

reigning expression to every tree and lake and waterfall, and which may be said to have impregnated with character the whole of the surrounding landscape. How comes it then, that, in the midst of living society, where we might expect to meet with the originals of all this fascination, we find scarcely any other thing than 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