

HIRSCHFELD, PÜCKLER, POE: THE LITERARY MODELING OF NATURE

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In February of 1828, writing from Brighton to his former wife Lucie, Hermann Ludwig Heinrich, Prince von Pückler-Muskau, related the case of the English merchant and financier Peter Thellusson who, when he died in 1797, left a will posing huge difficulties for his family.¹ Rather than allowing his considerable fortune to go to any of his living heirs, Thellusson ordered that his estate remain untouched for decades until a later generation could inherit, at a time when its value should have vastly increased. Pückler is intrigued by the story and comments on the potential of great wealth for doing good works: "What marvelous objects might be attained by such a fortune well applied."²

Peter Thellusson's will was infamous; immediately challenged by his family as a form of "posthumous avarice," it provided long-term grist for the British legal system.³ Just as in the fictional case it eventually inspired—*Jarndyce v. Jarndyce* in Charles Dickens' *Bleak House* (1852–53)—for sixty years the lawyers made a good living from the otherwise inaccessible fortune; the family did not.⁴ When the inheritance finally came due in 1856, the anticipated gains had all but vanished.

Pückler's letter, written almost thirty years before that unhappy dénouement, was prompted by his encounter with two members of the Thellusson family during a stay in Brighton. He was much taken with the prospect of coming into enormous wealth, which in his own case would have allowed his dreams for Muskau to be realized. But rather than expound on his personal ambitions, he goes on to relate the story of someone else he met in Brighton, an elegant middle-aged man, once "one of the most admired beaux of the metropolis" ("einer der erfolgreichsten Stutzer der Hauptstadt"), who had, unhappily, run through his fortune too quickly. One day this man happened on a map of America and made up his mind to emigrate, choosing as his new abode the primeval forests on the shores of Lake Erie. There, Pückler tells us, he became "ein Ansiedler," a "backwoodsman" in Sarah Austin's inspired turn of phrase.

The prince, himself an admired beau of the metropolis who found himself fortuneless, had also planned a trip to America, although he never realized that desire. Hence the anecdote resonates with Pückler's life, although imagining him as an isolated settler in the American *Urwald*, hewing down firs to keep his log cabin warm, doesn't come readily

into focus. The letter goes on to relate how the exiled *Weltmann* made a success of his Eden-like surroundings: increasing his family and expanding his influence and his property until he possessed the equivalent of a small principality—"ein kleines Fürstentum"—with an income that allowed him to return regularly to England for the season, where he lived, to quote Pückler "with all the *aisance* [ease, affluence] of a fashionable man of the world." We cannot but recognize here a fantasy Pückler might have conjured up for himself.

Pückler's account of the Thellusson will intrigued the American writer Edgar Allan Poe, who cites this letter in a tale published in 1842 as "The Landscape Garden" and in an expanded version under the title "The Domain of Arnheim" (1846).⁵ It is assumed that Poe read Pückler's letters in Austin's translation, since his German was weak or non-existent.⁶ It is intriguing, however, that in alluding to the above passage, he nonetheless managed to get closer to Pückler's meaning than did Austin, for he renders—in quotation marks—Pückler's comment as: "in contemplation of so vast a sum, and of the services to which it might be applied, there is something even of the sublime." Is it possible that Poe got this from the *French* translation?⁷

In any case, in "The Domain of Arnheim" Poe's narrator expands on the notion of beautifying the landscape, which becomes the climax of his story. The protagonist, a certain Ellison (surely an abbreviated Thellusson), having unexpectedly inherited a fortune of \$450 million, determines to spend his windfall in the creation of a landscape garden, the art form he reveres as the ultimate expression of man's poetic gifts. In a turn on the *paragone* debate over the correct ranking of the fine arts, Ellison dismisses poetry, painting, music, and sculpture in favor of landscape design, as his friend the narrator explains:

But Ellison maintained that the richest, the truest, and most natural, if not altogether the most extensive province, had been unaccountably neglected. No definition had spoken of the landscape-gardener as of the poet; yet it seemed to my friend that the creation of the landscape-garden offered to the proper Muse the most magnificent of opportunities. Here, indeed, was the fairest field for the display of imagination in the endless combining of forms of novel beauty; the elements to enter into combination being, by a vast superiority, the most glorious which the earth could afford. In the multiform and multicolor of the flowers and the trees, he recognised the most direct and energetic efforts of Nature at physical loveliness. And in the direction or concentration of this effort—or, more properly, in its adaptation to the eyes which were to behold it on earth—he perceived that he should be

employing the best means—laboring to the greatest advantage—in the fulfilment, not only of his own destiny as poet, but of the august purposes for which the Deity had implanted the poetic sentiment in man.⁸

The high regard for the art of landscape gardening is certainly in keeping with the prince's views. But Pückler offered further inspiration to Poe: another of his letters provided the locus behind Ellison's ideal landscape garden, namely the "Arnheim" of the title.⁹ Pückler's evocative description of an extensive garden that he came upon during a trip from Wesel to Arnheim in Holland ("Arnheim" in German) is reborn as the setting of otherworldly perfection culminating Ellison's four-year quest for the ideal site. For Poe's narrative concludes with a remarkable description of Ellison's ultimate journey to his perfect landscape garden. Although the account begins, as Pückler's does, with plodding matter-of-factness ("The usual approach to Arnheim was by the river"), it closes in a wild turbulence of synesthesia and magic. We float in ivory canoes, pass through gates of burnished gold, and are regaled with a list of intense sense impressions.¹⁰ The way appears barred at various points, yet we always manage to proceed further into the garden. Elaborate gates open just for us; waters seem to part, until the tale ends in a sensual rush:

There is a gush of entrancing melody; there is an oppressive sense of strange sweet odor,—there is a dream-like intermingling to the eye of tall slender Eastern trees—bosky shrubberies—flocks of golden and crimson birds—lily-fringed lakes—meadows of violets, tulips, poppies, hyacinths, and tuberose—long intertangled lines of silver streamlets—and, upspringing confusedly from amid all, a mass of semi-Gothic, semi-Saracenic architecture sustaining itself by miracle in mid-air, glittering in the red sunlight with a hundred oriels, minarets, and pinnacles; and seeming [to be] the phantom handiwork, conjointly, of the Sylphs, of the Fairies, of the Genii and of the Gnomes.¹¹

This is a landscape garden extraordinaire! But, of course, it is not a real place or, indeed, any place designed by man. It is as if Ellison, having conceived the idea of the Perfect Landscape Garden, has achieved his goal by entering another dimension.¹² The space we enter is not a garden or even a landscape but a realm where we are fully enveloped in an otherworldly nature, where there is no shepherd, no wildman, no farmer, and from which there may well be no return, the final and radical end of the pastoral ideal.

What is the relationship between this kind of visionary description and Pückler's aspirations for an ideal park? What role does the evocative

image play in Pückler's own *literary* creations of gardens? As part of an answer, I propose to chart the tradition of the literary garden from its rationalist, Enlightenment roots to the eccentric, late Romantic point of view exemplified by Poe.

