasty transcript from nature, it is sufficient to take the lines of the country just as you find them: but in your adorned sketch you must grace them a little, where they run false. You must contrive to hide offensive parts with wood; to cover such as are too bald, with bushes; and to remove little objects, which in nature push themselves too much in sight, and serve only to introduce too many parts into your composition. In this happy adjustment the grand merit of your sketch consists. No beauty of light, colouring, or execution can atone for the want of composition. It is the foundation of all picturesque beauty. No finery of dress can set off a person, whose figure is awkward, and uncouth.

Having thus digested the composition of your adorned sketch, which is done with black-lead, you
you proceed to give a stronger outline to the foreground, and nearer parts. Some indeed use no outline, but what they freely work with a brush on their black-lead sketch. This comes nearest the idea of painting; and as it is the most free, it is perhaps also the most excellent method: but as a black-lead outline is but a feeble termination, it requires a greater force in the wash to produce an effect; and of course more the hand of a master. The hand of a master indeed produces an effect with the rudest materials: but these precepts aim only at giving a few instructions to the tyroes of the art; and such will perhaps make their outline the most effectually with a pen. As the pen is more determined than black-lead, it leaves less to the brush, which I think the more difficult instrument.—Indian ink, (which may be heightened, or lowered to any degree of strength, or weakness, so as to touch both the nearer, and more distant grounds,) is the best ink you can use. You may give a stroke with it so light as to confine even a remote distance; tho such a distance is perhaps best left in black-lead.
But when we speak of an *out-line*, we do not mean a *simple contour*; which, (however necessary in a correct figure,) would in landscape be formal. It is enough to mark with a few free touches of the pen, here and there, some of the breaks, and roughnesses, in which the richness of an object consists. But you must first determine the situation of your lights, that you may mark these touches on the shadowy side.

Of these free touches with a pen the chief characteristic is *expression*; or the art of giving each object, that peculiar touch, whether smooth, or rough, which best expresses its form. The art of painting, in its highest perfection, cannot give the richness of nature. When we examine any natural form, we find the multiplicity of its parts beyond the highest finishing: and indeed generally an attempt at the highest finishing would end in stiffness. The painter is obliged therefore to deceive the eye by some natural tint, or expressive touch, from which the imagination takes its cue. How often do we see in the landscapes of Claude the full effect of distance; which, when examined closely, consists of a simple dash, tinged with the hue of nature, intermixed
intermixed with a few expressive touches?—
If then these expressive touches are necessary, where the master carries on the deception both in form, and colour; how necessary must they be in mere sketches, in which colour, the great vehicle of deception, is removed?—The art however of giving those expressive marks with a pen, which impress ideas, is no common one. The inferior artist may give them by chance: but the master only gives them with precision.—Yet a sketch may have its use, and even it’s merit, without these strokes of genius.

As the difficulty of using the pen is such, it may perhaps be objected, that it is an improper instrument for a tyro. It loses its grace, if it have not a ready, and off-hand execution.

It is true: but what other instrument shall we put into his hands, that will do better? His black-lead, his brush, whatever he touches, will be unmasterly. But my chief reason for putting a pen into his hands, is, that without a pen it will be difficult for him to preserve his outline, and distances. His touches with a pen may be unmasterly, we allow: but still they will preserve keeping in his landscape, without
without which the whole will be a blot of confusion.——Nor is it perhaps so difficult to obtain some little freedom with a pen. I have seen assiduity, attended with but little genius, make a considerable progress in the use of this instrument; and produce an effect by no means displeasing.——If the drawing be large, I should recommend a reed-pen, which runs more freely over paper.

When the out-line is thus drawn, it remains to add light, and shade. In this operation the effect of a wash is much better, than of lines hatched with a pen. A brush will do more in one stroke, and generally more effectually, than a pen can do in twenty.* For this purpose, we need only

* I have seldom seen any drawings etched with a pen, that pleased me. The most masterly sketches in this way I ever saw, were taken in the early part of the life of a gentleman, now very high in his profession, Mr. Mitford of Lincoln's inn. They were taken in several parts of Italy, and England; and tho' they are mere memorandum-sketches, the subjects are so happily chosen—they are so characteristic of the countries they represent—and executed with so free, and expressive a touch, that I examined them with pleasure, not only as faithful portraits, (which I believe they all are) but as master-pieces, as far as they go, both in composition, and execution.
Indian ink; and perhaps a little bistre, or burnt umber. With the former we give that greyish tinge, which belongs to the sky, and distant objects; and with the latter (mixed more, or less with Indian ink) those warm touches, which belong to the foreground. Indian ink however alone makes a good wash both for the foreground, and distance.

But mere light and shade are not sufficient: something of effect also should be aimed at in the adorned sketch. Mere light and shade propose only the simple illumination of objects. Effect, by balancing large masses of each, gives the whole a greater force.——Now tho' in the exhibitions of nature, we commonly find only the simple illumination of objects; yet as we often do meet with grand effects also, we have sufficient authority to use them: for under these circumstances we see nature in her best attire, in which it is our business to describe her.

As to giving rules for the production of effect, the subject admits only the most general. There must be a strong opposition of light and shade; in which the sky, as well as the landscape, must combine. But in what way
way this opposition must be varied—where the full tone of shade must prevail—where the full effusion of light—or where the various degrees of each—depends entirely on the circumstance of the composition. All you can do, is to examine your drawing (yet in it’s naked out-line) with care; and endeavour to find out where the force of the light will have the best effect. But this depends more on taste, than on rule.

One thing both in light and shade should be observed, especially in the former—and that is gradation; which gives a force beyond what a glaring display of light can give. The effect of light, which falls on the stone, produced as an illustration of this idea, would not be so great, unless it graduated into shade.

—in the following stanza Mr. Gray has with great beauty, and propriety, illustrated the vicissitudes of life by the principles of picturesque effect.

Still where rosy pleasure leads,
See a kindred grief pursue:
Behind the steps, which misery treads,
Approaching comfort view.
The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastised by fabler tints of woe;
And, blended, form with artful strife,
The strength, and harmony of life.

I may
I may farther add, that the production of an effect is particularly necessary in drawing. In painting, colour in some degree makes up the deficiency: but in simple clair-obscure there is no succedaneum. It's force depends on effect; the virtue of which is such, that it will give a value even to a barren subject. Like striking the chords of a musical instrument, it will produce harmony, without any richness of composition.

It is farther to be observed, that when objects are in shadow, the light, (as it is then a reflected one,) falls on the opposite side to that, on which it falls, when they are in-lightened.

In adorning your sketch, a figure, or two may be introduced with propriety. By figures I mean moving objects, as waggon, and boats, as well as cattle, and men. But they should be introduced sparingly. In profusion they are affected. Their chief use is, to mark a road—to break a piece of foreground—to point out the horizon in a sea-view—or to carry off the distance of retiring water by the contrast of a dark sail, not quite so distant, placed before it. But in figures thus designed for the ornament of a sketch, a few flight touches
touches are sufficient. Attempts at finishing offend.*

Among trees, little distinction need be made, unless you introduce the pine, or the cypress, or some other singular form. The oak, the ash, and the elm, which bear a distant resemblance to each other, may all be characterized alike. In a sketch, it is enough to mark a tree. One distinction indeed is often necessary even in sketches; and that is, between full-leaved trees, and those of straggling ramification. In composition we have often occasion for both, and therefore the hand should be used readily to execute either. If we have a general idea of the oak, for instance, as a light tree; and of the beech as a heavy one, it is sufficient.

It adds, I think, to the beauty of a sketch to stain the paper slightly with a reddish, or yellowish tinge; the use of which is to give a more pleasing tint to the ground of the drawing by taking away the glare of the paper. It adds also, if it be not too strong, a degree of harmony to the rawness of black, and white.

* See the preceding essay.
This tinge may be laid on, either before, or after the drawing is made. In general, I should prefer the latter method; because, while the drawing is yet on white paper, you may correct it with a sponge, dipt in water; which will, in a good degree, efface Indian ink. But if you rub out any part, after the drawing is stained, you cannot easily lay the stain again upon the rubbed part without the appearance of a patch.

