NEW PUBLICATIONS.

It was a happy thought of Mr. Duffield Ashmead's to issue Keble's "Christian Year" in holiday form, with a degree of elaboration not too great to remove it from the power of modest purses, while amply fine and delicate for the most luxurious. No religious poetry of modern times bears a comparison with Keble's, whether for depth of thought, scholarly perfection of finish, the constant intimacy of poetic invention, or religious earnestness. The gentle Oxford scholar, beyond the strange success in infusing his influence amongst a class, all of turbulent and thoughtless students, until his ministrations became a power in his day, has earned the high privilege of preaching to unborn generations, and touching the heart of the wide world with utterances that must endure with Christianity itself. The poems of the "Christian Year," with their calm assumption of lessening morbid religious excitement and substituting for it a standard of sober feeling in harmony with the Anglican liturgy, are destined well known to our readers. But they can never be referred to too often, nor can the subtle charm of their music be impaired by repetition; we therefore make no apology for quoting once more Keble's exquisite plea for religious reserve:

The Rose-Bud.

When Nature tries her finest touch,
Weaving her vernal wreath,
Much we, how close she hails her round,
Not to be tracd by sight or sound,
Nor scroll by ruder breath!

Who ever saw the earliest rose
First open her sweet bosom?
Or, when the summer sun goes down,
The first soft star in evening's crown,
Light up her gleaming cone?

Fondly we seek the dawning bloom
In features wan and fair—
The gazing eye no change can trace,
But look away a little space,
Then turn, and, lo! 'tis there.

But there's a sweeter flower than e'er
Hath on the rosy spray—
A brighter star, a richer bloom
Than ever did western heaven illume
At close of summer day.

'Tis love, the last best gift of Heaven;
Love—gentle, holy, pure—
But tenderer than a dove's soft eye,
The searching sun, the open sky,
She never could endure.

Even human love will shrink from sight
Here in the coarse, cold world;
How then should rash, intrusive gaze
Break in upon her sacred rays,
Who boasts a heavenly birth?

So still and secret is her growth,
Ever the truest heart,
Where deepest strikes her kindly root
For hope or joy, for flower or fruit,
Least is happy part.

God only, and good angels, look
Behind the blissful screen—
Angels, triumphantly they look,
The Son of God by moonlight rose,
By all but Heaven unseen.

As when an Hebrew maid hath
Her risen Son and Lord;
Thought has not room for half so fair
Thus to paint that hour may dare,
In silence best adored.

The gracious Dove, that brought from Heaven
The cause and salve, bring—
Of many a chosen witness telling—
Hovers in happy visitings,
Sings not a note of this.

So, truest image of the Christ—
Old Israel's long lost son,
What time, with sweet forgiving cheer,
He, unknown yet known, drew near,
Would weep with them alone.

He could not trust his melting soul
But in his Maker's sight;
Then why should gentle hearts and true
Bare to the world with lettering view
Their treasure of delight?

No! let the dainty rose awhile
Her bashful fragrance hide;
Rend not her silken veil too soon,
Lest leave her, in her own soft noon
To flourish and abide.

VINELAND.

[Correspondence of the Phila. Evening Bulletin.]

VINELAND, Nov. 10, 1869.—The statistics of some of the chief products of Vineland, for 1869, just published, must possess a peculiar interest, not alone to those interested in horticulture in a general way, but to all who desire to see the rural districts built up and developed. Most of all does the "Vineland Problem" deserve study by those interested in settling the South and West. They can learn something in this direction which will be of practical use to them, provided they have the disposition to learn from the experience of others, and do not imagine that they "know it all" now. To take third thousand acres of wild land (wild, not merely in the sense of non-cultivation, but covered with timber, underbrush, huckleberry bushes, tangled vines, &c.), and change it in less than eight years into cultivated farms, vineyards, orchards and gardens, with a handsome village of several thousand inhabitants in the business centre, and from seven to eight thousand more in the immediate neighborhood, is a success of more importance to the country than it has yet appreciated. It is important to the country for many reasons; one, because it adds so much productive land to the wealth of another, because it affords pleasant homes to thousands of industrious and enterprising people in close proximity to the highest civilization; another, because it proves that by a system of small farms this country can in time support a population equal to that of China; another, because it strengthens the good cause of temperance, the place being founded on temperance principles; another, because it enables the masses to the appreciation and enjoyment of higher taste in the laying-out of towns and farms than have been practiced by the most communities. I might go on further in this direction, but will forbear, and give you some extracts of the statistics which I have alluded to, viz.:

Strawberries,	209,844 quarts.
Raspberries,	39,962 "
Blackberries,	122,253 "
Peaches,	7,904 packages.
Melons,	629,470 pounds.
Grapes,	254,203 "
Sweet potatoes,	5,978 barrels.