Popular Literature, Travel, Gardens, Landscape

The evocative landscape journey in Poe's narrative participates in a long literary tradition that melded the popular genres of travel account and memoir, and it is a descendant of the pastoral idealization of primitive life invested in an emotionally charged natural world. By the late eighteenth century, a growing reading public was eager to pursue literary works of particular genres. The market for cookbooks and travel literature as well as for periodicals and tabloids, for instance, was much larger than for "high" literature, just as the audience for the stormy tale of Werther outstripped that for Faust.¹³ By then, it had become possible for a writer to make a modest living from the trade, although writing was a less affluent profession in Germany than in England; it has been pointed out that Sir Walter Scott earned more from his writings in three years than Goethe did in his lifetime.¹⁴ Nevertheless, these decades witnessed the introduction of reading groups, and there were complaints of an epidemic of "reading madness"; the German public was overcome in a *Briefwut*, a craze both for writing and reading letters. Accordingly, travel literature also developed a cultic following.¹⁵

The German publishing industry was not only prolific in its own right but very efficient in translating contemporary works from other languages; many books appeared in German within one year of their initial publication, and these translations were generally of high quality.¹⁶ Goethe and others of his generation were rightly proud. In fact, in the *Briefe*, Pückler reports a conversation with Goethe, the "spiritual king" (*Geister-König*) of the German language, who speculated that the quantity and excellence of German translations would soon make it unnecessary for an educated person to know any other language.¹⁷ It is our loss, at least in Pückler's view, that he himself was not active as a translator, since he had the highest regard for his own skills in this arena. As he wrote to Lucie: "There are few translations that please me more than my own."¹⁸

The reading fad became especially intense around 1800 when, it has been said, the British were undergoing an industrial revolution, the French a political revolution, and the Germans a "reading revolution."¹⁹ There may have been more skimming and citing than in-depth perusal. In the "Vorspiel auf dem Theater" in *Faust*, the director bemoans the deplorable literary taste of his own audience members, complaining vehemently about their indiscriminate fondness for lightweight tabloids and

indicting them as appallingly widely read.²⁰ All of which is to say that the audience for the works we are considering here was anything but esoteric or specialized. It was enthusiastic and often quite informed. In the nineteenth century, much reading material was acquired through subscription, and the building of vast private libraries was no longer the sole province of princes: for example, a master tailor in Hanau owned over 3,600 volumes.²¹ Gardening, too, was a hot topic. In 1861, Friedrich Dochnahl, a natural scientist and pomologist, published an alphabetical catalog of all the garden-related books and periodicals that had appeared in Germany from 1750 to 1860.²² Amazingly, the list is nearly two hundred printed pages long and includes over three thousand titles.

Hirschfeld's Garden Landscapes and the Pastoral

The author of numerous publications named in Dochnahl's *Bibliotheca Hortensis* is Christian Cay Lorenz Hirschfeld, dubbed by Michael Niedermeier "the Kiel pope of recent garden art."²³ It was Hirschfeld who introduced the German reading public to the history and theory of gardens and garden design through a number of books and periodical publications focused on gardens and the natural landscape. He achieved a large following throughout Europe, for if actual travel was impossible for most, *virtual* travel was quite affordable for the eager audience described above. Several of Hirschfeld's tomes were quickly translated, paraphrased, and pirated in a number of languages, especially the work for which he is best known, the *Theorie der Gartenkunst* (*Theory of Garden Art*), which first appeared as a single volume and was later expanded into five volumes published simultaneously in German and French between 1779 and 1785, the year of Pückler's birth.²⁴

In the preface to his bibliography Dochnahl quotes two sentences encapsulating the profound importance of the "art and science of gardening." They are taken from the *Kleine Gartenbibliothek* of 1790, a journal edited by Hirschfeld.

The garden's influence on human beings is endlessly beneficial as long as they know to honor it with taste, diligence, and attentiveness. Within its bounds they find things that can lift high their spirits, instill goodness in their hearts, invigorate, nourish, and strengthen their bodies; yes, at every time of the year or day, in all circumstances, in every situation, joys without number.²⁵

Clearly the idealized view of the garden proposed in the late eighteenth century proved tenacious, and Dochnahl's use of this quotation more than seventy years later nicely epitomizes the longevity of the pastoral

tradition running from antiquity through Hirschfeld and up to Dochnahl's own time.

The *Theorie* is the most impressive of Hirschfeld's works; on the model of encyclopedic histories, its chronological and geographical sweep is huge, from Babylon to remote Pacific islands, from mankind's first designs upon the land to the present. Along the way the author expounds upon theories of nature and the natural landscape, analyzes debates over the art of garden-making, and offers models discussing these topics in prose and poetry. He gives few practical hints, however—his book is entitled *Theory of Garden Art*, after all, and he was trained in philosophy. Hirschfeld does touch on the economic aspects of garden-making, such as suggesting gardens for different incomes,²⁶ but there is little pragmatic advice. He saw the garden as a paradigm for the organization of society, where the owner/ruler is attentive to his subjects' rights and welfare just as he is to maintaining the natural beauty of his estates. The enlightened prince or landowner benefits from these practices as well; by wisely improving his property, he will benefit the peasant farmer as well as his own family and heirs. This sounds like a prescription for the fulfillment of Pückler's dreams.

Hirschfeld importantly offered his readers inspiration—not only by reaffirming the universal benefit of gardens, but by proffering a literary plan for our emotional response to the beauty of the world, both natural and artificial. His speculations on the nature of beauty and on man's relationship to the landscape are augmented by a great many descriptions of places—mainly of expansive gardens and princely estates done in the "natural" style. Since his personal travel was restricted to northern Europe, the descriptions by his pen are limited to those areas—the rest are taken from the reports of others. If we look not at his philosophical arguments but at a few of his own descriptions, we can observe how he structures the literary *experience* of the landscape and garden for his readers, and we can then follow this kind of evocation as it evolves in the writings of Pückler and then Poe.

Descriptions of rural delights hark back to classical pastoral poetry. Indeed, these lines from Theocritus could well pass for an eighteenth- or nineteenth-century pean:

High above our heads waved many a poplar, many an elm tree,
while close at hand the sacred water from the nymphs' own cave
welled forth with murmurs musical . . . On shadowy boughs the
burnt cicalas kept their chattering toil, far off the little owl cried
in the thick thorn brake, the larks and finches were singing . . . the
yellow bees were flitting about the springs.²⁷

As Ernst Robert Curtius points out in his comparison of this passage with a well-known bucolic scene from *Faust*, the lines are “saturated with actual observation.”²⁸ Thus the tradition lived on in the late pastoral in Germany, most prominently in the works of Hirschfeld’s slightly older contemporary, Salomon Gessner; both writers lead their readers to the sweet, clean breezes of the mountains, the fragrance of lovely bowers, and the splendor of a sunset over distant hills; both present a rural setting as the ideal locus for a happy and virtuous life. Horace’s *beatus ille* lived on.²⁹ Hirschfeld’s prose does not aspire to the sentimental heights of Gessner’s religious idylls, however. As an enlightened thinker, he valued moderation, and this is reflected as much in his views on garden design as it is in his rhetoric. He had also absorbed the theory of associationism—an Enlightenment proposition about the linking of particular feelings to particular sights. Indeed, emotional response was a central tenet in Hirschfeld’s view of landscape, and his descriptions of gardens are typically replete with references to the experience of the viewer. Yet his narrative voice maintains a certain objectivity; he names, describes, and analyzes subjective responses but does not recreate them. Rational distance prevails.

