

but still, it is excusable and necessary, to introduce an explanation of my first sentiment.

Once (don't ask me how many years ago,) I stood on the summit of a mountain at sunset time, and looked upwards at peaks still towering above me,—peaks all bathed in a rosy mist and tipped with snow, every flake of which, when struck by a slanting sunbeam, glittered like a brilliantly tinted gem, and gazing upward my heart was filled with reverence and awe for the Creator of the scene with a wondering admiration for the scene itself; then drooping my eyes downward I noted that the mountain sides were resplendent with fields of ripening grain waving to the base; that far to the south stretched peaceful, verdant valleys, across which the gigantic mountain shadows lay like Titans reposing, after a struggle, in the bosom of their mother earth; and I rejoiced because I had been permitted to look upon such a combination of the glories of nature, and said to myself, "I am tasting the purest of earthly pleasures." But this enthusiasm for scenery, as I that evening very satisfactorily demonstrated, is, after all, but a sentiment made up of wonder and admiration: it is not really part of our nature. Even as I feasted my eyes, a peasant came out from a hamlet almost buried in pine trees, and immediately my mind lost its hold on that with which a moment before I had believed it so all-absorbingly occupied, and I fell to speculating on the peasant's family and his farm, to wondering what his name was, to thinking of a dozen things in connection with him.

Now, there are some who may contemptuously call this curiosity, and loftily assure themselves they are above such weaknesses. They are mistaken; it is not curiosity, but one of the few feelings that spring directly from what is best in us: it is an interest in and a love for our own kind. And since that evening, so long ago, I have proved over and over again that to me, and I think to most others if they would only admit it, people—even insignificant, ordinary looking, commonly clothed people—are the only really interesting creations, and if they happen to be young and beautiful and happy looking people, they rise in the scale of interest proportionately, that is, at first sight, for I do not by any means intend to say that, on closer acquaintance, the shabby fraternity are not very, very often found to be in every way immeasurably before their more brilliantly plumaged brothers and sisters.

There! I find I have been guilty of what I specially dislike in