Some choose rather to add a little colour to their sketches. My instructions attempt not the art of mixing a variety of tints; and finishing a drawing from nature; which is generally executed in colours from the beginning, without any use of Indian ink; except as a grey tint, uniting with other colours. This indeed, when chastly executed, (which is not often the case) exceeds in beauty every other species of drawing. It is however beyond my skill to give any instruction for this mode of drawing. All I mean, is only to offer a modest way of tinting a sketch already finished in Indian ink. By the addition of a little colour I mean only to give some distinction to
to objects; and introduce rather a gayer style into a landscape.

When you have finished your sketch therefore with Indian ink, as far as you propose, tinge the whole over with some light horizon hue. It may be the rosy tint of morning; or the more ruddy one of evening; or it may incline more to a yellowish, or a greyish cast. As a specimen an evening hue is given. The first tint you spread over your drawing, is composed of light red, and oker, which make an orange. It may incline to one, or the other, as you chuse. In this example it inclines rather to the former. By washing this tint over your whole drawing, you lay a foundation for harmony. When this wash is nearly dry, repeat it in the horizon; softening it off into the sky, as you ascend.—Take next a purple tint, composed of lake, and blue, inclining rather to the former; and with this, when your first wash is dry, form your clouds; and then spread it, as you did the first tint, over your whole drawing, except where you leave the horizon-tint. This still strengthens the idea of harmony. Your sky, and distance are now finished.

You
You proceed next to your middle, and fore-grounds; in both which you distinguish between the soil, and the vegetation. Wash the middle grounds with a little umber. This will be sufficient for the soil. The soil of the foreground you may go over with a little light red. The vegetation of each may be washed with a green, composed of blue, and ocher; adding a little more ocher as you proceed nearer the eye; and on the nearest grounds a little burnt terra Sienna. This is sufficient for the middle grounds. The foreground may farther want a little heightening both in the soil, and vegetation. In the soil it may be given in the lights with burnt terra Sienna; mixing in the shadows a little lake: and in the vegetation with gallstone; touched in places, and occasionally varied, with a little burnt terra Sienna.

Trees on the foreground are considered as a part of it; and their foliage may be coloured like the vegetation in their neighbourhood. Their stems may be touched with burnt terra Sienna.——Trees, in middle distances are darker than the lawns, on which they stand. They must therefore be touched twice over with the tint, which is given only once to the lawn.
If you represent clouds with bright edges, the edges must be left in the first orange; while the tint over the other part of the horizon is repeated, as was mentioned before.

A lowering, cloudy sky is represented by, what is called, a grey tint, composed of lake, blue, and oker. As the shadow deepens, the tint should incline more to blue.

The several tints mentioned in the above process, may perhaps the most easily be mixed before you begin; especially if your drawing be large. Rub the raw colours in little saucers: keep them clean, and distinct; and from them, mix your tints in other little vessels.

I shall only add, that the strength of the colouring you give your sketch, must depend on the height, to which you have carried the Indian ink finishing. If it be only a slight sketch, it will bear only a light wash of colour.

This mode however of tinting a drawing, even when you tint it as high as these instructions reach, is by no means calculated to produce any great effect of colouring: but it is at least sufficient to preserve harmony. This you may preserve: an effect of colouring you cannot easily attain. It is something however
ever to avoid a disagreeable excess; and there is nothing surely so disagreeable to a correct eye as a tinted drawing (such as we often see) in which greens, and blues, and reds, and yellows are daubed without any attention to harmony. It is to the picturesque eye, what a discord of harsh notes is to a musical ear.

But the advocate for these glaring tints may perhaps say, he does not make his sky more blue than nature; nor his grasses, and trees more green.

Perhaps so; but unless he could work up his drawing with the finishing of nature, he will find the effect very unequal. Nature mixes a variety of semitints with her brightest colours: and tho the eye cannot readily separate them, they have a general chastizing effect; and keep the several tints of landscape within proper bounds, which a glare of deep colours cannot do. Besides, this chastizing hue is produced in nature by numberless little shadows, beyond the attention of art, which she throws on leaves, and piles of grasses, and every other minute object; all which, tho not easily distinguished in particulars, tells in the whole, and is continually chastening the hues of nature.
Before I conclude these remarks on sketching, it may be useful to add a few words, and but a few, on perspective. The nicer parts of it contain many difficulties; and are of little use in common landscape: but as a building, now and then, occurs, which requires some little knowledge of perspective, the subject should not be left wholly untouched.

If a building stand exactly in front, none of it's lines can go off in perspective: but if it stand with a corner to the eye, as picturesque buildings commonly do, it's lines will appear to recede. In what manner they recede, the following mechanical method may explain.

Hold horizontally between your eye, and the building you draw, a flat ruler, till you see only the edge of it. Where it cuts the nearest perpendicular of the building, which you have already just traced on your paper, make a mark; and draw a slight line through that part, parallel with the bottom of your paper. This is called the horizontal line, and regulates the whole perspective. Observe next the angle, which the uppermost of these receding
ing lines makes with the nearest perpendicular of the building; and continue that receding line till it meet the horizontal line. From the point, where it intersects, draw another line to the bottom of the nearest perpendicular. This gives you the perspective of the base. In the same manner all the lines, which recede, on both sides, of the building; as well above, as below the horizontal line—windows, doors, and projections of every kind, (on the same plane)—are regulated. The points on the horizontal line, in which these receding lines unite, are called points of sight.

What is here called the point of sight, is called by Brook Taylor; and perhaps with more propriety, the vanishing point.

After all, however, from the mode of sketching here recommended (which is as far as I should wish to recommend drawing landscape to those, who draw only for amusement) no great degree of accuracy can be expected. General ideas only must be looked for; not the peculiarities of portrait. It admits the winding river—the shooting promontory—the castle—the abbey—the flat distance—and the mountain melting into the horizon. It admits too the relation, which all these parts bear to each other. But it descends
descends not to the minutiae of objects. The fringed bank of the river—the Gothic ornaments of the abbey—the chasms, and fractures of the rock, and castle—and every little object along the vale, it pretends not to delineate with exactness. All this is the province of the finished drawing, and the picture; in which the artist conveys an idea of each minute feature of the country he delineates, or imagines. But high finishing, as I have before observed, belongs only to a master, who can give expressive touches. The disciple, whom I am instructing, and whom I instruct only from my own experience, must have humbler views; and can hardly expect to please, if he go farther than a sketch, adorned as hath been here described.

Many gentlemen, who draw for amusement, employ their leisure on human figures, animal life, portrait, perhaps history. Here and there a man of genius makes some proficiency in these difficult branches of the art; but I have rarely seen any, who do. Distorted faces, and dislocated limbs, I have seen in abundance: and no wonder; for the science of anatomy, even as it regards painting, is with difficulty attained; and few who have studied
studied it their whole lives, have acquired perfection.

Others again, who draw for amusement, go so far as to handle the pallet. But in this the success of the ill-judging artist seldom answers his hopes; unless utterly void of taste, he happen to be such an artist as may be addressed in the sarcasm of the critic,

—Sine rivali teque, et tua solus amares.

Painting is both a science, and an art; and if so very few attain perfection, who spend a life-time on it, what can be expected from those, who spend only their leisure? The very few gentlemen-artists, who excel in painting, scarce afford encouragement for common practice.

But the art of sketching landscape is attainable by a man of business; and it is certainly more useful; and, I should imagine, more amusing, to attain some degree of excellence in an inferior branch, than to be a mere bungler in a superior. Even if you should not excel in execution (which indeed you can hardly expect) you may at least by bringing home the delineation of a fine country, dignify an in-

G 4
different
different sketch. You may please yourself by administering strongly to recollection: and you may please others by conveying your ideas more distinctly in an ordinary sketch, than in the best language.

THE END.
INTRODUCTION, and address.

26 A close attention to the various scenes of nature recommended; and to the several circumstances, under which they appear.

78 A facility also in copying the different parts of nature should be attained, before the young artist attempts a whole.

90 This process will also be a kind of test. No one can make any progress, whose imagination is not fired with the scenes of nature.

107 On a supposition, that the artist is enamoured with his subject; and is well versed in copying the parts of nature, he begins to
to combine, and form those parts into the subjects of landscape. He pays his first attention to design, or to the bringing together of such objects, as are suited to his subject; not mixing trivial objects with grand scenes; but preserving the character of his subject, whatever it may be.