Certainly the image of a shepherd’s bucolic life had a special appeal to a literate public trapped in putrid cities, and Hirschfeld touches repeatedly on this theme. Whatever the reality of his readers’ daily trials, his word pictures offered an attractive escape.³⁰ In a long description of the gardens at Marienwerder, we watch with him as the dawn casts long shadows over the grass and water, as a rich green emerges on all sides, and rustic paths wind through a stand of birches or beside hermitages and artificial ruins.³¹ In a particularly programmatic finale, Hirschfeld outlines the panoply of feelings that this place arouses, essentially a list of the most desirable emotions a garden can elicit: “Cheerfulness, joy, gentle and sweet melancholy, love of quiet and solitude, of friendship and virtue, sorrows forgotten, the rising above life’s folly, and even a presentiment of the scenes from a yet more lovely world.”³²

The rhetorical commonplaces of ancient descriptions of grove and pleasure, mixed forest or *locus amoenus*, were no longer strictly observed in the eighteenth century. Nonetheless, the elements are still clearly recognizable: the soft meadow, the sun-drenched field, the wild forest. Hirschfeld acts as our guide through these places. And even when the images pile up in considerable quantity, we follow along. Here is an example describing a simple country cottage:

We are touched still more, especially after the noise of the city and open thoroughfares, to discover a lovely rural dwelling in an unexpected valley, standing there in quiet charm next to a small

rill that has strayed from a passing stream; the clear waters are happy to reflect the image of this delightfully pastoral hut; at its windows lilacs and grapevines grow companionably; nearby fruit trees spread a sweet twilight, and before the entrance, towering above everything, stands a tall linden tree whose shade already provided refreshment to our forefathers; in the forecourt are various kinds of poultry, all making up one harmonious family, some hiding quietly in the shadows, some splashing in the water, some in a gay throng flying past the full hand of the owner as he steps outside, their different voices and movements thanking him for his generosity. Joyful abode of peace and simplicity! Touching picture of innocence, all that is left us of Eden's bliss!³³

Hirschfeld invites his readers to share his reactions. He begins by reminding us of the emotional impact of the scene, contrasts its peace and quiet with the bustle and noise of the city; the hand of the gardener—nature's keeper—is present in the lilacs and grapevines; we are led to think of our own history (our forefathers); we sense a whole array of feelings, nearly all of those enumerated in the passage quoted above: even gentle melancholy is here in "all that is left us of Eden's bliss!" This is not a scene we can visualize in any specific way, but we have a clear sense of its various components and the proper response is specified for us: delight mixed with "melancholic longing" (*wehmütige Sehnsucht*). It is pastoral, but without nymphs, references to Apollo or Pan, without lyrical outpouring. It is sentimental but imbued with a certain analytical remove.

In Hirschfeld's judgment one of the principle qualities of a proper garden is its ability to elicit emotion, and *movement* (*Bewegung*) is a central tenet whereby this is accomplished. Hirschfeld abhors stasis, one reason for his rejection of the "formal" garden. Instead it is movement that is essential, with its dual constituents of motion and e-motion.³⁴ A garden visitor moves through a scene, the landscape elements move as well, and the result is emotionally moving. We see this in the description of Marienwerder where Hirschfeld acts as the reader's surrogate in a series of strolls through the park as each vista opens up, each tree or statue comes into view, each new feeling is evoked. Hirschfeld strikes many of his major chords here: a unity between truth and art; the role of subjectivity; the spirit of variety. We are on a voyage, travelers led by a persuasive guide whose measured responses are intended to become our own.

Although Hirschfeld predates the Romantic movement in German literature—officially inaugurated in 1797—there are a number of qualities in his writing that seem to anticipate its preoccupations. By this I do not mean his repeated use of the term "*romantisch*," which would have been

judged too superficial and sentimental to have passed muster with the movement's founders. Rather, it is his emphasis on the centrality of engagement with nature and his appreciation of transitoriness that reappear in amplified form in the writings of the Romantics.

Pückler's Idylls

The subtitle "Pückler's Idylls" may appear unduly anachronistic, since it has been argued that the pastoral, however venerable its tradition might have been, is a literary form that disappeared in the nineteenth century at the first breath of ridicule, and that neither Gessner nor any of his followers managed to "survive the laughter of Herder."³⁵ Still, when pastoral elements were integrated into other genres, they did survive. And even though we might expect the worldly Pückler to laugh along with Herder, we in fact find him interspersing idyllic descriptions in his own narrations. Indeed, we might decide that "romantic idylls" is a perfect fit.

All of Pückler's characterizations of gardens and landscapes are his own accounts. They do not encompass the broad chronology of Hirschfeld's survey, but they offer the armchair traveler the chance to accompany a single, spirited guide to a wide range of spots on the globe, many exotic and vividly experienced. Although contemporary critical response to Pückler's writings varied from rave reviews (Goethe, for instance) to polemical attacks,³⁶ he was extremely popular with the general reading public—in England as well as in Germany. Today he is valued for his entertaining wit and astute social and political commentary. Yet his accomplishment as a literary portrayer of gardens and landscapes has been undervalued, and mostly ignored.³⁷

I propose to look closely at a few passages from the *Briefe* and the *Hints* in the hope of locating Pückler within the evolving tradition we have seen reaching from antiquity to Hirschfeld's Enlightenment pastorals. We will see that some of Pückler's descriptions adhere more closely than others to conventions like the *locus amoenus* and *beatus ille*, and we will also find Hirschfeldian themes such as the importance of movement for animating landscape and eliciting emotion, or the benefit of paths, "the walker's silent guides that must serve to lead him, without force, to discover every pleasure the area has to offer."³⁸ Sometimes Pückler incorporates these tropes in ways that would have left Hirschfeld quite content. In the second part of the *Hints*, for instance, as in Hirschfeld's tour of Marienwerder, Pückler uses paths as a narrative strategy, accompanying the reader through a series of walking tours of Muskau, turning our gaze to the changing views of the landscape as we move along, and insisting that we judge an object, and a garden, as it *appears* to us, not as it *is*. Our subjectivity is what counts. Or in the *Tour* he includes a kind of

inventory of all the elements contributing to the harmonious beauty of Kenmare³⁹ and ends with a comparison emphasizing experience and emotion that would also have been much to Hirschfeld's taste: "a perfect park,—in other words, a tract of country idealized *by art*,—should be like a good book, which suggests *at least* as many new thoughts and feelings as it expresses."⁴⁰ Pückler extols this garden's many virtues, where every shrub and tree is planted with a sense for moderation and appropriateness, certainly desirable Hirschfeldian assets. Yet the tone is intensified by Romantic tropes—views into the "darkening wood" (*Walddunkel*) that leave some things disguised, a "veiled loveliness" (*verschleierte Schönheit*) that imparts an air of mystery, engaging the imagination of each visitor in a different way.

