

adore his Creator, and to have dominion over every other creature; he is the vassal of heaven, and the lord of the earth; by him this nether globe is peopled, enobled, and enriched; he establishes order, subordination, and harmony among living beings, and even to Nature herself he gives polish, extension, cultivation, and embellishment; for he cuts down the thistle and the bramble, and, by his care, multiplies the vine and the rose. In those dreary deserts where man has not inhabited, we find them over-run with thorns and briars; the trees deformed, broken and corrupted, and the seeds which ought to renew and embellish the scene, are choaked by surrounding rubbish, and reduced to sterility. Nature, whom we find in other situations adorned with the splendour of youth, has here the appearance of old age and decrepitude. Here the earth, overloaded with the spoils of its productions, instead of presenting a scene of beautiful verdure, exhibits only a rude mass of coarse herbage, and trees loaded with parasitical plants, as lichens, agarics, and other impure and corrupted fruits; the low grounds are covered with putrid and stagnant waters; these miry lands being neither solid nor fluid, are not only impassable but are entirely useless to the inhabitants of both
land