133 The different parts of his landscape must next be studiously arranged, and put together in a picturesque manner. This is the work of disposition; or, as it is sometimes called, composition. No rules can be given for this arrangement, but the experience of a nice eye: for tho nature seldom presents a compleat composition, yet we every where see in her works beautiful arrangements of parts; which we ought to study with great attention.

149 In general, a landscape is composed of three parts—a foreground—a middle ground—and a distance.

153 Yet this is not a universal rule. A balance of parts however there should always be; tho sometimes those parts may be few.

166 It is a great error in landscape-painters, to lose the simplicity of a whole, under the idea of giving variety.
172 Some particular scene, therefore, or leading subject should always be chosen; to which the parts should be subservient.

195 In balancing a landscape, a spacious foreground will admit a small thread of distance; but the reverse is a bad proportion. In every landscape there must be a considerable foreground.

206 This theory is illustrated by the view of a disproportioned distance.

233 An objection answered, why vast distances, tho unsupported by foregrounds, may please in nature, and yet offend in representation.

256 But tho the several parts of landscape may be well balanced, and adjusted; yet still without contrast in the parts, there will be a great deficiency. At the same time this contrast must be easy, and natural.

276 Such pictures, as are painted from fancy, are the most pleasing efforts of genius. But if an untoward subject be given, the artist, must endeavour to conceal, and vary the unaccommodating parts. The foreground he must claim as his own.

298 But if nature be the source of all beauty, it may be objected, that imaginary views can have little merit. The objection has weight, if the imaginary view be not formed
formed from the selected parts of nature; but if it be, it is nature still.

312 The artist having thus adjusted his forms, and disposition; conceives next the best effect of light; and when he has thus laid the foundation of his picture, proceeds to colouring.

325 The author avoids giving rules for colouring, which are learned chiefly by practice.

331 He just touches on the theory of colours.

352 Artists, with equally good effect, sometimes blend them on their pallet; and sometimes spread them raw on their canvas.

362 In colouring, the sky gives the ruling tint to the landscape: and the hue of the whole, whether rich, or sober, must be harmonious.

406 A predominancy of shade has the best effect.

439 But light, tho it should not be scattered, should not be collected, as it were, into a focus.

444 The effect of gradation illustrated by the colouring of cattle.

463 Of the disposition of light.

488 Of the general harmony of the whole.

499 A method proposed of examining a picture with regard to its general harmony.

511 The scientific part being closed, all that can be said with regard to execution, is, that, as there are various modes of it, every artist
artist ought to adopt his own, or else he becomes a servile imitator. On the whole, the bold free method recommended; which aims at giving the character of objects, rather than the minute detail.

545 Rules given with regard to figures. History in miniature, introduced in landscape, condemned. Figures should be suited to the scene.

600 Rules to be observed, in the introduction of birds.

625 An exhibition is the truest test of excellence; where the picture receives its stamp, and value not from the airs of coxcombs; but from the judgment of men of taste, and science.
ON

LANDSCAPE PAINTING,

A POEM.
ON

LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

A POEM.

That Art, which gives the practis’d pencil pow’r
To rival Nature’s graces; to combine
In one harmonious whole her scatter’d charms,
And o’er them fling appropriate force of light,
I sing, unskill’d in numbers; yet a Muse,
Led by the hand of Friendship, deigns to lend
Her aid, and give that free colloquial flow,
Which best befits the plain preceptive song.

To thee, thus aided, let me dare to sing,
Judicious Locke; who from great Nature’s realms
Haft cul’d her loveliest features, and arrang’d
In thy rich mem’ry’s storehouse: Thou, whose glance,
Practis’d in truth and symmetry, can trace
In every latent touch, each Master’s hand,
Whether the marble by his art subdued
Be soften’d into life, or canvas smooth
Be swell'd to animation: Thou, to whom
Each mode of landscape, beauteous or sublime,
With every various colour, tint, and light,
Its nice gradations, and its bold effects,
Are all familiar, patient hear my song,
That to thy taste and science nothing new
Prefents, yet humbly hopes from thee to gain
The plaudit, which, if Nature first approve,
Then, and then only, thou wilt deign to yield.

First to the youthful artist I address
This leading precept: Let not inborn pride,
Prefuming on thy own inventive powers,
Mislead thine eye from Nature. She must reign
Great architype in all: Trace then with care
Her varied walks; observe how she upheaves
The mountain's tow'ring brow; on its rough sides
How broad the shadow falls, what different hues
Invest its glimm'ring surface. Next survey
The distant lake; so seen, a shining spot:
But when approaching nearer, how it flings
Its sweeping curves around the shooting cliffs.
Mark every shade its Proteus shape assumes
From motion and from rest; and how the forms
Of tufted woods, and beetling rocks, and tow'rs
Of ruin'd castles, from the smooth expanse,
Shade anfw'ring shade, inverted meet the eye.
From mountains hie thee to the forest-scene.
Remark the form, the foliage of each tree,
And what its leading feature: View the oak;
Its massy limbs, its majesty of shade;
The pendent birch; the beech of many a stem;  
The lighter ash; and all their changeful hues  
In spring or autumn, russet, green, or grey.

Next wander by the river’s mazy bank:  
See where it dimpling glides; or briskly where  
Its whirling eddies sparkle round the rock;  
Or where, with headlong rage, it dashes down  
Some fractur’d chain, till all its fury spent,  
It sinks to sleep, a silent flagrant pool,  
Dark, tho’ tranflucent, from the mantling shade.

Now give thy view more ample range: explore  
The vast expanse of ocean; see, when calm,  
What Iris-hues of purple, green, and gold,  
Play on its glasy surface; and when vext  
With forms, what depth of billowy shade, with light  
Of curling foam contrasted. View the cliffs;  
The lonely beacon, and the distant coast,  
In mists array’d, just heaving into sight  
Above the dim horizon; where the fail  
Appears conspicuous in the lengthen’d gleam.

With studious eye examine next the arch  
Ethereal; mark each floating cloud; its form,  
Its varied colour; and what mafs of shade  
It gives the scene below, pregnant with change  
Perpetual, from the morning’s purple dawn,  
Till the last glimm’ring ray of russet eve.  
Mark how the sun-beam, steep’d in morning-dew,  
Beneath each jutting promontory flings  
A darker shade; while brighten’d with the ray  
Of fultry noon, not yet entirely quench’d,  
The evening-shadow lefs opaquely falls.

Thus
Thus for'd with fair ideas, call them forth
By practice, till thy ready pencil trace
Each form familiar: but attempt not thou
A whole, till every part be well conceived.
The tongue that awes a senate with its force,
Once lispt in syllables, or e'er it pour'd
Its glowing periods, warm with patriot-fire.
   At length matur'd, stand forth for honest Fame
A candidate. Some noble theme select
From Nature's choicest scenes; and sketch that theme
With firm, but easy line; then if my song
Aslift thy pow'r, it asks no nobler meed.

Yet if, when Nature's sovereign glories meet
Thy sudden glance, no corresponding spark
Of vivid flame be kindled in thy breast;
If calmly thou canst view them; know for thee
My numbers flow not: seek some fitter guide
To lead thee, where the low mechanic toils
With patient labour for his daily hire.
   But if true Genius fire thee, if thy heart
Glow, palpitate with transport, at the sight;
If emulation seize thee, to transfuse
These splendid visions on thy vivid chart;
If the big thought seem more than Art can paint,
Haste, snatch thy pencil, bounteous Nature yields
To thee her choicest stores; and the glad Muse
Sits by assilant, aiming but to fan
The Promethæan flame, conscious her rules
Can only guide, not give, the warmth divine.
First learn with objects suited to each scene
Thy landscape to adorn. If some rude view
Thy pencil culls, of lake, or mountain range,
Where Nature walks with proud majestic step,
Give not her robe the formal folds of art,
But bid it flow with ample dignity.
Mix not the mean and trivial: Is the whole
Sublime, let each accordant part be grand.
Yet if thro' dire necessity (for that
Alone should force the deed) some polish'd scene
Employ thy pallet, dress'd by human art,
The lawn so level, and the bank so trim,
Yet still preserve thy subject. Let the oak
Be elegant of form, that mantles o'er
Thy shaven fore-ground: The rough forester
Whose peel'd and wither'd boughs, and knarled trunk,
Have flood the rage of many a winter's blast,
Might ill such cultur'd scenes adorn. Not less
Would an old Briton, rough with martial scars,
And bearing stern defiance on his brow,
Seem fitly stationed at a Gallic feast.
This choice of objects suited to the scene,
We name Design: A choice not more requir'd
From Raffael, than from thee; whether his hand
Give all but motion to some group divine,
Or thine inglorious picture woods and streams.