We can find other descriptions in which this romantic aura is amplified, not just in vocabulary but rhetorically, for example, in Pückler's account of the trip to Arnheim—the one mentioned above as a springboard for Poe. His narrative, like Poe's, starts out objectively, with no hint of what is to come: "My journey from Wesel to Arnheim was tedious enough. The horses toiled slowly on, through a dull country, amid endless sand."⁴¹ However, his words soon begin to soar as he is relieved to find a dull journey transformed by the "magical" effect of "an endless park" through which his carriage rolls softly, its spinning wheels "so inviting to the play of the fancy." This account and its transformative sweep from the mundane to the sublime was clearly a source for Poe's description of Ellison's otherworldly "Arnheim":

Although there are neither cliffs nor mountains in the endless park I was traveling through, nonetheless the high embankments up which the road sometimes climbs, the number of substantial country houses. . . . the numerous colossal groups of trees rising from meadows and plains or above clear lakes, grant the landscape just as much variation between height and depth as painterly views of the most picturesque type; yes, its greatest quality consisted in just this unbelievable movement and diversity of objects . . . cities, villages, palaces with their rich environs, villas of every architectural style with the most charming flower gardens, boundless stretches of grass with thousands of cattle grazing, lakes . . . innumerable islands . . . myriads of waterfowl . . .—everything joins hands in *one* continual joyous dance into which one is transported, as in a dream, by winged horses, while ever new palaces, still other cities appear on the horizon, their high Gothic towers melting into the clouds in the crepuscular distance . . .⁴²

Pückler's descriptive technique is itself inherently emotive. The vocabulary and sentence structure, like the landscape, are filled with "unbelievable movement and diversity," carrying us along without pause. The words and images mount up, many romantically charged, building to a joyous, dreamlike dance. Even the conventional imagery is prodigious—myriads of birds, immeasurable grasslands, villas of every conceivable style. The distance is crepuscular, the park endless, the groups of trees colossal; we are awed by innumerable cities and palaces. This is not a picture we could draw—it is an experience to be re-imagined. There are similarities with Hirschfeld's pastoral scenes, but with an increased expressive charge; Pückler does not describe feelings, or list them, he elicits them through words and rhetorical devices. His literary park has achieved his goal for a real park, both awakening emotions as well as expressing them.

The effect on the reader is also reminiscent of some of the great writing of the German Romantics. Indeed, in the powerful language, the rich imagery, even in some of the specific vocabulary, we can hear echoes of German Romanticism, for example certain passages from Novalis's "Story of Hyacinth and Roseblossom":

Now the countryside grew richer and more varied again, the air soft and blue, the path more level; green groves lured him with lovely shade, but he did not understand their language, in fact, they did not seem to speak, and yet they filled his heart with green colors and a sense of cool stillness. That sweet yearning rose higher and higher in him, and the leaves became broader and juicy, the birds and animals noisier and jollier, the fruits more like balsam, the sky darker, the air warmer, and his love ever more ardent, and time passed more and more quickly, as if it sensed it was near its goal.⁴³

Talking shrubbery is, of course, common enough in Romantic imagery—on occasion we find Pückler himself being greeted by a personified world.⁴⁴ And his Arnheim description recalls the Novalis passage in the gradual acceleration of sentences, the multiplying of comparatives and images, the sense of being engulfed by nature. Yet for Novalis, as for Poe, the external landscape is illusory; the green shrubbery, gentle air, rustling leaves are atmospheric signs of a state of mind. In Pückler's descriptions, the Romantic tropes compel us, but we remain cognizant of the existence of an outside world as the source of imagery. Behind the scenes we sense what Curtius termed "actual observation."

The *Hints* too, which was intended as a practical guide and which Pückler himself worries may be judged tedious,⁴⁵ contains the occasional evocative description imbuing the pastoral with the Romantic:

Imagine, for instance, among the precipices and waterfalls, the dark pine woods and blue glaciers of mountainous Switzerland, a classical, antique building, a palace from the Strada Balbi, sumptuous in its decorative flourishes, surrounded with high terraces, with rich multi-colored parterres of flowers . . . alive with the movement of waters . . . A few steps aside in the woods, and palace and gardens would have vanished from view, as by magic, to make room again for the undisturbed loveliness and majestic wilderness of Nature. Farther on, perhaps, a bend in the road would open up an unexpected vista, where, in the [remote] distance, the work of art, like a realized fairy dream, would show through the dark firs, glowing in the light of the setting sun, or rising over the mysterious darkness of the valley where, here and there, the tiny sparkles of lighted candles would glow.⁴⁶

Again a cascade of impressions engulfs us; we recognize the admixture of identifiably Romantic language: remote distance, the glow of a setting sun, dusky valleys, even fairies. Pückler shows that he can transport his readers “as if by magic.” And yet, even though this is an imaginary site imbued with emotion, the outside world has not been entirely left behind.

Thus, we see how Pückler’s descriptions of landscape combine the pastoral and the romantic, Hirschfeld transformed by way of Novalis. I am not aware of his admitting to these influences, but this is not to say they were not in play. Indeed, “playful” is an adjective appropriate to much of Pückler’s *Weltanschauung* and occasionally to his inventive use of literary convention. In a sober discussion of the advantages of a visible boundary between a garden and park, for instance, he leads our eye from the nearby colors of lawn and flowers to the distant landscape

. . . with its broad sweeps of grass, tall, dark, and interwoven by nothing but simple wildflowers—so lovely, when the wind caresses it sensually, like a young man running his fingers through the flowing tresses of his beloved, or when merry reapers dally there amidst the fragrant mounds of hay, while the smiling sun sends down its flashes of light.⁴⁷

This is genuine Pückler—a ravishing combination of pastoral with a frisson of sexuality and a little light-hearted frivolity.

Paragone

As we have seen, the language of garden description practiced by Hirschfeld and Pückler attempts a poetic re-creation of experience. The in-

adequacy of words to fully evoke such feelings is a recurrent lament and part of a tradition reaching back to Homer, a method of exalting the subject of a panegyric dubbed by Curtius the “inexpressibility topos.”⁴⁸ Pückler plays on this trope, at one point confessing—with a hint of melancholy—that reality, compared to art, is at best slightly disappointing, that only art can capture our fantasies and make us truly happy.⁴⁹ Elsewhere, however, he bemoans the inadequacy of “poor language, condemned to eternal repetition” to capture the glories of a natural scene.⁵⁰ Which does he believe? Can art—a garden or garden writing—trump, or at least match, the power of nature itself? And can nature be challenged by the actual creation of a landscape garden?

The traditional debate of the *paragone* was initially cast as an allegorical competition between poetry and painting, later sometimes encompassing sculpture and architecture. Garden art was not included.⁵¹ Indeed, “landscape” was a relatively new genre within the visual arts and had only slowly risen in esteem until by Hirschfeld’s time it was not only much admired, but actual gardens were praised for their “picturesqueness,” their resemblance to painting. Garden art became a credible rival to the sister arts by its association with painting.⁵² Hirschfeld returns to this topic several times, at one point judging gardening against architecture and, in a section entitled “On Garden Art as a Fine Art,” against painting, where he concludes that “at base the art of gardening is as superior to landscape painting as nature is to a copy. None of the mimetic arts is more entwined with nature herself, which is to say more natural, than the art of gardens. Here the portrayal is merged with the actual.”⁵³

In the *Hints*, Pückler expands on this trope, indulging in a kind of capriccio on the *paragone*. Since for him the art of landscape gardening, which he calls “nature painting” (*Naturmalerei*), achieves its epitome where it appears as “unbounded nature, yet in her most noble form” (*freie Natur, jedoch in ihrer edelsten Form*). He compares it with drama as well, since these are the only arts to choose nature itself as their material and as the true object of representation. He sees both as precarious, but gives the advantage to garden art, which he goes on to consider in relation to music. With coy wit he proposes that if architecture can be called “frozen music,” then garden art could be dubbed “vegetating music” boasting its own symphonies, adagios, and allegros. The truly gifted designer of gardens can create a perfect unity, but this only reaches its fullest potential and gives it fullest pleasure when harmony has given it life.⁵⁴ Here we see Pückler once again reinventing conventional imagery.

