

## ANATOMY OF SOME OF OUR GLORIES.

BY EMMA MCAVOY.

Columbia bleeds; her robes are dyed in fratricidal blood. Her great have fallen low. The iconoclasts of ruthless fanaticism have seized the brightest images of her glory, and the proud Republic mourns her honors lost.

Yet throughout the broad expanse of all our troubled land, there beats not a heart that would willingly exchange its own nationality for that of the proudest monarchy on the globe. Columbia, weep not; glories that savor of divinity are not of the perishable; for though their lustre be dimmed, they shall burst forth from the passing cloud radiant in richer hues.

Of America, what country shall take the precedence in wealth of natural glories? glories that no traitor's hand can mar, no foreign foe destroy. Here the great wonder of the natural world, appalling in sublimity and grandeur, unrivalled reigns. Here the mighty "Father of Waters" seaward moves majestically, and knows no superior. Here lake in magnitude, prairie in beauty, and scenery in variety, defy competition. How often, from my own Eden, have I gazed on a sunset of more than Italian gorgeousness. Immortal genius has sung of Scotia's Clyde, of Albion's Thames, of the Rhine, the Allemanian's pride; yet our own Hudson, the beautiful, the picturesque, rejoices in a loveliness far surpassing either. Again, Taylor in his travels selects a scene on the Ohio as among the most beautiful of earth, and Niagara's falling waters, when heard only by the untutored ear of the savage, sang as now, the great Anthem of Nature. Likewise all the natural adornments of the Deity, so endless in variety, of hill, dale, and far-extended plain, so enchanting in beauty, of river, lake, and mountain, were lavished on the red man's forest home. It is to the hand and the intellect of its people that glories peculiarly national are due. Where, in America, are her temples of Attic fame? Where the tri-