With equal rigour Disposition claims
Thy close attention. Would'st thou learn its laws,
Examine Nature, when combin'd with art,
Or simple; mark how various are her forms,
Mountains
Mountains enormous, rugged rocks, clear lakes, Castles, and bridges, aqueducts and fanes. Of these observe, how some, united please; While others, ill-combin’d, disgust the eye. That principle, which rules these various parts, And harmonizing all, produces one, Is Disposition. By its plastic pow’r Those rough materials, which Design selec’ts, Are nicely balanc’d. Thus with friendly aid These principles unite: Design presents The gen’ral subject; Disposition culls, And recombin’es, the various forms anew.

Yet here true Taste to three distinguish’d parts Confines her aim: Brought nearest to the eye She forms her foregrounds; then the midway space; E’er the blue distance melt in liquid air.

But tho’ full oft these parts with blending tints Are soften’d so, as wakes a frequent doubt Where each begins, where ends; yet still she keeps A gen’ral balance. So when Europe’s sons Sound the alarm of war; some potent hand (Now thine again my Albion) poises true The scale of empire; curbs each rival pow’r; And checks each lawless tyrant’s wild career.

Not but there are of fewer parts who plan A pleasing picture. These a forest-glade Suffices oft; behind which, just remov’d, One tuft of foliage, Waterlo, like thine, Gives all we wish of dear variety.
For ev'n variety itself may pall,
If to the eye, when pausing with delight
On one fair object, it presents a mass
Of many, which disturb that eye's repose.
All hail Simplicity! To thy chaste shrine,
Beyond all other, let the artist bow.

Oft have I seen arrang'd, by hands that well
Could pencil Nature's parts, landscapes, that knew
No leading subject: Here a forest rose;
A river there ran dimpling; and beyond,
The portion of a lake: while rocks, and tow'rs,
And castles intermix'd, spread o'er the whole
In multiform confusion. Ancient dames
Thus oft compose of various silken shreds,
Some gaudy, patch'd, unmeaning, tawdry thing;
Where bucks and cherries, ships and flow'rs; unite
In one rich compound of absurdity.

Chuse then some principal commanding theme,
Be it lake, valley, winding stream, cascade,
Castle, or sea-port, and on that exhaust
Thy pow'rs, and make to that all else conform.
Who paints a landscape, is confin'd by rules,
As fix'd and rigid as the tragic bard,
To unity of subject. Is the scene
A forest, nothing there, save woods and lawns
Must rise conspicuous. Episodes of hills
And lakes be far remov'd; all that obtrudes
On the chief theme; how beautiful foe'er
Seen as a part, disgusts us in the whole.

Thus in the realms of landscape, to preserve
Proportion just is Disposition's task.

And
And tho’ a glance of distance it allows,
Ev’n when the foreground swells upon the sight:
Yet if the distant scen’ry wide extend,
The foreground must be ample: Take free scope: 200
Art must have space to stand on, like the Sage,
Who boasted pow’r to shake the solid globe.
This thou must claim; and, if thy distance spread
Profuse, must claim it amply: Uncombin’d
With foreground, distance loses pow’r to please. 205

Where rising from the solid rock, appear
Those ancient battlements, there liv’d a knight,
That oft surveying from his castle wall
The wide expanse before him; distance vast;
Interminable wilds; savannahs deep; 210
Dark woods; and village spires, and glitt’ring streams,
Just twinkling in the sun-beam, wish’d the view
Transferr’d to canvass, and for that sage end,
Led some obedient son of Art to where
His own unerring taste had previous fix’d 215
The point of amplest prospect. “Take thy stand
“Just here,” he cry’d, “and paint me all thou seeest,
“Omit no single object.” It was done;
And soon the live-long landscape cloaths his hall,
And spreads from base to ceiling. All was there; 220
As to his guests, while dinner cool’d, the knight
Full oft would prove; and with uplifted cane
Point to the distant spire, where slept entomb’d
His ancestry; beyond, where lay the town,
Skirted with wood, that gave him place and voice 225
In Britain’s senate; nor untrac’d the stream
That fed the goodly trout they soon should taste;
Nor
Nor ev'ry scatter'd feat of friend, or foe,
He calls his neighbours. Heedless he, meanwhile,
That what he deems the triumph of his taste,
Is but a painted survey, a mere map;
Which light and shade and perspective misplac'd
But serve to spoil.

Yet why (methinks I hear
Some Critic fay) do ample scences like this
In picture fail to please; when ev'ry eye
Confesses they transport on Nature's chart?

Why, but because, where she displays the scene,
The roving sight can pause, and swift select,
From all she offers, parts, whereon to fix,
And form distinct perceptions; each of these
Producing sep'rate pictures; and as bees
Condense within their hives the varying sweets;
So does the eye a lovely whole collect
From parts disjointed; nay, perhaps, deform'd.

Then deem not Art defective, which divides,
Rejects, or recombines: but rather fay,
'Tis her chief excellence. There is, we know,
A charm unspeakable in converse free
Of lover, or of friend, when foul with foul
Mixes in social intercourse; when choice
Of phrase, and rules of rhet'ric are disdained;
Yet fay, adopted by the tragic bard,
If Jaffier thus with Belvidera talk'd,
So vague, so rudely, would not want of skil,
Selection, and arrangement, damn the scene?

Thy forms, tho' balance'd, still perchance may want

B

The
The charm of Contrast: Sing we then its pow’r.
’Tis Beauty’s surest source; it regulates
Shape, colour, light, and shade; forms ev’ry line
By opposition just; whate’er is rough
With skill delusive counteracts by smooth;
Sinuous, or concave, by its opposite;
Yet ever covertly: should Art appear,
That art were Affection. Then alone
We own the power of Contrast, when the lines
Unite with Nature’s freedom: then alone,
When from its careless touch each part receives
A pleasing form. The lake’s contracted bounds
By contrast varied, elegantly flow;
Th’ unwieldy mountain sinks; here, to remove
Offensive parallels, the hill deprest
Is lifted; there the heavy beech expung’d
Gives place to airy pines; if two bare knolls
Rise to the right and left, a cattle here,
And there a wood, diversify their form.

Thrice happy he, who always can indulge
This pleasing feast of fancy; who, replete
With rich ideas, can arrange their charms
As his own genius prompts, and plan and paint
A novel whole. But tasteless wealth oft claims
The faithful portrait, and will fix the scene
Where Nature’s lines run falsely, or refuse
To harmonize. Artist, if thus employ’d,
I pity thy mischance. Yet there are means
Ev’n here to hide defects: The human form,
Pourtray’d
Pourtray'd by Reynolds, oft abounds with grace
He saw not in his model; which nor hurts
Resemblance, nor fictitious skill betrays.
Why then, if o'er the limb uncouth he flings
The flowing vest, may not thy honest art
Veil with the foliage of some spreading tree,
Unpleasing objects, or remote, or near?
An ample licence for such needful change,
The foregrounds give thee: There both mend and make.
Whoe'er opposes, tell them, 'tis the spot
Where fancy needs must sport; where, if restrain'd
To close resemblance, thy best art expires.

What if they plead, that from thy general rule,
That rests on Nature as the only source
Of beauty, thou revolt'ft; tell them that rule
Thou hold'ft still sacred: Nature is its source;
Yet Nature's parts fail to receive alike
The fair impression. View her varied range:
Each form that charms is there; yet her best forms
Must be selected: As the sculptur'd charms
Of the fam'd Venus grew, so must thou cult
From various scenes such parts as best create
One perfect whole. If Nature ne'er array'd
Her most accomplish'd work with grace compleat,
Think, wilt she waste on desert rocks, and dells,
What she denies to Woman's charming form?

And now, if on review thy chalk'd design,
Brought into form by Disposition's aid,
Displease not, trace thy lines with pencil free;
Add lightly too that general mass of shade,
Of which
Which suits the form and fashion of its parts.
There are who, studious of the best effects,
- First sketch a flight cartoon: Such previous care
Is needful, where the Artist's fancy fails
Precisely to foresee the future whole.