In “The Domain of Arnheim,” before recounting Ellison’s final journey, Poe’s narrator takes on the *paragone* debate and reaches a decisive conclusion:

In the most enchanting of natural landscapes, there will always be found a defect or an excess—many excesses and defects. While the component parts may defy, individually, the highest skill of the artist, the arrangement of these parts will always be susceptible of improvement. In short, no position can be attained on the wide surface of the natural earth, from which an artistical eye, looking steadily, will not find matter of offence in what is termed the “composition” of the landscape. And yet how unintelligible is this! In all other matters we are justly instructed to regard nature as supreme. With her details we shrink from competition. Who shall presume to imitate the colors of the tulip, or to improve the proportions of the lily of the valley? The criticism which says, of sculpture or portraiture, that here nature is to be exalted or idealized rather than imitated, is in error. No pictorial or sculptural combinations of points of human liveliness do more than approach the living and breathing beauty. In landscape alone is the principle of the critic true; and, having felt its truth here, it is but the headlong spirit of generalization which has led him to pronounce it true throughout all the domains of art.⁵⁵

Ellison’s speculations on the conditions of bliss, on art, and on how to spend his money to create beauty lead him to conclude, in concert with Novalis, Schlegel, and other Romantics, that his objectives would be best expressed through “poetic sentiment.” But which art can best achieve this ideal? Ellison, who also includes music in his pantheon, deems the art of making a landscape to be triumphant. Thus his conclusion is the same as Hirschfeld’s and Pückler’s. Yet Poe is not, as we have seen, describing an actual garden. Ellison may choose landscape gardening as the greatest art, but the winner in Poe’s *paragone* is poetic language itself. He demonstrates the power of his vision by taking the reader on a voyage where nature is omnipresent, overpowering, of an unworldly, almost mystical power. We, like Ellison, are “enwrapt in an exquisite sense of the strange. The thought of nature still remained, but her character seemed to have undergone modification, there was a weird symmetry, a thrilling uniformity, a wizard propriety in these her works.” In effect, Poe’s description has lost all ties to the real world; it sweeps us along with romantic fervor into a realm where even the sun no longer follows its accustomed path.

One could make the case that, although Pückler never fully realized his “garden dreams,”⁵⁶ he managed to create enduring gardens and word pictures of gardens that remain, like all landscapes, in a state of becom-

ing. Indeed, he turns to this central trope of the Romantics, the idea of *das Immer-Werdende*, in discussing the difficulties of maintaining Muskau Park, a living work of art. Although he ascribes the image to a comment by Fichte on a quality of language,⁵⁷ its use in Friedrich Schlegel's famous definition of Romanticism is fully apt:

Romantic poetry is a progressive universal poetry. Its destiny is not merely to reunite all of the different genres and to put poetry in touch with philosophy and rhetoric. Romantic poetry wants to and should combine and fuse poetry and prose, genius and criticism, art poetry and nature poetry. It should make poetry lively and sociable, and make life and society poetic. It should poeticize wit . . . The Romantic form of poetry is still in the process of becoming. Indeed, that is its true essence, that it is always in the process of becoming and can never be completed.⁵⁸

How reminiscent of the last of Ellison's four basic principles or "conditions of bliss": the need to have "an object of unceasing pursuit."

Like Romantic poetry, a garden can never be complete. As a mutable, living creation it is changeable in its essence. Pückler calls this "die Schattenseite unserer Kunst" (the dark side of our art) and sees it as both an advantage and a disadvantage. Additionally, however, a garden is a work of art and, like a text whose meaning can never be entirely pinned down, always open to re-interpretation. Pückler believed that an ideal garden should evoke a powerful emotional impact, and he aimed for a similar effect in his romantically charged descriptions. Accordingly, he engages us, his readers, in pathetic fallacies reminiscent of Novalis, in order that we experience the power of nature through words, images, and rhetorical structure. This is the quality that attracted Poe, whose vision of Arnheim fully dissolves the boundary between nature and artifice.

At the end of the *Hints*, Pückler takes his departure from the reader with Horatian melancholy, musing on how one might best contribute to the world. He concludes that whereas politics cannot be for everyone, a still greater good can be achieved by a landowner who valiantly strives to improve Mother Earth. For Pückler, *das Immer-Werdende* is at once a literary trope and an allusion to the obstacles inherent in any attempt to manipulate nature. Perhaps what we glimpse in his verbal renderings of landscape is a yearning for expectations that he recognizes can be fulfilled only on the page.

Notes

¹ Letter XXII in *Briefe eines Verstorbenen* (published anonymously), 4 vols. (Munich/Stuttgart, 1830–31); new edition by Heinz Ohff (Berlin, 1986), 813–16. All German references

are to the modern edition (hereafter *Briefe*). This letter appears as Letter VIII in vol. 4 of the English translation by an unnamed Sarah Austin: *Tour in England, Ireland, and France in the Years 1828 & 1829*, vols. 1 & 2, and *Tour in Germany, Holland and England in the years 1826, 1827, & 1828, In a series of letters by a German Prince*, vols. 3 & 4 (London, 1832). Austin's translation appeared quickly in America in a number of editions—as two volumes in one and at least twice as a single volume but with slightly differing titles and pages—all published in 1833 by Carey, Lea & Blanchard in Philadelphia. References to Austin's translation (hereafter *Tour*) are to the one-volume, 499-page Philadelphia edition entitled *Tour in England, Ireland, and France, in the Years 1826, 1827, 1828, and 1829*. For an abridged edition of the Austin translation, see E. M. Butler, ed., *A Regency Visitor. The English Tour of Prince Pückler-Muskau Described in his Letters, 1826–1828* (New York, 1958). Additional English translations of some letters (including occasional overlaps with Austin) appear in Flora Brennan, ed., *Pückler's Progress: The Adventures of Prince Pückler-Muskau in England, Wales and Ireland as Told in Letters to his Former Wife, 1826–9* (London, 1987).

² Pückler guesses that this process will take 150 years and reckons that the value of the estate will have reached ninety-four million talers—an amazing amount, considering that Pückler at one point figured his own lifetime earnings at 30,000 to 40,000 talers. Other contemporary estimates were higher; one well-known example proposed that the fortune would reach between 19 and 38.4 million pounds.

³ For an overview of this and related cases, see Robert H. Sitkoff, "The Lurking Rule Against Accumulations of Income," *Northwestern University Law Review* 100 (2006): 501–16.

