

formed, as I have shown, the only prominent features of the scenery. Burnett held that the earth, previous to the Flood, was one vast plain, without hill or valley, and that Paradise itself, like the *blomen garten* of a wealthy Dutch burgomaster, was curiously laid out upon a flat. We would all greatly prefer the Paradise of Milton—

‘ A happy rural seat of various view ;
 Grooves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm ;
 Others whose fruits, burnish'd with golden rind,
 Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
 If true, here only, and of delicious taste :
 Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
 Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
 Or palmy hillock ; or the flowery lap
 Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
 Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose :
 Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
 Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
 Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
 Luxuriant ; meanwhile murmuring waters fall
 Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,
 That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
 Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.’

It was during the times of the Coal Measures that Burnett would have found his idea of a perfect earth most nearly realized in at least general outline ; but even he would scarce have deemed it a paradise. Its lands were lands in which, according to the Prophet, there ‘ could no man have dwelt, nor son of man passed through.’ From some tall tree-top the eye would have wandered, without resting-place, over a wilderness of rank, unwholesome morass, dank with a sombre vegetation, that stretched on and away from the foreground to the distant horizon, and for hundreds and hundreds of leagues beyond ; the woods themselves, tangled, and dank, and brown, would, according to the poet, have ‘ breathed a creeping horror o'er the frame ;’ the surface, even where most consolidated, would have exhibited its