This done, prepare thy pallet, mix thy tints,
And call on chaste Simplicity again
To save her votary from whate'er of hue,
Discordant or abrupt, may flaunt or glare.

Yet here to bring materials from the mine,
From animal, or vegetable dies,
And sing their various properties and pow'rs,
The Muse descends not. To mechanic rules,
To prove, and practice, which can only teach
The use of pigments, she resigns the toil.

One truth she gives, that Nature's simple loom
Weaves but with three distinct, or mingled, hues,
The veil that cloths Creation: These are red,
Azure, and yellow. Pure and unstain'd white
(If colour deem'd) rejects her gen'ral law,
And is by her rejected. Dost thou deem
The glossy surface of yon heifer's coat
A perfect white? Or yon vast heaving cloud
That climbs the distant hill? With ceruse bright
Attempt to catch its tint, and thou wilt fail.
Some tinge of purple, or some yellowish brown,
Must first be blended, e'er thy toil succeed.
Pure white, great Nature wishes to expunge
From all her works; and only then admits,
When with her mantle broad of fleecy snow
She wraps them, to secure from chilling frost;
Conscious, mean while, that what she gives to guard,
Conceals their ev’ry charm; the stole of night
Not more eclipses: yet that fable stole
May, by the skilful mixture of these hues,

Be ’shadow’d ev’n to dark Cimmerian gloom.

Draw then from these, as from three plenteous springs,
Thy brown, thy purple, crimson, orange, green,
Nor load thy pallet with a useless tribe
Of pigments, when commix’d with needful white,
As suits thy end, these native three suffice.
But if thou dost, still cautious keep in view
That harmony which these alone can give.

Yet still there are, who scorning all the rules
Of dull mechanic art, with random hand
Fling their unblended colours, and produce
Bolder effects by opposition’s aid.

The Sky, what’er its hue, to landscape gives
A correspondent tinge. The morning ray
Spreads it with purple light, in dew-drops steep’d;
The evening fires it with a crimson glow.
Blows the bleak North? It sheds a cold, blue tint
On all it touches. Do light mists prevail?
A soft grey hue o’er-spreads the gen’ral scene,
And makes that scene, like beauty view’d thro’ gauze,
More delicately lovely. Chuse thy sky;
But let that sky, what’er the tint it takes,
O'er-rule thy pallet. Frequent have I seen,
In landscapes well composed, aerial hues
So ill-preserved, that whether cold or heat,
Tempest or calm, prevail'd, was dubious all.
Not so thy pencil, Claude, the season marks:
Thou mak'st us pant beneath thy summer noon;
And shiver in thy cool autumnal eve.

Such are the pow'r's of sky; and therefore Art selects what best is suited to the scenes
It means to form: to this adapts a morn,
To that an ev'ning ray. Light mists full oft
Give mountain-views an added dignity,
While tame impoverish'd scenery claims the force of splendid lights and shades; nor claims in vain.

Thy sky adjusted, all that is remote
First colour faintly: leaving to the last
Thy foreground. Easier'tis, thou know'st, to spread
Thy floating foliage o'er the sky; than mix
That sky amid the branches. Venture still
On warmer tints, as distances approach
Nearer the eye: nor fear the richest hues,
If to those hues thou giv'st the meet support
Of strong opposing shade. A canvas once
I saw, on which the Artist dare'd to paint
A scene in Indostan; where gold, and pearl
Barbaric, flam'd on many a broider'd vest
Profusely splendid: yet chaste Art was there,
Opposing hue to hue; each shadow deep
So spread, that all with sweet accord produc'd
A bright, yet modest whole. Thus blend thy tints,
Be they of scarlet, orange, green, or gold,
Harmonious, till one gen’ral glow prevail
Unbroken by abrupt and hostile glare.

— Let shade predominate, it makes each light
More lucid, yet destroys offensive glare.
Mark when in fleecy show’rs of snow, the clouds
Seem to descend, and whiten o’er the land,
What unsubstantial unity of tinge
Involves each prospect: Vision is absorb’d;
Or, wand’ring thro’ the void, finds not a point
To rest on: All is mockery to the eye.
Thus light diffus’d, debases that effect
Which shade improves. Behold what glorious scenes
Arise thro’ Nature’s works from shade. Yon lake
With all its circumambient woods, far less
Would charm the eye, did not the dusky mist
Creeping along its eastern shores, ascend
Those tow’ring cliffs, mix with the ruddy beam
Of opening day, just damp its fires, and spread
O’er all the scene a sweet obscurity.

But wouldn’t thou see the full effect of shade
Well mass’d, at eve mark that upheaving cloud,
Which charg’d with all th’ artillery of Jove,
In awful darkness, marching from the east,
Ascends; see how it blots the sky, and spreads,
Darken, and darker still, its dusky veil,
Till from the east to west, the cope of heav’n
It curtains closely round. Haply thou stand’st
Expectant of the loud convulsive burst,

When
When lo! the sun, just sinking in the west,
Pours from th' horizon's verge a splendid ray,
Which tenfold grandeur to the darkness adds.
Far to the east the radiance shoots, just tips
Those tufted groves; but all its splendour pours
On yonder castled cliff, which chiefly owes
Its glory, and supreme effect, to shade.

Thus light, inforc'd by shadow, spreads a ray
Still brighter. Yet forbids that light to shine
A glitt'ring speck; for this were to illume
Thy picture, as the convex glafs collects,
All to one dazzling point, the solar rays.

Whate'er the force of opposition, still
In soft gradation equal beauty lies.
When the mild luflre glides from light to dark,
The eye well-pleas'd pursues it. 'Mid the herds
Of variegated hue, that graze our lawns,
Oft may the Artift trace examples just
Of this sedate effect, and oft remark
Its opposite. Behold yon lordly Bull,
His fable head, his lighter shoulders ting'd
With flakes of brown; at length still lighter tints
Prevailing, graduate o'er his flank and loins
In tawny orange. What, if on his front
A star of white appear? The general mafs
Of colour spreads unbroken; and the mark
Gives his stern front peculiar character.

Ah! how degenerate from her well-cloath'd fire
That heifer. See her sides with white and black
So studded, so distinct, each jostling each,
The groundwork-colour hardly can be known.

Of lights, if more than two thy landscape boast,
It boasts too much: But if two lights be there,
Give one pre-eminence: with that be sure
Illume thy foreground, or thy midway space;
But rarely spread it on the distant scene.
Yet there, if level plains, or fens appear,
And meet the sky, a lengthen'd gleam of light
Discreetly thrown, will vary the flat scene.

But if that distance be abruptly clos'd
By mountains, cast them into total shade:
Ill suit gay robes their hoary majesty.
Sober be all their hues; except, perchance,
Approaching nearer in the midway space,
One of the giant-brethren tow'r sublime.
To him thy art may aptly give a gleam
Of radiance: 'twill befit his awful head,
Alike, when rising thro' the morning-dews
In misty dignity, the pale, wan ray,

Invests him; or when, beaming from the west,
A fiercer splendour opens to our view
All his terrific features, rugged cliffs,
And yawning chasms, which vapours thro' the day
Had veil'd; dens where the Lynx or Pard might dwell
In noon-tide safety, meditating there
His next nocturnal ravage thro' the land.

Are now thy lights and shades adjusted all?
Yet pause: perhaps the perspective is just;
Perhaps each local hue is duly plac'd;
Perhaps the light offends not; harmony
May still be wanting, that which forms a whole
From colour, shade, gradation, is not yet
Obtain'd. Avails it ought, in civil life,
If here and there a family unite
In bonds of peace, while discord rends the land,
And pale-ey'd Faction, with her garment dipp'd
In blood, excites her guilty fons to war?

To aid thine eye, distrustful if this end
Be fully gain'd, wait for the twilight hour:
When the grey owl, failing on lazy wing,
Her circuit takes; when length'ning shades dissolve;
Then in some corner place thy finish'd piece,
Free from each garish ray: Thine eye will there
Be undisturb'd by parts; there will the whole
Be view'd collectively; the distance there
Will from its foreground pleasingly retire,
As distance ought, with true decreasing tone.
If not, if shade or light be out of place,
Thou feest the error, and may'ft yet amend.