⁴ After sixty years, when the inheritance was paid out, the fortune had been eaten away, although it had not vanished completely, as in Dickens's tale. Thellusson's will had more than just literary repercussions: already in 1805, the House of Lords passed the "Rule Against Accumulations of Income" which would apply to any similar case in the future, although this one was unstoppable; and in another limitation of potentially huge posthumous accruals, the "Thellusson Act," which still holds today, was enacted by Parliament at about the same time.

⁵ Edgar Allan Poe, "The Domain of Arnheim," *The Complete Tales and Poems of Edgar Allan Poe* (Vintage Books edition: New York, 1975), 604–15. There are biographical similarities between the two writers, for Poe, profoundly indulged as he was growing up, was led to believe he would inherit his stepfather's fortune but was disappointed. Pückler's hopes for a generous legacy from his father-in-law were similarly dashed.

⁶ Although some scholars have still recently claimed that Poe had at least some command of German, this seems unconvincing. Indeed, he relied heavily on a number of Austin's translations of German works and published a brief but rave review of one of her volumes, *Fragments from German Prose Writers* (1841), in *Graham's Magazine* (19, no. 6, 1841). In fact, he mined this book repeatedly for quotations and observations. Poe's *modus operandi* is laid out in a delightful but hard-to-find article by Carl F. Schreiber, "Mr. Poe at his Conjurations Again," *The Colophon: A Book Collector's Quarterly*, Part 2 (1930): 11 pages (unpaginated). Schreiber claims that Poe not only knew the "pirated edition" of the *Tour* that was published in Philadelphia in 1833, but "He reviewed it and quoted from it. There is much evidence to strengthen the assertion that it was one of the books which Poe read cover to cover." I have not been able to find any review by Poe of the *Tour*. See also Thomas S. Hansen with Burton R. Pollin, *The German Face of Edgar Allan Poe: A Study of Literary References in His Works* (Columbia, SC, 1995), with further evidence of how Poe conjured his supposed knowledge of German by borrowing not only from Austin but also from other translators.

⁷ Even if we read Austin's "objects" as "objectives," the likely nineteenth-century connotation, the idea of benefiting all mankind is not explicit, whereas in the French translation it is: "Que de bienfaits ne pourrait-on pas répandre sur les hommes en employant avec sagesse une pareille fortune!" *Mémoires et voyages du prince Pückler-Muskau. Lettres posthumes*, trans. J. Cohen (Brussels, 1833–34), vol. 3, 31. Poe's French was very good, and he could have known the French translation.

⁸ Poe, "The Domain of Arnheim," 607.

⁹ Letter II, "Rotterdam, the 25th of September 1826," *Tour*, 10–12; *Briefe*, 423. See discussion below.

¹⁰ For example, a string of nouns: "richness, warmth, color, quietude, uniformity, softness, delicacy, daintiness, voluptuousness, and a miraculous extremeness of culture that suggested dreams of a new race of fairies . . .": "The Domain of Arnheim," 613. A "pendant" to this tale, "Landor's Cottage" (*Complete Tales*, 616–25) is made up almost entirely of a landscape description, also of a semi-magical realm, yet it never achieves the romantic flair of the Arnheim piece. For some recent articles, see Catherine Rainwater, "Poe's Landscape Tales and the 'Picturesque' Tradition," *Southern Literary Journal* 16 (1984): 30–41; Jochen Achilles, "Edgar Allan Poe's Dreamscapes and the Transcendentalist View of Nature," *Amerikastudien/American Studies*, 40 (1995): 553–73; Marina Warner, "Spirit Visions," The Tanner Lectures on Human Values, Yale University, Oct. 20 and 21, 1999, 94–98, available online. The scholarship on Poe's "Domain of Arnheim" tends to ignore Pückler altogether, and if he is mentioned, he is given credit only for the reference to Thellusson.

¹¹ Poe, "The Domain of Arnheim," 615.

¹² The French artist René Magritte was quite taken with Poe's story (in Charles Baudelaire's translation, no doubt) and produced a number of works entitled "Le domaine d'Arnheim," which Magritte explicitly made "in memory of the story by Poe, a man who, in my view, can give rise to thoughts such as the following: we move mountains so that the sun appears according to a specific wish." See *René Magritte, catalogue raisonné*, ed. David Sylvester (London, 1992), 143, 262, 371–72.

¹³ Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Die Leiden des jungen Werther* (1774); *Faust I* (1808).

¹⁴ On the poor remuneration of German authors compared to English, see W. H. Bruford, *Germany in the Eighteenth Century: The Social Background of the Literary Revival*, part 4, chapter 1, "The Profession of Letters" (Cambridge, 1995), 271–90. Pückler's 30–40,000 talers also put him ahead of Friedrich Schiller, Johann Gottfried Herder, and Jean Paul.

¹⁵ See David Blackbourne, *The Long Nineteenth Century: A History of Germany, 1780–1918*, (New York, 1998), 35–37. At one point, Pückler feels himself in danger of writing nothing better than travel literature: "My journal will soon be like Bernouilly's Travels, which mainly treat of invitations, dinners, and evening parties" (*Tour*, 141; *Briefe*, 654). "Bernouilly" is Johann Bernoulli (1744–1807), who published many volumes of travel descriptions and is quoted favorably several times by Christian Hirschfeld, *Theorie der Gartenkunst*, 5 vols. (Leipzig, 1779–85; reprinted Hildesheim, Zurich, and New York, 1973 and 1985) (hereafter *Theorie*), vol. 4, 94; vol. 5, 292, 314, 359, 363; English edition and translation by Linda B. Parshall, *Theory of Garden Art* (Philadelphia, 2001) (hereafter *Theory*). As we have seen, English and French translations of the *Briefe* appeared almost immediately. Pückler's book about his park at Muskau, *Andeutungen über Landschaftsgärtnerei* (Stuttgart, 1834) appeared in English translation in 1917: *Hints on Landscape Gardening*, trans. Bernhard Sickert, ed. Samuel Parson (Boston/New York); two early translations into French are reported by Steffen Krestin and Beate Schneider in *Parkraum—Traumpark. A.W. Schirmer. Aquarelle und Zeichnungen zu Pücklers "Andeutungen über Landschaftsgärtnerei"* (Cottbus, 1993), 35. There is a recent French translation, *Aperçus sur l'art du jardin paysager*, ed., intro. and trans. Eryck de Rubercy (Klincksieck, 1998).

¹⁶ See Hirschfeld, *Theory*, 42, concerning the speed with which translations from English and French sources appeared in Hirschfeld's volumes.