These figures are important, because they show what has been exported since last May from a tract which was almost universally deemed worthless eight years ago, and practically sore worthless except for huckleberries, huckleberries, chestnuts, game, and a rather poor quality of timber. The amount, of course, is inferior to what some older towns can show, but how could it be otherwise when these orchards and vineyards are, in hundreds of cases, only bearing a light first crop? These vineyards which were thinned so that they bound give only two or three pounds per vine can next year yield from twice as much, and double again the year after, with from 12 or 25 pounds per vine when fully mature. Last year the shipment of grapes was a little less than 26,000 pounds; this year it is almost tenfold that amount, and as new vineyards are constantly being planted, it requires no great stretch of fancy to imagine what they may be hence, a total shipment of from two thousand to three thousand tons of grapes from Vineland, which is only tenfold the present amount. Grapes can be grown profitably at a pretty low figure, and as the work of caring for them requires skill and judgment, rather than hard and protracted physical labor, the benefit of furnishing pleasant and honorable employment to so many people is obvious. A vineyard once planted, the principal work of managing it can be done by women as well as men, and hence, if some of our female shrikes for the ballot would turn their attention to grape culture, they will find good openings for their energy. Horticulture or pomology for women will do them vastly more good than exercised of their disabilities for going to Congress. Grape culture is peculiarly favorable for women, because they have neither to climb nor to spend much time in stooping, which latter is the case in berry culture, and makes that sort of labor rather severe sometimes. A woman might build a training and pruning grape vines, and in packing grapes for market, could not fail to earn good wages in grape-growing communities, and I am surprised that more women do not turn their attention to it. They will perhaps, when they find that the ballot is not a panacea for their present ills.

There is one peculiarity about these Vineland vineyards—they are generally small. Large grounds in the grape-growing districts of Pennsylvania, New York and Ohio sometimes have tens of thousands of vines in one vineyard. Instances of thousands of vines in one vineyard, or a thousand vines in one vineyard, are rather rare here, because from one hundred to one hundred and fifty acres of land are generally found to be a sufficiency of resources also, the cultivation here has compelled fruit-growing with little or no previous experience, and will, for some time, not turn their attention to it. They will learn what it would have been under more favorable circumstances. Those who developed an aptness to learn, or showed more natural adaptation, are successful, those who could only learn slowly, have seemed to prefer blindness, have failed of course. The soil of Vineland is far more productive for strength, heavy, or unskillful men than any other place. This class of men find it hard to deal with it, and on this account and hence the complaints one hears occasionally from certain parties who claim to be men of experience, and who have failed here. A very considerable share of these complaints comes from persons who have left here to try their luck or their lives in doing good (or, quite as often, poor) service, in other parts of the Southern States. In this sagacious enterprise it is "no great art to manage a little farm." In a word, the battle cries of few adventurers and broken-down professional gentlemen has done harm to the place, but some damage to injure it seriously. Intelligent, culture in connection with the judicious application of capital made farming pay well, and leaves no cause for complaint, while the particular principles of management on which the place flourishes and are certain to always constitute powerful attractions to those in search of a pleasant home. Intelligent plans ought to know what these principles are, but as very many *don't*, let me repeat them:

1. No land speculation without improvement.
2. No rum.
3. No slavery.
4. Small farms (the average is about 10 acres) and thorough culture.
5. Systematic roadside adornments.

