

St. Petersburg was duplicated at Stuttgart under the direction of Dr. Fraas, from various bones collected from different parts of Europe. Dr. Fraas, from samples of skin and hair still existing, ventured to give the extinct Mammoth a complete restoration. Professor Ward, the great museum-builder of America, saw this monster of Mammoths standing in the Museum at Stuttgart and purchased it. Transporting it to Rochester, he reared a duplicate, which stood for months in the Ward Museum, where I had the opportunity of subjecting the creature to a careful study. Let us go back and repeat the visit.

“As we enter the door of the building which has been erected for the accommodation of this antediluvian, a dark mountain of flesh rises before us. We had gauged our apprehension to the familiar bulk of the elephant, but here the eye must be lifted to a higher altitude; the whole thought must swell to take in the idea of the towering form which looms above us and frowns darkly and severely down upon us. The monster's brow rises like some old granite dome, weather-beaten and darkened by the lapse of geologic ages. Two winding streams of ivory descend like glaciers from the base of the dome, while the corrugated and beetling proboscis swells between them like the embattled crest which divides two Alpine glacier-torrents. Behind expands and uprises the mountain mass of which these are the accessories. Serene and motionless as Mont Blanc this majestic form stands awaiting our wonder and adoration. No astonishment disconcerts it; no exclamations stir a feature.

Unlike the dumb mountain, however, this form seems in a mood of contemplation. All this dark and towering mass is conscious. There are eyes which open on us and take cognizance of our movements; there are ears which take in the sounds of our voice. This creature contemplates us; he throws a spell over us; he has us in his power.

The mammoth! aye the mammoth of mammoths! With long breath, after this suspense of amazement, we extricate ourselves from his spell, and meet his overpowering stare with the force of intelligent will. He is but a beast—let us