¹⁷ *Tour*, 6: "Certainly," he answered . . . "setting aside all our original productions, we now stand on a very high step of culture, by the adoption and complete appropriation of those of foreign growth. Other nations will soon learn German, from the conviction that they may thus, to a certain extent, dispense with the learning of all other languages; for of which do we not possess all the most valuable works in admirable translations?—The ancient classics, the master-works of modern Europe, the literature of India and other eastern lands,—have not the richness and the many-sidedness of the German tongue, the sincere, faithful German industry, and the deep-searching German genius, reproduced them all more perfectly than

is the case in any other language?" (*Briefe*, 416: "Gewiß," erwiderte er . . . "ganz abgesehen von unseren eignen Produktionen stehen wir schon durch das Aufnehmen und völlige Aneignen des Fremden auf einer sehr hohen Stufe der Bildung. Die anderen Nationen werden bald schon deshalb Deutsch lernen, weil sie innerwerden müssen, daß sie sich damit das Lernen fast aller anderen Sprachen gewissermaßen ersparen können. Denn von welcher besitzen wir nicht die gediegensten Werke in vortrefflichen deutschen Übersetzungen? Die alten Klassiker, die Meisterwerke des neueren Europas, indische und morgenländische Literatur, hat sie nicht alle der Reichtum und die Vielseitigkeit der deutschen Sprache wie der treue deutsche Fleiss und tief in sie eindringende Genius besser wiedergegeben, als es in anderen Sprachen der Fall ist?")

¹⁸ Letter XVI, *Tour*, 174; *Briefe*, 708.

¹⁹ Rolf Engelsing, quoted by Blackbourn, *The Long Nineteenth Century*, 40.

²⁰ Lines 45–46 and 115–116.

²¹ Bruford, *Germany in the Eighteenth Century*, 283.

²² Friedrich Jakob Dochnahl, *Bibliotheca Hortensis. Vollständige Garten-Bibliothek. . . von 1750 bis 1860* (Nuremberg, 1861).

²³ "Germanen in den Gärten," in *Revolutio germanica: die Sehnsucht nach der "alten Freiheit" der Germanen, 1750–1820*, eds. Jost Hermand and Michael Niedermeier (Frankfurt, 2002), 50.

²⁴ See note 14 above. The French translation was prepared in Berlin by Friedrich de Castillon, *Théorie de l'Art des Jardins. Traduit de l'Allemand*, 5 vols. (Leipzig, 1779–85; reprint, Geneva, 1973). Short and long sections were borrowed and regularly translated into other languages, often without citation. For examples, see Linda Parshall, "Hirschfeld's Concept of the Garden in the German Enlightenment," *Journal of Garden History* 13 (1993): 125.

²⁵ "Mannigfaltig wohlthätig ist des Gartens Einfluss auf die Menschen, wenn sie ihn mit Geschmack, Fleiss und Aufmerksamkeit zu ehren wissen. Sie finden in seinen Bezirken, was ihren Geist erheben, erheitern, was ihr Herz zum Guten stimmen, ihren Körper erquicken, erhalten, stärken kann; ja, in allen Zeiten des Jahres und des Tages, in allen Verhältnissen, in jeder Lage, Freuden ohne Zahl." All English translations are mine unless otherwise noted.

²⁶ "According to the Character of Their Owners," vol. 5., whereby the "largest and most magnificent parks" were only available to the select few—an Ellison or a Pückler, for instance, and entailed a commitment to the public good as well as to the creation of beauty that he regarded as a duty of any enlightened landowner (see, for instance, vol. 5, 130). That the owner himself should design his own garden (vol. 4, 15) would have appealed to Pückler. Hirschfeld wrote of the landowner's responsibility to beautify his property and to do this for the benefit of all: see *Theorie*, vol. 4, 15, and *Theory* 130f, 164, 211, and 246. In the *Hints*, Pückler claims that his own subjects' aesthetic sense is thus improved, though he pokes fun at the local Wends for their backwardness (*Andeutungen*, 79).

²⁷ "Harvest Home," *Idyll VII*, 135ff.

²⁸ Ernst Robert Curtius, *European Literature and the Latin Middle Ages* (New York, 1953), 188–89. See Goethe, *Faust*, Part II, Act 3.

²⁹ Horace, *Epodes*, Book 2.

³⁰ Themes of urban decay versus the inherent moral purity of nature, the uplifting power of landscape are likewise descendents of other classical texts such as Virgil's *Georgics*. Most eighteenth- and nineteenth-century cities and towns were far from models of cleanliness and comfort. Bruford cites a British traveler of the mid-nineteenth century who found Coleridge's celebration of the thirty-six stench of Cologne—and the invention of Cologne water to cover them—not particularly special, since in his experience of most German towns "every street, almost every house, and every hour, has its own appropriate, peculiar, and by no means enviable smell": *Germany in the Eighteenth Century*, 211–12. London had its own major problems, with its infamous air pollution from a concoction of the coal smoke and

raw sewage discharged into the Thames. No Cologne Water could have covered up “the Great Stink” of 1858 when “the drapes of the new Houses of Parliament were doused in chlorine to mask the smell, and MPs debated with handkerchiefs over their noses.” See Rose George, *London Review of Books*, May 11, 2006, 36.

³¹ Hirschfeld, *Theorie*, vol. 5, 204–31.

³² “Heiterkeit, Freude, sanfte Melancholie, süße Schwermuth, Liebe der Ruhe und der Einsamkeit, der Freundschaft und der Tugend, Vergessenheit der Sorgen, Erhebung über die Thorheiten des Lebens, und selbst ein Vorgefühl von den Scenen einer noch schönern Welt” Hirschfeld, *Theorie*, vol. 5, 231.

³³ Hirschfeld, *Theorie*, 281. “Noch mehr rührt uns, zumal nach dem Geräusch der Städte und offenen Landstraßen, in einem unerwartet sich senkenden Thale der Anblick einer artig gebauten Landwohnung, die in stiller Anmuth da liegt, an einem kleinen Wasser, das sich von einem vorüberfließenden Bache gesammelt hat; die klare Fluth freuet sich, das Bild der ländlichreizenden Hütte zu tragen; an den Fenstern zieht sich vertraut der spanische Hollunder mit dem Weinstock hinan; nahe Fruchtbäume verbreiten eine liebliche Dämmerung, und vor dem Eingange eine hohe über alle hervorragende Linde, deren Schatten schon die Urväter erfrischte; im Vorhofe verschiedene Geschlechter des Federviehes, die alle in ruhiger Eintracht eine Familie ausmachen, bald im Schatten sich ruhig verbergen, bald im Wasser plätschern, bald im fröhlichen Gewimmel an die volle Hand des hervortretenden Hausherrn herbeyfliegen, und mit ihren mannigfaltigen Stimmen und Bewegungen seiner Güte danken. Beglückte Aufenthalt des Friedens und der Einfalt! Rührendes Bild der Unschuld, das uns von Edens Seligkeit allein übrig blieb!” Hirschfeld, *Theorie*, vol. 3, 49.

³⁴ He praises Thomas Whately, his most important English model, for being more comprehensive and insightful than any of his peers, yet criticizes him for what he calls his “pure metaphysics,” for not giving adequate attention to feeling”; see Hirschfeld, *Theorie*, 125. Hirschfeld and Pückler were following in the wake of many earlier thinkers, particularly from eighteenth-century England. For a detailed comparison of Hirschfeld with these sources, see Wolfgang Schepers, *Hirschfelds Theorie der Gartenkunst, 1779–1785* (Worms, 1980).

³⁵ See “pastoral” in *Encyclopedia Britannica*, 11th ed.

³⁶ On Pückler’s reception, see Brigitte Bender, *Ästhetische Strukturen der literarischen Landschaftsbeschreibung in den Reisewerken des Fürsten Pückler-Muskau* (Frankfurt, 1982), 7ff.