The first principle is aimed against one of the leading curses of all new settlements. A man buying new land here is bound to improve it of course. If he can like to do this he is at liberty to invest in Texas, the West, or—Philadelphia. But the law, which guarantees the place against rows, riots, incendiarism and high taxes, it provides a sort of asylum for families in quest of homes away from the temptations of bar-rooms and saloons. To this extent it is a genuine business principle, and this gains the support of many who care little about the moral aspect of temperance. As to the third we don't need them, and *do* need the money they would expend in the rum-shops and groggeries. I think at (for this place) one million of dollars. Thorough culture always pays handsomely, slip-shod culture, and small farms are large enough for men of small capital when their combined acreages they can easily increase the size of their farms. The last is the prominent feature which strikes every one who comes here to settle under cultivation, must have its roadside nicely seeded to grass, and shade-trees planted at even distances from the road centre, and not less than two rods apart. A roadside law provides against neglect after the trees have grown to a proper distance above the shore; but soon you see sections of fifty or sixty feet from one to three hundred feet high, with a layer of base rock, and then another and another, not at exactly the same distance, but still waiting the face of the mountain, till six or eight courses can be counted, the whole covering most considerably, even to an unscientific eye, that there is a mountain of basaltic columns which dwarf those of the Giant's Causeway into utter insignificance. Having seen these magnetic columns on his present trip, the writer did not think it worth while to visit the Giant's Causeway when in Ireland two years ago. To the tourist, in all ages have historical associations and the roles of a man's tyranny and his power in the past, Great Britain bears to America about the rates of the Causeway to this magnificent mountain of basalt—three hundred to three thousand miles respectively.

At the foot of the Cascades you take the cars for a trip of five miles over an excellent railway. The scenery is too grand for any of it to be lost by the more reckless of the party. Two grey-haired men and two ladies took their seats immediately behind and above the cow-catcher of the locomotive, and away we dashed at the rate of nearly fifty miles an hour for a part of the distance. The mountains towered above us then and there, and the mighty river dashed down its rocky bed, seething and foaming with mad glee, as it hurried onward to the ocean, while our engine ever onward, heedless alike of the cheers of its reckless riders, the roaring river, and the echoing mountains. Such a ride one seldom gets in a lifetime. At the head of the rapids the first locomotive was waiting to receive us, for a trip fifty miles to the Dalles. The mountains through which you pass are higher and more varied than the highlands of the Hudson below Newburgh. They gradually close in upon the river, the steamer approaches the Dalles; but for a considerable distance before reaching the landing the river is forced into a narrow channel between perpendicular basaltic rocks on either side. The stumps of the forest remain in the river, as noticed in these columns four years ago, show sensibly the effects of time upon them. Standing, as they do, in a rapid river, it is sometimes several feet deep, and such upon the lively question why they came there is both difficult and curious. The Indians have a tradition that, more moons ago than there are leaves in the forest and sands upon the sea shore, there was a falls answering to the Cascades half way up to the Dalles, and the river, where it crosses now are, ran under the mountain, a natural bridge extending from summit to summit on either side. The Indians north and south of the river became very wicked, and crossing the bridge in large bands, slaughtering thousands of their countrymen. The Great Spirit became very angry with them; Mount Hood belched forth immense fire; the earth shook to its very centre; the mountain bridge fell down, damming the river, leaving above the present falls, and above the flat where the trees grew. Their stumps are preserved by the water to tell the tale of the wickedness of the early inhabitants of Oregon. If science can give any better explanation of the material fact—*viz.*, the existence of the stumps where they are—than the damming up of the Columbia at the Cascades by some mighty earthquake, or shaking of the flat on which they grew by an earthquake, we have never seen it.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

Inauguration Ceremonies.

Three years and a half ago the Society of Friends (Hicksites, as they are sometimes called), commenced the erection of a college building, on the line of the Philadelphia and West Chester Railroad, near Westdale Station, about ten miles from the city, and yesterday afternoon the College was inaugurated with appropriate ceremonies. The building is situated within a plot of about ten acres of ground, and with beautiful surroundings. It is constructed of native gray stone, and presents a front of 348 feet, broken up by projections and openings which give a picturesque effect to the whole.

The central building, which is 64 feet in depth, is 60 feet wide and 110 feet deep. From this wings 160 feet long and 44 feet wide extend, with return wings 92 feet each, and 44 feet wide. These wings have towers on the inner angles, built on a line with the rear wall. The whole range of the building is three stories high, surmounted by a French roof 40 feet in the clear.

The first floor of the building has been divided into twelve class rooms, each containing thirty-three desks. The upper stories are appropriated to parlors, dormitories, offices, rooms, &c., all of which are comfortably furnished with every convenience necessary in such an institution.

