

would now-a-days think of attaching much importance to the pretty well told story when a stranger one can actually be seen? Nature's works are done on a scale which must humble the brightest genius among mankind. And here, before our eyes, is an illustration of that stupendous capacity.

"Old Mansfield" may be a myth invented by the fire-side of the Green Boys, but assuredly his presence cannot be denied when we lift our eyes heavenward, and see him—head and body—lying there. Sweet poetry dwindles to nothing before the great exhibition. Others before us have seen the elephantine Ghost, petrified and occupying a good and high position in both worlds—the heavenly and terrestrial; but we cannot on that account direct our steps and looks toward *him* without feeling ready to imitate their admiration.

The features of the old man, probably a contemporary of Methuselah or more anterior being, are primitively coarse and shaped according to the then prevailing notions of the beautiful. They are, however, so far human in appearance and development, as to be—nude—and each exposed to the eye. They come out boldly—if somewhat fantastically—without any outgrowth on them, of any kind, not even in the way of shrubbery—or pimples—as it sometimes happens with some fleshy individuals. We rather fancy and think well of the old Patriarch on that account. He must have been before Noah's time—before *spirits* had either evil dispositions or existence. The forehead, the nose, the lips, and the chin are each prominent and well hewn out; color alone in them is wanting, as it is with us and some others; but that defect in the giant—fifteen miles high, or long, from head to foot,—is scarcely perceptible.

Vermont, like Kentucky, is remarkable for the production of great, or big men. So it would come to be proved from the Individual case before us. "Old Mansfield" baptised