

obtain among men, — that there are minds who could not join in the concert of to-night, — who could see neither beauty nor grandeur amid these wild cliffs and caverns, or in that glorious expanse of sea and sky; and that, on the other hand, there are minds so finely modulated — minds that sweep so broadly across the scale of nature — that there is no object, however minute, no breath of feeling, however faint, that does not awaken their sweet vibrations: the snow-flake falling in the stream, the daisy of the field, the conies of the rock, the hyssop of the wall. Now, the vast and various frame of nature is adapted, not to the lesser, but to the larger mind. It spreads on and around us in all its rich and magnificent variety, and finds the full portraiture of its Proteus-like beauty in the mirror of genius alone. Evident, however, as this may seem, we find a sort of levelling principle in the inferior order of minds, and which, in fact, constitutes one of their grand characteristics, — a principle that would fain abridge the scale to their own narrow capabilities, that would cut down the vastness of nature to suit the littleness of their own conceptions and desires, and convert it into one tame, uniform *mediocre good*, which would be *good* but to themselves alone, and ultimately not even that.”

“I think I can now understand you,” I said. “You describe a sort of swinish wisdom, that would convert the world into one vast sty. For my own part, I have travelled far enough to know the value of a blue hill, and would not willingly lose so much as one of these landmarks of our mother land, by which kindly hearts in distant countries love to remember it.”

“I dare say we are getting fanciful,” rejoined my companion; “but certainly, in man’s schemes of improvement, both physical and moral, there is commonly a littleness