

umphal arches of her mighty conquerors? Where the gorgeous palaces of her titled great? Where the mausoleum of the royal dead? Institutions for the free diffusion of knowledge are the famed temples of Columbia. America rears no arch of Aurelian splendor for the conquerors of mighty nations. The living heart of the people, more than the lifeless marble of the monument, cherish the memory of the great and good.

Here no palatial splendor and squalid wretchedness side by side contrast. The comfortable dwellings of the rich and poor alike are the royal palaces of the free born citizen. No Westminster here entombs the high born dead in solemn grandeur; it is the bloom of nature that adorns the tomb where repose Columbia's dead. To St. Peters, the glory of new Rome, our Western world can boast no rival. Still, it must be borne in memory that we are as yet a nation in embryo and, that a period of time commensurate with the number of years required to erect that colossal edifice, has subserved to build up this nation itself; to scatter cities and towns throughout an almost interminable extent of country, and develop resources of internal wealth, rivaling the fabled riches of the Orient.

Notwithstanding our boasted progress, there is a skill in the manipulations of the demi-civilized Chinese, Hindoo, Mexican and other races, as yet inimitable to our highest perfections of art. In the happy future, when the age of usefulness shall have supplanted that of sordid acquisition, assuming our resources as a first premise, our past progress as a second, the conclusion presumes that the artificial glories of our Nation will rival the Pyramids in durability, the Indies in skill of fabrication, the Athenians in grace and beauty of design, the Romans in splendor and magnificence of structure.

The glories of the intellect are glories that outlive nations themselves. Save the prototype in a vale of natural beauties at the foot of the Himmaylas, every trace of Paradise is lost on earth. The wealth of Babylon, the glory of Solomon, have left no vestage here. The hand of the infidel has robbed Jerusalem of its ancient splendor, even the very scenes