

convent in 1844. He pronounced them at once as ancient as the fourth century of our era; but, while the monks permitted him to retain the leaves he had saved from the flames, on learning their antiquity and value, they withheld such other portions as they said they had in their possession. On his third visit to the monastery, early in 1859, when Tischendorf had already sent for the camels, with a view to departure, the steward brought out to him a pile of vellum leaves, which he soon recognized as belonging to the codex, of which he had before discovered a fragment, and containing, to his unspeakable joy, the whole of the New Testament. Taking the treasure to his chamber, he poured forth his thanks to Him who had conferred so great a boon "upon the church, upon letters, and upon himself." The Epistle of Barnabas, now for the first time discovered complete in the original Greek, he spent the first night in transcribing: "indeed, it seemed impious to sleep."

It is needless to detail the steps by which Tischendorf succeeded in persuading the fathers to offer the whole codex—this "most eloquent witness of ancient truth"—to Alexander II., the great champion of the orthodox faith. The gift accepted, the Emperor signalized the one-thousandth anniversary of his kingdom, in 1862, by issuing a magnificent edition of the whole codex, in four folio volumes. No pains were spared to make this edition a faithful copy of the original, and to bring it out in a style worthy of its contents. Special type was cast, imitating the different forms and sizes of the letters in the manuscript; and even the spaces between the letters were carefully measured, and repeated in the printed copy. The edition is printed upon paper "at once fine and strong," and with ink resembling the original in color. The first volume contains a great deal of interesting introductory matter, and twenty-one *fac simile* plates of the highest palæographical interest, most of them exact copies of pages of the precious manuscript, taken by the aid of photography, and others giving *fac simile* specimens of other important manuscripts, for comparison. The three remaining volumes contain the text of the codex.

Of this superb work, but three hundred copies were printed; two hundred of which were retained by the Emperor for his own distribution, and one hundred given to Tischendorf, to be sold for his benefit. Of this hundred, the Haverford copy is one.

The Codex Sinaiticus presents every evidence, both in its external appearance and its internal characteristics, of extreme antiquity. Tischendorf—than whom there is no higher authority on such subjects—assigns to it a date as early as the middle of the fourth century of our era, and finds in it indications of superior

antiquity even to the Vatican manuscript, hitherto considered the most ancient of all.

For this costly gift, the Managers of Haverford College have adopted a minute of acknowledgment, and directed that it should be forwarded to England. May the book serve as a stimulus to the study of the Christian Scriptures in their purest records, and thus promote the cause of truth.

T. C.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

NEVADA AND CALIFORNIA.

PLACERVILLE, California, July 12, 1865.

The pleasant City of Carson, at the foot of the Sierras, 16 miles West of Virginia, is the Capital of Nevada. It is in a green valley, bordering upon the largest and richest farming region of the Silver State. But her agricultural resources, at best, are not much to boast of. A friend of mine believes the Rocky Mountains, the Desert and the Sierras rich in minerals on the sole ground that they are worthless for anything else. Indeed, there seems to be a universal truth in the quaint lines of old Wither:

"I've heard those say who travel to the West,
Whence this beloved metal is increast,
That in the places where such mineral be
Is neither grass, nor herb, nor plant, nor tree."

At Carson we met the city and State officials. They are thoughtful, prepossessing men, older than one usually finds in these young communities. Col. F. A. Bee of Placerville, builder of the Overland Telegraph, accompanied us from Virginia City. The Carson paper, in a little local quarrel, had just denounced him as "a sort of outside telegraph and railroad runner." During the public speaking after Mr. Colfax's very warm reception, with banners, processions and an artillery salute, the Colonel was called out. He said the charge was true, and the phrase fitted him exactly. He was a runner and an "outside" one. He had run a telegraph wire, outside of civilization, across the American continent, and now he was working to run a railroad across. It was "the re-tort courteous," in its happiest vein.

A delightful evening drive of 13 miles, up the Sierras, brought us to Lake Tahoe. The air was sweet with the breath of the pines, while the eye feasted on deep green valleys, great mountains of rock, and hills studded with evergreens. The peerless little lake is up among the clouds, more than a mile above sea level. It stretches for twenty miles, a shining mirror fringed with ombre firs and walled in by dark mountains. In the quiet night we strolled down to the shore and lounged on a pile of lumber, listening to the wind's low moan through the pines and the wave's soft ripple against the sand. The crescent moon made in the burnished lake a great field of light, narrowing toward us like an inverted A, until, in the low swell it broke into a mass of sparkling silver chains.