Here science ceases, tho' to close the theme,
One labour still, and of Herculean cast,
Remains unfung, the art to execute,
And what its happiest mode. In this, alas!
What numbers fail; tho' paths, as various, lead
To that fair end, as to thy ample walls
Imperial London. Every Artift takes

His
His own peculiar manner; save the hand
Coward, and cold, that dare not leave the track
Its master taught. Thou who would"ft boldly seize 520
Superior excellence, observe, with care,
The style of ev'ry Artist; yet disdain
To mimic ev'n the best: Enough for thee
To gain a knowledge from what various modes
The same effect results. Artists there are, 525
Who, with exactness painful to behold,
Labour each leaf, and each minuter moss,
Till with enamell'd surface all appears
Compleatly smooth. Others with bolder hand,
By Genius guided, mark the gen'ral form, 530
The leading features, which the eye of Taste,
Practis'd in Nature, readily translates.
Here lies the point of excellence. A piece,
Thus finish'd, tho' perhaps the playful toil
Of three short mornings, more enchants the eye, 535
Than what was labour'd thro' as many moons.

Why then such toil mispent? We do not mean,
With close and microscopic eye, to pore
On ev'ry studied part: The practis'd judge
Looks chiefly on the whole; and if thy hand 540
Be guided by true Science, it is sure
To guide thy pencil freely. Scorn thou then
On parts minute to dwell: The character
Of objects aim at, not the nice detail.

Now is the scene compleat: with Nature's ease, 545
Thy woods, and lawns, and rocks, and splendid lakes,
And
And distant hills unite; it but remains
To people these fair regions. Some for this
Confult the sacred page; and in a nook
Obscure, present the Patriarch's text of faith,
The little altar, and the victim son:
Or haply, to adorn some vacant sky,
Load it with forms, that fabled Bard supplies
Who sang of bodies chang'd; the headlong steeds,
The car upheav'd, of Phaeton, while he,
Rash boy! spreads on the plain his pallid corse,
His sisters weeping round him. Groups like these
Befit not landscape: Say, does Abraham there
Ought that some idle peasant might not do?
Is there expression, passion, character,
To mark the Patriarch's fortitude and faith?
The scanty space which perspective allows,
Forbids. Why then degrade his dignity
By paltry miniature? Why make the seaer
A mere appendage? Rather deck thy scene
With figures simply suited to its style.
The landscape is thy object; and to that,
Be these the under-parts. Yet still observe
Propriety in all. The speckled Pard,
Or tawny Lion, ill would glare beneath
The Britifh oak; and Britifh flocks and herds
Would graze as ill on Afric's burning sands.
If rocky, wild, and awful, be thy views,
Low arts of husbandry exclude: The spade,
The plough, the patient angler with his rod,
Be banish'd thence; far other guests invite,
Wild as those scenes themselves, banditti fierce,
And gipsy-tribes, not merely to adorn,
But to impress that sentiment more strong,
Awak'd already by the savage-scene.

Oft winding slowly up the forest glade,
The ox-team lab'ring, drags the future keel
Of some high admiral: no ornament
Aflifts the woodland scene like this; while far
Remov'd, seen by a gleam among the trees,
The forest-herd in various groups repose.

Yet, if thy skill should fail to people well
Thy landscape, leave it desert. Think how Claude
Oft crowded scenes, which Nature's self might own,
With forms ill-drawn, ill-chose'n, ill-arrang'd,
Of man and beast, o'er loading with false taste
His sylvan glories. Seize them, Pestilence,
And sweep them far from our disgusted sight.

If, o'er thy canvas Ocean pours his tide,
The full siz'd vessel, with its swelling sail,
Be cautious to admit; unless thy art
Can give it cordage, pennants, masts, and form
Appropriate; rather with a careless touch
Of light, or shade, just mark the distant skiff.

Nor thou refuse that ornamental aid,
The feather'd race afford. When flutt'ring near
The eye, we own absurdity results,
They seem both fix'd and moving: but beheld
At proper distance, they will fill thy sky
With animation: Give them there free scope
Their pinions in the blue serene to ply.
Far up you river, opening to the sea,
Just where the distant coast extends a curve,
A lengthen'd train of sea-fowl urge their flight.
Observe their files! In what exact array
The dark battalion floats, distinctly seen
Before you silver cliff! Now, now, they reach
That lonely beacon; now are lost again
In you dark cloud. How pleasing is the sight!
The forest-glade from its wild, tim'rous herd,
Receives not richer ornament, than here
From birds this lonely sea-view. Ruins too
Are grac'd by such additions: not the force
Of strong and catching lights adorn them more,
Than do the dusky tribes of rooks, and daws,
Flutt'ring their broken battlements among.
Place but these feather'd groups at distance due;
The eye, by fancy aided, sees them move;
Flit past the cliff, or circle round the tow'r.

Thy landscape finish'd, tho' it meet thy own
Approving judgment, still requires a test,
More general, more decisive. Thine's an eye
Too partial to be trusted. Let it hang
On the rich wall, which emulation fills;
Where rival masters court the world's applause.
There trvell'd virtuosi, ftalking round,
With strut important, peering thro' the hand,
Hollow'd in telescopic form, survey
Each luckless piece, and uniformly damn;
Assuming for their own the taste they fteal.
"This has not Guido's air:" "This poorly apes Titian's rich colouring:" "Rembrandt's forms are here,
But not his light and shadow." Skilful they

In ev'ry hand, save Nature's. What if these
With Gaspar or with Claude thy work compare,
And therefore scorn it; let the pedants prate
Unheeded. But if taste, correct and pure,
Grounded on practice; or, what more avails
Than practice, observation justly form'd
On Nature's best examples and effects,
Approve thy landscape; if judicious Locke
See not an error he would wish remov'd,
Then boldly deem thyself the heir of Fame.
NOTES

ON THE FOREGOING

POEM.

Line

34 Some perhaps may object to the word glimmering: but whoever has observed the playing lights, and colours, which often invest the summits of mountains, will not think the epithet improper.

45 What it's leading feature; that is, the particular character of the tree. The different shape of the leaves, and the different mode of spreading its branches, give every tree, a distinct form, or character. At a little distance you easily distinguish the oak from the ash; and the ash from the beech. It is this general form, not any particular detail, which the artist is instructed to get by heart. The same remark holds with regard
regard to other parts of nature. These general forms may be called the painter's alphabet. By these he learns to read her works; and also to make them intelligible to others.

61 With light of curling foam contrasted. The progress of each wave is this. Beneath the frothy curl, when it rises between the eye, and the light, the colour is pale green, which brightens from the base towards the summit. When a wave subsides, the summit falling into the base, extends, and raises it; and the sides running off from the centre, that part of the water which meets the succeeding wave, springs upward from the shock; the top forms into foam, and rolling over falls down the side, which has been shocked; presenting if the water be much agitated, the idea of a cascade.

77 The evening-shadow left opaquely falls. It is not often observed by landscape-painters, tho' it certainly deserves observation, that the morning-shadows are darker than those of the evening.

101 If the big thought seem more than art can paint. It is always a sign of genius to be dissatisfied with our own efforts; and to conceive more than we can express.
146 Design presents the general subject, disposition, &c. Some writers on the art of painting have varied this division. But it seems most proper, I think, to give the selection of the elements of landscape—the assembling of rocks, mountains, cataracts, and other objects to design: while disposition is properly employed in the local arrangement of them.

149 The general composition of a landscape consists of three parts—the foreground—the second ground—and the distance. No rule can be given for proportioning these parts to each other. There are ten thousand beautiful proportions; from which the eye of taste must select a good one. The foreground must always be considerable—in some cases, ample. It is the very basis, and foundation of the whole.—Nor is it a bad rule, I think, that some part of the foreground should be the highest part of the picture. In rocky, and mountainous views this is easy, and has generally a good effect. And sometimes even when a country is more level, a tree on the foreground, carried higher than the rest of the landscape, answers the end. At the same time in many species of landscape this rule
rule cannot easily be adapted: nor is it by any means essential.

164 Waterlo, like thine. The subjects of this master seldom went beyond some little forest-view. He has etched a great number of prints in this style of landscape; which for the beauty of the trees in particular, are much admired.

