

see, and enjoy, and comprehend declares in plainest language not only that the contriver of these grounds possessed superior intelligence, but that he expected intelligent guests to visit, admire, and enjoy them.

This admirably plotted park is the domain of Nature. These dark, umbrageous shades and quiet dells are hers. These winding highways and meandering footpaths are her navigable streams, and lakes, and ocean tides. The rhododendron and azalea were first planted by the hand of Nature, and her fingers taught the honeysuckle to climb the rustic trellis of oaken boughs. Her providence drew forth the crystal fountain beneath the beechen shade, and her foresight laid by the store of coal with which we warm and light our dwellings.

To be more specific, let the reader imagine that the history of the world had been a scene of never-ending quiet. Suppose a fear of inflicting animal suffering had laid its restraining hand on the volcano and the earthquake; suppose the rocks had not been plowed up, and the deep subsoil of the earth's crust laid over in mountain ridges. I do not ask whether, in the midst of scenes of such monotony, the occasion could ever have arrived for the deposition of the coal. We will assume that it would. I do not ask whether, without eruptions and terrestrial distresses, the precious and the useful metals would ever have been reduced from their ores; we may assume that they would. But where would lie our coal? Buried ten thousand feet from view, man would never have learned of its existence, much less would he have known how to raise it to the surface. See the provision of Nature in breaking up the coal-bearing strata and tilting them on edge, as much as to say, "Lo! here is your desire; search not in vain; dig, and be satisfied with warmth; drive forth the hidden energy of the abundant water, and bid the servants furnished to your