

a tame and uninteresting level of the flat and the sordid and the ordinary—whereas, in that inanimate scenery, which yields but the faint and secondary reflection of moral qualities, there is, on every line and on every feature, so vivid an impress of loveliness and glory? One cannot go forth of the crowded city to the fresh and the fair of rural nature, without the experience, that, while in the moral scene, there is so much to thwart and to revolt and to irritate—in the natural scene, all is gracefulness and harmony. It reminds us of the contrast which is sometimes exhibited, between the soft and flowery lawn of a cultivated domain, and the dark or angry spirit of its owner—of whom we might almost imagine, that he scowls from the battlements of his castle, on the intrusion of every unlicensed visitor. And again the question may be put—whence is it that the moral picturesque in our world of sense, as it beams upon us from its woods and its eminences and its sweet recesses of crystal stream or of grassy sunshine, should yield a delight so unqualified—while the primary moral characteristics, of which these are but the imagery or the visible representation, should, in our world of human spirits, be so wholly obliterated, or at least so wofully deformed? Does it not look as if a blight had come over the face of our terrestrial creation, which hath left its materialism in a great measure untouched, while it hath inflicted on man a sore and withering leprosy? Do not the very openness and benignity which sit on the aspect of nature reproach him, for the cold and narrow and creeping jealousies that be at work in his own selfish and sus-