173 Landscapes, that knew no leading subject. There is not a rule in landscape-painting more neglected; or that ought more to be observed, than what relates to a leading subject. By the leading subject, we mean, what characterizes the scene. We often see a landscape, which comes under no denomination. Is it the scenery about a ruin? Is it a lake-scene? Is it a river-scene? No: but it is a jumble of all together. Some leading subject therefore is required in every landscape, which forms its character; and to which the painter

——— is confined by rules,

As fixed, and rigid as the tragic bard.

when the landscape takes its character from a ruin, or other object on the foreground, the distance introduced, is merely an appendage; and must plainly appear to be an under-part; not interfering with the subject
subject of the piece. But most commonly the scene, or leading-subject of the picture, occupies the middle distance. In this case, the foreground becomes the appendage; and without any striking object to attract the eye, must plainly shew, that it is intended only to introduce the leading-subject with more advantage.

Thus, in a forest-scene, the woods and lawns are the leading-subject. If the piece will admit it, a hill, or a lake, may be admitted in remote distance: but they must be introduced, only as the episodes in a poem, to set off the main subject. They must not interfere with it; but be far removed.

And thro a glance. It is certain, in fact, that a considerable foreground, with a glance of distance, will make a better picture, than a wide distance, set off only with a meagre foreground: and yet I doubt whether an adequate reason can be given; unless it be founded on what hath already been advanced, that we consider the foreground as the basis, and foundation of the whole picture. So that if it is not considerable in all circumstances, and extensive in some, there seems a defect.
280 *A novel whole.* The imaginary-view, formed on a judicious selection, and arrangement of the parts of nature, has a better chance of making a good picture, than a view taken in the whole from any natural scene. Not only the lines, and objects of the natural scene rarely admit a happy composition; but the character of it is seldom throughout preserved. Whether it be sublime, or beautiful, there is generally something mixed with it of a nature unsuitable to it. All this the exhibition of fancy rectifies, when in the hands of a master. Nor does he claim any thing, but what the poet, and he are equally allowed. Where is the story in real life, on which the poet can form either an epic, or a drama, unless heightened by his imagination? At the same time he must take care, that all his imaginary additions are founded in nature, or his work will disgust. Such also must be the painter’s care. But under this restriction, he certainly may bring together a more consistent whole, culled from the various parts of nature, than nature herself exhibits in any one scene.

314 *Trace thy lines with pencil free.* The master is discovered even in his chalk, or black-lead lines—so free, firm, and intelligent. We
We often admire these first, rude touches. The story of the two old masters will be remembered, who left cards of compliments to each other, on which only the simple outline of a figure was drawn by one, and corrected by the other; but with such a superior elegance in each, that the signature of names could not have marked them more decisively.

318 First sketch a flight cartoon. It is the practice indeed of the generality of painters, when they have any great design to execute, to make a flight sketch, sometimes on paper, and sometimes on canvas. And these sketches are often greatly superior to the principal picture, which has been laboured, and finished with the exactest care. King William on horse-back at Hampton court, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, is a striking example of this remark. The picture is highly finished; but is a tame, and unmasterly performance. At Houghton-hall I have seen the original sketch of this picture; which I should have valued, not only greatly beyond the picture itself, but beyond any thing I ever saw from the pencil of Sir Godfrey.

331 One truth she gives, &c. From these three virgin colours, red, blue, and yellow, all the tints of nature are composed. Greens
of various hues, are composed of blue, and yellow: orange, of red, and yellow: purple and violet, of red, and blue. The tints of the rainbow seem to be composed also of these colours. They lie in order thus: violet—red—orange—yellow—green—blue—violet—red: in which assortment we observe that orange comes between red, and yellow; that is, it is composed of those colours melting into each other. Green is in the same way composed of yellow and blue; and violet, or purple of blue, and red.—Nay even browns of all kinds may, in a degree, be effected by a mixture of these original colours: so may grey; and even a kind of black, tho not a perfect one.—As all pigments however are deficient, and cannot approach the rainbow colours, which are the purest we know, the painter must often, even in his splendid tints, call in different reds, blues, and yellows. Thus as vermillion, tho an excellent red on many occasions, cannot give the rosy, crimson hue, he must often call in lake. Nor will he find any yellow, or blue, that will answer every purpose. In the tribe of browns he will be still more at a loss; and must have recourse to different earths.—In oil-painting one of the finest earths is known,
at the colour-shops, by the name of 

336 And is by her rejected. Scarce any natural

object, but snow, is purely white. The

chalk-cliff is generally in a degree discoloured. The petals of the snow-drop

indeed, and of some other flowers, are

purely white; but seldom any of the

larger parts of nature.

358 Keep in view that harmony, &c. Tho it will be

necessary to use other colours, besides

yellow, red, and blue, this union should

however still be kept in view, as the

leading principle of harmony. A mixture indeed of these three will produce

nearly the colour you want: but the more

colours are mixed, the muddier they grow.

It will give more clearness therefore, and

brightness to your colouring, to use simple

pigments, of which there are great abundance in the painter's dispensatory.

361 This mode of colouring is the most difficult
to attain, as it is the most scientific. It

includes a perfect knowledge of the effects

of colours in all their various agreements, and oppositions. When attained, it is

the most easy in practice. The artist, who blends his colours on his pallet, depends more on his eye, than on his knowledge.
knowledge. He works out his effect by a more laboured process; and yet he may produce a good picture in the end.

380 Nobody was better acquainted with the effects of sky, nor studied them with more attention, than the younger Vanderveldt. Not many years ago, an old Thames-waterman was alive, who remembred him well; and had often carried him out in his boat, both up and down the river, to study the appearances of the sky. The old man used to say, they went out in all kinds of weather, fair, and foul; and Mr. Vanderveldt took with him large sheets of blue paper, which he would mark all over with black, and white. The artist easily sees the intention of this process. These expeditions Vanderveldt called, in his Dutch manner of speaking, going a skyying.

401 The most remarkable instance of ingenious colouring I ever heard of, is in Guido's St. Michael. The whole picture is composed of blue, red, and black; by means of which colours the ideas of heaven and hell are blended together in a very extraordinary manner; and the effect exceedingly sublime; while both harmony, and chasteness are preserved in the highest degree.
Let shade predominate. As a general rule, the half-tints should have more extent than the lights; and the shadows should equal both put together.——Yet why a predominancy of shade should please the eye more than a predominancy of light, would perhaps be difficult to explain. I can easily conceive, that a balance of light and shade may be founded in some kind of reason; but am at a loss to give a reason for a predominancy of either. The fact however is undoubted; and we must screen our ignorance of the principle, as well as we can.

This rule respects an affected display of light. If it be introduced as a focus, so as not to fall naturally on the several objects it touches, it disgusts. Rembrandt, I doubt, is sometimes chargeable with this fault. He is commonly supposed to be a master of this part of painting; and we often see very beautiful lights in his pictures, and prints: but as in many of them we see the reverse, he appears to have had no fixed principle. Indeed, few parts of painting are so much neglected, so easily transgressed, and so little understood, as the distribution of light.

Opposition, and gradation are the two grand means of producing effect by light. In the
the picture just given (l. 424. &c.) of the evening-ray, the effect is produced by \textit{opposition}. Beautiful effects too of the same kind arise often from \textit{catching lights}. The power of producing effect by \textit{gradation}, is not less forcible. Indeed, without a degree of \textit{gradation}, \textit{opposition} itself would be mute. In the picture just given of the evening-ray, the grand part of the effect, no doubt, arises from the \textit{opposition} between the gloom, and the light: but in part it arises also from the \textit{gradation} of the light, till it reach it's point. It just tips

\begin{quote}
The tufted groves; but all it's splendor pours
On yonder castled cliff.
\end{quote}

447 The colours of animals often strongly illustrate the idea of \textit{gradation}. When they soften into each other, from light to dark, or from one colour into another, the mixture is very picturesque. It is as much the reverse, when white and black, or white, and red, are patched over the animal in blotches, without any intermediate tints. Domestic cattle, cows, dogs, swine, goats, and cats, are often disagreeably patched: tho we sometimes see them pleasingly coloured with a graduating tint. Wild animals, in general, are more uniformly coloured,
coloured, than tame. Except the zebra, and two or three of the spotted race, I recollect none which are not, more or less, tinted in this graduating manner. The tiger, the panther, and other variegated animals have their beauty: but the zebra, I think, is rather a curious, than a picturesque animal. It's streaked sides injure it both in point of colour, and in the delineation of its form.

