



CREDIT RIVER.

—G. Chavignaud.

another revelation of mountain grandeur that appeals to our sense of the sublime. It is only by studying the perspective of this painting, following the stream up to its source, noting the successive bands of forest trees diminishing in size till with the dwarf cypress the timber limit is reached, and the bare rock stretches up and up to the keen and difficult air of the mountain top that we realize the might and majesty of these great mountains of God.

No one has ever so interpreted God's message of the mountains as has Turner in his "Modern Painters."

Let the reader imagine first the appearance of the most varied plain of some richly cultivated country; let him imagine it dark with graceful woods, and soft with deepest pastures; let him fill the space of it, to the utmost horizon, with innumerable and changeful incidents of scenery and life; leading pleasant streamlets through its meadows, strewing clusters of cottages beside their banks, tracing sweet footpaths

through its avenues, and animating its fields with happy flocks, and slow-wandering spots of cattle; and when he has wearied himself with endless imagining, and left no space without some loveliness of its own, let him conceive all this great plain, with its infinite treasures of natural beauty, and happy human life, gathered up in God's hands from one edge of the horizon to the other, like a woven garment, and shaken into deep falling folds, as the robes droop from a king's shoulders; all its bright rivers leaping into cataracts along the hollows of its fall, and all its forests rearing themselves aslant against its slopes, as a rider rears himself back when his horse plunges, and all its villages nestling themselves into the new windings of its glens, and all its pastures thrown into steep waves of green sward, dashed with dew along the edges of their folds, and sweeping down into endless slopes, with a cloud here and there lying quietly, half on the grass, half in the air,—and he will have as yet in all this lifted world, only the foundation of one of the great Alps.

And whatever is lovely in the lowland scenery becomes lovelier in this change; the trees which grow heavily and stiffly from the level line of plain, assume strange curves of strength and grace as they bend themselves