

Nature is a munificent mistress, but she is a sulky slave. We may grow plants under glass, but their flowers are without perfume and their fruit without flavor. We may bring in the roots of the cranberry and strawberry, and be sure from the growth in form and color that we have effected a capture, only to find that the exquisite tang, the spirit of the fruit, has fled back to the woods. We do not know whether nature weeps or laughs at our blackberries and raspberries, backed stiffly up against the garden fence, and fettered with pieces of lath; but seek out those of her own growing, in some secluded nook, the hooked vines bending with ebon or ruddy clusters, hidden away under canopies of dewy leaves, while a saucy bird scolds at you from a twig above.

We have domesticated the duck, but we have failed to domesticate its beautiful plumage and its matchless flavor. The speckled beauty which cuts the foam of the cascade with your line is nature's; hers the bass which makes it sing like a harp; hers the muskallonge which puts such an ache in your fingers, as you handle the reel, that you think you can stand it no longer. Compare a quarter of beef, hung at the door of a marketman's shop, with the sudden apparition of a crowned stag, in his new uniform of blue, upon the shore of a lonely lake; or a roast of pork in a basket to a bear shambling along a hillside. Nature's birds of plumage and song are not for your prison. The poor canary does his