

CHAPTER XXX.

ANTICIPATIONS OF MAN IN NATURE.

TAKING advantage of a midsummer holiday, suppose we visit the country seat of a friend possessed of ample wealth and cultivated tastes. Arriving at the premises, we find the owner called unexpectedly to the city, but the porter, in obedience to the instructions of the proprietor, proffers us a greeting, and bids us in to the enjoyment of the spacious park. We find the grounds laid out and adorned under the guidance of an educated and generous taste. The graveled carriage-road winds under the leafy umbrage of the ancient oaks, or creeps along beneath the dark shadows of a frowning cliff; and ever and anon a sunny opening in the overhanging foliage lets in the golden light upon the quiet-loving *Rhododendron* and *Azalea*. Here a modest footpath saunters down a mimic vale, and leads us, worn and weary, to a rustic summer-house all overarched with honey-breathing *Loniceras* intertwined with the scandent *Cobea* and woodland-loving *Bignonia*. Here are seats provided for the languid visitor; and from the roots of the thirsty beech, whose overreaching branches rib the leafy arch, bursts forth a laughing fountain, while a goblet standing by seems to say, "Here the visitor will be thirsty and warm, and will eagerly refresh himself at the cooling spring." The proprietor of the grounds, though not here in his visible presence, has left here the evidences of his thoughtfulness and expectation of a wearied visitor. Then for the first time we spy what is equally welcome with the cool fountain—a basket of ripe and luscious fruit,