

which these have awakened. May I venture to describe the feeling in connection with one sweet scene,—a wooded dell in the far north,—in which I have perhaps oftenest experienced it, and which came rushing into my mind as I lingered in front of one of the richest landscapes of the Exhibition. It is a recess of deepest solitude; but the sweet Highland stream that comes winding through it, passing alternately from light to shadow and from motion to repose, imparts to it an air of life and animation, and we do not feel that it is lonely. Man is so little an animal, says Rousseau, that he is as effectually sheltered by a tree twenty feet in height as by one of sixty. True; but his ideas are much larger than himself, and he has too close a sympathy with nature not to experience an ampler expansion of feeling under the loftier than under the lower cover. In this solitary dell, the banks, which on either hand, at every angle and indentation, advance their grassy ridges or retire in long sloping hollows, partake perhaps rather of the picturesque than of the magnificent; but the trees which rise along their sides, and which for the last century have been slowly lifting themselves to the freer air of the upper region, look down from more than the higher altitude instanced by Rousseau. Often, when the evening sun was casting its slant red beams athwart their topmost branches, and all beneath was brown in the shade, I have sauntered along this little stream, lost in delicious musings, whose intermingled train of thought and feeling I have no language to convey. I have felt that the cogitative faculty in these moods had not much of activity; but then, though it wrought slowly, it wrought willingly and unbidden; and around every minute thought there would swell and expand an atmosphere of delightful feeling, which somehow seemed to owe its origin as much to the magnitude as to the quiet beauty of the surrounding objects, and which has reminded me fancifully, but strongly, of that minutest of all the