The friends of the College, in this city, New York and Baltimore, were conveyed to Westdale Station in a special train, yesterday afternoon, and upon its arrival at the College were met by a large concourse of persons from the surrounding neighborhood. The visitors were the invited guests of the College, and were invited to witness the ceremony of planting two companion oak trees in commemoration of the inauguration. These trees were raised from acorns planted by the late James Mott, an active friend of the institution, and contributed by his widow, Lucretia Mott, who was present and assisted in the ceremony.

The visitors were then conducted to the spacious lecture-room in the second story of the main building, where the pupils, 180 in number, divided about equally between both sexes, had assembled. The chair was taken by Samuel Willetts, of New York, and near him were Edward Parrish, President of the Institution; John D. Hick, of New York; William Dorsey, Lucretia Mott, George Truman and other well-known friends of the institution.

Mr. Willets, on taking the chair, made a few remarks, expressing the gratification the Board of Managers felt at the completion of the building and its inauguration, and then introduced Mr. Hugh McIlvain, Chairman of Building Committee. Mr. McIlvain stated briefly that the building was commenced three and a half years ago, and to-day it was in condition to hand over to the Board of Managers. The amount expended so far was $205,480, for which he held bills and receipts, there being no outstanding claims. He concluded by handing the keys of the college to the President.

Edward Parrish, the President, then addressed the assemblage. He said that it was the intention of the education of the pupils, to embrace all the advanced branches of knowledge taught in the colleges. The seed planted by Benjamin Hallowell, Martha E. Tyson and their associates in 1869, has grown to this extent. We have in this goodly home 180 young people eager to acquire an education, and have provided a fit corps of professors and teachers who will give them the advantage of their own liberal culture and large experience, and when shall tell what the steady growth of half a century shall bring forth in the enlargement of the sphere and the improvement of the college? The wand of all will be not now in its first growth, and a large majority of the students already classified are in the three classes of the preparatory school. These entering the lowest of these classes at this time, with the intention of acquiring the diploma of the college, will pursue a continuous seven years' course of training designed to develop their intellectual capacities. During the present session we expect to enjoy the presence of the eminent Professor of Astronomy in Harvard College, Mark Mitchell, who will give a short course of lectures to our students. In concluding, the speaker referred to the various studies that would be introduced, and said that Swarthmore College would perhaps never have been built but for a deep-seated feeling in the minds of 15 founders that intellectual culture is only valuable as it is joined with influences calculated to mould the character into forms of purity and truth. The Society of Friends chiefly aims, by its system of training, to develop the innate genius of truth and goodness implanted by the Creator in every soul. As others are cultivated and grow, it reflects it to choke out the weeds which would otherwise mar and deface the garden of the heart.

After remarks by Wm. Dorsey, John D. Hick, Lucretia Mott and others, the meeting adjourned. A collection was taken up to raise funds to increase the usefulness of the College. Quite a large amount was collected.

The Story of a Boy who was Lost for Seven Years.

The following appears in the St. Louis *Republicans*:

"About seven years ago Henry Muller, a farmer of Madison county, Illinois, who lives only three miles from St. Louis, returned home from the fields, when he was informed that his son, a boy of scarcely eight years, could not be found about the premises. Mr. Muller made a diligent search for the discovery of his lost boy, but they were in vain. His house being on the road, he thought that some person the interior had stolen the boy and taken him away across the river, perhaps to a great distance from his home.

"Day before yesterday, more than seven years after the child was lost, he found him, now fifteen years old, in good health and excellent spirits, at the Orphans' Home, on Eleventh street, between Monroe and Market streets, in St. Louis, and was permitted by the kind-hearted superintendent to take his long home, after having proved to their satisfaction that he was the boy's father. The name of the boy is William Muller, the name of the A. B. Evans, who now lives six miles south of Collinsville, had discovered him. He passed about three years ago by the Orphans' Home, when he saw among the children playing out doors a boy who he recognized at once as Muller's son. Evans had left his old place some time before the child was missing, and thought that Muller himself might have brought him to the asylum. Accordingly time passed on without his advising his friend. Last week, however, three years after he had first discovered little Muller, he came to the city, and, after inquiring at several places, he found the boy at the Orphans' Home, when he was