

speak also of the world before the Flood as the Old World, in contradistinction to that post-diluvian world which succeeded it. And yet equally, if we receive the term in either of its acceptations, is America an older world still,—an older world than that of the eastern continents,—an older world, in the fashion and type of its productions, than the world before the Flood. And when the immigrant settler takes axe amid the deep backwoods, to lay open for the first time what he deems a new country, the great trees that fall before him,—the brushwood which he lops away with a sweep of his tool,—the unfamiliar herbs which he tramples under foot,—the lazy fish-like reptile that scarce stirs out of his path as he descends to the neighbouring creek to drink,—the fierce alligator-like tortoise, with the large limbs and small carapace, that he sees watching among the reeds for fish and frogs, just as he reaches the water,—and the little hare-like rodent, without a tail, that he startles by the way,—all attest, by the antiqueness of the mould in which they are cast, how old a country the seemingly new one really is,—a country vastly older, in type at least, than that of the antediluvians and the patriarchs, and only to be compared with that which flourished on the eastern side of the Atlantic long ere the appearance of man, and the remains of whose perished productions we find locked up in the *loess* of the Rhine, or amid the lignites of Nassau. America is emphatically the *Old World*. If we accept, however, as sound the ingenious logic by which Colton labours to show, in not inelegant verse, that the *Moderns* are the true *Ancients*, we may continue to term it the New World still.

“ We that on these late days are thrown
Must be the oldest Ancients known.
The *earliest* Modern earth has seen
Was Adam, in his apron green.
He lived when young Creation pealed
Her morning hymn o’er flood and field,