³⁷ The chief exception is Bender, *Ästhetische Strukturen*, which offers a detailed analysis of the aesthetics of landscape description in Pückler’s travel writings and argues (62ff) that although his early works adhered closely and conventionally to the poetic tradition of the *locus amoenus*, he developed more sophistication and independence as time went on. More recently, see Hubertus Fischer, “The Art of Description—Park and Landscape in Pückler’s ‘Briefe eines Verstorbenen,’” in *Historic Gardens Today*, eds. Michael Rohde and Rainer Schomann (Leipzig, 2004), 140–45.

³⁸ Pückler, *Andeutungen*, 56. “Wege sind die stummen Führer des Spaziergehenden und müssen selbst dazu dienen, ihn ohne Zwang jeden Genuss auffinden zu lassen, den die Gegend darbieten kann.”

³⁹ Letter XXXIII, Sept. 27, 1828. *Tour*, 377; *Briefe*, 174. A note (888) in the 1986 edition of the *Briefe* proposes that this single sentence contains most of Pückler’s knowledge of English gardens, interpreting its extraordinary length as a sign of parody. Given Pückler’s repeated indulgence in such passages, this argument is not convincing.

⁴⁰ “. . . ein vollkommener Park, oder mit anderen Worten: eine durch Kunst idealisierte Gegend soll gleich einem guten Buch wenigstens ebensoviel neue Gedanken und Gefühle erwecken, als es ausspricht.” This adds another level to Hirschfeld’s famous adage: “A garden can move the imagination and senses powerfully, more powerfully than can an area whose beauty comes from nature alone.” Hirschfeld, *Theorie*, 148.

⁴¹ Pückler, *Tour*, 10. “Meine Reise von Wesel bis Arnheim war ziemlich langweilig. Langsam

schlichen die Pferde durch eine wenig ansprechende Gegend im endlosen Sand hin": Pückler, *Briefe*, 423.

⁴² My own translation; see Pückler, *Tour*, 10 for Austin's version.

⁴³ "Die Geschichte von Hyazinth und Rosenblütchen." Published posthumously in 1802 in *Die Lehrlinge zu Sais*, in *Die deutschen Romantiker*, ed. Gerhard Stenzel, II, Salzburg, 1954, 112–13: "Nun wurde die Gegend auch wieder reicher und mannigfaltiger, die Luft lau und blau, der Weg ebener, grüne Büsche lockten ihn mit anmutigen Schatten, aber er verstand ihre Sprache nicht, sie schienen auch nicht zu sprechen, und doch erfüllten sie auch sein Herz mit grünen Farben und kühlem, stillem Wesen. Immer höher wuchs jene süße Sehnsucht in ihm, und immer breiter und saftiger wurden die Blätter, immer lauter und lustiger die Vögel und Tiere, balsamischer die Früchte, dunkler der Himmel, wärmer die Luft und heißer seine Liebe, die Zeit ging immer schneller, als sähe sie sich nahe am Ziele."

⁴⁴ See Bender, *Ästhetische Strukturen*, 65.

⁴⁵ Pückler, *Hints*, 113; *Andeutungen*, 74.

⁴⁶ Pückler, *Hints*, 22; *Andeutungen*, 22.

⁴⁷ Pückler, *Andeutungen*, 32–33: "mit . . . ihrem hohen, dunklen, nur von wilden Blumen einfach durchwirkten, weit hinfluthenden Grase—so schön, wenn der Wind wollüstig darin wühlt, wie der Jüngling in den wallenden Haarlocken seiner Geliebten, oder wenn lustige Mäher dort unter duftenden Heuhaufen scherzen, zwischen welche die Sonne lächeln ihre blinkenden Streiflichter sendet." Curiously, the 1917 translation of the *Hints* (32f) greatly shortens this passage and excises the sensual content: ". . . and beyond, upon the open landscape with its imposing trees or the waving grasses sown with wild flowers, where the mowers swing their glittering scythes in the sun or repose at noon in the fragrant hay."

⁴⁸ Curtius, *European Literature*, 159–62. Elsewhere, Pückler's qualms about verbal inadequacy segue into amusing thoughts on the role of language in making the man: see *Tour*, 98; *Briefe*, 574–75. He praises the French for their inimitable flair for storytelling and turns of phrase, yet then comments that for all its brilliance such "agreeable chatter" has no staying power and makes "the pedantic German" regret the waste of his time. Pückler's ideal would be a blend of the two, the "lightness, roundness, agreeable equivocalness, precision and definiteness" ("Leichtigkeit, Rundung, angenehme Zweideutigkeit und zugleich Präzision und Abgeschlossenheit") with the German talent for including the useful along with the agreeable ("dem Angenehmen auch das Nützliche beizufügen.") As it is, the Germans are left only with the talent for "l'esprit des escaliers."

⁴⁹ Pückler, *Tour*, 127; *Briefe*, 629f.

⁵⁰ ". . . die arme, zu ewigen Wiederholungen gezwungene Sprache," *Südöstlicher Bildersaal* III, 271, quoted by Bender, 48.

⁵¹ An early example of garden art being included in a *paragone* is in La Fontaine's "Le Songe de Vaux" of the late seventeenth century. Here, garden art is not the winner, yet in a *paragone*-like discussion in Hirschfeld's *Theory*, the personification of the landscape garden wins the competition for qualities seen as negative in the formal garden of Vaux, namely her mutability, naturalness, her oneness with nature. See Hirschfeld, *Theory*, 18–19. Herder also judged garden art to be the second liberal art after architecture. See Dorothee Nehring, *Stadtsparkanlagen in der Ersten Hälfte des 19. Jahrhunderts* (Hannover, 1981), 131–33.

⁵² John Dixon Hunt, *Gardens and the Picturesque: Studies in the History of Landscape Architecture* (Cambridge, Mass., 1992), chapter 4.

⁵³ Hirschfeld, *Theory*, 145; *Theorie*, vol. 1, 152: ". . . im Grunde [übertrifft] die Gartenkunst die Landschaftmalerey so weit, als die Natur die Copie. Keine der nachahmenden Künste ist in die Natur selbst mehr verwebt, oder gleichsam mehr Natur als die Kunst der Gärten. Alles geht hier in eine wirkliche Darstellung über." This is in keeping with the picturesque argument. See also Linda Parshall, "Motion and Emotion in C. C. L. Hirschfeld's *Theory of*

Garden Art," in *Landscape Design and the Experience of Motion*, ed. Michel Conan (Washington, 2003), 45.

⁵⁴ Pückler, *Hints*, 118; *Andeutungen*, 76f.

⁵⁵ Poe, "The Domain of Arnheim," 607–08.

⁵⁶ Pückler, *Tour*, 188; *Briefe*, 727.

⁵⁷ Pückler, *Hints*, 105; *Andeutungen*, 70. I cannot otherwise find this trope ascribed to Fichte.

⁵⁸ Friedrich Schlegel, *Athenaeum*, fragment 116. Trans. Jonathan Skolnik, from "Romanticism: Friedrich Karl Wilhelm von Schlegel: Excerpts from Selected Works," German History in Documents and Images, http://germanhistorydocs.ghi-dc.org/sub_document.ctm?document_id=368.