467 But rarely spread it on the distant scene. In general perhaps a landscape is best in-litghtened, when the light falls on the middle parts of the picture; and the foreground is in shadow. This throws a kind of natural retiring hue throughout the landscape: and tho' the distance be in shadow, yet that shadow is so faint, that the retiring hue is still preserved. This however is only a general rule. In history-painting the light is properly thrown upon the figures on the foreground; which are the capital part of the picture. In landscape the middle grounds commonly form the scene, or the capital part; and the foreground is little more, than an appendage. Sometimes however it happens, that a ruin, or some other capital object on the foreground, makes the principal part of the scene. When that is the case,
case, it should be distinguished by light; unless it be so situated as to receive more distinction from shade.

482 A fiercer splendor opens to our view all his terrific features. It is very amusing, in mountainous countries, to observe the appearance, which the same mountain often makes under different circumstances. When it is invested with light mists; or even when it is not illumined, we see it's whole summit perhaps under one grey tint. But as it receives the sun, especially an evening-sun, we see a variety of fractures, and chasms gradually opening, of which we discovered not the least appearance before.

488 Tho the objects may lessen in due proportion, which is called keeping; tho the graduating hue of retiring objects, or the aerial perspective, may be just; and tho the light may be distributed according to the rules of art; yet still there may not be that general result of harmony, which denotes the picture one object: and as the eye may be misled, when it has the several parts before it, the best way of examining it as a perfect whole, is to examine it in such a light, as will not admit the investigation of parts.
529 Others, &c. Some painters copy exactly what they see. In this there is more mechanical precision, than genius. Others take a general, comprehensive view of their object; and marking just the characteristic points, lead the spectator, if he be a man of taste, and genius likewise, into a truer knowledge of it, than the copier can do, with all his painful exactness.

563 Why then degrade, &c. If by bringing the figures forward on the foreground, you give room for character, and expression, you put them out of place as appendages, for which they were intended.

581 Oft slowly winding, &c. The machine itself here described is picturesque: and when it is seen in winding motion, or (in other words) when half of it is seen in perspective, it receives additional beauty from contrast. In the same manner a cavalcade, or an army on its march, may be considered as one object; and derive beauty from the same source. Mr. Gray has given us a very picturesque view of this kind, in describing the march of Edward I;

As down the slope of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Gloucester stood aghast in speechless trance:
To arms! cried Mortimer; and couched his quiverling lance.
Through a passage in the mountain we see the troops winding round at a great distance. Among those nearer the eye, we distinguish the horse and foot; and on the foreground, the action, and expression of the principal commanders. The ancients seem to have known very little of that source of the picturesque, which arises from perspective: every thing is introduced in front before the eye: and among the early painters we see very little more attention paid to it. Raphael is far from making a full use of the knowledge of it; and I believe Julio Romano makes still less.

I do not remember meeting anywhere with a more picturesque description of a line of march, than in Vaillant's travels into the interior parts of Africa. He was passing with a numerous caravan, along the borders of Caffraria. I first, says he, made the people of the herd, which accompanied me, set out with their cattle: and a little after my cattle followed; cows, sheep, and goats; with all the women of the herd, mounted on oxen with their children. My wagons, with the rest of my people, closed the rear. I myself, mounted on horseback, rode backwards, and forwards. This caravan on
on its march, exhibited often a singular, and amusing spectacle. The turns it was obliged to make in following the windings of the woods, and rocks, continually gave it new forms. Sometimes it entirely disappeared: then suddenly, at a distance, from the summit of a hill, I again discovered my vanguard slowly advancing perhaps towards a distant mountain: while the main body, following the track, were just below me.

This rule indeed applies to all other objects: but as the ship is so large a machine, and at the same time so complicated a one, its character is less obvious, than that of most other objects. It is much better therefore, where a vessel is necessary, to put in a few touches for a skiff; than to insert some disagreeable form for a ship, to which it has no resemblance. At the same time, it is not at all necessary to make your ship so accurate, that a seaman could find no fault with it. It is the same in figures: as appendages of landscape there is no necessity to have them exactly accurate; but if they have not the general form, and character of what they represent, the landscape is better without them.

E 603 They
They seem, &c. Rapid motion alone, and that near the eye, is here censured. We should be careful not to narrow too much the circumscribed sphere of art. There is an art of seeing, as well as of painting. The eye must in part enter into the deception. The art of painting must, in some degree, be considered as an act of convention. General forms only are imitated, and much is to be supplied by the imagination of the spectator.—It is thus in drama. How absurdly would the spectator act, if instead of assisting the illusion of the stage, he should insist on being deceived, without being a party in the deception?—if he refused to believe, that the light he saw, was the sun; or the scene before him, the Roman capital, because he knew the one was a candle-light, and the other, a painted cloth? The painter therefore must in many things suppose deception; and only avoid it, where it is too palpably gross for the eye to suffer.

Guido's air, no doubt, is often very pleasing. He is thought to have excelled in imagining the angelic character; and, as if aware of this superiority, was fond of painting angels. After all, however, they, whose taste is formed on the simplicity of
of the antique, think Guido's air, in general somewhat theatrical.

638 Skilful they, &c. The greatest obstruction to the progress of art arises from the prejudices of conceited judges; who, in fact, know less about the matter, than they, who know nothing: inasmuch as truth is less obvious to error, than it is to ignorance. Till they can be prevailed on to return upon their steps, and look for that criterion in nature, which they seek in the half-perished works of great names; the painter will be discouraged from pursuing knowledge in those paths, where Raphael, and Titian found it.

639 What if these compare, &c. Bruyere observes, that the inferior critic judges only by comparison. In one sense all judgment must be formed on comparison. But Bruyere, who is speaking of poetry, means, that the inferior critic has no scale of judging of a work of art, but by comparing it with some other work of the same kind. He judges of Virgil by a comparison with Homer; and of Spencer by comparing him with Tasso. By such criticism he may indeed arrive at certain truths; but he will never form that masterly judgment, which he might do by comparing the work before him with
with the great archetypes of nature, and
the solid rules of his art.—What
Bruyere says of the critic in poetry, is
very applicable to the critic in painting.
The inferior critic, who has travelled,
and seen the works of many great masters,
supposes he has treasured up from them
the ideas of perfection; and instead of
judging of a picture by the rules of
painting, and its agreement with nature,
he judges of it by the arbitrary ideas
he has conceived; and these too very pro-
ably much injured in the conception.
From this comparative mode of criti-
cizing, the art receives no advancement.
All we gain, is, that one artist paints
better than another.

END OF THE NOTES.
EXPLANATION

OF THE

PRINTS.

TWO facing page 19. It is the intention of these two prints to illustrate how very adverse the idea of smoothness is to the composition of landscape. In the second of them the great lines of the landscape are exactly the same as in the first; only they are more broken.

Two facing p. 75. The first of these prints is meant to illustrate the idea of simple illumination. The light falls strongly on various parts; as indeed it often does in nature. But as it is the painter's business to take nature in her most beautiful form, he chooses to throw his light more into a mass, as represented in the second print, which exhibits the same landscape, only better inlightened. When we merely take the lines of a landscape from nature; and inlighten it (as
(as we must often do) from our own taste, and judgment, the massing of the light must be well attended to, as one of the great sources of beauty. It must not be scattered in spots; but must be brought more together, as on the rocky side of the hill in the second print: and yet it must graduate also in different parts; so as not to appear affected.

One print facing p. 77. The idea of *gradation* is here farther illustrated; according to the explanation in p. 76.—The inscription is that admired one of Cæcilia Metella, the daughter of Metellus, and the wife of Crassus; in which, with so much elegant, and tender simplicity, her name is divided between her father, and her husband.

One facing p. 79. This print exemplifies a simple mode of tinting a drawing, as explained in the text. The colouring of this print (which is done by hand) has added a little to the expense of the book: but it was thought necessary to compleat the scheme. —It was coloured by a relation of mine; Mr. Gilpin, drawing-master at Paddington-green; who in all the copies I have seen, has illustrated my ideas very satisfactorily; and who, as far as the recommendation of a partial kinsman may go, deserves mine.
One facing p. 85. This print is an explanation of a few rules in perspective; just sufficient for the use of common landscape.

ERRATA.

For, because he could not have given it, read, because it receives.

For, if the colour be not changeable, it is the harmony we admire,

For, circumference of the composition, read, circumstances of the composition.

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